

The Daily Tar Heel

95th year of editorial freedom

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Vote today, and bring a friend

board opinion

If registered students don't vote today, they can't complain next week if their fraternity houses are leveled or their band parties have to end at 8 p.m.

Although these things aren't likely to happen, now more than ever students need to make sure their feelings are known to local government. Issues directly concerning students include condemned fraternities, the noise ordinance, new road plans that might demolish some fraternities and a proposed entertainment tax that could raise ticket prices for Smith Center events.

Students have shown their desire to be involved in the local political process. Student leaders have endorsed candidates. There are even two students on the ballot.

Yet students' voting record is not good. Nationally, only six million of the 26 million people between the ages of 18 and 24 voted in the 1986 senatorial races. On campus, fewer than 10 percent of students bothered to vote on a referendum that could have abolished the drop-add lines of Woolen Gym forever.

This apathy is not restricted to students. The United States has the worst voter turnout of any democracy in the world. Fewer than 50 percent of its citizens vote in national elections. It took only one-third of them in 1984 to give President Reagan one of the most overwhelming victories in American political history.

Only registered students can vote today. Here lies the key — there's a good chance that many will vote. In other words, registered voters are more likely to exercise their rights. The problem is getting students registered for future elections, such as the upcoming presidential election.

Some argue that registration is the biggest hurdle to voting. The University could make it easier for students by following the lead of the City University of New York, which makes voter registration part of each semester's course registration.

Meanwhile, registered students should vote today and show the town that they want a constructive say in its affairs. They do, after all, represent about one-third of its population.

Balance adds royalty to life

Speculation about the solidity of England's Prince Charles and Princess Diana's marriage is running rampant these days. The two have been seen together rarely in the past couple months, raising not only British public interest in their official visit to West Germany this week, but that of much of the world.

There are many circumstances that may have created rifts in this fairy-tale marriage. Charles' 12 year-seniority is one factor. But the most significant reason is their lack of common interests.

Charles, a graduate of Cambridge University, is interested in philosophy, literature, classical music, architecture and the problems of inner cities and the environment. For relaxation, he hunts and fishes, gardens and farms.

Diana is a high school dropout who seems the picture of charm and grace at every function she attends, yet recently described herself to be "as thick as a plank." She likes parties, discos, rock music and the company of young socialites.

Neither Charles nor Diana lives a life real to most of the world. Not many people can identify with royalty and the strain of living in front of ubiquitous, unblinking cameras. But the unhappiness resulting from a lack of balance is something to which all can

relate. The semester is almost over, and the speedy downward course through a maze of tests and papers is underway. Some students have succeeded so far by taking the Diana-ish attitude of enjoying the extra offerings of a university this size — the friendships, parties and late night talks. Others have done it in a more Charles-ish vein — immersion in books, intellectual questions and classroom discussion.

For either type, a lack of wholeness now may be tugging at the heart. As the festivities of Halloween fade into the past, one side finds itself wondering what it has been missing, while the other is sobered by the inescapable portents of the future. But what is most important about college? Is it the deep and the practical, the positioning and goal-setting? Or is it the fun of the moment, the smile and good feeling?

Deciding that one style is better than the other would be like judging the lives of Charles and Diana. What is important is realizing that parts of both are necessary if a fulfilling college life is to be achieved.

If Chuck and Di are going to persevere through this trouble in their marriage, it will take an effort by both of them to reach out. Only in balance is there hope. — Jon Rust

non sequitur

Following what was in our time

Nick wandered along the river bank. It was a dark night, but the light of the moon shone on the slow-moving water. Bill was back at camp. Nick thought of Bill in his bed roll, sleeping. He wished he could sleep. He had been awoken earlier that night by a dream. He had dreamed of a man he did not know, a scrawny-skinned youth who drank and smoked too much. Nick knew the man was a writer, or at least that others thought of him as a writer.

But the man never talked of his writing, only of himself. He had a crowd he spent time with, other young writers, who believed they were living the good life. They fancied themselves a new generation. Nick didn't know why that thought made him doubt himself. He had nothing in common with the man in his dream.

The man made money from his writing, but he did not care about it. The craft meant nothing to him. Writing was not a way of showing the hidden. It was a way to make money. It kept him in the public eye.

Nick felt violated by the dream. He did not understand, but he felt as if part of who he was had been stolen by the man.

The sky had begun to lighten, and Nick could see more clearly the path he was walking on. He carried a fishing rod in his hand, and he was comforted by its presence. He knew inside that the man from his dream would not understand what he was doing. Then he thought of Bill, and he thought

of Bill talking about Marjorie, and he was glad that he was alone.

He followed the river bank around a bend, and stopped. He had found the place he was looking for. Part of the river broke away here, and fed a long, wide pool. The water was still. Its surface was broken only by insects landing on its surface.

