

# The Daily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

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## Check this gift horse's mouth

Liberal arts and cultural opportunities are a proud UNC tradition. In keeping with that tradition, the University system's Board of Governors recently asked for and received \$450,000 from the N.C. General Assembly to plan a new performing arts center.

The University, choosing not to look this gift horse in the mouth, has happily begun mapping out its newest showcase.

Although the project is only in the planning stages, Jay Robinson, UNC General Administration vice president for public affairs, said the \$450,000 stake represents a commitment of sorts by the Legislature. In Robinson's words, "I would question the wisdom of putting forth money and then changing your mind. Once they (the legislators) have agreed that the project is worth consideration, it would not be wise to say, 'We didn't really need that.'"

Unfortunately, we don't really need a new arts center — at least not as much as we need other costly projects.

The Smith Center holds 22,000 people, and plans to install a special curtain that will make seating comfortable for smaller crowds of 15,000 or even 7,000. Memorial Hall has a 1,600-person capacity; Hill Hall's capacity is 700. Off-campus, the Carboro ArtsCenter has two auditoriums, one that holds about 400 and one that holds about 150.

An eighth auditorium would be nice, of course. It would even fill a void, especially if it held, say, 4,800 people. But keeping in mind that the \$450,000 is a pittance compared to the landslide of money the actual construction will require, consider some

of the other causes the Legislature could choose to fund. Some examples:

■ Raising faculty salaries and benefits. They are below national standards, making faculty recruitment and retention increasingly difficult.

■ Expanding the Physical Plant's budget. In 1987, a report from the Physical Plant said the University had a \$56.5 million backlog of needed repairs. The report added that \$11 million would be needed each year for the next 10 years to properly maintain UNC's 200-year-old campus.

■ Relocating Victory Village Day Care Center. The center's workers provide numerous benefits to the University community, and all they ask for in return is room on campus to expand. The location for the arts center is still undetermined, but it certainly shouldn't be placed on campus before Victory Village gets room to grow.

■ Providing more financial aid to students. With the cutbacks in federal grants, many students have been forced to hold one or two jobs, as well as take full courseloads. Such students don't have time to take advantage of cultural opportunities; they're too busy paying the rising costs of higher education.

■ Finding more parking. The money used to build the arts center could be better spent building parking lots or a deck somewhere on campus.

This is only a partial list. Just about every school and department on campus could put a barrel of money to good use. Chancellor Paul Hardin and the BOG should ask the Legislature to drop the arts center and earmark the money for more pressing projects. — Matt Bivens

## Go on, take my parking space

Students complained about parking.

Students complained about being left out of the University's decision-making process.

So, student leaders and administrators held two forums last night to listen to student complaints and suggestions about parking.

No one came to the first forum; about 10 people came to the second one.

Gee, that's funny. All those irate students must have suddenly found personal parking spaces; or maybe they all came into large inheritances, so they can suddenly afford to pay

hundreds of dollars in parking tickets.

There's one forum left, today at 7:30 p.m. in Morrison Rec Room. If no one comes to that one, either, then we'll know for sure — UNC students don't care about parking. They won't mind if all parking for dorm residents is eliminated. They won't mind if all commuter students are forced to park in P lot. They wouldn't even mind if parking ticket prices went up to \$50 a shot.

That's okay. After all, the summer Olympics were on television last night; Pakistan was playing Argentina in men's field hockey. Wouldn't want to miss that. — Jean Lutes

## Keeping degenerates in check

Boston University, setting a trend for other major university campuses across the nation, has outlawed degeneracy.

Of course, nothing degenerate ever goes on here. Carolina girls (best in the world) would never dream of having a boyfriend sleep over. And guys at UNC are too gentlemanly to do such a thing. Yeah, right.

Well, at Boston U, men are still men, and women are still women, and never the twain shall meet. *What?*

That's right, boys and girls, Boston U administrators have found, in their immense wisdom, a way to enforce separation of the sexes in campus dormitory rooms. When they announced the new policy last week, they said they hoped to increase the quality of life for residents.

Last school year, John Silber, university president, received a letter from a student's parent that triggered this stroke of genius. The parent was angry — maybe understandably so — that her daughter's roommate's boyfriend had lived in their dormitory room for two months.

The school's 130 residence halls house about 8,700 students, who will be subject to the new rules similar to the ones at UNC, although RAs are to be Draconian in the enforcement

the "early hours" rules at Boston U.

Students will be allowed to have visitors from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m., Sunday through Thursday, and until 1 a.m. Friday and Saturday. No overnight guests will be permitted, with the exception of some same-sex visitors.

