

The Daily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

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Put perspectives in perspective

The Undergraduate Bulletin states that "the perspectives requirement seeks to introduce students to different ways of looking at the world." In addition to the General College perspective requirements, UNC students must take five more courses to fulfill junior/senior perspectives.

The goal of broadening students' horizons is noble, but the system is too strictly regimented.

The perspective system fails when students are unable to graduate on time or forced to ask that requirements be waived because they have not been able to fulfill all their perspectives. Seniors who have to scramble to find available courses that fulfill their requirements and fit their schedules aren't broadening their horizons. They're just getting ulcers.

The student who wanders aimlessly through Woollen Gym during drop-add, searching for any course that will fulfill a social science perspective, will probably choose a course that sounds worse than not graduating on time. Although the requirements are supposed to encourage students to experiment academically, they shouldn't force students into making desperate decisions and choosing courses that they know they will hate.

This chaos can be prevented in two ways: students can plan their entire college careers as freshmen (long before they are exposed to all the different world views available through the perspectives system), or

the University can offer a broader range of courses that fulfill perspective requirements.

Offering more courses would not weaken the purpose of the system. It would create a more flexible system and continue to provide opportunities for students to encounter different opinions and views.

University officials surveyed more than 19,000 students in February as part of a program to evaluate the perspective requirements system in the General College and the College of Arts and Sciences. They are nearly finished tabulating the results.

A student-faculty committee will evaluate the survey, and propose changes in the system. The recommendations should suggest that more perspective courses be offered.

According to Undergraduate Bulletin, the Faculty Council revised the General Education requirements in February 1981, following a two and one-half year study which "sought to discover what changes in the University curriculum were called for to enable students to respond to the challenges of the coming decades."

Now, seven years later, the Faculty Council should revise the perspectives system again. Offering more courses to fulfill perspective requirements will not only expose students to more different views, but also help them fit in all the other courses they must take to fulfill major requirements. It could even help them graduate on time. — Amy Hamilton

Going to bat for parked cars

The count is three and two, bases loaded, with two outs in the ninth inning. The crowd tenses as the pitcher releases a sinking curve ball. The batter unleashes tremendous forces on the tiny object, sending it sailing toward the left field fence of Boshamer Stadium. The crowd watches it soar amid chants of "going, going, gone!"

The sound of a breaking windshield beyond the fence is drowned out by the cheers in the stands. The disgruntled car owner returns later to find the windshield shattered — and no one to help pay for the damages.

Students who want to receive financial compensation for the damages must file a tort suit against the University, since the athletic department has refused to pay for the repairs. The baseball coach sees it as a risk students take for parking in this lot. After all, the players are not aiming to hit the cars.

But while a little fresh air circulation in an automobile might be nice in the spring, it should not come as an added benefit for students who park in the lots behind Ehringhaus Residence Hall.

Everyone takes a risk when they leave their cars unattended, easy prey

for vandals and thieves. Such incidents are legitimate and largely unpreventable.

University parking lots are not exempt from these risks, and students are aware of this. However, when the damage is caused by a University-sponsored activity such as varsity baseball, steps should be taken to minimize those risks.

Residence Hall Association President Jimmy Randolph is asking that such steps be taken. RHA has proposed that a net be constructed behind the left and center field fence to stop all but the longest fly balls from damaging parked cars. With the aid of Carolina Athletic Association President Carol Geer, this proposal and several alternatives will be presented to the Athletic Council in May, as additions to the athletic department's budget.

Instead of just complaining about the problem, student leaders are approaching administrators with a logical solution. Now, it's up to the Athletic Council to take action. Meanwhile, the students who park in the Ehringhaus lots should hope for a season of ground balls. — Bill Yelverton

Playing the gene lottery fun for all

Ian Williams
 Wednesday's Child

Once we were but happy sperm, swimming around and playing tag with all our other haploid friends, cluelessly doing the backstroke to wherever the tide took us. Why is it that when we think of our very beginnings, we relate better to the sperm than its female counterpart, the stately ovum? Probably because the sperm seems to have a whole hell of a lot more fun, while the egg just sits there passively like a parent at a picnic.

So one of the kids happens to get through, and then we go from a blob of lifeless zygotes to something resembling a Red Lobster shrimp in a matter of weeks. And all the while our DNA is replicating, our entire physical and internal makeup information is being transferred from parent to child like a set of bad Cliff Notes to Life.

We've all been there, although most of us don't remember a whole lot about it. Personally, I remember it all... duplicating like there was no tomorrow, taking in genes by the bucketload... and all I've got to show for it now is every recessive trait I could possibly have without living in a hospital. Being a genetic nightmare, I feel uniquely qualified to list my favorite recessive genes as a warning to those with dubious chromosomes who plan to bear children in these upcoming fruitful years.

