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An abstract geometric composition featuring several black lines and shapes. A thick vertical line runs down the center-left. To its left, a series of parallel lines of varying thicknesses create a sense of depth and movement. A diagonal line crosses the upper left quadrant. On the right, a horizontal line intersects a diagonal line that extends from the top right towards the center. The overall effect is minimalist and architectural.

BRUSHING

Spring, 1980

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword.	i
Lisa Goldman, Photo	ii
Kara Provost, Kid Rhythm Blues	1
Michelle Patnode, May 31, 1978 (Paris)	2
Nancy Roth, Pen and Ink	3
Kyle Hoofnagle, Watercolor	4
Alan Nordstrom, Diminuedndo	5
Phil Pyster, Journal	6
Kara Provost, Haiku	7
Patricia Johnson, "I Watched Death . . . "	8
Anne-Marie Gray, Watercolor	9
Berry Leigh, 3 Untitled Poems	10
Caro Walker, Actinic Eggs	12
Pat Garner, Lucite	13
Legs	21
Laurel Stalder, Foundations	22
Sloan Kelly, Pain	23
Sloan Kelly, Pen and Ink	24
Maryann T. Lester, The Dreadful Earth	25
K.C. Wideman, Photos	26
Ricardo Holman, La Rosa de Ayer	28
Nancy Hoffman, Heidi	29
Nancy Roth, Pen and Ink	33
Erin Fitzpatrick, Maureen Sleeping	34
Kyle Hoofnagle, Watercolor	35
Wilbur Dorsett, Prospero's Island	36
Maryann T. Lester, Crawling Beneath the Covers	37
Maryann T. Lester, The Hands Unstained	37
Marla Smith, Water and Oil	38
Ann Marie Portoghese, (On February 12, 1977)	39
Marty Lasater, Welcome Home	40
Alison Erde, All Mine	41
Christel Haufe, Illustration	41
Harve M. Winters, Run Red Blood Fate	43
Harve M. Winters, Lady Poet Reads	44

Kelli Farrar, Graphics	44
Lili Paloma, 4 Poems by Lili Paloma	45
John Hill, Lithograph.	47
Kristina Holman, Ese Amor / This Love.	48
Phil Pyster, Sentimental Journey	49
Anne-Marie Gray, Charcoal Drawing	50
Sue McMillan, Woodblock.	51
David Ignatow, The Diner, copyright 1960.	52
Alfred P. Hulme, Jr., 89 Island Avenue	53
Kelli Farrar, Graphics.	56
Kelli Farrar, Photo.	58
Erin Fitzpatrick, Thanksgiving Day.	59
Contributors' Notes	61
Christel Haufe, Man Thinking	62
K.C. Wideman, Photo.	64

FRONTISPIECE by Kelli Farrar

COVER by Sloan Kelly

FOREWORD

During Winter Term 1980, I wrote a play. I had a little help from AI, who supplied the original idea wrapped in swaddling inexpressability, but somehow, I understood.

Immediately, we agreed on two things -- that the play must have the power to instigate lightning, to calm caffeine addicts and to slap Truth across the face of all men and women; and the title: A CROCK OF PHONEMES. Interesting: before we had *a play*, we had a *Title*. Arthur Danto, a philosopher at Colombia University once said, "*Titles are borne by artworks.*" I guess it isn't supposed to work the other way around, that is, artworks are not borne by titles. Yet we wrote and rewrote and wrote some more, even changed the spelling of the name of a character, but never thought of changing the title. It was a sort of guiding light.

At times, the words A CROCK OF PHONEMES were not an artistic expression of some ideal conception, they were the idea itself. But those times were just a few seconds here and there. It was during those times when I used to think, "Why even write a play? I should just cover a hundred pages with A CROCK OF PHONEMES and call it a BOOK."

PAT GARNER
April '80



Lisa Goldman

KID-RHYTHM BLUES (with respect to Bob Dylan)

Pick up your clothes
Don't pick your nose
Wash you dirty hands
Don't hang around in clans
Sally go get the phone
Go do your homework
Don't talk all day, Kirk
Wash off the table
Work if you're able
Watch out kid, what is it that you did?
Don't try to smoke
Don't tell a dirty joke
Tommy, save your money,
Spend it on your honey.
One day you'll get hitched.
Go to school, every day
Don't get mad if ya don't get your way
You should get a steady job
Go along with the mob
Watch out kid, what is it that ya did?
Big Job, Big House,
Spouse is a dirty louse.
Keep quiet, keep low
No one here will ever know
Get a divorce only 90 bucks kid
Put diapers on your kid kid
Tell him the things your parents did
Be clean, be neat
Act nice and sweet
Remember to eat right
Don't ever fight
Nancy, sweep the floor
Don't play with fire
Put your clothes in the dryer
Help me with the house work
Don't call her a jerk
Go take a bath, kid
Where is it that your at, kid?

Kara Provost

May 31, 1978 (Paris) --

Like Proust and his madeleines, I discover American style coconut cookies in Paris, dunked in milk, my link with "temps perdu" . . . and entouree de francais comes a day in Arizona . . .

hot, dry, as only the desert can be hot

white anklets, sun-dress, dreaming of building an airplane (with Daddy's lawn mower motor), to fly home from school.

proud to be invited to a 2nd grader's birthday party -- an honor held by only two of my 1st grade class

proud, little girl proud, of a happy face on my writing exercises.

eager, impatient to read the stories in the blue book,

although the red book is fun, surely the blue holds adventures unimaginable, starting points for new fantasies.

".. and my friends said I look like Jane Banks in Mary Poppins!"

but knowing that Mary Poppins would never come to my house because my family was happy and didn't need her to set everything straight, a bit disappointed too, because I had always wanted to fly when I laugh, how many successes I enjoyed -- a contentment with life -- an innocent belief that anything is possible -- even my lawn mower airplane, champion of the hula-hoop and chinese jumprope, these nullled the losses in races and "jump the river"

riding a two-wheeler -- what freedom! yes, I was fast on my way to becoming a "big kid"

and I was chosen, along with my look-alike friend, to dance in the state fair!

The promise of a future filled with continuing success . . .

always a bright, carefree vision . . .

But life was not without its difficulties --

the embarrassment of calling my teacher "Mommy", she laughed at me! dropping my "Barbie" lunch box and finding at lunchtime that the thermos was broken, crying, unable to face lunch without milk to drink -- soothed by the wise "lunch-lady" who gave me a little carton of milk (and a straw!) . . . and Mommy wasn't mad after all

the fear of those bugs and spiders peculiar to that region

But always finding my strong, funny Daddy and my smart, pretty Mommy to help me through the child catastrophes and to celebrate the child victories.

Where are they now?

Now that I've reached the ripe old age of 19, I'm not permitted the constant refuge of my parents.

Surtout quand je suis à Paris, Thousands of miles away.

Now I must stand on my own,
independent

Isn't that what I wanted?

Yes, but

"Yes, but"

The anguished cry of adolescents everywhere
as they slowly, gradually replace their child reactions with those labeled
"adult"

Only pushing the child into the back — but never actually losing him . . .

Aussi adulte que nous soyons, l'enfant est toujours là.

Michelle Patnode



Nancy Roth

DIMINUENDO

Out of the sky the light begins to leak
as stealthy shadows steal about and lick
the hollow corners of the house, and like
the scurried breeze across the dimming lake
they skim and seem to stir the grass. The lack
of cricket sound, the eerie dearth of lark
song seems a token of diminished luck,
and all of nature flares its eyes to look
for what dark creature comes to sit and lurk.

Alan Nordstrom

Tonight was not just any night. After you've done Broadway, Greenwich, Fifth Avenue, and the Fricke Collection, what can you do? The laundry. I asked the bell captain. "Laundromat, sir? None in this part of town, sir. Go east, four, five blocks." Carried a full suitcase east — nine blocks.

Quaint little washing place, but reservations were required at least three days in advance. Fortunately, the doorman was open to bribes. Even got a bench seat against the glass front wall. I fit my whole suitcase of clothes into one washer, featuring automatic jet-action water pumps and three (count-em while you wait) separate washings and rinsings.

Between counting cycles and recalling more exciting moments of my Winter Term independent study, I watched a frowning man fold his clothing on a table two feet from my knees. Suddenly, he dropped his underwear, stood up, and rushed passed me out the door, shouting, "Annie, Annie!" A black-haired girl, wearing a gray and white fur coat, ran inside and the two embraced, standing between my knees and the table.

"John, what a surprise! I didn't know you lived over here."

"Yeah, well, when you're poor, y' know . . .

"How is business?"

"Ah, not so hot. Al wants to sell the rug place and go into fast-food which leaves me without a job unless I want to sell hamburgers. But . . . Anyway, how's your job? You look great. It's been so long. When did we quit group?"

"It must be almost three months. I still miss it. We were all such good friends for a little while there."

"Yeah."

"But my job is terrific, you know. I'm very lucky. We're expanding, and they're putting me in charge of the new branch."

"That's terrific! I mean, that's really great! I wish Dr. Webber could see you now. You look so great. A lot more confident."

"I feel so great, John. I really do."

"Hey, listen. I know this is crazy and all . . . us just meeting here after three months, but you make me feel so good. What I mean is, maybe we could go out and celebrate . . . dinner . . . or something."

"Oh, I'd love that, John! It's a great idea. You're so sweet. Wait. Here's my card. I'll just write my home phone on it and you call me tomorrow at work or home and maybe one night this weekend. . ."

"Really? Hey, that's great. I mean it."

"Well, I have to go, John. I'm meeting someone. A girlfriend of mine, to go shopping. So long. Stay sweet." She stood on tiptoe and kissed his cheek.

"Don't forget to call, now," she said.

After the door closed behind her the man said, "Who could forget, Annie? Who would forget?" He returned to his chair and resumed folding underwear, only now he whistled.

