

The Daily Tar Heel

97th year of editorial freedom

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Pay now or suffer more later

The value of a UNC diploma is in serious danger of plummeting. As a DTH series this week showed, the University is losing distinguished faculty and experiencing difficulty recruiting new faculty members because of the relatively poor pay and benefits. Unless the N.C. General Assembly acts quickly to improve faculty compensation packages, UNC will lose its reputation as a premier university.

The statistics make the point painfully clear. UCLA and the universities of Wisconsin, Virginia and Michigan, comparable to UNC in size and reputation, all have significantly higher faculty salaries, especially when benefits are included. Benefits such as day care and family health plans are especially lacking at UNC. Since spouses and dependents are not covered by the University, employees pay thousands of dollars each year providing family coverage.

The fringe benefits the University offers to faculty today are largely the same benefits which were offered 40 years ago. For example, a system of faculty leave was established only last year. In order to remain a progressive academic institution, UNC must be progressive not only in research, but in providing faculty benefits as well.

State must invest in future

The market for professors is no different from any other employment market. Qualified professors are going to teach at the school that offers the best financial package. If UNC does not begin immediately to compete economically with other research institutions, the consequences are all too clear.

So an investment in UNC's faculty must be made now, and it must be made by the legislature. By their complacency, legislators make the University unable to attract new faculty and force it to lose its established professors.

Professors and students have complained and taken action through petition drives and brochure campaigns to educate students on the problems. The administration has voiced its concern as well, but it is paralyzed by a lack of support from the state.

According to a study by the Board of Visitors, giving the University control of job descriptions, which is now in the hands of the state, would allow UNC officials to make maximum use of their personnel dollars. The requirement forcing the University to return any unspent budget money eliminates autonomy over long-term planning. All of the funds the school receives from tuition plus 35 percent of grant money must also be paid to the state. Comparable institutions such as the University of

board opinion

Virginia and the University of Texas, however, are allowed to retain all this money.

Of course, untying the University's hands on its budget will be difficult right now because of the state's recent budget cuts. Obviously, this is a tight time for money, but that does not absolve the state of its duty to remedy this dilemma. If the state had dealt with this problem before it became so severe, adjusting faculty salaries accordingly so as to remain competitive, the situation would not be as dire as it is.

But the state can keep the problem from progressing, and now the General Assembly must realize the need for increased fiscal autonomy for the UNC system. Mention of tuition or tax increases sends politicians into hiding, but if the state is unwilling to loosen its strangling control of system funds, one of these increases must be considered if the legislators want the system to remain competitive and even solvent.

Researchers seek higher salaries

Research Triangle Park aptly demonstrates the strong pull for quality researchers that universities can create. But too often, researchers leave the University to work for private firms. For the state to continue growing, the prestige of the University must increase — the state must provide money to attract and retain prestigious, qualified faculty for both research and teaching purposes.

UNC has become known as a "raidable" school, where the faculty are lured away by higher salaries and a better working environment. Several top professors, including Southern politics expert Merle Black, have been recruited from the University or left for better offers.

The University can still attract quality teachers, as shown by the recent controversy surrounding history professors Jim LeLoudis and Gary Freeze, who are both considered excellent in the classroom. And English professor Reid Barbour chose to come to UNC despite a better offer from Vanderbilt, but his decision was based largely on personal reasons. The University cannot count on these personal ties when recruiting professors. At least in the eyes of students and faculty, this problem is simple to solve. If compensation is not competitive with the top schools in the nation, neither will the school be competitive.

The commitment made 200 years ago to excellence at UNC has carried the University to the top of the higher education community. But that standing is threatened by complacency on the part of legislators who are not supportive of efforts to improve faculty compensation. Unless they take action now, the 200 years of work to establish UNC as one of the best public universities in the nation could be lost.

the last word

We finally did it.

When you get back to the first paper Aug. 31, there'll be one very pleasant change in the format of The Daily Tar Heel. It'll have Calvin and Hobbes.

