

The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Elections And Blood-Shot Eyes

The spring elections are rapidly approaching, and the campus politicians know that the time to win is now or never.

If you don't believe there's a lot of wheeling and dealing going on, just take a look at Jed Dietz or George Krichbaum. You can see the strain of the late night-early morning confabs in their bloodshot eyes.

Dietz and Krichbaum are seeking the Student Party nomination for student body president. Each is saying publicly that he has the votes to win, but privately they both know that the race is extremely close.

Indeed, this year's race for top spot on the SP ticket promises to be every bit the thriller that last year race for the VP spot was. In that race, Dietz defeated Krichbaum by the paltry margin of seven votes.

It would appear that Dietz would have an edge this year because of what he has done. He has been a strong supporter of the popular Experimental College and of the Residence College program. As Vice-president of Student Government, he is probably better known than Krichbaum.

But in party convention politics, this is not necessarily an advantage. The decisive factor is not what is better known or who holds what position. It is who has the votes.

And for a long while, it looked as if Krichbaum, SP Legislative Floor Leader,

had the votes. Backed by Student Body President Bob Travis and a host of the political pros, Krichbaum seemed to be the favorite of the party regulars. He also had control of the important convention credentials committee which settles disputes over who vote at the convention.

Things looked bad for Dietz, and there was talk of his running an independent candidacy.

But last Sunday night's SP meeting in Gerrard Hall may have changed that picture.

Under SP rules, any student may vote at the party's nominating convention if he has paid his dollar dues and has attended two regular party meetings.

Operating with this in mind, the Dietzites launched an extensive drive to get people out to the meeting to sign up for membership.

It looks like they were successful. Seven hundred students joined the party Sunday night, many of whom came from South Campus, where Dietz is the stronger candidate. If these people come to their second meeting this Sunday night, Tuesday's SP convention will be a wide-open affair.

But still the behind-the-scenes approach of the political wheeler-dealers is not to be minimized; it is a definite influence in who will get the nomination.

The way this type of thing works is best understood through the hypothetical example of an organization on campus—say a club. Imagine that the club has 20 or 30 members and that it is dependent upon appropriations from Student Government for a large portion of its budget.

The members of such a club may not be especially interested in campus politics, but they are concerned about the appropriation for their club.

Thus, they have joined a party and have become eligible to vote at the party's convention. They are prepared to vote for the candidate who will guarantee the most support for their club.

It is easy to see that if either Dietz or Krichbaum can get the support of two or three blocks of 20 or 30 votes, his position would be significantly improved.

That's why they've been running around way past midnight, and that's why they've got bloodshot eyes.

SL And University Deaf To What Students Want

The modern university is too much of a busy-body.

That, in essence, is what former Student Body President Bob Powell was saying Thursday when he told a regional NSA conference that the main thing wrong with universities is "an overextension of the authority of the university into student life."

And how well Powell is qualified to speak, after spending four years here — at a University whose overextension of authority has become a cornerstone of its philosophy of higher education.

That is what South Building is talking about when it says that the University has a responsibility not only to teach its students, but also to shape them up into good, solid citizens.

The main hang-up with this is that the denizens of South Building normally possess rather archaic conceptions of what good, solid citizenry is all about. It seems often that they have derived their concept of it from a careful reading of Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt*.

For example, it wasn't all that long ago that a male graduate student was found to be living with a female graduate student, to whom he was not properly wed.

"Lord," one of the administrators exclaimed, "what are we ever going to do about these bohemians!"

Now, there are quite a few people around who would suggest to the dan that he simply bug off, and permit young love — and - or lust — to run its normal course.

Would all these persons be libertines, craven lechers and the like?

Probably not.

Then how, why, could anybody of relatively sound mind and morals make such a suggestion that the good, gray deans of the institution not swoop down on every instance of student misconduct, and then publicly crucify the of-

fenders as an example of what happens when somebody's naughty?

It's very simple, really: a lot of people just think that other people should mind their own business when what's happening is a very private thing that is going to neither harm nor help the rest of the community.

Further, these same people define the University's business as that of being an academic institution, not a police system.

And students are more and more asking that the University cease acting like it was a police force.

Of the 2,000 persons voting in the attitudinal survey on the honor system, an overwhelming majority voted for limiting this sphere to — at most — the Chapel Hill community and other places where a student might be officially representing the University.

The tally went like this:

—1,109 for limiting the code as was just mentioned.

—668 for limiting it to just the campus.

—162 for limiting it to the Chapel Hill community.