Phil Pyster

HAIKU

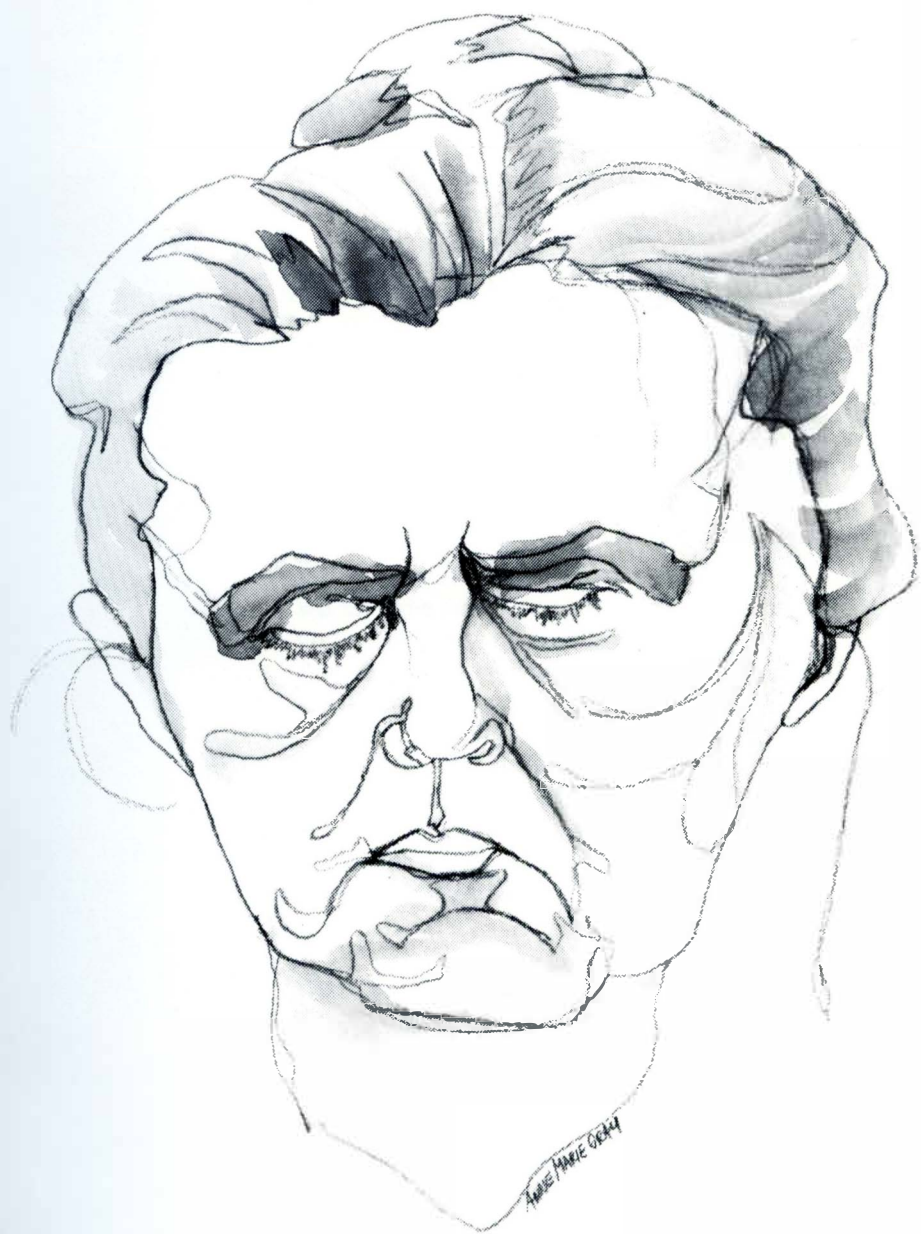
The slow flowing creek
With its black bracken waters
Searches for answers

Kara Provost

I watched Death grab my Mother
Carcass clean picked
Sucked blood bone dry
Left in the dessert
For the buzzards' desert.

I watched the worms when the buzzards were through
Grind her love into a million grains of sand
Now She's a part of the Universe
While alone I
Stand.

Pat Johnson



Anne-Marie Gray

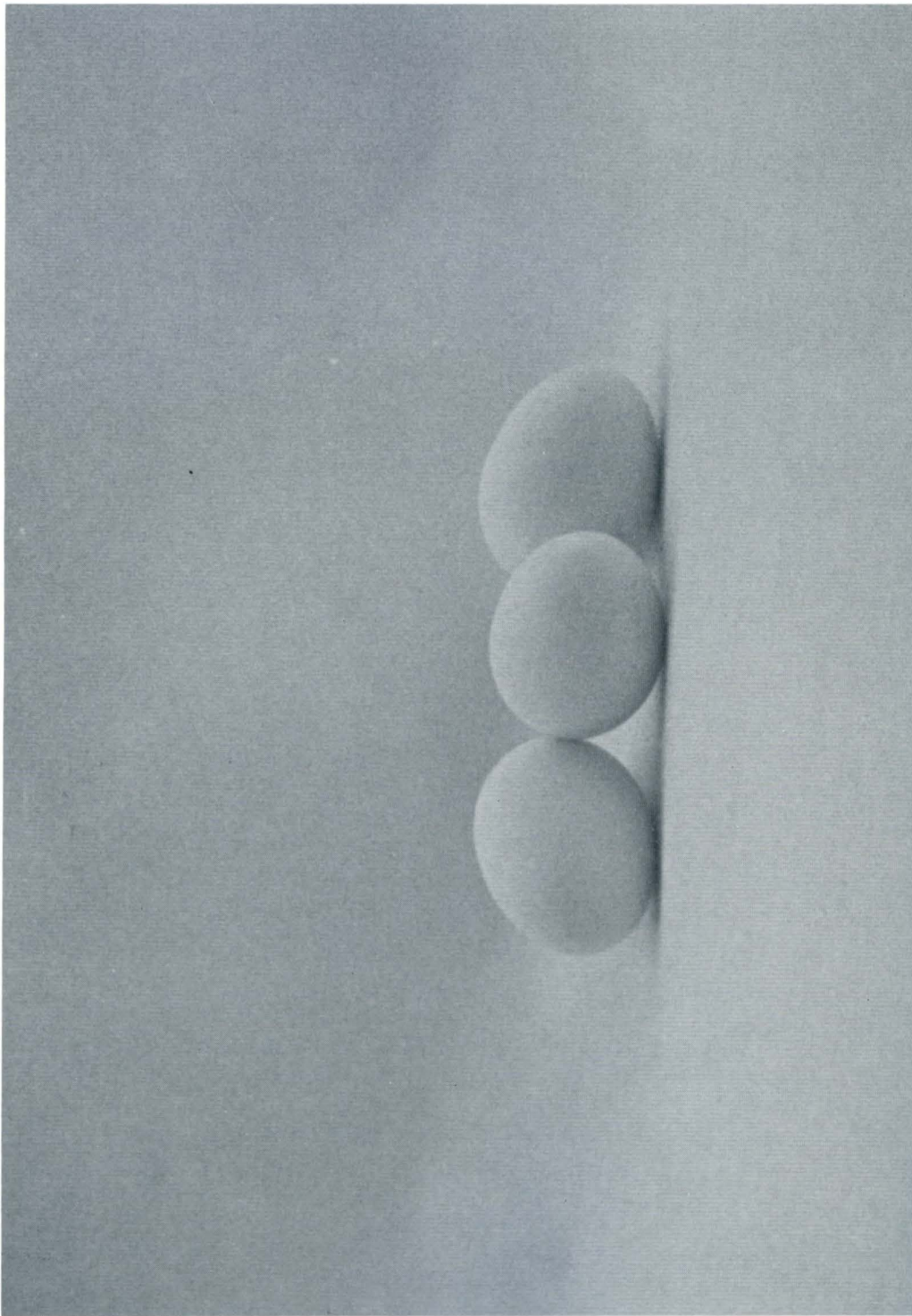
Woman-thing
screams in rage
rejected
for the last time
tears with sharpened claws
until her heart
beats without blood

A small
(but significant)
pain inside
(under the third lowest rib on the left side)
tells me
(theoretically)
that I
(?)
feel something
(indefinable though it may be)
for you
(whoever you are)

Berry Leigh

I awoke
suddenly at three
to find you
standing over me,
but the sand crunch
of your rubber thongs
was only the rain
on the palms outside my window.
And when I reached for you
your figure leapt
back into the misty beam
of the streetlamp below.
The raindrops match pattern
with my tears and
fall in unison
sparkling like rhinestones
in the fog.

Berry Leigh



ACTINIC EGGS, Caro Walker

LUCITE

To prove his point, the philosopher drew a picture of the tree that is never seen and said, "There it is." I said, But . . . But . . . But he left me behind to prove another point: "Raw sliced turnips taste great!" And I believed him. When the crowd had lifted, I approached the philosopher. "Sir," I said, "Have you any time?" I feel we must talk . . . a matter of life." He nodded and followed me to Dinky Dock.

"Goddam!" I screamed. The philosopher squinted across the lake before he absorbed his immediate surroundings, and then we laid down on the grass. "Yes," he replied, but more calmly than the lake will ever be and I have seen it many moonless dawns.

"I," I said, "will ask the questions." "You", I said, "will answer. Why have I been branded, for all the world to sense?"

"It is not for me to say."

"But say, sir!" I demanded of the philosopher. "Variety is the spice of life. Left save nature. "How many ideas, sir, how many ideas?"

"Stop calling me sir."

"No! Not until I can touch you! How many ideas?"

"How many ideals?" he lullabyed and all was husked. The philosopher began to sweat, so he took off his flannel shirt and I neatly folded the shirt and laid it beside him.

"No more questions?"

"No," I said, "but I must tell you about yesterday."

Yesterday was the first day in many days that the sun shone brightly. So I decided to read Tolstoy on the dock. I read a page but the day was too good like today and the sun faded the words on the page and I could not read. So I sat between two thoughts and before I reached the next, a family clambered onto the dock. They were going to catch fish. Large family, Sir, they were, three generations - Papa, he was drunk but very happy. Daughter, she was pregnant - very pregnant and had two toddlers dressed in snowsuits at her knees - a baby girl and a young male child clutching her dirty white maternity pants because they were told to. I could tell that they weren't afraid of being on dock, sir. But their mother was afraid and so was their grandfather. And their father too, but he was busy untangling the lines. He wore an orange sweat-shirt and looked younger than his wife. The last member of the family I gathered to be this young husband's sister and she refused to touch the worms so Papa slurred, "since you ain't doing nothin', take dem young'uns to dem deah swings and swings 'em for a while." She sucked her teeth and wrenched the unawares from their mama's pants leg and clambered off the dock. All this time I said nothing, sir, but smiled and stared.

Papa mumbled a great many things as they seriously began to fish. "Dey's some good fish in dis lake, and we ain't leavin' til we's kin fry up 'nough fer a feast." Daughter cast her line. Her young husband was still untangling his line. Papa baited his hook. "Here we Goes!" and he feebly tossed the plastic string into the water. And then, Daughter caught a fish! She giggled, and I smiled. She took the fish off the hook and threw it into a beverage cooler.

"Yeah, honey, I knows dey bitin' today!" Papa said and then muttered something else. Young husband was now trying to adjust his reel. He looked like a real professional, sir. Now Papa got tired of standing up and so he sat down and let his legs dangle off the side of the dock. "taint good for no ole man to be standing fo' so long. You bring the beeah?"

The daughter said "Mmmm"
"Sheet."

The daughter caught another fish. It was a wild fish, sir! It squirmed and spanked her swollen belly with its tail. But the daughter just giggled and took the hook out, placed it in the cooler where it spashed for some seconds, while she rebaited and again cast her hook.

Young husband's reel was broken. He was going to have to use the home-made pole. The homemade fishin pole was about 20 feet long and I'm sure it was bamboo, but it was an odd color for bamboo, too red. The young husband begin haggling with the plastic string that was wound about the homemade fishin pole. Papa said to him, "Heah. You take my line. I knows how to fish wid des pole. Iss beddah anyhow." And he mumbled his way through the tangled string. He dropped the line into the water because you know sir, you can't cast out with a homemade fishin pole. Young husband kept casting Papa's old line because he was not satisfied with the distance he was getting.

Papa started mumbling something about a cigar when daughter caught yet another fish, but this one was so small, just a baby.

"dem's de bes' kin' " Papa said. "Dey fries real crisp and you kin eat the bones too." Daughter unhooked the small fish and began all over again.

"Baby, you got any matches?" said Papa and the daughter began to search her purse for matches.

