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Spring 1977



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Spring
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*Brushing
Spring 1977*



Mike Coolbroth

R. Wehring

24/12/78



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Cover by: Jean Reynolds Leech

Frontispiece by: Michael Coolbroth

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Printed by the University Press, Cambridge.



Oh Capitalism
Oh Catholicism
you are beautiful
in your
beating convictions
your percussion
of security
in your bastion
of belief
and, oh Philosophy
you are so glorious
and presidential
essential
in your form
all-encompassing
and thoughtful
but

but when did
you forget
how beautiful
the sand the
sky the sea (sand is better than snow)
how essential
and presidential
how firstly
and foremostly
the beach reigns
over all beliefs
how
the beach transcends
all that is explained,
so sharply and mysteriously
and, my dear Philosophy,
forgetfully.

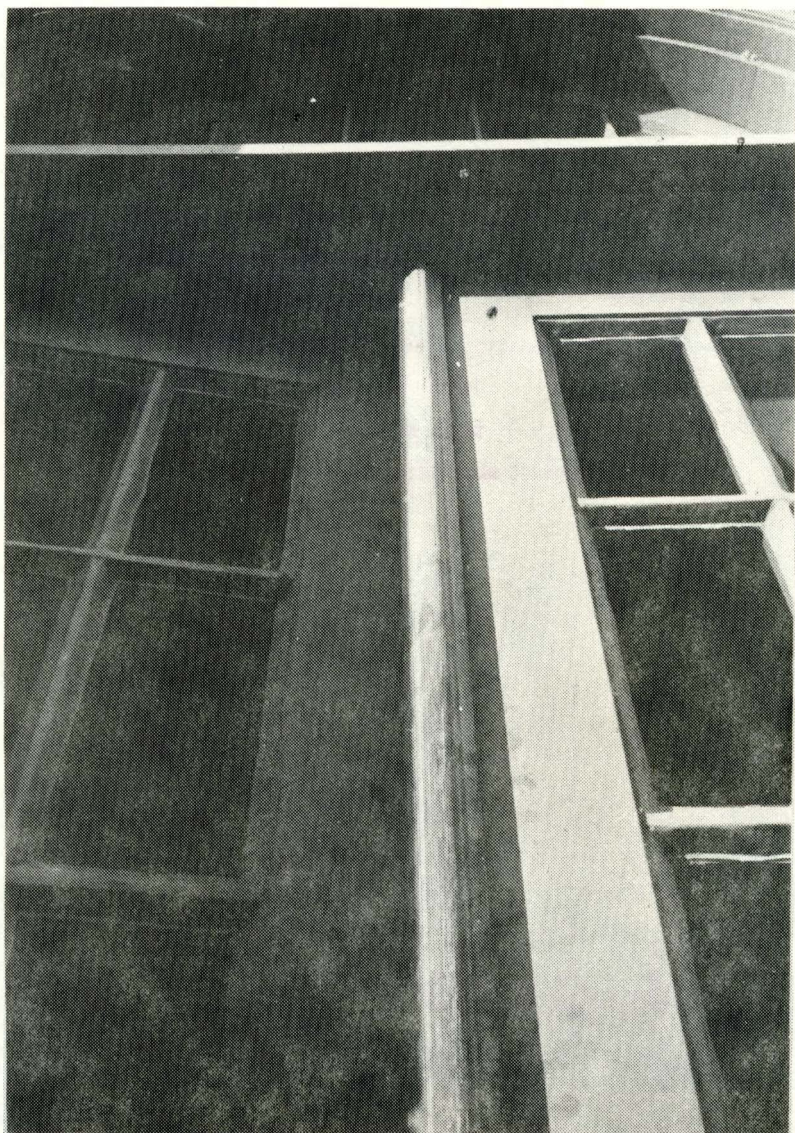


How black kills
whites for heritage
and hearsay

and Democrat
opposes Republican
righteousness
and honor
and poets
pee over it all

reason leads to treason
or honor
and intuition leads
to flirtation with reason
but the sand leads to
sex and sex, dear Philosophy,
leads to sand.

Alfred Hulme, Jr.



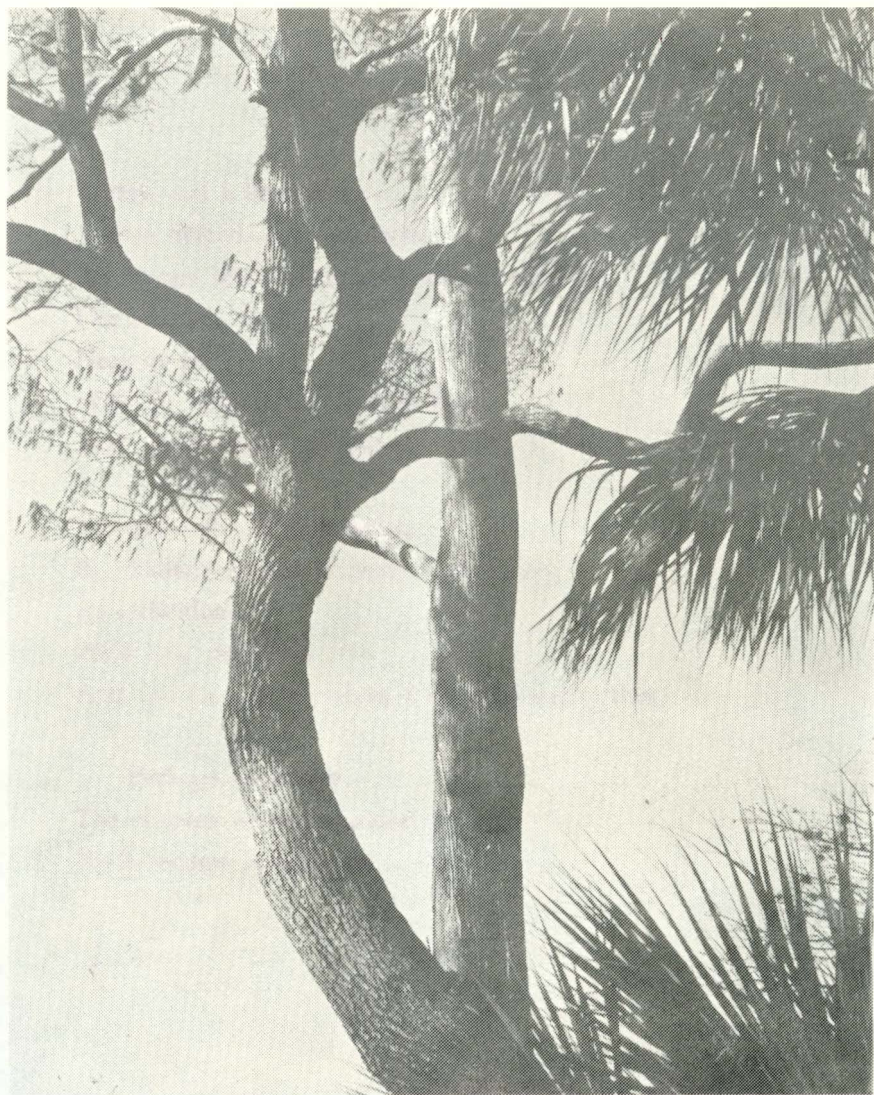
Robert N. Robinson



A breath that echoes off the walls,
and noiselessly begins to fall,
to seek a newfound home instead,
within the cavity ahead.

Air moving losing its own complete,
bypassing light not truly fleet,
to come to rest beside a door,
and silently seeks the otherside to explore.

