

# Commission counters bicentennial banality

As July 4, 1976, draws nearer, the bicentennial tripe floods all aspects of American life, inspiring a mixture of patriotism, consumerism and occasional nausea. The bicentennial motif is found on postage stamps, cereal boxes, assorted trinkets and even on the front of the new \$2 bills to be issued next Tuesday.

National pride is healthy. Most of the bicentennial hype, however, seems to make its appeal to blind allegiance rather than critical examination of our nation's past, and this is certainly not healthy.

The Peoples Bicentennial Commission (PBC) is an organization attempting to counter the mindlessness that seems to be dominating the bicentennial celebration. They began their campaign in 1973 when 25,000 people gathered for a Boston Oil Party on the 200th anniversary of the Boston Tea Party. Participants burned effigies of Richard Nixon instead of King George, and tossed empty oil drums into the harbour.

The Commission plans for its efforts to peak on July 4, when an estimated 250,000 people will rally outside the Capitol in Washington to protest the power of multinational corporations and call for a revitalization of the democratic promise of social, political and economic justice.

The PBC's latest extravaganza involves sending tapes and letters to the families of the nation's top 8,000 corporate executives. These communications explain to the executives' wives how their husbands are participating in big business policies that "are threatening the economic survival of millions of hardworking Americans and undermining the democratic foundations of our Republic."

Names and addresses of the executives came from "Who's Who in Finance and Industry." The top 1,000 received cassette tapes, and the other 7,000 received letters like the following:

Dear Friend:

We are communicating with you because your husband is one of the top business leaders in the country. For that reason, we think you should listen carefully to what we have to say.

No doubt you are aware of the recent revelations of widespread corruption and criminality in the corporate boardrooms. It started during the Watergate Investigations when 17 major American corporations were forced to admit illegal campaign contributions and payoffs... During the past three years, corporate scandals have reached epic proportions...

This unprecedented crime epidemic has led one SEC official to remark, "We now see corporate misdeeds being carried on in business to an extent that is sickening."

We think these corporate scandals put a special responsibility on your family to ask some probing questions of your husband because it is no longer possible to argue that the rampant corporate criminality represents merely isolated incidents or the aberrational behavior of a few perverted individuals. In fact, a recent survey by the prestigious Conference Board found that half the executives surveyed said they would not hesitate to make the same kind of payoffs if they felt it would help their company make a sale...

Have you ever asked your husband which half of the survey he falls in? The Government is doing little or nothing to prosecute criminality in the corporate boardrooms... This leaves the responsibility up to you. Why? Because moral conduct starts with the family unit.

Isn't it time to start discussing the issues we've raised in this communication openly with your husband and family? What better time to begin than when your husband comes home this evening for dinner?

In the Spirit of '76  
Peoples Bicentennial Commission

Needless to say, many recipients of this letter were more than a little peeved. And they will probably be even more disturbed when they receive their next letter from the PBC comparing their lifestyle to that of the average American workingman.

But the PBC is undaunted. "If corporate leaders can come directly into the homes of millions of Americans with their TV and radio advertising," they say, "then we have every right, under the First Amendment, to communicate directly with their homes and families as well."

The Peoples Bicentennial Commission may not have any answers, but in their peculiar way they are doing an excellent job of raising questions.

# Democracy invites no one, waits its time

By LEWIS LIPSITZ

Democracy is not quite a sport. It is also not a secret. The basic formula has been known for millennia: people rule themselves. This, some anthropologists tell us, was part of the life of primitive man, with the hunting group involving a rather egalitarian division of labor. Unfortunately, we can no longer easily create such simplicities. Now, in our discussions, the formulation of democracy gives way to many complexities. We hear about bureaucracy, apathy, representation, political parties, legislatures and such—all extremely significant amendments and supplements to the original idea. Nowadays, no group larger than a small dormitory or a kibbutz usually involves much direct, face-to-face, self-government. Our democracy is like water which, even when we locate it, must be conserved, piped, purified and so on before it can be available to tens or hundreds of millions. It's no wonder that it rarely has the taste of a mountain stream.

