

Greg Porter  
Editor

Joni Peters, *Managing Editor*  
Ed Rankin, *Associate Editor*  
Lou Bilionis, *Associate Editor*

Laura Scism, *University Editor*  
Elliott Potter, *City & State Editor*  
Chuck Alston, *National Editor*

Jack Greenspan, *Features Editor*  
Jeanne Newsom, *Arts Editor*  
Gene Upchurch, *Sports Editor*  
Rouse Wilson, *Photography Editor*

# The Daily Tar Heel

84th Year of Editorial Freedom

## Use wits, not fists Rape—how to protect yourself and survive

By ALISON CANOLES

*Editor's Note: This is the first of a two-part series examining rape and rape prevention.*

At 3:30 on a chilly November morning last fall, a UNC student woke up suddenly, as if she had been having a bad dream.

Her eyes, milky with sleep, groped about the dark room, trying to make out the presence she had sensed.

"Don't look at me, don't wake up your roommate," a voice said, answering her worst fears.

"Listen," she said, shaking. "Just go on out the back door. I won't do anything till you're gone."

The man snickered. "Lady, are you crazy? I'm not leaving," he said. Stretching his thin, muscular arms and grasping her neck, he squeezed. "Don't scream or I'll kill you."

Her eyes bulged. Stringy light brown hair brushed against her face.

Then without warning, he released his hold, but kept his fingers near her neck. She wanted to vomit but kept repeating to herself, "I can bear it, I can bear anything." Then he raped her.

That cute lifeguard actually had asked her out. Jane couldn't believe it. This had been such a great trip. She and her five girlfriends had just graduated from high school, and one of their mothers had taken them to Myrtle Beach for a vacation.

Of course she had accepted the date, and that night they went to several parties. Joe was a perfect gentleman, so she had accepted when he asked her out the next evening. At a party the next night, Joe seemed restless and wanted to go to another party. He drove to a deserted, dark house and started to kiss her. It didn't look like there was any party going on inside, but Joe insisted that they were just early and that the others would be along.

Once inside, he started to kiss her again.

Then he wanted to make love. When she said no, he hit her and ripped off her clothes. Then he raped her.

Finally, it was over. She looked up. Joe's brother was standing a few feet away with his pants around his ankles. He raped her, too. Afterwards they apologized to her and took her home. Her parents still don't know what happened. After all, people would think she had asked for it because she had been dating the guy.

Rape. It can happen almost anywhere. One UNC student was lured to a classroom by a fellow classmate and raped a few years ago.

Another North Carolina woman was dragged from her car as she was driving up to her house and raped.

A 5-year-old girl was raped at a day care center in Brooklyn, N.Y.

It can happen to anyone. Rape is usually defined in statutes as the unlawful carnal knowledge of a woman by force and without her consent, but men too can be raped. A 16-year-old boy was sexually assaulted by five teenage youths while awaiting arraignment in a holding cell just outside the courtroom. The sex crimes-analysis unit of the New York City Police Department has received reports of raped females aged three months to 86 years.

In Chapel Hill, three rapes and two attempts occurred last semester. Since January, there has been one attempted rape, Det. Frank Callahan of the Chapel Hill police says.

Although only 85 out of every 100,000 women will ever be raped, and only one in 2,169 raped women is murdered, according to FBI predictions, women are scared. They are studying jujitsu or karate or are carrying mace or handguns. In an increasingly violent society, women are feeling the need to protect themselves.

But self-defense courses are not the most effective way to deal with rape, says Frederic Storaska, founder of the National Organization for the Prevention of Rape and Assault, and a black-belt holder himself.

A woman should not struggle or scream but should be considerate of the rapist's feelings, Storaska says. She should use her imagination and wits, not her fists, to avoid rape or injury.

In his book, *How to Say No to a Rapist and Survive*, Storaska paints the rapist as an emotionally unstable but, nevertheless, highly individual person.

Just as there is no typical victim, neither is there a typical rapist. He can be the milkman, the boy next door, Uncle John or even Grandpa. One West Point cadet, appointed to the Academy by former Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, was sentenced recently to five years at hard labor for the rape of a Smith College student.

But rapists usually fall into two broad categories, Storaska says.

The first includes total strangers to the victim, who account for approximately 30 per cent of all reported rapes.

These men put women on a pedestal and tend to overidealize their mothers during childhood, Storaska says. They see themselves as inadequate or inferior to women. By bringing women down off their pedestals by raping them, they enhance their own egos, he says.

