

# The Daily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

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BRIAN FOLEY, Photography Editor  
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## Exercise your right to vote

The first students elected to campus office at UNC were officers of the Debating Society, which was established in 1795. Candidates for office could campaign only among the society's members.

Since then, elected offices have grown in number to encompass Student Congress representatives, student body president, Residence Hall Association president and area governors, Carolina Athletic Association president, Daily Tar Heel editor and senior class officers. Campaigning and voting today involves the entire student body. Or at least it should.

Although every student enrolled at the University has the right to voice his or her opinion on campus issues by voting, each year alarmingly few take advantage of this right. Elections Board statistics show that only about 23 percent of the student body voted during last year's election. With the relative ease of voting and the large number of polling sites, there is no excuse for such laziness and apathy.

Nevertheless, some students complain that campus issues don't warrant their interest. But how many students attend this University for four years

without joining an organization funded by student fees, living in a residence hall, participating in an intramural sport, complaining about the parking crunch or reading a DTH? The students elected each February deal with such issues, and their actions affect us all. Also on this year's ballot are six referendums, proposing the construction of a Student Recreation Center and the creation of a student-funded undergraduate teaching award, among other things. They also have the potential to affect all students.

Another point to consider before deciding not to vote is student officers' need for the support of their constituency. In many ways, student officers are the only link between their constituency and administrators. Our leaders can be more effective if they have the backing of a majority of students.

The candidates have put a great deal of time, money and effort into their campaigns, and they know that, if elected, they will face huge responsibilities and time commitments. They deserve everyone's consideration. Set aside a few minutes today and make your voice heard. — Mary Jo Dunnington

## Stepping down off my soapbox

After more than a year of holding forth, I'm retiring. This is my Final Edit for the DTH.

The concept of the Final Edit was formulated many moons ago. In return for meritorious service to the DTH and to the University community, edit writers are given one last chunk of soap box space to play with. On this one occasion, the shackles of textbook newswriting are removed, and the writer gleefully indulges in innovative capitalization, wacky spelling and first person, bent on showcasing his long-suppressed literary gifts.

I'm not real comfortable with this Final Edit business. Most Final Edits seem terribly pompous. Sure, I'm going through the motions — after all, this job has too few perks to squander any of them. But I'm disappointed to find that my strongest impression of this whole Final Edit business is relief that I don't have to come up with another opinion.

When I joined the edit board of former editor Jill Gerber more than a year ago, I was an energetic go-getter — the junior member of the opinion circle. I considered it an honor and a privilege to address this campus twice a week, and despite being low man on the totem pole, I was secretly arrogant: I was sure I could explain everything to everyone.

Now, after serving more than a year as Jean's associate editor, that bright-

eyed bushy-tailed edit writer feels a little worn out. I've cranked out roughly 70 editorials for the DTH, in addition to my other duties. Associate editor Laura Pearlman and I have pasted copies of all our printed corrections to the wall, to keep ourselves humble — we long ago realized that this is a hard job for the conscientious and an impossible one for the perfectionist.

All of those editorials and corrections weigh heavily on me, so it's probably a good thing I'm retiring. I've always had a love-hate relationship with edit writing, but I still believe it's an honor and a privilege to address the campus. I hope the new edit writers will approach the job with the same arrogance and energy I once felt.

These past few days I feel much older than a 20-year-old should. Features editor Leigh Ann McDonald says I've become smug in my old age, and maybe I have; I'd like to think I've done a good job. But actually I feel less smug than when I began writing edits, and I hope I'm a little more pragmatic.

I wish I had an Earth-shattering insight to offer you. It seems a shame to waste this space I've earned. I guess what I'd like to tell everyone is that, sometimes — when you're a little bit tired — it's okay not to have an opinion. You don't always have to care.

But you do if you want to change the world. — Matt Bivens

the last word

Here it is — our last Last Word.

On Friday, the Jean Regime officially ends. Most of the desk editors will either leave or change positions, and new editors will take charge. Of course we made mistakes, but we like to think we've done a pretty good job. So let me be a little self-indulgent and sentimental about the DTH under Jean Lutes. After all, I'm the features editor, and I've never had a chance to write a feature about us.

As our infamous sports editor Dave Glenn once said about Jean, "I have never met someone who could please so many people so much of the time." I couldn't have said it better myself.

And speaking of Dave, he's really not that cocky — he's just confident. I think he's going to ask out Kathy Ireland next week. Assistant sports editor Andy Podolsky better keep him in the real world next year.

The whole sports staff has to watch out for University editor Kim Edens. I've watched her slam on many a man who thought he was superior. Kristen Gardner is the other University editor and likes to be known as "the happy one."

