

The Daily Tar Heel

97th year of editorial freedom

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Day care demands real action

In the past few months, UNC has experienced a growing awareness of the community's need for affordable quality day care. The recognition that day care is a pressing issue is both commendable and timely, particularly in a community concerned with attracting high-caliber students, faculty and staff. Despite the increased amount of talk, however, few concrete plans have been laid to improve the University's day-care situation.

Support for child care has arisen from numerous sources. Two months ago Chancellor Paul Hardin announced his resolve to make day care a priority at this university. The new Child Care Advisory Committee, led by Vice Chancellor Garland Hershey, is studying the overall child care options in the area, and the University has hired a full-time UNC day-care coordinator. Staff and board members of Victory Village, the University-funded day-care center, have launched an aggressive campaign to draw attention to both their center's problems and the overall need for increased child-care facilities. Even Student Congress has done its part, first by allocating to Victory Village the \$12,885 needed to meet its operating costs for the next fiscal year, then by passing a resolution acknowledging student support for community day-care needs.

But for students, professors and other members of the University community who as parents must find

board opinion

child-care services, the search has yet to become easier. The Victory Village facility, which has served the University for 35 years, would need to triple its size to accommodate the children on its waiting list. While other child-care options exist, they evidently aren't meeting the demand either. In addition, the costs of day-care services can be prohibitively high, even when it's available. Part of the reason Victory Village was forced to seek funding from Student Congress for the first time in several years was the deficit incurred by tuition grants to students who could not otherwise afford to leave their children at the center.

Those involved in Victory Village's recent push for increased child-care awareness are pleased with the response they have received from both students and administrators. While their strong dependence on the University may make them wary of being too critical of the rate at which progress is being made, the University's attitude does seem to be generally positive. Everyone involved recognizes the constraints imposed by limited funds, a constant obstacle to making any needed changes.

The main goal now should be not simply to maintain but to intensify the momentum of the movement to address the community's day-care needs. Awareness and progress such as has been initiated here could make Chapel Hill a model for the rest of the nation. It would be a shame to squander such an opportunity by failing to back noble words with concrete actions.

Aborting women's options

Although the abortion debate has grown more intense in the last few years, few new arguments have emerged. Rarely is anyone's mind opened, let alone changed, by any point made by either side. Thursday's debate between Phyllis Schlafly and Sarah Weddington was interesting because of the stature of the two women, but it is doubtful whether either woman made a point that the audience hadn't already heard. But a new factor has emerged within the last six months that could change the entire context of the abortion controversy.

This new factor is a drug called mifepristone, better known as RU-486. The drug is an anti-progesterone, which means it prevents the uterus from developing properly to support the fertilized egg, causing the body to expel the egg. This is basically the same task that the IUD and one form of the birth control pill perform: preventing the egg, already fertilized, from being implanted in the uterus. The drug is 95 percent effective when used in conjunction with another drug within the first five weeks of pregnancy, although side effects can include heavy bleeding.

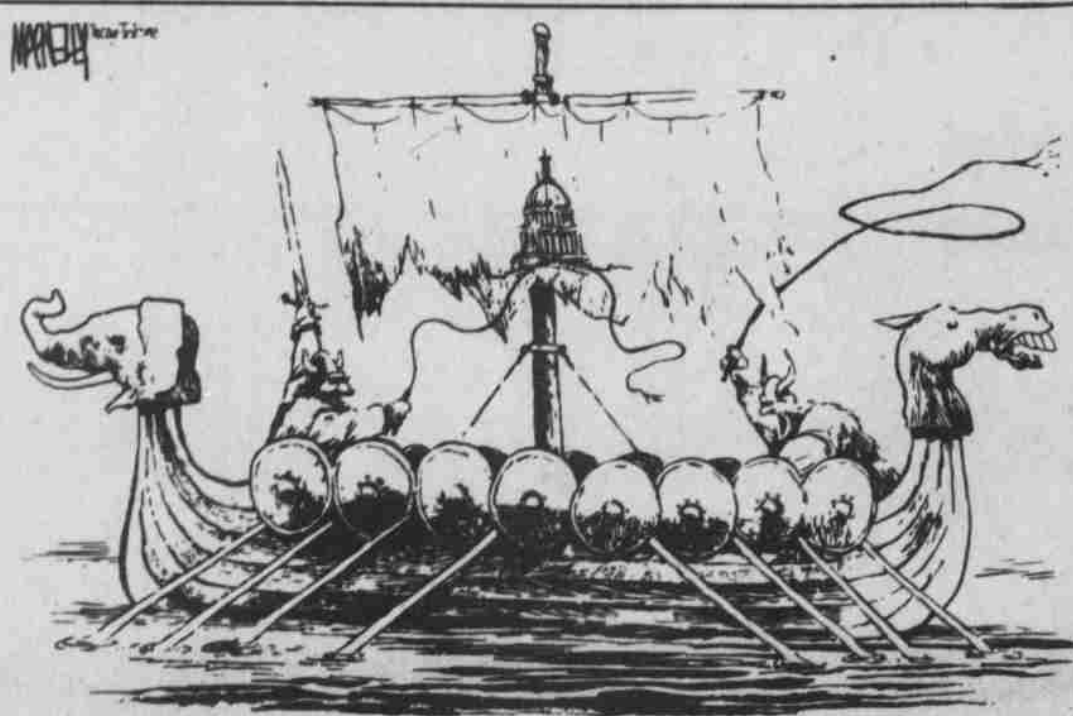
On October 28, Roussel-Uclaf, the manufacturer, announced it was suspending distribution of the drug because of pressure from the Catholic Church and French and American right-to-life groups. The French government ordered the company to distribute the drug several days later.

