

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tom Gooding, Editor

A Few Questions Needing Answers

The second killing on the UNC campus in five years occurred Saturday morning.

Few facts surrounding the incident can be confirmed because of the chaos and panic that pervaded the entire crowd.

Eyewitness accounts vary from an altercation involving four "Storm Troopers" and 10 blacks to reports of a virtual riot involving seven to 10 "Storm Troopers" and as many as 40 blacks.

Some of those who saw the event say the police tried to break up several of the fights that occurred while others say they saw the police stand idly by watching the entire event.

We do not intend to make judgments on the individuals involved in the incident. In fact, we are not permitted to draw judgments, that right is reserved for the Orange County Courts and should remain there.

However, what few facts we have been able to amass cause us to raise several questions about the incident.

James Cates is dead. He died from loss of blood resulting from severe knife wounds in the abdomen.

The knifing and the ensuing fights lasted only about five minutes.

Campus police were on the scene for the duration of the incident.

The "Storm Troopers" left the scene, aboard their bikes and rode to Durham.

The ambulance took 14 minutes to arrive at the scene because it was on another emergency call at the same time.

There were at least two minor altercations before the killing Saturday night.

We feel certain that most of the people who were at the scene could agree on the above facts.

However, we feel that several questions must be raised as a result of the incident and should be answered by the members of this community before another tragedy occurs.

Could more forceful and speedy action by the police have prevented the fighting?

The police did not pull their guns during the entire incident even for warning shots.

The police were unable to perform emergency first aid on the victim.

The police stood by while the "Storm Troopers" climbed on their bikes and left.

The police seemed to have done little to quell the disturbance and return order to the scene.

Could more effective action have been taken by the police? If not, then why do we maintain a campus police force? If more training is necessary why has the University not immediately provided funds for such training?

Could Cates have lived if he had received immediate medical attention?

Cates died of loss of blood within eyesight of one of the finest medical complexes in the Southeast.

Cates received no professional medical attention for what was probably 20 minutes after the stabbing.

Could the local ambulance service be increased to handle such emergencies?

Could the local police be given training to take an injured person to the waiting medical facilities?

Could the communications between the police and the local ambulance services be improved?

Could the medical doctors in North Carolina Memorial Hospital be provided with transportation for use in such emergencies?

We do not pretend to have the answers to these questions. However, these are questions this community must find answers for if we are going to resolve the overriding considerations of this incident.

Can the next human being who winds up in a life and death situation be saved?

Could the death of James Cates have been prevented?

Harry Bryan

Student Radical, Grit Or Freak

Upon entering the University of North Carolina, the incoming freshman first wanders about the campus in a vague attempt to acclimate himself to his new surroundings.

As he walks about the campus, he sees many, many long-haired youths walking, sitting, standing and lying around wearing all sorts of leather things and funny looking pants with big bottoms.

These students, as the editors of the Reader's Digest will tell him, are "hippies," otherwise known as student radicals.

He sees other students wearing perma-press khakis, tassel loafers and red alpaca sweaters. These students, as looking into the mirror will tell him, are the grits.

Finally, he sees a few students doing weird things like talking to the trees and saying weird things like "The clouds belong to the people." And these students, as common sense will tell him, are the freaks.

The freshman comes here as an 18-year-old from Fuquay-Varina, fresh out of his mother's arms; but time can change many things.

So now, for those bewildered students who don't know who they are, what they

are, where they're going or where their head's at, here is the questionnaire that can tell you if you're radical, grit or freak.

1. All students are from somewhere. Where are you from?
A. Augusta
B. New Jersey
C. My mother's womb.
2. All college students live. Where do you live?
A. On a big white fluffy cloud.
B. Behind, and sometimes in, the cop shop.
C. At the house.
3. Student radicals are known to have long hair, but every once in a while a liberal or even a conservative will go wild and let his hair grow out. Why do you have long hair?
A. Because it's there.
B. To show the military-industrial capitalist fascist pigs that I'm saying to hell with all their morals and values.
C. Not applicable.
4. Student radicals often smoke marijuana. What is a joint?
A. A good place to take a date and get drunk.
B. A marijuana cigarette.

C. The ceiling's pulsating and changing to a bright red.

5. Student radicals also keep up with their fellow radicals and their organizations. Who is Huey P. Newton?

A. Lead singer for Huey and the Figs.
B. Co-founder of the Black Panther Party.
C. Now it's becoming bright blue.

6. Student radicals also use a terminology known only to themselves and a few privileged outsiders. What does "heavy" mean to you?