"Mm, mm," said the daughter, when she couldn't find any. So papa called to the husband's sister who was now sitting on a bench and not swinging or

even watching the babies and told her to go to the car and get some matches. Then papa felt a tug on his line! He jerked up his pole clumsily. "I got one!" But when he pulled the line out of the lake, there was no fish on the hook and no bait on the hook. "Sheet. I had dat smart sucker. Fishes is smart, Dey goes to school too. Dey's get educated too, you know." And he rebaited the line and mumbled something more about school. Daughter caught another fish. Young husband's sister was coming back on the dock and she had some matches, sir. Papa was rebaiting his hook, but he stopped when the young husband's sister handed him the matches. He dropped the hook and the worm on his lap and looked down at his shirt pocket while he removed a cigar from it. He grunted a bit while he unwrapped the cigar and threw the wrapper into the lake. Papa then stuck the whole cigar in his mouth to moisten it, smacking his lips loud. He turned the cigar around and again stuck it in his mouth until it became a very dark brown. He chomped and smacked the tips, bit them off aggressively and spit them into the lake.

There was a soft breeze and Papa could not light the cigar. He called the young husband's sister and handed her the cigar. "Heah, you ain't doin' nothin' light dis cigar." She looked at it and squinched up her face.

"Heah!"

She took it, from him but held it as if it were a specimen between the tips of her thumb and pointing finger. "Go 'head. Dat saliva is good fer ya. Anything been in a mah mouth is good, honey." And he laughed while she tried to light the cigar. But she could not light it either.

The pregnant daughter said, "lite me a cigarette and you can light the cigar from the cigarette."

The two babies were just about to come up on the docks. I had been watching them playing in the sand for a while when suddenly, for no apparent reason, the baby girl, who seemed wiser than the baby boy, took his hand and they began to approach the dock. Their mother saw their approach and shouted at them: "Don't you come up here! Go back to the swings!" Then she caught another fish! The babies stood there for some moments and watched their mama, and their young thought process told them to board the dock anyway. They walked to their mother who did not notice them because she was busy rebaiting the hook and thought that they would obey her. When she felt them grab at her pants, she was startled, then, angered. She made them sit down on the middle of the dock but the little boy wanted to dangle his legs over the edge like grandpapa did. He scooted over the edge. His mother caught another fish! This excited both babies and when their mother placed the flapping fish into the cooler, they got up to have a look. And they began making noise and

acting like children. But papa didn't think that noise was good when fishing so again he ordered the young husband's sister to take the children back to the swings. Papa was getting disgusted, because he had caught no fish.

"Can't let no woman catch mo fish than me. How many you caught baby, Fo?"

"Five", she amended and the old man mumbled on.

A punk and some of his friends were settling down on the grassy side of dock. I knew he was a punk even before I heard his voice. He wore bright plaid pants, a well tailored dinner jacket, white shirt and a yellow bow tie with black polka dots. Quasi-outrageous, sir. Well sir, I don't know why, but he came up on the dock and seemed very interested in the family of fishermen and the pregnant daughter and instantly I did not like him.

"Catchin' anything?" he asked. "Huh?" said Papa. "Are you catching anything?" "Yeah" said Papa slowly, "we got a couple." "What kind of fish are in this lake?" he asked. "Huh?" said Papa. The punk repeated himself. "Oh, dey in the bucket." Papa kind of answered and began talking about how fish go to school and how "dey's smart suckers down deah." The punk said, "Oh, well, happy catching." but his statement and departure were ignored by the family.

Sir, he made me start thinking. Soon after he left I got up to leave. The old man said to me, "what's de madda, honey, you don't like to fish?" I said, "I don't know. I never tried. Goodbye." And I smiled at the pregnant daughter more sincerely than I ever remember smiling before and I headed back to campus.

I felt free inside for the first time since I was a child, sir. I can not name the feeling. It was so clean and new and so bright. I was out of space and time.

I walked toward campus and I had to walk past the punks. But neither they nor them-thoughts could break the raidiant force field that surrounded me. As I approached them, I smelled some sweet herb, sir, and I could not resist inviting myself. "May I join you?" I asked as I sat down. "Huh?" Said the only girl punk. She wore a purple lipora bathing suit and plum-colored sweat pants. On her big feet she wore delicately pink silk anklets with lace edging the cuff. She was not wearing shoes, but her white tennis shoes were next to her purse. "Oh," she muttered, and then passed me the joint.

I sat on the outside of their conversation for a long while. They were talking about New York. The girl punk and her cowboy boyfriend were leaving for New York later in the evening. She was talking about the new exhibit of Francis Picabia's works at the MOMA.

"I read here that the paintings prove that the shift from Dadaism to Surrealism was evolutionary" she reported as she pointed out the words with a finger. She was reading *Interview*, Andy Warhol's *Revue*. I had heard of it, sir, and I've always wanted to read an issue. Well, no one commented on her finding, instead, the young boy next to me said, "Oh, I would love to be in N.Y. right now. I can't wait two weeks longer." "You're going in two weeks?" I asked. "Have fun". "Only to be sure." he replied. He was beautiful. Just a child, but so hot, so hot. He was not very tall and quite slim. He had dark wavy fine hair and very, very clear onyx eyes. His attire was not affected. He dressed like a schoolboy: Levis, Lacoste, and a windbreaker. He wore only three colors, red, white and blue, and he looked very clean. His name was Ben. He was beautiful, sir.

"Yes, I just spoke to my mother this morning." I said. "She said it was beautiful - 50 degrees." Ben raised his brows. "You live in New York?" "Yes," I answered. The punk in the yellow bow tie with polka dots asked, "In the city?" "No" I answered, "On Long Island." And the talk of New York simmered, but not conspicuously. "My name's Pat, I got to Rollins. I live up there." and I pointed toward Rex Beach. They turned to look. Sir, I was beginning to feel talkative. I said, "I've never seen you here before; are you visiting?" "No," said the girl. I come here quite often." The punk in the bow tie said "I never knew this lake was here. Ben and I go to Stetson." Ben smiled. "Ben is short for Benjamin, yes?" I asked, but, of course I knew it was, sir, I just felt like talking.

"And what's your name?" I directed to the punk in the bow tie." "David." he answered. I looked at the girl. "I'm Taylor," she pitched in and smiled an over-posed smile. "And this is Mike," she said and touched the cowboy's thigh. "Taylor?"

She nodded. "Nice to meet you all. Are you actors?"

"No," said Taylor.

"Do we look like actors?" asked David.

"Only you." I answered.

"I'm writing a play and I look at people and wonder if they can act." Ben laughed. But David became very inquisitive. "Do you think I would be a good actor?" "Yes." I affirmed. "You seem to be like my character Joe." "Oh? What is your play about?" And sir, for the 100th time, I was stumped by that same question. And for the 100th time, I quipped, "It's a play on words. A word play." They were all staring at me, waiting for me to say more. "It really hasn't any plot and I doubt it it can be staged, but it does make for good reading."

"I would love to read it," said David. "Would you send me a copy?" "Sure." And David began searching for paper and a pen. I handed him Anna Karenina and my yellow highlighter and told him to write his address on the inside cover. "Please don't forget," he begged. "I won't," I assured him.

Ben began to read **Interview** and Taylor read the Sentinel Star. Her boyfriend Mike excused himself from the group and I did not watch him leave. But a few seconds after he departed, he called out to Taylor from the beach. She ran to him in her anklets. David was staring at me and smiling. He had an honest yet alluring smile.

"I can't wait til Spring Break," Ben sighed as he flipped through **Interview**. "Two weeks of Island hopping in the B.V.I.s. It's going to be so great." Ben had the most calculated voice I have ever heard. Nothing slipped through his lips. He released his every word and placed them into their sentences. His voice was beautifully controlled but not at all tense — it was very, very calm, sir, much like yours.

"I wanted very much to say to Ben, "you're beautiful. You are a beautiful young man." But I didn't, although I did not feel inhibited in the least. I just didn't think if needed to be said, and I still don't think it need be said. But he was Beautiful. He talked for some time about the beauty of the islands and David was listening to him intently and commenting and adding his praise but he was still staring at me. We began to stare at each other while Ben spoke and flipped through the pages of **Interview**.

Taylor returned alone and Ben set **Interview** aside. I instantly reached for it.

"I've been wanting to see this Revue for some time," I said while staring at the cover. It was outrageous. The paper was newsprint but the colors were almost photographically bright and intense. It was a painting of a blonde with very red lips and cheeks. She wore a turquoise and pink T-shirt. It was very Warhol. Yes, **Interview** was a true journal. Even the ads were art. I thumbed through the magazine and was suddenly stunned by a BURST of hot pink after pages of crisp black and white. I exclaimed, "Wow! It must have cost a fortune to type-set and ink this one ad! Pink! How true!"

But Taylor softened my reaction when she commented nonchalantly, "Oh, Andy does some real thing in each issue. I love it. I have every issue. He has written some very real articles and he's got the only staff. Truman Capote!"

I smiled and flipped back to the table of contents to read the Who's Who. And although Truman's name was the only one I was familiar with besides Andy's, I somehow knew it was impressive. And I began looking at every picture, every design and was surprised to find that beneath every ad, the artist, or photographer was credited. I was impressed. In the centerfold were two subscription cards. I asked Taylor could I possibly have one and she said sure. I tore it out and thanked her sufficiently.

"Oh the rate is very good," she said. Ben remarked, "Very cheap. Very Cheap indeed!!

And in their world it was cheap; 15 dollars for a year's subscription. That's pretty cheap in my world too sir, but the way they exclaimed how cheap it was, I thought it might be around \$6.00 a year. I put the subscription form between the pages of Anna Karenina. Ben took the Revue from my lap and began to go through it again. He pointed out a dress to David. "This is wicked. She could take off in that." And they laughed privately, for I didn't understand and Taylor was absorbed in the Little Sentinel. Then David looked at me and said, "I hear Rollins is a play school. Is that true?"

"No more than any other school," I answered, but he looked at me as if he didn't believe me and I felt I had to say more.

"I mean, If you want to learn, you can to any school. If you want to play, you can still go to any school. Rollins has it's academics. It's up to the individual student." But David still wasn't convinced that Rollins was a real college. "Well, what's your major?" "English," I answered "Do you have any well known professors?" "Of course. Jean West is my creative writing professor. Surely you've heard of her. She's a poet." I tried to intimidate him. "No, I've never heard of her," he answered, and I tried to think of some other professor who had the slightest bit of recognition, but I could think of none. "I have some great professors. They are dedicated to education and I have learned much since I've been here." "What are you reading?" he asked, motioning toward my books. "Right now", I boasted, "I am reading Tolstoy, Henry James and Tennessee Williams. David finally seemed impressed. "I've always wanted to be well-read. I think it is great to know what others have said or written. I like that. You seem to be a very well-read person, Pat." "I'm getting there," I humbly admitted to him.

"Who's your favorite writer?"

"Ignatow."

"Who?" he asked.

"David Ignatow. He is a poet." Ben entered the conversation.

"You like poetry?"

"Yes, I am a poet," I said and David smiled and continued to stare at me. He observed, "a poet who writes plays." And I said "Yes."

The day was changing, sir. The sun cooled out and clouds circled the sky. Y'know, its wierd, sir. I never believed that the earth was round until I came to Florida. Here, you can really look around you.

"Yes, well that is a common observation of a New Yorker." The philosopher replied. "It's amazing what tall edifices and smog can do to a horizon." And I understood this reply, but not being a philosopher myself, I could not articulate this true essential understanding. So I asked, "Are you an anti-automaton, too?" He didn't answer, but stared at me and I could tell that he was evaluating my thought process, trying to find the source of my psyche in order to explain how this shard of a tangent should pass through my lips. And I could no longer look at him look at me. I lowered my eyes.

"As a matter of fact, I am," he said a few seconds later and then he laughed. "And that's why I wish you would stop calling me sir. Call me Ron." I smiled a smile not of happiness or contentment but a smile of understanding.

