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# The Daily Tar Heel

88th year of editorial freedom

## The spirit of compromise

A unique relationship exists between the town of Chapel Hill and the University. This relationship prospers when each side appreciates that discussion and subsequent resolution of disagreements are in the best interests of both town and campus. When input on either side is neglected, ignored or taken for granted, this process is destroyed and the good will that has marked the relationship deteriorates.

Because students are this University—as much as all the administrators and professors and buildings combined—recent developments in the town's attitude toward its noise-ordinance policy place in danger this fundamental understanding.

The town of Chapel Hill has cracked down on noise. Less than two weeks ago the Chapel Hill Police Department closed down several fraternity parties even though the noise ordinance had been adhered to. In doing so, one student was arrested and students confronted police in what could have become a violent incident.

Major Joe Nassif later met with fraternity presidents and representatives and wasted few words in telling them that the noise must stop. Most students who attended the meeting fear that implicit in Nassif's tone and attitude is an "or-else" clause: the "or else" being the elimination of outdoor parties on campus.

It doesn't take a great deal of sensitivity on either side to realize that when music gets too loud it should be turned down. The obvious questions are what is "too loud" and who should decide? Nassif and the police made it clear that this responsibility belongs to the town. But the town itself ignored its own rules when it shut down parties that met noise requirements.

The manner in which these parties were closed also sent an unmistakable message to students. The town refused to issue a warning at several of the parties, and it acted on its own volition and not on the complaint system. The message is clear: Cooperation means students will be subjugated to the authority of the mayor and the police.

A noise ordinance is important and the rights of citizens living here should be respected. But what about student rights? We use the word "rights" in its most conservative context by defining it as an equal voice in determining the fate of student life on campus.

Just as students now and in the past have tolerated the inconveniences of a town ill-equipped to deal with them, including inadequate water, transportation and parking systems, so, too, must the town be reasonable. We eat in town restaurants, buy clothes in town stores and put up with difficulties already mentioned. We ask only a few things in return, among them respect and compromise.

Before this situation gets out of hand students and town officials must put their heads together and define fair rules and procedures that will facilitate future incidents, should they occur. In the meantime, students would do well to heed Nassif's requests to keep noise at an acceptable level. Nassif and the town would do well to understand that a college town that benefits from student life, must also return certain privileges to the students. On both sides, a calm, rational and non-violent approach is in order.

## The federal case

As the hearings on the University of North Carolina system's plea to retain federal funding from summer into fall, it is difficult to remember precisely when the whole business began and what the issues are. One term used often these days by Department of Education witnesses is "duplication": the existence of similar programs at traditionally black and traditionally white state schools. Yet that same duplication was cited as an example of excellent educational programming by federal officials 50 years ago, and the state's compliance with that old standard has put it far behind in conforming to new ones.

In 1928, the federal Bureau of Education commended North Carolina for "making great strides in...higher education...for its Negro population" and particularly for having a school for blacks in each section of the state. In the intervening years, the concept of "separate but equal" was rejected, but state officials have failed until the last few years to make funding and educational policies reflect the changes that have been wrought in society since then.

The five traditionally black schools in the UNC system—Elizabeth City State, Fayetteville State, Winston-Salem State, N.C. Agricultural and Technical University in Greensboro and North Carolina Central University in Durham—consistently have been allocated less money and fewer programs by administrators and the state legislature. Even since the federal government began to press the system to desegregate in 1973, a new medical school has been built at predominantly white East Carolina University and a veterinary school is planned for N.C. State. Had the university system parceled out these programs to, say, North Carolina Central and A&T, federal officials could cite them as benchmarks of a commitment to enhance the black schools. Now, the government can only point to them as examples of a decidedly dual educational system.

While the university system has an obligation to contest what seems to be an effort to wrench away state control of education policy, its arguments can only ring true if they are accompanied by measures to bring the traditionally black schools up to the level of the other 11 institutions.

The UNC system is engaged in a costly holding action which, in the end, it likely will lose. If the principal concern of legislators and administrators is to prevent federal meddling in the state university system, they ought to shift funding and programs to the black schools—before they are ordered to consolidate or uproot programs by the courts—and get on with the business of educating the people of the state.

## Fourth of July picnic

# Down home in Texas with Willie Nelson

By JONATHAN RICH

I slithered under the tarp's meager shade and reached for another Coors. A hot Texas sun beat down on the fazed brows of more than 60,000 country music devotees. They must be pretty devoted to endure these conditions, I thought, quenching my thirst with a steady stream of the mountain water brew. In Dallas 70 people had come down with heatstroke, and the heat wave was on.

Yet these folks had converged on Austin from miles around to witness the last annual Willie Nelson Fourth of July picnic. They were like pagans drawn to an idol. "Who is this guy, Willie Nelson, anyway?" I demanded of my two companions, fellow out-of-staters dedicated to sampling some Texan culture. He must be some shrewd profiteer—first 13 bucks for the ticket, then 1 more for parking plus a three-mile walk.

