The Baily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

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Lending the helpers a hand

Law schools vital, bar none

How many rapes do you think occurred in residence halls or apartments last year? In South Campus parking lots or Coker Arboretum?

Maybe 10, maybe 50, maybe 200. No one really knows, officials agree, because most rapes aren't reported. But few deny that rape is a serious problem on this campus.

And although it's certainly more than a campus issue, rape should be of special concern to students here. The small-town atmosphere can lull everyone, both men and women, into a false sense of security. A pretty campus should not automatically be assumed to be a safe campus; rapists may lurk on brick pathways, next to colonial buildings and behind centuryold trees, too. Or down the hall.

Although some victims, for whatever reason, decide not to go to the police, all of them need to turn to someone. And that's where you can

The Orange County Rape Crisis Center is looking for volunteers to train as counselors for adult victims of rape and sexual assault, counselors for sexually-abused children and community educators.

The volunteers offer emotional support to victims of sexual violence and help educate the community on prevention.

UNC-system president C.D.

Spangler is understandably concerned

about the scores of the students who

recently took the state bar and nursing

The scores of N.C. A&T University

nursing students were nothing short

of exceptional, with a 100 percent pass

rate. But the N.C. Central University

Law School students who took the

state bar exam had only a 49 percent

pass rate, making them as disappoint-

ing as the nursing students' perfor-

ing when examined in the wake of

what administrators undoubtedly

considered encouraging progress. The

NCCU Law School hit an oppressive

low in bar exam scores in 1985, with

only a 38 percent pass rate. In 1986,

the scores rose to 62 percent and in

1987, they climbed once more to 67

"It's been a disappointing year,"

Spangler told the UNC Board of

Governors last week. "I share the

concerns many of you have expressed

Disappointing, yes, but not a total

loss. NCCU's scores should not

outshadow the outstanding perfor-

mance of the system's other law school,

which is in Chapel Hill. It boasted a

If Spangler and the other BOG

members are dedicated to outstanding

performance in every UNC-system

90 percent pass rate.

The scores seem even more frustrat-

mance was outstanding.

exams.

percent.

to me."

"It's the kind of thing where you can never have too many," said Kristina Groover, community education and outreach coordinator for the center. "The more volunteers we have. the better job we can do."

And this isn't a job just for women. The center is always in need of male volunteers as well.

"We counsel a lot of dads, boyfriends and brothers," Groover said. Men also are needed to present public awareness programs to civic and campus groups, she said, since the center tries to send male-female teams to speak to co-ed audiences.

A warning — this program requires sincere commitment; volunteers must pre-register for the six-week training program, and they must be willing to put that training to use.

Of course, the best way you can help the center is to avoid becoming a victim yourself — follow basic preventive measures and exercise common sense. Even if you don't have time to be a volunteer, you can take a few minutes to walk a friend home from the library at night.

But despite the best of precautions, you or someone you know could still become a victim. The Rape Crisis Center staff should be commended for the valuable counseling services they provide. They deserve all the help they can get. - Jean Lutes

school, these poor exam results should

closely examined. Art Padilla, UNC

associate vice president of academic

affairs, told BOG members he had

already requested information from

the NCCU law school. And he should.

two law schools in the university

system. The law school in Chapel Hill

is extremely competitive. Students

who prefer a smaller school or who

cannot gain admission here should

have an alternative to the compara-

tively expensive private universities in

the state. No one with the grades, the

drive and the true desire to go to law

school should be denied the opportun-

ity for lack of places in the class or

— more importantly — lack of funds.

BOG members' heads into their hands

for moans and groans. Instead, they

should serve as incentive for admin-

istrators at all levels to roll up their

sleeves and seriously study the curric-

ulum to find the problems which

obviously exist in the school and

in the law schools at the two univer-

sities not to receive the same caliber

of education. The schools and their

administrators need to work together,

exchanging ideas to create the best

system-wide law program possible. -

There are no excuses for students

correct them.

Sandy Dimsdale

NCCU's low scores should not force

There is a definite need for at least

The curriculum at NCCU should be

be a one-time occurrence.

The value of luck is the price you pay

The city of La Paz, Bolivia, fills an enormous dead-end canyon high in the Andes, the downtown office buildings and hotels nestled at the bottom of the gorge, and the shacks of the poor campesinos climbing up and over the rim. La Paz is a bowl of city, like neon soup - at night the basin glows with the street lights and shop signs, and the steep sides of the canyon flicker with evening cooking

The streets of the city are twisted and fragmented, like the random cracks in a shattered mirror. On market days, the steep sidewalks fill with campesino women dressed in several layers of thick frayed dresses and sweaters, black bowler hats perched on their heads, most carrying children slung in brightly colored blankets across their backs. The women spread their goods across the pavement, selling everything from Trac II razor blades to bloodclotted goat heads with huge white eyes rolled back. The roar of bargaining echoes in the narrow streets, as does the honking of cars forcing their way through the crowd.

