

Opinions

The Banner

Editorial

Is the prof in the pudding?

It is almost the end of the year and suddenly there is a lot of talk about teaching. Merritt Moseley insists that faculty evaluations matter, Tucker Cooke wins a prestigious award, and Joy Bulluck's effervescence has made it into the paper. Last week there was an awards ceremony to honor students and their influential teachers and later this week the recipients of UNCA's own teaching awards will be revealed.

UNCA, in a way, is known for its faculty. Without their talents, this school could never have grown in stature and prestige since its humbler beginnings a quarter century ago. Students come and go, but the faculty remains and just seems to get stanger with every passing year.

What is it that we love so much about our teachers? For starters, we love the stories they generate. Rumor has it that we have a professor who made it onto Ronald Reagan's ten most hated list and the Secret Service swarmed over our idyllic campus.

We also have a professor who says he has top secret clearance from the U.S. Navy. To do what? Advise the military on how to properly brainwash recruits. Probably a talent that carries over well into the classroom. And another professor just can't reveal exactly what it was that he did in Vietnam.

How about a professor, the perfect picture of scholarly devotion, who used to spend summers fighting fires in the Wild West?

Next, we'll be hearing about a professor who saved the last living marmoset in the Amazonian jungles or single-handedly uncovered the true identity of William Shakespeare. Perhaps we'll hear about a faculty member who marries into the royal family of Monaco, or one that writes the Great American Novel, at long last.

In reality, we have distinguished leaders in all fields, a Pulitzer Prize winner, poets and playwrights, water specialists, a knight, a former county commissioner, a crusader for human rights, and experts of all kinds. They all call UNCA home.

What does it matter? The proof is in the pudding, even though the professors, or at least their legends, sometimes are too. Despite all their funkiness, we still like them. Good teaching is the bottom line and it seems to be flowing abundantly in the faculty water fountain.

We just thought we might say thank you for another good year.

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Our telephone number is (704) 251-6586. Our campus e-mail address is banner@unca.edu. An on-line version of *The Banner* is also available at <http://www.unca.edu/banner/>

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Unsigned editorials reflect the opinion of a majority of *The Banner* editorial board. Letters, columns, cartoons and reviews represent only the opinions of their respective authors.

The Banner welcomes submissions of letters and articles for publication. All submissions are subject to editing for clarity, content and length and are considered on the basis of interest, space, taste, and timeliness.

Letters should be typed, double-spaced, and should not exceed 300 words. Letters for publication should also contain the author's signature, classification, major or other relationship with UNCA. The deadline for letters is noon on Tuesday. If you have a submission, you can send it to *The Banner*, 208A Carmichael Hall, One University Heights, Asheville NC 28804.

The deadline for display ads and the FYI calendar is on Monday at noon. The deadline for classified ads is at noon on Tuesday.

And now, the 1997 Tool Awards



Nate
Conroy
columnist

UNCA is no exception to the clichéd college controversies that happen every year at every school: grappling over parking, rumors of SGA election fraud, and at least one professor gets in trouble for something.

We accomplished quite a lot this year. We put up two stop signs and painted some paws on the street! Sarcasm aside, we also saw an uncharacteristic display of non-suitcase-campus behavior—UNCA's homecoming was surprisingly worth coming home for, and we saw great performances in basketball, soccer, track, and more.

Banner pages have chronicled everything from Sophomore Jason Allen saying he needed a fraternity called "tappa kegga beer" before he could be happy to the phrase "better than sex" being used to describe mountain biking. The mysterious "Ask Margarita" advice column far outdid even me in terms of offensiveness, and people fumed when they showed up in the Public Safety Reports. We had drug addicts a'camping, yogic flyers hopping, marijuana growing, and a partridge in a pear tree.

Columnist James Hertsch's topical discourses proved once and for all that he wishes he were a political science major. Mitch Kaplan contributed enough letters (four) that he should have the title "honorary columnist." We got the usual left-field letters like "Why is America attacking Iraq?", endless Amnesty International treatises, and squabbling over the infamous "Late Start Schedule," which was fought over more than it was actually used. Issues like campus safety were hotly debated by letter-writers, while people who truly cared 'took back the night.'

More proof UNCA is a very small school came when two girls started a controversy by putting up pictures of meaty guys, with strategically placed stickers, on their dorm door. In a possibly related note, nude pictures were stolen from the Owen darkroom by someone who apparently didn't have enough money for *Playboy*. I won't even go into that Veritas Forum spectacle, otherwise known to outsiders as "Christian zealots versus angry homosexuals."

Yes, the tools were in full force this year. So without further ado, welcome to the Second Annual UNCA Tool Awards. And guess what? We were all nominated.

