

The Clarion Staff



EDITOR	Treva Mitchell
BUSINESS MANAGER	Bebe Garrett
SPORTS EDITOR	Wes Howe
TYPIST	Kay Trigg
STAFF WRITERS	John Gosnell
	Benji Sullivan, Rory McManus, Diane Ross, Diane Warman

Our Minds — Diseased Perhaps?

Among the many diseases that may develop in the fertile ground of a college student body there are two which will, if not eradicated, produce a decay that permeates every fiber of that student body. The two of which I speak are the inability of the majority of students to intelligently discuss any subject of college level and secondly, and most insidious, to possess the ability to discuss but lack the courage to do so for fear of being criticized.

After much thought and consideration, it is my confirmed belief that the students of this institution do not lack the basic intelligence needed for a decent discussion, but that in too many instances, they do lack the courage to discuss. Because this is so often the case, many individuals defeat the very purpose of college and thereby are traitors to themselves.

I am not suggesting that all discussion be concentered with Plato, Kafka, Joyce, or perhaps the theory of relativity; that would be intellectual snobbery. Nor do I support a crash program designed to produce in us the speech of Shakespeare or Milton. Conversely, all I would suggest is that we be ourselves, a solution obvious yet obscure. As I previously stated we are capable of intelligent discussion, but we tend to be stereotypes of each other and in so doing destroy our individually unique ideas. If we would question once, assert ourselves once, discuss once, it would mark the beginning of our recovery from the disease that is killing us mentally. Our failure to arrest the decay that has already set in, however, will leave us the victims of an apathy of our own creation which will ultimately consume us.

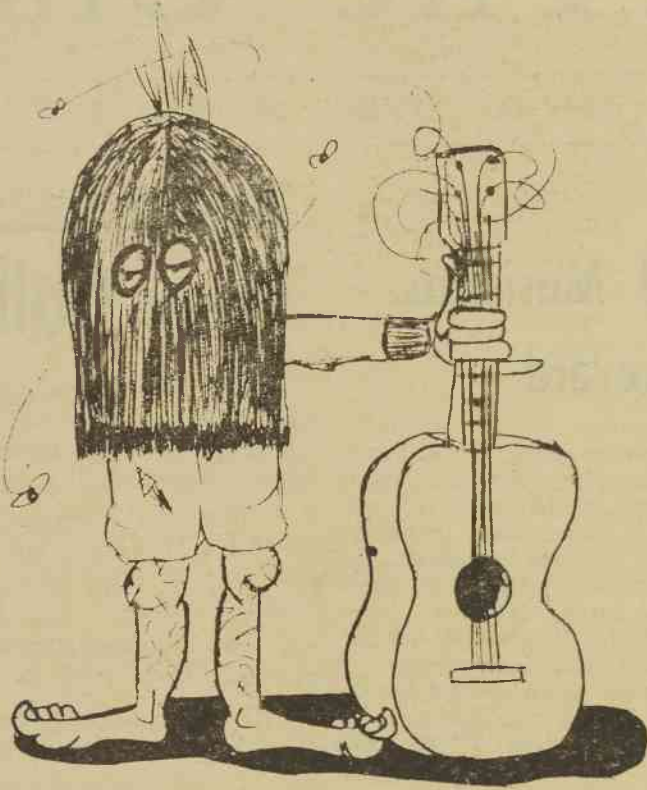
—John Shreves

O.K., They've Won One ... Now What?

The Tornados defeated Warren-Wilson College by a wide margin Monday night. Numbers of students poured out of the gym with high spirits and shouts of "Victory!". Great. This is, of course, the expected thing, just as it would be unexpected if they poured out of the gym in a joyous mood after a loss. So far this year, the losses have exceeded the wins but is this any reason for the generally nonchalant attitude of "What the heck?" that has prevailed on campus this season? It seems as if a great number of collegians on Brevard's campus continually gripe about the "poor showing" of the team, and continually bewail the fact that the team "just isn't the one we had last year". Of course not. As a matter of simple fact, only three of the team members this year played for the college last year. The rest, freshman boys, can't be expected to play as if they'd been at college basketball for a couple of years now.

But Monday night's game shows that they've "got what it takes". Rome wasn't built in a day, and so far as I know, the 62-'63 team didn't make it to Kansas, either.

Now what? Do they get our full-fledged support, win or lose, or do we stir up a little enthusiasm only for "the big wins"?



CERTAIN BREVARD STUDENTS!

HERSH
Murphy Inc.

M-I-C-K-E-Y . . .

This college is enmeshed in a web of Mickeymouism.

