

Student opinion . . .

The students spoke -- and the administration listened

by April Woods

Nobody likes edicts being issued in a country that is supposed to be democratic.

That was the response of many Brevard College students when they were informed that housing would be segregated into freshman and sophomore halls and dormitories next year.

After all, if I wanted to be told where I could or could not live, I could always make a judicious move to the Soviet Union.

The problem is, I've been raised to believe that as a human being and as a citizen of the United States, I have "certain inalienable rights..."

Just because BC is a private college does not mean that it is exempt from the principles of U.S. doctrine. Many well-informed students were aware of this fact and acted upon one of the aforementioned rights—the right to freedom of speech; i.e., the right to protest.

Much to my personal admiration, this protest did not occur in the form of unorganized, childish bawling and "getting back" at the authorities involved. Instead, the protest came in the form of a firmly united front of petitions—And what do you know? It worked.

I am 19 years old and, therefore, an adult—legally. But up until now, for all practical purposes, I have been treated like a child. I can just imagine the reaction I would receive if I handed a signed petition to my parents in protest of being grounded...

This is the first time in my life that I've been given the opportunity to express my opinion to an authority and actually gotten positive feedback to the effect that—"Hey, so if you're unhappy, let's get together and do something about it." It's great to know that someone is listening—and an embarrassment to realize that I took for granted that they weren't in the first place, when they would have listened all along if only I'd said something sooner.

That word "together" is really the clincher. Maybe from now on, with everybody realizing that it's the administration and the students, rather than the administration versus the students, we can get something done around here that will make everybody happy.

After all, I did mention that this is the United States we're living in—Didn't I?

The Mellon Patch

All's fair in love and hardware

by Pat Mellon

Love: a feeling of warm, personal attachment.

It can fill a heart with joy and a brain with confusion. By far, it is the most inconsistent of all emotions. Love does have its moments, but its long-term effects can devastate, much like several sharp blows to the head with a hammer.

Think about it...when you're in love, you constantly find yourself wanting to beat your head against the wall.

But, there's nobody to blame. We're all just victims of circumstance. We grew up with TV's glorified romance and flamboyant examples. We've been striving for years to understand this bizarre thing that makes a heart pound with glory and a brain twist with anguish.

Now, maybe I watched a little too much television, but I was always fascinated with "The Love Boat." Two strangers meet, spend three days on a boat, and decide to get married by the end of the show. To me, that was magical. Sure it contradicted society and reality, but it was

fun. So, like many of us, I grew up in a "Love Boat frame of mind."

When I was in the ninth grade, a naive freshman—a mere greenhorn of the game of love, I told a girl, (a senior) that I loved her. She laughed. She told me that I was just infatuated. That's when I bought my first hammer.

I think back to that now and I laugh. But, that scares me. I thought I was in love four years ago—no big deal. But, let's say I go tell a girl today that I love her. How do I know that I'm not going to have some severe revelation four years from now that will render me infatuated once again? And then, with 23 veteran-of-love years under my belt, I fall in love again, only to learn on my 27th birthday that I was just a confused, frustrated youngster?

I'm not saying that every four years you learn a little more about love...(I'm working on my fifth set of four and I'm still drawing blanks all over the East coast) but, when do you really know? They say when you're in love, you'll know it. Well, I'd like to find Them and have a little chat. Who are They anyway?

Costanza's World

by Chris Costanza

The Adventures of Neurel the Barbarian Hamster—Soon To Be at Fine Comicbook Stores Near You.



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So, now I'm a hardware junkie. I own several hammers, and I use them frequently. They say love conquers all (there they are again), but the hammer is far superior.

As far as intellect goes, the two are equal. Love can boggle the brain with the same intensity of several smacks to the cerebral cavity.

Physically, however, love wins. Love and all of its unprintable benefits dominates the physical race, since people would rather sport hickeys on their necks than bumps on their heads.

From an economic standpoint, the hammer triumphs. The dinner/movie dating format is an expensive one, and for a fraction of the cost, a person can stay at home and be in a post-love state of mind before the menus arrive.

So, the smart thing to do is invest in a hammer. Now, don't get me wrong—I'm not knocking love—I like love. In fact, I love love. I'm just afraid that one day I'll realize I was wrong. I don't think my gravestone should read, "Patrick Mellon...he was infatuated with love."