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The Daily Tar Heel
86th year of editorial freedom

letters to the editor

Jogger cites problems with Finley course

To the editor:
The Friday *Weekender* announced a new jogging course circling the back nine at Finley Golf Course. The announced course begins on the golf course road and immediately plunges into an impassable swamp. After about 75 yards, it turns right and collides with a formidable trash heap. By this time the prospective jogger knows just how much of a "jogging course" has been provided for him.

ECKANKAR
To the editor:
Several letters written in response to the *DTH* article on ECKANKAR ("Group advocates soul travel," March 30) make it clear that it is indeed difficult to convey the perspective of ECKANKAR second hand through an interview report. I wish to clarify several points reported in the article.
ECKANKAR is not a religion in the

individual can more readily express the creative harmony inherent in spirit (ECK) in his daily life. The individual wishing to find that thread which unites the scattered pieces of his insights into his purpose in life may wish to explore the ancient teachings of ECKANKAR. His experience will be his alone, for truth is for each of us to discover within our own consciousness.
I'm sure many students and others in the campus community have been

"Where will I go after this lifetime?" ECKANKAR provides a method of finding answers to these questions. To put it another way, we have many goals in life that motivate us from one point to the next, but what is the overall goal that has carried us into this life and will eventually take us beyond it?

Instead of reading the answers in a book or reaching an agreement with everyone else, the ECKist seeks to experience this larger viewpoint for himself. This is where soul travel enters the picture. ECKANKAR teaches that it is possible for the individual to become aware of the greater reality while still living in the physical body. He then begins to recognize himself as a spiritual being and see that all life is only ECK (spirit) working within each soul as it awakens to a greater awareness of God. Thus one can actively participate in his own unfoldment and gain a greater understanding of what is going on around and within himself.

Paul Gailey
Route 4, Box 423A

Thanks from ZBT

To the editor:
The brothers of Zeta Beta Tau fraternity would like to take this opportunity to publicly thank the University community for making the Eighth Annual ZBT Mile of Pennies a definite success. With your help, approximately \$1700 was raised Saturday for the APO Campus Chest, funds that will directly help you by staying in the Chapel Hill area. Special thanks also go to the *Daily Tar Heel* and editor Lou Bilionis for the excellent coverage they provided which enabled us for the first time to exceed the two-mile mark in contributions.

With such continued support from the media, students and faculty, we feel the Mile of Pennies will continue to become one of Chapel Hill's finest traditions. Once again, thanks to all for digging deep and putting in your two cents' worth. Start filling up those piggy banks for next year.

Barry W. Burt
Chairman
ZBT's Eighth Annual Mile of Pennies

A bad business, a bad bank

A good business makes sure that it spends money as it is planned to be spent. A good bank takes steps to guarantee its loans will be repaid. A good government should do both.

The Campus Governing Council doesn't qualify as a sound business, bank or government if the recent snafu over Black Student Movement funds is any indication.

The council approved a risky loan to BSM which many council members feared could not be repaid. And the council failed to monitor the spending of BSM and every other campus organization receiving student fees — in lieu of dropping its oversight responsibilities on the student body treasurer and the Student Activities Fund Office. And the CGC failed to ensure an accurate budget of the year's expenses, thereby opening up the need for additional appropriations in the form of a loan.

While there are many examples that point to CGC's oftentimes inept handling of money matters, such as the continued support of a Student Graphics destined to crumble, the controversy this past week over BSM funds serves as an excellent case in point.

The CGC granted a \$10,000 loan to BSM last fall, only six months after BSM members fought tooth-and-nail to get their desired appropriation. The BSM felt it needed more money than it originally planned to finance its 10th anniversary celebration and the CGC agreed to help.

The irony, though, is that many CGC members, as well as Finance Committee Chairperson Phil Searcy and Student Body Treasurer Todd Albert, recognized the loan might not be repaid. The BSM, it was noted, was low on funds and would find it difficult to honor a \$10,000 debt, just as any organization surviving on student fees would.

But the loan was approved nevertheless, which raises an important question. Did the CGC really believe the loan was a loan, or did it treat the \$10,000 as an extra appropriation? Either way, the council's business sense remains dubious. Appropriations are meant to be issued at the budget hearings, when every organization seeks its rightful piece of the pie. And loans are meant to be granted only when they stand a reasonable chance of repayment.

An additional observation that has arisen with the affair is the lack of effective CGC control over the spending of student monies. The council has no idea whether the funds are spent for the purported activities, yet it budgets the funds in May with specific goals and projects in mind. Certainly, the Finance Committee, the treasurer and SAFO monitor the flow of funds, but CGC must also play its part.

