

# Opinions

The Banner

## Editorial

### Love in the afternoon

#### Chew on this

It's reassuring to know that, on the average, UNC tuition increases rank among the lowest in the nation. However, as every UNCA student knows at this crucial point in the semester, the law of averages depends on both high and low ends to arrive at a mean.

While our basketball team bravely treks across the country to play sacrificial lamb to yet another Division I powerhouse in the name of financial gain, students too busy with academic work and jobs to step foot inside Justice Gym are left to collect what these representatives of our school cannot.

As the semester draws to a close and construction projects that were to be finished before the fall semester began remain unfinished, it becomes clear that, once again, UNCA's priorities do not include its students, but its reputation.

Ninety-four percent of UNCA students allot increasingly more of their student fees each year to maintain UNCA's idealistic dreams of glory, that, much like a berth in the NCAA tournament, never come to pass.

We would like to wish every single athlete the best of luck in the hopes that one day their achievements will validate the expenditures of many for the hopes of few.

Until students can leave for the summer knowing that the highest student fee rate in the UNC system won't increase, the Tuition Policy Task Force is merely an untested watchdog for bureaucracy. While the task force will hold UNCA accountable for any fee increases it proposes, the chance that it will shoot down any of those proposals is slim. Making the UNC system schools file a little more paperwork in order to get fee increases approved is not going to stop them from occurring far too often.

If the group's suggestions and watchful eyes can prevent what adjunct cuts and majority opinion cannot, then we applaud their efforts. This is not an area where effort alone is rewarded, though. We demand results.

### Playground of the imagination

Semester after semester, the plaintive, yet unheeded, cry for on-campus childcare can be heard echoing across UNCA. In an effort to appease the people, the Student Government Association continually forms committees that are supposed to work, on making childcare a reality. And, with each committee, the administration rejects the bill and continues doing exactly what it wants.

SGA continues to go in circles on the childcare issue, instead of starting with a problem and making sure it gets fixed by creative means that will produce realistic solutions. Proposing the same bill repeatedly, only to see the administration shoot it down each time, is not the most effective method of problem solving.

While persistence is key to being successful with childcare, or anything, the time for the administration to take action passed by a long time ago.

SGA needs to concentrate on setting realistic goals. The student body wants childcare, but SGA's numerous failed attempts at getting it only serve to make it a subject of ridicule on campus.

In the meantime, the administration is making an effort to temporarily satisfy those who want childcare with a new toy that dodges the real problem. The proposed plans to renovate Highsmith University Center include a playground. No one will be around to watch students' children while they are in class, but they can watch their little ones play in between classes.

Besides the obviously lame attempt at appearing to serve students' needs while, in reality, not doing anything at all, the administration cannot build a playground until Highsmith receives full funding. UNCA's administration and SGA apparently share the same problem of not having a firm enough grasp on reality.

Childcare is not going to happen at UNCA anytime soon, but don't despair, there are still enough problems floating around to keep SGA busy, instead of wasting our time.

### A friend in need

In an unexpected turn of events, the racquetball courts have once again undergone repairs in order to stop them from swelling. A phenomenon that has never occurred before in the Health and Fitness Center, the culprit has been identified as too much humidity from an unknown source.

Anonymous sources have made *The Banner* aware that all the buildings on campus are built to fall apart within the first year so students, faculty, and staff can build lasting relationships with all the different people who are hired to fix them. At UNCA, people come first, and college is the perfect time to bond with people from all kinds of different backgrounds.

Since the majority of the housekeeping staff was moved to third shift in order to not inconvenience students, somebody had to take their place. The continuous construction projects around campus provide the perfect opportunity for students to meet new people while tripping over power tools. Diversity such as this can only happen at a liberal arts university.

## Bow down to the leaf blower



Liam Bryan  
columnist

Look out, readers! Stop right where you are! If you are walking across campus at this moment, you are in unspeakable danger. All around you, where you probably never even noticed, are insidious beings of ill will. I speak of nothing less than... the landscape. That's right readers, those daisies have designs on your life.

I see you out there, now, surrounded by sinful shrubberies, quivering at the newfound enlightenment. What perfidious posies seek to snuff out your life?

