

THE CLARION

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A different kind of sunshine

by Biár Orrell

Your alarm clock goes off, and on a double-take, you realize that it is much earlier than you were expecting.

Nirvana escapes you; panic awakes you; reality whispers in your ear. "Get up! You've got an eight o'clock appointment with a fire-throwing English professor, your math test is this afternoon, the coach says you're not getting enough sleep, and the blond in the "tie-die" feels the need to get to know you better."

In one fell swoop, your feet hit the floor, you catch the alarm, and the hot shower is already fogging the bathroom mirror.

Oh yes, we're back. Vacation's over. Pack up the beach towels. Aunt Ester and Uncle Willie, "see you next year." And on that wind-up note, let her fly.

As the editor of the Clarion, I wanted to come back and begin the year with a "sunshine" welcome back editorial. But as the year has already progressed and reality has slapped us cold, all I know to say is face life and stay in focus.

It's so easy to stray; it happens. One morning you awake, and it's mid-terms, no joke. Then you're scrambling around, raising your blood pressure, freaking out on yourself and everyone else. It's not a pretty sight.

There is a flow to be found, a balance, a rhythm. And achieving it, I'm sure, is different for everyone. But in finding that flow, life is peaceful. Not 24-hours-a-day peaceful, but enough for self-restoration, a refueling of the soul, the ego, the atman that travels. You'll need that for the growth and learning you'll do this year.

I apologize for having no sunshine to blow in your face. Maybe I'm too real. I probably even sound a bit starchy. But please believe me when I say I've been there; I've seen it all, and I've tried most of it. There are no free tickets in life's train station, period.

My 84-year-old grandmother thinks I'm in college for an education to fall back on in case my husband ever leaves me and the kids. Everyone in your life has an idea about why you're here. But you're the one. You are the only person who will be living your life. That's stone.

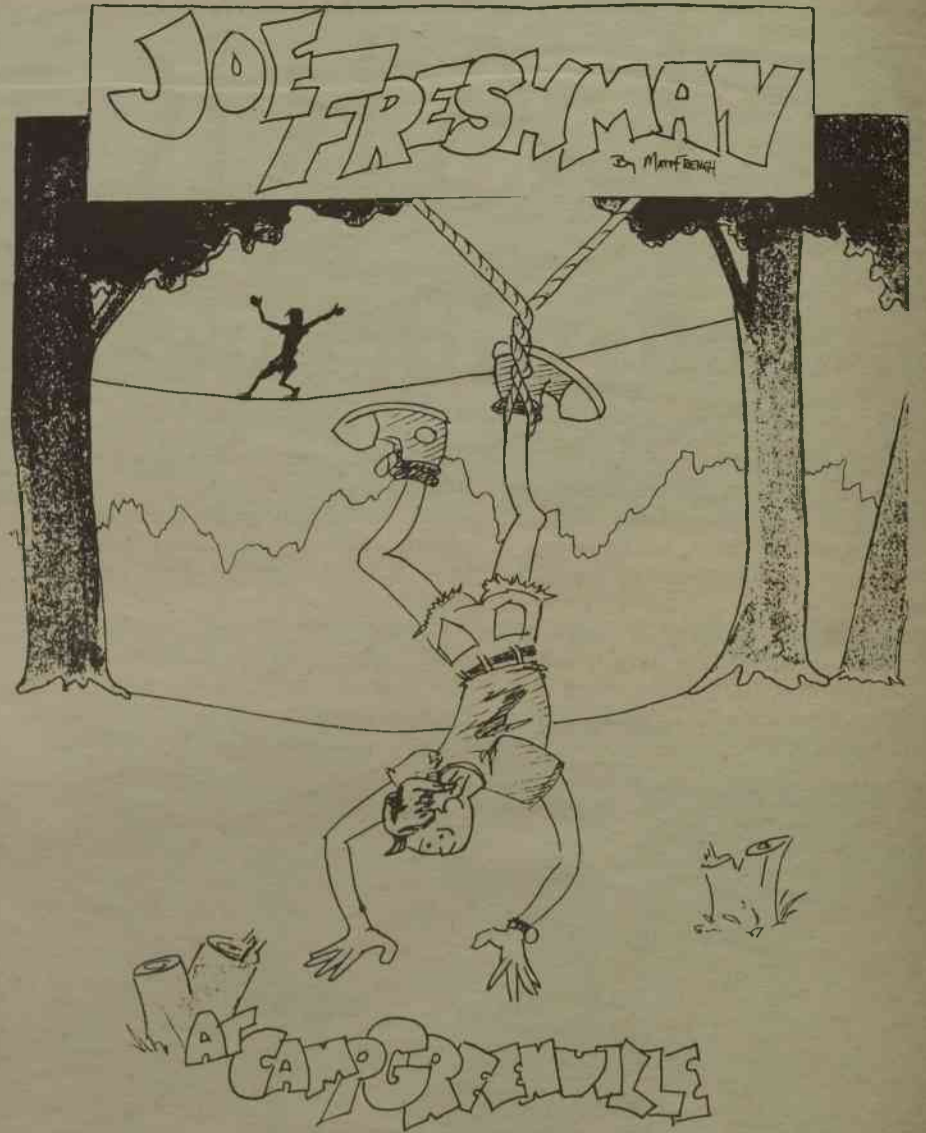
Face life. I mean, why are you here, really? Keep in focus. And lastly, the year's going to fly, so strap on some wings, baby.

