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pushing

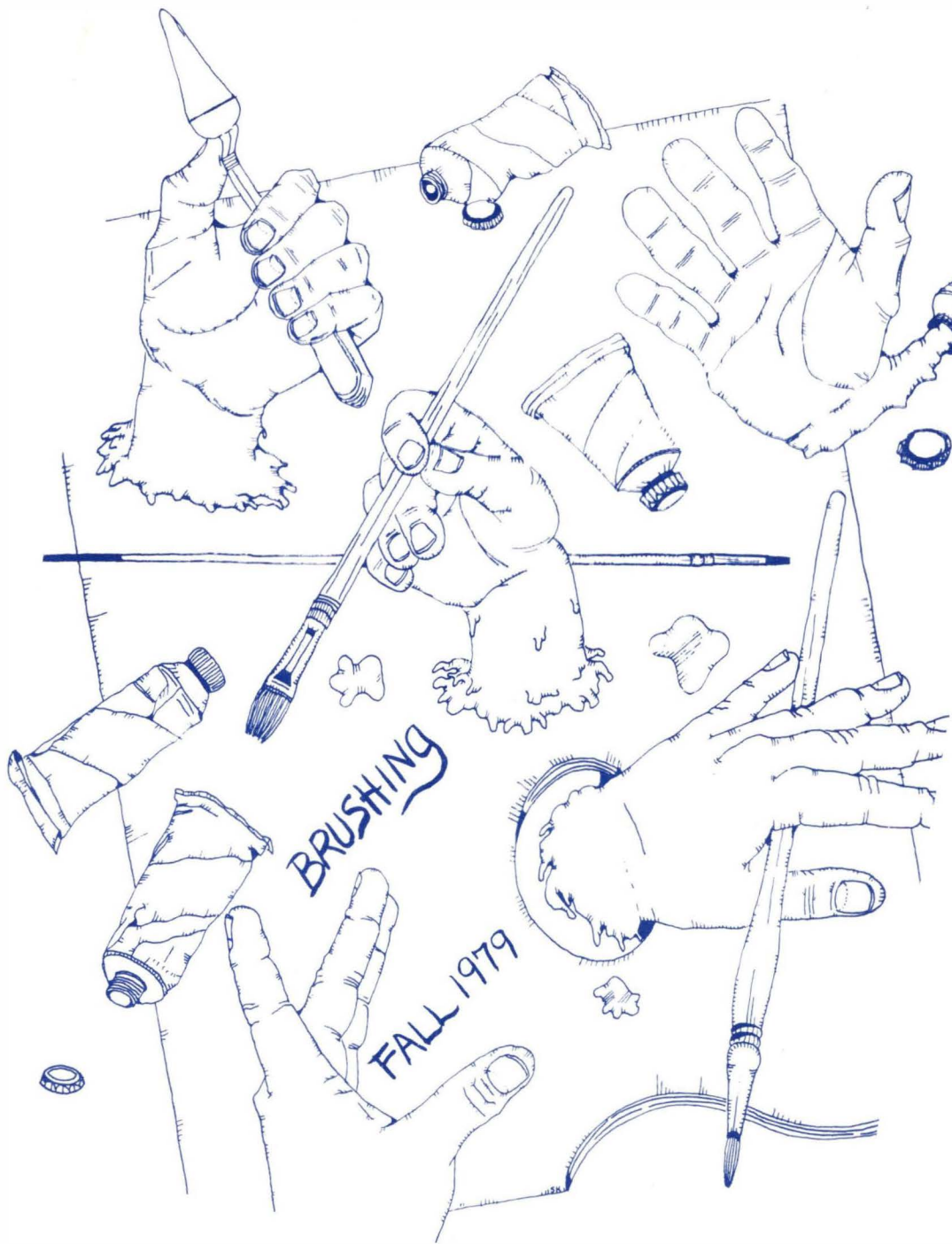


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FOREWORD

In his highly rated play *Equus*, Peter Shaffer has Mrs. Strang say, "Alan liked the word *Equus* so much because it was the only word with two u's in a row." Very interesting. Did poor Alan's problem begin with a simple and innocent obsession with an unusual word. It's entirely possible. As W.H. Auden said "The world of words means so much to me that I can get more excited by pornography than the real thing." But poor Alan was dominated by one word while Auden dominated the whole language.

Pat Garner is another one who lives for words. She says "Shhhhhheh" instead of "sure." She says the scientists got away with all the good words: "hydrogen, helium, valium."

Not too long ago, I approached Pat with the following riddle: "Peter Shaffer was wrong. There is yet another word in the English language that has two u's in a row. Can you tell me what that word is?"