The air was cold on Nick's face as he took his fishing rod and baited the hook and waded into the pool. He made his first cast. He liked the way the line vanished in the shadows of early dawn.

Every so often, Nick thought of the man from his dream. He tried not to think of him, but the man kept coming into his head. And when he was there, the fishing wasn't as good. So Nick concentrated on the trout, swimming in the darkness of the pool.

He cast again, and the line landed soft on the water and then the bait tumbled to the bottom. Nick clicked on the reel, and thought he heard the satisfying click echo across the river, it was that quiet.

He waited, and realized he pitied the man in his dream because he wasn't where Nick was, because he would never be where Nick was. Pity was a strange thing to feel, he thought. Then the trout struck the bait, struck it hard so Nick could feel it in his chest, and Nick let the line out and forgot all about the dream. He could feel the trout run. But Nick knew it couldn't run far enough, and so he let it run.

Readers' Forum

Of a death in a Durham County jail

Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind. — John Donne

Sean Rowe
 Staff Columnist

size 8-C, black high-tops with little silver buckles, the inch-thick heels fantastically worn on the outer edges.

The odds were that I should never have crossed paths with Earl Canady. I was everything he wasn't: young, healthy, in jail for the first time, and able within two days to post a property bond and get out; able at leisure to follow the trail of paperwork that followed his body from Duke Medical Center and the state medical examiner's office to a town near the coast where his next of kin were eventually found; able later in the week to find and read his booking sheet, filled in by the magistrate and arresting officer:

Earl Canady, age 49. Brown hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 6 inches tall, 115 pounds. No driver's license, no address, no occupation, \$400 bond. Even the spelling of his name was uncertain. And near the bottom of the blue form, in the box reserved for the name of the releasing officer, someone had written "The Almighty."

The last time I saw Canady, he had made his way across Cell Block 11 and tried again to vomit into the toilet. In the breast pocket of his orange jumpsuit he had arranged his possessions — his toothbrush, a small comb, a bit of soap swaddled in toilet paper. He stood at the end of the cell for another moment, touching gingerly at his behind — he had defecated in his pants — then lay down on his pallet against the bars and began to die in earnest while we watched.

Counting Canady, there were 20 of us in Cell Block 11, a holding tank on the

top floor of the Durham County Judicial Building intended for a dozen inmates. There on the northeast corner of the jail, men are confined who are waiting to post bond or go to court — men in a legal netherland, convicted of nothing, many suffering from alcohol withdrawal.

Hours before, we had beaten on the steel walls of the shower cubicle and called in vain to sheriff's deputies while another man, Odell Washington, went into convulsions. The jailers never responded. Now we kicked at the door and shouted for more than 15 minutes as Canady's face turned a sickening crimson and his pulse slowly disappeared. When it was too late, we heard the jangle of the turnkey's belt.

In the evening after the body had been removed, we sat around in the timeless stupefaction of the cell, playing cards. One of the run-arounds came and brought an inmate named John Owens the cardiac medication he had several times requested. The rest of us got individually wrapped bars of soap, lavender-scented.

I dragged my rubberized mattress over to the spot on the floor where Earl's had been. It was a better place to sleep, sheltered a bit from the glare of the lights overhead. He had left his shoes behind and when I woke in the morning, they were there before my eyes like a clear hallucination: mock leather Florsheim Imperials,

When I got out, I went for a walk downtown past the considered elegance of Brightleaf Square. Canady and three friends had been arrested there on Saturday night. It was now Monday. Farther on, I came to more of Canady's haunts: the A&P on Broad Street, which occasionally puts out TV dinners and buttermilk for street people; St. Joseph's Episcopal Church with its shade trees and playground and free bag lunch; the woods behind Andy's Handy Mart where John Owens and his wife, Faye, sometimes make their home. I had believed Canady's life was evanescent, but here were people who knew him well, a whole ragged community momentarily astounded by the news of his death.

Had he held on until Wednesday morning, he would have been released. Out beyond the walls of the jail there would be the hardness and warmth of the city streets. There would be time to roam Perry and Ninth and Main and breathe the fresh air, rich with the summer fragrance of tobacco. Time amongst the bean cans and empty bottles of the West Pettigrew train line to lie back on a cardboard bed beneath the autumn sky and wonder at the pain and the excruciating joy of what it is to be alive.

Sean Rowe is a senior journalism major from Douglas, Ga.