"I can't believe you don't know who Willie Nelson is," retorted one of my friends hotly. The tone switched to a hushed reverence. "Why he's one of the greatest country musicians around. The best in Texas, anyway."

I peered up the hill at the distant stage. Merle Haggard had opened up and at least the drums were audible through the clamor of the horde, many already in various states of altered consciousness. Sixty thousand people, half as many tents, and millions of coolers were strewn across the slope like an Arabian bazaar. That would make, let me see, 13 million beers, minimum. Exhausted by the calculations, I popped another brew and chugged it like a good ol' boy.

As the afternoon lengthened, I became more receptive to the music and aware of the surrounding audience. Not bad, I admitted, tapping my sun-burned belly. The sweet odor of cannabis wafted by and I looked up, searching for its source. Our tiny enclave now was surrounded by larger cloisters of boisterous Texans. A sea of full beards, long, matted hair, tattooed



Willie Nelson  
...the soul of Texas

biceps, and black Harley Davidson T-shirts enveloped us. In a spasm of fear, I realized we were surrounded by a ruthless band of motorcycle-gang hippies. The moment passed. Seeing no chains or whips and noticing that the majority of our neighbors were more concerned with each others' anatomy than anything else, panic turned to fascination.

Could this be another Woodstock? Buried deep in the inhospitable heart of conservative cowboy country, did the 60s still live? I fingered my completed Selective Service registration card, still crumpled in my back pocket where it awaited the postman's approval. What

a magnificent symbol: As the fireworks began, we could all burn our draft cards. Joan Baez never had it so good. With my companions, I set out for the stage at the top of the hill. Scrambling through the various encampments, we witnessed the carnage wrought during the day. Fallen heroes littered the ground,

emptied cans piled high about them. The ground directly below the stage was jammed with swaying cowboy figures, and the stage lights sparkled on \$200 belts and polished boots. Women were draped carelessly over men's arms or shoulders, while stretcher bearers diligently transported the fallen to the first-aid tent. The crowd swallowed us and we lost ourselves in the music and the moment. Country at its best.

Midnight approached and bottle rockets and other products of Japanese devilry rent the sky, splashing color and sparks onto the crowd. But still no Willie Nelson. By this time I judged our plight was desperate. Our brew was long gone, and the few remaining in the audience were now jealously guarded by stubborn cowboys or being sold for high stakes by unscrupulous profiteers. I was just choking down the last of our lukewarm Kool-aid, when the hero of *Honeysuckle Rose* and the darling of the Democratic National Convention finally appeared.

As rednecks and bluebloods alike roared their approval, Willie smiled his big Texan smile, shook back his braided hair and eased into a melancholy love song. With a diamond pin jutting out of his left ear lobe, and crowned with an Indian headband, Willie seemed the epitome of cowboy gone native. Thirty minutes later he was gone, swept off in his private helicopter. And we who still faced the consequences of massive doses of sun and alcohol, as well as the grueling ride home, could only find solace in the fact that we had listened to the soul of Texas. Or so they say.

Jonathan Rich, a sophomore English major from north of the border, is a staff writer for The Daily Tar Heel.

## letters to the editor

# 'DTH' coverage of meeting criticized

To the editor:

On Aug. 25 (the first day of classes), I submitted an article to *The Daily Tar Heel*, titled "Study Abroad Grants Offered."

The article was designed to inform your readers about the available opportunities for graduating seniors and graduate students to study abroad with grants from the United States and foreign governments, universities, foundations and private corporations. It also announced a meeting to be held Sept. 4 at which time materials and further information about the Fulbright, Marshall and Luce grants would be distributed.

Despite entreaties from myself and two members of my staff, you refused to print the article. I was informed by members of your staff that the *DTH* had a policy of not printing stories submitted by organizations about their meetings and activities, and that the Campus Calendar was available for such announcements.

It was perplexing to me, however, why the *DTH* printed an article about an upcoming meeting about the Toronto Exchange (a worthy program, I might add, which I support). Arguments to the effect that the Toronto Exchange was a unique program are convincing.

