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Brushing

1972
Spring



ROLLINS COLLEGE
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BRUSHING

SPRING, 1972



stuff

Joan Brewer

Frank Jenkins

John Kippax

Carol Lightbourn

Michael Madonick

Hugo Rizzoli

Submissions of poetry are welcome from anyone, anywhere.
Continuing exchange with other magazines is invited.

Address: Brushing Editor
Rollins College
Winter Park, Florida 32789

cover by Stephanie Kass

POEM FOUND IN A PHYSICS MANUAL

First, necessary
to make clear what is
meant by tension force
in a structural
member. The simplest
case: a cord or rope.
Ideally so
flexible that no
bending force exists.
Tension is the force
tending to pull apart
the cord. Granted cord =
chain of particles $>$
tension $>$ the force one
particle exerts
on immediate
neighbors.
 \therefore Magnitude of ten-
sion is same in
any segment of
a weightless cording
acted upon by
forces at each end
This is by no means
as obvious as
it seems.

AFTER THE LAST SCREAM HAD DIED

they knew

deep

inside the blood at the core of the bud

above the howl of cities.

Immune

to phases cataclysms

persists the thing

no stone can crush.

From stone to bone grown to full stature

in the sun nothing

now can stop its heliotropic race,

after the last scream the last look

at his face.

(Homage to Martin Luther King)

5-17-72

FOR ALL YOU BRIGHT INVENTORS & TECHNOLOGICAL EXPERTS

The food we eat no longer remembers the seed

nor field the cows.

From egg to egg lights order the pecking.

Behind windowless walls our air

is cooled scented

(with something odd we notice only when it's off)

The glass we sometimes peer through is sheer and hard

blue as slivers from an iceberg

& just as immovable

Some lawns are bought by the yard others forcibly fed

(grass variant of chicken factory) the chemical surplus

sinks into rivers

to breed

a certain beauty in the scum.

The street no longer remembers the tree

nor asphalt the forest it sprang from.

The heat in parking lots could cook an ox.

You offer for steaming armpits a new spray

We say:

On all you uptight bright inventors

a pox.



Michael Connor

ICEFALL

— *For Mary Beth Keale*

I.

The kitchen window
Of the eggwhite farmhouse
On a hilltop
Is the orange eye of the hill
Before dawn, before
Sweeping itself
Like breakfast smoke
Down the long low slope
To Namche Bazar; where you wait

In the park
On a green bench.
You are Setsuku Watanassee,
And Chotari will lead you up
This mountain
To a snowline
Where the air
Is only half sea-
Level.

II.

A short wood wagon, piled
With brief oranges
Square-wheels
By you,
And through the covered bridge; the snowbridge
You built to bridge
The Khumbu ice-
Fall.

CALABRITTO:

Spring Planting

I.

On the blue hillsides
before dawn, the donkeys are strapped
with the mountain sun, like rum
gone spilling over the hills
among the thin strings
of olive trees
and down the eighty-six
stone crusted steps
to the market-
place, where it rises
evenly, in the four corners
of the square,
in the hollow eyes
of a shopkeeper.

The new cold
vegetables, the night baskets
of life the donkeys have
carried down the mountain,
are sold before noon.

II.

But when a man dies,
they carry his body, still
flushed red like the east
side of a fig,
back up the stone steps
to the cemetery, where
like the olive
or the fig,
or the bright long sail in a green bottle,
he is returned
gratefully,
to the earth.



Paul Rizzoli

THE JONES MEN

by Dennis Jackson
5th period

This story begins in Detroit. There was this cat named David Johnson. Now this man was supposed to be a dope addict. Really he was an undercover agent working for the Narc department downtown. Only two people knew he was an undercover agent, himself and the head of the narcotics department downtown.

Well getting back to the story, Dave was supposed to get hooked up with or maybe even become a Jones man himself. But I haven't told you what a Jones man is have I. A Jones man is a black man who works for an organization who hooks black kids in the ghettos on drugs and sucks them dry. You can tell a Jones man because they always drive the best cars a Continental or an Eldorado.

As I was saying Dave was supposed to try to get in with the Jones men and find out who was at the head of the heap, get some information and blow it wide. Now this isn't any TV story like Mannix or something; Dave is really getting into deep water. Let's hope he doesn't drown.

