

Susan Miller

Fear and loathing as DTH editor

Don't apologize; we know you're sorry

So everybody thought it was time for a change in The Daily Tar Heel for next year.

The co-editors-elect have said that the Tar Heel this year "has been so consistently bad this year that nobody reads it anymore."

We have tried our best to put out a damn fine newspaper, and we still believe we have done so, in spite of the fact that the student body swallowed all of the generalized criticism, attacks, slanders, etc. against the Tar Heel which they had been consistently reading all year.

Correction

Due to a typographical error in Thursday's editorial, the nationwide percentage of blacks on university faculties was incorrectly reported as 19 per cent.

The Daily Tar Heel

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David Eskridge, Associate Editor
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Seth Efron

Streakers strut in super strides

Say what you will about the social acceptability or social implications of streaking in connection with youth today, still one thing is clear: streakers enjoy doing it, and spectators enjoy watching it.

Carolina may not have set the streaking record, but UNC surely has the record for streak spectators. Over 5,000 people gathered along the streaking route Wednesday night to cheer on the sparsely clad strutters.

Why do streakers streak. What's the big deal about taking off your clothes and running around like an ice cream addict, who hasn't seen a scoop in a month let loose in Bask and Robbins?

To find out the answer to this and other

sorted (sordid?) questions I went to the only people who might possibly know, the streakers.

The streakers came right out with the naked truth. They weren't covering up anything. "At first I thought it would be a weird, unique experience. I thought it would change my out-look," one streaker said.

Another commented, "I thought I'd feel super strange, like the way you feel when you're in the bathroom and someone busts in on you, maybe. What can you say?"

"Well, do you feel that way?" I asked. "No, not at all! It's a real impersonal thing, you're alone in a crowd of thousands."

streaker went on to say that he never noticed anyone or anything in a streak. "You just run and forget everything around you," he concluded.

Most streakers weren't worried about what friends thought because they were streaking too. Most agreed their parents would not be to happy seeing their kids decked out in their birthday suit, on the front page of the News and Observer.

A streaker from Winston dorm said he did it because it is the only bazaar thing you can do and still get away with it.

A veteran streaker said it is like dreaming. "When you streak there is no reality, you just take off and forget about everything else."

of two mad dashes summed up things by saying, "It's a rush man, a real rush!"

Wednesday night's streak was more than just a batch of bodies bouncing around... it was a happening. Thousands of folks gathered outside Ruffin and Lewis dorms, down to the Union and all the way to Bingham hall.

The Carolina Pep Band provided what might be called "music to streak by." A resident of Ruffin dorm set up loud speakers in his window and played rock music at the loudest volume possible.

As people in the street boogied to the music, comments were heard like "this even beats Jubilee."

There is one sad foot note. Women streaking were treated with total disrespect. Woman's genitals and breasts were grabbed at, action totally outside the spirit of the humor and fun surrounding the streak.

All in all, though, it was a healthy and fun thing.

I'd like to include this letter I received a few weeks ago. It was unsigned and therefore not printed with the letters to the editor.

The Daily Tar Heel has always attempted to cover all news fairly and completely as space provided. I hope the paper will continue to do so in the future, despite foolish anonymous criticism like this.

Your newspaper is garbage. If you're not yelling and raving about some insignificant Negro news, you're letting the ignorance fly about the liberation of fags and women. You are stupid enough to endorse the abolition of abortion laws and the legalization of liquor by the drink and even marijuana.

So much for constructive criticism.

Sometimes, perhaps most of the time, it is difficult to keep your sense of self-respect when you are in a position of high visibility and power. In such a position you get the brunt of everyone's frustrations about not being able to do anything about the sorry state of the world, the nation, the state and the campus.

In the face of constant criticism and/or hatred, I have had to make the unfortunate choice between ignoring it, getting paranoid (wondering if someone would kidnap me for a publicity stunt), getting depressed in the worst degree, going off the deep end or laughing.

And I've had to fight hard to keep from going off the deep end. No, I'm not sitting back in my little office gloating at the student body because I have power. I've been working hard to put out the best newspaper I can.

I could do but the best anybody could have

done in the same circumstances.

And what are these circumstances? Working with a very inexperienced staff and editors new to being editors after being staff writers. Working on a campus that hadn't had a female editor of The Daily Tar Heel for more than 20 years. Working with people outside of the Tar Heel, most of whom were men in positions that offer them little contact with women in a professional way.

