

# The Daily Tar Heel

98th year of editorial freedom

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## In search of simpler government

Quick ... in what congressional district do you live?

Yes, Dist. 4 is one answer. Maybe the question wasn't clear enough.

In which Student Congress district do you vote?

Not as easy, is it?

In fact, the average student probably has no clue as to the district in which he lives. A quick survey of The Daily Tar Heel editorial board found each member equally in the dark.

In the process of redrawing districts to add off-campus representatives, Student Congress on Monday night created a district for one graduate student to be elected at large. This new district will serve as a guinea pig to test the feasibility of electing all of our representatives in an at-large race.

A resolution for an at-large undergraduate seat also was proposed during the redistricting but was defeated. Some congress members expressed concern about the difficulties that might arise with each member being elected by and representative of the entire campus. In essence, instead of having numerous people serving strictly defined districts, Student Congress would consist of a bunch of student body presidents — trying to be sensitive to the needs of every student.

This could pose a few problems, but the benefits of an at-large Student Congress would outweigh the drawbacks. The campus is small enough that issues very rarely come up based on geography. And because areas do not compete with each other for the resources of the University, it would be possible for congress members to represent the needs of the entire campus.

Under the present system, there are some district seats in which no one seems to be interested. And in many cases, people have won a seat with just two or three votes while — at the same time — candidates

running for a more highly contested seat have received hundreds of votes and not been elected. An at-large system could eliminate this obvious paradox.

The new system would also allow off-campus undergrads, who outnumber those living on campus 3-2, a chance at greater representation. The same applies to graduate students. We often forget that they pay student fees, too.

The problem with at-large elections is the voting itself. Students care little enough about voting as it is. It's not likely that anyone is interested enough to pick and choose 27 different candidates. And once the candidates are elected, students may not know which representative to go to in order to seek assistance.

This could be handled by creating three large districts — North, South and Off-campus — instead of the present 27 numbered districts. Ask someone where they live now, and they don't answer with a number: They answer with an area.

Students already can identify with the three suggested districts. And under the suggested system, students would go to any of the representatives from their respective areas to express whatever concerns they might have.

Having three large districts would not be purely an at-large system, but it would simplify the present system dramatically. Students living in Morrison Residence Hall could just as easily have their concerns met by a representative from Hinton James; there is no overriding need for numerous districts to separate these dorms. No more confusing numbers, no more empty seats and a much more effective congress.

Unfortunately, bureaucracy seems to be an integral part of government — both in the University and on a grander scale. That's why Student Congress should take this chance to cart away some of the mountains of red tape.

## Groping for some midnight grub

It's 3 a.m., and you've just finished studying seven hours of medieval history with intermittent breaks of Math 1.345, "Unreal Planar Calculus with 10 Variables." You have not eaten in eight hours, and the growling from your stomach is louder than the stereo. Every restaurant that delivers closed at 2 o'clock, and your roommate just polished off the last Oodles of Noodles. The question is, "Where to eat?"

