

## Tar Heel Forum

# Angry poet makes plea for universal brotherhood

It was a fleeting moment, even incandescent. Twenty students of Russia stood round a table, one of them reading aloud a section of the poet's latest work. The gathered stood silent, intent, unmoving — except for one, Yevtushenko himself, turning restlessly to and fro, wreathed by his cigarette cloud.

The translation being read was new, not yet completed. It was so fresh that the listeners could make suggestions to its translation, such as changing the word "frontier," with its romantic connotations for Americans, to the more forbidding "border."

The paper in Professor Todd's hands was the only English version of the new work — the only one. Likely it was the first time these words had been voiced to an audience. And so for those listening, who could not find the poem anywhere else in any language, it was a fleeting moment. Each image, each rhythm, each cry lingered singing in the air — and then was gone forever, erased by the next image, rhythm, cry.

And for me at least, the evening itself was incandescent. I have only a scant knowledge of Russian culture, and only a scant appreciation of literature. But I know enough of both to read "Babbi Yar" and recognize its tremendous power and emotion, to realize that Yevtushenko is the most prominent cultural figure in the Soviet Union since Solzhenitsyn. And I knew enough — or perhaps little enough — to be in absolute awe of the poet I stood next to.

Yevtushenko came to Memorial Hall Thursday night with a message of universal brotherhood. Throughout his career he has identified himself with the world's suffering, its "hounded, spat upon, slandered." Twenty-five years ago, Yevtushenko wrote the great "Babbi Yar," a reflection on the site near Kiev where hundreds of thousands of Russian Jews were machine-gunned by Nazi soldiers. He wrote: "And I myself am one massive, soundless scream/ above the thousand thousand buried here/ I am each old man here shot dead/ I am every child here shot dead."

He cried these words on a starkly lit Memorial stage, in the harshly beautiful Russian tongue, with unknowable anguish. Over and over he sounded his theme of the oneness of suffering, that injustice against any man is a crime against humanity. "A tear which evaporates somewhere in Paraguay," he said, "falls as a snowflake on the cheek of an Eskimo." And also: "I would like freedom, but not at the expense of the unfree." And with anger: "I would like to fight on all your barricades, humanity."

Yevtushenko is an angry poet. In earlier poems he raged against the moral tragedies of America, at Kent State and Dallas. "The Statue of Liberty's color/ Grows ever more deathly pale/ As, loving freedom with bullets/ And taking liberty with bullets/ You shoot at yourself, America."

And while such sentiments may have helped

**Edwin Fountain**  
Guest Writer

keep him in the graces of the Soviet literary establishment, he did not hesitate to attack them in turn, in poems such as "Cemetery of Whales" and "Conversation with an American Writer": "I was never courageous. I simply felt it unbecoming to stoop to the cowardice of my colleagues."

Thursday night Yevtushenko spoke of three great novels he says are being written in the Soviet Union today. He predicted that only "one and a half" of them would be published. He recently gave a bitter speech to the Soviet Congress of Writers denouncing censorship and restraint of critical freedom; the text was heavily edited in the Soviet press. Yevtushenko is angry still.

He is equally angry at elements of American culture which promote the "evil empire" view of his homeland. He has often condemned such films as "Rocky IV" and "Red Dawn" as two-dimensional propaganda works that serve only to exacerbate American ignorance, suspicion, and fear of the Soviet Union. He repeated those condemnations Thursday night, both in his poetry reading and at the gathering after.

The poet himself has turned to film as a medium of expression, and one of his self-appointed tasks on this American tour is to arrange a cinematic exchange between the two countries. This project represents the man so well. For one thing, the maverick poet is working against institutional reluctance and governmental resistance in both countries.

Yet more fundamentally, Yevtushenko is committed to the goal of such an exchange; to promote mutual understanding and appreciation, to teach of the humanity and goodness on both sides of the Iron Curtain. This commitment tells why he is so angered by "Rambomania." The commitment is also a direct extension of his message of universal brotherhood, of the oneness of mankind. "I am a racist," he said at Memorial. "I recognize only one race, the race of all races."

And so, because of this great dignity and dedication, I let myself be awed by this poet, as we stood around a table and he washed down shots of Czechoslovakian firewater with chasers of beer, listening to Professor Todd read his poem.