These are all problems that the new editor will have to cope with, starting with the first issue after spring break. You can't just fix them because you know they are wrong and

you want to fix them. You can't just fix them by snapping your fingers and saying, "It is done."

In any case, it has been extremely difficult for me as an individual with an ego to take with a grain of salt the criticisms and charges made. But why can't I?

One of the chief reasons I believe is the condition of being a woman in what is still basically a man's world. Don't stop reading here because I won't discuss what men do but how women react to their condition.

In this age, women who try to be more than the status quo women/housewives/secretaries/teachers/nurses find themselves the recipients of rarely a word of praise. You have to be on top of things consistently as well as friendly, charming, efficient and organized to get people to even deal with you.

that praise. With so little positive feedback you begin to wonder whether something is wrong with you or with everyone else. But how could everyone else possibly be wrong? It must be you. Particularly if everyone else is predominantly male. So it's all up to the woman to provide her own praise. That takes strength—a strength no man will ever know or understand because it is the strength it takes a person to make decisions every day in isolation from legitimate and constructive, productive criticism and praise.

Woman are isolated from helpful feedback because the state of women is so backward that still very few women are seen in business and professional positions. Thus women are isolated from other women. As for the women who are housewives, they have spent much of their time in preparation for marriage, raising a family and competing for the proper men with which to do so. In addition, women are isolated from men in their basic lifestyles and background, while business and professional women are isolated from men because of antagonism and competition.

It's hard for you to feel good as a person when you're all by yourself. It takes strength to call your strength just that instead of calling it stubbornness or paranoia, and this must be backed by clear thinking. It takes strength to trust yourself—your thinking and your judgment—when you are wondering why you get no praise. And vice versa, you have to trust yourself to be strong.

Women badly need to "get it together," get themselves together to give each other moral and emotional support, constructive criticism and praise. Men are too afraid now of loss of status, jobs and power to be willing to get together with women. Because women are the other people too different to deserve what you men have. So we can't expect our ego support to come from most men. We have to get it inside ourselves individually and as a group.

While blacks call each other brother, sister, women hardly call or call on each other at all.

All this I have realized in the past year, and, oh, has it been a hard, long mind-shaking experience. Am I right? Maybe. Probably. But if anybody out there now has any concern or worry for me as an individual, I appreciate it. But I don't expect it. Besides, I can take care of myself. I hope.



Lu Ann Jones

Rape—a scream and then reality

A scream. At first, like just another playful whoop from students returning from a midnight spree. At first, unheeded by the four women who sat in a Connor dorm room Tuesday night talking and munching brownies.

"More streakers," one of us said nonchalantly. And we laughed.

That's what the scream turned in to. With a pitch and intensity like I'd never heard before.

And then we made out the cry of

desperation—"RAPE!"

Rushing to the window, we saw about 15 male students streaming out of Winston, Connor and Alexander. Their shoes thumped against the pavement as they responded to the plea we had ignored.

An attempted assault had just occurred within 100 yards of where we sat. And at first we hadn't even listened. Then it hit us. We felt sick. Emotionally and physically sick. Our stomachs churned. Swallowing was difficult. We stared blankly at each other, looking for comfort and not wanting to believe what we had just heard and seen.

We tried to speak, but our sentences wouldn't come out.

"I can't believe... Do you realize...? Who could do...? Can you imagine...?"

Shivers went through us. We couldn't imagine and yet we could.

For the first time, assault was a reality for us. No longer was it something we

read about in the news the next day. When that screeching cry penetrated our minds, we knew we'd never forget it.

Within minutes, Campus Police were scouring the old Chapel Hill cemetery with flashlights, hoping to find some clue.

Looking at the points of light darting back and forth on the ground, one woman said: "It's almost a symbolic search. A search for something intangible the victim lost. A hunt for a confidence, a faith in humanity, a trust in goodness that was violated."

The confusion ended. The night was calmer and lonelier than usual. Cars came and went behind Connor, their motors whining hauntingly.

Quietness. Reflection. Thoughts of the touching display of concern and fraternity by the students who rushed out to help.

Wanting to talk with the victim and tell her how much we cared.

Knowing, without wanting to know, that it could have been us.

