

The Daily Tar Heel

93rd year of editorial freedom

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Dem's da bricks

Get out your hard hats, it's construction time again. Last Saturday, the UNC Board of Trustees approved campus sites for the construction of five new buildings, among them a Security Services Building (read that campus police station) and an Alcohol Research Center. The budget for the project is \$40 million. Ironically, the board also approved the construction of the Facilities Support Building, to be completed long after the time it will be needed the most, when the other five buildings are in their planning stages.

The Facilities Support Building will house the facilities planning, engineering and construction offices. If there is one thing this campus needs, it is the coordination of these departments. The campus suffers from a lack of any consistent style or vision for growth. Such coordination will help to avoid the eclectic, ill-planned mess that now exists. Finding a style for the new buildings will pose no problem. The campus abounds with fine examples of the latest architectural trends:

20th-Century Doughnut: Greenlaw. What's not to like about a building with no middle? So what if you don't like to climb five flights of stairs to visit your professor? Possible model for the

campus police station/training center.

Concrete Box Revival: The Undergraduate Library. You want a building where one desk can supervise three floors? They couldn't possibly have thought three large rooms would be quiet enough for the whole undergraduate population to study in.

Early American Pueblo: New East. The best thing to happen to this building is the scaffolding currently hiding it.

Tower of Babel Revival: Kenan Labs. There must have been some language complications. No one plans buildings this ugly.

20th-Century Pseudo-Greek Frat Boy: They need a style for the Alcohol Research Center, don't they?

Seriously, the puer of architectural styles that afflicts the campus has its roots in poorly planned outbursts of expansion. Aesthetics can't be the only criterion in designing a building, but for too long monstrosities have arisen solely because of utilitarian needs.

As the campus undergoes its latest growth, a compromise needs to be struck. Hopefully, the construction of the Facilities Support Building will be the first brick laid in the creation of a University whose architecture is consistent, pleasant and functional.

Good cheer isn't bottled or tailor-made

By MARK STINNEFORD

Tar Heel quarterback Kevin Anthony and an unnamed editorial writer have lauded UNC fans for recent signs of life in Kenan Stadium. Don't take this too seriously. Terminally ill patients hear this sort of thing all the time from well-meaning friends and relatives who smile and lie, "Gee, you're looking great."

If fans are the 12th man, we'll rarely be called for having too many men on the field. Other ACC schools show more spirit at jayvee field hockey games than we do at Kenan.

What is so baffling is that fans who are so rabid at Carmichael become docile when they enter the football stadium. Perhaps the psychology department, tired of spewing noxious rat fumes from Davie Hall, is lacing Carolina Cokes with sedatives as part of some mass experiment. But it's more likely that Carolina fans, long bred on Tobacco Road's basketball tradition, have never learned to cheer at football game. For them, I would like to offer the following tips. I don't know much about football, but I know how to yell, and my timing is pretty good.

Dress. Casual clothes make for a more comfortable cheering experience. Jeans, Carolina sweatshirt and sneakers are recommended. Suits, ties, and dresses are out. You can hardly cheer when you're being choked by a necktie, and it's hazardous to jump up in delight after a great play or to cuss the referee when you're wearing high heels. Actually, the obnoxious practice of dressing up for games was started years ago when a wedding party bound for Forest Theatre wound up at Kenan by mistake. They decided a football game sounded a heck of a lot more fun than getting married, so they sat down and watched. Members of Greek organizations and Granville residents, thinking they were being left out of some new fashion trend, started dressing up too.

Game time. While this is rarely printed on tickets, you can usually find it in a local newspaper. Unlike most parties, people will not think you a boor if you arrive on time. Think of it as a suspenseful movie whose plot you won't



be able to catch if you miss the opening scene. Also, allow yourself some time to master the seat-numbering scheme. Every ticket is unique. No two fans will be assigned the same seat. And remember, the person who is the rudest in any argument over seats is always in the wrong.