In a millisecond, Pat's eyes were gleaming with intelligence. It was in that gleam that I saw the whole language (save one word) ride by Pat's eyes as if it were on a giant ticker tape. And so we sat for maybe five minutes, I standing there like a punch card, Pat sitting there like a computer scanning all it knew.

The gleam came out of Pat's eyes and I knew she'd finished. "Well," I said, "Well Miss Creative Writer, do you give up? Do you have it?"

"Shhhhhheh..." "She gleamed.

"Continuum," she exclaimed and we both yahoed and whipped.

8:40

So we came and we went, discussing
all the way saying what Emerson
said and what Whitman was or wasn't
about talking on the surface pre-
tentential thinking but the thought
was not superfluous and they say
those fuckers say
that it's the thought that counts.

And we walked through the rain
on this wet night and like usual
my brain was or became locked
in commodity "my wool skirt
is gonna shrink I won't be able
to get it off - zories on November
second". So I took them off
and took off my glasses too and
walked through the rain barefoot
and blind
and then again I said what Emerson
said and again we thought or thought
we were thinking and I was blind
and my feet were wet.

8:42:04

Al Hulme
p.g.
winter park nov. 79

this isn't florida . . .

this isn't florida
and we're not the same here
it's long without you
longer still
without a dream
memories are empty calories
filling the void
only temporarily
friends last but
lovers leave
weren't we somewhere
in-between?
and you slip away
out of my reality
i want to follow but
each time awake to find myself
alone

berry leigh 1979



RIEDEL

Will I always leep over tall buildings
Wearing the Lone Ranger's mask
Yelling Hi Oh Silver
Instead of Up Up and Away
Afraid of silver bullets
Instead of Kryptonite?
Will I always be the cowboy in the boat of Ra
Looking,
 Searching,
 Seeking a lost hero
While Tonto's up in the hills
Moaning like Billy Holiday?

Patricia Johnson
inspired by Imamu Amiri Baraka

Puddle is going to die today in a scant four hours time. But don't worry, don't sweat it out and don't rush over and tell Puddle because he already knows. Yeah, God spilled the beans to him last week.

I'm sure Puddle really doesn't care if he knows when his warranty is over or not. In fact, that is probably why God communicated this eternal secret anyway.

At this moment, Puddle is sitting across from me musing over his impending death. From what I gather he is trying to figure out where to die. At first I feared he might do something radical, like wrap himself up in grey cloth, pour ashes over his funny little frame, then march to Capitol Hill and collapse on the steps in protest over old age; knowing Puddle, his demise will slip his mind and he'll topple into a manhole somewhere and be regarded as another senile suicidal senior citizen.

I once asked him what he thought of life. Puddle reminisced about a neon insect that flew in through an open window. It alit on a window pane and proceeded to buzz around for the next ten hours attempting to penetrate that same glossy surface. The insect finally fizzled to a despondent twittering on the ledge and then tumbled off the side like an actor off a cliff, but this little guy wasn't faking it. Bug never buzzed nor bothered nor boogied nor bit ever again. And in Bug's ignorance, he never realized freedom and life were mere inches away.

Later on that day Puddle handed me a sheet of toilet paper on which was inscribed:

Life is . . .
just what the doctor ordered
for bored souls
Beethoven doing time in a rock 'n'
roll band
weird city
a clitoris that is constantly being tickled
Playing tennis with an orange:
sticky but sweet
better than any of my wildest
wet dreams
eating tootsie rolls then slurping
down slugworms and being able to relish the difference

And the end of the tissue paper (smelling somewhat dubious)
read:

Death is the final wipe of a toilet
paper roll.

I tend to disagree. I think of it as the beginning of a new one, hopefully softer, milder and with a sweeter fragrance.

People don't quite know what to make of Puddle. Some say he should be canonized, others think he should be institutionalized. He throws his lot with the latter. He says he could never be a saint because he dwells on sex too much. Personally, I don't think he's had any type of physical relations since the young albino.

Vibrantly alive is the only way I can describe what emanates from Puddle. It's not like an aura. It's not like a halo. It's not even like a microwave oven. Those who meet him feel like New York after a harsh rain. Cleansed.

He used to be ordinary, just like you and me and about four billion other carnal creatures on this planetary electron. But that was a long time ago -- before Jimmy's death.

It took the authorities three days before they were able to catch up with him after Jimmy died. He went berserk and was still in the final throes of insanity's clutches when they found him. He was located in a North Carolina village making love to a young albino girl while lying prostrate in a puddle.

Hence the name Puddle.

Jimmy was Puddle's younger brother. He was retarded but intelligent enough to realize it. Think of the terrors and frustrations he must have had when dealing with life. He knew everyone could out-smart him; he knew others took advantage of him. His real downfall was that he realized others were laughing at him, not with him. Pretty girls wouldn't talk to him; pretty boys made fun of him . . .

