



**SAM PERKINS**  
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID  
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## The hardest lesson you will learn at UNC

One of the most difficult things about college, as well as growing up in general, is learning to deal with death. As it touches us more, it impacts us more. Never have I felt my stomach, heart and head contract into so tight a knot like I did when I heard Eve had died. But when something this brutal happens to another, it has just as brutal an impact on us.

The vast range of death's circumstances — from natural causes of an elderly person to the senseless death of young woman — brings about an equally vast range of emotions. Eve's death comes with anger and confusion, and those emotions make it all the more difficult to cope.

### UNIVERSITY COLUMNIST

A few weeks ago, my grandmother — my last living grandparent — passed away at 90 years old. My grandfather had died suddenly two years ago, leaving me just too numb and shocked to really mourn.

However, when my grandmother died, I don't think I've cried that hard out of that much hurt in my life. Part of that was seeing my grandfather's brother, who looks very much like my grandfather did, at the memorial. It was like seeing a ghost.

And now, on the brink of tears but still too shocked, angry and sick to mourn, I can only imagine what it's going to be like when I inevitably meet and am around someone strikingly similar to Eve. I already have some sense of that now when I sometimes look at my fiancée and wonder what it would be like to lose her, especially to such a senseless action.

But in many ways, that's a good feeling, with us humbled by Eve's death, to look at friends and family and appreciate their inner and outer beauty like never before.

Still, the shock of Eve's death undoubtedly makes grieving more difficult. Not only does it mean getting over her death will take longer, it will mean the recovery process is all the more painful.

One lesson I learned instantly upon hearing of her death was that we will be humbled many times in our life. With my grandmother, I had been expecting her death at any moment because of her condition. Still, I had shrugged death aside as a casual "it happens" occurrence moments before my mother called me with the news. Why? Society.

Heath Ledger's death had been reported an hour earlier. Plus, I've been working as a copy editor at The Durham Herald-Sun, and every week, I read something about a new, senseless homicide in the area. A drive-by in Northside in Chapel Hill and in Durham. A boiled-over argument in a Food Lion parking lot in Carrboro.

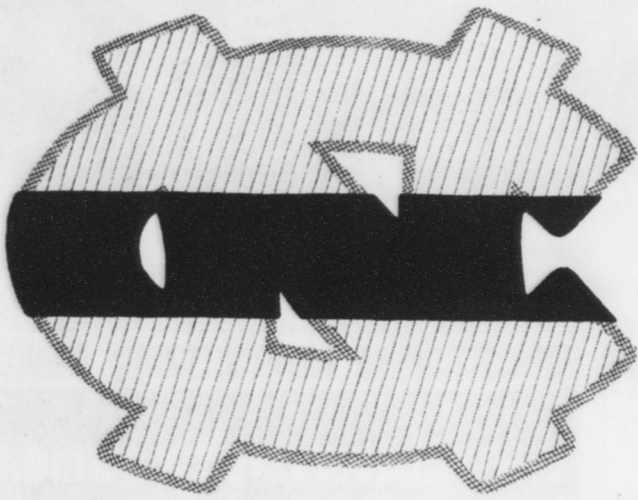
It's all tragic, but it happens all too often to get emotional over, I thought. Wrong — I was naive and unexposed firsthand to the tragedy of real life.

Then, just before I heard of Eve's death, I was in the middle of writing a column on the UNC-Duke rivalry — my biggest concern at the time, when it probably should have been that the unidentified body of a young woman was undoubtedly going to turn out to be a UNC student. Again, I was naive.

So where do we go from here? What do we do after we have recovered? Not only are we obligated to remember Eve, we are obligated to fill her void. Her death is especially tragic because she had done so much for the world, not to mention the campus and area communities, and was supposed to live out decades more life selflessly improving the world in ways most of us can't imagine actually doing.

So for the void left by her early departure from this world, we must all pick up the effort she would have given, for there was a lot of the Carolina Way that we lost with her death. And through such action, we can all keep her spirit a little closer to our hearts.

### EDITORIAL CARTOON By Mason Phillips, mphil@email.unc.edu



## A little excitement can change the world

As someone who spends most of his time working in words, you would think that I would be able to easily pen an eloquent and fitting tribute to our late student body president.