I used to think Calvin and Hobbes was stupid. I'm not sure when I changed my mind, but I eventually came to love the humor of the strip, so much so that I promised in my campaign for editor that I'd do everything possible to get it. Because The Chapel Hill Newspaper has the cartoon already, we had to get their permission to run it. We got that this week, thanks to Bill Taggart, the DTH's managing editor.

That thank-you is really what this last word is about. The editors who put together this 18-page paper and Omnibus deserve a thank-you for their hard work throughout the semester. Calvin and Hobbes is just one example of all that the editors have accomplished, such as a weekly, graphically pleasing business page, a Monday city news page, more arts coverage and a Friday features page.

The editors' work makes this paper award-winning, and this week we received

news that the DTH won the top honor rating of "All American" from the Associated Collegiate Press, based on five issues of the paper and two editions of Omnibus from fall semester. The paper won marks of distinction for coverage and content, writing and editing, opinion content, and photography, art and graphics. The stories "indicate a broad range and are in-depth," and the "numerous editorials give vent to excellent comments on the most pertinent issues," the award said.

That makes us all pretty darn happy, and it gives editors something to think about at 1 a.m. when they're wishing they could be anywhere but here. It's their hard work that gets this paper out, all 18 pages of it, and tomorrow, even while they're falling asleep in class, they'll have that to be proud of. Thanks, guys.

And that's all for this semester. We have to revert back to our student mode for exams, so the DTH will not be available for insightful news and crossword puzzles. Good luck and have a fantastic summer. — Sharon Keschull

Some final thoughts while still searching

I ran into a fellow senior the other day, and after discussing our future plans, she turned to me and said, "I hope you find what you're looking for." It startled me. Had I told her I was looking for something? No, I hadn't mentioned any search at all. Then I began to think maybe she meant more in the broader scope of things. What was I looking for? Had my whole my college career been a never-ending quest for truth and knowledge, or had I spent the last four years looking for nothing more than change for a dollar?

The whole piece is going to be a sentimental remembrance thing, so if you'd like to start humming "Nadia's Theme," it might enhance it.

My roommate my freshman year was a local drug czar named Cheech. He was convinced my dad was an undercover narcotics agent and took to shooting at my parents' car every time they came up. It made for an awkwardness between us that never really went away.

I was without a major and decided to join the ROTC, pronounced by students as "Rotzie." I started off in Triple "Rotzie," but when I didn't make the Word division, I got out of it. I wasn't looking for much my freshman year, with the exception of 323 Phillips, which I never found and consequently received an F in the course.

My sophomore year, I began to look for love. I thought it was in this intriguing, long-legged she-devil named Roxy in my Hindu class. She had little command of the English language and spoke using no verbs at all. She was a blithering idiot but had hips that'd make you sing the Dutch National Anthem in your sleep.

But I had no nerve, so I contacted the ghost of Vishnu through the aid of our textbook (he was the god of war and approach lines). After class one day, I finally spoke to her. I told her I had some really good karma back in my room.

"You go to hell," she said.

I told her we wouldn't learn how to do that until chapter 12, though she didn't listen. I may not have learned how to look within the souls of my fellow classmates,

David Rowell

Pardon Me

but I was able to see right through that white blouse of hers every time she wore it. I was young and immature. It took little to make me happy.

With my junior year came a deeper, more philosophical approach to things and a fetish for knock-knock jokes. My grades went up and my academic probation officer got me off with only having to do community service. I was lonely, though. I had the love life of a number two pencil and my circle of friends was reduced to an arc. I became moody and depressed and contemplated courses in Slavic Humor.

I went home on weekends and twice on weekdays. Then, just as everything seemed hopeless, a voice came to me. It said, "Write." I later found out the voice came from my next door neighbor. He and his girlfriend were making love like trapeze artists, and the sound was actually, "Aaaaaaauugh," but through the walls it came out as a "write" sound.

I began to write poetry and fiction, columns and bad checks. I couldn't stop. I had found purpose and meaning in life. Over the summer I started my book, "Paperweights, and Why They're Nifty." It's still unfinished.