No wonder he committed suicide.

"We've got to blow this joint!" the twenty dollar bill said to the ten dollar bill.

"Yeah, I know," answered the ten dollar bill. "I can't believe anyone would stick us in a drawer full of dirty underwear." So, they climbed out of the drawer, taking a couple of fives and a few ones with them and hopped onto the floor. From there, they rallied all the extra and loose change for the great escape. They shimmied under the crack of the door and sprinted wildly for the open lobby door. Once outside they took to the sky and were never seen again.

This is the story of Puddle's monetary life.

Puddle once compared giving birth to a marble coming out of one's penis. Ouch.

If there are any splotched marks on this page, I'm terribly sorry. They are my tears. No matter how much Puddle tried to convince me of the joy of dying, I still hurt inside. He is like Jesus and Buddha and all those other crazy people who went around loving everyone for no reason at all -- irreplaceable except for within your own soul.

He really got a kick out of dying. He went down to Central Park, took off his clothes and trotted through the foliage. The goodness was so thick at that hour you could smell it. I don't think another crime was committed for two hours.

He said he wanted to go out of this world the same way he came—naturally.

Heaven is one gigantic orgasm. When Puddle finally arrived, he had been waiting 78 years for this soul. God chuckled and laughed and rolled; souls experienced the ultimate universal orgasm; His laughter and sex frenzied energy imploded, exploded and diplayed and became bloated; galaxies whimpered and moaned and danced like a belly dancer, gyrating generously yet trying to keep a murky ball of sweat from sliding off her stomach. Universes were tickled silly, planets writhed and squirmed in wormish delight. Earth erupted as though it had saved all its moments of passion for this incredible multi-orgasmic thrill.

Truly, the coming of the Lord.

I think Puddle finally understood the difference between good and bad as he lay in that grimy puddle with the young albino. No matter how much dirt and water covered the young girl, the skin was always just as pure, just as white. It was just more difficult to see.

I once asked Puddle how it was he could always be so caring. He replied that he was simply giving away all the love Jimmy never received.

Evan Griffith



Christina Cahoon



HIS EYES

His eyes do not dance
They do not sparkle
They are deep ponds
without fish.

I YEARN FOR THE BLOWING WIND

Sometimes I am wings.
A part of me flies from frustration
to a cloud where
I, too, am like a cloud
over a rippleless lake
where no one can hate me.

Kara Provost

IVY LEAVES

Precariously balanced on the edge
Of a goldfish bowl
The ivy leaves tremble.
Cut stems immersed in water.
Some human hand
Dismembered them from the parent plant,
And now they quiver
With unfamiliar feelings.

“I was one of many parts
And liked it so.
But she said there is more joy
In being cut and learning
To grow on my own.”

“She feeds us
And waters us
And gives us sun.
She gives us
All that we need for life.
We’ve put our trust in her.
She must know . . .”

“. . . What is best.
I agree with you there.
At first, when I saw her
Approaching,
Those sharp blades
Held lightly in her hand,
I was afraid.
I have seen others of our kind
Cut down — the life-givers
Call it trimming.
I could not see them
In the cold metal cylinder,
But the room was filled
With their screams.”

"I remember that day, too.
She threw away those leaves,
Then sat and read.
Almost as if she didn't hear."

"But she must have heard.
I was in the window
And the sun shone bright that day,
But I was cold to the stem.
The sun and water
Gave no nourishment
For a long time
After the screams had stopped."

"So when she cut us
Yesterday
I cried out to her."

"Yes, I did, too."

"Do you think she heard?
Do you think that's why
She gave us this bowl of life-liquid
And set us in together?
We've put our trust in her —
She's always given all we need,
Although sometimes with pain.
But she says that is how we grow."

Maryann T. Lester

As I walk along the beach, my mind,
Full of pessimistically abstract doubts
Wondered in slow silence
At the rippling of voices
Pouring out of the lips of countless waves.
Their messages were so concrete, so definite, so appealing:

I have been here since the beginning of time.
Many battles have been fought on my grounds.
For here life is alpha and omega.
The same is with you.
But although you are the giver of life and death,
Your end must come eventually.
I I will be here when the end dissipates
Into a new
But for now, I will stand by and watch you,
Emplore you, beseech you to join me in all my

ETERNITY

Even his majesty shall bow to me when countless
Times he has refused my offer.

I continued wandering, pondering
No seeking for that which the world has to offer me,
Or for that matter, what I have to offer the world,
While being magnetized by the lips of waves
Whose words were as endless as the sea itself.
I found myself drawn, succumbing, and finally,
Conquered. And Now

I will stand by and watch you,
Emplore you, beseech you to join me in all my

ETERNITY

Patricia Johnson



Mary Wiseman



Kelli Farrar

I remember having fallen down the concrete steps outside our apartment in Pacific Beach. It was a very well kept, salmon colored apartment and it had a perfectly manicured, lush green lawn in front. All I remember about the incident is lying at the foot of the steps looking up. I wasn't hurt.

