

# The Daily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

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## UNC divestment: round two

Just when everyone thought it was safe to take up the fight against a new social injustice . . . Divestment II, the struggle continues. The divestment question has now become a matter of *method*.

In the last episode, a previously unresponsive UNC Endowment Board shocked the campus by announcing that UNC would divest its holdings in companies doing business directly with South Africa.

Last week, the Anti-Apartheid Support Group (AASG) and Action Against Apartheid (AAA) charged that UNC has not fully divested because the Board of Trustees used a criterion of divestment that only lists businesses doing direct business in South Africa.

BOT Chairman Robert Eubanks said the Endowment Board used the Investor Response Research Center's (IRRC) criteria to divest \$4 million from companies which deal *directly* in South Africa. That's what the BOT said it was going to do, and that's what was done, according to Eubanks. If any students have a problem with the divestment, he says the trustees are willing to discuss the matter with them.

No member of AAA or the AASG has met or contacted any member of the BOT since October, when the University announced plans to divest.

While informing the student body about the progress of UNC's divestiture is essential, members of the AASG and the AAA should talk to the trustees before making accusations. However, prejudging and second-

guessing by either side before meeting is counter-productive. BOT member S. Bobo Tanner was out of line when he dismissed the students' concerns over the BOT's divestment guidelines. He remarked that the student groups should "begin to think about the situation of minorities" at UNC. Tanner should take his own advice. His record on minorities at UNC and his position against divestment are notorious, and his closed mind is a poor example for students to follow.

Students should have been consulted in October, when the board decided which standards would be used for divestment. Now, students and BOT members should work together to change those criteria.

Members of AASG and AAA say that UNC still has more than \$3 million invested in 13 companies that have indirect dealings with South Africa through franchises and licensing agreements by which other companies sell their products.

The American Committee on Africa (ACA) sets the criteria on complete divestment which the University should follow, according to the student groups. They have a strong case. The ACA criteria is used by many other organizations, including the United Nations.

The students have valid criticisms of UNC's divestment guidelines — criticisms that the Endowment Board should address before claiming that it has truly divested. — **Stuart Hathaway**

## As if TV wasn't shallow enough

It's hip. It's fast-paced, clipped and succinct. It's been bought by 118 stations across the USA, and it'll blanket 84 percent of the country. It gives new meaning to the term "sound bite." It's the TV version of "USA Today."

Move over Dan Rather — the Cliff Notes of newspapers is headed for television, bumping the CBS Evening News out of its coveted 7 p.m. time slot in Washington, with the New York market soon to follow.

It seems so appropriate. The only newspaper that could ever rival "Entertainment Tonight" in lack of depth now has its own series. Even the "USA Today" drop box looks like a television — propped up on a pedestal, with a little dial that looks like it could be used to adjust the volume.

Billed as "television for the '90s" (the '80s have already become a has-been decade), this new syndicated show will debut in about five months. The USA Today TV show will scrape the surface of issues in four main areas: the USA (hard news), money, sports and life.

After a stressful, hurried day at work or class, Americans will be able to rush home, pop a frozen dinner in the microwave and sit down in front of the tube. Of course, there won't be much relaxing — with roughly 35 news stories vacuum-packed into 30 min-

utes, the unsuspecting viewer could emerge hyperactive and incoherent.

Much of the material for the show will be drawn from the print version of "USA Today" — slim pickings at best. With such a lineup, choosing between "Jeopardy" and "Win, Lose or Draw" immediately after the news could be the most strenuous thinking of the night.

Of course, viewers can bank on deep stories like this one from Monday's USA Today:

"An item about the only star who deserves to have his name in all uppercase, ELVIS PRESLEY! Former bodyguard Joe Esposito's video compilation of ELVIS home movies can't be distributed yet in the USA — Esposito is tied up in litigation with the Graceland estate — but the video is being shown today in London . . ." Whoa! Better go grab a copy of the Washington Post, and see what David Broder thinks about this.