"I am a countryman to all countries," Todd read, "and even to some far-away galaxies." Yevtushenko is indeed a man whose art transcends ideologies, and knows no borders.

Edwin Fountain is a senior Russian studies and political science major from Nimitz Hill, Guam.

## Eliminating pornography will not stop sexual abuse

This is a response to Myron Liptzin's column ("Violent porn censored, crime lingers," Feb. 25) and all others whose answers to complex social problems are generalizations and finger-pointing at easy targets which are felt to be moral questions. I have become frustrated with the growing mentality of punishing the innocent with the guilty, because it's a sure way to stop the guilty.

Most pornography is of a nonviolent nature. The average 17-year-old can witness more rape, murder, abuse and sexual exploitation of women in mainstream media than a 21-year-old will see in a mainstream adult film.

You have dismissed the Scandinavian report because it doesn't suit your point. Your desire to manipulate emotions by lumping all adult viewing under one banner smacks of the same tactics used to keep minorities out of white neighborhoods — Congressional Club strategies using emotional discomfort and fear to create a thoughtless knee-jerk response in your favor. You are correct, however, in stating that the issue of rape and assault must be addressed with reason and passion. But I emphasize reason. So let's.

Starting with female exploitation: Now, maybe I've missed something, but aren't there men in these erotic videos also? If the females are exploited, what about the males? Is it your belief that men love performing before a camera and will only do it by force? This attitude doesn't allow women the same sexual freedoms, feelings and expressions as men. Some of these female individuals make \$1,500 a day, are producing national magazines and directing and enjoying themselves. Check for yourself.

Let's face it, at most, these films reflect the same biases that pervade our male-dominated society. Women are over half the population. What's the percentage represented in politics, business and media? How does the pay for women compare with that of men? In R-rated movies, how many women have you seen nude as opposed to men? At least in adult films it's usually a one-to-one ratio.

Point Two: I wish someone would clearly explain to me the belief that the producer of a violent scene in film or video becomes responsible if someone imitates it. This argument has been used against pornography so often, I could start to believe it if I didn't know it was absurd. By this reasoning, gun manufacturers are responsible for thousands of assaults, murders and robberies every year. I don't see North Carolina outlawing handguns, rifles or knives. As an adult in our society, I am responsible for my actions, not the tools. Videos don't rape — people rape.

As far as the idea that viewing pornography habituates us to sexual violence, in all my viewing, I haven't found the idea of rape, bondage or other such activity any more appealing. I can't fantasize about doing such things, let alone watch it. However, humans are susceptible to emotional excitement. Witness the violent activities that can

**Solomon Gibson III**  
Guest Writer

erupt during and after many sporting events, say ... a basketball game, for instance. Shall we ban sports?

Let's move on to morality. Pornography has always been a moral and a personal question. Those videos don't leap off the shelves into my hands, as I recall. No one forces me at gunpoint to view them. Heck, I don't even have to go into a video store unless I choose to. This is the same for everyone, I imagine. The point is choice. God gave us the gift of free choice. We are also meant to be tempted. The Tree of Knowledge was placed in the Garden of Eden with Adam and Eve. Not hidden in a cave, on top of some mountain, or obscured from view. It was accessible and they were given a choice. Applying the present day moral conservative mentality, God made a mistake, or the Tree should have been destroyed. Clearly, neither is true. We are subject to temptation. We may give in often, but we prove very little, morally, without it.

To finish, let me state I don't imply, in any way, that rape isn't a heinous assault on women. It's disgusting, sick behavior. I have been involved with a "Take Back the Night" rally. I advocate total punishment of the guilty and as much crime prevention as possible in our social system. The harm we manage to inflict on each other is barbaric. But the problem is not pornography or explicit material. After all, there are a lot of us viewing it, indulging in this healthy act, or fantasizing about it at least once a day. If this number of people become sexual abusers, America would be in constant chaos with only a handful of us outside a penitentiary. The problem is not the accessibility of adult erotica, and outlawing it will not end rape, assault or murder. Eliminating guns would come closer to doing that. The problems are caused by attitudes that say peace can only be maintained by having more weapons than the "enemy"; the acceptance that war can be a solution to ideological or political differences; and a society that makes it easier to view violence and conflict on home TV than a naked body and where the prudence of making contraception available is equated with promiscuity.

