

# The Daily Tar Heel

95th year of editorial freedom

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## Editorials

### Court responds affirmatively

There are few current issues as divisive, as certain to provoke controversy, as affirmative action. The practice of placing minorities in a favored position, in terms of hiring and promotion, often strikes very close to home. It is, thus, an idea that has wrought a deep split in the nation. The issue has also firmly divided the Supreme Court.

That division became more obvious Wednesday, when the court ruled 6-3 that, when hiring and promoting, businesses can favor women and minorities over more qualified whites and men. The decision arose from a case involving a Santa Clara, Calif., city plan and the promotion of a woman over a man who had received a higher score in a competitive interview.

Justice William Brennan, the court's most distinguished liberal spokesman, affirmed the city's plan in resounding fashion. He deemed valuable and constitutional the goal of achieving "a working force that mirrored in its major job classifications the percentage of women in the area labor market." He also said the court's standards in racial affirmative action plans could be used to judge sex-based plans, and vice versa.

The obvious problem with the

decision is the same problem affirmative action has as a theory. That is, by favoring minorities or women over other workers who are better qualified, one discriminates against those others on the basis of their sex or race. Affirmative action seeks to reverse the effects of discrimination by discriminating against those whose only crime is that they are white men.

Brennan attempted to soften his stance by denying that the city in the case wished to create a work force controlled by "rigid numerical standards." Put simply, though, the better person for the job was still denied it because he was a man.

Advocates of affirmative action must not deny the element of reverse discrimination in the program. Such discrimination is a necessary, if unpleasant, part of counteracting what have been literally generations of oppression against minorities and women.

To be sure, affirmative action is often unfair to the individual worker. But if the effects of past prejudice are still waters, that is only because they run deep. Discrimination against blacks and women has been perpetuated on a group level, and as such attempts to correct it must function on a similar level. — J.S.

### Hang up on call waiting

Listen . . .  
 Bill: "Hello, Bonnie, this is Bill."  
 Bonnie: "Hey, Bill! How are you?"  
 Bill: "Well, I —"  
 Bonnie: "Just a sec, Bill, call waiting."  
 Bill: "OK . . . hello . . . hello?"  
 Bonnie: "I'm back, oh drat, just a sec."  
 Bill: "Bonnie . . . Bonnie?"  
 Bonnie: "Sorry. You'll never guess who called! Okay, what's up?"  
 Bill: "Hold on, other line . . ."  
 Bonnie:  
 Bill: "All right, I'm here. What do you want?"  
 Bonnie: "What? You called me!"  
 Bill: "Oh, yeah, sorry."  
 Bonnie: "Hold on, someone's calling."  
 Bill: "Screw this." (click)

Another potentially pleasant conversation ruined by the AT&T plague so innocently termed "call waiting." Granted, the above dialogue may not happen every time Bill or Bonnie picks up the phone. But, more often than not these days, call waiting breaks into phone calls with the trademark beep or "click-click."

Call waiting is like that fly buzzing around the bedroom late at night, or

the proverbial pebble in the Reebok, or sand down the back of the bathing suit. Not really a big deal, but it is annoying. Conversations repeatedly interrupted by the insidious clicking, like viper's jaws, of call waiting become exercises in frustration, especially for the person who must spend a quarter of the conversation on hold. Or, worse, the person who is told, "I gotta go, that was Bobbie-Sue, I really gotta talk to her." Blown off, in a big way.

Call waiting can cause financial headaches as well as mental ones. Bonnie calls from Hawaii to Bill in Chapel Hill. Bobbie-Sue calls Bill, and Bill switches over to answer her call. Bonnie is now paying long-distance rates while Bill and Bobbie-Sue greet each other on the other line.

Call waiting isn't even necessary. If someone calls and gets a busy signal, they'll try back a little later. They know someone's there; they'll get through eventually.

The solution: Boycott. The next time someone tries putting you on hold, ask them to call you back and hang up. The message will become clear.

And furthermore, (click-click) Sorry, gotta go. — B.McC.

**The Daily Tar Heel**

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## Readers' Forum

### Rules no cure for academic apathy

To the editor:

While I agree with many of the ideas Dr. Paul Brandes has for curing UNC of its mediocrity ("UNC: the old mediocrity shoppe," March 25), I was taken aback by some of the more drastic measures he proposed. Brandes suggests that professors should be permitted to drop from the roll any student who misses more than eight periods a semester, barring physical illness.

