

Opinion

Strife worsens in South Africa

With each day, the situation in South Africa continues to deteriorate. Three weeks ago, the repressive regime, under the command of the inimitable P.T. Botha, restricted the actions of 17 anti-apartheid organizations. The move was one in a never-ending cycle of ordinances that many experts feel will only escalate the violent conflict between blacks and whites.

"The government is trying to outflank the black opposition," noted Mark Swilling, a South African political scientist. "But that's not going to solve its problems. They will worsen because now there are no legitimate, non-violent channels left in which to express grievances."

The Botha coalition is now under a great deal of pressure from the white minority, anxious to alter its announced course toward reform. In the recent March 2 by-elections, a prelude to the highly significant March 29 Transvaal by-elections, the Conservative party garnered an impressive 60 percent of the vote. As a result, the government, presently under the leadership of Botha's National Democratic Party, has suddenly been forced to regress to a more hard-line stance in order to stay in power.

Before, with little pressure felt from

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the opposition, the government felt safe enough to introduce reforms to assuage the openly belligerent blacks. They proposed talks with the outlawed African National Congress, the black guerrilla movement that is the self-proclaimed leader of the black resistance movement. Last year, they released Gavini Mobaki, an esteemed black dissident, and promised future parole for Nelson Mandela, one of the few remaining leaders still in prison. In addition, the government announced plans for a national conference between the races that would possibly write a new constitution — presumably one that would allow blacks active participation in national affairs for the first time ever. However, given the negative political repercussions from any overtures toward blacks, any future moves are, as Welsh says, "out of the question."

Naturally, the 28 million South African blacks are not pleased with the recent change of events. The censoring of the anti-apartheid groups limits their ability to peacefully state their discontent, leading

many to consider violence as their only alternative. Says Welsh: "These acts are only serving to increase the amount of fury and frustration among blacks."

Increasingly, blacks are also turning to the church and other religious movements in the hope of fostering peaceful change. Such a trend towards the liberation ideology, so prevalent in much of Central America, is a logical result of the church's traditional opposition to apartheid and the stubborn intransigence of the white oligarchy. Says Archbishop Desmond Tutu, 1985 Nobel Peace prize recipient and international black activist: "The avenues for change are slowly being closed up. We (the churches) are among the few institutions left that can openly protest. We will actively seek to state our case through non-violent measures."

Yet, many feel that the impact of the church movement will be greatly limited. Swilling says: "This situation is very different than India in 1947 with Mahatma Gandhi and the British government. We are dealing with a government that does not understand the subtleties of nonviolence." In fact, just last week, Tutu, along with 20 other religious leaders,

was arrested by the South African police during a peaceful demonstration.

Almost as appalling as legalized segregation is the Reagan administration's hypocritical attitude toward the Botha government. While outwardly critical of the recent strand of suppression, the administration constantly refuses to heed the resistance leaders' call for stiff sanctions. Instead, the United States pursues its inherently flawed policy of "constructive engagement." In addition, the administration is fearful of hurting the black majority, a line of reason that they apparently refused to follow when formulating their policy with Panama.

It has become glaringly obvious that the Reagan administration has little sway over South Africa. Given the arrogant refusal of Botha to improve the situation, the United States would be better off disassociating itself from South Africa's white minority altogether. It does little for the prestige of a supposedly sophisticated nation to ally itself with the likes of Botha.

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Losing more than a songbook

Bruce Springsteen didn't play any of his songs from his *Nebraska* album during his Smith Center concerts. Maybe he didn't have time to play them, or maybe he just doesn't see a need for them anymore.

I once had a *Nebraska* songbook. When I was a high school student in Fairfax County, Va., I lent it to someone. By now, it's probably been used in places that I never want to see.

Fairfax County, a wealthy suburb of Washington, D.C., is a paradox. Within its wealth, there exists a large population of homeless people. It is very difficult to find homes due to high rent, food costs and the largely white-collar job market.

