

The Daily Tar Heel

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Harry Bryan, Editor

Wednesday, February 16, 1972

Still no solution to parking hassle

Plans for improving parking conditions on the UNC campus are right back where they started about 10 years ago. Several ideas have been suggested, but no one seems to know what to do.

One proposal, written by Allen Waters, director of UNC operations and engineering, and "approved" by the Traffic and Safety Committee, calls for a \$3.95 million expenditure for the construction of two parking garages, providing an additional 1,500 spaces.

Another plan, authored by Lee Corum and Student Body President Joe Stallings, would involve a \$1.85 million expenditure for the construction of one 500-car parking garage and two 1,000-car fringe lots.

Though the Stallings-Corum proposal is definitely the better of the two, neither is really sufficient.

The Waters plan would not provide enough parking spaces to even approach solving the problem and would cost so much that future expansion might be stalled for years. The Stallings-Corum plan would have more spaces at a lower cost, but it, too, fails to brought about a final solution.

The Faculty Council failed to determine anything definite at its meeting Friday, coming up with a vote of 20 in favor of the Stallings-Corum plan, five in favor of the Waters plan and 10 in favor of taking no immediate action.

And Chancellor N. Ferebee Taylor said following the meeting that there "is no decision imminent on this matter."

So who knows? Maybe it'll be another 10 years before something is finally done to help people find a place to park.

Cougars: stay away from McAdoo now

from the Charlotte Observer

The Atlantic Coast Conference is threatening to pull its basketball games out of arenas where the pros play if the pros sign underclassmen. Will the Carolina Cougars, for example, draft Robert McAdoo, the sensational junior forward from UNC?

The threat may never be carried out. It is part of a game the

American Basketball Association (ABA) is playing to try to force a merger with the National Basketball Association (NBA), a merger that Congress will have to approve.

By threatening to sign underclassmen, the ABA is escalating the recruiting war between the two professional leagues and putting pressure on the college game. The aim apparently is to make the situation desperate enough that it appears merger is the only answer.

We suspect that rules prohibiting the pros from signing college players are unconstitutional, as a judge in California recently ruled. But active campaigns by professional teams to sign underclassmen are detrimental to the college game and to education.

There is a difference between drafting an athlete and signing him. But the simple act of drafting a young man could tempt him to sign before completing his education. That decision could haunt him later, especially if he is one of the bright college stars who fails in the pros and never earns stardom to trade on later.

There will always be legitimate exceptions, but we think the pros should make it general policy not to draft or sign underclassmen. We also think the ABA's tactics to force a merger are deplorable. They could backfire. If the Cougars draft McAdoo, they just may find themselves out in the cold.

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78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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'What is the name of Dudley Doright's horse?'

The Quiz Bowl enters its third year this week, provided by the Carolina Union for all us non-athletes who want to learn about character, courage under fire and all the other qualities that previously were the exclusive property of the men in blue.

This is a crossroads for our team. Last year, hampered by the inexperience of three sophomores, we were brilliant on occasion but choked in the quarter-finals. A relaxed DU team, the eventual champs, beat us on the last question, and we've been reliving that last second all year.

Two years ago, the pain was even harder to bear. Starting out with three seniors, we were locked in a tough battle with TEP. With the score tied, the moderator asked the last question: "Who

won the Oscar for best actress in 1959?" I said Liz Taylor, the TEP said Simone Signoret, and he was right.

Last year, Bruce was the captain of our sophomore-laden team. (I had switched teams because I was disillusioned with the little cheating that went on. It's an amateur competition, yet I could tell something was wrong when my teammates started getting gold-bound World Almanacs and brand-new sociology texts.) Bruce was the only senior, and provided great leadership—plus he was a good all-around man, good for 10 questions a game and lots of assists on bonus questions.

Then we had our individual performers. Steve was a good history man, and on any question remotely

Lou Bonds

Swing with the new electorate

Young people, who arrived on campus Friday for a NAACP youth conference, proved young voters aren't "gonna take no jive" with their vote. Obviously, the politicians they confronted have not yet been informed of the fact. The whole affair made for a strange sight and some genuinely funny occurrences.

Hargrove "Skipper" Bowles, Democratic candidate for governor, was first on the firing line and first to learn his lesson. Bowles scored a victory with the young audience in answering questions honestly. But he blew it with too much "grass roots."

