

Editorials

The Blue Banner

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Community service benefits college students, others

Last weekend, several campus organizations took part in the Big Brother/Big Sister's annual Bowl for Kids' Sake. Their participation shows a trend in college activities that go beyond the traditional ideas of sorority and fraternity life.

As the university has seen in the past couple of years, many of our campus groups have begun to see a greater need for service to the community. And the evidence of their involvement can be seen in a variety of ways.

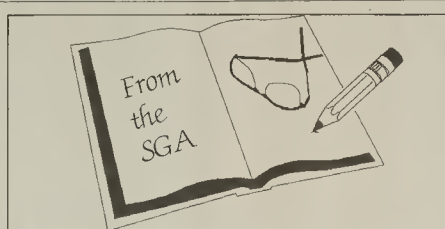
The next time you drive along the highways and streets of Asheville, look for the "Adopt-A-Highway" signs bearing the names of UNCA organizations. There are many. You can also see their care and concern at Hospitality House and Habitat for Humanity.

Those groups who have put forth the extra effort and dedication to work in the community, whether it is cleaning up stretches of highway or collecting money for the United Way, deserve congratulations and respect from the university.

In many ways, college students have the luxury of extra time and energy to devote to civic activities. Even though many times we feel that we are stretched to our limits between classes, homework, families and part-time (or full-time) jobs, we could still benefit from spending that few extra hours a week working with those who might not be as fortunate as we are.

Joe Sulock, professor of economics, encourages students to become involved in all facets of community service.

"After all," he says, "college is more -- much more -- than simply going to class."



No student needs to be informed that the North Carolina State Legislature has attempted in the past, and will most likely attempt in the future, to balance the state budget by making cuts in education funds. While the appointment of Dan Blu to Speaker of the House provides students with hope that education cuts may not be as severe as they have been, or that students may be spared (for a time) sudden tuition increases, there is still no guarantee that significant

amendments will not be made in the area of educational spending.

To combat this problem, the University of North Carolina Association of Student Governments, of which UNCA's student government association is a member, has planned a march on the state legislative building in Raleigh, to be followed by a press conference, in which it will present student opinions concerning cuts in educational spending. It will also present a list of suggestions pertaining to the nature and

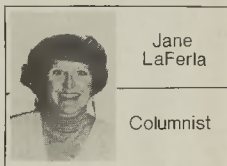
degree of such cuts, as they are made in the future. The march will be held Wednesday, April 10, 1991, beginning at 12 p.m. in front of the Governor's Mansion, will circle two blocks to the north, and end in front of the new legislative building.

In front of the legislative building, student representatives will present, among other things, the following five requests: 1) that there be no more cuts in the education budget; 2) that some type of tax package be developed whose revenue will go directly into the general fund, 70 percent of which comprises the education budget; 3) that further tuition increase be minimal (less than 10 percent in one year), and that such increases be deferred until the year following their approval; 4) that increases in tuition should be accompanied by increases in financial aid; 5) that money be transferred out of the highway fund to the general fund.

Following this presentation, a press conference will be held in the auditorium of the Transportation Department Building.

Michael Calwell, the UNCASC delegate who is coordinating the march, has requested that individual student governments publicize this event and encourage all aspects to the student body to make an effort to participate. Any organizations or individuals who are interested in attending the march in Raleigh, and want more information, should contact the student government office at 251-6587.

Haywood Spangler
Executive Assistant for External Relations



Jane LaFeria

Columnist

The sixties pays a visit to the nineties

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. No, not Paris during the French Revolution, the Sixties -- and they're baaaaack.

No time period can ever really be relived, but we are getting uncomfortably close with the latest resurgence of retro-Sixties interest. It's the closest to necrophilia that I've ever come.

One of the beauties of being a non-traditional student is actually having lived through periods of history that others only know through text books, like the Vietnam war, ironing one's hair, student protests, tie-dye, and Lyndon Johnson.

Now, I don't want to be known as an icon to those times, rather as one who sets things straight. The Sixties might have been a groovy blast in retrospect, but please, let's not do it again.

Let's talk about drugs. In Oliver Stone's movie *The Doors*, Stone reconstructs Jim Morrison's life and demise. Interesting I suppose to those who weren't there -- painful and often humorous to those who were.

It's been a long time since I used the word psychedelic and even longer since I experienced it. But no matter what camera tricks Stone uses, he can never recapture how the original flower children longed for a glimpse into their inner selves, often with self-destructive intensity. I'm not talking about rock stars, but friends who took bad acid or retreated from life through drugs. Life could be beautiful through a haze.

Let's talk fashion. The baby-doll silhouette seems to be making a comeback. The high-waisted, mini-skirted dresses make a grown woman -- anyone over fifteen that is -- look like daddy's little girl. Bright floral prints and strappy little shoes combined with pale, pale make-up allow a woman to relive her childhood.

It may look like a lot of fun, but this should be taken as an affront to all sensible women who have evolved over the past 25 years. It's been a long, hard struggle on the road to equality. And, as any

woman of the Sixties can tell you, we just didn't seek liberation for ourselves but for those to come after us, our sisters, daughters, our brothers and sons.

