

The Daily Tar Heel

96th year of editorial freedom

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Help fund child care project

Today, you can use your meal card for more than buying a cup of coffee. Marriott dining service and a new student organization formed to promote child care in North Carolina are joining forces this week to support a lobbying effort to increase funding for day-care projects. Your meal card is the key to aiding this effort. Using your card, you can request that any amount of money be transferred from your account with Marriott to the student group, the N.C. Child Care and Neglect Project.

The project, headed by two UNC students, needs the money to launch a campaign to convince North Carolina legislators that child care is worth supporting. The money raised this week will be used to finance the lobbying effort.

The need for such a lobbying effort is great. The statistics in support of child care are shocking. According to former Gov. Dick Riley of South Carolina, 40 percent of all lower-income children without any preschool education fail first grade. Others fall through the cracks on their way through elementary school. Frequently, the children come from single-parent homes, and they become teenage parents, the unemployed and the

poor of tomorrow. A cycle of impoverishment is established and repeated.

Child care provides vital encouragement and education for children, and can help them break out of that cycle.

The money spent on child care by the state or federal government is not "lost forever" or wasted in bureaucratic management. According to the N.C. Child Care and Neglect Project, preschool and day-care programs result in a higher graduation rate and decrease the teen pregnancy rate by half.

And the fiscally conscious among us should be overjoyed to hear that for every dollar spent in child care, seven are returned.

The General Assembly should listen and respond to concerns about child care project. However, legislators must be educated about these concerns before they can address them.

Through the N.C. Child Care and Neglect Project, we can voice our support of child care. Marriott and the students involved in the project should be commended for their efforts to help children across this state.

But the project can't succeed without the monetary support we can provide here, now — with our meal cards. — **Stuart Hathaway**

Sensationalism doesn't work

It was frightening. It was upsetting. It was tacky.

"It was the National Enquirer does Easter," one witness said.

Wednesday, the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship sponsored a mock crucifixion. A student representing Jesus Christ carried a wooden cross from the Old Well to the Pit. Students posing as his persecutors acted out nailing Christ to the cross, and placed a crown of pull-tabs on his head.

Watchers winced with every thud of the hammer and every cry of "Crucify him!" Some cried. Others shouted indignantly. But few were unmoved.

The goal of IVCF's program was to make Jesus Christ a campus issue, and there's no doubt the group had everyone talking. Unfortunately, talk centered less on religious issues and more on the performance itself.

A parallel can be drawn between the IVCF performance and the much-maligned CIA protesters. Both groups seek recognition of an issue — be it Christianity or human rights violations — and both used attention-grabbing techniques to gain that recognition.

Yet campus debate swirls not around the existence of God or CIA atrocities, but around the sensational actions of IVCF and the CIA Action Committee. In one way, the groups succeeded: some people did think about Jesus and/or the CIA as a result of their actions.

But in another sense, the groups failed. The most heated debate centered around their methods and the groups themselves, diverting attention from the issues they intended to promote.

The tackiness of the IVCF performance — a Christ-figure in white tennis shorts roped to a cross by "Romans" in black T-shirts and aviator sunglasses — was the topic of the day. The sensationalism of the scene served only to trivialize its message.

And although the crucifixion was acted out in excruciating detail, the following resurrection — which many would argue is the true meaning of Easter — was left out. According to Todd Hahn, president of the Granville/Off-Campus chapter of IVCF, this was due to time constraints. To balance this oversight, Cliffe Knechtle spoke afterward on the resurrection and Christianity. But for people who saw the crucifixion, anything that came after could only be anticlimactic.

IVCF representatives might answer that such complaints are negligible, since the event achieved its goal by raising awareness. But in the end, sensationalism only centers attention around the actors.

When student groups plan attention-grabbing events, they should make sure they're drawing attention to the issues, rather than becoming the issue themselves. — **Matt Bivens**

Opening a window to temptation

We have an understanding, the girl and I. Her bedroom window is just across the alley from mine. Squatting on my windowsill, I could spring across the narrow space, fly over the gravel two stories below, crash through her window and roll off her bed. Broken glass glittering on her pillow.

The temptation is very great.

We have silently agreed to avert our eyes, to turn our backs. She used to undress in the far corner of her room, away from the window, half-hidden behind a chest of drawers, quickly grabbing a robe, hurrying out of the room to the shower. I did the same, pressed up against the wall behind the tall bookcase, struggling out of my pants, crawling across the floor in search of my towel.

Why didn't we draw the shades? I don't know, except that to do so would be a prudish retreat, an admission that despite our weak attempts at sexual enlightenment, we remain uptight about bodies and sex and flesh. To draw the shade would be a surrender, not to each other so much as to guilt and an apple eaten a million years ago.

And so the understanding was reached. We allow ourselves to be free within our rooms. I sit on my sofa, reading a novel, while she undresses quickly and simply 20 feet away. I could lift my eyes from the page and admire her smooth hip or the curve of her breast, but I do not. I stare intently at the paragraph, reading it over and over again if necessary. When she has slipped into a robe and left the room, I look up, stretch my neck, take a sip of water. She returns to her room, hair wet; I return to my book, eyes fixed.

