

The Daily Tar Heel

82 Years Of Editorial Freedom

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Susan Miller, Editor

February 28, 1974

A closer look at Fonda's script

Jane Fonda's name is both an advantage and a handicap to the Indochina Peace Campaign.

It's good that the group has a well-known celebrity like Ms. Fonda to speak and work on its behalf. Undoubtedly, she attracts many listeners not really interested in the cause but only in seeing her. And listeners can become followers.

But the Fonda name also carries a handicap. Anyone who saw Ms. Fonda speak at Memorial Hall, Friday, February 8, cannot help but be convinced by her sincerity. But anyone who has seen *Barbarella* cannot forget Jane Fonda the actress, and thus can't help but wonder if this is just one more act on her part and only a different script.

Therefore, we recommend a close reading of the literature that was available after her speech and that can now be obtained through the Chapel Hill Peace Center.

The Indo-China Peace Campaign is validly trying to promote peace in Southeast Asia. The war may be officially ended but over 50,000 Vietnamese soldiers have been killed since the Peace Agreement was signed on January 17, 1973. This "new war" is assisted by American technicians, equipped with American bombs and funded by American tax dollars. It is the same war in a new form, only now U.S. involvement is more easily concealed from the American public.

Furthermore, the Thieu regime, with U.S. support, has created a police state in which questioning of government policy often leads to imprisonment and torture, maybe even death. Part of the Peace Agreement was to "respect the ceasefire and . . . settle all matters of contention through negotiations and avoid all armed conflict" (Article 10). But *Time* magazine reported last February that Thieu ordered his police: "If a stranger enters your village, shoot him in the head."

The Peace Agreement also recognizes the Saigon regime and the Provisional Revolutionary Government as co-equal administrations in South Vietnam. They are to join with neutralist forces to organize free and democratic elections. So far the Thieu government has not seen fit to do so and instead carries out flagrant violations of the Peace Agreement.

The U.S. must accept responsibility for the actions of the Saigon regime because it remains totally dependent on American military and economic aid for existence. Last year American tax dollars accounted for 80 per cent of Saigon's operating costs.

The Nixon administration can be made to honor the Peace Agreement if the public makes a strong effort to end the war. The Indochina Peace Pledge is one way to generate pressure on Congress. Public endorsements of the pledge show Congressional representatives your support for legislation to terminate U.S. involvement in the war. Letter-writing campaigns are also valuable.

Until the U.S. really gets out of South Vietnam, the Vietnamese people will not have a chance to form a truly democratic government and the war will continue.

Jane Fonda is not putting on another act when she dramatizes the seriousness of the situation in South Vietnam. Her script is no joke. War never is.

Jim Taylor

Why not exorcise yourself?

I haven't seen *The Exorcist* yet, but from all I've heard, it seems to represent a perfect explanation for all our current events. Someone has even gone so far as to suggest that Richard Nixon, our beloved chief executive, may have been under the influence of demons for the last couple of years. This would explain his obvious involvement in Watergate, the Ellsberg case, the ITT affair and all the other things we haven't heard about yet. If this is the case, then all we need to do is to exorcise these demons from the President and he will be freed from their evil influences and could get back to methodically destroying the country as his own man, which is obviously what we all want, right?

Speaking of Nixon let's hear it for the berserk helicopter pilots! If only some of those choppers that have been helping the Navy take people for a ride could divert their energies towards San Clemente, Key Biscayne and other crucial targets, we might not need an exorcist to deal with our most pressing demon.

With all these demons running around, it's getting hard to know who to trust. Sam

Ervin is joining Jesse Helms' jolly crew in trying to rid our nation of the plague of bussing. Uncle Who?

The demons have even invaded the inner sanctums of the University administration. It seems incredible that the bureaucrats in South Building are willing to so blatantly deny the rights or even the existence of students here. The Winston decision and the recent exclusion of students from a panel studying the four-course load both seem evidence of demonic possession of administrators.

