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The Daily Tar Heel

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No point in keeping the Barnes door closed

So, you ask, what happened Thursday during the big housekeepers' meeting with our elected officials (you know, the ones who serve at the pleasure of the voters in this district)?

We wish you could read all the details in today's newspapers, but, unfortunately, nearly everyone except the press was allowed into the meeting.

In a disturbing — though expected — move, Rep. Anne Barnes, D-Orange, kicked reporters from The Daily Tar Heel and The Chapel Hill Herald out of the meeting.

This was the second meeting involving the housekeepers during which state officials gave the media the boot. In June, state personnel officials choked at the last minute and prohibited reporters from The Daily Tar Heel and WTVD from listening to the meeting.

Barnes said that the purpose of Thursday's event was to discuss strategy and that some discussion could take place that "we really don't want going into the paper."

Rep. Joe Hackney, D-Orange, and Sen. Howard Lee, D-Orange, also attended the meeting but were not involved in the suppression of information lead by Barnes.

It's a sad state of affairs when public officials take their positions for granted and forget who they're serving.

If executives of a private corporation want to have a private meeting, then so be it. But if public officials start holding their policy meetings in private, it's time for them to get out of "public service."

Serving as an elected representative is honorable,

and certainly Barnes deserves much credit for championing the UNC housekeepers' cause. But the general public has no need for representatives who feel they have the right to carry out the public's business in private.

It seems Barnes has fallen under the same spell as the Chapel Hill Town Council, which called an executive session to discuss reaction to council member Joe Herzenberg's tax evasion. The issues were different, but the point is the same: The public has a right to know what their elected officials are doing.

Although barring reporters from Thursday's meeting wasn't necessarily illegal (the legislators present were not capable of creating any laws), blocking reporters' entry violates a covenant between the public and its servants in government. In addition, the fact that members of the public were allowed to attend the meeting and that the press was not only adds more questions to Barnes' intentions.

What is the veteran legislator scared of? The press is not the enemy. Clearly the housekeepers deserve higher pay, and it's up to their supporters to point out the need publicly. Anne Barnes of all people should realize that this is indeed a public issue.

Barnes told reporters that she wanted to ensure "the most effective meeting possible." Nobody disagrees with that.

But she must realize that secret meetings between public officials and their constituents can't be effective.

That's why the Constitution guarantees press freedom, and that's why elected officials should agree to uphold democracy or get out of office.

Please, not He's Not

He's not here.

If this year's senior class activities mirror the festivities planned for the class of 1992, that could be not only the location of most class outings, but also a statement about the whereabouts of most class members.

This year's fun kicks off with a reggae band at He's Not Sept. 10, followed by various mixers at local bars and a tailgate party.

There's absolutely nothing wrong with the traditional party at He's Not Here or any of the other activities that senior class officers have planned so far. But it would be nice if there were alternatives to these old standbys.

In the past, senior class officials have caught flak for not doing enough to include minority students in the festivities. A failure to do so last year left a bad taste in the mouths of many graduates who simply won't recall sipping blue cups with fellow seniors as the highlight of their last year at UNC.

In a positive move demonstrating an admirable commitment to equality, senior class president Bob Paty has pledged to try to diversify senior activities. One would hope that students will get involved and advise class officers on ways to make this year's outings more inclusive.

One step this year's officials have taken toward this goal is the reggae band at He's Not Here, which, according to senior class marshal Kristen Stewart, should attract a more diverse crowd.

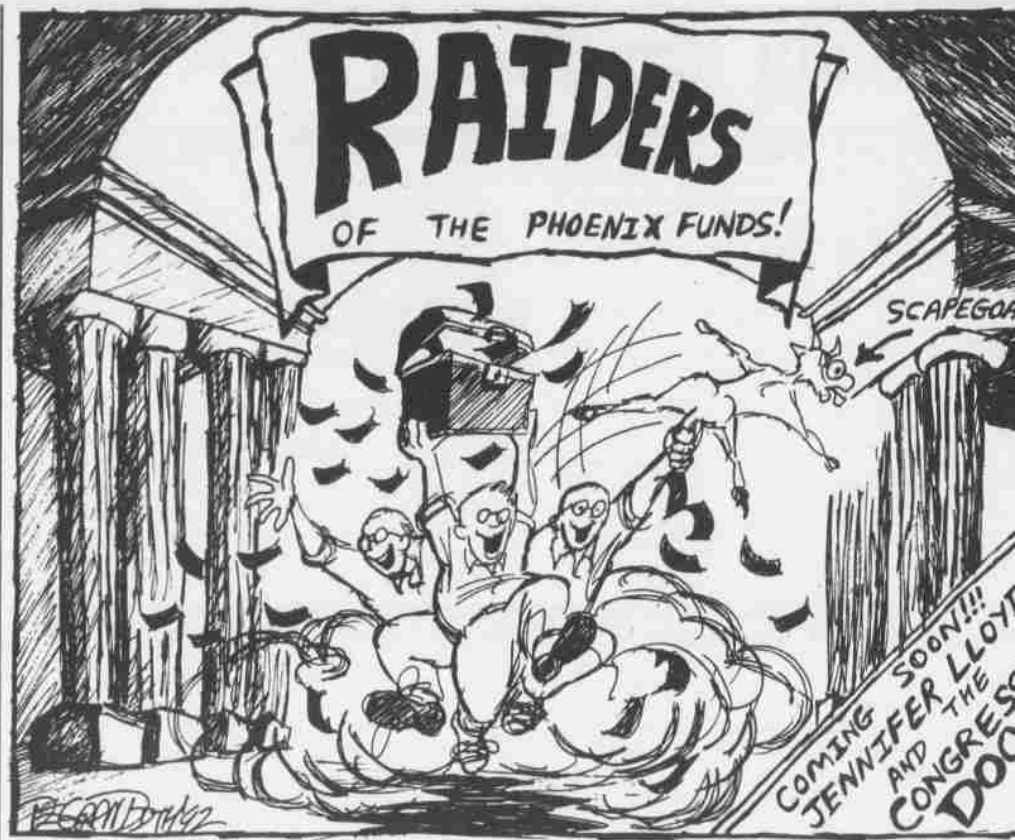
Maybe, but probably not. After all, it's still He's Not. And a reggae band is probably not going to draw in droves of people who consider themselves outside that clique.