"I would like to leave you with this one little story I heard not long ago," he said. The emotion in his voice told everyone this was going to be a tear-jerker with a moral. "There were two little boys who wanted to fool the old wise man living on the hill.

"The boys hatched a plan to catch a little bird (Bowles has a monopoly on the word 'little'). They figured they would hold the little bird in their hands and ask the old wise man if the little bird were alive. If he answered 'no' they would let the bird fly away. And if he answered 'yes' they would crush the bird in their hands.

"Well, the two little boys took the bird to the old wise man and said, 'Old man, is this bird dead or alive.' The old man looked down at the boys wisely (that's the way old wise men look these days) and he said, 'As you will it, my sons, as you will it.'"

Well, it wasn't all that bad a story except most of the audience had heard it years before in Sunday School.

The honorable Governor Robert W. Scott (it said "honorable" on the program) spoke next and, as scheduled, said nothing at all. Scott evidently thinks young people haven't ever heard about Abraham Lincoln. So, to teach us more, he quoted Lincoln through half of his speech — quotes from the Gettysburg Address and Emancipation Proclamation (he even quoted the bit "With malice toward none").

"I wish I could dispel for all time the notion that a person has to be devious — or worse — to be a success in politics," Scott said. "Those who make that assertion do not take into account the essential nature of politics."

Scott is right, of course. Being devious isn't all. You have to have money. And where do you get money? Simple, by

being devious and promising all your heavy campaign contributors a government position after you win. Slick, huh?

The students had a lot of fun with Jim Holshouser, Republican candidate for governor, and our own Mayor Howard Lee. At the workshop session, both candidates said it didn't matter which party we join as long as we join a party. And before the workshop was over, each candidate was endorsing his party as best.

"Mr. Holshouser, Mr. Lee, could you please list your qualifications for office in the so-called 'hip' language of the young people?" asked a cute little girl in back. Lee definitely scored a victory over Holshouser on this question, but said he didn't want to patronize anybody. Holshouser wisely kept his mouth shut.

Another phenomenon of the conference, was frequent appearances by that Sage of the Young People, Pete Tripodi. Pete, if you will recall, is the UNC student running for the N.C. General Assembly and 'almost' met President Nixon last year. He was everywhere the big guys were, explaining what they said, asking questions, campaigning, instructing, campaigning,

making speeches and campaigning. One girl said he looked like a teddy bear.

But the real fun of the conference had to be the kids themselves. They asked more pointed questions of the candidates than Harry Reasoner could ever hope to. Every now and then, when a politician said something significant, you could hear a tiny voice in the audience: "Bullshit!" On a questionnaire, most students said they preferred Shirley Chisholm for president. A few black students said they would join the American Party. It's going to be a swinging electorate this year.

The conference did prove a few things. The new student voters are going to be sharp, tough and mean. Some will be serious, those who aren't will not vote. They know the issues and they know the candidates' stances.

Part of Scott's speech told of the new student attitude among high schoolers.

"Again, we have only to turn to Abraham Lincoln for guidance. Mr. Lincoln expressed it this way: 'I shall try to correct errors where shown to errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views.'"

Abraham Lincoln couldn't have said it better.

Bruce Mann

Art experiences tarnished with time

The quest for enlivening entertainment in the Chapel Hill area grows evermore complex. If it's not the overpriced tickets, it's the over-extended queues emanating from free amusements. If it's not the various promoters who have an amazing talent for programming the finest of nullity, it's the area audiences who make the experience virtually painful.

The London Symphony arrived Friday for the Friends of the College Series in Raleigh. Concert-goers clapped between movements. At the beginning of Vaughn-Williams' Symphony No. 5 a clandestine player tooted on his horn in the dark depths of Reynolds Coliseum. Andre Previn, the orchestra's conductor, promptly halted the movement, and when the pastoral interruption concluded, flipped his tuxedo tails, turned to the audience and exclaimed, "Do you think it's our turn?" His aplomb is all the more commendable, since the Series printed a pretentious sheet for its program "Notes for Young Folks Attending Their First Concert" including

an admonishment for "Those Over Thirty" to not walk out of the concert while a number is played.

Needless to say, those over thirty considered the whole thing the most exciting hootenanny since "Hee Haw" and they behaved accordingly.

