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The Daily Tar Heel

88th year of editorial freedom

Advanced planning

The proposed Student Athletic Center will seat 22,000 people. There will be 950 new parking places to serve it, and University planning officials say there will be enough parking spaces available to accommodate a capacity crowd.

At first that might seem like a modern miracle, a feat comparable to Jesus' feeding of 5,000 people with two fishes and five loaves of bread.

On closer examination, though, it appears adequate parking can be provided without benefit of a miracle. Since most activities at the athletic center will be held at night, many nearby campus spaces will be open. Planners are counting on vacant parking places within 2,500 feet of the Student Athletic Center to serve the bulk of the center's visitors. Those include spaces in the F-lot, Bell Tower lot and hospital parking deck.

If everything goes as planners expect, athletic center visitors should be able to find parking and students trying to park on campus won't be inconvenienced any more than they are now during home basketball games.

But there are a couple of hefty assumptions being made by such optimistic observers. One is that everyone driving to an event at the athletic center will know where he is supposed to park. If everyone doesn't, people who aren't familiar with campus lots may likely end up parking illegally and compounding an already less than ideal parking situation.

Another assumption made by the planners is that drivers will be willing to park almost up to one half a mile from the Student Athletic Center. Some alumni might find walking that far to a basketball game on a cold night rather unappealing.

These aren't unreasonable assumptions, but it's going to take a little advanced preparation on the part of the University to ensure that they are fulfilled. For instance, it could provide ticket holders with maps of available parking so they know where to park and furnish shuttle service from distant lots to the athletic center so they'll be willing to park in the lots when they find them.

The Vice Chancellor's Traffic and Parking Advisory Committee recommended last month that parking monitors be placed at Craige, Earinghaus, Morrison and Hinton James dorm parking lots during athletic events, allowing only people with valid parking stickers to enter. That would guarantee students their spaces when basketball crowds descended on the campus.

The Student Athletic Center isn't scheduled for completion until 1984, but it's not too early for University officials to start thinking about the parking changes that will accompany that completion. By stationing monitors at student lots, providing shuttle service to the center from distant lots and publicizing parking locations, a parking problem can be prevented before it is created.

Trimming back

Like the thick ivy that covers the walls of Bynum Hall, UNC's student fees seem to creep a little higher every year. They are at least as difficult to cut back. Next fall the yearly figure will climb \$23 after a round of fee increases approved last December by the Board of Trustees. While inflation and the expansion of services have forced up costs, the trustees have shown a disturbing willingness to approve, without much question, whatever fee increases administrators suggest.

The board voted Dec. 12 to raise the yearly Carolina Union fee \$4 to \$31, the athletic fee \$15 to \$50 and the Student Health Service fee \$4 to \$134. The slight Union fee increase will help pay for the nearly completed Union addition, which will house a new auditorium as well as offices for student organizations and publications. The athletic fee increase, the first since 1977, will go to non-revenue sports. There has been no need for more student funding of athletics in the interim because of the Athletic Department's successful promotion of revenue-producing football and basketball, and UNC students will still pay far less than students at schools with comparable programs.

The Student Health Service fee increase is more difficult to accept. The \$4 increase seems moderate, but it follows those of \$35 approved by the board in 1979 and \$20 approved last year. The trustees ignored a Student Health Administrative Board recommendation that this year's request be rejected until a study of student health needs and other methods of paying for the SHS is completed.

The administrative board's warning that students cannot absorb annual fee increases was disregarded despite questions about the accuracy of SHS cost estimates. Last year, it projected a loss of \$76,000 but actually lost only \$6,703. This year's projected surplus was \$92,000, but it will actually be over \$172,000. Because Student Health Service administrators expect a deficit next year, the trustees approved a third fee increase in three years.

However, the trustees also set a September deadline for the long-delayed study of student health needs. With the aid of an outside consultant and its new director, Judith Cowan, SHS may be able to come up with ways to lower costs and increase income.

Carolina's health fee is already the highest in the 16-campus system, and students should not have to absorb increases adding up to \$59 over three years. The study should consider alternative ways to add income for SHS — perhaps by lending seldom used facilities to Memorial Hospital when possible, or by providing UNC employees' health care. The amount each student pays to SHS should also be more closely linked to his use of services, and the study should address that possibility.

Because the Student Health Service has just moved into its new building, it will be difficult to cut services. Certainly, the SHS will not be eager to reduce the quality of its care, which is the most extensive as well as expensive in the UNC system. Still, excesses in one component of student fees cannot be tolerated when the entire University's costs are being driven up by inflation. Like it or not, someone is going to have to start trimming back the ivy — before it tears down the whole structure.

A painful pilgrimage to the campus bookstore

By DAVID POOLE

"I'm sorry, but this register is for cash only," recited the clerk, as if I were the 50th idiot of the day who'd stood in the wrong line for 45 minutes. "Oh," I muttered. "Well, which line is for checks?" "The one over there that wraps around the psychology section, loops behind English, around math and over into Anthropology," said the clerk. "Just wait here and one of our trams will be by to take you to the back

Life in the Turn Lane

It's the fourth day of classes and I've bought most of my books for the semester. That might not make one iota of difference to you, but I see it as a great accomplishment considering that I've managed to come this far without losing my mind.