I wish that I could. I imagine I am not the only one who is suffering a loss of words.

Words that help us explain to ourselves what happened. Words that explain to others, and to ourselves, how we are doing. Words that we would like to say to the people accused of Eve's murder. Words that we wish we could have said to Eve. All are hard to find in the face of such a tragedy.

After the moving, heart-wrenching, painful and fond memories that have flooded in from across campus — and across the country — I am not sure exactly what I can say in this space that hasn't already been said about Eve.

She had a way with people. More than anyone I have ever met, she understood how to connect with humanity. And though our relationship was always supposed to be nothing but "professional," it was hard to not become friends with Eve Carson.

From passing hellos on campus to chance late-night encounters at Top of the Hill to working together on a tuition presentation to the Board of Trustees, Eve was always smiling, excited for the chance to interact with everyone she could at Carolina.

Even when she came in to express her displeasure at editorials we had written about her administration, Eve was warm and friendly.

Every other Friday, we had the chance to meet for lunch with Eve and Student Body Vice President Mike Tarrant to discuss our coverage of their administration, and at least in part to get to know Eve and Mike a little bit better.



**ADAM STORCK**  
OPINION EDITOR

The last time I saw Eve was at one of these lunches, on Feb. 22. It was the day after one of the Democratic debates, and instead of talking business, we got to talking about the election and how to fix the problems facing the country.

At one point, she got so excited that it looked as though she was about to fall out of her chair. She had an idea that she just had to tell me about. She wanted to bring together a group of what she called "great thinkers" at UNC to debate and discuss these problems in search of coming closer to solutions.

I always looked forward to our Friday lunches, and left them drunk with optimism about how we could improve not just Carolina, but the world.

Eve had that intoxicating excitement that so often is ground out of people by the harsh realities of the world.

Now, nearly two weeks after being blindsided by the news of Eve's murder, which shocked the entire Carolina community into a state of disbelief and horror, the Chapel Hill police department has arrested two young men who seem to be responsible for causing our immense pain.

These two young men almost assuredly will be locked away for the entirety of their lives if convicted. But the feeling of justice that was supposed to come with the news that Eve's killers had been caught has yet to arrive.

The crime Demario Atwater and Lawrence Lovette are charged with is deplorable. It is unconscio-

nable. It is evil.

And still, the thing that keeps running through my mind is not that the young men were evil, but the question of what caused them to think an act like this could be considered acceptable.

Atwater and Lovette need to be held accountable. That is obvious.

The pained friend inside me says they deserve nothing less than the fate sealed for Eve. The compassionate optimist says that they are young enough that there is a chance they can break out of the life they have chosen and that we have a responsibility to help them do that. The logical observer says we shouldn't pass judgment on what they deserve until we give them a chance to speak on their behalf.

No matter what ends up happening to Atwater and Lovette, the one thing that I am sure of is that this tragic event should be a catalyst for us to begin a serious discussion of what enables this kind of event to occur and what can be done to prevent it in the future.

The source certainly isn't an easy thing to pin down, and the likelihood of eliminating the root cause of this type of egregious violence is practically nonexistent.

But the worst thing we could do as a community is to retreat back into the Chapel Hill bubble until tragedy strikes again.

We have the resources as a University to study the issue of violence in our communities, and we have the responsibility as people who have felt the destruction that violence engenders to take advantage of our privilege and access to these resources.

You better believe that if it was anyone else who had been taken from us, Eve Carson would have made it one of her many missions to start the discussion.

We owe it to her memory to do the same.

## When words become superfluous

There are some moments, particularly in retrospect, that just seem to transcend experience.

The last time I saw Eve Carson, I was standing on the steps of Manning Hall with 150 or so other members of Carolina Fever. It was Jan. 31, about 5 p.m., the night of the Boston College game.

ESPN was there to film us doing some cheers for its Spirit Week. So there we were, standing on the steps and spelling out "U-N-C" when I spot Eve and about four others walking up from the direction of Lenoir.

