

# The Tar Heel

82nd Year Of Editorial Freedom

All unsigned editorials are the opinion of the editor. Letters and columns represent the opinions of others.

Elliott Warnock, Editor

Tuesday, July 23, 1974

## Let world opinion turn Cypriot tide

Before we go any further, let me make a couple of things clear: yes, I did know that the Turks were fierce fighters, and yes, I knew they fought along side with Americans during the Korean War.

I just had to get that out of the way because several questions had been relayed to me concerning my editorial on the Cypriot civil war.

Now, I have a few questions: a) what do the Turks have to gain by claiming the Greek fascist government has fallen in a coup; b) why did the Turks invade Cyprus; c) why did the Turks agree to cease fire, then bomb Nicosia at approximately 11:15 Monday morning, about one hour and 15 minutes after the cease fire was supposed to take place; and, d) if 'c' is true, will the Turks continue to break the cease fire?

Humble soul that I am, I still have to admit some inkling of an idea in the way of answers do indeed flutter across the barren landscape of my mind.

Propaganda has a large effect in any war, especially one confusing as the one on Cyprus; Cyprus means quite a bit to the Turks, politically

and economically; and I believe the Turks will not break the cease fire again, at least until they mean to break it completely.

Are you just a little confused...just a little?

Don't worry about it, we're all confused.

There are a few things that everybody should be able to see for themselves, without too much confusion. The Turks could over run Greece if they launched an all-out attack, and if they did not mind a large amount of denunciation by the world powers.

At the same time, most of the world is displeased with the way the Greeks have acted in Cyprus, not to mention Greece itself, so few people would see it as a great loss if the present Greek government vanished from the face of the earth, electric cattle prods, rubber hoses and all.

Thus, it seems logical to me the Turks should lay off of Cyprus and Greece for the moment, and let world opinion do its devastating best to loosen the strangle hold of the Greek government on Cypriot internal affairs.

Jim Pate

## American in Syria

After a "red carpet" luncheon at the Orient Palace Hotel in Damascus, compliments of the Syrian government and a local guide agency, our walking tour began. We walked down the "Street-called-Strait" and, as best we could, chatted briefly with a few people on the street. As in Lebanon, the general sentiment for Nixon and Kissinger was a very good one. Hopes were high that Arab-American relations would draw even closer.

Omayyad Mosque, second holiest mosque in the Moslem world, was the most spectacular place we visited. One of 360 mosques in Damascus, its ornate walls were adorned in silver and gold, with over 900 Persian carpets sewn together to cover the floor of the main temple. Its majesty put all our churches and cathedrals to shame. For me, though, the smell of feet was almost overpowering.

To my surprise, I learned that John the Baptist and Jesus Christ are Moslem prophets. Enshrined in the Omayyad Mosque is the legendary head of John the Baptist. John's head must be the most popular in the Mid-East. I also saw it at two other places, both in Jerusalem. Clifford Irving, eat your heart out.

The end of the afternoon brought us to a beautiful Syrian palace, owned privately by one of Damascus' largest exporters. We were ushered into a courtyard of various fruit trees surrounded by gigantic, handcarved columns of stone, intricate floor mosaics and colorful frescoes covering entire walls.

The owner appeared and, clasping the first

Americans he saw and embracing them, exclaimed, "Welcome, my American brothers, to Syria, to Damascus, and to her finest palace!"

As a grand finale of Arab hospitality, he invited us inside and hosted us to food and cool drink.

Everyone was worn out but no one dared sleep on the bus driving back to Beirut. To ride through Syria is an experience; to drive there would be insane. The British drive on the wrong side of the road and the Greeks drive on either side, as they seem to have no real preference. But Syrians have them all beat because they drive right the middle, dodging donkey carts, old ladies, street vendors, the crazy-courageous traffic policemen, and the many, many trucks. All the vehicles in Syria seem to be cross-wired because everytime they applied their brakes, their horns would blow. Arab drivers delight in passing big trucks on blind curves, and once, our bus driver, flying along with 46 passengers, raced a train to a crossing—and, fortunately, beat it.

