

# The Daily Tar Heel

94th year of editorial freedom

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## Editorials

### Meanwhile, back at the ranch

Envision a bar, lit only by a portable black and white television. Slouched before it are two old friends debating the merits of Hollywood's mentality over a few cold drafts.

— You know Bobby Ewing's coming back to 'Dallas' on the last show of the season.

— How can he? Nobody could have survived the hit he took when Catherine nailed him with her car. Then everybody saw his heartbeat line go flat. And they keep showing his gravesite.

— Maybe so, but you didn't see him die. You didn't see his funeral. And he wasn't hit that hard.

— How can you not be hit that hard by a speeding car? I'll grant you that Patrick Duffy is returning to the show, but not as Bobby. And I don't care what you say—

— He has to play Bobby. He is Bobby! They wouldn't bring him back to the show to play anyone else because they could get someone else to play whatever role they have in mind for much less money. Let me tell you my theory. The show's hurting, right? It was bad enough when Jock died, and then they got Donna Reed to play Miss Ellie. But then Bobby... Look at them now! Disgusting scenes of J.R. fawning over John Ross! Deaf kids abused by orphanages! Rip-offs of "Romancing the Stone!"

— Bobby's dead, and that's that. How

can he possibly be alive?

— Try this. Bobby couldn't choose between Pam and Jenna Wade, and who could? So Bobby decided to take some time off, get away from it all and figure out which one he wanted to marry.

— Here we go again, just when I thought this editorial had some semblance of reason. Bobby had already decided to remarry Pam.

— Jenna had a wiretap in Pam's bedroom. And when she realized Bobby and Pam were getting back together, she took matters into her own hands and... decided to turn him into a zombie for her own personal use. She got the doctor to fake Bobby's death. So when everyone thought she was losing her marbles, she really knew Bobby was still alive.

— I've got an idea. Why don't we ask them what they think Patrick Duffy will do on "Dallas?"

— Them? You mean...

— Yes, the readers, we'll just announce a (drum roll, please)...

**Daily Tar Heel contest:** If you think you know what Patrick Duffy is doing back at Southfork, send us your humorous, creative explanation of 400 words or less, typed and triple-spaced on a 60-space line. The deadline is Monday at noon, and the best entry will be published Tuesday. Employees of The Daily Tar Heel and their relatives are not eligible. Thank you for your support.

### Do your duty, Congress

Procrastinators waited until Tuesday to begin that annual fun-filled ritual that brings more Americans together in spirit than any other federal holiday. They claimed exemptions, affixed address labels, crammed 1040s in envelopes and rushed to the post office. Even if they procrastinated filing their tax returns until after post offices officially closed, taxpayers could take returns to stores qualified to give that precious April 15 postmark. Most Americans did their patriotic duty, giving the government money to spend in the future.

Now Congress has put off the procrastinators — and everybody else. The United States also faced an April 15 deadline to observe — not to figure out how much they owed, but what it would do with the revenue it had. In short, Congress was to have approved the fiscal 1987 budget by Tuesday. They hadn't even been debating one.

President Reagan properly berated Congress for its lack of responsibility: "While millions of Americans will be meeting their obligation to their government, it appears that once again Congress is not going to meet its obligation to the American people."

Few congressmen publicly worried about missing the deadline. William Gray, D-Pa., chairman of the House Budget Committee, seemed to accept matter-of-factly that Congress would not meet its self-imposed deadline:

"What happened last year? What happened the year before?" According to Missouri Republican Sen. John Danforth, "What else is new?"

What's new, of course, is the Gramm-Rudman balanced-budget law Congress passed last fall. Under Gramm-Rudman, Congress must balance spending with revenue by 1991. Clear spending limits must be imposed on the federal government in the preceding years. Obviously, spending limits on a budget can't be enacted if there is no budget.

Naturally, congressmen are uneasy about going on record supporting cuts in federal programs — cuts they fear could cost them votes. By not approving a budget, Congress is able to vote piecemeal on programs, diluting the effect of these cuts. Part of the intent of Gramm-Rudman, however, was to remove some of the electoral pressure on congressmen by setting limits. Federal spending cuts must now be made because it's the law. But congressmen apparently are still worried about antagonizing voters.