Walk warily, reader, you know not where wily witherods want to wreck wrongs upon you. Having applied all adhibitions of alliteration, I must now explain what the bejeezus it is that I speak of, these peccant plants.

We have a vegetation problem on this campus. Don't you believe me? You should. If you doubt my words, just look at what the foliage is doing at Phillips Hall. We currently have huge swaths of netting covering the plants to keep them from running amok on the quad. Thank goodness for our landscape maintenance crews, who help tame these savage pollen farms. We should be praising these tireless, unthanked guard-

ians for protecting us from the flow-

ers. Yes, the maintenance crew works hard to save our hides from evil plants. Why, Carmichael would be buried under a pile of ravenous leaves were it not for these indefatigable workers. But we thankfully have these men and women of leaf enforcement who wield mighty gas-powered weapons of herbal destruction. Yes, we must pay for this safety with a little auditory inconvenience, but that's a small price to pay for our safety.

Sure, there are those of you out there who say that leaves do not attack people. Let me enlighten you. I have been attacked numerous times by leaves that have already been killed. That's right, leaves chopped up into really tiny pieces tried to end my life. Even from the throes of death, these misbegotten bits of foliage attacked me. I was walking through the battlegrounds of maintenance and plants, where a few lone workers were clearing away the broken carcasses of leaves. And those leaf blowers did nothing to stop the little bits of leaves from attacking my eyes. Oh well. I am sure those brave warriors against the violent veggies did every pos-

sible thing they could to prevent those peccant plants from pummeling my person.

Dear readers, do not believe that those vile veggies will cease their hostilities with the mantle of winter. Our brave maintenance workers never tire of driving around in their little vehicles across the quad, no doubt to weaken the chloroplasts of doom. Do not listen to the heretics who say that the plants will stop growing in winter, science has proven that they grow year-round, and thus our M.I.B. (Men In Bushes) must be prepared to fight them all through the colder months.

We do have problems, however. We have no place to put the piles of leaves! So, our protectors must do the next best thing, and keep them moving so that they will be too disoriented to mount a resistance. Our brave maintenance crew must power up their mighty leaf blowers and use them to blow the leaves. To keep the plant bits moving, they blow them around the garden patches. First into the patch, then out. First in, then out. It is the only way to keep them moving, and away from us.

To aid those brave warriors against weeds, the university must finance them with the best possible equipment possible. All the gas-powered leaf blowers, big chainsaws, bigger clipper things, and kooky little cars they can get. Let no one say we spared any expense in the battle against the bulbs! And if those defenders need to play around in their cars a little, they deserve to, considering the service they render.

Now, as for Carmichael. This building is under siege more than any other. Small wonder that the majority of the leafblowers must be delegated to that front. And the best time to fight against the foliage? Why, during morning classes of course! After the leaves have spent

long hours dancing pagan movements upon the mini-Quad, they are too tired to fight back. The low noise of the leaf blowers confuse the leaves while they are buffeted about. And besides, the noise has the added effect of waking up and groggy first-floor students. So what if the students cannot hear the professors? It is more important that the leaves are disposed of.

To those of you in Governor Village, I must assume that the maintenance crew apologizes for the long time it has taken to bring the leaf blowers to you. But was it not worth the wait, to know that you will not strain your eyes looking at a blanket of leaves covering the ground? I must warn you though, not to walk outdoor until well after the dust has settled. Those leaf bits will poke your eye out. And, besides, those leaf blowers make excellent alarms in case you forgot to wake up. For those residents who do not need such an alarm, and are instead woken prematurely for your noon class, you must understand that the convenience of many outweighs the inconvenience of a few.

So give thanks for the leaf blowers. Praise the kooky little cars. Embrace hope at the sight of the mighty maintenance men, made to mash mums to mush. And give them a break! They are trying to help you. They are trying to improve the visual beauty of this school. The noise and leftovers may be difficult to endure now, but just wait. They cannot be rushed into doing things that are secondary, like switching to quiet rakes, that would be far too time-consuming. Or walking from place to place on campus.

They will get rid of the leaves. And, sooner or later, they will get around to getting rid of that smell in the foliage next to Ramsey Library.

