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BRUSHING
Fall, 1980

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Brushing Volume 10 Number 2

Fall 1980

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FOREWORD

Library: an arena, bigger than campus, made out of
Books: walls made of books, floors made of books.
You may: tear down a wall to find a book. Build a hut
out of: Fielding, Styron, Keats. Make your bed out
of Plato's Republic. Windows out of Auden, Whitman,
Ginsberg. Stove out of Faulkner, card catalogue, the fuel.
Live in the Library! Vacation in escapist literature!
paper back brochures fall from the sky momentarily.
Do away with Dewey! make Winter Park Florida a Library!
As Auden once wrote, "It's entirely possible."
As Hemingway once wrote, "Why Not?"
As Ken Kesey once wrote, "Let's do it."
As Fitzgerald once wrote, "Yes."

And I agree with them all. Except, don't make your doormat out of this
issue. Make a doorknob instead.

PAT GARNER
December 1980

DAN RICHARDS

Far away,
 further than here
I will run
and only when
 I am completely
alone,
will I stop.
And I think,
 If I choke
who will save
 my life?

The scent of moss green
soil infiltrates,
warmth comfort
cuddled beneath a
Juniper tree
faint gusts of
a breeze fly by . . .
filled with all
sorts of new
and interesting smells
adventures
and the moistness
of a river -
wild and wise
absolute.
A vigorous instinct
to satisfy
his hunger
makes him
more alert.

*

The summer days
are hot and
lengthy
my contentment
lies within my lack
of hunger
stillness of serenity
but also exhaustion of
a full day.
Deep bright
colors
collect the hue
of the sky -

*

My skin has grown
thin
with age,
agility is
unknown to me . . .
Sunrise is always
late.
Colours are dull
I am watching
and waiting
for something
I know not of . . .

Dripping the dirt
as the hand
moves, side by side.
Icy gel fingers
Dusty blue
explore the
confides of darkness.
feeling for light
solitary abrupt gestures
without
expression or
sensation . . .
Lethargically pondering
possibilities
it retreats to
the internally
secluded shelters.

SEASON'S END

Hard long cracks
along a narrow wall
appear with whiskers
and spurts
of green moss
for eating
Plan how many noses
can be bought
for the best
dollar
and laugh softly
when a sun sets
the bleak night bats
fly and bounce
off the moon
look for stars
a starless night
search for the hour
when children run
arrive early in winds
wait anxiously
God
I needed to see
so bad Sunday blue
pavement pavement pavement
take it today
Reach far
into the vastness
losing skinless involvement
of tense gum
dentyne
or Juicy Fruit?
Pass the Big Red
chew chew chew
sacrifice air, love,
eat the love
all of the time
dig for time
look or could you say
happy returns
grab that there
bag of blues
to forgive and forget
Peck worms
from your heart
shovel me out
the car window
Jesus

When does the bottom line
smack the lips of
dislike your revlon
turning me lonely
telephone nights
dirty deals answers fired
he screams inside
needed doors outside walking
fast faster fasting food
french or chinese?
choose space and games
I remember times
chanting
do you wanna play?
Sing over again
the Beatles were fine
sure enough
madly enticed
captured news use defense
speak your peace
anger and all
fall for it because
it's time again
night time
is that all I have?
Consistently continuing catering
kinds of cunningly
funny isn't it?
what we do
for turning heads
looking satisfied
we're on our way
more beat the drums
and yawn one-way
mirror thought
brass draining nylons
escaped
prove something
dream all day long
feel time lines linger
if ego moves
empty rooms
empty hearts
emptiness.
empty me.

PHIL PYSTER

Strung out Bluebird

Leonard sat on his desk, his feet in the crotch of a dark leather chair, and watched me in silence. His eyes were reduced to vague motions behind black, round sunglasses. The wide-brimmed, gray felt hat he wore made his head look abnormally large.

My palms were hot with sweat and I hid them beneath my thighs, shifting my position in the hard wooden chair. I wondered why criminals in old mystery novels have sweaty palms. That characteristic had always troubled me, like predestination, as if my constantly soaked hands were a brand of immorality. I tried desperately to escape him. My mind ran around crazy alleys when I saw Leonard, but I returned to the confines of the small office as he spoke.

"Dad and Lorelle wanted me to lean on you. They hate what you're doing."

"Dad and Lorelle don't understand me," I confided to my breast pocket.

"What?" Leonard asked.

"Nothing. All right. They don't know what I'm doing. It's for them, really. I can pay part of my own tuition. You know they take out loans for that, now. And, (all my rehearsed courage emerged) your pay certainly doesn't amount to much."

Leonard removed his sunglasses - a sure sign that I had gotten to him. His light green eyes, usually bright with thought, had faded, framed with crumpled and worn skin.

I remember that I listened to Leonard's pleadings and accusations for ten minutes in total silence and then, in the most cowardly act of my life, I got up and ran out of his office.

I finished out the rest of that school year, and two weeks after returning home in the summer, I announced to my parents that I was dropping out and joining the Peace Corps. They took it far more calmly than expected; they were probably infinitely relieved that the world of retail merchandising or Madison Avenue had not been given as my destination.

The next two years were surprisingly wonderful. Choosing the Peace Corps had coupled an escape with an implicit punishment because of its distance from my financial ambitions of getting a lucrative, easy job, a big house with a swimming pool, and a steady connection to the most popular drugs. Instead of such imagined glory, I got a mud hut on the edge of the Sahara desert, a twelve-hour-a-day job of improving irrigation on the parched village farmland, and a sunstroke. It was a great time. After working to near death in the fields, the men of the Red Bobo tribe to whom I had been assigned would gather around a nightly fire. Then, in the cold desert air that followed the sun's passing, we would drink a beer made from local grains and talk of crops, of gods, of hunting-lore, of women, and of our love for beer.

* * *

New York City. Taking courses at Columbia to finish out my B.A., living with a very special girl I met in Africa, and working nights in the bar of the New Appolo Theatre keeps me busy. There is a fine, strung-out, tense music to my mind now which leads me to tell you that, if I just wasn't so tired, I would be very happy.

"Dad and Lorelle and I," he said in his hardest teaching voice, "Feel that your mind is more important than financial matters. Your ambitions to turn a fast, questionable buck represent everything we detest. You have not as yet encountered official reprimands, but that may only be a matter of time. How could you come out of this family as the embodiment of every element we have spent our lives fighting against?" Leonard had reddened and his professional tone had cracked.

I was too stunned by the sounds of anger and disappointment to do anything but feel inadequate, and hoped there must have been a misunderstanding. All I had done was change my major from History/English to Business Administration. I had started a little business selling army surplus clothing: popular just then among college students. This had worked so well that I was able to pay half my school fees. Knowing that my parents and Leonard would be upset over my change of major, I had hoped the business would make them happy.

