

# Opinions

## The Banner

### Editorial

#### View from a corner Obligation

In the wake of university-wide fluff talk about community involvement, we have the opportunity to extend our wings of charity to aid our kinfolk downstate, Hurricane Floyd flood victims.

Over 3000 homes have been destroyed or seriously damaged, more than 2000 are still in shelters, caskets are floating in the streets, and 47 are dead as a result of the hurricane and the torrential rains that have followed.

Campuses across the state are working together to raise support (money and people) for East Carolina University relief efforts. If we want to live up to our new, overly discussed ideals for community involvement, there is ample opportunity beyond these hills.

But if you can't make the hike downstate, venture five minutes outside of idealistic UNCA world, and the opportunities to aid in the community are endless.

Yes, we need to lure people on campus for "adult-playing" with annual events like Fall Fling. That's great and all. Unfortunately, some people's needs go beyond what a fling with our university can give them, and rather than fun on our quad, complete with face painting, duck ponds, and a dunking booth, they need food or a new roof.

A day of playing on the quad can be classified as service to the community with a little stretch of the imagination, but involvement surely extends beyond the sidewalks of the quad, and this year's fling likely will not unite the campus community or local community any more than previous flings.

Let's not be naive. Real world problems require real effort to solve. Don't wait for the community to find us so we can all bond under the ambience of live performances and shooting ranges.

Community involvement requires us to put all the rhetoric and games aside long enough to do something practical about it, and we can be united in our giving and service. Feed people, build homes, or tutor kids.

#### Plastic trap

Few feelings in the world can match the discomfort associated with living in an environment of constant impulse buying and not having the funds to participate.

Despite the fact that UNCA provides students with an affordable education, the freedom of making purchases whenever and wherever you want is alluring to most students.

Unfortunately, when some students run out of the kind of currency that folds and jingles, they produce a small piece of plastic from their wallets that can spell big trouble.

And each year those that avoid swimming in this potential pool of debt are solicited by off-campus organizations offering little more than flashy t-shirts with the year's latest hip craze or pop idol emblazoned across the front.

So, we hope students this semester who choose to become assimilated into the masses of plastic-carrying consumers practice responsibility. Besides, you already have a cool shirt, there should be no need for that spontaneous trip to the mall.

#### Lock box

Adopted animals in our state have more rights than some students on this campus—students that have been adopted.

In North Carolina, adopted animals and their owners have access to the animals' original medical records, a privilege adopted people in this state don't enjoy, even when they reach adulthood.

We have good ol' conservative, archaic N.C. legislation to thank for this particular discriminatory law.

But, we are not the first to see the sub-human treatment of adoptees bound up in this legislation.

On Sept. 28, our progressive, redneck friends to the west, Tennessee's citizens, became beneficiaries of a law allowing adoptees to see their adoption records when they reach 21 years, even if the birth parents want the information kept secret.

The law was passed in 1995, challenged within two weeks, and upheld by the Tennessee State Supreme Court on Tuesday. In North Carolina, adoption records are sealed, meaning that adoptees are legally restricted from vital medical information and history—so forget ethnicity or genealogy; our adoptees can only guess.

Adoption records have also been opened in Alaska and Kansas, and similar legislation is planned in Oregon, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey.

Our own state legislative bills that address this issue have been in a stalemate for years, rotting on the legislative debate table, because of fear of change.

Maybe Tennessee's state court sticking out its neck for adoptees' rights will inspire our reps to live on the wild side, and grant a segment of our population, no doubt a segment of our student body, their full rights.

## Hypocrisy hinders change



Eric Jacobson  
columnist

I'm tired of the new age of hippies. There is no war at the moment, and their parents are all super-powered yuppies with BMWs who obviously made enough money to get them to a point where they could send their kids to UNCA. And yet, the hippie kids of yuppies, from here on referred to as "yuppies," sit around dressing badly and smoking bad cigarettes, spouting off the rhetoric of eating meat and the problems with the environment.

Now, the dressing badly I don't care about. As far as I'm concerned, if I could come to school with nothing but my "If you can read this, I'm not wearing any pants" boxer shorts and my "Peanut Butter did this to me" t-shirt, I would.

So, fine. If you want to wear someone's old hammock as a dress, go right ahead. Be my guest. Watch out for the little critters that like the hammock fabric, though.

In fact, I don't even mind the smoking of bad cigarettes. All though the argument could be made that there is no such thing as a good cigarette, most yuppies have the courtesy to do it outside, and that's great.

I do have one question on this point: why is it that some other people will smoke in the bathroom? I understand that the bathroom usually smells downright foul, but there's no smoking in the building,

and since the bathroom is in the building one may conclude that there should be no smoking in the bathroom, too.

One could make the argument that the other smells in the bathroom could cause lung cancer, but at the moment there's only conclusive evidence found against cigarette smoke, so take it outside.

There you can smoke away. Make like a Mack semi-truck's exhaust pipe and just blow tar into the air. As long as it's not affecting me, I don't give a flip.

I'll give doctors something to make money off of in the future when the lung cancer turns the lungs into prunish masses of black goo. One of my problems with yuppies has to do with the body odor and body hair.

I understand that the yuppie wants to live "au naturel," but last time I watched National Geographic, even the massive black bear in Canada bathes once in awhile.

It seems to me that some people decided to become yuppies because they didn't particularly like showering and figured that'd be a good excuse not to, but c'mon! The idea that our natural smell should be attractive is a nice thought, and it's a real shame that civilization sprang up on the planet and created deodorant, but I'm pretty sure no employer in his or her right mind would hire someone who smelled of pig manure and dog drool.