I wonder how demons select their targets? Do these victims sell their souls or are they taken by some process of spiritual eminent domain? How much would Richard Nixon's soul bring in open trading? Could Lucifer buy the entire University administration at a group rate? How about the whole state of North Carolina? Such questions must haunt even the most casual observer.

Some people, of course, would prefer to dismiss the exorcist thesis as hogwash. Take Billy Graham (yes, by all means—take him!) for instance. He says the current exorcist frenzy is merely playing on superstitions and obsessions with the supernatural. As

Nyle Frank

Creation of the Invisible University

Fail, 1970. I'm back to take my exams and teach Poli Sci 41. It really wasn't that big a deal, but one of my classes was scheduled for 8 a.m. in an inconvenient room. I asked for a change, but the Department said it would violate the UNC Disruptions Policy. I was furious! Why should I drag my ass outta bed in the goddam dark to obey some stupid rule designed to stop ANTIWAR protest? (Ironically, once I began devoting my efforts to DESTROYING the system, I was so enthusiastic I was invariably up long before dawn!) I would fight it! But you can't fight the department from which you seek a degree. Well, I'll start my OWN school! But you don't have any land, buildings or wealth.

So I just walked around town all night, running into perhaps a dozen people—all of whom advised me to remain in school. My course of action was now clear. Drop out. "My school will just have to be invisible," I concluded, "people will teach whatever they can, wherever they can, to whoever wants to attend. The Invisible University of North Carolina—IUNC!" I informed the

Department of my decision the next morning. Not having anybody to replace me, I kept my classes—changing time and place, even collecting \$1800! (at many events someone would ask, "How do you pay for all this?" "Don't worry," I'd reply, "it's all sponsored by the Poli Sci Department!")

As I was now dropping out, the 41 classes became a sheer joy. The kids were tremendous—all "A" people as far as I was concerned. So I really didn't hassle 'em about doing the required work. "After all, what are A's for, if not to give to your friends," I told 'em. While we did stick to government for the most part, there were also sessions like the one at midnight in the Forest Theatre or the abortive attempts to liberate Wingate, Elon and Bob Jones Universities. (At Bob Jones, I had my driver's license confiscated, was ordered off the campus and, for a change of pace, ended the evening with a whore in the Earle Hotel.)

Anyway, by mid-October, IUNC was ready for its Open House in front of South Building. My plan was to get the whole town

out for it, announce a State Picnic for November, then one for the US in Spring. Within a year I'd have the whole world together—with me on top! I'd then find a cabin in the woods somewhere and do whatever I pleased. A shifty son-of-a-bitch I was, indeed!

For the Open House, everything from South Building to Wilson Library was lined with crepe paper. I was dressed as a Wizard, auctioning off dollar bills, and handing out lollipops to passers by. I unfortunately handed one to a high UNC official who, upon recovery, ordered me to remove all this shit. This, plus very poor attendance, really put a damper on things. I was heartbroken, my plan shot. I went through the motions of celebrating, took \$35 worth of lemonade down to the Pit, and begged people to take home gallons-at-a-time. (Since you could never tell beforehand what would click, many Invisible events were to have this terribly depressing atmosphere of forced gaiety. Other events, however, were indeed incredibly exciting.)

But IUNC was underway! While some might dispute the contribution of "Techniques in Defecation" or "Nude Running 41," many courses did impart more respectable skills. More importantly, I enjoyed it—and there were always the surprises. Like having 27 people show up during Spring Break in front of the Fountainbleu Hotel in Miami Beach, or folks in James reporting discerning an aroma from Grateful Dead Appreciation (held in Morrison!) or the course where only I and the instructor attended! (Since it was held in her room, and she was in my room, it gave rise to the regrettably false rumor that I was seducing my students. (How I wish I tried.)

Sometimes, though, I'd be plagued with guilt. Why was I, a dirty old man of 24, sneaking into freshman dorms to peddle my vile material (No, I couldn't begin THINKING like that, dammit. That was what this was all about—to tear down these goddam barriers. So never again would I (or anybody else) ever feel too old, young, crazy, stupid, poor. So never will one person require a membership card of another. I would never go back to society as it was. And, not wanting to be an outcast, I'd just keep hammering away until it cut out all this bullshit.

