

THE CLARION

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The Mellon Patch



Gee, time to go already?

by Pat Mellon

Well, here it is. The last Clarion of the year. The final submission from the Mellon Patch. Kinda brings a tear to your eye, doesn't it?

I'm all choked up about leaving, but I did some checking with the registrar and found out that I wasn't going to graduate. In fact, when I went to his office, he and three other faculty members were passing my transcript around and laughing.

I told Mr. Gash that I wanted some information about graduation, but I'd come back when he wasn't busy. As I left, among his cackles of delight, I thought I heard him say something about 1995, but he must have been talking to the others.

I'll be furthering my education in Florida. I think the change will do me good, but I'm really gonna miss Brevard. I learned a lot here.

I learned that how you dress doesn't matter as much in college as it did in high school. Driving a nice car, impressing others...it's all obsolete. Materialistic values seem to fade away (for most people) in college, and I think that's good.

I finally found out who Bocephus is, after long, puzzling years of seeing bumperstickers on trucks back home. Country music isn't nearly as abundant in Tampa as it is here. And red-necks are a minority. But I've learned, to my shattering dismay, that country music won't go away. For a while, I was hoping country music would follow in Disco's dance-steps and vanish as a fad or a warped era. I guess I should stop sending checks to the SACAWM (Society for the Abolition of Country and Western Music).

The biggest thing I learned is that the myth about people being more mature in college than in high school is just that: a filthy, blatant myth. I've had enough of jealous boyfriends and crazed rumor-radiating x-girlfriends that I could throw-up on myself. I guess the first two years of college are the transition years, when you discover who you really are, and decide what you want (or don't want) to be. It's just easier for some people.

I've seen people consume alcohol with a passion unparalleled by anything I'd ever seen before college. I've never really understood the concept of getting so drunk you don't know what you're doing, but I've seen some people master this practice.

I've learned a lot right here on campus as a result of trial and error. In the McClarty-Goodson building, one door on each side won't open. I've sat inside in the morning and watched people (sometimes the same ones every day) tug unsuccessfully on one door before opening the other.

I've learned to alter my eating habits to some degree since I've been here. Prior to my Brevard College days, I had a strict rule about eating things I didn't recognize, but no more. And I thought the cooks in high school were creative.

I've learned a lot about Southern accents and the way people talk since I've been here, too. I catch myself sometimes saying

"Y'all" but there are some greatly confusing oddities about the dialect of North Carolina.

For some reason people (from Brevard especially) insist that despite the fact that I have, say 50 pennies, it's still singular. I was at the gas station the other day. "Excuse me, sir. Do you have a drink machine here?"

"Yup. 'sover yonder. Fifty cent." I refrained from barking "cenTS" at him, as I was floored by his rhetoric and fragments.

Another thing I don't understand about the way people talk around here is the preparatory repair that is involved before one can achieve anything — you fix to do something. "Excuse me, Miss. We've been waiting for a long time. Is our pizza almost ready?"

"Just hold on. I'm fixin' to go get it now." "You're FIXING to? Why? Is there something wrong with your legs?! I don't get it.

People around here refuse to accept Florida's geographical location. I overheard two guys, Cletis and Hank, talking in a restaurant the other day. "Dagnabbit, there ain't nothin' like livin' in the South," Cletis declared.

"I hear ya', Clee, ol' buddy," Hank answered, cramming a heap of brown matter into his mouth, which he pulled from a bag marked REDMAN.

"Howdy, guys," I offered. "I'm from Florida..." They paused for a second, and laughed graciously. "Hail, boy," Hank chuckled, "That ain't the South." I fumbled through my pockets as the hefty farmers had a hearty laugh, and produced a map of the United States. I pointed to the compass first, to familiarize the boys with the four basic directions. "Now, this is you guys up here," I indicated with a finger on North Carolina. "And I live..." my finger slid down to Tampa, "...way down here. And that's (say it with me) South. Good." They looked at me as if my words were foreign, and said, "Boy, This is the South. Now, you and your map jus' get." I folded my map and returned to my table, puzzled. I guess "The South" isn't a place, but a frame of mind. Needless to say, I don't mind being sub-southern.

I learned a lot about responsibility and living away from home while I was here. Suddenly, I had to clean up for myself and do all the things my mother did when I lived at home. Doing my own laundry was the biggest problem I had. Figuring out how much soap is too much (the hard way), learning how to fold clothes — it was tough. Responsibility is the doorway to maturity, whatever that means.

I must say the two years went pretty fast. In retrospect I'd say my sophomore year went smoother than my freshman year, but they both had key moments.

January, 1987, was my first snow. October, 1986, I wrote my first Mellon Patch article for the Clarion.

Mid-term of the same year, I got my first

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The Editor's Opinion

When it snows in April

by Biár Orrell

Prince sings with sincerity, "Sometimes it snows in April." And it makes me stop and ask, "What have my parents gotten me into?"

Life, as we know it, has got to be about as abstract, hitting home on many far off planes, as any fiction writer or poet could ever hope to carry us. And yet some of us actually walk around aimlessly crying of unstimulating cluelessness.

It blows my mind to hear people talk of boredom. "I'm bored at Brevard College," she whined as she walked off regluing her lips in 'passion pink.' Ten years later this same girl has a nervous break down when she gets home with the groceries and realizes she left the baby on the bus.

Everyone's an artist, and everyone's beautiful. The problem is not everyone knows this. If I could add one course of study to the BC curriculum, it would be "Philosophies and Understanding of Breathing and Breeding."

We've got to realize that 'life' is going to continue whether we lend a helping hand or not. Our influences fall on the development of the quality of life. We must learn to breathe life, nourish ourselves with living. At that time we can dismember our culprit — boredom.

It's push and pull, give and take. And so many of us can not get this rhythmic pattern down. It's yin and yang; it's the natural flow of the negative and positive forces of nature.

The key is appreciation and respect. If we can appreciate the wacky, funky flukes of life, and respect our parents for being brave enough to even attempt the feat of "breathing and breeding," then we can deal with the snow in April.

Andy Warhol, the late godfather of Pop Art, said, "Carpet the streets and money for everyone." Richard Brautigan, the late psychedelic '60s poet, said, "For fear you will be alone, you do so many things that aren't you at all."

As I'm writing, rambling, my thoughts do not end. I realize nothing ends; the clock is progressing; time is passing; the noise outside my window continues.

And when we are gone, BC will still be here, still going strong. And we will move through our lives and do with them what we will. And when we're gone, we'll leave remembrances behind in the flow, our undying souls, our spoken words, maybe some old clothes. It's actually that simple; it's actually that complex.

I hope all of you learn to "breathe and breed" in that rhythmic flow, for we are the pathways into the next generations.