"USA Today" has never claimed to be an authoritative source of news, billing itself as a supplement to other papers. But the sad fact is that most people who read "USA Today" feel informed, when all they've done is scan a laundry list of world issues or grab a few headlines. And, while TV news has always been shallow, the trend of style over substance — made famous by "USA Today" — is worrisome. — **Matt Bivens**

### Clip-n-Save

I didn't go to Springfest this year. I wanted to, and had planned on going, but as last week came to an end, I began to recall my other Springfest outings.

First of all, I always get hit in the head by a Frisbee — *always*. The first time (I was hit 12 times last year) I throw it back and laugh it off. The fifth time, I hurl it in the opposite direction, muttering obscenities. By the 10th time, I've developed a slight concussion and can easily be convinced that I'm Gandhi. Besides that, I always step on someone. I step on their arms and legs, their food and anything else on their blankets. My freshman year, I mangled some guy's foot and later got my leg caught in a cooler, which only the fire department was able to remove.

Of course, with Springfest there is alcohol. I hold a strong fear of having alcohol in me and being in a crowd of scantily-clad women. Luckily, this fear hasn't turned into an unpleasant situation yet, but that could be just a matter of time.

What really ruins the day for me is losing the people I came with. Taking safe measures last year, I arrived in a group

of 52. But by the band's second set, they had all found more friends and other interesting outlets to explore. There's nothing worse than being the Springfest loner. If this happens to you, never sit idle. You must always create the appearance that you are looking for someone, so make your rounds (stopping to rest could draw attention to yourself). Last year, I went on the same course 30 laps before I realized I was wearing a path.

While there seems to be two groups at Springfest, I don't naturally blend in with either. The first is the 98-pound group who agree to take their shirts off at the same time to reduce individual phobias. The second is made up of Arnold Schwarzenegger types who curl sophomores and drama majors as you walk by (incidentally, I tend to categorize myself in the second group).

So after reviewing my success at past Springfests, I thought it would be better to stay away. But if I go next year, I'll be easy to spot. I'll be the one wearing a helmet and slippers, leading a tour of Yugoslavians. — **David Rowell**

## Parents Weekend partying with Dad

**Brian McCuskey**  
 In the Funhouse

I was a little late picking up my father from the airport on Saturday night, and finally found him in the baggage claim area, suitcase already in hand. He looked younger than I expected, as he always does after I haven't seen him for several weeks, or months. Somehow I think he'll hobble off the airplane, his hair suddenly grey, with a huge brass car trumpet firmly wedged in place.

But he was looking good, tall and tanned, in a tweed jacket and too-blue jeans. On the way home he pulled a brochure from his jacket.

"You know what this weekend is?" he asked.

"No, dad."  
 "It's Carolina Parents Weekend!" he said.

I glanced over the brochure. Lots of dinners and receptions and lectures. With some amusement, I noticed that while the movie "The Princess Bride" was listed as an activity at the Union, "Prick Up Your Ears" (about a murdered gay playwright) and "Life of Brian" (a somewhat malicious spoof of Christianity) were not. Someone was doing some careful cinematic censoring.

"We've got other plans," I said.

We ate dinner at Mariakakis with three friends of mine. And, I suppose it was inevitable, I should have expected it — the childhood stories began. My friends leaned forward gleefully, listening to the story of how a six-year-old Brian had lobbed a baseball at his unaware father's head and shouted "Dad!" moments before impact. Or, the time I had smashed a fellow fifth-grader's face into the playground asphalt for stealing my precious glasses. I guess I got off easy this time — at least the tale about my innocent experimentations with the artistic possibilities of excrement didn't

surface.  
 Back in my room, the five of us talked about Chapel Hill and UNC and what we'd been doing. My father called my mother, who was very jealous not to be with us. She did talk to everyone in the room. One friend of mine held a photo of my mother while speaking with her on the phone, for a crude sort of lip-syncing effect.

