

The Daily Tar Heel

76 Years of Editorial Freedom

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On Violence

From The Kentucky Kernel

It is time that a long, searching look be taken at one of the nation's most powerful institutions, the military.

As an autocratic instrument of awesome potential and real destruction, the military has managed to exist largely unhampered by other than superficial examination. It instead has been able to hide behind glittering banners of patriotism and meaningless, simplistic slogans.

Our society has become warped and twisted in its views of the purposes and proper function of the military.

Take, for example, the manner in which young men are socialized—or indoctrinated—to accept military duty blindly.

Military duty is portrayed as a holy and unchallengeable requirement not to be questioned at the risk of committing sacrilege and treason. Worse, military duty is built up as something in which to take pride.

Looking at the fundamental issues, however, gives an entirely different view. The most basic fundamental involved in the military establishment is that it exists for the express function of putting human beings to death.

True, at times this course of action perhaps is unavoidable for the self-preservation of one group from attack by another. But even when military action is "forced," it is hardly a matter in which to take pride.

The existence of the military is an admission of mankind's greatest weakness—the inability even to coexist with one's fellow man without killing him. Again, due to past militarism and belligerence, military recourse may be "unavoidable"—but it should be regarded only with extreme shame.

In other words, any man connected with the military should accept his position only out of a feeling of necessity. He should feel real shame and regret at having to operate in his capacity.

Instead, our society, in its warped "thinking," ascribes pride to military service and even attempts to make militarism synonymous with masculinity.

Military service is made to sound like just another job—with some special benefits, of course. But no effort is made to confront these potential recruits with the moral questions involved. In fact, this line of thinking in reality is discouraged. How many intelligent men would eagerly volunteer for military service after realizing fully that their "profession" would put them in the position of being told to kill other human beings whom they don't even know just because that individual is on the opposite "side."

The irony of this situation is that a person's societal indoctrination usually determines what "side" he is on. A gung-ho marine, for example, had he grown up under Ho Chi Minh's sphere of influence, most likely, would have been a gung-ho "Vietnam liberator." This situation, though it occurs over and over, is madness. The fact that men kill each other under such circumstances is the height of idiocy. But the military, with flags waving and the spirit of comradeship uplifted, continues its quest of stupidity.

Another aspect of this situation also deserves attention. The fact that most sane people would not under ordinary conditions perform the acts required of them in battle means that indoctrinated and unquestioning obedience must be demanded for a functioning

military machine. But this situation makes it even more clear that the military, with its frequently simplistic line of reasoning, must be kept under close scrutiny by civilian institutions.

The university could be the ideal institution to perform such a function.

Instead, however, universities are so tied in with the military-industrial complex that they must cater to the military to obtain needed operating funds. Witness the intimidating defense research projects and grants and the widespread ROTC programs imposed on college campuses. Such a situation should not exist.

In this day of intense questioning, spurred to some extent by our nation's disastrous Vietnam war policies with all its implications more and more young people are coming to challenge the military establishment, including its purposes, its activities and its morality—or lack of it.

More and more young men are coming to see through the prevailing idiocy of our current militaristic posture. They are coming to see that this posture is perpetuating rather than abating international belligerence. They see, too, that if our nation were really interested in creating a humanistic world, it would work to set up such a situation in our own nation rather than attempt to boost the militaristic attitude.

And realizing this, these young men come to the conclusion that they cannot in good conscience and in an intelligent frame of mind serve within the military machine. But unless they can meet certain rigid and narrow standards, they are forced—with the alternatives of prison or expatriation—to participate in and perpetuate the horror of militarism.

This situation must be ended.

...And Non-violence

It's a grand old tradition of collegiate football to tear down the goal posts when one's team beats the traditional rival.

Today UNC plays traditional rival N.C. State and it looks like UNC might win, thus presenting the crowd with the traditional ingredients of a goal post tearing down session and minor riot.

The Administration and Student Body president Ken Day don't particularly want this to happen and so they are discouraging students from celebrating too much out on the field right after the game.

We'd like to second that warning from the Administration and Day for a couple of reasons.

One, because rioting is not the type activity a "Carolina gentleman" should indulge in; two, (and more importantly) there are going to be a lot of police down on the field waiting to pinch you should you try something; and lastly, the goal posts are permanent, imbedded in cement. That means students stand about as much chance of pulling down the goal posts as they have of effecting a change in the direction of America's Political parties.

