

# The Daily Tar Heel

93rd year of editorial freedom

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## Human Rights Week: stand tall, stand firm

For four and one-half days next week, Nov. 17-21, the Human Rights Week committee of the Campus Y will present Human Rights Week. Each day will be filled from the early afternoon until the evening with presentations by community leaders, UNC professors and even national figures. The week represents the culmination of more than a semester's hard work by the committee, which — along with its co-chairmen, David Schnorrenberg and Addison Sweeney — should be commended for putting together a schedule well worth attending to.

Each day of the Week is devoted to presentations and discussions on one aspect of human rights.

### board opinion

Hayden Renwick on racism at UNC. At 8 p.m., Susan Harjo, executive director of the National Congress of American Indians, will speak.

#### Wednesday

On Nov. 20, "International Human Rights" will be covered. Some of the highlights for this topic include a discussion with students who visited Nicaragua and presentations by UNC professors on the arms race, human rights abuses in South America and the United Nations. At 8 p.m., there will be a panel discussion on U.S. policy toward South Africa and a candlelight vigil to celebrate humanity on the status of human rights.

#### Thursday

Nov. 21 is devoted to the examination of "Freedom of Expression" and features a dinner discussion with Louis Lipsitz on his involvement as a student activist in the '60s and international music sung by Gregory Paul Meyjes.

Perhaps, however, the committee should be most commended for its work to bring two special figures of national prominence to the campus — George McGovern and UNC alumnus Tom Wicker. McGovern, former senator from South Dakota and 1972 Democratic nominee for the presidency, will speak on "Human Rights in the '80s," while endnote speaker Wicker, associate editor and columnist for *The New York Times*, will speak on freedom of expression and human rights. And the committee couldn't have chosen a more appropriate kick-off for its week than the Chuck Davis Afro-American Dance Ensemble, dancing in the Great Hall Sunday night.

Human Rights Week represents an opportunity for UNC students to educate themselves on one of today's most pertinent topics. Pick up a brochure, mark your calendars and get involved.

#### Monday

Monday's topic, "Health and Human Rights," explores such issues as euthanasia, child abuse and Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. Avid *Daily Tar Heel* back-page readers should take note of the 8 p.m. presentation on abortion, in which "The Silent Scream" and "The Planned Parenthood Response to 'The Silent Scream'" will be shown. Afterward, representatives from the UNC College Republicans and the Campus Y's Women's Forum Committee will debate whether Congress should pass a pro-life or pro-choice amendment.

#### Tuesday

"Group and Individual Rights" is the topic for Nov. 19. One presentation of special interest to some may be "Capitalism, Socialism, and Communism: Three Views on Human Rights." Two other events are the Campus Y Executive Committee's presentation on sexism at UNC and a dinner discussion with Dean

## All preached out?

It's a shame, but students often misunderstand the art of pit-preaching. Here are some general tips on what you can expect and how to enjoy the show best.

As in the traditional pastoral elegy or the Shakespearean sonnet, form plays an important role in pit-preaching. Certain routines are simply required and the art comes in the subtle flair of style in the execution, particularly during the free-style periods.

Tradition requires that the preacher call us all terrible sinners. The preacher will reinforce this by hissing, "Child of the devil!" in an appropriate tone of disgust. The preacher then singles out a standard collection of groups for special reprehension: homosexuals, Jews, Catholics, liberals, socialists, communists and possibly some others — perhaps sorority girls. All the build-up leads to a singular point: Jesus Christ is our savior and we must accept Him. Colorful descriptions of hell-fires and damnation then follow.

A pit-preacher wants to antagonize. He wants to grab your attention so you'll stay put long enough to hear his main points. Thus, he cultivates a crazed and absurd appearance. Yet, the real masters stop raving long enough to tell some interesting story of their conversion from a life of sin (as Brother Jed did last Fall) and perhaps to listen thoughtfully to a few questions so that momentarily they seem like regular guys with whom you could talk out this whole matter of salvation. When you're hooked, they rant and rave some more.

The prime attraction, though, is the possibility of moving from mere observer to participant. Lively debate adds much interest to the affair because pit-preaching is not simply a spectator sport.

