

# COMMENTARY

## THE TAR HEEL

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## Lights, camera—action

The fighting between Britain and Argentina over the Falkland Islands has been the least photographed British military operation since the Crimean War, press people were grumbling this week. By comparison, the feuding between Secretary of State Alexander Haig and U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick over the Falklands has been given enough scene-by-scene publicity to qualify as a full-length feature movie, directed—or undirected—by no less a talent than Ronald Reagan himself.

Judging by the British successes so far, the Reagan administration might be better off putting its foreign policy differences in the can, as the movie people would say. Ideally, this would involve canning one of the stars as well, namely Haig.

That is too much to hope for, probably. The genesis of the current Reagan melodrama is in the success Haig has had in the combined role of adviser and guard-dog to the president, shutting off access of other foreign policy advisers to Reagan almost completely. And that success seems to indicate that the president likes what he is hearing from the secretary, so much so that he is willing to forego the other foreign policy resources in his cabinet—the National Security Adviser, William Clark, and the current intruder on Haig's turf, the now-harried Kirkpatrick.

The melodrama that has gone through screening this week has been instructive, at least. The principal lesson has been that the president's light hand in directing his foreign policy is allowing his erratic and very power-conscious secretary of state to steal the show, and make a shambles of it, all at once. A key scene came last week, when Kirkpatrick was forced to change a controversial Security Council vote on the Falklands several minutes after casting it. The embarrassing breakdown came because Haig preferred communicating through channels to phoning the U.S. change to the ambassador, the former general said, referring to Kirkpatrick as merely "a company commander." The vote had been on a Panamanian-Spanish resolution aimed at producing a diplomatic settlement to the crisis. Kirkpatrick had opposed the initial U.S. vote, a veto certain to be rendered meaningless by Britain's guaranteed prior veto. The U.S. veto served only to alienate further the Latin American nations, who have felt betrayed by the Haig policy of full-bore U.S. support for Britain. Haig's decision to switch the vote was made while the president slept at Versailles, Haig later said.

This week the show seemed to be moving to a climax, which can only be Kirkpatrick's resignation, she now is hinting. Like former National Security Adviser Richard Allen before her, Kirkpatrick seems destined to hit the silk rather than continue to fly into the face of the stone wall style Haig has perfected in the Nixon and Reagan administrations. The worst thing about losing the ambassador—as bad as it would be for Latin American relations—might be that the president may never know what he's missing.

## The big pick-up: Franklin Street blues

By TODD DAVIS

Below my office window, the rush hour traffic crawled down Franklin Street. It was a hot June day on the Hill. It was going to be a hotter night. I broke a pencil.

Loosening my tie, I wiped my brow and stared at my broken ceiling fan. I couldn't afford air conditioning so I was paying for it in sweat. Life ain't always ice cream and candy when you're Johnny Valentine—Detective of Love.

The clock showed five. I was going to call it a day. Then, the phone rang.

"Hello."  
"Hello! Hello! Is this a Mr. Johnny Valentine?" A male voice shouted over loud music thumping away in the background.

"Speaking," I replied.  
"My name's Norman—Norman Holloway. I'm a UNC student and I'm in big trouble."

"What UNC student isn't?" I said.  
"No really Mr. Valentine I need your help. It's happy hour downtown and I'm—I'm afraid!"

"Take it easy kid. Where are you?"  
"I'm at Pretty's. It's—it's terrible!"  
"Be right there." I hung up.  
Pretty's was one of the more classier

joints on the Hill. You had to have a special membership card to get in. I didn't have a card. The gorilla guarding the door tried to stop me. I broke a pencil. He got the picture.

Inside, Pretty's was crowded with "Let's Get Physical" blaring on the dance floor. It wasn't hard spotting Norman Holloway. His name gave him away.

"Hello Norman. The name is Valentine."  
"Mr. Valentine! How did you know it was me?"

"Just lucky," I lied. Norman looked like some stiff out of a Sears catalog—nice, practical but no style. He definitely needed my help. "So what can I do for you Norman?"