Chuck Donelson



Kim Allen

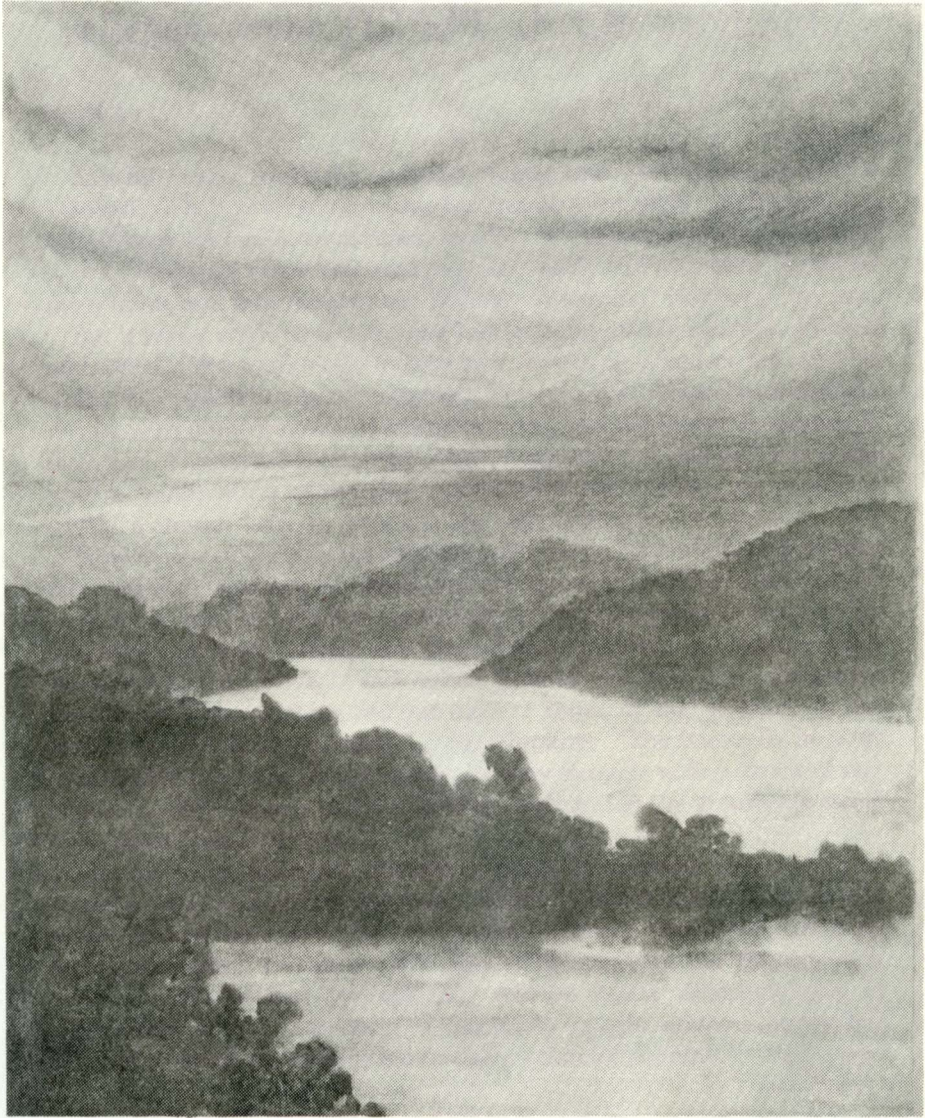


Today was a beautiful day . . .
You've helped open my eyes.
As though discovering gold on our rainbow,
I've learned.
Near or far
We'll be as we are, much in love
And continuously growing.

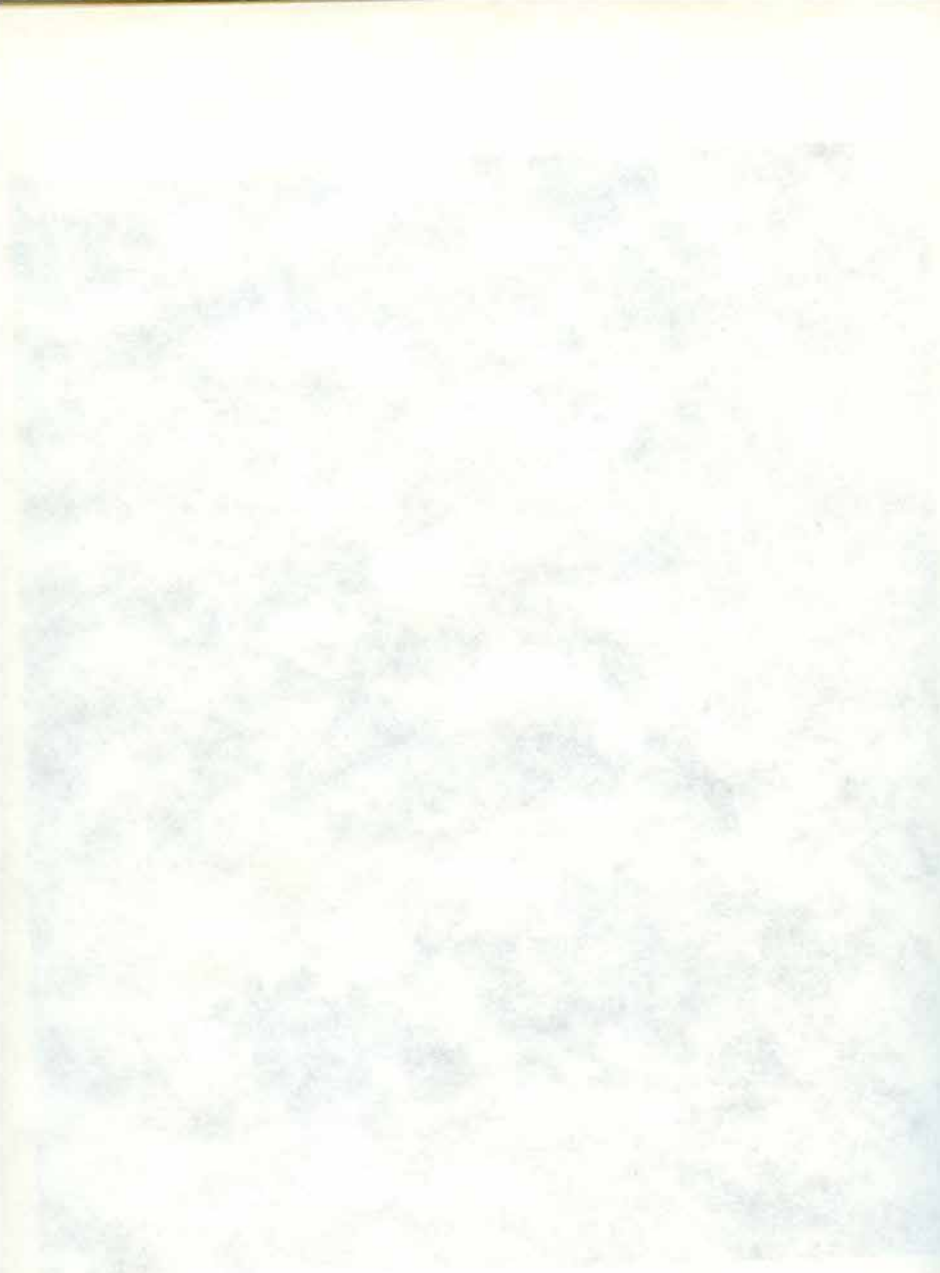
For, through our separation,
By challenging new endeavors alone
As individuals,
We'll help ourselves.
And, by helping ourselves / we help each other.

Perhaps, someday --
The oneness we're experiencing now
We'll become foreverness.

Deborah L. Green



Roberta G. Reed



Stories, Histories, & Yields:

Selections from TO SPEAK OF ONESELF

April 1976:

Last fall, eager to fill the concrete planter that runs the length of our sidewalk, I badgered the nursery for snapdragon plants. "Oh, it's too early," they told me several times. Finally - for impatient people like myself, no doubt - they put out a few scrawny flats early in November. I rushed them home and into the ground, "january blooming" ringing in my ear.

But it was a cold winter. No *one* had snapdragons in January, I noted with relief. On a walk early in February, however, a bed of the colorful stalks in a neighbor's garden sparked Steve to say, "must be something wrong with your dragons." I stared at Steve and the renegade flowers in disbelief. "Naysayer!" I retorted. And so my jealousy haunted our walks until a combination of weather, liquid food and urgency all conspired nearly a month later to produce the telling bud.

Now their canary yellows against violet and a host of pinks persuade me several times a day to praise, and we take our breakfast coffee to the open patio near the planter. Across the street a neighbor is hanging his orchid plants from a large oak tree. Steve considers the dragons. His photographs of flowers and other natural subjects are constantly revealing new metaphors for our days. I think of the intimacy in the natural world and remember G. M. Hopkins. "The bluebells in your hand baffle you with their inscape . . . they struggle with a shock of wet heads . . . then there is the faint honey smell and in the mouth the sweet gum when you bite them."