Dave had already established a reputation on the corner. Rumors were going around that Dave was hooked on drugs and could pay big money for a fix. All that was left to do now was to wait. About two weeks passed and nothing happened. Dave was about to give up. One day Dave was walking down the street and decided to call downtown and tell them about it. He was just about to walk into a telephone booth when he heard a car horn behind him. He turned around and saw a big black man decked out in some bad clothes and driving a 1972 Continental. Dave thought to his self "Man this is it keep cool, keep cool." Then the big black man said, "what you want to call a cab for; get in." Dave asked him his name. The man replied, "The name's Jones." The Jones man said, "Man I know you ain't surprised." Dave said, "No I'm not surprised, I was hoping I'd meet one of you guys. I hear you got the best fixes in Detroit."

Since Dave is talking to a Jones man and we don't know his name, for right now we'll just call him Jones. Jones said, "Man we're pretty cool. I hear you been wanting to try some of our merchandise." Dave nodded. "Well here you go," said Jones and handed him a bag of pills. Dave said, "Man I can dig where you comin from." Then Jones said, "Baby we cool." He pulled up to a corner and let Dave out. He told him he would get in touch with him tonight and split.

Of course you know a cool cat like Dave is going to have an old lady. In this case its a fine chick by the name of Denise Jackson. (No kin to the author of this story.) Denise was a girl about 5'11", soft looking with beautiful brown skin, and with a shape that would put Miss America to shame. In other words she had what it takes. And I do mean she had what it takes.

Dave and Denise had one strong thing in common, drugs. They met when Dave was just hitting the drug scene. They had a fix with the same hooker. From the first time he saw her he digged. But he didn't dig her habit. It was okay for him because it was his job. They've been seeing each other since that fix. I don't mind saying that they had become attached to each other.

After Dave had left Mister Jones, he went over to Denise's house. Word had already got around to Denise that Dave had hooked up with a Jones man. She didn't like it and she told him so when he got over to her house. She practically begged him not to get

involved with Mr. Jones. When Lave didn't give in she cried on his shoulder and they fell back on the couch and did what people usually do when they fall back on the couch.

When Mr. Jones called Dave that night he told him where his next fix would be and how much he would have to pay. He also told him something else. His exact words were, "Listen man, you won't see me anymore. My job is to start people on this thing and end them. So if you see me again don't expect to live very long." Dave could take the hint.

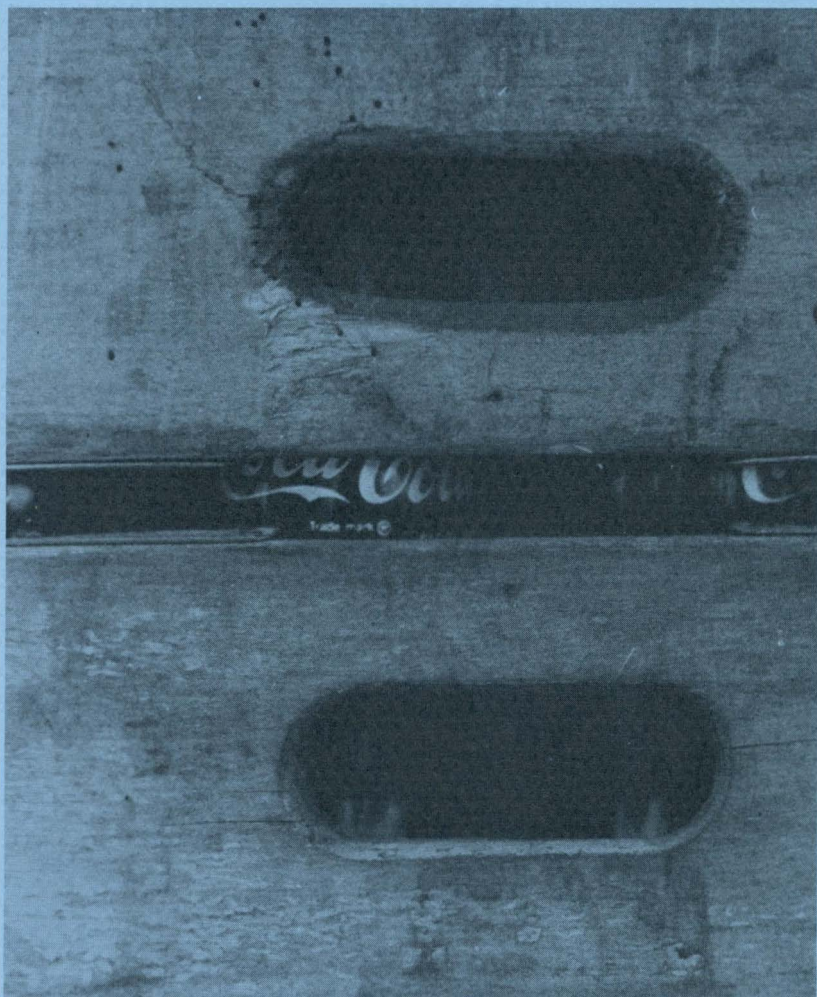
The next day Dave made the connection. He got his pills and got some information, at least he found out the dude's name. It was Hal Shade. That was a start. What Dave would do with the pills was turn them in downtown so they could use it for evidence. Every fix Dave would pick up a little bit of information. Until one day they actually trusted him. It took a long time for the Jones men to build up that confidence, actually about 7 or 8 months. Although Dave was cool he made one bad mistake. When he found out that the Jones men might let him into the organization he went straight to the police station. I don't know what happened to him, maybe Denise blew his mind or the excitement of it knocked him senseless. Whatever he messed up and went in there in broad daylight. Well as you would expect one of the Jones' spies saw him. Dave didn't know he had been sried on and feeling in a good mood he went over to Denise's house. His mood fell steely when he saw Denise lying on the floor of her living room with three holes in her body. There was a note on her back. Holding his emotior back Dave picked up the note and read it. The letter said Baby, you a Uncle Tom. You can hang it up now. Signed, J. Dave thought the Jones men must've thought Denise was with him on his assignment. Practically ~~crying~~ Dave picked up the phone and called George Nader the Narc chief. He told him what happened. George told Dave to meet him in the park. Dave practically ran to the park. He got there way ahead of George. Dave was sitting on the bench looking around nervously when he saw George park across the street and start walking that way. He didn't make it because as he was crossing the street a black Continental zoomed up and ran him down. The car didn't even slow, it just speeded up.

