

The Daily Tar Heel

97th year of editorial freedom

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Hardin faces a hard choice

Chancellor Paul Hardin told the UNC Board of Visitors Friday that he is considering postponing the start of the fall semester for one or two weeks to cope with state budget cuts. Before such a decision is made, great consideration must be given to the disruption it would cause to students, faculty and employees.

The N.C. Office of Management and Budget cut non-personnel funding to the University by \$3.2 million because of unexpected spending by some state organizations and a decline in state revenues. The cuts have severely impaired the operations of many University departments, as well as libraries and computer facilities. Some professors will even have to dig into their own pockets to pay for photocopying final exams.

The University won't be able to make a decision about how to deal with the budget cuts until the beginning of May, when it finds out whether more money will come in from the state. If the money doesn't come in, everyone is in for some tough times.

Without more money, Hardin has two options: he can decide to start school late, or he can start it on time with inadequate facilities and services. Either way, everybody loses.

The provisions that would have to be made if school were to start late are staggering: simply informing all students of the change and providing

for them to move back into residence halls and apartments on the new date is a monumental logistical task. Part-time, temporary and student employees would not be paid because they would not be working; library and computer facilities could be cut back; and the lost class time could significantly reduce the material covered.

What little else Hardin could do to make up for the deficit, including shortening hours at Morehead Planetarium, the Botanical Gardens and the libraries, have even more drawbacks — if libraries are only open until 5 p.m., students and faculty will be severely limited in the amount of research they will be able to do. None of these options would save as much money as postponing the beginning of the semester.

The big question in many students' minds is why they are being forced to pay for other people's financial mistakes, especially when they have paid money to attend this university and use its services. That one probably won't be answered.

Hardin has a tough decision ahead. But if it's a choice between starting school late or being forced to deal with inadequate services at libraries, in class or in on-campus housing, students may have to opt to start school late — it's the lesser of two evils. We won't know until May. Let's just hope the check is in the mail. — Kimberly Edens

SDI a billion-dollar video game

Defense Secretary Dick Cheney has announced the Bush administration's intention to scale down research efforts on the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), but the administration is still wasting too much time, money and energy on the impractical Star Wars defense program.

The SDI program is the brainchild of the Reagan administration. In 1983, Reagan said the United States would establish a defense policy to make nuclear weapons "impotent and obsolete." Reagan and SDI supporters envisioned a system in which space-based and some ground-based weapons would intercept enemy missiles before they could reach the United States.

The feasibility and strategy of SDI have constantly been questioned by scientists and military experts, but so far, Bush has been loyal to Reagan's goal of a space-based defense.

The Defense Department claims it has the solution to the Star Wars feasibility problems. New and supposedly smart space-based weapons called "Brilliant Pebbles" would be able to track missiles without much need for guidance from outside satellites. Cheney said the Brilliant Pebbles are much cheaper and more accurate than systems now proposed for the Star Wars program.

But this new "savior" of SDI suffers

from the same problems the larger space-based missiles do. Skeptics say the reported low cost of the system is a lie. Swarms of Brilliant Pebbles would be needed to offer any degree of protection, and Cheney admits that no system can provide total protection from attack.

But even if the system is affordable, the implications of deploying Brilliant Pebbles would be just as detrimental as those of the larger space-based missiles.

Experts say the Soviets would have great incentive to launch a preemptive strike against the system, or even the United States, if they fear their weapons would be made obsolete by the deployment of a defensive system by the United States.

Soviet countermeasures against a space-based defense system would follow deployment. This defensive system would lead to an escalation of the arms race because enemies would strive to make their missiles faster and less detectable in order to evade the Brilliant Pebbles.

No one but the Reagan and Bush yes-men seriously believe in the advisability or feasibility of a space-based defense, yet Bush insists on pouring money into these destabilizing programs. There's nothing like spending billions on a video game. — Chris Landgraaf

Wednesday's guide to cyclical happiness

Ian Williams

Wednesday's Child

Depressed and dejected, I sulked with my Siamese cat for two days until my birthday came, when I straggled into the living room for the party. There, shining in all its splendor, was the bike. I was so happy that I rode it nearly all day for months around the Iowa countryside with a huge smile on my face.

So is happiness just a ratio of how close reality is to your hopes? Probably not, but if you expect grandeur and brilliance from the things you experience — movies, roommates you haven't met yet, DTH columns — you may be disappointed. Yet if you expect little from your surroundings, you're going to be delightfully surprised when something wonderful sneaks up and bites you in the butt.