Some student leaders at Boston U have had the courage and common sense to oppose the new rules. Warren Binford, vice president of student affairs of the Student Union, said the rules were a "violation of personal and moral freedom." They are more stringent than visitation policies have been at Boston U or at most other U.S. universities since the 1960s. The plans have also spurred protests from some student groups on campus, and have drawn at least two letters of protest from parents concerned their daughters' fiances will have to rent motel rooms during weekend visits.

But Silber is convinced the new rule will clean up the nation, or at least Boston U's little corner of it. "I think Mr. and Mrs. America are sick and tired of institutionalized degeneracy," he says.

Mr. Silber obviously intends to change the situation by turning his school into something more like a correctional institution than an educational one. — Sandy Dimsdale

## Automobile ignorance drives me crazy

David Rowell

Pardon Me

I suppose it's a manly thing to be knowledgeable about cars but I must admit, rather shamefully, that I know absolutely nothing about them.

This is not all my fault. Early on, I did try to subscribe to "Popular Mechanics," but through some error of address I received a year's worth of "Tiger Beat" instead. When my parents hinted that they might be willing to buy me a car for my 16th birthday, the most specific response I could get was, "something blue." Two weeks later, after the tire incident, they began to realize that maybe I wasn't quite ready for a car. I had gotten a flat tire, and somehow managed to change it. It was originally the right front tire, I switched it around to the left rear one.

In my reckless high school days, when someone looking to race would ask "What ya got that under dat hood?" clearly wanting an answer in metrics, I would respond, "An engine, stupid!" and speed off, thinking I had won the confrontation.

For years I have faked my way through tune-ups and alignments, grease jobs and oil checks. Any time a mechanic would explain what was going to be done to my car, I would nod in definite agreement but argue every fourth item mentioned, as if I were being suckered into something. I quit the practice last month when I found myself violently debating the suggestion of

new wiper blades. "Oh sure!" I yelled. "Why don't I just cut my own throat."

Now I nod at everything, though A.J. is telling me in technical terms that he's taking out my carburetor, keeping it for his collection and installing a can of Campbell's soup so I can pay for a gold chain he's had his eye on.

If there wasn't so much to learn about the engine, maybe I wouldn't feel so overwhelmed. Plowing through the owner's manual is a hopeless task, though I realize now I read the Japanese version by mistake. From time to time, I have marched out to my car, determined to figure out how it worked. I have even stayed with it for as long as an hour, but the discouragement of not being able to lift the hood has always brought me back inside. Only watching kick-boxing or sumo wrestling makes me feel secure again.

I reached the point I'm at now, which I'll relay in a minute, when my car broke down a couple weeks ago. While driving down I-95, my engine started fuming smoke, the steering lost all power and the radio played nothing but polka music. I

was able to push the car off to the side of the road and, in a few minutes, a woman pulled off to help. She was long-legged, beautiful and blonde, the kind of woman who could recharge a Sears battery with her big toe. Before I knew it, she had the hood up and was asking me questions that kind of took me out of the mood. "Your V-6 hooked up to a rotary hose or are the alpha parts connected to the stream valve?"

"Yeah!" I said. "You better know it." She just frowned and went back to work. Within 15 minutes, not only had she corrected the problem, but modified the system so I could get better mileage in the city. I offered to take her out to dinner, but she just laughed and called me something suggesting a part of my anatomy might be the size of a spark plug.

Well, that was humiliation enough. When I got home, I enrolled in a GM "Get to know your car" class. Everyone in there is 16 years old, except for an elderly lady named Roscoe, but I plan to learn all about the car now, and that's what is important. No more locking myself inside the car. From now on, when I run out of gas, I'll know it. . . .

David Rowell is a senior RTVMP major from Fayetteville.

## Readers' Forum

### CIA actually very mundane

To the editor:

In reference to the recent articles and letters concerning CIA recruitment at UNC, it appears that little is understood about the CIA or about intelligence gathering in general. The CIA does not exist for "terrorism and assassination" as one letter incorrectly stated. The CIA chiefly employs meteorologists to study global weather patterns, linguists to read technical journals and foreign newspapers, political scientists to analyze policies and directions, and so on. In short, most employees of the CIA are engaged in the very boring, but necessary, gathering of data on a global scale.