Democracy is among other things, a means of education. Not just for the so-called masses either. The leaders are also supposed to learn, both by experience and from confronting the realities of people's problems. But it is a two-way street: leaders must be courageous enough to risk defeat by speaking about sensitive topics, and trying to enlighten mass sentiment. And the many of

us who are not leaders, must be willing to listen. This is why democracy is more than a sport—because it is a way the many can have a say in shaping their collective destiny. Quite counter to such a notion of democracy is what we can call the "Nixon syndrome," which involves the denial of change and the covering up of what learning takes place. Even changes of 360° need hardly be accounted for, as in Nixon's turnaround on China.

Many relationships are decidedly undemocratic, even in political democracies. We see this in schools, bureaucracies, families, and at the workplace. Democracy may not suit all institutions, but the most notable and obvious new application would be at the workplace—previously an arena of strongly authoritarian practices. The Yugoslavs have done extensive experimentation in this area for 20 years. The Scandinavians, Canadians and some American firms are now experimenting with various forms of workplace self-rule—and the results have generally been positive, both for workers and for production. This could become a priority issue in our own society, where greater autonomy and control would be welcomed by most workers. A few incentives by government might help it catch on. The schools might well be another place for serious experimentation with democratic procedures. Students need to learn early and often what civil liberties are all about, and to see them practiced in their environment.

Participation in the planning and execution of curriculum might be a place to start.

Then we have the gnawing issue of inequalities of wealth and power, a question unsolved in capitalist democracies, communist authoritarian states and even in the social democracies that have come closest to dealing with it openly. In capitalist societies, like our own, extremely large gaps exist between rich and poor. A small percentage of the population controls much of the corporate and personal wealth. This situation has inherently undemocratic potential. Some can buy power, or access to power, while others must struggle long and at great cost to receive the most elementary rights—as in the case of the migrant farm workers. Unlike the Milton Friedmans who argue that democracy cannot survive without capitalism, it is more accurate to argue that a certain push toward equality is needed for democracy to be meaningful; and that where gaps are too great, democracy means less. The compatibility of capitalism and dictatorship seems not to have occurred to him.

But democracy does not equal capitalism, nor does it equal one-party hegemony, as the Stalinists like to claim. Though these notions are more than obvious, it seems necessary to repeat them over and over because somehow they are forgotten. Democracy is a means of popular education and it is a method of governing that hopes to minimize the tyrannies we can practice against each other.

That is why a certain disrespect for authority is an essential element in the democratic tradition. Sometimes tyranny masquerades as law, or tradition or leadership—at those times we have to be prepared to express our veto, to say "No" even at the risk of popular censure—those who have such courage, while respecting the opinions of their fellow citizens, give us back the cold mountain stream of the democratic impulse.

Walt Whitman, the great American poet of democracy (among other things) wrote in his "Liberty Poem."

What we believe in waits latent forever through Asia, Africa, Europe, America, Cuba and all the islands and archipelagoes of the sea;

What we believe in invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement.

Waits patiently its time, a year, a century, a hundred centuries.

And then on a wall in Ecuador, someone writes the Castro-ite slogan "A hundred years of elections. A hundred years of misery." Somehow, from this faith and this bitterness, we have to work out democracy's meaning in our own time.

Lewis Lipsitz is a professor in the department of political science and assistant dean of experimental studies.

# letters Higher fees needed now

To the editor:

On Wednesday night, during the Campus Governing Council's budget hearings, Student Body President Billy Richardson recommended the removal of \$400 from his own Executive Budget in order to save the publication of an orientation issue directed at entering black students this fall to be printed by the Black Student Movement's "Black Ink". Other organizations who faced severe financial cutbacks felt the move by Richardson, as elected representative of the entire student body, was indeed discriminatory in favor of one campus organization at a time when each organization on campus was fighting operations cutbacks.

The Association for Women Students approached Richardson the following day, questioning why the student body president would take funds from his own budget to apparently "favor" one organization over another.

