

The Daily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

JEAN LUTES, Editor

KATHY PETERS, Managing Editor

KAREN BELL, News Editor

MATT BIVENS, Associate Editor

KIMBERLY EDENS, University Editor

SHARON KEBSCHULL, State and National Editor

MIKE BERARDINO, Sports Editor

KELLY RHODES, Arts Editor

MANDY SPENCE, Design Editor

JON RUST, Managing Editor

KAARIN TISUE, News Editor

AMY HAMILTON, Associate Editor

KRISTEN GARDNER, University Editor

WILL LINGO, City Editor

LEIGH ANN McDONALD, Features Editor

CATHY McHUGH, Omnibus Editor

DAVID MINTON, Photography Editor

Give peace a chance in Israel

Ideological and political differences have divided Jews and Palestinians for centuries. But in the last 40 years, Israel and the Arab world have broken into armed conflict several times. On one of these occasions, the 1967 Six Days War, Israel began its occupation of the previously Arab-controlled areas of the Gaza Strip and the West Bank.

Today, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir begins his first full day of meetings with U.S. government officials to discuss Israel's policies toward the Palestinians in those territories. The talks follow months of violent protests by Palestinians in the occupied territories. They will probably focus on a U.S. peace proposal that Secretary of State George Shultz outlined last week during a visit with Shamir in Israel — a proposal Shamir has flatly rejected.

The U.S. peace proposal is based on the concept of "land for peace." It creates a timetable by which specific goals must be addressed. The plan calls for temporary, limited autonomy for the Palestinians in the occupied areas and an international council to preside over Israeli-Arab/Palestinian negotiations. It places the responsibility for a permanent solution in the hands of those directly involved.

And as the Palestinian population, now 1.5 million, continues to increase, the refugee problem will cause further bloodshed and revolution. Schultz has

described the situation as a "ticking demographic time bomb."

Several points must be secured before any negotiations begin. The safety of Israel must be maintained; and autonomy must come to the Palestinians. Yasser Arafat, the leader of the Palestinian Liberation Organization, has stated his support of UN resolutions 242 and 338, which affirm Israel's right to exist while calling for Palestinian self-determination.

For its part, the United States has decided to negotiate with the Palestinians, provided that they are part of a joint delegation with Jordan. Arafat demands a separate Palestinian delegation, but this can be worked out in negotiations.

Now, it is up to Israel. Thirty of Israel's staunchest supporters in the U.S. Senate have called upon Shamir to accept the Shultz peace plan. Shimon Peres, Israel's foreign affairs minister and labor party leader, has accepted the peace plan.

Past wrongs and injustices continue to be used as justification for unyielding mind-sets. While excuses cannot be made for the past, refusing a chance for a safer future is foolish. The Shultz plan offers something for everyone and requires something from everyone. It is not a resolution to the Palestinian question — but it can be an impetus for lasting peace. — **Stuart Hathaway**

Artists' rights vs. public opinion

In the United States, when John Q. Public buys a new suit, it becomes his property. He can wear an ugly tie with it, even though the "effect" of the suit would be ruined. He can wear it whenever and wherever he wants — to a board meeting, a baseball game or a mud wrestling match. And when the suit is no longer in style, he can hang it in his closet.

But this you-buy-it-it's-yours approach disgruntles many artists. In recent years, artists have fought to obtain a degree of control over works they have sold to others.

Artists should be protected from those who wish to change their creations. Tampering with a work of art can change its meaning or message, possibly misrepresenting the artist whose name is associated with it.

Examples of this tampering are not uncommon. Michael Jackson acquired the rights to all Beatles songs, and then allowed them to be used in ad jingles, disgusting fans who believed that such commercialization cheapened the Beatles' music. The colorization of old black and white movies was also upsetting to many: movie buffs used to reminiscing over classic Bogart flicks suddenly found their memories modernized for the McDonald's generation.

Sometimes the tampering is more subtle. Alterations in a painting's

frame, lighting and positioning can affect its impact. Furthermore, certain works are site-specific — designed with definite surroundings in mind — so that they lose their effectiveness when moved from those surroundings.

