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# The Daily Tar Heel

92nd year of editorial freedom

## From obscurity to scrutiny

As welcome and refreshing as Gary Hart's overnight ascent to the front ranks of contenders for the Democratic presidential nomination was, there was also a disturbing note to both his victory in the New Hampshire primary and the subsequent media fanfare. Were American voters, bored with the exhaustive press coverage of the bland, if politically solid, Mondale simply responding to the idea of an exuberant candidate with self-touted "new ideas"? That American voters so readily flocked to a candidate whose precise platform remained ambiguous almost seemed irresponsible. Yet the results of Super Tuesday and subsequent primaries and caucuses have convinced voters to give Hart a closer look, to examine where and what for he stands. In turn, Hart must now successfully contend with life under the political magnifying glass if he plans to win his party's nomination.

A candidate outside of the political limelight is allowed the luxury of unnoticed mistakes. Hart enjoys no such luxury; now at center stage, he has been plagued by blunders and disproven claims. For instance, Hart seems more than a bit befuddled when it comes to TV commercials. The senator last week found himself apologizing to Mondale for accusing the former vice president of planning to run

"negative" commercials that, in fact, did not exist. Ironically enough, it was Hart who then aired a television segment denouncing Mondale's endorsement by Cook County (Ill.) Democratic chairman Edward Vrdolyak.

Moreover, Hart's campaign in Illinois witnessed both a growing skepticism among voters and a breaking down of the myth that all Yuppies supported Hart. Hart was so insistent upon his fresh perspective that the press corps dubbed the senator "His Newness." Illinois voters apparently shared the doubts of the press — both yearned for the substance behind Hart's claims — and Mondale came away with a solid victory, winning over affluent suburbanites formerly believed to support Hart.

Although no candidate should be judged on the basis of his public composure alone, Hart must certainly realize his precarious position and the importance of perception. In politics, reality plays second fiddle to what the public perceives. The wave of skepticism about Hart's "new ideas" is in part unfounded, but it is reassuring to see the senator bombarded, as his opponents have been, by the press and the public. It's only fair. The fire's been stoked. Now it is up to Hart to keep cool under all the pressure and make his platform clearer to voters.

## Post-game lament: Why us?

It just doesn't seem fair. Three of the four teams pegged to make it to Seattle did. The one that was supposed to win it all did not. Instead, Virginia, easy prey for the Heels twice this season and a team that just did squeak by to make the NAAs, is in the Final Four. And the Tar Heels will be staying home for a second straight year.

Only He knows exactly how all this came to pass. Not that we'd ever stoop to play Monday morning quarterback, but maybe if the Dean had played Michael Jordan more in the second half against Indiana... And what if Kenny Smith had not gotten injured in the game against LSU? Those questions will linger long into the year, until time comes for another pre-season poll and the chance for vindication.

As a simple matter of reflection, those who are quick to place the blame should remember, this was the year — we had the team, the player. But a destiny that

hinges on your all-American not getting into foul trouble or another starter not breaking his wrist is precarious at best. In basketball, off nights are far more common than national championships.

Try as we might, we've come to realize that philosophical rationalizations do little to ease the disappointment of fans who pulled for the team all year. The long, mostly victorious season boiled down into one, bitter 72-68 loss against Indiana Thursday night, and that's sad. But we've had an entire weekend to drown our sorrows and walk with heads bowed. To lift our spirits, let's remember the team's undefeated ACC record, and the spectacular play of Michael Jordan and Sam Perkins during the regular season. We might have thought that we wouldn't party on Franklin Street for the rest of the year. Let's not let one game discourage that effort, or whatever effort it takes to walk with chins up.

## A Moscow pizzeria's influence system

By DAVID ROME

Everyday is an experience for an American in Moscow. Although I found life for four months there often frustrating and miserable, in many ways, I miss it now.

Living in Moscow and not being exposed to the influence system is like living in Chapel Hill and not knowing about the Tar Heels. I had an interesting exposure to this influence system at one of four Moscow pizzerias. A stranger and I stood in the snow and knocked on the closed door of the pizzeria. A little while later a doorman opened the door and said, "There are no places," and slammed it quickly. We knocked again. He opened the door and said, "What do you want?" I said, "Pizza." The other man opened his jacket and revealed a military uniform.

The doorman let us into the small entryway and said, "So, you want to eat, huh," while rubbing his palms. The stranger pulled out a closed billfold and opened it in front of the doorman, revealing something which I could not see. I knew all about this game, but it was not worth it for me to give him any money, so I pulled out a cheap ball point pen and handed it to him; a similar pen had admitted me into the fanciest restaurant and dance hall in town. He said, "What's this?" I said, "A pen, American." He smiled at the other guy and gave it back to me as if it were an insult. For some reason, though, he let us both in the next door.

As we came through the next door, we started to take our coats off and head for the coat room, but the doorman's boss came over and yelled, "You can take your coat off," pointing at me, "and you cannot" pointing at the other guy. "You can only go to the bar if you want." The other man accepted his fate without argument, and I was seated in a room with several empty tables.

