

Egos, pedestals and free advice

Students should be wary of political endorsements this time of year from whatever corner of the campus they may come.

Most notable of the false prophets is the Carolina Coalition, a mutual admiration society for the preservation of good old-fashioned Student Government.

One can only marvel at the gall it takes for 11 people (on a budget of \$7.50) to be so willing to mount themselves on a pedestal.

The campus Media Board has also been over-eager to endorse. On Wednesday the erstwhile Publications Board approved five of the six candidates who are running for the DTH editorship.

If the average student could name a majority, or even a small minority, of the Media Board members, the Board would have a right to publicly comment on the race.

It is too easy for members of campus groups to seek political power while hiding behind their anonymity. A group endorsement is only worth the opinions of the individuals in that organization.

UNC students should judge the various candidates for themselves and only take the advice of students they know or whose work they have experienced.

Gerry Cohen

UNC bungles finances

Two events this week make one wonder whether anyone is really in charge at UNC. This week's first headline concerned the fact that \$80,000 in wages are unpaid to undergraduate and graduate students.

The pay foul-up is one of the classic snafus. The University budgeted, expecting to carry over some unspent funds from earlier this year.

The affected students found out about it when their paychecks failed to show up. Promises of a check have been made, but no money has yet been forthcoming.

Given the fact a mistake was made in budgeting (for which several heads will surely roll), why did the whole \$80,000 error get taken out of the salaries of students?

But instead, students have had to go borrow money to pay for their food, heat and light this month.

Like a lot of things around here, nothing makes sense. A few dozen students get the shaft. When the money ran short, it should have come out of every check.

The James dorm situation is one that, rationally, could have been treated differently. The University budgets a certain amount to operate the dorms.

In a fit of grace, some people, such as those with severe illness and other cases, are allowed out of their lease.

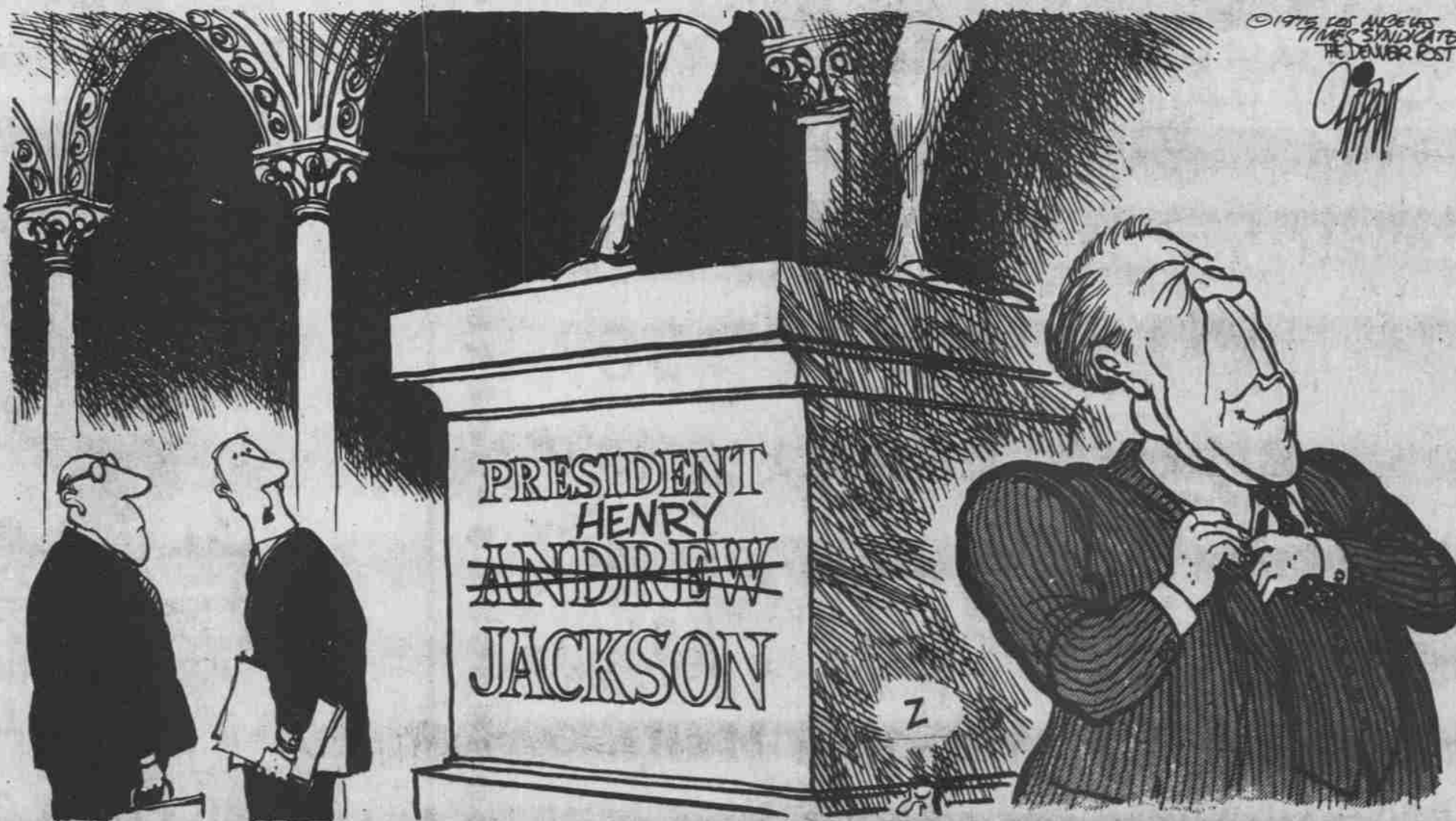
the year, and added back in to the rent at estimating time.