The homeless people themselves are paradoxical. The people in one shelter — located off U.S. Route 1 about 15 miles from Washington and a block from Madame Eve the palm reader — ranged from a 15-year-old black girl with a one-year-old baby to a schizophrenic Harvard graduate who frequently raved about his popularity as a Hollywood hit-man.

Every day at the shelter was a lesson, especially to a 16-year-old white middle-class high school student. Every experience was disturbing, unsettling in its exposure of the failures of the system and society. To see that 15-year-old mother's face light up when showers were installed at the

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shelter was to be forced to reassess my own values, and the most simple and obvious things that I took for granted.

Illusions were easily shattered in the shelter. I learned that not all homeless people are simply victims of the system, that some are lazy, shiftless or don't have the resources to finance their habits. But I discovered many people who simply fell through the cracks in the system — people who got laid off, or who couldn't pay their medical bills, or who had just had a whole lot of bad breaks. Those people were the most disturbing, because what had happened to them could happen to anybody.

Three years later, the person that stands out most in my mind is a man named Dave, who could play a twelve-string guitar like nobody I had ever heard. He came up to me one day and asked me if I knew where he could buy strings for his guitar. We started talking, and he told me that he had lost his job in his Florida hometown, and had been turned out by his family. He never explained exactly why.

I brought in some sheet music for him to use, because he had said he was trying to get a job in a

local club playing his guitar, and also because we had become friends, which is strongly discouraged by the social workers. Personal relationships could lead to trouble, because many of the people were not trustworthy, the volunteers were told.

Dave could play all of the songs well, but his favorite was called "Highway Patrolman" from *Nebraska*. It was a simple, lonely song, about a policeman named Joe Roberts whose brother Frankie is a criminal. Joe is forced to decide between arresting Frankie and letting him escape to Canada. He finally lets Frankie drive across the border, singing "A man turns his back on his family, well he just ain't no good."

I let Dave borrow my copy of the *Nebraska* songbook one night so he could memorize the songs. He promised to return it on the next night that I worked at the shelter. Dave never came back.

I can't play my *Nebraska* songs anymore, and Bruce Springsteen has chosen not to, for whatever reason. But somewhere out there, Dave is playing them for himself. Maybe it's because nobody else will.

Kimberly Edens is a sophomore political science and English major from Fairfax County, Va.

Confusion in Dole camp paved road for Bush's political success

By now, Robert Dole must be gazing out the window, silently rolling over the past year's events and asking himself where he went wrong. He's a tragic hero of sorts. The GOP throne was his after Iowa, but along came Big Bad George to punt him right back off again — the same Big Bad George who months earlier seemed to lack enough wind to turn a pinwheel.

George Bush is no longer the "wimp." New Hampshire and Super Tuesday were good to him, but who was underneath, who was the guy carrying Bush on his shoulders? It was Bob Dole.

True, Ronald Reagan — excuse me, George Bush — has done some work on his own. He got his well-organized campaign off the ground early, he amassed a huge war chest, which is still a vote-getter, and he took Dan Rather over his knee. But that's it. That's where George Bush stops, and Robert Dole jumps in.

"I wasted time, and now time doth waste me," Shakespeare's Richard II said. Dole's slogan might read, "I wasted money, and now I'm broke." He hobnobbed with Strom Thurmond in South Carolina, a state he knew he had no chance of winning. Also, Super Tuesday is a big deal, real big, but Dole opted to spend \$200,000 in campaign ads for the upcoming California primary instead. In essence, Bob Dole went on a binge.

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November is a nice month, but it's not a great time to pick a national campaign chairman for an upcoming election. That's when Bill Brock joined the Dole regiment. Canning a couple unworthy staff members is okay too, but not on live TV. And playing Mr. Toughguy one minute, and whinnying to Tom Brokaw that Bush isn't playing by the rules is, well, confusing.

Some say entropy breeds unity, but I doubt Bob Dole has that in his little book of sayings. His campaign was chaotic from the start. He thought he could call the shots, ignore his staff's suggestions, and still keep them on the payroll. That's not the way it works. Delegation of power means just that — giving others a shake at handling things.

