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# The Daily Tar Heel

88th year of editorial freedom

## The matter of sin

A nearly 50-year-old novel has been causing quite a stir among the folks in Iredell County lately. About three months ago a local parent informed the county school system that he didn't want his 15-year-old daughter reading Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* in her English class.

The school system has a policy that if a parent or student objects to a book used in one of its schools, the book may be removed from classrooms and shelves until the school board can make a ruling on it. The school board recently ruled the book was acceptable, so it's back on school shelves; in fact, the novel that describes the decadence of a futuristic society has generated so much publicity that local people have bought up every copy in the county to find out what all the fuss was about. But the debate over book censorship isn't over yet.

The Iredell County School Board will meet next month to revise the county's current policy of pulling books off school shelves when parents or students object to them. Area members of the Moral Majority already have vowed to oppose the revisions. They'd like citizens to have the power to censor what their children read.

The people of Iredell County are by no means the only Americans who would like to have control over what gets read by whom. The American Library Association reported recently that public pressure to censor the goods of public libraries has resulted in an upsurge of from three to five instances of censorship per week in 1979 to that same number per day in 1980. Though many times books are banned because they are deemed obscene, there have been cases of bannings on the grounds books contained racist or anti-Semitic material. But though the rationale for censorship may vary, it is rarely justifiable.

The people who are so excited about keeping certain kinds of material out of the schools and off library shelves might be wise to take some advice from John Milton. He was talking about the banning of literature in 17th-century England when he wrote about censorship, but his words are just as applicable today: "They are not skillful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin."

## The one that got away

There's something about fishing that makes it more therapeutic for some people than all the psychiatrists in the world. Many a man has been known to fish while ruminating about his or the world's future.

With his last days in office approaching and after his farewell speech Wednesday night, it does not seem inappropriate to talk about fishing and President Jimmy Carter. Without dwelling on the specifics of his four-year term, few could disagree that as a thinker and molder of world opinion, Carter was a fisherman president.

Ernest Hemingway wrote a short story about Nick Adams trying to return to society after a war by going through the motions of fishing. It can be done while the problems one faces flow through the brain and give way to rushing water and spaceless staring. It is a time for private thoughts, a time for solitude and quiet.

President Carter was a loner of sorts who went about the business of being president without always weighing the costs and benefits of his actions—until election time when he went about the political business of courting various special interest groups.

Still, he earned the respect of many for bucking the traditional party line, and in 1976 his was a great catch. In 1980 he lost to another loner of sorts—a cowboy perhaps—and came away empty-handed. No doubt, he is wiser in some ways for his losing experience, but as he enters his last days and starts his move back into an unfamiliar world, his net must seem all too light and painfully bare.

## For the record

Due to incorrect information given to *The Daily Tar Heel*, the *DTH* wrongly reported in an editorial Wednesday that 23 seats would be open on the Campus Governing Council in the Feb. 10 election. Although the CGC has 23 districts, three have more than one representative, so 27 representatives will be elected to the CGC. The *DTH* regrets the error.

## The Bottom Line

### Special delivery

Most of the time you have to go out and look for a good high. But sometimes it comes to you.

Robert Banta of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., was in bed early Thursday morning when something jolted his mobile home. When Banta went to look at what happened, he found the remains of a 100-pound bale of marijuana in his living room and a huge hole in his roof.

Authorities said the marijuana had been dumped out of an airplane as a pilot attempted to elude United States customs agents. In all, the police found 12 bales scattered in the 15 miles between Pembroke Pines and Port Everglades.

"I think this whole thing is pretty stupid," Banta said. "It's tough enough living near an airport." Especially when there's 100 pounds of marijuana sitting on your living room floor and you just ran out of rolling paper.

### A wrinkle in time

The makers of Van Heusen shirts have recently reprinted in various magazines an ad with President-elect Ronald Reagan that first ran in 1953. The ad features movie star

Reagan sporting a Van Heusen shirt with its new "revolutionary" collar. Opposite the old ad is a short salute to the President-elect from the Van Heusen Company. "The wonderful thing about America is that sooner or later, everyone's dream can come true," the ad says.

The ad, which typically costs about \$85,000, was not used in a commercial manner, and was strictly used to congratulate Reagan, officials from Van Heusen said.

The old ad features Reagan in a variety of poses testing to see if his collar will wrinkle. "You can twist it ... You can bend it, ..." the ad reads, which reminds us of the way Reagan handled facts during his campaign.

Later the ad tells the ease in which the shirts can be laundered. "Your wife just irons the collar flat, flips it — and it folds neatly, perfectly." We're sure that makes Nancy happy.