A. Wow! Far Out! Can you dig it!
B. The pig from Greensboro I dated last week.
C. The ceiling, man, the ceiling.

7. Student radicals spend a lot of time in Washington, D.C., but for mysterious, secret and revolutionary reasons. What did you do the last time you were in Washington?

A. Got drunk and tried to make some stewards.
B. Shouted bad words at the White House.
C. Went into town, and when it was time to leave, left.

8. All college students, despite their category, go to the movies. What was the last movie you saw?

A. "The Strawberry Statement"
B. "Fantasia"
C. "The Daughter of Lady Chatterley Meets the Daughter of Fanny Hill"

9. Almost all college students read books. What was the last book you read?

A. "Revolution for the Hell of It" (a dead giveaway)
B. "The Magic Realm of Fairy Tales"
C. "The Daughter of Lady Chatterley Meets the Daughter of Fanny Hill—With Illustrations"

10. Almost all college students buy albums. Which albums would you rather have?

A. The best of the Tams, Platters or Huey and the Figs.
B. "Revolution," Jefferson Airplane (another dead giveaway)
C. "The Sound of People Burping"

11. All college students are opinionated. What do you think of this questionnaire?

A. Good to fill out during P.E. 41.
B. Trip so wild.
C. A cop out to the military-industrial capitalist fascist pigs.

If your answers were B.B.B.B.B.A.A.A.B.C, you, sir, are a student radical.

If they were A.C.C.A.A.B.A.C.C.A.A, it just goes to show that you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

And if they just happened to be C.A.A.C.C.C.B.B.C.B, you, my friend, had better watch out for the ceiling, you might hit your head on the way home.

Letter

Blood Shot Tasteless

To the Editor:

Your taste was most questionable in printing a picture of our Union Director sweeping blood into a drainage ditch. The Friday night murder incident was tragic enough without your repulsive attempt at sensationalism. No doubt the killing was disgusting but further degrading was unnecessary. I feel that students at this University are capable of comprehending the tragedy of this event without further tastelessness on your part.

Joseph C. Robbins
309 Lewis



Dane Hargrove

Just Beat Them At Their Own Game

From an existential viewpoint, all of life can be regarded as a game. It's a theme much used in song-writing as well: "The Games People Play" and "What Kind of Fool Do You Think I Am?" were both inspired by such a view of life.

The songs, when they were popular, made the point that most people play games all their lives, without ever stopping the game to try to find the meaning in things. Of course, they don't take into account those of us who do regard life as a game, and yet go on playing it—our way.

Have you ever run across a person who was so completely hung up on playing the game that you wanted to do something that would shake that person right down to the very roots of his being?

Something that would bring it home to the game-player that the game is idiotic, and that he should sit down and think about the meaning of it all. Something that would make a gameplayer feel in the worst way that he is only human, with feet of clay like the rest of us.

Well, there is something that can be done for such people. It's not very honest or truthful, but it's the only thing you can do that will have any effect on a hardened game-player.

You can beat them at their own game.

In politics and in life in general, you can out-bitch the bitches and out-bastard the bastards. Take on the game-players at their own game, but in no-holds-barred fashion, and lie, cheat, and philander as much as you think you can get away with. And be sure you play the game out to the very end.

It's a very rewarding experience, this ultra-game-playing. You start out telling the truth, then gradually begin to sprinkle in a few little lies. The little lies give way to bigger ones, until the whole game is one huge lie. I believe it was Adolf Hitler who commented that the bigger a lie was, the easier it is to swallow.

The only problem you have is that of holding yourself back to keep from laughing while you take someone who thinks he's taking you.

You may take a little flac now and

then. You may even have a few parts of the game break the wrong way. But in the end, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you've won another round for the worthwhile things in life. Even if you did have to part from them temporarily.

You have to be careful, though, that nobody else gets in your way. It's not right to involve perfectly normal people in such "clashes of will." But it's nice if the normal people can get a piece of the action while the getting's good.

Another good thing about game-playing for fun and profit is that it's reassuring. You take a certain pride in knowing that you can play the game better than someone who's been playing all his life.

But game-playing isn't worth it. The really good things in life, the only things that matter, are things that are done with all the honesty and sincerity that people are capable of.