Whoa. I thought I left high school behind. There, students are practically forced to get an education, with all kinds of punitive measures built in to insure it. Those measures include detention hall for misbehavior, hall passes on exciting treks to the bathroom and mandatory attendance. Supposedly, we are adults when we choose to enter a university. Not only that, but we are paying for the opportunity. If a student decides not to attend class regularly, that is his or her option, albeit unwise. I seriously doubt that a student would be able to make a shining showing if he or she opted to skip a significant percent of classroom activities. If he or she could pull an A or a B given those circumstances, the fault probably resides with the professor. Maybe the professor is exceedingly boring without saying anything worthwhile. Maybe she

follows the book or class notes exactly, without any creative interpretation. Maybe he leaves no opportunities for questions or discussion with his students. All of these could be reasons that a student believes his or her time sleeping, reading, or exercising is better spent than an hour and 15 minutes of "old windbag." Ultimately, the decision about attendance should be solely the student's, although professors should have (and do) the right to figure class participation, including just being there, as part of the grade.

Also, I take offense at the next suggestion for upgrading the caliber of learning at UNC. Brandes suggests that a student's records be reviewed at the end of the sophomore year, with all those who "lack promise" getting the big heave-ho. I would like to know exactly what in a student's record constitutes "promise" and who will decide this. I inferred from his article that Brandes was referring to academic excellence. OK, so what does that mean? Making Dean's List every semester? Having a minimum of D's? Taking the hardest courses offered by the Physics Department and "doing all right?" Or what about students who may be holding their own academically,

or perhaps even floundering a bit, but have proven themselves in campus politics, protests or publications? Do these students "lack promise?"

College is all about having fun and learning about relating to people as well as training your mind in scholarly endeavors. Sometimes we students have a difficult time balancing all the different aspects that make a full education, and yes, sometimes our grades suffer. I do not think that this justifies putting our records on subjective trial and perhaps being told that we just didn't cut it (whereby thousands of dollars and two years of our life are proverbially down the drain). The University does have standards for its students to maintain. The rest is up to us. We can choose to have a mediocre four years, or we can shape a college career of excellence.

I appreciate the concern and intensity of Brandes' column. I hope he channels it into vigorous teaching and encouragement, instead of trying to mandate regulations that force students to want it.

DAWN WILLIAMS  
 Sophomore  
 American Studies

### Practice what you preach

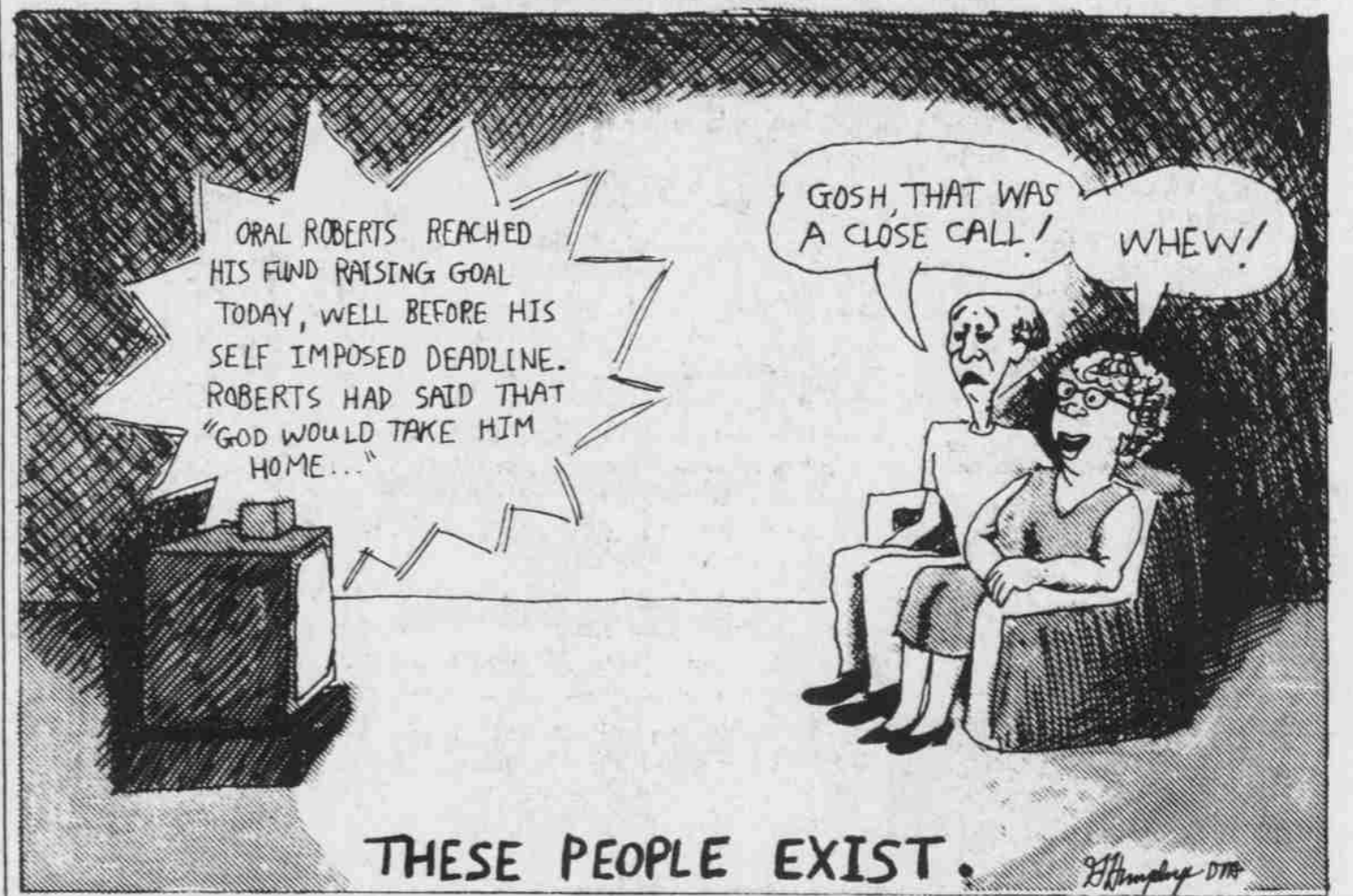
To the editor:

