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BRUSHING

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MINI EDITION, FALL 1983

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COVER DESIGN

While in New Orleans, Olga Viso “fell in love” with this French Quarter courtyard scene. She later reproduced the scene from a photograph, using pen, ink and watercolors on watercolor paper. Olga was awarded an Honorable Mention for the drawing in the Indialantic Art Show in 1983.

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NOT TODAY

Rain, rain,
day-long stay;
wet refrain
like yesterday.

Telling thunder
splash beads gray;
sear asunder
daylight spray.

Mirror ground,
translucent scene;
drop, leaf-bound:
epileptic green.

Drowning dark
again tonight;
streetlamp stark,
drear, streaky plight.

Slipping black,
stars, fading, twink;
dawn's red crack
a weak gray-pink.

Relentless rain,
I beg, away;
blanket stain
... not today.

TODD BARTON

"DID YOU KNOW BEFORE ...?"

Did you know before
that you'd have
eyes of grey-hazel,
a doll named Sarah,
new-fawn legs?
Were your priceless questions
practiced
in your warm place?
Posed so innocently here in the swing:
'when will I grow a baby?'
'where do hiccups go?'
'do I **have** to grow a baby?'
'who is God's mommy?'
'if I don't grow a baby, can I
still cook?'

Oh my doe-girl,
serious, tiny, funny-face —
did you know before?

NANCY HOFFMAN

ATOMIC GLUE

the ice on the teeth cracks and
splinters cool shards into the
metal the dentist spent so much
time and your father's money to
heal and fix you up with the best smile
any kid could have
or even want
to see on a picture that sells
not only a product but yourself
too of course, yourself — the main
ego ingredient of the business.

Here we are paid to do what we
do best — has the bridge ever
failed? Has the desk ever evaporated?
Does the bank ever collapse?
No because we secure the walls and the molecules
with our senses that become atomic glue
sealing every crack tight keeping out bright
light exists for only those who can see
and sound echoes for those who can hear
we troubled ants rebuild a built-in feature
to our convenience unaware that
someday we will be able to pause
and say this is the time — now
to breathe and feel the emotion
that surrounds us.

DAN RICHARDS

AUTOMATISIDRT

Here it comes down the lane — sucks
them in with force.

Woosh — one, two three, four.

Speeding towards that big grey clump.

Spits the robots out.

“Hi Dick, Hi Charlie, How’s the wife and kids?”

Time to kick, time to stab.

Got to get ahead.

Can’t feel ashamed, can’t feel sad.

Gotta finish first.

Meanwhile, here comes Billy Smith

headed home from school,

The yellow streaking by,

By some million boxes,

Spit out.

By some box machine.

They’re all alike, they’re all the same.

Billy which box is yours?

Knock Knock on the door.

“Hi mommie, I’m home.”

“Oh my, your hair is red.”

“Wasn’t it blue before?”

“No matter, I’ll love you all the same.”

I wonder what box my mommie’s in?

I wonder if I’ll find it?

Buzz goes the horn, It’s six o’clock.

In go the cards — C’chunck, C’chunck, C’chunck.

Here it comes to pick them up,

Speeding them towards house.

Deposits them in neat packages.

Their blood been washed away.

“Honey, I’m home.”

“Hello Billy Smith, how was school today?”

“Fine.”

“Honey, your hair? “Did you lose twenty pounds today?”

“Where’s Mary Jane?”

“We don’t have a Mary Jane?”

“Let’s converse.”

“Billy, Flip on the tube.”

INHERITANCE

The children are testifying —
wire-rimmed glasses,
black bag.
"12 sir."
"I'm too old for a lunchbox.
I could tell you about Nuclear War."
"Ah . . . Boy . . ."
(smile, look sad)
"It's either them or us."
And merry-go-rounds always
did make me dizzy.
Marriages spinning,
my life turning,
then just when they found
the atom
it blew up in their face.
Spirals
in snails
ring-around-a-rosey,
Geometric circles,
rings and promises.
Roundabouts
in the roads —
I'm dizzy again.