The biggest selling point of the shirt is that "revolutionary" collar. "The revolutionary collar on Van Heusen Century shirts won't wrinkle ... ever!"

And that's the bottom line.

# Birthday wish

## Martin Luther King Jr's dream must not die

**Editor's note:** The Black American Law Students Association, Rally for Justice Committee, the Student Bar Association and Black Student Movement collectively submitted this essay in conjunction with the late Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday, which is today.

Martin Luther King Jr. was killed by an assassin's bullet on April 4, 1968, but what of his dreams: that all people one day would be recognized without regard to race, color, creed or national origin; that respect would be afforded without reference to arbitrary, unrelated classifications; and that peace and freedom would prevail throughout the land? Are we to hold the gun over these? Are future generations to be robbed of the model of integrity that peacefully gathered tens of thousands at the seat of government, that humbly accepted national and international attention? Are we to render into obscurity America's first Nobel Peace Prize winner? Are we to bury the dreams of the dreamer who unselfishly gave his life to a peaceful mission?

No. The dream must not die. We must ensure that our memory

of this extraordinary man does not wane.

Just as our past victories should be looked upon to inspire us, our past failures and inadequacies should be looked upon to motivate us.

Martin Luther King Jr.'s life symbolized a great victory for all people. He brought our nation closer to realizing the great vision embodied in the spirit of our constitution, that of equality and dignity for all people. But his death symbolized a fundamental failure. We as a nation, failed then to reach the ideal of equality, as evidenced by his tragic murder. Today, our ghettos, the increased activity of racist groups, racially motivated murders and institutionalized judicial racism all make it painfully obvious that, 12 years after his death, we have not yet attained King's dream. This is why we must remember him.

Imagine society in 1981 without the influence of King, and we know that his birth must be recognized, remembered and celebrated. Our children and our children's children must know of this man's life, a life which had a tremendous



impact of the world in which they live.

We must preserve the memory of this extraordinary man. We must ensure that his dream will continue to serve both as a reminder of how much further we must progress and as an inspiration for a continued struggle to create a nation which recognizes the dignity and worth of all peoples.

Martin Luther King Jr., as a symbol of our collective successes and failures in the area of racial equality, should be etched into the memories of all Americans. Today, the anniversary of his birth, should be recognized as a national holiday.

In conjunction with the national movement to designate Jan. 15 a national holiday, we ask that The University of North Carolina recognize today as a holiday.

## letters to the editor

# Apartment dwellers' group needs support

To the editor:

The Association of Apartment Dwellers, representing the interests of students who reside in apartments in Chapel Hill and Carrboro, has been an active organization for several years. The AAD last spring worked closely with Student Government and with SCAU in sponsoring the seminars for students closed out of campus housing. AAD was instrumental in persuading the Chapel Hill Planning Board to modify its proposed definition of "family" in the new zoning ordinance. That definition would have adversely affected apartment dwellers by limiting the numbers of single tenants allowed in an apartment unit. These and other activities undertaken by AAD offered to students the chance to participate in varied ways while making certain the interests of apartment dwellers were not lost in the shuffle that surrounds the housing situation in Chapel Hill and on campus.

Most of the active members of AAD graduated last May, leaving an effective and worthwhile organization with no leadership. Efforts are being made to ensure the survival of AAD. Anyone interested in the concerns represented by AAD in the past or pertinent concerns in the present should contact me in the Student Government offices in Suite C of the Carolina Union. Opportunities for leadership are open to such interested people. Student Government should be separate from AAD; therefore, interested persons may remold the organization without absolute direction from Suite C. AAD deserves a spot in the list of campus organizations. Without AAD, a potentially strong representative voice of students is lost.

Joni Walsler  
Housing director  
Student Government

TURNER



"THIS SEEMS LIKE 20 YEARS AGO EXCEPT FOR ONE THING..."

### Stereotypes deplored

I would like to respond to "Reverse Discrimination" (*DTH*, Dec. 4, 1980). It seems to me that there is more to this issue than discrimination. Considering myself a feminist, and I use the word with caution, I believe that equal rights

must include the drafting of women and placing them in combat units. I deplore the continuation of sexual stereotypes in all shapes and forms.

It is no worse for a woman to be killed in combat than it is for a man. Will we never reject the stereotype of a woman who is "cuddly and soft?" Will we never reject the stereotype of a man who is

aggressive and violent? I can only hope that the Supreme Court, in its future decisions concerning the drafting of women, will not stereotype me as the one to go out and kill other people.