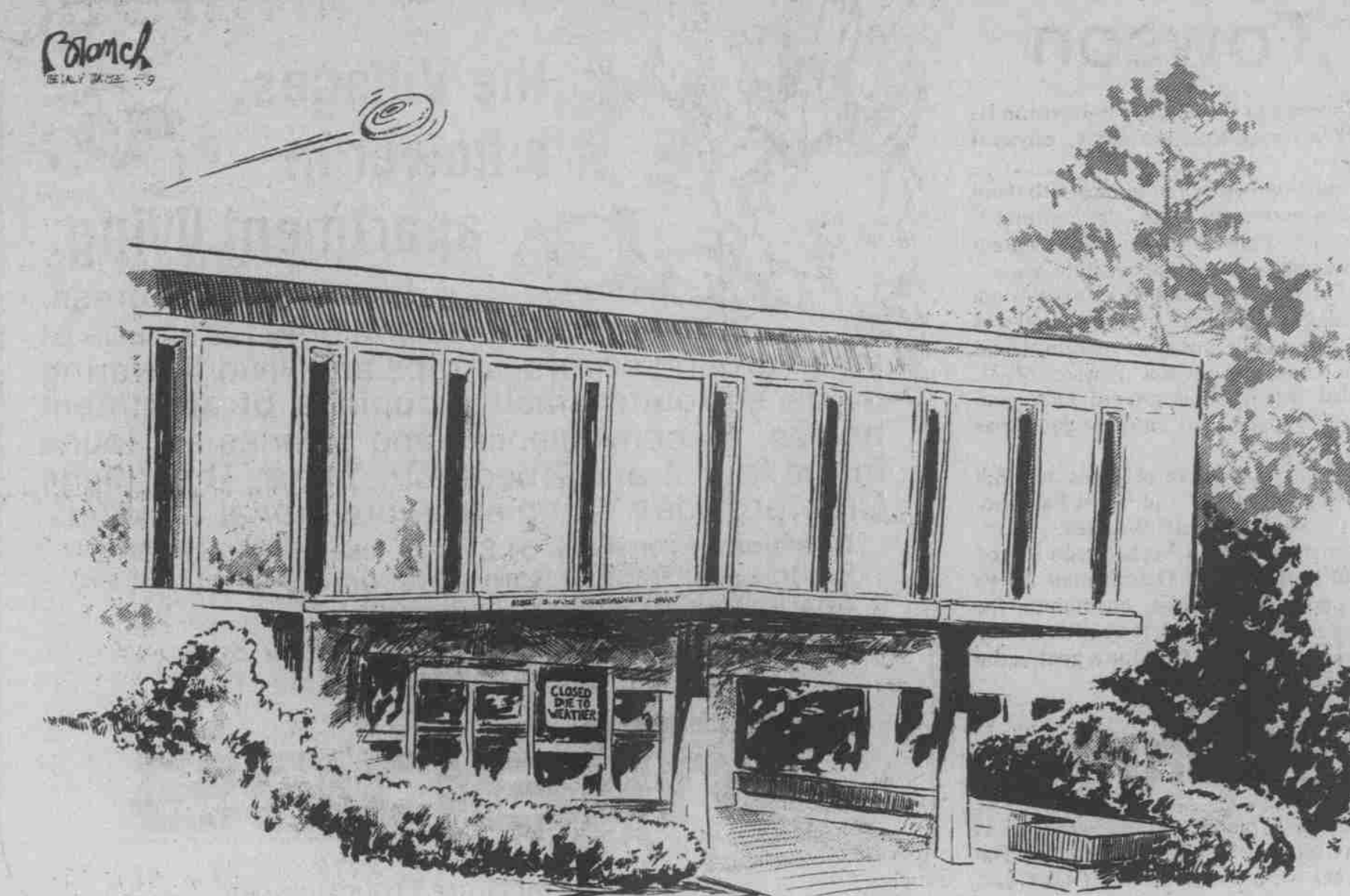
Richardson called his action "extremely difficult", but explained that he felt one of the pressing issues on campus that needed immediate attention was the dichotomy between black and white students. If the overall perception and orientation of black students to the university would be helped by such a publication, Richardson said he felt it would be worth the possible repercussions of his move to encourage better campus relations.