There are, however, many other possibilities for the year that could make senior activities more diverse and less alcohol-centered. Cultural events including the BSM Gospel Choir, the Opeyo! Dancers and the Ebony Readers are good ideas.

And while class officers might be right when they say that a non-alcoholic party in a place like Great Hall might flop, the idea should not be discarded without thought. The BSM sponsors such parties at the Great Hall frequently and has huge turnouts.

There's nothing wrong with getting totally swigged and seeing a reggae band, but the senior class should realize that alcohol isn't always a prerequisite for having a good time.

It's nice to see Paty and other seniors breaking the mold of past class officials and expressing a desire to diversify events. Now it's time for seniors to do their job and take part.



See what groveling will get you? He's baaa

Food was like ashes in my mouth. Luckily, the reverse was also true, so at least I didn't starve. This, however, was small consolation to me, the has-been. I wandered throughout the campus in the wake of my column's demise, a broken man, stumbling around in a stupor while taking generous swallows from a bottle of Tiletex. I told anybody I could get to sit still long enough about the column I used to write, about what a big celebrity I was, and about how thoughts that most people would not see fit to even utter I could get printed on a weekly basis and have insinuated throughout the community. At this point usually the person already would have summoned the authorities, whose brutal beatings I had grown so accustomed to that I think I actually shall miss them now.

Just when it seemed I could sink no lower, something amazing happened. Scientists at the University of California at Berkeley isolated a new basic subatomic particle, thanks to a new linear accelerator process. Something striking happened to me as well. The phone rang.

I knocked away the piles of broken dreams and let the receiver fall to the floor. I picked it up and croaked into it. "Yeah?" I croaked, like I told you I would a sentence ago.

"They say you used to be Jerome Tershanski," the voice said.

"Maybe. Who wants to know?" I replied.

"This is the DTH. We want you back," the voice said, flatly.

At this point, I waited grimly for my mother's voice to scream "sucker" and start laughing uproariously, following the pattern of my last seven phone calls. But this time the voice never came. I grew hopeful.

"You want me back, huh? Well, first of all, the name's Torchinsky, Jason

Torchinsky. Ms. Jackson if you're nasty. And I'll think about it," I said. What do they think I am, some trained monkey who's going to come scampering back at the drop of a hat? I don't think so. Let those presumptuous punks sweat it out a little, that's what I say.



Three minutes later I was on my knees in my editor's office, tears of joy streaming down my face as I held aloft the fruit basket I bought as a small token of my appreciation for his rethinking of his decision to let me go. As I sat there on the floor of his office, arms wrapped around my editor's shins, I made a mental note to mention and thank those loyal readers who came to my aid in my time of need, either by post or by phone. You came through for me, so I hope I remember to mention something.

After I returned from the DTH offices and removed the blindfold to watch the long black Cadillac limousine disappear in the distance, I began to think about what my next column would be about. Just when I was certain I had an idea that would provide a penetrating synthesis that would make plain the mysteries of our existence here on this planet, and, of course, on Earth, a sign caught my eye and forced all else out of my head: a Pic 'n' Pay shoe store sign.

I just couldn't get it out of my head. Normally, things in the business community do not hold much interest for me, but somehow, I felt intensely curious about this Pic 'n' Pay store, curious about what I later found to be their fascinating theory of operation.

I went inside the shop and as of the jovial clerks to please explain significance of the name "Pic 'n' Pay." It turned out not to be the nickname of the 40's singing duo Picard & Payne, my original assumption was, but described a theory of business that was amazing. As the clerk explained to me, I felt as though he was describing some great Utopian experiment, of which were started in the 1950s by people like Fourier and, later, S. I was populated by artists and free thinkers until everybody realized that and free thinkers suck when it comes to getting anything done.