I came into my senior year with a positive outlook. I joined the Big Buddy program and to my surprise, my little buddy was 6'2" and repeating fifth grade for the seventh time. We get along, but it's an uncomfortable feeling when you have a little buddy who can beat you up.

I've spent a good deal of my last year here trying to make career decisions. I want to be in an environment conducive to my talents, a place that will allow me to grow intellectually, and where I would never utter the words, "We don't have Mountain Dew. We have Sprite." But actually locating these places hasn't been easy, and I've had to compromise my career goals

greatly.

Just the other day I was in an interview (I refuse to name the organization or the position I was applying for) and all I could think was, "What if I do get this? Is this what I want to be doing?" To give you an idea of how far I have strayed away from my original career goals, the interviewer stopped me and asked, "Gee, what size would you take in a helmet?"

I can usually tell what to expect from a company by what kind of questions I have to fill out on their information sheet. Some ask very relevant questions about your personal and educational background, while others seem less pertinent. I had a lot to say when I was answering why I felt I was qualified for the job, but when I got to the last question I became less enthused. It read: "If you had to pick a peanut that best represented your personality, which would it be? Why?" I'm still searching.

Anyone who has ever read this column knows I'm still looking for the answers to love. Are they undefinable and without measure, or are they simply located in the back of the book? After four years of college life, I'm no closer to understanding the concept than my cousin Beauford, whose philosophy on women is summed up by a plaque inside his mobile home. It says, "I don't date girls who use four letter words . . . like 'don't,' 'stop,' or 'quit.'"

Anyway, I tried to call this girl to tell her she was right for assuming I was looking for something, but she wasn't in.

So in the end I didn't get the girl. Life goes on. And I didn't get the perfect job offer. Hey, pardon me. I've had some fun along the way. Isn't that what life is about — setting your goals and having fun trying to reach them? Somewhere between life and death there is love and happiness. You just have to look for it. Everything else is worth a laugh.

David Rowell is a senior RTVMP major from Fayetteville.

Readers' Forum

Club didn't call for "Shoe Day"

To the editor:

I am writing in regard to the "Heterosexual Awareness Day" announcement which has appeared in the DTH; the announcement is directly linked to Sharon Sentelle's April 21 letter, "Homosexuality a violation of natural laws." The UNC College Republicans' "encouragement" for participation in such an event is simply fabricated and far from truth, and it should be recognized as such.

I am a serving member of the club's executive board, which is supposed to guide the club in its decisions. Neither myself nor several other executive board members heard about Ms. Sentelle's childish idea until it appeared in the DTH. The idea is no more than a self-proclaimed Shoe Day, demonstrating some shallow thinking on Ms. Sentelle's part. For someone who claims to have intentions of improving the UNC College Republicans' image, Ms. Sentelle, as its leader, is putting forth her efforts in the wrong vein. If anything, Ms. Sentelle has actually contributed to worsening any impression anyone had about the club.

It is an embarrassment to be even remotely associated with Ms. Sentelle after her improper abuse of her authority. Perhaps better judgment in selecting



officers would help to improve the club's image. Ms. Sentelle can rest assured that this will not be the last she will hear about this.

BENJAMIN BARKER
Freshman
Business administration

Plan your own entertainment

To the editor:

In her April 24 letter ("Entertainment excludes blacks"), Sharon Taylor writes, "It seems that the only freedom blacks have on this campus is the music they provide for them-

selves." Taylor wants the University to "stop making excuses for itself and provide entertainment for all students — blacks included!" It seems Taylor is the one making excuses, because the University does not "provide" Beach Blast or other entertainment events — students do.

Beach Blast started when a few students had the idea of a beach music concert and took the initiative to arrange the event. It was not conceived by the University, nor is it run by the University. And we certainly have no special privileges as white students which enable us to put on an event. Anyone can organize something as big

or bigger. We are sorry Taylor does not like the music played at Beach Blast (though the event is not intended for whites only; many blacks attended, and the members of the headlining band are themselves black). It would be great for the University to put on the events she would like, but if it won't, the means are there for her to make it happen personally.