Alcohol. If you must drink, save it for the post-game celebration. Carolina cups are made with an unusual substance, developed by researchers at State College, that reacts with alcohol and afflicts drinkers with a strange sickness. Imbibers lurch against fellow fans and douse them with their drink just before throwing up on them. Because of the special nature of the chemical in these cups, drinkers always commit these atrocities against non-drinking fans. In the midst of this unpleasantness, both

groups are effectively taken out of the cheering process.

The Wave. Let's hope for low tide. The best cheers have something to do with the action on the field. During the Wave, fans are too busy watching each other to get behind the team. Imagine the befuddlement of a UNC running back who made a first down in a recent game, just to be greeted by boos from the student section. The fans had missed the play because they were venting their displeasure at people in the North grandstand who didn't feel like imitating a tsunami. Obviously, the spirit rousers must put something in the game for those who don't know a touchdown from a meltdown. Let's just leave it until the team has the game safely out of reach of the opposing team.

Third down. These are big plays whoever has the ball. It is not the time to hum the *Hawaii Five-O* theme. Every time you see a "3" pop up on the down indicator on the scoreboard, you should get up and yell like you would if a campus security officer confiscated your flask.

Referees. If you can't figure out the system of downs, just abuse the officials with abandon. When they move the ball in a direction that seems contrary to our team's game plan, you may question their parentage and advise them to get a red-tipped cane. Do not compare their actions to bull excrement, however. This is uncreative and only acceptable in stadiums north of the Mason-Dixon Line. If they make one of their rare good calls, you may call them scholars and predict that they're bound for the NFL.

When to cheer most. Nobody needs to tell you to what to do when the defense makes a great goal-line stand or when Earl Winfield makes one of those one-handed catches in the end zone. But the test of a true fan is if he can get behind the team when it's 14 points down going into the fourth quarter.

Finally, if you find yourself at Kenan, and you just don't know what to do, pretend it's a basketball game and yell like hell.

Mark Stinneford is a senior journalism major from Raleigh.

READER FORUM

Gamble dismissal serious threat to Campus Y

To the editors:

The Campus Y has for years been a center of progressive thought and student-oriented action at UNC. The philosophy of students taking charge and taking a stand is a vital part of the university experience and subsequent learning process.

We, the co-presidents of Campus Y, see the most integral element of this unique chemistry threatened through the sudden dismissal of George Gamble, the current associate director. For three years George has represented the students' viewpoint to the best of his ability. He recognizes and perpetuates the philosophy that makes the Campus Y the dynamic organization that it is.

So what are we to think when a new director enters the Campus Y and dismisses "without cause" and, furthermore, without explanation a great asset to a great organization?

First, we resent the action altogether because of its unethical and immoral treatment of an employee who has best represented what the Y stands for. Second, we feel alienated by both the current director and her supervisors, Edith Wiggins and Donald Boulton in Student Affairs, who refuse to comment upon the "administrative decision." We do not feel as if we can passively sit back and accept such a decision that is so adverse to the philosophy of the Campus Y. Third, we are concerned about the leadership style of a director

who would dispose of such a qualified associate as George Gamble. One would think George's knowledge of the Campus Y and his extensive contacts within the community would be a valuable asset to a new director and would certainly outweigh any personality conflict that might exist between them. It seems blatantly obvious that the decision to dismiss George Gamble is not in the best interests of the Y. This is the students'

opinion. Why is it being ignored?

The administrative controversy that currently plagues the Campus Y has the potential to severely affect the Y's programming. This is yet another inconsiderate aspect of such an unexplained dismissal. Yet, we and the Y membership as a whole, can overcome this and continue the positive, student-oriented programming that we are accustomed to. At the same time we must make ourselves heard. An injustice has

been done to a fine associate director, and the role of this "student organization" on campus has been threatened.

If you have questions concerning the dismissal of George Gamble please attend a meeting in room 205 of the Student Union at 4:30 today.