We decided to pass up the Army Field Band and Chorus suggested in the brochure, and go instead to a party at Bolinwood apartments. In the Fastfare on the way, I hesitated in front of the beer case.

"How about Molsen Golden?" my father said.

I grinned. "I like having you in town, Dad." The last time he visited we had stayed up late drinking Molsen and talking. I had drunk four before Dad had finished his first. The final count was ten to two. I vaguely remember confessing some dark secret — but I don't know which one.

The party was a small one. Dad and I sat in one corner and I gossiped about various people at the party, and some not at the party. There was an enormous buildup for a couple people in particular, but they never showed up. Dad was very disappointed.

The Cult blasted from the stereo, and someone asked if I remembered dancing to "Love Removal Machine" at a recent party. I didn't (because Absolut power corrupts Absolut-ly), but said I did. "Does Brian dance?" Dad asked.

"Oh yeah, you should see him."

"Are you going to dance tonight?" he asked me.  
 "Ah, no." I love to dance, but didn't think I could shake my booty with Dad looking on.

I went off to the bathroom, and when I came back, Dad was talking to a friend of mine. I watched for a moment. It was very strange to see my father, at a party, beer in hand, talking to a young and stylishly dressed girl, while hard rock music blared in the background. My eyes watered from cigarette smoke, my vision blurred — his greying temples darkened, the creases around his eyes smoothed. The spell soon broke, but for a few seconds I had stepped back in time and seen my father in college at Oberlin, 30 years ago.

We left and wandered over to another party across the way, but there was blood spattered on the sidewalk by the door.

"I feel like I'm back home in L.A.," Dad said.

"Yeah, well, it's usually a quiet town," I said.

We went to the midnight movie (the unlisted "Life of Brian") instead. Two hours of hilarious blasphemy later, he and I went to sleep back at my room. He got the bed; I got the floor. Even three thousand miles from home, the parent/child hierarchy still holds.

He had to go to Boston on Sunday, for a Monday morning meeting. At the airport I said, "Sorry if you really wanted to do the Parents Weekend thing."

He grinned. "Thanks for taking care of your old Dad."

"It wasn't a problem," I said. A good hard hug and he was gone.

A little younger, I hope.

