

# The Daily Tar Heel

94th year of editorial freedom

JIM ZOOK, Editor  
 RANDY FARMER, Managing Editor  
 ED BRACKETT, Associate Editor  
 DEWEY MESSER, Associate Editor  
 TRACY HILL, News Editor  
 GRANT PARSONS, University Editor  
 LINDA MONTANARI, City Editor  
 JILL GERBER, State and National Editor  
 SCOTT FOWLER, Sports Editor  
 DENISE SMITHERMAN, Features Editor  
 ROBERT KEEFE, Business Editor  
 ELIZABETH ELLEN, Arts Editor  
 DAN CHARLSON, Photography Editor

## Editorials

### Party out of bounds

More than just storeowners, the girl whose car was destroyed, or those treated at N.C. Memorial Hospital were hurt by the insanity on Franklin Street Sunday night.

The midnight death toll Sunday was a reason for some to party, to have that last legal drink. It was a time for others to peacefully protest what they saw as the loss of a fundamental right. Those perspectives seemed civilized.

But there were others involved. Those who laughed at the two Subway employees dodging missiles (posing as beer bottles) as they hurriedly boarded up their windows in defense of the onslaught of glass. Those who gaily danced and jokingly pushed people around the bonfires — unaware of the burned, semi-conscious man staggering for help.

The damage defies description — destructive not only of property, but of any hope of changing attitudes about youth and responsible drinking.

Most Chapel Hill students believe the new law is oppressive. If 18-year-old youth can die for their country or be prosecuted as adults for their crimes, then surely they are responsible enough to have a beer or a glass of

wine, they say.

But the events on Franklin Street Sunday night spawned thoughts of how the minority's stupidity can disprove what a responsible majority may practice. Destroying an automobile, hurling beer bottles through windows and launching bottle rockets toward hordes of bystanders reinforces an unpopular argument on this campus: The youth of this state are not capable of handling alcohol at 18 or 19.

Witnesses estimate that as many as half of the rowdies came from out of town, but it would be too much to believe all the damage was done by rednecks from down the road. Many UNC students did clear out for home or the beaches this weekend. But there was also plenty of talk about returning for The Party Sunday night. Of course much of the trouble came from those over 21 who will never be able to grow up or handle their booze.

Maturity and age are not synonymous. Unfortunately, that fact will be overlooked by those who support the law, who will point to Sunday night as proof of their argument.

### Considering glimmers of hope

Every now and then, in the midst of all the world's ugliness, there emerges a glimmer of hope. A sign that bad situations can improve. Two such dirigibles rose last week from the smoke of the Soviet Union and South Africa.

The Soviets, in a historically uncharacteristic act, resurrected a previously banned author, Vladimir Nabokov. Unfortunately, the intentions behind the Soviet display of tolerance does not seem to be a newfound allowance of democratic freedoms, but a part of Mikhail Gorbachev's charisma campaign to win Western European favor.

Regardless, the move is still worth noting, especially because of who Nabokov was. The Soviets banned him for decades because they viewed him as a practitioner of "literary snobbism" and "distortions" of socialist heroes. Nabokov was a firm anti-communist and became a U.S. citizen in 1945.

What the Soviets published was an excerpt of about 2,000 words from his memoirs. It was his first work ever published in the Soviet Union, even if it was in a small circulation chess magazine. Nabokov, famous in the West for his novel "Lolita," died about ten years ago.

Elsewhere, the dismal situation in South Africa showed a flicker of change. In Cape Town, the town council voted to integrate the last whites-only public beaches on the

Cape Peninsula. As one council member put it, "God's own beaches should be for God's own people."

In both nations, those changes are important, however minor they may appear in the face of their respective, overall government policy. But such good news seems to be outweighed by recent bad news, especially in South Africa. Last week in Soweto, police killed 12 blacks, a mob hacked a town councillor to death and about 70 people were shot, beaten or stoned in the worst rioting since early 1985.