At the same apartment one day, I bit a kid on the back. He should have known better than to provoke me. I wasn't a biter, but I was getting a drink out of the water faucet in the front yard and he pushed me aside so that he could get a drink. I wasn't about to put up with that crap. I drew blood. Baby teeth are very sharp, you know.

The next earliest thing I remember occurred after my parents and I moved from the San Diego area to the Los Angeles area in 1962. The incident that I'm thinking of probably happened when I was three. The address was 2204 Matthews Avenue. It was a white stucco apartment with 2204 spread across the front in two-foot black numbers. We lived on the second floor. I remember sitting on the floor in front of the screen door. People were moving in next door. They kept walking back and forth bringing things in. I don't remember who it was. It was early evening. That's it.

Another incident comes to mind. I was three or four and had a little metal toy squad car with a siren on top about the size of a marachino cherry. I was at that oral stage (put it in your mouth first, ask questions later) so I was sitting there mouthing that little red siren when without so much as a whine, off it came and down into the throat it went. When things go wrong, my first inclination has always been to panic, so I followed my natural inclinations and so did my parents. I remember vividly my father holding me by the ankles and shaking me vigorously. Finally that little marachino cherry did come back.

John Curley

When I sang my song outside your window,
I had hoped to smell perfume
and see your face look out at mine.
But instead I saw you, as a clown,
wearing the mask of a clown,
filled with circus visions and dreams of laughter,
and death drinking cocktails with you.
In your huge, gloved hand, like the hand of a clown,
because you are a clown,
the drink trembled from the sounds of my serenade outside.

Your painted smile, like a wide, inverted rainbow,
has the measured neglect necessary to keep death
at a pleasant distance,
drinking his Scotch and enjoying your clown ways
as he seldom has an opportunity; your smile against my eyes is cold.
My song now cold upon my lips,
upon my ears,
my mind,
my heart.
How death looks at you
and your Big Top thoughts
and seems so much at home.

I sang outside your window,
hoping you would see me and want me
not knowing you already had a guest.
The song I wrote for you;
and my harmonies – did you hear the changing silence as I sang?
Not knowing you would wear your clown-mask,
I let you see my face.
Not knowing death would be there,
I sang.



Sloan Kelly

And death and I see each other so often now,
I have even thought of becoming a bird so that I might
fly high away from him — so far up he'd never reach me,
but instead I see him more and more with all my friends,
drinking, talking,
and always he listens to my music.
And you, listening to me sing my song,
were my one last hope,
but even you, wearing the mask of a clown,
invited him to have a drink and opened the door to him,
sharing something that you had no right to share.

Stan Cording

CHEKOV, GEORGE ELIOT AND OTHERS: from, *To Speak of Oneself*

"If I thought the world would end tomorrow," Chekov wrote, "I still would plant my cherry tree." In something like this gesture of optimism the children and I drove one early summer evening in 1972 toward the McConkey's, a small armur maple waving in its pot from the back seat. In a few days we would leave for Florida. The image of a personal tree acknowledging the seasons, blessed by the McConkeys as they went to and from house, garden and barn was one worth securing against the new landscape we anticipated.

I had met Jim McConkey when the Ithaca Writer's Association invited him to direct a seminar in the short story. The group gathered that night at Dorothy Duchemin's house. Jim sat in a floral armchair under a reading lamp tugging at the blonde forelock that always dropped a little over his forehead. It was clear that he cared about writing -- even ours. Intensity made his voice shake and because I'm often not able to control the tremble in my own, I made him a friend at once.

But more than ten years had passed when Kim and Thor and I drove toward Trumansburg amidst the rolling Finger Lakes countryside where Jim and his family live. The children rode subdued and I lapsed into thought, myself. I had made this trip many times, always looking ahead to the return ride that is spectacular at night as the road winds down Route 79 presenting Ithaca in a dramatic panorama, Cornell and Ithaca College wrapped around the hills in a sentinel of lights.

Since Jim bought it in 1962, the farm -- ten miles from Ithaca, a childhood of field, hedgerow and forest -- had become a retreat for students and friends. We came and went, sitting on the floor around the fireplace in winter, cooking out in summer where the big backyard stretches into field and further into old orchard and woods. Once during an emergency in Delaware, I left Kim and Thor and Athene-the-cat to spend a weekend with the McConkey household. Athene, accustomed to relative solitude at Hanshaw Road, was overwhelmed by the McConkey kingdom of people, pets, and numbers of rooms, and fled under an upstairs bed where she sat out the entire visit.

When Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote to George Eliot in praise of Silas Marner, Eliot replied by thanking Mrs. Stowe for "the warrant to call you friend . . . It . . . made me almost wish," she continued, "that you could have a momentary

vision of the discouragement, nay, paralyzing despondency in which many days of my writing life have been past, in order that you might fully understand the good I find in such sympathy as yours -- in such an assurance as you give me that my work has been worth doing."

By the time George Eliot published **Silas Marner**, she had secured the admiration of much of the world; but for living with George Henry Lewes, who could not be divorced, she was rejected by family and by much of English society. In 1868 she noted in her Journal: "We have made some new friendships that cheer us with the sense of new admiration of actual living beings whom we know in the flesh, and who are kindly disposed to us."

In **Crossroads** which Jim McConkey published in 1967, a section is devoted to his first teaching assignment in Kentucky and to the conflict he felt when he decided to leave. It was especially hard for the McConkeys to say goodbye to a Kentucky family they had come to love. "To me," Jim wrote,

it was such an important farewell that
I wanted tears to be in his eyes; I
was upset by his smiles. I wanted to
shake him and to say in anger, "Why aren't
you as lonely this moment as I? Why is
it that you can accept and I cannot?
Tell me, what is the secret of happiness?"
But the evening passed like any other.*

With the McConkeys, we planted the armur maple in front of the chapel-like barn; the two horses could hang their heads over the fence and gaze upon it while they chewed their hay. In the fall its leaves would turn fiery red and I would dream of it in an autumnless Florida. We gathered up the tools and then moved to the front yard where we stood talking. The Crossroads stretched out in dimness toward Trumansburg and Connecticut Hill. My feelings recalled the ones Jim had had that evening in Kentucky. Unembarrassed by his emotional attachment to life, Jim had been a constant support to my creative spirit. And he and Gladys together had been good friends to the children and me. It was hard to leave.

"Why aren't you as lonely this moment as I?" The echo ran along a thin nerve in my brain. And "Tell me, what is the secret of happiness?"

* In **Crossroads**, by James McConkey, E.P. Dutton, 1967

But we hugged everyone hard, slammed our car doors firmly, and after pausing in the dark at the Crossroads, turned into Waterbug Road and drove on toward the city lights.

So it is that a few presences emerge as gifts in our lives. Often they are characters we encounter in novels and never forget, or voices, lingering outside the lines of poems. But occasionally they are real people who stand up in their real selves and out of their “kindly” disposition to us, tell us how right or wrong we are. In Upstate New York, the armur maple puts its roots down a little deeper each year, and we remember it.

Jean West



Mary Wiseman

When we first met
my shoes were beautiful
but now
i never wear them
they're just a bit too tight
and there really is no need
my bare feet
do just fine

berry leigh 1979



Caroline Achenback

SEARCH FOR MY IDENTITY

Now ev'rybody's doing it and I
Must not -- oh no! -- defy conformity.
I find agreeable acceptance by
My Search for Personal Identity.
Oh, who am I? And where am I? And what
Are my dimensions in my universe?
Oh, what's my role? And what's the destined plot
In which I act for better or for worse?
Just as I find Identity and sail
Into an ego trip, extravagant
With confidence, I find among my mail
A letter that's addressed to "Occupant."
 And that so neatly puts me in my place:
 I'm just a body occupying space!

-- Wilbur Dorsett

The Photograph

You sit there upon my cluttered dresser
Amongst many personal possessions.
Smear'd like a portrait of water color
That's drenched with tears and smudged with obsessions.
I left you in the sun once, long ago,
And so you've faded with my memory,
As the melting of a soft April snow.
Lyrics to a forgotten melody.
I've known you through this representation
In black-and-white, yet, my dreams are colored
Displaying you beyond imitation.
But I awake ---- I find you discolored.
I've pictured enough tonight, with sorrow.
I'll paint you again; and try tomorrow.

Ann Portoghesi



Each compromise
Becomes a death unto itself.
Another love,
Another lie,
And then goodbye.
Another leaping knife
(Don't mind the blood).
I'll wash the sheets,
Maybe tomorrow . . .
And stay is the four-letter word
That sharpens the blade.
It sticks to the roof of the mouth
Like childhood's peanut butter.
Leaving another mute tongue
Raw and swollen.

I know enough of wet and blue
To walk alone at night-
Or day.
It's not like that always.
But it's been know to be.
I know enough of morning
To leave it alone
When we meet again at night.
You call it yours,
But it was mine, too.
You call it holding close enough
To be able to let go.
I call it morning
And leave it at that.

