

The Daily Tar Hell

Friday, January 15, 1999
Volume—who cares?, Issue—again, who cares?

Boone/Creatures/Pants/Sports/245-4854
Bumch Advertising 438-2512

Chapel Hill, North Carolina
1999 DTH Publishing Corp.
All rights reserved.



108 years of editorial boredom
Serving the future. Joining the legions
of America since 1866.

Coming Up From Behind

Sophomore Brian Gaye hopes to penetrate into the student government — underdog style.

By ELTON HUDSON
SBC Staff Writer

As a 6-foot-1-inch, 98-pound weakling, Brian Gaye doesn't exactly strike you as being that different from most of the guys on campus. In fact, it would probably be safe to say that 90 percent of the guys at Carolina tend to fit the "Gaye" persona.

But there's something about this Gaye that stands out from all the other guys on campus. Something... special.

Yes, Gaye is indeed "special." For he is running for the most coveted position in the student body government: student body president. And unfortunately for Gaye, he's currently in the underdog position, fighting an uphill battle against the other candidates for the job.

Gaye wouldn't take it any other way. "I enjoy being in this position," Gaye said. "My whole life I've been doing it this way, and I don't see why the race for SBP should change anything. In fact, I relish the opportunity to give it everything I've got while I'm up against the wall."

And it's a pretty big wall that Gaye will be up against. Tri-Delt sorority member Abby Fitch is currently ahead, according to the informal poll taken by the DTH this week, holding a commanding lead in the rich-daddy-supported segment of the population. Her proposed policy of repainting all parking spaces on campus to

accommodate Forde Excursions is gaining a lot of favor amongst most of the student body.

But that doesn't phase Gaye any. He's thrusting forward with his campaign to recruit more and more supporters, whom he refers to as "Gaye Men and Women." And if nothing else, he hopes to simply help those "Gays" come to the realization of what they've been denying all this time: that they're Gaye Men/Women.

"I think a lot of people on this campus are afraid to just come out," Gaye said, "and face facts: I'm their man. A strong, forceful man who will be sure to do things for them while in office. Sure, there'll be a lot of give and take involved, perhaps more give than take at first; all people in government must deal with that. But I'm willing to bend over for my people and will go to the mat for them."

Gaye is also coveting the athletic vote out there, trying to prove that he knows a thing or two about getting physical in the company of men.

"There's nothing I enjoy more than taking in an exhilarating game of tackle football with my friends," Gaye said. "There's just something about being hit from behind by someone with all of his force while someone else tries to grab your ball. I'm getting rather hot just thinking about it, to tell you the truth."

Without a doubt, Gaye has proven that he has plenty of flair. And style.

And a knack for interior decorating. But that's not here to show off and prance around. He's here to prove that Carolina is chock full of "Gaye Men and Women" that, come election day, will come out in force and stick it to the traditional student body government system, hard and fast.



DTH/RAH-HELL LEPPER

Brian Gaye, a sophomore in Women's Studies, poses for DTH during a rally for student government.

Former Hoopsters Survive During the NBA Lockout

UNC basketball allums found other means of income during the NBA lockout.

By JIM HUNTER
Staff Writer

For some former UNC basketball players, life was rough during the NBA lockout. While some were like Vance Carter and Antawn Jamison who were struggling to find a way to survive, since they were not allowed to sign any contracts until the labor dispute was resolved.

However, these players found solace in some other, more well-established UNC players such as former All-American and NBA superstar Michelle Jordan.

"We have always been like a family as Tar Heels, past and present," Jordan said recently. "That's something that Coach Smith always taught us, to come together like a family during times of need."

Carter and Jamison certainly benefited from the help of friends like Jordan, Sharn Perkins and Jerry Crackhouse, all of which have a solid financial base to help them during the time of no income.

However, the duo of forwards wouldn't have had these troubles had they decided to stay in school instead of opting for the NBA draft as juniors after last season.

"I can't speak for Vance, but I haven't regretted my decision once," an energetic Jamison said. "I have been with my agent for over four years now, and I trust him. I think our cause will be worthwhile in the long run."