Color Blindness - Here's a crowd pleaser. Once people find out that I'm red-green color blind, they happily lead me to some red object and proudly ask me what color it is. I have trouble with that sort of logic. What's worse is the diabolical laughter that follows my apparently wrong answer; I think people innately find joy in duping

color-blind folks. As a joke, my mother used to set out all red clothes on St. Patrick's Day for me to wear to the school party. You can imagine that my fellow third-graders did not take this sort of thing lightly.

Red Hair - This is a universal identity; if you are across the room, in a car, or at a supermarket, you will be referred to as "the redhead over there." People seem to suffer from the delusion that all redheads look alike, although a quick driver's license check would prove otherwise. I'm convinced that we all had a secret meeting before we were born, making for a strange camaraderie when we pass each other nowadays. Of course, you do have to suffer through cro-magnon comments like "carrot-top" and "Hey, Red!" The only thing worse is being asked if I can see my hair.

Blue Eyes - As recessive genes go, this one is probably the coolest. I have nothing against brown-eyed girls, but a pair of deep blue eyes can inspire a young man to a life of charity work.

Tongue Rolling - Can you roll your tongue into a "U"? How about a "W"? If you can, you're more recessive than you thought. Can you spell "Carolina" with the inside of your mouth? A pretty useless recessive gene, but think how cool a basketball cheer that would be!

Male Pattern Baldness - Yuck. And any

guy who's lost any hair at all will concur. We ought to find the man who proffered the "maternal grandfather" theory and egg his house.

Earlobes - Apparently, if yours are attached to your neck, as opposed to unattached, then you're recessive. Or the other way around. I can't remember exactly which, but if the subject comes up on a date, you're probably having a lot worse time than you thought.

Blood Type - My blood is AB negative, a whole slew of recessiveness which basically me and about six other people have in this country. It means that the Red Cross people look greedily upon my veins as I pass the donation centers. It also means that if I were in a traffic accident and needed a transfusion, the paramedics would look at my biostatistics, laugh, and go have a beer downtown.

Is the thought of having a color-blind child more effective than condoms in terms of birth control? Wouldn't it be cool to bear a boy that had your father's big blue eyes? Perhaps someday they will go beyond that, and develop an amniocentesis that determines your baby's hostility, greed and affection before it is born.

Until then, I'm content to see what kind of cross-referenced hybrid my spouse and I can come up with. Maybe we'll move back to Iowa and I can win some prizes! A superbaby would be nice, but God's lottery is so much more exciting...

Ian Williams is a junior music and psychology major from Los Angeles who thinks writing for the DTH is recessive.

Readers' Forum

Students should share cube

To the editor:

I am writing in response to a recent misunderstanding concerning the cube painting policy. As chairman of the Senior Class Trip Committee, I have found that dealing with a complex University bureaucracy is a part of the job, but this last encounter went above and beyond the usual hassles.

The Senior Class Trip Committee has worked hard to come up with exciting trips geared especially for seniors. For the remainder of the semester, we have planned two main trips — one to Busch Gardens and the other to North Myrtle Beach — and a Durham Bulls Senior Night Out. Because of the deposit due dates, the sign-up deadline for both trips is Wednesday, April 6.

As luck would have it, the earliest available space on the cube was March 31. Instead of painting over the Symposium '88 announcement before the 31st had passed, I wrote "Reserved for Senior Class until 4-6" directly over the space. Because of personal vacation plans, however, I was unable to paint the cube until Monday morning.

Unfortunately, I had forgotten Murphy's rule number one. When I arrived to paint the cube at 7:45 Monday morning, I found that the space which we had reserved was painted



over. Attached was a note explaining that "Cube policy" states that the actual painting of a space is the only legitimate form of reservation.

This is a very disturbing action for two reasons. First, it bypasses the accepted procedure for cube painting. It is generally understood that a "reservation" sign is an acceptable way to hold a space because paint supplies are not always available, and there are times and dates which should be respected. Secondly, and most disturbing, is the fact that the group which chose to paint over our reserved space is a very worthwhile and respected

organization. This fact bothers me because it is counterproductive to the general bond between student organizations. We should be working together, not in competition.

Therefore, I feel that it is in everyone's best interests to use courtesy and common sense in all student group activities, including the painting of the cube. As it turns out, the event which did make it on the cube is not until April 16, and the sign-up doesn't begin until April 6. Surely, the vacation weekend and Monday and Tuesday could have been overlooked in respect for courtesy and common sense. I hope

student organizations will consider this in the future.