A Newsweek reporter tells the story of two Dole staffers broadcasting entirely different messages after the senator's humiliating defeat in Super Tuesday. Campaign aide Mari Maseng said she had no doubt that Dole would continue his campaign, while in the room next door, Dole adviser Kim Wells told a strategist that the campaign was closing shop. Crossed signals often cause ships to

collide. This one just sank.

With the nomination almost wrapped up, George Bush has about five months of perfunctory campaign scheduling to trudge through. He has cut his negative ads about Dole; his organization isn't slackening, and he's still talking about "popular themes" that will carry him to the White House. Themes like, well, you know, just themes.

Five months is a long time to coast on one's victories, but George Bush might be able to do it. Unless, of course, two hyphenated words don't haunt him: Iran-contra. Former national security adviser Robert McFarlane pleaded guilty to withholding information about the fiasco three weeks ago. Poindexter, Secord, and insider Albert Hakim were indicted last Monday. No one wants to mark, but Bush better keep his fingers crossed.

So George Bush is going to be the next President of the United States; well, maybe. By late summer, he's going to have to step out of his boss' shadow. By then, he might do well to remember the words of his unofficial advance man, Bob Dole. "I can beat George Bush, but I can't beat Ronald Reagan."

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American Indian culture suffers from fallacies, stereotypes

North Carolina is home to seven Indian Nations: Lumbee, Tuscarora, Eastern Cherokee, Coharie, Haliwa-Saponi, Meherrin and Waccamaw-Sioux. Together, these peoples form the largest Native American population east of the Mississippi.

Few Carolina students, however, are aware of the rich Native American heritage of this state. Small numbers, added to a lack of Indian Studies courses and programs, make Native Americans an almost "invisible minority" at UNC. For many, the word "Indian" brings forth only foggy junior high social studies class memo-

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ries of Pocahontas and the Lost Colony. Worse, it may conjure up negative stereotypes — either of a slovenly, alcoholic man staggering about the dusty streets of a Western town, or of a bloodthirsty, marauding band of braves.

As bad, or worse, than this seemingly permanent relegation to "bad guy" status, is the homogeneous and erroneous culture that is now iden-

tified with every American Indian nation. There are hundreds of tribal groups in the United States, each with historically unique languages, customs, cuisine and dwellings adapted to varying geographic situations and individual tastes. Instead, we see today one uniform cartoon-like culture imposed on every tribe. A handful of large, well-known nations — Sioux, Cherokee, Comanche, Mohawk — are remembered by having their names placed on Jeeps, haircuts and military weaponry. The smaller tribes, or those with unpronounceable names, fade into obscurity.

Unfortunately, I see little being done today to reverse this trend. Tribes dependent on tourist revenue bow to media misconceptions and give the visitors what they want to see. One can go to Cherokee, N.C., any day of the year and have a picture taken with the "postcard chiefs" — men in Sioux war bonnets, posing before fake tipis and totem poles.

Is this commercialization of Native American culture the worst that can happen? Perhaps an incorrect image, one that is relevant to selected tribes, is better than no image at all. This homogeneity of images may

make the problems of the modern Native American seem more uniform and easier to solve. The fact is, each tribe has its own set of challenges to be met in its own way. Economic differences, lifestyle differences, the amount to which a nation has adapted to "white man's ways" — all of these, added to thousands of years of inter-tribal wars and rivalries, create a myriad of views and voices.

This is not to say that the indigenous peoples of the United States cannot unite to work for common goals. Poverty, illiteracy, poor health care, unemployment and alcoholism

are all nations must combat. Every tribe must work for the preservation of its art, its land, its history and its dignity. The recognition of Native Americans as an important, accomplished and justifiably proud people must be accompanied by a recognition of the diversity of their accomplishments. There are a thousand reasons for our pride.

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The '80s: rebels without a pause

It's a tradition. Degenerating morals, that is. The morals of successive generations have been continually worsening in the public eye since the time the Romans overthrew the Etruscan kings in 509 B.C. Obviously, the human race either started out with extremely high moral ideals, or morals have a half-life like that of a radioactive element.