Tool Update! (People just don't want to give back their Tool Award trophies.)

Silliest fight: *Last Year:* The struggle between the Physical Plant and students to keep the path of grass between the flagpole and Lipinsky from being worn down.

This year: The path is now an ugly, barren section of dirt instead of the normally lush quad grass. Students 1, Physical Plant 0.

Sexual Tension award: *Last Year:* Tracy Wilson and Berry Stubbs wrote a myriad of deep, philosophical letters to each other via *The Banner's* letters page.

This year: Tracy moved onto bigger and better things by becoming a columnist, but Berry couldn't let it go. He penned a letter disputing Tracy's definition of feminism, yet another broad philosophical topic that sparked angry letters for weeks to come. Berry my man, let her go.

There are other fish in the sea. **Most defensive responses to a journalist:** *Last year:* Athletic Director Tom Hunnicutt said "You're starting up something that does not exist. I don't understand how responsible journalism can act in this manner. This is ridiculous" (Mar. 28, 1996) when \$20,000 from the Housing budget somehow ended up in Athletics.

This year: Hunnicutt is named to the NCAA Finance Committee.

Professionalism award: Little babies Hunnicutt and women's basketball coach Ray Ingram weren't able to work out their differences and instead aired their dirty laundry elsewhere. Ingram hired a lawyer claiming harassment and civil rights violations, while Hunnicutt filed complaints to Public Safety alleging Ingram had threatened his life by saying, "If I lose my job over this, I will blow his brains out." Play nicely, children. Do I have to separate you two?

I'm a freshman and don't want to make waves: *Last Year:* John Hodges claimed frat members tore down his campaign posters, then quickly retracted his accusation saying he had no intention of "thrashing" the fraternity.

This year: I'm a sophomore and want to make waves: Hodges wrote a rambling indictment on *Banner* reporting and director "Ol" Rob Bowen's "undying ego." Hodges was angry about the fact that he was not consulted for a Mormon opinion of the play, but instead the reporter talked to the advisor for the Latter-day Saints of UNCA. Hodges also accused Bowen of "treating the actors like slaves" because they had to rehearse a lot. Rehearsing for a play—imagine that! He went on, "Tony Kushner wrote a scene for Prior to appear in the nude for a reason." John, I sat in Section III, and personally, I'm glad he cut a nude scene for a *theatre in the round* performance. Hodges finished his diatribe with "Some advice to [Bowen], stick to hanging lights." Since you like to give advice, John, here's some for you: Transfer.

Now may I present, this year's new tool awards!

Hurt feelings award: *The Banner* ran an article about the proposed extension of the school year by UNC-system President C.D. Spangler, which juxtaposed negative student quotes with defensive Spangler quotes. Marla Stecki was "shocked" and suggested Spangler merely wanted to be able to "say we go to school longer." April Braswell questioned Spangler's ability to make any decisions at all, "Is [he] a student? No. Why should he be the one who says he knows what is best for us?" Three weeks later, Spangler quits. Coincidence? I think not.

Protocol award: Public Safety Investigator Dennis Gregory suggested that taking parking complaints to the appeals committee actually works. Better yet, he said "a good way for students to get something done is to present suggestions to SGA." Right. Let's push another parking suggestion through SGA, just to have the administration say "eh-eh" again. Public Safety does well when a tent with guns 'n needles is found near campus, but just as quickly as they handle a situation like that, they'll send a meter maid narc out to write tickets for people who forgot to move their cars at 8 a.m. Monday morning. Hmm... could this be because most of its budget is supposed to come from tickets? Maybe they'll go easy

if you have a bumper sticker that says "Support your public safety office: Park illegally."

The Lazy award goes to people that are too lazy to walk! \$66,000 in parking fines didn't just come from people trying to avoid parking in "the date rape lot" below South Ridge late at night. Aww, parking by the gym is too far? Try paying \$250 a year at UNC-Chapel Hill to walk two miles to a class of five hundred!

Best headline: "Public Safety responds to complaints of barking dog"

Real solutions award: Jill Ingram, whose letter suggested we blacktop the quad since it was "already a matrix of concrete". She said, "Talk about convenience, maybe we could even get the pros to give drive-through service so nobody would have to leave their cars." That's great! Hey, wait a minute... was that sarcasm?

The "Cancer Man" from X-files award: Student government, court, organizations, the entire greek system. Who's really behind it all? Just look at who gets interviewed for *every* article. Though students come and go, bureaucracy stays while administrators and staff consolidate power in themselves. So who's in charge? I'm not just going to come out and say it, but her initials are Nina East. Shh...