So are the snapdragons intensely sexual. The slender petals open to reveal a deep, velvet-throated vessel. When released, the lower lip of the flower "snaps" back to cover. But as Hopkins says, "this is easy, it is the eye they baffle." I wonder how Steve will recreate the flowers with camera and affection. Perhaps they will be nearly unrecognizable as themselves, just as the clump of daisies he caught under a honey bee became a white and green blur; the motion of wooing.

Several weeks before my father died the children and I drove to Delaware for a visit. While we were there, my father took me on one of his slow, eye-devouring tours of "the place." We drove along dirt roads pausing for stories, histories and yields. Near the edge of a field of wheat my father parked the car, still talking, and together we stepped into the dusky crop. It is the last strong impression I have of my father alive. I don't know how high wheat can be in mid-April; perhaps my memory has joined this image with thousands of others. But I seem to remember his figure clearly lost in the grain as he moved out to break off a wheat head, crushing it in his palm, which he extended to show to me. He was proud, always, of his crops. He and the crops were one.

"You strong in the wheat" I wrote
in a difficult hour.

"I, years yet, from this."

In upstate New York the weather is boss. Although a delicate spring/summer season is much celebrated and autumn is totally memorable, both are brief. Winter seems to constantly be beginning again. One's memory highlights the gnash of a cold authority.

I remember falling out of bed to the unmistakable stillness of steady snowing, then reaching for the telephone to dial the weather, wondering if I could back the car in a defiant rush from the driveway without shovelling. Then, all things accomplished in spite of weather, walking to a nine o'clock class where the trees bent nearly to the ground under their load. And a man, clearing the sidewalks, pulled his shovel in, leaned on it, patiently observing the scene while we passed over his path.

The Cornell campus sprawls between two gorges: Cascadilla and Fall Creek. They are scenes of great natural beauty in any season, and people often pause in their passing to lean against the bridge rails to contemplate West Hill or to study the cavernous activity of the gorge below.

In winter the great jaws freeze fast and trees that line the rocky inclines sway icily. As I began study for the MFA, Triphammer Bridge and the gorge below became revolving symbols of beauty and terror. Some days I walked with a light heart toward Goldwin Smith Hall feeling lucky and challenged. On others, I lingered to consider the dangerous drop and to reflect upon my extreme vulnerability.



"The gorge is stricken; like a
woman sick
and lost its pronged mouth hangs
open."

I was beguiled by the dramatic play of seasons whose first and last signs touched and clung to the gorge and surrounding hillside. And the energy of the campus--the variety of people and their interests--was also dramatic.

"I hug the rail between us gorge, I
feel the traffic
sway"

But the broken parts of my life seemed to settle in all the exposed crevices, flew up in my face as often as not. I know I must have stood at the rail pondering the "strangeness" of circumstances, and the various prices of beauty: and wondered if there was enough of that. I certainly remembered that I had first come to Ithaca for a reason I detested and I must have tried to eliminate from mind the foolish girl who had stepped onto the suspension bridge after the tradition of countless others: to collect or bestow the initiatory kiss.

But our old selves haunt. She dogged my steps as back and forth, the seasons, the days, myself moved from Hanshaw Road, past the Community Corners, along Triphammer Road until it drops in a curve to University Avenue, to the Bridge, the campus:

"And each night the gorge
slips further in
its grimace."

Jean West

Libber's Lament

I am Woman--
 words echoed hollowly, dutifully...
I am strong--
 but not just now...
I can stand alone--
 so why then this aching, yearning emptiness within?

Yes, I am Woman.
Yes, I am strong.
And yes, I am all alone:
 Always being,
 Often fleeing, but
 Still seeing,

And all for you,
 you beautiful,
 ever-hated, but
 oh-so-needed
Man.

Shawne K. Wickham



Roberta G. Reed



to you —— my god

When I think back . . .
Or rather, when I reflect ahead
Toward the past, I think . . .

I was just killing time.
Simply waiting for the lake to be damned
Before it all drained into the bucket.

Endlessly pouring into the bucket.
With no bottom.
Dam.

Brad Perkins

1871 - 1872

1871 - 1872
1871 - 1872
1871 - 1872

1871 - 1872
1871 - 1872
1871 - 1872

1871 - 1872
1871 - 1872
1871 - 1872

1871 - 1872



Georgie and the Ball

Georgie walked onto the court and threw his towel down at the baseline. The four blank walls greeted him much as had the receptionist in the hall outside; much as had the whole world thought Georgie. And he bounced the ball on the hard wood floor, and it returned quickly pausing at the height of its start to the right wall, down to the left corner of the back wall, and then down to the floor and back to Georgie.

"What a way to earn a living; crashing about recklessly at the will of a fat slob with sweaty palms." It would wait.

Georgie decided to play a few fast rounds with himself, if he could keep up. Get some exercise Eileen had said. God damn Eileen thought Georgie. Always right, and mostly always. Would it really matter to anyone if I died tomorrow? Or today? Today is Saturday though, probably wouldn't even make the newspapers today, too many people die on weekends. All this went through Georgie's mind as he moved his small eyes in search of that bouncing ball.

"No finesse, this one. Power though; truly a white-collar warthog wrestling with himself. He takes it out on no one but himself. And me."

Georgie had had it alright. All the bad that people seemed to store up for special people like Georgie. And he hid the bad way down deep and concentrated on turning the other fat cheek downwind. Only here on the handball court did he allow the hate to power his arms and legs and hammer the ball against the walls.

"What a pounding today. Too bad. It has just been too much. Flattening. But it won't be long now."

Georgie turned, jumped, but missed as the ball blazed by his crumpling body. He picked himself up on two arms and knees and looked at the ball settle down at the far end of the court.

"Don't come down here. Don't hit me again. This is it, I mean it."

Georgie shakily walked down to where the ball lay. He stood over it, hating it as only he could hate. His world became the handball and he clawed it up, slammed it down and brutally rammed it against the wall, his rage receding as his body slumped forward in exhaustion.

Georgie turned to walk off the court, and the ball returned, hitting him squarely in the back of the neck, separating two or three vertebrae and ricocheting to the right wall, down to the left corner of the back wall, down to the court and lazily bouncing back to the still body of Georgie. Back to the cold hand and rest for the day.