On my second day in La Paz the overwhelming confusion of the market was too much, so I ducked down Linares Street and first met the witch.

She was not the only witch on Linares. Six of them had set up wooden tables by the gutter, displaying hundreds of withered herbs and dusty idols. Cloaked in heavy blankets, the witches sat on the sidewalk and madly chewed coca leaves to relieve the pain of hunger. Their black eyes shone from leathery and wrinkled faces.

I wandered to the smallest table because its owner smiled at me, a dark toothless grin, and nodded her head. "Hola, gringo,"

"Hola," I replied. "Puedo mirar?" Can I look?

Brian McCuskey In the Funhouse

She nodded again, solemnly, and waved her hand over the table. Jars of crumbled leaves and broken twigs, none labelled. Small ampules of dark rubbery things floating in a dirty syrup, with tiny pieces of clay resting on the bottom, carved in strange but purposeful shapes. Dozens of fist-sized stone idols - turtles with sad human faces, twisted and lumpy frogs, miniature Incan warriors, dwarfish men carrying huge bags on their backs, or grinning maniacally and holding their crotches. And a stack of dried llama fetuses, shrivelled into contorted poses.

I pointed to the largest fetus, the size of a cat. "What is this for?"

She giggled. "Bury under your house for luck. Only 25 bolivianos." "I don't have a house."

"Do you want one? Take this." She held out a tiny stone frog. "For wealth. Five bolivianos."

I turned it over in my palm. One foot was chipped off. "No, I don't want wealth." She shook her head. "You are American, you must want wealth." She took back the idol. "Are you married?"

"No." "Then take this." A small carving of a man and a woman embracing. "To find a good wife. Two bolivianos."

"But I don't want a wife right now." "Oh. Well, it's for true love, then. Five bolivianos." "Hey, you said two before."

She giggled again. "Harder to find true love than a wife. Need stronger magic." I pointed to the mysterious ampules. "What are those for?"

"How much for one?" "You decide. The more you pay, the more luck you have."

"I don't want one." "Too late, gringo. You asked, you have to buy one. Or your luck is nothing." "I'll think about it," I said, and walked

away. Over the next few days I stopped and chatted with the witch several times, and even bought a few idols as presents for people back home. Each time I passed she gestured at the ampules, but I couldn't bring myself to buy one. How much to pay? There would always be the nagging thought that I hadn't paid enough, that the luck would fail at some crucial future moment. But, if I didn't buy, then "my luck was nothing."

I was caught. And I couldn't merely laugh it off - the old witch's foreboding face loomed over me at night as I lay awake, agonizing over the price.

On my last day in La Paz, I went to Linares Street. "I'll buy one," I said, pointing to the ampules. I grabbed a fistful of bolivianos from my pocket. Chance would determine the price, and I would live with that luck.

She grinned. "No money, gringo. I give it to you as a gift."

I frowned. "But then there is no price. My luck is nothing."

She shook her head. "Gringo, it is a gift, it is priceless. Your luck is everything." Still giggling, she wrapped the ampule in tissue and handed it to me.

I could still hear her giggling as I walked away. I can still hear it now.

Brian McCuskey is a senior English major from Los Angeles.

Readers' Forum

Stop beating our heads

To the editor:

I hate to break the news to Marguerite Arnold ("Parking is not an issue," Sept. 9) but parking is, whether she likes it or not, an issue on this campus. Granted, it is not an earthshattering one. It is, however, worthy of attention.

Arnold fails to realize that for a large number of students it is not a question of simply driving to class. If Arnold will pardon our arrogance, some of us would like to drive home on weekends and holidays without forcing our parents to lose time on the job to come pick us up. In my case, my family lives near Hickory, nearly three hours away. Making a trip from Hickory to Chapel Hill and back would be an all-day affair.

Arnold then abruptly mangles the subject of her letter by transforming it into a condemnation of UNC students' "class blindness." She uses the arts of assumption and accusation, becoming quite arrogant in her own right.

In the first place, yes, we have opportunities and privileges that are less common in other places, and we are thankful for them. These opportunities, however, did not come easily. Every student at this University has worked for at least 12 years to get where he or she is today. We have earned the right to be

Secondly, not every student's car was bought for them by their parents. A great number of students paid for their own car in part or in full. Honda? BMW? No. I drive a 1974 Monte Carlo in which the odometer registers 110,872 miles. But that, of course, is my problem. It runs; therefore, it is functional. And why is it necessarily a crime to drive a car - be it a BMW or a Chevette — that your parents









bought for you? A person can't be condemned for that. Personally, I'm happy for that person. My world, and I am sure I speak for a number of others, is not rocked because Joe College is driving a free Porsche.

