

The Daily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

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Symbols of hatred in the Pit

The Campus Y has set aside this week to increase awareness of human rights violations around the world, even as they occur in our own backyard.

And although Human Rights Week is in full swing at UNC, the end of racial discrimination and equality for all is not a priority everywhere.

This weekend, in a suburban Atlanta county, Ku Klux Klan members terrorized the congregation of a predominantly black church as they burned a wooden cross nearby. Children were standing on the pews of Macedonia Baptist Church, witnessing a scene their parents had no doubt hoped they would see only in history textbooks or educational films.

The chairman of the church's deacon board, Leonard Broadnax, said he was crying for the South. "I thought this was a thing of the past."

Unfortunately, the west Cobb County church is not the only site where racism still can be found.

Take a look around campus. Last week, Jews and Gentiles alike remembered a worldwide tragedy during Kristallnacht, a two-day commemoration of the Holocaust and the 6 million Jews who died at the hands of the

Nazis.

On the first day of the Kristallnacht celebration, a sign long associated with the Third Reich and its atrocities appeared on the panels covering the front of the Student Stores. No — the swastika did not just appear. It was painted there, in an act of either hatred or ignorance.

The panels have since been white-washed, and new fliers announcing various bands and speakers have been plastered there to attract the eyes of the thousands who pass through the Pit every day. But the red paint used to mark the Pit with swastikas has bled through the whitewash, and symbols of hate are still visible. So is the racism that prompted the painter.

If nothing more comes from Human Rights Week, students should hope that all who see the swastikas in the Pit will be ashamed. Perhaps if such hateful actions made more people hang their heads in shame, more would have the courage to speak out against injustice and racism in their daily lives. And children such as the ones in the pews of Macedonia Baptist Church will not have to witness atrocities like those of this weekend. — Sandy Dimsdale

Dark clouds loom on horizon

One cliché among economists and investors alike holds that the stock market and other financial institutions always respond positively to a Republican victory in a presidential election. Investors and Republicans generally hold similar economic philosophies. During the 20th century, this analogy has historically held true.

So it's surprising that the world financial markets have already begun to show displeasure with the election of George Bush. The stock market plunged 45 points on Friday and dropped another five points yesterday. The panic has been initiated by foreign currency traders, who — exasperated by Bush's vague economic proposals — are selling dollars by the bushel.

Throughout his presidential campaign, Bush unleashed a myriad of attacks upon past Democratic financial practices while neglecting to offer reasonable solutions to the national debt crisis. He adamantly refused to raise taxes, but at the same time he proposed some \$10 billion in new programs. In addition, he swore not to cut defense spending — clearly an unhealthy fiscal picture.

Overseas investors are understandably skeptical of the short-term prospects for the United States' economy and are finally exhibiting the same apprehension that preceded last year's

stock market crash. The market rebounded in President Reagan's last year as speculators kept their money in stocks, hoping that the new administration would offer a creative solution. Many were doubtful that Bush, who was then embroiled in the hysterics of the Iran-contra scandal, would be elected. Now that these expectations have proven false, investors are bailing out in droves.

To his credit, Bush has moved quickly to reverse this trend. First he named chief campaign adviser and former Treasury Secretary James Baker as the new secretary of state, a position whose powers will be expanded to include the international and domestic economic arenas. But until yesterday the newly-elected president was on vacation. When asked about the market's condition, Bush responded, "Once in a while I think about those things, but not much." It was a truly chilling statement.

If Bush is indeed serious about eradicating the deficit and paying back some of the national debt, then he would be wise not to ignore the blunt warnings of investors and traders. He and his advisers must quickly fashion a realistic cure for these ills or a recession is imminent. — Dave Hall

The ghosts of authors past in Davis Library

Brian McCuskey In the Funhouse

It was Friday night, and I was diligently working on my thesis, going over an article on T.S. Eliot's "Sweeney Among the Nightingales." My housemate stuck his head in my door and asked, "What are you doing?"

"It's Friday night," I replied, "and I am diligently working on my thesis."

He shook his head. "There's a fine line between diligent and dumb. I'm going out for some beers and the late-night movie."

He thundered down the stairs, singing the Ramones' "Teenage Lobotomy," and I returned to the article. In the endnotes I found a reference to another article, one that I needed to track down. I donned my moccasins and overcoat and headed for Davis Library.

The library was nearly empty; it was only half an hour until closing. I combed through the second-floor periodicals, unearthed the article, scanned it quickly. Not much to it, but the author referred to another source I hadn't seen yet. Up to the seventh floor this time, where I pulled the bound volume and flipped to the page in question. Good commentary, and two more unfamiliar sources. The hunt continued.

Usually I enjoy that sort of detective work, but that night I was tired. I wanted to be in a darkened bar, not the darkened stacks of the library.

Which were now indeed darkened. I had stayed too late, missed hearing the intercom warning, and now the library was closed. The overhead lights glowed dimly, and I jogged down the stairs in search of an emergency exit.