Leonard had never attacked me with such fury as he did that day in his office. Since he was eleven years older than I, Leonard had always been my third parent rather than my brother. Besides the age difference, though, he was removed from me by an angry intellectual world that I could not and did not want to understand. After earning his doctorate in philosophy at the age of twenty-one, Leonard had written obscure articles for obscure magazines and had taught obscure courses in a small, obscure private liberal arts college which I had refused to attend. Leonard never forgave me for choosing the large state university. He also considered my decision to graduate from high school at the mere normal age of seventeen, rather than doubling my course load, a mistake that would doom me forever to an inferior life.

LUXURIES

She was across from me in class last year -
White collar, brown hair, and those ornate green eyes.
Frank when she spoke, a laugh with a look that would not disappear.

I love that first night when the conversation slides
Around warm napkins and silver. Forever, time in ether.
We both had survived religious families. With admiration,
We walked through the shadowy valleys of the other
And feared no evil. We are one alone; and, in junction,
We're two. Falls of chablis unearthed the still,
Hidden strains of memories and passions and games.
Candle flames caught familiar colors turned unreal;
Yet it was always real - night, and the day just the same.

She loves money, art, people, herself and me.
I love struggle, creation, wilderness, her and me.



JOHN HARTWIG

A DINNER GUEST

The first real sign of old age was his pair of rheumy eyes, bright and moist. They were not young-bright and clear. They were his experience, es-sensually, so, now discerning and vivid and magnificent. His features too were beginning to sharpen. The skin, once taut, began to relax and create the tiniest rivulets running criss-cross all over his face. And his impeccably white hair was fine and crisp, as spun glass. Angel hair. It rose in thick crests on his head and this at least was a remnant of his youth. This man was dressed in black, black, black. His shirt, shoes, jacket, socks were as black as if he had been swimming in india ink. A patch of white at his throat contrasted with the rest of him. And my eyes never left him. I stared even harder when he pulled out a gold engraved lighter and began to smoke. I had never seen a priest smoke. And he conscientiously set the lighter down on the highly polished table so that I was able to read REV. WINFRED McCARTHY, O.F.M. And I paused to wonder about O.F.M., but not too long.

Papa, my grandfather, and Father Winfred talked about the war. For me the words became tedious; I did not understand the two men. I watched Papa's hands shake, never still, shake while he smoked, shake while he ate, shake while he sat talking with a priest about the war. But he was my grandfather so it did not seem very unusual to me. And my parents had explained it away.

After a time I rose and went out the door unnoticed. Porchboards creaked underfoot. They were shiny with the newest layer of grey enamel paint which Papa had applied with shaking hands a few weeks earlier. I sat on the grass and watched him. For a time he let me paint until I became tired of it.

* * *

A contrived childhood. A gracilent girl-child. Parents good to her. Grandparents good to her. Siblings appropriately good to her. Certainly damage done by five. Four. Three. Two. One too many niceties though. Over-ripens the fruit. Rotten through and through.

* * *

My mother came outside to bring me in for supper.

"Kate, have you been down at the bridge," a finger accused me.

"No." I had been down at the bridge. My hands hung limply, guiltily by my side red with the clay dust from the old bricks I had been throwing into the river.

This woman glared at me, as only a mother truly can. She suggested I come inside. And I, with countenance innocent and hands now hidden in deep pants' pockets, saw the logic of her desire and went inside. And was followed by my mother's mutterings of "my cross to bear."

I sauntered in to my grandparent's house. My insouciance now driven away by the mood of my grandparents' house. The smells beckoned. The sights insisted. The voices demanded. All of my attention. My grandparents' house.

I stood just inside the door and leaned against the fleur-de-lis wallpapered wall and surveyed the assembly. It was hard to believe that they were all my relatives. It had started with that woman in the next room, oblivious to everything, peeling potatoes and that man unsteadily holding an array of cards, playing a fierce game of Go Fish with the youngest. And now together in this room. This solitary unit separated from time and age and space. My shoulder inadvertently flicked on the light switch. All eyes turned to me. I shrugged an excuse, an apology, and turned off the light. But the mood had been broken. And now I watched these people only half-interested in what they had been doing, glance at the kitchen. Back to the cards. Glance at the magazine. Glance at the kitchen. And at some exultant moment my grandmother stepped out into the kitchen doorway and we got up and moved in a wave to the dining-room. And sat. And ate.

I was put next to Father Winfred. Throughout the meal he referred to me as "my sweet girl." I had difficulty swallowing my food. He remarked to my mother about how well-managed I was.

* * *

There is nothing worse than an obsequious priest.

* * *

I was told to help wash dishes. My grandmother, my mother, my sister, and I proceeded into the kitchen. White-short. Grey-tall. Black-short. Brown-short. And into the center of the maelstrom. The sink was filled with scalding water and my mother's hands emerged pink and sudsy. She paused for a moment and slid her plain gold band from her finger. And up to the window sill. From which she looked out and sighed and took in the great expanse of blue and green therein. And probably remembered her childhood.

Night was upon us. I crept to the window with my brothers. We stood long waiting for the bats that came from their caves in the hills. Breathless we stood there as three, ten, a host of flying things flapping wildly came into the yard. We were not allowed to go outside now. I stepped back from the window afraid that a thin plate of glass was not enough between us, although my brothers stood absorbed. I left the window.

Father Winfred was staying the night. I led him to his room. My grandmother had put the blue sheets on his bed. Light, icy blue. They were "appropriate," my grandmother said, "for the summer." Those sheets always felt cooler because they were blue. I asked him if he needed anything.

"I need nothing, thank you sweet girl." His false teeth sparkled at me. I went to bed and slept very soundly.

In the morning the adults sat around the kitchen table. My grandmother wrung her hands. My parents sat with eyes narrowed as if everything depended upon that cup of coffee. There was a stronger, steadier tremble in my grandfather's hands.

"Kate, Father Winfred passed away last night in his sleep," my father said.

Immediately, immediately I wanted to run upstairs and into his room and pull away the blue sheets just enough to see if his breast still rose and fell. Immediately I wanted to do this. Something about the adults caught me and made me stay near them. For only a short while.

I went into the next room to see how my brothers and sisters were. And they seemed rather unaffected. Until the red and white ambulance came and took the priest away. We watched the ambulance come and go but were busied in-between.

She began wondering if her parents would bring her to his funeral and would the incense smother her and would the family send flowers and would they stand long beside the grave while her mother wept ceremonious tears.

* * *

"It is best," I heard my father say in a lowered voice to my mother, "to expose children to the inevitability of death." In-ev-it-a-bil-a-ty of death, said I, rolling it around in my mouth. And though I did not see her in the next room, she must silently have nodded her assent. Because I went to the funeral. To the wake. To the flowers. To the casket. By the family. To the church. In a car. After car. After car. To a cemetery. It was all over. Finally. In-ev-it-a-bil-a-ty of death, said I.

* * *

"Question the answer youngster."

"How can I know what you mean?"

A crouched and crooked figure lingers in the corner.

Answered question.