The Association for Women Students is by no means happy with Richardson's move, however admirable, as are many organizations. However, this is indeed a concrete example of the tight situation in which all student organizations have been placed. It is offensive to the student body, we should hope, that the newly-elected President of the Student Body should have to risk so early unfavorable stances in the face of the standing need for improved student relations.

While students should perhaps look favorably upon Richardson's actions, Association for Women Students would hope that the students will realize the need for the increased student fees is not for the benefit of several groups but for the betterment of the campus itself. AWS urges the support of all students on campus, on petitions now circulating, calling for the referendum and also for the very minimal increase in fees.

Sallie Shuping  
AWS Chairperson

Nancy Mattox  
AWS Vice-Chairperson



# 'Like a fish without a bicycle'

By TIKI THOMPSON

Thursday night. Nine o'clock. The phone rang for the fourteenth time and finally: "Pi Pi Pi, which Pi you wanna try?" "Hey Peaches, this is Tiki—what's goin' on tonight?" "Way-ul, a few of us are goin' out for some beers about 10—meet us at the House."

I've never been one to refuse a beer, but let me tell you I was shocked at the beer joint my sorority sisters dragged me to. Here's this dump of a bombed-out quonset hut; smells rank; the graffiti smeared all over the walls is duller than a philosophy treatise; Fratty-baggers are packed in around the pinball machines and with one glance around, I was assured that the world wears a lacoste shirt.

But, just then that cute DRK who turned me on to some bongs at the mixer stumbled through the door. "Oh, Tiki, there's that cute Boyd Boyd you liked so much." Great! If anybody in town had some of that dynamite Colombo I knew it would be Boyd—Thursday night might not be such a waste after all!

Boyd and I skulked off into the shadows and as we toked our second joint, Boyd's deranged sense of humor began to surface. Neither of us wanted to linger at the Chuck, so he suggested a graffiti contest.

He swore that guys' restroom graffiti had to be more interesting than girls'. I jumped at the challenge.

From there it was off to the Village Green to compare the handwriting on the wall. I found a great one:

There was a young lady from Nat,  
Who had triplets, Tim, Tom and Tat.  
'Twas fun in the breeding  
But come time for feeding  
She found she had no tit for Tat.

But Boyd topped it:

The main problem with the real world is  
that we can't drop-add.  
But then,  
We can take it pass/fail.

We rushed to Harrison's, where Boyd really won out with:

Reality is for people who can't handle  
drugs:

I'd give my right arm to be ambidextrous:

and:

God is dead, but never fear—the Virgin  
Mary is pregnant.

signed, Joseph

I found the girls' graffiti at Harrison's rather weak, considering the "high brow" clientele they imagine they cater to. It ran on the order of—

"I'm very drunk but I know what I like—  
class

Unfortunately, most of the girls' graffiti was on the level of:

If you sprinkle when you tinkle  
Be a sweetie, wipe the seatie.

while the guys' was on a much higher plane:

To do is to be—Descartes  
To be is to do—Sartre  
Do be Do be Do—Sinatra

and:

A man without a God is like a  
fish without a bicycle

Well girls?

Tiki Thompson, a transfer student from Tahiti, is the pseudonym for a Carolina co-ed.

# Oedipus Rex of sport gives up on Heels

By CHARLES GROVER

This probably won't alleviate much of the group grief being suffered by Carolina fans at this time because of our basketball fortunes, but I want to publicly accept full responsibility. I'm sorry Carolina. For years and years I have been the Oedipus Rex of sports fans. The bigger I root, the harder they fall. Let you think this is simply the idle chatter of a distraught Tar Heel, let me cite some history.

Back in 1958 I was a confirmed New York Giant football fan. They had experience, balance, talent, everything except the title, which they lost to the Baltimore Colts in "the greatest game ever played." A fluke, I thought at the time, and I proceeded to watch the flukes in 1959, 1961, 1962 and 1963. At that point I was disgusted and decided I had made a mistake in 1958 and had rooted for the wrong team. I became a Baltimore Colt convert. They had a strong, talented and experienced team, led by John Unitas, which won twelve games and lost two. In the championship game they were ten point favorites over a so-so Cleveland Brown team, who then drubbed my pride and joy 27 to 0. Wait till next year, I said, that was obviously a fluke.