Unfortunately, money from the Ram's club boosters only lasted so long for the two first-round draft picks. Jamison and Carter had to find other means of income and employment before an agreement was reached last week. That's where Jordan and Perkins came in.

"I didn't hesitate to help them out," Jordan said. "We have always been there for one another during times of need. I didn't mind a bit, and plus I needed the help around the house."

Jordan employed the two as maintenance workers at his mansion, allowing them to clean his cars and house. Perkins and Crackhouse also helped, providing a place to stay or odd jobs for them.

"It has been great. We have been playing a lot of ball together and everything," Carter said. "Jerry and Sharn have been more than hospitable, and Michelle has gone out of his way to give us work."

At Jordan's mansion, the two could be seen on their hands and knees cleaning toilets and floors, learning the value of a dollar. And Jordan didn't give them any freebies — they were working for minimum wage.

Perkins was there as well, allowing Jamison to mow his lawn, and Crackhouse gave free seminars and forums on how to better taunt the opponent.

"I thought that I was good at it, but man, it is he good," exclaimed Carter, infamous in the Atlantic Coast Conference for his antics. "He takes it to a whole new level. The key is researching the opponent. Jerry knows things about other player's mothers and relatives that allow you to get very insulting and offensive."



Vance Carter no longer has to sweep the floors of Michelle Jordan's expansive mansion.

The two have stayed busy. While the minimum-wage jobs didn't allow the two to live the "NBA lifestyle" of at least three luxury cars, a jet and a mansion, they found a way to survive.

"I was driving a Forde Excursion when I was a sophomore at UNC, so that's not that big of a deal. And Carter had a Range Rover," Jamison said of his "amateur" playing days at Chapel Hill. "Actually, we're making less money now than we ever did at UNC."

"Wait, you're not going to print that are you?"

So while we weep for the guys who were unemployed during these trying times as NBA players, rest assured that two of them were doing just fine.

Rednecks Detected on Campus, Hunt Continues

Startling evidence has prompted Public Safety to eradicate a new breed of "Rednecks" on campus.

By JOE MCCARTHY
Hypocrite

What's the one greatest fear to any Tar Hell these days?

Running out of Evian? Blowing a tire on one's Excursion, having no clue whatsoever as to how to change a flat tire?

No, there is a greater fear that consumes the minds of Tar Hells these days — a fear so great that it challenges to shake down the Tar Hell system to its very foundation.

Rednecks.

Where there once stood a seemingly impenetrable wall against these bastards of society, Carolina now finds itself in the midst of an invasion of these unclassified and unwanted members of our world. And the most shocking revelation of all: they're developing on the "inside."

There are now off-road trucks on campus, with gun racks, NRA stickers and membership tags to hunting societies, that are registered to juniors and seniors.

"We know. We've checked their backgrounds."

And as we all know, there is a rigorous Redneck Screening Program (RSP) that we all must pass in order to enroll. Therefore, these aren't simply transplanted Rednecks; they're homegrown within UNC walls.

"I was trying to study last Monday night," a very distraught Mindy Smithson said, "when all of a sudden these guys who were watching

'wrestling' started screaming in the room across the hall. One of them said, and I quote, 'Stone Cold Austin's gonna whoop yo' ass!' It was horrible!"

"When I peeked my head out the door to look at them, I could see them drinking (gasp) beer and eating foods with (gasp) fat in them and screaming in these incredibly thick southern accents. I just curled up underneath my bed and prayed for the night to end! Can't we do anything!?" Smithson concluded.

Unfortunately for many of us, these kinds of accounts are increasing in number. Last week, Public Safety received a report of someone showing up to his political science class in overalls. And not the Cap kind. No, these were utilitarian, working-with-animals type overalls.

The suspect was quickly whisked away and arraigned by the Carolina Justice Board for inappropriate university conduct.

"People need to understand that being a Redneck does not strictly involve racism or chewing tobacco," an obviously ignorant source for The Other Side said. "There are very many intelligent people out there that enjoy watching Monday Night Nitrous or going hunting or doing various other things that are classified by students at Carolina 'as things Rednecks do.'"

