

A pinch of nostalgia to taste

By BUDDY BURNISKE

In the course of an academic year, and the cycles of an academic career at UNC, we learn to savor a variety of tasty situations. There's the sweetness of a victory against that Community college in Raleigh, and the bitterness of a loss, or failing grade in a pass/fail course. A good semester is peppered with richness—the right living arrangements, course load, and consistent luck; the sour semester is salted with life's injustices. And the end of a year has that odd taste, a taste of finality. It's sweet, but bitter, sour and rich. It's a smack of anticlimax.

Regardless of this time, though, we all retain a few special recipes or taste treats from our sampling of Chapel Hill offerings. It's occurred to me that if everyone submitted one of his favorites, or at least an original treat, UNC could stockpile a gourmet list that would benefit the future connoisseurs of University life. Here then, are a few personal favorites, seasoned with nostalgia.

Freshman frappe

We've all sipped of it. Ingredients can be added in any order, and the taste will always be different. This frappe is a lumpy blend of initial reactions, a treat you're sure never to forget, yet can never fully describe.

- Ingredients:**
- 2 tablespoons of heaping expectations
 - 1 teaspoon of ambition
 - 3 telephone calls home each week
 - a mailbox full of letters
 - 2 cups of anxiety
 - 1 tablespoon of "firsts" (first drop/add, first date, first party)
 - 1 cup of academic advising, easy on the advising
 - 2 tablespoons of P.E.
 - 1 or 2 teaspoons of freshman English (accorded by desired degree of bitterness in frappe)
 - a smidgen of cynicism.

Directions:
Pour all ingredients into blender. Blend until confused swirl of sentiment and paranoia. Serve 40 years later to grandchildren.

Blind Date Cake

This specialty offers a surprising flavor each time you try it. Never the same taste twice, but always unforgettable.

- Ingredients:**
- 1 inexperienced guy
 - 1 inexperienced girl
 - 4 sweaty palms
 - 1 form of diversion (movie, dance, etc.)
 - 2 cups of questions like "Where did you say you were from, ... again?"

Directions:
Place ingredients in well greased cake pan. Set stove at 425°F. and cook until cake is either burning or burned. Cut and serve.

The Greek Rush Pasta

A controversial side dish. Some say it's too bland, others say it's great as is, but misunderstood by those who haven't developed the taste for it. Here's my recipe.

- Ingredients:**
- 26 cups of young men
 - 12 cups of young women
 - 38 cups of Khaki and Izod material
 - an ample serving of individuality mixer, formal, and charity drive seasonings

Directions:
Place pasta in large pot of boiling water. Let boil until most ingredients have lost their flavor. Add mixer, formal and charity drive seasonings. Parts that were bland when added may still be bland, parts with flavor may have gained, or lost, flavor. Serve with discretion.

Senior soufflé

This is a fluffy dish that's served as the last main meal in a UNC career. Like its counterpart, the Freshman Frappe, its ingredients can be added indiscriminately, but its final taste will linger. It's said that one gets out of his soufflé what one puts into it.

- Ingredients:**
- 2 tablespoons of fulfilled expectations
 - 1 teaspoon of lost ambition
 - an absence of telephone calls home
 - one empty mailbox (spotted only with invitations from the Marine Corps)
 - 3 cups of anxiety
 - 1 tablespoon of "lasts" (last drop/add, last class, last party, etc.)
 - 1 cup of self-counseling
 - 3 incompletes completed during "last" exams
 - 6 consecutive semesters without P.E.
 - one brimming cup of skepticism
 - an overflowing cup of nostalgia

