



announcing

DRIFTWOOD

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DRIFTWOOD

TO
" PETE "
and
" Z.S. "

VOL. VI NO. 1
DRIFTWOOD

BISCAYNE COLLEGE
1800 N.W. 32ND AVENUE
MIAMI, FLORIDA 33104

THE BISCAYNE COLLEGE

DRIFTWOOD-1972

VOL. VI NO. 1

Editor
Frank Prescott

Assistant Editor
Tappy Rosson

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THE DISCANE COLLEGE

BRISTWOOD-1272

VOL. VI NO. 1

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Frank P. Wood

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"Art is incapable of supporting the entire weight of life. When it tries to do so it breaks down and loses its essential grace. If, on the other hand, we displace our aesthetic attention and transfer it from the centre of life to the circumference, and if instead of taking art seriously we take it for what it is, an entertainment, a game, a diversion, then the work of art will once more assume the lyric charm with which it has been associated in the past."

- Jose Ortega Y Gasset

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From the Editor...

One night at Biscayne, three students were rapping and goofing on each other while awaiting a telephone call from Italy. One made crude and corny remarks about nearly everything; another grooved to the music, Neil Young and Van Morrison type, all the while proclaiming music as great; and the third, awaiting the phone call, preferred pictures to words or music. They exaggerated their disparate interests into stereotypes of writer, musician and painter, while enjoying the cleverness, entertainment and creativity which resulted.

The relationships among the stereotypes and the resultant geniality indicate something peculiar and special about human enjoyment. Man depends on artistic endeavors to better his life, as much as he depends on their creation from himself and others; or so my hypothesis goes. Note: How many of

us could live without a radio or a tape player or a book or even a sunset? How often do we enjoy the production of some man's mind and soul either with company or alone? Or maybe we never stop to think of our cultural lives.

Many of us regard culture as the sum total of the efforts of a people. Culture is not just classical or romantic or pop in scope. It is not just the efforts of painters or writers or musicians. It is the efforts of all the people: the politicians, statesmen, craftsmen and other "practical" artisans. So when we regard the culture microcosm called "Biscayne College", we must broaden our vision. We must see the intellectual and pedagogical efforts of the faculty; the inventive and productive efforts of the staff; the efforts of the administration; and the fine and practical efforts of we, the students. Only then can we reduplicate, over and

over, the congeniality and enjoyment of the three students awaiting a phone call from Italy.

This collection of writings offers one view of this culture. Some pieces, such as Mike Houle's and one of Dan D'Alesio's, are actually discarded driftwood. The others are aimed specifically for publication. Their quality, like all quality, resides in a blend of hard work, talent, durability and enjoyment. For each reader the effects of this collection will vary. And some readers may possess an artistic sensitivity too delicate for exposure to driftwood. But even the skeptic or the critic will find some enjoyment and entertainment in our collection.

Relax while you read this repertory of verse, doggerel, poetry and prose. Savor whatever themes or poetic phrases or pieces of driftwood may appeal to your taste. Return to their beauty at will. Enjoy our driftwood as you await a call from overseas.

-Frank Prescott

Tighten Up

Toilet paper that doesn't tear,
Riots, murders, Peace Corps, Care,
Today we needn't go so far;
One almond in my Hershey bar;
I recall a placid lake,
A summer day, a cake would bake;
I breakfast, I think, I dream, I scan:
One raisin in my Raisin Bran;
Hi-jack an airplane, kidnap a rocket,
It's out of control, it's out of your pocket,
"It's alright Miss, keep the quarter:"
One cube floats in my bourbon and water.

-Tappy Rosson

Poems by "Smitty"

War

We flushed a toilet, and
It sounded so nice
We flushed it again.....
It overflowed all the way back to Ohio.

Truckin' On

I went to Seven-Eleven to get some dimes
To dry my sheets.
All they had were nickels, so I had to
Sleep in a wetsuit.

-James Smith

Sufficient Information

"The community is a body of people living in the same place, under the same laws."

Somehow, dictionaries never give enough information on terms. People must think we are a clinical culture, but any attempt to straddle my home town with such a cold definition is absurd. My own neighborhood, Sunnyside, is cradled snugly on all sides by manmade and natural boundaries. And with only one road leading in and out, it's easy to see how everyone's business soon becomes everybody's business.