Those who leave the dorm in the middle of the semester do, or should, pay the rest of the semester's rent, just like the real world of landlord-tenant.

Meanwhile, there exists a small band of 70 people in James who have wound up with single rooms for the past six weeks.

What's fair is fair, and we can add the costs equally to everyone in the dorms. Outlandish? If everything is worth a few bucks, so is the aggravation of having to move.

Gerry Cohen is a UNC law student and member of the Chapel Hill Board of Aldermen.



'YOU CAN SAY THIS FOR HENRY—HE MAY BE BORING, AND DULL, AND HAVE NO CHARISMA, BUT HE'S TOTALLY DEVOID OF SUBTLETY!'

Lu Ann Jones

Steve Da Dream spins da oldies

The greaser slithers through the wall-to-wall crowd, pausing occasionally to give a clinched-fist handshake or to exchange a few racey lines.

As the overgrown juvenile delinquent comes nearer I catch a wiff of the Groom 'n Clean he uses by the bottle to slick back his long black hair.

Then he grabs a beer, hops on the bar, slinks to the end and positions himself behind his throne — two turntables. Wielding a microphone like a rubber baton, the fifties d.j. finally lets loose in a New Joysey accent:

"I just come back from a tour of da nation's worst bars and here I am at da pinnacle. Fuckin' A. man." And his nostalgic subjects roar.

Da Dream groupies cluster near his pseudo-stage that's wedged between a Jubilee pinball machine and the bar. They melt and sway as Steve spins the oldie goldies.

The first dedication goes out to "two lovely ladies who love Leslie Gore." Just

as Leslie declares, "It's my party and I'll cry if I want to, cry if I want to, cry if I want to," someone screams faintly.

A high-intensity study lamp spotlights Da Dream as he gyrates to the music. He puffs out his chest, rolls a pack of cigarettes in his T-shirt sleeve and begins flailing his arms in rapid-fire motions to the beat of the music.

A cigarette dangles precariously from his lips as his jaws madly smack a wad of gum. Sweat rolls over the mascara-blackened sideburns despite the electric fan directed toward him.

With a subtle, fluid twist of the wrist, Da Dream whips a pink comb from his left hip pocket and draws it through his oily hair. His hands gravitate to his locks every 10 seconds as if they're drawn by a magnet.

Announcing the first trivia contest of the evening, Da Dream says jokingly, "We're gonna give away a gram or two of cocaine. Fuckin' A." And the crowd roars.

Da Dream flips through his stack of 45s, handling them like they're precious gems. He finds one he likes, places it gently on the turntable and guides the needle toward it.

As Bill Haley and the Comet sing "We're gonna rock, we're gonna rock



around the clock tonight," the 1954 high school graduate sitting beside me at the bar goes into hysterics. The amiable drunk (Houlihan's his name) wiggles on the stool and fondles his beer can.

From behind I'm attacked by gouging elbows as dancers twist and bump in about six square inches of space. I notice

a couple of guys dressed in olive green shirts and denim jackets who look like they just drove the big rig in from Memphis. But for the most part, it's a college student crowd reliving the good ole days of Dick Clark and American Bandstand and junior high parties.

For three and a half hours Da Dream hypnotizes his fans with his fancy choreography, racey chatter and music from the fifties and early sixties. As the night draws to a close, he reminds his ardent followers that he's appearing soon at Foxcroft "wife-swapping" Apartments. Then he shoots them the bird once more and graciously says: "Thanks for showin' up. Fuck off."

The crowd reluctantly leaves and Da Dream edges his way over to the bar to sit down for the first time all night. When Steve Thomas, 26, starts talking about his d.j. routine, the New Joysey accent and hoodlum aura magically disappear. It's hard to believe that Da Dream is all an act.

Contrary to the obnoxious personality he portrays on stage, the real Steve is just a friendly, unpretentious guy who's excited about his sudden success. But he doesn't kid himself that his show is anything more than a fad; he readily admits he's not sure how long his popularity will last.

Meanwhile, he'll continue to spin the oldies but goodies and recreate a happy-go-lucky era that so many people seem to crave now.