We finish cheering and the cameraman shuts off his camera — too soon, as life would have it for him. Had he known who had just shown up, he would have known better.

Eve and her friends, picking up on what we were doing, came running up and screamed, "TAR!" Like a well-trained crowd, we responded, "HEELS!"

Back and forth we went, as the ESPN guy struggled to get his camera back on.

And all I could think, as I smiled and laughed to myself, was, "Eve Carson, you would do this." Eve Carson did do that.

Even now, I still get the same feeling when I think of that moment. I smile and laugh to myself and think about how Eve is immortalized in that memory that epitomizes her so well.

I can't imagine she saw me in the crowd. I don't know that she recognized anyone standing there. Clearly, that didn't matter to her.

She saw something going on and wanted to be a part of it. And she was excited.

That, maybe more so than anything else, was what struck me over and over again about



**JONATHAN TUGMAN**  
ASSOCIATE OPINION EDITOR

Eve. I am still astounded that any one person had the energy to do everything she did and still take the time to invest in other people.

Adam Storck, the opinion editor, and I met Eve and Student Body Vice President Mike Tarrant for lunch every two weeks last semester, which on the surface was to maintain a good working relationship.

But probably needless to say, there wasn't always a lot of work that went on as our lunches turned less into student government updates and more into social outings.

She was always genuinely excited to see us, although that didn't generally translate into timeliness. She would tell us about this small Shakespeare class with this really awesome professor we should sign up for or this food class she took that we should take too.

Sometimes we would talk about student government's latest project or have a group rant about tuition. But every time, without fail — and I'm not even exaggerating — she would tell Adam and me about the Carolina Way.

I don't remember any direct quotes that she used to describe the Carolina Way. I probably couldn't do a very good job of describing it myself. But that's not important, because this is one of those moments when words become superfluous.

In fact, there are only two words I would use to describe the Carolina Way: Eve Carson. Though I don't recall Eve's exact

words about the Carolina Way, what does stand out is how she lived that herself.

She ran her administration by delegating and creating committees, but she was involved — even more than involved; personally invested — in each of her projects. Many of them she led herself.

And her face would just light up as she told us about each one.

It didn't really matter what the project was. Sophomore reorientation. The Board of Trustees' expense report. The student government Web site. Regardless, Eve was excited.

If I knew nothing else about Eve, nothing about her leadership style or who she had worked for or what connections she had in the administration, I knew she was putting her heart and soul into what she did.

And if nothing else, her enthusiasm would shine through in the profusion of exclamation points she put in everything from the October Report to her Daily Tar Heel guest columns and letters.

It was that enthusiasm that made her good at her job.

But her "job," if we can even call it that, went so far beyond student government. It was really, as I see it, her love for other people that drove what she did. That's how she touched so many people on campus. That's how she touched me, even though our relationship started out as strictly professional.

And that's why there's a void, a shadow, on our campus now.

I don't know if UNC can ever fully fill that void.

But we can try. We have to. And the way we'll do it is by each living out the Carolina Way.

That's what Eve Carson would do. That's what she did every day. I'm excited.

### QUOTE OF THE DAY:

*"I see a stunningly beautiful convergence of talent and caring in this ... generation. It is the most fantastic realization."*

BOB CARSON, FATHER OF STUDENT BODY PRESIDENT EVE CARSON

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Feel strongly about something that has been printed? Post your own response to a letter, editorial or story online. VISIT [www.dailytarheel.com/feedback](http://www.dailytarheel.com/feedback)

### Carson stood out, even among past UNC greats

TO THE EDITOR:

Though a 2000 graduate of UNC, I had the absolute pleasure of meeting Eve Carson earlier this winter. I am not one to write letters of this sort. In fact, this is my first. However, this young woman made an immediate impact on me in a short time for her genuinely warm-hearted, fun and yet very grounded personality. In this time of loss, I would love to share with those who may not have ever met her the impression she made on me in only a few minutes.

I was a walk-on member of the men's basketball team during my time at UNC. When invited to return to campus to attend an opening event for the Basketball Museum, I didn't even have to think twice about whether or not to go. For my "Plus 1" for the weekend, I brought my dad.