I remember my childhood as one of healthy scruples; there was little one could say or do that would escape the eyes and ears of well meaning neighbors. The telephone lines and backyard fences were constantly alive with reports on neighborhood baseball games, fist fights and love affairs;

there existed an unofficial intelligence operation to rival that of the F.B.I. No sooner could one taste the wicked sweetness of a stolen pear from the neighbor's tree than Mother would be heading down the walk with flyswatter in hand, ready to make public correction swift and sure. A new car, dog or baby, everything fell under the watchful eye and helping hand of neighbors.

There used to be an open drainage ditch three streets over, and always, some nosy grandmother in a huge dress reported us for playing in those wonderfully forbidden areas. But punishments and scoldings never made us bitter; we seemed to go back more often. And it was a rare event to walk all the way home from the store. The passing driver was never too busy or indifferent to give you a lift.

Birthday parties were enormous festivities for our neighborhood; complete with

balloons and hats and cake and ice cream
and games and prizes and gifts for all.
Bicycles, swimming pools and baseball mitts
were all shared. When you got a new toy,
it was taken for granted that it belonged
to the neighborhood stockpile.

One hundred houses, each with its names
and faces that everyone knew, each with
its own story to tell, somehow do not seem
so cold or clinical or susceptible to
definition.

-Mike Houle

Consolation

When thoughts are tinted sorrowf'ly
With doubts that taunt relentlessly,
When happiness is seldom found
A'midst the beauty all around,
When kindness can no longer bear
The tarnished smiles that people wear,
When love has lost her timeless spell
And selfishness is hard to quell,
Then will that long awaited sleep
Within our bodies silently creep,
And all the turmoil we'll have seen
Shall now, indeed, appear quite lean
As we begin our soothing dream,
And life reveals her glorious scheme.

-Bruno Iannone

A Second Love Affair

Sun melting winter's snow
Winds blowing Spring...
Kites fly from a child's hands
onto telephone wires. A crying child
runs to mom. Tomorrow another Kite flies,
The string clutched very tightly.

-Don Graff

Long Distance Connection

Bell Tel made the connection.

I called but you weren't there.

The silver pieces chingled in the box
and Bell Tel made the connection,
saying, " thirty cents overpaid "

I had them send it to you...

The first deposit on our brass bed.

-Paul Roddy

Cold Front

The first time I saw her sleek, smooth body; her velvetized bronze skin contrasting against her snow white hot pants; her independent liberated breasts firmly carved proportionate to her entirety; her soft sparkling green eyes giving life and colour to her flawless sculpture; her moist inviting smile having no light between her lips, she was saying come closer.

The rain and thunder shook
my frame.

We spent many nights together: peacefully strolling on the beach; relaxing at a movie in town; dining for two; dining for four; sitting, dream immersed, three hundred feet above Fort Lauderdale's skyline; dancing; talking at small parties with soft lights,

placid music to enhance romance, and a comparative degree of solitude; pleasantly driving through Coconut Grove, and watching stars and people. These were very enjoyable times, fall.

The moon shone brightly and
the stars were always out.

She went away that Friday evening and failed to return...Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday...a week passed, a month, two, three; ninety minutes composed every hour; thirty-six hours in every day spent riding through Coconut Grove; drinking; pacing through the streets of Fort Lauderdale; dining for one; dining for three; looking at a movie in town; walking briskly on the beach with my collar turned up.

The sun, the moon, each replacing
one another.

She returned the other day and was sleek,
smooth, and perfectly sculptured; yet her
soft gazing green eyes whispered deceit;
her moist smile emanated a flat white
frost like that of a January window pane
awaiting the warmth of the sun to re-
lease a glossy shimmer.

It was spring; Easter eggs; bright green
grass; sunshine; crystal clear days with
a rainshower smell...but, somehow, the
frost never yielded to the warm sun,
bright stars, glittering moon...

and again the rain and
thunder shook my frame.

-Tappy Rosson

Like Some Jack and His Beanstalk

The sun was shining at an angle for
hookey, a yellow dispensation from the
ratrace, and I'm in a quasi state felt-
like building a sandcastle to the sky so
when finished; I could climb the tower
stairs and lay my head upon a cloud.

Blinded of school, I could only see
the beach and soon found myself sifting
sand with a shank scallopshell I had
found tossing in the surf.

