

THE TAR HEEL

BEN PERKOWSKI, Editor
LYNN DAVIS, Managing Editor

JODI SMITH, News Editor
ALLEN MICHE, Arts & Features Editor

MICHAEL PERSINGER, Sports Editor
JAMIE MONCRIEF, Photography Editor

Staff: DAVID BIDDLE, TIM CAFFERTY, JOEL CURRAN, JAMAL EL-HINDI, ERIC K. ENGLEBARDT, IVY HILLIARD, EDDIE HUFFMAN, LORI NICKEL, ANDY MILLER, MARY RIDGILL, MARJORIE ROACH, VIRGINIA D. SMITH, CAMILLE CHANDLER VALERIO, SCOTT WHARTON, ART WOODRUFF, FANNIE ZOLLICOFFER, MIKE SCHOOR, assistant sports editor. Business & Advertising: ANNE FULCHER, general manager; TAMMY MARTIN, student business manager; PAULA BREWER, advertising manager; MIKE TABOR, advertising coordinator; TERRY LEE, student advertising manager; TRISH GORRY, advertising representative; BRENDA MOORE, production coordinator. Secretary/Receptionist: DEBBIE McCURDY. Printing: HINTON PRESS, MEBANE.

Soviets play politics

The Soviet's desire to talk about banning space weapons, but not about nuclear arms reductions, and Reagan's apparent willingness to talk about anything when it comes to U.S.-Soviet relations might lead the overly optimistic to believe that the Cold War is on the brink of a major thaw. However, it should be kept in mind that Moscow is not known for dramatic shifts in foreign policy, especially when the U.S. is involved.

Although there is no question that the chance for a U.S.-Soviet exchange on even the singular issue of space weapons should come as good news, the fact remains that the Soviets' intentions might be more politically motivated than some want to believe.

For the past several months the Soviet Union has been very critical of President Reagan's policies, going so far as to pullout of the Olympics and calling the possibility of future talks with Reagan "almost impossible." In short, Russia has been doing its best not to do anything that might help Reagan get re-elected.

Yet, now the Soviets are proposing talks on banning space weapons realizing that this could potentially give the appearance (in the eyes of American voters) that Reagan has been effective on U.S.-Soviet relations. Judging by the anti-Reagan rhetoric which has been streaming out of Moscow the last few months, it is reasonably likely that the Soviets did not expect Reagan to agree to such talks (thus politically damaging his chances in November) based on his expressed interest in a space-oriented ("Star Wars") defense system.

Reactions from the Soviets to Reagan's appeal to broaden the talks to include nuclear arms reductions gives credence to the view that the Soviets are more interested in putting Reagan on the defensive than actually sitting down and discussing nuclear arms control. The Soviet news agency announced that the United States' plan for talking about nuclear arms reductions was "totally unsatisfactory," alleging the White House was trying to thwart the talks by raising the nuclear arms issue.

It appears the Soviets think they can work themselves into a no-lose situation. Either Reagan rejects their offer, thus perpetuating his reputation for having an unreasonable hard line with the Soviets; or he accepts and the Soviets get a chance to negotiate in an area where they are beginning to feel inferior.

In fact, one White House official was quoted as saying, "It is clear from what they've (the Soviets) been saying for some time that they are deeply concerned about American technology outstripping them in not only anti-satellite weapons, but in strategic defense systems against incoming missiles."

Reagan's willingness to talk just might have caught the Russians off guard enough to give them the uncomfortable feeling that their political games aren't succeeding and four more years of dealing with Reagan is increasingly possible.

Orient new students

Rising freshmen beginning their college careers at UNC this summer are being robbed of some practical information and sentimental tradition. Summer school should not be expected to be a condensed carbon-copy of the regular term; there are many intrinsic differences, but incoming freshmen and transfer students who arrive before a summer term are potentially just as confused and possibly intimidated as those who arrive in the fall.

There are very limited opportunities for freshmen, or anyone else, to meet with their academic advisers in the general college to work out important questions and misunderstandings about often ambiguous requirements. There are no orientation counselors to explain drop-add, give tours of the town and campus and relay vital off-the-record tips about college life away from home. RA's should not be expected to fill this gap for all of their residents.

There are meetings held on the Sunday before each summer session, but the ceremonies and information given there are far from complete. New students cannot be expected to know the right questions to ask without a more complete indoctrination into the complete UNC way of life. Freshmen and other new students should have the option of moving on campus one or two days early to participate in a scaled-down orientation program that includes more than enough academic and housing information and personal contact with a summer orientation counselor.

Winter gets no respect

By WAYNE THOMPSON

A blast of 90-degree-hot air struck me full in the face as I emerged on the escalator from the innards of the Capitol South Metro station in Washington, D.C. "Oh, honey, don't you just love the summer here?" a tourist from Minnesota asked her husband, two steps below me. "Yes," he answered, "it's so warm."

For 30 minutes on the Metro, the pair had portrayed Minnesota as a remote arctic province, frequented only by those souls who yearned to see a car buried in a snowdrift. Winter is miserable, they concluded. Summer is marvelous.

