

The Daily Tar Heel

Opinions of The Daily Tar Heel are expressed in its editorials. All unsigned editorials are written by the editor. Letters and columns reflect only the personal views of their contributors.

ERNIE McCRARY, EDITOR

About Those Tickets

The Athletic Department is due of vote of approval from the student body for its eager willingness to change regulations governing the distribution of basketball game tickets.

Problems have arisen this week because we have come to the first big game in the big new auditorium. Students started lining up at 5:30 Monday morning to get one of the 6,500 seats available in Carmichael for the Duke game. There were lines coming and going, opening and closing, and confusion was added to the disgust of those waiting . . . and waiting.

The 250 date tickets available were gone almost as soon as the windows opened. The lines bogged down as those who reached the windows pondered which ticket to take — "Do you want section 8, 3 or the bleachers?"

Faculty and staff members were in those same lines Tuesday and yesterday nine professors paid Athletic Director Chuck Erickson a visit, taking their complaints with them.

Erickson, sticking to his word of doing anything reasonable to make the greatest number of people happy, approved some changes which should make the situation more tolerable, though still far from ideal.

Henceforth, so long as any student tickets are left, date tickets will be sold. For the Duke game, 250 date tickets were held back from the general admission block of 2,000 tickets. Under the new arrangement, 250 date tickets will still come from the general admissions but if there is a demand for more they will be drawn from the block of 6,500 student, staff and faculty tickets.

The number of students seeking single seats might be reduced a little, but at least no one will be forced out of a date ticket.

Before big games in the future six ticket windows will be open at all times and the opening-closing confusion will be eliminated. One of the windows will be reserved for faculty, staff and general admission only. At that window faculty and staff members will still get tickets from the 6,500 group while general admission sales made at the same window will come from the 2,000 block, so no student tickets are being sacrificed.

The right to choose a seat at the window will be replaced with a time-saving "take-this-ticket-and-move-on-it's-the-best-seat-still-available" approach.

It is always possible that these changes will create new problems, but again our thanks to the Athletic Department for its willingness to try suggestions. It is really unlikely that a perfect system will be found during the first basketball season in the auditorium.

And this fact will always remain: When 20,000 people want in a place that holds only 8,500, somebody is going to be dissatisfied.

James Bond, Move Over

It's very fashionable to be a secret agent these days. Every third actor in Hollywood seems to be a cinematic spy and about half the television shows this season are shrouded in trench coats and studded with concealed weapons.

Now, as a UNC student, your chance is here. You can join Beaumont's Secret Service. Spooking aside, Campus Police Chief Arthur Beaumont has called for your help in solving the latest theft on campus. Somebody entered the typing room in Manning Hall Tuesday and stole a portable typewriter belonging to a law student.

Here are the clues: It is a 1963 model Olympia, two-tone gray, serial number SM7-219391. The thief left the carrying case behind, so be suspicious of caseless portables.

Agents should report findings to Mr. Big (Beaumont) at his plush SS headquarters on the second floor of Y Building.

And be careful, secret agents. The crook might be working for that dreaded organization T.H.I.E.F. (Typewriter Hijackers' International Emergency Fund).



A View From The Hill

The Sweet Smell Of Campus Beauty

BY ARMISTEAD MAUPIN, JR.

Place: The office of a popular South Boulevard administrator

Time: About a week ago.
(As the drama opens, the Administrator is speaking on the telephone. He is an amiable man, but he is obviously having a difficult time concealing his current irritation. There is a very persistent Lady on the line.)

Administrator: . . . yes ma'am, it arrived here yesterday afternoon. Six truckloads of it. It was awfully thoughtful of you, but . . . really . . . I hardly know what to do with 36 tons of . . .

Lady: Gracious, Chancellah! You spread it around your shrubs, of course. Makes 'em grow like all get - out. Why folks here in Johnson City say there's nothing' like it for all kinds of things. You should see my collards, Chancellah, they're so . . .