New members now comprise CGC and should not be blamed for the errors of past administrations. But they may learn valuable lessons from their predecessors. If they are to conduct themselves as an effective business, they must budget the year's funds fairly and accurately and must monitor the expenses to ensure that organizations are honoring their budgets. If the CGC is to perform as a professional bank, it will take Todd Albert's advice: "I just hope one of these days CGC will learn never to give loans."

The budget hearings begin soon. Dozens of organizations will seek money. The new CGC would do well to provide for a more professional and responsible budget that will avoid recurring indiscretions.



It is true that the number of joggers (and runners) is increasing, and it is regrettable that occasionally golfers are distracted by runners at Finley. For these reasons, the University owes both groups a running course which is acceptable to the golfers and the runners, as represented by organizations such as the Carolina Godiva Track Club and the varsity cross-country team. Until a reasonable alternative is provided, the no-jogging rule at Finley will probably be unenforceable.
Roland Rust
305 Old Carrol

sense of an organized method of worship. It is simply a way for an individual to find his own answers to questions about his existence. ECKANKAR serves as a reminder that man has within himself all the tools necessary to realize his true spiritual identity. And he can accomplish this before dying through soul travel.
Soul travel is exercising the freedom man has to choose his state of consciousness. It is a natural process by which he discovers there is more to life than what appears to the five senses. Learning to experience the realities available to the inner spiritual senses, an

wondering just what ECKANKAR is, and the *DTH* has done a service by letting them know of the local group and how they may find more information on ECKANKAR.
Mark D. Weber
ECKANKAR, UNC Faculty Advisor

To the editor:
I would like to offer another perspective on ECKANKAR for those who are interested. Many people find themselves asking questions such as, "Why am I living in this world?" or

Contact with Russian proletarians

UNC graduate goes to Soviet Union for lesson in Russian 'good life'

By ROBERT JASINKIEWICZ

Marxist theory states that Communism is the final stage of an economic and social revolution. The Soviet government claims that the revolution has been won, and that it is there merely to help the people reap the benefits, even if it takes forever. From what I've seen of the society, the people are in it for the duration.

You get the official version of life in the Soviet Union soon after arriving. It hangs like cheap veneer on an expensive antique. If you're lucky, or unlucky depending on your point of view, you quickly receive an invitation to visit the House of Friendship in Moscow for what you think will be an informal and productive discussion on Russian life. Instead, you find a woman, introduced as an editor of *Soviet Life* (a magazine distributed in America by reciprocal agreement with the Soviet government), a male economics professor who is very familiar with his subject, and another man whose name you don't remember but who will sit through the discussion as if to monitor what the other two are saying.

You will learn that officially the perfect society has not yet been achieved, but that generally the "good life" has been brought to the masses. Later you realize that the "good life" is measured in minimum benefits such as food, shelter and clothing, for maximum numbers. You also learn that no persecution is allowed in the Soviet Union, except for anti-Soviet behavior which includes anything from criticizing the government to juvenile delinquency. Then you realize that nothing fruitful will come from bantering with official versions of Soviet society, and you decide to substitute the streets for classroom experience.

Travel restrictions on visits to the Soviet Union have eased lately, particularly for Americans. Nixon, the Chinese threat, and the necessity for hard currency have seen to such freedom of movement. (Later you learn that during Nixon's visit the police were detaining any Russians along the President's route who were dressed in Western-style clothing. They contrasted too sharply with the masses.) In any case, the freedom to roam the streets at will is yours. From a distance, the events and people you remember flood back in no orderly succession.

You remember confronting one of the first realities of Soviet life in the Moscow air terminal on your arrival: the Red Army mans the embarkation and debarkation points. While waiting for transportation, the announcement is made of a domestic flight to Irkutsk, and a detachment of soldiers gets up to leave. Irkutsk is near the Chinese border... a reality of Soviet life. You remember how, on the road into Moscow, your guide pointed out a monument marking the farthest German advance in World War II. Later you find other monuments just like it and scores of eternal flames in memory of the war dead... another reality of Soviet life.

Russia has over 200 million people. Very few of those are middle-aged men. Very many of them are middle-aged widows. They sweep sidewalks, shovel snow, repair railroad tracks, guard museums and art galleries, and, until recently, they took care of the orphans.

The Russian people are the paradox and enigma of Soviet life. From a hotel window you see them filtering onto the streets early in the morning like automatons. Close up in the crowds, you see them with the same type of preoccupation you first noticed among a group of Russians on the flight into the country. On a streetcar, you watch a mother playfully fondling her red-cheeked baby bundled so heavily against the cold that you can scarcely tell its sex. Children seem to be a national treasure, but you wonder whether they too will function as machines.

Even as the chatter throws a slight glow around the unheated car, you wonder what, if anything, the people are thinking. Conversation, when available, is often light or mechanical. The streets of a Leningrad, Novgorod or Moscow lack the sometimes easy and cheerful banter of Western cities. Always the people seem absorbed in something; the long waits in line for food in the stores, perhaps, or the food shortages of last year.

