

The Daily Tar Heel

90th year of editorial freedom

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It's working

Last year's consent decree between UNC and the federal government ended the 11-year-old battle over the desegregation of the University system. The federal government wanted higher percentages of black students at predominantly white schools and higher percentages of white students at predominantly black schools. UNC officials promised higher percentages — but doing it their way. No school program would be switched from institution to institution to avoid duplication of programs, as the Department of Education wanted. Instead, new programs and buildings would be implemented across the school system, most of them at predominantly black schools.

So far it's working. A recent report released by the UNC Board of Governors states that enrollment of blacks in the 16-campus system increased by more than 50 percent in the last 10 years. Now about 34 percent of the state's black college students attend traditionally white schools.

Increased recruitment efforts such as Project Uplift — which brings 600 prospective black students to UNC for a closer look at the campus — are responsible for the success.

But so is the federal government. When the dispute focused national attention on the University system, administrators were forced to find an end to the racial imbalances in the system.

The controversy did not end with the consent decree. Black leaders in the state criticized the Reagan administration for selling out to the UNC officials. They scoffed at the flexible goals set by the Department of Education. By 1986, minority enrollment at traditionally white schools is to be 10.6 percent. At black schools it is to be 15 percent. Last year's enrollment figures showed black students comprised 7.5 percent of the white campuses' population, and white students made up 11 percent of the enrollment on black campuses.

University officials agreed the numbers easily would be reached. However, they have committed themselves to increasing the recruitment efforts beyond these percentages by keeping control of the programs to increase minority enrollment. And by not agreeing to switch educational programs from school to school, they have guaranteed the continued academic integrity of the UNC system.

Time out

When football fans tune in tonight at 9 p.m. to watch the Atlanta Falcons take on the Kansas City Chiefs, they may be in for a surprise — the players are on strike and there won't be a game.

Nope, no more pre-game warm-up, no color commentary, no Howard Cosell — the National Football League Players Association blew the whistle on at least part of the 1982 season Monday, and began pro football's first in-season strike. The dispute, as usual, is over money.

For football fans, the stakes involved are high. With nothing else to do, married couples may be forced to talk to each other on Sunday afternoons: The Anheuser-Busch and Frito-Lay companies may go broke — nothing used to go better with a touchdown than a swig of beer and a handful of pretzels. With no game to draw the customers, bars may have to close on Monday nights.

Television sportscasters will suffer, too. CBS's Brent Musburger will likely have plenty of spare time on Sunday afternoons, and sportscaster "Dandy" Don Meredith may have to go back to full-time tea commercials. At least one good thing will come from the strike, though, something football fans have awaited for years: Howard "the Mouth" Cosell, who has haunted televised pro football games for years, may finally be "de-mouthed."

THE US FESTIVAL

An example of how our culture has changed since Woodstock

By CALDWELL GRAY

What could have possessed three basically level-headed college students to abandon all plans for a laid-back Labor Day weekend at the Outer Banks and embark on the greatest, most ambitious and most stupid journey of their lives across the vast expanse of America.

"A Woodstock of the '80s! The US festival," he said as we tried to convince him to go to Hatteras. "Fleetwood Mac, Santana, The Talking Heads, The Police, The Cars, Tom Petty, The Grateful Dead.... The '80s are the '60s twenty years later!"

Fifty hours later we drove into California's San Bernardino Valley and the festival grounds at Glen Helen Regional Park. We had no idea that the man responsible for bringing together 18 of today's most popular rock 'n' roll acts was Steve Wozniak, the inventor of the Apple home computer. Thinking that US simply stood for United States, we weren't prepared for the technological twist; giant tents full of representatives of computer companies and scientific organizations that promised to form an "US decade of cooperation towards the betterment of life for everyone."