I could relate many stories about the royal Arab hospitality, from police escorts to all the free meals. As an American, I was extremely surprised and feel I cannot overemphasize it. Throughout southwestern Syria, we saw the products of war and the fierce determination of the Arabs to overcome it and move on. In the Palestinian refugee camps, we would see the sad and terrible war as it still is.

Bob Jasinkiewicz

## Outrunning the past: futile, tragic

Time can heal, can console. It can cover the past with a fine dust of forgetfulness, and its mistakes with the tenuousness of memory that fades like the winter light slipping ever so softly into tomorrow's darkness.

It can also run out, like a mile-run pacer breaking the tape ahead of a record-holder slowly fading in the backstretch.

If time hasn't run out for us on many counts, it is surely setting a record pace while the rest of the field, heaving with the sweat of intransigence, tries to keep pace with a clock that indeed waits for no one.

On any level the dynamics of social change make up a long and well-worn path. Sometimes the path straightens and narrows, and ends in the stagnation of a closed society where the journey becomes a submission to the tyranny of collective authority. Witness Soviet Russia, Nazi Germany, People's China, or Commercial America—any society in which the individual is subordinated to the demands of people, the environment, or the machine.

Sometimes the path is hacked out of the environment as an assertion of the authority of the individual and ends in the type of society that condones greed and cruelty in the name of social acumen, ecological savagery in the cause of material wealth, and a self-serving form of public service that puts no demand on what one can do for society but rather on what one can do for oneself. Witness the social paranoia of big business and politics as exemplified by Watergate—

do it unto others before they do it unto you. Or the petty stealing that arises not for the sake of subsistence, but simply because whatever belongs to all belongs to the individual.

Sometimes the path forks, and the contention and indecisiveness of having to choose which road to take ends in a collective submission to a Leader who will make all the decisions or in anarchy—a situation in which competition becomes the over-riding order of the day and the demands of Thoreau's "quiet desperation" make men contend as beasts against each other and against themselves for economic survival. "The business of America is business" according to Calvin Coolidge—not the means of gaining harmony with ourselves and our environment, but rather the daily regimen of getting ahead until you are and have everything—and gain nothing but an ulcer and an early death.

Sometimes, but ever so rarely, do paths converge at a point wide enough for all to walk hand in hand and narrow enough to challenge the loneliness of individual ambition—but then only at that point where we can keep pace with time and balance the lessons of the past with the mistakes of the future.

Lincoln once said that you can't fool all the people all the time. He was wrong. We've been fooling ourselves for a long, long time. As a nation we seem to have deluded ourselves into thinking that the past is no

longer the portent of the future: we can act within a totally new framework without points of reference in the old. All we need is the present and an unshakable faith that we can seize the future and bend it to our will.

The American dream, for example, was founded on the premise that out of the depths, the ashes, and the ancient grime of Europe arose a new man, scrubbed clean of the past and unfettered in his attempt to build a new life intensely separate from the old one. We thought that by escaping reality, we could outrun the past. We thought we could insulate ourselves as a homeowner insulates his house against termites, frosts and floods.

But the past has caught up with us, and we are repeating its mistakes: we have as much chance of a permanent victory over it as we do over the thousand little things that make a home not so sweet. The only insurance we have against a crumbling foundation is either to build a stronger one or to crawl down among the timbers in the dark and shore up its weaker members. Call the first a political choice; the second, an historical one.

The past has an infinite reach and an even more powerful grasp. Fleeing it, to borrow from a recent novel, is like a perpetual trip up the down staircase, with the past perpetually escalating the stairs.

Thus our isolationism has cut us off from the greater body of humanity and its experience and has led us to look inward and

in solitude for solutions to our problems. We feel no need to learn from others' mistakes and, as George Santayana once put it, we condemn ourselves to repeating them.

We propose a new political and social order completely divorced from the old one, and we now suffer, and tolerate, the same injustices and tyrannies we try to escape. We condemn the physical barrenness of the Old World and praise ourselves for the abundance of the New. Now we build homes on garbage pits.

We praise ourselves for our tolerance—of high crime rates, poverty, high unemployment, poor health care, corrupt government, meaningless employment, a mediocre intellectual and moral environment, violence (but not sex, which may tarnish the soul but I think is less immediately dangerous than a bullet in the brain), mass mayhem, and the decline and fall of human awareness, spontaneity and intimacy to the demands of social acceptability and the Gross National Product.

