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Your favorites and mine: those wacky UNC profs

monotone

that would

put 18-

wheel

trucks to

and when

asked a

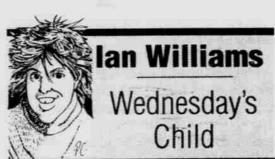
sleep

Boy, do folks desperately need a vacation around here or what? Maybe it's the humid weather; maybe some sort of heavy-duty laxative leaked into the water supply, or just maybe everybody peed in everybody eise's corn flakes all month, but there seems to be a burr in the britches of every person I've seen lately. A more logical explanation is that it's Happy Magical Final Season here in Chapel Hill, and us kids are having to memorize stuff that is looking pretty inconsequential at this junction in our careers.

But I assure you, these academic things are purely transient - professors mess up things because it's their jobs. Although I have an infinite amount of respect for someone who was smart and caring enough to devote their life to professorship - and although I think that the "those who can do - those who can't teach quote was made by a bunch of disgruntled welders who hated second grade — I still feel a primal urge to purge my list of The Five Kinds of Professors at UNC.

The Ramblin'Man

Professors become professors for a reason, and the Ramblin' Man did it because he knew more about his subject than anyone else in the solar system. He can't teach for the same reason a good musician can't dance; they know way too much about something to express it naturally. Also known as "Mr. I Wrote the Book," he quotes long, delirious passages from his own textbook in a





question, will he ramble on a long, delirious tangent that will send most students into the stratosphere, drooling on their desks with sugar plums dancing in their heads.

Quote: "And if you'll turn to page 1,750 in the textbook, read along with me as we take a voyage through the wondrous world of didactic relativism..."

Anal Retentive TA from the Ninth Circle of Hell



are professors in this world w h o seem to delight the a c a demic

There

flogging of their student captives, but much, much worse are their Igor Teaching Assistants, the Grad Students With Very Serious Attitude Problems. These guys probably had a crudload of sand kicked in their faces in grade school, and now carry this primal sandbox grudge to the poli sci classroom, where they finally have the power over us durn

bratty schoolkids. With snake venom discussions or sleep, and the teacher spewing from their lips, the TAs tear through a paper like an angry tiger through a gazelle, gnawing on bad punctuation and flawed argumentation with cackling glee.

Quote: "Let it be known that attendance to the 8 o'clock recitation counts as 47 percent of your final grade..."

Mr. Everybody's Buddy



This teacher spices his lecture with frequent references to the students' alcoholic and sexual passions, in a vain attempt to relate to us kids in our obviously pleasure-driven

lives. He'll set up office hours at He's Not Here on Friday evenings, where he'll suck down a brewski and make thinly-veiled sexist comments relating the subject material with boob size, and then get angry when we don't take him seriously as a professor.

Quote: "I'd schedule a quiz for Friday, but I know you'll be out pillaging all night... (winks)... right, Gloria? Heh heh heh."

Madame Slide



professor's

This

about the same stuff you would at three in the morning with drunk housemates. The text for the class is usually a coursepack that consists of three to four newspaper articles vaguely related to each other, all stapled together. Students either get in deep philosophical

gets in trouble every semester for giving too many A's; unfortunately, Madame Slide's class never fulfills anything close to being a perspective, so it's commonly known as "Two for One at the Pass/Fail-o-Rama."

Quote: "I really don't believe in the conventional grading system... how do y'all feel about that?"

The Academic Superhero



g o d among men, the o n e teacher that successfully

This

the

professor

veritable

combines his own personal intellect with a working knowledge of our own attention span. Passionate yet not a freakazoid, our Superfriend casts off the common shackles of regurgitation list memorizing and lets us learn tough material without leaving us feeling like we just got our teeth cleaned. The Superhero comes along every two years or so in our college career, so look out for

Quote: "I've got a convention in Boulder, so there will be no class on Thursday...'