City editor Will Lingo is an easy-going Southern boy who can lighten the atmosphere when things get tense. State and national editor Bill Taggart is another calm one around here when things get hectic.

You've got to have a sense of humor to hang out 'til 1 or 2 a.m. writing headlines and catching mistakes in writers' stories.

Both news editors Karen Bell and Kaarin Tisue certainly are not lacking in that department, but if you make Kaarin mad, she'll level you with a glare.

Associate editor Matt Bivens is one of the first and the nicest people I met when I started as a mere staff writer during my sophomore year. He's still nice, just a bit more smug in his old age. The other associate editor, Laura Pearlman, is nothing less than intense with a mischievous smile and "worry doll" earrings.

Photography editor Brian Foley also could be described as intense, but we figured out it is just his eyes. This guy never blinks.

Jon Rust, our managing editor, must have been a most precocious child, for he is still that way at age 21. And precociousness is also a plus for anyone who is editor of Omnibus, as is Cathy McHugh. She's the first person I've met whose eyes really do twinkle.

I always think a crisis is imminent when talking to high-strung editors Kelly Rhodes and Shelley Erbland, of the arts and design desks respectively. May both their cars never break down again. The other design editor, Kelly Thompson, is much more relaxed, unless she can't find a quote for the front page.

I will miss all of these people, and I wish each one the best of luck. May we all meet again someday, or at least next week for a beer at Bub's.

I love you guys. — Leigh Ann McDonald

## Bidding a fond farewell to this funhouse

For whom is the funhouse fun? Perhaps for lovers. For Ambrose it is a place of fear and confusion.

It begins like a nightmare. He is sliding on his backside across a huge expanse of slick white ice, unable to stand up or even stop himself. He collides with the black wall which surrounds the ice and ricochets back across the frozen wasteland. His cry for help goes unheard.

Then, incredibly, an ice pick is in his hand, and he strikes the slick surface with it. A hieroglyphic crack appears in the ice. Another blow, another crack. His slide slows to a stop. If he uses the ice pick as a crutch, he finds he can stand, even walk, on the broken ice.

There are other tools there now — hammers, saws, axes, screwdrivers, level, pliers, wrenches, awls, etc. and etc. And construction materials — nuts, bolts, screws, aluminum siding, shingles, planks, copper pipe, etc. and etc. He knows now that he is to build.

But what? Quite unexpectedly, he remembers a summer day of unusual heat years before when he had gone to the state fair. He remembers mirrors that showed him upside down or twice as fat with tiny feet. He remembers floors that shifted and spun and made him dizzy. He remembers doors that refused to open or even disappeared at his touch. He remembers wondering who was behind all this — who had built this marvelous thing, with room after room of magic and mystery.

And now he understands what he is to build on this plain of fractured ice. A funhouse. His own funhouse. Designed, built and run by him.

People will flock to his creation, buying ticket after ticket, lining up for miles, returning again and again, always finding a new surprise, an undiscovered room, laughing, screaming, staring . . .

. . . and behind the walls he will sit at the controls, adjusting levers, turning cranks, pulling on ropes running through elaborate systems of pulleys, achieving just the right effect in each room. He will be the master of the funhouse, and for a little while, the lovers will travel

### Brian McCuskey

#### In the Funhouse

through his world.

He goes to work, chisel in hand. Hammer, hammer, glue, glue, and before long the first room is complete. Nothing fancy, just two trick mirrors and a door that opens onto a brick wall. He is sweating. This building is hard work.

He stands back, pleased with himself. Sure, one mirror is a little cracked, and that door doesn't quite fit on the hinges, but not bad for start. He launches into the construction of the second room, a narrow closet with a slippery tilted floor, and then the third room, and the fourth . . .

. . . this isn't working. It's supposed to be a funhouse, but it looks more like a kindergartener's backyard fort built from cardboard and sofa cushions. Look at it! The floorboards are warped and creaking. The windows are too small or too big. The roof leaks. Rusty nails stick out everywhere. The plumbing is a travesty.

And worse, he's run out of ideas for new rooms. He's done the mirror maze, the sliding walls, the false doors. The tilted floor isn't really all that tilted, and the strobe light barely flickers. What else can he do? What else is there to do?

The funhouses he has seen before are grand affairs, huge buildings with neon lights and dozens of happy couples lined up to get inside. And once inside — what incredible sights! What amazing sounds! Windows looking into rooms that don't exist! Doors that reveal different hallways each time you open them! Mirrors that show you your skeleton! What marvels!

