

UNC: 1,000 pointless points of life

I keep asking myself, "What's the point?"

On Sunday, I went to a large all-campus fraternity party (you know which one I mean) and left about 10 minutes later seriously contemplating just how far Western civilization has plummeted.

Here is the "party" in a nutshell: thousands of drunken, sweaty, cooler-carrying idiots packed like cattle into a muddy yard and held in by police barricades. And, oh yeah, urinating wherever seems convenient. Woodstock was the lap of luxury compared to this fiasco. The fact that this party is one of the most eagerly anticipated events of the year must rank somewhere between Ed McMahon's celebrity status and Dan Quayle's political career as the great absurdities of the 20th century.

While I was there I saw bras thrown off the balcony, heard a couple of "Whoooo"s from the crowd and saw several short people get sucked up by the partying throngs. And I overheard such brilliant observations as "This is sooooo great" and "I knew it was gonna be like this." Boy, this guy figured out on his own that the party's going to be crowded. Must have been a Morehead.

But anyway, I had to ask why people submit themselves to this. Because it's fun, they say.

Well, the last time I had fun, there was no one spilling beer on my shoes. But, what the heck, I thought it was fun once, too. When I was a freshman and didn't know any better. It seemed cool then, but by the time I was a sophomore it just kind of seemed pointless.

Which brings me to a great discovery. Pointless, you see, is the great reality of life at UNC. More pointless stuff goes on here than can be believed. These pointless things include but are certainly not limited to:

*Freshman convocation: You've been in Chapel Hill for a little more than 24 hours and you're told to look at the people on either side of you. "One of these three people won't be here when you graduate," they say. Well, so much for starting out the year on a positive note.

Justin McGuire
University Editor

Can you really remember anything about convocation? I know I can't. Well actually, I never went, but I have it on good authority that it's not exactly an experience which will markedly enhance your collegiate years. In other words, it's pointless.

*Dressing up at football games: Who are we trying to kid? You dress up to go to the opera, not to see a sporting event (if you can call Carolina football a sport). It must be really tough to lean to the left and lean to the right, peel your banana and uhh! take a bite in a sports jacket.

Wearing coats and ties and dresses is not only the height in pretension but highly impractical as well. It seems to me that swilling gin and watching football is not exactly an activity conducive to keeping one's wardrobe in good condition.

But far be it from me to begrudge someone the right to drink or dress up or both. It just seems that it might be better to do it at home while you leave the stadium for people who might actually be there to watch a football game.

*Ice cream (or tie dye or whatever) drop/add: As any veteran will tell you, you have to be in a war to truly understand what war is about. And by the same token, you have to drop or add something before you understand that process. Trading chocolate syrup for nuts just won't do the trick. First of all there's no camping out involved (which actually brings up a whole new area of pointlessness, but I'll save that).

I believe you should just throw a freshman into drop/add and let him figure it out on his own. That's how I did it (I forgot to pre-register). You learn through your mistakes. Sure, you may end up with Bavarian folk dancing, but you'll be a little bit wiser the next semester.

*The foreign language lab: Everyone has his favorite language

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SHEMP MAGAZINE



THOUSANDS OF CHAPEL HILL SCENE-MAKERS MAKE PILGRIMAGE TO ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME INEBRIATION-FEST! WOW!



"How was your summer? Where are you living now? Great!"



"I loved it. It was better than 'Cats.'"



"Stay on that side of the barricade, son!"



"Can't remember."

PETE CORSDITH

Taking it easy with the laid-back five-year plan

I got my senior newsletter in the mail the other day.

Which left me feeling kind of discombobulated.

I started thinking, "There comes a time in every man's life when he must throw off the bright cloak of youth and accept the hair shirt of adulthood." Then I realized how stupid it is to think to yourself in quotation marks like that so I stopped.

But this is it: my senior year. It. Finito. The End. Sort of.

John Bland
Staff Writer

See, even though I am a senior, I won't be getting a sheepskin come May, unless I scalp a sheep. I will become what I beheld: a fifth-year senior.

I keep having this recurring nightmare about that, too. I'm sitting in a climate-controlled office in front

of a man in a black suit. I'm trying to get a job with his company. It goes something like this:

MAN: (intensely polite) So, you want to work for our company, eh?

ME: (eager as a beaver) Oh, yes sir, very much so, sir!

MAN: (maliciously grinning) Well, let's just look through your record, shall we?

(MAN pulls out a large manila envelope, sifts through it)

ME: (sweating profusely)

MAN: (shaking his head) Oh, no. Oh, no no no. This won't do at all. Not at all. Do you realize what this says! Do you?!

ME: (confused with terror) Haphawannamoo!