Maybe it's me, but I have a real distaste for government legislation of personal moral decisions. A taste Orwellian.

We must learn to understand our desires, not hide from them or deny they are there, to grow as mature adults. If we can't handle the viewing of explicit material, we certainly shouldn't be running a country, state or household.

Solomon Gibson III is a laboratory animal technician in the Division of Laboratory Animal Medicine.

### Integrity stained

To the editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to respond to David Pardini's letter concerning the Craigie polling site during the February 18th run-off. ("Lillie's fault," Feb. 24). Pardini charged that he was never contacted about recruitment of poll tenders for Craigie dorm. Upon reading Mr. Pardini's letter I looked into the matter. I confirmed that a member of the Elections Board had talked to either Mr. Pardini or his roommate and informed him of the postponement of the run-off. Due to the lapse of time between that conversation and Pardini's letter, she cannot recall what exactly was said during the conversation.

Obviously, a breakdown in communications occurred. However, my comments to the DTH ("Hassel, Jones win campus vote," Feb. 19) concerning the Craigie poll were not an effort to place the blame on David Pardini. I informed the DTH reporters that as Elections Board Chairman, I bear the ultimate responsibility for the Craigie site not being open. These comments were not printed by the DTH.

I do feel I can place the blame on Mr. Pardini for the nature of his letter, which bordered on character assassination. While Mr. Pardini certainly has the right to criticize my actions and decisions as Elections Board Chair, his attempts to stain my personal integrity were as unfair as they were unfounded. Mr. Pardini has never met me, yet he was able to paint an ugly picture of my personality for the entire campus to see. Mr. Pardini did not even contact me before writing his letter to see if I had been correctly quoted by the DTH. I hope that in the future Mr. Pardini will have second thoughts before he savagely and unjustly attacks the character of a man he has never met.

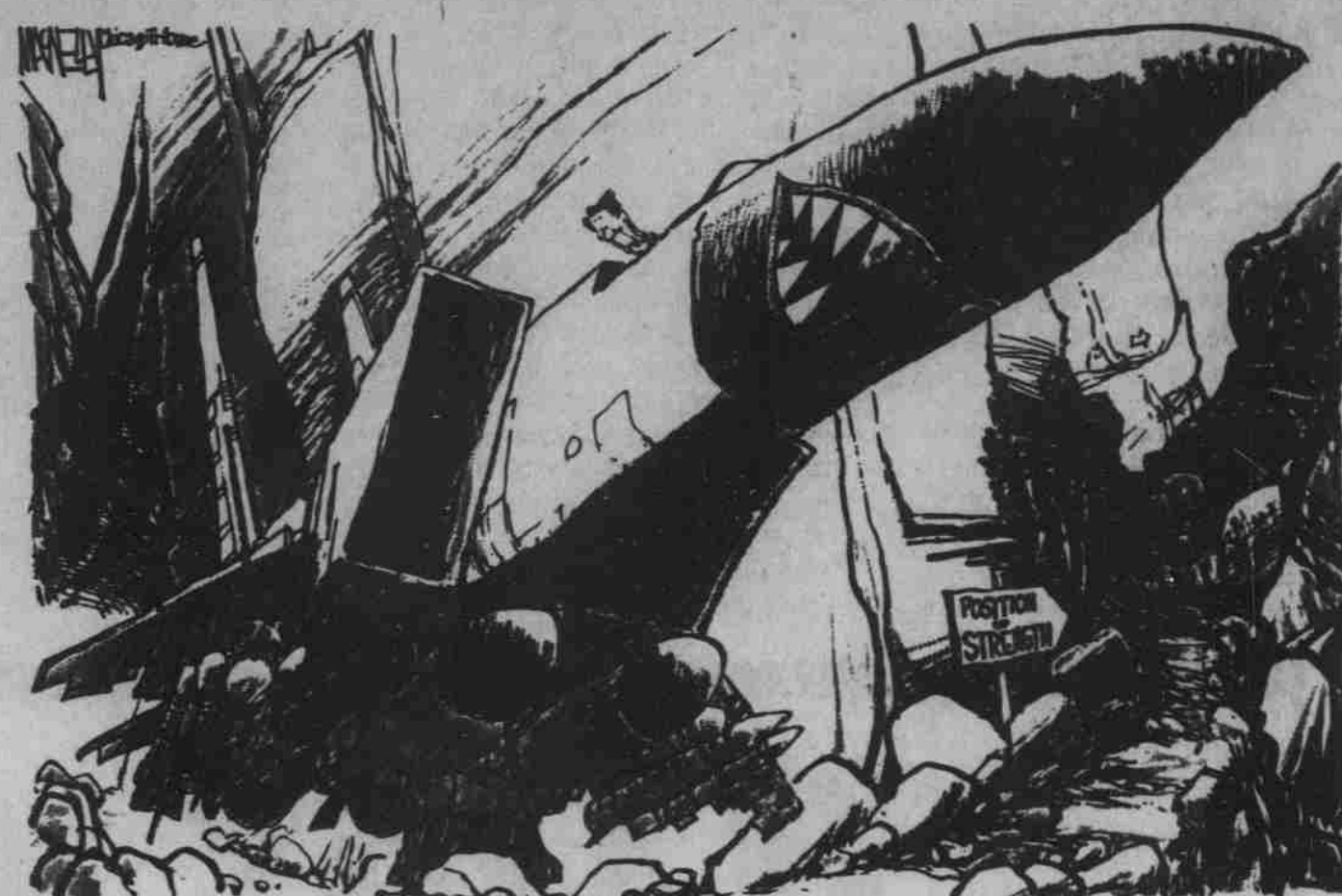
Bruce Lillie  
Junior  
Peace, War, and Defense