Certainly it is an appropriate time to examine a part of our culture which is mysteriously disturbing and aggravating to people like myself. I'm talking, of course, about TV evangelism. Jim Bakker, glorified evangelist and leader of Heritage U.S.A. in South Carolina, has resigned from being head honcho of God's empire as a result of supposedly accepting a bribe for a past sexual encounter with his secretary. Or, as he so changed his story one week later, he resigned to avoid a "hostile" takeover of Heritage in the very near future by another evangelical zealot.

Elsewhere across the nation, Oral Roberts threatened to starve himself if he did not raise \$8 million from fellow worshippers. Lucky for Oral, some Florida dog racer put him over the top with a million dollar check. These overwrought con men have made their fortunes and built their empires by exploiting the hopes and fears of their followers, promising good health, peace of mind and salvation, leaving some poor people broke in the meantime.

It is very pleasing for me to watch Jim Bakker in this fix, although I am sorry to see the elderly Floridian duped by such a super salesman as Oral Roberts, who swindles believers by putting on grandiose displays of devil infection while speaking in tongues on television. Granted, these are not your average travelling carnival evangelists who pass top hats around sparse crowds of weekend sinners in any rural town. Instead, these are top-of-the-line con men, mighty good at conjuring a feeling of good service out of their followers (Bakker has thousands right here in North Carolina).

In my opinion, these men represent the decay of our culture in every realm. Through the practice of hoodwink and energetic theatrics, guys like Bakker, Roberts, and Jimmy Swaggert represent a paradox. For they lack the very Christian



THESE PEOPLE EXIST.

virtues which they preach to crowded congregations every Sunday. Bakker resides in a plush Spanish-style mansion with many watchmen and a high-tech security system. Swaggert, too, is known for his extravagance.

Surely, the words of Woody Allen's Frederick in "Hannah and Her Sisters" best sum up the situation: "If Jesus were to return and see what was being done in his name, he'd never stop throwing up."

BILL SPRUILL  
 Sophomore  
 English/German

STEVEN H. LEVIN  
 Sophomore  
 International Studies

### Smith does it best

To the editor:

I have a few questions for Everette Mills ("On second thought, Dean Smith not so bad," March 24). What do you know about coaching? About motivation? Don't you think that it takes just a little bit of ability in those areas to achieve a 30-win season? Is Dean Smith lacking or deficient because he has more than 600 wins, more consecutive NCAA Tournament berths than any other coach in history, and so many 25-win seasons that it would take a computer to add them all up? Is Dean Smith less of a coach because he doesn't

scream, rant and rave at his players like some demented Coach Smith go ahead and throw in the towel after having led his team to 10 ACC Championships, an NIT, and an NCAA Championship?