But we cannot tolerate ourselves. We condemn class societies and promise ourselves an egalitarian future. To insure the millennium, we divide ourselves into those more equal than others and those less equal than all—in the name of status and prestige.

If you've been away looking for the fork-in-the-path, welcome home.

We may indeed never pass this way again. Or ever have the chance.

## Letters to the editor

## Peace center calls for volunteers

To the editor:

In response to your column in Friday, July 12th, I can sympathize with your desire for communication with the people you serve. I am a student at UNC and have really appreciated your newspaper for the past several years. It has served not only as a source of information, but also of communication, advertisement, self-expression and general human interest.

Along with being a student, I am also a volunteer staffer and current co-chairperson of the Chapel Hill Peace Center. We at the Peace Center are having a lack of response from students and community during these lazy summer days. Now is when we really need response though.

We especially need folks to volunteer to staff the office for a couple of hours once a week. We are trying to organize our library

and files so that students can use the Peace Center as a resource area in their studies. There is an abundance of information and literature around the center dealing with topics from ecology to impeachment to feminism.

I would like to encourage the public that we try so hard to serve to respond by calling or coming by the peace center, 207 Wilson Court, 967-7244. We need your concern.

Diane Spough  
Co-chairperson  
Chapel Hill Peace Center

## Nighttime tennis lost in the dark

To the editor:

First, some background: We, the undersigned, being avid tennis enthusiasts, make a sincere effort to play tennis on a regular basis. Generally, we try to volley during the daylight hours. (We just love those ultra-violets.) But, on occasion, we fail to bounce the fuzzy ball before the sun sets. It is on one of the few occasions that we wish to resort to the 20th century marvel of lighted tennis courts. However, without fail, each time we have attempted this feat, the person-in-charge has shrugged his responsibility by failing to switch. The most recent of these

episodes occurred Sunday evening, July 21st.

Upon awakening the friendly campus policeman, and asking for his assistance, we roamed 'hither and yonder' in search of the mystical one with the ultimate knowledge of the light switch. Finally determining that no such human existed, we replotted our path, sipped on a cool one, and pondered the fate of our \$40.50 activities fee.

Jim Chitty  
Kay Young

## Letters

The summer Tar Heel not only welcomes, but urges the expression of all points of view on the editorial page through the letters to the editor. Although the newspaper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements and good taste, we urge you to write us, whatever your problem, point of view or comment.

Letters should be limited to 300 words and must include the name, address and phone number of the writer. We will not print a letter without knowing the writer's name. Type letters on a 60 space line. Submit them to the Tar Heel office in the Student Union.

Alan Bisbort

## On death and money

Evel Knievel's Jump of a Lifetime (not to mention of the Twentieth Century) could more aptly be subtitled "The Ideals of Humanity and How to Get Them to Work For You in Six or Seven Very Grueling Lessons."

Not since Neil Armstrong's moon-shattering pronouncement of "one small step for me, one giant leap for all the rest of us" have we had any inkling of what was meant by Mr. A's enigmatic utterance. Mere mortals we are. Earthbound and sinking.

But, have we come to this? It's T Minus two months and counting until we get our chance to view yet another spectacle where there's a very good chance someone will get killed or permanently maimed. So what else is new.

This event, in which Mr. Badass Evel attempts a rocket-propelled leap over the gaping and craggy jaws of the Snake River Valley Canyon, coincidentally links the two most versatile elements in American life: money and death. Death, on the one hand, everybody faces. Money, on the other hand, eludes most of us. Death has a finality about it (in regards to what's happening on this planet and in this dimension).

Evel Knievel can get up to \$15 million for this jump, and, whether or not he lives, it will be his last jump. Too bad. He had all the earmarks of the new Bobby Riggs.

Somehow, though, he has more to lose than old Popsicle Face Riggs, especially after all the hype, build-up and money-milking that went on in that pseudo-tennis match. It's too late now. Bobby and Billie Jean are happily counting their money.

What can Evel do with \$15 (or even \$30) million? Can he eat any better? Not really. But his backers sure will. Nothing like big fat financial backers with gold-monogrammed belt buckles to set things up. Those people always manage to get their greasy fingers into other people's achievements.