Or maybe it's the past and present. The future, according to the government, is now. And then you begin to understand the perpetual preoccupation: without the future there really isn't much to think about.

You also begin to realize that the past has taken a heavy toll on the present. Vodka, cheap and easily

available to foreigners, is taxed out of existence for most Russians. Alcoholism is a national problem.

Youths, having aged quickly, roam the streets of Moscow and Leningrad hustling for chewing gum and blue jeans; they make up perhaps the largest part of the black market. Mostly they roam, without a past and a future. Juvenile delinquency is a national problem.

You realize the scarcity of consumer goods when passing a shop window in Leningrad: an ancient Singer sewing machine sells for as much as \$100, and it is still selling. Dull, drab apartment buildings rise at the fringes of the cities like ugly malignant growths, and they are already overcrowded. The lack of living comforts is a national problem.

Unemployment is not a problem. Everyone, according to the Soviet Constitution, has the right and duty to work. But to change jobs or careers, you need the government's permission. Productivity is a national problem.

On an official level, the government talks about social harmony and economic progress. You only begin to understand the importance of the word "permission" while standing in line to apply for a library card at the mammoth Lenin Library in Moscow. The Russians ahead of you, if they're from outside the city, have to show their passports stamped on their arrival from the countryside. Russians need passports (and you assume permission) to travel within their own country. Lack of personal freedom is also a national problem.

Then you begin to realize that perhaps this last problem is the cause of all the others.

The works of George Orwell are banned from the Soviet Union. That's a good idea from the government's view. *Animal Farm* and *1984* hit too close to home.

After having seen "Swan Lake" at the Kremlin's Palace of Congresses or "The Nutcracker" at the Bolshoi Theater, you meet foreigners and the government and Party elite.

Next you go to a Moscow movie house to see "Jane Eyre" (dubbed in Russian, made in England) and meet the proletarians: truck drivers, stevedores and factory workers. Tickets for the last two seats are sold to you by a man on the outside, at cost. You realize that social



equality still remains a revolutionary ideal.

It's not difficult to meet Russians if you're willing to take to the streets. In Leningrad, you meet a Georgian engineer and ride back to his apartment for an evening of conversation about everything that has happened on the outside since the last time he was able to talk with visitors. Life is hard, he says, but especially so for skilled workers.

At 2 a.m., he decides to walk you back the two miles to your hotel. You talk as you stroll along the streets. An occasional KGB (state police) jeep passes by but doesn't stop. The Neva River, unfrozen in January for the first time in a century, gently splashes along miles of stone walls and quays as you pass through Revolution Square in the darkness. Later he'll walk back to his apartment, alone.

In Moscow you meet the Jewish problem for the first time. Out of curiosity you go to one of the last functioning synagogues in Russia and find only the very old inside. You learn later that anyone under fifty who shows up at a service is subject to arrest.

An old man next to you lends you his prayerbook, and with dignity you try to look as if you understand the words. On

your other side are two youths, who, risking arrest, tell you they're trying to leave for Israel. It will cost them about \$4,000, plus permission to leave the country. They're unemployed because the government says they lost their right to work.

Upstairs, you meet an old woman. She tells you she lost almost her whole family in the war... killed by Germans, and Russians. She then says she spent time in Siberia. For her, leaving is meaningless. She asks for chewing gum.

Then you walk back through Red Square, and the wind blows colder than it has ever blown before.

Later you meet a Soviet Jew in his apartment on the outskirts of Moscow. He tells you he was an aeronautical engineer five years ago. Then he asked for permission to leave. Now he's an unemployed artist who has had exhibitions in Jerusalem. His paintings were smuggled out.

He also tells you his apartment is bugged and so is your hotel room, probably. You were also followed, he adds. In your disbelief you begin to believe it. Paranoia is a national problem.

You also remember, and can never forget, Red Square. Here, Soviet

officiality smother the individual like swamp fog. In the center, in the chill and stillness, stands Lenin's Mausoleum, constantly surrounded by the curious and the faithful. Immediately behind it rises a white statue of Stalin, like a resurrected ghost waiting to return home.

Later, you realize the holiness attached to Lenin's name and tomb. On a freezing morning you will stand in line for an hour waiting to enter. Inside you will pass in twos by the body: no cameras, no loitering, no smiling, no hands in pockets, no packages, and no disrespect allowed. For the first time you feel the full and awesome weight of the Communist Party.

Then you remember how in Leningrad you strolled along the rivers at dusk and old men would meet you and tell you about their relatives in Chicago. And how young lovers would pass by in the lowering darkness.

And then you realize that the theory is wrong. No one has written the final chapter to the human story.

Robert Jasinkiewicz, who visited the Soviet Union in 1974 as a UNC graduate student, is composition supervisor for the *Daily Tar Heel*.