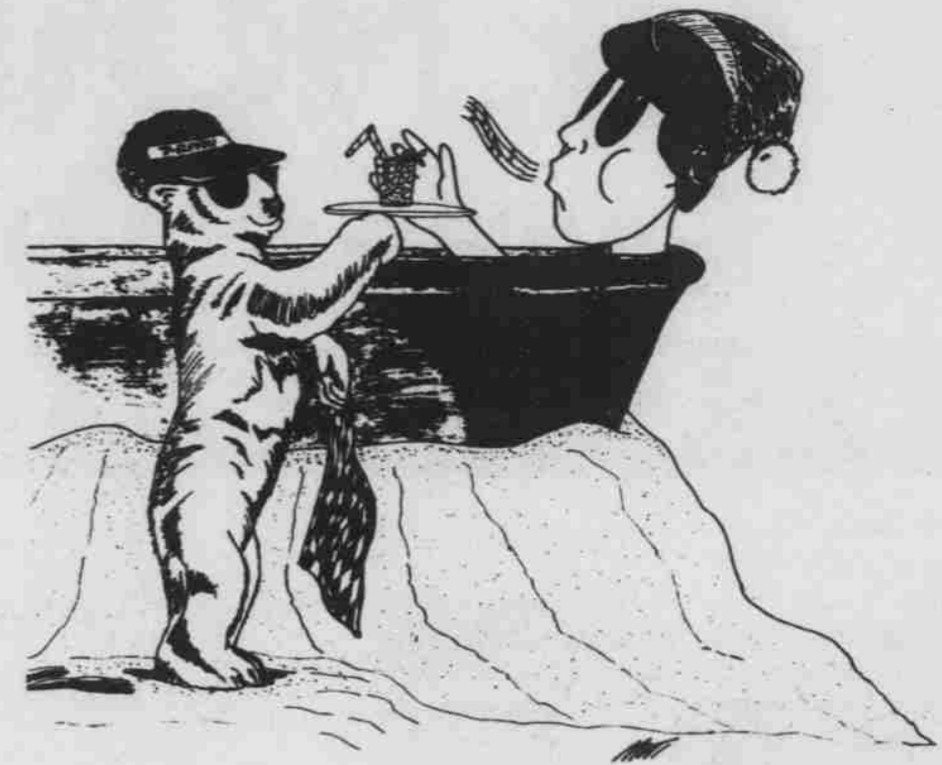
Their remarks reminded me of a day from my early teens when I had just finished reading: "What is so rare as a day in June? Then if ever come perfect days."

Across the kitchen, my mother was laughing at something outside the window in the backyard. With tears welling in her eyes, she said, "If you want to ask someone about splendid summer days and romantic summer nights, go ask your father now."

I went out the back door in a hurry and found The Lawn Thing — my dad, with equal amounts of dirt and grass mulch clinging to his sweat-soaked body — ruminating over the decline of quality control at Toro grass-bag headquarters. "Isn't this something?" he asked. While I didn't have the heart, or the nerve, to tell him that The Lawn Thing was indeed something I had never seen before, his several observations on the indignity of June and the rest of the "worthless" summer months have convinced me to this day that summer is not something to look forward to for nine months of the year.

The Rodney Dangerfield season, winter, is by far the best. Although winter's bare branches and icy winds have earned it literary associations with death and the tag "cruel-hearted," examination will show it to be the season.

Winter has no flies or bees or gnats. On my motor scooter, I've come to understand what some motorcycle owners mean when they say you're a moving target on a two-wheeler. Last week, I took a direct hit from a June bug at top speed. Imagine what it was like ordering a "Double" with everything at Wendy's with a green-red blob stained into a Yamaha tennis T-shirt. I was just



waiting for someone I knew to take one look and ask, "Tough match, huh?"

Winter is easier on the check-book. With the exception of France and some California beaches, we all can't beat the heat gallivanting around as nudies all day. That means running the air conditioner — Duke Power's answer to OPEC.

The hottest I've ever been was on the Amtrak Silver "Sweat Express" Bullet to Jacksonville, Fla., from Roanoke, Va., with no AC. "How hot is it in our car?" Mom asked the porter. "Here's some ginger ale, lady," he said. "You don't want to know."

In winter, if you're cold just sit by the fire with a hot toddy or put on a sweater like Jimmy Carter and Dan Rather. If you're hot, parade around your apartment in Bermuda shorts and a polo shirt. Save energy.

Summer means sunburn and embarrassment. Unfortunately, I was born barrel-chested — at least that's the excuse Mom gave for my mid-latitudinal bulge. Now the Sunkist/Soloflex kids are getting good vibrations every time I turn on the TV or the car stereo. Who wants to go to the beach with a bunch of G.Q.'s? And they all have Bain de Soleil tans and white teeth.

Four summers ago, I thought I had the perfect answer to my burn-but-never-tan skin. I bought a bottle of this creme which the label said wouldn't come off when you went into the pool or the ocean. Later, when my buddies and I went to get

some hushpuppies and other fixin's for some flounder we caught off the pier, I noticed I was getting a lot of attention. Then I looked at my right arm. The creme that wasn't supposed to come off in the water had in some places. Now, I was the only guy at Myrtle Beach with the triangle tan — white triangles alternating with tanned skin.

Finally, there's the old myth about love under the summer moon. Look at all the weddings in June, one might say. But how many couples would choose fair June if it wasn't vacation time?

Wait until winter to get married and have a honeymoon in a lodge overlooking snow-capped mountains, with no mosquitoes or ticks to contend with on those walks through the woods. I never have understood why greasy, sweaty, suntan-lotion kisses, rather than the tingling kisses of winter, are held in such high esteem by the poets.

So as not to be called a hypocrite if I am seen in running shorts and glistening with Bain de Soleil Maximum Sun Protection 10, I'll take part in the summer ritual as I have every year. I'll buy a Sony Walkman for the hours by the pool, and I'll continue doing daily sit-ups so I won't get laughed off Myrtle Beach in late July.

But don't expect me to say anything good about the summer; my thoughts will, as always, dwell on ways to market winter as the superior season.

Wayne Thompson is a senior political science and journalism major from Roanoke, Va.

Friendly advice?

There are a lot of things incoming students need to know about Carolina and the college experience. If you have any words of wisdom for the freshman and transfer students who will receive a mail-home copy of The Tar Heel July 19, please type it up and bring it by the DTH office in the Union — ask for Ben Perkowski. We'll print the best stuff.