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The Daily Tar Heel

88th year of editorial freedom

Interstate 40: You can't get there from here

By AMY COLGAN

To all the good Samaritans who helped a lost wayfarer find Cherry Street in Raleigh Saturday night: There's no Cherry Street in Raleigh, folks. Or, yes, Interstate 40 runs two ways.

Perhaps only out-of-staters can appreciate the trauma of Easter weekend in Chapel Hill. Drowning under two lengthy term papers and one short one, there was little way I could justify a trip home to Toledo, Ohio, (Glass Capital of the World) for a four-day stay. But after watching all the cars depart last Wednesday afternoon (yes, Wednesday) for Boone and Beaufort, the lonesome out-of-stater can justify almost anything short of suicide.

Instead, I accepted an invite for Saturday night and Sunday with a friend's family in Raleigh for the Moravian early morning service there. Or so I thought.

How is one to know that Winston-Salem is the magnetic mecca for Moravians at Easter? Did any of you guys (excuse me, y'all) think of enlightening misplaced Midwesterners to this long-standing tradition in Old Salem at 5:30 a.m.? You could have saved me three and a half hours and a half tank of gas.

Arriving in Raleigh at 8:15 p.m., I found no Cherry Street exit off I-40, as my friend had indicated on her map. But the manager at Winn-Dixie on Wade (pronounced "wide") Avenue was most helpful.

"Cherry Street? Oh yeah—you take a left at Le Chateau, then a right off Wade on to Cherry."

Wrong. Right off Wade, but no Cherry. But aha! An open Gulf station is spied; surely gas station attendants give good directions.

Relief... A Raleigh map is posted inside Good Gulf. His greasy fingers found K-14. "Oh, you couldn't mean there, miss. Must be Cherry Lane you talking about."

Eager and agreeable by 8:50, I took down step-by-step instructions to Cherry Lane. But alas and alack, there was no 224 S. Cherry, only a 2600 block.

Back on I-40, going west. Like a pilot, I made a loop, as I was going to take this approach again. There is a Cherry Street exit on I-40. My friends do not lie, I resolved; especially this particular Moravian.

Twenty minutes later, I-40 still had no Cherry Street

exit in Raleigh. My friend's credibility was rapidly disappearing in my tear-swollen eyes.

"Why didn't she give me her grandmother's phone number? Why not the name? She should have known this exit was hard to find..."

Fury. Friendship forsaken. Forgiveness? I knew nothing of such folly.

Giving her the benefit of the doubt, I followed 40 to 50-70-401 through downtown Raleigh, and farther on, until signs for Fuquay-Varina and Fayetteville stopped me abruptly. I was not that desperate.

9:45, heading back to downtown Raleigh, I see a Peace Street exit. By now, Peace sounds strangely similar to Cherry, and I pop off and pop into the Peace Street Pizza Hut.

A frantic collect call back to my housemates in Chapel Hill was good for consolation, but not information. My Moravian enemy (by this time) had not called to leave a phone number.

The audacity! Was she not worried? I was supposed to arrive at eight. This is more than fashionably late... I could be wrecked on the highway for all she knows!

The quiet crowd in Pizza Hut grew increasingly curious at my hysteria. I hung up to hound the cashier for directions.

"Cherry Street? Yeah, man. That's right off where we used to stay. Hey, isn't that Cherry, off Ilegnes?"

Internal leaps for joy, until he wrote me the following directions. No lie.

"left light, go to last light turn left. Sec. stop turn Right, go 2 stop Light turn Right, go up Hill to stop light turn left, go until you see Illegness St. which on the right, then first right on Cherry."

"Gee, Thanks!" (Why did I ask?)

10:20. I call housemates again, whispering, "Look, I'm coming back to Chapel Hill. If she calls, I'm lost in Raleigh now, after 2 hours."

One last desperate attempt is made. En route to I-40 West, I spotted a policeman, and flagged him down. "Sir, I've been desperately lost for 2 hours."

