

OPINIONS

Blue Banner Editorial Peek-a-boo

There is room for a variety of serious complaints about UNCA on any given day. People actually have to walk more than a few feet to class from their gas-guzzling SUVs because the parking situation is so mediocre. We don't have the world's only tough-as-nails Division I liberal arts football team, and there never seems to be free doughnuts anywhere.

But, it is long past time to point out another injustice happening everyday to male visitors to the great Karpen Hall. Not surprisingly, the men of the literature department and the male staff members of two student publications (all based on the second floor) are the primary target of this embarrassing and ridiculous design flaw in the building's construction plan.

The men's room in the second floor lobby of Karpen has urinals situated in such a way that passerbyers can clearly see urinal patrons whenever the door is open. That's right. All of the women of Karpen (and anyone else for that matter) can clearly see urinary activity when properly positioned in the lobby outside of the restroom.

While this may be a thrilling experience for some, the average student or faculty member is not looking to become an accidental peeping Tom on their way to another exciting Humanities 324 lecture.

Some wise patrons to the pee-pee-show bathroom in Karpen have realized the design flaw, and choose the privacy of a nice stall when peeing, thus avoiding the array of interesting issues attached to one's peers seeing the phallus at work in the john.

The interesting thing here is that no one seems to have ever cared too much about it. Maybe folks don't mind. Some guys like being seen. Some may have even had better luck dating after viewings by certain passerbyers.

But, for the most part, I think that the boys tire of being gawked at by whoever happens to stroll by the men's room every time the door opens, and most people who see the action inside the Karpen urinals consider themselves some sort of strange victims to indecent exposure.

There is no need to call NASA for a new engineering scheme for the second-floor men's room though. If somebody will please switch the door so that it opens the opposite way than it does now, there will be no more need for worry.

It's important to stay on top of important issues like this one at a progressive liberal arts school like UNCA. So go see for yourself. If you're a guy, go arch one into the urinals on the second floor of Karpen, glance over your shoulder when the door opens and smile big when your favorite literature professor cruises by. Or if you're not a boy-person, just hang around in the second floor lobby between classes. You never know who or what you might spy.

Nothing in the Opinions section necessarily reflects the opinion of the entire *The Blue Banner* staff, advisor or the university faculty, administration or staff. Unsigned editorials reflect the opinion of a majority of *The Blue Banner* editorial board.

The Fall Blue Banner 2002 Staff

- | | |
|--|---|
| Rachel Crumpler
<i>Editor in Chief</i> | Ed Fickle
<i>Technical Support</i> |
| Stuart Gaines
<i>News Editor</i> | Dearborn McCorkle
<i>Features Editor</i> |
| Hollie Childers
<i>Sports Editor</i> | Jon Fischhoff
<i>Photo Editor</i> |
| Elizabeth Moe
<i>Managing Editor</i> | Whitney Setser
<i>Copy Editor</i> |
| Alan Ambrose
<i>Online Editor</i> | Jason McGill
<i>Circulation Manager</i> |
| Elizabeth Moe
<i>Advertising Manager</i> | Emily Moe
<i>Business Manager</i> |
| Mark West Faculty Advisor | |
| To reach <i>The Blue Banner</i> staff, call 251-6586 or e-mail banner@unca.edu | |

Exam load makes the holidays seem lighter

Sarah-Vance Goodman
Columnist

Every year about this time in the semester, I begin to really look forward to the upcoming Thanksgiving and Christmas Breaks.

Last Sunday, on my drive to worship service, I heard the first Christmas song of the year aired over the radio. The lampposts on Patton Avenue are already decorated with holly wreaths, and many of the specialty shops are offering holiday sales and festive window displays. The warm feelings surrounding the season seem to start earlier every year, and I wonder when the phrase "Christmas in July," will become realty.

Despite these wonderful events, I begin to feel like I am carrying a little more weight - both physically and metaphorically. It probably has something to do with the events occurring between these lovely holidays. Understood by anyone involved in education, the term exams has something to do with the added stress.

I fondly remember the beginning of the semester, still in the summer months, when I showed up for class with nothing but a pen and a piece of paper, wearing a T-shirt and sneakers. My arms were empty after night class when I strolled down the walk to my front door amidst lightning bugs and the sound of children still playing outside.

I didn't ask my family to leave the light on for me, and I didn't have to fumble for my house key. I looked

forward to taking my dog for a walk, conversing with a buddy over ice cream at The Hop and watching television late at night.

