

# Perspectives

## Letters to the Editor

### Vote and make a difference for your university

Dear Editor,  
My name is Tiffany Drummond and I am elections commissioner for the Student Government. Elections for President, Vice President, and Senate are just around the corner. March 28th and 29th. I have an announcement for anyone planning a write-in campaign for any of the previously mentioned positions. Write-in candidates must follow the same rules as the candidates on the ballot. It is the responsibility of the write-in candidate to obtain knowledge of the regulations and the by-laws. The Election Commission has the authority to disqualify anyone who does not follow the elections procedures. I also want to inform everyone that any campaign infraction that the members of the Election Commission finds sufficient to war-

rant disqualification will immediately be turned over to the University Student Prosecutor. If there are questions or if there is anyone wishing a copy of the rules, call Tiffany Drummond at 251-6587 (SGA Office) and leave a message.

I want to remind the student body that the Student Government is for you. If you have any concerns, or suggestions to better our campus, then please attend SGA on Wednesday nights at 9:00 pm in the Side Door. If we want things done at UNCA then we have to elect those who will make the difference.

PLEASE vote for your representatives on March 28th and 29th.

Tiffany Drummond  
Freshman, undeclared

### UNCA Theater commended for an authentic performance Next time, critics should be informed first

Dear Editor,

I was sorry to read that Mr. Horvath was so shocked by the recent production of "Lysistrata" at UNCA. Of course, everyone has a right to his or her own opinion, but I feel I must write to correct some misconceptions in his letter. I'm afraid that the phalluses and false breasts to which he takes exception were not the gratuitous invention of the UNCA drama department, but similar objects, put to equally "vulgar" use, were found on the fifth-century comic stage of Athens. The same is true of the physical and sexual humor and language. While there is no actual equivalent of the f-word in ancient Greek, the original of the "Lysistrata" is thoroughly bawdy, and this was a modern adaptation, seeking to convey the spirit, rather than

the letter, of the original. This was an intrinsic part of the comic theater of fifth-century Athens, and however offensive some people find it nowadays, we should surely not pretend that Aristophanic comedy was something other than it was - an extraordinary melting pot of comic forms ranging from "high" to "low" comedy. Aristophanic comedy is not to everyone's taste, as the advertisements for the play warned, but it is as authentic part of ancient Greek culture as the writings of Homer or Sophocles. Incidentally, I thought the drama department did a fine job and came up with a very Aristophanic (and even courageous) production.

Sophie Mills  
Chair, Classics department

Dear Editor,  
I would like to respond to the student who felt it necessary to write to *The Blue Banner* giving his unfounded and ridiculous opinion of "Lysistrata."  
I admit that the play may have seemed cheesy to some, but it is because of its 'larger than life' persona and because of all the stylized movements. If a student had questions, all they had to do was ask questions in class, some did. It is to me, a lack of maturity that caused him to write such a ludicrous letter.  
Concerning the fact that an actor licked his phallus during one of the songs, that was his added extra into the play in order to get a laugh.  
The director did not instruct him to do so. Ad-libbing is a valued part of theater. It is asinine to write a letter to the editor and not understand the

play!  
Moreover, the cast of "Lysistrata" worked long, hard hours and contributed many ideas to the entire production.  
Lastly, Stephan commented that "Lysistrata" was required of all Humanities 124 students. However, even though it was required, professors gave the option of not seeing the play if a student felt it was of a crude or offensive nature.  
Before you damn the entire cast to hell, take into consideration that this is a public liberal arts institution, not a seminary.  
As was pointed out in the first Humanities lecture, liberal arts is a "freeing of the mind." However, this student seems to want his to remain closed and in an air-tight cell.  
Monica Williams  
cast member of "Lysistrata"