David John Turschmann  
Carrboro  
967-6249

# Mata Hari casts her seductive spell

By GEORGE SHADROUI

Jerry was the kind of guy who never cared much for the late-night scene. Bars made him feel alone, even when they were crowded and loud. Occasionally a close friend sought a little company, but usually after an hour or so Jerry would be bored. The fast lane life of bar-hopping just didn't have the same attraction it did on those television commercials where people knew each other's names and life was a Miller ... Light.

Jerry would watch Joe Studbola making eyes with the women and grooving to the music — even when there wasn't any music. Myron Whizoski pounded away on the various games in the joint. Of course, there was Harry Gulpsmith, who always managed to drink more beer than any other two people in the bar.

It happened that Jerry came back to school before the rest of the students one semester. It was a cold Saturday night, one of the coldest in memory, and his house was heated only by a woodstove and the steam from the bathroom shower. It was the kind of night when a clean and well-lighted place was needed. So Jerry called a few close friends and they made their way to the local bar.

It all went well at first. Jerry and his friends got a few strange stares when talking about the implications of sin. Every once in a while Dobie Tripper would slam into their chairs and spill his beer on Jerry's brand new white high top tennis shoes. Still, it was bearable, for a while.

The conversation soon turned from sin to pizza and Jerry had good reason for avoiding the topic, so he made his way over to the pinball machines where Myron was racking up free game after free game without ever moving any part of his body except his index fingers. His index fingers were big, obviously over developed from over use. Myron wore big glasses and he stared face down into the machine without ever noticing the big-bosomed Playboy bunnies staring down at him. There were other machines, too. There was Mata Hari, a voluptuous female, who was glancing back at a handsome young lion tamer. In addition, there were other machines like *Coney Island*, with its bikini-clad nymphs, *Space Invaders*, with a creature on it that shamed Darth Vader, and *Joker Poker*, with three more sparsely clothed females.

Jerry had never liked pinball, but during the previous semester's exams he had started playing to rid himself of nervous anxiety. And, when he'd get bored at local bars, he'd meander over to a pinball machine and put a quarter in and play. He almost never won.

On this, the coldest of all nights, Jerry had again been lured by the bright lights and the almost sexual, hypnotic aura that surrounded the pinball machines. Joe Studbola, Myron Whizoski and Dobie Tripper were all playing. Only the dreaded Mata Hari game was available.

At first Jerry didn't even concentrate on his game. He just watched and listened to the others. "Yea, baby, yea," Joe Studbola yelled. "Come on, baby, yea, come on. Do Joe right, yea!"

Dobie Tripper sounded the same, but he didn't talk with the same confidence. "Damn, now, you better do it. Come on, now. I know I can beat this thing. Hit it. Hit it. Get in there. Damn!"

The only sound coming from Myron's machine was the clicking and clanking, spitting and sputtering of a machine that could barely count the points as fast as Myron scored them.

Each of them reacted differently to losing a ball. Joe would slam his hands on the machine violently and curs. "Hey Joe, take it easy," someone would say. Joe

would take a swallow of beer, stretch his chest and say coolly, "Don't worry little buddy, this baby was built to take it." Joe was super-macho.

Dobie would throw his hands up in the air and grab for a beer angrily, only to knock it over. "Hey Dobie," someone said. "Watch what you're doing." Dobie responded by picking up the end of the machine and dropping it until a free game registered.

Myron just stared down at the lights, scoring points. When a ball finally "went home" he looked up coldly and curled his lip in an evil sneer.

Jerry watched it all fascinated. But soon, he too became hypnotized in the pinball world. He hardly noticed the others as he played. He just kept putting in quarter after quarter, trying to win a free game. His palms started to sweat. He pounded the machine once when he fell short of a free game by a mere 25,000 points. He wasn't sure but he thought he saw Mata wink at him.

He was lost in the bright, blinking, neon, chrome-colored world of pinball mania. He could no longer separate that seductive, obsessive world from the real world. Finally, Brian, a friend to be sure, grabbed him, shook him and told him to snap out of it.

"What happened," Jerry muttered in a daze. "You were almost a goner," Brian said. "What?" "A goner, like Studbola, Whizoski and Tripper." "And you got here just in time ..."

"That's right," Brian said, as the two of them made their way back to the table where sin once again was a topic of discussion. "I saved you, so buy me a beer."

Jerry reached into his pocket, happy to buy that beer. But his pockets were empty. \$10 poorer, Jerry was, but wiser indeed. That unreal, zipliss sex world of pinball would never again zap him of his strength and money and vitality.

He hurried to the door, afraid that once again he would fall prey to Mata and her lion tamer. Out into the cold he rushed, out into the night, out into the arms of people who would return his time and affection. The cold felt good and Jerry was glad to be alive.

George Shadroui, a senior journalism and history major from Salisbury, is editor of *The Daily Tar Heel*.