Chuck Donelson

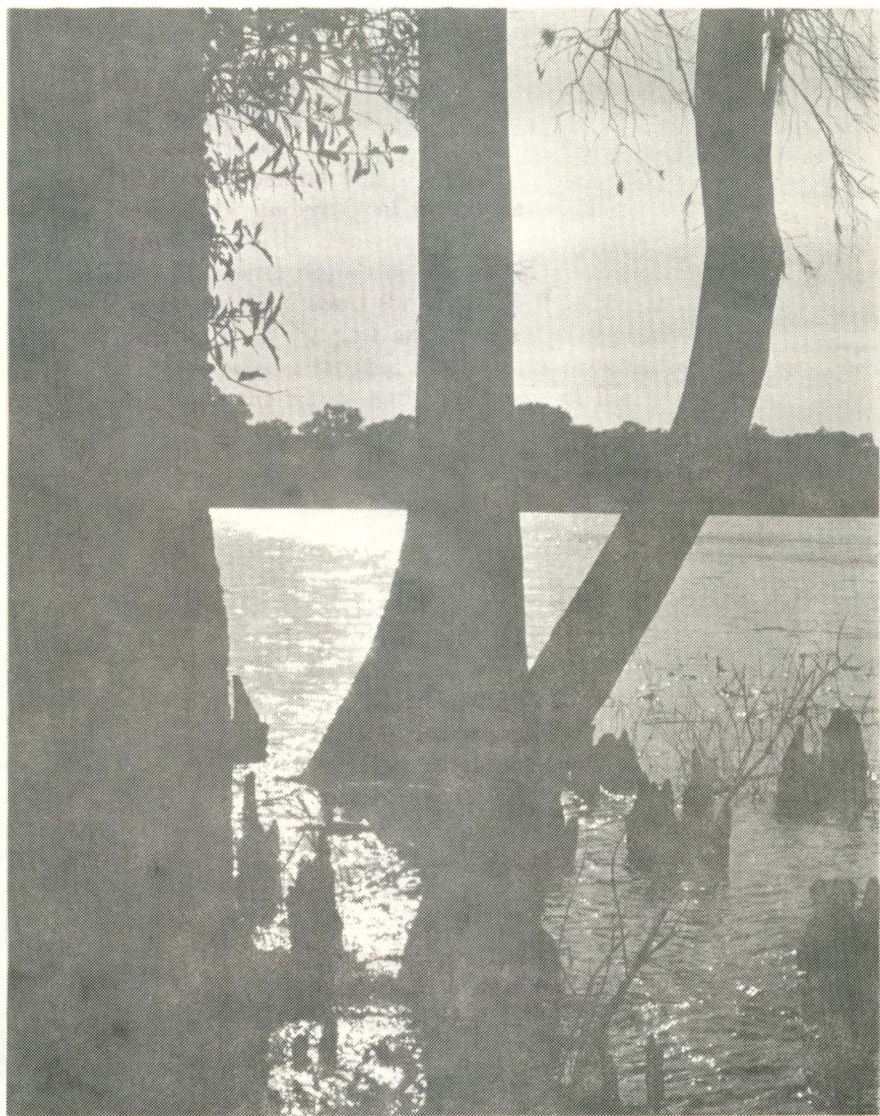
Untimely

This passing time
by pulling weeds and mowing grass
and reading each day's news
and pounding the diurnal round
of needing, feeding, sleeping
beats my soul.

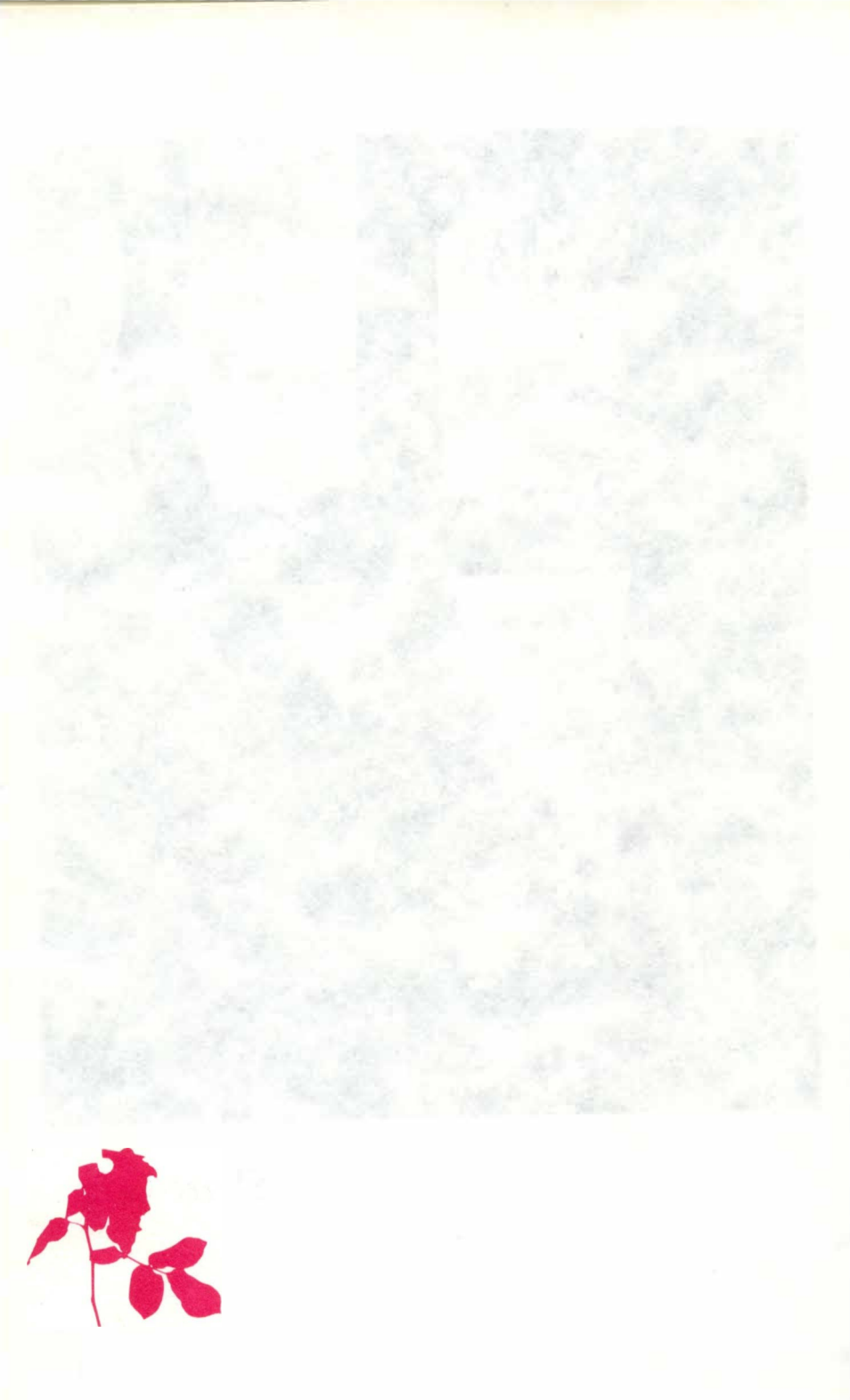
I would stand out of time,

participate in an
indelible humanity,
be locked in dateless deeds
or caught in words that last
past weeds, past grass,
past daily lusts,
past dust.

Alan Nordstrom



Sheree Crew



Waves splashing on the boat
Pushing forward
Like experiences
They move behind you
Toward the undertow of memories.
Memories slowly dissolving
Like the fading ripples of the wake,
Waves curling toward the shore as if to say come back.
Come back to the past and dream
but their pulsing lapping throb keeps progressing
on toward the future and the oceans of life

Susanne Sewell

"cry the night"

every hollow tree
whistles its promises
to the laughter of the
rustling reeds
as
the sun is swallowed by
the depths of infinity
and
the moon spreads its
secrets in a shimmering
web of diamond threads
upon
the
sea

Lulu Goldsborough

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A Summer Morning 1977

Dedicated to Sharks Park Avenue

David knocked on the door and-upon seeing that she'd heard him and was coming-stood back and leaned on the railing. He gazed out towards the front of the house where the ocean was. His expression could have been taken as either one of utmost understanding or blank stupidity. It was definitely an odd expression, though; his face contorted because of his long bangs that hung in front of his left eye and by the unshaven beard, or dirt, that glazed his chin. A fleeting expression furthermore, for as she opened the door, he quickly flicked his hair back over his head and assumed a communicative countenance. She probably would not have noticed the former expression because her senses were tired and disused.

"Hi Mimi," he said. "Wasted...ah, heavy night last night wasn't it?" He paused. "Oh, sorry, guess I talked a little too fast, we both know it was a wasted night don't we?...Ah, I left my sweater here. I think over by the T.V. Did you see it?" He smiled. Putting his hand into her mussed hair, he said: "C'mon Mimi, wake up. Did you see it?"

"No," she said. "Man, am I hung-over."

"Really. Sign of the times. Are you going to ask me to come in or do I have to call Bozo for his permission. Man, girl, you look hung-over."

"C'mon in, but I'm going to sleep again so I hope you don't plan to socialize...do you know that Bozo wants to go sailing today?"

"No." He walked over to the T.V. and sat down on the adjacent wicker chair. "You know that's what I like about you Mimi, instead of rawly complaining about it, instead of saying 'damn, Bozo wants me to go sailing' you ask me if I know about it, which while explaining to me your problem also sort of includes me in the problem, like we're in it together, you know Mimi? I really appreciate that, you know Mimi?"

"Oh," she resumed, "it's just incredible, there we were last night; drunk...and stoned...and tired as hell, and Bozo starts saying how beautiful Tuxus is at night when you're right close up to it and how we really should take a sail out to it. I mean, not that it's that unusual, I mean we've done moonlight cruising before but I just didn't feel like going last night, I simply didn't feel like it. And then Bozo gets really mad and starts to say how I either have to go then, or I have to go this afternoon and how that's the only way it can be. So I said 'yeah I would go today.' Then, now this is really crazy, he gets really pissed because it sounds (he says) like I am giving him a 'traditional' agreement, whatever *that* means...boy am I tired."



David had retrieved his sweater and was picking or, more precisely, shoveling some ashes out of it. "Mimi..." he uttered accusingly.

