The Banner — Features

College at 56: an experiment in re-learning A



It was a Thursday, and, not hav-ing much to do but paint my naits, find a full time job or watch TV, I opted for another route. I would go back to college. Of course, it was possible I was suffering from a brief bout of hy-poglycemia, or low blood sugar, but knowing my eating habits. I doubted it.

but knowing my eating hauts, i doubted it. My friends reacted as if I'd been temporarily booted off the Internet of my mind, but they hoped that I'd sign on again and go for the job or, at the very least, start a new quilt. I wanted adventure, but adven-

Lynne Fox columnist

ture without tying a bungee cord to my ankle. Still, I wondreed whether a wonan of 56 years belonged in such a setting. I alreacy had a degree in English, but that was from back when trees were invented. I thought I might like to write, so I looked for classes that might show off my spectacular skills. I might even learn some-ding.

skills. I might even learn some-thing. My ultimate goal was to write in the mornings, collect lots of money from the postman for my brilliance at noon, go to the fabric shop in the afternoon and then watch TV at night. Throw in a dinner out, occa-

life. I searched the UNCA catalog for anything I might like and it seemed that I should be in mass communi-cation. Going for that degree ne-cessitated that I take several required

cessrated that Take several required course. That seemed Okay to me, so I artefully selected my classes by the position of the stars and sometimes. Two found that course titles can be deceiving, but decided I would approximate the selection of the stars be the deceiving, but decided I would approximate the selection of the selection be deceiving, but decided I would approximate the selection of the selection be applied to the selection of the selection to the selection of the selection of the selection of the selection of the selection of the selection the selection of the selection of the selection of the selection the selection of the selection of the selection of the selection the selection of the selection of the selection of the selection the selection of t

But about a week and a half into

For more

survey, contact:

information about the

sionally, and I'd have a comfortable life. I searched the UNCA catalog for anything I might like and is seemed hat I should be in mass communis

control. I called my teenage son in Hawaii and, crying enormous tears, told him about my terrible situation. I speculated that I was having the onset of Alzheimer's because my mind had been booted. I wanted him toknow where my will wasand where the interruption pattern Swff.

him to know where my will wasand where the insurance papers were. What was I to do? It seemed only fair to ask him, since I'd potty trained him and rold him what too to with his boogers all those years ago. Now was payback time. After I itsreining to his irrational mother spew her insecurities, he calmby produced a solution. He said that I had two directives. One, I was to talk to the teacher for more information, and, two, I was to get over it.

over it. Less than a day later, I had already taken his advice and, miraculously, it seemed to work. I wondered where he got all that wisdom.

In one class we have studied the thiosophef jurgen Halsermas. He studies that communication leads to be that communication leads to be that the seven that teenages. The out might, communication failed moments for yet more gray to obtain the seven that a lead of the teenage that the seven that the monady delivered news that the monadies delivered news that the field of the seven the seven the seven that the monage delivered news that the seven the seven that the seven the seven the monage delivered news that the seven the seven

absorb, but that real control of my dictionary. My handsome son at home heard, "Perambulate your inner existence toward your ensconsement because

there exists a categorical imperative that you pragmatically transcent and the deafness and the glassystem. De might quibble over my in "ensconsement," but I think over of their own, too. Anyway, that sid. "Clean your room." Thuch, Perhap I should wait on each of the source of the methy and the source of the methy and the source of the methy and the source of the

they are hard enough to read from front to back. I think the biggert lesson remain that, while I may have been boors off the Internet of my mind, thi college thing certainly has led one great adventure. Sometime is dat the even feels like I have bungee cost tied to my body we man

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UNCA Jazz Studies and Tim Haden

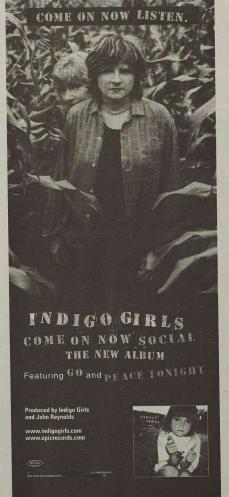
present

Student

You'd have to ask eight UNCA students for a cigarette before you'd find one.

Of the UNCA students surveyed in the spring of 1999, 8% of the respondents said they had chosen not to smoke

Don't really want to smoke? Contact Health Services at 6520.



Appearing live at Thomas Wolfe Auditorium on April 27 Album available at Sounds Familiar

April 20, 2000

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