

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor

Rush Should Not Halt Legislature

Article 4, Section 1 of the by-laws of the Student Legislature state:

"The legislature shall meet in continuous regular sessions every Thursday night except during the first week of the fall semester and the last two weeks of both semesters, fraternity and sorority rush weeks, and any session which falls during recess."

Sorority rush began on Tuesday, September 22, and will end on Friday, October 2. Fraternity rush will begin on Monday, October 5, and will continue until Friday, October 9.

Consequently, Student Legislature is forbidden from meeting in regular session for the next two weeks. Legislature has already been forced to call one special session in order to meet during the first week of sorority rush.

At that special session, SL refused an amendment to the Open House Agreement, passed a vital amendment permitting the print shop to continue functioning, filled five vacancies to the Publications

Board and elected a chairman to the Finance committee.

This meeting had to be called as a special session because of the social antics of nine elite clubs with a total of about 400 members.

UNC student politics used to be controlled by political hacks comprising the upper echelon of certain select fraternal organizations.

The political hacks may be inherent to all government organizations.

Fortunately, the power and influence of the fraternal organizations upon campus politics has been drastically reduced in the years since the SL By-Laws were written.

We recommend that SL call a special session to abolish this antiquated regulation.

Hair-rassment

From the Charlotte Observer

After watching their football team clip a couple of opponents, some Chapel Hill alumni have allowed as how they would like to see a barber clip one of their cheerleaders (male variety).

What with the lion-like manes that are sticking out of football helmets these days (check Joe Namath's neck line), we thought football fans were at the point of accepting long hair as just another part of the stadium scene.

The alumni variety of fan in Chapel Hill still believes, apparently, that long hair belongs on the second violinist, not a second-fiddle cheerleader.

Since the cheerleaders at UNC-CH are agents of the Athletic Department, which is mighty beholden to alumni, there will soon be rules to clip the Sampson of the rah-rah squad and put him back in a style favored by old grads.

All of this could bring a lot of grumbling about the greybeards. But they deserve a little understanding if they think winning teams should be cheered by short-hairs. That was the style the last time they had a winner to cheer.

Tony Lentz

Visitation Hassle Threatens SG

It is a fixed rule with the wise never to defend themselves with the pen.

-Baltasar Gracian

Being caught with your pants down is painful.

I know. But what really hurts is when you realize that someone took a picture and printed it on the front page of Look-And-See Magazine.

This is roughly what happened to the Lentz column of September 29.

Late the preceding day the editors called me down and told me to cut my lengthy column so they could squeeze it into the edit page. I sliced out about six inches of copy and went home, secure in the knowledge that at least part of my argument would get across.

Well, somehow another six or eight paragraphs got chopped. And, as letter-writer Bob Singer of Granville

Towers pointed out, my conclusion just didn't make sense.

Answering a letter based on an inaccurate representation of my argument would be ludicrous at best. So I will attempt to restate my reasoning, and trust to whatever gods may be that the backshop (bless 'em) won't pull my pants down again.

The so-called Student Government has had a miserable reputation among its constituents as long as I can remember. Words like "Mickey Mouse," "petty politics," and "yawn" are conjured up as I remember my first exciting session of the Legislature.

During my freshmen year the student body voted three-to-one in favor of a campus radio station. Student Legislature voted it down.

Everytime the students asked for something it was turned down.

Parliamentary Playtime convened every Thursday night and the students went right on being miserable.

Those were the days, by the way, before visitation, self-limiting hours and bus systems.

Tom Clark, business manager of the Tar Heel, proposed a self-sufficient Daily Tar Heel, one that could support itself through advertising revenue. His proposal was turned down.

The point being that Student Government was a do-nothing operation that could not command the attention of the average student without offering him a free beer.

And when the beer ran out, so did the student.

During the last year, we have seen a change in Student Government. Students now have self-limiting hours, refrigerators in the dorms, and better Jubilee programs.

The Kent State crisis brought out the best in student leadership. Tommy Bello spoke out for the desires and hopes of his generation with more fire and confidence than all previous student body presidents combined.

The Strike Committee was level-headed throughout the crisis, and cooler heads prevailed whenever violence threatened.

There have been exceptions to the improvement. Constitutional gamesmanship ran rampant once or twice this semester. Legislators continue to get inflated views of their own importance, and the Pub Board still can't get a quorum.

But we do have a few responsible student leaders who are struggling to do something for the people they represent.

The recent controversy over 24-hour visitation, however, could have the effect of destroying all the good that has been done. Student Government gets its power from the administration, and steady opposition from South Building could eventually wipe out student confidence in an impotent "self-governing" system.