KARA PROVOST



THE RETURN NO. 1

SUCH A TRAGEDY

Mrs. Tannenbaum had lost her husband, the only man she had ever loved, seven years before. On the day he died she was making him a bologna sandwich with mayo on a kaiser roll. "Myron," she would say, "you eat this **chaserai** . . . with mayonnaise **nuch besse**. Who would think a **Yiddishe kup?**" And it was just as she sliced that sandwich that Myron Tannenbaum, Muriel Tannenbaum's very purpose in life for the last twenty-five years, was stricken with the most horrible look — such a look that even my worst enemy shouldn't know from, Mrs. Tannenbaum would say — and died of a heart attack there on the pea green linoleum. When she returned from the hospital, the newly opened jar of mayonnaise used for Myron's sandwich was something with which she simply could not part. To throw it out would have been too final of an acknowledgement of Myron's death. Muriel had no choice but to return the mayonnaise to the refrigerator where it belonged. With that day ended a lifetime of mutual devotion begun so many years before with meticulously prepared breakfasts featuring hard-boiled eggs with smiley faces drawn on them. And although the smiley faces lasted only three months, the meticulous breakfasts along with meticulous house-keeping — no one could ever say that Muriel Tannenbaum was not a **balubusta** — lasted through the entirety of a perfect marriage.

Myron, may he rest in peace, though he may not have gone to work in some fancy Manhattan skyscraper in some fancy-schmancy suit, did have a good city job and left Muriel with a pension and with what to live on. This Muriel asserted to all who cared to listen in a tone which seemed to say, "I know what my Myron was — no great man, but, for me, 'good like gold!' " Because of this pension, Muriel was able to spend two of her weekdays cleaning her apartment and talking on the phone with Gert who lived in the next building over. They would talk about their landladies, what crooks they were, the possibility of going condo and the coupons that they had found in the morning paper. Muriel's daughter, Cookie, who lived in Chicago and got Muriel tickets to see

Phil Donahue when she visited for a month after Myron died, often asked if she had any friends who she had over to the apartment, that she needed friends, everyone needs friends. What about Gert next door? No Muriel would say, Gert's fine for an occasional **kibbitz** on the phone but, to ask her in, to stop by her apartment, what for? Gert's too much into everyone else's business already, she would say. On the three days that she did get out of the apartment, Muriel Tannenbaum would work as an activities coordinator at the senior's center six blocks away. The pay was low and the job description of such a neither here nor there nature that few thought twice about such a job when it opened. This is how Muriel Tannenbaum who had never worked a day in her life got the position. "After all, a woman who could organize a home for a husband and a daughter should have no trouble organizing what to do for some old people at a center," she assured them.

For almost seven years she had walked to and from the center, as she called it, three days a week — Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. It was only recently that she began to notice the three men in grimy clothes who always seemed a little drunk and who sat on the sidewalk leaning against the walls of the gaudy storefronts that lined the street. She was somehow drawn to these men who were so very alien to her. Sure she had seen many vagrants lying in gutters or on church steps in Manhattan, but these three were now becoming familiar to her, in a sense — a part of her tri-weekly ritual of walking to the center and back home again. This made them a phenomenon of sorts, something of interest not to be ignored. One morning, upon deciding that her face must be as familiar to them as their's were to her, she ventured an uneasy good morning and a smile, hardly looking their way. This was the level of Muriel Tannenbaum's daring nature. The three men didn't notice.

A week later Mrs. Tannenbaum received a call telling her that her son had been found dead in a motel room in Queens. The Tannenbaums, it is important to note here, had once had a son. Robbie had been, Muriel would say, slower than the other children and "a little

rambunctious.” The truth was that he’d broken windows at eight, noses at twelve, and convenience store safes at fifteen. When he was sixteen, Robbie ran away from home without so much as leaving a note. Myron Tannenbaum was quick to say a thoroughly unemotional **kaddish** for this lost son of his but Muriel, even to this day, grieved. She always knew within that he could never have amounted to much but, nevertheless, harbored the hope that he was alive and well somewhere in the world. That was all she could ever wish for him. Now, nine years after Robbie had left home, Muriel received the shocking news no differently than she would have if, all along, he had been sleeping on the foldout couch in the living room rather than in alleys and cheap motels.

This left a tremendous impact on Muriel. She could not believe such a thing as this could happen to her. To lose a son and then, after such a long time, to find out he’s dead! Muriel could not help but to believe that this had some great meaning in it for her. The whole situation was constantly on her mind and, therefore, she had no choice but to view everything in life as a woman who had lost her son and then, nine years later, had him pop up again in death. The three men she passed on her way to work were one of these things. Muriel looked at them now in a far more personal light. They were, in her eyes, no different from what her son may have been. They had mothers somewhere. Did she not have an obligation to make sure that their mothers, alienated from their sons for God only knows how long, would not someday receive a horrible phone call much like the one she had lately received? Of course, she had that obligation. Somehow she would try and help them.