She laughed. "What...yeah...well, I have been awake for a while, long enough to smoke a cigarette. I can't help it if your sweater happened to be where my head was."

"Mimi, you know I always like to say this; I mean everyone like yourself hates it when I say it but, well, here I go: So, you're still smoking those gross candy-tasting Newports³, huh?"

She got up from the couch that stood perpendicular to the wicker's side, picked up her pack of Newports, chucked them over at David, and collapsed supine on the couch. "Smoke 'em you mean teenager," she said, "smoke 'em. I do and I like them."

"No, no way, they will always remind me of tripping. That old bitter-sweet--not that Newports are bitter-sweet especially--anyway, yes, that old wet-dry mushy-solid tripping taste or feeling or whatever...it's a strange old sensation tripping is. Strange, strange, strange. Really, really, really. Hey, Mimi...Mimi? Are you listening? Ah...did I discern a grunt...? Ah, yes one of those profound grunts F. Scott used to talk about that lovers make at night. Young lovers, that is, once you get older they're just ordinary grunts."

"Oh shut up, are you going leave so that I can sleep, or, like the mean teenager that you are, are you going to try and pick me up?"

"No, Mimi, I just want your attention. Anyway, you know that word we all have; this 'really' that we all like to use when we see that someone is really talking the truth? You know Mimi, 'really?' Such a great word, man. The first time I heard it used was at prep school from this guy from Ohio man, and he used to say it at the perfect moments, I mean I was in awe the way he'd say 'really' and I'd go: 'what?' oh I was so sheltered, I'd say 'what, what is really, really what man, why did you say really?' It sounded incongruous at the time. But he said it in such a way that you'd automatically think 'wow, this guy is really rool, I mean he has a word, a word that he only can use that commands so much respect.' You know what I mean Mimi. And then at the end of that first year I came home here and got into the fun-loving drug scene and along with all these hip druggy words there was this one word that stuck out, it was 'really.' And everyone was using it. And when I went back to school everyone was using it there too. So my friend from Ohio wasn't that cool anymore I mean his coolness fell and people began to look at him and think 'aha, he didn't make it up, he just learned it like the rest of us. That's why I always like to say that the term 'really' originated in Ohio so at least it



gives my friend some credit for bringing the word to the east. And I bet you all the Onsley in California that this guy is just now spreading some new word. So what I mean, Mimi, is that this guy wasn't especially creative really, just really observant. You know what I mean Mimi?"

The boy was sitting back now and could not really see the girl's face. She was under a blanket, her toes protruding towards the boy, motionless, and her head sticking out, eyes open wide. The end of the blanket came up to her chin which blocked the boy's vision and, as she probably knew the boy could not see her face, she had assumed a totally unabashed gaping-in-blank-wonderment expression. Somewhere in the huge summer house came a loud life-like noise.

"Hey," the boy ejaculated, "what was that? Mimi, what the hell was that?"

There was a very dead silence and then she spoke up: "Don't get so excited you teeny-bopper, That was just the cat." Then sharp quietude.

"Silent be; it was the cat. Ha! Mimi, what do you think I am..." He rose and went over to the other end of the couch where her head was, her long light red hair shooting out copiously. "What do you think I am, Mimi, do you think I'm a child..." He reached down with his left hand and roughed up her hair for a second time. "...stop treating me like a child, I mean it Mimi...how do you expect me to pay the rent, like a man, entertain your old beaus, like a man, compliment you, like a man, if you're gonna treat me like a fucking child, huh, Mimi, huh?"

"Will you cut it out David, My God!"

He stood up and receded. With the thumb and forefinger of both hands he formed a square frame and winked at her through it. "You know, Mimi, that hair of yours is worth millions."

She lifted her upper torso and head in a perfect angle, like a battleship torret aiming for aircraft, and shot out: "Cut it David I'm getting pissed!"

"Okay, okay."

He walked over to the wicker and sat down.

"By the way," he said, "what's this porch chair doing here. That's wierd, you know what I mean by weird Mimi..."

"Bozo did it."

"You know Mimi, like wierd. Like the time a few summers back I think it was the summer of '74, yeah, we were all recuperating from the previous summer by drinking beer, and you, me, Chris, and good old Lili were sitting out there on your front lawn, I guess your parents were away



like they are now, as a matter of fact it was probably the same time of year, and we were sitting there drinking away, or maybe not, anyway Lili was sitting there saying 'oh I just have to pick grass' she said, 'why do I always end up picking grass when I sit on a lawn?' and she's sitting there fervently and hungrily and incessantly tearing the grass out of the fucking ground, I mean constantly. And you, me, Chris—we're just sitting there semi-socializing not recognizing poor Lili's problem, I mean we didn't say a thing to her, like it was just one of those personal problems, you know, the sublime domain which we couldn't touch upon, we just couldn't say anything about it. Now, I felt like saying 'hey, Lili, better grass than your finger nails,' you know I mean it was just one of those neurotic sublimations we all have, I know that's all it was and you must realize it now too. But somehow I think that if I had said that there would have just been a slight flitter of mirth between us all and the whole joke would have been suppressed and the whole atmosphere would have been ruined because I encroached upon her sublime personal domain. You know what I mean Mimi? I mean it just would have been the wrong thing to say. So, as it was, I just kind of remained silent and let Chris take it away, make you two laugh and bring down the house with all of his cynical sophisticated humor. God, I was so silent, did you notice Mimi, how silent I was in those days? I mean wasn't it awkward?"

"No." She had sat up securely now, and was lighting a cigarette she blew the smoke out, gused it against the match to extinguish it, and watched the smoke smoothly rise. "No, I never noticed it."

He looked at her for a moment as if there was nothing to say, as if they were on a subway and they were strangers, and she had just asked him for a match and after he had lit her cigarette there didn't seem to be anything else to say.

"I don't know," he began, "it all probably started during the summer of '73, I mean with all that blotter and confusion and parental pressure and peer pressure and intellectual pressure--oh, yes some of us tried to be mystics, like me, man, I just sort of gave up talking, I didn't see any reason to add to the conversation things were so confused and absurd, it seemed to me that talking would only make things worse, you know. Like there was one time when we were all sitting up in Morla's porch, though you and Lili weren't there, and just sitting there being tripped-out teenagers everybody mumbling and trying to make sense when this cop car goes cruisin' right by in front of us and, of course, everyone's eyes lit up 'cause cop cars were good for common conversation, when suddenly I



"Nothing. I'm just reading the Bible lately for enjoyment and bulk knowledge. I think tomorrow when Lili comes back I'm going to take her up to North Madison, with a bottle of booze, and recite some Biblical utterances all day. She'll learn to like it."

"Now, that's strange, I don't care what you say."

"No, c'mon, Mimi, I'm not doing it for any poetical or romantic reasons, I just want to go off with her and learn something. We're always learning things from each other, I think it's time we learned something together, from something outside our bastion of joy, our mutual hedonism, I mean if I ever want to get serious with her, I...*we've* got to learn to experience things from the outside world too, otherwise we'll drive each other crazy, and senile at that. I mean I'll never stop learning things from her alone, but it's time we started reaching out.

"Yeah, okay you mean-ass teenager, you're right. You know what, I need some coffee, do you want some breakfast or anything.?"

"Nah, when are your parents coming home?"

"Tomorrow, care to help me clean up?"

"Sure Mimi, but I'm going home first to look for something."

"What's that?"