A dark and hollow place, the womb.

A dark and hollow place, the tomb.

"Answer the question old man."

"How can I know what you mean?"

A majestic luminary, in the center, the very, very, center of the room.

Question answered.



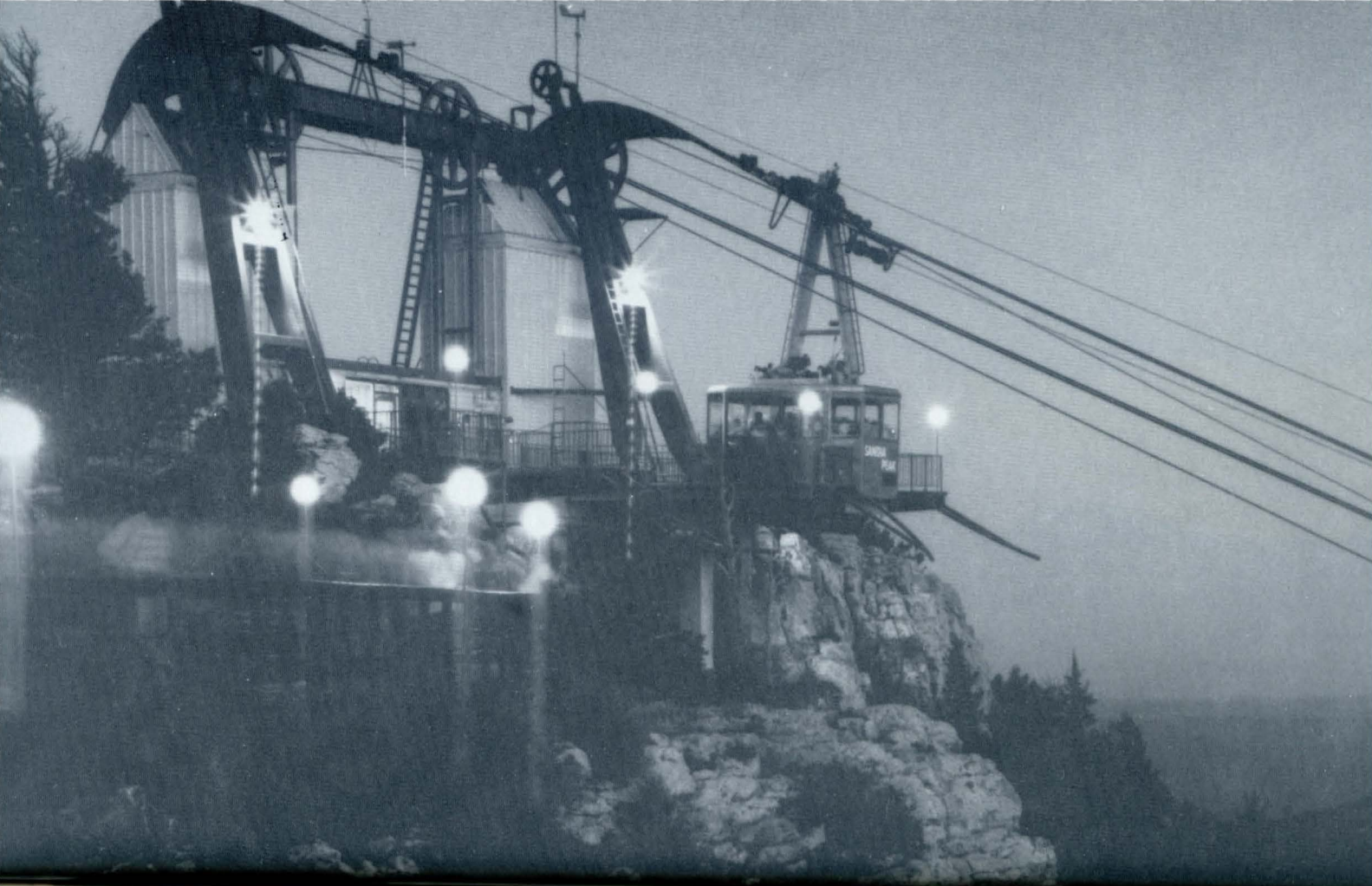
MM HARTWIE

W.C. MORTON

IRIS

Iris in a blue leotard-
revealing a downy maroon crevice-
is leaning over.
Frank is watching
a chameleon among the flowers
listening to his reptile's heart
seeing through his reptile's eyes
the unfolding of flowers
reflected in his dilated pupils.
His nostrils barely move
he swallows with difficulty
wondering through what past
he came to such an impossible longing.







FAMILLE
VICTOR LAYONE

À notre Père
VICTOR LAYONE
Né le 24 novembre 1821

LA MORT
D'UN
AMIC

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ROBERT GARDNER

BORN ALL

We're born all;
Monkey monsters,
Christ the savior,
Eyes that measure
Barren wombs
In their labor,
Grown-up goons,
Prodigies;
Life that laughs
Knowing death,
Every sad
Quiet breath.

You can add
Good and bad.
Counting all
We equate
A crazy core;
Angels and
Devils, we're
One bouquet
Growing in
Woman's belly-home-

Monkey monsters,
Darling Christ-
All are in
The magic dome.

THE HERMITS

The hermits are sick,
The guru unmarried
Should from our land be carried away,
Unto piles of wood and hay,
Carve that pyre pole today!

Levity is not for us,
Those who in a dishroom cuss
Know more of life than those who sit
All day and stare through space.

"Under their eyes the hermits are sick,"
Whispers Nature's confession,
Heroes and her-worship suck
Beyond all clear expression."

Going around, gesticulating,
Is, God knows, so constipating,
Just a waste of useless shit!
All the hermits, my friend, are sick.

THE DESTROYER

Lewis' Father is a sagging plastic bag of bones and furrow-brow'd nothingness, an American sphynx whose lips and furiously crinkled eye sockets sit deep in a state of argument with the younger generation. His white hair, chopped closely to the scalp like a chinaman's, finds its only nourishment in renouncing Dionysus; in pushing away, with his worn arms, every urge to dance. They're rather deceptively scrawny limbs. His left one has been tensed-up, ready to strike for so long, that the muscle fibers show beneath its old skin as through a negligee. In his vigorous days he was not an easy man to live with. His seriousness, like a terminal cancer, ate up the lives of his family. It gobbled up their future as would the hardest hitting virus or tapeworm. He could never have slid around with his conception of open-mindedness as long as he has, were it not to remind Jehova and The Christ Child that they have a notarized contract with him. This slip of subjective parchment entitles his earthly party to an electric can-opener, two telephones, a T.V. with fake wood paneling, a garage jammed to the breaking point with a hundred extra, unused appliances, and, after plenty of obedient sons and daughters, some lake front real estate in the Celestial kingdom. Even though he has "all this and heaven too", he is a man who does not dream of laughing and has seriously forgotten how, one who beat his dear puppet-children to smithereens with the jackhammer of his will, until he got exactly what he wanted; military careers. He pushed his offspring down life's cavern pathway before they could even glance up at the entrance gate, cautiously snuffing out adolescent dissent and vertigo at just the right time with his massive fireman boots. Fulfilling such a plan, he sacrificed his personal happiness.

