

Tools & Fools

space for rent
Editorial

Love shack Outsource this

The UNCA administration has gone ahead with its plans to force our housekeepers to neglect their families by working the graveyard shift. This move is all part of a supposed effort to increase housekeepers' "efficiency," and is no doubt in response to a mandate by the UNC General Administration that the 16 state schools make their support services more efficient (by threatening them with the possibility of outsourcing).

While we are all for efficiency, it strikes us as funny that the same General Administration that is so concerned about housekeeping costs is willing to spend over \$280,000 on the inauguration of the exalted and now semi-divine Molly Broad. In all reality, the suits and skirts down in Chapel Hill spent \$280,000 on nothing but a self-glorifying, brown-nosing festival in which they did nothing but pat each other on the back. We believe that the quarter-million could have been used for something more beneficial to the UNC system, such as letting our housekeepers remain part of the UNCA community, and allowing them to have some sort of family life.

Molly Broad should have gotten nothing more than a store-bought cake to celebrate her arrival. Instead, she is treated like royalty after barely warming her chair. UNCA housekeepers, on the other hand, have proven their worth and ability over their many years of service to the UNC system. If anybody deserves a two-day carnival, it is the system-wide housekeepers, and not the unproven Broad.

In regards to the housekeeping hours, the UNCA administration should have had the guts to stand up to its abusive parent in Chapel Hill, and refuse to force our housekeepers to work these ridiculous hours. However, our administrators (not surprisingly) caved in, and our housekeepers have ended up as the ones who do the belt-tightening so that our administrators can participate in all of the "academic regalia" that took place in Raleigh last week.

Although the administration will never admit it, it sure seems as if housekeepers' hours are being changed so that the housekeepers will quit "voluntarily," thus ridding the school of the expensive dental, medical, and pension plans that our housekeepers currently receive. Once the current housekeepers are out of the way, it would be really easy to hire a janitorial service which pays its employees no benefits, but gives UNCA a better bottom line. The administration does not realize that most of us can see through all of their smoke and mirrors.

The next target of the UNCA Outsourcing Committee should be Phillips Hall. It seems as if there is an unnecessary number of "assistant vice chancellors of this," and "associate vice chancellors of that." A good in-depth investigation by Mike Small & Co. would no doubt reveal that changes can definitely be made in the administration in the name of "efficiency."

The next time an administrator is tucking his or her child into bed, or talking to his or her spouse late at night, he or she should think about the housekeepers who are unable to do the same thing, because they are busy cleaning up the academic and administrative buildings' garbage in the name of "efficiency."

The mistake of the masses

Fellow students, we have an announcement to make from the administration. The courses you thought were going to make next semester a breeze have officially been put out of your reach. The short-sightedness of those in charge of the Founders Scholarships has caused a horrible miscalculation concerning the scholarships' funding. Now, in order to compensate those students that are not yet official UNCA students, the administration has decided to take classes normally open to all students and let the leaders of the incoming brat pack have first pick. Since you get to register early and all, the administration figured you would get over it by the fall, and you don't really need those courses anyway. Have fun next semester.

Assistant Vice Chancellor for Enrollment Management Patricia McClellan said it best: "What happened this year is symptomatic of the need for some planning with regards to our scholarship program." A need for redistribution of course offerings is more like it. Just because no one took the time to make sure their budget for the Founders Scholarships, which are for incoming freshmen only (and possibly named after the dorm they will all live in), could live up to the funding available for them, does not mean present students should be the ones to suffer.

The new "learning communities," which are defined as the chosen few who will enroll in all five designated classes, are designed to ensure that the students will not have a "fragmented" college experience, according to Merritt Moseley, dean of faculty development and professor of literature. Funny, but that fragmentation has been in place at colleges and universities across the country for over 100 years. Congratulations to UNCA for being the first school to realize how being treated like adults can cause students to think for themselves and make their own decisions about what courses to take. Coddling these young geniuses is obviously the only way to nurture their intelligence.