By this time Dave was about to jump out of his skin. He could tell by the way that the car hit him he wasn't alive, and George was the only person that knew Dave was an undercover agent for the fuzz but the Jones men. And they were out to kill him. The only thing Dave could think of was to get home and call the police. So he started running. He was almost home when two Eldorados pulled up beside him. Dave turned and ran the other way. He knew how to run through alleys and between houses. He could see the black men in their Eldorado coming at him at every corner he turned. It got so that the sight of an Eldorado made him jump. He couldn't make it to the police station because it was too tightly sealed off. Dave thought to himself, "Maybe if I go on the highway. Yeah, that would be the last place they would look for me." Dave hit the highway he thought he could hitch hike his way out of trouble. He was using his thumb for about an hour. Then finally a car stopped. This car looked strangely familiar. Dave knew he had seen it before. He was too desperate to be choosy. It was a 1972 Continental. Dave got in with what was left of his torn dirty clothes. The man in the car looked familiar too. He was a big black man. Dave said, "Hey haven't I seen you before?" The man turned around smiling and said, "Yeah, the name's Jones."

The police autopsy said that Dave Johnson was a hit and run

victim on the highway while hitch hiking. But we know the truth don't we. It looks like Dave drowned.

Just because Dave didn't make it that doesn't mean that others won't. But there will be others. Someday they may even stop us. We're going pretty good, the fuzz will have to get some right smart people to break us up. Oh, I guess you're trying to think of why I use the words us and we. Well, see, the name's Jones.....



Stephanie Kass

Rattling Ice

Sitting silently in a cluttered room,
days of dirty clothes and stacks of poetry.
One piece of ice in my glass makes the gloom
of January midnights shake with the
hollow, harsh sounds of clashing crystals. Long
evening walks searching for conversation
seem so similar to my glass, so long
empty but for the rattling ice. To run
and warm some bed with a loving woman
seems so desirable, and so unreal.
People snoring in their dull unison
of contentment and me, rattling ice.

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

To think they had to tell us that.

For 300 years they have been

beautiful in this white land

and no one noticed,

beautiful as citron and cloves

as forest fires, beautiful

as poppies and flamingos

as a whole chorus of trumpets

and almost no one saw it.

They walked among us

to unheard music

carrying their magnificent heads

like trophies

wailing and chanting

in their rich throats

daring a completeness

we can't even imagine.



"Star"

Pablo Renaldo Sanchez 3/42

BLADE

The drip of rain
falls on the blade,
sliding down
until it mingles,
with the several others
gathered there;
to cleanse the blade
of red blood taint.

Into a stream of pink,
to feed the root
its fill of life,
from a young man's
death.

Gone one to give another;
never loss but change.
The wind may whisper
and speak his name,
and tell his tale,
and say he died
for something . . .
and not in vain:

But then—
the grass ever grows.



