

The Daily Tar Heel

Opinions of The Daily Tar Heel are expressed on its editorial page. All unsigned editorials are the opinions of the editor and the staff. Letters and columns represent only the opinions of the individual contributors.

Tom Gooding, Editor

Playmakers Need Another Theater

There have been a lot of changes on this campus since most of the alumni in town today for the Duke game graduated.

We hope the alumni take time to walk across campus this afternoon and look at all the changes.

And when the alumni get to the Playmakers Theatre we hope they will realize some things that haven't changed should have.

Smith Hall (the Playmakers Theatre) was taken over as a University Theatre in 1925 and is the fifth oldest building on campus. It is in poor physical shape—the walls are crumbling and the underground parts of the building are often under water.

The Playmakers Theatre may well be the only university theatre

in this country which has a tin roof over the stage.

The UNC drama department has been the leader in this state's dramatic activity since the mid-1920's, however the department is rapidly losing that position because drama groups and students can find better physical plants at such campuses as Catawba College, Lenoir-Rhyne and East Carolina.

The lack of space for adequate staging of plays prevents the department from offering a doctoral program. After 50 years of existence as a major department in this University, the UNC drama department can offer its students no degree higher than a masters of fine arts.

For years the drama department has been asking the General Assembly for funds to build a new physical plant for the Playmakers, but every year the Assembly has found some other department or school more worthy of funds.

We hope the alumni will take time to stop by the Playmakers this afternoon. If they look, they will see what, for all of its outside beauty and tradition, is an insult to this University.

We hope they will feel as insulted as we do. We encourage them to write their state representatives supporting the drama department's campaign for a new theatre plant.

Briefly Editorial

We know the record book can go out the window when Carolina plays Duke, but we'd be willing to bet that the first Duke player that ties his shoe in Kenan Stadium today is going to be hit hard.

Elections Board Chairman David Ruffin went to a lot of trouble to make sure no one stuffed the ballot boxes in Tuesday's election, but he forgot to make sure the printer knew all the people that were running.

Peter Schmuck probably wouldn't have been so upset about losing his legislative race by one vote Tuesday if he and his roommate had bothered to vote.

One thing that has to be said for the Duke football team is they've got a lot of Hart.

One of our freshman staffers wants to know, "If fraternity men are 'fratty-baggers,' are sorority women 'sorry-baggers'?"

Howie Carr

Dr. Hipp The Advice Columnist

Knute Swenson, the nationally syndicated advice columnist, who writes under the pseudonym of Doctor O'Crite, ("Hip for short, I tell my readers") was in town yesterday to promote his new book, "My Life and Times in the Lovelorn Game."

"I got into this business a few years back when I decided I wasn't getting enough out of life. Being a bellhop wasn't bad, but after thirty years..." Swenson explained. "So I tears a cover off a book of matches and sends in for a plumbing course."

"Well, they mails me the course, but instead of a plumbing course, I gets a psychiatry one," he continued. Now this tees me off for a while, but then I figures 'What the hell. There's more jack in the shrink racket anyway.'

"When I finished my course six weeks later, I goes out looking for a job but these dudes with their fancy offices won't talk to me after they sees my framed matchbook. I have to go to work as an astrologer for a newspaper, but I gets fired when they finds out I'm putting in the same prediction every day: 'If you

think yesterday was bad, just wait 'til tomorrow.' Ha-ha."

"Anyway, another rag liked my style and hires me as their advice columnist because their regular man is drying out in a nut house for a couple of months," Swenson related. "And here I am."

Forthwith some excerpts from his work, which the New York Times called "a bleak footnote on the decline of American literature."

Dear Doctor Hip: I don't understand why nobody likes me. I say "Right on" to all the dirty hippies; "Hot damn" to all the stupid grits, and "Power to the People" to any poor nigger I meet. Just because I went to prep school doesn't mean that I consider myself superior to the boorish, ill-mannered peasants around me. I resent being stereotyped. What should I do? Signed—Fairfield County.