Don't be a pain in the ass.

This is especially important, as it seems to be the equinox of Official Crap-Giving Season around here lately. As you quietly sit in the Pit, enjoying a tender moment with a Nestle Ice Cream Crunch Bar, you are suddenly jolted into the Miltonian screeches and verbal flogging of a Pit Preacher's private hell. You try to escape, yet are met with the brain-curdling screams of a man wielding a leather book and condemning you and your suitmates to a purgatory of blasphemers, adulterers, drinkers and people who don't floss regularly. What kind of a quiet flower-laden afternoon is this among the cobblestones?

Even worse are the little student Gods who try desperately to squelch things they don't understand by offering pieces of literature in the paper steeped in medieval Inquisition logic and advocating the cutting off of entire student groups who don't happen to gel with their reactionary, insecure, tunnel vision of the Way Things Just Are. I don't advocate a Blue Jeans or a Wear Shoes Day (for obvious weather and tetanus reasons); I'd just like to advocate a Chill the Hell Out Day where everybody just relaxes in the sunshine, does well on exams, and gives their neighbors each a Nestle Ice Cream Crunch Bar.

Happiness is a combination of fate and energy.

Now I realize this sounds like one of those quotes that you see on the wall of some secretary's office cubicle with a picture of some cutesy doggy licking another's ear, but it is a lot more useful than any of those cheesy "Thank God It's Friday" kitty-cat cliché posters.

Last Thursday, there was this "Kiss the Ram" contest in the Pit, where you donated charity coins to a certain name, and whoever got the most coins donated got to kiss dear old Rameses XV on the lips. Expecting the worst — I never thought I'd come close to winning, being a nerdy writer and all — I decided to go to the contest in the Pit that morning nonetheless.

Naturally and however, my morning started as usual, with me sleeping well past most people in this time zone, losing my contact lenses in the toilet and being unable to get my bike gears to stay in place. Furiiously pedaling my sloth-like *piece de merde* bicycle to the Pit, I was greeted by stragglers walking away and the contest organizers, who said, "Wow, Ian . . . you won! Sorry you weren't here — we had Lisa Frye kiss it instead."

The energy of inertia let me down again, and I was angry! Not because I missed getting my picture in the paper with ram mucus on my face, but because I was tired of being late to everything in my life! Being a month premature as a baby was the last time I was early to anything.

Dejected and depressed, I walked over to my mom's hotel room where she was staying for the week.

"I'm sorry, hon," she said. "I know how it feels. How's about we go out and get something early for your birthday?"

My face lit up. I've been riding my new bike with a smile on my face ever since.

Fate and luck play a large role in your happiness, but I've learned that you have to have the energy to get off your butt in order to make anything happen. So what can I say? If you have small expectations, good luck, a little energy and you're nice to everybody, you may not be happy — but you almost always end up with a really cool bike!

Ian Williams is a senior music and psychology major from Los Angeles who wishes everyone in 16th grade a happy life, and everyone else a happy summer.

Readers' Forum

Reading text isn't teaching

To the editor:

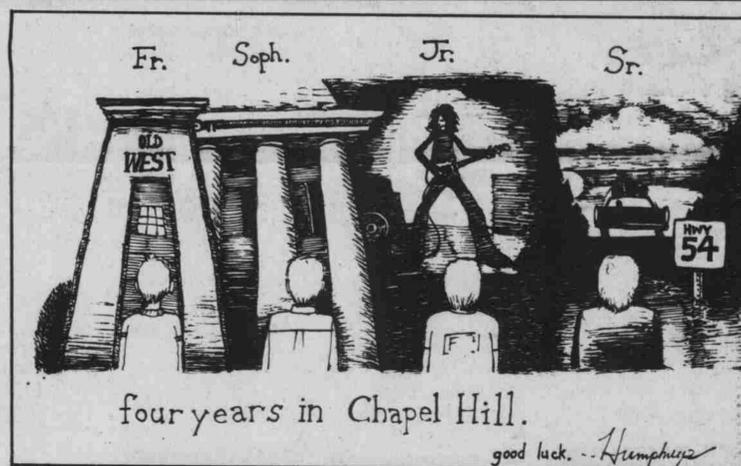
I am writing this letter while sitting in one of my classes. Why am I not paying attention? Well, basically, there's no need to. My teacher is reading verbatim from the textbook.

Every student who is admitted to this university is presupposed to be literate. Why, then, do professors and teaching assistants alike insist on holding class simply to spoon-feed the prose from the textbook to us word-for-word? We can read the book at home! Please, teachers, use your class time to teach us facts that go above and beyond the course reading.

