

# The Ridgerunner

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## Segregation, A-B Style

A visitor looks upon a neat, well-landscaped campus dotted with new and almost-finished buildings. He is impressed by the scene, thinking that here indeed he has discovered a progressive institution of higher learning, whose primary aim is the proper education of its students. Could he penetrate this facade, he would realize the existence of an unadmitted and controversial purpose: segregation.

If this purpose were publicly recognized, it would be condemned as un-American, at the very least. However, this much can be said for it: it is not the usual brand of segregation. The type here discussed refers to the separation of the faculty from the students, the professors from the instructors, the administration from the faculty, both the administration and the faculty from the staff, and even some members of the staff from each other.

In the first instance, the segregation of faculty and students, the fault lies neither with the students nor with the faculty. After all, how can the lettered man be expected to communicate ably with anyone below his intellectual capability? It is only his purpose to present facts and ideas, not to relate these facts and ideas to the lives of his students. A professor is more than a mortal being, and therefore cannot afford to bend on any given principle set forth by himself.

The problem is further complicated by the intrusion of those individuals known as instructors, who travel a zig-zag pathway between students and their superiors, the professors. Most of the instructors are still young enough to understand the problems of their students, but in pursuit of the crown of professorship sometimes necessarily cross over into the dominating attitude of their superiors. If they are successful neither in attracting their students nor in pleasing their superiors, it is time for them to write a book about it all.

While A-B students are familiar with the first two types of segregation on their campus, they may catch only passing hints of the conflict between administration and faculty. A memo here, a sly remark there -- it is not difficult to realize that even a professor is not his own boss. He may settle questions of world affairs for his classes, but he cannot buy a dozen pencils without writing a detailed requisition and obtaining a series of hieroglyphic signatures on it. The one consolation is that bids are required only on large items, so that with luck a dozen pencils may be received a mere month after the initial request.

If the administration makes life hard on the faculty, or vice-versa, they both can take it out on the members of the staff. Their methods of torturing the "hired help" befit their titles; they do not beat them or give them inordinate amounts of work to do, in general. They simply emit a well-worded phrase (some would not be printable) if a steno is caught not looking busy, or cast a warning glance in her direction. The supervisors are skilled in waiting as long as possible to criticize, so that a mistake may be fully apparent. One can understand that they do not really care to bother with petty matters (or persons of no consequence) unless a glaring error is evident.

To make the confusion complete and intercommunication all but impossible, cooperation among the staff members themselves is limited. It seems that each office or area of work is the only authority to each worker, and some of the offices are not willing to admit that working together is the only solution to the problem.

Lack of cooperation exists in nearly all of the Asheville-Biltmore relationships. The only group who submerges their uncooperativeness is the students, whose main purpose is to learn something to help them earn a living in our modern world. There is no denying that they certainly are learning about how people work with each other today.

## UNC's Be-In Has Been--And How!

(ACP) -- The Be-in has been. It "has been" at many universities across the country but perhaps was never quite as "in" as at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. There, reports the DAILY TAR

HEEL, the One-Eyed Jacks started it off, the Jug Band picked it up, and several thousand people carried it through.

It looked like a giant masquerade party, with medieval costumes, Indian mini-skirts, Ro-

man togas, clowns, fish-net bras, dogs wearing paisley ties, aluminum foil dresses, and everything else the college mind could conjure.

There were paint-ins, chalk-ins, sing-ins, dress-ins, climb-ins, and even a laugh-in. The latter occurred when some 20 students lay on each other in various positions and just laughed.

There was Adolph Hitler on tape and Hitler personified from a second-floor window, shouting "Sieg Heil" while extending his arm. A dead pine tree was erected and decorated with balloons and dogwood blossoms. In the quad a lawn chess game was played using humans as pawns and other figures in the chess hierarchy. The odor of incense wafted through the air and a student named Fritz ate dog biscuits.

A group of students sitting in a boat was asked to explain its behavior. Observed one: "Everyone else has missed the point. This is supposed to be a Be-in and we have something to be in."