Helplessness. Tears. "Where can I find 224 S. Cherry St.?"

"No Cherry Street in Raleigh, miss."

"I know there is. Will you please check?" Police lingo on the radio. "Cherry Lane, Cherry Circle, no

Cherry Street. No 200 block."

"Nope, sorry ma'am, Maybe you mean Cary or Durham. Where you from anyway?" He eyed my Ohio license plates.

"Chapel Hill," I declared with proper arrogance. "And I'm not in the wrong city."

"Well, I wish you luck," he chuckled disgustingly.

10:45, on the road to Chapel Hill, I argued with God. "Why a wild goose chase for two and a half hours? Was this to show me more of the meaning of Easter? You say all things work together for good for those that love you. I ask you, how could this possibly make me more like your son? He never got lost in Raleigh, did he?"

"Show me. I just challenge you to show me how this will work for good."

About 10:55, it dawned. Perhaps I was looking in the wrong direction. I pulled off the road to check the map. Sure enough. I-40 goes two ways. And Winston, not Raleigh is the Moravian mecca.

The painful puzzle now pieced together. Wasn't my Moravian friend, now enemy always telling me how she couldn't go to Winston to work 'cause Grandma would drag her to teas and match her up with all the eligible young men in Winston? What a fool. But fool or no fool, I was not about to trek to Winston.

Communication Gap extraordinaire. The next 15 minutes to Chapel Hill were painfully humbling. No wonder we were spending the night at grandma's. No wonder she thought I should drive with them. Yes, somewhere down the road was a clearly marked "Cherry Street Exit"—in Winston-Salem.

I couldn't blame my Moravian friend. But I do blame you, North Carolinians; each one of you whom I told I was going to the sunrise Moravian service in Raleigh. Surely you knew that thousands of Moravians gather in Winston-Salem each Easter. When will you develop a heart for the misplaced Midwesterners on Easter?

I hope Y'all enjoyed the mountains, the beach or a homecooked dinner. I ate at Spanky's.

I'm still looking for the good to come out of this situation.

Amy Colgan is a senior journalism major from Toledo, Ohio.

Brutal "entertainment"

It is not surprising that many of the women who witnessed Carole Moussalli's slide show dealing with violent pornography were embarrassed, appalled and shocked. What they saw was the degradation of their sex in one of its most vile and obscene forms.

The battle between pornographers and puritanical groups opposing all nudity and sex-related literature is not really a question in this case. No doubt, there is room for First Amendment arguments in such instances, for opposition to nudity and soft porn may, in some cases, infringe on freedom of expression.

But violent porn, including much of the trash shown in Moussalli's slide show, not only disregards the bounds of decency, it trespasses on the spirit of mankind in the name of eroticism and sick and brutal entertainment.

Women are not the only group to be victimized by such pornography. Children also are used by porn profiteers in bizarre and grotesque "entertainment" magazines. Still, women remain the most notable of the exploited class.

The unanswered question is how to control or eliminate such material, for as Moussalli points out in a recent DTH article, violent porn is subtly and insidiously evident in many pictorials and advertisements which at first glance may not appear violent and degrading at all.

Once one becomes involved in such a debate, it is easy to see the problem of defining what is violent and obscene and what is not. Moussalli defines three stages of violent porn as objectification, fragmentation and then actual violation. This sequence desensitizes people's perceptions of women in many ways: it portrays the woman as an object to be used by not showing the full face; it may show only a portion of the woman's anatomy; finally, it may depict the actual violation, often illustrated through perverse and sadistic methods of bonding and violence.

Moussalli has taken a proper and needed step in trying to educate women about the existence of this kind of pornography. She also is correct in pointing out that immediate rectification of the problem is neither realistic nor plausible. Trying to combat violent porn strictly through obscenity complaints may prove a frustrating and tedious battle. There are other methods, including arguments that such material is a public nuisance, incites violence and interferes with the civil rights of women.

