

# The Daily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

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## Lost in a maze of parking plans

Figuring out who makes decisions about parking on this campus is like trying to find a parking space near Kenan Stadium on a football Saturday.

Your head swivels from left to right, searching for that elusive empty space. Fate plays cruel tricks. First, you think you see a spot, but it turns out that the Traffic and Parking Advisory Committee is parked there.

You slowly circle around once again, passing the Department of Parking and Transportation Services and the Office of the Vice Chancellor of Business and Finance. Then, you honk and curse — your path is blocked by New Construction.

At last! You see the perfect space ahead.

Everything will make sense if you can only get to it in time. You speed up, because you know you've found the right answer, the end of the road for parking proposals. Chancellor Paul Hardin appears, smiling and waving you in. But it was not meant to be: the chancellor's Ad Hoc Committee on Parking pulls in just ahead of you.

Confused? Of course. No one group is charged with planning for parking at UNC. The final decisions are left up to the chancellor, but he gets

## Filling those exotic red tables

Deep in the bowels of the Student Union is a room straight from the set of "Radio Days." Remember the club where the dumb girl saw her Mafioso boss get gunned down? You know, the place is all smoky and dim, and everything is red and black.

The room in the Union hasn't seen such blood and guts excitement yet, but just about any night of the week, you can find free live entertainment to suit any taste. Yes, indeed, it's the Union Cabaret and after many moons in planning, the Cabaret is ready.

The red, blue and purple lights chase around the stage upon command. The sound is outstanding and the rented equipment will soon be replaced with pieces bought by the Union. The walls are painted black, and red tables lend an exotic accent to the place. Now all the Cabaret needs is a regular audience to fill those neat red tables.

The Union Cabaret fills a void in the social lives of underage students and in the fiscal budgets of any student; few places in Chapel Hill cater to the underage crowd, nor do many offer free, live entertainment. The Cabaret is conveniently located, and organizers encourage students to drop by for study breaks, or even after football games.

Cabaret committee members hope that soon, students will get a more laid-back attitude about the Cabaret and

## Forest fire debate still rages

In the wake of some of the most severe forest fires of the 20th century, the National Park Service is under a lot of heat from environmentalists over its fire suppression policies.

Already this summer, at least 70,000 acres have been damaged some four million acres of territory. Yet, most scientists feel that this year's fires will help rather than hurt the ecosystem.

That logic is the principle behind the "let it burn policy." For a century, dating from 1872, the strategy was to immediately put out all new fires, a routine that stemmed from public outcry over the destruction of wildlife. Officials refer to this practice as the "Bambi syndrome."

Starting in 1972, Department of Interior officials decided to pursue a new policy of burning. This was done to slow the accumulation of natural fuels, such as dead wood and pine cones. The abundance of these materials, caused by the old policy of

information from so many different sources that it's almost impossible to trace a chain of command.

The Traffic and Parking Advisory Committee (TPAC), a group of students, faculty and staff, makes parking proposals to the vice chancellor of business and finance, who then makes recommendations to the chancellor. But Chancellor Hardin also has an ad hoc committee of vice chancellors, appointed by former Chancellor Christopher Fordham before he left office.

This lack of central coordination has helped to create the current parking crunch. If such coordination existed, officials would have been forced to contend with the parking problem much earlier, rather than waiting until it reached crisis proportions.

Officials must commit themselves to a logical parking system, one that takes into account the needs of all aspects of the University community and one that does not tolerate special deals or make promises that can't be kept.

There's one bright spot in the contortions of parking recommendations: student opinion is being sought. Three forums — today at 7 p.m. in Morehead Cellar and at 9 p.m. in Carmichael and Thursday at 7:30 p.m. in Morrison Rec Room — are being held to hear the student side of the parking situation.

Go forth and voice your opinion.

stop in just to see what is playing on any given night.