This controversy is a disturbing example of how religious beliefs can restrict and distort scientific inquiry.

The power of the American pro-life movement is so great that it can force a company in France to discontinue distribution of this drug, thereby preventing women all over the world from being able to make their own reproductive choices by having access to it. This is not new; the Reagan administration withdrew financial support of several worldwide health organizations because they included abortion as a birth control option.

The hysteria that has followed the possibility of introducing this particular drug into the United States graphically demonstrates how capable the right-to-life movement is of distorting the issue. ** If the United States does not allow this drug to become available because it is an "abortion" pill, then by the same argument the IUD and the most popular form of the birth control pill also cause "abortion." The biggest difference between RU-486 and those common methods of contraception is that one is used after sex and the others before.

This whole controversy points to an even more disturbing trend: the limitation of birth control options. Only one company in this country now produces the IUD, only one is producing spermicides, and only one group of researchers in the United States is investigating RU-486. The Supreme Court may decide on April 26 to restrict a woman's right to an abortion. But the availability of safe, effective methods of birth control should never be limited. — Kimberly Edens



Bipartisan Ship

Celebrating spring in organized chaos

My family's visits to Chapel Hill are usually accompanied by plans that would rival the ones made for the invasion of Europe. You would think that the combined forces of nature are working together to render a Pearlman family get-together utterly impossible. Either that or my parents are trying to get here from Guam.

I'm glad my parents want to come see me, and I'm fortunate that they live close enough that visits are possible. Inevitably, however, the visits result in family crises, and this month's crisis is my doing. The whole thing started last year around this time, when Springfest and Burnout were the same weekend, and my parents let my 16-year-old sister and a friend come stay with my roommate and me. In Morrison. For the weekend.

A few hours after they arrived Friday afternoon I asked Elizabeth if she and her friend Cindee (not Cindy) were having fun. "We will be after we get some alcohol," she said. Life in high school must be pretty tense.

It was a long weekend. I put them on the bus to Burnout and told them we'd go out to eat when they got home. At about 7 p.m., they stalked into the room about an hour after I expected them. They were highly agitated.

"You didn't tell us where to get off the bus, Laura," Elizabeth bellowed. "We rode that bus around three times before we figured out where to get off!"

"I told you it was the big brick building on the hill, Elizabeth. How could you miss Morrison dorm? How did you finally figure out where to get off?"

"We had to ask someone!" Oh the shame of it all.

The next day was Springfest, the big event they had been waiting for. We got to Springfest and they took off, returning only if some guy smiled at them or, God

Laura Pearlman

Casting Pearls

forbid, spoke.

"Laura, this guy asked us what year we were and we told him we were juniors and so was he!!" They collapsed into giggles at my feet.

"Elizabeth, if that guy really believed you were juniors here, he was probably a sophomore in high school just like you are."

Hiding behind their sunglasses and proudly clad in Burnout T-shirts, they prowled Springfest bumming cigarettes and searching for a poor, unsuspecting college-aged male who would actually speak to them. One conversation would provide at least a month's worth of stories back home among the frustrated adolescents at Asheville High.

A few weeks later, I got a thank-you note in the mail from Elizabeth and Cindee. All the "i's" were dotted with hearts.

