Who's going where next year

Brevard College students have announced their transfer plans for next year. The following list contains mostly BC sophomores.

Marcus Allen, Greensboro College. Seiji Ataka, Ga. State of Illinois Tom Bernal, N.C. State George Boyd, Newberry Matthew Braisted, FSU Jeff Brewer, Ga. Tech Cami Cabe, ASU James Cadieu, Clemson or USC Cathy Carris, Temple Paulette Carter, ECU, Greensboro or La Brian Cashwell, FSU Daniel Cecil, UVA Anita Cocks, FSU Steve Compton, Furman Christina Carle, George Mason Anmari Cowan, High Point or Wake Joe Cowan, ASU Rob Cowles, Georgia Harvey Cozart, UNC-C Shane Crawford, UNC-A Kip Davis, UNC-C Jake Dalton, Lander College Christal Dalton, WCU. Charlie Dino, Georgia Bryan Edwards, NC State Russ Evans, Palmetto Military Thomas Finnie, UNC-C Lynda Fowler, UNC-G Sean Frazier, Queens Heather Gilliam, UNC-A Heather Gleason, High Point Fred Goble, Atlanta College of Art Brooks Goodwin, U of Montana Leslie Goodwin, U of Montana Gwen Graham, UNC-C Joani Gregory, Fla. Atlantic Christine Grummer, U of S. Fla. Curtis Grundler, U. of S. Alabama John Hackworth, Wake Forest Lance Haugan, Ga. State, Stetson, or Gray Hawks, Catawba Matthew Hege, East Carolina U Shannon Hensley, American Business and Fashion Inst. Robert Hill, OCS, Mass. or Maine Kristie Hockman, Brenau Scott Holmes, UNC-CH Kenneth Howe, FSU Jean Huck, Fla. Atlantic David Hunt, UNC-CH Stephanie Ikerd, N. Ga. Sean Kirk, ECU or WCU Nancy Kuhn, ASU

Kurt Lehnert, Clemson

Mark Longworth, ASU

Shawn Loonam, USC

P. L. Malcolm, FSU

Janet Lutz, WCU

Suzanne Lombard, George Mason

Lora Woodrum, Georgia Jeff Angelo, Georgia Robert Malsby, Berry Patricia Matthews, airlines Richard McPhail, N.C. State Danny Miller, Montreat-Anderson Anne Elizabeth Milner, Wake Forest Nicole Moose, Pfeiffer Brett Morgan, Purdue Bill Nolen, UNC-G Tracey Norman, FSU Darren Nowell, Ga. State Karmen O'Karma, Georgia Bobby Ortiz, Berry Robin Patterson, Winthrop Dane Peterson, Belmont College of Music Renee Price, WCU Kelly Redmon, UNC-Charlotte Lin Redmond, work for BC Rick Redmond, service or fifth semester Carole Reid, Georgia Keith Reichardson, Belmont Abbey Charlotte Safrit, UNC-C Thomas Schiffers, UNC-C Katrina Shook, ASU Will Shriner, FSU David Simmers, Wofford, or Queens or Greensboro Jerri Simmons, N.C. State Carla Simon, Wake Forest Marsha Sims, N.C. State Brad Smith, ASU Madeline Smith, UNC-G Greg Spell, ASU or WCU Malie Sprinkle, Fla. Southern or UNC-Lane Steinberger, N.C. State Lesley Stuart, FSU or UNC-C Mickey Styne, ECU Mylene Thomas, Notre Dame or George Mason or Old Dominion William Donald Thompson, ECU or Maryland Glen Tippet, ASU Scott Tourangeau, UNC-G or ASU Greg Turbeville, FSU Darrell Ussery, Marines Rachel Welch, ASU Anthony West, ASU Charles Mike Whitehead, Elon, or Wake Forest or UNC-CH Robin Wicker, ECU Beth Winters, Brenau Earl David Woodruff, Va. Common-Emi Yamada, UNC-G Jeff Young, Clemson Shawn Young, Ga. Tech Angela Jarrett, Clemson Katie Trexler, play ball for USVBA Lorrie Diaz, New York University David Epstein, UNC-G Patrick Boggan, ASU Gwen Graham, UNC-C Ray Baker, N. Ga.

