

The Daily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

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Students, grab your checkbooks

The Student Union is the center of student activity on this campus. The building houses offices for Student Government, the Carolina Union Activities Board, the Carolina Athletic Association, The Daily Tar Heel and the Black Student Movement, just to name a few. It also provides meeting spaces, an auditorium and a multi-purpose hall for use by all University recognized groups.

Unfortunately, these necessary services all cost money. Operating costs for the Union this year total \$1,012,800. This figure includes salaries for Union personnel, utilities, insurance and maintenance and repair of the building. This money comes from the Carolina Union building fees, which are included as part of student fees every semester.

Those fees are now set at \$18.50 per student. This year, that was not enough to pay the Union's bills. As a result, it is more than \$200,000 in the red, and Union officials have been forced to dangerously deplete their reserve fund balance to cover the overrun. This leaves them unable to deal with unexpected emergencies in the coming years.

Costs were up this year for several reasons. Repairs for the building, which is not owned by the University, were the main problem. When something must be fixed, the University doesn't pay for it: the Union does. This

Warhol laughing from the grave

Andy Warhol is dead. And everyone is trying to profit from it.

The pop-art king must be laughing hysterically to himself. According to USA Today, approximately 11,000 people turned out to paw through Warhol's possessions, which are being sold off in a marathon 10-day auction that started Saturday.

Not only is everyone seeking their 15 minutes of fame by owning a piece of Andy Warhol, but merchandisers, art curators and publishers are ready to flood the market with Warhol memorabilia. Just pick up a Warhol calendar, pen and pencil set, commemorative clock or even a painting of the man himself done on black velvet.

USA Today lists several "don't miss" Andy Warhol items that merchandisers hope will soon be ready for mass public consumption. They include Warhol-designed collector's art watches (only 250 of them going for \$10,000 each — better than Swatches), sweaters, bedsheets, a book titled Andy Warhol's Diaries (compiled from 10,000 pages of Warhol's telephone diary) and a Warren Beatty film about socialite Edie Sedgwick, a Warhol film star who died of a drug overdose, that is rumored to be in the works.

And three of Warhol's cult films have recently been released on videotape. Pick one up, take it home and

year, one of the women's restrooms had to be rebuilt at the cost of \$10,000. This is just one of the expenses that officials can't foresee.

The Union, built in 1967, is starting to show its age. In the near future, the roof will have to be repaired, and wall coverings, carpet and furniture will have to be replaced. There is no surplus money to cover these expenses.

Inflation has also taken a toll. Utilities costs were up 18 percent over the past year; they are expected to climb higher.

Meanwhile, the Union needs more staff to adequately serve student needs. The money that could have funded these new positions went toward building expenses instead.

To solve the problems facing the Union and to address future needs, the Carolina Union Board of Directors have proposed increasing the building fee by \$11.50, and increasing the fee 5 to 7 percent annually to keep up with inflation. Each student would then pay \$30 per semester to guarantee the continued availability of the Union's services.

The proposal goes before the Board of Trustees this Friday. Such a large increase may be hard to swallow, but the Union is too important as an institution to place at risk. Students should support the necessary change.

— Bill Yelverton

pop it into your little black box. The American public has gone for this relatively cheap form of entertainment more quickly than it went for Warhol's art. Combining the two phenomena should prove interesting. You can put it in your videotape library next to Superman 1, 2 and 3, Star Wars (the entire trilogy) and Top Gun — all of which proved highly marketable. The Warhol tapes average about \$60 each.

Andy Warhol is an American icon. He established an art form, commonly known as pop art. He made art out of things the average person was used to seeing every day: Campbell's soup cans, Marilyn Monroe, toothpaste, toothbrushes. It grabbed people's attention and paraded their culture before them as art.

However, merchandising the man after he's dead in such a silly manner cheapens his art. But that's probably exactly what he would have expected from a culture that regarded his soup cans as art. Whether his work is art or not is debatable, but throughout his reign as pop-art king, Warhol probably laughed at everyone — laughed all the way to the bank.

Some people have even suggested that he's not really dead. He's just hiding out, waiting for his art to go up in price. If this is true, Andy, it's working. You can come out now. — Amy Hamilton

Clip-n-Save

I eat alone quite often. In fact, you could even say that I'm somewhat of an expert on eating alone. However, it is possible to get through the experience without great trauma.

First of all, never, never act like eating alone bothers you. When the hostess asks you "one for dinner?" respond firmly, "Hell yes" or for the novice, "Only way to eat." As you are escorted to your table — usually a two by four kept in the dead center for such situations — it is important to alert the other customers that you will be working the whole time. I've had great success in muttering "Thesis, thesis, thesis," right before I sit down. When you do sit, immediately spread out your supposed study materials. Get out the notebooks, the lab manuals and the slide rulers. (In larger restaurants, I usually push two tables together to lay out computer sheets.) When the waitress sympathetically asks how you are, do not answer: simply shake your calculator and moan, like you just stood up after sitting for six hours. Since you must pretend to be pre-occupied, it's best not to

order something that requires a lot of manual labor to eat. Sandwiches are easily held in one hand while you can scribble with the other. But dishes such as spaghetti, raw fish and manicotti distract from your coverup, and often can give you away. Of course, there will always be one or two customers who are intent on staring. However, they can easily be done away with a loud public acknowledgement from across the room. I've gotten rid of many onlookers with "Wha' say Jake." (I've received letters that giving the peace sign also has an adverse effect on the peeping patron.)