### Cool out!

To the editor:

It's gone on far too long and far too passionately. As I picked up the DTH today, I found on the back page, "Shuttle disaster reminds us who true heroes are," (Feb. 27) by John Gibbs. Well, I can't take it anymore. Yes, there was a tragedy. Yes, we were all able to explicitly witness the disaster repetitively. Yes, it was nearly impossible to believe. I can't argue: it was intense, it was incredible, it was spectacular, it was disastrous. But damn it guys, worse things have happened and received much less attention.

Qualm No. 1: In the last year, we've had at least two plane crashes killing more than 200 people (perfectly innocent people who had no idea what they were getting into, I might add.) Are we saying that the loss of these seven astronauts is worse than the loss of these hundreds of people? Is our American ego so damaged? Did the Russians score a touchdown on this one? Would we be happy to hear that something like this happened to the Soviets? Are we just a bunch of immoral, unethical jerks playing one big football



"IT'S JUST AROUND THIS NEXT BEND."

game? Why is everybody so damned upset? Gibbs admits that the reason the reaction to the explosion has been so great is because an American symbol was damaged. Is that why he is amazed that "... in a world filled with such wonder and promise a tragedy of this magnitude can happen?"

Qualm No. 2: Gibbs states, "We blindly placed our faith in machines which we thought were infallible. ... all the while forgetting that these machines were merely the tools of fallible men." I can't quite understand why everybody's so ticked at NASA. Something malfunctioned. Somebody screwed up. Neither Gibbs nor I have any idea what went wrong. What the hell makes anybody think it was fallible men and not fallible machines? For all we know it could have been some kid's bottle rocket. Seems to me that NASA has a pretty good track record. I think they're probably trying their best — I mean, this sort of thing doesn't make them look good, you know. So maybe they did screw up. Calm down. Cool out. I'm sure they're going to try their damndest to find out what happened. They want this to happen again even less than you or I do.

Qualm No. 3: Gibbs states, "The real tragedy is that in failing, seven very brave men and women were lost." I don't know exactly what he meant by this. He could mean that the reason everybody is so upset is because seven brave folks died. (I doubt he means this.) He could mean that underneath all this BS, the real tragedy is the death of seven folks. (I doubt he means this.) What I think he means is that the most devastating loss was the loss of the seven heroes — they weren't just ordinary folk. Gibbs continues to say that it is ironic that there was little talk of courage before the explosion and what a shame that is. I would have to agree. It's downright ridiculous to consider these people brave just because they died.