First I dug the moat to protect me
from the asphalt feet, then I began the
gatehouse and all the while an old clam-
digger stood by eyeing every movement.
I couldn't help but notice a queer air
about him. He was bald and had a tre-
mendous red beard. His legs were black
and blue to the kneecaps. He said that
they were scarred many years ago by

" shallow money-miners."

I told him what I was doing and he replied.

" Beachboy, I know what you're looking for. You see I've been there and often go back. My castle is at the end of those rocks but it's different from those cloud pillows. This particular one is a coral-castle, and once you step inside; you can talk to the conch and roll laughingly with the waves."

The seashell grew hot in my hand; I clutched it and began climbing from rock to rock to rock like some Jack and his beanstalk. I reached the final stone, but I had to crawl; it seemed alive and breathing with the tide. I grabbed at the edge as it rolled and pried and stretched my neck over the side so I could peer right in on this strange gatehouse.

I saw a white ladder covered with water and heard the wind whisper, "Welcome".

The "Started-From-Scratch" Blues

And down I was lowered into the dark,
Four feet, then five, and at six I was
parked.

At first I was insulted and even quite
scared;

Six feet under and without any air!
But then I realized where I'd come to rest
was standard and equal for even the
best.

You see, I was born and molded,
Influenced and scolded,
Deceived to believe,
Mesmorized and criticized,
Caught in lies, then circumsized.
Loved the women, but they always seemed
attached.

Oh Lord, why did you give me a life
Always starting from scratch?

I bet on the lottery;

One step from poverty.
Trapped on a ladder rung,
My speeches go unsung.
[Big business boss suppression
made me lose my self-
expression.]
I worked to save, which didn't amount too
fast;
Drank homemade wine from a kitchen glass.
And prayed each night for my egg to hatch.
Oh Lord, why did you give me a life
Always starting from scratch?
But I've lived this life for ever so long,
Not knowing what's right from where I went
wrong.
I could have fought back and taken a stand,
Two feet on concrete, instead of buried in
sand.
"Yes," I would say, "Today's the right
time for my life to begin; to hear
my voice and to live without sin.

[But my voice was not heard,
Not even one word...]
They buried me in a common lot;
"Here lies a life story with a simple plot."
Six feet below without light and fresh air,
Is everyman's destiny so unusually shared,
By kings and heroes and millionaires;
And one who once came and showed how He cared.
A wasted life I now view from this tomb,
Flat on my back and awaiting my doom;
Not knowing, not caring, not feeling,
nor crying...
And lost forever the fear of dying...
My soul has been left to lie in this patch
Where flowers run wild in an effort to catch
The last light of sun that has buried all the
clues
To a life that has given me the started-from-
scratch blues.

The Prodigal

Gregory's mom has split.
She left yesterday at 4:]6
With a torrent of tears
And a small wart on her right cheek.

The family and relatives payed
Their respects at the wake,
They talked about how alive she
Looked in the coffin
And afterwards they drank a lot
Of booze and tried to look sad.

Gregory was the only one
who wasn't there.

-Bruno Iannone

Wings of Madness

Taps bugled the barracks to sleep,
While two are out for their midnight treat,
Together they sat on a still, warm night,
Together watching the firefly's taillight,
Turned one toward the other,
"Did you ever bat the fire from the flies,
And send them spiralling across starry skies?"

Turned he toward the one,
"Did you ever catch and pin,
Their goldflaked wings to your shirtskin?"

Medals, Goldwinged Medals!

Medals for Valor?

Medals for Bravery?

Medals for Chivalry? Tell me someone,

why all this confusion?

Medals of Obsession,

Medals of Delusion,

Medals of Unsoundness,

Medals of Madness. Tell me someone,

there is a solution.

-Paul Roddy

Ants From 15,000 Feet

These tiny black irritants, why not impeach?
A purpose for all and one of each?
Creatures that sting society's feet,
The end...depression by sole will deplete.
Enfringing on the well being of humanity,
Crawling on streets and in gutters...insanity,
Gathering morsels to satisfy subsistence,
Shiney black bodies enjoy carefree existence,
I turn again to the stewardess and ask, Why?