Anyway, good luck on all those finals, and don't let them stop you from looking up at the beautiful trees. And as my Mom says, if everyone does poorly, it's the teacher that fails - even though I do have the worst academic attitude west of the Atlantic Basin, and my G.P.A. would almost be legal on a breathalyzer, you talk and this humid weather is killing me, and the whole world can just go to hell for all I care...

> Editor's note: This article was reprinted from the Feb. 28, 1990, edition of The Daily Tar Heel. Ian Williams is a 1990 graduate of UNC from somewhere in Los Angeles.

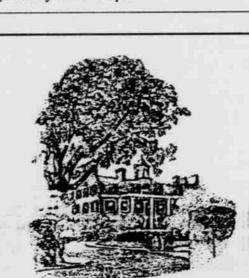


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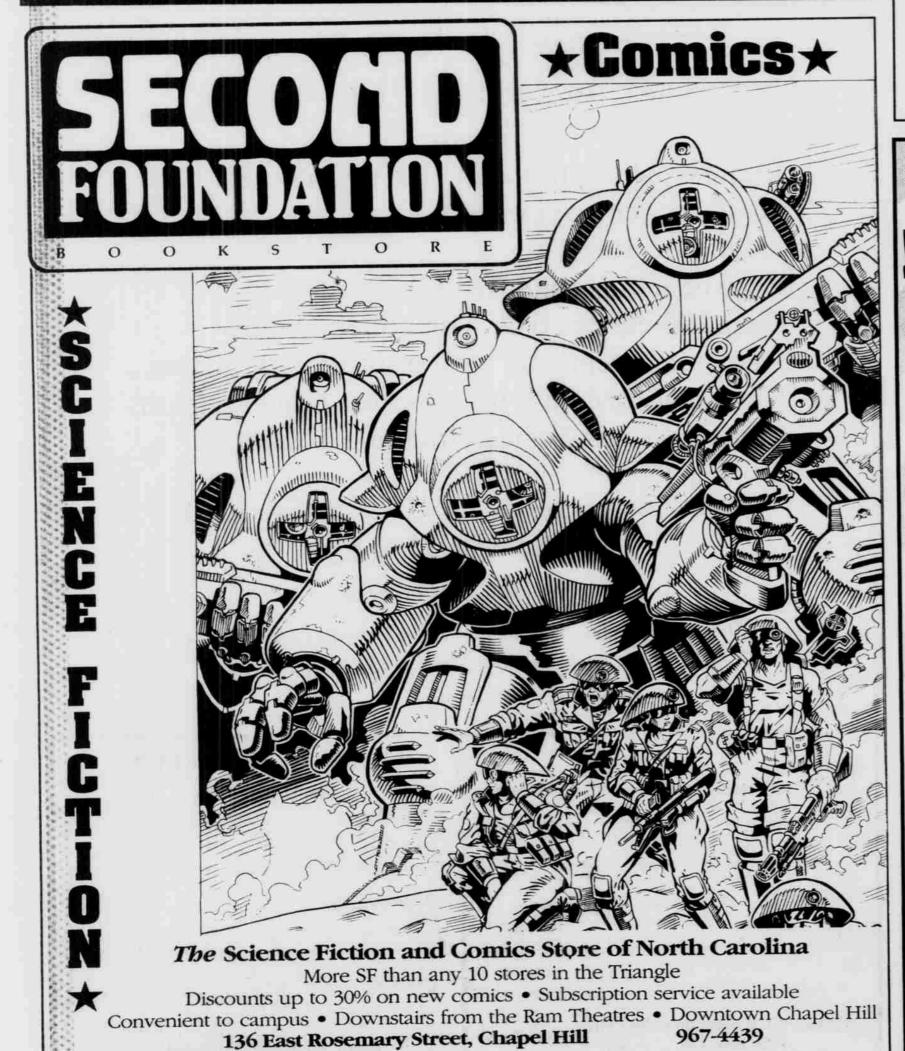
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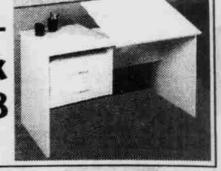


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