Great expectations award: People who believe the University's "master plan" will actually be finished in 10 years—which is about as likely as Lawrence Otis Graham showing up on time.

Station identification: The Unca radio people—A radio station would be cool, but someone tries to do it

every semester (including yours truly). Rather than bugging the real powers-that-be, he or she writes a letter to *The Banner*, an entity that can't grant the campus a radio station after all (whether or not students "bombard *The Banner* with letters" as Trevor Baker suggested on April 17). Dreamt up organizations like the Student Committee for Campus Radio (actually referred to as "SCCR") are fine, but this will only be a cool award if the SCCR still exists next semester.

All in the family award: Baseball coach Bill Hillier—no matter how many articles *The Banner* writes on how neat and nifty it is that your son plays for the team, everyone who has played sports knows what a pain in the ass it is to play on a team with "the coach's son."

Pretty decent mass-produced food award: Marriott, who else? Admit it, the food is pretty good compared to most college cafeterias. Still, specials like Jan. 12's "First Meal" and Dante's "Cottage Cheese and Fruit Salad for only \$3.99" didn't exactly make me "frost my own cupcake." The caf workers get a cool award for being nice despite obnoxious students and ridiculous comment card campaigns for straws, except those of you who are skimpy with the portions.

Best Politician: Josh Littlejohn lost the vice presidential election, but with quotes like, "I was very glad [my opponent] Tiffany won." He proved who has the real skills at politicking' around here.

Snotty college kid award: Everyone who complained about the gym construction workers. Lorrie Johnson said all she saw was "a bunch of people sitting around eating Hardee's biscuits." In fact, it bothered Gene Zaleski so much that he "felt disgusted" about the whole thing. Hooper Turner's theory was that "The work usually takes a really long time, not because it's hard, but because the people who do it are really lazy." Not only did we never once see any students

down there helping, but it was done when we got back from break, as planned.

Anti-monopoly award: Bookstore manager Mike Small may be a really nice guy™, but props go to the Student Book Co-op for striking a blow against the reign of the book buy-back company. \$4 or \$40, it's up to you.

Adopt-a-campus award: Not only does the Physical Plant do great landscaping, but the campus is clean because the legion of workers picks up our trash all day. Don't throw your trash and cigarette butts all over the place and maybe they'll have more time to fix dorm fire alarms that stay broken for *over a month*.

Rant award: Sophomore Cameron McKeel had some choice words about the brazen "lowlife" that stole his books "either trying to support a drug habit, or just trying to get some money." "If we catch him, he would probably be found butt-naked at about 8 a.m., hanging from the flag pole at a point where his own mother wouldn't recognize him." He continued, "In no way am I pointing a finger at any fraternity, sorority, or any organization here on campus, but you'd have to be an idiot [Nate's note: I must be an idiot] not to see that this would be one way to make several hundred dollars a semester for whatever funding." He went on to reveal a greek conspiracy theory on stealing "shiny new books" to pay for a keg fund. McKeel said that he "didn't have time to go after something as petty as a thief," but vowed "if security finds him and they don't instantly remove him from the university then I will find a way." If responsible authorities didn't handle it, McKeel threatened to "beat the living s--t" out of the thief. On the other hand, Cheryl Stokes simply wished "the person would bring my homework back."

Hey man, you need an outlet for all this hostility. Want a column? **Spirituality award:** Reformed University Fellowship's Berry Stubbs has called himself "Campus Minister" for years, but student Al DiMartino bills himself as UNCA's "Minister of Fun." Who UNCA's next spiritual leader will be remains to be seen.

Grumpy award: College for Seniors' Charles Cunningham implied that "this present group of affluent students" is keeping him from parking his motor scooter where he wants to because we all have cars, presumably bought with mommy and daddy's money. If you want to know why this campus is crowded, look to an administration who said they wanted five thousand students by the year 2000.

No solicitation, please: People outside of the caf. We've all stood out there at one time or another, but sometimes you just don't feel like running the gauntlet. "Walk straight. Don't make eye contact." Scariest bus ride since "Speed": The Pi Lambda Phi-hired shuttle driver and the 99 screaming, crammed-in drunks-who-had-to-pee made the 12:15 bus to the fake Fireman's Camp the scariest 35 mph trip I've ever been on.

Who cares: The Steve Patch marijuana growing "scandal." The man is obviously an asset to the school, just look at the way everyone jumped to support him. Does UNCA really care if the law pigs called the media vultures and they drummed up a scandal on a slow news day? Yes, marijuana is illegal in this country, but where would our Humanities program be without it?

Last laugh: Everyone who realizes we are all tools sometimes... though some of us do it more than others. Jackass.



ARTPARTS