If Congress really feels strongly about the Gramm-Rudman measures, it would enact them. Putting off tough decisions beyond legal deadlines might help a politician keep voters' support, but it does nothing to solve the problems created by a monstrous budget deficit. It's time for congressmen to bite the bullet and do what they promised.

### Say goodbye to the Turtle Wax girl

Oh, it's hot. The shirt has to come off. The spray of the garden hose makes a tinkling noise at the bottom of the pail. Dunk the sponge in the foam and slop a generous portion of suds on the hood, soaking in those rays while scrubbin' and rinsin' to the beat of the rap, until alas, the fenders and grill burst with that blinding gleam.

Man gets a little boost when admiring the shine of his fine-tuned machine. You can tell by the way he drives. He sits straight in his seat with that cheesy grin on his face and cruises slowly to nowhere in particular.

But do-it-yourselfers beware of an ugly, nasty trick that some greedy people are going to play on you. It's such a cheap shot that it could strip this Saturday afternoon ritual from American culture.

Starting May 1, the International Carwash Association and the National Carwash Council will air commercials urging car owners to halt washing cars by hand. The ads call owners their "car's worst enemy," and they support such claims with proven "university findings." In one ad they claim: "The paint panels we ran through our mock-up carwash suffered less damage in terms of gloss loss and scratching than the panels we washed using five different handwashing techniques."

Can't you see those guys scouring with Brillo pads and Comet cleanser in their "handwashing techniques," smirking with

### The Bottom Line

each rub? Do you think they really washed these "paint panels" with the same TLC you use when spiffin' up your '65 Mustang fire engine-red convertible? Or even your '74 Datsun Honey Bee? C'mon, guys.

These ads threaten to deflate the images of American guys everywhere who are personally responsible for at least part of their car's upkeep. How could guys fix up their wheels if they didn't wash and wax? Besides, how could they burn off that nervous energy before hot weekend dates?

Oh, and what about all the girl scout troops and church youth groups that would have to cancel their beach trip weekends because they couldn't have their fund-raising carwashes?

There would be a bare spot on the garage wall where the Turtle Wax poster girl used to hang. Armor-All would go bankrupt. The grass would have to be mowed more often.

Wait. Did you hear? Mow grass more often. No more excuses when Dad pulls the Lawn-Boy out of the garage. Real work. No more squirting your little brother and sister while jammin' to the carwash beat. Just hot sweaty, summer work.

And that's one bottom line America just couldn't handle.

—T.C.

## Tar Heel Forum

### Lobbying Washington for a better world

Jamie Frame  
Guest Writer

I wanted to pick a major that I thought would be useful to something I might want to be doing in the next 20 years. I started getting worked up over what I wanted to do with my life, so I would know what to decide and declare. One thought kept on intruding — what difference did it make, did anything make, if the world blows up when I'm 30 or 50, or even 21?

Wouldn't it be futile if I decided to teach and all the children died before they realized that they learned? Or if I wrote a novel of social reform, would there be time for the evolution? Even if I became a bum (or remained one) my own death would be snatched from me early. I marvel that this doesn't occur to everyone. I know that not everyone is concerned about the fate of mankind, but surely all these "products of the 70s" care about their own fate.

school and work on myself, learn more about what's going on before I go try to change the world. Or I could take off just this Thursday, miss classes for one day, and go to Washington to talk to my congressman and senators about what I'm concerned about and how I feel... at least until I get a therapist to talk about these things.

There will be 800 other students there from all over the country at the same time doing the same thing, so I know I will be heard. And what are we going to say to our representatives at the Capitol? We will ask them not to vote for first-strike weapons — for if it is only defense we need, what are we going to do with offensive weapons? That forces the other side to wonder about our motives, thus making unstable conditions. We will push for the comprehensive test ban treaty. And we will request that spending for Strategic Defense Initiative be directed toward something else. Anything else.