Dear Fairfield: Why don't you blow your brains out?

Dear Doctor Hip: I'm a revolutionary. If you ask me, Pepsi hasn't got a lot to give, Coke isn't the real thing, and aluminum chlorohydrate isn't the answer to my peace of mind. In short, if you ask

Carl Freedman

ROTC Prostitutes University

It was something of a shock the other day to look at the editorial page of the paper and find no fewer than four writers denouncing the anti-ROTC editorial stand taken by The Daily Tar Heel. Well, admittedly that editorial was not one of Tom's most brilliant efforts; for one thing, I never did understand why the Harvard precedent is all that important. But when over half of the paper's back page is covered with pro-ROTC propaganda, it is time for a rebuttal.

The four writers, it seems to me, expressed a grand total of three points between them. They are—with no intention to distort them—as follows:

(1) ROTC does not teach people how to kill at all, but only such harmless military skills as navigation.

(2) At any rate, ROTC aids the military power of the United States government, and, since this power is only used defensively, ROTC is no more evil than a class in karate.

(3) If ROTC does not provide some of the armed force's officers, then they'll all come from the sterile, chauvinistic world of the military academies.

Never mind the fact that these three points contradict each other; let's just look at them one at a time.

I recommend a semester of Dr. Resnik's Philosophy 21 for whoever believes it. Why is one military skill more innocent than another? What is the moral

distinction between shooting a man and loading the gun that kills? Is there any difference between working the gun that shells a city and navigating the ship into its proper position for the shelling? The fact is this: the central purpose of the military is killing and no military activity is truly independent of that purpose. Angela Davis is charged with murder in California not because anyone believes that she shot anybody, but because she is accused of having bought the guns. And for that matter, did Adolf Hitler lay a finger on anyone?

The second point is not illogical. It is an example of what effete snobs call the credibility gap and what more plain spoken people refer to as lying. The United States has, in the last twenty-five years, aggressively intervened in various nations in South America, the Near East, Europe and Asia. Right now we are carrying on the war in Vietnam, the most brutal act of international gangsterism since the German invasion of Poland in 1939. United States military policy is defense? Sure—and war is peace, freedom is slavery, ignorance is strength. George Orwell knew what he was talking about.

The third point, however, is not so clearly illogical or absurd as the first two. The idea of an Army headed up by nothing but West Pointers is, in fact, not one of those thoughts that make you sleep better at night. (On Walter

Cronkite's program the other night, I saw a bunch of those juvenile delinquents ecstatically shouting "Ky! Ky! Ky!" at the half-pint Hitler of Vietnam.)

In order to rebut this third point adequately, I think we have to consider the purpose of a university. Is it to provide an open academic atmosphere, or is it to contribute some small amount to the humanization of the military? Both of these aims are worthwhile ones, but the first, I maintain, is the primary function of the university. And the university cannot accomplish this aim if it is also involved in ROTC, a program oriented toward the military—which is to say, oriented toward killing and blind obedience—simply has no place as an

official part of a supposedly open academic institution. College students who happen to dig that kind of thing should, of course, be free to play soldiers as the SDS boys are free to play revolutionaries.

But the university should not be asked to support activities which are so radically opposed to its fundamentalist spirit. The SDS does not ask. ROTC does, and most schools have only been too willing to say yes. I oppose ROTC not out of any childish need to rebel against the institution in which I am most involved—the university—but because I love that institution and want it to stop prostituting itself for the sake of Defense Department cash.

WE ARE THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE TORONTO EXCHANGE



EACH YEAR WE DO OUR BEST TO PUBLICIZE THE EVENT FOR DUKE WEEKEND.



AND EACH YEAR THE REACTION IS THE SAME.



BUT WE HAVE A GOOD TIME ANYWAY.

Letter

Building Inspector Cheating Students?

To the Editors:

Would somebody please find something constructive for the building inspectors to do? At present they seem to have nothing better to do than barge into dormitory rooms and prate on having too much furniture and not having it situated as they see fit.