I can remember a Psychology 10 teacher (who, incidentally, is no longer here) who would stand at the front of the classroom — text in hand — and proceed to read to us as if we were kindergartners at storytime. Some of the best teachers I can remember never even brought the text to class. They had prepared their own examples and problems before coming to class.

I'm not sure if the teaching problem is due to lack of creativity and innovation, laziness, poor pay or just plain indifference. But, believe it or not, we students are here to learn and the majority of us enjoy a stimulating, thought-provoking class. Please don't insult our intelligence or waste our time by lecturing straight from a textbook.

I understand that some of the textbooks we use at Carolina are excellent, but if a teacher insists on teaching strictly from



a book (especially one that's not his own) he should not be surprised if class attendance is somewhere around 20 percent on a sunny day. Those of us who have faith in our own reading comprehension skills are laying out at the pool where we can at least get a tan while we learn from a book.

BARBIE STUCKEY

Junior

CGLA not in the closet

To the editor:

In response to Jay Wagner's letter, "CGLA should give details of student fee use" (April 21): the Carolina Gay and Lesbian Association's budget is a public document. It is available for the asking at the Student Congress office and at

the CGLA office, and it is published in Lambda. Students who are interested and willing to spend some time constructively can examine it just as they can attend our events (which are publicized), read our newsletter (which is distributed around campus and in local businesses, and sent to subscribers) or visit our office in the Union. We make our materials and facilities available but do not insist that anyone take advantage of them; however, those who choose to promote anti-CGLA sentiment without first gathering basic information have every opportunity to do so.

LISA HEINEMAN

Graduate

History

LIZ STILES

Senior

Political science

Letters policy

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

■ All letters must be typed and double-spaced, for ease of editing.

■ All letters must be signed by the author(s), with a limit of two signatures per letter.

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

■ Place letters in the box marked "Letters to the Editor" outside the DTH office in the Student Union.

Chapel Hill needs driver's ed refresher

Jean Gowen

Guest Writer

This is Raleigh Road. This is your brain on Raleigh Road. Any questions?

Yeah, I've got a few, like why do I have to risk life and limb to get to and from classes? Have you had too many brushes with death when a little lady in a turbo station wagon unexpectedly takes a right down Manning Drive just as your foot leaves the curb? (Hello, Chapel Hill, turn signals are *not* there for your amusement.) Have you ever waited in front of Phillips on the curb of Cameron Avenue until you've got an army of 20 or so to charge out into the crosswalk? One person might not make a big enough dent in a fender for drivers to consider stopping, but a whole herd? Now we're talking serious damage and inconvenience, buddy.

I'm a second-year resident of Hinton James (and proud of it), and I therefore have the well-toned calves of a professional pedestrian. For the umpteenth time today I had to jump out in the face of on-coming traffic just so I could cross the street and make it to my morning classes. In the continuing struggle between motorists and

pedestrians, the rules of fair play that we studied so diligently to pass the written drivers exam when we were 15 seem to have fallen by the wayside. So, in an attempt to prevent a few broken bones and subsequent lawsuits, here's a refresher straight from Chapter 20 of Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina.

1) A pedestrian has the right-of-way at all crosswalks and at intersections whether the white lines are painted on the street or not. This means that those of you sitting in dry air-conditioned comfort *have to stop*, not swerve, not speed on through with your finger stuck out the window.

2) Pedestrians opting to cross the road at any other point must yield to motorists. This means no diagonal ambling across Manning Drive in front of the U-bus. Just because this is a student town does not mean pedestrians have the right-of-way all the time.

3) When crossing an intersection with the green light, the pedestrian has the right-of-way — not the Volvo making a left turn at 60 mph just 'cause he's bigger.

4) Red means stop. Green means go. Yellow does not mean "go really fast" and it is not a challenge to drivers to see if they can get through the intersection before the red light zaps 'em.

Chapel Hill is full of pedestrians (just in case you hadn't noticed yet). Even you drivers become pedestrians as soon as you park your car. It is my sincere hope that every Tar Heel who has ever had his heart in his throat because someone was trying to get to work on time will take this vow with me: Whenever I drive, I will always be aware of pedestrians and their rights. So, if we could all just play by the rules, maybe we'd get to work or class having uttered fewer colorful epithets. And then we won't have to train Hinton James freshmen in guerilla crosswalk tactics!

Jean Gowen is a sophomore biology major from Cornelia, Ga.

The Daily Tar Heel

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