I'm sure this doesn't worry the Administration too much. A docile Student Legislature and soft-spoken student leaders would make it easier to keep trustees and politicians off the University's back.

A puppet student government, however, will not be much help when there are 5,000 to 6,000 students gathered in Polk Place. Especially if they are angry, as most students were last Spring.

In other words, a University which does not trust students to run their own lives cannot expect students to trust administrators in emergency situations.

And the responsible students who pulled UNC's tail out of the fire last Spring may tire of begging for crumbs at the Administration's table.

Next time the Administrators may be forced to go it alone.

Letter

President Hypocrite

Dear Mr. President:

The following open letter has been sent to local newspapers.

May I first of all pay tribute to your political skill. You have zeroed in on "the social issues" with remarkable precision. You have a good chance, despite the surveys to date, to succeed in beguiling blue collar workers into voting for the party of business.

But electoral politics aside, your campaign speeches and policies are hypocritical and contemptible, especially your recent speech at Kansas State. I do not refer to the silly argument that the way to end the war is to prolong it, thus rejecting the advice of those within the administration who have cogently argued for withdrawal on a fixed schedule. Rather, I want to remark on the oddity of the context in which your well-taken condemnation of violence was set forth. A few months before the speech you yourself invited representatives of the hard hats to the White House shortly after they had violently assaulted American citizens exercising well established First Amendment rights. Your speech might have been read as recanting this symbolic approval of violence. But then only days later, the Vice President—for the tenor of whose public declarations you bear full responsibility, as anyone but a political neophyte knows—gave precisely the same excuse for hard hat violence that antiwar protestors have for theirs: righteous indignation. Sauce for the goose, Mr. President.

I continue to believe—in spite of your hypocritical speech—that all violence is abhorrent. Its use by those opposed to the war is bad tactics and worse morals. But in the context of your own continued violence against the people of southeast Asia, and your own implicit condonation of violence by those American citizens who agree with your views against those who do not, I regard your Manhattan message as the merest hypocrisy, undeserving of the respect that we all still hope will someday once again be merited by the utterances of the incumbent of the highest office in the land.

Yours very truly,
James C. Dick

Letters

The Daily Tar Heel accepts letters to the editor, provided they are typed on a 60-space line and limited to a maximum of 300 words. All letters must be signed and the address and phone number of the writer must be included.

The paper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements and good taste.

Address letters to Associate Editor, The Daily Tar Heel, in care of the Student Union.



Ken Ripley

Ideas On "Mass-Ness"

Today is the day of the masses. If we are to believe all we are told, we can't help but see this. The simple presence of large numbers of people surrounding us burns the idea of "mass-ness" into our minds.

Here, safely at my typewriter, I am only one person among approximately

twenty. A nice secure figure for my own ego and personality to flourish.

But on campus, I find 17,000 other people.

In the nation, I'm only a pebble among over 200,000,000 others.

And in the world, I'm only a minuscule speck in the midst of 3,500,000,000 other specks. Somewhere, in one of those many zeroes, there's me.

Is it any wonder that there is a "lost generation"? Someone is bound to be hidden in such a population.

But numbers wouldn't be so crushing to our self-identities if it wasn't for the fact we have enshrined a kind of "massive mania." As a people, we are the "masses," ready to revolt or not. Newspapers have mass circulations. Anyone with a few bucks to spend becomes a mass consumer. The "mass media" engulfs us in a gooey pablum of entertainment and digested news.

Now, a mass is defined, I am informed, as "a large body of persons in a compact body or array; a body of persons regarded as an aggregate." In other words, "a collection of particulars formed into a mass or sum."

There could be some hope for us masses in this functional definition, but there is a danger which is already consuming us. We take a collection of particulars, of individuals, and lump them together like a ball of clay into a sum. From then on, the individual is considered only as part of the mass and his identity is squeezed into that of the whole lump of humanity.

And as masses we are treated. We spend our whole lives as a herd. We are statistics; we are averages; we are audiences. An individual is not one among many—he is many. And from the many comes conformity, impersonalization, insignificance, and meaninglessness.

Of course, ideally, the University community shouldn't be this way. After all, isn't the purpose of the university to help the individual in his quest for knowledge and in the building of his character? Never mind the fact there are often 200 students per classroom and that the university is increasingly in the business of mass education.

But how many among us ever stop to sort out the masses we bump into and jostle as we dart to class? How easily do we fit ourselves into the masses at football games and concerts? Who really cares, anyway, about the masses around us in class, unless some piece of mass next to us has the notes we missed or a light?