He sinks into despair. How to compete with rooms like those, in funhouses like that? What can he build that's new, that's different? He throws down his chisel. Enough. He will not build.

But the crowd has already begun to line up. They are all couples, lovers, holding hands and waiting eagerly to slip into the shadows of the funhouse. Tickets have

been bought. Promises have been made. When he throws the chisel down, a nasty murmur rumbles through the swelling crowd. Threats are muttered. The lovers want their funhouse.

He seizes a saw and works with energy redoubled by fear. Another room here, another room there, a bit of paint, some Silly Putty and there it is! The funhouse is complete.

He shakes his head. The construction is badly designed and hastily executed, and the whole thing is too small. But it will have to do; there is no more time. He opens the front door and nods at the crowd.

With a roar the couples storm the funhouse, hand in hand, squeezing through the tiny door and into the rooms beyond. He rushes back to the control panel and jerks the first lever. It comes off in his hand. He yanks a rope overhead, and a pulley falls to the floor behind him. Peering through his peepholes he sees that the lovers have steered easily through the mirror maze and torn most of the false doors from their hinges. The walls groan as the couples lean against them, kissing in the shadows. He fears the whole edifice will come crashing down, burying him in the rubble.

But mercifully, the last of the crowd exits and he follows them out, watching them make their way back across the ice. "At least that's over," he says out loud with much relief, and just then the funhouse collapses behind him in a cloud of dust. A few walls remain upright; a copper pipe spouts a geyser of brownish water; one mirror leans against an empty doorway.

And a new crowd is gathering. He wishes he had never entered the funhouse. But he has. Then he wishes he were dead. But he's not. Therefore he will construct funhouses for others and be their secret operator — though he would rather be among the lovers for whom funhouses are designed.

Brian McCuskey is a senior English major from Los Angeles. He apologizes to John Barth.

## Readers' Forum

### Slam this beer ad


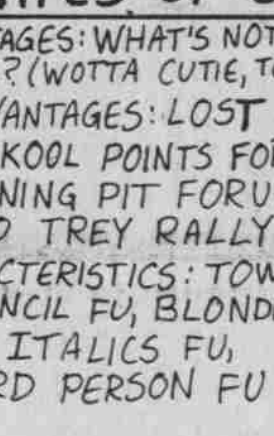
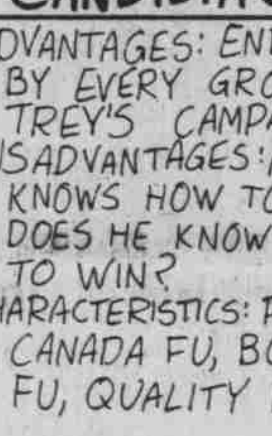

To the editor:

On Feb. 16, I opened my Daily Tar Heel in hopes of gaining some intellectual enlightenment on the news-worthy events of the day. To my surprise, neatly contained in the day's edition, I discovered a copy of "Beachin' Times," a 16-page study of the "three B's of spring break — beer, beach and babes." Perhaps the folks at Miller Lite Beer thought they were being amusing, but this "babe" was not amused. I found the advertising supplement extremely offensive. It was outlandishly sexist and it glamorized alcohol to the point of total irresponsibility. Do we really need to be subjected to such unsavory messages as "Name something you can drink, bump and poke. Hint — it's not a babe." And if the text didn't offend you then there were plenty of pictures that could do the trick — a picture of a topless sunbather, a drawing of a man supine in an innertube on the water with a bottle of beer in hand. (Drinking alcohol in the hot sun while drifting in the ocean does not strike me as the safest of pastimes.)

To be fair, I will admit that tucked away in small print in one corner, it said "Drinking and driving don't mix," but that hardly made this a socially redeeming document.

I'm aware that the DTH needs advertising revenue in order to survive. However, I believe some discretion is in order. Next time Miller Lite wants to run an ad, make sure it's in good taste and less offensive.

