

The Daily Tar Heel

95th year of editorial freedom

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Tackling a segregated campus

There are 16 sororities at UNC. At none of them do blacks and whites call each other sister. The fraternity situation is hardly better. Of more than 1,500 members, only a handful of black brothers belong to white fraternities. There is one white in a black fraternity.

board opinion

Fraternities and sororities are an easily defined segment of college society, and their lack of integration represents the social travesty on the campus as a whole. Take a look around the Pit, at the tables in Chase and Lenoir, at the movies and parties during the weekend. When it comes to casual interaction, let alone friendship, racial distinctions still exist.

This is not the case everywhere, nor with everyone. But it is still there. Much of it is due to self-segregation on both sides. Sadly, there are hardships involved when it comes to integrating groups such as fraternities and sororities. It would be difficult to be the first and only white or black in a group dominated by the other race.

Junior Chris Mumford has founded a group designed to raise awareness of racial issues among UNC students. The group will not hold radical demonstrations. There will be no chains or shacks. Instead, discussion and involvement is the key. As Mum-

ford said, "We want to convince rather than force change."

First on the group's agenda is a forum on the Greek situation. The event will feature a question-and-answer session on self-segregation within the Greek system. It is a worthwhile idea. Greeks can help change attitudes of the college as a whole when it comes to social ideas.

Historically, integrating the races in terms of personal relationships has been the most difficult of all forms of integration. Indeed, it has really yet to happen, especially in the South. Crossing racial boundaries will not be easy for the Greek system. But the integration of fraternities would be a step toward building mutual respect among whites and blacks in society.

Yet social integration should not rely on fraternities and sororities. The Greek system only represents a visible, organized body that has been dragging its heels. If campus racism is to end, there will have to be changes in other areas. Mumford realizes this, and plans at least two other events this year: a debate on campus living arrangements and a panel discussion on preferential treatment by race.

There has been protest against racism on campus, in very general terms. Most students agree that the campus is segregated. Mumford offers a more specific course to a solution.

Put political humor in its place

The comic strip occupies a curious position in the hierarchy of political commentary. Editorial cartoons have been a perennial fixture in that hierarchy, and some might argue that they have in fact become the preeminent means of satire. But the comic strip remains a vehicle for humor.



similar decision about Wednesday's strip, in which Milo uses the word "sucks" while correcting Opus' attempt to duplicate the epithet of his replacement.

The censorship of the strip is obviously deplorable, and should be condemned. The more interesting question, though, is whether Breathed should be allowed to make commentary of this sort in a series printed on the comics page. It is the cartoonists' prerogative to comment on that which he finds interesting, without regulations or bounds. All comic strips in some sense involve social commentary, and the step from social to political criticism is a small one.

The ideal solution would be to begin printing "Bloom County" on the editorial page along with "Doonesbury." Breathed won the Pulitzer Prize for editorial cartooning in April, a clear recognition that he is working within that genre. And while Milo and Opus may not yet have the same authority as Mike and Zonker, Breathed's strip has freed itself of its earlier limitations and flourished as a work of satire. As such, it belongs next to the columns of George Will and the cartoons of Pat Oliphant. — James Surowiecki

non sequitur

Of streams and rivers, and of youth

There is something almost mystic about trout fishing. You wade into a slow-moving river, the water cold against your thighs, and flick the fly rod so that the fly just dances on the surface of the water, and wait for the trout to rise to the bait, wait for it to take the bait. Let the early-morning mist rise off the river as the sun fragments through the pines, warming you even as you feel the air chill against your skin.

It's as if it doesn't even matter if the trout strikes. What matters is the moment, the experience. This isn't opening day on one of the big New York or Pennsylvania rivers, when fishermen crowd each other and tangle their lines and growl in anger at the presence of so many. This is a late spring day on a Connecticut or a Michigan stream. Alone in the woods, you are pure with the wilderness, free of what was and embracing what is. This is that same sort of day, in the same sort of place, with your father as he shows you how to tie a fly, how to tie it so the fly will land well and seduce the trout.

