

No respect!

The editorial staff has been receiving quite a bit of slack concerning the appearance of "Professor Teacher," an unidentified editorial writer whose writings appeared in two recent editions of the newspaper. Though the column has received quite a bit of criticism, we think Professor Teacher had the right idea in that in her second editorial, she set guidelines for students so that they would know how to "act" like students, and they would know how to interact with their professors.

Therefore, in the spirit of Professor Teacher, we thought a set of guidelines for dealing with the media -- namely, *The Blue Banner* -- were in order.

Before the guidelines are listed, though, one point must be made explicitly clear. You should realize that the first amendment of the U.S. Constitution guarantees citizens of the United States the right to a free press. However, nowhere in the amendment does it guarantee citizens access to the press. Therefore, if you are one of the fortunate ones who convinces the media to pay attention to your event or ideas, you should consider it a privilege rather than a right.

Now, a set of guidelines. When you want something printed in the newspaper, flatter us, wine and dine us, coax or trick us into giving you coverage. The wrong approach is calling us with a specific set of demands, and becoming hostile when your demands are not met in the newspaper. As stated above, no citizen is guaranteed access to a press.

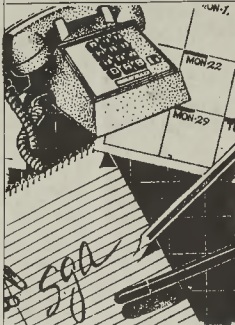
Secondly, act appreciative when we give you coverage. When you call to respond to an article, and you concentrate on only the one, tiny, itty-bitsy, knit-picky detail of the article of which you did not approve, it certainly does not convince us that you would be an agreeable source for future stories. And, it certainly would not convince us that you should receive further coverage in the newspaper.

Lastly, do not assume that when we ignore your event, it was an intentional, malicious act on our part. We receive approximately 10 requests each day from various interest groups who want coverage in our newspaper, and we do not have the resources, or usually the interest, to cover them all.

Before we close, a final note -- we do not pretend to wield unqualified power over the lives of the UNCA campus community. Unlike some groups, we realize that our influence is limited at best.

However, as a campus media organization that is and has been the target of ridicule in the recent past, we make but one request: Give us some respect. And in turn, we might just do the same for you.

From the SGA



SGA plans for 1990-91

On April 11, 1990, the 22nd Senate Session of the Student Government Association at UNCA was officially opened, and thanks to you, I was privileged enough to be the presiding officer.

During the next year, I would like for the student government to have much better communication with you, the students. We are elected by you and we really are here to serve you. Our main problem is that we can't help you if you don't tell us what's wrong. The student government is open from 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. Monday through Friday, and we are usually open on Saturdays and Sundays. However, the office is not the only place where you can find your SGA members. We are in your classes, we live in your dorms (for those of you who live on campus), and we are more than willing to listen to any suggestions, ideas, and definitely problems that you may have.

This year, your SGA administration will be the following people:

- John Scholtz - President
- Gigi Leaks - Vice-President
- Beth Estep - Treasurer
- Kevan Frazier - Interior Secretary
- Haywood Spangler - Exterior Secretary

- Robert Straub - Director of Operations
- Josh Bernstein - Senior Senator
- Craig Multz - Senior Senator
- Rebecca Kent - Senior Senator
- Darren Popoure - Junior Senator
- Mimi Molina - Junior Senator
- Mark Johnson - Junior Senator
- Marlus Harding - Sophomore Senator
- Charlotte Rix - Sophomore Senator
- Brian Corbin - Sophomore Senator
- Jay Bowers - Residential Senator
- Heather Zanzig - Residential Senator
- Stephen Alexander - Residential Senator
- Chris Orr - Commuter Senator
- Anthony Bolick - Commuter Senator
- Keith Goode - Commuter Senator

And, summer school students don't fret because we will be here to serve you, too! Come down to Highsmith Center, Room 39, and tell us what's on your mind! And remember, SGA is here for you!

Gigi Leaks
SGA Vice-President



The Blue Banner

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|-----------------------------|-----------------|
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| Sports Editor | Michelle Newton |
| Asst. Sports Editor | Guy Stuart |
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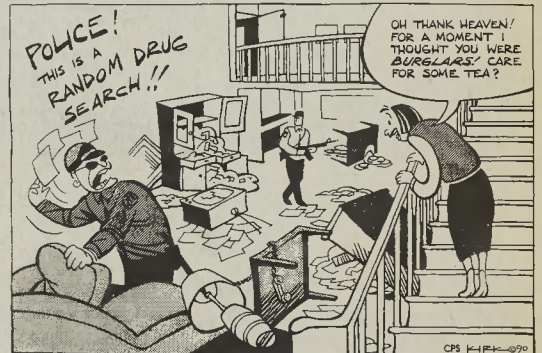
Staff: William Allen, Amy Beddingfield, Jenee Cross, Cindy Dotson, Michelle Franklin, Jackie Gasperson, Chris Gore, Lane Hollifield, Rosy McGillan, Angela Minor, Jami Shipe, Sandra Sigmon, Jamie Steele, LeeAnne Treadway, Andrew Turman, Winter Weber, Miranda Wyatt.