When the check is brought to you, pretend not to notice it. Instead, lean to the table next to you and ask something about the quadratic formula. When you are ready to go, move to the cash register, but not without rapping on every other table to say good-bye — this gives the other tables you neglected the impression that you are actually well known. As you make your way to the exit, finish off the effect by screaming "God, my work is never done." — David Rowell

And now, Wednesday's guide to life

Ian Williams
 Wednesday's Child

God, I hate magnanimity. Magnanimity, if I'm forced to use the dictionary definition, is definitely not a lava formation as I had previously expected, but the quality of being lofty and noble in spirit. Some prime examples of this are the pseudo-conversations between beauty pageant contestants and their beaming emcees, the "this is the last time you will all be together" speech at the freshman convocation and Oscar acceptance sermons. This is an especially bad time of year for high-mindedness, as everybody is about to leave, and those of us in the entertainment business feel the neurotic urge to encapsulate and overmoralize to the point where no one wants to breathe lest they be thrust into a trend they never signed up for. I always believed that once you were *defined*, a major portion of your soul commits suicide. Which is why I hate those little italicized blurbs at the end of these columns — would you guys think less of me if I was from Newark, N.J.? Probably.

Yet I can't resist the urge to be at least subtly magnanimous, so here I go and spew a few points that have kept me happy during these horrible post-teen years. **If you confuse everybody, the world is your oyster.**

I suppose this is the "Road Runner" cartoon credo, but it works wonders. When it comes down to brass tacks, everyone is scared of things they don't understand, and you can use this to your advantage when dealing with people on the neanderthal end of the creativity spectrum.

I went to high school in Norfolk, Va. (proud home of various seamen jokes) which, although a fairly respectable metropolis in its own right, was still enriched enough in Southern tradition to have a few 7-11 cashiers named Elmo with no teeth. As a pubescent 15-year-old seeking alcoholic gratification, I would stroll proudly into one of these stores

armed with \$5 and a homemade I.D. that made me Etienne Sorbonne, an exchange student from Martinique. Martinique is a small island in the Caribbean Lesser Antilles, famed as a Variety Vacationland for wealthy French tourists and as the site of the 1902 eruption of Mt. Pele that claimed 40,000 lives and made some hellacious magnanimous formations. But Elmo doesn't know this, and the mere sight of a foreign country identification with all those visa stamps had him so confused that I had him filling me an Everclear bong by the time I left.

You don't have to stick to convenience stores, either — you can dupe the entire country! Take a good close look at Bert Convy and Ed McMahon. Where did they come from? They're *media personalities*, which means they're famous for being famous. They tricked everybody! It just illuminates the sad fact that if you look like you know what you're doing, everyone will think you do.

Remember that people are probably not having any more fun than you are.

As a freshman, it was my bound duty to go to every social function this school had to offer — after all, you wouldn't want to get back to class and hear how you missed taking 47 tequila shots or watching a girl set her bra on fire. We herded like cattle to these parties in hopes of having all the fun there was to be had, and on the off chance that we might meet our eventual spouse on the second floor of a condemned fraternity house. We always went home a little disappointed, and much more interested in what our other friends had done instead.

In most people, there is this inner feeling that no matter what, someone else is having more fun. What exactly constitutes "having fun" in strictly sober terms? I guess that's why we invented that heinous verb "to party," so that we could explain what we weren't doing. Honestly, the happiest people in the world are their own party all the time, so whether you're barfing out the window of a Buick Skylark or poring over the pages of your Quantitative Chemical Analysis textbook, don't worry, you're having just as good a time as everyone else.

Life is too short to hang out with bozos. By bozos, I guess I mean fellow humans that unwittingly rape you of your happiness. I had a suitemate in Hinton James freshman year who, among his varied and many talents, had a spittle collection that filled three 2-liter bottles. To add to my catastrophic nausea, he would burst in my room drunk, and spill portions of his oral exhibit all over my silverware.

Now obviously University Housing was the villain here, sticking me with this fine gentleman, but you can bet I didn't spend my spare time hanging out in the suite bathroom. The problem is the people who gravely overestimate their importance in the celestial sphere. There are too many good movies to be seen, pop tarts to be eaten and cool people to talk to for anyone to surround themselves with spittle.

Magnanimous remarks from the child who is full of woe! All I can hope is that all of us have the kind of college summer that we deserve after seeing all those low budget teen movies, and that our own volcanos bubble over with nothing but that lovin' feeling.

Ian Williams is a junior music and psychology major from Los Angeles who warns that love is blind, but the neighbors aren't.