Roger Orstad
Kim Reynolds
co-presidents
Campus Y

Abortion must be a personal decision

To the editors:

I must respond to Ted Hesselroth's letter ("Abortion — America's sanctified destruction," Oct. 28). Ted, I have taken Philosophy 22 under Larry Thomas, and I strongly suggest that you do the same. He presented both sides of the argument and left us to choose what we felt was right. Both sides have valid arguments, but just listen to the way this philosophical argument goes (from my Phil 22 class):

I kidnap you, Ted, and hook you up to a famous violinist because he will die without you and he needs the continuous use of your kidneys for, let's say, nine months. Your rights have been violated, correct? But this violinist has a right to life, correct? You could disconnect yourself and walk out and let this man die. Sure, it might be nice if you hung around for nine months, against your will, and helped this

man out, but it is not mandatory. This case is exactly analogous to a woman who has been raped. She has been forced against her will to support a child who will die without her.

Notice I have assumed that the fetus is a living human. Personally, I think that a fetus is about as much like a human as "an acorn is an oak tree." These ideas are not my own and I hope I have related them correctly.

Now, if you wimp out and say, "Well, abortion is wrong except in the case of rape," you set yourself up for big problems because every woman who wants an abortion will say they have been raped. If you say that the violinist died because of your passive actions (i.e., you did not help him, but you did not kill him) and the fetus died of active actions (i.e., the doctor cut it up and dragged it out), you still lose. If I cut the umbilical cord

(analogous to disconnecting the violinist), the fetus will still die. The end is the same for the fetus.

Of course, if you say that all forms of active murder are wrong, then killing in self-defense can never be legitimate. If I came at you with a knife and you threw a rock at me in self-defense and I subsequently died, you would be responsible for actively murdering me.

For any argument you give, I can give an example that would justify killing. The bottom line is that abortion must be a personal decision. The woman must be comfortable with her decision. Nothing you can say can prove that it is morally wrong to kill. Ted, I would like to see you tell a 14-year-old girl who may die if she has a baby, that even though she was raped by her father, she cannot have an abortion.

David Malin
Durham

A code more honored in the breach

By STUART TONKINSON

Sometimes you can smell danger. Sometimes you can imagine danger reaching his icy fingers from the surrounding shadows, creeping closer and closer. Sometimes you can hear danger in every scrape, every clunk and every splash.

At 3 a.m. that night, I could hear, see, smell, touch and feel danger. But I didn't care. I was on assignment. My name's Biff Crockett, national student legal counsel. Where was I? The basement of Davie Library at UNC.

I was at UNC to help a girl, Charlie, who had skipped an exam and was now suffering for it. I was underground to meet a contact, a guy his mother called Scott Carlson, a guy students knew by another name — Curve Buster. To me, he was important for another reason: a graduate student in classics. Buster had been at the school since the first NCAA championship. If anybody could tell me what I needed to know, it was him.

"Yeah, Crockett, what you need?" he said reluctantly. "Facts," I told him. "I got some questions about the Honor Code. Seems to me it's got some weaknesses."

"Man, you ain't even begun to figure it out," he chuckled. "Look. What say I help you some?" I cocked my head. "For example, it says in this here Honor Code that faculty members should 'be present in the classroom during an examination' if he thinks he needs to be."

I thought I'd heard everything. This one blew me away. "You mean, they make students sign an honor pledge saying that they have neither given nor received aid in an examination only to totally invalidate that pledge by telling profs to monitor the students? How is the pledge supposed to mean anything if the profs are always putting out the maximum effort to catch cheaters? If it's obvious that the profs don't trust the students and are watching them as they take the exam, then the student will no longer feel responsible for his own moral decisions. It then is left to the teacher to enforce the Honor Code, not the students, and without that freedom to

choose dishonor, students can never learn the value of being honorable."

"Exactly," Buster said. "But I got more for ya. The Honor Code also says that during examinations faculty members should, if possible, require students to sit in alternate seats to 'reduce the possibility of cheating.'"