JUDY ROSS  
Graduate  
Computer science

ELECTIONS ARE HELL		PART I THE FOUR DIFFERENT TYPES OF SBP CANDIDATES	
 <p><b>TREY</b></p> <p>ADVANTAGES: WHAT'S NOT TO LIKE? (WOTTA CUTIE, TOO) DISADVANTAGES: LOST 20 KOOL POINTS FOR TURNING PIT FORUM INTO TREY RALLY CHARACTERISTICS: TOWN COUNCIL FU, BLONDE FU, ITALICS FU, THIRD PERSON FU</p>	 <p><b>KEVIN</b></p> <p>ADVANTAGES: HE AIN'T KEITH POSTON DISADVANTAGES: LORD, DON'T TEMPT ME... CHARACTERISTICS: LOOKS LIKE A PEZ CANDY DISPENSER</p>	 <p><b>ROD</b></p> <p>ADVANTAGES: ENDORSED BY EVERY GROUP BUT TREY'S CAMPAIGN DISADVANTAGES: ALREADY KNOWS HOW TO LOSE; DOES HE KNOW HOW TO WIN? CHARACTERISTICS: PIT FU, CANADA FU, BOLDFACE FU, QUALITY FU</p>	 <p><b>BRIEN</b></p> <p>ADVANTAGES: HE AIN'T KEVIN SISSON DISADVANTAGES: I'D SOONER VOTE FOR SERGEI THE FERRET CHARACTERISTICS: ABOUT AS ACCURATE AS A WCHL WEATHER FORECAST</p>

### Racism goes both ways

To the editor:

Over these past few weeks I have noticed a serious problem at UNC, one which probably exists nationally as well. We've all heard of racism, but it usually describes a white person's attitude toward black people. However I feel that black racism exists, and is much stronger than white racism. Many black students are sent off to this "white" University with a warning from their parents — "Don't forget who you are." In other words, don't forget you are black. Thus blacks feel they must uphold this strong identity, and stick together, afraid of losing their "blackness." In doing so, blacks have created their own elite group, inaccessible to whites. Is this what blacks

want? I'll never truly know because I'm not black, but it is not what I want. I can't understand or explain why these barriers exist. I just wish they didn't.

I had a disturbing experience the other night when a black friend of mine refused to walk into Great Hall with me where the BSM dance was being held. He was afraid of what the other blacks would say when they saw him with a white girl. This is not uncommon. Often blacks are picked on or disliked by other blacks if they have white friends. People in interracial relationships face an even larger problem in that they are shunned by both races. These couples often end up isolated — having been ostracized from both the black and white communities. As a white person, what can I do to make things better? As a black person, what can you do? Maybe there is no

solution, but if there is, nothing can change unless both blacks and whites can set aside their racism and live together as human beings.

TORY PALMER  
Freshman  
Undecided

### Letters policy

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes reader comments and criticisms. When writing letters to the editor, please follow these guidelines:

- Place letters in the box marked "Letters to the Editor" outside the DTH office in the Student Union.
- The DTH reserves the right to edit letters for space, clarity and vulgarity. Remember, brevity is the soul of wit.

## Hazing defeats the fraternal mission

### David Lewis

#### Guest Writer

I would like to thank Katie Wolfe for her informative article, "Zeta Beta Tau fraternity outlaws pledge process," on Feb. 8. I am pleased to see that many national fraternities are concerned with hazing and its consequences. I would like to add to Ms. Wolfe's article Lambda Chi Alpha's stance on hazing and pledging.

Nationally, Lambda Chi Alpha has always strongly opposed hazing. This view was formalized in 1978 when our General Assembly approved a resolution prohibiting hazing (Resolution approved by the Thirty-Seventh General Assembly — Lake of the Ozarks, Mo., 1978). The resolution states "... WHEREAS, the Fraternity espouses the belief that true fraternalism is nurtured in an atmosphere of social and moral responsibility and loyalty to the principles of higher education; and ...

WHEREAS, the Fraternity further believes, despite the fact that much progress has been made, that one of the most damaging instruments to true fraternalism is the employment of a program

of education which includes hazing; and that this unproductive, ridiculous, and most hazardous custom has no rightful place in Lambda Chi Alpha . . . therefore BE IT RESOLVED, that the 1978 General Assembly of Lambda Chi Alpha strongly urges all members of the Fraternity . . . to eliminate entirely any and all injurious hazing traditions and to replace them with positive and constructive educational programs . . ." This resolution created Code XI-3 of our constitution, which permits no hazing at all.

Critics will argue that this is a resolution in words only; that the fraternity has a document that is great for public relations. But the resolution is not such an instrument. This resolution is the culmination of an effort started in August 1969 to rid

the fraternity of pledge education and replace it with fraternity education. The fraternity continually publishes anti-hazing pamphlets and defines hazing for the local chapters as any action which promotes separation between the brothers and associate members. If the Grand High Zeta (National Lambda Chi Alpha governing body) finds hazing within a local chapter, it will be obliged to take that chapter's charter. It has happened before. It is the sincerest desire of Lambda Chi Alpha that all fraternities inspect their education policies during pledging and carry them out in a responsible manner. Society will no longer tolerate unreasonable and injurious hazings by fraternities. And irresponsible and reckless hazing by one fraternity damages the image of all fraternities.

David Lewis is a junior business major from Greensboro.