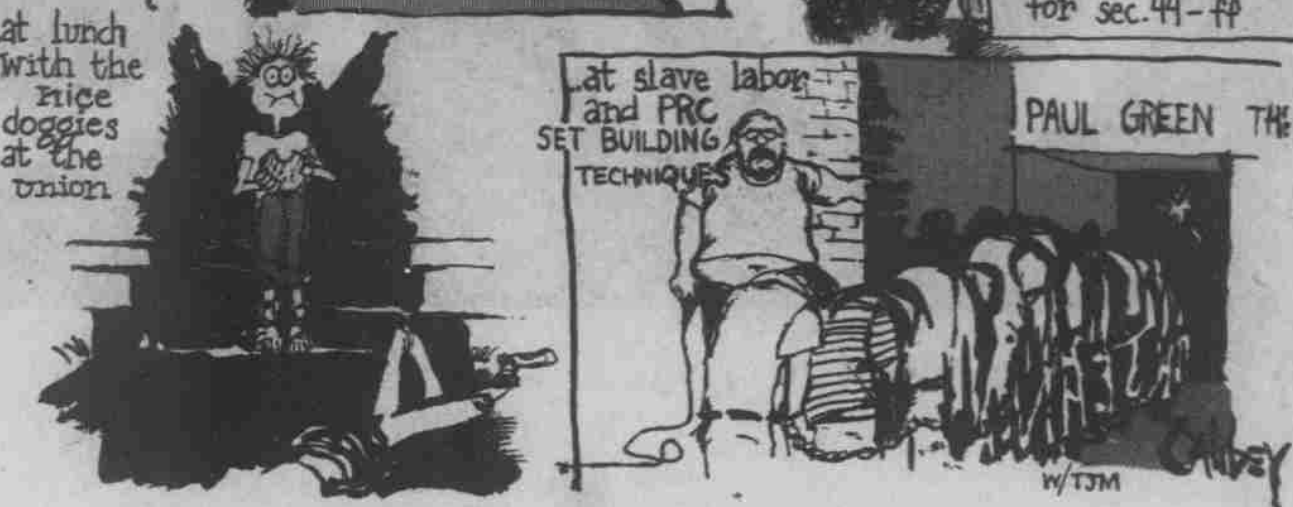
Directions:
Pour all ingredients into blender and whip furiously. Then pour into frying pan and bake until it is puffed with mixed emotions.

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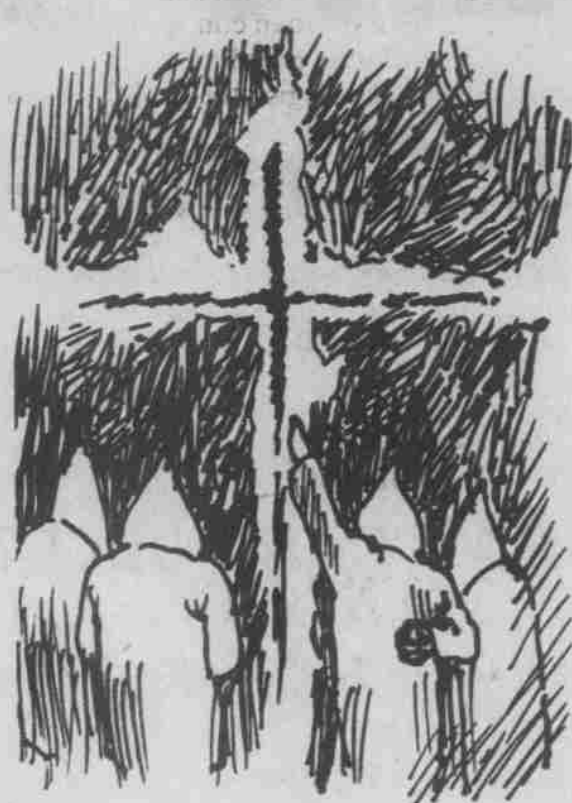
SOME THOUGHTS ON FRATERNITIES



a last look



"HAZING?"



Doughnut shop—a twisted American Dream

By GEORGE SHADROUI

We talked about the American Dream in my English class recently. My professor said the American Dream was making money for money's sake. He said inherent in this definition are the many evils in our society—automobiles and shopping malls and fast food joints, impersonal things that put more and more distance between people.

Where does a person go at 4 in the morning? I was faced with that question a few days ago when I needed a break from studying. I walked to the local doughnut shop. It stays open all night and you can buy coffee and sit in soft swivel chairs.

In the doughnut shop, you can watch cars go by outside and you can wonder where they've been or where they're

going. Some people talk there. But a lot of people just sit there alone and stare into a cup of coffee.

An old man who hadn't shaved in several days sat in the chair next to me. He had the kind of face that you think would scare you until you actually see it. Then, it doesn't look frightening at all. It seems to move of its own volition, free from the body and uncaring of anything around it. It reveals nothing, nothing at all, except an emptiness that comes from being alone so long you've forgotten what it means to have a friend. His clothes were dull from ground-in dirt.

I have often wondered where these people come from, for they seem to exist everywhere, walking alone down Main Street America late at night when most of the town has gone to sleep.