What generosity!

Now, his deluge completed, he will disintegrate in front of the color television set, a rest-lacking tired body, with that look of Old Testament anger, profundity, and traditional determination embossed so deeply into his features, the most gifted plastic surgeon would shrug off any hope of altering their framework.

BEERSONG

God is a four letter word, at last
Beyond doubt we've journeyed past
Narrow thinking moving here
In our breasts for . . .
God is Beer!

God is Beer, O sing it out!
God is Beer beyond doubt,
Bust a can and you will find
How his liquid transcends time!

God is Beer, and Jesus! Beer's
Our religion of anti-tears,
Let us pray then, "Father, bash,
Cans of love for us, come slash,
Letting pour imprisoned wealth
Into our one lusting mouth!
Give us monsoon rains of Beer
Baptize us in Beer."

BILLY'S POEM

Mother, here I am
Your personal pincushion-son
I know
You love
To sew
And shove
Tiny silver-shining rods
Into your pincushion-son.

ASYLUM VISIT

Mister Edgar Allen Poe
with his newest, blondied beau,
(Madam Maralyn Monroe),
Went to visit Vince Van Gogh
who was feeling rather low
Having stubbed his mental toe
In the province of Bordeaux.

Well, they brought him several drugs
And some oriental rugs
And some elegant gold bugs
And some kisses and some hugs
But a group of Gaelic thugs
Came to put upon him slugs.

"I will venture now to say",
Mentioned Poe, "it's not the way
To exterminate the gray
From his psychologic day
For his paintings you must pay
Not his self-esteem slay
And then send him to a play."

So they did and did behold
Vincent come in from the cold
He'd been Edgar Allen Poed
And Miss Maralyn Monroed!
Then meandered down the road
Destination "still unknown,"
But we hear the rumor's tone-
"He no longer lives alone."



HOMECOMING

If Christ came
On the auto-train
Who would carry his bags
To the lodge of human pain-

And, worse yet
Where would he go
If each topless
Bar was closed
In his name?

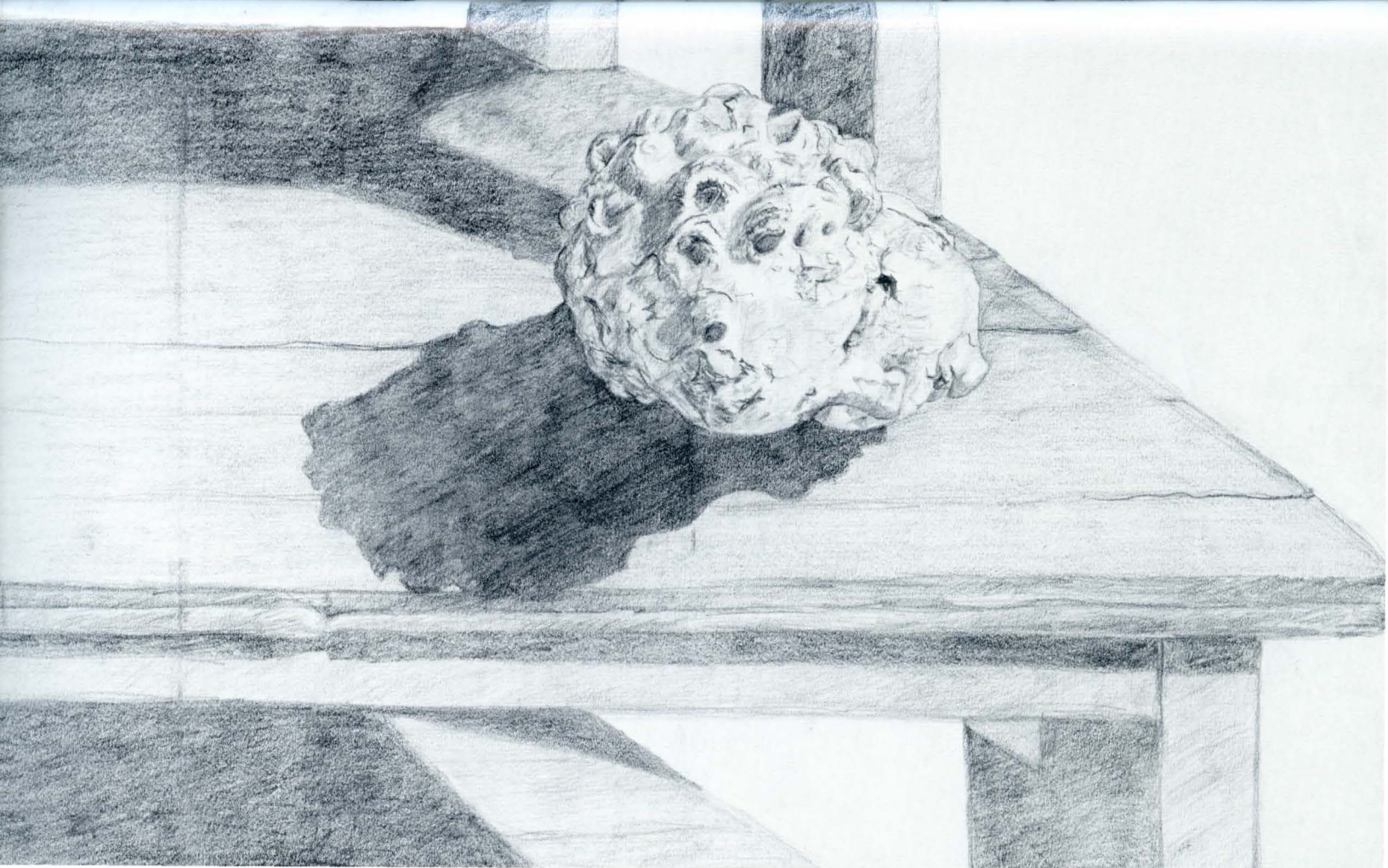
Propped up on the motel bed
He would resurrect the dead-
Roaches, his proprietor
Had the nerve to kill,
Forgetting, "Thou shalt not!"

When he comes Christ will smile
Like a Grecian satyr,
Pick up remote control
Put a dime in the bed vibrator.

ROBERT GARDNER

MANKIND

Mankind, you see,
Is a potpourri
Of countless types of stupidity,
The world's composed
Of dum ass-holes
Who fumble through
The heart of you
With consummate
Clumsiness.