*Brian McCuskey is a junior English major from Los Angeles.*

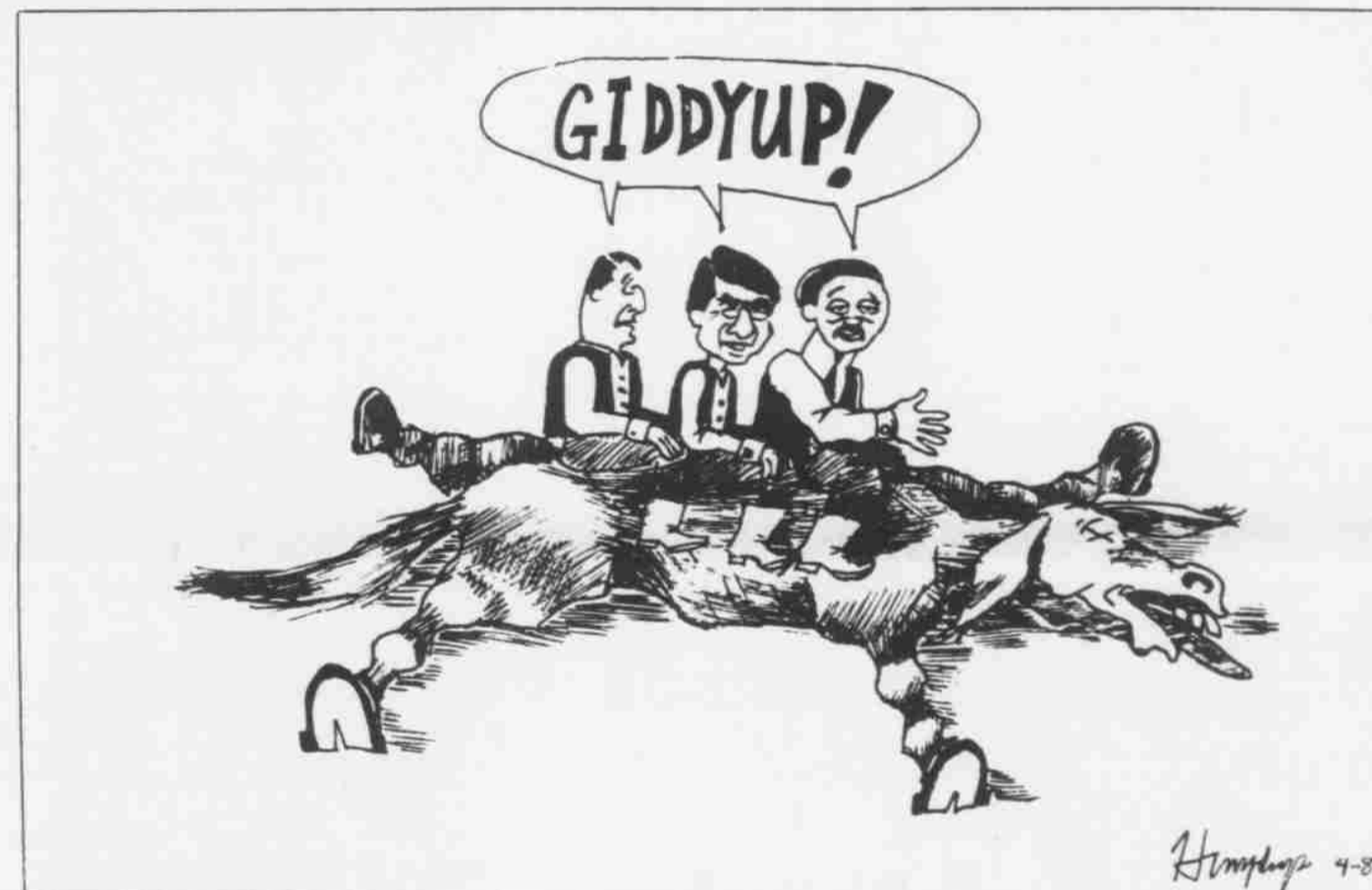
## Readers' Forum

### Cube policy: dog eat dog

To the editor:  
 We are writing in response to Michael Warren's letter ("Students should share cube," April 6) concerning misuse of the cube. We have also found dealing with the University bureaucracy to be difficult at times, but usually there is no other option than to follow regulations, whether they seem fair or not.

When the CGLA was watching the cube for available space to advertise our Lesbian and Gay Awareness Week, one of us securely taped a "reserved by CGLA" sign to the face of the cube. We had known from the very beginning that the cube policy did not honor makeshift "reserved" notices, but we didn't see any harm in trying, especially since several other organizations had tried the same technique. Hours after the sign was placed, it was discovered missing. In its place was a "reserved" sign from another organization. After checking at the Union desk and realizing that only a paintbrush and a can of paint would ensure a side of the cube, we watched and waited until the original organization whose side we had attempted to claim had begun its advertised event, and then we began painting.

This action no doubt angered the group vying for the same space, but, as one of us is a member of a committee of that group, it is important to remember that there are numerous organizations on this campus holding events they feel are worth advertising. We don't remember what the cube policy was before the 1987-1988 academic year, but in this year's



essentially first-come, first-serve policy, nothing is "generally understood." Unfortunately, some people take that phrase too far. On Wednesday, April 6, the last day of our Awareness Week, CGLA members discovered that a fraternal had painted over our sign even though three events had yet to occur that day.

Michael, we agree with you on the courtesy issue, but we see nothing wrong with taking advantage of any legal possibilities. The cube policy isn't the best, but we can only suggest that all organizations talk to someone in the Union to discuss the issue.