"Ron," I said.

"A rich and concrete name," he bragged.

"Oh?" I asked, "Ah, there any poor and abstract names?"

"Camille," he answered.

"Ah, but you're thinking of a particular person, aren't you?"

"No I'm not," he defended, "Some names are so pretty and fragile that if they weren't attached to a person they would float into space like a helium balloon and pop at the slightest change in atmospheric pressure. I only feel sorrow for such names.

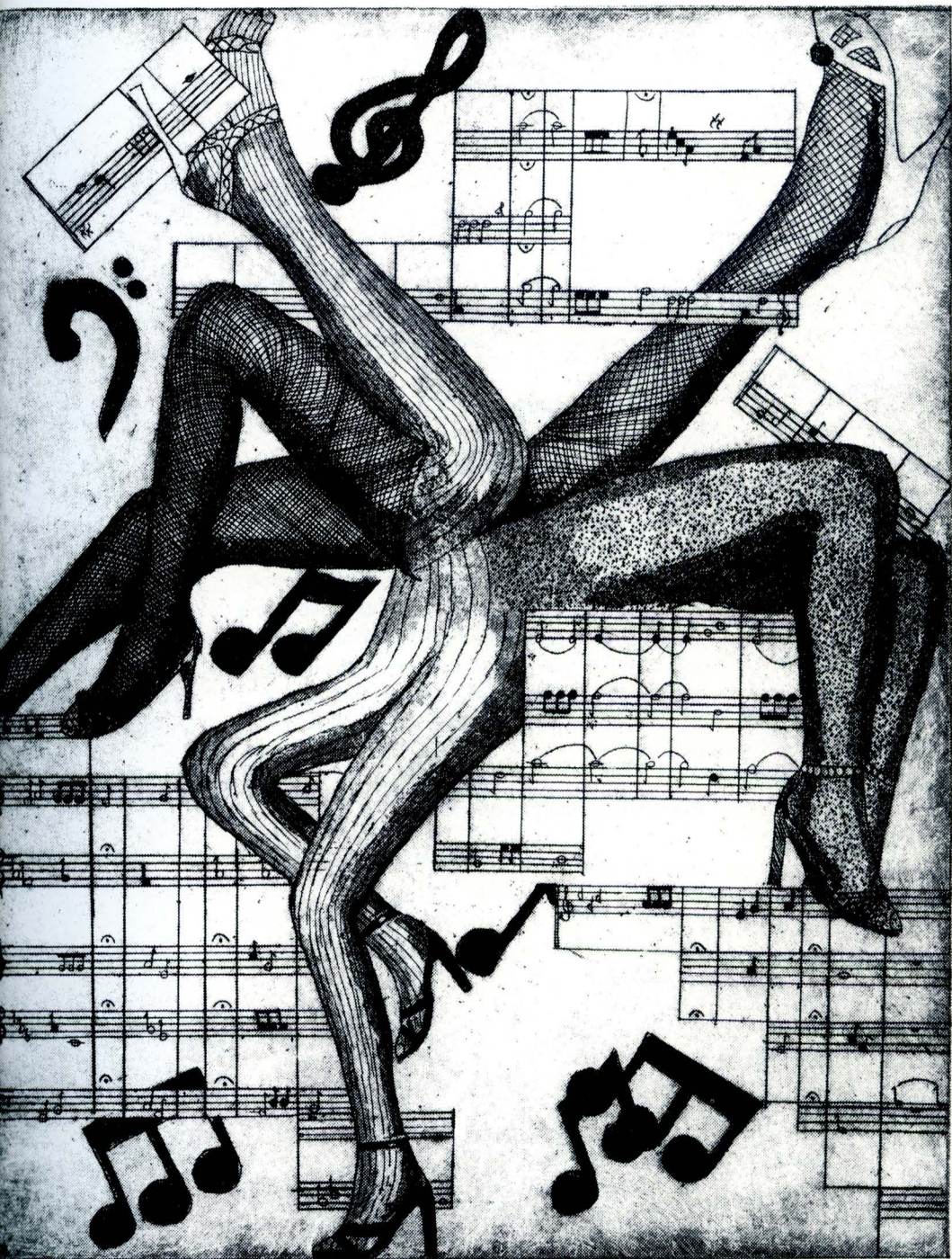
You're very good at this, you know. I said, almost angrily.

"Good at what?"

"Good at animating and making metaphors of conversation." But he did not become defensive. "Thank you," he said sincerely. "But it fouls up communication," I said a bit nastier. But he did not reply. He just stared at me and I stared at him, thinking that whoever can stare the longest will have won the point. So I stared at him with this in mind until I thought, "Is that what he is thinking?" and then, I really began to look at him. His eyes were calm and his lips held their own - no emotion was set upon them. He wasn't thinking my thought but I knew that he knew what I was thinking and again I was forced to lower my eyes.

"Ron," I said, and the philosopher gently touched my hand with his hand and all his face smiled at me.

Patricia A. Garner



FOUNDATIONS

My feet screamed with pain as SHE wrapped those dreaded linens tightly 'round my toes. Forbidding comfort, pleasure, restricting freedoms.

One day, said SHE, I would walk as a china doll, be noted for good breeding, and marry well, one day. At night, when I heard HER door clap shut, and all fell in silence, I would pry those hated bindings from sore twisted limbs, tingling with numbness, and fall into a painted cushion of slumber.

Eventually, I wed a commoner.

Laurel Stalder

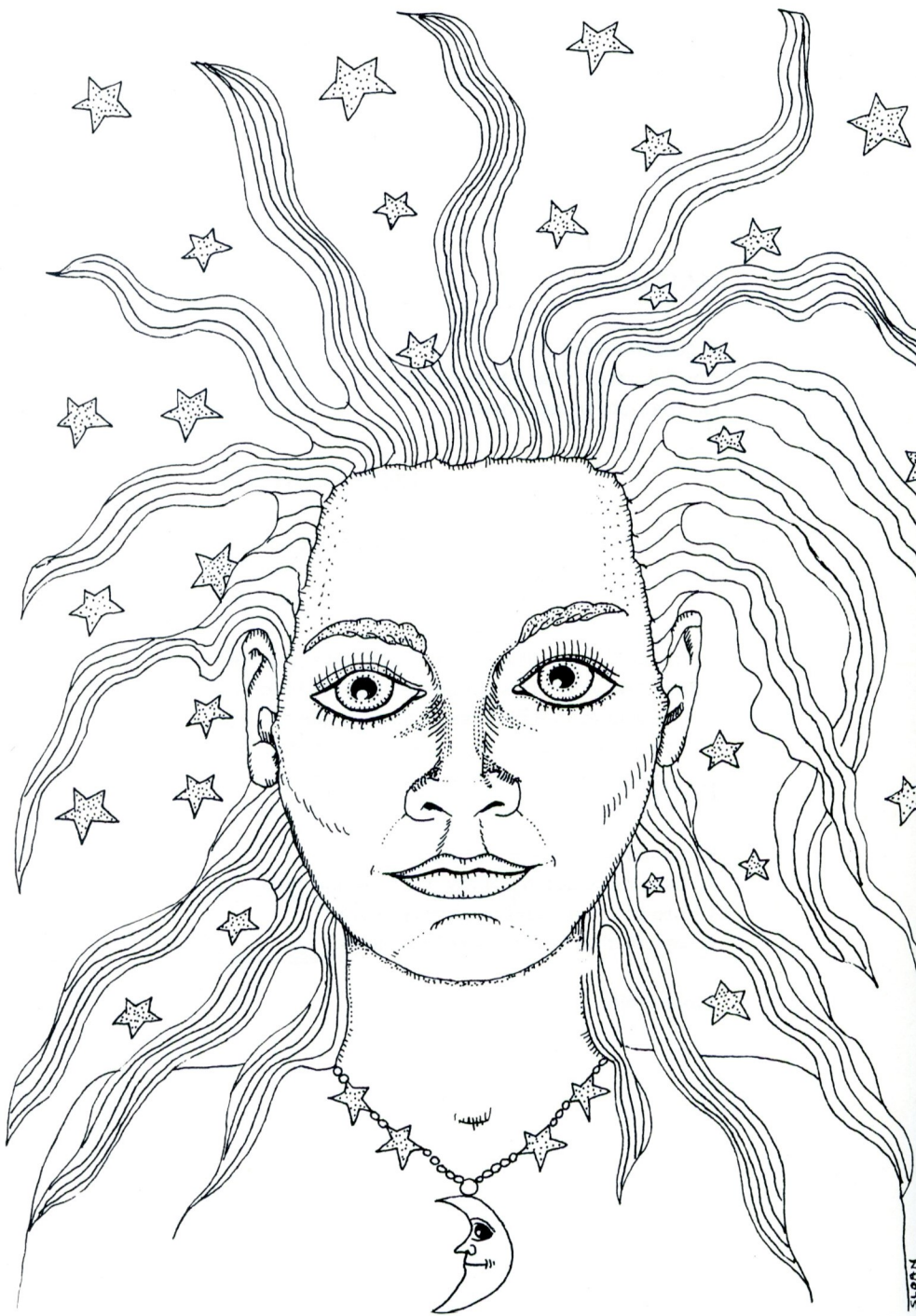
HAIKU

A golden locket
The full moon that lies at peace
On the skies broad breast.

PAIN

P icking at my nerve endings
A delicate wrapping of my electrical currents
I nto positively and negatively charged
N eutrons that fizzle out with screams.

Sloan Kelly



Sloan Kelly

THE DREADFUL EARTH

I've been pressed against the earth before.
Bruised by stones soft and sharp.
Till aching breath found strength enough
To make this body stand.
Such a lesson learned
Is not soon forgotten.
But here I am on knees
Halfway
And each day
Exacts it's own measure of awful strength.
Slowly.
Drop
By
Drop
By
Drop.
Draining the reserves
I've built against the day
The poison drips
From your sweet tongue
And you say
Fall.
And hard-pressed body finds again
The dreadful earth
And asks the stones
If aching breath
Will ever be enough again.

Maryann T. Lester

ATHENS AND KENYA





K.C. Wideman



LA ROSA DE AYER

Rosa encantadora
de tono rosado
. . . perfumado
sobre tallo delicado
recto y adornado

Brazos verdosos
extendidos hermosos
boca rojiza
elocuente mas lisa

Al cielo tu corona alzada
flor del astro mayor alcanzada
del sol un besito
santo Dios siempre bendito

Inquieta por el soplo bailando
a ti el mundo aclamando
alegre bailarina
la rodilla inclina

Como el luminario cansado
a la noche se ha rendido
tu cabeza agotada
al suelo doblada

El brillo se ha ido
olfato traicionero!
Oh majestuosa rosa noble
ojos cerrados en paz perdurable

. . . Ricardo Holman, 19 de diciembre de 1979, la mocedad esta llena
de felicidad ye expectativa pero sumamente pasajera, abriendo paso
a otra etapa en la gloriosa vida

Ricardo Holman

HEIDI

Hallmark

("when you care enough to send the very best")

grandfathers

are fascinating -
clinchd teeth over Meerschaum,
Heavenly Father smile,
Heidi-of-the-mountains at his knee.