An example of a site-specific sculpture is Richard Serra's "Tilted Arc." Serra was paid \$175,000 to construct the sculpture, a 120-foot long, 12-foot high steel wall that runs across a plaza in front of a New York office building. Influenced by public complaints, the purchasers now want to remove the tilted wall. But Serra, arguing that moving "Tilted Arc" is the same as wrecking it, has taken his battle to the courts. Defeated once, he continues to appeal.

Serra and artists like him have a valid concern. Unfortunately, their works occupy space that doesn't belong to them — thus, they have no right to require that their works never be moved. Public opinion must determine whether a work is worthy of eternal praise — not the artist himself, who is a far from objective critic.

Congress members are now considering several bills that would establish artists' rights. If they pass such a bill, they should draw a line between the rights of artists and the rights of the public. With luck, the two will rarely clash; but when they do, the public must come first. — **Matt Bivens**

Clip-n-Save

Faster than a speeding bullet! More powerful than a locomotive! Able to leap tall buildings in a single bound! Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Superman! And he's 50 years old.

Spawned in the mind of creator Jerry Siegel, Superman came to life as the ultimate American hero — the righteous defender of truth, justice and the American way. When he was created way back in the 1930s, Superman was the quintessence of the ideal superhero for America. He was a male with steely blue eyes and black hair, heavily muscled, every woman's dream man, very moral (his strongest expletive was "Great Scott!"), idealistic, eager to help people in need and the ultimate optimist.

The Superman of today is much different from the Superman of the 1930s. He's been redesigned to be hip, now, with it, '80s. (His circulation slumped. DC Comics felt they had to do something. Can't lose money, now, can we?) Now, Superman works out with weights, wears round glasses and combs his hair straight back. He's having a passionate affair with Wonder Woman, and Lois Lane is dating Lex Luthor. Says Superman's redesigner, Jon Byrne, "We knew we were going to offend some people, but the modern audience now wants a superhero who grunts, sweats and goes to the bathroom."

Well, Superman was fine the way he was. Who wants to watch a superhero go to the bathroom? Imagine: "Tune in next week when Superman urinates."

People like Byrne would have us believe that Superman should be an ethnic, liberal Republican with a mistress who likes Sylvester Stallone movies and uses condoms to promote super-safe sex. Or maybe he should be a woman, who chose not to marry after finding herself pregnant and now lives as a single parent. She juggles career and lovers, watches "thirtysomething" and enjoys microwave popcorn and White Zinfandel between protests for gay rights and divestment.

It's not that these occupations aren't good. They're just not Superman.

And what about the American way? The American way of the '30s was vastly different from the American way of the 1980s. Today we are barraged with news of cocaine dealers, insider trading, sex scandals involving religious leaders and the AIDS epidemic. How can Superman defend that?

Sure, he's a little corny, but he's Superman. He's perfect. He doesn't need to change to keep up with the '80s; he's ahead of us already — even if he can't fly faster than a superconductor and isn't stronger than an MX missile.

Wandering on the sand in la-la land

Brian McCuskey

In the Funhouse

Flesh everywhere, the pale jiggling flesh of rollerskaters just out of hibernation, the brown leathery flesh of forgotten Hollywood starlets, the sleek varnished flesh of flexing body-builders. Wandering down the Venice Beach bike path, I passed harried mothers smearing Coppertone over their tiny red infants, withered old men playing chess on splintered benches, tanned surfers with too-blond hair scoping the bikinis.

And music! Dozens of Bob Dylan clones rasped out butchered versions of "Blowin' in the Wind," breathing through harmonicas tangled up in their beards. Impromptu reggae bands formed and disappeared — a few bongos, a steel-string guitar, a brief but passionate backing vocal, drumsticks beating on the back of a bench. Ghetto blasters blared out Motorhead and Madonna. And the occasional sunbather stretched out, humming to himself.

I breathed in the sweet smell of coconut oil and sweat. An old woman wearing a heavy black robe motioned to me. She sat at a small table with a handwritten sign — "Tarot Card Reading, Your True Nature Revealed."

"A dollar, boy, for the future, just a dollar," she hissed.

