

The Daily Tar Heel

95th year of editorial freedom

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Editorials

Message in a bottle

The National Collegiate Athletic Association tournament is once again wending its way to the Final Four, and for the seventh straight year, Dean Smith has steered the Tar Heels to the Sweet 16. But this year, there is a new twist for the team as the NCAA has implemented mandatory drug testing for participants in its men's basketball tournament.

After each game, the seven members of the winning team with the most minutes played, along with another member selected at random, are led into bathrooms by NCAA observers. Each player is watched until he fills a sample bottle. The players cannot do anything until they have given their samples.

This system has proved to be fraught with inconvenience and should be changed.

Whisking players away immediately after a game keeps them from celebrating as a team, disrupting the locker room euphoria after a hard-won victory. Several players, dehydrated after games, have been delayed for hours after the final whistle, vainly attempting to fill their bottles. Carolina's Jeff Lebo didn't return to the team's hotel in Charlotte until 2 a.m. after last Thursday's game.

The NCAA claims the tests are

necessary to ensure fair competition by preventing athletes from chemically aiding performances.

Unfortunately, after last week's revelations by former Villanova star Gary McClain, it does appear that drug testing is necessary to maintain the integrity of the tournament. McClain admitted to playing under the influence of cocaine in the 1985 NCAA tournament semifinal against Memphis State. Certainly, the tournament is a valuable asset, and the NCAA has a right to set standards to protect the value of the event. However, to only become concerned about athletes' welfare when large profits are involved is self-serving. The NCAA, if truly interested in athletes' welfare, should set aside some of the revenues it receives from the tournament to set up a drug awareness program for athletes. Furthermore, in addition to merely suspending a player from tournament competition for testing positive, the NCAA should provide funds and time for drug rehabilitation.

Testing should be done the day after a game. Then, any illegal substances will still be in the players' systems, teams will have a chance to celebrate together after the game, and players will not be detained for hours after the contest. — C.C.

Buildings are people, too

People generally want to feel like they're making progress as they go through life, and the UNC campus, while it's not a person, apparently feels the same way. Its progress is marked for all to see, and anyone who walks through campus notices it — even if they don't realize it.

Consider the historical splendor of Old East and Old West dormitories. Sure, they may be about 100 years behind the times when it comes to plumbing, fire escapes and heating, but that's the point. People know Old East was the first in the University system, and it's believable because of its architectural style. Old East looks like it was built in 1793.

But what's not so obvious is that almost all campus buildings reflect the ages in which they were built.

Consider some of the more recent buildings, ones that were built in the times today's students can remember. They too reflect subtle social changes. For example, Greenlaw Hall, built in the early 1960s, seems to embody the institutional attitudes of the civil rights movement. Protest abounded, and Greenlaw answered it: Dig in and prepare for a siege. Only an excellent brick thrower could break the windows because they're so small, and

even with the windows broken, it'd be almost impossible to enter through the narrow slits. Greenlaw is easily defended. With only two entrances on the ground floor, it's a veritable fortress.

And the south campus dormitories, built in the late 1960s and early 1970s, show the "love-in" attitude of the time. With long, open-aided walkways on each floor, it's easy to imagine hordes of sun-worshippers basking there in cross-legged and love-beaded splendor. The get-closer, free love ethic is also there. The rooms are so small that it's impossible not to get closer to the people around you.

And lastly, consider Davis Library, built just a few years ago. It reflects the dawning of the Age of the Yuppie. Everything must be new, showing the hope of the future, but it must pay at least a passing respect for what has come before — with a twist. The banners hanging from the ceiling hearken back to the days of Arthurian coats of arms, but they are not. And the triumphal arches over the Humanities Reading room call up images of the classic Roman arch. However, in true 1980s fashion, the design includes not one, but two arches. Everyone knows two are better than one.

Aren't we something? — G.P.

non sequitur

Rise up, all ye tubular masses

Non sequiturian voices have finally begun to penetrate the muffling drone of stuffy conformists around the globe. Yes, friends, substantial progress has been made on the crusade to live, act and feel as non sequiturians wish. But the war has yet begun.

