

# THE CLARION

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 Faculty Advisor.....Jock Lauterer

## Editorial

### In His image

by April Woods

Does Brevard College have a problem with racism?

The biggest problem I see at BC involving racism is not coerced segregation, but a self-imposed segregation which it appears BC minorities have inflicted upon themselves.

It is not, in my opinion, any of my business who eats with whom at the tables in the cafeteria, but I would have to be a moron not to notice that some black Americans and international students dine with a mixture of their minorities and whites, while others segregate themselves completely from the white majority.

Maybe I'm missing out on something fairly obvious, but personally, I haven't noticed whites showing hostility toward any minorities, either singly or in groups. I'm not so naive as to think that never happens— It's just that I have never heard of any problems of that nature occurring here on campus.

I lived in San Francisco for almost six years. I saw knifings, shoot-outs, and knew personally of various other crimes such as rape and murder committed because of racism.

Certainly any racist problems here at BC would be of a much more subtle type. There is no Harlem here, no Mission district, and no Chinatown. Still, there appears to be some tension between the majority whites and the various minorities. I see no reason for this.

In my eyes, God created man (all of mankind) in His image. NO ONE has the right to believe he is more righteous than any one else because of the color of his skin or any other physical appearance. I think God's influence in us and love for us is much more than just skin deep.

## Poets Corner

by Selena Lauterer

Welcome to the Poets Corner. But, mind you, this is more than just a corner. This is a place for expansion and an area for fulfillment. Poetry doesn't trap, it allows you to escape. The Poets Corner is somewhere to stretch your ideas and let them be read. Instead of being a closet poet, become a corner poet. There is no

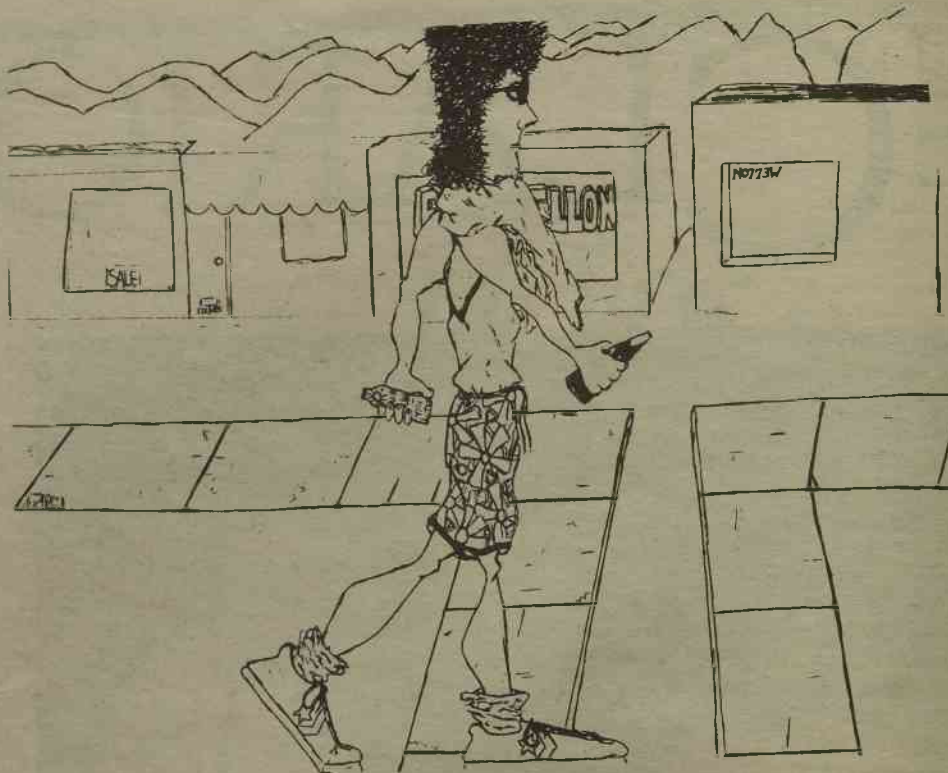
rigid criteria of structured form, just do your own original thing along with using your best judgment. The Clarion encourages you to enter as many pieces as you like, just remember only three or four poems can be published per issue. If you wish to enter any poems, submit them to first floor Beam, Room 161. The Clarion is published every two weeks so turn in your work soon.

