

As We See It UNC Students' Tax Dollars Won't Buy What Votes Will

Students aren't getting their money's worth out of Chapel Hill politics.

It's their own fault, too. What it all boils down to is that Carolina students aren't registering to vote in Chapel Hill elections. And because they aren't voting, they are not being wooed by Chapel Hill's politicians, aren't getting concessions from the town's elected officials who hope to remain elected officials.

But regardless of whether they want to play, students do have to pay.

A Daily Tar Heel reporter checked the tax rolls at town hall Tuesday and found that fraternity and sorority houses and the privately-owned Granville Towers are being assessed \$28,689.64 in real estate tax, personal property tax and sewer fees. There are also those students living in off-campus apartments whose rents reflect the .11 mill tax rate.

But because 1) many of these students are under 21, and 2) many of the older ones are too apathetic to vote, student-paid taxes don't buy officials' sympathy with their gripes.

But because of their apathy at the polls, students' gripes fall on deaf ears.

Like complaints about the zoning laws which will permit neither all-night restaurants nor furth-

er fraternity-sorority house expansion this side of Finley Golf Course.

And like gripes about the dime-gulping parking meters which you have to pay, because you have to park, because you have to shop.

And, really, why should elected officials in this town worry about appealing to student interests when it's not going to win them any votes—especially in cases of controversial zoning changes which will meet hard opposition from the voting townspeople.

Indeed, officials disregard of students' desires can be explained as a simple political fact of life.

But it doesn't have to be that way. The tradition of students sitting at the back of Chapel Hill's political bus can be easily changed by students' registering Saturday to vote in the upcoming mayoral elections.

If enough students register, both incumbent Mayor Sandy McClamroch and contender Raymond Williams will have to address at least part of their programs toward students. And whichever wins will have to remember who helped put him in office—and who'll help put him back there two years from now.

And thus will a change—a very welcome change—come to Chapel Hill politics.

Professors, Let Us Be

With all due apologies to William Shakespeare we'd like to borrow—and somewhat rearrange—a quote from Hamlet and aim it at the UNC faculty. Specifically:

"To let them be, or not to let them be."

Be. Like in Be-In. The Be-In, a day of child-like innocence and of feasting on bread, cheese, wine and thought is scheduled for Thursday afternoon at the foot of Silent Sam.

Which, barring an encore from Monday's cloudburst, will be just great.

Just great if you can be there to be, that is.

And there, as Hamlet more or less said, is the rub.

What deans, professors and graduate instructors must consider is whether 'tis nobler in the mind for their students endure the slings and arrows of outrageous attendance regulations, or to be, to be perchance to dream and to discover that life at this University is not restricted to just studying and organized weekend

partying. The Be-In will give students a chance to do nothing. That's right, nothing.

It won't be constructive in the pragmatic, materialistic sense of the word. But then it won't be frustrating either.

And it probably won't solve any world problems. But at least it will give participants a chance to forget about them for a while.

Which all means that if professors don't excuse classes for attendance at the Be-In, they could be doing a great disservice to Be-ing in general.

Once again—this time straight from Julius Caesar, Act V—we'd like to quote Shakespeare on this matter:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune. Omitted, all the voyage of our lives is bound in shallows and in misery. On such a full sea we are now afloat, and we must take the current when it serves or lose our ventures."



Peter Harris

The Ordeal Of Searching

Is it true that people are really happy, but are afraid to admit it?

Here at the University, where we live in circumstances perhaps more conducive to happiness than any we shall face for the rest of our lives, there seems to be a common tension among us which denies the outflow of our real spirits.

This is a crucial matter to think about because it is fairly obvious that something bugs us, that there is a common discontent with the way things are. It is hard for each of us to pinpoint this disturbance; for some of us this feeling of quiet despair is sometimes not so quiet. For others, it creeps beneath our skin.

When you consider the stage in life which torments the minds of collegians, you begin to understand this common tension. There is a longing for stability in a world which denies stability. Everything is in transition.

We enter college as freshmen quite unestablished; we have left a world in which we were in relatively good control after years of mastering that closed environment.