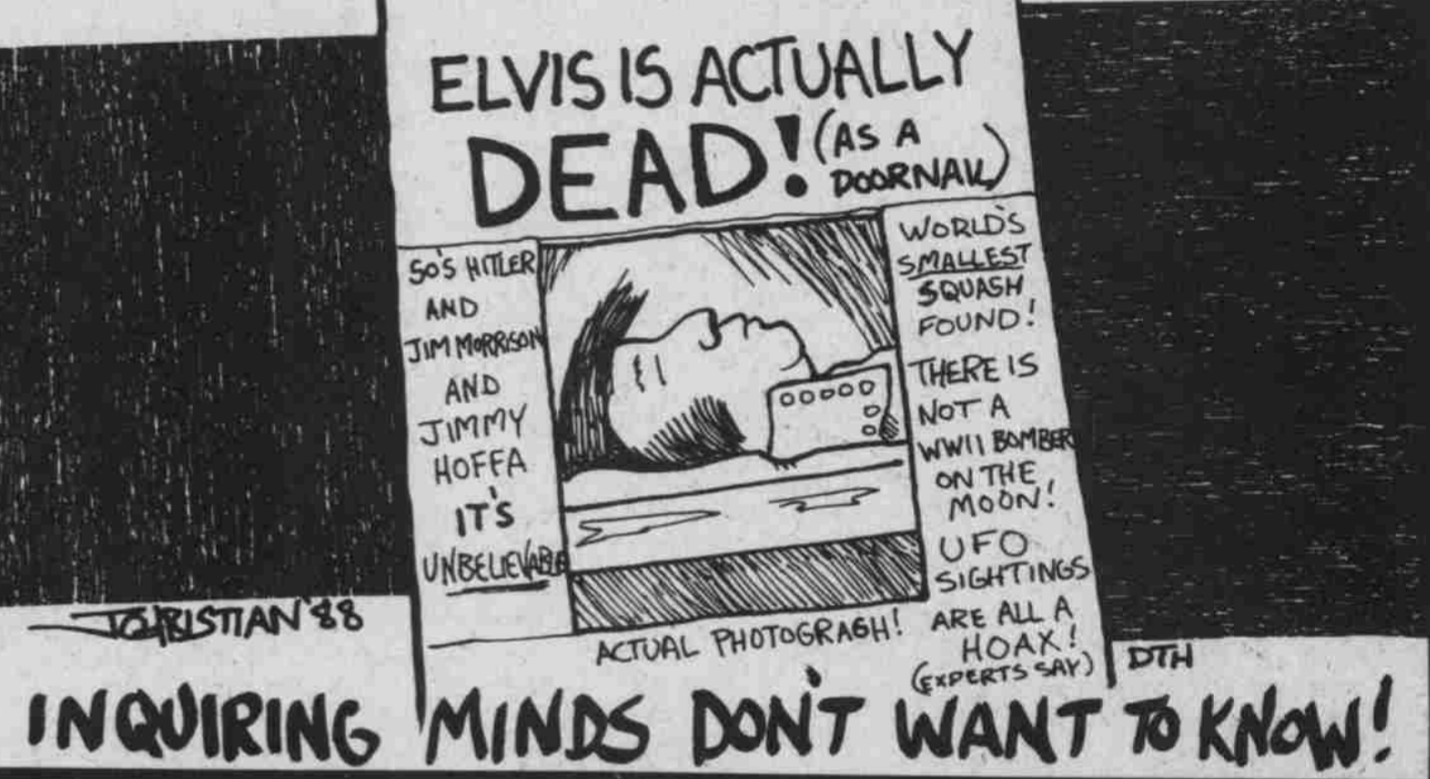
With oversight committees in the executive and legislative branches and judicial review and trials for anyone suspected of breaking the law, the U.S. CIA is the most hamstrung and restricted intelligence agency in the world. Sure, excesses might occur; these also occur in any organization made of human beings. But, in the United States, such actions are handled by the courts — not by persons who wish to deny the rights of others just because they do not agree with the way things are in the world.

I'm sure it would be a surprise to those people who are sure the CIA is behind everything that happens in the world to learn that the CIA really consists of people who love freedom and justice just as much as they, and who are working hard to save suffering people of the world from communism.

It's a shame that false anti-CIA propaganda appears not only in Central America but also in Chapel Hill.

R. EVERETTE LANGFORD  
Graduate  
Public Health

### THE SHOCKING TRUTH REVEALED!



### Librarians deserve better

To the editor:

I'm a fan of Brian McCuskey's. I've read his column with much pleasure over the years he's been writing for The Daily Tar Heel. I'm glad that our newspaper has a writer who appreciates Joyce and Faulkner and Garcia-Marquez, and who can write an affecting personal essay as well as an informed piece on current affairs. I enjoyed his recent column on the magic of reading "Sylvester and the Magic Pebble." I would have enjoyed it even more if, in the process, he had not insulted my chosen profession and, more importantly, my colleagues.

I'm surprised that someone so sensitive to books can be so insensitive to the libraries and librarians who make those books available to him. I'm willing to grant some artistic license in depicting his disappointment at not finding a favorite book on the shelf in a campus library and his delight at discovering it in the Chapel Hill Public Library. But I found the description of the

librarian in the Library Science Library as "pinched-faced" to be downright unkind. Did McCuskey stop to think that she might be reading his column? Did he remember, as he wrote those words, that she was the person who directed him to the public library, where he found the book he wanted so badly to read again?