The following year the Colts were again strong and sure to win it all, until the Chicago Bears broke both of the Colt's quarterbackbacks in the tenth game of the season.

They managed to limp into a first place tie with the Green Bay Packers and had a playoff game. My mangled underdog Colts played brilliantly and were leading 10 to 7 with thirteen seconds left. The Packers kicked a thirty four yard field goal which just missed. I'm sure it missed because I saw it. Except the official didn't see it that way. In fact, as far as I'm concerned he didn't see it at all. (A later home movie taken behind the goal post showed the field goal missed by about four feet.) No instant replay in those days. I was enraged, and while I was yelling and crushing beer cans, the Packers won the sudden death 13 to 10. That did it. I quit rooting for football altogether.

In 1968 I started to come out of it and began following the Colts again. I hoped I'd made peace with the fates and it seemed so, because the Colts were 13 and I at the end of the season. In what used to be the old NFL championship game, the Colts annihilated the Browns 34 to 0, and I knew the worst was over. Only one more small step for the Colts, this new thing, the Super Bowl, which the previous two NFL teams under Lombardi had waltzed through. And the '68 Colts were the best defensive team in the history of football. Everybody knew the AFL wasn't worth a plugged nickel. The official point spread on the game was 18 1/2 in favor of the Colts, but having been previously burned, I was conservative and only gave 10 points. Would you believe I actually found a sucker to take the bet for twenty-five dollars at two

to one. I spent my winnings early on Saturday night. I got so drunk that I slept through the game on Sunday afternoon, at least until all the yelling woke me up at about five-thirty. The game was a real "laugh" alright; the Jets beat the Colts 16 to 7.

In 1963 I became an ardent New York Yankee fan. Who wouldn't love them with Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford and Roger Maris? They were the "class" of baseball, and had been for over forty years, with twenty World Series victories in that span. They won the American League in 1963 and played the Dodgers in the World Series, but lost 4 games to 0. Not exactly a fluke because maybe, just maybe, in 1963 the Dodgers were a little better. Wait till next year, with a couple of quick trades to Kansas City we'd own it all again in 1964. Probably start another string of consecutive World Series triumphs.

In 1964 the Yankees won the American League again, but somehow lost the World Series to a St. Louis Cardinal team that wasn't even supposed to win in the National League. A fluke by any other name would... Needless to say, the Yankee management was upset, so they fired Yogi Berra, the manager, and hired Johnny Keane, the manager of the team that had just beaten them. Go with a winner, I always say. The next season the Yankees finished fifth, their lowest in more than twenty-five years. They have since never finished higher than second. Since the demise of the Yankees in

World Series Competition, I have cheered for the Dodgers in '66, the Red Sox in '67, the powerful Orioles over the lowly Mets in '69, and the Cincinnati Reds in both '70 and '72. I finally gave up on the Reds last year figuring they'd choke again.

I sense a bit of skepticism in my powers still; quickly, a few examples in some other sports. I was a diehard Los Angeles Laker fan all through the sixties, which caused the Celtics to win seven of their ten championships in that period. I probably made Bill Russell what he is today. In 1966 I became one of Arnie's Army just before the U.S. Open, and watched him inexplicably lose seven shots in nine holes to fall into a tie and then lose in a playoff. I don't get no respect.

If there's anyone out there who is still with me, you gotta believe by now. As Richard Nixon once said, "People who take full responsibility deserve a measure of respect, people who are to blame lose their jobs." Carolina, I take full responsibility. In case you are interested, I've picked out the basketball team I'm going to root for next year. I just can't pronounce their coach's name. It's something like Drysdale, Drycell, Doosell... well, never mind, they've got the horses and I'm for them.

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## The Daily Tar Heel

84th Year of Editorial Freedom

Alan Murray  
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