The UNCA administration should stop mistaking their present students for naive freshmen. Ill-treatment today will only mean less funds for the quiet phase tomorrow.

Everyone wins: the 1998 Tool Awards



Nate
Conroy
King Tool

Welcome to the '97-'98 Tool Awards Pre-Game Show! I'm your host, Nate—UNCA's own "self-styled humorist," as a grumpy letter writer once called me.

I've been called many things in my three-year tenure as a columnist. Earlier this year, Dave Greene accused me of attempting to "come across as edgy and right to the point, with highbrow sarcasm and scathing cynicism" ("Conroy goes too far," Feb. 12).

Dave, I work damn hard to produce misguided, self-indulging, greater-than-thou tirades aimed at nothing more than to see how well I can read and see everything into absolutely nothing. It angers me beyond pure hell that you would insinuate that I try to get "right to the point."

Last year, another fan, Monica Williams, e-mailed, "Conroy, I crown you 'King Tool!' If you would get your self-serving head out of the butts of certain groups, you would appreciate students expressing their views—just like you do!" What are you talking about? If students didn't express their views, particularly on the hilarious *Banner* letters page, what would I have to write about? I love this school with a passion. Where else could I have achieved such notoriety from fans as the following true story:

"Hey, don't you write for the paper?" a girl asked.

"Why yes, I do," I responded smugly.

"Hey, do you know that guy Dave Barry? Man, he's so crazy! Does he go here?"

It's tough getting mobbed for autographs everywhere I go, but it comes with the territory.

Sports Information Director Mike Gore even sent me fan mail after the first Tool Awards. He wrote, "I have enjoyed reading your columns the entire year and was honored to be mentioned in your final column on May 2. I certainly will work on my adverb use over this summer. I never thought of myself as being 'slick' but I will work with Tom Hunnicut on answering questions from *The Blue Banner* a little better next semester." Thanks, Mike!

I love UNCA so much that I lived on campus all four years, like a good little FTE, splitting my time between Mills and Governor's Village. Although it's pretty nasty to have birds' nests in your bathroom, ants in your walls, and faucets that scald your hands when a nearby toilet flushes, those Village dorms had character.

I have to come clean, though, to my freshman suitemate Bill Erwin. Bill, when I ran out of soap in the shower, I used to use your Soft Soap dispenser. I know, I know, it was only meant for washing your hands in the sink, but my bars of Irish Spring were all gone!

Now that I've gotten that off my chest, let's talk about the prestigious history of the Tool Awards.

The Awards debuted in '95-'96, a year of endless parking debate, an athletic department scandal about redirection of housing department funds, and SGA members airing dirty laundry about each other in *The Banner*. Ben & Jerry (the ice cream guys) came to UNCA and made sexual gestures at the crowd. Yav insinuated that public safety was really just a tire-change service and contributed to the letter-writing debate over whether Uma, the "campus dog," should be allowed

to run free on campus. A Highrise resident set a fire when he left candles burning on his surfboard (yes, he had a surfboard in the mountains). Pi Lams promised to "punish our members internally," and, in a possibly related story, Chancellor Reed got "installed."

The letters page heated up as "campus pastor" Berry Stubbs carried on a meaning of life dialogue with Tracy Wilson, which I hypothesized was actually a redirection of sexual tension between the two. Stephan Horvath proved the "penis mightier than the sword" when he stirred up a controversy by attacking Theatre UNCA's production of "Lysistrata" because the actors wore "18-inch, fuzzy, multi-colored penises."

In '96-'97, we had drug addicts a'camping, yogic flyers hopping, marijuana growing, and quotes about a "tappa kegga beer" frat and "better than sex" mountain biking. That fall mosquito, the Veritas Forum, debuted, as did the "Late Start Schedule," and both were hotly debated on the letters page. Students bitched about lazy Justice Center construction workers from their Beamer car phones. John Hodges wrote a rambling indictment against Theatre UNCA director "Ol" Rob Bowen's "undying ego." Cameron McKeel had some choice words about the brazen "lowlife" that stole his books, saying, "If we catch him, he would probably be found butt-naked at about 8 a.m., hanging from the flag pole at a point where his own mother wouldn't recognize him."