So my fight gave me purpose. And purpose, strength. Strength, euphoria and power. "Do you read the newspapers?", someone once asked. "Only when I'm in them," I replied. I meant it. So much had been bottled up for so long, it now rushed forth with a vengeance. Much that was good, but also chauvinism and super-egotism. I recently found a letter from my sister, dated December, 1970. I had never even read it. It said, "Dear Nyle . . . I really don't understand your sudden desire for so much attention. One who feels at home with himself does not need it. The reality you have built around yourself could easily collapse, leaving you despondent and desperately unhappy—because it is not devoted to enjoying life in an unpretentious, balanced way. I am very excited about what you are DOING, but concerned that you seldom mention or care about anything else. You were always, to me, one whom I could share with, tell all my feelings to, and I knew you would consider them. Now, I'm not sure. Please, I assure you I only say these things out of my love for you and I feel sad about it because I feel I've lost a friend."



"DO YOU HANDLE DOMESTIC CASES?"

Letters to the editor

Clean up the campaign litter today

To the editor:

Each year at about this time, the campus is forced into a political orgy during the yearly campus elections. Candidates crawl out of every nook and corner to announce for offices from president of the student body to honor court. Despite the claims by each candidate that he or she has something different to offer, they all have one thing in common. To get their messages across to the students, most candidates use posters, letters, etc.; otherwise known as litter.

True, it would be great if all candidates

could be persuaded to campaign in some other manner, but this is doubtful because as soon as one candidate puts up posters, the others must follow suit to keep up. For weeks after the campaign, posters will dangle from every lamp post and classroom wall until they either rot or are torn down by custodians.

Since campaign literature, is inevitable, the campus from looking like a dump. Therefore, I am making the following proposal: On February 28, the day after the elections, all candidates shall remove all campaign posters and letters that are still up and take them to one of the paper recycling stations in town. There are large boxes in most dorms for this purpose and dumpster-dumpsters behind Wilson Library and behind the Municipal Building. By recycling this scrap paper, not only will the campus be largely free from litter, but the paper can be recycled and used again later; maybe even next year for campus election materials.

Recycling has been a very minor issue on campus during this election and yet is one that should draw a great deal of attention. Currently, there is only a token effort by the student body to recycle paper and little or no effort to recycle glass and aluminum. Therefore, proposal number two: The new Campus Governing Council should take steps to instigate a recycling program for paper, glass and aluminum cans. This would be a very worthwhile program that could benefit everyone.

Maybe if this and other similar programs such as the student food co-op and teacher-course evaluation are adopted by CGC, student government will rid itself of the Mickey Mouse syndrome.

Mark Dearmon

Mebane guilty of generalization

To the editor:

I would like to respond to Willie Mebane's letter of Wednesday, February 20. Mr. Mebane informs the students on campus and especially Chancellor Ferebee Taylor and "other administrators," that black-white relations are not improving on campus. He supports this belief with a single letter he received stating that his previously published editorial was "stupid." "Nobody cares what the nigger news is or what you, of all people, think." He goes on to say that "this is the black-white relations on this 'liberal' campus."

On the basis of one letter Mr. Mebane soundly proves that race relations are not improving on campus—from one letter that was anonymous and mailed to his home in Durham. How can we be sure that the writer even attends the University?

Mr. Mebane is guilty of a hasty and unfounded generalization. He is guilty of what many whites have been guilty of for a long time—judging the whole black race by the actions of few. Mr. Mebane is now judging the white race by one letter written by one prejudiced white person. Certainly he cannot assume that all whites on campus share this feeling. If this were true, I

would have to agree with his conclusion. But one letter is not enough evidence.