Billy Pizer, committee chairman, says he wants people to trust the organizers' judgment. "One of our goals is to expose people to a greater cross-section of music, as well as give local bands a chance for publicity," Pizer said. "People aren't taking advantage of what we're offering down here."

Once the Cabaret gets off the ground, the Union hopes to extend its programs to include readings sponsored by the Cellar Door or the English department, as well as presentations by the Lab Theater and the drama department. Features like New Band Night, Talent Night, and lunchtime programming are all in the planning stages, too.

If the Cabaret can't draw crowds, it won't be cost effective. Committee members will be forced to open the room to private campus organizations such as fraternities, sororities or residence halls. Should the room be used for private functions, the whole purpose would be defeated — the entire student body pays for the Cabaret through student fees and it should always be open to everyone.

So use your student fees wisely. Bring your own beer, prepare for great music and come to the Cabaret. — Laura Pearlman

immediate suppression, leads to more catastrophic fires such as this summer's blazes.

Most experts feel that controlled burning is a viable policy for reducing these natural fuels.

However, the drought and record high temperatures have created many more difficulties for the NPS and for United States Forest Service officials. The unusually high dryness of the terrain has sparked more fires over a much greater spread of land.

Michael Scott of the Wilderness Society states: "A hundred ninety-nine years out of 200, it works. This is the 200th year."

Yet, Park and Forest Service officials, along with a consensus of scientists and environmentalists, rightly see little reason to depart from the current course. Restoring the mandatory fire suppression policy would be a mistake. Don't be afraid of the Bambi Syndrome; deer don't eat pine cones anyway. — Dave Hall

## Live from Student Health: it's Typhoid Ian

Ian Williams  
Wednesday's Child

I was going to be jovial, wistful and witty today, but sometime last Friday whilst I slumbered, a legion of bacteria invaded my being and left behind a biological stocking stuffer that the doctors call "microplasmic bronchitis." I call it "being real miserable for no apparent reason," which of course is the worst part of this kind of illness — I didn't wander drunk through the snow or kiss some fabulous Typhoid Mary to get it, so it's kind of like being grounded for something you didn't enjoy doing. Fortunately, writing requires no physical movement, and you, the DTH reader, can't catch anything by reading the ramblings of a sick man, so I'll try — but remember that my synapses are misfiring on a mental rifle range flooded with codeine.

Whereas other megaliths of entertainment like Good Morning America and Wheel of Fortune get to travel to exotic vacationlands like Daytona and Pittsburgh, I am writing to you live on location from Clinic 3 of our very own esteemed Student Health Center. I have no blonde co-host with which to engage in witty banter about the weather, only a ragged back-issue of Outdoor Life and a brunette sitting across from me who looks up in disgust every time I do something particularly violent phlegm-wise. I'm not sure what her problem is; if anything, the Student Health waiting room is the one place on campus you're allowed to let it all hang out — the guy down the row sneezes all over his psychology lab, the girl two seats from me sits upright and snores with her mouth gaping open — everyone exchanges hollow-eyed glances of misery like passengers in a cart jostling along the track to Auschwitz. I, however, view Clinic 3 as a special country club for bacteria. All you need is a social security number

and a debilitating illness, and you have access to some great periodicals and the cleanest bathrooms in the Triangle area.

They lead my wracked frame of a body to the let-me-take-your-temperature-honey room, where I show them my impressive thermostatic range. My body runs a little hotter than most import engines, about 101 degrees to be exact, so that I have a fever even when I'm perfectly healthy. This sort of thing came in useful on multi-gender nighttime camping trips and especially during grade school, when it was a biological carte blanche out of class for clueless Iowan school nurses — but when I really do get a fever and I start to braise vegetables on my forehead, the powers that be get concerned. They ship me to the blood-letters station, a magical land where everyone looks like Madge of Palmolive dishwashing fame. As the AB negative flows out of my arm, I begin to drift into a feverish dream sequence. Interns and grad students dance around me singing some ancient song about swollen glands and urine samples, and before I know it, I'm surrounded by four walls cluttered with gothic inscriptions of B.A.'s, B.S.'s and Ph.D.'s. My doctor leans back in his chair, holding aloft my file.