Athletic Director Tom Hunnicut and former women's Basketball Coach Ray Ingram looked to public safety to help resolve their conflicts, while *Banner* headlines reported, "Public Safety responds to complaints of barking dog." Students created the SCCR (Student Committee for Campus Radio), and wrote endless letters to *The Banner* like we had the power to give them a campus radio station. Berry Stubbs continued to pester Tracy Wilson (who had graduated from letter writer to columnist), writing another broad philosophical letter that sparked angry responses for weeks to come, and the *Banner* sports editor insisted we call him Kyle S. Phipps.

Enter '97-'98. Much went on in the pages of *The Banner* and at UNCA. Underdog Productions brought George Clinton to Thomas Wolfe to "Do a little dance / Smoke a little weed / Get high tonight" ("Big name band replaces UNCAMANIA," April 16). Fish compost-stunk up campus. *The Banner* ran a completely unscientific survey about Division I Athletics ("Students oppose \$2 million athletics budget in survey," Nov. 6), and strange characters in toboggans passed us "crop circle" photos "despite the large sum of money offered to them by 'The National Enquirer'" ("Our April Fool," April 2). The Harlem Rockets came quietly ("Rockets blast off at UNCA," Feb. 19), but left with a bang, snatching the chance to enjoy the full spread of what we have to offer at UNCA.

Yav once again expounded on the issue of cleaning up after your dog if it excretes on the quad (not in so

many words) ("Pet perplexities addressed," March 12). Sophomore Curtis Rickman let us all know that "I, personally, do not like homosexuality. I find it repulsive" ("Leave me to my lifestyle, and I'll leave you to yours," Nov. 13). Freshman Tiffany Allen said Marriott's food selection shouldn't be based on what vegetarians like because this is a liberal arts school ("Food, selection, and choices at UNCA are bad," Nov. 13), reasoning "Isn't the salad bar enough?" Managing Editor Erin King wrote a column that contained the phrase "suck my juicy fat box" ("Think before you have an opinion," April 30), freshman Ryan Southern confessed, "I need a date like a mad dog" ("Singed Out" beats campus dating blues," Feb. 12) and ex-*Banner* columnist James Hertsch briefly came out of retirement for a letter ("Alumnus dissects SGA proposals," Jan. 22).

This year, UNCA faced endless construction, lots of freakin' rain, and more letters from Berry Stubbs. So, without further ado, let us begin.

The Triple Crown: Stubbs, who has in the past tackled feminism, religion, and absolute truth, this year defended we poor, persecuted straight people against the misguided homosexuals ("Gay coverage revealing," April 9). This letter, full of vague statements relating Easter to the evils of homosexuality, once again filled subsequent letters pages with a rash of followups. Without a doubt, this qualified Stubbs for a Tool Award, making him the only person to receive three in a row! Congratulations, man! Have some free pizza!

About Time Award: Overly sensitive senior Lewis Winder said Marriott worker Miss Betty Salter "seems kind of rude" ("UNCA employee offends and amuses students," April 9). He said, "When you walk up and ask her for what they are serving, she will snap at you, tell you to speak up, or glare at you."

However, Sophomore Byron Scott set him straight, finally giving Miss Betty her due as "one of the most wonderful women on Earth."

Best Quotes Award: Despite literature professor David Hopes' quip about the "redoubtable Will Haynie" getting his "panties in a wad" ("Gay/lesbian conference deemed a success," April 2), Associate Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs Tom Cochran consistently had the best quality and quantity of quotes. Cochran had 53 quotes in the paper this year (not counting paraphrases), including 19 quotes in the April 23 issue alone ("New multimedia major receives funding," "Graduates limited to four guests at rain location," "Cochran cuts cheerleading coach"). That decimates his '96-'97 tally of 12 quotes. At the risk of making Cochran feel too important, I have to say he always kept it real with colorful quotes like, "We called the General Administration and complained. They treated us like a fly on their nose."