College is a challenge for the individual; it is where he finds himself confronted with himself because he is, like never before, on his own. For many, home is a long journey, and the comfort of that former security is very much denied. This is good because it forces the individual to seek new sources of friendship and new outlets of meaning.

Many of us reject this new world because it is immediately void of the sharp communication which had been established back in high school. This is perhaps truer of prep

school graduates because of the more cosmopolitan nature in which prep schools thrive. We soon become pressed with the problem of direction—is the University the correct place to be spending these years? I have seen it in many people: they doubt that they are doing themselves justice by staying at the University. They wonder if experience will be more real outside; some go home in the University. The University is a stopping-off place on the way towards a higher goal, a goal usually left pretty much undefined during the college years.

Once the student begins to master his new environment—and this usually takes a couple of years—he begins to conglomerate all the self-searching which he has done over the past couple of years. He is reaching a point of inner stability. This is perhaps the greatest gift the University holds for its students. It gives a person an opportunity to master himself to a degree which would have been otherwise unobtainable had he not been confronted with the dilemma of seeking out new friends and meaning.

Your life is your own, especially if you have had the time in college to look at yourself and your own resourcefulness.

To settle for less than creative aspiration is to die before you are really born. People can make the future full and constantly intriguing, always feeling as if it is a place one has just discovered. Fascination is a creation of a person's free exploration.

Is it true that people are really happy, but are afraid to admit it?

People can only be happy if they give happiness a chance to survive the ordeal of self-searching.

For some, this is translated as competition—a person must be number one, above the next guy, in order to succeed. For this person, the future is dangerous because he is projecting his own despair into goal terms. He feels unsure of how he should channel his tensions in this demanding situation; in a sense, he is determined to fight fire with fire—pressure. It does not work; he has accomplished nothing in terms of himself. He is fighting another man's game, so to speak, and not finding meaning through his own creativity. He is really settling for nothing, only giving-up on individual satisfaction. Life becomes a compulsion and he soon loses his verve for creativity.

Creativity will only flourish when the insecurity of the collegian's future is perceived as a challenge. It is as if life is a clean slate and you shall make of it whatever you create. People who follow this road do not perceive of the world as a place where they are destined to mediocrity.

You learn the strength of your mind in relation to yourself; without mental control, life is meaningless. Yet, there is still the feeling of transition and despair at the instability of the future. In a world (the University) which pushes you into becoming serious in mind and establishing a goal which supports a rise in status from mere youthful expectations, you are forced into a tense state of mind.

Then, if you present yourself at the entranceway to the Queen's Galley (a side entrance to the Palace in Buckingham Palace Road) and iron gateway will be opened for you by a personage wearing a red, gold, and black morning suit. Follow him down a passageway, at the end of which hand him a half-crown (35 cents) and make your request of him. He will obtain from another similarly dressed personage a key which he will use to unlock another doorway.

He will usher you through this, and down a staircase, and show you to the room you wish and wait with you while you transact your business. Nothing very unusual about the room, no monogram on the paper, not even the word "Commoners" on the door—just one seat and on basin. But while you could visit 30 other establishments for the price, with the ceremony that accompanies one of them could supply you pines a visit to this one."

(The Village Voice) (London)

A TOILET is called by many names, such as, head, can, and john, but in this country they are usually called filthy. Most travelers claim that London has the cleanest toilets in the world. There they are known as "loos" and the better ones are easier to find thanks to a little book, called "The Good Loo Guide, Where to Go in London."

A sort of Guide Mechinele of the water closet, its lists, by neighborhood, a large number of public toilets, hours open, what facilities each offers, and how much to tip most important its rates, but if there is an attendant, but cording to cleanliness. The best are awarded a "Royal Flush," four stars.

The Loo Guide is so wryly written and cleverly illustrated that it is worth reading whether you want to go to/in London, or not. It starts with a quote attributed to the Duke

Organized Religion Fails To Reach Us

By LARRY MILLER
(The Daily Illini)

When I was 14 years old, I learn I would be dead someday.

The knowledge came when my great-grandfather died and I realized we would never laugh together again. The preacher said all kinds of consoling words about someplace called heaven and such things as just rewards. I didn't really give a damn.

