

THE CLARION

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Commentary

A very special Christmas

by April Woods

Christmas is going to be very special this year. The Christmas holidays to me have always meant being together with family, and this year, that togetherness is going to mean even more than it usually does.

My family has just learned that my father has been assigned to what the Army calls an 18-month, "unaccompanied tour" in South Korea. He could go accompanied (with his family), but because of the expense involved, the government has made it mandatory for all accompanied over-seas tours to last a minimum of three years.

My brother Michael will be 15 years old in April and is a freshman in high school. A move to Korea now would mean three years in a boarding school in a strange country for him, and then a return to the States to complete his last year in high school in a strange place.

For that reason, among several others (safety for example), Dad is going alone.

My mother said to me the other day, "People don't realize what military people and their families sacrifice so they can have a safe country to live in."

Mom cried while I was home for Thanksgiving, and I know she will do a lot more crying between now and when Dad leaves. This is the longest assignment Dad has been given away from home (He is in Washington for three weeks right now. He's getting home just in time for Mom's birthday). Mom knows from experience that once Dad leaves, the crying will stop, but 18 months...

This is going to be a very special Christmas.

Editorial

What are we doing here?

by Biár Orrell

Six students were dismissed from Brevard College as a result of having too many points on their records.

The entire ordeal was a loss and a shock to many students. We find ourselves wrapping up the semester and going into the holidays with excitement and confusion.

And as the story goes, visions of our "sugar-plumed" futures dance through our heads. Our futures, yes, I sometimes forget. It's easy to get sidetracked when you're enjoying life— or trying to avoid it.

But that is why we are here. We are the future generation of the business world, the future economy of this country. Some of us will build strong careers and strong futures off of the foundation we are standing on now.

As fun and free-feeling as it is to goof off

and party, life is not a party. The electric company will turn the power off if you don't pay the bills; the landlord will evict you if the rent is always late.

They will not care that it was your birthday and you blew the money. They will not care that you had pneumonia and could not pay the hospital bills, much less the rent.

Two or three years from now most of us will be out in the real world— out of college. The rules will be a bit different, but it is all the same game. The major difference will be when it is your move, you have to move because then you'll not only be wasting your own time but also someone else's.

We will all make mistakes and hopefully most of us will learn and grow from them. I've made many and I've grown stronger through each one. As one of the students who was dismissed observed while talking

The Mellon Patch

Good news, America:

Bad News is here

by Pat Mellon

Since I recently made my rapping debut here, I thought I'd write about it.

I started writing raps in high school. Nothing special— just some basic lyrics. I've always had good meter, and I've always had the ability to make the right words rhyme. (see?)

When I got to college, my roommate and I rapped a little, but he left to go to school somewhere else. Finally, after a cruel summer of rapping alone. I teamed up with Rick West, a friend of mine who goes to the University of South Florida. Rick and I had been friends all through high school, and we were on the newspaper staff together. He wrote sports and I wrote editorials, but I remember when we collaborated and wrote a satire together.

Our styles meshed beautifully and we produced the kind of side-splitting material the writers on The Johnny Carson Show fantasize about.

Rick awed me with his rhetoric, and baffled me with his ideas. He was definitely a word-master, and I could think of no one better for the job. So last summer, we teamed up. Mellon, West, and a battered Casio keyboard with a drum machine. We dubbed ourselves BAD NEWS, and started writing immediately.

In August, we went to a recording studio and made a demo tape which included "We Like Women" and "There Was A Girl." Here's a sample:

"Now, I don't like cheaters, or vicious wife-beaters, I don't like stinky feet so I bought some Odor-eaters/ I don't like to choose, I don't sing the blues, people laugh at me 'cause I don't tie my shoes/ There was a girl named Heather, she wore tight leather, she made me feel so good when we were together./ Just a bowl of Lucky



Charms, and a woman in my arms, a great big house with burglar and smoke alarms/ the babes are stakin' out my home, they come from Sweden, France, and Rome, I've got enough babes to fill the Astrodome/ There was a girl named Cara, hot as the Sahara, she wore a lot of lipstick and a lot of mascara."

Since then, we've written several more raps, like "Babe Hunt." It would seem that our only inspiration is our libidos. We've been called crude, we've been called sexist, we've been called vulgar, and we've been called brilliant. (I called us brilliant.) True, the majority of our subject matter is focused around the Y chromosome, but that's not all we rap about. (It just appears first on the writing priority list.) Other titles include "How Do I Look?", "Do Me Right" and "The Rent."

When I think about rap music, four names come to mind. Bad News is first, of course, but unfortunately, we lack the media coverage of some of the bigger names.

As far as I'm concerned, Run DMC is the best. They really didn't get off the ground until they did "Walk This Way" with Aerosmith, but I have several of their older albums, and to me, they're superior to their peers.

Then there's The Fat Boys. Like Run DMC, they can attribute their recent success to their work with another band. "Wipe Out," with the Beach Boys, was an interesting submission from the Obese Three, but their original material just doesn't pack the potency that I've come to expect from rap music. I think it's a feat in itself, however, that guys that big can do anything beside put food away.

I did purchase the new Fat Boys album "CRUSHIN," but later, fed it to my cat.

Also exploding onto the rap scene of late is L.L. Cool J. His new album "Bigger and Deffer" is apparently doing well, thanks to a rap-ballad called "I Need Love," L.L. should've called this song "I Need Talent" or "I Need Rhymes" because I think it's the saddest thing I've ever heard. There's another song on the album called "I'm Bad" which starts out with the line "No rapper can rap quite like I can / I take a muscle-bound man and put his face in the sand..." First of all, L.L. champ, can and sand don't rhyme— it's a slant rhyme, I know, but if you can rap better than anyone else, it seems to me that you could think of something to rhyme with CAN. Plus, what does having the ability to rap have to do with being able to put a muscle-bound man's face in the sand? I've seen pictures of your scrawny self, L.L., and a muscle-bound man would bury you, and I'd be right behind him, laughing and rapping.

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to Dean Witek, "I will make many mistakes, but I have a long life."

The point is if you are here as a student at BC and you are not serious about your education, then you should not be here now. Take off a couple of years and come back when you're ready.

There is nothing wrong with not being ready. It is only wrong when you are wasting other people's time and money. It is really unfair to those of us who are ready and who are serious about our futures.

I am not condemning those students who were suspended from school. Two of them were very good friends of mine. I am only stressing that we can't forget why we are here.

As someone always used to say to me: "Is this getting you where you want to go?"