-Tappy Rosson

The Song of the Redneck Thrush

Passing through Staunton Va.,
I watched a hiker hoof into a truck stop,
his hair flowing across a backpack,
and saw a gutted gearjammer's neck grow
progressively redder by the mouthful.
" Hey, you longhaired hippie faggot, you
sleezy bellbottomed parasite:
Your kinds' gotta lotta damn gall,
running down my country
with your culture of drugs and habits of
filth.

Hey, sissy, where can I cash in on some of
that there...free love?

Glug."

-Paul Roddy

Children of Darkness

Darkness has come again
With her black apron about her waist
And that gentle smile meant only for us.
She has watched our endless plight
Through days tormented by the sun,
Days filled with icy stares and cruel
 comments;
She has felt our anguish and seen our tears.
We are her children and each night she
 slips her hand over ours and leads us
 to Eden. There,
Plagued lovers like ourselves can have peace.
There, we can lie near the murmuring
 stream of happiness and
 hear the sighing of our souls as they
 touch;
There,..your warm black face can be smoothed
 by my white hand without society's
 sneer's,..While darkness loosens her
 apron around us and smiles that gentle
 smile.

-Bruno Iannone

The Last Word That My Telephone Heard

Here I go again,
alone in the world again;
And come morning I will be leaving
it all behind, again.
To take what memories that I know to be
mine, and pack them up neatly and tie
them with twine;
Preserve them in brandy and store them
away, for how long this time I really
 can't say.
I'll tell the Bell company to disconnect
my number, and to my neighbors next
door I'll give my cat, Slumber.
One final scene before I take leave:
I must call her again, but first I will
breathe, breathe in some courage and
try not to cry....
And the last word that my telephone heard,
was " Goodbye ".

-Dan D'Alesio

As I Saw It

Our generation has become known as the instant generation. We wake up in the morning listening to instant music from our transistor radio. We brush our teeth with an electric toothbrush, using Instant White toothpaste. We go to the kitchen, put orange granules in a glass, add water, and drink fresh Florida Instant orange juice. We can turn on the T.V. set and see instant news flashed across the screen less than four minutes after the event has taken place. And if our football hero scores a touchdown, we can see that same play over and over again thanks to instant replay.

Our whole life, ever since we were little kids, seems to have become affected by things that speed up our anxieties. We want things to happen overnight. For example, when I was twelve years old, I

couldn't wait until I was thirteen so I could be considered a teenager. When I turned sixteen, I couldn't wait to get my driver's license. Finally, when I reached the ripe old age of nineteen, I hated being called a teenager, and prayed for the day when I would become twenty-one. The only thing to look forward to, it seems, will be information sent to me explaining the Medicare program.

But there is hope in this instant push button world, believe me. Even though we live a fast moving life, and our kids will probably live an even faster one, there are still some things which can't be done instantly.

Standing in line during registration at Biscayne on September 2, 1968 proved once again my faith in man. Registration took four hours of what could be considered good old-fashioned boredom. However,

I found it very stimulating for one's mind.

After the registration was over, which left me with a headache and stomach pains, I was really thankful to realize the meaning of patience. Some things in this world just cannot be done in a fast manner. It is going to take at least two more years of testing and rocket blasting before man can land on the moon. I know now that it will be more than one presidential term before the war on poverty is ended, and God knows how long our boys must stay in Vietnam before we start pulling out. For many of these problems I wish there were instant solutions, but when one is raised in the "instant generation", it is his nature to dream instant dreams, to seek instant solutions, and to live instant lives. Thank goodness for long registration lines.

-Dan D'Alesio

On The Last Time You Looked At A Cloud

Come feel the breath of morning air
With freshness floating everywhere,
While sleepy breezes fan your cheek
And stirring murmurs make you weak.
Come hear the sound that is profound
Of playful creatures all around.
And if your senses should be moved,
Your heart, by nature, will be wooed;

I found it very stimulating for one's
mind.

After the registration was over,
which left us with a few minutes and a few
dollars, we went to the
Come sit below the robin's nest
And let your spirit end his quest,
For happiness about you lies,
Beneath the shelter of the skies.

Come rest your body by the stream
And look upon the water's gleam,
Which speaks in gurgles to your brain,
As sleep relieves civilized strains.

Come! Turn to nature's simple ways
As taught by Wordsworth in his days;
Remove the troubles from your heart,
And look with care on nature's art.

-Bruno Iannone



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