I had two old Papas --
Different as snuff and after-shave.
My "dipping" grandsire wasn't called
"Grandpa, Gramps or Papa";
I don't remember calling him anything
He was always old
over-alled
snuff-smelling and
critical of the young folk.
Dead when I was fourteen,
he told my mother and me that our
painted mouths looked like hens' butts.
The Hallmark variety was Papa.
I was the first grandchild and I called
him that, as the eleven after me did.
No tamped pipe,
Old Golds down the last silly millimeter,
No heavenly smile -
His was a big grin
Full of Halloween and Christmas.
When I was seven he twitched his
Nose to show me where the Easter eggs were hidden;
At sixteen we puffed windy smokes on Daytona Beach,
Made comic pictures at the do-it-yourself foto-mat.
"The red-wings are in China Grove this week!
Pack us an egg salad and I'll take you driving;
You can drive if I can strap m'self in -- hee, hee, hee!"
(A joke -- we didn't have seat belts then.)
"Sure you can pass the driver's test -- I know the police chief
And Lash LaRue, and Will Rogers, and . . .
Perk up, Sister, get m'hat."
Collage, montage, mish-mash memories

Welsh blue twinkle -- Beech-Nut gum
Yellow-stained fingers
gripping the black Packard's wheel,
barreling down the old Salisbury road.
Watermelon in Carolina August
Damned cocker spaniel
Surviving daughter's bedroom I coveted
Horse hooves fantasy with lemon cream
An after-chicken Sunday treat.

Sixty-two old silver dollars
Chamois bag, oak chest
On the cold back porch,
(what happened to this treasure
when he died in February?)
A dead daughter's doll
And ruby ring
Loose change and Indian head penny
In a mock leather coin purse
a fascination never dull
to a living child --
My name is Helen too.

There once was a living
doll named Heidi
with Effanbee braids
and Madame Alexander eye
She could cook and sew and
yodel too.
She and her cuckoo clock family
Ticked along in Alpine splendour 'til
All of a sudden Heidi was on a goat cart
Bumping her way to grandfather's house
On the side of a blue mountain --
probably a divorce.
Sniveling in her cotton Swiss,
she conjured up a
grandfather:
old but strong and good,
large and kind hands and eyes (blue),

Nice St. Nick beard
She could comb for him.
Her spirits sagged but a little
When she saw a Playboy magazine in his box,
But peaked as he relished her present of
Betty Crocker strudel.
She tidied the cottage,
Washed his dirty underwear,
Swept out the beer cans,
And retired Tuesday night
Exhausted.
A wild, rude dream intruded her nubile sleep,
A combed white beard
Brushed her tender breast,
Unfamiliar smell on the crisp air
Sweet, medicinal, Vanilla?
Disturbing song;

"Hush little blackbird,
Don't you fear;
You're gonna' have
A Bright new year."

They lived happily
Except for the nasty dreams.
She loved her idea of grandfather
—the Hallmark one—
She combed his beard and mixed his drinks.

Presently she met Peter,
The Wonderful goatherd
They froliced on the sloped
Milked the goats
Adolescent dopes
Bought cantaloupes
at the A & P --
Peter loved games
And Heidi thought him nifty
So she loved games too.

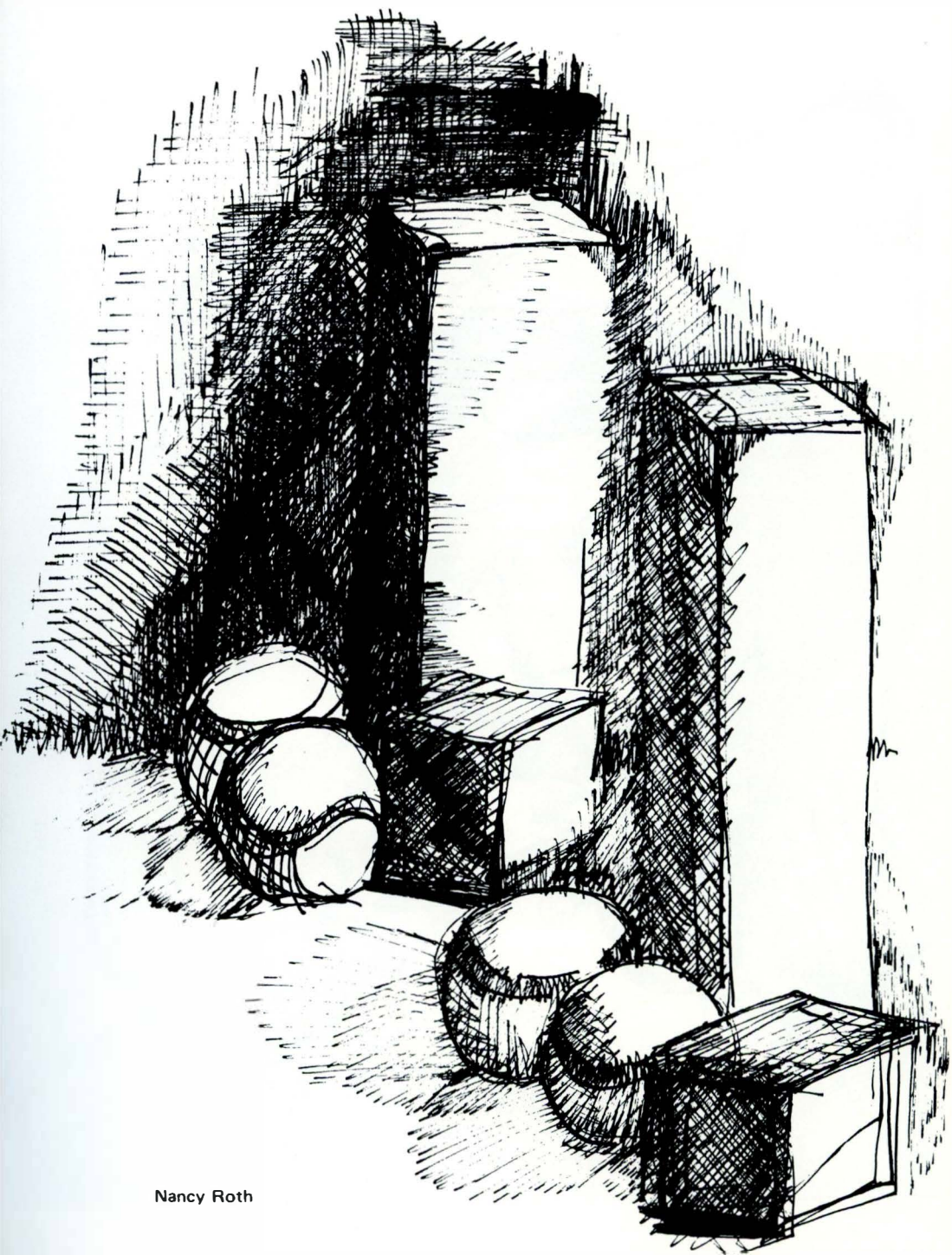
"Let's explore old Gunther's cave"
he said.
"Don't be afraid little Heidi,
I'm strong and brave and

I've read your grand's Playboy magazines."
"Oh, I know I'm safe with you, dear Peter,"
said Heidi-of-the-mountains.
Deep in the cave
dank and shadowy
Innocent Heidi clung to Peter's sleeve,
Like a tot in Disney's Haunted Mansion.
Knowing her penchant for games
He suggested one:
"Let's explore places
mysterious!"
Clapping her dimpled hands and
Smiling her Templed smile,
Heidi said,
"Oh, yes, let's!"
Waiting: anxiously, trustingly, excitedly . . .
Sly Peter opened his knickerbockers
And invited exploration.
Heidi gazed amazed
Stalagtite?
No, stalagmite!!

"Hush little blackbird
Don't you fear
You're gonna' have
A full new year."

Heidi ran from Gunther's cave
From Peter's game
From Grandfather's song;
She didn't stop til
She got to Brussels,
Where she got a
Slick job with
Hallmark Cards,
Writing greeting verse
For Poor mountain girls —
Old maids —
Divorcees —
But not for grandfathers.

Nancy Hoffman



Nancy Roth



Erin Fitzpatrick



Kyle Hoofnagle

PROSPERO'S ISLAND

(As suggested by Shakespeare's *The Tempest*)

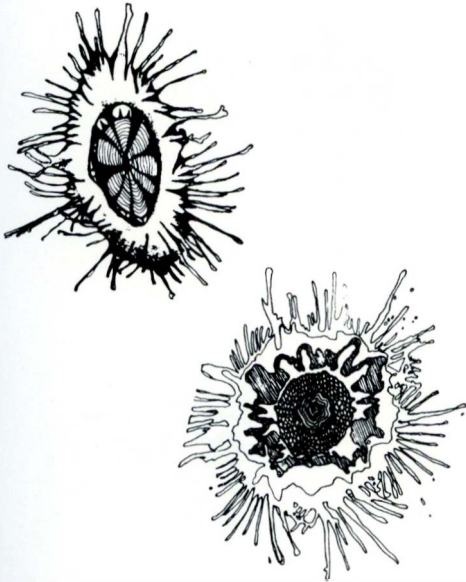
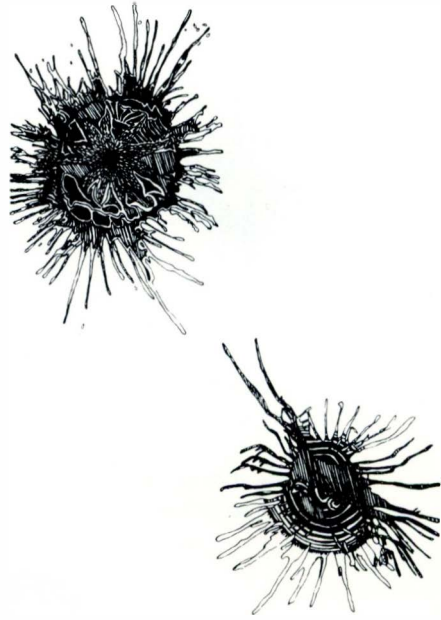
"Set like a gem amid the waters blue,"
An island 'tween the lake and traffic's stream,
The campus gleams in white and pink and new
Pastels belying olden academe.
Here handsome Ferdinands with spirit try
To help Mirandas wean from woe to woo.
Peculiar creatures, spriteful-minded, sly,
Watch o'er the young to make them work their due.
"The isle is full of noises" — alarms
That bring fire trucks, and "rock" that splits the air.
Sometimes a civil tempest strikes and harms
The peaceful natives here, but that is rare.
 And over all, paternal Prospero;
 Magician wielding charms to run the show.

Wilbur Dorsett

CRAWLING BENEATH THE COVERS

Crawling beneath the covers
Of night
Is a sin for some.
But it doesn't feel like sin,
When I lay curious fingertips against your skin.
Sometimes hesitant,
Always slightly incredulous that such a touch
Is all I need beneath night's cover.
Curious fingertips are discovering
How it feels
To brush off dead cells
And find the living soul beneath.
Their excitement is contagious—
Sight and smell and taste want to join
In the discovery
And can't understand why
The door is being shut
And someone's mouth is saying goodbye—
Go ahead, you tell them why
Crawling beneath night's cover is a sin.