Unfortunately, today's word-of-the-day has been postponed until next Tuesday, when this space will be blessed with two words (that day's today's word, and of course, today's today's word), so that there will be ample room to highlight a few of these recent battles. Here are some voices of the brave, fighting on the front for non sequiturian ideals:

■ "I did take it," said Wesley J. Shattuck, a NCSU campus policeman who has been with his department for six years, after he was questioned by Major Larry Lies for lifting and eating a Hostess Twinkie while on duty. "When I walked through, I just leaned over and picked it up. Then bam, bam, bam — I'm suspended, I'm fired and practically in jail."

Big deal, Shattuck, so you hot-fingered a cream puff. A shiny badge is no shield against sensual urges for tubular masses of golden sponge cake.

■ "I'm hoping it will be just like it's

always been," said Mabelle Outlaw, who was expelled from her Goldsboro church school for modeling bathing suits, after the N.C. Superior Court ruled that she be allowed to return to classes. Reginald Kingsley, the school's principal, said that Miss Outlaw could return only if she gave up her homecoming crown and promised not to model any more suits before she graduated.

Tighten your Speedo strings, Kingsley. If you want to live in the past, don't let a little thing like constitutional rights stand in your way. It's your school, and, as principal, you have the authority to dictate what students wear outside class. Those who do not suit you should be Outlawed.

■ "No one knows," said Jan R. Aufder-Heide, a spokeswoman for the Upjohn Company, when asked to explain how Rogaine, the company's new drug that supposedly combats baldness, works.

Upjohn is the company that made taking vitamins kind of like watching cartoons. Look, AufderHeide, there're 30 million men and 20 million women suffering from varying degrees of chrome dome syndrome in this country. If Upjohn says it works, well, that's good enough.

Readers' Forum

Years only add to Bach's work

Pierre Tristam

Guest Writer

In 1821 Napoleon died in exile on the thankless rock of St. Helena. But that year, an event far mightier in consequence quietly took place at the Royal Library in Berlin. Rummaging through reams of aging musical scores, a young Felix Mendelssohn came across the original manuscript of Johann Sebastian Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion." The "Passion," along with Bach's entire work, had been forgotten since Bach's death in 1750. One can only imagine (and envy) how overwhelmed Mendelssohn was by his discovery. And thanks to his ensuing dedication, the works of the greatest composer of all time began to take their rightful place in the history of music.

This Saturday, when Bach's 302nd birthday is celebrated, it is unlikely that radio stations and concert halls the world over will let the occasion pass by unnoticed.

Of course it is a bit subjective to call Bach the "greatest." Mozart is by far the most popular composer nowadays, as attested by such stations as WCPE's merciless overplaying of the Jupiter Symphony and Ein Kleinenacht Musik, among other Mozart hits. Then there are those who think that because Beethoven was good with drums and very loud with odes to joy, he should be the mightiest. Some good Christians might even believe that Handel should be the best, if only because he makes us think of the Messiah on all too numerous occasions. And then there is John Lennon, Phil Collins, and of course my neighbor, who's good with the flute . . .

We can't argue with taste, and that is for the better because it prevents countless pointless arguments. But I like to think that Bach is above matters of taste and judgment, for totally absurd reasons that go back a few years.

I don't remember exactly when I first heard Bach, but maternal legend has it that it was within a matter of weeks of my birth, when after a breast feeding session and healthy burp, I was allowed to sleep somewhere near the living room ferns. My mother believed — and still believes — that her plants liked music. But they preferred

Bach. And she gave them Bach — straight, arranged for the xylophone, sung by the King's Singers . . .

But an infant's ears are better suited for the soothing sound of a fly buzzing against the ceiling than a monstrous passacaglia orchestrated by Leopold Stokowski. And so, whimpering relentlessly, I rebelled and was never left to nap near the ferns again.