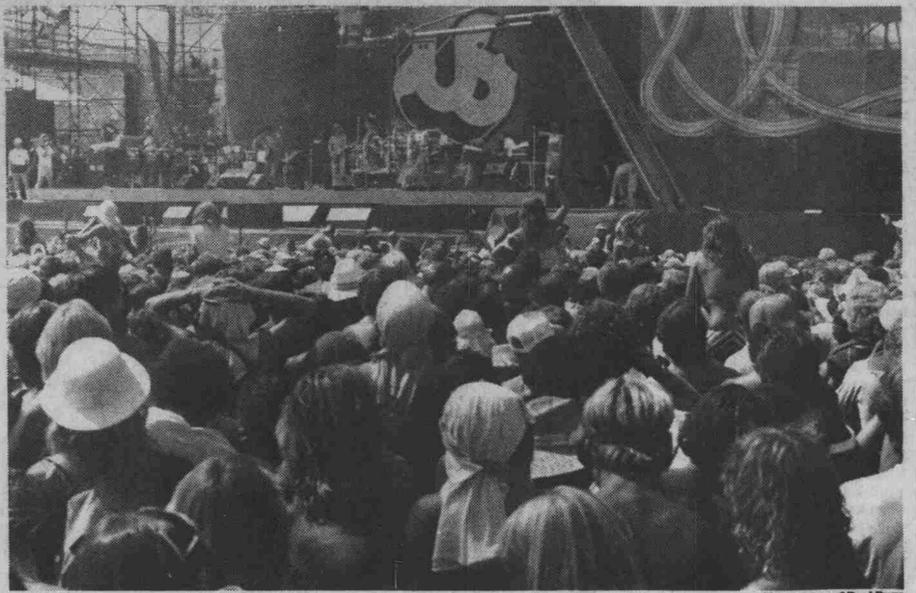
The concert flowed without a kink. Every band was on time. Over 250,000 people were cared for — 110,000 camping spots, 150 food stands, 382 acres of parking, rows and rows of shower heads wetting down 5,000 people all at once... every detail was planned.

The skies above the majestic barren hills of the San Bernardino Valley were filled with skywriting; "E.T. phone home," "Welcome to Miller Time," while the Goodyear Blimp and thousands of balloons floated in between.

As each band performed, more and more of the gimmicks that guaranteed thousands of "oh, wows," were unleashed. By the time the last band had performed, the night sky was filled with the climactic energy of multi-colored laser beams, airport searchlights, 16 whirling spotlights, explosions, balloons, flashing electric sparklers, fireworks and floodlights, not to mention the three video screens projecting 50-foot images of Stevie Nicks into the audience — all controlled by the down swing of the singer's left arm.

They pounded it in, and it worked. "Oh, wow!" I said as this finale dazzled my retina with streams of rainbow-colored lights. I realized at that moment that rock 'n' roll would never be the same.

I thought of what my friend had said six nights earlier. "The '80s are the '60s twenty years later." Visions of The Who singing "...we're not gonna take it," and Jimmy Hendrix screaming... "purple haze all in my brain," contrasted



The festival brought together more than 250,000 concertgoers...but it failed to capture the creative energy that made the '60s unique

sharply with "...thunder only happens when it's raining."

Advancement, technology, US, a "decade of cooperation," computerized fun — what an accepting, pro-status quo generation as compared to the counter-culture radicals of the '60s! US was perfect. Every moment was filled with sensations that seemed calculated for "ultimate fun."

This was more than a contrast to '60s rock 'n' roll. It was a prime example of how our culture has changed since Woodstock.

The '60s generation was born of the post-World War II affluence, a crop of youth who saw the rat race as a capitalistic horror that lulled individuals into a status quo. With the advent of Vietnam, they became a generation of revolution, opposed to anything representing progress, technology or the establishment.

Woodstock exemplified this. Here was an unorganized, poorly planned music extravaganza that brought over half a million youths into a communion that made them realize "flower power" was indeed a force to be used against what they saw as the evils of modern man.

Protest and rebellion brought together the artists and the audience, and a bond was forged by their common faith in peace and love. Even without proper facilities or organized activities, Woodstock became a holistic experience

that evolved through the individual into a community that voiced its anger through the mouthpieces of the age — Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, The Who, Janis Joplin, etc....