A: I'm sure they are, ma'am . . . but we really don't have that many shrubs here at the University. Thirty - six tons is really far too much for our purposes. Wouldn't it be possible for us to send some

back?
L: Pshaw! Ah use a heap more than that at the Ranch. You gotta be generous with it, Chancellah. You're livin' in the Great Society!

A: Yes ma'am, but most of our shrubs are around classroom buildings and dormitories. Thirty - six tons of this — substance would be rather — shall we say, distracting — to young people who are exploring the Kingdom of the Mind. Surely, you can see what I mean. The odor is not the most . . .

L: Chancellah, you are tryin' mah patience a mite. Ah'm beginnin' to wonder if you're supportin' me in the Wah on Ugliness. Mah husband doesn't take kindly to folks who don't support his programs.

A: It's not that, ma'am. It's just . . .
L: As ah recall, mah husband gives your school a good little bit of federal aid.
A: Yes ma'am, that's true, but . . .
L: And you appreciate everything mah husband has done, don't you, Chancellah?
A: Of course, we . . .
L: Well now, Chancellah. Won't you

Movie Review

Richardson Scores Again

By PETER RANGE

The joke's on everybody in Tony Richardson's latest contribution to the celluloid medium, a farce called "The Loved One" which opened last week at the Rialto Theater in Durham.

Richardson has gone in a single leap from the wild and woolly of the 18th century ("Tom Jones") to the maniacal and ridiculous of the 20th. With the same skill at shooting, editing, and directing which we saw in "Tom Jones," this young Englishman has taken all that is hypocritical and downright ludicrous about being in Hollywood, about being British there, about living or dying in Los Angeles, and about burying your dead there, and turned it into the fastest and funniest comedy available for many weeks.

Dennis Barlow (Robert Morse) mistakenly walks onto a runway apron in England and gets off a jet some hours later in Los Angeles, where he is thus destined to spend the next few hilarious weeks. He calls his uncle, a knighted member of the local British colony, who is paid well for poor art by one of the big movie studios.

Poor Dennis cannot keep up with the standards of these translated Britons, led by portly Sir Ambrose (the inimitable Robert Morley), and soon finds himself both laughing stock and waterboy of the group.

In the meantime, the uncle has been discharged from the studio and proceeds to hang himself from the high diving board over his crumbling, once-gracious swimming pool. The plot now really begins when Dennis is sent to make funeral arrangements at Whispering Glades, Hollywood's plushest and paganest cemetery.

At Whispering Glades Dennis is guided through bucolic vales, over bubbling brooks, past the music of the spheres, and into the Gothic Slumber Room by lovely Aimee Thanatogenos (Anjanette Comer). Aimee prepares the stiffs for their last public appearance and sees the mortuary as her cloister. Dennis falls head over heels for this self-appointed nun and tries quite unsuccessfully to win her heart from the start.

Dennis soon finds himself in a counter-part business, the animal mortuary. He also soon finds the key to Aimee's heart: poetry. He plagiarizes daily from Tennyson and friends, passing himself off to innocent Aimee as a poet.

His rival is Mr. Joyboy (superb performance by Rod Steiger), a male Goldilocks who does the embalming at Whispering Glades. Aimee consults a newspaper Brahmin in sage for advice and finally chooses Dennis. But Joyboy uncovers the source of the poet's words and wins her back.

In a final climax of desperation, Aimee commits suicide by embalming herself. Both distressed lovers load her into a casket intended for the first astronaut destined to be interred, not in the ground, but in outer space. Dennis departs again for England, his aching heart at rest, after watching on TV as the unsuspecting Air Force rockets his beloved into eternal orbit.

Everybody gets a jibe in this incomparable satire on the human comedy in our midst. Lyndon Johnson, Queen Elizabeth, the English, the Americans, the Jews, the Negroes, the military, a number of famous guest stars, the space age, and above all the American way of death in its most glorious-ly ridiculous extremes.

Richardson's technique is fast and furious. His actors are like marionettes suspended from his hand, even if all but Rod Steiger play their own stock roles.

You'll laugh so hard for over two hours that you should not go if you tire easily or have a heart condition or take yourself very seriously!