KAREN LIPPOLD

DREAMER

I am jogging along a deserted beach
even though there is no beach;
My long, blond hair wisping into my face
even though I have short, brown hair;
And around me I feel the heaven's sadness
there is no heaven;
As she breaks down and sheds her tears
she has no tears to shed;
And I am blinded from the salt of her sorrow
I can really see;
And I feel God shudder
there is no God;
The heavens have shed, and the sky is swimming in a sea of smokey topaz
the sun is ablaze;
The seagulls' white bodies outlined against the mist
there are no seagulls;
I sense you in the distance, your arms outstretched
you are not there;
And feel your embrace
I don't know your touch;
And turn towards the sea meeting the waves
there are no waves;
And begin to swim
even though I don't know how to swim . . .

ABOVE AND BEYOND

I often escape beyond the hills to a coveted pond,
There, with nature, I possess a magical bond:
And I am free to contemplate the world in depth,
The moon, the stars - so heavenly kept.

To there I slip when the sky turns slyly grey,
When clouds disperse from union in celestial array.
For then the winds are tamed, tranquil,
The sun has retreated, has had its fill.
The ink stained sky is my guardian,
It hovers above me, an awaiting friend . . .

It is here I feel free to create, criticize,
Act in my dreams, fantasize . . .

YOU AND I

You are a Moslem,
I am a "Christian statistic."
You bleach your face,
I brown mine.
The river is your life line,
I admire it for its beauty.
Typhoid and Malaria haunt your family.
Materialism, Possessiveness - mine.
I offer you my friendship with one hand,
You mine with two.
I live for tomorrow,
You for today . . .

Your babies multiply at your whim and fancy,
I see them playing, dancing
their only toy is a kite, mercy of the wind.
My babies will be few,
I see them playing, dancing
with their monstrous piles of toys . . .

Your stilted house stands proud,
Mine stands glued to the ground . . .
We are sisters, distant relatives -
You with your pseudo white face,
I with my brown.

A DOG'S LIFE

Bruno Augusto was proud of his Italian background; he hated France and the French and at one time thought he would never be able to forgive his father for having decided to move from Naples to Paris.

Now, at twenty-two years of age, Bruno stood an entire five feet eight inches - taking into consideration his slouched, meandering gait. Judging from first impressions, one would never guess he were Italian as he bore the appearance of a typical French teenager: greasy, long hair flattened to border an uncared-for face characterized by bulging eyes and an immense nose. A wardrobe consisted solely of a couple gigantesque v-neck sweaters, skin-tight jeans, white socks, and either penny loafers or cowboy boots.

It was Friday, and as Bruno was driving home from work he was contemplating the next couple of nights and the "blowing off" of all the money he had made that week - a practice which is not unusual among an overwhelming majority of the working class population in France.

Speeding through the narrow streets, at ease among the crazy drivers, Bruno's eyes lie glued to the windshield--obviously sunken in deep concentration. The road seemed to part in front of him as he careened through the route he abused daily. He raced through one red light and stopped at the next one which was guarded by policemen. For a second, his mesmerized state was shattered by the booming voices of two hysterical men; apparently one of the men, backing out of his parking space in a beige Peugeot, crashed into the tail lights of a new green Renault. Both men were flinging their arms about, obviously loving every minute of the big scene they thought they were creating. You see, the front and hind lights of any motor vehicle will not survive one day in Paris without being broken, any by the end of the first week, they are usually either smashed to smithereines, or completely nonexistent. Bruno glanced over in their direction shooting a glance of complete indifference.

Bruno hated living in Nantern. It was known as being the poorest and shabbiest of the three other cities also planned for reasons of population control in Paris. Nantern, then, was a residential area primarily housing Italian Portuguese, and Algerian immigrants. It was a forest of apartment buildings each being uglier than the next.

Reaching his "home", he parked up on the sidewalk and started in. Not watching where he was walking, he happened to step in a huge pile of dog shit, thus sliding a couple of feet and barely escaping an awkward tumble. "This is it," he cried at the top of his lungs, "I've had enough of you Paris and your goddamn dogs."

Walking up the seven flights of stairs helped him rid a conceivable amount of steam; in fact, he was breathless by the time he reached the door. Having smoked the deadly French Citannes cigarettes for nearly eight years, he figured his lungs must look like a leaded pair of black balloons.

The door to the apartment was cracked open, and as he gave it a push, the familiar odor of steak and frites ran to meet him. His younger brother was blasting a Supertramp album, and his parents were arguing at the top of their lungs trying their best to be heard over the music. Bruno felt like hiding, which was impossible to do in a three bedroom apartment, so he decided to try and make his entry unknown by sneaking out again. It was just then that his mother seemed to perceive his presence and entered the room as he was shutting the door behind him.

"Bruno, I didn't hear you come in; dinner is almost ready, where are you going?"

"Ah, ah, I stepped in some dog poop and forgot to scrape it off before coming in," answered Bruno, proud at having thought of an answer so quickly. Though it was not the reason for his leaving, it was true, and verifiable. After making a complete mess of the first couple of stairs, and after deciding that the consequences were still not severe enough to make him clean it up, he bowed his head, and psyched himself up into a calm, cool and collected frame of mind which he knew he would need at the dinner table.

His brother and father were sitting at the dinner table when he entered. Both glanced up at his entrance before they turned back into their own little worlds they had been in before he had interrupted them; Bruno wondered what they were thinking about.

Bruno slid into his chair and stared at his plate while tearing up a piece of bread. After what seemed like ages, his piece of bread now a pile of carefully, constructed crumble, his mother walked in from the kitchen with the steaks swimming in sauce in one hand, and a bowl of french fries in the other. The trance which had been holding both his father and brother suddenly broke, and their hungry eyes devoured the food before it reached the table. Once everybody had their plates filled, and was busy contemplating the attack, Bruno began organizing his argument in his head. And then,

"I want to leave France," Bruno braved finally between mouthfulls. "I have enough money in my bank account for a ticket to the United States and enough to keep me there long enough to find a job; my American friends say anyone and everyone can find a job anywhere in America." The three sets of ears perked up at the sound of Bruno's confession, but they refrained from saying anything and definitely seemed to be much more interested in what their dinner plates had to offer. Obviously they thought it was another one of his daily brainstorms which he did indeed voice nightly at the dinner table — and whose absurdness his parents and brother were now accustomed to. In fact, for the past couple of nights, every dinner had started out with a series of questions directed towards Bruno as to what profession he had had in mind that day and was thinking about pursuing at the moment; where he planned to go after he made his first million. Nothing bothered Bruno as much as this did, so he de-

cided to buy a one way ticket to New York. And he did buy the ticket last week, and he was leaving for the United States the next week.

"I have already bought my ticket," bruno added nonchalantly, "I am leaving next week for New York."

"Don't get excited now," his father said suddenly, as a piece of potato flew out of his mouth and landed on his wife's plate. "You have a decent job, and you'll be able to buy your own studio soon enough, in Paris, closer to work. We'll soon be out of your hair. Isn't that what all this is about?"