Evel's jump will be on closed-circuit television—a jump which will last less than one minute. The big worry seems to be what the promoters will do to take up time as a preliminary. Surely they're not going to herd everyone into folding metal chairs just in time for the jump and three minutes later

herd everyone out again. Perhaps beforehand there will be a monkey attempting the jump on a unicycle. Or maybe Monty Hall will try to make a deal with Evel. Maybe the world is coming to an end once and for all and Evel Knievel is our last saviour. Are we going to let him die?

One final example which summarizes my feelings better than I am capable of expressing (I should have just printed this and saved everyone the trouble) is the betting which will inevitably accompany this event. How many categories will there be for betting? Whether he makes it or not (not specifying whether he lives—it is conceivable that his body could make it and he be dead)? Whether or not he even attempts the jump? Or, whether or not he lives?

I'll make a bet with anyone right now. I bet that a large number of people will bet against him making it alive. And want to win their bet.

Can you imagine their disappointment when he makes it? Like I said, money and death are very versatile.

And, in some remote corner of Evel Knievel's mind just possibly there resides a thought that maybe if he would bet against himself, he would be able to race cycles in some other life.

## The Tar Heel

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## Mclver: a demand for citizenship

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." (4th Amendment to U.S. Constitution)

"All persons born or naturalized in the U.S., and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the U.S. and of the state wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the U.S.; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." (Section 1, 14th Amendment to U.S. Constitution)

The question that we in Student Government wish to raise to the State of North Carolina, to the Administration of this University and to all students here at UNC is this—"are students citizens, too?" According to the Constitution of the U.S. indeed the answer is obviously yes. But the recent incident in Mclver Dormitory casts a shadow of doubt as to whether the University Administration or the local law enforcers think the answer is so obvious.

On June 16th, a "security" check was made on each room in Mclver Dormitory. Five women had men in their rooms after legal visitation hours and were reported. They are now facing Honor Court charges and trial. The interesting point, however, is that neither the local law enforcement officers nor any employee of the University Housing Department thought it necessary to

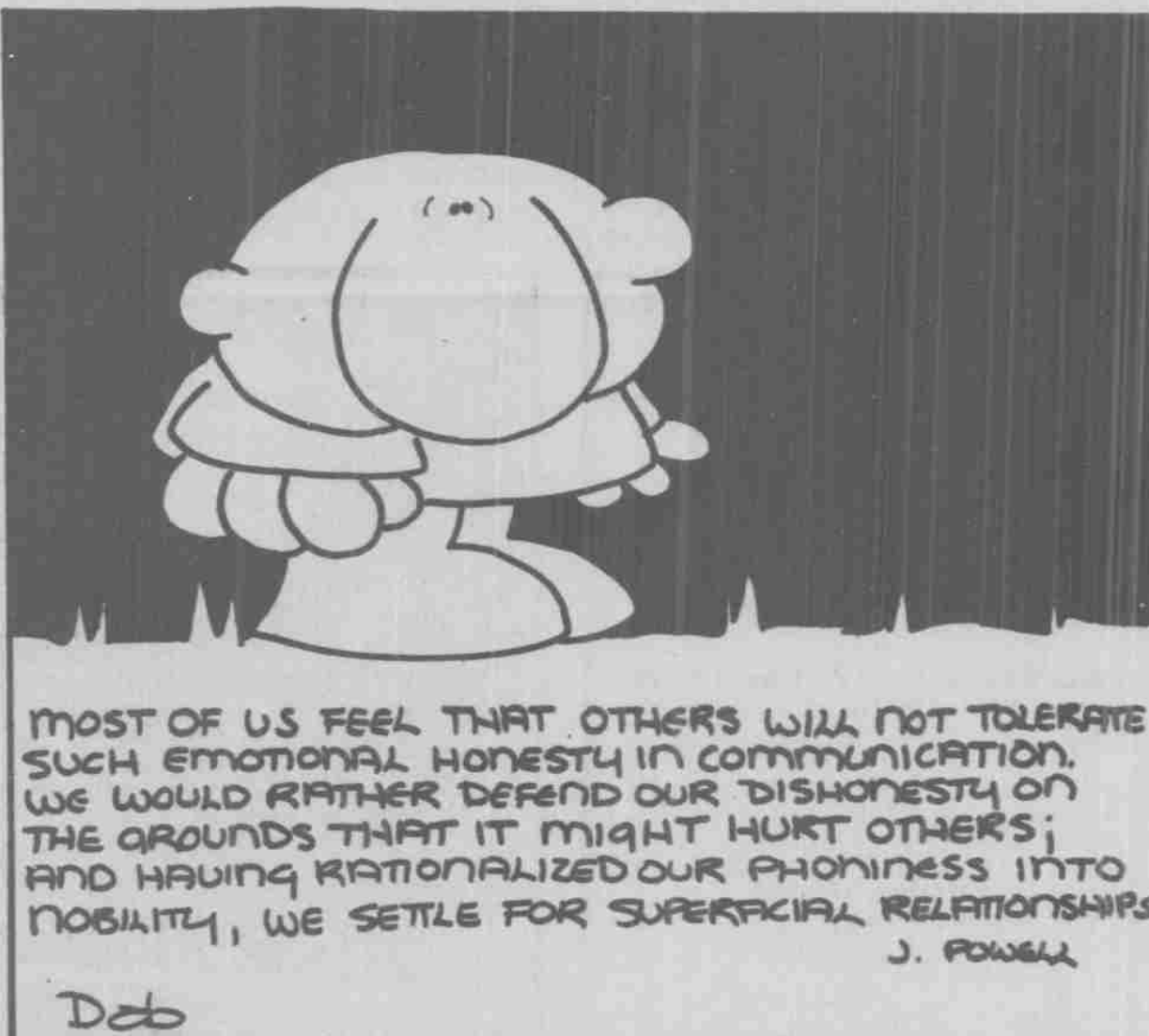
obtain a search warrant. If a door was propped open as is said, then perhaps probable cause existed for a room check; yet, even if probable cause was established, to open closet doors and search under beds without a warrant was irresponsible and indefensible. Surely a resident would quietly point to her closet if a would-be Jack-the-ripper lurked inside! No, this was an unjustifiable act by the persons involved, directly and indirectly, and merely typifies a growing lack of concern for both the rights and the welfare of University students. After all, aren't students citizens, too?