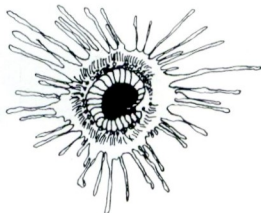
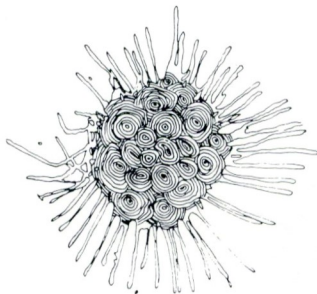
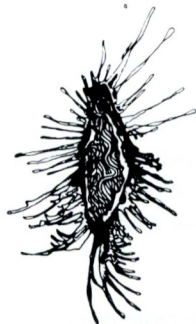
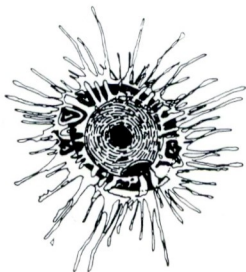
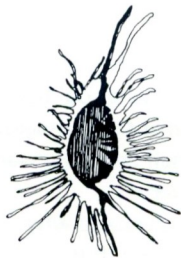
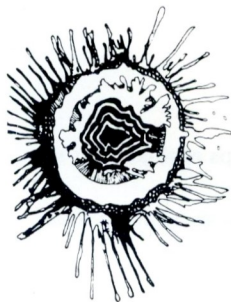
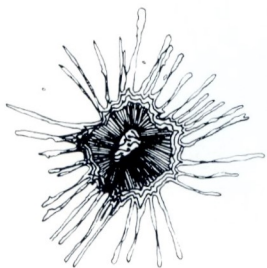
Maryann T. Lester, 1979



THE HANDS UNSTAINED

Last year the hands unstained
Would be innocent
And thinking made it so.
But time rekindled changes thought,
When the black mud of night
Soils and will not wash off.
Damned hands,
So dirty
And cheap with experience,
Remembering guilty hours.
The skin has been scrubbed raw
And still the hands
Are so unclean,
So damned unclean.

Maryann T. Lester, 1980



Marla Smith

On February 12, 1977, while I was preparing to leave for a "Styx" concert which was being held in Lakeland that evening, I stopped suddenly in the middle of applying my make-up, looked at my reflection in the mirror, and said aloud "Why do you care how you look? You're going to die tonight."

On February 12, 1977, at a quarter to midnight, two friends and I were involved in a car accident which has not only left a scar on my face, but my memory as well.

As a cold jolt shot through my veins,
Warmth poured forth from my forehead, and
I was smeared onto my shirt.
There was a thick taste in my mouth;
One that my tongue is yet unable to remove.
A taste that forces its way up my throat and
gags me with recognition
Whenever I look in a mirror.
Eager passing eyes stared with sick curiosity
at our stilled steed.
And I longed for relief from them,
And the throbbing,
And, now, the memory.
But still, I remember.

Ann Marie Portoghese

WELCOME HOME

Welcome home my love
to another test of truth.
One more chance to grasp the unseen thread
to push it through, with a needle of hope.
Turn around;
and count the strands netting all we wish.
Knowing just what has been,
molding stuff we cannot touch.

Back at last my love
to the place where dreams came true.
Returned to testify, on hidden hopes
that passed perception's eye.
Turn the page;
recite this mystic canto —
Revealing to our hearts
the unwritten truth of acceptance.

So let us be
let us take the stand
as once again, the circle turns

No false hopes, no dreams of peace,
not a glimmer of untrue pride.
Only a gift, barely willing,
mostly wanting,
to put forth that first step
on the road to reconciliation.

Let us walk again, hand in hand,
on a venture past the gates of testament,
into a land unhindered.
Push aside the clouds;
drink water laced with wisdom;
allow reason a place at our side;
put passion in the hands of care,
as a gest of our undirected search.
And let us be
to unshoulder the burden
as once again, the circle turns . . .

Marty Lasater

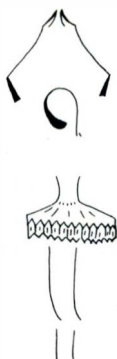
ALL MINE

When I was young
I just didn't know
The magic which lay
At the tips of my fingers.
Because one cannot be told
One must let oneself see.

And I found these crayons
They were just crayons, of all colours,
And everyone had some,
And they were all about the same.

And I would take a piece of paper
And I would close my eyes
And haphazardly choose a crayon or two
And I would colour blindly.

And when I opened my eyes
There would be a picture out there,
Waiting for me to see it
And experience it. It was not mine,
Nor were the crayons, nor the paper,
They just happened.



Christel Haufe



But now I know, and I must first ask you,
And this is important, so mind carefully.
Did you know that the world was not beautiful?
Did you know that the world was meaningless?
Did you know that the world is just there,
Devoid of colour, of laughter, of interest, of bliss,
Of pattern, of purpose, of possibility, of feeling?

For laughter is mine, as is bliss, as is interest.
In my world I give things importance,
Meaning, purpose, pattern, and feeling.
And as I make The world My world,
I give it meaning, I create possibilities
For bliss, for beauty, for joy, for sorrow.

I must admit now
In a candid aside
That this revelation
Scared me to no end.
For it was at once
Total freedom and
Total responsibility.

And now, every line that I drew
Was mine, for the choice was mine
From the colour and texture
To the placement and pattern.
And, so such, it was a direct
Reflection of ME, a statement
Made from the depths of my being.

And, my friend, do you see
The myriad ways one may
Choose to draw? To strive for
That haphazard blindness again,
To observe and copy the pictures
Others are observing and copying.
To negate choice, saying "It must be thus."

Yet, you choose to draw the drawing you draw,
You choose with each stroke of the crayon.
And, you choose to live the life you live.
Each time, from the infinite possibles
You choose one as your own.

Alison Erde

RUN RED BLOODY FATE

Speak the running dogs,
no flea-picked lappers
these jackals
for the new imperialists:
Red Brigaders,
P. L. O. assassins!

John K.,
sweet President,
tendering noblesse oblige,
sacrificed
the bullet way!

Malcolm X,
nonpareil of the new,
seeing the white light
of brotherhood,
brainwashed
the bullet way!

Bobby K.,
the just,
campaigning with
love for all,
palestinized
the bullet way.

Martin L.K.,
saintly philosopher,
overcoming
for the downtrodden,
martyred
the bullet way!

How deal
with the terrorists
whose agents
like vermillion Tarquins
rape
this good earth?

The bullet way?

Harve M. Winters

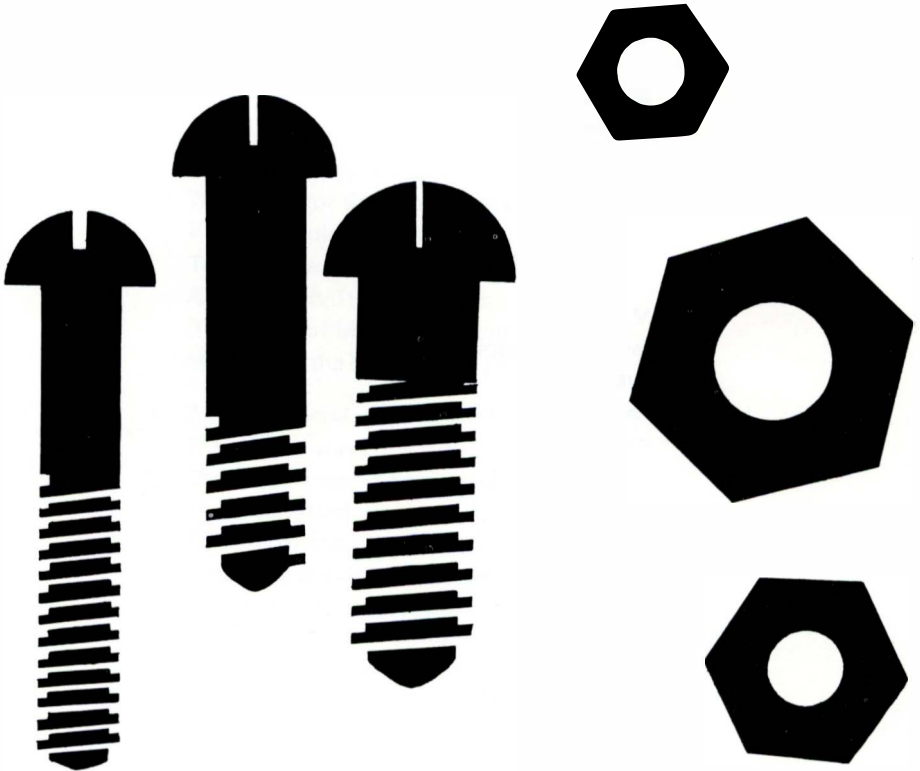
LADY POET READS

Her poem said
she had been born a virgin,
apparently.

That indisposition had early
been resolved for her,
happily.

Listeners
pricked up their male ears,
chauvinistically.

Harve M. Winters



Lili Paloma

TIME SURGEON

Time is the surgeon
my insides removed
leaving an emptiness
to echo my pain
somehow one never expects
elective surgery to be so painful.

Pain and doubt
begin a dialogue
doubt asks why and why-not
pain grapples with the present
hurt is their resolution
though not one I would choose.

Hurt packs her bags
withdrawing to the cerebrum
he'll not find me there
nor view my baggage contents
so excruciating when exposed.
I'll talk from the top of my head.
my hard skull-bone will be my shield.

ULTIMATE APHRODESIAC

Seductive sounds of summer
pervasive insect-hums and
tree frog rejoicings
jasmine-heavy air
subtle play of moonlight on new greens
new feelings/awakenings
erotic fantasy-jungle
nature as the ultimate aphrodesiac

SCRIPT

I let you go with loving smile
to act out the part
you are compelled to play.
Your script demands a good performance.
Scars are the stage notes.
A bit part for me?
We'd have to rewrite the play.
I claim artistic license
but you fear the consequences
so many scars to consider.
I will be your audience
to tenderly applaud.

Lili Paloma

LOVERS

Sun smiles on Sea Oats
lithe stalks left glistening
with Ocean's love juices
white and creamy.
Responding to Ocean's morning breath,
sway with gentle rhythm
that celebrates this union —
tender, growing Oats with
magical, moving Ocean.

Lili Paloma



John Hill

ESE AMOR

Ese amor de aquel momento
de ayer, se olvidó.

Se fue con el viento
para nunca regresar.

Lloraba
con lágrimas que formaron
ayer.

Nunca pude olvidar
que fue mi primer amor

Ese amor no supo dar.

Ese amor no pudo hablar.

Ese amor no pudo amar.

Ese amor se olvidó.

Yo soñaba por las noches
del amor que nunca di
y sufrí

imensamente

y el mundo se hundió
sin poder sobrevivir.

Ese amor no existe más.

Ese amor no quiero más.

Me olvidé de ese amor.

THIS LOVE

This love,
a passing moment or yesterday,
is forgotten.

It went with the wind
never to return.

I wept with tears
formed yesterday.

Never could I forget
that it was my first love.

This love that couldn't give.

This love that couldn't speak.

This love that couldn't love.

This love was forgotten.

I dreamed by night of love
that I never gave,
and I pained
ever so much;

and the past faded
unable to extend the time.

This love no longer is.

This love I don't want again.