Denise Ikerd, N. Ga.

Commentary

Nothing is as it appears

by Libby Enloe Clarion Associate Editor

I was all set to write this commentary. I was jotting down ideas and feelings, trying to figure out what the point of this whole piece should be, when my mentor/boss/adopted Uncle Jock, in modest brilliance, blurted out, "Nothing is as it appears."

That sounds like something Uncle Jock would say, but he didn't come up with that quotable quote. I first heard it from the lips of Carol Fennelly, a fulltime volunteer at the Community for Creative Non-Violence Federal Shelter for the homeless in Washington DC. She said it reminding our BC to DC group not to pass judgement too quickly on the homeless people we'd be seeing in the city and at the shelters.

I wish I had heard that phrase when I was a child, flipping through my mother's 1959 Pertelote. I wish I had heard that phrase when I was a teenager, flipping through the Brevard College cataloge. I wish I had heard that phrase this time last year, when I was the happiest senior at Tuscola High School. I had been accepted to a college. Not just any college. Brevard College. I got my first taste of "the phrase" a day after I got my acceptance letter.

I was reading the Asheville newspaper, when I ran across a disturbing headline: Ten Students Arrested for Drugs at Brevard College. I skimmed over it. I didn't want to know any more. The next day, I bounced into my English class with my acceptance letter in hand. "Hey Enloe," my English teacher smirked, "Looks like BC brings a new meaning to the phrase 'higher education'." She laughed. I laughed too, but deep inside I was embarrassed and disappointed

Drugs at BC? How? Why at Brevard College? My College?

Looking back on that day, "the phrase" echoes in my mind. "Nothing is as it appears."

When I arrived on campus for the summer semester, I had no idea what to expect. That drug business had scared me to death. I was in a totally new world. Oh sure, I was still in my native Western North Carolina, but once inside those iron gates of BC, things changed. I was eating and living with students who had never heard of Asheville, let alone Hazelwood, my little hometown hamlet.

Not only were these students strangers to me, I was a stranger to them. I developed a strong opinion about the students here. I didn't like them. I didn't like them at all. "Where are all the nice preacher's kids?" I asked myself. I hate to admit it now but I didn't like it here very much. I had never seen so much alcohol in my life! "Aw, this is just another party school..." I thought. I've heard it said, "It's the students who make the school." "Well, if that's the case," I hypothesized, "we're in BIG trouble."

I've learned through the faculty and staff that "Nothing is as it appears." No, this is not a party school. Party schools don't send their students on Spring Break work trips to DC and Mexico. Party schools don't have presidents who wait in the cafeteria line with everyone else. Party schools don't have deans who take the time to actually talk WITH students.

I believe "the phrase" has brought me full-circle. Sure, this place has it's faults. Nothing is infallable. Sure, there are students here who I don't like. I KNOW there are PLENTY who don't like me. I don't care. I'm not here to win a popularity contest. I'm here to do the best I can with what I have. What I have is the opportunity to learn so that I may serve.

I do love this school. I love all that it stands for. If there is one thing I'll say to incoming freshmen next semester, it will be, "Nothing is as it appears."

Wastin'away...

by Rob Cowles Clarion Reporter

Leaving the lonely hills for the populous beach appears to be a majical trip. The tired two-year drag is lifted; we go home successfully glistening for action, enticed for what beckons.

There's one thing i will wildly resist leaving. It is the trails. Trails of instinct creating sensory belts. Running in the mountains seemed to make me feel like a warrior, an Indian, or simply a scavenger corrupted by the hunt (on

Voices scream thumping the ground as feet beating the air for its most gallant leap over a log on a sliding

guiding river tracing a dream.

We are all runners, (hunters and the hunted). We act mercifully or unmercifully in our green and blues theatre. We act in different ways, exploring different outlets.

The forest is a misting adventure crawling with fervor and calm as a feather. It is alive like us, dying like us, sweating like us

It is the aggressive rigor of soccergut feelings perspiring towards goal racing. Picture a sport that is not free; it will disentegrate in weakness. Survival senses flow in the "Land of the Waterfalls." Don't waste away while i'm soaking up rays; i'll send the pictures