I won't make the claim that you know nothing about basketball. I won't call you and shout obscenities. I will make the claim that you know nothing about coaching, and even less about people. If you don't think Smith motivates his players, why don't you ask them? On second thought, if you think you can do better, why don't you go apply for the job yourself? I'm sure that Tar Heel fans everywhere will be delighted to see you take over for a "has-been" like Dean Smith. Ah yes, I can just see it now . . . a statue of Dean next to John Wooden, and there you'd be, a little dog barking at Dean's feet, and the inscription on your collar: Here howls Coach Everette "Motivation" Mills, who single-handedly inspired UNC to can its top-notch basketball program in favor of a varsity dog-racing team.

MARK EMERY  
 Senior  
 RTVMP

### Fowler right to criticize

To the editor:

In response to the unfair criticism Scott Fowler has received for his accurate portrayal of a beaten team ("Heels left longing again," March 23), we feel a responsibility to come to his defense. To attack Fowler for his use of facts and figures in decrying the play of our team on Saturday is absurd at the very least. One cannot argue against statistics. For the past five years, the UNC bas-

## Pit preaching: style behind the art

They don't have the stunning looks or the cable-access (not to mention the dalliances) of Jim and Tammy, but hey, they're all UNC's got. Returning to UNC like the first robin of spring, Pit preachers are back to fill the spiritual void populated, they say, by godless fornicators, drunkards and homosexuals.

Freshly graduated from Pit Preacher School with a master of Pit Preach (P<sup>2</sup>) degree, they come to UNC ready to beat relentlessly at all of us. Of course, some do it better than others, and we at the Scrambled Eggs desk have endeavored to find out why:

■ It's all in the style, not necessarily the message. If it weren't a sunny day, UNC students would be home watching other heathens simulating deviant lifestyles on the soaps, not in the Pit scoping the opposite sex decked out in lust-inspiring springwear.

Quality P<sup>2</sup>s keep that in mind and make their pitch so loud it can't be ignored, or they make it as provocative as the soap operas that the Pit-sitters are foregoing. For example:

"Jeececa-zus did not die so you can run around here all night fueled by cheap beer, drugs and lust," he yells whilst bounding up and down the growing line of sun worshippers. *Hmmmm, just what is this guy about? This sounds interesting.*

"He did not die so you (he points to an individual) can parade around in those shorts exhibiting your buttocks." *This is getting good.*

### Scrambled eggs

"There's not a virgin in this whole sordid Sodom of scholastic sleaziness. AIDS is the answer to your indiscriminate bedhopping never caring with who, what or when you satisfy yourselves," he waves his hand to incorporate the whole crowd in this assessment. *What? Forget the cute one over there in the red, this guy is crazy.*

■ Body and facial movements are key. It's important for those who aren't listening to at least notice the P<sup>2</sup>s' act. If that means they have to jump and contort as if they're dancing on a stove, so be it.

■ Also, it helps to be blind.

■ The P<sup>2</sup>s, if effective, don't get very far before some barefoot heathen, usually wearing a bandana, jumps up to argue some fine point of theology, usually prefaced with, "You're a Nazi!" Obscenities aren't known to deter quality P<sup>2</sup>s; snappy comebacks are the norm.

"I'd expect that from a godless homo like yourself," they'll say, before the whole thing degenerates into an anarchistic cacophony of expletives and flying spit.

■ Saturday, RDU Airport The North Carolina Tar Heels returned Saturday. They

had reached the Eastern regionals in the NCAA Tournament — one of eight teams in the country to reach the regional semifinals. Undeclared in conference play they played in the ACC championship after winning 27-2 during the regular season. They also spent most of the season ranked as the first or second team in the nation.

Six fans met them at the airport. Don't you feel like a slug?

■ **Campus Wildlife Watch continues** Alarmingly little rodent action this past week . . . the best we could find . . . three chipmunks were spotted playing joyously on the Morehead Planetarium sundial Thursday night . . . two were near the "3," and one was close to the "6" . . . chipmunk time was 3:30 . . . Campus Wildlife Watch continues . . . watch this space . . .

■ **Congratulations are in order for the campus' white-flowered trees.** They were the first to come out with the spring's new line of blooms. Take them out for a beer.

■ **Graffiti o' the week award goes to:** Murphy first floor men's room. "Grown-ups are people who've become redundant Sid Vicious."

Grant Parsons and Jo Fleischer dedicate this week's eggs to the six people who greeted the Tar Heels at the airport.