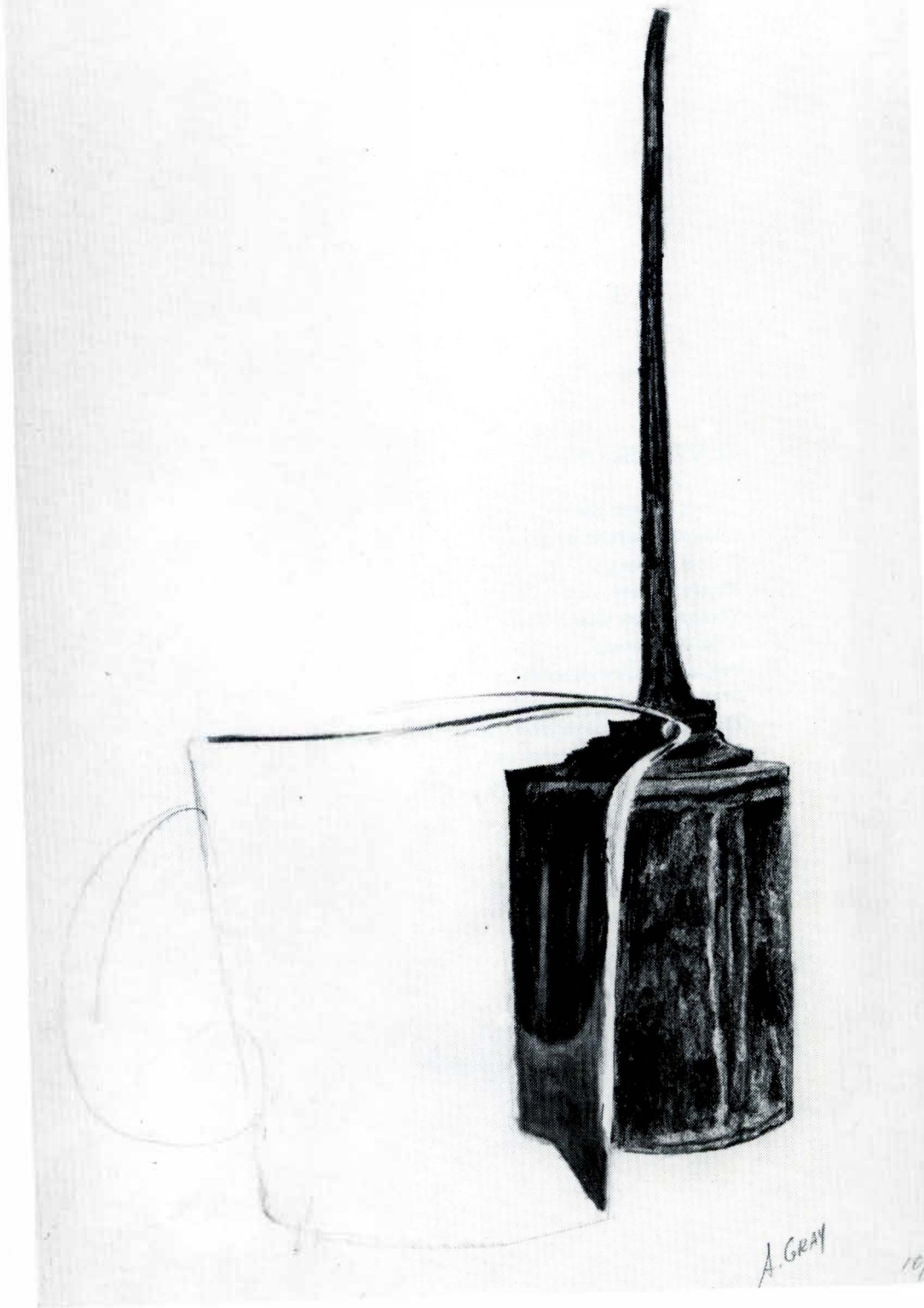
I have forgotten this love.

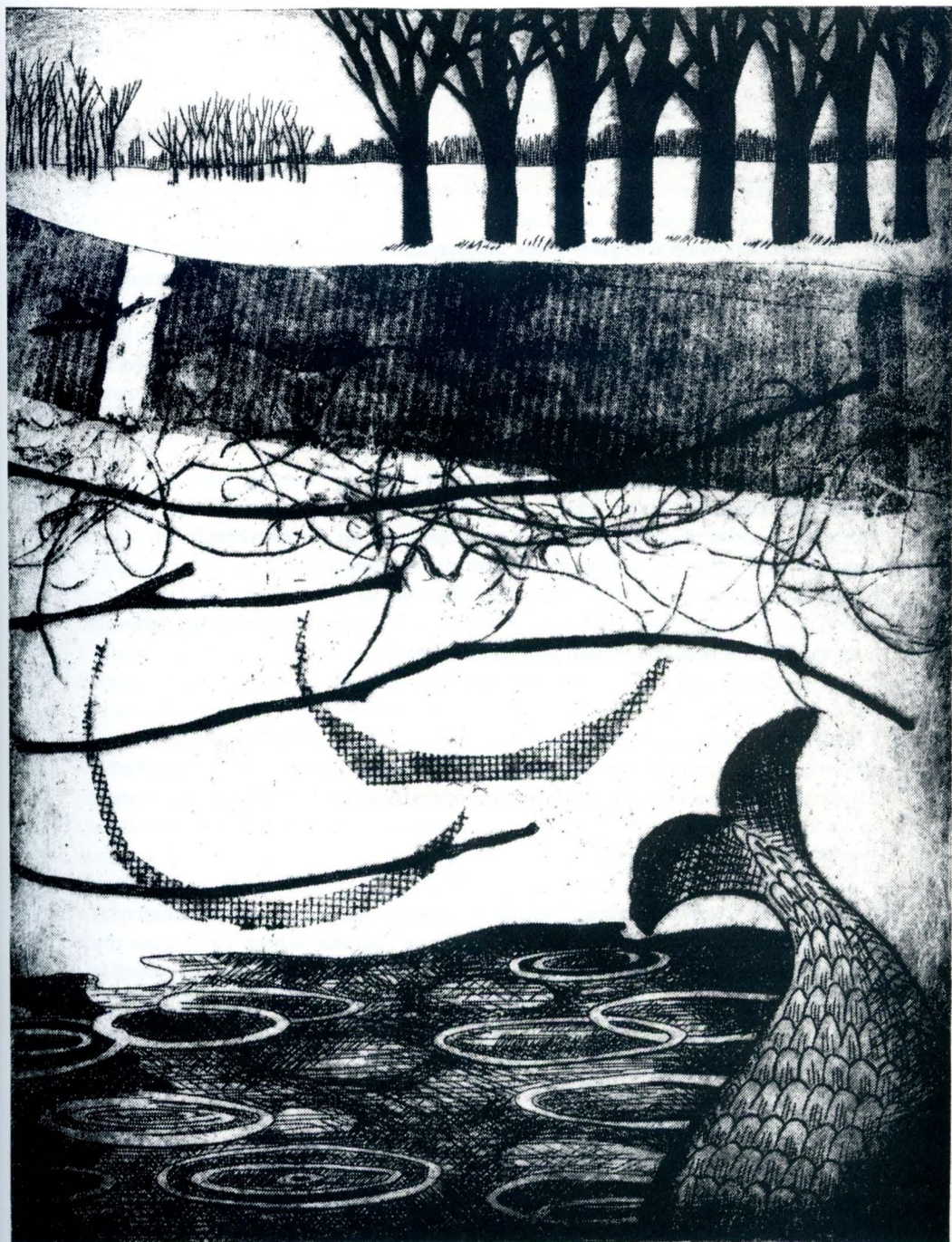
Kristina Holman

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Colors ground against my skin
And left the dust of old autumns
On my shoes.
My shoes - the ones
You gave me. Why is that touching?
It isn't, I guess.
But recollections sprung from the sight of those shoes
Are so personal.
They grab my throat and shake until
A little sentiment comes out.
This is not a pleasant feeling
You just gave me.

Phil Pyster





Sue McMillan

THE DINER

If I order a sandwich and get a plate of ham and eggs instead, has communication broken down? Is there a chef in the house? There's no chef. I get only silence. Who brought me the ham and eggs? I was sitting at the counter when it arrived. I don't remember anyone bringing it. I'm leaving right now to find another place to eat in, a bit more congenial than this silence, with no one to witness that I ordered exactly what I say I did. But now the door is closed and I can't leave.

Will someone please open the door, the one who gave me the ham and eggs instead of a sandwich? If I'm dissatisfied and want to leave why must I stay? Can the proprietor do as he pleases with anyone on his property? Am I his property too? What do you know! I have to eat what's given me or go hungry. I have to be nice about it too and say thank you to the silence. But I want to know why I can't have what I want that's such an innocent wish as between a sandwich and a plate of ham and eggs? What have I said or did I say what I thought I did or am I in my own country where my language is spoken? Where am I? Why can't I leave this diner? This is not my country. I don't belong here. I never even got a passport to come. I don't remember leaving. I don't remember crossing the border and I'm the only guy here at the counter. Something phony is going on. Somebody is trying to drive me nuts or rob me or kill me. I want to go back where I came from I was on the road hungry, driving. It was dark and I hadn't eaten my dinner.

You know, it's quite possible I made these ham and eggs myself instead of a sandwich. It may be I'm the owner because no one else is here and I have the key to open the door, exactly like my car key. I must have arranged it that way. Now when in hell did I buy this diner and who needs it!

David Ignatow

89 ISLAND AVENUE

At college I told everyone that I was interested in spontaneity. This was lampoonable. They said: "only the dog is truly spontaneous," or, "most of us say 'excuse me' when we've been a bit spontaneous." I didn't understand their sarcasm. Wasn't it obvious that popular music -- the electric twanging, the thump-thump rhythms, the screeching vocals -- celebrated spontaneity? Weren't television's "live entertainment extravaganzas" and "action news mini-cam inside-the-retina updates" fanfare for the new age of spontaneity? Apparently not -- sophomores and professors alike disagreed with me and pointed out that today, as in the past, every success was not made by some vague mechanism called "spontaneity." They were, these novices and experts told me, the end product of laborious years of work. "it takes a lot of work -- even in television," said my roommate. "No magical gifts involved whatsoever." said my creative writing teacher.

This talk all seemed too historical to me! Too archival! Too Biblical! So, I rejected decorum. Calm discourse (or what I glibly called "Parliamentary Procedure") did not seem to be the proper style for spontaneous talks. I became a street bard for a term. I'd go out to the library lawn and stand on an orange crate (because it was the first box I found). I'd scream about poverty of spirit and cold and calculating history and science students. By the end of the term I accused students from every discipline of "institutionalization" and "routinization."

It didn't take long before people thought I'd flipped. They said that I had an old fashion desire to protest, that I'd seen too much hippie stuff in Life magazine. The more they slapped my wrist the more I felt that my wild protestations were liberating. As Christmas break approached I figured I would not be all owed back for the next semester and that I better start plans (even the anarchist must have some archy) for the rest of the year. I'd been hearing a lot of "new wave" music and my forming dream was to go home to Connecticut, coagulate my possessions, and head for New York City. I fancied that the bohemian lifestyle had been so popularized now that it would be easy -- safety in numbers -- for me to fit in.

But when I arrived in Madison for Christmas I saw that all my bellowing had been for nothing. My parents are just not primal. They are both from Buck's County, Pennsylvania. They'd spent their youth at the Philadelphia Cricket Club. They didn't play cricket (their forefathers brought the manners but left the game behind) but they played tennis and did a lot of socializing. They just don't know what it means to stand out from a crowd and yell back at it. This was not part of their way. Nor was it mine. As soon as I saw our two-hundred year old colonial on Island Avenue, I knew that all my mutterings and platitudes had to be forgotten.

As I've said, my parents are philadelphian people. They believe in being social. This was the attitude that they grew up with. Two things happened to their life to change their typically Philadelphian direction, however. Dad did not start his career until late and what's more, he did not start it in his home territory but in Hartford, Connecticut. He was transferred a bit and when I was born we were living in Madison Connecticut. This is, then, the second thing that happened to them -- I was born in 1957, the year their friend's children were having children.