But I'm getting off track. Here the clerk told me:

The theory is divided into two parts. First, the consumer enters the store. "Pics," that is, decides which shoes causes him or her the most trouble. I'm a bit shaky on how accomplished, but we'll just assume it works for now. After the consumer has completed the "Pic," the "Pay" part, where, and this is important, the consumer gives currency to the establishment, at which point the consumer somehow become the property of the store. I'm not certain of the process here either, but one does little heed printed in blue ink on a narrow strip of paper, and I've seen it work! Somehow, the ownership of the footwear goes to the consumer.

Fascinating idea. I don't know how the whole "Pic 'n' Pay" process works, on, though. I wonder if there are other stores that have this same theory slash give currency method. Uh, let's just keep this conversation between you and me, OK? Great. I'm back. Solidarity.

Jamal Tarskinsky is still a senior history major from Greensboro.



The Daily Tar Heel

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READERS' FORUM

Canceling GE-sponsored programs is absurd idea

To the editor:
It's silly and absurdly simple to ask, as a letter in this space did last week, that WUNC decline to broadcast programs underwritten by General Electric.

In the first place, the programs are useful and serve WUNC listeners. Why deprive the community of something of value because you resent the donor?

Besides, GE (like virtually all responsible companies) has very clearly spelled out ethical and environmental policies. These policies are communicated to every employee annually, in writing and orally by his or her supervisor.

It's a matter of extreme frustration and great concern to senior managers when an individual violates these policies. It's also terribly expensive. GE share owners saw their company pay tens of millions of dollars in fines and lose hundreds of millions of dollars in business for the employee mistakes you mentioned. Do you think investors would tolerate a management that was not vigilant about such things?

Perhaps it is inevitable that somewhere in the world, someone in a 300,000-person work force will do something venal or stupid. And when a company is as visible as GE, it's probably equally inevitable that some people will use such tragic incidents as an opportunity to vent their own frustrations. Large companies (or governments or universities) make convenient "theys" to rail against.

But, with rare exceptions, such organizations are run by honest people doing their best.

Let's try to remember that and try to find constructive rather than vindictive things to say and do when we think people in charge have fallen short of our hopes and expectations.

ROBERT F. LAUTERBORN
Professor
Advertising

UNC community should focus on waste reduction

Editor's note: Becca McNeely is a

member of the Tar Heel Recycling Program and Cristina Perez is a co-chairwoman of TARP.

To the editor:

Three cheers for UNC!!! We sing the praises of our new campus recycling program! The Physical Plant and the Department of Housing, under the guiding hand of the Office of Waste Reduction and Recycling, have supplied every room in every residence hall with a recycling bin. We encourage every student to use the bin to recycle his/her glossy magazines, newspapers, glass and aluminum cans. The comprehensive information accompanying each bin is a great resource, as is the OWRR. Waste reduction doesn't end with recycling waste. It is important that everyone purchase items made from recycled materials, products that come with little to no packaging or with recycled packaging. We must all work to "close the recycling loop" by creating a demand for recycled goods.

On July 24, 1992, Gov. James Martin signed into law an executive order that states: "That all state departments shall maximize opportunities to reduce the amount of solid waste they generate, to recycle material recoverable from solid waste originating in their facilities, and to maximize procurement of recycled products." Translated, that means our University is obligated to Reuse, Reduce, Recycle and BUY RECYCLED.

As students, we are part of the University community. We should support Martin and UNC by purchasing recycled products ourselves. We can improve our environment by being wise consumers.

BECCA MCNEELY
Sophomore
RTVMP

CRISTINA PEREZ
Junior
Math

Racism behind Players' membership enforcement

To the editor:
How many of you reading this have a membership to Players? How many of you have been to Players? I have reason to believe that the answer to the second question well exceeds the first. I also

have reason to believe that Players do not practice the legitimate N.C. Civil Law Enforcement regulation claim to obey — often at the expense of minorities.

Case in point: As we were in Players at approximately 1:15 a.m. on Sunday, we noticed a disturbance place at the foot of the stairs, involving the bouncers and three Apache II. The bouncers were saying they did not admit the three men because they did not have memberships. However, many others speedily were permitted through the other line — perhaps had memberships. None of our group had memberships when we were there, nor were we asked for memberships.

When we questioned the bouncers they repeatedly professed the need to follow the N.C. ALE regulations. We cited the fact that we had not been asked for memberships. The bouncers said that "frequent" customers are exempt from asking for memberships. It was their first visit to Players and our first second and third visits in three years.

We do not question the N.C. regulations, but we do believe that the three men were not admitted because of their ethnic background and not because they did not have that "student" membership.

If Players wishes to abide by the regulations, they should do so consistently and continuously.

Nevertheless, we will not be back to Players again, and we will discourage anyone else from going to Players.

Just say no.

CHRISTINE H...
Mathematical sc...

GEETA K. SW...
Biosta...

Letters policy

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes reader comments and criticisms. We attempt to print as many letters to the editor as space permits. When writing letters, please follow these guidelines:

■ Letters should be limited to words. Shorter letters have a better chance of running.