

Citadel won't release its foothold in the past

■ **OUR OPINION:** The all-male policy is antiquated and unconstitutional

The Citadel military college continued its quest to block the admission of its first female cadet Tuesday when it asked the U.S. Supreme Court to block Shannon Faulkner's admission to cadet training. The college is seeking a Court ruling on the constitutionality of its male-only policy.

After 152 years of excluding females, the Citadel needs to take a deep breath and let it go.

Faulkner has been admitted under the same guidelines as male cadets and is required to meet the same standards. An appellate court ruled that South Carolina needed to admit her to the college or establish an equivalent college for

women. The state has failed to achieve that goal, and now it's time to pay the piper. Faulkner is to begin cadet training on Saturday after attending classes at the Citadel since January 1994.

Even if the state had established a military college for women, it is impossible to equate a newly formed institution with the lengthy history and prestige of the Citadel. It may be possible to build a college with the same dedication to excellence, but an equivalent reputation would take decades to establish.

The last-minute appeal by the Citadel is little more than the final cry of a dying elephant. Women have served in the military for decades. Excluding them from any military institution is not only illogical, it is indefensible.

Private hearings impart preference to Packwood

■ **OUR OPINION:** A public official getting a private hearing is ultimate irony

If a person holding public office has been charged with sexual harassment, he or she should be held up to public scrutiny.

This logic was used with Clarence Thomas. Before he was appointed to the Supreme Court, hearings regarding sexual harassment charges made against him took place before the public eye. A precedent was established.

Today, a United States senator stands accused of 18 counts of sexual misconduct. Logically, the ethics committee hearings should be public, right?

Wrong.

Instead, the Senate has voted to uphold the ethics committee's party-line decision not to hold public hearings in the case against Oregon Sen. Bob Packwood.

Sen. Packwood is a public figure. As such, he not only

represents Oregon, but the entire United States. And as an elected official, he is accountable to that public — those people. How can the public's voice be heard in private hearings?

Unlike Thomas, whose questioned actions occurred prior to his appointment to the Supreme Court, Packwood's alleged activities took place while he was employed as a representative of the people. Why should the actions of a sitting public official come under less scrutiny than the actions of someone merely applying for an equivalent position of power?

In addition, holding the hearings behind closed doors will help keep sexual harassment out of the public sphere and further stigmatize the victims of this type of crime. The only person being protected is the accused.

Clarence answered sexual harassment accusations publicly; why can't Bob?



OPINION

Jerry Garcia leaves a legacy of memories

I had just rolled out of bed when the phone rang. It was a friend of mine who was on the road in Atlanta, and she was calling from a pay phone.

There was no "Hello, how are you?" or any of the obligatory phone introductions. Just simply, "Jerry's dead."

My initial reaction was, *Yeah right. How many times have I heard this before?* So I turned on *Headline News* to see if it was true.

I didn't quite know what to do at that point. I just kind of stood there, staring out the window, thinking about past shows I'd seen, places I'd been to see them and some of the people I'd met there.

Hell, I had just mail-ordered tickets to see the Grateful Dead in Devore, Calif. on Oct. 14 and 15. Those shows were supposed to be my 49th and 50th. My golden anniversary.

Then I thought of my ex-fiancee back in Florida. We had seen the Dead more than 30 times together all over the country. We even met for the first time at a show in Orlando back in 1991. I had to call her to see if she knew.

I grabbed the phone and looked at the clock — 9:38 a.m. *She could be on a lunch break back East. I dialed anyway.*

She answered the phone with a melancholy tone. "I just want to go home," she said.

We talked for a while about all those places we had been, about things we had seen Jerry do on stage, songs we were fortunate enough to hear, and what his music meant to us.

Call-waiting beeped, and I clicked over.

It was a friend from Denver who had just heard and didn't believe it was true. I assured him Jerry had passed away, alone, in a drug rehab center, from a heart attack. My friend was silent.

That's how the morning

went. Phone call after phone call from friends all over the country who couldn't believe this day had finally come. We all talked about happy instances at shows, but nobody laughed.

Fans of the Grateful Dead knew Jerry was sick. He collapsed in late August 1992, suffering from an enlarged heart and diabetes. The fall tour was canceled that year, and everyone realized, perhaps for the first time, that Jerry was wearing down.

The Grateful Dead have a history of serious drug use, a fact that definitely played a part in Garcia's death. He was addicted

to heroin for most of the 1980s, was in and out of rehabs for the past seven years, and had a cigarette habit of up to two packs a day. And everyone knows about the band's experiments with LSD.

The Dead practically started the '60s psychedelic revolution single-handed. The band used to rent out ballrooms with the help of promoter Bill Graham and author Ken Kesey, playing their style of improvised rock 'n' roll until the wee hours of the morning.

The Grateful Dead spent the next 30 years on the road, doing what they loved the most — playing music and making people dance. It wasn't until 1987, when "Touch of Grey" cracked the Billboard Top 10, that the band became popular. Within a year they went from 5,000-seat halls to sold-out football stadiums.

The Dead have had a large impact on American culture, which has gone largely ignored by the press. Most people laugh off the fact that thousands of people take off across the coun-

try seasonally to see the band of aging hippies. That's because they see something they simply don't understand.

Jerry's music, and the culture surrounding it, was a celebration of life. It wasn't about getting high or learning anything sacred about life from a group of musicians. It was about living, and traveling, and meeting new friends.

People have been born at Dead shows, couples have been married, some folks have died.

The band Widespread Panic claims they named themselves after the state of mind Deadheads would be in once Garcia died. No one has yet panicked. Everyone is in a state of, "Now what?"

This is not the first death that has occurred within the Grateful Dead. Keyboardists Ron "Pigpen" McKernan, Keith Godchaux, and Brent Mydland have all passed away over the years, but none of them had as profound an effect on the band's sound as Garcia. Jerry was the Dead. It was his distinct guitar sound that gave the band its unique style. He can't be replaced.

The Dead were having problems of late really picking it up and slamming their songs home like they could in their younger days. But during this last summer tour, they seemed to find that old pocket again. The band was inspired. Set lists were changed up, and fans were feeling optimistic about the upcoming fall tour.

I'm just glad that it ended on a positive note.

When the Dead played in Portland last May, the second show ended with one of Garcia's new compositions titled "Liberty." It seems odd now when I think back about that show. The last words I heard Garcia sing were, "Leave me alone, to find my own way home."

J. Daniel Pearson is a columnist for the Emerald.

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