All sorts of people will stand tall to the preacher and say their piece about this and that. And the preacher usually counters with verse quotations from the Bible. Atheists and agnostics usually

have the most fun in these exchanges, saying witty things that the crowd applauds. Sometimes, though, they rather unspontaneously mock the preacher. Christians can be embarrassing to watch as they often say very honest things that disrupt the dog-eat-dog flavor of the ceremonies. The preacher calls them sinners just the same, and they turn away thwarted in their attempt to clear the fellow's thinking. But sometimes Christians say clever things, too, making nice intelligent analogies.

The main point to remember is that serious discussion doesn't fit the preacher's regime. No matter what he says you do with your dog, or to what he compares sorority houses, or what he says about the Synagogue of Sin, he's telling what he believes to be the out-and-out truth. He offers no room for real debate and this frustrates the crowd to no end.

In fact, it can even ruin one's whole experience. The fundamental tip to remember is that, like many things with a serious subject at its base, pit-preaching is not a serious matter. It is, rather, something of a sporting event, variety hour, good practice time for forensics students and theatre folk. Christians and others with real beliefs have a hard time with this role-playing of devil's advocate, this suspending of disbelief that allows one to enter into the preacher's artistic world. And this is too bad.

Pit-preaching can be fine entertainment if you know the best frame of mind from which to approach it. It can actually be quite rewarding seeing how the crowd sticks up for members it might ordinarily shun. The cross-section of folks can be amazing.

The greatest disappointment, though, is when the whole business becomes tiresome. Even the best of pit-preachers have only so many radical things to say.

— LOUIS CORRIGAN

## Of time spent on the Maverick

By SHARON SHERIDAN

This University offers such diverse courses as "Molecular and Cellular Basis of Prokaryotic Microbiology," "Etruscan Civilization" and "Medieval Romance." It offers practical courses such as "Man and Computers" and "General Accounting." So why doesn't UNC offer an elementary automotive course for those of us who don't know a dip stick from dipping snuff?

Last spring, I bought my first car, a dark blue Maverick named Harold. It is a wonder our relationship has lasted this long.

I took driver's education in high school and vaguely remember discussing spark plugs and carburetors. I believed, however, that my car would run fine if I fed it gas when it was hungry, bathed it when it got dirty and checked its oil occasionally.

I was disappointed when I learned I needed to check a few more fluids to keep the car healthy. I was even more concerned when I tried to check the radiator after Harold started leaking water and I could not unscrew the cap. Knowing what to check doesn't do much good when you lack the muscles to do the job.

That is another thing I remember about driver's education. Our instructor had our group practice changing a tire. This was a very practical exercise, but some of us were too weak to unscrew the factory-tight bolts. I decided if my car ever blew a tire I would wave a white flag until someone stronger than I stopped to help, or I would figure out how to drive on three tires.

By now, I recognize most of Harold's quirks. He tends to shudder when I awaken him, for example. Cold weather seems to aggravate this condition. Alarmed passengers grip the door handle when Harold begins to shake, rattle and roll. Passers-by stare.

I don't worry. Harold is getting along in car years, so I figure he just is exhibiting the quivers of old age. Besides, I don't like waking up or cold weather, either.

Last summer, water began collecting in the heater and air conditioner unit. This meant I could not use the heat without turning Harold into a sauna. The air conditioner worked fine, but sometimes it sounded like an irate percolator.

When I turned a sharp corner, water spewed onto the floor. If it was a right turn, the water poured onto my feet. This was somewhat pleasant on a hot summer day when I was



wearing sandals. I enjoyed it less when I was driving to work wearing high heels and pantyhose or clogs and knee socks.

When my fiance visited, he diagnosed the problem. As I understand it, a clogged pipe caused water from the air conditioner to collect in the wrong place. He cleaned the pipe, emptied the water and released me from my vehicular ablutions.

My fiance likes and understands cars, so I call him for advice whenever Harold makes funny noises.

"Listen, my car made this horrible grinding noise when I tried to start him today. It sounded like someone was tearing his insides apart."

