

DAVID STACKS, Editor

MICHELE MECKE, Managing Editor
MICHAEL WADE, Associate Editor
GARY TERPENING, Associate EditorMARTHA WAGGONER, News Editor
EDDIE MARKS, University Editor
CAROL HANNER, City Editor
KATHY CURRY, State and National EditorREID TUVIM, Sports Editor
SUSAN LADD, Features Editor
LAURA ELLIOTT, Arts Editor
ANDY JAMES, Photography Editor
DINITA JAMES, Weekender Editor

The Daily Tar Heel

87th year of editorial freedom

Nothing but a glimmer

Five men with names largely unknown in the United States are scheduled to meet in Geneva today to catch a United Nations-chartered plane bound for Tehran. The five men—from France, Algeria, Syria, Venezuela and Sri Lanka—make up the long-awaited panel which will investigate the alleged crimes of Iran's deposed shah.

The formation of the panel understandably is cause for renewed optimism and hope that the 50 Americans held hostage in the U.S. Embassy in Tehran since Nov. 4 soon will be released. Long since the immediate reaction of hostility in this country lessened and attitudes fell into harmony with President Carter's patient, pragmatic approach to the crisis, formation of an investigative panel has been seen as a crucial first step in freeing the hostages. It seems that step has been taken: U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim has chosen five panel members, and the United States and Iran reportedly have approved the choices.

But there is no cause for jubilation. Even optimism and hope might be words far too optimistic to describe what America's reaction should be to Waldheim's selection. The panel's creation is only a first step in what promises to be a protracted final phase of the hostage dilemma.

Compounding existing difficulties is the lack of a timetable for the panel to work with. Iranian President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, who last week hinted that the hostages might be released once an investigation into the crimes of the shah was begun, lately has shunned a timetable in an effort to appease the militants holding the U.S. Embassy. Bani-Sadr said that before a timetable could be set for the panel's investigation, the United States must take the initiative in changing the political climate that exists between itself and Iran by condemning its past policy toward Iran, promising not to interfere in future Iranian affairs and promising not to obstruct pursuit for the shah, his entourage and other Iranian criminals.

Bani-Sadr said Sunday that the ailing Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini is in complete agreement with his position. Such a situation, if it indeed exists, is a plus. But the militants in control of the embassy in Tehran, who repeatedly vow allegiance to Khomeini and Khomeini alone, issued a chilling statement Sunday night: "By having the American spies in our hands we are in a position of initiative and power." The militants give no credence to the supposedly ayatollah-endorsed Bani-Sadr plan and insist on their original demand made 107 days ago: Return the shah.

The signals coming from Iran are no less confusing and convoluted than they ever have been during the hostage crisis. Release of the hostages seems near, but until every one of the 50 sets foot on U.S. soil, the latest glimmer of hope is nothing more than a glimmer.

Making up lost ground

Next week's Democratic presidential primary in New Hampshire could make or break Sen. Edward M. Kennedy's hopes to become the party's 1980 nominee. Kennedy's setbacks in the Iowa caucuses a month ago and in the Maine caucuses last week have put a damper on his campaign thus far, and his efforts to combat President Carter's momentum have been stymied by the president's steadfast refusal to leave the shelter of the White House until the American hostages in Iran are released.

In explaining his stunning defeat in Iowa, Kennedy said that the road to the nomination is long and that the contest was far from being decided. Even after the New Hampshire primary, the Democratic National Convention will be thousands of grueling campaign miles away.

President Carter's victory in the Maine caucuses showed his strength in Kennedy's native New England, and the Massachusetts senator will face a huge disadvantage without a convincing win in New Hampshire, especially if there is no immediate solution to the hostage crisis that keeps the president from facing tough questions about his domestic policies.

After New Hampshire, Kennedy will have two other primaries in New England before the home-court advantage shifts to President Carter with the Florida, Georgia and Alabama primaries on March 11. Kennedy could pick up some lost ground in the March 4 primaries in his home state and in Vermont. But unless the senator can turn the nation's attention to the abundance of problems at home, the president's momentum is likely to continue. His decision to stay at the White House is difficult to criticize because he has not allowed the public and the media to forget the hostages in Iran, and it is obviously good political strategy as well. Kennedy will fail unless he can convince Americans to look toward the problems at home—and that he can solve them rather than just point them out.

The Bottom Line

What's in the plumbing?