At the bottom of the stairwell I burst through the door and almost ran into a wooden cart full of books. It was being pushed by a ghostly figure who bore a strong resemblance to Samuel Taylor

Coleridge.

I stared. He stared. "What are you doing here?" I asked, still staring. Coleridge was supposed to be a pale man, but I could see the card catalogs through his face.

He nodded. "Sure, but there isn't enough manpower. Did you know there's a backlog of just over 80,000 uncataloged books, which built up in the early 1980s when the cataloging staff wasn't big enough to handle the acquisition rate?"

"80,000 uncataloged books?"

"Sure. If you don't find something you need in the stacks, ask someone to check the backlog. It might be there. So, we help out where we can, sneaking a few books out of the backlog, or just reshelving books in heavy circulation."

"We?"

"The authors. Excuse me, I have to get to work." He wiped away some ectoplasmic sweat on his brow and moved on.

The authors? That meant . . .

I dashed back up the stairs to the seventh floor. PQ, PR, PS, PS 3509 .L43, and there he was, bending over to straighten books on the lower shelves.

"Mr. Eliot?" I said.

He stood erect, nodded. "Hello. It isn't here."

"What isn't here?"

"The new book of my early letters. The library hasn't acquired it yet." He sighed. "I'm a victim of the serials budget."

"What do you mean?"

"The cost of subscription to periodicals is soaring. One yearly subscription can cost hundreds of dollars, or as much as \$2,000. The library's budget can't keep up, so to keep subscribing they have to limit the number of books bought, which could be why my letters aren't here."

"I just ran into Coleridge, and he said something about lack of manpower."

"Yes, for the cataloging. Well, we try to help in little ways."

"Listen," I said, "as long as you're here, I've got a few questions to ask about my thesis."

"Sorry, must move on. Plenty of other libraries in need." He raised a hand in farewell and began to fade.

I cried, "Mr. Eliot! Just tell me if Sweeney is the man in brown . . ." but he was gone.

I must have dozed off, for I woke the next morning with my head resting on c.2 of PS 3509 .L43 Z574. I could hear the murmur of other students in the stacks. Had the whole thing been a dream? Their words had seemed so clear, so real.

I reshelved my pillow and left the library, heading back to the books stacked high on my desk. I cursed myself for not getting Eliot to answer my thesis questions.

Maybe if I kept the books until they were overdue, he would come to collect them . . .

Brian McCuskey is a senior English major from Los Angeles.

Readers' Forum

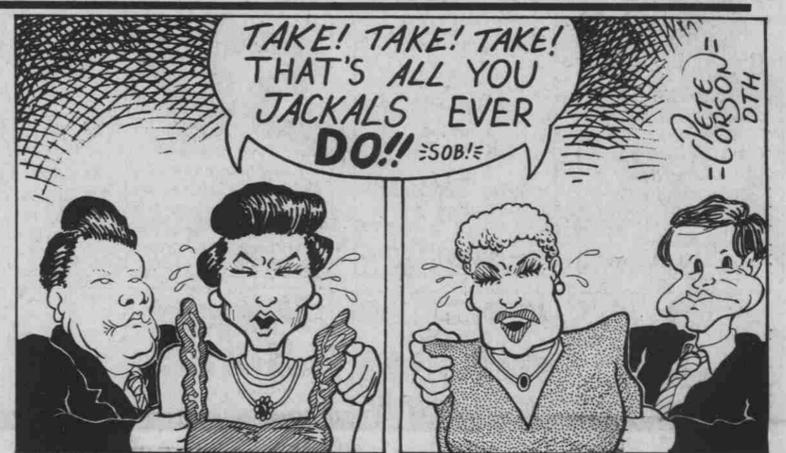
Band-Aids for gaping wounds

To the editor:

As a new black graduate student on this campus, I have read with some interest the debate over the establishment of a Black Cultural Center. I am not against blacks retaining those cultural elements which make us unique, but I am opposed to the creation of superficial attempts to have this University community appear committed to making blacks an integral and welcome population on this campus.

As a black student, I do not need a place to go to be reminded of my black heritage. What I do need is an academic atmosphere which does not constantly remind me that I am not just another student, but specifically a black student. These reminders are seldom overt, but consist of subtle clues given by white students. They leave plenty of room to pass me on the sidewalks, furtive glances on elevators when I am the only other person there, inattention to my remarks in discussions both inside and outside the classroom and hesitation to sit with me in the dining hall when my table is the only one with a free seat. This is racism, subtle — but racism nonetheless.

Black students should not cry out for a "separate but equal" place on this campus, but for our rightful place on this campus. I know the cultural center will be open to all races, but let's face reality. How many white students will view it as theirs also? How many of those black students calling for its creation will warmly welcome whites using the facility? To paraphrase Martin Luther King Jr., judge me by the content of my character, not by the color of my skin. Money, resources and energies would be best spent educating the students of this campus that it is this ideal which should be



HISTORY DOESN'T REPEAT ITSELF-- IT JUST HAPPENS CONCURRENTLY.

established, not the establishment of a facility in direct consideration of skin color.

