

# The Tar Heel

82nd Year of Editorial Freedom

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Elliott Warnock, Editor

Friday, June 14, 1974

## Kissinger keeps battling those wiretapping blues

One of the most disturbing facts about the whole Watergate affair has been the recent behavior of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. In what many of the members of *The Tar Heel* office have labeled as Henry's "play-my-way-or-I'll-take-my-ball-and-go-home-attitude," Kissinger is showing a side that the vast majority of Americans have not seen and probably prefer not seeing.

For those of you who came in late, let us fill you in about what has been happening in D.C. lately.

WASHINGTON—Henry Kissinger's National Security Council was directly responsible for ordering the FBI to end 17 so-called "national security" wiretaps on newsmen and officials in 1971, *The New York Times* Washington News Bureau reported

Sunday in a story attributed to "highly placed sources."

WASHINGTON—At a press conference last week Secretary of State Henry Kissinger angrily denied he had perjured himself before Senate committees by denying involvement with wiretaps. When pointed questions persisted, the secretary bristled and told reporters, "I think this is a press conference and not a cross-examination."

Oh, Henry, Henry...are they going to nail you to the wall along with the rest of that Washington gang of yours?

For a while it appeared Kissinger was going to pull the German Chancellor Willy Brandt grandstand play of resigning before the really bad news hit the streets,

and that he would disappear if his name was not cleared in an investigation of the wiretap incidents of 1969-1971 *a la* FBI/NSC, but after a wave of support came in with the next day's tide of news, it appeared Kissinger would stay afloat.

Kissinger's recent exploits in the Mediterranean have made him one of the most popular figures in America. The Middle East, a place where peace seems about as scarce as a drenching rain, was long in need of a person with the political skill and expertise of Kissinger. The possibility of his resignation is unpleasant, but still a definite rumor hovering around the Washington grapevine.

A captain supposedly should go down with his ship. If Nixon sinks, hopefully he won't take his first mate with him.

R. Michael Leonard

## Humanity keeps conforming

Conformity and unoriginality, two rather dry words based in Latin, but, God, how I hate them. If I ever follow Dr. Johnson's example and compile a dictionary I will defile them, curse them and chase them from the language.

It is amazing how people do their damndest to act like cows and point all their stupid mugs in one stupid direction. *Deliverance* hits the screen with its ridiculous portrayal of three fools meeting two unrealistic mountain-man homosexuals and 15,000 jerks flock to the Chatooga river where only 1,000 went before the movie came out. In the process they ruin the river and it serves them right if a few dozen of their number drown.

Then comes *The Great Gatsby* and look at the stores that are suddenly selling white suits and collar stays to a pack of fools too unoriginal to ever follow their own inclinations. *Clockwork Orange* comes out and suddenly I hear the fourth movement of *Beethoven's Ninth* everywhere I go. *The Sting* comes out and suddenly everyone loves Scott Joplin and half of everyone doesn't even know that the music is Scott Joplin's.

And then there is *Jeremiah Johnson*. But does anyone know who the real Jeremiah Johnson was? He lived alright, and they called him Liver-eating Johnson because he used to kill Crow Indians and eat pieces of their liver. Yes, he went crazy, killed 350 Crow Indians in his lifetime, and each time he killed one he cut out a piece of Indian liver and ate it as well as taking their scalps to trade for some beans at Fort Laramie. No one liked him much, but he has long been one of my heroes.

Yes, I truly dislike unoriginality, and people who are unoriginal but still flaunt their uniqueness make me ill. Therefore, a great many people in Chapel Hill make me ill. They flaunt their long hair and patched crotches as some great and original affront

to the world. They would be upset if someone pointed out their unoriginality, for in their ignorance they cannot see that they are just doing what some folks in Boston and San Francisco started a long time ago. Then the mass media picked it up. *Life* and *Look* did big spreads on the new way of life and love and by the time that *Easy Rider* came out a martyr cult was established that has become a *status quo*. The people in Boston and San Francisco may have been original, but the people in Chapel Hill aren't. They spout the same cliches and wear the same "look" that has been the custom since 300,000 morons poured up the Thruway to Woodstock five summers ago. I seriously doubt if our local degenerates would wear long hair and ragged clothes if someone had not done so before them.

