

Prince explores sexual limitations

By JIM CLARDY
Staff Writer

With five albums behind him, Prince, at the tender age of 22, is the new wunderkind of rock, a performer of prodigious talent whose potential is yet to be fully realized, as well as *Rolling Stone's* Artist of the Year.

More importantly, Prince may be the first black artist to emerge from under the shadow of Sly Stone, who single-handedly changed black popular music from soul to funk in the early '70s, inventing disco in the process. For the last 10 years, black musicians such as the Commodores, The Isley Brothers, Rick James and George Clinton of Parliament have simply worked off variations of Stone's music.

Prince may just be the man to change that, with his brittle mixture of punk, disco, funk and soul. His latest work, *1999*, is a fine example of his talents: sex, funk and rock 'n' roll, as well as some of the most infectious dance tunes on the market today.

Unlike the closet woman-haters who characterize so many of today's heavy metal bands, Prince's sexual prowess is tempered with his own vulnerability. He doesn't want to dominate or destroy, but like Marvin Gaye, simply wants to get it on.

What is only hinted at on vinyl comes to life on stage. In concert, Prince's racially and sexually integrated band is as much a part of the show as he is. The blacks shout. The whites get funky. Everybody does something unexpected. It's not quite rock, not quite funk, but an eclectic brew that roars across on its own terms.

Prince opened his Tuesday night show with "1999," rising on an elevator behind the stage, driving his band through versions of "Do Me Baby," "Little Red Corvette," and "D.U. Mind," easily outdistancing the studio originals. Prince stalked the stage like a demented choirboy, flaunting his sexuality like a mulatto Mick Jagger. He stroked his guitar, pleaded with the audience, squeezing every word and phrase for all they were worth.

Prince is already a master of rock theatrics that have since become cliches: dry ice, flashing lights, the patented encore, but he's also got a few of his own tricks. "Do Me Baby" was sung from atop one of the mammoth speakers which flanked the stage while the singer gyrated his torso like Elvis. During "Little Red Corvette," the first of a two-song encore, he did a striptease in front of a satin-laced bed while the audience thundered for more. Prince sat down at a piano and screamed out a version of "Why Don't You Love Me Anymore?," looking and sounding like Little Richard after shock treatment. While the music was consistently raw-edged, Prince's vocals were, for the most part, clear and smooth, despite the muddled acoustics of Carmichael Auditorium. His lilting falsetto draws on Smokey Robinson and Eddie Kendricks, not Otis Redding or Stone.

Beneath the libertine swagger is a sincere belief that by removing society's sexual taboos, Prince will help create a better world. Whether his credence will come true remains to be seen. What is certain, though, is love him or hate him, Prince is here to stay.



A member of Vanity 6 sways seductively before crowd ... Tuesday's concert also featured The Time and Prince

Concert features daring eroticism

By LINDA ROBERTSON
Associate Editor

Carmichael Auditorium oozed steamy sensuality Tuesday night. It seeped into every corner and sent the audience swooning. Crescendos of silky stimulation. Lyrics propelling all into orgasmic orbits. No one on stage played guitar. They stroked. No one sang songs and no one heard songs. It was a transfusion from id to id. There was a volcanic rush inside Carmichael Tuesday night, hot and frenzied, but oh — so cool.

Vanity 6 opened. Three women — Vanity, 20, Susan, 17, and Brenda, 22, wearing only lingerie of leather and lace. Their backdrop looked like a giant fish-net stocking. Or was it a spider's web? Three sirens onstage ready to ensnare any who swallowed those wowed melodies. Then Vanity 6 moved in for the kill. This was a burlesque show with class. And humor: "Is Jimmy home?" "He's taking a shower." "Well, he left his pants here." "He won't be needing them tonight."

Red, red lips sneering, pouting, puckering, but always moving. Eyes erotic, hypnotic, but always looking — straight into you. Dancing that puts Elvis' trademark to shame. Gestures that don't leave much to the imagination. Vanity starts spinning, hands in the air, reaching for the sky. Around and around in tighter circles. The audience sucks in its breath, getting dizzy. Vanity stops, her gaze defiant, inviting. "Do you think I'm a nasty girl?" she asks. Silly question, Vanity.

Then it's time for The Time. They want to know where the party's at. They know they are it. Time to get wild and loose. Time to rock. Time to clap and shake. But whoa. The Time never goes over the edge. Too much style. Too much cool. They've got their best baggies on. And skinny ties that wriggle like

snakes. And Morris Day is wearing shiny two-tones that step, skip, slide across the stage. So fast and so smooth his feet must have minds of their own. Watch him walk. No, watch him strut. His eyes bulge like those of fish.

In the midst of all this motion, Day takes time out to share a quiet drink of wine with a guest from the audience. You can feel the swelling envy. "Does anybody ever get lonely?" Day implores. "Do you know what I'm saying up here on this stage?" "Oh, yes," they whisper. "Oh, yes!" they scream.

And after the smoke clears, there is Prince. Not The Prince. Not Mr. Prince. Prince. He is wearing a long, purple coat, the color of royalty. The futuristic set is backed by what appear to be venetian blinds. Naturally, they are closed. Prince is ready to tantalize and fantasize. Vulgar? Offensive? Maybe. But under the veneer of those heavy-lidded eyes, Prince is having fun.