Troubled by mice in the attic? Eighty-five-year-old Ayame Hiranshi of Salt Lake City, Utah, wishes mice were the only bats in her belfry.

The trouble started last week when Hiranshi discovered a 5-foot boa constrictor in her bathroom closet. While Hiranshi and her daughter watched the snake stick out its tongue at them, her husband scurried about looking for a pair of wire cutters with which to decapitate the beast.

The frantic trio was seized, however, at the last moment by humane instincts and opted to call zoo director LaMar Farnsworth instead of going through with their grisly design. But Farnsworth was unable to catch the leviathan, which reportedly retreated into the house's heating ducts. Unalarmed, Farnsworth said, "It likes that kind of warmth."

We bet the Hiranshis can hardly wait for summer.

Oink

Mary Lynne Rave of Jacksonville and her sister, Ellen Stanley of Lubbock, Tex., don't take too kindly to fat, slovenly slob who give their organization a bad name. They are co-founders of the

Association for the Advancement of National Pig Day, and they believe their favorite animal has an undeserved reputation because its name is applied to Bluto-like crumbs who eat too much and stay dirty all the time. From now on, don't call your slobbish friends "pig"—and by all means, don't call somebody "pig" on March 1 unless he has a pink snout and a curly little tail. March 1, Rave declares, is National Pig Day, and it has been since 1972.

The sisters celebrate the day by exchanging pig packages and throwing pig parties.

At pig parties, it seems, pink pig punch, pig cookies and pig cupcakes are served, and pink ribbon pigtails are tied to trees in honor of pigs. Right.

NBC-TV plans to cover a pig party in Lubbock next month for its *Real People* program. If the party works out, perhaps the network could make it a weekly series.—*Pork and Mindy* or something. Who needs the Moscow Olympics with programming like that?

According to latest reports, there are 300 card-carrying members of the AANPD, including members in Australia, Canada, Belgium, England, France and South Korea. Rave says she has received pig statues from as far away as the Soviet Union, proving that pig lovers have managed to overcome the petty squabbles of international politics. And that's the bottom line.

Feminist questions the role of women

'In Quotes'

By MARTHA WAGGONER

Marilyn French does not look like your stereotypical feminist. The rose-colored wool suit, the pumps and the soft voice remind you instead of a successful businesswoman who has made it in a man's world. But the author of the best-selling *The Women's Room* and the just published *The Bleeding Heart* speaks on women's rights with a voice so determined that there is no doubt about her feelings.

"All our lives are a prison," French said at a press conference held a few hours before her 7 p.m. speech Friday in Memorial Hall. "You choose a form to live in and all forms are constraining. Some prisons are worse than others.... Men usually get to choose theirs more than women do."

French said the only form offered to many women is the prison of being a wife and mother. "I have never met a woman happy just raising children," she said.

French's view of life and her thoughts about the future are not optimistic. These feelings have roots in her childhood. "I was a very unhappy child," she said. "I don't know why. My life was fine. My parents were gentle people. I was a very, very precocious child. I lived in books and in music—make believe. I found the world outside very ugly."

"I didn't know many people who weren't poor. I saw fathers beat their children and saw these children go to the streets and beat on children smaller than themselves."

"I grew up during the Depression. I always felt we were rich at the cost of my mother's entire life. When my father was making \$18 a week, a dollar of that was going for my piano lessons. The world outside my home was

'All our lives are a prison. You choose a form to live in and all forms are constraining. Some prisons are worse than others... Men usually get to choose theirs more than women do.'
— Marilyn French



not like the world inside my home."

French believes the world is well on its way to destruction and that men "damn well better" help the women straighten out the world before it's too late.

"One person has said that within 10 years, you won't be able to walk down the streets of New York and breathe," French said.

"The world will turn into a huge computer with three or four control centers, if we leave it to the think-tanks."

French blames the universities for many of the world's problems. "The focus has to change from what is absurdly called reason." She accused the universities of encouraging only linear thinking.

One of the main criticisms of *The Women's Room* has been that the men are portrayed as stick figures. French justified this attitude by saying that *The Women's Room* is "a book about women and about how they see men. How do women talk about their husbands in the kitchen? How many men do you know who read feminist books? Not one."