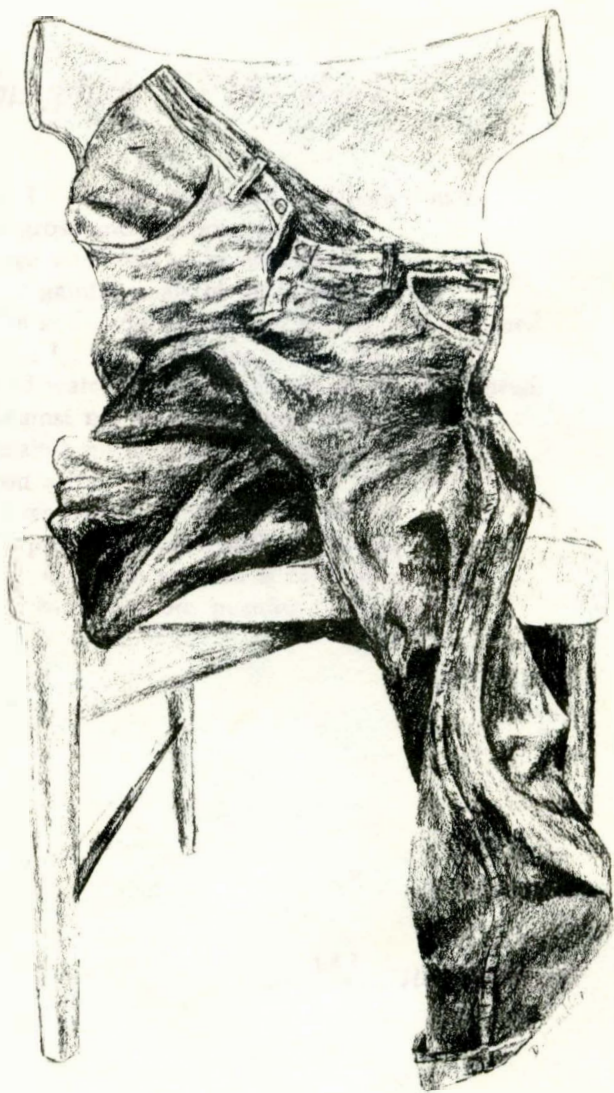
"Well, just something I was writing during the summer of '73."

"O—Okay, Just get your ass back here, teenager. Chris'll probably be here too, so you both can help, we'll clean it up for Lili and my parents and we'll all be happy." She was standing up now, as was he, and then stretching and, in turn, shuffling towards the kitchen which was fifteen feet opposite the couch. He walked quickly to the door and opened it.

"You know Mimi, I was just thinking, just thinking, I don't mean any harm or anything and I don't mean to sound boastful, but it seems to me that the only reason you didn't see me as awkwardly silent back in the '73 days is because you just refused to criticize me: me, a boy and a good-looking boy. 'Cause I know I was awkward."

He smiled supressedly as he turned around and headed down the door steps, his hands clenched and arched over his head like a crown.

Alfred Hulme, Jr



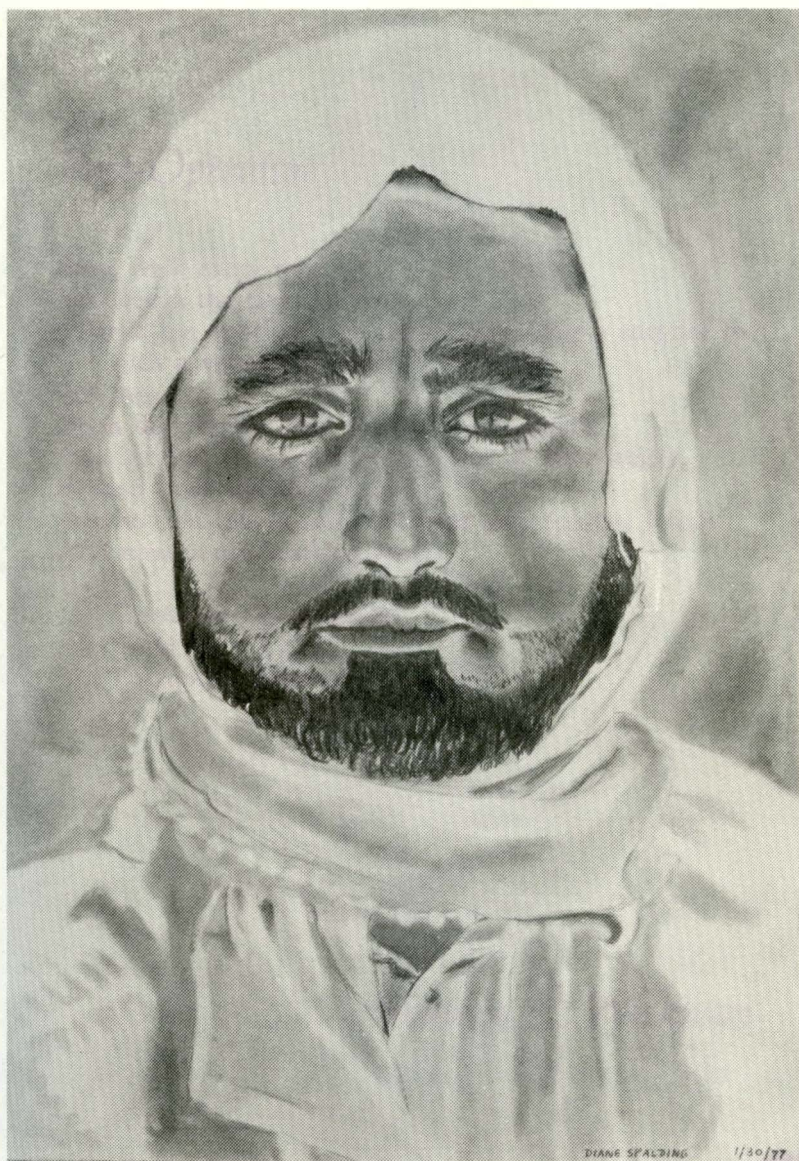
Donna Hamblin



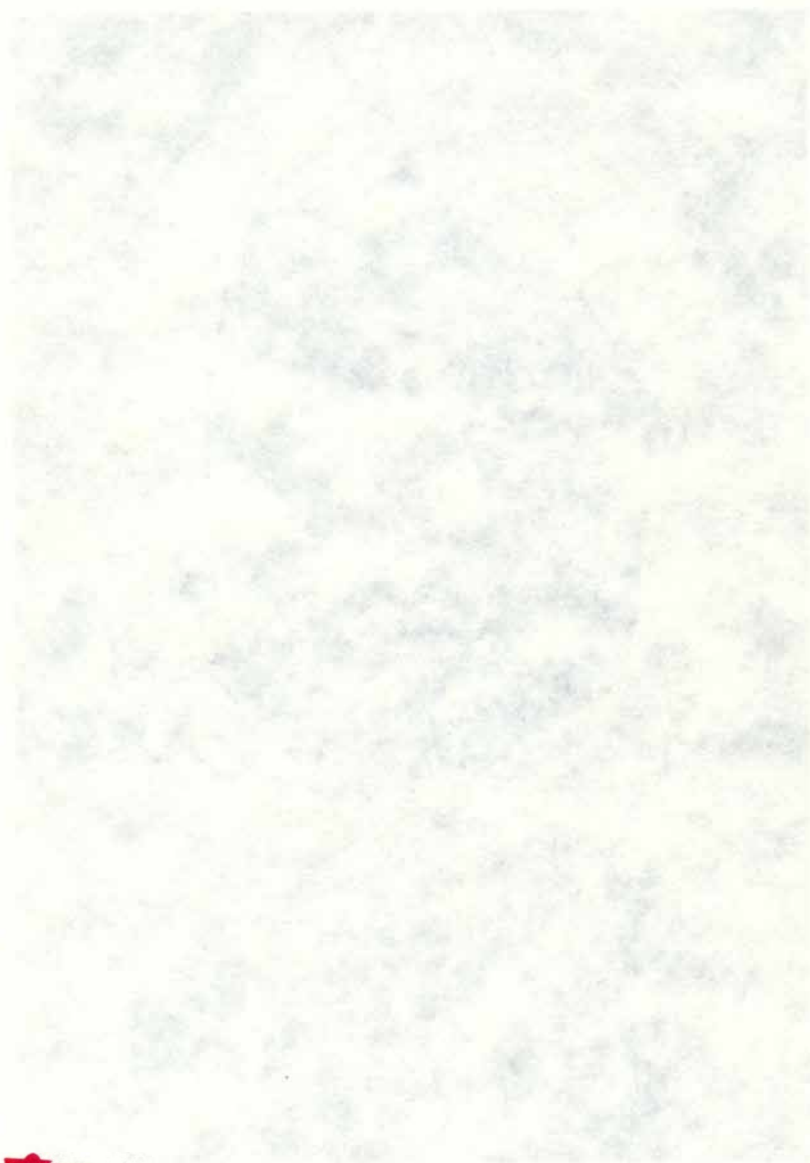
Sisyphus: To His Rock

As I walk down the hill to where you lie
In gross and ominous stolidity,
I see you wait to heavily deny
The gainful goals of my reality.
The gods who looked on me have all decreed
That I must push you up the hill in pain
And watch you rest a moment ere you speed,
Against my will, in rolling down again.
Against my will because you *are* my will.
You are my fate, my life, my self; and thus
I ever push you up the hellish hill
To prove my ego's still victorious.
 Although my toil is rank absurdity,
 My *conscious* pushing is my victory.