The Chapel Hill Concert Series traditionally reverses the situation. While the attendees are remarkably well-composed, the promoters and organizers manage to ruin the experience as best they can. When Philippe Entremont, the renowned pianist, made his Chapel Hill debut earlier this year, the Concert Series gave him the same old worn-out Memorial Hall piano, which seems more designed for a turn-of-the-century music-hall ivory-tickler. The stained and dirty acoustical shields were thankfully missing, but my date did manage to find one of the Hall's cockroaches to add another dimension to the art experience.

While concerts are the topic, there's also Hill Hall, which hosts the Tuesday Evening Music Department Series, an

excellent and varied program of fare. A few Tuesdays ago, though, audience members must have privately cringed as one of the South's finest string quartets performed while sitting on four of the area's most insultingly ugly wood chairs. Granted, music speaks louder than chairs, but if the department wants to recruit a new generation of concert-goers, it might help to make it more aesthetically pleasing visually. A fine concert, but a disgrace, despite the financial woes of the campus arts.

Last week, audience members managed to freeze the atmosphere at a local dinner theatre. While the third act of "Gypsy" sped at enormous velocity to its finish, a group began to burst into laughter as Rose, the mother of Gypsy Rose Lee in the play, went through an intensely frightening trauma in the plot. The actress's movements were broad, and they were meant to be so. Her mental confusion had to be drawn out and reframed in a musical production number during which she goes through the suggestive motions of stripping. This

audience lacked the discriminating taste, I suppose, or they simply failed to reason that their giggling came between the viewer and the artist's sensitive attempt to mutually and symbiotically communicate.

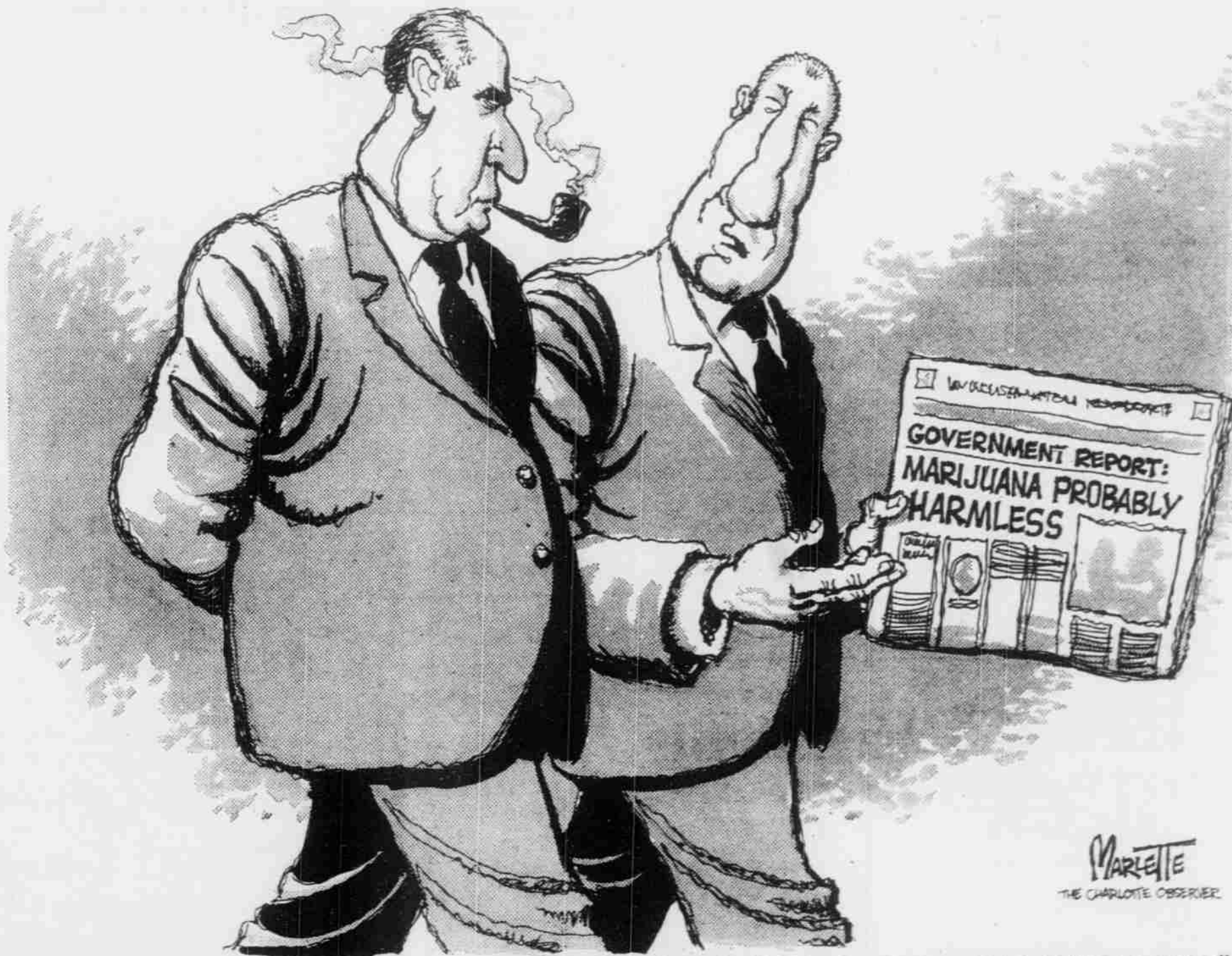
We're all aware of the free flick audiences which can turn even a bum trip movie into a bumper of an evening by flipping the plastic chairs like those dime-store crickets we used to buy for Halloween. Sometimes it's entertaining to have the accompaniment—kinda like a player piano to signal high points in the action—but usually it's a moment to bury your head in your hands and wonder whether, between those new lousy-speakers and the noise, you'll ever get to hear Gogoy drawl.