Apparently I showed Elizabeth and Cindee quite a good time last April because they want to come back this year (along with about three friends) bringing us, at last, to the source of the family crisis. After several aborted plans to visit, Mom decided to fly in alone this weekend. But then on the phone with Elizabeth one night, I let slip that Burnout was last weekend and she got really mad and demanded to come down this weekend for Springfest. Realizing my mistake, I told Elizabeth not to say anything to Mom and quickly got off the phone. You guessed it — 20 minutes later the phone rang, and it was Mom wondering why I had to complicate everything by telling Elizabeth about Springfest. Two hundred and ten miles they live from Chapel Hill and this sort

of thing happens all the time. If I hadn't told her about Springfest, they would have accused me of not being nice to my poor, helpless, defenseless sister, whom I quit beating up 10 years ago because she got too big.

Everything was settled when Mom said she would just drive down with Elizabeth and her friends on Friday. Then Dad had to get into the fray. He called Monday morning at 8 a.m. to say hello. He must know that 8 a.m. is when I make my most jovial, insightful conversation.

"Hi Laura! What are you doing?"
"Nothing, Dad. I'm sleeping."
"Is it raining there? It's raining here."
"I don't know if it's raining. I'm asleep."

"Well, you're real boring. Your mother is mad that you told Elizabeth about this weekend."

"If I hear one more word about this weekend, I don't want any of you here! You people are driving me crazy!"

"Well, I was thinking about letting your mom go ahead with her plans and fly down alone on Friday, and then I'll drive down with your sister on Saturday. What do you think about that?"

"I think that I don't want to talk about it anymore and if you are coming then just show up and we'll take it from there."

"Great. See you this weekend. Bye!"

Well, I still have no idea who's going to be here this weekend. Maybe I won't be here. Maybe my great aunt from Tarpon Springs will come up. But I do know that if my sister comes up I won't see her because she'll disappear into Springfest, never to return. If my parents show up, I'll eat well for a night or two and possibly even go to the grocery store. If my great aunt from Tarpon Springs shows up, I don't know what I'll do.

Laura Pearlman is a junior English major from Asheville.

Readers' Forum

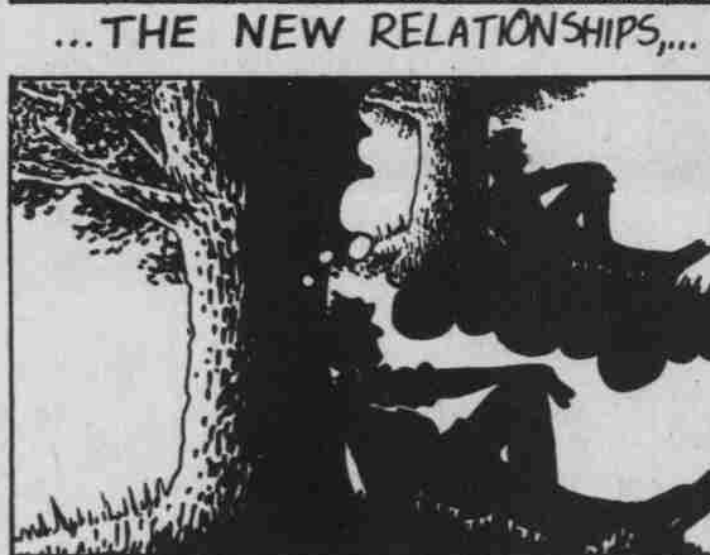
NCC needed, not BCC

To the editor:

Although I'm not an enrolled student, I do work for the University and in such a capacity I'm interested in issues concerning the community. For several months I've been reading about the controversy surrounding the Black Cultural Center. It seems that the student community is divided on what this center would represent. To minority students it would be a cultural place to call "home away from home," but to white students it appears elitist, even separatist. This point was argued endlessly without any suggestion as to a possible solution.

Well, here is one: why not rearrange the Student Union in such a way that different rooms or suites could be allocated to different minorities? You could have a place for blacks, American Indians, Chinese, Japanese and even different European nationalities. In my opinion, such an arrangement would accomplish several tasks; it would centralize different cultures under one roof and would be a lot more cost-effective than building several cultural centers for all minorities who would rightfully so demand in the future.

Wouldn't it be fun to go to parties at several different continents without leaving the "New Cultural Center?" And when there are no parties on the schedule, maybe permanent exhibits could be viewed



representing a particular people or culture. I think it would be exciting for all and a learning experience as well.