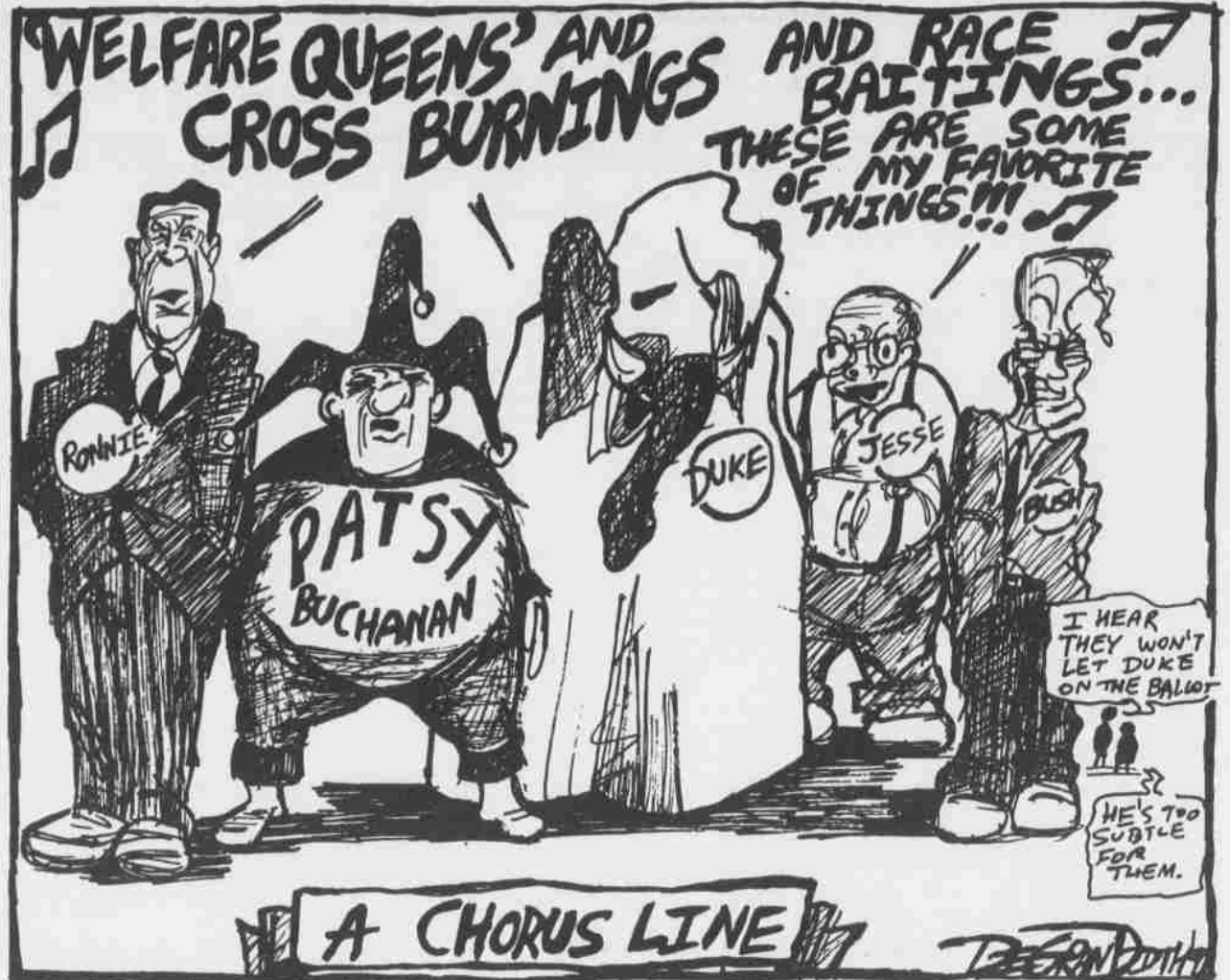
When Hector's burned down last spring, Time-Out became the only 24-hour restaurant in downtown Chapel Hill. Today, almost a year later, Time-Out remains the only 24-hour restaurant. Competition is always beneficial and is, in this case, sorely needed.

Without question there is an enormous market for restaurants open 24 hours a day in any community. Witness the success of the Waffle House chain. This market is exponentially increased in a college town and especially in one such as Chapel Hill,

which has more than 20,000 students.

Between the vast number of students studying and the inconsequential number of students partying, there are literally hundreds of hungry souls roaming through Chapel Hill looking for food in the wee hours of the morning. Time-Out's line extends out the door on most nights, and that is definitely not because of the fine cuisine. Where are the owners of Dunkin' Donuts? Where are the people from Waffle House?

The void created by Hector's absence must be filled. Along with the new development planned on Franklin Street, an all-night eatery should be built. Another restaurant open 24 hours a day would be a gold mine for some lucky entrepreneur and a boon for students looking for a late night meal other than a chicken-and-cheese biscuit.



## Revolutionary dream lost in pencil ponderings

I haven't been sleeping well lately. My form has been bad, I've got no style points, barely any endurance. I just haven't been doing it well. My mind's been like a trailer park in a hurricane. I just can't seem to get to sleep. Not like my friend Charles. He studied sleeping at the Sorbonne. Majored in naps with a concentration in snoring. He sleeps like a pro. Almost Olympic material.

Anyway, my somnial failings were bad enough for me to see our family doctor, a certain Dr. L—. It's pronounced "Lhyphenhyphenhyphenhyphen." Best damn veterinarian I know. He said that I obviously had a bad case of insomnia, but it was only because I hadn't been sleeping. There was hope, though. He also said he had just been to a weeklong symposium on sleep disorders in Munich held at a Holiday Inn next to the facility where the European Space Agency performs its nightly rocket engine testing. He learned at this conference a revolutionary new technique of curing insomnia that he called "going to bed when you're tired."

I was understandably skeptical of this procedure, as its confusing jargon was far beyond my understanding. Still, after a few simple line drawings by Dr. L— demonstrated the process, I decided to give it a try. What the hell.