Of course Zen Buddhism, pot smoking, Women's Liberation, health foods, Gay Liberation, bisexuality and even the mad rush to canoe and hike are not exactly the norms of an older American, but who can deny that they are rapidly becoming the norms of our "younger" America. Our generation has pretty much forgotten what moderation is in its mad rush to prove its "uniqueness." But are not extreme fads such as bisexuality or even the widespread use of marijuana just ways of conforming to other patterns and peer groups? Is not this conformity all the more gross because of its loud protestations of uniqueness? Such uniqueness or eccentricity should be based on intelligence and thought, not blind copying. I know one fellow who has left from extreme fad to extreme fad like a flea goes from dog to dog. When he was a dope freak he used to intentionally take huge overdoses to prove his uniqueness. Then he becomes a Jesus freak and soon he proved that he was a playright by going to the beach and renting a house to write in. Then, last summer, he became an ardent hiker. He wore hiking boots and flannel shirts all the

time, and he ate dehydrated foods and carried around *Wilson Meat Bars* just so that everyone could see he was a hiker. He is an exceptional case I'm sure, but I have seen too many people somewhat like him to help but be disturbed.

I am not urging that everyone should choose a mediocre unexciting road for his life. However, I am urging that people realize when their uniqueness is borrowed and use critical thought in choosing their lines of action. To me it seems that too many people are now taking themselves and their poorly thought out extremes far too seriously. For once they should pause and remember, "*Est Modus in Rebus, sunt certi denique fines, quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum*."

There is a mean in things, there are certain boundaries beyond which and short of which the right way ceases to exist.

Horace, *Satire 1*, 2 lines 106-107.

## Crime is great —nice to watch

The Future of Crime (with apologies to Knut Hamsun and Curtis Mayfield):

Crime is really getting good, you know. I mean, show me an unhappy criminal (who isn't in jail) and I'll show you my baseball card collection (I've got 15 Curt Floods— you want one?).

Crime is so good that they make T.V. shows about it. And, without those kind of shows giving everyone involved with them (technical crew, actors, actresses, people who watch them, etc.) jobs, where do you think those people would be? Right. You guessed it. Out in the streets committing crimes. All kinds of crimes.

For example, just the other day, in an unnamed store (hint—it starts with an R and is the name of a flower), I saw a lady stuff some yellow flip-flops into her baby's diapers. And they weren't even the kid's size. Isn't that a crime? I bet she doesn't even give the kid part of the cut.

You should see her go at the grocery store—stuffing all kinds of foods down the kid's pants left and right. Can you imagine what chicken fryers in the diapers will do to that poor child's later life? Really. There ought to be laws against stuff like that.

And, maybe there will be someday. After all, the only time they let people like her get on T.V. is when she's peering into her spit-shined dishes to see if her reflection floats back (even though these particular dishes aren't from her good china, she can still hold the little get-together with her husband's office friends without feeling the hot breath of social and cultural alienation).

But someday, as we all know, is a long way off. Not too far to forget about completely, though.

So, let's think about it right now. In 20 years, crime is going to run so rampant that it will probably be against the law to be honest. All the criminals will be making the laws and the good guys will be in jail (he says to himself very righteously).

That kind of thinking is self-defeating, really, because it leaves no room for doubt. So why doubt it? Crime does have a future.

So many possibilities are within our grasp that my knees begin to shake with excitement every time I think about it. Somewhere out there in the upcoming millennium a lone voice will echo through the wisps of space. (This will all take place, of course, after Earth has outlived its use and is smoldering under a blanket of old beef pot pie containers.) That voice will be saying, in 14 different languages, "A good time was had by all."