Poets Corner

Never Will Home Be Where I Lived Before

The balding tires of our
 aqua blue '65 Ford pickup
 kick up the scattered gravel
 and fine, loose dust,
 leaving trails of high clouds behind our speed.
 And to each side of me are deep,
 blooming mustard fields,
 bleeding honeylightly into tall, heady
 stalks of corn.
 This land lives and I want to live with it.
 Never will home be where i lived before
 because Mountains and Mother trees hold tighter.

by Selena Lauterer



We need you!

By Heather Conrad

"The pen is mightier than the sword!" Think not? Okay. How many fencing classes are taught here at Brevard? Now, how many literary-oriented classes and clubs exists within Brevard?

Yesterday, today and tomorrow the written work pierces more hearts than any sword, convinces more minds than any batallion, and expresses more emotion than any physical action.

So as you are about to shrug off the thought of joining a BC literary staff, pause for a moment and read on.

As old as Brevard College itself, the Clarion, the campus newspaper, has existed and continues to grow. Presently sponsored by Jock Lauterer, the Clarion and its staff have a particular aim — to capture the latest news the campus needs to be aware of, and the faces people will want to know.

The Clarion is more than a story-telling handout. The Clarion is the voice of BC, a tool of expression and progress for the people of Brevard College.

If there's one thing you'll leave Brevard with, it's memories. Sure, you have memories of almost everything you've

done, from your first kiss to your finest lie. However, your memories of BC can be captured in print. And captured as warmly as your own memories, if enough minds pull together. The Pertelote, BC's annual, sets out to capture the feel, the attitude, the downright essence of your year at Brevard.

But to do this, the Pertlote's staff needs the imagination and creativity of many minds. By becoming part of the Pertelote staff, memories can be presented in as warm and unique a style as the memories were made.

Finally, there exists the Chiaroscuro. If you cannot pronounce the name, simple remember that the Chiaroscuro is Brevard's own literary magazine.

Imagination, talent and the soulful insights of BC's students wrap, twist, and dance about the magazine's pages. Turn loose the poet, artist, or helpless romantic in you to rampage across your mind, committing the utmost act of creativity.

Now that you know what BC can offer, help battle the "Literary Dullies".

Give life to one or more of BC publications. Recognition is the worst you'll achieve if you do submit; regret is your only gain if you don't.

The Clarion invites students, faculty and the administration staff to write articles, letters to the editor, and commentaries. We consider them on the premise of interest, significance, timeliness and space.

All articles on the editorial page represent the author's opinion and not that of the Clarion staff, administration or faculty of Brevard College.

All letters must be typed or printed legibly, and must be signed, along with your year in school or relationship to Brevard College. All submissions are subject to editing and must be turned in on Mondays by 11 a.m. to the Clarion box located in McLarty-Goodson lobby.