### Just another way to pollute and corrupt innocent minds

Dear Editor,  
I would like to protest the language used in Stephan Horvath's letter protesting the language used in "Lysistrata." Although he does make one good point, Horvath used the word "penis" four times. Among these are the especially disgusting, "fuzzy, multi-colored penises" and the even worse, "licking your penis." Must we read such trash? Horvath then used the word "sex" three times and at one point even writes "the f-word." Everyone knows what "the f-word" is, and just uttering this vile euphemism brings the actual "f-word" to mind. In my opinion, the sixth letter of the alphabet should be abolished

altogether. It is simply too vulgar.  
What makes these words even more abominable is the fact that there are plenty of perfectly good phrases to replace them. What's wrong with "male organ of copulation" or "reproductive related behaviors, structures, and functions?" As for that word that begins with the letter after e, I think we would do well to forget about all nouns, adjectives, and verbs associated with this dreadful act; maybe then people would finally stop doing it.  
However, Horvath is correct in stating that those who have to use bad language to express

themselves obviously cannot express themselves well. Who did this Aristophanes guy think he was anyway? "Lysistrata" may still be popular more than two thousand years after its conception, but I am sure it is on the way out. Only clean writing, like Horvath's letter without the sailor-talk will be remembered for generations.  
I would like to close with a plea for sanity on this campus. Rather than polluting our minds with the naughtiness of great art, let us clean and empty our minds with TV talk shows. After all, why are we all here?  
Joshua Welsh  
Junior, German

### Closed minds miss out on valuable aesthetic experience

Dear Editor,  
"The University is committed to a liberating education... and a respect for differing points of view...It aims to develop men and women of broad perspective..." UNCA's Mission Statement emphasizes one of the goals of a liberal arts education. We're here to learn to approach the world with open minds.  
It seems to me that Stephan Horvath has not yet grasped this facet of the liberal arts mission. I can understand Horvath's opinion; he found "Lysistrata" to be an offensive play. "Lysistrata" shocked and offended plenty of people.  
However, as was stated by the Humanities 124 faculty and in *The Blue Banner* and the play's printed program, the play accurately represented Greek comedy. Perhaps Horvath's Humanities 124 class didn't

discuss the Greeks use of coarse humor and exaggerated pros-theatrical body parts.  
Maybe he didn't read *The Blue Banner* article which emphasized the accuracy of the production. Or, he may not have read the back of his program while he waited for the play to begin. Even if Horvath had read or heard the testaments to the play's accuracy, his offended response to the work would still be understandable.  
However, his dismissal of "Lysistrata" as "not art" is disturbing, and I can find no way to defend it. I wonder if he would call Allen Ginsberg "not a poet" because of his use of "the f-word" along with dismissing them as "not artists."  
Horvath might call Ginsberg, Alan Shapiro, Stephen Dunn, and other contemporary poets uneducated because of their use

of profanity. He might read poems which describe sex in an exaggerated, abstract way and reject it on the grounds that it is not artistic. What Horvath and many other UNCA students need to realize is that the viewer's personal taste does not give him or her the right to dismiss a work as "not art."  
Actions, descriptions, or representations which might be offensive do not cause a work to be "not artistic." Horvath, like many other students at UNCA, has closed his mind; in doing so, he may have missed a valuable aesthetic experience. The liberal arts mission worked through "Lysistrata," not to promote promiscuity, but to illustrate the art of another culture and encourage an open mind.  
Tracy Wilson  
Junior  
Creative Writing

## We've all gone to look for America: a hitchhiker's perspective

John Edwards  
Columnist

A couple of weeks ago "Prime Time Live," the ABC news magazine, featured a documentary entitled, "Looking for America." Correspondent Jay Schadler hitchhiked across the country with a video camera. His trek began on the Atlantic coast of Massachusetts and ended on the Pacific coast of California.  
Shortly after his journey began, Schadler was in Lowell, Mass., hometown of America's most famous hitchhiker, Jack Kerouac. Much of Kerouac's life was spent hitchhiking from coast to coast, Schrader pointed out, and his most popular novel, "On the Road," chronicled some of his travels. Consequently, Kerouac once defined literature as "the tale that's told for no other reason but companionship."  
In "Looking for America," Schadler found America to be "bigger and better than I ever thought." I watched with interest as he journalized his trip with his camera. I became nostalgic upon hearing Simon and Garfunkle's "America" in the

