

Perspectives

April 20, 1995

BEWARE OF EMPLOYMENT SCAM

I'm writing this letter to warn all those unsuspecting individuals seeking any way to earn a living.

\$3k/mo potential. That's what the ad said. That should have been my first clue that the so called public relations job I was calling about was too good to be true. When the woman on the other end of the phone told me they had sales and management positions available I said, "So it's not a P.R. job." Her response was, "Oh, sure it is. We deal with a lot of people." But, in my job hunt, during the last semester of my senior year, matters were getting somewhat desperate. This is how I got suckered into this group, this, as I so fondly refer to it, cult in disguise.

O.K., maybe cult is a little harsh, but not far from the truth. I entered a room full of total strangers, all of whom, I was told, worked with "the group." Upon examining the room more closely, I saw a map of the country with several hundred stick pins marking cities, a table covered with various products from breath freshener to a water purifier, and a big screen T.V. in a

corner.

I was introduced to a woman whose name conveniently slipped my mind as soon as it entered it. She proceeded to quiz me on my background in marketing and sales, and began to tell me about the group without really telling me anything at all, other than how productive they've been, at whatever it is they do.

So 20 minutes into my time there, I was still absolutely clueless as to what the Asheville Marketing Group did. Another nameless guy of the group of very well-groomed people stood up and requested that we all please have a seat. As he began to talk about marketing, manufacturers costs, profits, and the shaky corporate ladder, it all became suddenly clear. Why I was here, and all the secrecy and overly friendly people made perfect sense. I had been duped.

If my ambiguity is confusing, let me define the terms of this group a little more carefully. The products they produced were "environmentally beneficial." Their job was to sell the products these products, actually, to get

others to sell the products for them. The more people, like me, they can sucker into joining their group, the more money they make for themselves, because of every new employee they bring in, they get a certain percentage of their sales. So, even though one of their claims was to help others, the truth of it was, they were helping themselves.

While watching a taped presentation, rather a sermon, of the group's owner praising the virtues of his company, I was kind of offended. He began his speech by quoting the creation story in Genesis, because, as he said, their manual starts out very much like the Bible. One of his tactics to recruiting new members was to make them feel like total losers if they didn't join. He even insinuated that we nonmembers would be weak, afraid, and unAmerican if we didn't sign up immediately. Because, as he suggested, we all know that capitalism is the American way, and to pass up this fundamentally capitalist approach to making money would be truly unAmerican. At the end of this little brainwashing session, Mr. G. Q. Business, as we'll

refer to him here, gave the recruits a choice. They could be the smart person who took advantage of this wonderful offer or "let the best opportunity in their lives drop, just like they drop everything else in their lives."

Once I was able to sooth my hurt ego, I realized that I was actually indebted to these people. They helped me realize that I am not the devout capitalist I thought I was, and that there is more to life than making a profit. One of the members said he joined because he wanted to be somebody. Well, don't we all? There's just a little difference between him and me. I'd like to be remembered for my actions and contributions to others, rather than my gross income.

So if this group sounds as distasteful to you as it did to me, beware of those ads promising public relations and communications opportunities with a quick buck. They are not what they seem.

Christy King
Senior
Mass Communication

UNIVERSITY DOES NOT LIVE UP TO ITS LIBERAL ARTS CLAIMS

Some of us on campus have a consistent question that nags us about this university's claim to be a liberal arts school.

For some reason, this university seems intent on a beige manifesto. The buildings, the rooms in the buildings, perhaps in the future the plants, are all beige. Beige appears to be the UNCA color of choice, especially when it comes to creativity.

Any of the core-curriculum courses such as ARTS 310 and the various Humanities could be better taught with a team-teaching technique, and more focused on research papers and essays rather than cramming in little facts to be spat out for tests. Fact-oriented tests do not stimulate the imagination, but are easier to generate for the instructor.

This ease for the instructor cheats the student. It's all so beige.

Liberal arts?

How about the conversations? This campus should be teeming with fascinating conversations, but we find ourselves speaking in beige tones about beige topics. We hear more about bad-hair days than quantum-level mechanics.

Liberal arts?

More people go to this school looking for a job than for self-exploration, or understanding the universe around them, or the neighbors living with them...a kind of absurd thought, really, as college doesn't seem to contribute much towards income; most people we know who have graduated from UNCA found work in menial food-service jobs (perhaps accustomed to working for Marriot or something).

Liberal arts?

Most of the arts done on campus are done by people outside the university. UNCA's artworks are by faculty and some students, the rest of its art seems to come from various artists all over the United States.

Liberal arts?

What about the Blue Banner itself? Most people tell us the Banner functions best as the bottom of their bird cage...Polly-Wanna-Cracker paper...not as a vehicle for informative, thought provoking correspondence. Just a beige piece of media.

It doesn't even do the service of telling us what is going on this campus. There are lectures, films, meetings, student organization events, and plethora of other potentially useful tidbits of information, yet no centrally located place in the Banner to find out about anything that might be happening. The Banner could reproduce the Monday Morning found in the VAX gopher menus (put forth for the teachers) each week, provided some of the timing problems were worked out.

Liberal arts?

Individuals on campus manage to pull off a lot of extremely creative feats of wonder, yet the community, the campus community, our UNCA peers, do not seem to share in it. They seem to shy away, preferring the beige mendacity of their own dreary lives. In some cases, these rugged individualists are punished for their creativity...sometimes by their instructors, other times by their peers.

Liberal arts?