On the following Tuesday, these three men were in their accustomed spot and Muriel Tannenbaum approached them warily yet with confidence in her mission. They reeked of alcohol, Muriel Tannenbaum gave each of the three men a five dollar bill and said reassuringly, “This is **not** charity, don’t worry. This is just to make sure you get a good, hot meal.” The men received the money in startled confusion. Muriel,

however, told herself that she did something magnanimous, a **mitzvah** which would help the three to no ends. All they might need is some fresh **mazel**, she added, and I may very well have given it to them. On the way home from work that same day, Muriel noticed each one of the three with a fresh brown paper bag in his hand and a bottle to his lips.

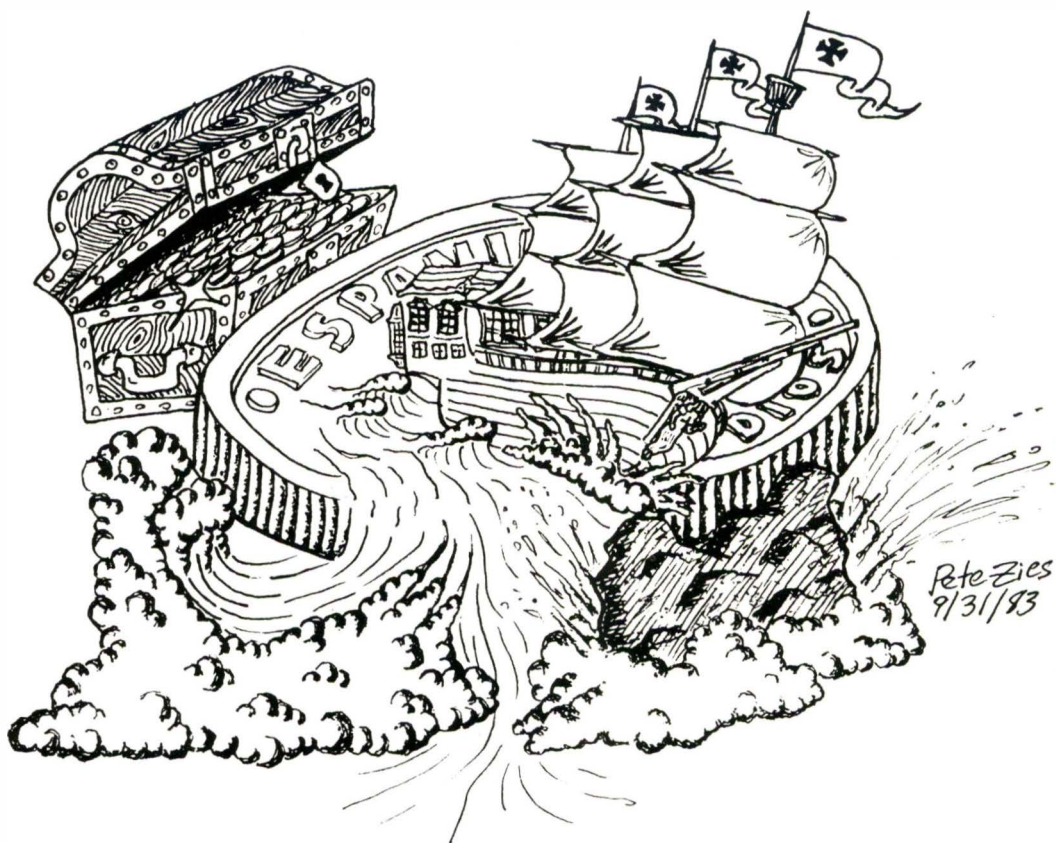
Muriel was a bit frustrated by this but not discouraged. She would have to think of another way to help them. It came easily to her. She would obviously have to bring them food. Maybe if they had some strength they would stop destroying their lives and become **mensches** once and for all. In **Woman's Day** Muriel had seen a recipe for "zesty chicken salad." She had wanted to try it but not just for herself. Who could be bothered? The rescue of the three men in the street would be worth the trouble. She bought the ingredients as the recipe said — chicken, onions, celery, eggs, mayonnaise, mustard and tabasco. She made the sandwiches, two for each of them, wrapped them individually in cellophane and carried them in a paper bag as she walked to the center the next morning. When she approached the men, she said cheerfully, "Good morning, gentlemen. I have a little lunch for each of you — just a nibble," she added, apologizing. "It's chicken salad which I hope you like. The recipe looked interesting. I've never cared much for it myself. Well, anyway, enjoy." She left the bag of sandwiches in one of their hands and walked off happily.