Maybe a scholarship for people like me, because "Star Wars" won't work. All this is called lobbying. If you think you don't know enough about national defense to go talk to someone

in a position of authority about it (not necessarily an authority on it), there is no better way to learn. You don't even need to talk; you can sit in Sen. John East's office and listen to other people speak with him. You can hear his views and the arguments for and against them. By sitting in the office and letting yourself be seen, your voice is heard. You know what you believe, even if you don't always trust yourself in conveying why. Last year, I talked to my congressman from Connecticut, and he took me to eat ice cream in the House of Representatives dining room. I didn't change his mind about building MX missiles, because the factory is in our district. But he listened to me and I listened to him, and now he knows how one more voter feels about how he votes.

In writing this, I haven't laid out every point on every issue — you learn a lot more of that on the trip. I am only trying to give the basic reasons why I'm urging you to participate in National Student Lobby Day this Thursday, when Students Taking Action for Nuclear Disarmament go to Washington to see and learn by experience. Washington also has some fine restaurants and some of the East Coast's best shopping.

For more information about lobbying, contact the Campus Y.

Jamie Frame is a sophomore interdisciplinary studies major from Westport, Conn.

### Good terrorism?

To the editor:

Well, Americans and their "leaders" are coming down from their orgasm of delight over the attack on Libya. And it looks like Col. Khadafy has finally met his match. I'd say he and Reagan make a pretty good match, in fact.

I'm personally still a little confused about this terrorism business, though, even after Secretary of State George Shultz and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger's explanations. The way I understand it, if someone we don't like bombs a civilian target, and American property or lives are lost, that's terrorism. But if we hire a bunch of thugs to go into Nicaragua to bomb civilian targets, and Nicaraguan property or lives are lost, that's freedom fighting.

Is the difference that we don't like Nicaraguans? Or is that American property and lives count more than other countries? Or is it just that we're hiring it to be done in Nicaragua, while Khadafy's using other incentives?

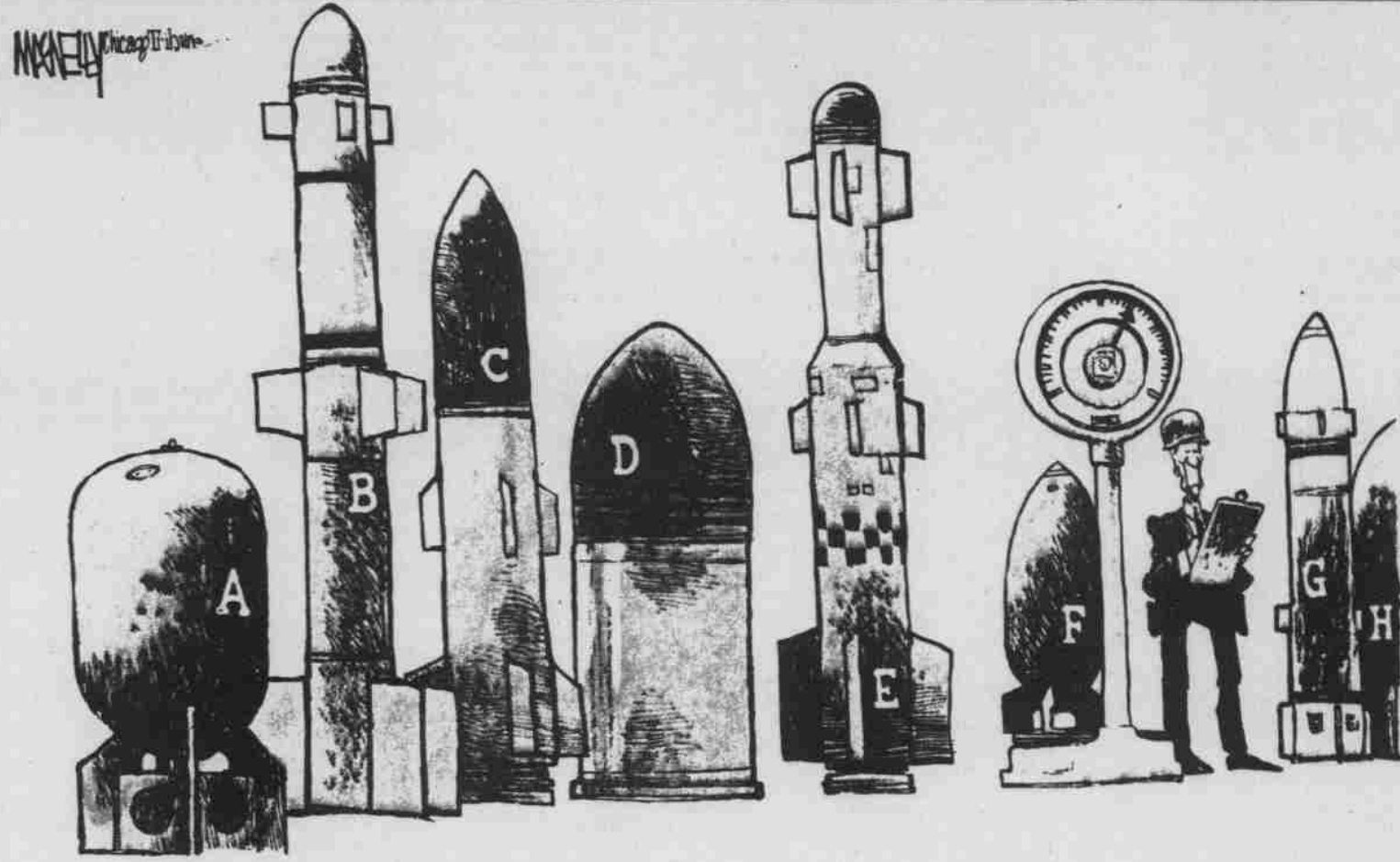
I thought there was something wrong with me when I didn't feel a surge of pride at the news of our attack on Libya. And I started to really get worried when, instead of having a deep feeling of increased personal security, I felt a chill of apprehension and shame. I guess that's what Republicans call "wimpiness."