"Mr. Williams, you seem to have microplasmic bronchitis."

"What does that mean?" I croak.

"It means you're sick."

"When will I feel better?"

"When you're well," he says, showing his subtle yet powerful mastery of the obvious. "Here, have some Erythromycin."

Erythromycin seems to be the drug of choice at this place. I have a feeling that I could come to Student Health having lost a leg and hop away with a bag full of E-mycin under my arm.

Inside the Pharmacy Conference room sits Judy Ludy, who not only has one of the best names in show business but is the wise grandmother queen bee of UNC pharmacy — sort of the female medicine man of the Research Triangle tribe.

"Now you've taken this before, right?" she asks.

"More times than you can possibly imagine." Hospitals make me hostile. Judy smiles and says, "We'll have it for you in a minute."

Luckily, the pharmacy in the basement is pretty fun, especially since the walls are lined with cool fliers that you can take home to spice up your dorm room. I pick up some of my favorites, "Venereal Warts and You" and "Drugs, Drugs, Drugs," and plopp down in one of the seats to read. Midway through a cool diagram in "Vaginitis!" I look up and there's that same brunette looking with primeval disdain at me and my flier, so I make the loudest mucous noise I can muster and leave her in a heap of disgust as my prescription and I limp off into the sunset.

Alas, I shall make this short, as my lifespan seems to be doing the same. So I shall schlep off to bed, Typhoid Ian, as the last waves of codeine wash over my glossy soul . . .

Contributions to the Get Well Ian Fund can be sent to Los Angeles in care of his mommy.