"You're telling me that it's not enough to sign a pledge saying you won't cheat," I said, "the profs have to make it so you can't cheat! But if you don't have that opportunity, how can you ever develop a sense of right or wrong? If moral decisions—"

I smelled it a split-second before Buster did, and that was all it took. The smell of chalk, the smell that could only be on the hands of a . . . prof.

"Mr. Buster," the prof said, looking utterly clean and perfectly groomed behind his shades at 3:30 in the morning. "We've noticed some problems with your . . . academic record. Something about your undergraduate perspectives."

"Aigh! Get outa here, man, I'll cover for ya," Buster said as he shoved me to the exit. "Just get that damn administration for me."

Unarmed as I was, I decided to run for it. Buster was a goner, I knew that. But I still felt guilty. I felt responsible for his fate. And that made me angry. I was determined to avenge him.

It didn't take me long to do some checking. Then I went back to the person who started this whole, long, bloody mess of a journey — Charlie, the kind of girl I had spent most of my life looking for.

I went to her dorm room in Cobb. Her door was open, the lighting was subdued and a bad Phil Collins tune was playing. I didn't notice any of that, however.

What drew my eyes was the luscious babe on the bed wearing nothing but a Garfield T-shirt, her curly red hair falling halfway down her back. "Hey, lover," the babe whispered.

"It won't work, kid," I snarled. "I may be slow, but I'm not one of your fratty baggers. I'm onto your game."

"What are you talking about?" she pouted. "You. You told me you were a psych major

named Charlie. Psych department told me they never heard of you. I found your photo, though, on the top of the desk of the associate dean for adding unnecessary perspective requirements."

"S-so?" she asked haltingly. "So tonight I was attacked by a prof well-armed with the latest in perspective requirements, requirements he could have gotten only from one man — your husband." She sunk on the bed, now just a limp weed compared to the full-bodied rose I had blindly believed her to be.

"Yes, ma'am. I know the truth now. With Big Bill Friday planning to leave the presidency next year, there was bound to be a power-play among all the higher-ups at the university. Your husband wanted to be the next UNC president, but he was worried about competition from the associate dean for questions about the honor code. So you hired me knowing that I would be shocked by his hypocritical abuse of honor. You hoped I would bring him down, leaving your husband with a clear path to Big Bill's seat. I only got one question: Why attack Buster?"

She looked hatefully at me, then answered: "He knew too much, and he kept writing nasty letters to *The Daily Tar Heel*. We were afraid that one day he would write about us."

She wasn't through. She smiled. "I promise I'll make it up to you." Garfield began slowly climbing up her chest. The moment was now or never.

"Too late, babe. It's over for you. The judgement has been rendered, sentence is hereby passed. You're going to have to buy what's left of Buster's meal plan." It was harsh, but she deserved it.

"Crockett, how could you?" "How could I answer? I loved her, I ached for her, but I knew I had to turn away. It was raining outside, but I didn't care. I was through with Chapel Hill, I decided. I climbed into my Saab and drove as quickly as I could out of the town where I had fallen head over heels in love with a flake.

Stuart Tonkinson, a senior English and history major from St. Louis, is managing editor of *The Daily Tar Heel*.

Mixed-up Mexico

Five weeks ago today, the first of two major earthquakes shook down much of Mexico City. For a week, the disaster filled television screens and newspaper headlines. Since then, the Achille Lauro seajacking and pre-summit diplomatic posturing have dominated the news. Mexico has returned to the shadows. That's bad, because the problems awaiting the United States there are dire, close to home and unlikely to go away.

Mexico has the world's richest market next door and the oil reserves of a Saudi Arabia. Banks and international lending institutions have lent roughly \$96 billion for the creation of an industrial base to tap the reservoirs of cheap, underemployed labor. But misguided nationalism and corruption have spoiled these opportunities and left the country nearly bankrupt. The government has squandered oil revenues of roughly \$15 billion a year on glamorous but inefficient state enterprises, while public officials have accumulated fortunes. The customs office was so corrupt that Mexico now pays a Swiss firm to collect duties and certify imports when they leave the selling country.