I think I could understand the logic behind this attack easier if I could do what the warden in "Cool Hand Luke" told all his prisoners they had to do what Luke never could. That is, if I could only "get my mind right."

President Reagan has got his mind right, and so do Shultz and Weinberger. And it looks like most of Congress and the American people have got their minds right. But it seems as if a lot of Europeans haven't gotten their minds right yet.

These people have to realize they just don't count as much as Americans. And they have to come to terms with the subtleties involved in terrorism. America can't stand by and let every third-rate "mad-dog" and his brother bomb our people and property. So, by God, we'll show 'em what real terrorism is!

Some of the more wimpy members of Congress (i.e., Democrats) and a whole bunch of wimpy European politicians (i.e., commie sympathizers) have expressed concern that we acted hastily and that we didn't exhaust political and diplomatic means for dealing with Khadafy. They all seem to think the attack will probably just



The President weighs his Libya options.

make things worse as far as terrorism is concerned. And they probably are right.

Why, I can think of at least one thing that might've worked. How about a wrestling match between "Mad Dog Khadafy" and "Mo' Ron Reagan"? It could be held in Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas, and the proceeds could help reduce the deficit. That seems to me like something that would appeal to Mr. Reagan's finely honed sense of show biz. But I guess this week he's watching old war movies instead of wrestling.

Well, I'll keep trying to get my mind right. But I don't know if it'll work. Somehow I still think I'd prefer a Caesar's Palace match between Mad Dog and Mo' Ron to blasting a lot of Libyan and Nicaraguan civilians. And I don't think I'll ever really understand why our terrorism is good, and their terrorism is bad.

JOHN COOK  
Graduate  
City and Regional Planning

## Letters to the Editor

### Nice trend

To the editor:

I have noticed a new trend in the Daily Tar Heel and I am writing to encourage it. In the past, campus events were covered on the inside pages in reviews by staff members. Several times I have thought, "That sounds like fun," only to find that the dance troupe only gave one performance or the speaker has long since departed. Although the events were advertised ahead of time, just a speaker's name or an event title did not tell me if it would be something interesting or fun to see.

Recently, I've seen articles about speakers before they appear on campus, such as Jean Lutes' front-page story on Harlan Ellison ("Versatile author to speak candidly at Symposium tonight," April 4). At his Memorial Hall speech later that day, I spent two enjoyable hours laughing at the this short man in "Miami Vice" clothes ramble on about William Shatner, Merv Griffin and People magazine. I am willing to bet that most of the 700 people there read about Ellison's speech in the paper also.