Bruno cringed and reached for the bottle of cheap red wine, poured himself a glass, and set it down in front of himself. "That's not it at all, dad. Please don't say things like that. What am I doing now of any value? I'm a deliveryboy. I dropped out of technical school because I hated it. I'm not saying it's your fault, dad, for channeling me into the wrong direction; I did what everybody in our bracket does. I could have been finished with school by now and I could have made a living out of factory work as you have and are, but, unlike you dad, I don't have a family to support yet and should have the option to float around until I am content with what I am doing. France is not a place for somebody like me. I don't have the chance of a snowman in hell to move upward in this stinking society. This society is set up so that we don't go anywhere and can't do anything. We, like all of the other immigrants from God knows where, are here doing the dirty work for the French while they sit on their butts and tell the world that we are ruining their economy — creating job shortages for the French they say. And what do we laborers end up doing? We are spitting back all the money we get into their economy every weekend by spending everything we've earned; and why? Because we live for our weekends. What would happen if we weren't here? They'd be swimming in their sweat and eating their precious dogs. That's what they would be doing. No, There is no chance for me here, no chance unless I want to waste my life doing manual labor the French are too proud to do. We and all the others alike have been put on a one-sided track and are running in circles until we die of exhaustion, at which time we are just piked up and thrown away like a piece of trash. I want a chance, a chance, that's all."

"Who will you stay with until you find a job?" asked his mother, whose eyes were now filled with tears.

"Eric and Pierre," answered Bruno quickly, having known the question would come up sooner or later. "I heard from them the other day and was encouraged to join them in their quest for freedom." Eric and Pierre were Bruno's two best friends who had left France a month back for the same reasons Bruno was so eager to leave.

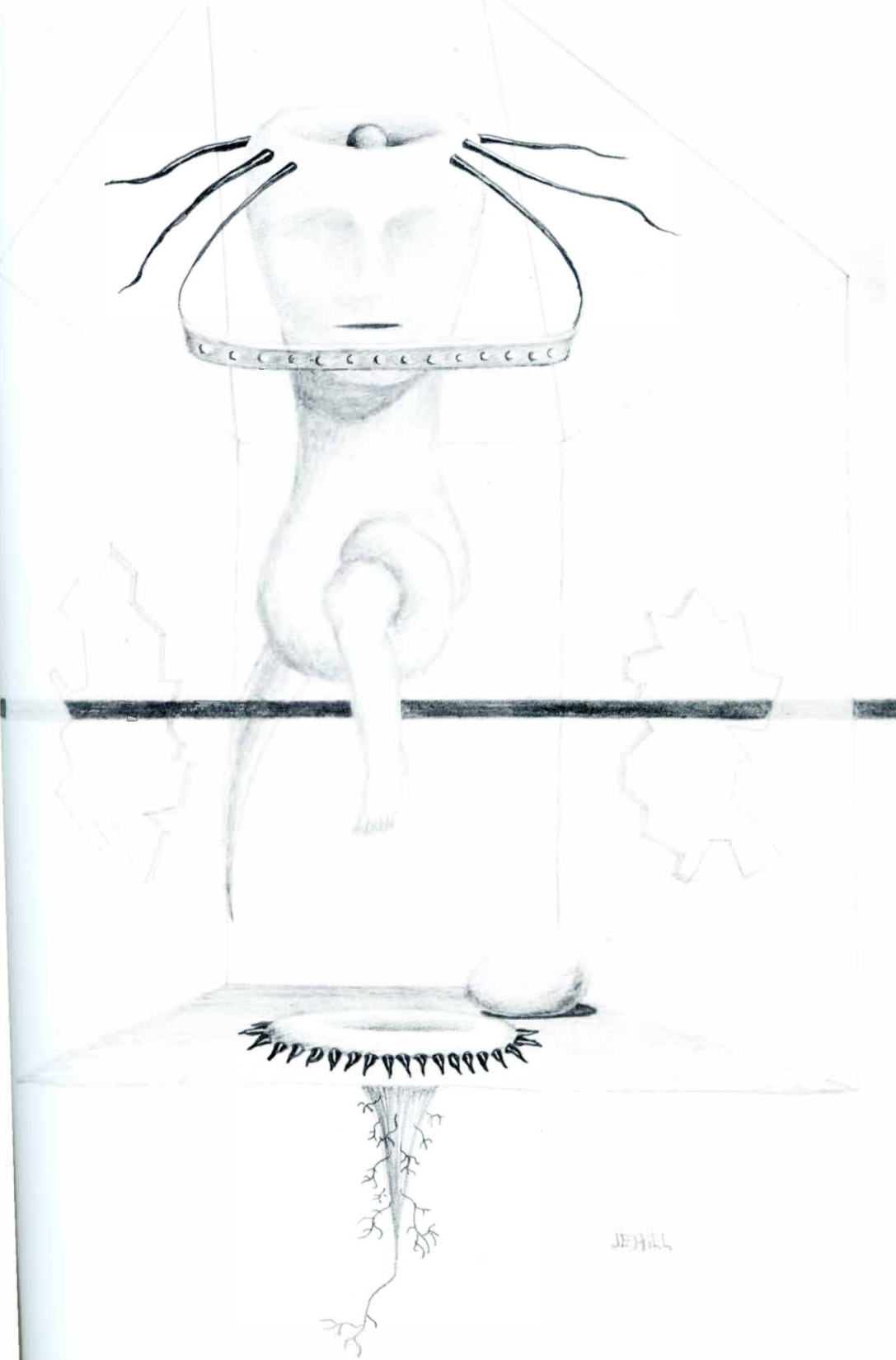
"Aren't they living in Chicago?" asked his mother, and "Aren't there still gangsters in Chicago?" she added earnestly. Bruno reassured her that there weren't. Excusing himself from the table, taking the time to glance over in his younger brother's direction, he felt the pair of eyes x-raying his soul.

"I have a rendez-vous with some friends at MacDonalds in the Latin Quarter in an hour," Bruno said as he exited.

The drive to the city seemed to last only seconds, and for the first time in as long of a time as he could remember, he appreciated the beauty of the magnificent lighted arc and he felt a tingle of excitement overwhelm him as he drove down Champs and saw the thousands of people walking up and down and back and forth. Walking Champs was considered a sport in France. God knows how many times Bruno had walked it himself amused at watching all the punk gangs decked out to dazzle the world; and all of the Arab men tracking down single girls. The fountain at the Concord was lit and the mist it sent into the night air crystallized, bejeweling all passers-by, setting them on fire.

It took Bruno a while to find a parking space.

Stepping out of the car Bruno felt his boot ooze into a large pile of dog shit. And, he began to laugh hysterically. Taking his work papers from his wallet, he scooped up the mess and holding it up high like a waiter walking with a silver platter, he sauntered a couple of blocks down to the quais of the Seine. He carefully pulled this silver platter back and with all his might flung it into the river not turning until he heard it drop. Then he removed his boot and, after painstakingly clearing off all visible traces, placed it back on his foot. Walking away, a smile shone on his face . . .