When a person leaves high school, he is expected to leave behind his childish actions, obscene gestures, and trite nonsense. Unfortunately, this is not the case, even at Brevard. It seems that pettiness is the rule, rather than the exception.

This pettiness is not restricted to students, or to teachers either. It is a compounding of years of increasingly absurd rules, regulations, and customs that add up to a sweetly stifling, social atmosphere. The girls are the first hit. Upon arrival, they are informed of some neat little rules (such as those governing dress, smoking, hours, and carbonated drink bottles in their rooms) which look very good to trustees, impress mothers, and make enforcement a distasteful chore. The men have it a little better, but still find themselves at odds with demerits, hall proctors, women's hours, and themselves. The faculty, which has the privilege of instructing this unruly mob of "future leaders"

often find themselves perplexed at the apparent unconcern and uneasiness of the generation sentenced to live under the shadow of the H-Bomb. Why?

The problem lies in the enforcement, or lack thereof, of rules. If a rule is just and merits enforcement, it should be enforced absolutely. If a rule restricts student thought, hampers individualism, and degrades a person's "phenomenal self" (quote: Tawney) and actually harms no one's well being if ignored, it should be stricken from the rule books.

The human factor makes consistent enforcement impossible. If given the crutch of implausibility, even the most sincere will fail to do justice to an ordinance.

As one of my peers is fond of saying, THE POINT IS THIS: any organization, student or otherwise, cannot function as a truly representative organ unless all its members take some sort of share in its activities, make some show of interest, or care (even). Why don't you?

David Drum

Age Of . . . What?

The December 15 issue of "Look" was devoted to, as they termed it, "the twisted age." The article was a discussion of popular dances (pagan fertility rites), leather boots, coats, and mesh nylons (echos of De Sade), and illegitimate children for the redemptive punishment of parents by their "offsprungs" (I'll fix you. I'll have a baby!!).

This is my generation? I refuse to agree. Certainly "Sex is conquest. Love is surrender." comes not from my lips. But then I've never been "mooning." Perhaps I'm too in-tranced with Browning. Get thee

hence, idealist.

Where have I gone wrong? Chastity? I find no desire for a used car, and as for a used wife . . . Religion? I just refuse to believe the world exists under a cabbage leaf. Education? Knowledge increases my conceit.

But I guess I'm ignorant. My lips have never tasted codeine, nor have my legs staggered down sandy beaches unsure beneath the fingers of LSD, nor do I weight my brain with alcohol to see a review of the dinner menu. Maybe ignorance IS bliss.

Benji Sullivan

Happiness Is . . .

Happiness is getting through your exams on Wednesday, and you don't have to be back at school until Sunday night.

Happiness is a closet full of ironed clothes on Monday morning.

Happiness is getting a good grade on a Lit test.

Happiness is winning a basketball game.

Happiness is getting a call from the "right" one at the "right" time . . . like Saturday afternoon.

Happiness is a whole week with no tests.

Happiness is a snowy day, with a campus snowball fight.

Happiness is having last year's sophs visit the campus.

Happiness is having someone to talk to when you need him.

Happiness is a mailbox stuffed full of mail.

Happiness is getting to sleep late one morning in the week . . . usually Sunday.

Happiness, to a girl, is getting a date for the Valentine dance.

Happiness, to a boy, is having enough money to buy the flowers to give the girl whom he is taking to the Valentine dance!

Happiness is getting this ever-lovin' Clarion out on time!!

What's New

A new aid to rapid, almost magical, learning has made its appearance. Indications are that, if it catches on, all the electronic gadgets will be just so much junk. The new device is known as Built-in Orderly Organized Knowledge. It has no wires and no electric circuit to break down. Anyone can use it, even children. It fits comfortably into the hands and can be conveniently used sitting in an armchair by the fire. The makers generally call it by its initials: BOOK.

How does this revolutionary, unbelievably easy invention work? Basically, BOOK consists only of a large number of paper sheets. These may run to hundreds, where BOOK covers a lengthy program of information. Each sheet bears a number in sequence and is held firmly in place by a special locking device, called "binding." The user is presented with an information sequence in the form of syllables, which he absorbs, optically for automatic registration on the brain. When one sheet has been assimilated, a flick of the finger turns it over, and further information is found on the other side. Altogether, Built-in Orderly Organized Knowledge seems to have great advantages with no drawbacks. A great future is predicted for it.

BLT Cast Chosen

A full cast has been chosen for "Blithe Spirit" to be given by the Brevard Little Theatre February 12 and 13 at 8 p.m. in the American Legion building.

This prize winning farcical comedy, written by Noel Coward, has a cast of seven. The Broadway production won the New York Drama Critic's Circle award for the 1941-42 season.