I am as angry as any other black student about the trends demonstrated on this campus which indicate a lack of awareness of black problems and concerns. I perceive a reversal of progress made in race relations over the past 25 years. However, let us be more creative in treating the problems, not applying bandages to manifestations of the symptoms.

JIM PAILIN
Graduate
Business

Get minorities; keep minorities

To the editor:

Your article in the Nov. 8 edition of the DTH ("Black enrollment increases at UNC"), which bragged of the increase in black enrollment at UNC, should have been titled, "How to lie using statistics." Lying is

what you are doing when you do not show the whole picture on minority status at UNC. Recruiting the 10 percent of black students needed for the state quota is a realistic and attainable goal. Keeping that same 10 percent is another story. I would like to know what the University is doing in terms of recruitment for other minority groups.

I am one of 85 Native American students on UNC's campus. Statistically speaking, Native Americans make up .04 percent of this campus' student population. Interestingly, the largest Native American population east of the Mississippi River is in Robeson County, a mere 100 miles from UNC. Yet the recruitment of Native Americans to UNC remains at an intolerably low level. What's more, there is not one Native American faculty member on staff at UNC. I think UNC's record on minority student difficulties shows where UNC's priorities lie — not with minor-

ities. If UNC's administration were really concerned with both government funding received through admitting minority freshmen and with the students themselves, they would consider implementing effective programs to keep these students a viable part of UNC.

During the Carolina Indian Circle's annual Pow Wow in 1987, one of the UNC faculty members and her daughter attended the ceremonies. The UNC faculty person stated later, "I'm glad I brought my daughter here today. She thought all the Indians were dead." I speculate this is indicative of how many people think and feel. Our voice is small and often goes unheard. Nevertheless, we do exist and are crying out for freedom and justice.

RAMONA LOCKLEAR
Graduate
School of Public Health

Word choice sets dangerous precedent

Jon Oberlander Guest Writer

I do not know Dave Hall personally. Judging from his essays, he shares with me a passionate concern for humanitarian issues. This is why I was so anguished to read "The lessons of the Holocaust" (Nov. 11).

Dave Hall's editorial commemoration of the 50th anniversary of Kristallnacht — a night of anti-Jewish violence in Germany that marked the beginning of the Holocaust — was written with the noblest of intentions: to recall the horrors of the Nazi campaign of extermination against the Jews. It is therefore unfortunate that Hall's essay lapses into rhetoric that is insensitive and inappropriate to the memory of the Holocaust.

Dave Hall expresses amazement that the Jewish people, "who only 40 years ago had no homeland, is among the most powerful on the face of the earth." I recall these words with a mixture of sorrow and anger. They are a repetition of the anti-Semitic myth of the all-powerful Jew, a myth that fueled the Nazi flames that destroyed European Jewry. Dave Hall does not substantiate or clarify his remark; the assertion that Jews are extraordinarily powerful is uttered as a self-evident truth.

My anger and sorrow at this single sentence may seem unjustified and over-

blown to some. If this is the case, permit me to explain. I am a Jew, and as a Jew I have a deep sensitivity to anti-Semitism. The attitude that Jews are a powerful people is not innocuous; it is central to the anti-Semitism that culminated in six million Jewish deaths. During my three years at Carolina it has become clear that anti-Semitism endures, often cloaked in the disguise of anti-Israel politics. Just two weeks ago on a campus radio program a Palestinian panelist commented that "Jews buy the press . . . they control everything in this country." And earlier in the semester a writer for a campus weekly warned that America was under the control of an alliance of U.S. Jewry and Israel. I cannot let these comments pass by unchallenged because they are not acceptable. I cannot pretend that I do not see or hear them because these words are racist, offensive and historically fatal to the Jewish people.

I would also like to address the notion implicit in Dave Hall's essay that there is a similarity in the behavior of Nazi

Germany and Israel. I deplore the brutality of the Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza Strip. As a Jew I find it obscene that Israel can deny another people its national rights when the foundation of the Jewish state's existence is the affirmation of these rights. But Israel is not Nazi Germany. Nazi Germany's crime was genocide; Israel's is occupation. What Israel is doing is wrong but it is not genocide. The Palestinians are deprived of their rights as the Algerians were under French rule; they are the victims of hostile occupation, not extermination. To suggest otherwise is to insult the victims and survivors of the Holocaust and to demean the Holocaust itself.

This week UNC celebrates Human Rights Week, focusing attention on people around the globe who are denied basic rights. It is an appropriate time to remember the Holocaust, when an entire people was denied its right to exist. It is also an appropriate occasion to consider the problem of anti-Semitism. By doing so we can appreciate the lessons of the Holocaust.

Jon Oberlander is a senior political science major from Gainesville, Fla.

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