Think about the security locks they'll invent by then. You'll spend 20 minutes unlocking the door and, unless you are the one trying to get into your own house, you shouldn't have to worry about crime. Also, there will be no worrying about solicitors. No paper boys coming to collect. No Girl Scout cookies. No Jehovah's Witnesses. No chance of ever having to face anyone.

Just T.V. and microwave ovens, tubes and plastic flowers.

Just grab your plastic wax doll lover and retreat into your electronic cave. Goodbye B.C., Hello A.D. (and AC-DC).

So, with all that to look forward to, who needs to worry about whether or not the government will be able to curb crime by then?

Just living in the 20th Century is sometimes a crime against humanity, so we're all criminals, aren't we? So don't fight it. Cut up your mother today.

—Alan Bisbort

## More Watergate: another TV yawner

Will Colson blow the whistle on the president? Will Kissinger take his marbles and go home? Will chairman Rodino plug up the leaks in his House Judiciary Committee bathtub?

For the answers to these and other pressing questions of everyday life in America, tune in next week and every week to *I'm No Crook*, starring Richard Nixon, Sam Ervin, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, et al., plus many of your special favorites like Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward of *The Washington Post*.

The big question that a lot of people are starting to ask in America is: when will this bloody series come to an end? The Republicans keep telling us that eventually the whole thing will slowly draw to a close; the Democrats tell us this person or that person is going to blow the lid right off of this caper.

Yawn... Just think of all that talent like Colombo or Mannix going to waste offstage while the Washington crew

hogs the television screens of American virtually every night with such great detective work like the fact Nixon said (expletive deleted) when (inaudible) Rosemary Woods (garbled) some tapes on April 17, 1973. John Dean just said, "*Gosh* (italics added), sir, what an exciting proposition."

No matter what those on either side of the fence say about each other, one thing is for certain: most of the American viewing audience seems to have its collective eyeball glued to the television screen (an uncomfortable situation at best), and the daily series is definitely a big, boffo hit. The big news is that it's being made into a movie, based on the runaway bestseller by Woodward and Bernstein, and it will star none other than stinging Robert Redford as one of the ace reporters.

It's rumored Nixon may be available to play his own part in the movie by the end of the summer.

Like I said... yawnnn.

## Editor's Notebook

### Real Art: an artist's personal realities too limited

I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me yes so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

—James Joyce, *Ulysses*

With those words Joyce ended his novel *Ulysses* and in doing so shot all following novels pretty much straight to hell. Because of Joyce, the novel was sentenced to a slow, agonizing, rambling death, words, phrases, clauses, sentences and the like thrown about the literary world in horrible convulsions, along with gasping, rasping wheezes and rattles.

In killing the novel, he unwittingly gave rise to something quite familiar to anybody who has ever attended a cocktail party or has been to New England: the personal reality (better known as the "you-do-your-thing-and-I'll-do-mine" syndrome).

Ah! que le monde est grande a la clarte des lampes!

—Baudelaire, *Last Poems*

This syndrome is highly visible in the American society, a society comprised of people who prefer not to believe there is a structure to the universe. People who find any such structure distasteful to their ideas on freedom and liberty. To think there exists a real, permanent state or right and wrong, a