Betty J. Fritz

on shelling
with bellies downward turned
they suck on oceans inward
the steadfast strident
breaks
the imprints that surface churned
as grains the wind tosses toward
the steadfast strident
breaks

-Jenny Lynn McNutt

a steeple
 rising
 toward sunwarm
sky stretches-
your eyes on dawn's awakening
bristling glow of
 bridges
spanning night lights
 in-between
the dark journey of my eyes

-Jenny Lynn McNutt



Stephanie Kass

I was beginning to wonder if there really was a world outside my room, outside the empty house, outside the wind's scream, so like a woman tortured, so like the green-eyed woman held and her hair torn out and her great body slashed.

I was beginning to wonder if it was really only the wind slashing through the tall firs, being trapped behind the mountain of sand, being hurtled through the window into my imagination.

I was beginning to wonder if the bloody green-eyed woman was in the garden, mutilated.

I was beginning to wonder what she looked like, a bloody, screaming, tortured green-eyed woman.

I was beginning to wonder the moment I locked the door behind the last person to leave. For two minutes I was beginning to wonder.

For I was wondering until the phone rang. Diana, the green-eyed woman, said that there was a world outside.

But still I am beginning to wonder again if I should like being alone here better if I were asleep.

didn't even know who he was
forceful intruder of my dark hours
didn't have a face on the phone
didn't have a body
body I hated watergod body
didn't have a mind
drowned with the gypsy at dawn
naked in the storm

driving back into me
the fetid smell of harbor garbage
the distaste of being awoken
and torn from my sleeping love
didn't even have a voice

I have forgotten it already?
didn't even care who he was

So step down from your mountainpeak,
only move the stillness
and as your breath stirs the mist
so move the mountain: so move to me.
I will stop your yearning
because I can give you what you have given me.
She will not ask that you move the sea
for that is your end
to be with the one of the waves
which echo under the mountainrain.

THE POE-TREE

In threes in threes
do it in threes
Cast it in gold
and freeze it on trees
The mystic triad of Adam and Eve
where the weak men weep and the thrice born grieve
Triangulation strangulation
30, 60, 90, hike!
Pass the ball and peddle the bike
With Descartes seducing the Midwife Madussa
And the cream tangerine that she picks will reduce you
To inclement cries of impotent rage
Well you know what she is but you can't read her face

Sing praise sing praise to the Velvet Clown
The Pythagorean circus is in town
And we're singing the silence in a round
And we're listening to the echoes underground . . .

We walked and walked on the wind bleared plain
while the trees tossed the silence of the leafless refrain
And lizards danced wildly with snakes in the sand
I wove fingers deftly in her green branching hand
My tongue worked wordlessly against my dry throat
I mentioned the weather but started to choke
so we talked and talked of Vince Van Gogh
And before we came we had to go

Sing praise sing praise to the Velvet Clown
The Pythagorean circus is in town
And we're singing the silence in a round
And we're listening to the echoes underground . . .

PROPHET NOTICE

I

There are no new prophets of doom
Only old gods and demogogs and burning legends
There is no time

There are 8 old prophets
Inscribing visions on Greyhound walls
Retreating amidst yawns and dirty dawns to barricade the night

There is no more time
Get the kids off to school, plan the trip to Florida
For the continent is sinking

And barricade the light against the 8 old prophets
Who play midst alchemil tunes and clever buffoons
To preserve their state of insanity

We shall not notice the rising waters
There are deadlines to meet, people to greet, things to buy . . .
To help us sleep through anguished dreams

II

There are no new prophets of doom
only ancient age and burning numbers
There's so little time
There's so little time
For the senile dieties are roasting us alive

Those secretly incompetent sacred buffoons
And the 8 old prophets
Lie in innumerable beds and deny they are us
And scream through insomniac dreams

There are no new prophets
Yet there's a market and demand
For the 8 old prophets are doomed.

ECOLOGY

And then I planted a sunflower in her navel

It flourished briefly and she became a garden

The true biological girl with white orchids shining
through raven hair

Lobeless parsnips for ears

And a hungry venus flytrap past poisoned by some sardonic scorpion

But my seed cast on hard soil failed to flourish

Soon the flower died

a night blooming species, turning brown and
cold in the morning's light

& decayed leaves & blooms leaving fresh soil where

Weeds would grow fast, inordinately

crowned in thorns scattering spurs to the wind

But most beautiful in your barrenness

You're a virgin desert

with raging winds and strange

savage little beasts fighting for life and

shifting sands covering the past where

I cannot tread

for I can no longer

walk in my own shadow and

cover my own tracks and

a desert's no place to be

when dying of thirst



Bob Khouri

Brave Sybarite

Ah brave warrior, man with sharpened sword
And eager eye, your head erect, march on!