Or — she writes a letter, chewing on the pen, scribbling a few lines at a time. Two windows away I change out of my shorts and T-shirt. She leans forward, examining her last sentence, while I pull

Brian McCuskey In the Funhouse

on my jeans. We have hazy naked visions of each other, flesh caught in peripheral vision, but our eyes never stray from the book or letter.

Except once. One very late and slightly drunken evening I came home and flopped onto the bed in my room without turning on the light. My clothes smelled of beer and cigarette smoke, and I sat up to open the window for some fresh air.

She was standing naked by the window, staring up at the sky, almost silhouetted by the soft yellow light behind her. Her face was dark, the curves of her shoulders and hips glowing. She stepped back into the room and her body lit up. This time I did not look down at my book or turn away to search through my closet. I could only keep staring. The alcohol is too easy an excuse — I just wanted to see her.

But she saw my pale face staring openly in the dark window, and as her face turned red with embarrassment or anger or both, she pulled the shade shut.

My face was hot, my stomach nauseous. I watched the light around the edge of the shade, light which dimmed and brightened again as she moved around the room. I waited for her to raise the shade, to call across the alley and say it was all right, such things happen, and I would explain that it wasn't lust or voyeurism, just curiosity and perhaps even admiration. She would laugh and I would laugh and the understanding would be reached again and we'd go back to our books and letters and cautious eyes.

But the light went out, and I was left with the sick feeling of betrayal in my head and heart. The delicate trust was gone, and

I was the one who had shattered it. Then, the rationalizations began. Maybe it's better this way, with the shades drawn. We no longer need to keep our eyes in check. We can dance naked on our beds singing hallelujah if we want. And besides, what's the big deal? If she can't deal with her own body, then that's her problem. With our windows open all the time, we're bound to see each other naked occasionally. She was the one who had succumbed to modesty, not me.

But I hadn't just seen; I had stared. Lying there in the dark, I began to understand what I had to do.

The next evening her shade was up, but the room was dark. I stood by my window, waiting for her to come home, and tried to calm my nerves.

Half an hour later she entered the room and flipped the lights on. Seeing me in the window, she moved toward the shade, but I held up my hand and shook my head. She frowned, but stopped by the window.

I quickly pulled off my shirt, jeans and underwear, and stood naked in the window. She stared at me, shocked. I shrugged and smiled weakly. She grinned while I pulled my jeans back on. I put on my shirt and she, laughing a little, turned away from the window.

But she left the shade up. We are once again free in our rooms, the trust regained. I carefully read and reread a difficult passage in my political science text while she changes into evening clothes and goes out for dinner. She adjusts a painting over her desk while I change into shorts for a tennis game. We are careful with our eyes again. We have an understanding, the girl and I.

But the temptation is very great.

Brian McCuskey is a junior English major from Los Angeles.

Readers' Forum

Thank you for your support

To the editor:
 On behalf of the Lineberger Cancer Research Center, I would like to thank the men and women of the Interfraternity and Panhellenic Councils for their fund-raising activities during last week's Greek Week. It is especially meaningful to have such significant support from UNC students for a UNC institution.

The future of cancer research is with the young people attending universities such as the University of North Carolina. We appreciate your energy, interest and support.

JOSEPH PAGANO
 Director
 Lineberger Cancer
 Research Center

Step shows rude, vulgar

To the editor:
 As residents of Morrison Residence Hall, we are tired of the constant raucousness of certain black fraternities. At



Morrison, quiet hours are in effect from 9 p.m. to 9 a.m., and courtesy hours are effective 24 hours a day. These black fraternities are clearly violating our rights as Morrison residents by performing their antics during prime study hours. Not only are they loud and annoying during their "step shows" and "marches," they are

also quite vulgar and obscene. In the past, these same fraternities have claimed that white people don't understand that their values lie in disturbing people who came to this University to study.

We propose that these black fraternities contain their escapades to non-residential areas of campus. We do not appreciate

their activities and will not condone them any longer.

KEVIN SISSON
 Freshman
 Business Administration

PHILLIP THOMPSON
 Sophomore
 Geography

Communicate to combat date rape

For a college woman, rape can be especially frightening because of high incidences of date and acquaintance rape on university campuses. Acquaintance rape is forced, manipulated or coerced sexual intercourse by a friend or acquaintance. Often referred to as "date rape," many of these rapes take place within the context of dating. Studies show that one in four college women have been victims of rape or attempted rape, and 84 percent of their assailants were dating partners or acquaintances. First-year students are especially vulnerable. The same study found that one in four college men admitted to having used sexual aggression with women.

No simple cause or solution to date rape exists, but miscommunication is a very important and often overlooked contributing factor. In our culture we are not taught how to talk about sex, even if we want to. Our parents, peers, teachers and the media all raise us to believe that sex is something that just happens and always works out right. Unfortunately, we must deal with the realities that these groups never address openly: personal struggles over when to have sex for the first time, decisions about birth control, fear of AIDS and sexually transmitted diseases, knowledge of individual sexual desires and limits and the risk of telling someone else about those feelings and thoughts. These issues and many others are part of sex. Consequently, sex is about communication as well as physical satisfaction and emotional closeness. Sex without communication can trigger rape.