All I knew was that the only thing I had left from my great-grandfather was the memory of our laughter and a tiny white scar at the base of my left thumb where I cut myself when he was teaching me to saw.

His death made me think, for the first time really, of God. And, to my dismay and frustration, the church was a hindrance rather than a help. The weekly session at the little white Methodist Church didn't have much meaning.

The god they talked about was incomprehensible. His son was a Jew who looked like an Anglo-Saxon. It all seemed strange and fuzzy and, as I grew older, even more logically irrelevant and impossible.

I suspect that the church or the synagogue failed to make connections with most of the people in our student generation. These institutions are now paying for their impotence.

Now it is no longer a question of life after death or the divinity of Christ and-or Mary or the source of the tablets Moses sprung on the Israelites. Rather, it is a question of connecting with some Source that transcends the constant ruffling of self-interest vs. self-interest and combats the loneliness and meaninglessness of the crowds which populate the corridors of our lives.

It is true now, more than ever, that religious understanding and the structuring of some ethical and moral codes are individual matters — decisions and understandings that each of us, consciously or not, must make for ourselves. If we do it consciously, we gain added elements of freedom.

In a time of mass men, it is interesting and encouraging to realize that mass religions are losing their relevance.

I don't argue against the precepts of any "conventional" religions. It just seems that most religions long ago adjusted themselves to be able to interpret their god for men of a different age. Thus most religions are separate from any real understanding of modern-day needs.

We are changed now. And, while the notion of god is an inner craving of most of us, it is buried beneath an avalanche of higher priority choices.

Organized religion has structured their gods into low priority positions in an age where most of us can only do so much and thus must carefully choose those things which we will give time to.

For this generation, conventional religion has little appeal. Rather, it has to compete with other mass movements to capture its share of "true-believer" types from the ranks of would-be converts. In an age where reason, sharing and compassion are absolute necessities for an understanding of life, extremism, whether it be religious or political, has little appeal.

Those who would speak for religion have a tough chore. For god is, as I said, a low-priority item in a culture which must choose items of concern from many possibilities.

Yet, because organized religion is dying, this should not disqualify god from our lives.

There is a beauty in man — a beauty that you and I can feel and communicate if not understand.

It is a beauty which makes love, all kinds, possible. It is found in personal relationships and its message seems clear — man is not ruled by close-vested self-interest or by simple response to environment. Man is more than this.

But the question of what that "more" is and, in fact, whether it is really true or not, is the question which religion must now face.

The days when organized religion was a political power are fading, soon to be gone. This puts you and I on the threshold of another step toward liberation.

Religion was meant to help men be free, not to imprison them — to give every individual an understanding of himself and his life patterns.

If man is to take that step, religion must become an agent of self-understanding. Therefore, each of us has the chore, tedious and as unrewarding as it might appear, to tackle the problem of god — to try to understand that which is in us, but is not only of us.

It's easy to use thought and knowledge to rip old religious institutions into laughable shreds. But ripping destroys institutions and not the concept of a life-force.

Understanding the validity of such a concept is up to you. No one else has the right to do more than give advice.

WE NEED YOU!

The sounds of silence abound at UNC! Struck by spring fever, we are afraid, everybody is romping in fields of flower of unconcern.

Too much has to be said by you, the students and faculty at UNC—we need your opinions, thoughts and observations! The Daily Tar Heel is your Open Forum!

Un-American!

From the Winston-Salem Journal

With a total misunderstanding of the subject before the bench—not to mention total capitulation to the profit motive—the U. S. Supreme Court has decreed that chicken soup must contain at least two per cent of chicken meat before it can legitimately be labeled as chicken soup.

Two per cent! Imagine what millions of grandmothers no longer abiding with us would have said about that. And consider what it means in terms of national decline.

Whatever happened to those hearty chunks of white meat and dollops of unsalted butter and leeks and baby carrots and fresh condiments that used to be "chicken soup"? What ever happened to chicken soup so thick with meat and vegetables that it was a meal in itself?

Two per cent of chicken meat. This is the same thing as saying that air must contain at least two per cent of oxygen before it can be labeled as air — the difference being that such a meager quantity of oxygen is fatal, while a similar quantity of chicken meat is merely appalling.

The Daily Tar Heel

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