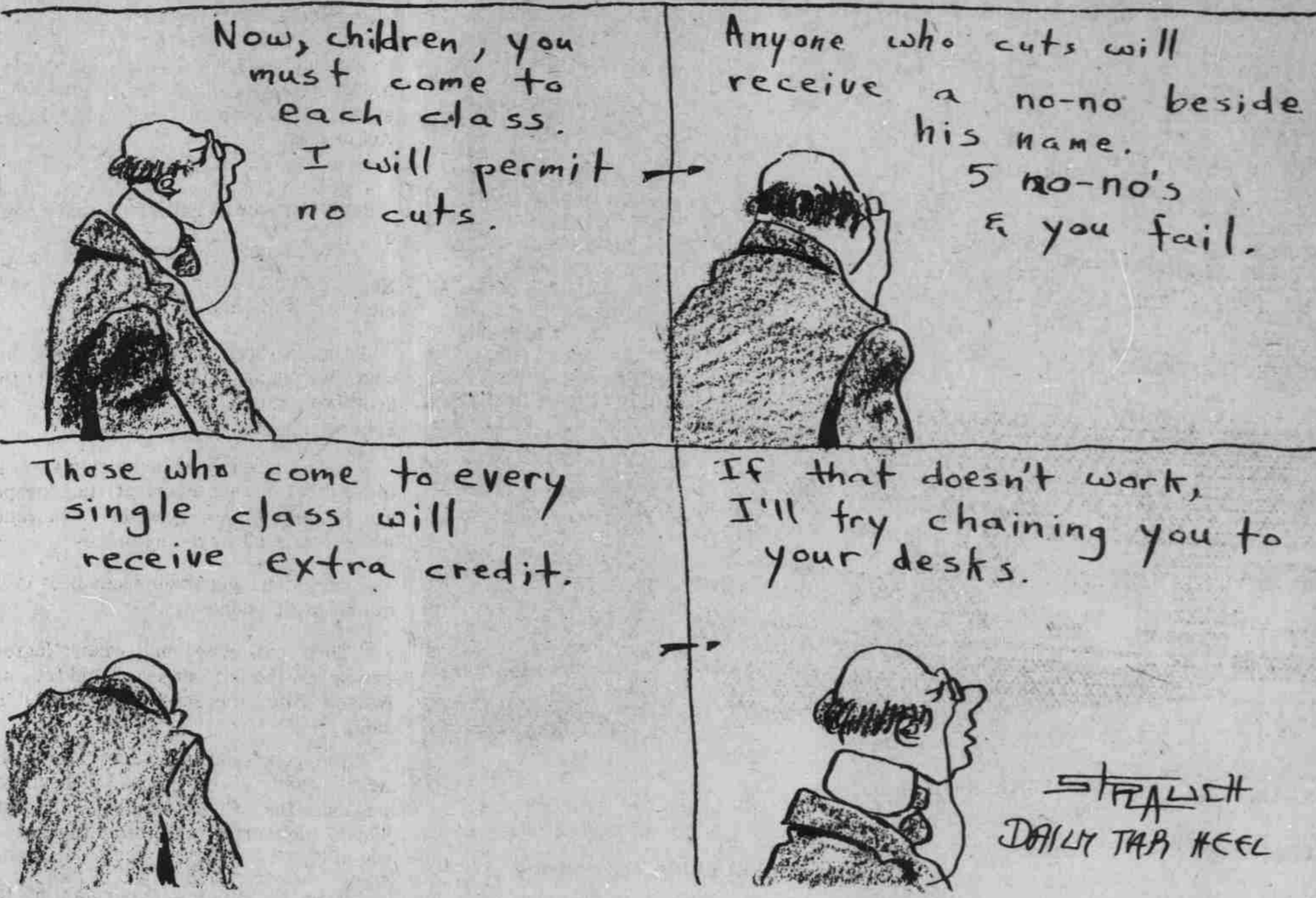
Clearly, the results should tell both the Administration and Student Government that the student body here is unhappy with the way things are being run now.

Further, it should tell them to change it.

But, after watching the Student Legislature pull such a stunt as approving the Administration's drug proposal — which insures further intrusion into students' private lives, only now with Student Government sanction — we wonder just what the survey or anything else can tell them.

For it seems that both are rather deaf to what the students want.

Perhaps, however, the black-and-white results of the poll will act as a hearing aid for them.



Letters To The Editor

'Grad' Review 'Absurd'

To The Editor:

Blackwell Brogden's absurd review of "The Graduate" (DTH, February 21, 1968) begins by telling us that "the question" concerning the film "is how to classify it." You know, is it funny or sad? It has apparently never occurred to him, that a movie could be both "good for a laugh" and serious.

Brogden's clumsy plot summary spins its wheels noisily but never gets out of the mud. What really happens in the movie is that the graduate, played by Dustin Hoffman, comes home from college behaving like every middle-class parent's ideal son. He says "sir" or "ma'am" to his elders, worries about his future, and responds to an attempt to seduce him by asking the woman what her husband would think.

Anne Bancroft plays the woman, a friend of the graduate's parents, who tries to seduce him. She brings into his life the dark side of middle-class morality. Previously he has known how his elders have told him to behave; now he knows how they behave. When he is ending his affair with her he is quite thoroughly turning his back on that morality, and turning to a young girl his own age.