Because we never learn how to communicate, especially with members of the opposite sex, we depend on unreliable tactics when engaging in heterosexual sexual relationships. Instead of talking about sex, we use stereotypes, peer pressure and flirting to communicate our sexual desires. We must move past these modes of relating that obscure communication and honesty to develop a language and

Lauren Lindsey Rape Awareness

a climate in which we can discuss sex respectfully and sensitively.

Since our society doesn't encourage open communication, each individual must take responsibility for speaking and acting with complete honesty and for allowing another person to do the same. A commitment to open communication involves unlearning ingrained behaviors, some of which will be as simple as overturning myths and refusing to make assumptions. Others will be more difficult, striking out against basic precepts that society sets out as "roles" in male-female relationships of any kind. The American College Health Association suggests the following behavior modifications.

- For Women:
- Know your sexual desires and limits — believe in your right to set those limits; if at any point you feel uncomfortable or unsure, stop and talk about it;
 - Communicate your desires and limits clearly — be direct and firm;
 - Be assertive;
 - Be aware of non-verbal communication — nothing you may do, say, wear, etc. can ever make you responsible for unwanted sexual aggression; nevertheless, non-verbal cues do carry messages;
 - Trust your intuitions; and
 - Avoid excessive use of alcohol and drugs — both can interfere with clear thinking and communication.

- For Men:
- Know your sexual desires and limits — be aware of social pressures and expectations;
 - Communicate your desires and limits clearly;
 - Listen and understand what is being communicated — women who say "no" to sex are not rejecting you personally, they

are expressing their desire not to participate in a single act;

■ Accept the woman's decision — "No" means only that; it is the woman's responsibility to communicate other meanings, and you are always responsible for your actions;

■ Don't assume that previous permission for sexual contact applies to the current situation; and

■ If you feel you are getting mixed signals, ask for clarification.

In order to establish real communication, we must move beyond these basics. We must teach children that talking about sex is always okay. As soon as that dialogue begins we must not only explain "the birds and the bees" but we must also break down unhealthy sex roles and create models in which no single sex or individual bears the burden of aggressor or recipient. From infancy, boys and girls must experience each other as playmates and friends, without sexual overtones. All too often, when 5-year-old John has 4-year-old Lisa as a friend, parents and friends tease him about his "girlfriend." We need to learn how to be comfortable with members of the opposite sex, as playmates, friends, coworkers, and, if we then choose, as sexual partners.

Because few of us were raised in this way, we must begin the long process of unlearning our unhealthy ways of mis- and non-communication. People must refuse to take roles and assumptions for granted and should voice their praise, concern, happiness, discomfort, desires and limits. When we encourage others to do the same, we will be well on the road to creating a healthier, more loving society, one that is working toward the elimination of date and acquaintance rape.

Lauren Lindsey is a senior East Asian Studies major from Bethesda, Md.

Clip-n-Save

"Look out guys! Campus tour coming!" Joe Stud announced with glee. "High school babes/potential freshwomen! Hubba Hubba..."

Stud raced to his room, throwing off his Wild Pizza T-shirt and donning flip-flops, jams, mirror sunglasses and a Pi Kappa Phi Burnout T-shirt.

"Guys, didn't ya hear?" he shouted again out the door, as he judiciously tossed slices of cold pizza and empty beer cans around the room.

When he got no response from his hallmates, he realized he was the only cool one left. "I guess it's up to me to impress all the new wenchies!"

("Knock yourself out," someone shouted sarcastically from down the hall.)

After popping Club Nouveau's "Lean on Me" into his tape deck, Stud opened his door wide and began writing messages to himself on the topless back of the girl on his memo board.

The messages — from Blair, Roxanne and Madison — were about "all the fun we had at He's Not," "how great it was to see you at the house" and "what a blast we'll have at Springfest." When he was finished, Stud grabbed a book (to look deep) and a beer (to look casual), and sat on the windowsill. Soon, the tour came by. The high school seniors looked up in

awe. Some grinned, but hastily looked away under their parent's stern glare. Others nudged each other and giggled.

Stud nonchalantly glanced up, smiled and waved. The girls blushed and giggled. ("Ooohh, he's a college guy")

"Hey, you wanna come on up and see my loft?" Stud offered generously. The bored tour guide gladly ushered the whole group up to Stud's room.

In gentlemanly deference to the parents, Stud turned his stereo down to a whisper (with a conspiratorial wink at the youngsters).

"Aw wow, this guy has a loft!"

"Check out all those girl posters — this guy is cool!"

"Look at the couch!"

"Are you a senior?" two girls asked.

"No, I'm a junior," Stud (who is a freshman) replied with a paternal smile. "Which means next year, when you're both freshmen, I'll be a senior."

"Oh," they sighed in unison, leaning on each other for support.

Soon, the tour left. The kids all whispered excitedly among themselves, while the parents walked in silence with little preoccupied frowns.

And the admissions office struggled to handle the growing flood of applications.