Carolina Playmakers audiences, surely the most comfortable of viewers, still remain a bit too staid. During "A Flea in Her Ear," a delightful farce which ran last week, audience members withheld their laughs while the script's few risqué lines fired through the theatre. Certain viewers, during "Amanita" earlier this year, refused to even stay, some walking out during mid-show.

It's not so much that audiences should or shouldn't behave according to some authoritative rules. We've all been to concerts to plays or even operas where applause during the proceedings is inevitable. Nor should the decor of a concert hall or theatre be a definite criteria for a good or a bad concert. But the overall experience can be tarnished, one way or another, depending on how much audience or organizers or artist are willing to contribute.

Few probably remember the days of Durham's Rialto Theatre, which brought art films to the Triangle before Chapel Hill theatres ever knew the word. The torn, slit seat covers and the scratched, unpainted seatbacks all gave evidence to the rumor that you could throw up a piece of popcorn and the rats would jump for it. True or not, the place was decrepit and delapidated. Yet, that special interior decoration had its own charm.

Heckling audiences, out-of-tune pianos, flipping chairs, old wood seats et al simply lack charm, however.



"SEE WHAT I MEAN, JOHN—THE PRESS ALWAYS DWELLS ON THE BAD NEWS!"

The Daily Tar Heel accepts letters to the editor, provided they are typed on a 60-space line and limited to a maximum of 300 words. All letters must be signed and the address and phone number of the writer must be included.

The paper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements and good taste.

Address letters to Editor, The Daily Tar Heel, in care of the Student Union.

Jackson Five tune on the juke box. That lapse cost a chance for glory.

The search for players continued—one guy knew all the books of Nathaniel Hawthorne but couldn't remember that Mort Drucker and Don Wilson were contributors to Mad magazine, not ABA refs. Finally, Steve called, interrupting my attempt to memorize all the Nobel Prize winners.

"We found him. We found our man. We got him," he said feverishly.

"Found what? Who? What is this?"

"Our man. Our Quiz Bowl man. We've got it. We've won already."

"Now, hold it. What can he do? Can he move? Has he been on Classroom Kwiz?"

"Not only that. I asked him how many

prongs were on the crown of the Statue of Liberty and he got it. It was right on the tip of his tongue and he spit it out. He can do it."

"Great. Sign him up. Call the Durham Morning Herald."

"Well, there is one thing."

"What?"

"Scouts from the Who. What, Where game have been after him already. They want him to turn pro and he's just a junior."

"Well, that does it. If they get him, we'll just refuse to play in any place that's got a television that can pick up channel 28. This is war. Now, ask him how many back injuries Roberto Clemente had in 1966..."