Legend aside, my first memory of hearing Bach took place seven or eight years later. It was a very clever trick on Mother's part. She was just beginning to host a radio show. For a theme, she chose none other than Bach's Badinnerie from one of his orchestral suites. I don't know if she did this with her ferns in mind or to force me and my brothers to listen to "good" music. At any rate, her strategy worked. We could not but listen.

When she came home from the airwaves, I was surprised to discover that Mother had lifted the Badinnerie from a children's record of Bach's story. Wearily, I played the record, and wearily, I listened, expecting to hear an imposing voice relate a life as dull as the music itself. But the anecdotes were seducing. It was surprising and even heartwarming to hear that such a great man had once been seven or eight, and that he used to sneak into his brother's study at night and steal musical scores so that he might copy them for himself, or was bad-tempered.

But that Bach had more than a dozen children enchanted me. And that they were rowdy and called him "the old wig" enchanted me even more since I thought even his own children could not put up with his music. From then on, I proudly felt an unbreakable bond of solidarity with the Bach kids.

I cannot remember much of Bach's story as it was told then beyond the family quarrels and the Badinnerie, which occurred at the end of the record's first side. The second side must have dealt with Bach's older days,

his great choral works, his blindness and, of course, his death, in which I was not interested in the least.

It was nearly a dozen years later that Bach came in handy for me, though my appreciation had nothing to do with his greatness yet. It had to do with his tendency to produce long works, or at least boxed sets of records I could play in succession while writing essays or studying for classes I had very little interest in. Bach became an antidote for academic boredom.

He still is, and now more than ever, though his music has become much more than an antidote. The effect of listening to him, willingly or unwillingly when I was a child, and later as a means of distraction, has developed into an attachment that can only be compared with the meaning of a great memory, except that Bach's is a memory that can be brought back to life with the merest access to a radio or a turntable. I could make fanciful analogies, call Bach a drug or at least an elixir of magical potentials, but that would mean nothing at all.

Whatever it is that makes Bach's music something divine lies in each of his works and for whatever reason one may decide to listen to him. It is a bit sad that his popular reputation rests mainly on the Brendenbug concert, a few hymns and a few airs when there are in Bach's name more than thousand works for every conceivable instrument of his time. One need not be a musicologist or an expert in fugue construction to be touched by a suite for harpsichord or for full orchestra once meant for the leisurely evenings of a Prussian court, or by variations he wrote for an insomniac prince or by little preludes and fuguettes he wrote for his wife, Anna Magdalena . . .

One only needs to listen.

WUNC will play Bach's music all day Saturday.

Pierre Tristam is a history graduate student from Carrboro.

Student aid breeds mediocrity

To the editor:
 Financial aid has financed the drive to mediocrity undertaken by American universities since the 1960s. Competing for federal dollars, universities lowered their standards until virtually anyone who could sign a financial aid receipt was admitted. This University, supposedly North Carolina's leading institution, began admitting students with SAT scores below 1000 who are barely literate. Other universities within the UNC system reputedly admit those with SAT scores below 700 on financial aid.

Financial aid began in the early 1960s as a program to pay the university costs of able students whose parents could not afford to pay. These two criteria were abandoned during the 1960s as the middle class sought to protect its sons from being drafted and sent to Vietnam. By the 1980s, the merit concept had been entirely abandoned; it is little wonder that the costs of the program have increased exponentially.

The Reagan administration will not solve the problem by simply tightening up; what is required is a return to the original concept. The ideals of financial aid can be better served by restricting benefits to the top 30 percent of SAT-takers in any given year.

NICK BAGSHAW
 Senior
 Political Science

Burnout out, Toastout in

To the editor:
 You know, the Chapel Hill Town Council is a lot smarter than we think. If you're like me, you picture a bunch of stupid country bumpkin-redneck-hicks running the show. Well, they're not stupid. The potential for damage to twigs and branches at Burnout's present site is unlimited.

Second, there's the noise. Surely, you'll agree the sounds of smashing windows and denting cars is much quieter than that satanic rock 'n' roll they played last year.



