

# Fantasies live as the village sleeps blissfully on

## Page 2

By Elliott Warnock

**Q**uestion: How many Chapel Hillians (native variety) does it take to screw in a light bulb?

**A**nsWER: At least four. One to actually replace the bulb and three to sit around and talk about how well the old one used to burn.

Chapel Hillians, you might have noticed, are slow to recognize change. This isn't because natives of the sleepy little village (Yes, we cling desperately to the "village" title.) are dull-witted. A plethora of sages, scientists and generally bright folks inhabit Chapel Hill.

Neither has there been too little change to notice. Angle parking on Franklin Street only recently has disappeared—recently in terms of Chapel Hill's age. Not only has angle parking gone the way of "Nixon's the One" campaign posters, parking space in general now is valued above Deutsche Marks and only slightly below gold ingots.

So why the slowness in recognizing change? It's really quite simple; Chapel Hillians simply don't want anything to change.

Consider the major products of Chapel Hill.

First we have basketball, the sport that made the country forget what Tobacco Road is named for. You can walk through downtown Cucamonga in the middle of the summer, and, if someone finds out you're from Chapel Hill, they'll ask you what Dean Smith is really like.

Now we all have to admit that basketball has very little to do with reality. If we awoke tomorrow to find Soviet troops occupying Chapel Hill, there would still be a basketball game this weekend. The only thing that might be different would be Dean Smith's forced removal from Carolina and his subsequent appointment as head coach of the USSR national team.

Sports are fantasy. We know who the good guys are (Us), and we know who the bad guys are (Them). Unlike real life, we know who wins and who loses. At the rate Dick Crum is moving the football team, this sports fantasyland soon will have an absolutely surrealistic landscape.

Second, we have beer. Beer might have made Milwaukee famous, but it made Chapel Hill well-nigh immortal. Say "I'm from Chapel Hill," to a Miller Brewing Company employee and he'll call you "Sir."

Again, this gives Chapel Hill fantasyland status. In keeping with this, beer-drinking stories are taking on mythical proportions and out-of-towners think Chapel Hillians are built like Zulu warriors. None of this helps Chapel Hillians back to reality.

But Chapel Hill is supposed to be the Athens of the South, you insist. (And Raleigh must be the Sparta.) Perhaps this is true. Chapel Hill was at the forefront of the civil rights movement in the early '60s, and the anti-war protests of the late '60s. But native Chapel Hillians would insist those times were mild quirks in the otherwise slow life of the town, and they would go on to insist those people who sparked those movements were not native Chapel Hillians.

I remember very clearly the first civil rights march I ever saw, and I remember it for the calm, not the excitement generated. My mother was taking me with her to buy some groceries at Fowler's, during one of those summers that blurs together with all the others from my elementary school days, when a large group of blacks and a few white clergymen came walking down Franklin Street. We stopped and waited until the group passed Fowler's, then went inside and bought our hamburger.

Since that time, I've been told there were incidents of cross-burnings and confrontations, but they took place in lesser, not greater Chapel Hill. They did not affect the fantasyland.


There was no hoopla when the Civil Rights Act was created, neither was there any hoopla when Saigon fell. Chapel Hillians just shrugged their shoulders and went about their business.

The Non-Interference Treaty with Reality still is in effect in Chapel Hill. Afghanistan falls, Russians are embargoed, but Chapel Hillians prevail.

I will confess being a devotee of the struggle against reality, which should surprise no one considering I am from Chapel Hill. Reality and I have had a comfortable relationship: I ignore it and it ignores me.

What worries me now is the recent grumbling I've been hearing from Reality. It no longer seems content to be ignored and is beginning to clamor for attention. It's raised my gas prices, a phenomenon that I have taken five years to recognize. It's caused problems in the Middle East, and it's beginning to threaten my graduation from Carolina.

Is there any wonder I'm not too keen on admitting things are changing? If I ever see Reality getting a foothold in Chapel Hill, I'll invite it into Four Corners for a chat about Afghanistan.

But only after having a beer and watching the ACC Game of the Week on the big screen television. 

Elliott Warnock is staff columnist for Weekender.

**WDBS LATE SHOWS \$1.50**

**MANHATTAN** **LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR**


EACH 11:30 EACH \$1.50

The screwball comedy that *risks* to the occasion!

**"IT'S NOT THE SIZE THAT COUNTS"**

First Run

STARRING **ELKE SOMMER** AND **VINCENT PRICE**

Distributed by JOSEPH BRENNER ASSOCIATES INC. EASTMAN COLOR 

MON-FRI 7:00 9:00  
SAT & SUN 3:00 5:00  
7:00 9:00

**NEVER HEY FOLKS DON'T MISS THIS "BIGGIE" COME**

**MOUNTAIN FAMILY ROBINSON: FAMILY (G) ENTERTAINMENT**

**GEORGE BURNS** **ART CARNEY**

**"GOING IN STYLE"**

A comedy to steal your heart

**5th Big Week**

MON-FRI 7:15 9:15  
SAT & SUN 3:15 5:15  
7:15 9:15

**RAM TRIPLE** **NCNB FLA. ROSEMARY PG**

CHAPEL HILL, N.C. 967-8284

## Introducing the Furniture Store For People Who Want to Buy— And People Who Don't



- Short Term Leases
- Long Term Leases With Discounts
- Purchase Option
- Used Sales Outlet—Same Location

### Cort Furniture Rental

1819 New Hope Church Rd.  
876-7550

Serving—Raleigh, Chapel Hill, Durham Areas

Mon.-Fri.—9:00-7:00

Sat.—10:00-5:00

Other Locations Nationwide



a Mohasco company