There was more watching than being early in the afternoon, but by 2 o'clock everybody was doing something -- playing hopscotch, jumping rope, climbing trees, juggling oranges, eating bananas, smearing the statue of Silent Sam with shaving cream, or just running around in circles holding hands. Models sat on tubs while instant artists meticulously painted their noses, legs, and belly buttons. Pyramids were big for a while, until blanket tossing took over.

Flowers and fruit were everywhere. Daisies led the field but occasional laurels were seen. Bananas had little competition among the fruit. Slogans were carried on sweaters, buttons and signs. They read: "Polymorphous Perverse at the University," "Support Your Local Fuzz," "Sex Before Final Exams," and "Do It In The Spring."

But perhaps most characteristic of the mood of the Be-In was the pretty blonde in snug slacks who looked over the shoulder of the DAILY TAR HEEL reporter as he was taking notes. "What are you doing?" asked the reporter.

"I'm watching you write a poem," replied the girl. It was like that.

## Editorials

### Pseudonym vs. Nonym

We keep getting anonymous editorials in the mail.

These editorials are from members of the faculty.

We can tell because all the words are spelled right, even words like "obligato" and "impresario" and foreign phrases like "coup d'etat."

Anyway, we translated the editorials as best we could and came to the conclusion that the faculty is going to stage a revolution because revolt is necessary.

Further, like Nero, they're go-

ing to sing as the old institution burns. What's more they're gonna blame it on the administration and persecute them to death in the arena while the students look on.

Or something like that. We can't always understand those big words.

We don't even care too much what they mean.

We'd just like to know why the faculty members are afraid to sign their editorial comments.

Does anyone know why the faculty is too scared to 'fess up?

### The Lost Ones

Thirty-five occupational preferences were listed by students who completed the student questionnaire. Journalism ranked seventh.

Yet the Ridgerunner hasn't had much traffic from 26 of the students who listed journalism. Except for the 27th student. That's Ginger King, the editor. An unknown number of students named public relations.

It would interest the editor to know when these people plan to start their careers and how they are preparing themselves for journalism at a school which offers no journalism.

Has anyone considered practical application of his talents? Evidently, no one has given it much thought.

Receiving an H from Gullickson and landing a reporter's job at the Citizen-Times are both serious undertakings. But it would be less frustrating to get a G for a literature course than to be refused for that first job.

You need the experience working on a college newspaper can give you as much as the newspaper needs you.

It's a reciprocal relationship.

You can gain experience and relieve your tensions. You can wring your hands over an elusive lead and learn the joy of patience. You can stand before the President and learn the price of recognition. The language of birds will be second nature to you. After all, you'll be accused of getting most of your information from birds.

And these are only fringe benefits.

Think it over. Ginger needs your help next year.



**DON'T FENCE ME OUT.**

If you don't help your school officials open recreation areas nights, weekends and during the summer, nobody else will.

### Message From SGA

The year 1967-1968 provides every student at Asheville-Biltmore College a challenge unique in the history of the school. As all of us know, the advent of dormitory life will be an important step toward becoming a fully developed college campus -- intellectually and socially. Asheville-Biltmore will move from a "commuting" college to a resident one. The length of that step will depend upon the efforts of every individual student.

It is the goal of your Student Government Association to allow the student every opportunity to take an active part in "college life." Next year the S.G.A. will expand social and scholastic programs to fit the growing campus. The S.G.A. Commissioners and special committees are already at work preparing for Orientation Week, regular movie showings, special programs, concerts, student services, and other activities projected throughout the school year.

Work is being done, but the real success achieved here at Asheville-Biltmore next year depends on you. We, the S.G.A., are asking every student to involve himself in its affairs, be concerned with problem areas, and be willing to work for a better college. If all of us contribute this much, then great things will happen in 1967-1968.

Sincerely,  
Guy Batsel, 1967-68 President  
Student Government Association

## The Ridgerunner

The Ridgerunner is the official student publication of Asheville-Biltmore College.

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