Bottom line: we're not a liberal arts school. We're just another AB Tech with prettier flowers, a better mowed lawn, and an ever-expanding athletic system. The music and arts programs wilt into manic-depression. A kind of beige death, frankly, lacking excitement or drama.

So, our beige brethren, what is it? What color is your palette?

Albert Di Martino
Junior
Sociology

Trey VanRiper
Senior
Music

Student Feels Cheated By Art Contest Promoters

Dear Art Front:

(To those who don't know, right now there is a cool exhibit in the Owen Gallery. You should make your way down there to see what some of your fellow students have done. Oh... you won't see any of my work there.)

Art Front, you owe me \$15 for services paid for, but not received. On the 13th of April, I made out a check for \$15 to Suzanne Hallier as a fee to place three of my ceramic pieces into the "student art show."

I was told to supply prices for each of my pieces, with the understanding that I had an opportunity

to win a cash prize, AND an opportunity to sell my work. I never expected to win, and I don't mind losing to superior talent, but I did expect you to do what I paid you to do, what you said you would do. Was this art show not in fact three things: an exhibit, a contest, and a sale? I paid money for the right to have my work exhibited, and the possibility of selling it.

My work was placed ON THE FLOOR of the Owen gallery for a few minutes, then immediately removed to an off-limits area, where nobody could even see my pieces, let alone buy any of them. In fact, my nicest piece had a

piece of garbage sitting on it, and you had not even given it an ID tag, like you had placed on all the others.

It's very simple, you gave me a receipt with the following unambiguous wording: "PLEASE PICK UP YOUR WORK AT THE STUDENT GALLERY WED., MAY 3, 1995," and there is nothing to indicate the possibility that any work would be removed from the art show early. In that you received money for this service, a contract was formed. Therefore be advised that your organization is legally liable for damages, the least of which is a prompt and full refund of my

money.

Also, I looked for, but did not find, any posting of the names of the winners. Certainly, none of the promoters of the contest won prizes. Wouldn't that be criminal?

When you take people's money, you had better play by the rules. I'm very serious about my refund, and I'll be in touch with you shortly. I don't want your apology — I want my money back!

Michael Gelman
Senior
Management

Like A Hole In The Head

Steve Cuttler

Columnist

I had a dream the other night that Mr. President himself, Bill Clinton, addressed a joint session of Congress with a nose ring glittering in his left nostril. Newt Gingrich almost wet himself with happiness. "We got 'em now!" Newt said to Bob Dole, who was busy talking to himself and slobbering quietly.

Bill was not phased by the stir his new piece of facial accoutrement was causing. "Esteemed members of Congress, do not be alarmed by my nose ring. I am only trying to get in touch with the youth of today. What's more," he continued proudly, "I am not the only member of the first family to get a new piercing, both my wife and daughter have new additions as well. With that, Hillary came aggressively forward. She proudly modeled the new ring in her bellybutton, but Chelsea was curiously timid, and hung behind her mother. A reporter, introducing himself as Seymour Dank from the Washington Post, asked the first daughter, "Chelsea, where did you get pierced?" Chelsea just looked at her feet and blushed. The reporter persisted, "Was it the top part of your ear?" Chelsea shook her head. "Was it in your navel?" Again Chelsea shook her head. A feeling of dread settled over both Houses of Congress. The reporter, who was visibly sweating, tried again, "Chelsea, it's not in your...nipple is it?" Chelsea's cheeks darkened, and her ears turned red, but once again she gave a negative answer. Mr. Dank didn't sit down, it was if this whole thing had gotten out of his control and someone else had taken over the controls in his head. He asked once more, this time with a tremble creeping into his voice like a burglar sneaking into a house he knows is occupied, "Chelsea, I don't know how to ask this, but is the ring in your..." Mr Dank said no more. Secret Service men were on him like flies on potato salad in the summer. But, Dank managed to break free for an instant, and I saw, in that strange dreamy clarity, his lungs filling up with air, "Chelsea," he giggled hysterically, "Is it in your..."

I jerked awake mercifully. When I jumped out of bed, I hit the ground like a sack of doorknobs. My legs were fast asleep. I managed to crawl to the bathroom and force down a cup of water. I was breathing harder than Chris Farley after the Boston Marathon.

Luckily, I was not severely scarred by the dream and was able to get on with my life, so to speak. But ever since then I have been thinking a lot about piercings. Not that I'm against piercings, quite the opposite, I dig them harder than a grave digger. However, I ask myself the question: where are we going to go next? In other words, what other forms of self mutilation will we decide is fashionable and trendy?

Don't think, however, that piercings are the only forms of self mutilation we have. Do me a favor. All those people who had braces or any other kind of jaw altering device forced upon them as an innocent adolescent, please mentally raise your hands.

Millions of innocent kids are brought to the King of Sadists, commonly known as the orthodontist, to have their jaws and teeth moved to a more "normal" position.

I figure the next step in self-mutilating fashion will be the cosmetic amputation of human extremities. I can just see my kids saying, "Wow, he's cool! He only has four toes!" And you know what? I won't mind in the least. People have done stranger things in the name of fashion. It's different strokes for different folks. All I know is that I hope Chelsea Clinton never invades my dreams again. Goodnight.

Inmate Seeks Student Pen Pal

I am now incarcerated at the state prison in Nevada, and I am seeking to start a pen pal relationship with any student that would like to write me, as I have no family in the free world.

Thank you in abundance.

Jimmy Reachard
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There are only two weeks left in the semester. Write those papers!