DON SUGGS  
 Junior  
 English

SEAN RINDGE  
 Senior  
 Geography

### Subtracting from education

To the editor:  
 Thank you, Sharon Kebschull! You have eloquently expressed the frustrations which most of us could only utter through murmured profanity. During endless class periods we have often wondered how such a professor could have escaped the scrutiny of the Math Department at such a prestigious University. We too are immensely proud of our school, but we cannot believe the incompetence of the department and the University in allowing this professor to tarnish an otherwise shining reputation.

A lot of work and money has gone into our education. We feel that money spent in the Math Department has been a waste. If teachers like this are

allowed to continue "teaching," then our degrees will hold no higher worth than those from some agricultural university in Raleigh. We also cannot support higher pay for those members of the faculty who do not "make the grade."

LISA BROCK  
 Sophomore  
 Nursing

DONNA SELLERS  
 Sophomore  
 Journalism/  
 Sociology

### Letters policy

■ The DTH reserves the right to edit for clarity, vulgarity and disparity. Remember, brevity is the soul of wit.

## Bugs Bunny was a real American hero

The face of the Saturday morning cartoon has changed a great deal over the past few years. The world of animation and children's entertainment in general has moved from the simple and sublime to the complex and sometimes barely understandable. Today, one encounters a videotaped encyclopedia of morals, violence and hard-hitting action, and that is the world of Saturday morning cartoons.

Remember back to the days of "The Jetsons," "The Flintstones," "Bugs Bunny" and good ol' "Mickey Mouse." That time has only recently been swallowed up by the power of a growing marketing industry and the need to sell something. Cartoons have turned into a flat, plastic, mass-produced mess, and it is truly sad. That is not to say that all cartoons have fallen by the wayside; there are still a few, a very few, that are trying to hold on. But increasingly, American children are being subjected to a pile of garbage made purely for profit and commercial value.

Cartoons used to be based on simple fun, with no need for violence or a moral at the end of every story. Today, cartoon producers test children's responses to cartoons to see if they will want the new line of products that the cartoon is based upon. Sell, sell, sell! This is the cry of today's producer. What ever happened to Walt Disney and Warner Brothers? What

**Robert King**  
 Guest Writer

are our children watching and how is it affecting them?

In all fairness, I've seen these shows, and some of them do have some value. That is not my argument. I agree that the moral lessons these cartoons try to teach are good. But, isn't it possibly true that the producers know what a monster they have created and are trying to hide its teeth behind a veneer of righteous tripe and a five-second moral blurb on why you shouldn't cheat your friends out of their G.I. Joe Action Set? Are children even paying attention to that brief do-right message after the cartoon and the Crunchy Puff Alien cereal commercial is over? It wouldn't seem so. Cartoon-based product sales are big gains for companies. But what are they sacrificing?

The effects on children have to be great. Many action cartoons today ("G.I. Joe," "The Transformers" and the like) deal with violence and world strife, and then present a "what did we learn today" message at the end. Can a five year-old deal with this? Should he have to? I say no. Children's programming needs to be careful that it doesn't cause anxiety and hostility in young

developing minds.

The old cartoons were wonderful. They didn't show armies of mercenaries at conflict, and they didn't try to sell talking bears. They had no deep moral message that confused children. They were fun, and that was all. Cartoons rose as a form of entertainment. Their creators were skilled animators who saw their work as an art. Today machines turn out flat, plastic-looking junk by the reel. I hope parents have the sense to realize that cartoons are supposed to be fun and entertaining. They aren't supposed to confuse our children with only limited information on the values of right and wrong. Those issues are ones which must be treated with care and time by parents, not by "Sergeant Slaughter" in a short blurb.

Give me the days of "Bugs Bunny" and "The Flintstones," when fun was fun, children used their imaginations to create their own games, and parents were the source of information about right and wrong. Slow down and wake up, America. Take time to notice what your children watch. Talk to them about issues that concern them. It's time to put the "Smurfs" in perspective.

*Robert King is a senior RTMP major from Mooresville.*