Bureaucrat Award: The General Administration's bean-counters might be the ones pushing custodial outsourcing, but UNCA's administrators are doing the dirty work. Even though Stephen Baxley is UNCA's director of facilities management, he talks like a real life soulless state bureaucrat ("Housekeepers may be forced to work graveyard shift," April 2). Are you seriously trying to tell us that changing the custodians' hours to third shift is not a ploy to make them quit and lose benefits? On the other hand, as Baxley said, at least students won't have to "step over any buffing cords"

on the way to class if the custodial hours are changed—I can't begin to count the number of times I've nearly broken my neck avoiding those bad, awful buffing cords!

The real "bottom line" is this, administrators: If you're trying to wash your hands of this whole mess, you're still going to need a clean sink to do it in.

Marketing 101 Award: Mayor Leni Sitnick, who constantly repeated that annoying slogan, the "MiLEnUm." But, I remembered it didn't I? ("Mayoral Candidate Forum," Oct. 2)

Non-threatening Message Award: "Hey N-N-Nate, um, we read your article about the Dog Pound today ("Prejudiced chant mars b-ball win for fans," Feb 5). We just wanted you to, um, uh, check out the Duke Carolina game and listen close and, and you'll hear "bulls—" coming from Duke and Carolina. So I mean, uh... I just want you to, uh... does that make them a bad school? What do you, uh, do you think Duke's a bad school? Alright, thanks a lot man."

Dear anonymous tool: all that stammering is not going to get you anywhere in the threatening message business. Next time you're sitting around drinking with your buddies and talking smack about someone, plan what you're going to say—and don't sound so happy when you get an answering machine.

The Genuine Faux Award: Though some have called the fake stream at Zageir a "glorified drainage ditch," it is actually pretty cool ("Whitewater on Campus," April 2). But, like a pair of silicone breasts, it looks good from far off, but you'll be wishing for the real thing when you get up close.

Best Slogan Award: SGA Vice President Tiffany Drummond for "pawlday" ("SGA fills vacant positions, faces budget shortfall," Jan. 29). We all know you really said it (just kidding).

Compassion Award: During the big snowstorm this winter, three cars were damaged by fallen trees in the Zageir parking lot, a.k.a. "the boonies" ("Surprise snowstorm hits UNCA," Jan. 29). After the storm, I was looking at the damage when an official looking Physical Plant truck drives up (navy blue with a logo and ladder on top = official). A guy gets out, carefully and professionally surveys the damage, then looks to me and says, "Sure glad that isn't my car" and drives away. (The trees were removed later that day).

Infrastructure Award: Has anyone noticed how good this campus looks? Not only is it clean, but new flowers, plants, and trees abound. The Physical Plant and maintenance staff keep the school looking nice, despite the long standing feud with the students to keep the path of grass between the flagpole and Lipinsky from being worn down (the truce was called when the little stone path was added.)

Station Identification Award: Mitch Kaplan and the SCCR only penned one letter about campus radio this year ("Campus radio wanted for athletics coverage," Nov. 6), but it was a doozy. He wrote, "Only the most exclusive entertaining programs will fill our airwaves, from the profound prayer breakfast to call-in radio talk shows about current political, social, and spiritual themes. So, what will it be this semester? Silence?" Yep.

Damn Freshman Award: On Jan. 22, undeclared freshman Paulie Carter thus spake, "Gaggers," pardon this letter for it is gag-worthy content, but I must respond to two of your fellow 'gag-mates' messages sent on behalf of Ms. Sulock's article on the Judgment House" ("A blast from the past"). Sigh. Yav, this is what happens when you let too many unqualified FTEs. Like gag me with a spoon!