One male college student who confessed a strong impulse to rape women said, "Girls make me so angry. They're always laughing at me and putting me down. When they do that, I want to bash in their heads."

"I just don't know what's the matter with me. Even when I open a door for a girl, she never thanks me. It's like I got some kind of disease."

Another man who guessed he had raped about a dozen girls said, "I date a normal amount, and usually nothing happens. But when a girl tries to shoot me down, when she tries to belittle me, it makes me so angry I want to rip her apart. When they're nice to me, it takes all my anger away. I just want to be treated as a person. Is that too much to ask?"

The other type of rapist thinks women either want to be raped or that they're asking for it. When these men see a woman hitchhiking, Storaska says, they assume she wants to have sex.

"Rapists are people, people with a problem," he says. "A problem that you can either fuel or help extinguish by your attitude."

Alison Canoles is a senior journalism major from Norfolk, Va.

## More reading days needed before the final onslaught

With only six days of classes remaining, the average student at UNC is mired in the semiannual semester wrap-up. Term papers are due, final quizzes are administered and books are read to gear up for the final exams.

Unlike many other universities, though, Carolina offers its students only one day of respite before the exam onslaught. One day free from commitment which can be devoted to catch-up studying. One day more to prepare for the three-hour reckoning which determines academic success, failure or mediocrity.

Many of the Ivy League schools give their students at least a week off after classes and before exams. Princeton and Brown, for example, take a step further by holding their fall semester exams after the Christmas break.

Harvard students enjoy up to three weeks of reading period before exams. Term papers are due at the end of the period, and most students can count on a brief vacation, as well as some added study days before finals.

Of course, there are disadvantages to a long reading period. Foremost is the problem of time. Harvard, with its three week period, rarely breaks for summer vacation until June, and Yale, with an average of one week for reading, commences at the middle to end of May.

Moreover, a long reading period can, if extreme, serve only as a preview of the post-exam vacation. In that regard, most Carolina students would prefer to "get it all over with as soon as possible."

There are advantages, though, to a longer—but not prolonged—reading period. The week at Yale serves the students there well, providing ample time to prepare for the exams, which can, as a result of the long study period, follow more rapidly upon one another. Also, research papers can be completed without standing in the way of last minute quizzes.

The single day which the University gives its students for study is a mockery of the traditional reading days. UNC is unique among colleges in that its semester is one of the longest in the country. After the ills of August classes, followed by an additional three long months, one day for self-paced review barely gives the student time to take a deep breath.

While the three week reading period at Harvard is undoubtedly a luxury which Carolina students don't need, a few added days for review before exams would be a welcome addition to the academic regimen of this University.

## Editor's Notebook

### Mad Hatter's Tea Party

There were close to 200 crammed in a room designed for half so many. Among the alligator shirts, the blue jeans, the spring dresses, there was in proud display a "faggot" T-shirt. There were women's libbers and southern belles, conservatives and liberals, activists and passivists, dorm rats and apartment dwellers, greeks and freaks, as well as homos and heteros—the whole round-the-world trip.

It was a group you could never bring together for a cocktail party, a mixer, a hash bash or even a picnic dinner. A true cross-section of the student body. A gathering as crazy as the Mad Hatter's Tea Party. The room was so improbably representative of the diverse elements of the campus at large that you could have laughed out loud.

But no one laughed. The subject was money—which groups should get it and how much of the \$140,000 in student fees they should get.

Tempers soared high as the rhetoric during the six hours CGC debated the Finance Committee's budget. Campus police were on hand just in case.

But somehow the volatile crowd never exploded—it just steamed and simmered in the heat of fluorescent lights until CGC had served up a budget about \$8,000 more than the Finance Committee originally had appropriated.

The meeting reached its dramatic peak when the budget item for *Black Ink* was considered. The dozens of BSM members who had lined the rooms in hours of anticipation stood quietly and held their placards high while *Black Ink* editor Allen Johnson and BSM chairperson Byron Horton argued before the council. Although some CGC members resented what they considered an apparent attempt to intimidate them (One sign read "\$10,495—or else"), the BSM ploy was a studied demonstration of the Ghandi-King philosophy, firm but non-violent.

After lengthy debate and a roll call, *Black Ink* received its funds, 11-7. With applause and sighs of relief, BSM members left the room and gathered outside the Union where they prayed and thanked God for his help.