Mid-semester arrives, and I force myself to carry my book bag to class

and to take it out of the backseat when I get home for the evening. I shorten my walk with Happy (my dog), get in a brief chat with my friend on the phone, while scooping out the last of the Ben and Jerry's, and catch the evening news before hitting the books to get ready for the next day. At this point, it seems like I am just barely keeping my head above water.

Now, besides the added clothing to shield my frame from the winter cold, I am carrying a lot more on my shoulders. When I get home in the evening after a late class, I get angry if no one left the porch light on for me. I fumble in the dark for my keys that I have just thrown in the bottom of my heavy sack, and get frustrated when I lodge my finger underneath the 800-page textbook I am expected to memorize. I forget about the walk with my dog, and would be afraid I would get hit by a car in the dark anyway. I forgo my ice cream, and opt for an instant cappuccino instead. I don't even

think about turning on the television.

My book bag went from non-existent to a necessity of existence on campus. I am required to haul twenty or more pounds of textbooks and study guides to and from class, to and from the library and to and from my house.

At this point, these things make me feel clothed. Somehow, they keep me warm because without them I would feel naked.

What puts this extra weight on my mind and body? What is this creature that plagues my

sanity? In my case, exams are narrowly defined as an overload on a human being's short-term memory. I say that not to frustrate professors who wish I would learn their subjects and store them for the long haul, but to try to motivate myself and anyone else who has the problem to make things easier on ourselves next semester.

For the time being, I will put up with the over-crowded library. I will deal with over-dosing on coffee and soda to keep myself awake, while cramming for a Psychology test, the same material I should have put into long-term memory at the beginning of the semester. I will

have to hear my chiropractor complain about how out of whack my spine has become from carrying an overloaded pack.

I tell myself, and if I were a school counselor I would tell my clients, that this is unnecessary stress. I add it to my life. It is my fault. I could have been diligent back in the summer when I chose to eat ice cream and watch re-runs of the "Cosby Show." I could have made a conscious decision to change things and not get behind. But I didn't, and here it is again, that time of the year when I feel like a bomb ready to explode.

But, I can do this. I have done this before. I seem to have a gift at putting myself through this each and every semester. I do not think a semester would feel complete without this crunch at the end. It signals the grand finale, the ultimate end of a college term and a new beginning. It highlights the joy I will feel sitting over Christmas dinner with nothing to do, but drink more eggnog (un-spiked, of course) and tell stories about how horrid the last two weeks of school seemed.

"Prayer" by Langston Hughes describes this feeling perfectly. "Oh, God of dust and rainbows, help us see / That without the dust the rainbow would not be." Without darkness, no one would look forward to the light, and without evil, we would not know what is truly good. Without the hectic craziness of my life as I know it in this pre-exam state, I would not fully be able to enjoy the peaceful calm of the post-exam existence - where I look forward to starting this whole cycle once again.

It (exam stress) signals a grand finale, the ultimate end of a college term and a new beginning. It highlights the joy I will feel, sitting over christmas dinner with nothing to do, but drink eggnog (un-spiked, of course) and tell stories about how horrid the last two weeks of school seemed.

Clayton goes Klingon



COURTESY OF WWW.NEWSANBIZ.NET/EXCLUSIVELYOURS
One of our favorite staff writers, Christina Clayton (far left) shows some leg at the Beach Bash, a TRKkie convention in Myrtle Beach, SC, Nov. 8 - 10. Clayton is affiliated with House Ki'RKk, where she goes by the TRKkie alias "Scarlett."

Now accepting applications for Spring 2003 positions

copy editor
circulation manager
advertising manager
advisory members
technical support

To hold a position with *The Blue Banner*, you must be a full-time student at UNCA and ready to commit to at least a semester of work with the newspaper.

To pick up or submit an application, come by *The Blue Banner* office.

Applications must be submitted before Nov. 22 for consideration.

The Blue Banner
244 Karpen Hall
251-6586
banner@unca.edu

Make us laugh!

Send your cartoons, comics and satire to

The Blue Banner
244 Karpen Hall
251-6586
banner@unca.edu

The Blue Banner welcomes submissions of letters and articles for publication. Letters should not exceed 300 words. Letters for publication should also contain the author's signature, classification, major or other relationship with UNCA. Sorry, we will not accept submissions of anonymous letters to the editor.

The deadline for letters is noon on Tuesday. If you have a submission, you may send it to *The Blue Banner*, Karpen 244, One University Heights, Asheville N.C. 28804 or to banner@unca.edu. Please include your name, contact information, classification and major/position.