Reviews are great, but they mean little to me if I haven't seen the performance or will never get a chance to see it. Thanks for the advance notices!

HEATHER POWELL  
Sophomore  
Biology

### Tar Heel's return

To the editor:

Having grown up in North Carolina, I was delighted to have the opportunity recently to spend a week's vacation here. But history would not allow me to merely relax in the warm sunshine of an early spring.

Noticing the announcement of the UNC Symposium on Black Women's Leadership, I wanted to attend some of the lectures, particularly one by Paula Giddings, whose book "When and Where I Enter" I had just used in a race relations seminar I teach. Also, I

wanted to renew my acquaintance with some of the campus food service workers whom I had come to know years ago, when I was researching my master's thesis on the workers' strike in 1969, when the University managed the food service. From two separate sources, I heard the same clear message. From Giddings, about the historical circumstances that black women continue to confront: "We've been here before." From food workers who have served UNC students for years, about their present working conditions: "The same as in 1969, only worse." What the food workers told me was not a casual account of their dissatisfaction. They documented a history of disrespectful treatment by their present employer, ARA. If the workers have suffered, so has the service provided UNC students.

One of the lessons the University learned in 1969 was that it did not want to run the food service itself. Another lesson, reluctantly learned, was that what the employers were saying about poor working conditions was true. The University, as it now negotiates a new contract with a private firm, again seems to have made little attempt to view the food-service operation from the workers' perspective. Can it responsibly ignore what those workers are saying?

DEREK WILLIAMS  
Chairman, History Department  
Phillips Academy  
Andover, Mass.

## Liberalization an unsettling experience

Guy Lucas  
Staff Writer

I feel a struggle deep within my skull. Beyond the level of consciousness, at the core of my mind's essence — everything that makes me who I am — a conflict rages. Two forces battle for control of my awareness and my perceptions. The fight already has begun to affect the way I see the world.

People I used to consider moderates now appear to be conservatives. What were liberals a year ago seem like moderates now. The Communists I wanted to ship out on a one-way trip to Moscow apparently have come around to a sensible, American (albeit left-wing) way of thinking. Many of the conservatives I used to agree with, however, have somehow wandered off into the border of sanity, as if to see who this LaRouche fellow really is close up.

I no longer have wild urges to whip off a letter to Accuracy in Academia when one of my professors mutters, "In case you haven't noticed, Reagan is hopeless." I don't become incensed when my teachers use their classes as a springboard for professing some offbeat, obviously socialist doctrine instead of discussing the Wife of Bath or the supply and demand curve. In fact, many of my professors have developed quite a sharp political wit.

For weeks, probably longer, I just didn't get it. I couldn't understand why I was the one island of ideological stability in a world drifting ever further to the right. The horrid realization came to me when I started discussing political issues with a liberal, Democratic, feminist friend of mine, and we agreed on a lot of things. We agreed on so much, in fact, that I experienced a severe identity crisis.

Nothing in this world can so unsettle a person as realizing, late at night, alone, in the dark, with only the hushed whirring of a fan to keep you company, that you've changed, slowly, inexorably, politically — that you're becoming (gasp) a liberal.

I'm not there yet, and I've appealed to my roommate for help, but he really doesn't take me seriously. He grins and chuckles like I'm joking when I say, "Brent, I think I'm becoming a liberal. You've got to stop me." But I'm not

joking, and one day he may be sorry. One day he'll look back and say, "I could've saved him." He'll feel enormous guilt and, under the strain, he'll kill himself. He'll leave behind a tear-drenched note asking for forgiveness. All because he didn't take me seriously back in college.

I don't know how this trend started. Maybe it's part of the "liberalizing" process of college. Maybe the strain of college has made me a cynic, questioning everything and not quite believing any of it. More than likely it's chemical experiments by the Army. Whatever the reason, it's got me scared. What if I can't have kids after this?

But there's still hope. I still oppose a tax increase. I still think Daniel Ortega is crud. At times I can easily envision the Soviet Union as an evil empire. An inept, economically crippled, hopeless evil empire, but still... And I still disagree with those of my friends who believe Ronald Reagan is senile. So I'm not beyond saving.

Just the same, I have this crazy urge to spend money.

Guy Lucas is a junior journalism major from Greensboro.