Letter

Stop Line Breakers

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:
This letter is to protest the actions of those who broke into the ticket line Tuesday morning at Carmichael Auditorium. Every year when tickets go on sale for a big game, such as the Duke game, the problem of line breakers gets worse, but this year it approached an outrage.

I arrived at the Ticket Office at 6:45 a.m. and found that a line had already been formed. (I was told that those at the front of the line had been there since 5 a.m.) As the line began to grow, I noticed that many people were not going to the back of the line, but instead were pushing in at the front.

People who had been waiting in line protested to these 'Carolina Creeps' but in many cases to no avail. One lady reminded a couple that they had broken in line; the Coed replied, "Yes, I know." The situation was somewhat eased by the arrival of several Campus Policemen who began keeping these people out of the lines.

What kind of student body are we that we have to have policemen to keep students from breaking a ticket line? These line breakers were certainly a minority but they were enough of them to pose a problem. Had Otelia Conner been there, she would surely have rapped them over the head with her umbrella, for they lacked any sense of fair play or courtesy for those who were waiting in line.

This situation is a disgrace to the UNC Student Body and unless something is done it will continue to exist. Therefore, I propose that the Athletic Department or Student Government take positive steps to keep this from happening again.

Dwight McAllister
48 Barclay Road

David Rothman

A New Kind Of Southerner

A new kind of Southern Provincial has sprung up within the past decade. He is not a hillbilly. He doesn't belong to the Klan. He accepts the fact that the South lost the Civil War. In fact, he may be against the singing of "Dixie." And he might wear a beard and picket against U. S. Viet Nam policy. And call the governor of his state a racist.

The New Provincial belongs to a small but growing group of Southern college students and intellectuals whose most important goal in life seems to be atoning for the Homeland's Sins. But in his eagerness to atone, his condescending sympathy becomes hate — bitterness far more intense than that of the most emotional Northern civil rights leaders.

Realizing that his region is economically and educationally inferior to the rest of the nation, he habitually blames these deficiencies on The Establishment — the Southern press, the Democratic Party, the leading businessmen and the educators.

Sometimes, the New Provincial's criticism is justified; but usually, he attacks The Establishment because he cannot distinguish between the South of 1965 and the Dixie of the 19th century, whose leaders lacked the moderation of their modern counterparts.

The New Provincial satisfies some of his need to atone by constructively working to correct his area's failings — by helping voter registration efforts, by participating in the War on Poverty and engaging in similar positive action.

But generally he mourns the South's troubles with the assistance of coffee house colleagues who spend their time uselessly chattering about topics like the latest bombing in Alabama; or, if the bullshooters are hard-pressed for conversation, they discuss Viet Nam — trying to convince themselves that U. S. Viet Nam policy has earned the United States the condemnation of other nations just as the South's racism brought forth the disapproval of the country's other regions.

The New Provincial probably has never used the word "nigger" within the past five years and once he may even have furtively spat on a Confederate flag; but he feels as

if Americans outside the South hold him just as responsible for the racism of the Klan and the Citizens Councils as they do the organizations' actual members.

And where Viet Nam enters the picture, the New Provincial's logic is similar: he has not napalmed any Vietnamese villages, he hasn't fired a shot at the Viet Cong, he doesn't support the corrupt Saigon government; but people in India, Japan and the rest of the world think he has caused these atrocities by his supposed lack of opposition to the State Department's policies.

Therefore, the Provincial believes, he must protest — damning his country's Viet Nam actions without really knowing whether the United States is an international villain. He knows only that his native section of the country is frequently in the wrong when others condemn it; so, he reasons, why not the entire United States? Perhaps the slogan of the New Provincial should be: "My country — right or wrong — is wrong."

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72 Years of Editorial Freedom
The Daily Tar Heel is the official news publication of the University of North Carolina and is published by students daily except Mondays, examination periods and vacations.

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Second class postage paid at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., 27514. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester; \$8 per year. Send change of address to The Daily Tar Heel, Box 1080, Chapel Hill, N. C., 27514. Printed by the Chapel Hill Publishing Co., Inc. The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use for republication of all local news printed in this newspaper as well as all ap news dispatches.

