

The Daily Tar Heel

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Harry Bryan, Editor
Wednesday, May 5, 1971

Senator Coggins' bill is ridiculous

The Consolidated University suffered a second attack Tuesday in the North Carolina Senate.

Just one week after it was learned that two state legislators are massing an attack on The Daily Tar Heel, Sen. Jyles Coggins of Wake County has introduced a bill to abolish visitation in all state supported colleges.

Sen. Coggins' bill reads: "No student enrolled in any state supported educational institution shall visit in the bedroom or other sleeping quarters maintained by or for a student, who is a member of the opposite sex, upon the campus of any state educational institution."

"Any violation of the terms of this act shall be grounds for suspension or expulsion. Provided, this act shall not apply to married students visiting in the bedrooms of their spouses."

The bill has left many students speechless, due to the fact that it is often extremely difficult to argue against a ridiculous idea except to say that it is just ridiculous.

And that is the only way Sen. Coggins' bill can be viewed.

It is ridiculous. Possibly Sen. Coggins has been spending too much time in Raleigh rather than visiting the campuses the bill would affect.

Evidently the senator has visions of male students chasing nude coeds throughout the halls of UNC dorms with an orgy going on in every room.

This, however, is obviously not the case.

Students on this campus have enjoyed an open house policy for almost three years, and violations of the policy have been few and far between.

The open house policy proved so successful in its first year that it was soon liberalized, and students have been fighting this year for an even more liberal policy that would give them total freedom in determining the hours and regulations of visitation.

But instead of treating students like the adults they have proven they are, Sen Coggins has introduced his bill which would wipe out visitation completely.

Before any members of the General Assembly decide to go along with Sen. Coggins' bill, they should carefully consider what they are doing.

And instead of sitting in Raleigh, wondering what goes on in UNC dorms during visitation, they should come to this campus and any others in the Consolidated University and find out for themselves.

With that many there, don't worry

King Nyle I has scheduled a picnic for the State of North Carolina Sunday at Umstead State Park, and "all North Carolinians and North Carolina sympathizers" have been invited.

King Nyle sent out invitations to around 90 dignitaries, but it seems that already a lot of them have sent their regrets.

Among those who have already said they won't come are Gov. Bob Scott; Sen. Sam Ervin; Jesse Helms, editorialist of WRAL-TV in Raleigh; Alabama Gov. George Wallace; President Nixon; Vice-President Agnew; and J. Robert Jones, Grand Dragon of the KKK.

We know you're disheartened that they won't be there Nyle, but don't worry.

If everybody else comes, that'll only be about four and a half million people.

And with that many people there, who'll miss 'em?

Rod Waldorf

The myth completely dispelled

Jubilee... Woodstock... Altamont... Jubilee... and the rock festival phenomenon is dying at last.

Here we are, the peace generation. Better get outa my way 'cause I'm here too.

That's about the attitude that's encountered at today's festivals. In theory, the festival concept is nice; in practice, it stinks.

The first problem with such productions is a physical one—where are we going to put that many people, not to mention their cars and such, plus first aid, OD centers and the ever necessary johns. Then, if you get that one solved, what are you going to do with the human animals that flock thereto.

For those "people," for whom such things are given, forget all their rhetoric of love and brotherhood once and if they can get in... for the unwritten law do this: "If it's music and you wish to go there to and dig, then, go dig indeed, regardless of who and/or where it may be. If someone or anyone, regardless of who he may be, opposes thee in any of thy desires whilst thou art engaged, ignore him, abuse him or trample him so that thou mayest indulge in that which thy heart desires."

Thusly, even if the place is the old football lot on West 41st Street and there are already 1,000 people there, go if you want, and get someone's place if you can. He can displace someone else anyway.

But it is not right to close a festival—such as our Jubilee—to anyone, you cry. This may well be true from your view. And I as well would have rather seen this past Jubilee open to all, thus reducing the amount of policing that was necessary and, more importantly, reducing the amount of physical damage which was done to the facilities. But such was not the case.

When you get that many people together in one place, other problems develop. The amount of trash, for example. No problem for you, the individual festival goer. But after 5,000, 50,000 or 500,000 individual festival goers leave, the amount of trash is almost

incomprehensible. After all, it's sure a lot simpler to toss it on the ground. After all, I'm here to have a good time, not concern myself with etiquette. And besides, someone else will be paid to pick it up. Or else, screw it, what's one more cup.

Okay, so we've morally justified going, getting in and leaving an incredible mess. Big deal. But what about all those people, all our brothers, fellow members of the "Woodstock Nation."

Bull. Bull, bull, bull. You know it and so do I.