Whatever.

All we know at this point is that there are Rednecks amongst us. It is your job, as a citizen of the Carolina community, to hunt these people down — be it your best friend or brother or sister — and turn them in immediately.

Do your part. Keep Carolina Redneck-free.

Skanklin Street Landmark Closing Doors

By CHOPELHELL SUKAS
Assistant Headliner

The Cap clothing store, which has carried the flag of popular culture on Skanklin Street for years, will be closing its doors in the coming months.

Cap executive O. VerPrice, the director of southeastern operations, cited one of the main reasons for the closing in a press conference Monday.

"The simple fact is," VerPrice said, "that people, students especially, have started to realize that having a lot of very overpriced ugly clothes doesn't make you a better person, although that is still our official company position."

Carolina authorities have responded to the news by amassing a battalion of riot police and U.S. Army reserves near fraternity court, according to Chancellor Mike Shooker.

"We feel that this situation is critical, because the possibility of a close-out sale is high," he said, pointing out the events of Oct. 1997 when two Cap closeout sales near another university campus killed nearly 150 students in the first half-hour alone.

UNC psychology professor Ima Fulovit compared the behavioral patterns to those of the amazon tree-dwelling monkey, whose behavior in mating season closely simulates the students involved in the 1997 Cap riots.

Word of the imminent Cap closing has spread like wildfire through the student body of UNC, where one student, an independent, has already been killed. The student expressed delight over the closing of the store, saying, "Thank god, Nautika has prevailed," just before he was killed.

According to university administrators, the murder is only a misdemeanor, due to a little-known rule in the Chapel Hell statutes that states: anyone expressing an unpopular opinion, saying anything outside of the norm or "communicating through any means an opinion held as offensive by anyone" is subject to punishment by death at the hands of an angry mob.

While most students appeared to be maintaining sanity for the time being, UNC cheerleader and Kappa Rappa Dinga Donga Lambda Frapachino sorority president Jane Q. Easy warned of the coming danger if the Cap does not rethink its decision.

"Like, oh my god oh my god, if, like, the Cap's store on Skanklin Street, like, um, closes and stuff, like, there will like most definitely be, like, a riot and stuff," she said, hammering home her argument with the age-old expression, "like, gag me with a spoon!"

INSIDE Friday

Hysteria hits campus

As Michelle Jordan leaves the NBA, reports of suicide are trickling in from all over campus. Counselors are standing by at \$55-NOM.

"I could have been saved, if only Jordan had not destroyed my life by leaving the NBA."
-UNC student

Beer runs dry in 'Hell'

"Top of the Hell" runs out of beer and is forced to close their doors. Frat Court is holding a candle light vigil for the taps to start running.

Tomorrow's Weather

Cold; Won't you be there? Wear a heavy coat; look out your window

I bought a house, on a one-way dead-end road. I don't know how I got there.

-- Steven Write

GO TO HELL

CAROLINA!

GO

STAIRS!

The Daily Tar Hell

Sharif Don'tlikeit • Editor
Office Hour: 2:55-3 p.m. Every other Friday

Full Nelson and Lassie Milkinsome • Many Editors

World Wide Webster Technotronic Edition

http://www.unc.edu/we_drive/Explorers/dth



Established 1666 A.D.
Too Many Years of Editorial
Boredom

Nasal Watius
YaMamma Berge
John Shephard
Johanna Possimack
Justin Dible
Courtney Wheels
Harry Cocks
Airhead Mustache
Lame Pretender
GURNEY!!!!!!!!
Junkie Turner
Alton B.D.
Bara Krickman
Fosh Spice
Rob McColon
Kyle Brosowski
Jamie Capriyas

Janitorial Rage Editor
Lousy University Editor
Lousy University Editor
Prinful Editor
We're Irrational Editor
We're Irrational Editor
Special Ass. Editor
Sports(?) Editor
Sports/Yesterday Editor
Creatures Editor
Wall-Marty Editor
Floppy Disk Editor
Point-n-Shoot Editor
Resign, please Editor
Platoon Editor
Offline Editor
Not-a-student Editor

Erek Roach, new director of UNC's Public Safety...