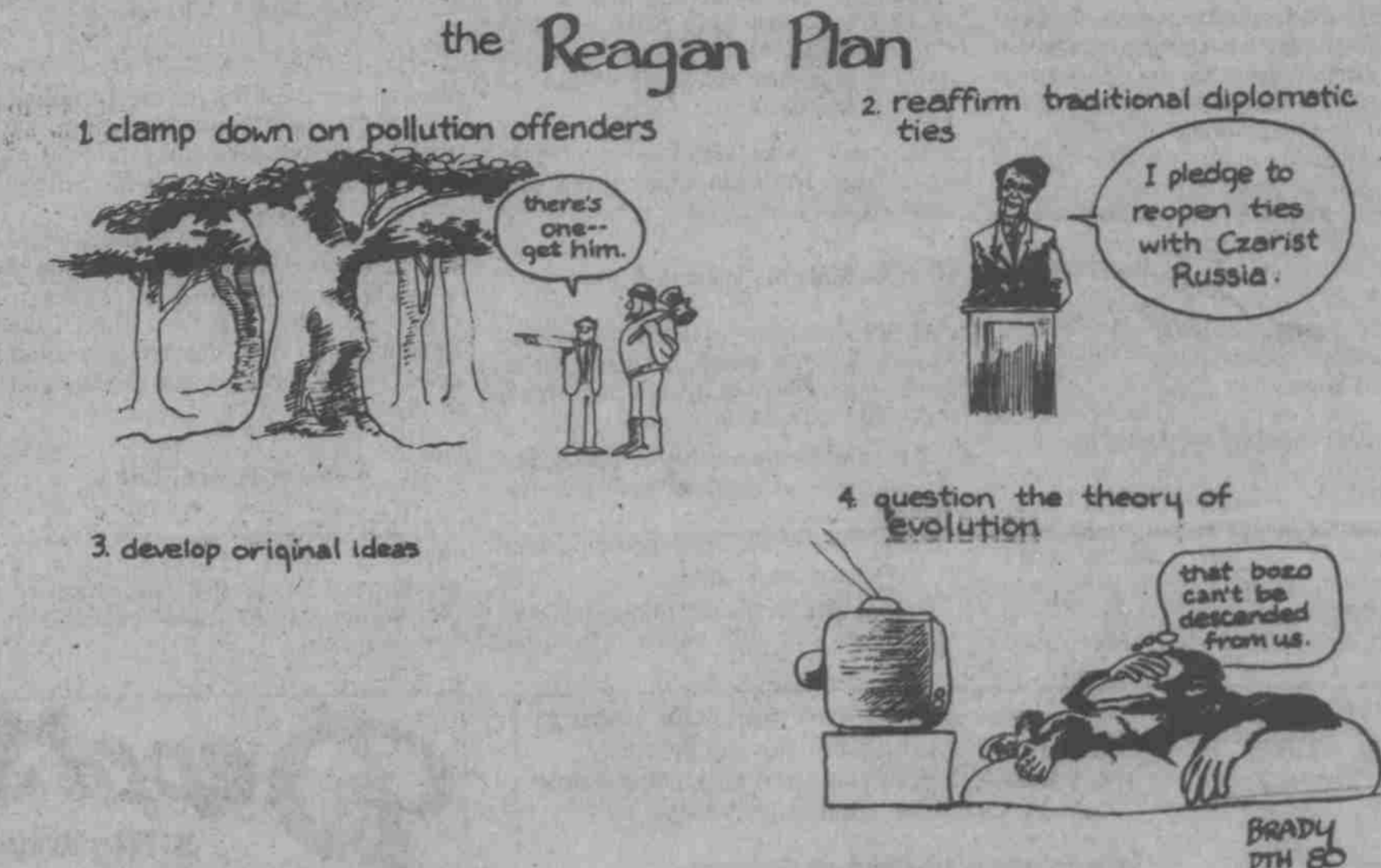
Last year the *DTH* printed a similar article about grants for study abroad, and 75 students appeared at the meeting. Twenty students applied for these awards, and five were successful. They are now in Turkey, Germany and Switzerland.

This year, without appropriate publicity in the *DTH*, only eight students came to the meeting.

The effect of your policy is to deprive students of information about opportunities to enrich their academic experience at UNC with a year of study or research in a foreign country.

I hope you will reconsider your policies and priorities about what news ought to be presented to the student body.

Students who wish to inquire about these grants to study abroad may do so at the Office of International Programs, 401 Hamilton Hall. Deadlines for applications are in early October. We will hold another meeting at 4:30 p.m., Tuesday, Sept. 9 in Hamilton Hall 569.



for all those who were not aware of the first meeting.

Lawrence D. Kessler, director  
Officer of International Programs  
*Editor's note:* The Daily Tar Heel provides space for meeting announcements each day in Campus Calendar. When space restrictions permit, meetings of new organizations or of interest to the entire campus community will be covered in the news pages.

### Against militarism

To the editor:

This summer's draft registration jarred some of us in Chapel Hill out of our private oblivion and into action. We formed Students Against Militarism. We began to learn about foreign policy, intervention, poverty, killer cops, the klan, racism and imperialism. They all spell profit, for someone. In a society that creates inner-city poverty like I saw in South Bronx, Ronald Reagan wants to eliminate minimum wage to "provide employment." With our society so threatened by its own ineffectiveness it is

on the verge of slavery, it is time we, the people, begin to put more thought into what kind of society we will have in 20 years. (Even supporters of candidates can only stress that their choice will do the least damage.)