This influence exists on all levels and gives rise to the black market. Black marketeering was widespread in my institute, and Westerners in the Soviet Union are frequently approached by black marketeers wanting to buy their clothes or watches or American dollars. My strangest experience with

this "second economy" was when a Soviet friend and I were trying to hail a cab. It is well known that private car drivers will provide illegal taxi service at a premium price, often using government gasoline purchased "on the left" from truck drivers. Just such a car stopped for my friend and me. When I was riding along, my friend pointed out the suit hanging next to me which was a policeman's uniform, and I noticed the police light in the back window and the sophisticated radio. We were riding in a police car, and he took us halfway across town for 3 rubles (\$4).

That same friend, Andrei, who helped me hail the taxi, is now in the Soviet Army doing his two years of obligatory service. He was one who went out of his way to meet foreigners. He wanted to know about the West and liked to show off his knowledge of and love for Western things. We avoided political discussions with each other, but when we finally did talk politics, he surprised me by being a firm believer in the Soviet system and the construction of communism.

Once when I tried to call Andrei, who rented a room from an old woman, I was frightened for his safety. The first time I called, I spoke with the old woman who said to call back in an hour. I called back in an hour and a man picked up the phone and spoke only after I spoke. I asked for Andrei, and he repeatedly asked me who I was, where I was from, where I was calling from, and why I needed to speak with Andrei. He said that Andrei was indeed there, but insisted on knowing more about me. Andrei, who could not have me over to his place, had warned me previously not to announce on the phone that I was an American, etc. I had learned to call only from the street or public places, and this time I was in the metro. I finally hung up on this man who I suspected was with the KGB and worried about Andrei. I then went several weeks before contacting Andrei again, but he laughed off the incident on the phone as a drunk neighbor playing games.

The Soviet education system was admirable in many ways. I was constantly reminded that 80 per-

cent of the population was illiterate before the revolution in 1917, and now, virtually no one is. The school systems are standardized throughout the country and seem to emphasize memorization of material rather than interpretation. Everyone takes great pride in the classics of Russian literature. The Soviets take great pride in their cultural performances as well. I saw my first operas and ballets and several of the best plays in the best theatres for an average of \$3 a ticket. Movies cost between 20 and 80 cents.

When I would see how poor the quality of most consumer goods was and see how slowly and inefficiently many people worked, I would say to myself, "Is this the country that is supposed to beat us in a war?" Obviously, many of the best resources go into defense, but this is a country where, when they hear about microchips, boasted that they would make the biggest microchips in the world. The Soviets lost 20 million people during World War II, and have a deep sense of the reality of war. Their fear of the United States made them wonder about the Soviet military threat that Americans tend to feel.

The natural tendency is to try and compare life in the Soviet Union with life in America. I was constantly asked to make these comparisons in Moscow, and I was naturally biased toward the United States. Then, realizing I needed to say something positive about the Soviet Union, I would say, "Yes, but you have the best ice cream in the world; vanilla is my favorite anyway, so who needs other flavors." They have more than good ice cream. They have full employment, a workable welfare system, a consistent and palatable view of history and the world and a proud heritage and cultural tradition. Several Russians told me how much Russians and Americans are alike. We may be, but we live in very different countries with different ideologies, values and legacies. As the Russians would say, "Homeland is homeland."

David Rome, a junior Russian major from Bloomfield, Conn., spent last fall in Moscow at the Pushkin Institute of the Russian Language. This column is the last in a series on Soviet life.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Men, media oppress women

To the editor:

In the past few weeks, a great deal of planning, organization and presentation has taken place by groups concerned about the problems facing women in today's society. However, these efforts to create awareness have run into some barriers readily ap-

parent within the present male-dominated system.

For example, the rally in the Pit in honor of International Women's Day attracted between 75 and 100 onlookers — most of whom stayed for the entire program — but failed to attract even a mention in either

*The Daily Tar Heel* or *The Chapel Hill Newspaper*.

Women unaccustomed to public speaking as well as those comfortable before crowds — including nationally-known singer Holly Near — took the opportunity to create an awareness of the numerous problems that are inherent in the current system of male problems that are inherent in the current system of male supremacy. Excuses are readily made by and for the media — the most popular being "we can't cover everyone who speaks in the Pit" — but maybe the fault of the media lies within a system that effectively portrays the problems of women as trivial. The media thereby dismiss themselves from any sort of social responsibility for addressing and changing these problems.

In the second instance, the rape awareness program initiated by AWS, through its red ribbons and letters to the editor, was met with male

disapproval. Perhaps Joe Simpson ("Escort enlightened," *DTH*, March 19) believes he deserves a gold star for working for an escort organization that protects women from rapists while it promotes the patriarchal system which encourages women to look to me for protection from men. He takes considerable offense to Ashley Royal's statement, "If we don't fight back, who will? Certainly not men." Having to rely on men for protection is not fighting back, it's falling back — back into a position of inferiority and continued male domination.

Shouldn't there be a solution to the problems facing women that does not include submitting to any form of domination — either verbal, physical or psychological?