My parents had taken a new course and the guidelines for their lifestyle would be wrought by their own creative spirits and not handed down to them by their Philadelphian parents. In a sense they had performed a socio-economic migration and whatever offspring they would have would have to be fit for the new environment.

So to Madison I returned for Christmas, 1979. Dad greeted me at the door, told me I'd lost some weight, how I must be really tired, how Mother was playing bridge, how there was sandwich material in the icebox. I thanked him, brought my stuff up to my room, and collapsed on the bed. At school I'd had some vague notion of shocking my parents with my new found profanity right away, but here I was, falling asleep -- cosily curled up . . .

Later on I went down and sat in the living room with Dad. He was playing his mandolin and I just sat there, quiet and thoughtful, gettin into Dad's born-again interest in the instrument.

"Alright, Dad!"

"I'm twenty years out of practice," he said.

I was so happy sittin there. For the first time ever I felt like telling Dad about all the drugs I'd done and about all the unthoughtfulness I often acted upon, wanted to tell him it was alright, fantastic, I was still, still, Philadelphian? I soared on his long aged hands (clearly saw how mine resembled his) and the fact that here was my father articulating with his hands and mind this simple pastoral instrument that had been left out of the recent popular music clamor.

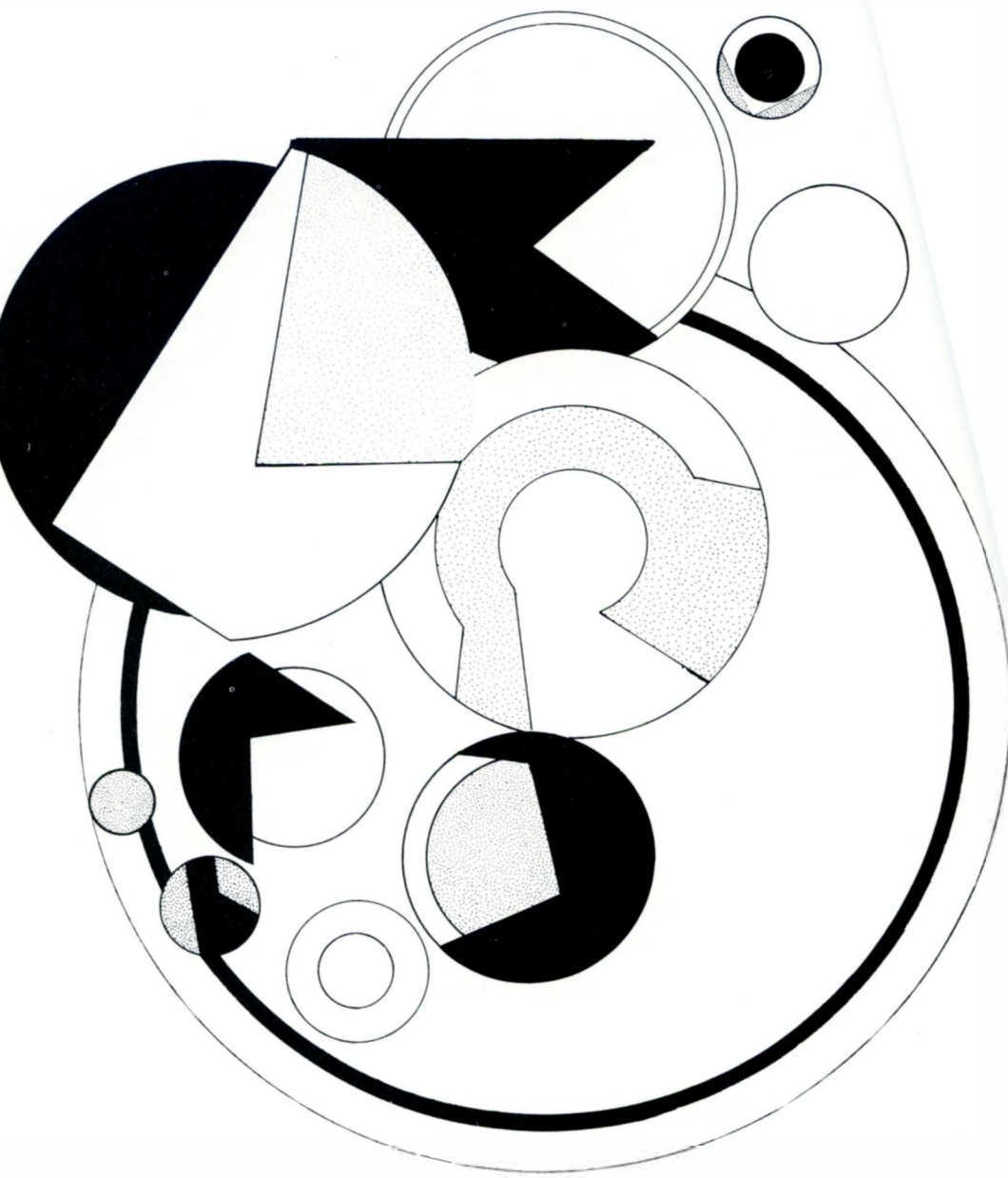
I thought about how I'd never been interested in history -- the early American economy? the movements of the Celts or the Saxons? -- none of it was attractive to me. But I sat there all caught up in Dad's personality. Here he was: seventy-six years of the world had formed him. I thought how unfortunate that I couldn't tie this feeling in with some past figure, some minstrel bard from ancient times.

But none of us have ever been good with such apt comparisons. Mine is a simple lovin family. Simple, yes, simple like Philadelphian Social Register simple, in the sense that a secure station in life is guaranteed and elaborate or active thinking is not necessary. Somehow, though, for my parents to have moved out of the familiar Philly society and to have had me late I grew up with a curiosity and reflective attitude that appended the "silver spoon" outlook.

I'm no witty man of letters, no brilliant wiz kid. It's just the combination of my parents's simplicity and the new strange situation that our family was thrust into that caused me to think in a way different than my parents or their ancestors.

On the day after Christmas I took my mother to lunch. We talked about the vagueness of my post graduation plans, the fact that I ought to check out some of the visiting business representatives at college rather than throwing my fate into the arms of some phantom called "the artist." But I told Mom that Ireland was the place I wanted to go, Ireland, that wombish pot of gold, I would go there and become a real writer.

Continued



Kelli Farrar

We talked on and on, we started getting into some of my ideas about evolution, about how we were all headed for the stars as modern day Neanderthals.

"I don't know," she started, "all this talk about space migration and living in tin cans, I just think it's all too . . . too. . . too far out. I just want to live in my little home on 89 Island Avenue."

I nodded and said: "Well, Mom, just for that if and when I get aboard one of those tin cans I'll remember to name my little eight by ten "89 Island Avenue." And who knows, maybe they'll give me a garden to go with it."

We laughed ironically at that and then talked about some non-hypothetical topics. Mom told me she just wanted me to be happy and that if I really did want to be a writer, that that's what I should do.

I paid the bill, Mom paid the tip, and I drove us home.

The spirit of my parent's simplicity will be with me always. And while there will be certain atrocities that will astound me, injustices that will infuriate me, there will always be a special sadness generated by this spirit. It will be a sadness for the falsity in life, for the imperfection of people's word.

So I'll go to Ireland and learn how to write. I'll make a few thousand through obscure magazines or a few million on movie royalties. It doesn't matter.

Alfred P. Hulme, Jr.



Kelli Farrar



Erin Fitzpatrick

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

NANCY HOFFMAN says: "My position in the English Department is exquisite; it's stimulating, edifying, inspiring (and allows me to go to merrie olde England every summer!)."

AL HULME's work has previously appeared in the Andover, Mass. *Mirror*.

MARTY LASATER is a junior from Denver, who wants to thank everyone at Rollins for giving him something to write, and who loves Sunshine.

ALAN NORDSTROM, ever wondering where words leave off and life begins, tries to keep a foot in each reality by teaching English at Rollins.

LILI PALOMA tries to live like a warrior. Some of her existential circling brings her to Rollins and fellow-searchers.

PATRICIA GARNER has entitled her Senior Research, "A PAT FILM."

MICHELLE PATNODE is a locally known scholar of Proust. She has recently completed her first major work on the subject of involuntary memory in *A la recherche du temps perdu*.

ANN MARIE PORTOGHESE is a sophomore at Rollins, and hopes that by her senior year her tan will be dark enough to allow her to return to Brooklyn.

CARO WALKER -- Caro, Karo, Carro, Cairo, CoCo, Care, Camero, Carrot, Carobe, Caroski, the possibilities are endless -- anything but Carol.

KARA PROVOST is finally getting the hang of pre-algebra.

LAUREL STALDER is a freshman, undecided in her major, who recently received her Real Estate License.

PHIL PYSTER is a sophomore English major.

WILBUR DORSETT is Professor Emeritus of English at Rollins College.

ALISON ERDE's poetry has previously appeared in *Brushing*.

HARVE M. WINTERS writes "360 degrees of poetry."

DAVID IGNATOW was a guest poet at Rollins during Winter term 1980. He lives in New York and has been widely published. Brushing thanks Mr. Ignatow for granting permission to reprint his work.

MARYANN T. LESTER is a sophomore at Rollins and has decided that instead of marrying rich, she is going to make her own fortune.

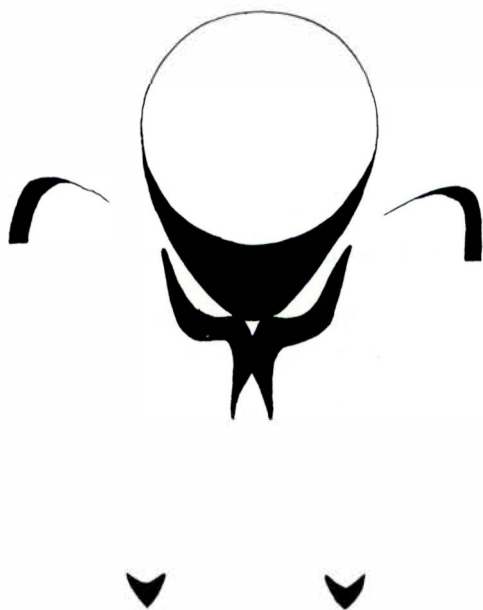
PATRICIA JOHNSON -- I've been here before. I know what it's like.

JOHN EDWARD HILL '79' went from Rollins student to Rollins employee and is in the process of earning back the tuition he paid while a student.

CHRISTEL HAUFE is a Swedish, crystalline, bush baby who, at times, tends to see the world in a slightly different perspective.

CHRISTINA J. CAHOON is currently a sophomore art major who is transferring to the Art Institute of Chicago to complete her education.

KELLI FARRAR - a hyperactive sophomore that really does know how to draw . . . , despite popular belief. This issue she gets the 1st page! "Ah, Sweet Success!"



Christel Haufe

KYLE ROLLINS HOOFNAGLE - I am a senior, majoring in art, business and communications. Upon graduation I hope to work locally as an independent buyer and fashion coordinator for one of several area clothing stores.

NANCY ROTH is a sophomore majoring in math and art!

ERIN FITZPATRICK is a junior, double majoring in English and art.

MARLA SMITH - My year at Rollins was an experience I will never forget . . . moving on to the Art Institute of Fort Lauderdale.

SLOAN KELLY is a senior, double majoring in art and English. She will attend graduate school in graphic design next year.



K.C. Wideman

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