...as chief of campus security, I've decided to make a slight change in UNC's policing structure so that even Trustee's children are affected...



...so as of right now...
...UNC will be placed under my absolute authoritative totalitarian dictatorship. A sort of Orwellian dystopia, if you will...

dth photo archive • cartoon by Rodin Kohla

Let's just give it up now

Well, it's that time of the year, again. Time for that yearly trek to Raleigh to face our rivals in heated competition on the basketball court. Each and every time these two teams meet you can throw the records out the window: it is a toss up as to who will win.

Except this year. Sadly, Tar Hell fans, it appears this year that the battle won't even be close. Let's just face the facts: We Suck.

We've already lost four games, to the likes of teams that in past years weren't fit to lick the scum off our team-supplied Nikes. We're heading into the game following a 13-point loss against Maryland, on our homecourt, at that.

Tar Hells, it does not look good for you.

And do you know why we at the DTH are jumping ship on our Tar Hells? Because of the State fans, that's why.

Plain and simple, they kick serious booty. They're dedicated. They're well-informed of goings-on in the college basketball community.

And they are LOUD! I was subjected to the horror that is a State/Carolina game in Reynolds Coliseum a few years back, and quite frankly my ears are still ringing from it. It's amazing to me that from the heat and the noise of it that our players don't simply pass out in the middle of the game.

My question is, why can't Carolina students be vocal? Why can't we get loud and vicious in the Deano Dome? Why can't we recreate that same type of homecourt advantage that State has?

Oh yeah, because we suck. May God have mercy on our basketball team as they venture to Raleigh.

Amen.

For the Record Player
Tuesday's Janitorial on the toilets of campus was a complete bust. The proposal that more Unisex bathrooms should be installed on campus, due to the immense popularity of Ally McBeal was denied due to the fact that McBeal is 'not from North Carolina. The Daily Tar Hell regrets this error.

Give Us More National News

TO THE EDITOR:
Hi. How are you? Good.
The reason I'm writing this letter is to address a problem with the Daily Tar Hell: You need to get all the way with your national coverage.

I've noticed in a majority of the issues of the DTH that I see that you usually run a story about national events on the front page and tend to fill up a majority of the inside of your paper with national stuff, as well. And I think that's great. I really enjoy reading for free articles taken from other newspapers that I would otherwise have to pay for. You guys have saved me a lot of money in that regard, and I thank you for that.

But my complaint is that there's too much "other stuff" surrounding your national articles. You know, like fluffy journalism that tends to distract from the really hard-core journalism that we have all come to love.

I mean, I don't really need to read a vague and largely incoherent story about something that happens on this boring and lifeless campus when there's an engaging story about something happening outside in the REAL world right next to it.

So my proposal is to just get rid of the other stuff and make a paper strictly on national events. You guys make a point of putting so much of it in your paper anyway, why not just publish an entire paper of wire stories and make the rest of us happy?

Besides, it'll save you a lot of fruitless work, too.

Ricky Spandoli
Sophomore
Business

Why Don't We Camp Out for Tickets?

TO THE EDITOR:

(Note: This letter was dictated from a message we received on our voice mail.)
Uh. Hello? I heard a beep. Has the message started yet? Well, I'll just, uh, start talking then, I guess...
Uh, my complaint is that we don't, like, camp out and stuff for tickets. To basketball games, I mean. Like, I was watching the news the other day and there were pictures of, like, the State fans camping out, for tickets and stuff.

I think that's, like, neat and stuff. Why don't we camp out? I mean, yeah, we don't have all that many fans who give a tinker's damn about sports on this campus and stuff, but, like, I think if we had a campout we might be able to, uh, I dunno, maybe have fun while we wait for tickets, or something? It looks pretty cool.