Norman looked around then spilled his guts. "It's girl trouble Mr. Valentine. All these college girls in this bar and all they do is giggle and try to look cute. They don't even notice us guys. Everytime I come downtown I get the same old thing."  
"And what's that?" I asked.

"Nothing."  
I looked around Pretty's. Norman was right. All the dames were on one side of the room giggling about who had the best tan while the guys sat together on the other side drinking beer—and a lot of it. I knew what Norman was getting at but I'd let him say it. He did.

## California Senate race signal of political future

By KEN SIMAN

As California goes, so goes the rest of the nation—about ten years later.

California has a history of serving as the nation's political catalyst. It is a state that has introduced Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, and by endorsing Proposition 13 in 1978, tax cut mania.

1982 will be no exception. California is the state to watch in this year's mid-term elections because both its gubernatorial and senatorial races will have national reverberations.

The winners of Tuesday's Democratic primary, Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, the gubernatorial nominee and Governor Jerry Brown, the senatorial nominee have already attained national prominence.

If victorious, Bradley would become the first black elected governor of any state. Undoubtedly, race will be a factor in the campaign, and if the highly popular Bradley, who coasted to a landslide victory Tuesday, is unable to win a fairly liberal state like California, it would serve as a deterrent to blacks throughout the country who are considering entering state wide races.

Brown, after two terms as Governor and two failed presidential campaigns, is suffering from over-exposure among California voters and is the underdog in the race. But few political observers discount the possibility of an upset. Brown has demonstrated a shrewdness, even slickness, shared by few other politicians. Take, for instance, his stand on Proposition 13 (the property-tax initiative) in 1978. From its inception he vigorously denounced it, but once overwhelmingly passed by California voters, he embraced it. His about-face was so convincing that a poll



Brown



Bradley

taken a few months after the initiative passed indicated that most voters thought Brown favored Proposition 13 from the outset.

Brown is hinging his political career on the nuclear freeze issue—a call for a freeze on the deployment of nuclear weapons will be the central theme of his campaign. If his quest is successful, not only will politicians become more receptive to campaigning on a platform which advocates a nuclear freeze, but a third foray into presidential politics would seem inevitable for Brown, who seems to be constantly campaigning for something (this senate race is his fifth campaign in eight years) and has an unquenchable ambition.

Both Republican nominees—Attorney General George Deukmejian for Governor, and San Diego Mayor Pete Wilson for Senator, have closely allied themselves with President Reagan and his policies. In fact, in the Republican primaries debate focused on which candidates were most loyal to Reagan. Wilson scored a coup when Reagan's brother endorsed him, ignoring the candidacy of his niece (the President's daughter), Maureen Reagan, who finished a distant fifth in Tuesday's primary.

Reagan will—in all likelihood—campaign actively for both Republican candidates. Thus, the race will be an important litmus test of Reagan's popularity in his home state. If candidates who are vigorous disciples of his policies fare poorly even with an incumbent President campaigning for them, Reagan's prospects for 1984 will not look encouraging.

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had to do something and quick. "Look Norman, before you throw her a line, let me go over there and soften her up."

"Sure Mr. Valentine."  
What Norman didn't know was that tall blonde in the headband was no ordinary dame. I knew her from a stake-out in the Undergrad. Her name was Tootsie Flamekist. I walked over and spilled beer on Tootsie's high heels. She loved it.

"Oh Johnny!" Tootsie exclaimed as she threw herself at me. She couldn't help it. "Easy baby, easy," I said. "I need to ask a favor of you."

"Anything."  
"You see that guy staring at you?"  
"Which one?"

I pointed Norman out and asked Tootsie to allow herself to be picked up.

"But I want to go out with you Johnny," Tootsie whined.

"Sorry baby, life ain't always ice cream and candy." I broke a pencil.

"Whatever you say Johnny," Tootsie sighed.

Thus, Tootsie let Norman pick her up on a muggy June night. They were so happy that they even went out on a second date, got married and then had a divorce. Case closed.

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