A recent survey of North Carolina women shows that one in five believe that wife beating is justified. It would be presumptuous to assume violent porn is a causal link to such a statistic, but certainly the same attitude that perpetuates such ignorance also leads people to buy and sell violent porn.

Just as we find pictures in the Yack showing the emulation of Ku Klux Klan lynchings offensive, we also find the perpetuation of violent porn a disgusting example of the evil in our society.

Losing options

When Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini declared Monday that the American hostages must remain in the hands of their militant student captors until Iran's future parliament meets in June, President Jimmy Carter did what many felt he should have done long ago—he broke all diplomatic relations with Iran.

With U.S. exports dwindling to as little as \$1.6 million worth of goods in February compared to \$100 million in the same month under the shah, it seems obvious that Carter's prohibiting U.S. exports to Iran will have virtually no effect on the Iranian economy. The president also has ordered the Treasury to take inventory on the \$8 billion in frozen Iranian assets here and has expelled all Iranian diplomats. Whether these actions will pressure Khomeini to secure the release of the hostages remains to be seen.

But directly influencing their effectiveness will be the reaction of U.S. allies to Carter's most recent measures. Those countries in Western Europe and Japan that depend heavily on Iranian oil have been persistent in asking Carter to show restraint in his dealings with Iran. Their reaction is understandable, but at the same time their cooperation is essential if Carter's latest efforts are to have an impact on Iran's policy toward the hostages.

A refusal on their part to aid Carter in his seemingly futile attempts to free the Americans in Iran could lead to even more drastic action, perhaps even a naval blockade.

There is no guarantee such action would result in the release of the hostages, but at this point no one would dispute that with the hostages approaching their sixth month of captivity, America is quickly running out of patience and options.

letters to the editor

Women apathetic about achieving equality

To the editor:

I find it rather ironic that the news brief, "Study Analyzes Wife Beating" (DTH, April 2), stating that "one in every five North Carolina women believe that men are justified in beating their wives under certain circumstances" and the story about the "nearly 600 women that packed the rows and aisles of Hamilton Hall" for Mademoiselle's "Campus '80 Makeover," "Mademoiselle," not AWS, attracts women," (DTH, April 2), appeared the same day in the DTH.

I like to deny the notion that "women are their own worst enemies" when it comes to equality of the sexes, but I am continually confronted with the verification of this idea. Phyllis Schaffly, Marybelle Morgan, or even women with high positions who refuse to support other women in the same roles, perpetuate the belief that we are not, in fact, an equal sex.

The reasons for women's non-support of equality are as variable as those for it. These reasons, whatever they are, come down to the fact that many women in this culture fear abandonment by men. They have been primed to be mates, mothers and goddesses, identifiable in relation to men but not as persons in their own right. They see no conflict in bolstering men at their own expense, no discrimination, no patronization.

What bothers me the most is the apparent apathy many women have about their own equality. They take for granted the advances women have made because of the women's movement but do not recognize that inequalities still exist in our everyday lives. An analogy can be drawn to the fact that the civil rights movement has brought greater advances for blacks, but that racist attitudes still persist. Subtle and not so subtle discrimination is still a prevalent feature of our culture.