## Readers' Forum

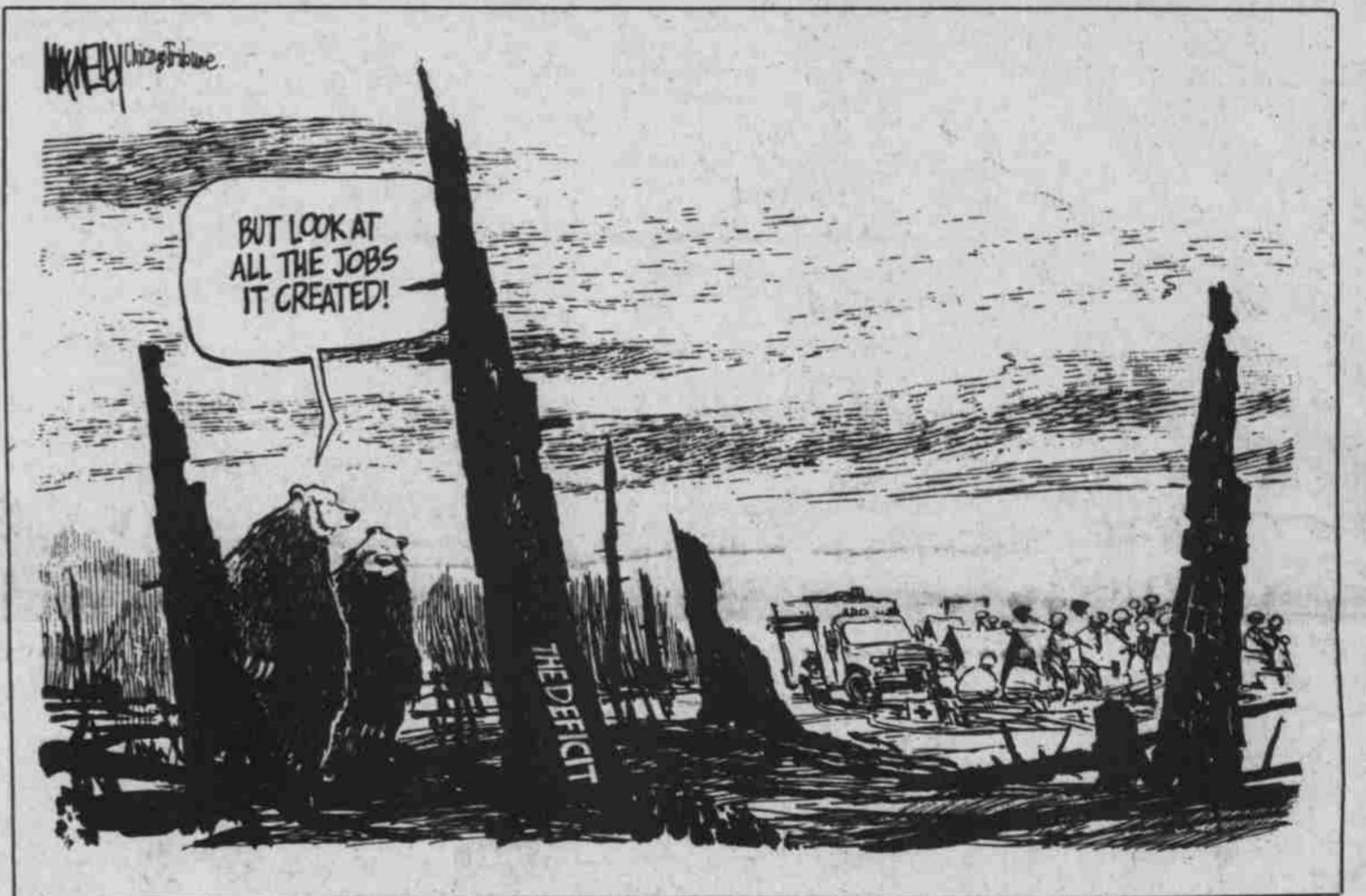
### Lying down the law

To the editor:  
Good grief! How could you do this to me? DTH reporter Cheryl Pond called me for comments on her "Mind Windows" piece that appeared in Friday's paper. She asked if I was skeptical about expensive high-tech ways of attaining relaxation. I said, "I don't know if it beats lying out in the Arboretum with a friend and a can of beer." Somehow my quite proper "lying" got translated into the 1980's illiteracy, "laying." This is particularly embarrassing in that my Psych 94 class is currently working on a grammar-spelling-usage exercise in which they must recognize the error in the sentence "she must be laying in the sun too much." Cheryl: how could you? Students: don't come to class on Tuesday having missed this one.

EDWARD JOHNSON  
Department of Psychology

### Cartoon lied about NRA

To the editor:  
As a student of this great University for the last two years, I have witnessed many attacks on conservative issues by the liberal-dominated Daily Tar Heel. And, admittedly, my apathy for these same issues has kept me silent. But Jeff Christian's editorial cartoon in the Sept. 17 DTH has shocked and angered me into speaking out. At the very least, Christian's cartoon is in extremely poor taste. At its worst, it is nothing short of offensive. Christian's



false, indeed malicious, attack on the National Rifle Association distorts the true nature of its members, and of the group's goals.

As a member of the NRA, let me be the first to assure you that we are not paramilitary fanatics or "crackpots." We do not don military fatigues and intimidate our legislatures with knives, hand grenades and automatic rifles. And we most certainly do not gun down officers of the law in cold blood. Quite the contrary — the NRA is composed of men and women of all races and from all walks of life. We count among our ranks doctors, lawyers, teachers, housewives, factory workers, students and a large number of police officers, whose only desire is to live their lives in peace and safety.

So, having cleared up the oft-

tarnished image of the NRA, let me address the second untruth Christian so lordly advanced in his editorial cartoon: that of police support for gun-control bills. While it is true that the majority of police administrators, the pencil-pushers, support the enactment of such laws, the overwhelming majority of rank-and-file police officers who actually walk a beat do not support such legislation.