"Is that a come-on or a threat?" I asked, pointing to the sign.

"Your future, boy, whatever you want to know. Maybe the girl of your dreams?" She pulled a deck of large faded cards from her robe and spread them on the table.

"Ah, no, that'd ruin the surprise. Thanks anyway." She began muttering over the cards and I walked away, sidestepping a little kid racing by on a skateboard. He held a sno-cone in one hand, and with the other gave me the finger. Sighing, I looked out over the glittering ocean; a jet flew low over the horizon, etching a white exhaust trail across the blue enamel sky.

"You limping, man?" A small man with skin like tree bark smiled from his chair on the sand. "You wanna feel better?" The sign at his feet read "Acupuncture — Free." He tapped a long needle against his forehead.

"You've got to be kidding," I said. "Does anyone actually let you —"

"Sure, man, lots. You got a backache? Headache? Or just want your attitude elevated?"

"My attitude what?"

"Feel better, man, anywhere you want."

He held out the needle, sunlight flashing off the point.

"Thanks, I'll stick to Tylenol," I said, backing away.

"You'll never know how good it can get."

"No doubt," I said.

A dark skeleton of a man sat at an ancient upright piano wheeled onto the bike path. His fingers skated over the chipped ivory keys, picking out an old ragtime tune. A sign was pasted to a large glass jar half-full of change — "Requests 50¢." I dropped in two quarters and asked for the Peacherine Rag; he bowed his head solemnly and began to play.

I sat in the sand next to a grey-bearded man covered with loops and loops of colored plastic beads, hundreds of them. Wisps of grey hair curled out of his ears. An umbrella stood upright in the sand beside him.

"Good choice, my friend," he said. His teeth were the color of damp sand. I nodded thanks.

"Lemme ask you something, do you like

Reagan?" he said.

"Well . . . no."

He smiled. "Good. What about oral sex?"

"What?"

"Do you like it? No, wait, sit down. Just answer."

"Well, yes."

"I knew it! My theory works. The more you like oral sex, the less you like Reagan. I ask people the nosiest questions, so I know. Who d'you want to see elected president?"

"I don't know," I said. "I don't really like any of them. But I haven't given it a lot of thought."

He stared at the sand, head cocked toward me, listening to the music. His pale blue eyes bulged out slightly, as if something were pushing out from within. "You gotta be careful about them. The politicians. You know anything about inferential statistics?" I didn't. "Well, you don't like rattlesnakes, do you? But you never been bit by one, neither. You're taking someone else's word for the fact that you should stay away from them. No one else tells you different, so you believe and stay away from them. But who knows, maybe rattlesnakes are okay, see what I mean? Maybe they been lying all the time." I shrugged. He shook his head. "Just be careful of what they say, my friend. There are a lot of crazy people out there. Worse, some of them don't even know it."

He stood, sand falling off his clothes. "Thanks for the song," I nodded and watched him wander off across the beach, umbrella in one hand, wiping the sweat off his face with the other.

Brian McCuskey is a junior English major from Los Angeles.

Readers' Forum

Help STV reach more students

To the editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to express Student Television's sincere appreciation to all the students who helped pass the STV referendum.

With the proceeds of the new student fees, STV hopes to purchase new equipment, thus offering more students hands-on experience. This new equipment will also be used to create more video services for the students. Student Television is striving to be a leader in providing news and entertainment programming to UNC and Chapel Hill.

In order for your campus TV station to grow, we need the continued support of you and the administration. All students, whether they are on-campus or off-campus residents, should be entitled access to STV programming. This means that a cable broadcasting system should be provided to all dorms. STV needs your voice to make the administration realize the need for this campus cable system.

Currently the University has 49 buildings wired with the campus broadband telecommunications system, and 19 more buildings are scheduled for hook-up in the coming year. This broadband can provide students access to STV programming, as well as local and



national video services.

Please join with Student Television to help us reach our goal of an all-campus cable system. Let us know how we're doing and what you think we could do better. Without the students there would be no need for Student Television at the University of North Carolina.

Again, thank you for your support.