Journey through my field, rod enclosed in palm
Spread the leaves, lick these lips, drive on!

Reaching the gate bold Sybarite now gleams
With sweat, with lust, more eager now, he'll charge.

You thrust your mighty mark into this virgin land
A battle rages, bloodshed, tears, advance!

Fires blaze fierce and streams come down bruised banks,
Now stained red the warrior lies weak, sword down and battle won.

For My Freedom Rider

do you not rape me
out of me, going breath
which leaves when you come
inside, where closeness brings warmth?

trying to protect myself and you,
i pour water on the land and drain
all from the pond. My pitcher over-
flows in a flushing head of foam.

and if the cards fall in their place,
will not the game of chance we play
end in delight? The dove above
my head shall flutter peacefully.

Smile upon the cameo closed within my palm.
for when she opens to save another, you
will be far away content, responsible
for new life, not for the old.



Stephanie Kass

MICHAEL DAVID MADONICK

as i lay dying on the pointed edge of ground,
that crawling things go under
and explore,
the spring is
walking upward on my arm
with hairy sticks for legs and opal
eyes that breathe a pinching ease-
to ignore the gentle silk she
pushed against the grain
it makes my head to shoulder's base
the rafter for a web

wire-droplets hang
always in fours and sixes
with the laden pole's bend
inward-
and what hasn't happened that means to
is wrinkled acorn-mouthed claws
to shake a rainbow
in the evening curl of sun

500 feet ahead - on left

sure, i know tomatoes
and all the vegetable stands
from here to Calhoun-
met most of the apron people
behind them too-

5 lbs. of beefsteaks

\$1.00

the wooden baskets
that smell of last year's
peach harvest-
and the 14 stalks of asparagus
that turns your piss sour-
sure, i know tomatoes
like their seeds dripping
from my mouth too-
and sometimes i don't wait
til the green's gone

To "Colette"

i've scratched the surface of the fields
to know the root of the seeds
and touched the wings of butterflies
ever so lightly
but this was not out of loving
but out of wanting to know
and thus i've killed the seedlings
and fractured the flight of butterflies-

so my looking turned to touching
and my touching turned to killing
and with this all you tell me to look again-
i replace my killing with line of hope
but this is the price of butterfly wings and dead flowers-

does the poem harbor the freshness of seeing-
so we are the conscience of killers
replacing death with words
and you say you have no business with death-

and we write our lives away
looking, watching, touching,
and replacing-

and we know the most prolific of writers
is the one who has killed the
most

Women with long hair

Women with long hair
go down to the lake
like gulls to the tumid moon.

Around them in the water: smoke:
their lashes lowering cover
the secret mad stroking

of heat lightning in the lightless sky.
The hair of dark women becomes complex
and degrades into the water

like snow returning to virtue,
water overpowered, gull from the sea.
When women with long hair rise from the lake,

their hair is strong and heaving like thunder.
In the sun, they comb it; in shadows, quiet;
soft laughter, loving, birth.

to the editor

dear sir: I get high on your newspaper,
every sunday morning I inhale the smoke,
we burn it in an old oil drum. we sit around

and talk about getting a bus, or a commune,
and inhale the smoke from your newspaper.
sometimes an old dead woman rises from the drum

and rattles over our heads. the others say
she is their mother. I do not believe this. I am not
a child of smoke and oil drum. we live on

next to nothing so it certainly is a surprise
to find that your newspaper is so inexpensive and
better than smack. sincerely yours, Hooked.

p.s. please don't leave so many empty places on the page.
the ink is what does it.

Outside Contributors

Richard Betz writes poetry and fiction, and was a repeated winner of the Academy of American Poets Prize while at Rollins College. He now lives in Orlando. **Dennis Jackson** is an eighth grader at Howard Junior High School in Orlando, and would like very much a permanent hall pass, please. **Paul Rizzoli** is a student at Haverford College in Pennsylvania, and has spent the better part of a year snapping pictures of musty shore houses and munchkins. **Pablo Renaldo Sanchez** is an artist in Orlando. He recently displayed his work in the Winter Park sidewalk art festival. **Evelyn Thorne** is a well published poet who lives in Crescent City, Florida, where she edits the magazine *EPOS*, with Will Tullos. She has published several books of poems. **Fanny Ventadour** is a well published poet who lives in Winter Park when she's in the U.S. Her book, *BLUE IS RECESSIVE AS IN IRISES* is published by Two Cities press in Paris.