If you're lucky enough to get a place in front, near the stage—which is rightly yours because you got in line three hours before the gates opened, I agree—then when you want to stand up, you shall. Those people in back only came to listen anyway. They won't miss anything. And if you're in the back, you give up anyhow, or else squeeze yourself a spot in the front while whoever was there first is off doing something else. Sorry about that, didn't know anyone owned that blanket, thought was mine. Sorry.

Oh, well. So now you've gotten in under the fence or through the gate and you've systematically worked yourself from a spot just standing on the edge to a spot right at the restraining fence at the front

of the stage. Now what the heck do they need a fence around the stage for. There's nobody really big here this weekend. Nobody's going to rush the stage and grab some joker's bootstraps.

So screw the fence. Down it comes and there you are, arms on the edge of the stage.

But something is wrong with the sound system... not just here, but anywhere... and, well I'll be, there you are, sitting on the table holding the monitor speakers. Well, you and all those with you, on the wrong side of the restraining fence suddenly find some dude pushing through. Forget it buddy, you say, tightening up against your brother next to you. Hey, you yell on to those onstage, play. That's what we came here for, so quit screwing around.

Well, it seems that something is wrong with the sound system and some of the speakers aren't working. And that dude trying to push his way through is only one of the sound men trying to get to the equipment to check it out. But screw him, you don't care if the people in back can't hear, you can hear fine. Besides, that dude might stay there in front of you the whole time and you won't be able to see as well.

So screw it, just play. That's what

you're here for.

The real national fervor started with Woodstock, although there were outdoor music festivals prior to that time—Newport's jazz and folk festivals for example. And no doubt there were problems there also.

But the whole thing culminated at Altamont in December of 1969, that big, free Stones' concert on the West Coast where several died and, according to "Gimme Shelter," the Stones' film of that event, Marty Balin of the Jefferson Airplane got himself popped in the face after being pulled from the stage by person or persons unknown. That concert is the one that really blew the Woodstock myth wide open and showed our "beautiful generation" of love and peace for exactly what we are—and how so very much I wish it were the myth that held the truth.

Maybe the performers themselves will help end this generational suicide by ceasing to price themselves out of the market, preferring to play smaller indoor concerts and refusing to play outdoors at all.

The outdoor festival bit has reached its limit, succeeding only in producing a generation of animals knowing only the law of the jungle.

Michele Bryant

Racism breeds racism

Recently the UNC Student Legislature has gone through some hair-raising budget allocations. One of the most heated arguments centered around the funding of the Black Student Movement. The split was over whether or not the BSM is a racist organization. The constitution of the University prohibits Student Legislative funding of organizations that discriminate on the grounds of race, color or religion.

The BSM is an organization of black students whose purpose is to provide the campus with the cultural aspects of black people in this state and throughout the country.

Judging by the name one would expect to find white students. Another important point, whites may work with blacks, read many books about them or have a degree in Afro-American studies but none of these guarantees a place in the black society and vice versa.

As for the question of racism, maybe the BSM is racist in a strict sense, but so is the University. Racism has two aspects; it is both overt and covert. It takes two forms: individual whites against individual blacks and acts on the part of the white against the black community, or simply, individual and institutional racism. It is the latter that concerns us here.

The University of North Carolina is institutionally racist against its black student population. It originates in the operations of established and respected policies in the society here. For the white student the University is a means to an end or a successful future. It may mean this to a black student, but it also means white assimilation and loss of identity. The black student has nothing here that

gives him a true sense of belonging. Admittedly there are a few courses, faculty and administrators geared toward him but not enough. He is also isolated by the majority of social functions.

The black student has the ideals of the white society forced on him. He is expected to accept these ideals blindly without regard for his own future. What must he do with these ideals when he returns to his black community? Will they relate? The system fails him because he becomes marginal. Marginality is tragic in our society; being caught in the middle is disastrous for anyone.

Realizing this, the black students of the University have banded together in order to establish identity and unity and present their way of life to the University community. Each year they meet opposition from the very source that made the organization necessary.

Racism breeds itself. Therefore, it is necessary for a variety of organizations to exist and perpetuate the idea of the liberal-arts institution. Ethnic groups should not be excluded. Interaction is the best teacher. People provide a more lasting and effective education and people are the only solution to racism anywhere. A combination of organized groups who provide this interaction would make for a better University.

Letter

No, Hitler wouldn't like all those cops

To the editor:

The May 4 editorial page carried a photo of U.S. troops standing quietly along a D.C. street, obviously there to quell the May Day Tribe. An anonymous DTH staff scholar captioned it: "Hitler would have been proud."