Yes, the council clearly knew that the alternative to Burnout at Finley Golf Course was "Burnout somewhere else" and not "no Burnout at all," like some people think. Of course, we'd have to change the name of it if we moved it; there's only one real place for Burnout — in the woods. So how about Toastout? Everybody could bring a few beers for the toast (wink-wink) victims and a case or two. Oh, and we'd have it on Franklin Street.

The Town Council obviously wants what is best for the heart and soul of the community. I figure they want us to move to Franklin Street for a few reasons. First, there's the convenience factor. It's so much easier for us to get to Franklin than Finley anyway.

Third, there's the traffic. It'll be a chance just to get rid of all those cars on Franklin Street for a day.

Another reason has to be those pesky businesses on Franklin Street that contribute to excessive growth and even progress in the community. Once vandalized, maybe they'll

clear out at last. The final reason is fun. It'll be more fun to toast than burn, and the council knew this. Imagine 10,000 rowdy people united in one common goal: aiding the toasted. I'm sure when the Town Council watches the television coverage of Toastout and sees happy students using Silent Sam as a battering ram on Spanky's windows, they'll smile and feel confident in their decision. Thanks to them, this year's party won't be like any other.

DAVE SHAW
 Junior
 RTVMP

The DTH has done it again

To the editor:
 Daily Tar Heel, you have done it again! You've managed to put your foot in your mouth once more and advocate blatant racism. As a black male student, I almost choked on my own disgust after reading the column written by Tom Camp ("Quick flash leaves lasting burn," March 16).

The column details Camp's trip to Florida in which he talks about spring break delirium, a

begging bag lady and his regretting to give the lady a ride. Near the end, Camp describes watching a terrified "trashy looking white girl" fall out of a van owned by a black man. According to Camp, the "sweaty" black man smiled, buttoned his pants and boasted, "That's number two. Time to get another." Camp then concludes by reflecting on this scene and wondering if he should have given the bag lady a ride.

Camp, what was the point? Was it to describe a spring break experience or to make black men look once again like sex-hungry animals or rapists?

There is nothing wrong with controversy, but when you continuously and ignorantly target a minority group — one which this school claims to be so desperately recruiting — you not only undermine minority recruitment (cause we do tell these little horror stories to potential minority enrollees), but you create a tense racial climate.

Wake up, DTH, or must "we" have to proofread your articles for their "Gosh, can't you minorities take a joke," mentality?

WILLIAM WYNN
 Freshman
 Pharmacy

Town Council decision narrow-minded

To the editor:
 The Chapel Hill Town Council's move to block Burnout showed an alarming narrow-mindedness and a lack of thought on the part of five council members. The council acted on the advice of interim Police Chief Arnold Gold, who recommended a noise permit be denied. Gold based his decision on "an unknown number of complaints" from the Oaks that were called in and not recorded last year. Gold and the police department would appear to have memories as vague as President Reagan's. Dr. H.D. Peterson said, "I live in the Oaks, and I never heard any complaints. The noise wasn't a problem. There wasn't any signif-

icant vandalism. I would know about it." Nevertheless, Pi Kappa Phi has provided a solution for the complaints and even council member John Howes said, ". . . in spite of the fact that you have met our demands." So why is the council trying to stop a party that would raise \$6,000 for research, patient care and burn prevention at the N.C. Burn Center? "We want to move such events to the center of the campus," Howes said. This is an attitude that surfaced in August and could very well surface again in several weeks. The town seems afraid of students gathering off-campus and particularly on Franklin Street. However, when a large number of people from the Triangle

area gathered in the street in August, the police did nothing to stop the few who caused damage. They merely stood and watched and blamed the students later. On Halloween, the predominately UNC crowd, supervised by police, was peaceful. The students, especially evidenced by Pi Kappa Phi's thoughtfully prepared plan, have shown that they are ready and capable to address and solve problems between the town and the University. The Town Council should be expected to do the same.

ERIC MILLER
 Freshman
 Political Science