Later that day, as she sat at her desk doodling along the borders of her memo pad, she thought of the three men. These thoughts brought her mind to her dead son. Oy, how my Myron, may he rest in peace, suffered for that boy. Oy, Myron, you died without a son, Myron. You left me that day to deal with this **tsuris** on my own? That day when you went just like that sitting down ready to eat your bologna sandwich with mayonnaise just how you liked it. You and your mayonnaise, Myron. The mayonnaise I never had the heart to throw out, still in the refrigerator after all these years, you know Myron? And then she had a thought. I couldn't possibly have used Myron's mayonnaise for the chicken salad could I have? Maybe. Maybe not. The chance certainly

existed. Even if I had, would it make a difference? What do I know from mayonnaise? She left the center and came to the three men sitting on the sidewalk. They were green. They had been vomiting. Muriel called a taxi and had the driver help to get them in, apprehensive but made to understand the seriousness of the situation. The men were too sick to argue. She brought them to the city hospital and had to pay the cab driver with her wristwatch since she had no money in her wallet. Who could know? She tried to explain to the people at the desk that she had fed these three men seven-year-old mayonnaise. The people at the desk seemed a bit confused about the story. The sight of a matronly Jewish woman with three bums was pretty amazing in itself. It was forty-five minutes before they could take the first one in and at least two hours before all three were seen by a doctor. Muriel was beside herself.

Muriel learned, some hours later, that only the first to be seen had survived. Oy, and the other two, such a tragedy. She made sure that she was present when the lone survivor was released a day later. She took the man to her apartment, apologized profusely for the death of his friends and all the trouble he might have been caused and sat him down at the kitchen table. She then proceeded to offer him a meal, not just any meal but a meal featuring hard-boiled eggs with smiley faces on them.

NOEL LEVIN



LONDON BY NIGHT

Yellow owl eyes gleaming long into the night,
rushing black taxicabs like shadows of ghosts,
what strange dramas may be acted, out of sight,
behind city windows, blind and closed.
A man holds a cigarette in elegant fingers
sending smoke signals into the dark.
After he's gone, the smokey smell lingers
what silent observer did his message mark?
Then suspenseful sound of high heels, loud, then fading,
the sudden, shivering siren.
A lone dog howls, tired of waiting
and the mourning doves start crying.
Thus, I sit and watch like the far-off dog
people of London, day-lives shrouded in fog.

KARA PROVOST



HOLLYWOOD LOST

SUNDAY MORNING RUN

Two by two, the joggers pass,
Each jaunty lad and jiggling lass;
They stride in tandem, biding time
Discussing something less sublime
Than heaven, less profound than hell,
In rhythm with the distant bell.

So synchronized, it is a sin —
What peril are these joggers in —
To worship on the run the God
Who made their legs, who grew the sod
They tread upon, the trees
They pass with laughter, so at ease?

ALAN NORDSTROM

A SUNDAY MORNING RUNNER REPLIES

Yes, at ease, we joggers pass
The sculpted doors, the polished grass;
Past the rigid rows of pews
Hemmed with panes of forceful hues
That hide the sun, control the eye:
I'd rather be a passer-by.

To breathe in Nature's good, Her true;
To taste Her early morning dew;
To pound the earth with pounding heart
Is more divine than all "Thou arts."
If pray I must on the Sabbath day,
May Lord Phidippides guide my way.

KIM MCDOWELL



BEVERLY BEACH

CREATIVE DAY MAKING

Days can be conceived
and consumed with passion,
each a celebration of
soft whipped peaks
to be probed and resculptured
with the breath
of the morning

or neglected

left to melt into a
sour white river
thick with the trash
of fallen surprises.

CAROLYN BARR

THE CALL OF THE OWL

Awake,
Little girl,
To the call of the owl.
For dawn's tender, pastel lips
Are soon to kiss the shadow of night,
Leaving a stain of fiery passion.
And the burning fluid of life
Is soon to penetrate the darkness.