I believe all our astronauts have courage. But Gibbs, as do many people, makes these people out to be demigods. "Men like Neil Armstrong and John Glenn epitomized the America that we wanted to believe in," he states. What the hell would you do if you were offered a chance to go into

outer space? Of course you and I probably won't be offered a chance, but if we are, I doubt it will be because we stick out above the crowds as incredibly brave folk. Our astronauts are people to be admired and envied, but they don't seem that incredible to me.

What seems incredible to me is that they can be sent to space in the first place, and that is not of the astronauts' doing. I don't know how many people are working (and have worked) on the space program, but it's amazing what has been accomplished. But that's a different story.

Bottom line: Cool out! Something terribly bad happened, but it's not that bad. And if it shook your very belief in yourself, as Gibbs seems to think it did to most, then maybe you ought to go listen to some mellow music and give serious thought as to why you're upset.

Patrick Vernon  
Sophomore  
RTVMP

### Club is shameful

To the editor:

Your Feb. 20 editorial titled "Here comes the Club" accurately revealed the National Congressional Club's shameful use of negative advertising. Instead of attacking a fellow Republican, David Funderburk should air commercials that point out his own attributes.

While Congressman Jim Broyhill and House Speaker Tip O'Neill respect one another as veteran colleagues, they are not politically similar. Tip O'Neill has called himself a liberal. On the other hand, Jim Broyhill's voting record is clearly conservative. Jim Broyhill supports a strong national defense program, deficit reduction by cutting taxes and the preservation of traditional North Carolina industries such as textiles, furniture and tobacco.

Congressman Broyhill has represented the people of the 10th District of North Carolina for the past 23 years. With such experience, he is a proven leader. It just makes good sense to vote for Jim Broyhill for U.S. Senate.

David Balmer  
1984 UNC graduate  
State chairman  
Students for Broyhill

### Comet watch

To the editor:

Halley's comet is no longer hidden in the sun's glare; it appears in the early morning sky and spring break may be students' best time to see the comet. If you saw it in December or January, it's even better now.

Observers can glimpse the comet by looking east-southeast (ESE) 10 to 20 degrees above the horizon just before and during morning twilight (5:15 to 5:45 a.m.). Binoculars, more detailed directions and/or accompanying someone else who knows where to look will save some of the possible frustration of not being able to find the comet. But once located, its tail is broad and distinct. Best of all, during spring break, many students will find themselves in good, remote and dark viewing sites; this makes a world of difference over the light-polluted skies of Chapel Hill — get away from those \*%\$ city lights!

Those students lucky enough to be going south over break should definitely look for Halley's comet because it will appear higher in the sky the farther south you go. So, don't make the mistake of waiting until April, when the comet's supposed to be at its best, because then it may be cloudy. Do yourself a favor — drag yourself out of bed, bring a friend along and enjoy this memorable event.

Peter McCullough  
Senior  
Physics/Astronomy

### Letters?

Wanna tell the world what you think? Write us — we're interested. The following is *The Daily Tar Heel's* policy for "Letters to the Editor."

• Limit of two signatures per letter. We don't require you to divulge your grade point average, but each person whose name appears should include a phone number, year in school and major.

• Letters should be typed, double-spaced on a 60-space line (Set your margins at 12 and 72 — that's the most convenient). Please turn in letters by noon the day before publication date.

## Brews, scoping, cruising: part of 'Stripping' it

**Donna Leinwand**  
Staff Writer

It's a tradition. Every year thousands of college students pack up their swim suits and their favorite beer mugs and invade a stretch of beach on the southeast coast of Florida known as the Fort Lauderdale "Strip."

The Strip offers a prime spot in the Florida sun with close proximity to the various bars. These drinking emporiums serve more than mere beer. Wet T-shirts, best buns and teeny weeny bikinis have their spot on the menu as well. Bands consider the Strip to be maximum exposure territory so students will see the pick of the up-and-coming crop. Neon signs blink daily drink specials and the red and white awnings of Penrod's and The Candy Store, two legendary bars, vie for the attentions of the impressionable youth.

Don't be fooled by the circus atmosphere. There's serious stuff going on here and there are particular modes of conduct that will facilitate having the ultimate spring break experience.