I confess that I don't really know much about the operating procedures of the book store here at Carolina, but I have my suspicions.

First, I think the psychology department is behind the whole thing. I think they're conducting an experiment to see how much aggravation a human being can withstand.

I also think the shelves in the bookstore were arranged by the same guy who assigned letters to buildings in the apartment complexes around here. I'm truly amazed that something as simple as the alphabet can be warped into such a maddening maze. The same guy who saw two buildings sitting side by side and called one "E" and the other "K" has to be clever enough to put Spanish and Journalism on neighboring bookstore shelves.

These are but a couple of the cute little quirks that make an evening of textbook shopping about as aggravating as a twelve-day disco concert. The worst thing,

though, is the amount of money we have to cough up to buy books most of us don't want anyway.

Somebody's got a good racket going here. I really don't know how much it costs to print and distribute textbooks, but I doubt it's \$16.95 each.

Take a full class load and you can drop \$100 in the bookstore quicker than you can spend it on groceries



Often needed books are out of stock ... it's a grand psychology experiment

for a month. That figure can be much higher if you're in one of those courses where the instructor of your section requires \$35 in books while every other section of the same course can do nicely on one book that runs about \$10.

They tell us that the profits from textbook sales go into a scholarship fund that aids students. I have a great idea. Why don't we cut book costs and give everyone a little personal financial aid package. The present system might help 5,000 people but lower book prices would help us all.

It would be better, too, if we could buy the right used books at co-ops or even at the bookstore. But the guys running the racket have us there, too.

Three semesters ago, I signed up for what I felt would be an interesting, albeit simple, course. A friend had taken the same course and I was planning to buy the \$18.95 book from him for about \$10 to save us both some dough.

The first day of class, though, the instructor announced that we would be using the new and improved 5th edition of the book and that the 4th edition just would not do.

Being the gullible type, I traipsed over to the bookstore and plopped down the new and improved price of \$22.95 for the new and improved edition. About four weeks later, when I glanced at the book for the first time, I noticed that the new edition looked incredibly similar to the old. The pages had been rearranged and a few new, four-color graphs had been added, but all of the little nit-picky facts that professors like to sneak onto tests were the same. I'd been had.

Of course the most irritating of all things is to pay \$16.95 for a 400-page hardback book that you wind up having to read nine pages out of all semester. Then there are the guys who assigned every page of the same size book, then ask all of two multiple choice questions from it on the final.

When you're in your last semester, you start thinking, "This is the last time I'll ever have to do this." That thought came to me this weekend when I was standing there in line with 47 pounds of books that I didn't want and my already severely depleted checkbook in hand.

It was the only good thing about the whole mess I could think of.

David Poole, a senior journalism major from Gastonia, is a columnist and sports editor for The Daily Tar Heel.

Massage parlor story rubs some wrong way

To the editor:

The obviously great relevance of massage parlors for UNC students ("Massage Parlor," DTH, Jan. 15), as formally expressed by the length of Mitch Holmes' article (one eighth of the whole DTH issue) strikes me as being cheap and sexist.

More than a quarter of Holmes' report is taken by a purely sexist opening paragraph and the second-class "stimulating" (for whom?) description of his own experience during his "research." Locations and a list of prices and services are provided for potential male UNC customers as well as some extremely useful advice for those interested in joining the massage business. I only wish Holmes would at least have left out the attempt to give reasons for women's becoming masseuses, reducing the reasons to money and sheer fun and also referring to the completely out-of-date Kinsey Report.

In the days of Alexander Haig, Ronald Reagan and the Greensboro Klan-Nazi trial verdict, there should be enough material to fill the DTH with relevant information.

Lerke Tyra
618 Craige

Election interest

To the editor:

A lot of attention has been given in the past few months to problems that have arisen in campus-wide elections during recent years. This year's Campus Governing Council appointed a special committee to revise the Election by-laws. These laws have been one of the main causes of problems in past elections. After many weeks of hard work, a revised set of laws were approved. Proper use of these laws by the Election Board, plus the assistance of poll-tenders and ballot counters, recruited by the Board, should ensure that February's

election will run smoothly. But for the election to be a total success, more than this is needed, namely the participation of all of us as students: students who will go to the polls on February 10th and vote conscientiously.

There is more to being a conscientious voter than simply exercising the privilege. What is meant by the term "conscientious voter" is someone who votes after having carefully decided who he or she feels is best for a certain position. To make a careful decision we need to do more than vote for a familiar sounding name. We should try to find something out about the candidates and their

platforms.

There are different ways of gathering this information. One method is to read the articles that *The Daily Tar Heel* prints concerning candidates running for major campus offices. These articles will give background information on the candidates, as well as stating what each candidate hopes to achieve in office, if elected. Another method, and perhaps the best, is to attend at least one of the candidates' forums held before the election. These forums, which will be announced in *The Daily Tar Heel*, will provide an opportunity to see the

candidates first-hand, and to ask questions of them.

When Feb. 10 comes around, remember to vote. But before that day arrives, remember to try and find out something about the candidates.