Follow,
Little girl,
The prints of the owl
Across the bridge.
Fear not turbid, muddy waters,
Nor milky fog hovering over yonder path.
For thy lady, mystery nourishes the mind
As sweet mother's milk nourishes the bones.

Submit,
Little girl,
To the voice of the owl.
For the twelfth hour long past struck,
And bridges crossed have crumbled
Under freedom's inexorable strain.
Waters beneath, yet bays of conformity,
Are coated with silvery, false reflections
To entice the weak in blind fury.

Awake,
Little girl,
To the call of the owl.
For the path's rigid, wooden gates
Are soon to unite, behind you, in eternal bond,
Locked by the arthritic arm of time.
And the echo of creaking hinges
Is soon to call in melancholy chorus . . .

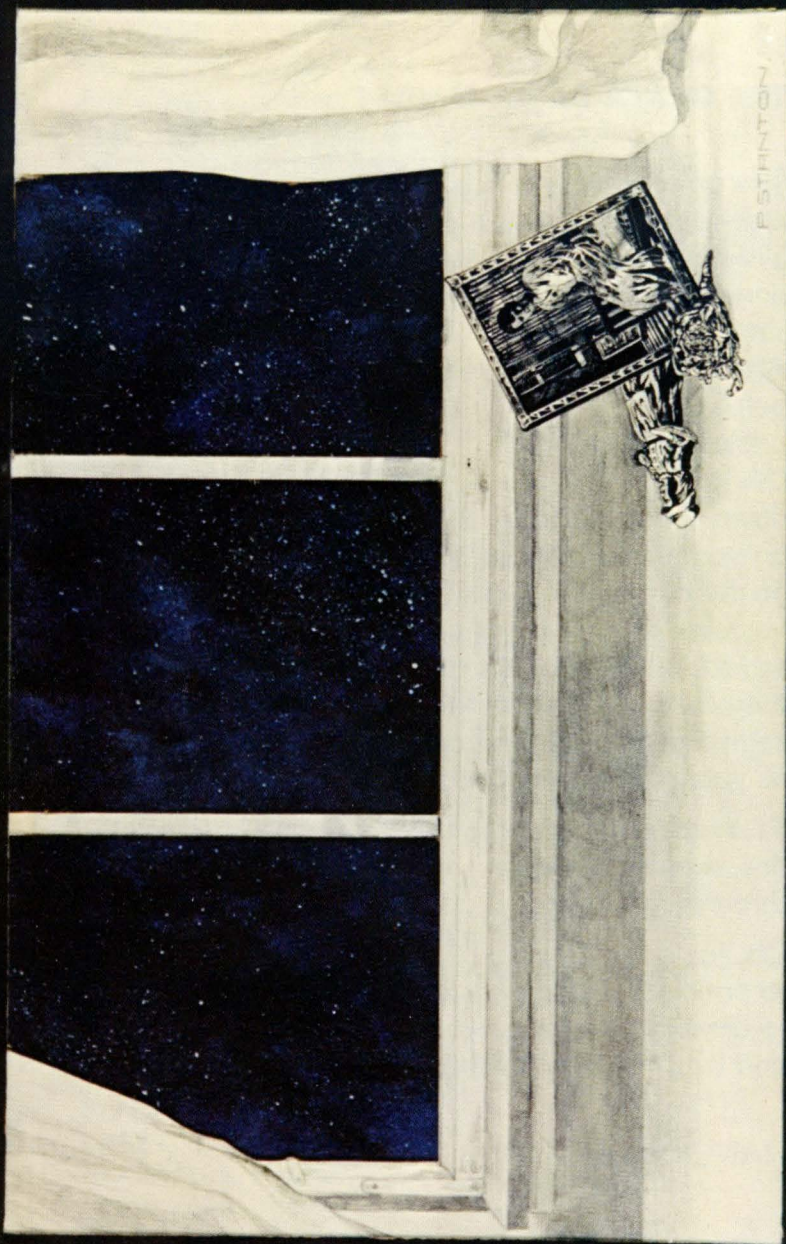
Farewell,
Little girl.
My bond is eternal,
None, 'cept memory,
Shall transgress my fiber.