Wilbur Dorsett



Diane Spalding



Post-Operative

Sure, walk away now.
You began the task,
Opened me up--that took some time: quite a surprise to
such a veteran as yourself, I'll bet--
But then,
Upon discovering what the job would entail,
Decided that it was really quite out of your league,
Beyond your specialized skill.
And so you calmly removed your white-gloved hands,
And now you're walking away.

Operation: unsuccessful.
Condition: critical.
Prognosis: terminal.

Shawne K. Wickham

1875. 1876. 1877.

1878. 1879. 1880.

1881. 1882. 1883.

1884. 1885. 1886. 1887. 1888. 1889. 1890.

1891. 1892. 1893. 1894. 1895. 1896. 1897.

1898. 1899. 1900.

1901. 1902. 1903. 1904. 1905. 1906. 1907.

1908. 1909. 1910. 1911. 1912. 1913. 1914.

1915. 1916. 1917. 1918. 1919. 1920. 1921.

1922. 1923. 1924. 1925. 1926. 1927. 1928.

1929. 1930. 1931. 1932. 1933. 1934. 1935.

1936. 1937. 1938. 1939. 1940. 1941. 1942.

1943. 1944. 1945. 1946. 1947. 1948. 1949.

1950. 1951. 1952. 1953. 1954. 1955. 1956.

1957. 1958. 1959. 1960. 1961. 1962. 1963.



Streetcorner Death

The breath of raindrops
seems so sweet,
Splashes of Clairol
at my feet.

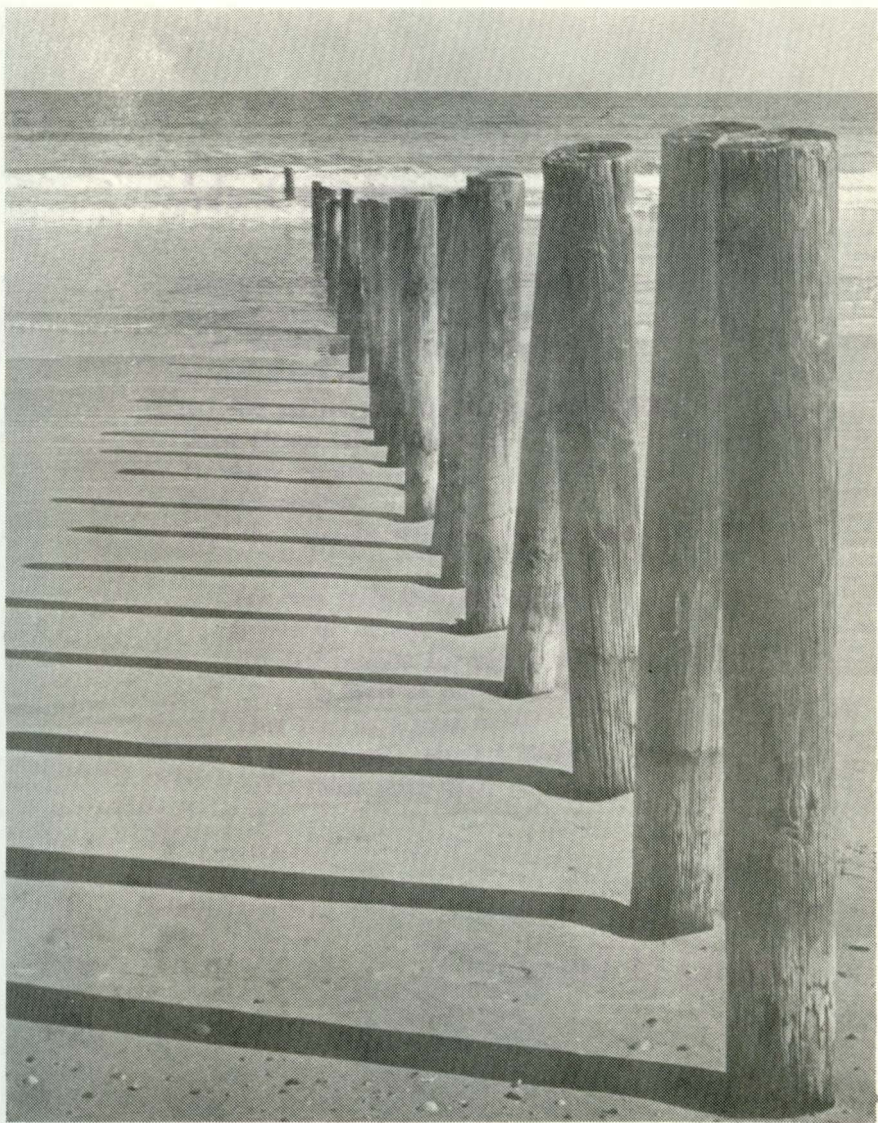
I am both
here and there,
have done and will do,
seen and been seen,
tried and will try,
given and taken,
birth and death,
church and China,
children and child.

What birth is to the ones,
love is to the twenties,
death is to the seventies,
nothing is to my forties.

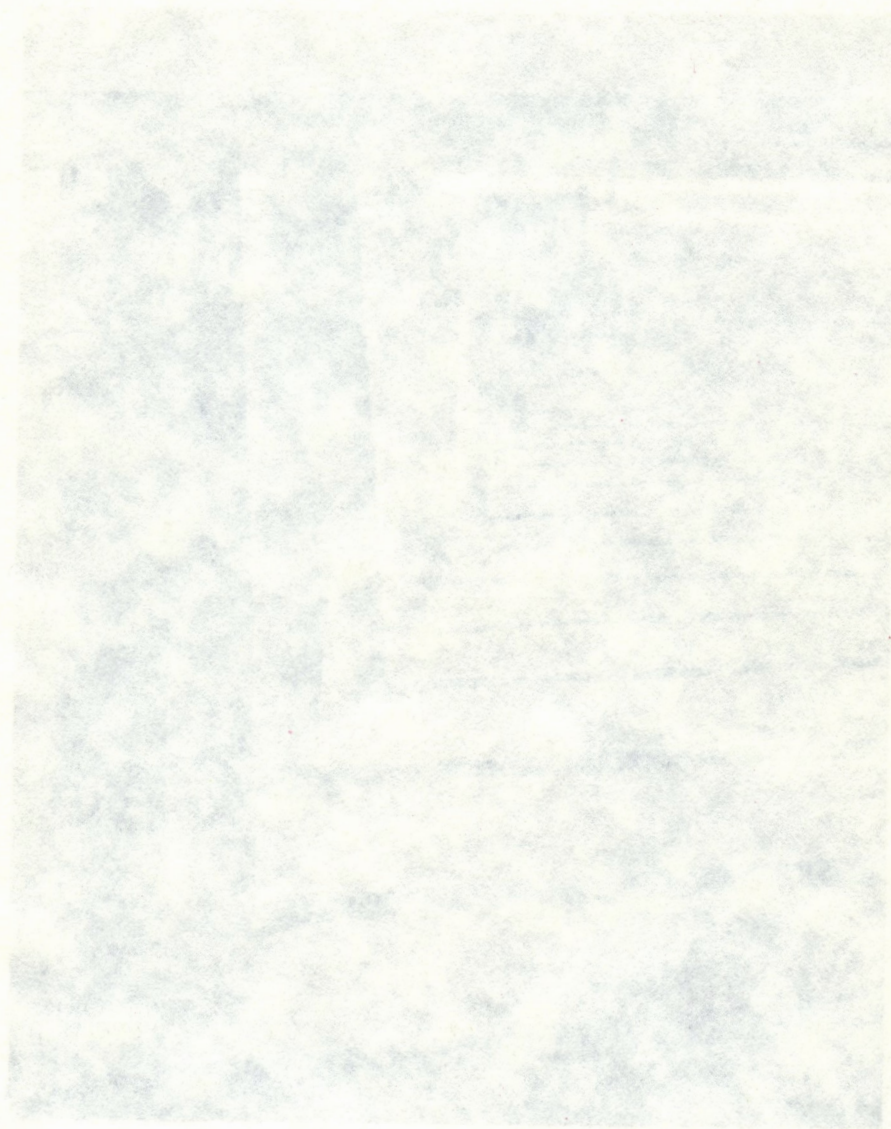
What does a Grecian Urn know about
playing bridge?
raising hell in a supermarket?
being appointed mother of the house?