And for a bunch of individuals who claim the right to "wear what we want," it sure is easy to lose the individual dresser in any large gathering of the mass. See how easy it is to lose the "particular" in the "sum"?

It doesn't have to be that way, even if our mass mania does impress our sensibilities. We can't help being part of the mass, but we can quit thinking of ourselves and others as being "masses." Why bother with what people wear; it's the people that count.

We know because we feel, hurt, love, and dream that we aren't just a bunch of "sums." We are more than a sterile "particular"—we are people, people who are sensitive, who can think, who can act and react to people around them. If we want to.

When we look deeper into the masses around us, we recapture our feeling that we are one among many, one with many if you please. The smallest bull session, the most casual conversation can break down impersonality and encourage our own individuality. Students living at the International Center among people of other nationalities find, as differences emerge and their interpersonal contact increases, barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding drop away with the growing of mutual understanding and respect.

But merely looking at our masses is not enough. We need the willingness to be involved in another's life, to open ourselves up despite fears of exposure, to be able to accept what we find and, as Heinlein's Mike Smith would say, to "cherish it." People, after all, not masses, are the common denominators and determiners of all human activity and endeavor. We should have the right to be treated, and to treat ourselves, as such.

Today may be the day of the masses. But it's a shame that doesn't have to be.

The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Mike Parnell News Editor

Rick Gray Associate Ed.

Harry Bryan Associate Ed.

Chris Cobbs Sports Editor

Glenn Brank Feature Editor

Ken Ripley Nat. News Editor

Ken Smith Night Editor

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Mike Parnell

RJ's: A Good Place To Eat

There were a lot of fables running on this page last week concerning the recent controversy in student government.

Unfortunately, not being a student of the political activities in Suite C of the Union, this author was unable to contribute a fable on that subject.

However, being a great lover of fables and a great lover of food, a story came to my attention concerning the two subjects which may be of interest to students here. So here is the great food fable of the week:

"Once upon a time, Ray and Paula were Carolina students who, like most Carolina students, went out on dates and enjoyed all the various activities of a college campus.

"After their dates, the couple always liked to go out and get a bite to eat somewhere in the small college town. However, after several months of dating, there didn't seem to be anywhere in town to eat where the couple could get good food and good atmosphere and have a good time.

"They had eaten everywhere and had just gotten tired of the same old food and the same old restaurants.

"So Ray and Paula began to think and dream and they decided, after graduation, that they should build a restaurant in the small college town where people could go and get good food and good atmosphere and not get tired of the place.

"Ray's father was in the food business and Ray had grown up working in restaurants and he thought he could run a restaurant as good as anybody.

"His father wanted him to come home to the small town in the western part of the state and take over the family restaurant but Ray decided, being a philanthropist of sorts, that the small college town needed a good restaurant worse than his father needed his help.

"One day, just after Paula had returned to school from summer vacation, Ray drove her out to a bowling alley about five miles from town.

"Look at that and tell me what you think," said Ray.

"Paula just looked at him funny and asked if anything was wrong.

"Now RAY was nearing graduation from law school and he had finally decided he really didn't want to be a lawyer just yet.

"After I graduate," said Ray, "That's going to be our restaurant."

"Paula got very excited and she and Ray began making exciting plans about their restaurant.

"The bowling alley was rented and redecorated to be a modern, but not plastic, restaurant with a kitchen all set to serve good food.

"So Ray and Paula graduated, got married and settled down to run their restaurant.

"Ray and Paula were very happy and so were all the people in the small college town because they finally had a restaurant with good food and good atmosphere.

"And so, in the tradition of all good fables, everybody lived happily ever after."

Ken Ripley

But there is one catch to this fable. It's all true.

Ray and Paula are Ray and Paula Goad and they run a restaurant out at Eastgate known as RJ's.

Ray and Paula are young and they have tried to make their restaurant young, too.

RJ's (which stands for Ray, junior, Ray's father being of Ray's hamburger chain fame) is divided into three parts.

There is a sandwich and beer department (the Volkskeller) which is designed to attract the customer who wants a good, quick meal cheaply.

There is the Smorgasbord, a buffet which is designed to attract the customer who wants a lot for his money.

And there is the After Five Room, designed for the customer who wants a nice place for his wife or date, with plenty of soft music and all the refineries of good service.

"We're trying to do something for people," said Paula, "We want our restaurant to reflect us but we wanted people in Chapel Hill to have a place to go which was a little bit different from the rest."

"We would like RJ's to become a tradition," she continued, "But I guess any restaurant, if it has good food and service, will become a tradition. That's the kind of restaurant we're trying to provide."

Watch out Franklin Street Establishment. They're doing a good job.