A. LAURIE GORMAN

THE DANCE CARD: A MUST

The powder-blue dance card,
glue-jeweled with
glittering stars and moon,
dangled proudly from
silver cords
Around wrists unadorned by
petaled tokens of
adolescent devotion.
Coy confidences were catalogued
down the tiny square —
an immutable slate of assurances
neatly numbered 1 to 10.
Pasteled coquetts
sallied forth with the change of the music;
the new numbered flirtations
settled deliciously on eager partners,
as young bodies swayed to initiation.
Rusty rosettes accompany the musty little card —
tiny stars echo dimly
through the decades.
Oh, for a dance card
to anticipate life's passages —
to diminish uncertainty
and lend fresh promises.

NANCY HOFFMAN



MY GRANDMOTHER OWNED A NEWSPAPER STAND

Winding through the Virginia hills
Carried by passing piano keys,
Tapped roads lightening
Not so innocent . . .
For once just right.
Peaceful darkness has fallen upon the beauty
Only to show the rising silhouettes.
Pondering future rests,
No longer able to wait.
Anticipating the open skies
For a glistening novelty
of what should be and
what has been —

It waits like the wisdom of a sage:
impatiently.
Self-satisfaction,
That's the dream waiting to be attained.
Frustration and anxiety pave a layer of the path,
That when smoothed with intellect
Will vanish and be only a learned memory.
In the cross-roads
of saltless drops . . .
or rain . . . of . . .
The invisible fear.

The smooth path rides a bumpy present
With an unknown future —
like the half moon
That has grown from a slivered space
Only later to hang
As an awe of exploding white fantasies.
Glowing universally
in non-temporal being,
Setting natural patterns for ourselves
Our bodies, our tides of magnitude
That draw us to that of
Natural tows of curiosities,
That one mine
Of endless questions . . .
and mooning down he chuckles at the questions
Knowing the answers . . .
to be anything,
For all is right except to the mind,
That sometimes knows too much to learn.

MARGARET HALL

OLIN IN PROCESS

- AwRIGHT!! It's twelve o'clock! Us take a break, get some grub!
- Man, I'm hawngry enough to gnaw on my own arm. Wha-chew eatin' on today? Sammich?
- Yep. I'm bout to jump on thisshere baloney like white on rice. How bow'chew?
- Vye-eena sausages, stret from the can! See that jelly on top? 'At's the best part. Jus' putcher fanger in there an'then lick it off! Where ya sittin'?
- Us sit over yonder 'neath that still unravish'd bride of quietness.
- Boy, you are tawkin uppity today. Jew swallow a dictionary er sumpin'?
- Hey, git off my ass. You know whut we bildin here? A **liberry**, for Gawdsake! Have some respeck!
- Aw, I know, I know. I ort to watch my mouth. It's jes hard pitcherin' a liberry when they aint nothin here but a buncha blocks an' machinery an' sweatin rednecks. I mean, there aint any books or anything or no old coot tellin ya to shet up or no Modern Language Association International Bibliographies.
- J.W., you are one dumb ass. Do you really thank a liberry is anythang you can ackchully **see**? It aint bricks an' mortar an' steel! It aint ol' women with pencils behine their ears! It aint just books! It aint a rare collection of perverts an' weirdos flashing theirselves on the upper floors or carvin' their nasty, stinkin aphorisms on ever' desk an' table-top in sight! Man, donchew know a liberry aint nothin less than an idear in the mind of Gawd, th' Infinite, the Source of Light, of Ideal Truth?!
- I aint arguin wi'ya, Mozell. But there aint no way on Gawd's green earth that no Idear in the mind of Gawd is gawna mean anythang to me unless I see some concrete manifestation of it rye-cheer with my own eyes.
- Sheeit. 'At's jes like you, J.W. You always tryin to make Truth equal Beauty. You always got to **see** it. You caint let nuthin jes **be**, you gotta go an' desecrate it with yore five senses.
- Now, **listen** at chew. S'pose this liberry stays in the mind of Gawd, which it would if we all drug our butts like you. How's anybody s'posed to read **Finnegan's Wake**? Wher do ya go to check out a volume of Stevens if the liberry's in the mind of Gawd? Wher would you pay yer fines?! Wher would these here students **sleep**, fer cryin out loud?