JEHILL

PATRICIA JOHNSON

AN IMPOSSIBLE DREAM - - - TO HAVE

To bless the world without peace
To bless the world without love
To bless the world without unity
To bless a lie
To have a world without war
To have a world without hate
To have a world without separation
To have a lie
To have children growing up
In a man-fearing, not God-fearing, place
To call it earth and heaven
When it's earth and hell
To have love without love
In love with love
To grow up in the garden
To have the innocence of the lamb
To acquire the knowledge of experience
To become the serpent in the ears of the unknowing
To have reality
To dream, dream, the dreams of all dreams
To have that sunny pleasure dome and
To have those caves of ice
To have reality . . .

A little sparrow sang once songs of love
So sweet as seldom heard before; and tears I
Cried for lack of that which sounds do prove
To be the end of my heart's destiny.
His song was one of lovers holding hands
While walking on a lonely stretch of beach.
Noon day's hot sun sinking from the land
Succumbed to one who's powers yet do teach
My heart to give that which He gave to me,
That which the sparrow sung of desperately.
Perhaps the day will come when I can see
That sparrow turn into the dreams that we
Will one day know as our true paradise,
Now sinking sparrows waiting in disguise.

MARTY LASATER

NEW ENGLAND LOVE AFFAIR

As we sit by the window
in our new New England style;
listening to the voice of the city,
and carving questions in conversation;
soft yawnings at daybreak
seem to interrupt the moment.
Yet we still take time to answer,
and still remain aware
of that one reply we always make to New England love.

We step to see the sunrise,
and stir the morning dust.
Streaming beams of light
through the finely powdered air,
reveal the pure and only source:
and this is what we've come to view.
Often we have walked in sunshine,
And sometimes we stumbled in darkness,
nightblinded by our innocence.
But we take care; each moment an evaluation,
as we hear everpresent
the echoing of our answer.

It was an answer to us;
to the constant barrage
of questions and misinterpretations.
To the feelings of loneliness
amid such a crowd.
To the quiet contemplations
of confused situations
that were knocking,
knocking at the window by our bed.

Somehow it came to be
that she and I found peace.
By chance we peeked over the wall,
and saw her lovely arms
awaiting our embrace.
For what response can two lovers make,
but a single-souled reply?
The moment was this:
light and more light; a sharp center
with soft edges . . .
And a password was ticked within.
The true daylight
of an oasis made of emotions
that finally,
finally fell into place.

So without even a word said
my love and I found peace,
and find it comes with living.

As we talk by the walkway
and search for maybe one reproach,
the sun overtakes our afternoon.
We cannot hide from its heat,
and its truth.
And this time we don't want to.
For as we sit, subject to sunlight,
we also submit to an honesty
that can never be answered.



PEGGY O'KEEF

All men are assholes,
and if you forget . . .
they' remind you.
So says my friend
on the day of her abortion.
She said it many times before
and I repeated it
to her
as rationality when she began
to weaken.
But today she says it
bitterly; desperately
trying not to believe it.
The only comfort
found when
her womb was turned inside out,
was in another
woman's arms.

I lay on my back
and the tears slide
from my eyes
to peek behind my
earlobes
where you used to
kiss me.
Will the water heal
the wound of lips
or will the salt
just bring more pain?
The pain.
Oh, heal me,
sacred water.
Shed from the
eyes of
one
who now knows better.

PAT JAMES

Lest We Forget:
Here's How the Gypsy Told Her Daughter

I took his face
 in my brown hands
 and he commenced to tremble

He smiled at me
 and changed into an orchid
 I, to an earthen jar

He sang to me
 the notes became clay
 I sang myself, his song

We moved
 in the most intricate rhythms
 keen waves in a sea

that crackled
 with starfish, then
 broke into flame

BUFFALO BILL'S COUNTERPART

Mary Martha's

defunct

who used to breast-feed

13 children

one after the other just like that all her long short life

Jesus

she was a tired woman

and what i want to know is

how do you like you newfound executive partner

Mr. Technology?

MARYANN T. LESTER

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

Look at the names
And then the dates.
One would think an occupational hazard
Took them in their prime.
Grabbed heart or throat
In long cool fingers slightly compressed
Until breath was none.
Their days were numbered here.
See, the tombstone ink says
Plath
Woolf
Sexton.

Sometimes the words slip
On the bare floor
And slide across the page—
Until hand remembers what to do—
Then all is saved.
Sometimes life brings a dark surprise
Dressed in golden robes
That Glimmer until reason's eye
Is blind—
Then nothing remembers
And the mind slips on the bare floor—
An occupational hazard.

NIGHT-WOMB

We are strangers
To ourselves, Our eyes
Are unfamiliar and our
Hands don't know
What to do.
They've forgotten
The lessons of lovers
Past
And rest against the stranger's skin,
Heavy in the night.
We find words
In the attic,
Dusty thoughts
With cat's eyes
That see into
The dark of the room.
Our bodies
Stretch full length
And find a place
To touch.
All too soon
We'll become parallel
In the sun's bright eye.
But for now
We are strangers
To ourselves
And the night
Cradles us
Beneath her breasts,
Warm and heavy
In the room.



ALAN NORDSTROM

PLUNDER

A bandit-eyed gold honeybee, a tiny
Green-eyed fly, a moth with eyes on rods,
All three flit flower to flower and draw the shiny
Nectar from bright clover wells, like gods.
Like royalty they tread and scour these flowers
Of purple crown and deftly rape the maids
Attendant on each throne, suck up their dowers,
Then spurn them from their towering esplanades.
Such are the ways of proud divinity,
Who plunder all this underworld of care,
To our despair and beauty's misery:
They leave us dry, deflowered, bereft and bare;
 They sport with us then suck mortality
 So they may live immortal, while we die.

LAURI McINTOSH

HUNGRY CHILD IN A MAGAZINE AD

I turn the page absently
To find a startled face
Staring back at me.
"A candid shot,"
My photography advisor would say.

The eyes look as if
Tears could roll from them,
If there were tears to fall.
"Notice how the facial expression
Captures a feeling,"
He would say.

The mouth is partially ajar,
Too weak to remain shut
For society's sake.
"Good definition,"
He would say.

The stark background outlines
The dissipated lines of the child.
"Excellent contrast,
Really very good,"
He would say.

The wasted limbs
And the bones
That jut everyway
Fill the photo
"Fairly good composition,"
He would say.

"A very interesting picture,
All in all.
Captures the pain and suffering quite well.
One could almost feel it,"
He would say.

