

Commentary

Get a grip ©

by Russ Evans

Clarion Senior Reporter

Why did most of us come to Brevard College? If I had two guesses, one of them would be to gripe and complain all the time.

Every day someone comes up to me and whines about one thing or another. I don't know why they come to me, but I have a feeling that I'm not the only one that gets the gripes.

What is there that is so horrible about BC? Someone constantly complains about the food here. I'll agree, it may not be mom's cooking, but mom isn't here to change your diaper either. What is so bad about the food? If you think it is so bad, then go to Ethiopia.

If you are going to gripe, then get a real issue, such as nuclear waste. The food here won't kill you, but that stuff sure will. Get off the cafeteria's back, after all, you don't have to eat.

On the other hand you do have to breathe. Why doesn't someone gripe about the smoke in the lobby of McLarty-Goodson or in any of the dorm lobbies? Maybe we should start making smokers hold their breath. If everyone would go outside and smoke or whatever you call it,

instead of doing it inside where everyone can breathe it with you, everything would be much better.

Maybe you are one of those who complains about the parking situation. Maybe you think the spaces are too small. The spaces are big enough — no one here drives a Cadillac, so what's the big deal?

Why did you come to college? Was it to drive around? Who needs a car here anyway?

Anything you need is within close walking distance. Sure, I have a car here, but I need it to get away from the moaning and groaning that constantly plagues my ears.

Even so, I don't cry when I can't park next to my room. If you think the parking is bad here, try to get a parking space at Clemson University — even the students have to move their cars when there is a home football game so that the fans can park.

So just keep complaining about the parking, and enjoy your space while you have it.

For those of you who don't like security here at BC, I have nothing nice to say to you. So what if you get a ticket for speeding, they didn't make you speed, they are just doing their job.

I hear that they are too "gung-ho." Well,

I don't see them carrying guns or other weapons, but you speed demons better look out for their heat-seeking missiles on their undercover car which some geek looking for a cheap thrill painted.

Security keeps the less desirable population who aren't students out of our hair. Sure, we could form vigilante groups and handle them ourselves, or maybe we could call in the National Guard to protect us.

Wow, that would be great. They could stop us at gunpoint and demand to see proof of showing that we are students here, or they could nuke the noisy people in the Beam courtyard at two in the morning. I think that security is doing a great job, so leave them alone. Like I said before, get a real issue to gripe about.

I shouldn't even have to bring up alcohol, but many people do, whether verbal or otherwise. So, you can't have alcohol on campus. Big deal. That's just too bad. Maybe there is a reason for that. It could be a little thing like your health, or maybe the Administration just doesn't want some drunken idiot driving around campus and running over people, or hitting my car.

I know I certainly don't. Besides, this is a junior college, and most people here are under 21. I know there are a few of us that are of age, but most of us aren't.

In case you didn't know, 21 is the legal age in North Carolina, and the policy of the College probably protects your backside from the City Police, who love college students with a little ketchup for breakfast.

You knew the policy before you came here, so leave, or learn to live with it.

Visitation is another big gripe. I look at it this way, if you can't finish whatever you're doing by 8 p.m., then you don't need to be doing it in the first place.

How about the rules? What rules? All you need is common sense to get by at this College. If everyone had common sense, then there wouldn't be any need to have rules.

But, like they say, one bad apple spoils them all. Not everyone who comes here has common sense. Some make me wonder if they have any sense at all. It really takes a brain to kick a soccer ball through my window, or just to kick it against a wall full of windows. I guess that person just needed directions to the wide open non-breakable goal behind the gym, or maybe a windowless wall inside the gym. What I can't figure is why he just didn't knock on the door and ask me.

I don't ever want to hear someone say that they are bored. There are many things to do around campus, like kicking soccer balls through my window. There is also plenty of space for frisbees.