### A Spiritual Healing

This place is where my soul lives.

With silver waterfalls and the endless Autumn leaves that spread themselves out before me like an old familiar quilt. The soil is rich with itself and the trees, tall and slim, stand at attention. The air is crisp yet summer eludes in the breeze. I have never experienced a house quite like this one. The sound of the waterfall is almost deafening. It makes silence stand still and listen. I have hiked this trail alone. With its mossy log bridges and root-studded earth. And I have a feeling I shall walk back alone. But I am content. For I have a home. My soul's home. Moore's Cove.

Selena Lauterer



## The Mellon Patch

### There's gotta' be a beach somewhere

by Pat Mellon

By now you've all probably felt the pressure of change: a new school, a new home, a new environment. At times, it may seem as if it's just one change after another. It's hard, I know, having to cope with change, but you must cope. Survival of the fittest. That's what it's all about. Adapt to change. Change with change. If you get enough change to buy me a drink, let me know.

The hardest part for a lot of people, including myself, is the culture change. Many of us are from Florida. Florida is famous, basically, for four reasons: the beaches, the tourists, the citrus, and the fact that I lived there... (I'm just kidding — the citrus isn't all that good). Well, I live on campus, there's plenty of tourists here, and we can buy oranges at the supermarket. But there's not a beach to be found. And so, as a result, many of us will experience Beach Withdrawal.

No one is safe. It could hit anyone; not just Floridians; anyone who's been to the beach and then home to the mountains. The mountains. Mountains, mountains, mountains. Don't get me wrong — mountains are nice. But, they're not the beach.

Personally, I can take it or leave it. I lived on the beach for seven years, so I've pretty much had my fill of fiddlercrabs, fishing, and Frisbee. But some people are different. Some people need the beach.

They've got saltwater in their veins. They've spent some of the best weekends of their lives lying motionless, completely silent on a towel in the sand. It will be these sun-worshippers (Apollo's disciples, if you will) who will fall helplessly, to Beach Withdrawal, or as it's more commonly known, Nosanditosis.

The process is slow and the downfall is sudden. Watch for the warning signs.

- 1) Your tan will fade.
- 2) You'll find yourself sleeping on your back, then changing to your stomach, then switching again every 30 minutes.

- 3) You'll wear your sunglasses everywhere.
- 4) You'll subscribe to Surfer magazine and cover the walls in your room with its pages.
- 5) You'll acquire a limp that resembles one's mobility across soft sand.
- 6) You'll purchase sun-tan lotion, just in case, one day, a beach materializes in the parking lot.
- 7) You'll find yourself looking for shells on the way to class.
- 8) People will find you sitting out in the court-yard with your pail and shovel building dirt castles.
- 9) You'll stop sweeping your room because you like the way the dust feels between your toes.
- 10) You'll send away for department store catalogs just so you can see the girls in their bathing suits.

There's no real cure for Nosanditosis, except, of course, the beach. But, there's a number of generic remedies right here in Brevard.

Volleyball, the beach's most popular sport, is played here frequently.

A walk down any residence hall, especially mine, will remind you of the numerous radios (all too loud) played on the beach.

And speaking of loud, those wild, flamboyant shorts are sold right here in Brevard.

As for bathing suits ... well, it's getting cold, so we probably won't be seeing any for a while. But, don't you worry. I've got catalogs from Belk's and Penny's.

But I guess there is no real substitute for the beach. The sand in your shoes, the crowd, nowhere to park, the heat, sunburn, shark attacks ... and for what? A tan? Seems a little uneven to me. But, for some people, it's a way of life. The closest beach is about five hours away, but some people will make the trip. They will make the sacrifice. Because Nosanditosis is serious. If you think you've got it, just get in the car and drive east until you float.