MICHAEL WARREN
 Senior History

We goofed

Tuesday's letter "Step shows rude, vulgar," should have read, "These are the same fraternities who have, in the past, claimed that white people don't understand their values. Do their values lie in disturbing people who came to this university to study?"

The Daily Tar Heel regrets the typographical error.

Crucifixion shows Christ's message

Todd Hahn
 Guest Writer

Take a look sometime at Rembrandt's painting of the Crucifixion; it's a stunning work of art. Rembrandt had a genius for conveying, through his subjects' facial expressions, heart-wrenching emotion and pathos. And this work is no exception. Gathered at the foot of Christ's cross are a multitude of his friends and family. Despair and grief, strangely mixed with awe, are etched in their faces. Look closely into the crowd and you will see Rembrandt himself! The artist has painted himself into his painting. As he gazes at the crucified Christ, his face, too, betrays profound emotion. Rembrandt's decision to include himself in his painting was an intensely personal, private decision. But it illustrates a universal truth — that it is impossible to fully understand the meaning and relevance of Christ's death until we, too, have stood at the foot of the cross. This was the motivation behind the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship's decision to reenact the Crucifixion in the Pit this past Wednesday.

I wasn't one of the 70 or 80 students who were part of the mob that marched from the Old Well to the Pit, recreating Christ's trek to Golgotha. I'm a people watcher, so I stationed myself along various points of the marchers' route, observing students' reactions. I stood near Wilson Library as the mob came over the steps of South Building. An unearthly quiet settled over the quad as we watched the spectacle unfold. I stood in the Pit as InterVarsity students, representing Roman soldiers, screamed at the crowd, "nailed" Christ's hands and feet, and lifted the cross high up for all to see. With each pounding of the hammer, students winced. As the cross went up, many averted their eyes, some laughed and some shouted in indignation. Many cried.

I stood next to a girl whom I had never

met before. "That's a little extreme, don't you think?" she spat angrily. I looked at her. "But it really happened, didn't it?" I said softly. Her face took on an entirely different expression as she turned to look again towards the Pit. "Yeah, I guess it did," she said, her voice little more than a whisper. She was right; Christ's death, a maelstrom of nails, blood and pain, was extreme.

The apostle Paul wrote that the cross is a "stumbling block" to many. Indeed, it is. To the first-century Jew, the cross was the ultimate symbol of degradation, horror and Roman oppression, an execution reserved for the lowest criminal. That is why the sign reading "King of the Jews" placed over Christ's head was so ironic. A messiah dying horribly, scorned and jeered at by Roman centurions? Nothing could have offended a proud, valiant first-century Jew more.

And nothing offends our 20th-century sensibilities more. Our heroes don't die. Christ died. Our Saviors don't submit to ridicule and hatred. Christ "made himself nothing, taking the form of a servant." Our Gods don't lose. Christ lost, temporarily, and calls us to do the same. What of American pride, rugged individualism, looking out for number one and winning at all costs? Christ calls us to lives of peace, love and humility. And 20th-century American university students, made callous by a hurting, broken, spiteful world, can't bear Christ's radical challenge.

The cross represents a stark reality we won't accept, a grim reminder that as creatures alienated from our Creator, our

lives are hopelessly tangled and out of sync.

But the cross is not only a reminder of our sin and Christ's pain. It is also the only example of perfect love in all of human history. On the cross, God's love for man came into burning focus. On the cross, good triumphed over evil and love won out over hate. For it was through the cross that God chose to reconcile a battered, bleeding world to himself. Christ's cry of "It is finished!" signaled not an end but a beginning; now, the darkness has broken, now the morning has come, now we are free, liberated by the understanding of what it means to be a loved people. And the Resurrection was a living testament to God's unique ability to turn tragedy into triumph. When Christ rose victoriously from the grave, he extended to humanity an invitation to follow him into never-ending life.

No amount of letter-writing, preaching or empirical study can convey to us the reality of what happened 2,000 years ago on an executioner's hill called Calvary. Like Rembrandt, we must place ourselves at the foot of the cross. And that's what happened Wednesday, albeit in a faint way. The cross, Paul told us, is seen as mere foolishness. But the good news is that God has chosen to use foolishness to confound the wise. The darkest scene in human history was actually the place where love and life banished fear and death. Are we offended? Let us take offense, then, for offense leads to honest reflection, reflection leads to realism, realism leads to faith and faith leads us to the ultimate understanding of the triumph of the cross and the empty tomb, and what they mean for us.

Todd Hahn, president of the Granville/Off-Campus chapter of the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship, is a sophomore political science major from Charlotte.

The Daily Tar Heel

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