background, for like he and Kerouac, I have spent a lot of time on the road...  
My own trek of consequence began in the spring of '84. I sold everything I owned, bought a backpack and bus ticket to Franklin, N.C. From there I hitched to an access to the Appalachian Trail. My destination was Cuthbert, Ga., to visit an old Army buddy. I intended to hike the AT to the end at Springer Mountain, Ga., and hitch the rest of the way. On my last leg toward Springer, I was on my way back to the AT, having stopped in town to resupply, when a young couple gave me a ride. They said they were heading for Ft. Lauderdale the next day to go sailing, and invited me. To cut to the chase scene, we never made it to the sailboat, as the driver was arrested on an outstanding warrant soon after our arrival.  
I stayed in Ft. Lauderdale for a couple of months to save a stake and head back up to Georgia. I met a Canadian, and we became roommates. We both

disliked Ft. Lauderdale — among other bizarre things I witnessed a "Miami Vice-like" drug bust, complete with gun play and a huge cache of cocaine. My friend invited me to Toronto, but I declined. I finally set off again for Cuthbert, Georgia.  
I got my first ride from a cop on the way — to the county line. The cop was friendly enough, but told me some local folks had called and were "concerned." Upon reaching Cuthbert, I found my Army friend had moved away.  
I then set off for Myrtle Beach, S.C. where a relative was living. She also had moved. I decided to stay a while and save more stake money for some unknown

destination. I rented a room and was working two horrible jobs. On the way home from the second job one evening, a car pulled up and the driver called my name. It was the Canadian. He'd gotten a job delivering cars and was enroute to Toronto from Miami. We had dinner and set off toward Toronto.  
From there I went to Youngstown, Ohio, where I'd been offered a job as an apartment building manager. The situation was enticing, because I would have had a lot of time to write, but the town was so depressed, it made me depressed. I knew I had to move on, but to where? It then occurred to me I'd often dreamt of visiting Emily Dickinson's gravesite and hometown of Amherst, Mass. I was on my way the next day.  
Somewhere in Pennsylvania, where two interstate highways

intersect, I decided to rest for a couple of days. I went deep into the woods, found a stream and set up a hasty campsite. It was the most peaceful, serene couple of days I can remember — the woods abloom with spring greenery, the rush of the stream — I knew I would never forget those two days.  
It took a while to finally get a ride when I started hitching again, but a fellow whose wife had just left him needed someone to dump on. He had plenty of time and beer. I knew I was gambling with my life, and every time he opened another beer he'd offer me one, and I'd decline, countering with an offer to drive. Just across the N.Y. state line, in Binghamton, he'd had too much beer and I'd heard too much whining. I spent one of the most miserable nights of my life in the driving rain, for six hours, trying to hitch a ride. I knew I'd never forget that night.  
In Connecticut, I got a second ride with a cop. He informed me that hitchhiking was illegal, and "escorted" me to

the Massachusetts state line. By evening, I was in Northampton, six miles from Amherst, and a dream realized. I set up a hasty camp along the Connecticut River bank, remembering Emerson and Thoreau and feeling intensely spiritual.  
The following morning I crossed the Calvin Coolidge Bridge and within two hours I was placing wild flowers on Emily Dickinson's grave, among the others already there. I sat, trance-like, awed at having acted so spontaneously — the joy rendered all fears counterfeit. I was startled by a couple (from Boston) who placed flowers beside my ragged bouquet. "I'm sure she appreciates them," I murmured. "I'm sure she appreciates you," was the reply.  
This was the spring of '86. It would be several months before I would begin hitchhiking back down toward Asheville. I kept a journal the entire trip — for companionship...and to record just how big and better America can be.



John Edwards Illustration