I tried it out last night, and, may science be blessed to the limits of my credit rating, it worked! I was asleep! And not just asleep: asleep and dreaming. Now, my most beloved readers, sit back, put your feet up on your favorite dog, as I now submit the contents of my dream:

I'm dining in a fine restaurant. But I'm not alone. No, my partner for this meal is the great scientist, Dr. Heimlich, inventor of the Heimlich maneuver! Only in a dream could I hope to take my sup and, of course, eat dinner with such a great man of science as Dr. Heimlich! Dr. Heimlich is quite old, as I believe he is in reality, but, aside from being almost irretrievably senile, he still functions as though he were 25, when, I believe, he first went senile.

We order, and as usual, I order the Cornish game cows, which are like Cornish game hens, but, as the name suggests, are tiny individual cows that you just eat whole. Yum! The doctor, I believe, had cream of leather soup. What are you looking at? It's a dream, remember? Sheez. Anyway, Dr. Heimlich and I are enjoying our meals and having a wonderful conversation. The only bad part I remember is that every time I stop talking for as much as a second or reach to adjust my necktie, Dr. Heimlich bolts out of his chair, grabs me in a powerful bear hug and



Jason Torchinsky  
Turn Your Head and Cough

starts ramming his fist up underneath my diaphragm, crushing some ribs and invariably making me huck up whatever it was I was trying to eat, such as some lettuce or a napkin or something.

But here's the really good part. Dr. Heimlich, warning me up to me, reveals what he has been up to since the Heimlich maneuver made him famous. Apparently, the Heimlich maneuver we know it today, though effective, is incomplete. You see, Dr. Heimlich realized its limitations early on and always planned to deal with them. The basic problem, as related to me by this brilliant man of science, is as follows: In the standard Heimlich maneuver, the choking victim is saved from almost certain death, but the food clump upon which the victim was choking is, in nearly every situation, rendered inedible or at least unappetizing after the procedure.

What Dr. Heimlich finally has developed is a maneuver that not only saves the victim from choking, but also leaves the food intact! Incredible! Apparently, the international sign for choking, a single hand clapping the throat, will not be changed, but a new sign for the new maneuver will be instated. This sign for the new maneuver will involve one hand clapping the throat like the old sign but will be accompanied by the other hand alternately rubbing the stomach and tapping one's plate with the index finger.

When I awoke, I realized the import of my dream and immediately decided to write it down. I whipped open the drawer of my night stand, looking for something to write with, flinging out wads of old Chiclets, that fan letter in the pink envelope that made me black out for a few hours, some ham and then, finally, I found it. A pencil.

Now, I don't exactly know what it was about this pencil that locked me into such a trance, but as soon as I picked it up I forgot all about my dream. Damn. I would have liked to have written it down. Oh, well. Hindsight's always 20/30. Regardless, now all I could think about were pencils.

Pencils. There's a lot I don't understand about pencils. Now, I don't mean like how to work them or anything. Come on, I'm not

stupid. I know how to work them. You just hold them like an ear of corn and that little, soft, red button on one end turns it on or something, and then it, you know, writes. Yeah. I know. Uh, what I mean is deep questions about pencils. Thoreau's father made pencils, you know. I'm sure you do, but I'd be remiss in my job as a collegiate columnist if I didn't make some meaningless pedantic reference every now and then. Back to my questions. I mean questions like, Where do they come from? I've never bought any; I just find them in drawers. Are they some byproduct of furniture, perhaps? Hmm.

Also, different models of pencils baffle me. I'm not talking about special-purpose pencils for, say, drawing or drafting; those I see the purpose of. I'm baffled by why one pencil company would make different models of the exact same damn yellow standard writing pencil. Take the Eberhard Faber company, for example. They have lots of pencil models, but let's look at two of them: the Mongol and the Marigold. Both are plain, wooden, yellow, red-erased writing pencils. For all purposes, they are exactly the same. So why the hell did this company bother to print different names on them?

What are they trying to do, target specific markets? Like for the Mongol, which has big, heavy-printed, saloon-type lettering on the side and two black stripes around that little metal thing that holds the eraser, are they trying to target this to rugged, Jeep-buying outdoors types? Is this the "It's not pretty, but, dammit, it gets the job done" pencil? Is this their tough, masculine, rough-and-ready writing utensil? Dammit, it's just a damn pencil! No different than any other bloody pencil! And the Marigold. What is this, the feminine, demure pencil, with its name scripted in pretty silver along its side? Elegance and sensuality in yellow-painted wood? Is that this pencil's goal? Odd, seeing as how it's the exact bloody same as the damn Mongol and the Eagle and the Herald and Trusty (which, to its credit, had real bendy wood) and American, and ... and ... dammit, any other bloody kind of pencil!