This insulting incident has promulgated considerable student outrage, and justifiably so. Now is an opportune time for students to solidify and demand that they be respected as citizens and adults. They must let the administration know that they desire respect. Perhaps, then, some progress can be made. First, the Administration should see the urgent necessity to obtain and honor student opinions and assistance for decisions and policies concerning student affairs. Secondly, a Student Bill of Rights should be implemented immediately. University contracts cannot require any student to forfeit the privileges and immunities of his citizenship. And finally, hasty and meaningless affronts of student privacy should be stopped. Perhaps if a little more effort was made by the Administration to understand student needs, then the tensions would ease, and the possibility for litigation, in the form of a civil action suit, would be removed.

There are many other questions concerning this search, however, that deserve immediate attention. First of all, it would be helpful to know whether the policemen asked for permission to enter this

student residence or if they demanded entrance? It would also be of interest to find out who was in charge of the search—the law enforcement agency or the Administrative staff? If the police were in charge, did they possess knowledge of the University's room entry policy? Who determined the formal procedures to be used during the search? Was the search spontaneous, or was it premeditated? If it was planned, who did so? Who and/or what was the real focal point of the search?

As the chief instrument of the Student Body, what can Student Government do about such situations? Several steps have already been taken. Several cooperative and competent attorneys have been consulted on this matter and have provided us with invaluable advice. But in order to both remedy the situation and to prevent needless recurrences, student government and the Administration must communicate and cooperate. Already several constructive measures have been initiated. The Administration is now working with Student Government and the Residence Housing Association in finalizing an official room entry procedure. The new Judicial Reform Bill (effective this fall) also refers to this (page 36). Student Government has also been assured by the Housing Department and Ted Marvin, Director of Campus Security, that a full investigation of the incident is being conducted in both departments. We are also now asking Dean Boulton of Student Affairs to see that some type of adjudication is taken against any guilty administrator. If he fails to reply, then we will take the matter up with the Chancellor. Another overriding concern to higher-ups of Student Government is the students' right of anonymity. Contrary to



Deb