Recently my room was invaded while I was gone to class. When I returned, I was missing a table and a smoking stand. Both had been in the room the day that I moved in.

I also found it more comfortable to have my bedframe on the floor, rather than sitting in the bed posts. This type of insubordination just couldn't go on. The inspectors called in the custodians to put the bed back up (it was against the rules) and to move the table and smoking stand downstairs. The room was a wreck. It took me over an hour to get things back in order. That was Friday (the thirteenth).

On Tuesday (while I was again gone to class) both my roommate and I received a bill for \$3.50 each. This was a service charge for moving the table and smoking stand downstairs and reassembling the bed (I still can't figure out why it's against the rules). It was \$1.00 to move the table back down to the study room where it belonged (tube room is a much better definition) and we were both charged \$2.50 for them to reassemble my bed. Why charge both of us? I was guilty of the crime.

As an out-of-state student I pay too much money in tuition and room rent already. Is that not a crime? I do not need to be tediously hassled with ridiculous bills from the Physical Plant for having done three year old work that I could have done myself for free. Had I been informed that the table and smoking stand belonged downstairs I would have

moved them there myself. And I could have just as well reassembled my own bed. The posts were right there in my roommate's closet (I don't have a closet). If the inspectors are seriously interested in doing a service, they should make an issue out of the inadequate electrical systems, the punched out screens, and loose tiles. If the Physical Plant is out for profit, they can take their business elsewhere. I have more important things to do than swat at flies.

The height of my bed is my business, not theirs, and the big moving job (the table and smoking stand) should have been undertaken this summer (but of course there was no one to bill).

Instead they figure to make an easy seven bucks, while I am out to class. (Let me here commend them on their promptness. It took exactly two working days to send the bill and three months to move the furniture.) And if they really are interested in dictating the height of my bed, let's just say I have an acute case of acrophobia. I mean every body has their little problems.

John Sykes
100 Alexander

Tony Lentz

That's Just The Way It Is

Life is a warfare and a stranger's sojourn, and after fame is oblivion.

—Marcus Aurelius

A journalist can usually tell if he's

doing a good job, because both sides of a given controversy will be after his hide if he's truly objective.

I take some solace in that there may be a little carry-over of this principle into the column-writing business. In that light I'm doing a tremendous job.

Since the fall semester I've managed to outrage the campus parking officials, sentimentalists, cynics, women's lib, local radz (radicals), the president of the student body and several graduate registration officials.

I look forward to the day when I'll be taken away for inciting to riot.

The most common complaint seems to be something like "What are you doing with that kind of stuff on the editorial page—isn't it out of place?"

The only answer I can come up with is another question...where else would you put it, on the sports page?

Then you get down to the basic question involved. Why have I made my column the way it is, why do I include short stories, position papers and attacks on various flunkies?

It's a good question, and difficult to answer. Perhaps I can best explain by going back to a quotation from Henry Raymond, founding editor of the New York Times:

"...a daily newspaper should be an accurate reflection of the world as it is."

The reflection of the world we get in the average daily newspaper can sometimes be a rather cut and dried, black and white picture with very little gray shading.

I hoped through the column to splash in a little color, to bring to the pages of The Daily Tar Heel some of the hurts and laughs of human student existence. Without painting white hats for good guys and black hats for bad guys.

And the idea of writing the same old line every week twice a week bores me

silly. I'd rather write obituaries than try to lock my style in a rut...be it cynical, sentimental, real or imaginary.

When Tom Gooding and I first broached the idea of a column late in the summer I warned him that it would not fit into the average student's idea of what a column should be.

I told him there would be character sketches, short story-lines, personal experiences, political positions and even quotations.

He grimaced and agreed to try it.

Thus far he's held up admirably under

And the column has been just about what I had hoped...different. It does not appeal to the same audience every time. It makes people angry, or happy, or sad depending on the subject and the way they feel.

That's the way it is, and I have no apologies.

And I'm not going to change my style. So if you don't like it, don't read it.

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