I am not saying that Mr. Mebane should completely disregard the letter he received. It does prove that there are still some ignorant biased people around, but this comes as no shock to me and I'm sure it comes as no shock to Mr. Mebane. Nonetheless, it is highly unfair to judge the black-white relations on this campus by the actions of one prejudiced person.

Susan Mulholland
523 Granville East

Campus cop wouldn't listen

To the editor:

On February 14, 2:00 a.m., we heard a strange knock upon our door. Upon opening it, we saw a campus cop. The cop wished my roommate a happy Valentine's Day and then gave him a roll of toilet paper. He then proceeded to give a lecture on why it was wrong to throw toilet paper out of our window. Despite our continual denials of having participated in such an event (because we were doing what any other normal person does at 2:30 in the morning) he still refused to believe us. He told us he saw the paper come out of our window and that if we did it again we would be charged with damage to public property. He then shook my roommate's hand and exited from our suite. Had it not been for the fear of the honor court and capital punishment, we could have shown him a quicker way to exit, through our ninth floor window. We don't mind having cops wish us a happy Valentine's Day if that's what turn them on, we don't even mind if they do at 2:30 in the morning with toilet paper as a gift, what we do mind is the idea of being accused of something we didn't do while the police would make no attempt to believe our story. It seems to us that the campus police could find better things to do with their time than retrieve toilet paper and wish students a happy Valentine's Day at 2:30 a.m.

John Dixon
Bob Franklin
925 Morrison

Lesbians using Women's Lib

To the editor:

Lesbian feminist Charlotte Bunch states that lesbian "theory" is based on the assumptions that our society is male supremacist with its institutions benefitting only the rich, white, and males. Some letters to the editor last week have already discredited these charges. I might add that both AWS's shoddy treatment of Judge Alexander (a Black woman), and the lack of coverage for her in the DTH as compared to the full coverage given Ms. Bunch, are indicative of the feminist movement's concern only for the middle-class, white, and female.

The prominent role of lesbians (e.g., Kate

Millet, Jill Johnson, and others) in motivating, articulating, and guiding the feminist movement is one of its most disturbing aspects, although probably less so at UNC with its large homosexual community. Non-lesbian feminist leaders dare not denounce lesbianism, because of the power of the lesbian faction and the charter standing of its members in the Sisterhood.

The lesbians are, in effect, using the feminist movement to seduce or rape the American woman (both mentally and physically), and the normal male and female should consider this in the same way as if another man were doing it. The stated purpose is to destroy the American male's supremacy by cuckolding him on a massive scale. Noble goal. Saying that a lesbian relationship can be sexually fulfilling is a contradiction in terms, by definition of "sexual," which necessarily requires more than one gender. Homosexuality is asexual; it would more aptly be called "genito-emotional." Ms. Bunch, having struck out at heterosexual love, even has the conceit to claim that lesbianism is a higher form of sexuality. Sour grapes?

The DTH gave saturation coverage to Warren Farrell with long articles on Feb. 4, 12, and 13—more than for Gloria Steinem. Both Farrell and Bunch teach courses in sexual politics at American University designed to emasculate the American male. Interesting group they've got up there. It is equally interesting that AWS and the DTH editors choose to put such emphasis on this emasculatory approach to feminism, emphasis that could better be devoted to positive aspects of the feminist movement.

One might say that I'm suffering from castration, but, so far, it's needless—I just checked.

Giles Aldrich
405 Ransom St.

Butterflies is Stephens' pic

To the editor:

The photograph of the butterflies in Monday's DTH, which incidentally was printed upside-down, was erroneously credited to Tom Randolph. It's mine. The cutline was also incorrect. It has been affectionately labeled "Fellatio."

Janet Stephens
the "Mystery Photographer"

The Daily Tar Heel provides the opportunity for expression of opinions by readers through letters to the editor. This newspaper reserves the right to edit all letters for libelous statements and good taste.

Letters should be limited to 300 words and must include the name, address and phone number of the writer. Type letters on a 60-space line and address them to Editor, The Daily Tar Heel, in care of the Student Union.

The Daily Tar Heel

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