I'm sorry. I don't know what's gotten into me. This shouldn't be upsetting me this much. It's just that, well, sometimes it hurts, okay? Sniff. Um. Uh, lemme get a hold of myself. Ow! Not there! Okay. That's good. Good luck, my friends. Solidarity.

Jason Torchinsky is a junior art history major from Greensboro.

## READERS' FORUM

### Some men also fight for equality for women

To the editor:

Leah, women like you ("Poor excuse of a man" makes faulty argument," Jan. 15) help men like me become occasionally disgusted with the whole issue of feminism and gender equality. Your article exhibits a primary reason why equality between the sexes may never occur: Your claims of moral, spiritual and intellectual superiority, if anything, work completely against the inequality you perceive. Unfortunately, gender bias does exist in the workplace and elsewhere, but only by working positively toward its eradication can we eliminate it. Comments and philosophies such as yours accomplish nothing but exacerbation of the situation. Don't work against yourself, Leah.

Like you, I believe my most precious commodities are my intellect, spirit and soul; competence, intelligence and open-mindedness are the qualities I value and seek in my friends and co-workers. These are the only bases of my valuation of others; it matters not what skin color, genitalia and religious or sexual preference they are or have.

I admit I do often have conflicts of opinion with others (as here, for example), but I do not try to denounce categorically their valid, logical opinions and close out their point of view, as you seem to have

done with others, both female and male. Only through unfettered discussion and debate can problems become resolved, and closing yourself off from this eliminates resolution and amendment. This is a simple fact of communication.

Thus, I respond here to request your presence in the debate and resolution of gender inequality; I ask not for compromise or "defeat," but simply an open mind, a logical intellect and a willingness to work things out — all of which I believe you possess. Continuing to berate men and gender inequality will serve no purpose save continuation of hostile attitudes from men and continued gender-related problems.

Don't continue with your self-defeating logic, Leah. I don't know how you came to your present state of mind, but don't classify all men as slime-lords, because some of us aren't fighting against you, but for the expression of your right to equality (not superiority or continued "inferiority").

NEAL BRIAN MCCALL  
Junior  
Business Administration

### Mutual respect at work not too much to expect

To the editor:

I am responding to Mr. Schenk's column ("Feminist leaders seeking superiority for women," Jan. 14), but unlike Ms. McCain ("Poor

excuse of a man" makes faulty argument," Jan. 15), I would like to believe that he has more than eight brain cells. I would also like to believe that they are not focused on his penis. For these reasons, I will argue his points as opposed to insulting him personally.

To begin with, he should have said that, in the past, women have been excluded from the draft. If another draft is reinstated, it may very well include women. He also ignores the possibility that certain terms are banned from the media to protect the ears of small children and not women. As he pointed out, ladies are exposed to such language on a day-to-day basis in the office. Thirdly, since women outnumber men by approximately 1 percent, we should be the gender with a sexual deficit, and perhaps his problem is personal.

Mr. Schenk has apparently fallen for our society's idea that men need sex more often than women, and that they can be "set off" at any moment. I believe that if Mr. Schenk did some research, he might find that women are more responsive to sex when it is presented in a more appropriate package than "Hey, baby. You've got great hooters," and other such phrases.

Although I do not believe the American sex myth, I am willing to do whatever is necessary to avoid "harassing men in the workplace." I am willing to wear a veil and show no skin except the palms of my hands, but what would that

really solve? As far as being helpless, I will always make an effort to find a ladder to stand on instead of asking a man to reach something for me so that I will not risk "turning him on." On the same note, I will not lend a fingernail to open a package for fear that I might suddenly feel the urge to make a comment about a man's physique.

Today, women must be unchained from the stove and go to work to provide for our families. We have to walk the fine line between office hag and man's doormat. This can be fairly threatening to the male ego. Their territory has been invaded, and the best way to remember the "good old days" is with a healthy dose of male bonding — although to many people (a word Mr. Schenk did not use in his editorial) it would seem reasonable to confine this behavior to one's personal time. Perhaps since this is a "man's domain," they have the right to behave this way.

At the risk of sounding "morally superior," I believe everyone should attempt to act with maturity in the office. Why not try to respect the feelings and wishes of one's colleagues, men and women? But, in the mean time, give my space on the lifeboat to anyone who will take it, and I will float on a seat cushion with the "real men" be they male or female.

KRISTEN ELEAZER  
Sophomore  
Business

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