

LAMBDA

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** CHRISTMAS DANCE **

QUESTION: Why are CGA dances always hidden away in such dark corners, findable for non-insiders only through cryptic signs reminiscent of buried treasure?

For the successful hunters, Friday's CGA Christmas Dance was worth the search. Besides the usual -- beer, wine, treats, and Larry's disco tape -- there were numerous novelties.

First, it happened in the glittering Craige Study Room, transformed from its dour bathroom-green utilitarianism to the glamour of a church fellowship hall under the able decorative talents of Jim Pierce.

Second, the DAILY TAR HEEL, ever in search of expanding circulation and scandalous non-events, sent a photographer to record exotic homo-gyrations and circle dancers, causing some guests to huddle in the corners and the remaining faithful to scan the DTH nervously every morning this week--no coverage has yet appeared, to the combined relief and jilted vanity of many. (Editor's note: The photographer described was actually a staff photographer for UNC's yearbook, the YACKETY-YACK.)

Third, there were many new faces, notably Alvin and Jasper from Duke, who bemoaned the lack of similar functions on their campus, but were, otherwise, of good cheer.

And, finally, the strains of "Disco Drummer Boy" provided moving accompaniment fitting to the season.

Once more, a good time was had by all--including some who concluded on waking the following afternoon that they hadn't been so crazy-gay for a long time.



SHADES OF "HE'S NOT HERE"? ? ?

Wednesday night, I experienced my first big dose of discrimination, Chapel Hill style. It all happened at the MAIN EVENT. A group of CGA co-horts decided to take advantage of an ad distributed on campus promising free beer and no cover or membership charge. Indeed, we

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