- Fergit it. Jes FERGIT IT! “Liberryness” is over yore head.
- I reckon it is if it’s in the mind of Gawd. Haw!
- You bout as funny as a giraffe with a crik in its neck.
- Aint no need gettin bent outa shape, Mozell. Looka here. You can have my last Vye-eena sausage. Them thangs is gooder ‘n grits an’ not as fattnin. Speakin of thangs gooder’n grits, take a gander at whut’s comin down the sidewalk.
- Gret guns! I caint hardly swallow my sausage. Legs o’honey! Legs that turn the world, sink ships, an’ save souls, all in a golden stride!
- Hot **dam**, Mozell. Now that is Beauty-ful. If I had a chaince, I’d desecrate her with ever’ last one of my five senses an’ then some. I got a real hankerin to consummate my lust for her immediately!
- J.W., I hate to tell you this, but it aint her yore lustin after.
- Well it shore aint the Queen o’England!
- J.W., if you’s to consummate yore lust with that child, it’d be over in a jiffy. It’d be quickern a frawg’s tongue snappin a fat fly out of a Coke bottle. Naw, J.W., the beauty of this world is a passin thang. It’s here fer a day; it dawnt last til tomorrow. But the Idear of Beauty, the One, remains; the many change an’ pass. It’s the Idear you want to consummate. Consummatin with one of earth’s fleetin shadows — like that gal yonder — leaves you as hawngry in th’ heart and as unsatisfied as if you’d et a Chinese supper.
- Well whut am I s’posed to consummate with? a dream? Dawnt nothin last? Aint there anyway to keep that gal from windin up lookin like her mama?
- I hate to be the one tellin ya this, J.W., but we only mortals, pale mortals trottin downhill towards our own graves. Now hep me up. If we dawnt git back to work, we gawn be pale mortals out of 436 lookin fer a job.
- Yeah, I reckon we gotta git that liberry outa the mind of Gawd. The good Lord’s got enough on his mind awready. Haw!
- J.W., I dawnt know wher you come up with ‘em all.
- Yep, Mozell, we gonna make the Idear of that liberry a reality.
- Yep.
- That’s all I know on Gawd’s green earth.
- J.W., that’s all you **need** to know.

ROY S. STARLING



CRISTO DE CORCOVADO

AFTERWORD

I'll be truthful. A forwarding note is expected of the Editor. I chose to write an "afterword" because I thought it would be easier. Easier, that is to follow, rather than introduce, the act. I was wrong. Both are difficult. They are, however, difficult for a good reason — forwords and afterwords are inconsequential. They do not matter. What does matter is the talent it takes to **be** the act. To the act!

Teri Cole, Editor

CONTRIBUTOR'S

CAROLYN BARR — is getting her MA in English at SUNY at Binghamton. She likes Woody Allen movies and Anais Nin novels.

TODD BARTON — from the same womb of different mothers.

TERI COLE — a cheap laugh.

A. LAURIE GORMAN — is from Ft. Lauderdale and interested in a career in medicine.

NANCY HOFFMAN — is secretary for the English department and is currently teaching Introduction to Literature.

NOEL LEVIN — But twelve's intact.

KIM MCDOWELL — runs religiously, Sunday through Saturday. A major in interior design, she currently practices on the walls of Orland Hall.

ALAN NORDSTROM — is a sometime jogger who runs fastest when he's trying to get home before forgetting an idea for a new poem.

NOTES

ROY STARLING — an extant rural Southerner, is forever playing imaginary basketball on the side of an urn.

PHIL STANTON — transferred to Rollins in Fall '83. As a commercial illustrator, he has worked for clients across the state and nation. "All art has a purpose, and I strive to intrigue or disturb the reviewer with my work. Submitting this work to **BRUSHING** was a pleasure because it is an excellent outlet for statements which might not otherwise be published."

OLGA VISO — a hopeless romantic who sees life as art . . . a poem.

JAY WERBA — My aunt has a goiter on her neck the size of a baseball.

PETE ZIES — is an aspiring writer who's writings are expiring. Who has fallen back on cartooning, which some call art, to give him some sort of printed exposure even though his prose masterpieces go unnoticed.

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VOLUME 13, no. 1

BRUSHING is published in the fall and spring by the Student Association. Direct contributions to: Rollins College, Box 1209, Winter Park, FL., 32789. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope. '84 Spring deadline for contributions will be Feb. 1. PRIZE, offered by the Academy of American Poets. \$100.00 for the best poem or group of poems by a student. The English department will make the award at the close of Spring Term. Manuscripts should be submitted no later than Feb. 25, 1983. SEND MANUSCRIPTS TO BOX 2637.