Fashion's attempt at making a woman look like a little girl sends the clear message that a woman must be dependent, coy and demure, an object of cuteness. This is a definite step backward. Like, oh wow, drag out the love beads, bell-bottoms and Nehru jackets while we're at it. Should real men wear paisley?

Let's talk about war. The Vietnam war was a tragedy for our country, as devastating as the Civil War. Anti-war and pro-war factions ripped the country apart.

Now with the flush of victory fresh on General H. Norman Schwarzkopf's cheek, war is glamorous, unifying and uplifting. Vietnam has been vindicated and it is stylish to be patriotic.

Those who stood apart in protesting the war have been left in the dust of Bush's new world order, one based on might and fire-power to maintain world stability.

The rapid victory didn't leave much time for anti-war sentiment to grow, unlike the protracted Vietnam conflict. The peace movement didn't have a chance for a revival. Censors this time shielded Americans from the downside images they received in the Sixties.

But war is war, whether victorious or unresolved, and we brought it back for a sequel 25 years later. When the Nineties revival happens, I hope this is one element we can leave behind.

From my current vantage point, now slightly beyond thirtysomething, I wince when I remember the Sixties buzz words "don't trust anyone over 30." I particularly believe we should leave this phrase in the archives.

The Blue Banner

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Nothing in our editorial or opinion sections necessarily represents the position of the entire newspaper staff, faculty advisor, administration or faculty. The unsigned editorial represents 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 the content of The Blue Banner.

This newspaper represents a public forum for debate at UNCA. The Blue Banner welcomes letters to the editor and considers them on the basis of interest, space, taste and timeliness. Letters should be signed with the author's name, classification, major or other relationship to UNCA and be less than 300 words. UNSIGNED LETTERS WILL NOT BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION. All submitted letters are subject to editing. The Blue Banner regrets it cannot guarantee the return of any letter submitted.

And another thing...

I went to Easter service downtown at the Central United Methodist Church. The sanctuary was packed, compared to a usual Sunday morning.

Like many other churches, mine had lilies arranged on the altar. The flowers were given by different people in memory of someone else. I've never been honored in that way. Then again, I've never honored anyone in that way, either.

While I sat in the pew contemplating the meaning of Easter and what it might have to do with the spring season, I remembered a story.

There is a young man named Seth. I've always liked that name. It's different, and not as common as William.

Anyway, Seth grew up with his parents and an older brother. Actually, he's not yet full grown, although he often thinks so.

He and his brother have the same mother, but not the same father. Seth knew this since his brother often went to visit his dad during holidays and in the summer.

Seth, a tough young man, always hung out with the older friends of his brother. He used to wrestle with his brother, but would lose. That made Seth tougher.

As he grew up, Seth realized that school was not fun for him. It's not fun for anyone, but especially not for Seth.

He moved with his family from North Carolina to Georgia. Seth liked the new state. He made new friends at a new school. He started playing soccer. He even tried a little harder in school.

Then came a blow. When he was 10 years old, Seth's parents told him that they were going to separate. He would be moving back to North Carolina with his mother and brother.

Back in North Carolina he found new friends, went to a new school, and lived close to his uncles and aunts. With this new life, Seth still longed to be in Georgia.

When he was 13, he decided to live with his dad. Life there wasn't easy for him. He didn't have many friends that lived close. He couldn't participate in things after school because he didn't have a ride home.

He missed his mom and brother, and the rest of his family. But Seth wouldn't leave his dad.

In the summer of 1989, Seth's life changed. I say for the better, but who am I.

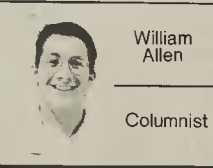
In June he was visiting his mom in North Carolina. An uncle came to the house one morning and told Seth that his father had been killed in an auto accident. Seth was 16.

As I sat in church Easter Sunday, I thought about Seth. I thought of how he started a new life when his father died.

He now lives with his mother. School still isn't fun for him, but he's found an outlet.

He knows that his father had a gift for art. So, Seth started art class in high school. His teacher believes that he is one of the best in the class. I've seen Seth's drawings and I would not doubt that opinion.

Seth realizes that he is not the only young man to lose someone he loves. Many people could argue that he's lucky. There are some kids today that do not know their parents.



William Allen

Columnist

I think Seth is lucky, but not for that reason. Seth's luck comes in the form of emotional strength. When his world fell apart outside, Seth remained strong inside.

Everyone, at some point in their life, must deal with the death of a loved one. For some people it makes things difficult. Others can easily accept it and move on. There are those, like Seth, who find a new life for themselves by experiencing the death of others.

Seth will graduate from high school in June. He doesn't know whether or not he'll go to college. The thought of more school just gets him down.

I know how he feels. Big steps in life are hard to take. College is a big one for Seth, graduate school is a big one for me.

But Seth will do OK. He dealt with a kind of pain, at 16, that some never have to go through. He's struggled with things that some people take for granted.

So, if it pleases my audience, I'd like to put a lily on the altar for my brother Seth. I hope he understands.