About one hour—and a new budget—later, an evening of verbal and psychological confrontation complete, The Mad Hatter's Tea Party scattered into disparate corners of Chapel Hill. Not until the Mad Hatter calls next year will such a diverse, volatile combination of students meet in the same room again.

### Freedom of the beaches

On July 4, 1976, a significant event was overshadowed by our nation's bicentennial.

As our founding fathers fought for a political freedom 200 years earlier, a group just as small—but just as enthusiastic—was fighting for a different freedom.

Nude beaches.

National Nude Beach Day was celebrated for the first time last summer, as thousands of Americans shed their bathing suits in defiance of laws which prevent free and easy bathing on the country's beaches.

The movement for legislation of clothes-optional swimming and sunbathing is not a new one. Even Chapel Hill experienced such a drive. In 1973, a group of interested students brought their case to the *Daily Tar Heel*, asking that the "University provide an area for nude sunbathing. Either separate areas for men and women or a mixed area would be acceptable. Also, nude swimming privileges would be acceptable."

Apparently, that group of concerned sunbathers enjoyed little success with their request. The leaders of National Nude Beach Day, though, are more optimistic. Pleased with the success of last year's endeavor, they are scheduling a repeat performance for this July 4.

Europe has permitted nude bathing on posted beaches for years, but the United States has not been so tolerant. Perhaps it is time we bring skinny-dipping into the light.



## Alumni Annual Giving program aids students

By HILL CARROW

Until last year there was one particularly important aspect of our University that I was completely unaware of—Alumni Annual Giving (AAG). I am sure that even this year many seniors are just becoming aware of AAG through a letter asking for contributions sent out earlier this semester. Since there are so many of us at UNC who are generally uninformed of this organization and its notable functions within the University, and since the AAG in future years will be making even stronger bids for donations by undergraduates—especially seniors—I believe it is necessary to provide all students with information on AAG that is primarily educational and secondarily appellate.

Now in its 25th Anniversary Year, AAG provides an opportunity for every alumnus to make an annual gift to the Alma Mater in the amount of his own decision. This gift is then used by the University in places considered strategic in the enrichment of the institution's life and significant in adding to its well-being and prestige. Recently, the

senior class of 1977 has been invited to join over 100,000 UNC alumni in participating in this worthwhile program.

The need for private funds stems from the fact that the University is tax assisted, not tax supported. About 50 per cent of the University's total budget comes from tax monies. The rest must come from student fees, return on endowments, income from public services and private gifts. Currently, with public funds providing a shrinking proportion of the total, the need for private gifts has never been greater.

Since AAG was organized in 1952, nearly \$4.5 million has been given by over 25,000 concerned alumni. In 1975-76 alone, 10,381 donors gave a record of \$354,954 to the University through AAG. Already in this 25th Anniversary Year, according to Tom Bost Jr., director of AAG, and Gene Jackson, associate director, 6,657 alumni have contributed \$278,939. With almost two and a half months to go before the end of the campaign (it ends June 30, 1977), Bost and Jackson are predicting the best year ever.

However, where does all this money go? Who does it benefit? In the recommendation of various administrative officers of the University to the Chancellor

and approval of the AAG Council, allocation of grants for the year is made on the basis of requests from faculty, departments and careful study of current "over-and-above" needs unmet by state appropriated funds. As the University's only regular source of unrestricted gifts, the AAG distributes the funds where they are most needed.

In the past, allocations have centered specifically around faculty and students. Over \$600,000 in AAG funds have been allocated for Alumni Distinguished Professorships—the second largest group of named professorships on campus. AAG is also the chief source of faculty travel funds. More than \$400,000 has enabled over 2,000 faculty to present scholarly papers and participate in other official capacities at meetings of learned societies and scientific conferences all over the nation.

Of course, the most important aspect for us as undergraduates is how the AAG helps the students. Tuition grants are a primary benefit, and 650 undergraduates have received more than \$200,000 in undergraduate scholarships. Over \$300,000 in awards to first-year graduate students enables the University to compete with other

leading schools in attracting superior students to Chapel Hill. The AAG also has provided over \$85,000 for student activities such as the Debate team, Carolina Choir, glee clubs, Carolina Symposium, International Center, University Symphony Orchestra, Fine Arts Festival, Wind Ensemble, Marching Band, Jazz Lab Band and Opera Workshop.

AAG monies aid our University in other ways as well. They have been used to publish scholarly journals by our faculty under the supervision of the University Press and to sponsor the Tar Heel Voices radio program across the state. The expenses of maintaining alumni addresses for the University and unbudgeted book acquisitions for the library also are met by the AAG.