"We must protect our society from the vices of today!" It is the cry of a people concerned for future generations. But just who did Augustus Caesar sleep with? They weren't little boys — never! And Anna and Vronsky? Surely Tolstoy was mistaken. The rumors about Catherine are obviously mere rumors.

How many times have we heard that life just ain't what it used to be? Even in 22 A.D. Tiberius Caesar let out the familiar cry when he said, "And if I have to get back to the old standards of simplicity, where do I start?"

Today, the tradition continues. Like many other lucky students, I was fortunate enough to get a magazine in my mailbox called "Student Life." Unlike other students, I actually opened it. In it I found more evidence

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of the continually saddening state of our tomorrows.

Talking about stereotypes, the director of residential life at Endicott College wrote, "Many are the times I've discussed with my colleagues the rising incidence of alcoholism, low SAT scores, apathy, lack of volunteerism and the frightening amorality which runs increasingly rampant among each new class of freshmen." Tsk, tsk.

Generations seem to compete with each other for the title of "worst ever." It's as if we all want to be remembered as children of that time when "love was sacrificed to sex and ideals to reality." To be the worst yet is a form of status all its own.

Who makes these judgements that we've been handed? Who steps back from today and looks at time — from Adam and Eve to Jim and Tammy — and concludes that today's society is one of sex, drugs and money? Is it our parents? Is it the media? Who

is that awesome "they" making up this judgmental voice?

Besides being a manufactured judgment — the result of people growing more conservative with age — a generational trend is never accurate. Not only does it take today out of context, it ignores the fact that individuals make up each generation. Individuals can be idealistic or moral without the help of a rubberstamp from the older generation. I can still eat peanut butter and onion rings at 3 a.m. and talk about truth. With luck, I'll still be enjoying such a bounteous banquet 20 years from now — not telling my children how morally bankrupt their generation has become.

But just what would happen to the eighties — our generation — if we were to realize it isn't the "worst ever"? Oh no! Where would be our claim to fame? This is our decade of Irascams, hypocritical evangelists and sexual diseases — certainly not a romantic age of idealism.

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Fordham will be a tough act to follow

As the search for a new chancellor heats up, we must not forget the legacy we are leaving behind.

Chancellor Christopher Fordham will be revered for years to come at UNC and in the surrounding community. He is a man of strong will who displays a deep commitment to the University that he served well. Fordham has presided over UNC with integrity and courage, while denying no one the rights and freedoms that they deserve.

Fordham was born in Greensboro on Nov. 28, 1926. He served as a medical officer in the U.S. Air Force from 1955-1957, then entered private practice in Greensboro for two years. Fordham joined the medical school's faculty at UNC in 1958 and served here for 11 years.

After a two-year term as dean of the Medical College of Georgia, Fordham returned to UNC in 1971 to become dean of the School of Medicine. At the request of then-President Jimmy Carter, Fordham became the acting assistant

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secretary for health and the acting surgeon general of the United States for two months in 1977.

As one can see, Fordham has an unquestionable sense of loyalty to UNC. During his years as chancellor, Carolina has been praised nationwide and has been recognized as a leader in education. Due in part to Fordham's leadership, Carolina was chosen as one of the "public Ivys."

As UNC's sixth chancellor, Fordham has been dedicated to renewing the linkage between UNC and the state's public schools. He has established more than 20 programs to improve North Carolina's public school system. Postgraduate teacher training programs have been increased during his tenure, even when other schools were cutting back their programs.

Fordham has had an incredible knack for recruiting outstanding

faculty, while bridging the gap between students, faculty and alumni. During his tenure, the last five senior classes have set national records for class gift fund-raising. He is an effective, articulate spokesman for the University and will continue to set examples that many will try to follow. His activities, honors and publications are numerous, and the list continues to grow. Fordham has bounced back from times of ill health, and even during times of controversy, he has always calmed the waters with his fair decisions.

The list of qualified candidates for the chancellor's predecessor is being narrowed quickly. However, while the search continues for a new chancellor, let us look back over Chancellor Fordham's tenure at UNC-CH and try to find a person that can follow in the footsteps of a truly successful University leader.

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