For economic and strategic reasons, to say nothing of humanitarian concerns, the United States should resist any temptation to let Mexico stew in its own juices. A Mexican default on foreign

debt would throw U.S. financial markets into chaos, raising interest rates. The damage to Mexico would be even greater, pushing yet higher the present million-plus annual illegal emigration across the unsealable 1,500-mile northern border. In contrast to the Soviet Union, the United States has been lucky to enjoy 135 years of peaceful borders. As political instability continues in Central America, Mexico has become a valuable bulwark.

To help our southern neighbors, we should adopt policies geared to eliminate the short-run debt crunch and the long-run poverty. A U.S. guarantee of private bank loans would inspire demands for equal treatment from other Latin American nations, but more foreign aid and greater contributions to international lending institutions can help alleviate more quietly the shortage of foreign exchange. More Peace Corps volunteers should be sent, and Mexican agricultural students brought to U.S. land-grant colleges to improve the performance of the conspicuously inefficient Mexican farm sector. U.S. guarantees of reimport privileges should be given to investors willing to send money south of the border.

Watch Mexico. You'll hear about it again soon if nothing is done.

The gory legacy of Ghymghoul

It was a dark and dreary night, not fit for man nor beast. I entered Forrest Theatre with a mixture of apprehension and fear. A howl chilled the night air. The hairs on my arms stood on end, and mine eyes whipped to and fro more freely than the garled gusts of wind. What spirits could be abroad this night? Aagh, it was too horrible to think about.

But soft, what twisted sound was this? There! there! the wailing of my demon lover!

Come closer. I glimpsed my Geraldine, one most fair with raven's hair. She came in tresses wild with wave, wet ashen lips and beauty beyond all rave. She, lady of the rocks, close friend of Madame So-and-so, the teller of the cards.

Turning upon the darkness, she cast her eye on mine and bid me follow. "Come quick, lover, or thy fate shall not remain in my hands." As I followed her through the woods, the rasping leaves began to breathe beneath my soles. Wisps of green fog barred my way — at times she was lost from my sight.

We came to a place with fire, a brook, and something else . . . a fish that spoke, "Beware, beware!" methought. And then my lover spoke, "This is the place. Look forth, the Castle of Ghymghoul." Afore mine eyes there rose a tower of the grim edifice, cast upon the moon as a scimitar upon the heart of God. It was the bleakest form that e'er mine eyes had seen.

Wicked vines ravaged at my feet as we ascended through thickets thick to stand atop the hill. But then my love was gone and to mine ears there came a painful laughter. It was the Bhagwan Shree Kakkar. In spritful voice he spoke these words: "The worst sin of mankind is to receive without giving, to leave without going, to keep without showing."

Then mine eyes alighted upon the stone, the very Rock of Gloucester. And I shrieked with terror. From the still grey stone coursed veins of blood, thick as the arms of Spanish thieves set adrift to die on scalded rafts. Mine eyes were held by the pulsing rock that bled like a living being. "Shantih, Shantih," came the Bhagwan's fleeing words. "Datta, Dayadhvam, Damyata." Then I was alone.

The wind began to moan and the air begot a whirling vortex of fog. Then of a sudden came the blackest form that e'er the night did bring, the solitary end of all my visions.

A voice. I was transfixed. And the voice said:

"Nevermore . . . Nevermore . . . Nevermore." Then the ghastly figure, dark even in the darkness, let go a moan for all the unspeakable pain of mankind. And as he sang, I died.

In the morn, when the fingers of a cold wind brushed my cheek, I rose to disbelief. For there before me, beneath the wretched Ghymghoul shadow, lay the blood-encrusted Rock of Gloucester.