And then there's the body hair. I've asked around, and most women I've talked to find the bushy-lumberjack beard look a tad outdated, and although that's not a problem for me, the fleas are a little disturbing.

If you want to see how much of the food chain you can support on your body, that's fine, but keep it off my body. And then the women.

I'm not sure I can do the proper amount of justice to the terror that overtakes me when a yuppie-girl waves to her girlfriends and there's a tarantula under her arm.

Again, it's your right if you don't want to shave, but please be kind to the rest of us and wear dresses with sleeves.

Onward comes the apparently necessary vegetarianism. If a yuppie wants to eat nothing but vegetables, that's fine by me, but don't start spouting off about how eating meat kills poor little animals. Just because they're cute and make noises doesn't make them any more alive than any plant out there.

In fact, most animals do little more

than eat, sleep, and defecate into people's school bags, while plants actually execute photosynthetic processes that clean carbon dioxide from the air and give fresh oxygen to the atmosphere.

I'd like to make the argument that being a vegetarian harms the environment more than just eating meat.

Not to mention that just because the human ear can only hear in a limited number of frequencies and is actually an extremely imprecise device, doesn't mean that plants don't scream in pain when we cut them down. Maybe we're just not hearing them.

Finally, there's the get-back-to-nature attitude that usually comes with some red tape attached to the let's-save-the-planet attitude.

Don't talk to me about how important it is to eat food without preservatives or insecticides, and then grab a cup of java over at BeanStreets Coffee.

Sure, the United States has plenty of laws and regulations about using nasty pesticides on coffee bean plants, but I'm pretty sure the countries that grow the stuff don't really care.

And then the whole "drive less, save gas" thing—nothing gets my goat more, yes, I have one, than hearing someone spout off on the damage that cars are doing to the atmosphere, and then watch as they get in their 1960-whatever Volkswagens but that exudes more pollutants than a paper mill.

In the end, the problem is that they yuppies exist, it's that they don't live up to the ideals they state as being so necessary to living a good life, but turn around and sell at others for being hypocrites.

Time to grow up, my yuppie friends. The people who really change the world don't just look it, they act it.

Make like a Mack semi-truck's exhaust pipe and just blow tar into the air. As long as it's not affecting me, I don't give a flip.

## Parking skills for battleground



Jennifer Ross  
columnist

Ah, the joy of the daily student commute in all its glory of road rage and gasoline fumes.

Perhaps it's the last minute rush to class or the simple lack of available student commuter parking, but in those five minutes before every class, the parking lots turn into battlegrounds.

Nearly all of us have experienced the battles over parking spaces. Of course we could always just park in an overflow lot or the lot near Carol Belt Theatre, but what is the fun in that?

The following are some suggestions for how to park quickly and with skill.

Tired of the hassle of actively having to follow students in their cars to get a good parking space.

I suggest carrying a lasso in your car, you can just lasso them, throw your car in neutral, and let them tow you to their spot.

Of course, if your aim's not that good, or their real slippery and you

just can't hook them, I suggest practicing on non-moving targets during class or on moving targets in soccer games to increase your lassoing skills.

On those days when the police have confiscated your lasso, you could try to find alternative parking spaces.

Of course, there are sidewalks, fire lane parking, handicapped parking, faculty parking, motorcycle parking and even bike racks, in which one might theoretically fit a car.

However, seeing as public safety can issue parking tickets to every illegally parked car in Western North Carolina in one minute flat, one has to be more creative.

My suggestion to you is to always keep a sledgehammer in your trunk for emergencies just like this.

First, drive up to the building your class is in and put your emergency lights on.

Second, take your sledgehammer and pound your car's engine while pretending your Gallagher (this

might even earn you free counseling).

This way, one might avoid a ticket for illegally parking and still have an excellent parking spot. Caution: before using the sledgehammer method, take out large amounts of car insurance.

If, perhaps, the police have confiscated your sledgehammer and lasso, try the borrowed car approach (in fact you might have to if the sledgehammer method has left your own car out of service).

In this approach, one might park in any available space and simply claim you're a visitor.

I would suggest not wearing your book bag or Bulldog Day t-shirt when making this argument.

I would also suggest wearing a master disguise such as those plastic glasses and mustache faces so that around the 5th or 40th time when they catch on, your true identity is protected from discovery.

If the police have confiscated your glasses and mustache disguise, sledge-

hammer and lasso, you could always try the inflatable dummy approach. First, get an inflatable dummy and drive into a crowded parking lot.

Get in the most-in-the-way-place you can, and park. Leave the inflatable dummy in the driver's seat and go on to class.

Leaving the turn signal on, as an additional annoyance for the guy waiting for the dummy to move, is optional.

Rest assured that your inflatable dummy will continue to block traffic as you sit in class.

By now, the police have confiscated your inflatable dummy, glasses and mustache disguise, sledgehammer and lasso. And your cars have been impounded, but the semester will probably be over by the time you used all these options, and you'll have all of Christmas to come up with new and interesting ways to park.

So good luck to all in your parking lot wars.

Student Health Services will be offering \$7 flu shots on the following dates and locations: Oct. 6, 12 p.m.-2p.m. in the student health center; Oct. 14, 12 p.m.-2 p.m. and Nov. 3, 12 p.m.-2 p.m. in Highsmith lobby.

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