The *Blue Banner* is the University of North Carolina at Asheville's student newspaper. We publish each Thursday except during summer sessions, finals week and holiday breaks. Our office is located in Carmichael Hall, 208-A. The telephone numbers are (704) 251-6586 and 251-6591.

Nothing in the editorial or opinions sections necessarily represents the position of the entire newspaper staff, the staff advisor, UNCA's Student Government Association, administration or faculty. Editorials represent the opinion of the majority of the editorial board.

Letters, columns, cartoons and reviews represent only the views of their authors. The editorial board makes the final decision about what *The Blue Banner* prints. This newspaper represents a public forum for debate at UNCA. *The Blue Banner* welcomes letters to the editor and articles, and considers them on the basis of interest, space, taste and timeliness. Letters and articles should be typed, double-spaced or printed legibly, and limited to 300 words. Letters should be signed with the writer's name, followed by the year in school, major or other relationship to UNCA. Please include a telephone number to aid in verification. **UNSIGNED LETTERS WILL NOT BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION.** All submitted articles are subject to editing. *The Blue Banner* regrets it cannot guarantee the return of any articles submitted.



The frantic search for Bud Dry

Right off the bat, I have to admit that I have a bad attitude approaching this subject. I mean, I really feel like the mark in an elaborate scam. Not only have my feelings been hurt, my intelligence has been insulted...and it's kind of embarrassing.

A few weeks ago, my friends and I noticed that our nightly diet of blase television and weekend sports events were being peppered with splashy and loud Bud Dry commercials. You know, the beer with the label on sideways? Well, we all sat up, took notice and vowed that whoever was shopping next in the local Ingle's would look for a six pack to taste test.

That's when the scam began. When grabbing an emergency bag of dog food the other week, I decided to cruise by the beer aisle and see how much this new "dry" really costs. At first, I was confused and had to make a few passes. No Bud Dry. Upon asking a clerk, who rolled his eyes at me, I learned that only a few cases were delivered that week and were gone in no time.

It really started sinking in when my babe and I stepped into a local eatery for a couple of brews. I noticed the advertising flats on the tables and smiled. No problem. They were advertising Bud Dry on every table, and I had scored!

After the beverage order, the waiter scowled. He snagged the ad flats and proceeded to tear them up. He then launched into a tirade upon the restaurant and brewing industry. Their weekly allotment of Bud Dry amounted to about three

Tony Marx Guest Columnist

cases. Three cases! This was a busy establishment on the main drag in town.

Now stop right there and listen to yourself. What are you saying? Are you reacting in manner A or B?

A) What's wrong with Budweiser? Can't they make the stuff fast enough and put in some real stock? I mean, this is Ingle's, not some Ma & Pa Grocery, right? Or,

B) This stuff must be really good! It's selling like mad, and they can't keep it on the shelf. Of course, I was hooked! I

vowed to find the elusive Bud Dry!

I called in the reinforcements. After a few well placed phone calls, my crack search team was assembled.

I had the best grocery store bargain hunters chomping at the bit. My barfly buddies were ready to scour the local watering holes. Even a few bloodhounds I personally know took time off from their jobs hunting pot in Madison County to track "dry" from the distributor.

These guys were not pretty, but they were perfect for the job. With their beer bellies heaving in anticipation, I cut them loose on Asheville.

I sat at headquarters and stared out the window as my cigarette smoke lazily traced a trail to the ceiling fan. That "dry" would be mine, dammit!

And then it hit me like a pallet. All at once, I felt angry and stupid. Once again, those subliminal advertising gurus in New York had managed to motivate my expendable income mentality and whip me into a frenzy. Well, what was done...was done.

As the reports came back, they painted a bleak picture. There was no "dry" to be found. The ad agencies had won again. The grade school mentality had worked.

Appeal to what the average eighth grader would consider exciting, and you'll have the whole country pounding down your door. Even my college educated cranium couldn't pick up that. What an embarrassment...

My friends shuffled out one by one. They, too, were disgusted by the whole affair. Even their expertise wasn't good enough.

As I drove home, I pondered my next stop. Amos, my filling station attendant awoke with a lurch as I pulled into his place for gas. As he hunched up his overall, he motioned to a few boxes in the corner.

"Can't get rid of 'em," he spat, digging the last remnants of chew from his gums. "Everybody 'round here drinks the King (...of beers, that is), not any of that yuppie crap..."

He was pointing to three cases of Bud Dry sitting in the corner next to a few cases of motor oil.

"Damn Bud Man talked me into it, and now I use 'em fer: my plants to set on."

I smiled. Sure, I'd take them... On the way back to the car, I was calculating the price I was going to sell these three cases back to Ingle's and a few restaurants for. Bud isn't the only one that's going to make money off this scam.