The only thing that is important in life is realizing that being true to yourself is

the only rationale for living. In comparison to that, all games are irrelevant.

This existential view can be related to many aspects of national and even campus life. Many readers may even want to apply certain aspects of it to their own lives, or the lives of their acquaintances.

Let's say that this column related to President Nixon and the Washington bread-and-circuses game, to Rennie Davis and the anti-political-politics game, and to the horrible game being played out in Indochina.

Let's say further that it relates to the Mickey Mouse politics of both Student Government and Administration at this University. I'm sure we all know what a farce that one is.

But more than all those things, this article was about life. There are a lot of people who should stop regarding life as a game of oneupmanship and start seeing things as they really are. Because life can be beautiful. And for some of us, it already is.

The Daily Tar Heel

78 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Wine, Cheese And Blanket All For Nothing

In the village,
Flute and drum
Are sounding.
Here on the hill,
The murmur of many pines.

-Ryokun

"Pass the wine," he said, sitting up for a moment from his resting place against the old oak tree.

Yellow, orange and red leaves rustled crisply under the old quilt as the girl leaned over with the bottle in her hand.

"Want some cheese?" She smiled.
"Now. Sip of wine'll do me fine. Hey, how about that? Beautiful blue sky overhead, brisk fall breeze softly rattling the leaves and now I'm composing poetry."

"You're just creative, that's all. I knew it when I ran into you this afternoon at

the Old Well. I said to myself, now there's a creative young man if I've ever seen one."

Her long black hair rippled a stream of sunlight into his eyes. A roaring cheer erupted through the forest from the football stadium, punctuated by the bar-rump! of the school cannon.

"Sounds much better from a distance," he whispered. "Trumpets and bugles, ha-tat-tat-tat, as our glorious heroes stomp the guts out of the other glorious heroes. Sometimes I think old Voltaire had the world dead to rights."

"Makes ya wonder, doesn't it?" she said. "The war. Chicago, black guys getting themselves cut up on the campus. But nice things do happen sometimes."

"Whadyuh mean?"

Leaves rustled again as she put her weight on an elbow, the plaid wool skirt

riding a little to reveal a thigh-broad expanse of glistening pantyhose.

"I mean like running into you this afternoon. And going to get the wine and cheese and blanket, and walking out here in the woods together. It's nice..."

A squirrel leapt from limb to limb somewhere just out of sight, leaf-scattering commotion the only sound for a long moment. Her bright blue eyes held his gaze tightly with the cool come-on of a cigarette commercial.

He just sat there quietly, wishing he could remember her name, and getting the vague feeling he had heard just those words before.

"It's not every day you get to watch the sunset through the leaves," he said, especially not with an experienced sunset watcher like me."

He took a long swig from the bottle, reached for the cheese, and looked up at a tall spire of yellow leaves turning slowly against a white cloud. The little stream a few yards away bubbled as he waited for her reply.

But she only moved within striking distance, and flashed a come-and-get-it look. So he went.

The warmth of her kiss, her body and the leaf-rustle guilt shook his mind as he began the college stud on-a-picnic preliminaries.

His first time rolled through his steaming brain, and he wondered vaguely how it would be if it could be natural just once...a vision of Modern Romance Comics flickered, faded.

The long body beside him lay heavy like a foam mattress, accepting his touch

like a docile campus mutt. Calmly, without dignity, without response.

Until, abruptly, she drew inside herself and moved him away with a word.

"No."
"I'm sorry."
"It's not your fault," she breathed. "I mean it's not that I don't like..."

Silence. He rustled back to the bottle, drew a long pull and watched the sun set fire to the clouds along the tree-high horizon.

I wonder, he said to himself, how much beer I could have bought with the money I spent on that wine?

"It's not that I don't enjoy it—touching you, I mean. But I just don't feel right about it. Do you understand?"
"Sure," he said, confident that he

knew his lines as well as she knew hers. "I know how it is. It's hard to get used to the idea sometimes. Don't worry about it. I don't mind."

He smiled reassuringly, and wondered how he could get out of an expensive dinner downtown.

"Of course," he said calmly. "Now, why don't we go back to my place and cook something for dinner."

She nodded. A bird flew overhead, then landed in a nearby cedar as the two rolled up the quilt and packed the remains of the cheese in a paper bag.

"It sure is nice here," she purred. "Maybe we can come back sometime."

"I hope so," he smiled, and cursed himself silently for a lying son of a bitch.