

The perils of a job well done

by Lin Redmond
Clarion Assistant Editor

Derrick Briggs and Beth Winters took the lead roles in BC's staged "Mock Rape Trial" on Thursday, Feb. 15. Performers in the "trial" were given identities rather than the usual definite scripts and had to ad lib their responses to cross examination according to what they were told of their character's personality and probable role in the situation.

This method of staging brought a great deal of authenticity to the mock ordeal. In fact, the play was so realistic some BC students are apparently experiencing difficulty distinguishing fact from fantasy, leading Briggs and Winters to some unexpected and dubious rewards for their all-too-convincing performances.

Both students, who participated in the play in order to make people more sensitive to the anguish and complexity of a rape situation, have been hassled on campus while going about their daily business by students who appear to have "taken sides." Briggs, RA and former SGA Speaker of the Legislature, says, "Everyone's calling me a rapist. It's like I really did it."

One of Winters' roommates who borrowed the sweater used as "evidence" hearing a student remark, "Oh, I see you're wearing your rape sweater."

Since the "trial," students have persistently offered negative comments. "After a high school play people say, 'Good job,'" Briggs remembers. "It's over. Everyone goes on about their business. It gets to the point where it gets on your nerves. Everyone should get over it now."

Winters, referring to past roles in BC drama productions, says, "Why have people picked this one to label me as instead of a senile old woman, a cocky old woman or a Southern idiot?"

In spite of the harassment, however, both performers feel they have gained valuable insight. Winters says, "When Jeff [Battle] asked me to do it, I just looked at it as another chance to get on stage. But when I saw the scripts I saw how shaded gray it could be -- how it could go either way."

Briggs says, "I think I got an understanding how the victim feels because you could see how they get treated. Also the person who did what they did, even though they didn't mean to be as mean as they were."

Briggs and Winters both wish students would glean the value from the play but stop being unhealthily preoccupied with it. "I think people need to see that what they saw was not really real," says Winters.

"...A portrayal," adds Briggs.

Winters concludes, "So stop saying it was a rape trial. Don't forget it was a mock rape trial."



A bad day at Black Rock: Harper Haworth and Cammy Cabe with the Mercedes....



... and with the other totalled BC car, left to right, T.J. McElaney, Guy Harris, John Turner and Chad Riggsbee.

BC students survive 10-car pile-up

by Harper Haworth
Clarion Reporter

Have you ever been in a 10-car accident?

That's what 10 BC students were involved in on their way to Tallahassee, Fla., Friday, Feb. 9 on I-85 south in Duluth, Ga., 15 minutes from Atlanta.

In addition to myself, these students were: Mark Olson, Cammy Cabe, John Turner, T.J. McElaney, Guy Harris, Chad Riggsbee, Todd Wysong, Sam Sugaya and Steve Fitzhugh. Seven other students on the trip were not in the wreck because they were traveling further back in the flowing traffic, riding in Wendy Orendorf's Honda Accord and Martie Davis' Toyota Corolla.

Turner's 1987 GT Celica was the first to hit the already-jammed up cars, and Cabe's parents' Mercedes was next in line -- both cars were totalled. Sugaya's 1988 Volkswagen Golf took a front bumper hit, but it wasn't too serious.

What caused such a dreadful wreck? Practically every BC student involved felt that the heavy rains that followed us from Brevard had a lot to do with it; cars kept sliding into one another. Georgia patrolmen are investigating the story that the pile-up was caused by some local guy in a pickup truck.

"It was like we were a pinball in a pinball machine," says McElaney, a freshman from Clearwater, Fla. "We were hit once, then again, and then again. McElaney was in the back seat of Turner's Celica, and ended up in the front seat.

The disaster may have caused a lot of tears, but one message that got to everyone was this: "I'll always wear my seatbelt," says Olson, Hilton Head, S.C., freshman who believes his seatbelt prevented him from flying headfirst through the windshield of the Mercedes.

Cabe, a Brevard native and a BC sophomore, thinks back: "The only two people who went to the hospital are the ones who didn't have on their seatbelts," he says.

The real scare during the accident

wasn't seeing whose car got hit the worst, but seeing if anyone of the students got hurt. Thank God, everyone walked away from the accident. We should all be grateful.

The Georgia Highway Patrol was right there when the accident started to unfold...reason being, a smaller accident had happened earlier at the same spot. They called an ambulance and five tow trucks. Some cars had to be taken off the Interstate two at a time. The Georgia patrolmen scoped the area quickly and promptly, and one of the patrolmen Turner, "You're lucky to be alive."

Fitzhugh, a Charlotte sophomore, summed up the entire event in three simple words: "Eerie, weird and miraculous." The word "eerie" comes to Fitzhugh's mind he says because he remembers all the BC cars had red ribbons tied to their antennae -- and after the wreck, the three BC cars in the wreck were lined up in the middle of the interstate in different directions with those red ribbons flowing in the wet rain.

Tallahassee freshman Davis, who was not in the accident, says, "This is the worst accident I've ever seen," adding that she was still in shock over the incident. Davis, along with the six other BC students not involved in the wreck, say they were as stunned as those actually in the accident.

As for myself, I just remember before we crashed, holding onto the backdoor handle of the Mercedes, thinking, "Here I come, God!"

In a crash that only lasted for seven seconds, a lot of damage happened. The BC student's cars involved were jammed with people: four in the Celica, three in the Mercedes and three in the Golf. It's amazing that no one got seriously injured.

Needless to say, the weekend trip to Florida was not off to a good start. What could happen next? After the police gathered their information on the accident, they left, somehow forgetting that we had three cars towed away and that there were 17 of us needing transportation. So... as all 17 stood in the pouring rain on I-85 watching the 5

p.m. traffic flow by, we all knew we weren't going to Tallahassee that day.

Luckily, a "flower child" of a man was nice enough to let eight of us climb in his VW van and give us a ride to the nearest motel. Everyone else piled in Orendorf's and Davis' cars and followed close behind. When we arrived at the Days Inn in Duluth, Ga., for a moment we thought our nightmares were over. But it only got worse. The motel's staff let us know right off that if any one of us messed up one time, they'd kick us all out -- with no refunds. We were told that at the front desk and then again when they gave us a room inspection.

What more could happen to us? That was enough for one night, and all 17 of us crammed in three rooms, with TV our only means of entertainment for that night.

The next day, those of us who were in the wreck woke up sore, and with empty wallets as well, after paying for the rooms.

Not too much more could happen, could it? Two out of the five cars were driveable. But how can two cars carry 17 people on a two-hour roadtrip back home?

Then, when Orendorf's Honda broke down, we were down to one car for 17 people.

We called some friends for help, but only two could make it.

Thanks to Sharon Waggy for the offer of a BC school van, and thanks to David Barnhardt, Eric Sandberg and to Cammy's dad for all coming to pick us up.

In closing, everyone who was a part of this never-ending weekend said a number of times, "I never thought I'd be glad to be back at Brevard..." As you can see for yourself in these pictures, this was no joke; it was scary and tense. I guess next time we all decide to go to Florida, we'll fly.

Did anything good come out of all this?

Before we left to go on the trip, some of us were strangers. By the time it was all over, we'd formed a club that will live with us for a long time: the Red Ribbon Club.