M. Wall  
Chapel Hill

### GPSF positions

To the editor:

One-third of the degree-seeking, fee-paying students on this campus are graduate and professional students. In many ways, graduate and undergraduate students have much in common; but in many other ways, graduate students' concerns, needs and perspectives are quite different. Because of these differences it is important that we are represented in the University structure where decisions and policies are made which affect us in particular and all students in general.

The Graduate and Professional Student Federation annually appoints graduate and professional students to Chancellor's Committees and other university boards. Appointments will be made to the following Chancellor's Committees: Building and Grounds; Calendar; Established

Lectures; Scholarships, Awards and Student Aid; Parking Appeals; Status of Minorities and the Disadvantaged; Student Health Services Advisory; Student Stores Advisory; Food Services Advisory; Traffic and Parking Advisory; and Energy Conservation.

The following appointments will also be made: GPSF vice president, graduate attorney general and Union Board of Directors.

Students who are interested in any of these positions are encouraged to call or stop by the GPSF office in Suite D of the Carolina Union. Most positions involve only two to four meetings a year, but the contributions that can be made are significant. If in doubt, go ahead and apply.

Tom Terrell  
GPSF President

### 1983 'Yack' available

To the editor:

For those of you who have been patient, the wait will soon be over; the 1983 *Yackety Yack* will go to press April 2. We have put together what we believe to be a more student-oriented *Yack* than has appeared in many years. Our objective was to make a book that will remind you what it was to be a student at UNC in 1983.

We regret the late publication date of this issue, but we did not want to publish until we were satisfied that the book was what our subscribers — Carolina students — wanted. We thought it better to come out late and have a book that you can appreciate

for the next 50 years.

Unlike years before, we will not print any extra copies of the 1983 book. However, right now we are taking subscriptions for a special extended press run. This is your opportunity to purchase a *Yack*. Our long waiting list indicated that many people wanted to get a book but did not subscribe.

If you would like to reserve a copy of the 1983 *Yack*, come by our office, 106 Carolina Union, by Thursday, March 29.

Peter Krogh  
associate editor  
1983 *Yackety Yack*

## Born again, lost again?

By MICHAEL MATTI

I'm on the phone to Jesus night before last and after my usual gripes about too much work, not enough sex and the threat of thermonuclear annihilation. He says, how'd you like a visit? Right, I say, that's an old one. You show three times looking scuzzy, so I throw you out thrice and look like a jerk. No, no joke. He says, and offers to buy the beer. Dig it, says I.

So the next day's bright and fine with a breeze as soft and warm as babies' breath but smelling a lot better, and I'm kicked back on the Lenoir steps sucking up some palpable rays listening to birds twittering and squirrels rutting and somebody shouting Jesus in the Pit. He's a wonderfully clear-eyed young man but most everybody's ignoring him. Not me. Just because it isn't gonna be a joke doesn't mean He doesn't have a sense of humor, right? But the well-groomed very white young fellow doesn't wink at me so I get bored too and look at the other bored or embarrassed or amused people going by, mostly the girls, you know, and I see this babe who makes my molars hurt. Spiked heels, leather skirt and shaggy hair; tight-limbed and knowing it, with breasts that move like breeze-touched blossoms.

Well, she's not winking at me either, but she is looking at him while he's saying something about how he knows all about temptation, how he, too, wasted his life sodomizing Labradors, drinking Sterno, shooting Clorox, and how he's saved and we're fried and she walks over and just lays into him with a line of rap like I never heard before. That sweet babe's glaring through mascara calling

him and his brand of religion neo-

tascist hate-mongers merchandizing misery and other stuff I can't even remember while working in aspersions upon his engendering that I do remember but can't say in a newspaper.

Then these two other clear-eyed fellows come up behind the chick each grabbing an arm while the evangelist shuts her up by anointing her face and breasts with his well-worn copy of the Word. By this time, a really good-sized crowd has gathered, and our boy goes back into his rap while the babe is kind of sagging there held up by the arms and the spittle from his mouth reflects the same clear light of his eyes as he climaxes, pumping those syllables, calling the woman a harlot and, yanking her hair back with one hand, screaming Amen, rams his tightly rolled Good News down her throat.

I sit there for a couple of seconds trying to figure if this is one of those psychotropic flashbacks, decide not, and run inside to call Security, an ambulance and the Chapel Hill police. Then I run back out to see what's to do. The girl is gone. The authority figures arrived to find 62 new clear-eyed converts all praising Jesus so stoned happy saying yes sir and no sir to everything that they hand me an \$82.65 ambulance bill and a misdemeanor charge. And they don't wink either.

So I know already but just to be sure I wait 'til midnight with no sign of Jesus before I call again. She answers the 'phone but can't talk, of course. Sounds like She's crying. I say I'm sorry and maybe some other time. She was right, it ain't no joke, what they do to Jesus in the Pit.

Michael Matti is a graduate student in English from Pittsboro.



NO, IT'S BETTER THAN GOLD...IT'S A USFL FOOTBALL CONTRACT.

### The Daily Tar Heel

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PLEASE, MR. MEESE, I'M OUT OF WORK AND DOWN ON MY LUCK... CAN I LOAN YOU SOME MONEY?..