Soon Prince is dripping. He wipes his forehead. The sweat burns through the towel before a member of the audience catches it. He has smeared purple rouge on his cheek.

Prince is playing the piano, singing "Why Don't You Love Me Anymore?" and the audience climbs every octave with him, descending deep into that black mouth when he opens it for a long groan. Prince is on a satin bed. There is no one with him. But considering the pantomime, there might as well be.

Suddenly Prince is swaggering again. He stops; a shiver goes through every bone in his body. He is a fanatic, a madman, the devil incarnate sticking out his tongue, spitting out the words. He crooks his finger and the whole audience leans forward. He is taunting, flaunting, pleading. His goal is mutual ecstasy. Listen. Prince is singing about his power. He is so cool.

Some believe slow but sure progress being made in race relations

By ELAINE McCLATCHEY
and
KIM MORRISON
Staff Writers

Black students who apply to UNC often hear horror stories of campus prejudice — segregated housing which forces blacks on South Campus, professors who grade by color, and students who think the only blacks allowed should be basketball players.

Once they arrive at UNC, some are surprised by the racial segregation in fraternities, sororities, housing and organizations while others say just the opposite; they thought things would be a lot worse.

James Exum, a sophomore from Charlotte, said when he heard of the low numbers of blacks attending UNC, he was afraid prejudiced students would keep him out of student politics. Two years later, as Speaker Pro Tem of the Campus Governing Council, he no longer fears that reaction.

"I really believe that UNC is making progress. Some

people are complaining about the lack of speed but while things are happening slowly, it adds stability," Exum said. "If it happens fast, it can reverse just as fast."

Exum said he runs into people who are biased from time to time but "for the most part, that's not the case." While some find that the campus' reputation for prejudice is overrated, others are shocked by the present situation.

Jerry Blackwell, a junior from Kannapolis, said UNC was not as liberal as he had heard. "When people told me about liberal UNC, I expected to see this 'magic land' where all the prejudice had been dropped, but I think it's all one big facade."

Blackwell said that he's been surprised by some of the bigotry that he has run into, such as seeing a Confederate flag flying outside a fraternity house. He was also harassed by an anonymous caller last year, who phoned him every morning for a week, calling him "nigger." Blackwell said, "I never expected that."

Even those students who do not suffer outright harassment are shocked by the lack of integration between the races.

Mark Canady, a senior from Lansing, Mich., said that in the South, he found what he called, "Segregation as a way of life." Canady said he remembered being amazed as a freshman at the separation in housing. "Stadium Drive was like the Mason-Dixon line," he said.

Canady said the problems of prejudice existed on several levels but while student prejudice was often the strongest, faculty and administration prejudice did the most damage.

Lee Greene, an associate professor in the department of English, blamed professors and administrators for negative attitudes of students.

"The (racial) problem would be solved if the administration took a more positive outlook in their actions," Greene said. He said the attitude tends to filter down from the faculty and administration to the students.

One of the biggest complaints against the administration has been the failure to recruit minority and women faculty.

"Department heads need to work a little harder," Exum said. If a student goes through four years at UNC and never has a black teacher and only has a few black students in his classes, there will be no improve-

ment in race relations, he said.

Several students mentioned the absence of role models and the importance of different perspectives to broaden one's education in support of bringing in more minority faculty.

"I haven't had a black professor yet," said Sherri Watson, a sophomore from Raleigh. "That bothered me at first."

James White, an associate professor in the political science department, said that while he supported trying to get more blacks and females in the pool of applicants, faculty members should be chosen by quality and not by race or sex.

White disagreed with hiring a less qualified applicant to increase minority representation. "If we hire a turkey because of race or sex, students will see right through it," he said.

"You're double-crossing the student. If a female sees only a female professor who's not too quick, then that's not an adequate role model."

But Canady said the small number of applicants should not be used to excuse the situation. "If the effort were really made, people could be found." Canady said UNC was perpetuating the stereotype that all the great scholars are white males. "I don't think that's correct." Despite the continuing problem of minority faculty representation, several black students said they thought attempts to set up dialogues, seminars and

other events had turned out well.

Recent events have included black/white forums sponsored by the Union, a seminar conducted by Dr. Charles King, and a class offered in spring 1982 by Student Government on black/white relations.

But Jessie Kome, human relations chairperson at the Carolina Union said that turnout at the forums had been disappointing. "We've never had a good turnout," she said. "What we get are the campus leaders and not even all of them. There's a lack of people even wanting to deal with the issue."

Kome said that most of the participants are black. "Whites don't have any concept of it (the racial issue) as a problem, because it's not for them."

Cynthia Tate, a junior from New York City, said that although she thought the groups and events were good ideas, she didn't know how much they could do. "The people that come to those things aren't really the people you need to reach."

Tate said she thought working toward integrating social events would be a good place to start.

Harold Wallace, vice chancellor for University Affairs, agreed and urged students to become involved in programs that have both blacks and whites in them. "Take advantage of time to talk to your fellow classmates, get to know people of other races," he said. "Where there aren't opportunities, I urge students to create some."

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