Ignorance fuels funding debate

To the editor:

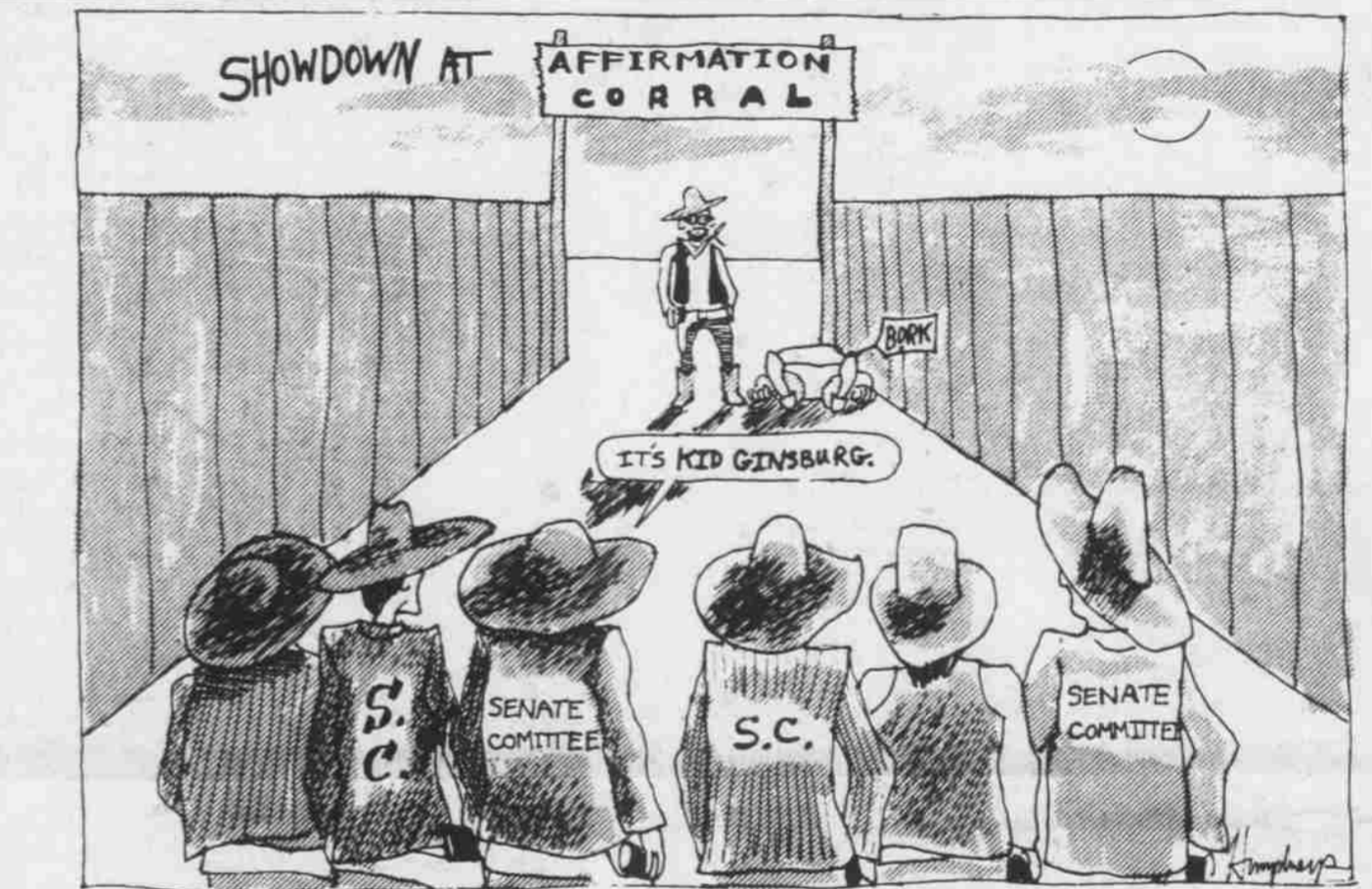
As I picked up copies of the DTH last week I noted that, once again, the debate over funding for the Carolina Gay and Lesbian Association was raging on campus. As an alumnus, this wouldn't normally bother me. But as a member of the gay community, I am troubled and angered. The statements made by David McNeill and H.F. Watts in an Oct. 27 story, and the editorial of Oct. 28 "CGLA gets what it deserves" are ridiculous, oppressive and ignorant.

McNeill, one of UNC's leading "non-homophobes," stated that the CGLA promotes breaking the N.C. sodomy law. This is incorrect. The CGLA supports freedom of sexual expression for everyone, gay and straight, and the right to privacy for any two individuals who want to express their love.

Watts, another "non-homophobe," said he doesn't support "any organization where the majority of members promote the spreading of AIDS." The fact is, though, that no group has done more to educate the public, protect its members, and try to stop the spread of this terrible disease than the gay community, which includes the CGLA.

As for the editorial, I appreciate the support given by the DTH editorial board. However, the position you took, that the opinion of the majority is always right, is a bad one. I think democracy is great, too. But the tyranny of the majority should always be guarded against. That is why the Bill of Rights was created. Just because the larger group of people thinks a certain way, their majority does not make them right; nor does it mean that their wishes should be carried out.