The grim reports remind us that when one starts discussing improvements in those countries, they shouldn't be distracted from the many cruel realities that remain unaltered. In South Africa, repression still subjugates blacks to second class citizenry. In the Soviet Union, basic freedoms, such as the right of habeas corpus, still are not granted — as evidenced Sunday when a reporter for U.S. News & World Report magazine was arrested for espionage, even though the Soviets had not formally charged him.

Those liberties are the basic tenets of democracy in America, and their forbearance in those nations is distasteful to our own sometimes-delicate, democratic tastes.

Those small strides of improvement in South Africa and the Soviet Union whisper to us that things don't have to be the way they are. But they still are.

### Bad blood, Belli and, well, buttocks

This isn't the place for editorials; those, dear reader, are reserved for the space above. However, something has happened of late that has raised our ire, and we cannot remain silent about it.

The name of this column is "The Bottom Line"; its refined humor has spawned many a comedian, witticist, prankster and Middle East leader since its inception, oh, several hundred years ago. But this Sunday, an unmentioned newspaper supplement — first letter "P," last letter "c," "arad" in between and "magazine" after that — saw fit to besmirch this column's fine name.

The abomination occurred on Page 6. There, a certain writer — Lloyd Shearer is his name, but we certainly wouldn't want to mention it in print — made disparaging remarks about the bottom, as in rear end, of the newest member of Britain's royal family. We quote:

"One of the questions most frequently asked about Sarah Ferguson before she married Prince Andrew was: 'How big is her bum?'"

"Karen Newman, 35, the sculptress for Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum in London, (had) measured the bride-to-be during

#### The Bottom Line

a 45-minute sitting in May and knew all her vital measurements. But Karen refused to disclose them. . . .

"Six days before the royal wedding . . . a likeness in wax of the bride-to-be was unveiled at Madame Tussaud's. A photographer quickly put his tape measure to work and the vital numbers were no longer a secret: bust — 34; waist — 29; hips — 42."

Now, buttocks, royal or otherwise, aren't proper subjects for a general circulation publication. But we still wouldn't have quarrelled with Mr. Shearer's expose were it not for its headline: "The Bottom Line" — yes, the same moniker that appears with, nay, blesses this very writ.

Needless to say, Melvin Belli has been notified.

You'd never see us making fun of anyone's derriere. No matter how big it is.

## Tar Heel Forum

### Campaign '88: Beware the God Squad

Balram Kakkar  
 Guest Writer

The God Squad of the Religious Right has entered the 1988 presidential campaign with a big bang. With Preacher Pat leading the pack of evangelicals in the first non-event of the presidential primaries in Michigan, the Religious Right hopes to continue its moral battle, started by Ronald Reagan, of ridding Americans of their sins.

Perhaps Jesse Jackson is to be blamed for starting the trend for poli-preachers to take themselves seriously in running for the Oval Office. However, unlike Jackson, there is more to the person and politics of Rev. Marion G. "Pat" Robertson, a television evangelist from Virginia Beach.

Robertson, a descendant of an aristocratic Virginia family, is highly educated, bright and urbane. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Washington and Lee and holds a law degree from Yale, which should not be a source of wonderment, because he failed to pass the bar. Unlike Jimmy Swaggart or Jerry Falwell, Robertson is not a pulp-thumping preacher. He works with a cool and calculated manner, primarily through his Christian Broadcasting Network and as an anchorman for his show, "The 700 Club."

Unlike the other two preachers, Robertson is much more secular. In fact, lately he prefers to be addressed as Dr. Robertson rather than Rev. Robertson. His show, "700 Club," tries not to be purely religious. However, despite his attempt to deal with news and information objectively, the program contains strong doses of religious messages and biblical morals.

Following on the footsteps of a popular president, it is safe for Robertson to use

Reagan's formula for success. He is predictably anti-communist and anti-spending. He espouses family values and is well-versed in supply-side economics.

Though the above may be necessary conditions for success, so far as Robertson is concerned, they are hardly sufficient. He would very quickly alienate the recent recruits to the Republican party. Jews and Yuppies would reject outright his church-state connections. His ultra-conservative stance on abortion and various other social issues would turn several young voters off.