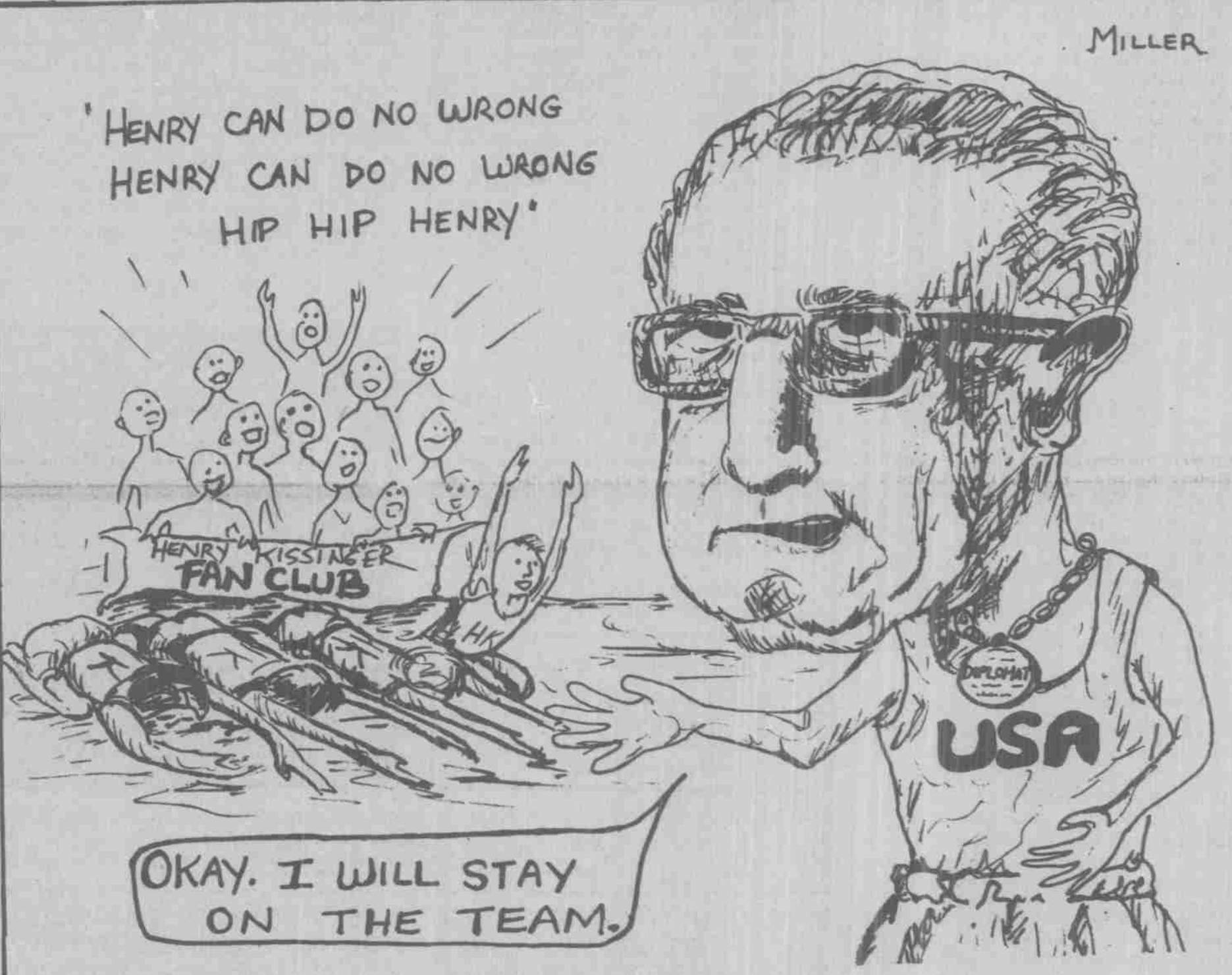
moral structure in which humans should operate is to run afoul of this lifestyle. Attempts to discourse on the matter of proper behavior are usually met with a sort of "man, I don't care what you do, as long as you don't get in my way" response. This response unfortunately fails to note the fact in a country of slightly over 200 million people, it is very, very hard to not get in at least one person's way.

There is no God, no universe, no human race, no earthly life, no heaven, no hell. It is all a dream—a grotesque and foolish dream. Nothing exists but you.

—Mark Twain,

*The Mysterious Stranger*

The personal reality, the credo of many fledgling artists, takes the viewpoint of inner visions; an artist only has to express inner thoughts of personal importance because only the vision of the artist matters. This usually makes for dull viewing on the part of what little audience the artist might gather. There was some film by some woman about some kid which some other women called a personal triumph and reality. The film consisted of about 15 plus minutes of the kid running around in concentric circles screaming, "Oona...Oona...Oona...my name is Oona." After watching this rare delight I was told by this some woman that the some film about some kid was some sort of masterpiece expressions of identity.