French, who is divorced, has a son and a daughter. Of her marriage, she will say only: "I haven't had a husband in a long time and I never intend to again." But she says she is very close to both her children and has never lost contact with them as Mira did in *The Women's Room*. "We're all feminists together—my son, my daughter and I."

French described *The Women's Room* as a horizontal book which covers the lives of a lot of women through many years. *The Bleeding Heart*, she says, is a vertical book which goes deep into the exploration of a feminist's relationship with a traditional man. "Because, of course, there is no other kind of man than traditional," she said. "I attempt to show the costs of being a feminist."

It would be very easy to confuse Marilyn French with Mira, the main character in *The Women's Room*. Both graduated from Harvard and both had an unhappy marriage. Both have a bitter sense of humor and sharp wit that makes you glad, if you're a woman, that French is on your side. More importantly, both are survivors. French admits that she pronounces Mira like "mirra" because "she is a reflection in so far as there is an image of a middle-class white woman." But French denies that she and Mira are one and the same. "She isn't me," French says with a secretive smile that makes you wonder if she's being totally honest.

Martha Waggoner, a junior journalism major from Winston-Salem, is news editor for The Daily Tar Heel.

letters to the editor

Military registration borders on slavery

To the editor:

Recognizing that registration is the first step toward full conscription, and believing that the impressment of individuals into the armed forces is involuntary servitude, the Libertarian Party adamantly opposes President Carter's draft registration proposal.

The coercive control of the lives and actions of others is slavery. The controller may be a single individual looking for personal benefit or a collection of individuals seeking their common good. In either case, the plight of the slave remains the same: He is working while his controllers dictate the conditions of his life, control his actions and dispose of the product of his labor.

The Libertarian Party stands on the belief that all individuals have the natural right to exercise sole dominion over their own lives and to live in whatever manner they choose, so long as they do not forcibly interfere with the equal rights of others to live in whatever manner they choose.

The draft denies U. S. citizens these fundamental rights to live their lives according to their own choice and judgment. If a person wishes to join the armed forces, that is certainly his privilege; but no individual or group of individuals has the right to force another to work as a soldier rather than to pursue his own chosen profession.

It is absurd to talk of fighting against aggression abroad when, in our effort to wage such a campaign, we enslave U. S. citizens here at home. If the enemy is aggression against the liberties and interests of U. S. citizens, then a natural measure against such an enemy is to maximize the freedom of Americans and to outlaw coercive interference into their lives. To the extent that the U. S. government disrupts the lives of private individuals, it is adding to the strength of the enemy.

The notion that this country has a common interest to pursue, as an entity in itself and apart from the individuals who compose it, is fallacious and dangerous thinking. Only individuals, each taken separately, can decide what is in their best interest. If we pursue our interests by coercively depriving a percentage of the population of their freedom to choose and act as their own minds dictate, then we have presumptuously assumed that we have human rights, while they do not. If we sanction such sacrifice of individuals now, what surety is there that we will not become the victims of "our country's interest" in the future?

The all volunteer force is the only moral way to defend our lives and liberties. The United States is unique in that it was formed on the tenet that laws exist to secure the liberties of the people and not to abridge them. Our heritage is certainly worthy of our patriotism, but in

IN CASE OF NATIONAL EMERGENCY, REMEMBER...



WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!

FRANK WELLS

our concern for human rights at home and abroad, we should not betray these liberties to immoral institutions, such as the draft, which erode the freedoms on which this country was built.

Elizabeth Ann Ratchford
213-20 East Franklin St.

Philip Fransoli Busby Jr.
Route 4, Box 657

Kudos for 'Overeating'

To the editor:

As a recovering compulsive overeater, I would like to commend the *Weekender* feature on "Overeating." Often compulsive overeaters feel shame and disgust at their lack of "self-control," a feeling made more painful by our "disfigured" bodies and further intensified by feeling set apart from the rest of life and alone. Only when we start to realize that it is a common and frequent problem, and one that arises from more than just a lack of self-control, can overeaters overcome the compulsion.

That's why it is important to let people know that they are not alone and that there are places in Chapel Hill to turn to for help from the compulsion: Overeaters Anonymous, Weight Watchers, Lucy Minuto. All these groups and people can help overeaters effectively deal with their compulsion. I also encourage all

compulsive overeaters to read *Fat is a Feminist Issue* by Susie Orbach. This book offers tremendous insights into the compulsion to overeat.