If there really is an American Dream,

then somehow it seems to me it has become twisted as it has grown older. I don't believe the man in the doughnut shop ever had a say in what the American Dream should be. He's been told by our society that the American Dream is securing a spot in the local country club and having both a foreign and an American car. His dreams were forgotten long ago. As I sat there, I was reminded that for too many people in this country, dreams have been replaced by doughnut shops and blank stares.

"Mister," the man said to me. "You got a cigarette?"

"No, I don't smoke."

For the first time, I noticed that there were four other people in the room, and only after the man with the unshaven face had spoken, did I notice they were there, sipping coffee, smoking and eating

doughnuts.

The man reached into his pocket and took out a quarter and placed it next to the empty cup. Then he got up and walked toward the door, staggering slightly as he went. I watched him as he walked away. I sat there for awhile, watching the people coming and going in cars. I stirred the coffee in front of me. There is something peaceful about the doughnut shop, if you go there to get away from the books and the confusion of college life. But it bothered me to think that it had taken the place of people and warm kitchens. And it seemed sad that in the quarter tip the man had left, one could find the essence of the American Dream.

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'60 Minutes' vs. '20/20' is battle of networks

By KERRY DEROGHI

In the far corner of the ring sits the challenger weighing in with two years of experience; in the near corner is the champion armed with over 11 years of battles behind him.

A bout between Ali and Spinks? A confrontation between Kennedy and Carter?

No. A rematch between two foes more competitive than boxers and more familiar to the American viewer and politician. The challenger is ABC; the champion, CBS. The battle is over who will reign supreme in the ratings of TV news magazines.

Both CBS's *60 Minutes* and ABC's *20/20* claim to cover what is pertinent to the American viewer and claim to expose all scandals and corruption. Though both have been criticized for persecuting subjects, *60 Minutes* certainly has come away less scathed by critics. After all, they are the experienced ones...they know what they're doing.

20/20 on the other hand, only entering the ring in June of 1978, has been called a cheap imitation of *60 Minutes*—a documentary bent on sensationalism instead of sobriety, on fiction rather than fact.

The show started with co-hosts Robert Hughes and Harold Hayes, who were criticized for using light banter to report the headlines of the day. Needless to say these two were soon replaced by the somber Hugh Downs, previous host of the *Today Show*. Even after host changes, the critics still asserted the program was a faint copy of the CBS counterpart.

One critic claimed that the *20/20* staff was caught between copying *60 Minutes* and becoming a feature

show overusing theatrics and drama.

In defense of the program, writers and producers blamed the chaos on ABC News producer Roone Arledge whose manner as he sliced the copy reminded them of King Kong on a rampage through the jungle. One writer said the programming for the first show had been finalized when Arledge trounced into the office, made drastic changes and usurped the power of all of his so-called colleagues. The writers also claimed that the show was not trying to imitate CBS but simply attempting to promote human interest stories.

Despite the criticisms, the final round of the battle for the stellar role in the ratings depends on the American people and what they want to see.

As the round begins, Dan Rather of *60 Minutes* risks his life to bring Afghanistan home to America. Bob Brown of *20/20* follows the Beach Boys to bring a piece of America to America.

At least that's the way the *20/20* staff sees it. The belief that the Beach Boys are as integral a part of the American heritage as apple pie and baseball brought the *20/20* crew to Chapel Hill last weekend to film the band in one of its traditional outdoor concerts. To catch the mood and the attitudes of what represents the youth of America, the crew did student interviews at the concert.

60 Minutes instead of concentrating on human interest stories prefers to send Mike Wallace to uncover the corruption they say infiltrates our government. Several critics claim that the *60 Minutes* crew is so caught up with the chase that they lose sight of what they're trying to uncover, thereby making the capture somewhat anti-climatic. Instead of concentrating on issues that would solidify the American attitude and feelings, the program seems intent upon accenting those issues which polarize the American people.

Although *60 Minutes* and *20/20* are adversaries in the quest for ratings and see the function of a news magazine very differently, ABC World News Tonight correspondent Bob Brown said they both face the same limitations that make their job more difficult.

In covering domestic and world issues, both *60 Minutes* and *20/20* have been overly criticized for the persecution of individuals in front of the camera. Brown defended the documentaries and said what may appear to be harassment is really a story that is carefully researched and presented. He cited the threat of libel as ensuring the legitimacy of the programs.

Certainly the shows are doing something right. Brown said the only trouble he remembers the *20/20* staff having concerned the report on the Hamilton Jordan case. Some lawyers demanded that tapes from interviews be revealed or else the show would be taken to court. He said that this case also indicated that the public was gaining accessibility to what previously had been considered sacred by the reporter. By courts taking the judgments of what is good and bad journalism into their own hands, Brown said they close the doors on the reporters.