I am loved by being needed.
I think they call it planned obsolescence.

Brad Perkins



Valerie Holston



THE

LIBRARY

OF THE

My Offering

Listen to the sounds of the shore
Take hold of its offerings.
And, when this mere fragment
of the sea's creation
Is lying secure and warm in your hands,
Then please take a moment
To think of me,
Our friendship
And the thought we two have shared.

For this shell is a part of me
Symbolic of my ways of time.
An explanation for my love
of the land of purest white.
This shell is a part of me,
A part of me, which I chose
To share with you.

Deborah L. Green

That is the Question

Oh, how can Lear and Gloucester be so blind
In judging horrid, raw hypocrisy?
And how can green Othello fail to find
The nature of Iago's "honesty"?
And Oedipus obtuse, and Creon stern,
And Hamlet hampered by his long delay;
And all the hapless heroes who, in turn,
Have lead to Willy Loman of today.
So oft it happens in a class debate,
The students ask about these tragic men:
Why don't they just avoid such deathly fate
With *logical* decisions now and then?
Aha! but that is their reality:
Their similarity to you and me!

Wilbur Dorsett



Diane Spalding

This is
nobody's---

Emerson Lake and Palmer
electrophobic paranoia inside
outside leave me alone
I'M going putty-crazy time to
become an adult don't bother me blues

business.
But, do you
have---

long time long song Beatles
playing for everyone just want
them for my own can't seem
to savor the sweetness everything
tastes like camels

a microphone?
Speakers at every stop sigh?
Light show at every windshield?
You see,

I've got to turn the whole world on
I've got to woodstock the whole world
I've got to shout it from the housetops

Alfred Hulme, Jr.



Diane Spalding

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O, Altitudo

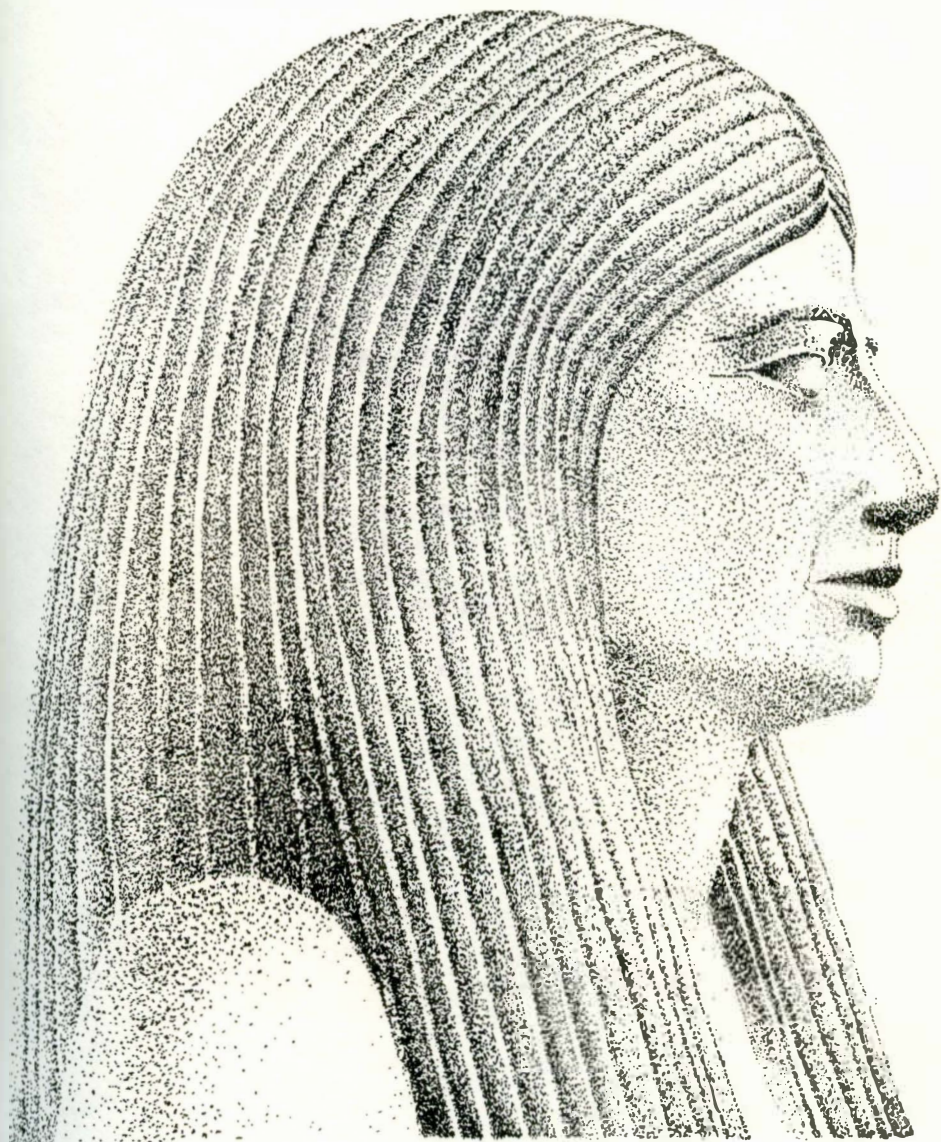
All these books,
this lateral knowledge,
skinny wisdom,
scorings
on the icy pond face
where I skate to the horizon
of the ephemeral plane.

Let the high sun melt
this cold knowing.

The pond below is bottomless:
there let me sink,
dissolve, resolve
myself to do
deep thinking
till the sun
enlighten me

to higher mystery
in vaporous elevation.

Alan Nordstrom



Roberta G. Reed



Roberta

I'm waiting for the day
You'll sing me a song,
Of your thoughts
And Inspirations.

When we can share
Our poetry
And thoughtless moments,
Near the shore
With some
 Sweet sips
 of
 Wine.

Deborah L. Green

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Contributors

MICHAEL COLLBROTH would like to thank his good friend Val Spakovsky for starting him in his career in photography.

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

WILBUR DORSET is an English professor at Rollins College, whose hobbies include giving tests, working crossword puzzles, and writing sonnets.

LULU GOLDSBOROUGH is a sophomore from Maryland. Her major is psychology and education.

DEBORAH L. GREEN is a sophomore English/Business major from St. Petersburg. She is a member of the *Brushing* staff and her poetry has appeared in *Brushing* before.

DONNA HAMBLIN is a sophomore Art Studio major from Miami.

ALFRED HULME JR. was born one generation late, passed through a Jaws phase, and is presently obsessed with New York City.

JEAN REYNOLDS LEECH is a sophomore studio art major interested in continuing her studies in photography. She will be getting married in July and moving to Atlanta at the end of the school year.

ALAN NORDSTROM, a closet transcendentalist, teaches literature and writing at Rollins when he is not otherwise seeking fame, fortune, and infinity in a grain of sand.

BRAD PERKINS is a junior English major.

ROBERTA G. REED is a junior Physics major. Her artwork has appeared in previous issues of *Brushing*.

ROBERT N. ROBINSON is a sophomore this year. His interests are the fields of photography, painting, and graphic art. His work has appeared in *Brushing* prior to this publication.

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

JEAN WEST teaches creative writing at Rollins College. Her new book of poetry, *Holding the Chariot*, appeared in the fall.

SHAWNE K. WICKHAM is a junior English major, and an aspiring journalist. She is an enthusiastic member of the Fine Arts House, and her poetry has appeared in *Brushing* before.

Staff

SHAWNE K. WICKHAM
KAREN THOMPSON
ROBERTA G. REED, Art Editor
BRAD PERKINS, Editor
MARY MACHAT
ALFRED HULME JR.
DEBI GREEN
CHUCK DONELSON

Thanks

The *Brushing* staff of 1976-77 would like to take this opportunity to express our sincere gratitude to the Rollins College Print Shop. Their advice and assistance have been instrumental in the production of these last two issues.

Volume 6 No. 2

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.
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Spring
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Brushing

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