Maryann T. Lester

CRIPPLING CHOICES

are we all destined to wander?
do we have to leave
to see why we should have stayed?
but stay —
to watch another day pass.
watch, helpless,
as we balance unfulfilled desire
in one hand
and that certain safe alternative
in the other.’
ah yes, that answer to life’s question.
joining two
who know not what they do.
their parents mistake
is left
in the box of broken toys.
till life —
completing the circle —
glues it together
and we give the deceptive alternative
to our children.
a crippling toy.

Maryann T. Lester

THE CELESTIAL ROMULUS

They came down to my living room like no metaphor, they came like no metaphor, like no metaphor ever did. The first one down came right up to me and slapped me across the face and poked his thumbs in my eyes so I saw stars and flashes and they were ideas materialized, they were my brain cells made visible. I couldn't see this first one because he just stood there with his thumbs in my eyes but I saw Whitman over by the sofa, Whitman pointing at me and not saying a word. And Emerson was there too over by the bay window swaying his head back and forth saying nothing.

And the first one with his thumbs in my eyes starts telling me about Kerouac and Ginsberg and Burroughs, he starts telling me that everything can be incubated now, anything can grow, all lifestyles and points of view can be articulated he starts telling me that you have to watch the difference, you have to discern the fucking difference between trendy vociferation and sincere intelligence. And William Butler Yeats came down now, he stands under the Chandelier. And I slouch towards him but the first one keeps me in place with his thumbs and I want to hear Yeats, I want to hear him more than Whitman or Emerson because he's so much closer to my generation. But Yeats says nothing, he picks the wax out of his ears and wipes it on my walls and then they all start howling and moaning like bleating wolves. It gets so loud I can't take it so I join in and I am part of the contagion now, I can start going places.

But my eyes hurt so much from the pressure of his thumbs and I still can't see who this guy is when then hundreds of other people come down. I see Lou Drago, my old science teacher, the liar, who told us that if you don't circumcise it, it'll get cheese, and I see my music teacher from early school and it's now I remember in the auditorium (she was up on the stage) that I first realized I had astigmatism, because I couldn't see her and keep my thoughts together at the same time and Goldie my golden retriever comes down and I remember feeling her fur and for the first time realizing the state of our senses and then Romulus comes down with all the wolverines and wolves all around him braying and bleating and Romulus is me and he is everybody, everyone who's ever had an idea of semination, germination, the architectural seed and Romulus is the whole world of beautiful human getting bigger and bigger until I can't see anything but baby fat -- and Remus comes down, old Uncle Remus says he wants a piece of the pie too, and then the baby Jesus comes down and everything is rooty, everything is beginning to twine together, it's all twirling around in fantastic allotments of semen and milk and good taste and politeness and . . . oh . . . nothing at all. And then Thaddeus Seymour comes down in full regalia his lips sealed by waxing priesthood Joycian piousness and all the sorority girls come down all wearing beautiful T-shirts, a beautiful remnant of a beautiful dead culture, a monkey random conglomeration of a dead language saying nothing more or less than Data, Data, Dada . . . And the learned astronomers come down with the learned English teachers who all come down and play twister or some such

simple body game underneath my dining room table and I feel like John must have felt knowing nothing, an idea to flout words for better places and there is no better place there is nothing, nothing matters but the best thing to do is articulate this worry by saying there is a place where things matter and John comes down and he has no historic Roman frock on but a shirt and tie (and Manson boots) and he's got a tail that is like the tail of a . . . and Paul comes down and Paul says nothing either, he can't, his tongue has been cut out of his own accord because he saw talking sense and instruction were the first transgressions. And George too and Ringo too and all the multitudes of everyone and everything and James Joyce and Timothy Leary both ecstaticians, one for the self the other for all. And I see all of New York City like no one before like no Hollywood ever did, like no social Fitzgerald ever did. I saw New York City and Paris and London and Sodom . . . in all its squalor and opulence all the filth and glamor, every crook and granny, every piece of dark graffitti anonymous ugliness, every tall building, I saw right through the city and it was no more beautiful or ugly than any Sea-n-ski shaven thigh.

And thus these images were come down to me on this summer day, fourth of July, nineteen hundred eighty. Not in a Greyhound bus station, no mouth harp camp in Nevada, no head shop in Haight-Asbury, not a bookstore at Columbia University but here in my own living room, a television, an ancestral portraiture, a bean bag chair.

That beautiful day when I saw that all LSD is good for is a few scary-type laughs and all that's good about foreign chemicals is that they make for good copy.