"Did it sound sort of like KKKRRRRRHANCH?"

"Yes, that's it!"

This is followed by a semi-technical explanation I shall not try to repeat. It has something to do with the gears not meshing. All I have

to do is turn the car off and try to start it again, which is what I would have done anyway. The conversation generally ends with my most pressing question.

"Does this mean the car won't explode next time I drive it?"

Yes, what UNC needs is a simple Auto 1 for mechanically ignorant folks like me. This should be a laboratory course, where students can attempt to pump gas, check the power steering fluid and adjust the seats with an instructor nearby to help. Lectures can cover topics such as "How to Talk to Your Car" and "What Noises Mean You Should Start Praying."

Maybe the course even could include body-building tips, so students exit with the strength to remove radiator caps and change tires.

Sharon Sheridan, a mechanically inept senior journalism major from East Setauket, N.Y., is features editor of *The Daily Tar Heel*.

## READER FORUM

### Manning Drive still unenlightened

To the editors:

On South Campus, have we ever got the deal for you! No. I'm not talking about the great parties we have like the Specs today in Hinton James — nor am I talking about our increasingly popular "Get Into Shape As You Walk to Class" program. We on South Campus have something even better to offer: our very own, scaled to life size, Frogger video game. While trying to cross the intersection of Manning Drive and Ridge Road, the South Campus residents are put in the same position as the electronic frog. Whether it be early morning or late at night, the cars travelling on these

roads barely hesitate at the sight of pedestrians. The fun game of Frogger has turned into a horrifying game of Chicken for many pedestrians and we on South Campus were hoping to rally support to stop these ridiculous games by simply having some traffic lights installed.

Personally, I didn't think requesting traffic lights would be too big of a problem. With the increasing construction and parking traffic going down toward the SAC, the doubling of Manning Drive, plus the increased pedestrian traffic from the opening of Chase cafeteria, one can only wonder why the Department of Transportation has neg-

lected our simple but serious problem. It is a pretty sad sight to see a pedestrian with a broken leg desperately hobbling across four lanes of morning rush-hour traffic. But it is even sadder to have so many reports of bumps or near misses come in on a weekly basis. We had thought that the serious car crash on Ehringhaus lawn might have spurred some attention. Yet the only response was the installation of lights on Columbia Drive. We would have been quite content with their leftovers.

It is not like we haven't tried. After gathering 350 names from Hinton James alone, we worked our

way up the bureaucratic ladder to the head of the Department of Transportation for this region. He nicely explained to us in May that that they would be in by October. In October, he told us . . . Does anyone out there have an influential uncle in the state Department of Transportation?

Today in the Pit, we will have a massive petition drive for the installation of traffic lights on Manning Drive and Ridge Road. Please help us make this intersection safer by showing your support.

Jack Zemp, governor  
Hinton James

### Bring back Gamble; attend Y vigils

To the editors:

I think George Gamble, the current associate director of the Campus Y, should not be fired. He was fired five weeks ago by the newly hired director, Zenobia Hatcher-Wilson.

Gamble has been a successful associate director for two reasons. First, I owe much of my collegiate growth as a person and a leader to Gamble. He selected me as co-chair of the Y-Outreach committee when I was a quiet freshman. Secondly, Gamble valued highly the point of view of the student. He suggested solutions to interactional problems among committee members. For example, when a committee member was dominating the committee without considering everyone's view, he suggested that I should counter that person's impulses during the meeting. Also, he invited committees to undertake activities, never telling them what to do.

Although students don't know why Gamble was fired, I assume one of the factors was his disagreement with Edith Wiggins, assistant vice chancellor in charge of Student Affairs, and Hatcher-Wilson regarding the Y's disaffiliation with the YWCA. Gamble thinks a University organization should not have a limited religious orientation, like the Y would have if it was affiliated with the Christian YWCA. In the Oct. 24 *Phoenix*, Gamble said, "We cannot and should not promote Christian ethics above any other." The Y advisory board decided last year to disaffiliate and last year's director did not pay dues, making the Y inactive.