MAN: Haphawannamoo? (regaining his composure, glaring, baring his teeth) You didn't graduate on time! You idiot! You lazy, lazy bum! Who do you think you are!

Then he turns into a giant fig newton and I wake up.

I don't know if that makes me psychotic or not (I'm not sure what Freudians would say about the fig newton), but it's starting to get on my nerves. Is that what's really going to happen? Am I going to walk into some office, look the personnel manager right in the eye and say, "Hi, I'm John, I'm a lazy bum because I didn't graduate on time?"

But it's not that bad, really. I can still wake up around noon and play along with "The Price Is Right." I can still go out at night and commit

various class C misdemeanors. I can still take crip courses like "Shoelace Tying 56" and not feel bad that I'm wasting my talent, life and career!

For all of you out there in my predicament, don't despair. If you can't get done in four, do it in five. After all, did the pope rush Michelangelo? Did Lewis rush Clark? Did Mount Rush More?

I think not.
John Bland is a senior English major from Charlotte.

Nevada: A Southerner's guide

"Historically, Nevada has been the place where people go to do the things they aren't allowed to do at home - namely, drinkin', whorin', and gamblin'."

- Travis T. Hipp, Reno radio talk show host

There is something mythical and romantic about the western United States, but you Southerners have taken it a little too far.

You simply refuse to believe that anything west of the shores of the Mississippi River actually exists.

I know it's hard. The West is a region of rare beauty and stark character. Nevada, in its way, perhaps epitomizes the rough-and-tumble independent thinking of the hardy souls who blazed the trails of the Old West.

In case you didn't know, Nevada is the only state in the union where prostitution is legal. A word of

Erik Flippo
Business Editor

explanation: the state heavily taxes, licenses and regulates the "industry." It is legal in 10 of 17 counties, and there it is only permitted in licensed brothels. AIDS and STD tests are mandatory every six months for all of the working ladies. Street walkers are patently illegal. Also, casino gambling (we call it "gaming" because there is less stigma attached) is legal throughout the state, and nobody out there has ever even heard of an ABC store (hard liquor is sold at the supermarket and 7-11 - the drinking age, however, has been 21 as long as I can remember).

Nevadans take no guff from self-

righteous purists who would have us change our evil ways. We are at home with our casinos and our brothels, just as you are at home with your tobacco fields and Jesse Helms.

A recent story perhaps illustrates this attitude best.

Leslie Sferrazza, the ex-wife of Reno's mayor, appeared nude in a Playboy magazine spread this summer ("Reno Confidential," Sept. 1989, near the back), sparking a rancorous debate on the fate of Reno's image, given this new "exposure." The discussion occurred both locally and (inexplicably) on the front page of the Baltimore Sun.

Leslie claimed her pictorial would have a "positive effect" on Reno's image, prompting many local gurus to question what we really wanted Reno's image to be. They asked this

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The Village People, ELO, Blondie and bell bottoms

I didn't go to the DKE party Sunday night. It was too crowded and too noisy. I must be getting old.

This realization came to me this past weekend. First of all, the freshmen moved in Saturday. Now this is not a slam against freshmen, but they are young! I watched them roll into Connor dorm with their parents in tow, carrying the de rigueur Tar Heel trash cans, Michael Jordan posters and plastic soap holders. They all have the glow of youth, the glow that fades after a semester of all-night study marathons and football-Saturday brain cell slaughters.

I heard the families praising the "lovely" dorm accommodations. If they only knew what a dorm bathroom looked like after a weekend of cleaning neglect. I saw freshmen

William Taggart
Managing Editor

getting their meal cards. They really think that you have to pick one of the categories on the back of the contract card. No, it's not necessary to get \$912 on your meal card for the 21 meals a week. Within a week Dominos' phone number will be memorized, and the bulk of the meal card money will go in that direction, not toward the salad bar at Lenoir (spoken with the French pronunciation, to rhyme with Renoir).

Okay, this did turn into a slam on freshmen. But they are young. How many of them know who Dr. Hook

is? He is not the villain in Peter Pan, but one of the outstanding musical products of the 1970s. We're talking supergroups like The Captain and Tenille, The Village People, The Bay City Rollers, K.C. and the Sunshine Band, Supertramp, ELO, Blondie, Hot Butter, Abba, Lipps, Inc., and Earth, Wind & Fire. All these groups produced memorable tunes, tunes which are now found only in the stack of 45s at the back of the closet. For you youngsters, a 45 was a record with a song on each side. It was shaped like a CD, but with a big hole in the middle. One side was a great song; the "B" side was usually a really bad song the group didn't even put on their album. My most prized

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