It's Big Two-Hearted River, a place you

can flee to and be reborn, a place where you are blessed because you are there. On the river, purposes are clear, and motivations are clean. There is no fear, at least none you are afraid of feeling. The burned-out emotions of the world you know vanish.

And if it really doesn't matter if the trout strikes, when it does everything suddenly makes sense. Maybe then is the moment of revelation, when you lose yourself in the ecstasy of that steady pull of the line and feel the trout flee and you let the line out and wait for him to tire, like you know he will. And even if you don't think about it until later, when the trout strikes faith returns. You know that something is pure, that something can be right.

When you have that knowledge, even only for a moment, you keep returning to it, keep wanting to find it again. Trout fishing is the domain of the young, but only in the sense that trout fishing is the domain of the innocent. It restores the wasteland and cleanses the heart, and once you have battled the trout, nothing is quite the same again.

Readers' Forum

Gays and lesbians deserve freedom

Dannielle Landry
 Guest Writer

There have been many letters to The Daily Tar Heel lately about CGLA funding. No other group's funding is being questioned. Why is the CGLA being singled out? Is it because of hatred?

I look back at my childhood and see the hate that surrounded the adults in my life. It is still alive today but in new ways. Maybe people should take a closer look at the hard-fought rights that blacks won in the 1960s and the 1970s and are still fighting for today. It was not so long ago.

I remember growing up in an all-white trailer park. Blacks were not allowed to walk the streets or visit their white friends. I remember being in the park office and seeing the manager pick up his shotgun and load it. He received a telephone call that a "nigger" was in the park. He was going hunting for the man and said he was going "to kill himself a nigger." I'll never forget that day or the fear I had for the black man's life. I wanted to run out and try to find the man to warn him, but my mother had a firm grasp on me. She wouldn't let me go; she said the man deserved to get what was coming to him.

I ask, what does a man deserve for walking on a street in free America? Death? What do two gay men or two lesbians deserve for holding hands or kissing on a street corner in free America? Are we not all created equal? Do we not all have the same rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

I was one of the 200,000 people who marched on Washington last month. The crowd was so large that I had to wait four hours after the march began before those around me even began to move. I missed the entire rally at the end of the march,

but that was OK. I had come to our nation's capital to march for my freedom and say, "I am a gay person and I will not be silenced."

I marched before everyone's eyes to demand my freedom as an American citizen. I have broken no laws. Why should I not be given the same rights that others take for granted? Many would argue that I deserve no rights because they consider the way I choose to love immoral. Am I not a human being? If so, then I demand the right to be treated as such. Do I not even have the right to exist? Who on this earth has the power to deny my existence? God is my only and final judge. I answer only to Him.

On that day in Washington, while waiting to march, I turned on my radio to try to listen to the rally. It was not broadcast. Why would a city ignore 200,000 people? Was it fear?

I heard no mention of the rally, but I heard something else that stirred me very much. A public station was broadcasting some of Martin Luther King's speeches that he gave before and at the 1963 march on Washington for civil rights. King said that the march was for social change and the "advancement of justice, freedom and human dignity." He said that America had defaulted on its promissory note to guarantee all men the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Ironically, 24 years later, the fight is still raging on. These rights are inalienable, he said. The only thing lesbians, gays and all other minorities ask for is that their rights not be taken away.

I remember a Langston Hughes poem I love dearly. It is entitled "Let America Be America Again." Hughes speaks for all minorities:

"Let it be the dream it used to be . . . It never was America to me . . . There's never been equality for me, Nor freedom in this 'homeland of the free'"

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,

I am the redman driven from the land. I am the refugee clutching to the hope I seek . . .

I am the Negro, "problem" to you all . . .

O, let America be America again — The land that never has been yet And yet must be — The land where every man is free . . .