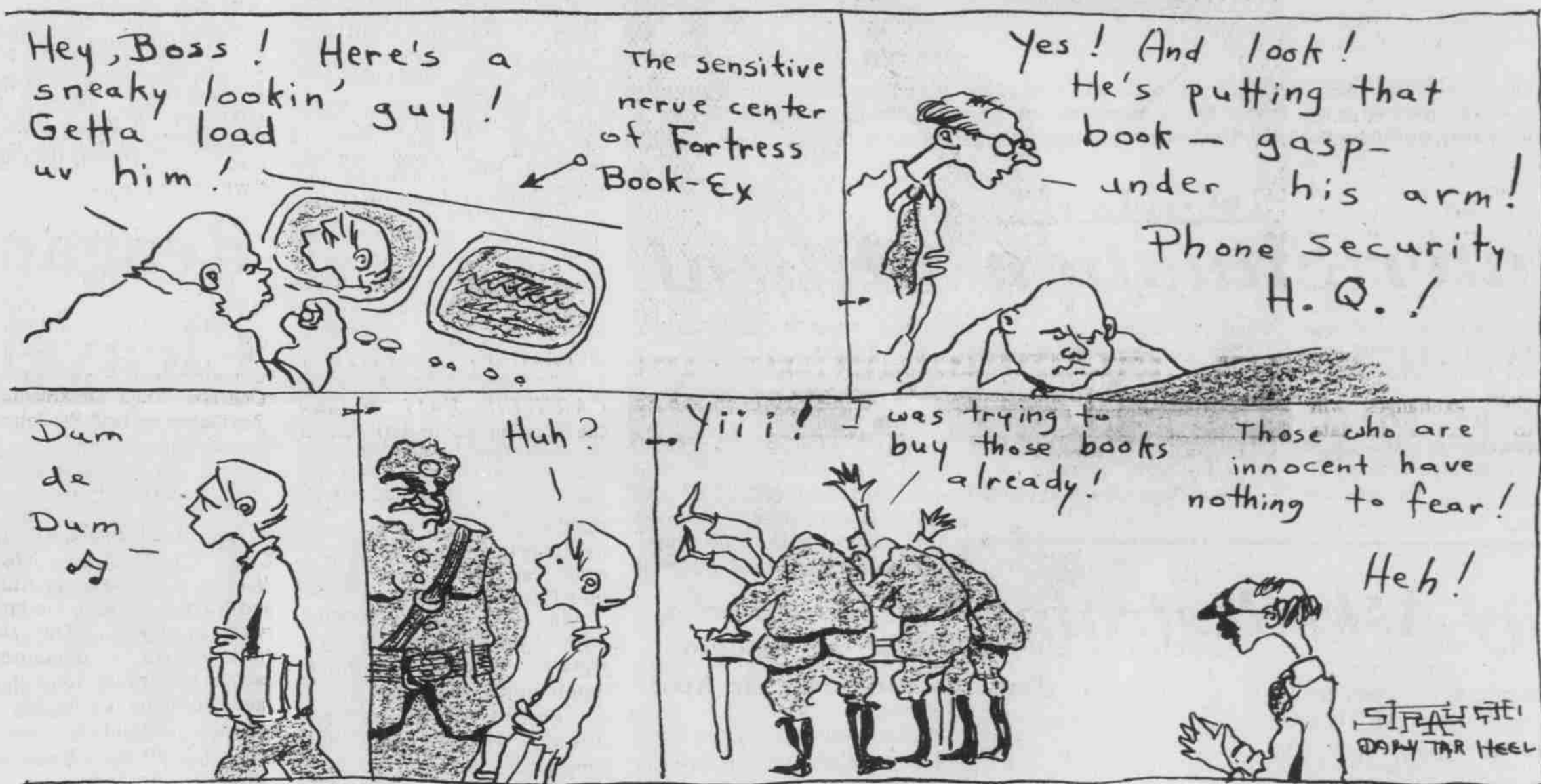
After we win today, save your energy for some other kind of activity besides tearing down the goal posts. If what you're interested in doing is showing support for the team, don't do it after the game by tearing down the goal posts, but during the game, by cheering.

Dick Levy

Burn Down Book Exchange!

The Sorrowful Saga Of A Young Man Trying Desperately To Buy His Books In Which He Tearfully Relates:

How He Got Lost When He Couldn't Read A Map How He Discovered Finally That The Book Ex Had Books For Only Three Of His Courses How He Waited In Line For Thirty Minutes How He Had To Leave Because He Had A Class **A REAL EXPOSE!**



This is a story of personal anguish and anger. It contains the tender, revealing account of how a senior, believing that the New Book Ex for which he had allowed himself to be fleeced for three years at the old one would solve all his book-buying problems, was cruelly disillusioned.

I couldn't wait to go to all my classes on Thursday so that I would know what books I would need from Mr. Shetley. Through my head as I sat through lectures were visions of what would undoubtedly be the most splendid building in the world. "Just think," I thought, "you contributed a few dollars toward construction of this modern parthenon."

Upon finally arriving at the building site, I was pleased to find that a patch of dirt as broad as the Mojave Desert lay between me and my destination. "After all," I reasoned, "only devoted pilgrims should be allowed to make the trek to Mecca."

Carefully I slinked across the vast expanse of landscaped clay, watching all the while for bricks falling from the nearby student union. I nearly ran into a caterpillar tractor, but I knew that God would never allow me to fall short of my goal.