Both Wiggins (who appointed Hatcher-Wilson) and Hatcher-Wilson want reaffiliation with the YWCA. Along with other reasons, Wiggins and Hatcher-Wilson support the Christian orientation of the YWCA. In the same *Phoenix*, Wiggins said, "The roots of the Y are definitely in the Christian tradition. The students that come to the Y are motivated out of moral and ethical concerns." In the same issue, Hatcher-Wilson said, "I see the Y as the motivating force behind

student activism, as being the nucleus of students with a conscience. Because of this, I reaffiliated with the Chaplain's Association, hoping to attract more students in terms of this networking." These statements almost imply that Christians are the primary source of conscientious students. A Christian-oriented Y might exclude non-Christians. Especially aiding committees like Global Issues and Hunger Responsibility, non-Christians are often empathetic to views different from Christian America. By linking student activism with a religion — Christianity — Hatcher-Wilson distorts the meaning of student activism. Student activism is deeply concerned with human rights. Human rights revolve around the autonomy of the individual, regardless of coherence with any one religion's values.

Wiggins also said, "If I were a student and people were telling me that ultimately this decision is in the best interests of the Y, and I don't see it, and they're in a position to see it better, there has to be some amount of acceptance to go along with that." By not consulting the students, Wiggins demotes the role of student activism. Is this decision indicative of a future trend of a few imposing their will (and ideology?) on others? These others — Gamble, associate director since 1982, the advisory board, and the students in their Campus Y — are closer to the real Y than Associate Vice Chancellor Wiggins or the newly appointed Hatcher-Wilson. I believe Gamble would have consulted the students.

After his initial notice, Gamble has ninety days to vacate his office. Most students at the Y think he should be allowed a two month extension of employment. In these two months, students can discuss with Wiggins the issue of Gamble's firing. Hoping the Division of Student Affairs will listen to the students' demands, Students Concerned for the Y will hold vigils Thursday and Friday from 11 am to 12:30 pm at Steele Building.

Scott McKendree Johnson St.

### The water clear: unrhythmably murky

To the editors:

The Building of Steele  
"Enough! Or not enough." — W. Blake

I went to the Building of Steele, And heard what I never could hear: Edith mutely ordained in the midst, "Zenobia's in, George is out." Why's not clear.

And the door of Student Affairs was shut, "In your best interest" writ over the door; So I turn'd to the Building of Steele, That so many sweet advisors bore,

And I saw it was filled with red tape, And forestallment where answers should be; And deans in black suits remained resolute, And spewed forth evasions and not explanations.

Fettuccini Cognoscente (Eric Propst) Old East

### Bells askew — what's to do

To the editors:

Okay guys, let's have some answers! More than a few of us concerned, aware students are being progressively more annoyed with a certain aspect of Chapel Hill life gone askew.

I remember the yesterdays, as I walked from class to class or lazed sleepily in the sun. I remember the sweet yesterdays when euphonious notes spun clear melodies through the autumn breeze. The familiar symbol of strength, of college harmony was there, a constant amidst our ever-changing campus. Yes, the bell tower. The bell tower is there but indigestion rots its insides.

I remember the day I first heard the sick rumblings of our old friend. There was no familiar, slightly off-key, tune to hum through my mind, matching my footsteps, with lyrics pleasantly evading me. Instead, I was bombarded by a sick, demented, clanging of not-quite notes into an unnatural cacophony.

At first I thought the invisible creators of song were just tuning their majesty. I believed that the next hour of song would return, sweeter than ever, and again a familiar melody would carry me home from class. But instead, I continue to find my thoughts snatched from my studies to ponder the reason for the continuous banging that disrupts all within earshot of the age-old timepiece.

What could possibly be wrong? Are the little bell people on strike? Did a very large arachnid spin her home around the clangers of the bells? Or is our friend really sick? In this time of many communicable diseases, did our lady of song come down with a fatal illness? If that is what it is, then we will help! We can rebuild her. We will make her stronger, faster . . . The students of Chapel Hill can sponsor fundraisers, national projects to save our lady! Can we help? We miss her.

Becky Deloria Morrison