Only by voting conscientiously can we hope to have a strong and effective student government.

Gregg James
Elections Board Chairman

Tar Heel Cowboy

Carolina student succumbs in Gilley's

By DON HOBART

PASADENA, TEXAS — Dust swirled before the headlights and gravel crunched under the tires. The parking lot reminded me of the one outside the local redneck bar back home, only this one was several acres larger and out front of Gilley's in Pasadena. Tomorrow night was for the Bluebonnet Bowl and riotous New Year's Eve parties, but tonight was reserved for exploring what must be America's most famous bar.

We five displaced Tar Heels squeezed out of Doug's Pinto and headed across the lot, ready to experience true Texas night life. We probably could have learned more about it staying back in the Marriott Motel and reading travel brochures.

I don't care what you saw in *Urban Cowboy*; Gilley's is not a bar. It's neither a dance hall nor anything remotely approaching a honkytonk. It's a tourist trap, whose appeal to normal adults should rank somewhere down there with Rock City and Luray Caverns. No real Texan would show his spurs there.

It didn't take long for me to figure Gilley's out. We had reached the door when I saw a Greyhound dump out 50 senior citizens, all wearing cowboy hats. That tipped me off. A middle-aged man holding a two-year-old and lining up his other kids confirmed my suspicion.

Nevertheless, my friends paid the \$2 cover, so I coughed up the cash and wandered in, the angry young cynic. My righteous attitude should have served as a force field, protecting me from the temptations to spend exorbitant amounts on beer, pinball, pool and the other diversions in this overblown parody of a honkytonk. And there certainly were plenty of ways to waste a week's paycheck in there. You want some Gilley's panties for your sweetheart or yourself? I can tell you where to get them.

I still don't know what happened to me. I knew I was in a tourist trap, and normally I can resist them.

Gatlinburg, Cherokee, South of the Border, Carowinds, Wall Drug (anybody else been there?) — they don't phase me. But somehow that warm Texas night, I succumbed to a mad desire to become transformed into that nauseating species of tourist, the one who has to try everything.

I think it was the bull.

There it waited, smiling at me, out there amid the red vinyl cushions, rocking up and down, swiveling around and rattling a cow bell tied beneath it. I couldn't help it. I had to try it. Fortunately, Doug had decided to do the same, so we both shelled out another two bucks apiece for tickets to ride El Toro.

Doug went first. After three seconds, I could tell he'd done something wrong. Never since the Inquisition has such a catalogue of painful expressions crossed a human's face. Unfortunately, he didn't get thrown and his face drained white as he hobbled back. Teeth clenched, he squeezed out the agonized advice, "Whatever you do, for God's sake — sit close to the pommel!" Evidently he had been sitting back in the saddle when El Toro charged to life. A millisecond later, he was closer to the pommel than he'd ever dreamed possible.

I swallowed hard. I suddenly didn't want to do this. Why did I have to be a tourist? Why couldn't I just stand in the shadows, sip my beer, and try to look wise. Why did I have to humiliate myself before total strangers?

"Why don't you just get on the bull?" the operator said.

With what little I know about horseback riding, it's a wonder I didn't get on the damn thing backwards. But I clambered on and you can bet I was practically begging that pommel. Then when I was finally comfortable, I looked over at the other bull they had going. And there was this girl.

Now I don't mind being shown up by a six-foot-five cowhand who looks like he can cut steaks from a mechanical bull, but here was this 15-year-old riding

the thing almost at full speed — and smiling. I swore that whatever happened to me during my ride, no matter what parts of my anatomy were bruised, battered or broken, I wasn't falling off. And, damn it, I was going to smile, too. I think secretly I was hoping everyone would be watching the girl and not notice me as I sailed quietly through the air and crashed in a heap in the corner.

For 20 seconds, I hung on for dear life. Half the time I knew I was doomed to fall off. The other half I debated how I could gracefully throw up. But I smiled. Lord knows, if I did anything, I smiled. To my public, it probably appeared a twisted grimace, but to me it was a grin. When I slid off the bull I was still grinning. I had done it, smiled, and not fallen off. The Heels could lose tomorrow and I wouldn't care.

After the bull, the events at Gilley's disintegrated into a hazy blur. I remember an endless stream of quarters rolling into pinball machines and injecting into pool tables. I recall many a beer swirling down my throat and several wild swings at the notorious punch bags. Just for the record, unless you enjoy being humiliated by giant cowboys, avoid the money-eating punch bags. If you don't know what I mean by the "money-eating punch bags," see the money-eating movie, *Urban Cowboy*.

Around 1 a.m. we assembled the troops at the door and staggered out. Greg, Bill and Sonny were babbling about their \$9 Gilley's T-shirts. I was simply babbling. Somehow over the course of the evening, I had lost a fraction of my will power, my resistance to tourist traps. I felt like a fallen honkytonk angel as I stumbled back to the security of the dusty blue Pinto.

Twelve Railroad, Ruby Falls, Mystery Hill — I dread seeing you again. I rode the bull at Gilley's. Lord knows, I'm easy prey now.

Don Hobart is a junior RTVMP major from Smithfield.