O, yes I say it plain, America never was America to me, And yet I swear this oath — America will be!"

America is still not America. She has not fulfilled our dream. I will fight until my death against bigotry, discrimination and ignorance until America is America again. We are fighting for our lives and all we ask is to be treated the same as everyone else.

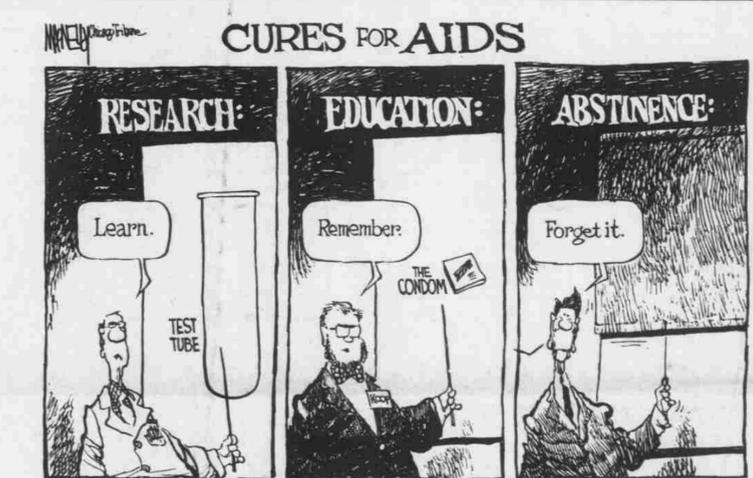
Dannielle Landry is a junior physics major from Chapel Hill.

Graduates seek equal voice

To the editor: The Nov. 9 editorial, "Share shorter lines, higher fees," about graduate students' opposition to paying for the telephonic registration system was the most insensitive and illogical that I have ever read.

Graduate students foot 30 percent of student fees, but we by no means receive 30 percent of the benefits from them. Case in point: the Carolina Athletic Association, which received nearly \$9,000 in student fees for such functions as "Blue Blitz," about which graduate students care little, if anything. This same CAA, meanwhile, has apparently been too busy to respond to requests from graduate students simply to establish a user-funded child care center at the Woollen-Fetzer gym complex so that student mothers could actually avail themselves of facilities they are already paying for. The list of such examples could go on for pages, but space does not permit.

The Graduate and Professional Student Federation was founded some 15 years ago because of just such concerns. Graduate students were so disgruntled at that time that they tried to form their own student government, and the GPSF was the compromise result. It is interesting to note that undergrads who may be annoyed that \$19,500 per year goes to the GPSF pay not one penny of that sum, as it comes solely from graduate student fees as specified in the constitution.



The bottom line: We seek not favoritism in this matter of telephonic registration, but fairness. No one can truthfully assert that the welfare of graduate students will be augmented by half as much as that of undergrads in implementing this system.

CURTIS SMALL
 Graduate Biochemistry

Let's fumigate the library

To the editor: One of the privileges of writing an honors thesis is having access to a library carrel. Having one's materials close at hand greatly facilitates the research process, and it is convenient to store safely notes,

books, computer disks, etc., in the locker on the carrel.

Unfortunately, I have found that I am unable to enjoy this privilege, since all the honors carrels are located on the smoking lounge side of the library. Every time I approach my carrel, a cloud of cigarette smoke awaits me.

I am not a chemist and thus am unable to prove conclusively that smoke is damaging to printed materials. My guess is that it is, based merely on the evidence that all the books in my carrel reek worse than a month-old ashtray. Will it take a fire to convince the library that smoking threatens its valuable collection? Will it take a hundred more cases of lung cancer and emphysema in non-smokers before public institutions stop exposing the vast majority of the public to

this health threat?

I, too, lament the fact that the most scenic spots in the library are granted to the small minority of smokers. But more than that, I resent having to place my health on the line to take full advantage of the library's facilities. If we must have smoking lounges in the library, then let's at least put doors on the lounges to prevent any of that precious smoke from escaping — this could even save the smokers money, since they'll get more tar, nicotine and carbon monoxide per puff.