Certainly, these limitations do exist not only for *60 Minutes* and *20/20*, but also for other news publications. The manner in which the two adversaries decide to overcome their limitations dictates the type of the show they produce. The battle they create between each other is only to gain viewers. It is as intense as any battle between two institutions that mold American opinion. CBS vs. ABC.

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U.S. boycott of Olympics is necessary

By THOMAS JESSIMAN

Olga Korbut, that tiny adorable girl who won all those gold medals and captured the hearts of all of us in the 1972 and 1976 Olympics, wrote a letter to *The New York Times* the other day.

Apparently Olga was upset because Americans are being barred by their government from competing in the Games: "I was looking forward to meeting my American friends in Olympic Moscow and learned with surprise that American athletes, even without being asked their opinion, are being barred from participating in the games." Wrong, Olga, but go on.

She talks about how proud she is that her name adorns so many gymnasiums in America and says she thinks of America with fondness—she reminds us that she bought her wedding dress here. She makes no mention of any brutality and aggression in Afghanistan and concludes: "And I want to tell those who love sports, who have devoted themselves to its noble, humane ideals: We are waiting for you in Moscow at the world festival of sports—and 22nd Olympic Games."

The Russians are not stupid. They know Americans love sports and most of all sports heroes. We no longer have the great men and women in public life and politics to emulate; instead we look to our athletes. Children grow up talking about Carl Yastrzemski and Chris Evert not Jefferson and Susan Anthony. Lovable Jim McKay was not exaggerating when he claimed again and again that little Olga had captivated our country. An now, to demonstrate our faith and true love for Olga, we are asked to consider the ideal of sport and disregard the invasion of Afghanistan.

When the United States Olympic Committee voted by more than two to one to boycott the Olympics, it took a courageous stand. Despite Olga's pleas, American participation in the Games should be avoided at all costs—such action would only sanction the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Anyone who claims the Russians will not use the Games for political ends is closing his eyes; a 1979 Soviet handbook shows the import Russians attach to Moscow holding the Games: "The decision to give the honored right to hold the Olympic Games in the capital of the world's first socialist state has become a convincing testimony to the general recognition of the historical significance and correctness of our country's foreign political course, the enormous services of the Soviet Union in the struggle for peace."

In light of her own country's policies, Olga should not criticize America for mixing politics and sport. Has Olga forgotten so quickly that not long ago Russia boycotted the Chess Olympics because they were held in Israel? And perhaps she missed Soviet Prime Minister Kosygin's speech after the Chinese invasion of Vietnam—a speech that entirely justifies our later boycott of the Olympics: "No peace-loving country, no person of integrity should remain indifferent when that sort of thing happens, when an aggression holds human life and world public opinion in insolent contempt."

The message of all this is that the age of the separation of sport and politics clearly is over—and that is something very distressing. Even though the USOC voted strongly for the boycott, the general mood at the meeting was one of unhappiness and resentment. No one was glad that athletes who had trained so hard for their one moment have been asked to stay home; no one was glad those athletes will not be allowed the excitement and glory the U.S. hockey team had at Lake Placid.

It seems strange that we should take such a strong stand for Afghanistan, a country so far away and one that few of us had given much thought to before the invasion. And yet, Afghanistan is significant—the Russians firmly in control there would be dangerously close to the Persian Gulf and the oil that is the lifeline to many Western countries. And beyond those material concerns lies the fact that despite our predilection for thinking of countries in terms of grain or oil fields or silver mines—all of which Afghanistan has little—there are people there, people being driven from their homes.

And though the sacrifice is great, a boycott by America and perhaps other countries may be the only way to convince the Russian populace that all is not well with their government's policies. A correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor* found on a recent trip to Russia that many people there had no idea of the justification for the American boycott—they had been told so little about Afghanistan. Men and women on the streets could not restrain their bitterness at America for trying to spoil the Games and many broke down into tears. Indeed, Tass, the official Soviet news agency, reported the USOC vote with no mention of the accompanying condemnation of Soviet actions in Afghanistan.

But even if the Soviet people continue to be deluded and little Olga sends us letters about love and wedding dresses, we must boycott the Olympic Games. We must make it perfectly clear that we do not condone Russia's hypocrisy and that we will not watch impotently as the giant tanks roll on at 50 mph and the nerve gas is released and the people of Afghanistan are crushed.

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