The moment I stepped into the museum I was awestruck. As I started my way around the room I saw a pair of young(er) looking "kids" who looked as though they didn't know where to start looking. One of those "kids" (yes, this was the first weekend where I returned to campus and officially felt old) was Eve Carson.

In the few minutes that I chatted with Eve about the museum, Carolina basketball, Chapel Hill and what it all meant to me, I could not help but be absolutely amazed by the way in which this young woman carried herself.

I'm not one for rigidity, formality, political correctness, etc., and have been told I can hold a conversation with just about anyone about just about anything. So, when I meet someone who engages me in a conversation that completely captures my attention and from which I walk away feeling a sense of, "Wow, that was fun," I remember those people.

About an hour later, as my dad and I were leaving the museum, he told me that this was perhaps the greatest night of his life. He explained how he never met famous people growing up and that meeting in real life the names whose jerseys hang in the rafters was an absolute thrill for him.

We left campus and headed to Top of the Hill for some dinner. As my dad talked about the people he had met and "who they were," I took a minute to tell him about this incredibly mature, bubbly, bright, amazing young woman I had had the good fortune of meeting.

Eve said that she might try to make it to Top of the Hill to have a drink with us. Unfortunately, we left before she arrived. We saw her the next day at the game. And again, she wore a huge, warm, genuine smile that my words can't do justice to. She had the energy and enthusiasm that I can best capture with the word exuberance.

As I got in the elevator in an office building far from Chapel Hill (March 6) and read "UNC student body president shot and killed," I couldn't get to my computer fast enough.

As my dad and I drove back from Chapel Hill that weekend he continued to gush about the people he met. Me, I kept it to myself, but I was made a better person by getting to meet Eve Carson.

It had been a while since I had met someone who genuinely carried herself with such enthusiasm and exuberance. But, and amid all of the jerseys, sneakers, photos and personalities that were to make that museum spe-

cial, it was my conversation with someone six years younger than me that truly enhanced my experience at the museum that night. Sure, sharing my stories with a current student might have made me feel "old." But that student carried herself with great poise and a sense of accomplishment that made me say, "Wow."

For those of you who knew Eve, I am sorry for your loss. In a matter of minutes she touched my life in a positive way — a way that I hope would shed a light on the life of someone who many of you may not have had the chance to meet, but who would've left you a little better person had you been so fortunate.

The loss of a life so promising so violently and so prematurely defines the word tragic.

Matt Laczkowski  
Class of 2000

### Carson's bright life shows how extraordinary UNC is

TO THE EDITOR:

Send not to know for whom our Bell Tower tolls; it tolls for Eve Marie Carson, and it tolls for thee. Through senseless violence a thousand points of hopeful light have been diminished by a very significant one.

Though all lights are created equally, not all shine so brightly. Chancellor James Moeser described Eve Carson as a "super nova." With her tragic death all of our lives have been diminished, and our beloved University's lux has been mortally dimmed.

However, I imagine that Eve would insist that we all use our inalienable liberties to rekindle and increase our collective flame and to strive ever harder to conduct our lives, as she did, "the Carolina Way."

As always, Uncle Chuck was so eloquently correct. It is not The Well or The Bell or the crisp days of autumn; it is, as it was meant to be, "the University of the People." One needs look no further than the extraordinary life of one of those people, Eve Carson, to appreciate how wonderful a university UNC truly is.

Though unconsciously short, Eve's was a life of significance. May we all hark her sound.

Orrin Robbins  
Class of 1985

### Carson touched even those students she never met

TO THE EDITOR:

I never knew Eve Carson, but that her death touched me the way it did is a testament to the influence she had over the student body. We have had to endure the tragic untimely deaths of three of our fellow classmates during the last three years in Keith Shawn Smith, Jason Ray and now Eve.

After the comforting words from our chancellor, our collective embrace during the playing of the Bell Tower and seeing through misty eyes the multitude of people that filled Polk Place to honor Eve, at no other time have I been more proud to be a Tar Heel.

Kyle Billings  
Senior  
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## The Daily Tar Heel

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of editorial freedom

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- ▶ **Faculty/staff:** Include your department and phone number.
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