Better yet, let's ban smoking in Davis altogether.

MATTHEW TIEDEMANN
 Senior Russian Studies

When the left drinks with the right

This is what happened: Undaunted by the afternoon's loss to Clemson, Ginger, Michelle and I wandered down Franklin Street in search of a suitable watering hole. Our stadium drink buzz had worn off, and the little Jim Beam still left in our bloodstreams was crying out for reinforcement.

Franklin Street was filled to capacity. Little clusters of orange-shirted Clemson fans huddled together for protection. Three of them asked us where to go to get a beer and hang out. Stifling an impulse to send them into deepest Carboro, we told them to try Four Corners.

We never found out if they got in. The line there was ridiculous and so we moved on, past Henderson Street (also a line) and finally to Bub's, where we walked right in and sat down in a mysteriously deserted corner booth.

"A pitcher!" we cried, and \$3 later we had one. "Quarters!" Ginger cried, and the game was on.

But not so fast. Two guys who had sat in front of us at the game drifted through the crowd, and we flagged them down. We had spoken to them briefly when their third comrade had drunkenly wielded his pompon like a machete, flinging it back into Ginger's face. I had informed him he was in no condition to operate a pompon and had taken it, making myself a new enemy. After the game we had seen him curled up by the men's room in a puddle of drool.

The tall guy with glasses introduced himself as Keith; the short dark one, as John. And now the quarters game was on.

Brian McCuskey
 Editorial Writer

Ginger had clearly sold her soul to the devil to become a master of the game, and bounced five straight quarters into the cup. She instituted rule one: No Sliding, of quarters, cups, anything. Michelle was less demonic and missed her first attempt. Quarters was a semi-professional sport at my high school in Los Angeles, and so I scored five straight for rule two: The Cup Must Not Touch The Lips.

I hit one more time and pointed to John. He carefully tilted his cup and nearly spilled beer down the front of his shirt. At this time he and Keith realized that they had been hustled and were in for a long night of it.

Or so it seemed. Now, we were having a great time, telling stories, laughing, drinking, just five people hanging out and having some fun. Then, politics reared its scaly head. And worse.

Keith and John revealed they were living in Washington and working on Jack Kemp's campaign. Ginger, Michelle and I shivered with liberal revulsion. Then, Keith pulled a recent copy of The Phoenix from his jacket. "This'll explain who I am," he said, pointing at a letter to the editor.

The letter was from none other than Keith Poston, ex-president of Students For America, the same Keith Poston whom I had battled on the back page of The Daily Tar Heel most of last semester for his anti-CGLA efforts, Berlin Wall building and

general extremist right-wing attitudes. "You're Keith Poston," I exclaimed. He grinned and nodded.

I was speechless with surprise. Ginger was not, and started arguing politics and economics with him. John and Michelle, not being UNC students, were understandably confused by our sudden hostility. "Do you know who I am?" I asked Keith. He shook his head. I told him my last name.

His eyebrows went up. "The left-wing editorial writer? The one who cut down Kemp last semester?" It was my turn to grin and nod.

The arguing got more and more intense. On the surface it was relatively friendly, but I could not stifle my distaste for some of Keith's beliefs. Nor could Ginger — he handed her his business card, which had a Bible and an American flag on it, and she dunked it into her beer.

The fun was over. We said our barbed goodbyes and left.

There's something to be said for superficiality. As long as our identities were buried safely in the quarters game, we could have a good time together. Once we discovered that we were old enemies on the ideological battlefield, the good time faded away. Had I known the tall guy with glasses was Keith Poston, I would have been more likely to toss beer on him than toss it back with him.

Superficiality greased the wheels, for a little while. But in the end, we shouldn't have tried mixing beer and ideology.

Brian McCuskey is a junior English major from Los Angeles.