Students Against Militarism was formed this summer to oppose militarism, racism, sexism and other forms of oppression. With an emphasis on education and political action, we hope to show an alternative to the "lesser of two evils" problem. We do not support a candidate. We encourage individuals who are outraged by how this country's leaders misrepresent our people to speak out. As a student organization, we provide a forum for discussion and a medium for this kind of communication.

Our first meeting of the fall semester will be at 7:30 p.m. Thursday, in Room 204 of the Carolina Union. Our statement of principles will be introduced at this time, along with possible projects for fall. We encourage anyone interested in being active this fall to come along with suggestions and comments. Tentatively planned for fall

are films, a *Rock Against Racism*, forums and a speakers series. Since many aspects of our work concern other student organizations, we also invite them to send representatives to our meetings.

A new decade and a new era are beginning. Let's not blow it, North America.

Chris Kuey  
Students Against Militarism  
Box 37, Carolina Union

### Delta Sigma Pi

To the editor:

Delta Sigma Pi, the professional business fraternity at UNC, will be conducting rush at 7 p.m. Monday in the faculty lounge on third floor Carroll Hall. The purpose of this meeting is to share information about our fraternity with interested business majors and MBA students and to meet prospective new members.

Delta Sigma Pi offers both speakers and tours to local corporations.

Brian Bunch  
Delta Sigma Pi

# KAOS mock killings morbid, dangerous

By CHRISTOPHER ADAMS

More than 19,950. That's right. Even if Bob Whitehead achieves his participant goal of 50 "players" for his morbid game of assassination, KAOS, there will remain more than 19,950 Carolina students who don't want to play. But, lo! We have to play! According to the rules described in Ann Peters' article ("KAOS comes to Carolina," *DTH*, Aug. 28), each "kill" requires "witnesses." Since the game is played on campus, each of us may become an unwitting witness.

Bob, I don't want to play.

Last Feb. 3, Carolina student Jerry Hodge and some friends came out of a Chapel Hill night spot. Over a minor snowball-throwing incident, they entered into a heated argument with some people in a passing pickup truck. The groups parted, but the driver of the truck circled around the block ("stalked", if you prefer that word) and, in front of the Franklin Street Post Office, shot and killed Jerry. Really. No game. I did not know Jerry, but others did. Ask them about KAOS.

Last November, members of the Communist Workers' Party and the Ku Klux Klan, each exercising delusions of grandeur ("fantasies", if you prefer that word), stalked and confronted each other in Greensboro. Real guns. Five dead. No game. Many

people oppose both the CWP and the KKK, but they emphatically oppose gunfire in the streets. Ask them about KAOS.

Three years ago, as part of the "Beat Dook" parade, a dorm entered a "Salute to the 60s" float that featured two students portraying John F. and Jackie Kennedy. At a preplanned point, the parade watchers were surprised by a realistic re-enactment of JFK's assassination. Those nearest coughed out some nervous laughter. Further away, I felt ashamed. The people I had been standing near, who were old enough to remember, turned away; perhaps suddenly recalling where they were when they heard. Ask them about KAOS.

Three events: a local, recent murder frighteningly similar to this "game", two groups, living in semi-fantasy worlds, blasting away at each other in the street; and a fantasy re-enactment causing real sadness to some and casting shame on all UNC students. To these three, add the obvious abhorrence to adults playing-acting murder for fun.

"But...But...Moral objections aside, KAOS is just a game! It's not really dangerous. Right?"

Wrong. Each year, with disturbing frequency, assaults—sexual and otherwise—occur on campus. KAOS rules require that "No more than two people may witness a 'kill.'" This means "assassins" are

going to be lurking around corners and behind bushes in secluded areas, likely at night. This constitutes a real, physical danger in three ways: The waiting "assassin" might be attacked by a passing non-player who, surprised, thinks he or she is in danger; the Campus Police will be occupied investigating reports of suspicious persons who are really KAOS players. This increases the chance of a real criminal to escape apprehension; and what is most likely and most detrimental to campus security is that students will stop reporting suspicious persons, thinking them to be KAOS players. In addition to their safety, students' property will be endangered as thieves also are a sneaky-looking bunch.

In the *DTH* article, Whitehead is quoted saying, "...It (KAOS) is a good outlet for meeting people. This is just what UNC needs." (Which is a rather condescending attitude, but I digress.) Also, the article states, "KAOS may have a party at the end of each 'kill series.'" I humbly suggest it might be best to skip the "kill series" and just have the parties.

After all, if your intention is to meet people, you already have a group of 30 to 50 with similar attributes: people who, while certainly intending no harm, do not consider the consequences of their actions.

Christopher Adams is a junior physics major from Arlington, Va.