

# Opinion

## Earth Fest: Friendly Food

by Owen Carson  
Contributor

I remember picking summer raspberries from the fence-line of my mother's garden, back in the cool shade of green bamboo. Their taste, immaculate: small, sweet-tart explosions on the tongue. Today I still relive the sensation and reflect on exactly why they were *so* delicious. The flavor, I realized, was only the beginning. It was the hunt for the plumpest berry, the fight through thorny walls for the biggest cluster, the painful lash after a careless grab; all of these things enhanced the berries' appeal. I was a backyard Indiana Jones searching for living treasure, pain and peril thrown to the wind!

Years later, the raspberries still stand, inviting me each summer to once again stain and prick my fingertips in hopes of a new, greater bounty that somehow eluded me the previous year. I feel at home in the thicket. I can look down and see my food, harvest it with my two hands and take it to the table to feast. This is important: these days people have become increasingly more aware of their

food sources: what is it? where was it grown? Is it organic? What does organic even mean? In a world of GMO's and pesticides, a world of peaches in December and cherries in March, how can we be sure of our food's quality at all?

The answer is neither simple nor singular. It takes a true effort to understand food and all of its constituents, from its production methods to its arrival at your plate. However, as Brevard College students we have an upper hand. We are surrounded by local food, food which we can watch grow in nearby fields, food who's producer we can meet and shake hands with. On Tuesday and Saturday we can walk to the end of Johnson Street and buy *affordable* local, organic food, food which not only nourishes our body but builds relationships and promotes the integrity of Brevard's tight-knit community. Endless options exist in this small town; it just takes a small effort to find them. Educate yourself. Find where your food grows, get to know who grows it. Dive into the raspberries, push past the thorns, eat from your own hand and thank the earth for it all.

By Zack Harding  
Arts and Life Editor

I vote for a re-naming of a certain room in this college: instead of calling it the "Super Lab!!!," lets call it the "Much-Worse-Than-Average Lab."

Picture this: I have 50 minutes to get some work done before I have to go to a class, so I head to the Super Lab. I sit at a computer and proceed to type in my user name and password. I then get the message "Cannot log in to BC blah, blah, blah." This is only mildly upsetting, because a re-start came sometimes cure this particular element. Three or four minutes later the computer is rebooted. Still no dice.

Not too big of a problem. I move to another computer and remain standing while I type in my user name and password. Once I see that it is logging on I proceed to sit down and ...WAIT A MINUTE!! I am falling out of the back of my chair!

This chair has been torn open for over a year, and somebody

keeps trying to stick it back together by lining its frame back up. Unfortunately, this only causes one to think that they have a functioning seat for a moment before slipping backwards in comedic fashion. I try to type at this computer, but decide that this rocking-chair/swing is not the best place to try that activity..

I move to another computer, but it is covered in something brown and sticky so I move to yet another. Logs on—check. Functioning chair—check. Here we go, time to typee. I mean timeee to type. Damn. Apparently thiss computer has a keyboard with letters "s" and "ee" that stick. Not a big deal, right? I just needeed to backspace every now and again.

That becomes highly unsatisfying after a while, especially when I realize that a 15 minute article is taking much more time than it should. I might as well just finish this task later. This might be the "Super Lab," but its cape has holes in it and there are skid-marks on its trousers.

## Earth Fest: The Soundtrack of Life

by Chad Campbell  
Contributor

A single flower stands in a shaft of light, enjoying its warm embrace. The forest is calm, peaceful, and tranquil. All of its elements and creatures participate in the complex dance of life.

Listen carefully, there is music playing. Observe the flower

serene, smiling as it lives its ephemeral dream; the song at first seems to be a classical waltz or a righteous reggae rhythm.

High above the forest floor, a tree reaches with all of its might, stretching shade to end the flower's peaceful personal party.

The soundtrack quickly transitions to a rocking, beating rhythm. The war drums play, hard distortion guitar comes in, aided by driving and thumping

bass. The flower withers as it remembers its long lost friend, sun.

A nostalgic ballad sees the flower to rest amongst the litter of others, dead and dying. But this song of sadness is very short.

Coming from the decaying leaves, is the happiest music of all! The Grateful Dead play along to the interactions of tiny entities, as they pass along the

peace pipe of life.

The forest is drama. Suffering is a part of nature, and is found in every nook and cranny of existence.

But, what is pleasure without a complement of pain? Each interaction and transfer of energy is undeniably beautiful, and the song plays on amongst the quiet universe. Just listen.