I almost forgot, I'm not your mother and I'm not going to tell you what to do when you're bored. Go find out for yourself. I could probably suggest a million things to do, and somebody wouldn't like any of them, so I won't bother.

I will say this though, the woods are good for something other than forest parties, which I hear are just "social gatherings," and aren't worth a DUI to go to.

If you are one of us with common sense, you could find plenty to do without someone having to hold your hand and show you where to go or what to do, so don't insult your intelligence, or lack of it, by complaining about boredom.

Finally, my turn to gripe about you gripers is over. If you must gripe and complain about something, make it a worthwhile gripe. Get something worth your tears and crying, instead of little trivial things that don't matter anyway. A gripe can be a great tool in making things better, but complaining about every little thing that comes along will turn those of us who listen to you against you.

Sure, Brevard College may not be paradise, but then again it's a long way from purgatory. All you incessant gripers need to get real and grow up a little, or like so many of us say, GET A GRIP.

Commentary

AIDS: a change of heart

by Lora Woodrum

Clarion Asst. Editor

Just one more night! If half of Brevard College students would have stayed one more night before they left for Fall Break. I am sure that they would have experienced a feeling that is almost indescribable.

AIDS seminar: boy, that sounds like an interesting one, if I attended I could get extra credit. But the funny thing is — when it was over, it didn't seem right to fill out the extra credit form. I actually learned something significant and felt something profound. I was happy that I went and did not even care about the extra credit.

Three AIDS victims: they all look so "normal." There was one lady and two guys. The first man who spoke was very educated looking. Proper, fit, and intelligent. I say intelligent not because of any education you can get in a classroom but because he came to know the true meaning of the virus and came to know himself and life. "I never let anything get me down before and I am not going to now," he said bravely and powerfully. Each of them came to teach the lesson of practicing 'safe sex.' But what I learned from this man was much more than that. To stand up for myself and to fight for what I believe in. That is what I learned from him.

The second man seemed more shy about his disease. Oh, it was not because he was ashamed of it. None of them were afraid. He just seemed to be very concerned about young students today. His heart was more than warm. It was flaming with the desire to burst out from the highest mountain, "It can happen to you. For the love of God, protect yourself." Well, although he did not exactly do just that, I heard him.

Finally, the lady. At first she seemed very nervous, but after a while she became

overwhelmed with the topic and informed the audience of all of the pain that comes along with it. As she silently cried, one of the guys reached over and gently rubbed her back to calm and reassure her. The love that these three people had for one another was enormous. You could see the special relationship that they had with one another and it was all because they had that one terrible thing in common.

The three speakers were very informative. I became more knowledgeable about the disease. But more importantly, I learned what I could do to protect myself. By the time I walked out of the auditorium I was scared and immediately I changed my total view of an AIDS victim.

You see, they are not "different" and they are not all gay either. They are human, just like you and me. It is not the AIDS virus that brings them to death, it is us. We carry the bacteria and viruses that infect AIDS victims and siege their immune systems until they surrender.

At first I thought that I was the only one that felt this way after listening to their testimonials. But as I was walking out of Dunham Auditorium, I overheard one girl say to her boyfriend, "please, stay with me forever." One student replied, "God, that's scary!" I think every student that attended that seminar felt something strongly.

So, maybe I didn't get to leave early for Fall Break, who cares! What I did was more memorable than any vacation. I learned how to care, and how to feel for AIDS victims.

They say that a writer has the "power of the pen." I wish that I could take that power and resolve all AIDS victims from their pain. But since I can't, I hope that I have helped them by making their sorrow and reality known.

Poets Corner

Quasars

We secret quasars shine
submerged in placid universe drip
the wisp our presence far away
in close biways as shivers grip
extremes a nothing stream of one
twinkling, we matter, as seeds we wait
for God the father and the Sun
in quilted time a nebulous state
dark and light are none as in
nor sin a vast disgrace
sprouting as the lord ascended
spirit pulls in open spaces.

- Nick Gold