The biggest hurdle in Robertson's path is what some observers have termed his "wacko factor." "I belong to the Lord," he said last August, referring to his intentions of running for the GOP presidential nomination. "If the Lord told me to do something, I'd do it, whatever it was." His other charismatic excesses include speaking in tongues, expelling demons and curing hemorrhoids. He also takes the exclusive credit for commanding Hurricane Gloria last fall to spare Virginia Beach. Perhaps we need some of Robertson's divine powers to rid us of the communists south of the border or to balance the federal budget.

Or maybe not, because when the dust finally settles, Robertson has not even the slightest chance of winning the nomination or the election, and he knows that (unless, of course, he runs with Phyllis Schlafly as his running mate on an independent ticket).

What, then, is his goal as he showers in the glory of all the attention and publicity? In the Michigan primary Robertson was the biggest winner. He claims to have won the second most number of the delegates, who would vote for other delegates, but more importantly, he won the respect of the Republican establishment. His eventual goal of reassuring the Religious Right that the Republican party is their ultimate saviour is a valuable asset to the party. His fundraising network of volunteers and the 200,000 dues-paying members of his Freedom Council are an important mechanism that the party could use in return for a little respect for the Reverend.

Nevertheless, in the final analysis, Robertson, like Jesse Jackson, is taking a short cut to political power. Very much like Jackson, Robertson's goal is to excite, galvanize and gather around himself adoring crowds primarily for ego-gratification and stressing his self-importance. These selfish motives will take away the attention and federal funds deserved by more serious candidates.

If any of these candidates were serious in their desires for serving the public responsibly, they could run for Congress or other less visible positions. They would be taken seriously and may even be qualified for the job. As it stands now, they are doing a disservice to the public by their actions, even though their motives may be otherwise.

Balram Kakkar is a senior political science and economics major from Kabul, Afghanistan.

### Apply now

To the editor:

Are you a student interested in journalism from the perspective of a publisher rather than a writer? Then maybe The Daily Tar Heel Board of Directors is for you. The board is currently accepting applications from undergraduate and graduate students to serve in a one-year position appointed by the board itself.

The 13-member board governs all operations of our campus newspaper. This duty does not include editorial authority but does include:

- approving the budget of the DTH;
- answering all operational inquiries to the paper;
- providing an annual report on the paper to student government;
- serving as publisher of the DTH.

These tasks are a large responsibility, particularly when one considers that the DTH has a larger circulation than most local newspapers in the state.

The only requirements for the position are a sincere interest in our campus newspaper and a willingness to give time to the meetings of the board. Applications can be found at the information desk of the Student Union and should be returned to the DTH. If you



## Letters

have any questions, please call Anne Fulcher, General Manager, at the DTH office or call me in the evening at 967-2967.

JIM SLAUGHTER  
 Chairman  
 DTH Board of Directors  
 Law

### Letters policy

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes reader comment. Please observe these guidelines for letters to the editor and columns:

- Include your name, year in school, major and phone

number. Professors and other University employees, include your title and department.

- All letters and columns must be typed.

■ We reserve the right to edit for style, taste, grammar and accuracy.

## A fish-sorter's tale of Arctic adventure

Tom Camp  
 Staff Writer

Even if you haven't the slightest desire to get smelly and gooey in fish slime, we should all know enough about our 49th state to at least agree that a salmon run is not a road race. Don't judge me falsely; my tone is not condescending.

I had distorted visions of Alaska before I went. Besides making my fortune in three months, I had two other goals. One was to take a photo of a polar bear. The other was to rub noses with an Eskimo in her igloo. I did not make a fortune, and I never even saw a polar bear. (I guess one out of three is not a total loss, however.)

If you travel to Alaska, you may not find the Eskimo of your dreams, and you may even come back broke. The ingredients and time of your next meal may be uncertain, and you may not find a dry place to spend the night. Some nights may be spent walking long stretches of a highway in an optimistic attempt to hitch a ride to a destined location, or they may be spent camping on a mossy patch under a plastic tarp, next to a trout stream. In fact, you are guaranteed only one thing if you take the trip — adventure. Don't go for any other reason.