MIKE SULLIVAN
Senior
Industrial relations

DONALD TRULL
Sophomore
English

Don't criticize R.E.M. for concert style

To the editor:

Following Saturday night's R.E.M. concert, I walked out of the Smith Center, past the "unofficial" T-shirt vendors and into the balmy April evening with some pretty varied impressions of a band in transition. Most of these differ distinctly from those proffered by concert reviewer Mike Berardino ("R.E.M. able to import success from intimate setting to arena") in the April 24 DTH. For those fans not fortunate enough to have seen the concert, I would like to add a few observations to complete the picture perfunctorily painted by Mr. Berardino.

While simultaneously increasing the accessibility of its lyrics (making them intelligible) and decreasing the intimacy of its live shows (playing larger venues), R.E.M. has apparently arrived at a communicative crossroads. On stage, the band may seem distant at times, but this is hardly surprising in halls like the SAC, which do (by their very size) physically distance a major portion of the audience. Importantly, the members of R.E.M. are trying to explore novel ways of relating to their live audiences (video images, etc.). The main message of Saturday's show, however, seemed to be that the key to enjoying this group live does not lie in telling its members to "shut up and sing my favorite song."

From my seat on the floor, Michael Stipe's by-now-famous remark ("We don't take requests, and I hate that song") was not "shot back" in response to polite requests from the good-natured "group up

front," as the reviewer suggests, but rather in response to recurring rude interruptions from a group of concert-goers in the lower level diagonal to the stage. Far from presenting an "entirely disagreeable tone," Stipe's comeback to this unwarranted heckling was not only to-the-point and necessary, but also welcomed and applauded.

Fellow DTH reviewer Ron Crawford pointed out in his Monday review of the Violent Femmes show ("Meaningful act pleases crowd") that "rock-and-roll audiences tend to be composed of young fans out to have a good time," not interested in any "heavy stuff" or serious messages that may creep in. To whatever extent this may or may not be true, it is still troubling to note that such an interest in current events and political causes (like preservation of the environment) is equated, in the reviewer's mind, to "pandering." Others may define it as concern, the first step toward enacting change.

Whether you see Stipe's eccentric refusal to compromise in general and his remark in particular as "cynical," as the reviewer chose to do, is a matter of personal choice. However, it should be noted that to set up a good-guy/bad-guy dichotomy with the audience portrayed as innocent victim and Stipe as a sarcastic bully (as the reviewer does) is misleading. The reader himself falls prey to the sarcastic barb of Berardino's pen more than once in the course of the article, as Mike Berardino propagates the very sarcasm he finds so reproachable in the other Michael (Stipe).

I did not go to the show merely for "some quirky stage antics . . . some political pandering . . . and a healthy dose of sarcasm." I went primarily for the music. I suspect other fans did, too. Unfortunately, this is an aspect of the show which is neglected by the review. While choosing to concentrate on said "quirky" antics, the reviewer loses sight of the goal of the review, confronting (aside from dutifully listing song titles) the subject of the actual music a total of once in his article. The adjectives he does use to describe songs range from "inane" on the one hand all the way over to "passable" on the positive end of the spectrum. Yet the criteria he uses to attach these labels are not elaborated upon — nor are the reasons for which, despite this, he gives the concert itself an overall "thumbs up." (Could it have been the "hip" thing to do?)

By this point, my biases are probably as clear as the reviewer's. But every story has (at least) two sides . . . My suggestion is to go see a show and make up your mind about R.E.M. for yourself. Stipe might say something interesting — then again, he might not. Just give him and R.E.M. the chance to if they so desire. It would be a shame to lose any serious message or art there may be to be found in R.E.M.'s music — let's hope that, to use Crawford's words again, this is *not* "the price of fame."

BRUCE BENNETT
Senior
French