Hitler would have been anything but proud. He consciously used "street people" himself to disrupt the constitutional government. His collection of drug addicts, homosexuals, and criminals was known as the Brownshirts because, also like the May Day Tribe, they affected parts of military uniforms and cult clothing to express their individuality. The Brownshirts, under

Ernst Roehm, spent their May Days in Berlin (guess what!) trashing streets and destroying private property in the name of Socialism. Surely even the editors of the DTH are beginning to get a glimmer of where Rennie Davis evolved his charming tactics and why "apathetic" students stayed on campus. But, then, Ernst Roehm and Rennie Davis just wanted people to love one another, right?

I know it would tax the time of some DTH editors to take a basic history course, but perhaps they could do a little reading. I suggest "The Little Golden Book of World History" as a logical start.

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2 Colonial Arms
Chapel Hill

The Daily Tar Heel

79 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Bob Lenski

War deaths in Indochina are underestimated

Editor's Note: the following column appeared in the Monday, May 2, Daily Tar Heel. Due to printing errors which made the column unreadable, it is being reprinted.

On April 16, The Daily Tar Heel printed an editorial concerning Indochina war deaths and student apathy, which illustrated beautifully how this apathy has resulted in (or from) widespread ignorance of the most basic information concerning the conflict.

It began by reporting the recent Administration announcement that battlefield deaths in the war since 1961 have passed 900,000.

Next it pointed out that this figure includes neither battlefield deaths prior to 1961 nor civilian deaths. Then came the incredible: it was reasoned that "The number of deaths not counted in the 'official' figures would probably send the

total deaths attributable to the war to around one million."

Since the average UNC student accepts this as Divine Truth, I will try to do a little educating.

First, if the United States fought the war in the same manner as the Communists fight it, there probably would be fewer than 100,000 civilian deaths: as of last summer, the total number of South Vietnamese civilians killed by the enemy since the war began was placed at 29,000 by most official U.S. spokesmen, while President Nixon quoted the figure of 40,000 in a speech. We may be certain that the true figure was not much higher—American officials would quickly have snapped this up.

Unfortunately, our technological capability has permitted us to fight a different kind of war, one providing minimum risk for American soldiers, at the cost of maximum risk for Vietnamese

civilians. The result, as calculated from the incomplete official figures of the Agency for International Development (AID), has been between 50,000 and 60,000 South Vietnamese civilian deaths per year every year since U.S. bombing and "search and destroy" missions began in 1965. That comes to about 300,000 or so there alone...

Next we might consider the thousands of civilian deaths we know have occurred in Cambodia since American intervention there led to the initiation of hostility. (We must never forget that this phenomena was absent during the previous Viet Cong occupation of the country). And there is Laos: Republican Congressman Paul McCloskey of California, upon returning recently from a guided tour of that country, stated that there are 9,400 villages in all of Laos, and that the U.S. Air Force has destroyed "thousands" of them. He made clear that

this was not simply "a figure of speech." How many more civilian deaths in these two countries?

Finally, there is the plight of those unfortunate souls who committed the horrendous crime of being born on the wrong side of an arbitrary parallel negotiated thousands of miles away. We have no way of knowing how many tens of thousands of innocent North Vietnamese civilians our massive bombing raids of the Johnson years killed—we can only hope they suffered less at our hands than did our "friends" to the South!

The most important thing to keep in mind when considering Indochina's civilian deaths is the statistical uncertainty involved. A government which has the remarkable capability to count every last grain of rice scooped from Cambodian sanctuaries, and which has introduced a whole new dimension in warfare—Instant Enemy Body Count—is somehow reduced to bumbling

incompetence when confronted with the minor problem of civilian deaths. How many? Three hundred thousand? Five hundred thousand? A million or more? All of these have been advanced as serious possibilities, although the first is seldom heard any more.

How pleased the Pentagon would be to know that there are student editors about who, while professing sharp opposition to U.S. war policies, fail to use the damning figures of the government itself, preferring to circulate much nicer ones instead!

It is states like North Carolina that are keeping this war going. But as long as UNC students remain apathetic, how can we ever hope to see war opposition radiating outward from Chapel Hill? The only way we eliminate apathy on this campus is through an informed student body. An informed DTH editorial staff would represent a good start; so would an occasional informative article on Vietnam

(maybe once every month!)

The Vietnamese people could really use a few friends over here right now. It is hard to contemplate the bitterness they would feel toward American students were they aware of our continuing collective self-righteousness regarding our response to the war. There is no excuse for self-righteous feeling simply because our response has been less despicable than that of the nation at large.

The war is continuing full-steam; American involvement is causing as many deaths now as it was before; only those regarding Orientals as subhuman can take pleasure in the decrease in American deaths.

If the contrast in local student anti-war activity between last spring and this one is any indication, there are a few conclusions we should be reaching about ourselves. Perhaps all that marching around last May really was over nothing more than Kent State.