Florida is a casual place; however, proper attire is necessary. During the day, girls lounge about in the skimpiest bathing suits allowed by law. Guys sport knee-length surfer shorts with psychedelic designs in kaleidoscope colors. European swim suits (snicker, snicker) don't warrant mention.

For the evening, dress varies only slightly. Guys trade their flamboyant bathing suits for more subdued shorts and polos. Many adopt a white blazer, a la Miami Vice. Girls flaunt their newly acquired tans (or burns) in dangerously short miniskirts and low-cut sundresses.

Accessories can make or break you. Sunglasses are imperative for hiding bloodshot eyes. For guys, hats are key, but be creative — the funkier the better. College students are an ingenious lot, so hats have to be spectacular to grab attention. In the past, people have constructed hats with containers for continuous consumption on top. A straw leads from the container to the wearer's mouth, leaving the hands free for riskier business.

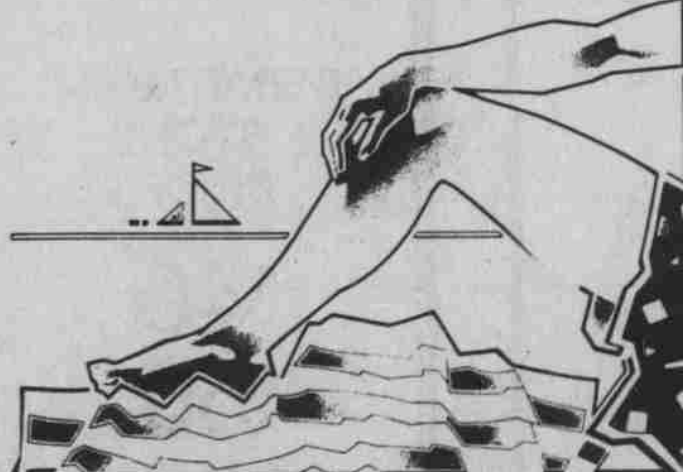
Obviously, the Rites of Spring Break revolve

around alcohol. Drinking contests are a primary form of entertainment. Removal of clothing runs a close second. If, by chance or choice, you become involved in said events, do not mention the name of the school you attend. If they ask, you're from Ohio State. It's a big school. No one will notice. This way you save your school from needless embarrassment. If you are feeling particularly nasty, say you're from Duke and your name is uh, duh, Mark Alarie.

Before you actually "hit the Strip," whether under your name or Mark's, it is wise to observe the action. "Cruising the Strip" puts the beach's wild activity in proper perspective. However, putt-putting around in a Chevy Vega with a camera slung about your neck just doesn't cut it. One must take an active part in the general ruckus.

A convertible offers the best cruising potential, as it brings the action right into the car. With the top down, you and your comrades can perch on the top of the seats and guzzle beer. Out of the corner of your eye, be continuously on the lookout for any acquaintances, no matter how remote. Once you spot them, wave casually, as if you were the main attraction of a parade. If one of your buddies becomes too drunk to maintain balance, let him lie on the hood, with the excuse of catching a few extra rays. Don't worry about him falling off. You rarely exceed seven miles per hour. With 10,000 cars on one street, you're not exactly drag racing.

By the time you have completed the cruising ritual, you have probably spotted some appealing merchandise. Here's where the juicy stuff begins — members of the opposite sex. Aside from



imbibing alcoholic beverages and obtaining the perfect tan, all thoughts focus on sex. Whole fraternities in heat descend upon the beaches like the plague, infecting anything in a bikini. However, certain protocol must be followed.

Young men congregate on "the wall" between two bars — Penrod's and Summers on the Beach — where they "scope." This means eying the passing females and casually hopping off when they see a prospective victim.

Young ladies merely saunter by "the wall" or enter a wet T-shirt contest if they desire a spring break animal. They are rarely forced to do their own scoping as there are far more men than women. They may choose to scope purely for pleasure.

The rules in this giant playpen are rather simple. Just follow mom and dad's advice ... share your toys. Yes, lots of sharing goes on.

Those liberal arts perspectives come in handy, too. If your calculations conclude that there are seven people to a double bed, thank your Math 22 professor. Be thankful that Chem 11 taught you the difference between ethyl alcohol and rubbing alcohol.

Donna Leinwand is a freshman journalism and economics major from Boca Raton, Fla.