Finally my efforts were rewarded. There before me, in brilliant black and white, stood the Colossus of Carolina, a massive monolith done in "Modern Turtle." I wept openly and unashamed. "Where are all the beautiful shade trees?" I cried. "Why are so many buildings so close to one another?"

But I pulled myself together at last, figuring that perhaps the new Book Ex was like the Louvre: not so hot on the outside, but filled with treasures.

uniform policeman at the exit. "Oh well. Maybe you have to show your credentials or something." I continued on through a door, only to discover to my shock that I was evidently so lost that I had wandered into either Gimbel's, Macys, or the Harvard Coop. Before me were racks of everything from clothing to greeting cards.

"Ah, well maybe I can get a new dogsled. Or perhaps someone here will arrange all the details for my wedding." Big Brother was obviously looking out for me, and I loved it. "Wonder whatever happened to the Umstead Act?" I castigated myself for my ignorance as I spent the next five minutes searching vainly for the exit.

After escaping at last, I was pleased to find myself near some steps. I ascended them briskly, though I lowered my eyes to avoid the obviously amorous glances of dozens of students standing around a rail above me.

Shortly thereafter, having successfully negotiated a simulated Paris Island obstacle course complete with lockers, turnstiles, and a little man staring at me, I was inside at last. "Rather like attempting to gain entrance to a Mormon Temple," I observed.

The next fifteen minutes were traumatic, and you will forgive me if I cry as I think of how all my idols, from Tom Shetley on down, were destroyed before my very eyes. First, I observed that the line of people waiting to pay for their books was even longer than I ever remember at the old building. Worse, it was wrapped around the perimeter in such a way that if you ever did succeed in finding the book you wanted, you had to forge between two people or stand on one of their shoulders.

Using Levy's Law of Lines, it was easy to ascertain why this situation would exist. At the old Book Ex, part of the waiting time was consumed outside as you waited to get in, sort of like paying homage to Stalin's body in Lenin Square. You worked yourself into the necessary feeling of adoration toward whoever invented books in the first place. Only then did you enter.

At any rate, the line, according to Levy's Law, tended to get longer and shorter in waves because when it got to a certain length anyone walking by would say to himself "Line's too long. Got to come back later when it's shorter."

Then, when the line had contracted by about ten feet, an entire group of people would jump into it, increasing it once again to maximum length. The result, of course, was that you never had to wait more than a certain length of time to get your books.

But in the New Book Ex there is no maximum wait. The number of people who enter is not limited at all. Once you get in, you are trapped. You can't simply leave and come back later when the line outside is shorter.

As I watched these poor wretched animals perspire freely as they wondered vaguely what had happened to the proposed air conditioning system, I was comforted that even though the lines were longer, surely they would move many times more quickly than ever before. The fact that when I looked over at those poor sheep backed up against the wall a few minutes later they seemed to have remained stationary struck me as a mere optical illusion. I attributed this to the fact that walls are so monotonous and sterile that each section of it looked like

every other, so that you really couldn't tell whether someone had progressed toward the distant cash registers.

I took me twenty minutes of agony to find the books for three courses. At the conclusion of the Mao's March up and down the aisles someone seeing me come by for the fourth time did me the favor of pointing out a map.

Without a compass I still had trouble finding my way, but my search carried me at last to Row 19, where all my remaining books were allegedly residing. I circled that counter at least a dozen times, first clockwise, then in reverse. No books. No wonder, I finally realized. They didn't have the books I needed.

There is something of a Camus anti-hero in me, so I shrugged my shoulders and decided to continue grinding my existential gears by standing in line myself. Do not be deceived, dear Reader. This was truly an existential experience.

I gained that awareness when I realized that I was within the range of television cameras that were recording my every move. How real the possibility of death became as I thought of armed police gunning me down between aisles six and nine. "Or perhaps," I mused cynically, "they will break me down until I love Big Brother Shetley again."

Fortunately I escaped that trap. Luckily, too, I spotted a friend with whom I could stand in line. My next class was still forty minutes away, so I knew that the worst would soon be over.

How frail is human judgment! Thirty minutes later we had advanced our position seventeen paces, or fifty-one feet, to be charitable. Everyone

around me was so irritable that only a miracle prevented fights breaking out. Periodically Tom Shetley's soothing voice would ask someone to come to his office, and our spirits were momentarily lifted, but in each case hope of relief was summarily crushed.

There was nothing else to do but put my books down and go to class. I would have to start all over again on Friday.

I put my hands over my head to show that I was concealing no books on my person, then snaked my way past masses of the faithful. As I squeezed through the door at last, I turned back for last look at Paradise Lost. Then, sobbing uncontrollably, I muttered something like "God is dead," and ran all the way to the other end of campus.

Last night I had nightmares for the first time in years. The thought that I might have to return to the New Book Ex has left me so shattered that I'm not sure that they'll let me out of South Wing in time to attend school this semester.

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