(Uh, is this message still going?) Well, like, we need to set up a campout system. With tents and stuff. I know that Sports Marketing has made a point of catering

READERS' FORUM

The Daily Tar Hell presents any type of reader comments and criticism. Letters to the editor should be no shorter than 4,000 words and must be typed, double-spaced, collated, stapled, dated, verified, re-verified and folded three length-wise when neatly put apologetically into our little brown box, you puny little being. Students should put their year, major and blood type on the letter.

Faculty...well, we never print faculty letters anyway, so don't worry about it. The DTH reserves the right to spit on your lousy writing skills and wave it in your face for the whole campus to see. Bring your letters to the DTH office at Suite 666, Carolina Disjunction.

to, like, the old people at the games and stuff, but if they find it in their hearts to not, like, screw us students over like they always do, that would be pretty cool of them.

Steven Debartelo
Junior
Like in Accounting

Ode to Our Athletics Dept.

TO THE EDITOR:
As an athlete at UNC, I thought that I would give the numerous UNC fans something to fill their meaningless lives with. This is a poem I was inspired to write after another winning game.

I play sports for UNC
Made a 600 on the SAT

Basketball in the Deano Dome
Parole Officer on the phone

Ed Soda, my lover, is so fine
We got at it all the time

Sometimes Dre Guy joins in
Even though he say he don't like me.

Jessica Casper kicked my ass,
That's OK, we smoked her grass.

Coach Hatchett doesn't really seem to care,
She's mad sex with Guthrie is only fair.

Driving around in the Excursion my coach bought me:
No, I mean the Excursion I got for free.

Soccer women all in my ride
Their coach is horny, they need a place to hide.

After all this, here's what's true:
Deep inside I hate Carolina Blue.

J.R. Shead
Senior
English

DTH is Not Student-run?

TO THE EDITOR:

I am shocked and appalled over the recent events (or maybe not so recent) going on at the Daily Tar Hell.

I was under the impression that the DTH is a student-run, student-written newspaper.

But now I come to find out that you hire writing coaches and full-time business people to take care of your money!

I think it is sad when the students of our fine institution cannot write without a coach to correct those pesky grammar mistakes (especially after that "Grammar Slammer") and can't even budget the paper themselves.

Maybe you all should quit being such "I-school" snobs and reach out to some students in math and science to help you figure out adding, subtracting, multiplication and division.

And as far as the writing coaches — well, we all know that English majors have the goods as far as real writing goes, so perhaps recruiting a few to help you out would be a good idea.

Until such a time as the paper is fully student-run, I refuse to read the DTH, and in protest will drink beer at my frat house until I pass out.

Protests are a big deal here at UNC, and anyone who would like to join mine can do so every Friday and Saturday at any of the many, many fraternity houses on Franklin Street. Thank you.

Mary Weasley
Freshman
Journalism

Colors in Need of a Change

TO THE EDITOR:
I am writing in response to the article that appeared in the Jan. 11 edition of The Daily Tar Hell, "Basketball team to get new uniforms."

I think that it is, like, totally super that our way cute and buff men's basketball team is getting cool new threads. But, like, while they're at it, do you think they could, like, maybe change the colors, too? I mean, baby blue and white — that is, like, so last year. And besides, those colors are totally not flattering. I look, like, so blah in blue. I mean, not that I could ever look bad or anything, but, you know, just kind of washed out.

OK, so I know that it seems like a lot to ask, like, how to change its colors for just one person, but it's really not just me. Like everyone I know agrees, especially my Gotta Getta Datta sisters. Maybe the team — and the school — could try a nice shade of red or something. Like almost everyone looks at least OK in red, you know?

Anyway, if there is anything (or anyone) I can do, just, like, let me know. OK? I am, like, a way great fashion coordinator.

Barbie Dahl
Sophomore
Women's Studies

Tell Me, Where are the Tar Hell Protestors?

As things continue to brew in the Middle East, I find the actions of my peers, or lack thereof, completely appalling.