As is obvious, all of us as students have benefited in some way from AAG. Of all the many fund-raising organizations we will encounter after graduation (and even before), I believe that AAG is one of the most relevant. After all, through a gift to AAG, you can become a participant in the most important years of other special young people—the students at UNC.

Hill Carrow is president of the Class of '77.

## 'Shimmering brown?' Carrot-tops unite—you're unique so flaunt it

By PAM DORRIS

Ah! Once again spring is in the air, the sun is high in the sky, and on the UNC "beaches," the bodies lie baking under the solar beams. How marvelous to acquire that health bronze sheen on one's appendages!

Marvelous for most, maybe, but for one small segment of the student body the sunbathing season can be a time of torture. Only three out of every 100 persons are members of this group. You've seen them around. In a company of brown bodies, their blanched arms and legs stand out. In a sea of predominantly blonde and brunette heads, their carrot-colored mops glow like blow torches. Wherever they go, cries of "I'd rather be dead than red on the head!" follow them. They never wear pink or purple clothes, and they avoid sitting on red sofas because the clash with their hair is so great it sends off sparks. As yes, the plight of the redhead is a lonely one, and one that I know well. And it's time all even-pigmented people were made aware of the torment redheads often endure.

I was born with red tresses, white skin and blue eyes. Yes sir! A true biological patriot. I know well the heartbreak of basking in the sun with friends. While their skins turn an even brown, I sit helplessly, watching the freckles multiply on my knees. I know the agony of that first night after that first day on the beach—the constant glopping of Solarcaine on my broiled bod; that gross stench of Noxema.

My childhood was traumatic at times. I received my share and more of those abominable remarks that all redheads everywhere have learned to loathe: "Why don't you stay in the sun until all your freckles grow together?" and "Ma, why is that girl polka-dotted?" not to mention the old "Hey kid, your head's on fire (heh, heh, heh)" and the "She MUST be adopted." Early in the game, I had to develop a reserve of quick comebacks to these base remarks. To the eternal "I'd rather be dead..." line, I learned to gaze stonily into the other person's eyes and say with a seriousness liken

to death, "I'm sure that can be arranged."

And then there were times when I was called a torchhead too many times and a quick fist in some kid's snootle was the only reply I could come up with. As a teenager, I had to take a lot of bull-jive from dirty old men and fast-handed younger ones who assumed that since I had red hair, I was Priscilla Promiscuous. I don't know where men get the idea that all redheads are racy. I think maybe they've watched too many "Gunsmoke" episodes. At any rate, one obviously cannot have red hair without experiencing certain psychological repercussions. Until I was 15, I had resigned myself to a life of spinsterhood because I was convinced that no man would marry a woman who had freckles.