In the '70s, the Woodstock generation went on to the protests of bombing in Cambodia, to Kent State and Watergate. Joni Mitchell wrote, "By the time we got to Woodstock we were half a million strong." A festival of music gave a generation the realization that they had the power to change what they saw as injustice.

Today the tides have turned dramatically. No longer do we want to fight the rat race; we want to enter it and beat it. Two recessions, an oil embargo and a falling gross national product make young people today nervous about survival in the real world. Protest is overshadowed by the mere acceptance of a rising conservatism that is sweeping the nation.

Much of technology, in the minds of today's youth, is no longer an evil to prevent but a blessing to enjoy. Video games and stereos are prime necessities, home computers will soon come into use by more and more households, and within the next few years practically every home will have cable television and not three but 30 channels to reckon with.

Soon every concert will be an US, boasting giant video screens along with new and increasingly complex electronics. The US festival, I realized, was an inevitable step toward a new age of multi-faceted technology.

When US brought the country's most popular bands together, they became displays and advocates of the computerized technology that took up a large part of the festival grounds. Admittedly, the concert greatly overshadowed the technological exposition. Nevertheless, the connections were apparent; the event ran as smoothly as an Apple home computer.

Whereas the spontaneous creative energy of Woodstock was born of a common bond, at US there was no goal to bind artist and audience, other than having a good time.

It seemed so awkward when Christine McVie sang a slow song to end the festival. Almost as if to say, "We've raised hell, now lets get mellow so no one wrecks on the way out." Bringing us slowly to the end of the ride. But then it struck me that the whole festival had fallen along those same lines — pre-programmed rock 'n' roll, Microchip sensation outlining the experience to perfection — satisfaction guaranteed. Here was a stifling of the aesthetic energy that at one time could be seen between the audience and the artist.

The distance is even more than the 50-foot-square video screens seem to indicate. The distance lies between our generation and its soul, the soul of rock 'n' roll, the lost soul.

Caldwell Gray is a senior interdisciplinary creative communications major from Caldwell Station, N.C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Race issue won't die

To the editor:
As president of the Panhellenic Council, I would like to respond to the request made by the Campus Y in "Sororities have failed challenge" (DTH, Sept. 21), concerning the possible racist behavior of some sororities, specifically the experience of one black woman in the formal membership selection process. Their concern definitely is legitimate, but I would like to assure everyone that the issue will not just die out.

There are many sorority women who have expressed a desire to discuss the problems and work on solutions. The sorority system as a whole did not meet the challenge. However, there are many women who were very disappointed and frustrated with their houses' ultimate decisions.

Thank you, Andrea Stumpf, for giving those women a message to identify with ("System needs change from within" DTH, Sept. 21) and a clear Panhellenic goal for all of us to work toward. Formal rush will take place again next September

and I would like for there to be a lot of discussion in between now and then. The issue must be dealt with inside every sorority house.

Since several members and participants of the Campus Y are fraternity and sorority members as well, they have a good understanding of the problem. I appreciate the initiative they displayed and acknowledge their position in dealing with campus race relations. It will be the individual women in the sororities willing to face the problem head-on who will make a difference.

Bonnie Fass
President
Panhellenic Council

Boycott 'Polyester'

To the editor:
In recent weeks *The Daily Tar Heel* editorial page has dealt with a wide spectrum of subjects ranging from the tragedy in Lebanon to the comical escapades of the CGC Summer Finance Committee. In

most cases, readers learn a great deal about the problems but are powerless to effect change. Today, however, students must confront a problem and take action. I am, of course, writing about the showing of an R-rated midnight movie, *Polyester*, at the Carolina Theatre — the same theater that brought us that perverted comedy, *Porky's*.

Polyester is a so-called cult film which violates all standards of community decency. *Polyester* is obscene not because it features full frontal nudity (although there is nudity), nor because it glorifies in exploitative violence. Rather, the film is obscene because it revels in the mockery of grave societal problems.