MIKLOS PAULOVITS
School of Dentistry staff
Learning Resources Center

Fans should be good sports

To the editor:

I wonder about Suzie Saldi's definition of a "loyal" fan ("Don't root for Duke," March 31). The characteristics she



representing the average Carolina fan — polite, classy and socially conscious — were positive ones. A "loyal fan" is a person who defends and supports his team. It seems Ms. Saldi would have us be obnoxious die-hards vehemently professing hatred against fellow ACC teams. Why must supporting the Tar Heels consist of hating Duke? The fact that the Blue Devils made it to the Final Four, after having lost to both UNC and N.C. State, shows the nation how tough the ACC is. That an ACC rival has gone so far makes North Carolina look good. I understand

ELIZABETH BASS
Freshman
International relations

"Godspell" not given enough credit

To the editor:

Call me theatrically ignorant. Uninformed. More than a bit naive. But I find myself wondering if Andrew Lawler and I saw the same production in the Cabaret ("Music outshines drama in Cabaret," March 30). The only thing he and I agreed upon was that the musical element of "Godspell" was "extremely well-performed," to borrow his phrase.

Other than this, Lawler states he came out of the theater convinced the play was "bewildering," the performing weak, the staging "inappropriate," some movement "gratuitous," the script "terrible," the director a non-entity and the attempt to bring a play written in the early 1970s up-to-date "bizarre."

Oh. Funny, I exited the Cabaret thinking, "And they only scheduled four performances?"

But it's not only that I liked "Godspell" more than Lawler did. I think I understood it better.

One of Lawler's many grievances is that the play has no plot. Of course it does. It mirrors the story of the followers of Jesus — saved from worldly ways, enamored of this man saying he knows The Way, yet not knowing any other ways to act except their old ways, asking Jesus questions, continually thinking of exceptions to the rules. It mirrors everyone's personal spiritual quest.

Lawler states there are no real characters, except Jesus and Judas. No there are not, not in a conventional sense. But who says "Godspell" is a conventional play? The characters, such as they are, are ordinary people playing a variety of familiar figures — the adulterous woman, the prodigal son,

the cheerful giver, etc. The people in the play eagerly vie for the chances to play these figures, just as the early followers of Jesus were enthusiastic about preaching the Gospel. There can be no denying the players represent this enthusiasm.

Indeed there are times when the enthusiasm of the cast almost sends the members leaping from the brightly-colored set into the audience. The movement, far from being gratuitous, is exciting as arms are flung and bodies go flying — yet at the same time is tightly controlled. There are several times when a cast member has the potential of being a centerpiece on one of the tables in the Cabaret, but it never happens. The cramped area of the stage (of the entire room, quite frankly) may have convinced Lawler the cast's movements are uncalled for; I was convinced I did not know where to look next, there was so much going on.

As for Lawler's complaints about the director, Stacy Evans, it seems he may be disinclined to appreciate any of Evans' work; she also did a fine job with the highly emotional play "As Is" for the Lab last semester, and he also found much to complain about that.

Evans, as well as others, spent a lot of time making "Godspell" a little more relevant for the eighties by making some changes in the script. Perhaps Lawler would have preferred to have the groovy dialogue from the early seventies preserved, but the use of Valley Girl accents and references to tofu and "Win, Lose or Draw" are much more fun. One especially delightful moment is the changing of the story of the prodigal son into an episode of "Leave it to Beaver." And one especially touching moment is the changing of the

good Samaritan parable into one where the victim has AIDS.

And there are many more delightful moments, more touching moments, far too many to enumerate here. One of the best scenes of the play, however, is the betrayal of Jesus.

Lawler spends the final three inches of his column discussing this, telling how the cast and the staging destroy the moment. He says the audience is deeply moved by these last minutes, the Last Supper, Jesus in the garden, the kiss of Judas, the crucifixion. But then, he states, the cast jumps up and moves around wildly, totally breaking the tension. Once again, I feel I may understand this better than Lawler.

The members of the cast have each betrayed Jesus. They have just destroyed much of the good works they have done, the lessons they have learned. This is literally represented by their painting over of the childlike drawings on the back of ground flats with vicious strokes. As they realize Jesus is dead, they leap to their feet; looking for who will save them. Perhaps Lawler is right, for their wandering is aimless — because they are lost. Some try to wipe away (again, literally) their own sins, finding they cannot. Then, as the chorus assures them that God will live on, they tenderly remove Jesus from the cross and carry him out, only to reenter running and joyous, reminding the audience to prepare the way of the Lord.

A moment destroyed? Hardly. Touching? Certainly. It's a shame there were only four performances, for unlike Lawler, I feel "Godspell" had much to offer.

JAMIE PREVATT
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Journalism