Defunding the CGLA would be oppressing homosexuals. It would be an overt slap in the face to over 2,000 students and a gross injustice to the student body as a whole. But most importantly, it would condemn numerous young men and



women to a longer, painful, closeted existence and their peers to continuing ignorance.

DON SOLOMON
 Class of 1986
 Raleigh

Make student opinion count

To the editor:

Can you imagine the University without the town of Chapel Hill? UNC students are fortunate to reside in this town of beautiful neighborhoods, village churches and lovely trees.

But this relationship has another dimension. Who could imagine Chapel Hill without the University? As students, we cannot pretend that our campus is an island, ambivalent about what lies offshore. UNC students, as Chapel Hill residents, should vote in today's town elections.

Many of the issues addressed by the town directly affect students. The proposed entertainment tax on Smith Center events, such as concerts, would be paid primarily by those who use the building most: the students. Also, decisions on Chapel Hill's noise ordinance may threaten many students' favorite social and entertainment events. Related is the

future of Burnout, Pi Kappa Phi's fund-raiser for the North Carolina Burn Center, which needs the town's approval to be successful.

Students are affected by these issues. As a result, our opinion counts, and we will be heard if we choose the right candidates today.

More information about the election and the candidates will be available today in the Pit. Students can find out where to vote and receive rides from the Union to the poll sites. In the past few months, about 1,300 students have been registered to vote in Chapel Hill. By voting in the town elections, we will show our concern for the town we could not imagine being without.

SHARON HODGES
 Junior
 English/Political Science

SCOTT MORTON
 Sophomore
 History

America needs Robert Dole

To the editor:

Watching the Republican presidential candidates debate on "Firing Line" reaffirmed my support for Sen. Robert Dole. With his usual candor, he

emphasized his abilities rather than criticizing his opponents.

Dole has proven his hands-on leadership style. With 19 years of service in the Senate and eight years in the House, he has unique experience to serve the nation. During that time, he has been on the Agriculture Committee and instigated programs to help America's farmers. He also served as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee in 1982, when he played an integral part in saving the Social Security system. We need this type of leadership in Washington.

Dole has not been molded by the Reagan agenda, but would propose his own bold ideas if elected. This was evident in his tenure as Senate majority leader, and in his current position as a Republican leader who is able to work out compromises when both parties are deadlocked on an issue. America wants and needs an insider who can work with Congress.

Even George Will has said America is ready for a "fresh face." America is ready for Bob Dole.

JOYCE METCALF
 Senior
 Political Science/
 Industrial Relations

Homophobia threatens academic vitality

To the editor:

The recent frenzied attacks against the Carolina Gay and Lesbian Association are likely to have long-term effects on the quality of the University. In contrast to the opinions of certain tragically ignorant undergraduates who have recently revealed their identities in the Reader's Forum, I believe most students indirectly benefit from the gay population through its intellectual, social and cultural influence.

I am tempted to compare the status of the gays at UNC to the status of Jews prior to and during World War II. For those not familiar with that scenario, a small number of extremely prejudiced and ignorant Germans, better known as Nazis, persecuted and murdered over six million Jews simply because they chose to practice different rituals. Rather than admit they were jealous and resentful of the fact that the Jews were socially and intellectually more advanced, the small number of Nazis instead erroneously blamed the Jews for

many social and financial problems. The persecution ultimately contributed to the Nazis' defeat in World War II, both by depleting their scientific community and by mobilizing world-wide support against the holocaust.

The persecution of gays on this campus by a small, homophobic faction is similar to the Nazis and the Jews. Gays are portrayed as purveyors of AIDS and acts of sodomy on unsuspecting students. In fact, it is the threat of not having to think outside of their naive, fragile world that terrifies the homophobes on this campus.

Rather than obtaining information about AIDS and seeing how unwarranted their fears of contracting the virus are, at least from the gay population, these people would rather eliminate gays from UNC as the Nazis tried to eliminate the Jews. The end result for UNC is likely to be as disastrous as it was for Germany. A campus where persecution is tolerated will

no longer attract diverse and talented students, whether straight or gay. This will leave close-minded, intellectually limited individuals who will be incapable of maintaining the reputation this institution has established over the years. But it won't have any discernible effect on the spread of AIDS in the heterosexual population or on other problems that are falsely associated with the gay community.

UNC students owe it to themselves not to let a few misguided individuals damage the University's reputation as an academic oasis. Carolina's loss may be Duke University's gain in the competition for quality students. Open your minds and your hearts and don't let the CGLA funding issue obscure the real issue — the unwarranted fears of a homophobic minority at UNC.

ROBERT SLUGG
 Graduate
 Physiology