Letters to the editors

Platt should be open to change

To the editors:

I have watched Rorin Platt for two semesters use the Tar Heel as a receptacle for his invectives concerning "social permissiveness and the new morality." It seems that no one is immune from his omnivorous pen — no minority, no oppressed sect, no struggling group asking for the right to live, no one except that torpid, self-righteous and pretentious mass of Philistines known as the "norm."

agree with other people's ideas, one should indeed have the grace to admit other fresh points of view. Otherwise we are but dull apples in the vast pie of life, and we are as intolerant, if not more so, as the groups we stricture.

Homosexuality, abortion and atheism are all touchy subjects, to be sure, and such hysteria on the part of Mr. Platt, in the face of so-called "radicalism," can only serve to widen the gulf between the ostensibly different extremes. What I am asking him to suspend for a moment is his sentimental and factually shaky horror of change and the cultural didoism which compels him to opt for the safest accepted behaviour for the greatest and most conservative number.

site and a daily or weekly notice on page one of the DTH saying that "this paper free to students only. Paid subscriptions available to others." Notre Dame solved their similar problem in much the same way, and surely our faculty is as good as theirs.

It would also help to quit advertising the DTH on the masthead as "Chapel Hill's Morning Newspaper", as this only invites any and all persons to take a copy.

John L.S. Hickey 2456 Sedgfield Drive

Problems arise over beer sales

To the editors:

Even though I am a resident of a dormitory with its own snack bar, I am writing neither for nor against the sale of beer on the University's premises. I merely wish to point out that there seems to be a narrow-mindedness — or maybe just a lack of foresight — on the part of the Student Stores Advisory Committee.

The decision to sell beer on campus, true, must stem from a large interest on the part of both students and the Student Stores officials, but the "big daddy" decision still has to come — not only from Chancellor Taylor, but from the State Legislature. And the Chancellor knows those things expected of him by the State Department of Higher Education, those things he agreed to when he took office.

Also true is the fact that Chapel Hill grocers and the like have been ripping off the students and everybody else on their tremendous beer sales. As much beer as is consumed on this campus, it looks to me as if the Student Stores would be just as logical a merchant — and definitely more so!

I respect Bob Arundell's efforts to lead the committee toward this objective, but I believe the Chancellor, as well as many members of the State Legislature, are aware of a contradicting viewpoint among many of the state's taxpayers which will likely become increasingly more evident as the issue hits the streets and air.

Most of us, I'm sure, would like to ice the cake by asking, "Just how mature does the public think it is, trying to hide from the fact that we are practically adults?" But, the big question lies in our own lack of wisdom and respect for their responsibility as legitimate taxpayers.

Keep this in mind, friends, even if the State Legislature was to pass action legalizing the sale of beer in this or all North Carolina universities, we might as well rest assured that a sizable hunk of the profits (and there will be some doozies) will be used for scholarships or other projects deemed worthy by the State.

I do not oppose the committee's efforts. I only want them to envision all the possible technicalities involved in attaining such a demand.

Ben C. Dobson 410 Morrison

Clark did not misuse facts

To the editors:

In his criticism of my column of Feb. 6, Richard Wilmot-Smith accuses me of being "opinionated" and of "playing fast and loose with the facts." Of course I am opinionated; otherwise my column would not have appeared on the editorial page.

As to my misuse of the facts, it seems that Mr. Wilmot-Smith is guilty of that. Firstly,

Scotland was an independent country until 1707, and not 1603 as he believes. If he still disputes this, an easy reference is the 1974 edition of Encyclopedia Britannica.

Secondly, I did not imply that the Scots need any of Bernadette Devlin's type. If Mr. Wilmot-Smith will more carefully read my column he will find this out. Even so, I don't understand what last year's Irish elections have to do with Scotland.

Mr. Wilmot-Smith also states that Parliament is pumping "billions of dollars annually into Scotland . . . to attract industry there and help the country grow economically." According to the London Times, this figure has only recently been increased to 900 million pounds over a period of five years. This figure works out to less than \$500 million per year. Even so, this money has little helped to lower Scotland's unemployment or to keep the Scots at home.

Furthermore, the fact remains that a large and increasing number of Scots feel Scotland's economy should be run by the Scots, without English interference.

Doug Clark 2301 Granville South

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes the expression of all points of view through the letters to the editors. Opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors. This newspaper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements and good taste. Letters should be limited to 300 words and must include the name, address and phone number of the writer. Type letters on a 60-space line, double spaced, and address them to Editor, The Daily Tar Heel, in care of the Student Union, or drop them by the office.

Fox's critique gets applause

To the editors:

Re: Andy Fox's letter on anti-New Jerseyism.

Mr. Fox is to be applauded for his recent stand against anti-New Jerseyism. As one of his redneck friends, I would like to be the first to suggest that he gets the clap he so richly deserves.

Scott (Conan the Barbarian) Shuford 333 James

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