Brogden complains that the graduate's innocence is "totally unrealistic" because he measures it like some moralistic gynecologist. He can't understand how this young man can get through college with a dazzling record "as an athletic star, a student government politico, a Phi Beta Kappa" and still be "a bashful virgin."

It is inconsistent of Brogden to complain that the graduate is unrealistic and then to laud the rescue at the church as "highly romantic." Like the graduate's innocence, it is highly stylized, but it makes an important moral point. The graduate rescues the girl only after the ceremony is over; as he and someone else's new bride escape, they don't look at each other or embrace. Their goal is moral, not sexual or one of happiness. They are not married, but they have agreed to drop out together.

The movie is quite serious, although it is, in Brogden's mortal phrase, "good for a laugh." Its message is: drop out.

The Daily Tar Heel accepts all letters for publication provided they are typed, double-spaced and signed. Letters should be no longer than 300 words in length. We reserve the right to edit for libelous statements.

There is no apocalyptic garble about turning in and turning on, no conversion to Leary or Baba, no platform of government or by, and for aging adolescents. It simply shows a highly moral young man consider and then reject an inherited system of morality and then leave it behind to find his own.

The movie says American middle-class morality is corrupt and stinks. Rather than accept it, the graduate drops out, morally and economically—by the end of the movie it's at least four months after graduation and he hasn't done a day of work. That's serious stuff. That the movie is also good for a laugh is its great strength. The graduate's rejection is not vitriolic, just total. Its other characters are human, not cardboard caricatures of the middle-class so perposterous we don't recognize ourselves in them. There is no swooning daydream of total escape; there is no talk of reforming the system or erecting another in its place. One simply leaves it.

One way to avoid facing these issues is to worry about "how to classify" the film. The next step is to say it fails as a serious movie and laugh at it condescendingly. Brogden's review aptly employs these evasive tactics. I wish him a lifetime of movies in which the chastity of Doris Day and her avatars is endlessly contested. Escapist reviews deserve escapist films. For those who don't leave their lives at home when they go to the movies, "The Graduate" is highly recommended.

William Matthews

Granted, it may have been a trying day; but it has always been my understanding that information desks were places to seek information not wise comments. If this job is too odious and distasteful to these individuals, I would recommend that they be relieved of their burdens as soon as possible. I hate to see the overt cruelty of forcing them to continue in their trying positions.

Richard H. Fabacher
604 Craige

Thank Heaven

To The Editor:

I was just about to fold the February 22 edition of the Daily Tar Heel into an experimental paper plane, perhaps its only useful function, when I noticed Otelia Connor's article on "Gentleman-Like Conduct."

To publish, for all eyes to see, such a literary abortion, such a blatantly mawkish display of stupidity so characteristic of that sex, took true editorial courage.

Everytime I open the Daily Tar Heel, I rush to the Episcopal Church on Franklin Street, throw open the doors, drop blindly, breathlessly, reverently to my knees, and thank the Lord that the paper has such a small circulation.

Stuart S. Richardson
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A. Leonard Tubbs
Governor, King

The Pedestrian Shuffle

By DAN GIBSON
Special to the DTH

To those of us who live on "the other side" of Columbia Street, walking to and from class can be a hazardous, but exciting experience—needlessly so.

Three times a day, 8 a.m., noon, and 5 p.m., Columbia street between Cameron Avenue and Franklin Street turns into a four-lane drag strip. Rush-hour racers compete for pedestrian-scaring honors between the go-lights at either end of the street. Meanwhile, the pedestrians—mostly steel-nerved Granville Towers and fraternity house residents—do their best to cross the street.

"Doing their best" usually means waiting, patiently, while tons of foreign and domestic metal thunder past driven by sadists.

Suddenly, a hole will appear in the stream, and one brave soul carrying a load of books will do the Gayle Bomar bit and swivel-hip his way across two lanes of traffic only to be stopped cold at the center stripe. (And you should see what goes on outside the painted cross-walk.) At that point, he is sandwiched between

lanes, and is getting dusted off, front and rear, by the traffic. After he is thoroughly dusted, his patience will end and he will dash across the next two lanes straight-arming Volkswagens and kicking Sprites in the teeth.

This is exciting sport, but no fun for the poor pedestrian. What's worse—no one in this part of Heaven seems to care about the situation.

The drivers certainly don't care, or else they'd stop and give the guy on foot a chance to get across. The Chapel Hill Police Department doesn't seem to care, or they would at least enforce the speed limit. The City of Chapel Hill doesn't care or it would put up "yield to pedestrians" signs at the cross walk like the ones cars are always hitting on Franklin Street. (The signs would at least furnish the pedestrian with something to hide behind when he makes it to the middle of the road.) It would also help to lower the speed limit from 35 miles to 20 miles an hour on that stretch of Columbia Street.

The situation needs to be reminded. Some one is bound to get hurt if it isn't.