All Hulme

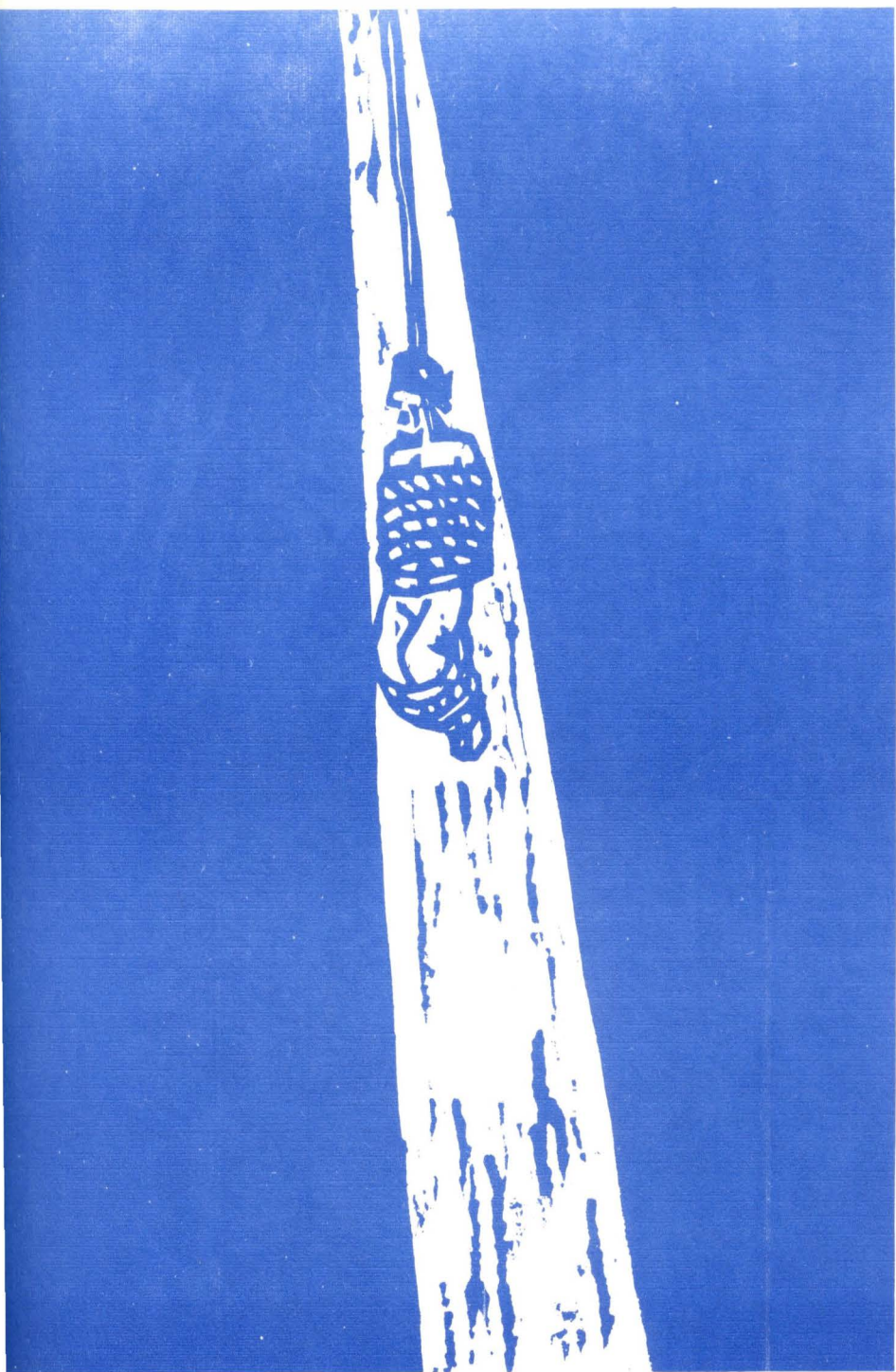
THE PRISONER

He sat by the window,
day after day,
motionless --
bound by impercievable chains.
His skin has transformed itself
into a human map --
wrinkling highways scoring it's folds.
He took solace in the sunshine
beyond his window.

Once in while,
I saw a trace of a smile,
but it passed fleetingly --
like a cloud over the moon.

Was he yearning
to be back in the chaos
or just
praying for a quick,
painless demise?

Teresa McDonell



A SPELLER FOR THE MUSE

O Muse whom poets importune for wit
And metered metaphor to sing their song —
Who's offered lays and even life as boon for it,
That le mot juste that sparkles, not goes wrong.
It's you who plants the seed, Imagination;
That rare, sublime intensity of Yeats;
And gracious gifts of stirring inspiration;
It was your brain that teemed, not fearful Keats!
Your frequent client is the sonneteer
Whose needs indeed are dire and quite precise;
So why not find a bard a la Shakespeare?
Would not a deserved respite you entice?
Relax your syntax for a spell, don't force it --
Your sterling stand - in's here -

Sir Wilbur Dorsett.