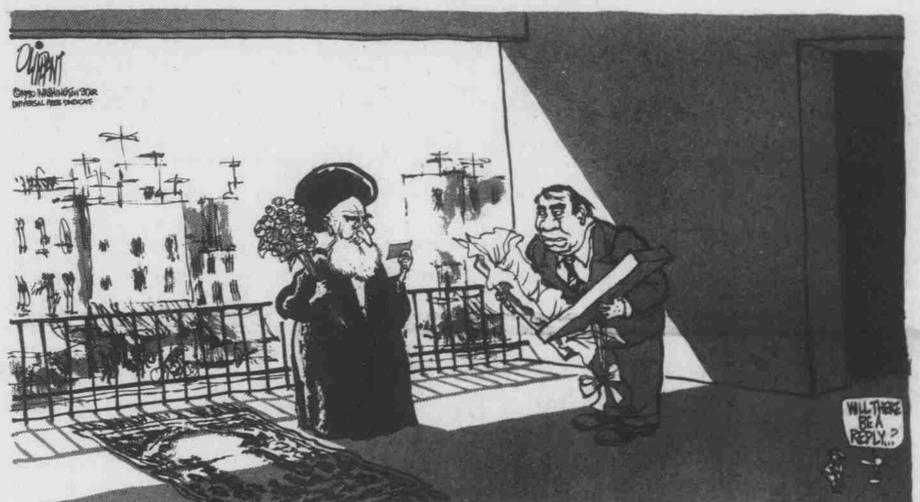
I become discouraged about the possibility of an egalitarian society when I see so many women who still do not consider themselves as equal and as valuable as men.

Anne E. Hager

Complete your census

To the editor:

Although April 1, 1980 officially was declared Census Day, the importance of this year's census will be with us much longer. With tests, classes and finals crowding our lives, many students fail to realize the importance of an accurate census count. The 1980 census data can



THE NOTE SAYS HE GREW THEM IN HIS OWN ROSE GARDEN! AND HE THANKS ME FOR NOT RELEASING ANYONE DURING THE CRUCIAL PRIMARIES. SIGNED "YOUR GRATEFUL HOSTAGE." HOW SWEET!

affect the availability of low cost housing, health care services, legal services, as well as public transportation services.

Students living in the Chapel Hill-Carrboro area including everyone who lives in an apartment or a house, are urged to complete their census forms accurately. All information is confidential. Failure to complete the form could result in a cutback in bus services, as government funding is based on city populations, not rider use. These cutbacks possibly could amount to \$1 million.

Answer the census; we have to live with its results for the next 10 years.

Bob Saunders
Student Body President

Susan Strayhorn
Town Affairs Coordinator

'She' magazine positions

To the editor:

SHE magazine, the publication of the Association for Women Students, is now accepting applications for the positions

Melinda Stovall
co-editor, SHE

No nukes

William Durham's column, "Energy

future hinges on nuclear power" (DTH, March 28), makes a number of unsubstantiated assertions promoting nuclear power. Durham cites "common sense" and "safest and most efficient" as rationales for nuclear power. "Hiding one's head in the sand," and "muttering about garbage power and burning rocks" are cited as arguments against anti-nuclear. Such blanket phrases sound like a laundry list detailing why the Vietnam war was "justified"—with no reference to the actual facts of the issue.

Not going nuclear may indeed be costly, embarrassing and inconvenient—but costly, embarrassing and inconvenient to whom, and in what sense? It's costly in the short run to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, Metropolitan Edison and other nuclear utilities as they scramble to cancel plans for more nukes before nuclear power becomes even more economically unfeasible.

But the government never asked us whether we wanted nuclear power or not; such power only became an issue when the public's health was threatened. Why should we be "inconvenienced" by birth defects, spontaneous abortions, increased cancer and genetically mutated children?

No one is advocating "burning rocks" or "garbage power," (except pro-nuke propagandists who claim that is what anti-nukers propose). But surely, to use Tom Paine's phrase "common sense," there is a safer way to boil water than with nuclear power. Gov. Richard Thornburgh of Pennsylvania advocated evacuating children and pregnant women from around Three Mile Island because radiation affects the genes and chromosomes of young people. There be your "embarrassment." There be your "inconvenience."

It is said that by 1985 France will have 50 percent of its power coming from nuclear plants. Some pro-nukers suggest that America should be number one and hurry up and catch up with France. The problem with this line of thinking is that just because one country is first in developing a new field, or adopting a new policy, does not mean that everyone else should blindly follow. After all, we sure followed France right into Vietnam, didn't we?

Lew Church
Chapel Hill

The Daily Tar Heel

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