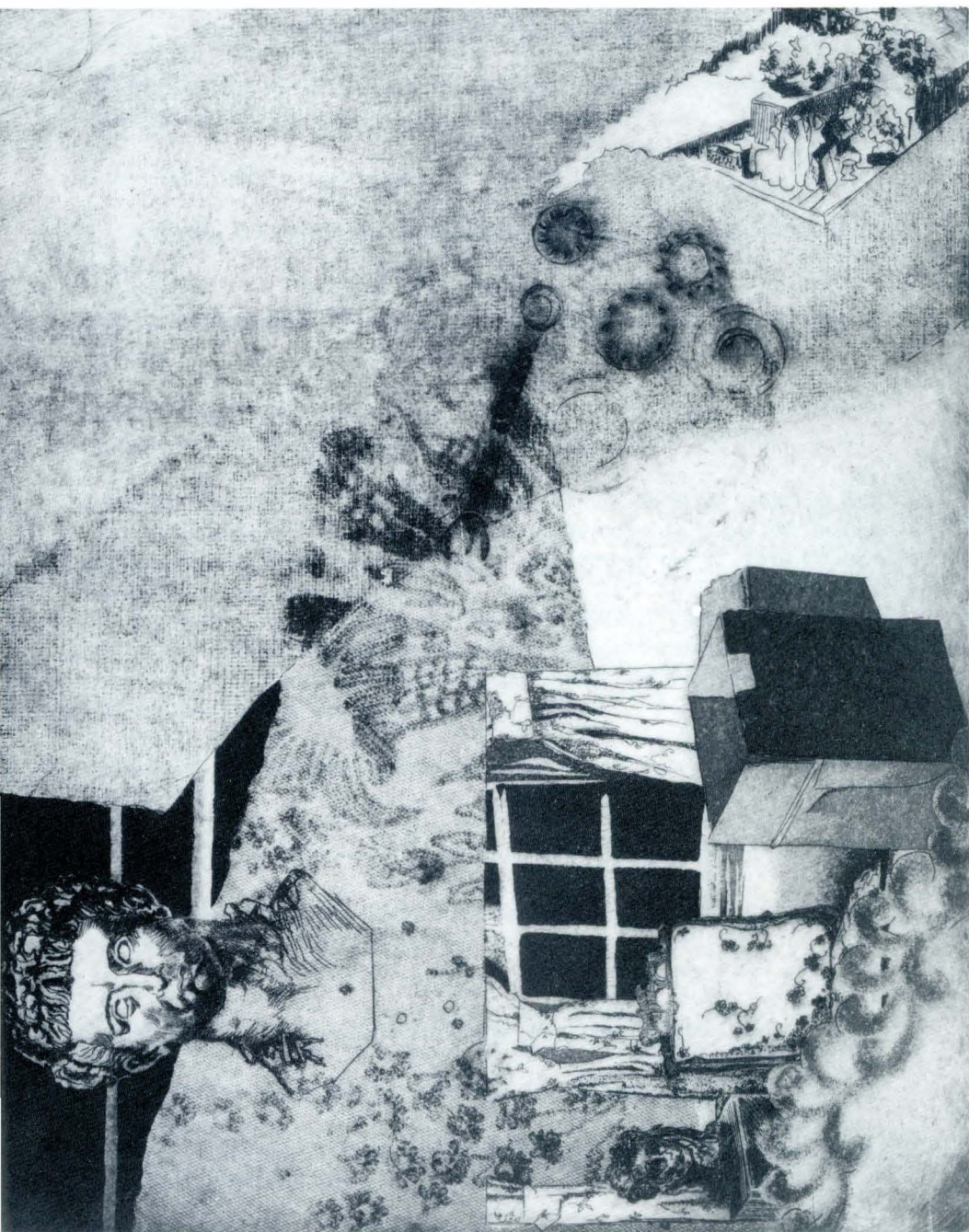
"Moving on to our next example".

KATHRYN WHITNEY

Quand J'étais petite,
Et les couchers du soleil arrivaient
En retard,
Mon frère et moi, nous allions
Par la neige plus blanche
Que nous-mêmes.
Nous étions des oiseaux de la neige,
Rouges et rondes
Dans la foieudeur de janvier.

Avec nos traîneaux,
Nous marchions au-dessous des arbres
Devenus la dentelle par la neige et le vent.
Et enfin, a la colline
Nous montions au sommet
Et nous attendions
La première volée.

Nos traîneaux sur la piste
Nos yeux droits devant
Nous nous poussions
« Allons-nous au fond! »
Quelle belle volée, comme l'oiseau en l'air.
A la base de la montagne
Nous nous regardions;
L'affection l'un de l'autre,
Du soleil en hiver.



CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

JOHN EDWARD HILL - "Art is the lie that enables us to realize the truth."-
PabloPicasso

M. M. HARTWIG is a mystery artist.

J. HARTWIG is a sophomore at Rollins (and a sister of the eccentric mystery
artist).

KAREN LIPPOLD is a (graduating?) senior intent on pursuing a thousand
interests.

MARTY LASATER - "There's too much blood in the streets for me. When I
graduate in May, I'm going to meet a lucky little lady in the City of Light."

ROBERT GARDNER - "Too exhausted to write a postscript which at least
"seemed profound," I decided to merely point out that in my not humble
opinion, no poet's opinion is humble. It is the gift (or maybe just the "waste
product"), of passing through Hell.

The main thing about poetry of any worth is that it shows its readers they
are not alone. By articulating their pain as a repeat performance of his own, the
poet does no less than insult the God of coincidence, and no more than partially
alleviate the pain that God pens upon all our backs."

PEGGY O'KEEF possesses a great sense of humor, but above all she is a sensitive,
delicate creature.

DAN RICHARDS came to Rollins to attain the moment, but time passes in his
quest.

PHIL PYSTER is a member of the Brushing staff, so if your poem didn't "make"
this issue, your sole consolation is one soft knock on Phil's hard noggin.

—Ed.

CHRIS BARENSFELD is a wonderful, marvelous photographer.

W. C. MORTON is a wonderful, marvelous 20th C. poet.

RONALD LARNED is Head of the Rollins College Art Dept. ergo, he is a
wonderful, marvelous artist.

ERIN FITZPATRICK - Proven by brush and pen to be the most brilliant 5 foot 2 inch blonde in the Southeast Conference, Erin is a wonderful, marvelous artist and writer.

PATRICIA JOHNSON insures her generation that a sonnet can be more than a form. She is a wonderful and marvelous sonneteer.

JANE MATHIESON, a scholar of the Italian Renaissance, will be in Italy when this issue rolls off the presses. The entire Brushing Staff wishes her a wonderful, marvelous et bon voyage.

PAT JAMES is truly, a wonderful, marvelous poet.

MARYANN T. LESTER has been chosen Brushing Editor for 1981. The entire staff wishes her great submissions and a couple of wonderful, marvelous issues.

NANCY ROTH lives across the hall from the Editor, ergo she is a wonderful, marvelous artist.

ALAN NORDSTROM is the Shakespeare professor of Rollins College. Wonderful. Marvelous.

LAURI McINTOSH's haircut is so wonderful and so marvelous, that it has instigated a cultural revolution on the Rollins Campus: BANGS, BANGS.

KATHRYN WHITNEY - soit Americaine, soit Française, elle est une écrivaine merveilleuse et wunderbar.