Tonight at the Magic Theatre "For Madmen Only" The price of admission is your mind.

—Herman Hesse, *Steppenwolf*

To tell the truth, watching the kid running around in circles and then being told that was an expression of identity, and a masterpiece no less, didn't exactly give me goosebumps; in fact it made me a little ill. Some how, some where, some way, some body, some dum-dum thinks those sort of

quickie (very personal, mind you), inner visions of thought and celluloid combined in some horrible rite of mysticism are real art. Real man...real art. You know, like...reality.

Some how, some way, I got this crazy notion that art and artist should try to say something intelligent to an audience. I fail to see how anything can be considered art if it is solely intended for the enjoyment of the person who made it. It's gotten to the point that everybody is supposed to grovel and be

thankful for little glimpses of artists' personal realities.

Jesus Christ...personal realities are so limited, limited to the small personal realm of the artist. It seems to me that those who stay constantly within that small realm are missing so much.

I came back from the most holy waves, born again, even as new trees renewed with fresh foliage, pure and ready to mount to the stars.

—Dante Alighieri, *The Divine Comedy*

## Gerry Cohen

### Progressive Democrats needed now

Two years ago, over 500 UNC students attended the Democratic party's precinct meetings in Orange County—pushing for election of a slate of delegates favorable to George McGovern—and were successful.

The 1974 precinct meetings came up next Tuesday night at 8 p.m. at the polling places in Orange County—and unless progressive people attend, the Democratic party may shift back to its old leisurely southern course.

In '72, 25 of the 235 county convention delegates were UNC students, two were put on the 59 member county executive committee, and one chosen to represent Orange County on the State Democratic Executive Committee.

To participate in the Democratic party is easy—just show up at your polling place Tuesday evening at 8 p.m. If you have moved since spring (from a dorm to an apartment, for instance) you can go back to your old polling place, or to your new one, if you know where it is.

The next step is to ask to be a delegate to

the Orange County Democratic Convention, which will be held Saturday June 29 in Hillsborough. There will be 273 delegates, with precincts getting from three to 15 depending on their size. The person running the meeting will know how many. The voters at the meeting will elect the delegates.

If the slate of 10 precinct committee members to be elected contains no students, then ask why, and offer to be on it.

The Democratic party precinct meetings are the one point of participatory politics in our state—the one point where citizens can have an open and public effect on the political party.

If you get elected a delegate to the County convention, then you will have a role in electing the members of the State Executive Committee, five who come from Orange County. The State Executive committee will meet August 2nd to choose the Democratic nominee for attorney general—so attending your precinct meeting will have a direct effect on the 1974 election and what kind of

law enforcement we have in this state.

The most critical need for people is at precincts like Mason Farm, Greenwood, Country Club, and Lincoln, where a lot of dorm students are registered to vote—but who are probably all around town this summer. If you are in that category, you can go back to your old polling place—if you've moved to an apartment for next year, you can change your voter address later.

Other precincts, especially the ones in Carrboro, may have large conservative turnouts, so attendance here is important.

In May and June, progressive candidates won the elections in Orange County. Next Tuesday is the time to make sure students are influential in Democratic party affairs.

The May 7 and June 4 primaries will have lasting effects in the County. As recently as 1971, there was not a single liberal County Commissioner. Now, if the Democrats win the General election, the five business oriented people will have been replaced by three left-liberals, a former Wallace

supporter and one businessman—a remarkable change for a short period of time.

Norm Gustavson, Flo Garrett and Richard Whitted were all active in the McGovern campaign, in the civil rights movement, and in anti-Vietnam war activities.

Jan Pinney, a supporter of George Wallace in '72, has come out strongly for new environmental protection measures which will help control growth.

Commissioner Norman Walker, the only incumbent re-elected, will help with his experience, and knowledge of rural problems.

Those who have moved to Orange County and want to register to vote can do so any Thursday at the Chapel Hill Municipal Building on North Columbia Street from 9 a.m. to noon and 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. If you are already registered and have moved, you can file an address change during the same hours.

The Tar Heel

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