Finally, I feel I must explain the main reason for the very existence of the NRA: to ensure that a citizen's Second Amendment rights are not being abridged by firearm control laws. Such laws simply do not work because they serve to control only legally purchased weapons. However, 83 percent of all felonies committed with a firearm are committed with

stolen or otherwise illegally obtained weapons. Consequently, gun-control laws effectively disarm the private citizen, while leaving the illegally-armed criminal to prey upon the populace. An excellent example of the failure of gun-control laws is New York City.

In closing, I only hope that my letter is unnecessary; that the readers of this paper were able to see through Christian's editorial cartoon and to the truth. If one takes the time to think, the only way to effectively disarm both citizens and the criminal element is a mandatory, country-wide search of all persons and their property. See George Orwell and Big Brother for details.

STEVE OLJESKI  
Junior  
Chemistry

## Freedom of expression a right for all

John Hood  
Guest Writer

"As usual, those whose dogmas are the most unintelligible are also the most angry." — Thomas Jefferson

The CIA is coming back. Surprise, Surprise.  
After last year's protest shenanigans, perhaps some people thought the agency had been cowed by the UNC Bike Club. But I, knew better. Any criminal organization capable of mass murder is certainly capable of facing down a few trendinistas with bad haircuts.

Of course, the futility of "the struggle" is never daunting to true revolutionaries. "We know we're in for a long fight," Dale McKinley, head harpy, told the DTH. I don't doubt his sincerity. I simply doubt that his fight is with the CIA at all.

To divine the McKinley group's true target, let's imagine an all-too-possible scenario — their victory. No more interviews on campus. Who will suffer? Not the CIA, unless one presumes that the agency cannot sustain itself without UNC graduates. We're a great group of students, I daresay, but not indispensable to the security of the free world.

No, the CIA protesters are more interested in intimidating the University. "Just the fact that after our actions last semester Career Planning and Placement still invited (the CIA) here shows we need to do some more work," says McKinley, ever the scold.

But even the University is not the ultimate target of the protest. Like the CIA

itself, UNC has little to lose if it gives in to the protesters, except a little self-respect.

What McKinley and his cohorts really want is to prevent students from interviewing with or, horror of horrors, getting a job with the CIA. Granted, this is designed to communicate a political message. But the principle that students, like any other human beings, have the right to associate with or to work for whomever they choose seems lost in the symbolic shuffle.

I'll not argue the case for covert action, or intelligence gathering, or even assassination of enemy leaders. If these are truly uncivilized measures, a better strategy for combating them might be to encourage socially conscious students to join the CIA and change it from within.

The point is that CIA protesters are employing intimidation, obstruction, trespass and other strong-arm tactics to take away the rights of their fellow students. This fact cannot be obscured by a cloak of self-righteousness, or explained away as a means to some greater cause.

In this country, we are not supposed to treat individual rights as a means to any end. Rights are the end. That was the fundamental message, the "self-evident truth" of Jefferson's Declaration of Independence.

I don't think the CIA protesters accept this basic truth. For instance, McKinley and others have failed to disassociate themselves with — and indeed have actively supported — two Lumbee Indians who allegedly took hostages at a Robeson County newspaper earlier this year. The Lumbees say they were protesting corruption and racial inequities in the county. But they did so by taking away the liberty and threatening the safety of innocent people. In short, they are terrorists.

And don't forget that the CIA activists are the same ones who foisted divestment on the University, looking the other way when their radical heroes in South Africa were necklacing black "collaborators."

A distinct pattern emerges. Activists are trampling basic human rights in the name of a higher cause. Yet, what do they say their cause is? Human rights.

It's time the University community condemns this dangerous hypocrisy. Enforcing the Honor Code on students who flagrantly, callously violate it would be a good start. The cause of justice, whether in Robeson County or overseas, should be advanced by those with a consistent commitment to individual rights — not by those who employ the tactics of tyrants.

John Hood is a senior journalism major from Charlotte.