## Bringing him up to eye level



Teresa Calloway  
columnist

This month, I took my first plane trip. Despite having crossed the continental U.S. on a number of occasions, I had never done so by air, and I anticipated the event greatly. Our lovely university sent me as a delegate to a national diversity conference sponsored by the Association of American Colleges and Universities.

Are you asking why the administration sent me, a piddly sophomore, to Philadelphia to learn diversifying strategies for our campus while simultaneously making adjunct cuts that will severely impede that same diversity? It's a good question, and one I, frankly, have no answer to. Perhaps the money was "allocated" by those exasperating legislators in Raleigh who believe we need more money for our sports complex while our beloved Highsmith rots above our very heads. Whatever.

The point here is that I flew in a big, cool plane. And I learned a lot. I listened to educators from all over the country talk about how they are reflecting diversity in their biology curricula, how promoting multiculturalism shouldn't be seen as a

politically-correct maneuver necessary when people from different cultures meet, but a system of education from which even the most homogeneous institution can benefit. I took notes while prominent authors spoke, I choked back vomit after hearing phrases like "reframing the issue" and "otherness" for the 50th time. I met with students concerned with diversity issues on their own campuses.

The conference was, for me, very inspiring. I felt supported by my administration and faculty in my endeavors. I saw what changing the status quo might feel like, understood that questioning the normal mode of operations may be tiring, but can often be rewarding. The whole thing was very liberal arts.

But on the trip back to Asheville, a few things happened. Very discouraging things, things that make one cynical, bitter, selfish. And though it's impossible to prove quantitatively, I get the eerie feeling these embittering encounters have been happening all my life.

So, I'm in the Pittsburgh airport, riding on this little tram that carts humans from one side of the air-

port to another. I'm holding the rail, and I look around. You know, to orient myself.

The middle-aged man next to me is staring at my bosom. I could mince words and say "he seemed to be" or "in the general direction of," but there's really no getting around it. He started to look up at me. For a split second, I saw his eyes begin the journey upward to mine, a rendezvous of those proverbial windows of the soul, and I looked away.

As I stared at the blank space perhaps a foot to the left of his head, I wondered why. The only thing I could come up with, indeed, the only thing I still come up with after pondering before bed and for a few minutes in the morning as I sip coffee, is embarrassment.

Not embarrassment for me, as I hadn't done anything wrong, but embarrassment for him, at the prospect of being caught doing something he shouldn't. Embarrassment is so awkward a feeling, isn't it?

What surprises me is the dismayingly discovery that I am so conditioned by my world that I consider this the most acceptable behavior under the conditions. To look away when a man the age of my father examines my breasts in a non-medical setting is so ingrained that it's almost instinctual.

As a child, my brother and I practiced sneezing with our eyes open. We vigorously worked to defy the power of instinct, with all its biological advantages. (Anyone who has kept their eyes wide open during a sneeze can attest to the biological disadvantage it presents.)

I was reflecting on all of this while keeping my gaze politely averted from the man, and I grew very depressed. Having mentally associated my desire to avoid the man's

gaze with a basic biological function made me think that perhaps this, too, is selected for genetically.

Perhaps all the women who looked men squarely in the eye after being ogled are extinct, because the men found it so uncomfortable that reproduction was simply out of the question. This theory would make me a confirmed genetic mutant, which several of you on this campus have likely suspected for some time.

This means the Baptists are right. You know, the ones who believe women should "graciously submit" to the will of their male relatives. Men hold half the power in determining who will reproduce and who won't, and if I've found several to be indiscriminate in areas such as intelligence, maybe it's only because their criterion are different than mine: find a woman who will relieve a potentially awkward situation by averting her eyes and get her pregnant.

Woman's position on the lower rung of the gender ladder is not entirely a social construction, but a genetic reality determined by the strength of the status quo. That same status quo I was trying to change at the beginning of this column.

Well, all this happened in my mind, and, needless to say, I can't verify it scientifically. What I can do is exhalt my status as a mutant of the human species by challenging my instinct be it social, genetic, or both.

So, I turned and looked right at the man. I stared him right in the face, and I am here to testify that it required at least as much chutzpah as sneezing with my eyes open. But it was too late. He was looking at my breasts. Again.