Readers' Forum

Math professor deserves praise

To the editor:

On April 11, the DTH published a column about a particular UNC mathematics professor which should be publicly responded to by another student in the same class. I would like to say that the information about the mathematics professor was not correct. I have attended all classes and have heard all comments made during the professor's class. The mathematics professor is well qualified for the course he is teaching. He explains each problem in-depth by working it out on the chalkboard; as a matter of fact, I have averaged four pages of notes per class. All tests he has given this class have been announced, and on two occasions he extended the test dates so we could have more time to prepare for the test.

Also, I would like to say the mathematics professor is very articulate and has a peaceful personality. He has been very generous by giving us a chance to pull our last grade up with a one-problem test worth 20 points. The majority of the students in this class do not complain about the mathematics professor's manner of teaching.

As for the statement in the column about the professor not liking sophomores, in my opinion it was completely misinterpreted. What he asked was, "How many freshmen and how many sophomores are in my class?" I remember him jokingly saying that part of the word sophomore had a funny meaning. I think he was trying to make the freshmen feel they



should be happy to be freshmen. Freshmen always want to become sophomores or juniors.

I found the column demeaning for the entire mathematics department. The professor teaching my mathematics course is highly competent, and does not deserve to be put down by someone who thinks she doesn't like the way the professor teaches.

In my opinion, mathematics professors should be given higher salaries for their keen minds. In America, their salaries are much lower than in foreign countries. We should not put down the mathematics professor — we should praise him for his intelligence.

CAROLYN LUCAS
 Evening College
 Psychology

Top 25 list stereotypical

To the editor:

In George Markham's column, "And now the top 25 list," (April 18) he posed some questions that have been puzzling him about UNC and Chapel Hill. Though Markham's column was obviously to amuse, one hopes he would not execute such attempts at another's expense. We are specifically referring to the question, "Has anyone ever met a Kappa Delta who wasn't incredibly gorgeous and incredibly stuck up?"

It is irrelevant whether one believes this affront; such a generalization is unnecessary and an example of the kind of prejudice a college atmosphere should discourage. Is it any different than calling all Southerners racist? Or all Jews

cheap? Does anyone have the right to assess the personalities of 170 women in one statement?

With attitudes and generalizations like Markham's, Greek organizations, no matter how hard they try, will never be able to break their stereotypes for good. However, we respond not only as Greek affiliates, but as students concerned that such an unjustified attack might go unchallenged. Perhaps by challenging those stereotypes that are spoken, we can reduce those that remain unspoken as well.

KRISTIN BREUSS
 Sophomore
 Political Science/
 Economics

EILEEN DORDEK
 Sophomore
 English/Speech

Robeson grateful for Jordan's help

I have recently been supplied with a copy of an editorial written by Stuart Hathaway, in which he attacked Lt. Gov. Bob Jordan for his participation in a conference held in Robeson County. The conference involved the Legislative Delegation from Robeson County and the supporters of Julian Pierce, the deceased candidate for Superior Court judge.

I do not know Hathaway personally, so I don't know whether he is a student or a mature adult, but I do know he has written the above-referred-to editorial with a complete disregard for the facts or the truth.

I feel so strongly about the inaccuracies in this editorial that I feel compelled to outline below the true facts as to how the meeting came about and how Jordan happened to be there.

On Saturday, April 2, our legislative delegation met to discuss the racial problems in Robeson County and what we, the delegation, might do to settle down some of the racial tension in the county resulting from the recent murder of Pierce.

After a two-hour discussion, we all came to the conclusion that it would not be in the best interests of racial harmony in the county for our problems to be aired in the N.C. General Assembly. We asked

David Parnell
 Guest Writer

Rep. Sidney Locks (D-Robeson) to arrange a meeting with the supporters of Pierce for Monday, April 4, at 2:30 p.m. for the purpose of seeing if there was some common ground we could reach with the Pierce supporters that would persuade them to withdraw their request to Gov. Martin for a special session of the Legislature.

Over the weekend, we continued to discuss the meeting by telephone, and during that discussion we decided that the settlement might require some legislative action and, if at all possible, we should try to get the lieutenant governor and the speaker of the house to attend. Speaker Ramsey could not attend, but after we pointed out the gravity of the situation in Robeson County to Jordan, he accepted our invitation to sit in on the meeting.

I want to be sure that your readers know that this meeting was called by the Robeson County delegation and that Jordan attended at our invitation.

During the meeting, an agreement was reached that the Robeson County Delegation would attempt to get an additional resident Superior Court judge for Robeson County during the short session of 1988 that would be appointed by the governor. The Pierce supporters accepted this proposal and agreed to withdraw their request for a special session of the Legislature.

It is my understanding that Jordan telephoned Martin as soon as he returned to Raleigh and received his support for the plan. Jordan also talked with Ramsey and received his support. Jordan's participation in this conference was invaluable, and I do not believe that we could have accomplished a settlement without his help.

I want your readers to know that Jordan was not usurping the authority of the governor, nor was he running behind the governor's back. Rather, he was helping the duly elected legislative representatives of Robeson County solve a very tense situation, and the citizens of this state should be appreciative of Jordan, as we are in Robeson County.

David Parnell is a Democratic state senator from Robeson County.