The following piece is "A Day in the Life of Two Fish Sorters," taken with permission from a letter to my father, dated July 14, 1986. It speaks of the adventure two UNC students had this summer.

My business partner Billy and I are lounging back in the buying shack of the Cook Inlet Processing station in Homer, Alaska, which is still on the Kenai Peninsula. Roadtrips to port cities like Homer are welcome changes from the monotony of the butchering and freezing crews back at the plant in Nikiski. Our job here is to climb down in the hulls of driftnetters and pitch mountains of fish, sorting them by species into appropriate crane nets called brailers.

Yes, Dad, we are professional fish sorters, and until the boats come in, we just hang out in this shack, packing our gullets with junk food, as we meditate on our upcoming challenge. A surplus of calories is a necessary ingredient in the veins of a fish sorter, because when he leaves for work, don't

expect him for dinner. No breaks or rest until the chilly morning moisture from the sea has doused his brow, and until the last sockeye salmon has been tossed from the bloodied hull.

There are two unyielding desires of the fish sorter, programmed into his every motor function device in the same manner the desires for food, air, water and sex are programmed into the brains of the average homo sapien. The first is the desire to remove fish from the hulls of boats. The second is to move with maximum speed and accuracy. The highest paid sorters achieve maximum No. 2 of No. 1.

The first boat usually pulls up around 10 p.m. Armed with fluorescent orange Helley Hanson overalls (the "in" name in cannery fashion), rubber boots and cotton gloves, we descend the 10-meter dock ladder and lower ourselves into the six-foot hull, squashing layers of salmon, until at last, we have a footing, our bodies now waist high in fish, blood and slime. The night wind of 10-15 knots eddies down into the dark hull and stiffens our fingers in the 45-degree dampness.

Our joints limber quickly, however, as the pitching pace increases, and before the first boat is emptied, we are down to T-shirts. I keep my eyes fixed on the seemingly bottomless mess of fish, having already spotted my next toss before the present fish has been launched. From the dock above, it looks like schools of fish are jumping from the hull into their appropriate brailers on deck; in fact, it looks like they are flying, sort of floating in the air.

Speed is important, but accuracy cannot be compromised. Each hull contains thousands of dollars of mixed produce. A sockeye salmon pitched into a dog salmon brailer is a costly mistake for the company, and one too many innocent mix-ups like that will result in a quick job replacement.

It is 4 a.m. We are on our eighth and final boat of the evening and haven't had a minute's break. The hull is almost empty — the dregs of the catch lie splattered and mangled in a soupy goulash of guts and blood (excellent material to slime one's unsuspecting partner after a long night's work). I spy an especially soupy fish and launch it upwards, its large tail flinging into the face of my comrade, who is in deep concentration of his work. The impact of scales against skin splatters bloody slime all over the victim, who is too stunned to speak, move or retaliate. The "slimie" has been genuinely slimed. The slimer retreats.

We are finished for the night and ascend the ladder, dripping with scales, pieces of gills and strings of fish intestines. The stench of spoiled guts lingers in our nostrils as we enter the buying shack, and we inhale a shot of caffeine to rejuvenate our spent bodies. As I raise the styrofoam cup to my chapped lips, I notice my forearm is coated in a woolly sweater of dried scales and blood. We take off our Helley's and spray down with an outside water hose in the cold, removing several layers of grime. (The baseball player in the Coast commercial never pitched salmon if he thinks he gets dirty.)

Soon, we are warm in our 'civilian clothes' inside the refrigerated truck, headed back to the processing plant. Our over-energized rock 'n' roll boss, Eric, drives because we did a good job tonight. It's Miller Time for us.

We might see a moose grazing in a misty field along the road or maybe an eagle hovering a jagged mountain peak, but the conversation is low, except for an audio replay of the classic slimes of the day.

The truck pulls onto the blacktop of the plant at 7 a.m. The butchering and freezing crews just started a new shift. We wearily gather our gear, say goodnight to Eric, punch out on the time clock and head back to our musty, damp tent to catch a few hours of sleep before we do it again."

Tom Camp is a junior journalism major from Raleigh.