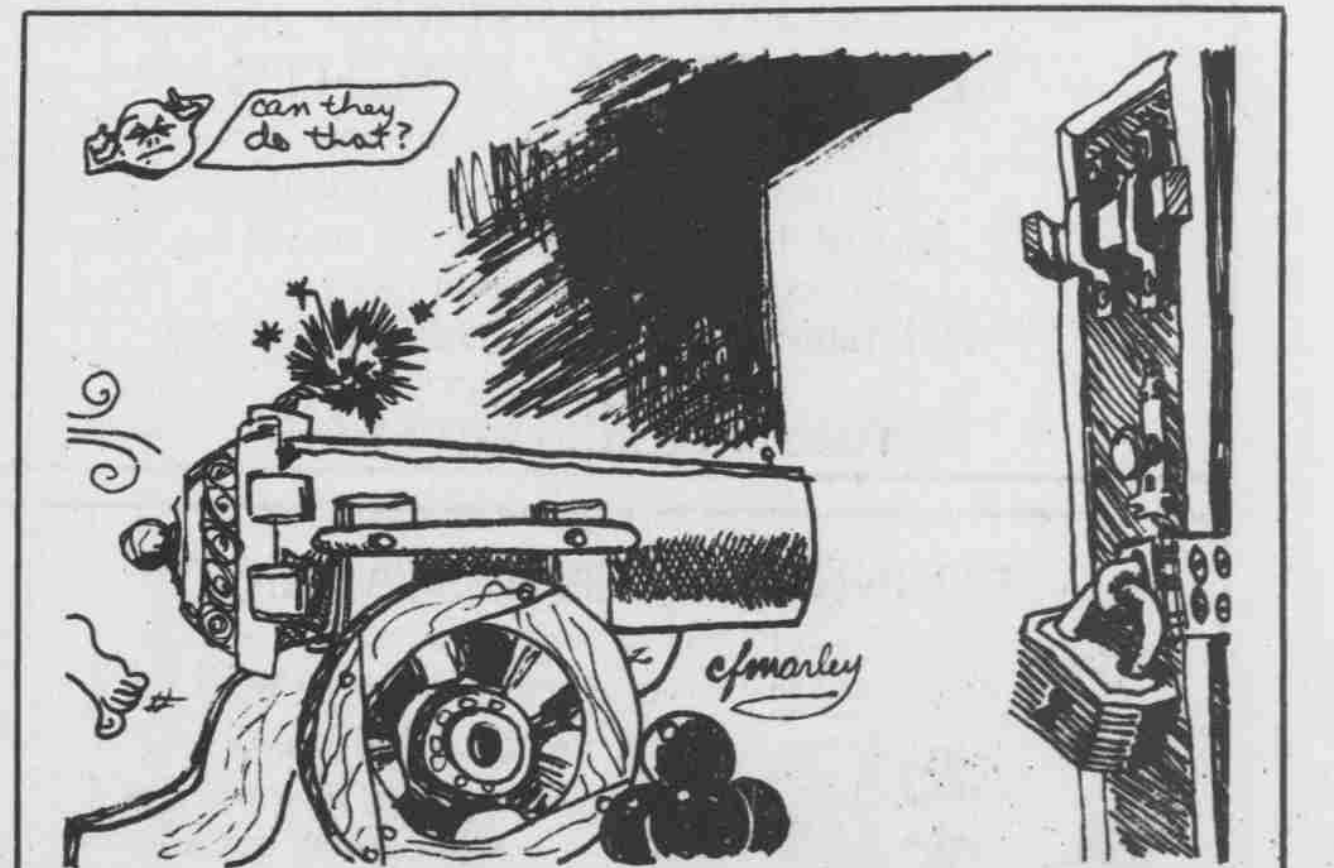
But those days are long gone, and my attitudes have changed for the better. I've accepted my fair skin, freckles and all, and I've given up trying to get a tan for reasons of futility. Granted, it's tough being a permanent paleface in a society that worships sun-baked bodies, but I am not fazed. With spring here, I must once again endure glances from sun-blackened beach jocks that say, "Well, if it isn't Snow White!" I simply eye them back and think, "And who's going to look like a raisin in 20 years, sweetie?" And if I don't get married, it'll be because I can't find a man who likes to watch cartoons with me on Saturday morning. I admit, sometimes, I wish I had brown hair, if only to be able to walk past a group of construction workers without them screaming "HEY RED!" And I would be lying to say I didn't lust passionately after dark epidermises.

But being a redhead, I've found, is too much of an adventure to pass up. I enjoy not blending in with the faceless masses. I like having freckles on my nose. I've learned to be proud of my copper locks, even if they do look putrid green in bathrooms with fluorescent lights. I don't even refer to myself as a redhead anymore. Fire engines and stop signs are red. But not my hair, Jack. I personally prefer "brilliant brown." At any rate, I just want to say to my flaming

cohorts—don't let this sunbathing season get you down! Bare those freckles proudly. We are unique! If it weren't for us, the textile companies would be stuck with a heck of a lot of green dye! So go buy yourself a green (or red, if you dare) or better yet, a Carolina

blue T-shirt and have this printed on it: "I wouldn't be caught dead with a head that's not red!" Carrot-tops, unite!

Pam Dorris is a sophomore from Charlotte, N.C.



## Keep cool when locked out

*Editor's Note: This advice was prepared by the Student Legal Services which maintains an office in Suite C of the Carolina Union. UNC students have pre-paid for this service and may obtain advice at no additional charge.*

Since the law frowns on "self-help" outside legal process, landlords may evict tenants only under the summary proceedings for ejection in a court of law. Occasionally, a clever Chapel Hill landlord will attempt a "do-it-yourself eviction" simply by changing the locks and the door to the apartment. This is an illegal act, for a landlord in North Carolina cannot himself forcibly enter and dispossess a tenant. If he does, a tenant may recover damages for the trespass and damages for any injury inflicted on his person or property. Exemplary damages may be awarded where the act is done in a wanton and reckless manner.

ADVICE FOR THE DAY: 1) If you are locked out of your apartment, make a polite but firm demand to be admitted. 2) If the landlord refuses, seek legal help immediately.