I'm not much happier with the kinder characterization of the "Grandma-and-warm-cookies" librarian he met at CHPL. Such a description only helps to reinforce the stereotype of librarians as sweet, doddering old dears — that is, when they're not rushing around the reading rooms with fingers to their lips, shushing irreverent noisemakers.

"All those books" in Davis Library were deliberately selected to support the teaching and research needs of the University community. He shouldn't have expected to find a children's book in Davis. He might have found it in the Library Science Library because it is part of the Library School's mission to train children's librarians. In both libraries, he met concerned professionals who helped him locate

the book he was looking for. Librarians are professionals, people who work very hard to provide you with the services and information you want and need, in the face of inflation in the cost of published materials that outraces the Consumer Price Index by several percentage points.

I'm still a fan. In the balance, McCuskey's column was good press for libraries and a testament to the importance of reading, and for that I am indeed grateful. I just hope that in the future he will be as appreciative of the librarians who make it possible for him to relive happy moments of his childhood, who make sure that there's a copy of "Love in the Time of Cholera" for him to check out, as he is of the books we work so hard to provide for him.

WILLY OWEN  
Davis Library

### Letters policy

■ Students should include name, year in school, major, phone number and home town. Other members of the University community should include similar information.

## Cigarette smokers are persecuted minority

Randall McBride

Guest Writer

After reading Laura Sumner's unfounded criticism of R.J.R. Nabisco (DTH, Sept. 19) I wanted to go right out and buy me a box of Ritz Crackers.

I support F. Ross Johnson's decision to pull the R.J.R. Nabisco advertising account away from Saatchi and Saatchi. It has been one of the bravest acts the man has done to support the R.J. Reynold's tobacco subsidiary since becoming CEO. The Northwest ads were pandering to those who want to regulate away freedoms of choice just because they represent an alleged risk.

I understand what they are saying. We all want a "risk-free society." Why do you have to wear seat belts or motorcycle helmets? Because Uncle Sam, through the Congress, has your best interests at heart. With so many greater risks out there than smoking, the effort being spent in this country to eliminate smoking cannot be justified.

Sumner's article and the associated cartoon drawn by Pete Corson are typical examples of the anti-smoking hysteria that one-third of the U.S. population faces every day. The tobacco industry is under serious attack from the ardent supporters of this movement. The anti-smoking establishment is probably composed of very well-meaning people who feel that by eliminating smoking the overall health of the nation would improve. With them I have no complaint. However, I must ask the leaders of their movement, the ones who know better, to show me proof of their claims.

Where is the documented, scientific evidence that second-hand smoke is going to cause me, a non-smoker, to get lung

cancer? A more logical and reasonable question would be: where are any scientific documents from the EPA or the American Medical Association that show what levels of environmental tobacco smoke actually exist in public places?

The plain fact is nobody has any data on the subject. None. No scientifically reasonable samples have yet been collected by the anti-tobacco people, and I will tell you why: because there is nothing there to measure. They do not do studies on second-hand smoke because they realize that if they did and the results became known, the American Public would laugh at how low the numbers really are.

When the truth becomes known about things — like air conditioning equipment that continuously recirculates air within office buildings, restaurants and, yes, even on board Northwest aircrafts, all but eliminating an average non-smoker's exposure to nicotine and "tar" components of tobacco smoke — the hysteria of anti-smokers will be shown to be completely unfounded. And another thing — do you realize how many people the tobacco industry supports in North Carolina and Virginia? And not just employees, either. R.J.R. Nabisco has contributed millions to the arts, to academia and to the business communities of Winston-Salem, North Carolina and the United States. Ask any Deacon what the name R.J.R. means to Wake Forest. Ask the hundreds of students on this campus who are here on R.J.R.

National Merit Scholarships, or whose teeth have been straightened and sickness cured with terrible, tainted, tobacco money.

Here is an interesting question: what if orange juice was shown to be hazardous to your health and some people wanted to eliminate it from being legally produced in the United States? You cannot eliminate a way of life for hundreds of thousands of people just because Dr. C. Everett Koop says you should.

Cigarette smokers are already the highest taxed, most persecuted minority in the modern age. (Maybe they should form a support group and ask for student fees to fight ignorance about smoking. . . .) Further talk of sin tax increases, prohibition of smoking outside the home and other nonsense should end.

Basically, what it all boils down to is this — common courtesy. If someone nearby is smoking and it bothers you, let him or her know, but do so in a kind way. Ask simply, "Please, do you mind putting it out? Thanks." The smokers out there should realize that if others complain, they should not be a nuisance. Put it out when asked and do the rest of the members of your minority a favor.

That's all we really need to solve this situation, common courtesy for our fellow man — not more regulations or tax increases or silly boycotts. What is wrong with being considerate? Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Randall McBride is a senior biology and chemistry major from Winston-Salem.