For example, a young girl becomes pregnant and attempts to administer an abortion to herself by beating on her abdomen — an action which elicited gales of laughter from the audience. Other characters experiment with illegal drugs and engage in illicit sex.

Nonetheless, the most patently offensive aspect of the movie is the distribution of

"Scratch and Sniff" cards to the audience. When rubbed, these cards emit odors that coincide with the action on the screen. While no one may have objected to the "pizza" scent or to the smell of "roses," other intimate odors surely shocked the sensibilities of any decent individual.

What, then, can students do to stop the showing of movies such as *Polyester*? Censorship is not the answer, nor is picketing practical. The most effective protest is the easiest: Simply boycott the weekend showing of *Polyester*. Let the Carolina Theatre show the film to rows of empty seats. Finally, the DTH should refuse to run an advertisement this week for *Polyester*.

In short, *Polyester* is so lewd and disgusting that it makes *Porky's* seem like the Little Rascals at a Saturday matinee.

Kevin Heisler
Chapel Hill

The mighty Rams

To the editor:
"We're not sure where it's at; you'll just have to go out and find it." This was the reply I received early Sunday morning from the University Police when inquiring as to the whereabouts of my car.

It seems that the mighty Ram's Club has acquired yet another football Saturday parking lot for its esteemed members: the newly paved lot next to the Paul Green Theatre.

Without advance warning and without notifying the individuals involved, our wealthy alumni took it upon themselves to relocate approximately 50 cars. My anger over the incident and over the complete lack of consideration on the part of the Ram's Club was only slightly abated by the fact that I would not be charged for the return of my car.

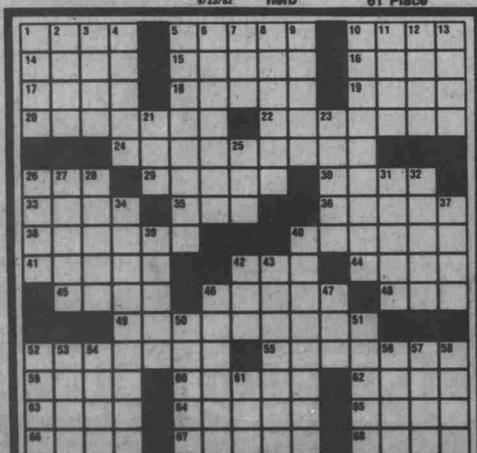
I guess that the Ram's Club was more than willing to bear the cost of towing in order that they could have their precious spaces. When you have it, you have it. So, be advised other North Campus residents, because we know who has it and who, in the end, is undoubtedly going to get it.

Mark Scurria
209 Everett

THE Daily Crossword By Frank Geary

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|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------|
| ACROSS | 26 Certain case: abbr. | 46 Young salmon | 12 Luminary |
| 1 Ungentlemanly guys | 29 Como or Mason | 48 Seam | 13 Weights for ships |
| 5 — trap for (tries to catch) | 30 Kirk of films | 49 Order for a breather | 21 Put a lid on |
| 10 Firmly fixed | 33 Ventriane's land | 55 Shoe of a kind | 23 Certain fisherman |
| 14 "A peculiar sort of —" | 35 Between Q and U | 59 Aida or Ladd | 25 Skill |
| 15 Jogs | 36 Turn inside out | 60 Subject for discussion | 26 Cry of woe |
| 16 Palo — | 38 Curves | 62 Elanet | 27 — diem |
| 17 Cantrell or Turner | 40 Maker of beer | 63 Location | 28 Beverage |
| 18 Branch | 41 Hoax | 64 Rough | 31 Conduit |
| 19 Money given at interest | 42 Call — day | 65 Grafted, in heraldry | 32 Colosseum |
| 20 Connie or Arlene | 44 City north of Lake Tahoe | 66 Progeny | 34 Abbreviated |
| 22 Tentacles | 45 Nobleman | 67 Detested | 37 Helen of — |
| 24 Follow | | 68 Matured | 39 Key in music |

Yesterday's Puzzle Solved:



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STUDYING OUR OPTIONS ON THE BEIRUT MASSACRE.