Susan Cohen
375 Wesley Court

Favorite nightmare

To the editor:

The editorial cartoon on women and the draft (*DTH*, Feb. 15) was sensational, hysterical, uninformed, offensive and dumb. It was lacking in insight, perspective, wit and originality. I found it alarmist, reactionary and pathetically chauvinistic.

The unfortunate would-be cartoonist owes your readers an apology for assuming that we would enjoy a peek at Phyllis Schafly's favorite nightmare. May I paraphrase?

"Jeez, lookit what would happen if they draft women. They'll send all our beautiful blondes to the front lines and all the beautiful blondes will get kilt and the big strong stalwart Marines will have to waste a lot of time lugging their lifeless but lovely bodies back for a decent burial or something."

Melody Ivins
109 North St.

Have you been cheated out of the '60s?

By FRANK WELLS

I've always felt I was born too late. For those of us born in 1960, the '60s were a time of bicycles and treeshouses; we missed all the real fun. You remember civil rights marches, war protests, the drug revolution, the counterculture, the sexual revolution...the good old days. I never heard Hendrix, I never dropped acid, I never choked on tear gas or cried for a friend who didn't come home. I was cheated.

I contented myself with secondhand accounts of all the things I missed. I listened to Dylan, Joan Baez and Arlo. I read *Revolution for the Hell of It* three times, and subscribed to *Crawdaddy* magazine. I was determined that if another movement came along I would be prepared for it.

There were causes all along, I suppose. Watergate offered the perfect opportunity to toss a few last stones at the man we all held responsible. But somehow, even the direct hits we scored weren't satisfying. I went to meetings of Common Cause and gave money to stop nuclear power. We cursed the '70s as an empty decade, all the while complaining of the complacency and apathy that filled our lives.

The people who were around back then tell me that Chapel Hill was different 15 years ago. A sleepy place made restless by the tension of the times. But I wouldn't know because I was in grade school during Kent State.

I listened to the stories of those who were here when they occupied South Building and was filled with a sense of deprivation all over again. I saw *Making of the President '68* and cried when Bobby Kennedy died. I watched *Hearts and Minds* and *The War Game* and became more cynical and terrified with each death on the screen. But it was just a movie, a movie made a long time ago.

At some vague point along the way, I realized that I could never be a part of the '60s generation, no matter how hard I tried. My only knowledge of the time was from romanticized views of others.

Those who lived through that war were active because they had to be. The protests and even the violence were only defenses against an insanity they could never quite understand. No one who wasn't there could ever fully understand, but the excitement they talk about, the fun they say they had, were all substitute emotions. A necessary defense to get them through the horror.

I had just about given up trying to be a part of that decade. And now the powers that be—for a while at least—are giving me a chance at a war of my very own. This time it isn't Vietnam; it's Afghanistan. Not Nixon, but the liberal peacekeeper I hung posters for. And this time it isn't romantic; it's scary.

They tell us this registration is only a precaution, that there's no chance that anyone will be drafted, but just in case... Resistance movements have already begun, and the narcissism is giving way to that tension. It has become fashionable to joke about the draft. I plan to be prepared.

I've been leafing through back issues of my "radical" magazines and Dylan has returned to my turntable. Suddenly, we're about to recapture some of that spirit; but right now I'd settle for a return to those dull, complacent, cursed '70s.

But we can't turn back the clock; this situation demands action, and that means it's time for a decision. I often said I never would have gone to Vietnam. But I had the advantage of 20-20 hindsight when I made those positive statements. I realize how difficult the decisions were for those who stood against the war from the start. I see now how much courage it must have taken to give up citizenship here. I've gotten used to this place and I'm not sure I have enough strength of conviction to leave.

No, the Middle East is not Vietnam. This time there are vital oil supplies at stake (finally a war over real American values—dollars). I'm not sure I want to go to war to make the world safe for Standard Oil, but I like to think I'm as patriotic as the next person. And if there's going to be real trouble, I'll probably fall right into line with the rest of the patriotic cannon fodder.

They tell us this one is for real. If the gulf area goes, Europe goes. Then pretty soon we'll have Russians on Pennsylvania Avenue. Wait a minute—does that sound as familiar to you as it does to me? Go back and read some of those magazines; I think some of the people in Washington are using them as a script. Maybe this decision won't be so tough after all.

Frank Wells, a sophomore journalism major from Benson, is a staff writer for The Daily Tar Heel.