Finally, there is the matter of Arnold's thinly veiled cry of "racist," directed, I suppose, at Matt Bivens as well as the rest of the student body. Arnold, get a grip. Are we really racists in your mind because we would like a place to park our cars? If so, as one of those allegedly spoiled, wealthy, sheltered, cardriving, car-parking racists, let me be the first to tell you that you are, in this particular statement, extremely offensive and dead wrong.

Give us all a break, Arnold. Stop beating our heads against your wall.

game cheers To the editor:

I write this letter in reference to Saturday's UNC-Sooners football game. My complaint is not with the team, band or cheerleaders but with the mikeman. His attempts at encouraging crowd participation were frequently crude, disgusting and totally inappropriate to the 100-year-old Tar Heel tradition. I am all in favor of the job the mikeman is supposed to do. The cheers add a fun touch to the games. However, cheers about sodomy, laxatives and the way in which Asian people speak are completely uncalled for. It would be humiliating for national television to present this spectacle as representative of all UNC.

I am not advocating that he lose his job; just clean up his

> JEANNE APPLETON Graduate Occupational Therapy

The Daily Tar Heel welcomes reader comments and criticisms. When writing letters to the editor, please follow these guidelines:

The DTH reserves the right to edit letters for space, clarity and vulgarity. Remember, brevity is the soul of wit.

When submitting letters or columns, students should include name, year in school, major, phone number and home town. Other members of the University community should include similar information.

■ All letters and columns must be signed by the author(s), with a limit of two signatures per letter or column.

Place letters in the box marked "Letters to the Editor" outside the DTH office in the Student Union.

Help keep compassion and justice alive

Junior

Music

JOEL FOX

his year marks the 40th anniversary of the United Nations' adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. This document, which all UN member nations have signed, provides an international standard for the protection and preservation of human rights for all citizens. Unfortunately, too many nations have elected to ignore their obligations under this charter.

In more than 50 countries you can be arrested simply for expressing, or listening to others express, a certain political or ideological point of view. Or arrested because of your ethnic, racial or religious background, or because a relative has voiced certain ideas in public. Or arrested for no "official" reason at all. Despite persistent denials, over one-

third of the world's governments routinely arrest and torture people to gain information, force confessions, intimidate and punish.

Take the case of Shahid Nadeem, who was jailed for organizing a strike of television workers in Pakistan. He was kept in a cell at a notorious prison in the Punjab desert, next to an open toilet used by 70 prisoners. If sleep was difficult because of the stench, searing heat made it impossible. One prisoner died of sunstroke a few hours

Tom Rudin Guest Writer

before Nadeem received the letter that changed everything.

An Amnesty International group member in Texas wrote, "You are not alone; don't lose heart. We pray for you. If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask."

"Suddenly I felt as if the sweat drops all over my body were from a cool, comforting shower," remembers Nadeem. Soon the whole prison heard about the letter. The warden became polite. The guards ceased their abuse. In time, Nadeem was released. He marvels that "a woman in San Antonio wrote these kind words that proved to be a bombshell for the prison authorities."

Amnesty International is an independent, impartial movement that plays a specific role in the worldwide protection of human rights. Its focus is letter-writing on behalf of the prisoners.

A member of Amnesty International never knows if the letter he or she writes will be the one that means freedom for a prisoner. Most don't. For months, even years, Amnesty International groups may hear only silence in response to their persistent appeals.

Yet Amnesty International works, as evidenced by the thousands of "adopted" prisoners who have gained their freedom as a result of Amnesty International's efforts since its creation 27 years ago.

The local chapter of Amnesty International held its intitial meeting of the year last night, Sept. 12. The next meeting will be Monday, Oct. 3 at 8 p.m. at the Newman Center, across from the Carolina Inn. All are invited to attend.

Each individual, by acting collectively with this organization, can take a stand for human dignity. Those who join the efforts of Amnesty International are saying that they refuse to accept the torture, the humiliation, the silencing of another human being. In the face of cruelty and the arrogant abuse of limitless power, they prove to both the victims and the tormenters that compassion, justice and respect

Tom Rudin is the assistant director of the UNC Math and Science Education Network.

for humanity remain alive.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Distribution: David Econopouly, manager; Cindy Cowan, assistant. Production: Bill Leslie and Stacy Wynn, coordinators. Leslie Humphrey, assistant.

Printing: The Village Companies.