Why aren't we protesting? This war provides the perfect opportunity for us Tar Hells to get off our pathetic, worthless, good-for-nothing, spoiled-rotten, coddled-to, obnoxious, stuck-up, think-that-because-we're-the-oldest-school-makes-us-the-wisest-school, haughty, free-ranging, opinionated, backseat-driving, want-to-throw-our-opinions-in-where-they-don't-belong, tree-hugging, vegetarian, Evian-drinking, don't-really-have-a-grasp-on-current-events-but-pretend-we-do-anyway asses and fight this current engagement we have with the Iraqis with everything we have.

But why, do you ask? That's a good question. Finding a clear and definable reason as to why we should protest these actions will be tough to do. But has it ever stopped us before? Hell no.

Since we bit the hand that feeds us by fighting the sweatshop thing with Nikey, there has been little to protest. Sure, we could've protested the supposed actions of Hanson Terrance, our women's soccer coach who was reported to have sexually harassed two, if not more, of his players. For years we've heard stories

tricking out of the soccer camp, suggesting that these two soccer players may have not been the only ones. The lack of togetherness displayed by our team in its loss against Florida in the National Championship game was evidence to that possibility.

But we sat by and did nothing. Well, now's our time to fight. Sure, all indications point to the fact that Iraq has done nothing to provoke this in the years since the Gulf War. Yes, they repeatedly denied access to weapons inspectors, taunted them and prevented them from doing their jobs when they got in and destroyed documents crucial to the weapons inspections. Yes, nearly everybody in the free world agrees that the actions of Saddam Hussein warranted an attack, one that should have come many months, if not years, before.

And yes, we have plenty of our fellow brothers, fathers, sisters and mothers overseas doing their job the best they know how, relying only on the strength and support of their brethren back home to help them make it through the rough times when they can't make it home for the holidays.

I'll give you that. But what the hell? This might be the only time in our college careers when we get to fight back against something — anything — the government does. So get out your Public Enemy CDs and pick up your posters. It's time to raise hell the only way we know how.

BILLY N. STAGATER
MIDDLE OF THE ROAD

The Things That You Can Find in Presidential Semen

An erstwhile slug, Kenneth Barr and visions of a semen stain.

ED JARGON
OUT DAMN SPOT

Despite a plethora of propaganda to the contrary, I firmly believe that the pundits have pontificated much too long on the fate of the president.

It all reminds me of an old story my sculpture professor shared with us at the beginning of the year.

Once there was a snarmy slug that slithered and slipped through the

hurting him to the damp, dismal ground.

The slug, a little shaken but still relatively unfettered, looks at the pinecone and says, with a harsh British accent, "Ah, cut thro' 'X' Wwoofes, which is busy, jikessey. Really busy. Ah, head for the shore, n sit on a bench near the dole office. That double ten-spot feels good in ma pocket, likesay opens a few mair dors, Ken?"

Get it? The president is, of course, the snarmy, swarthy slug. And Kenneth Barr, indeed, is the pinecone. The irreverent rant

delivered in Cockney slang is representative of the display of abhorrence shown by the president's preferred persona.

Pretty clever, eh? Anyways, I thought it was sort of Cokie-like, with a slice of Sam and bit of Russert thrown in for good measure.

I mean, after all, what do you see when you look at that semen stain? I see a boisterous billygoat, ready to pounce on those unwilling to defer to the importance of Rehnquist. I see a mad hatter with a slimy smile ready to go for the gold. I see...

(At this point I feel I must lapse into verse. Pardon my heroic couplet, with apologies to proper iambic pentameter.)

The stain, I feel, is yellow,
Left by a lackless fellow,
His hair gray with remorse
Nothing like his cousin, of course.

I know, I know, that is boisterously bold of me, but that is what this superfluous scandal has turned me into: a mocking mocker, a complaining complainer.

Alas, I feel a case of Clinton

coming on. The frustration, the utter despair. Oh! Oh! My cup runneth over with Hyde.

Give me relief. I'm a French Legion soldier, slithering through the desert, looking for that precious oasis. I'm a bumbling bumblebee, bang-bang banging my head against the cruel winduppane. Help! Save me from Brokaw. Spare me from Jennings. Please. I'll do anything...
At least I'm still brilliant.

Ed Jargon would like to thank Irvine Welsh for the Cockney slang used above.