Nancy Hoffman



Sloan Kelly



Richard Colvin

Damn me, I am losing
all that
I have, except the fat.

I can no longer
— absorb thoughts thru
body heat
— say “I feel it” thru
duplicate heart beat

Now myself,
a separate entity,
am dying
of mental entrophy.

Pat Garner

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KELLI FARRAR — Known as Florafax, Ferrari, or Kodak Kelli. She frequently amazes herself by remembering to put film in her camera. They say art majors have more sense in their hands than their heads. Maybe they're right.

PAT GARNER is a poet.

"ALL" HULME says: "I want to see Bob Dylan, Pete Seeger, and Arlo Guthrie together on stage singing, among other things "Froggie Went A-courtin."

TERESA McDONNELL is a senior, who, after many years of dilligent effort, will be receiving her MRS. next fall.

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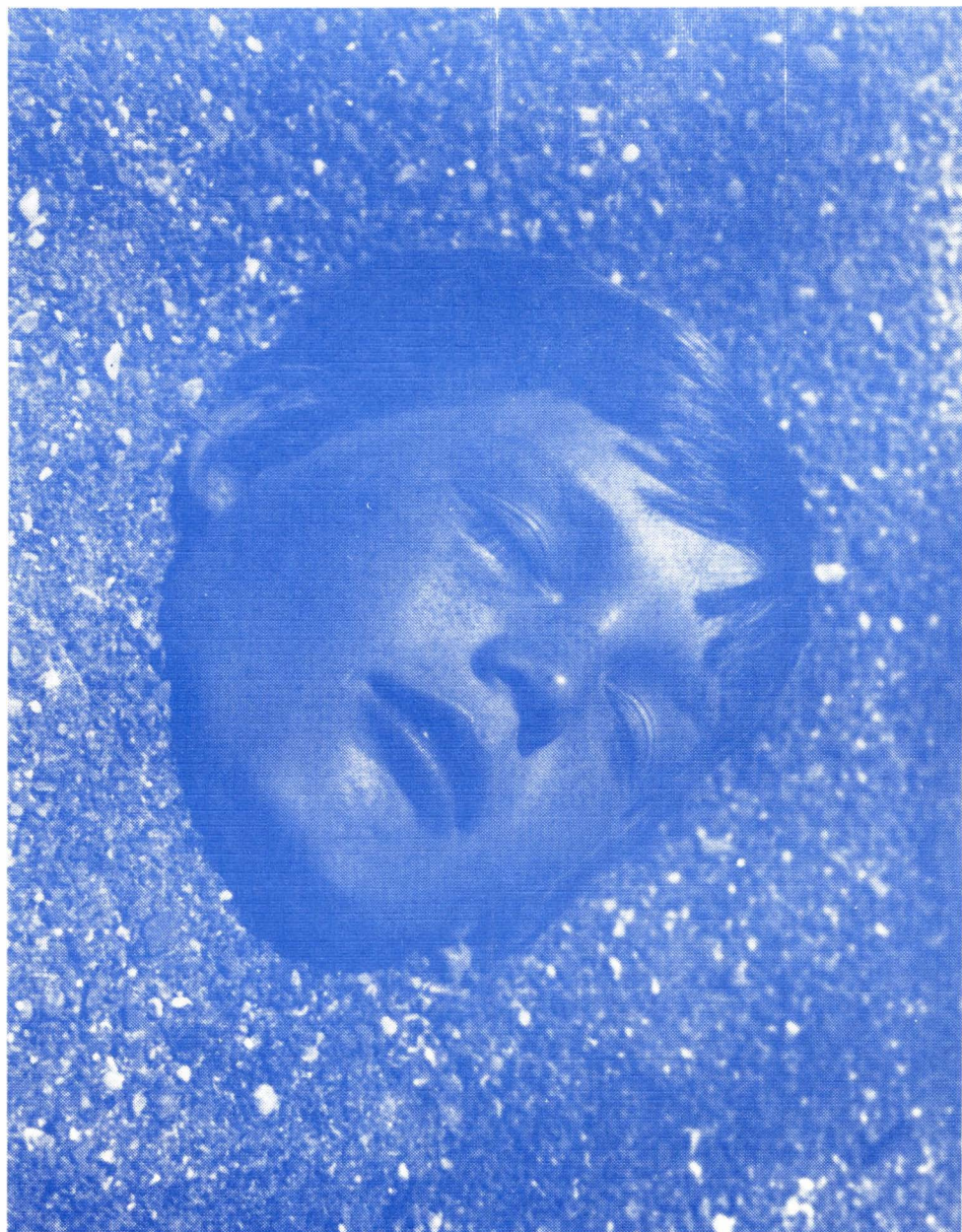
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Kelli Farrar