DON HARRIS
Station Manager
Student Television
Senior
RTMVP

Don't slam South Campus

To the editor:

As residents of Hinton James, we found Tuesday's comment "at least now we don't have to live in Hinton James" ("Some students win, some lose in University housing lottery," March 1) offensive. Many people call James home. We do not consider this a punishment, but rather a privilege. South Campus and Hinton James offer many unique living opportunities that one cannot appreciate if they have not been lucky enough to experience

them. We would appreciate it if those who know nothing about South Campus would refrain from making derogatory comments about our home.

EMILY THOMPSON
Junior
Business Administration

ROBIN KIMMELMAN
Senior
Political Science/International Studies

Letters policy

■ The DTH reserves the right to edit for clarity, vulgarity and disparity.

AIDS threat to women downplayed

Editor's note: This is the first of a series of four columns highlighting women's issues, being printed in conjunction with Women's Awareness Week at UNC.

Pippa Holloway

Guest Writer

An issue that affects all women is AIDS, one of the most terrifying diseases of our time. By looking at how AIDS has affected women in the first seven years of the epidemic, we can learn some important lessons for the future.

AIDS is still considered a white male disease, although women are contracting AIDS in record numbers. Eighty percent of the women diagnosed with AIDS are either black or Hispanic; blacks and Hispanics also make up 90 percent of the children with AIDS in the United States.

Imagine that you are a woman with a low income in New York City, and you think you have AIDS. First, how can you be tested to find out if you actually have the disease? Since the tests are often expensive, you probably cannot afford to be tested privately. But public testing facilities are crowded and may not ensure confidentiality.

And if you are tested and you confirm that you have AIDS, you probably do not have medical insurance, so you will have to rely on the incomprehensible Medicare/Medicaid bureaucracy. You probably do not have access to a support group; most support groups and counselors work with gay men, so you probably would feel out of place. Also, most government and private programs are not designed to accommodate the needs of pregnant AIDS victims.

Prostitutes are at a high risk for receiving and transmitting the AIDS virus. In Newark, 86 percent of the prostitutes test positive; in Miami, 56 percent carry the virus. The media report the dangers AIDS poses to gay men and drug users — but discussions of AIDS and prostitution usually focus on the risk of the male customer catching AIDS, not on the danger to the prostitute. Many men refuse to wear condoms during sex with prostitutes because they do not care if these women die of AIDS.

We must refuse to accept the way our society devalues these women. The lives of prostitutes are as important as the lives of anyone else in our society, and they deserve protection from AIDS.

Also, lesbians are affected by homophobia generated by AIDS, and often ignored by the mass media. The media depict the homosexual community as entirely composed of gay men, although it includes an equal number of gay women, or lesbians. When reporters write, "AIDS is often transmitted through homosexual sex," they are making a false statement. No cases of AIDS transmission through lesbian sex, which is homosexual sex between women, have been reported. People who preach that AIDS is a punishment from God should agree that lesbians must be the "chosen people" because they do not spread AIDS.

Also, heterosexual women suffer from reports that the dangers of AIDS to the heterosexual community are negligible. But consider how the disease was spread in Africa, where it probably originated. In Africa, AIDS was spread through the population by heterosexual intercourse. The number of women with AIDS in Africa is equal to the number of men. If we assume that the disease will spread here as it did in Africa, many heterosexual women are in danger of dying from AIDS.

Women have made some great contributions to the fight against AIDS. The private care facilities run for gay men and drug users are modeled after women's medical centers started in the 1960s. Encouraging individuals to take charge of their own health is an important part of the feminist movement. When the gay community mobilized to fight the spread of AIDS, many lesbians joined gay men in the struggle. In addition, lesbians have participated as "AIDS buddies" and have helped in education and support programs.

The effect of AIDS on women has been minimized in the media and by popular opinion. Despite our many differences, all women suffer when they are overlooked in the AIDS epidemic. During Women's Awareness Week, let's try to remember the struggle against AIDS and the work that still must be done. By acknowledging our differences as well as our similarities, we have tremendous potential to help ourselves and the rest of our society.

Pippa Holloway is a sophomore music and history major from Bethesda, Maryland.