

The Daily Tar Heel

77 Years of Editorial Freedom



Todd Cohen
Editor

Tom Gooding
Laura White
Bobby Nowell
Mary Burch
Art Chansky

Managing Editor
News Editor
Associate Editor
Arts Editor
Sports Editor

Bob Wilson
Frank Stewart

Business Manager
Advertising Manager

Sandra Saunders
Night Editor this issue

Bobby Nowell

'Top 40' Stations—Tools Of Repression

The other day, fiddling with the car radio on the way to campus, I happened to pick up WTIK, Durham's country music station. Some dude was chord-picking a guitar, the pronunciations dribbling down his chin. But wait; what was he singing:

"If you don't love it, leave it."

I don't remember the rest of the words. The gist was, of course, if you don't obey the rules, get the hell out of MY America, "the land of the free." I don't even remember the singer. One of those C*W cats with the beautiful names, like Ferlin Tubb or Faron Sovine. You know, the guys with gleaming pearl-button shirts to match the golden



glitter in their smiles.

Feeling my temperature rapidly rising, I switched to WSSB, another Durham station. It is at best a second-rate hit parader, but sadly enough, it is the best this reception area has to offer. The first song the deejay played was "Je T'Aime," prefaced by a force cheerfulness: "Well, folks, in spite of your calls, here it is again."

In case you haven't heard it (or heard about it), "Je T'Aime" is not so much music as it is the erotic gasping of two lovers who are mumbling *la langue de l'amour* in French. The "song" is obviously directed to the prurient interests of those who don't get to hear such things very often.

It is to the credit of WSSB that it has the courage to play the song in spite of public opposition. One Charlotte radio station was brave enough to spin "Je T'Aime" for a while—that is, until someone translated the words of the song. After that, the station was inundated by so many phone calls from outraged adults that it was forced to drop "Je T'Aime" from the airwaves. Reaction to the tune has been similar when other North Carolina stations dared play it.

And what is the significance of all this, you ask? Well, not too long ago Deputy Premier Spiro T. Agnew had something to say about the "liberal" broadcast industry letting the public know only one side of the issues. However, upon a closer examination of the industry, you may find that Agnew was berating—in his wide-sweeping generalization—one of the best tools of repression used by the status quo.

What, for example, would happen to the WTIK jockey if he should follow up "If You Don't Love It, Leave It" with "Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die-Rag" by Country Joe and the Fish? For playing a record critical of that thoroughly red-blooded American involvement in Vietnam, he probably has to start looking for another job.

Remember 1967 and Barry McGuire's

"Eve of Destruction?" He croaked:

"You're old enough to kill,
But not for voting;
You don't believe in war,
But what's that gun you're toting?
And even the Jordan River
Has bodies floating . . ."

Radio stations across the country rebelled against the song and had it banned. But in the same year, the jockeys made S. Sgt. Barry Sadler a national hero with his No. 1 hit parade recording, "The Ballad of the Green Berets."

How many times have you heard "Give Peace a Chance" on the radio? Yet tune in WTIK again and you'll soon hear "God Bless America Again" by Jimmy Lee Overman or somebody like that.

It is easier to understand why radio stations didn't play "(Goddamn the) Pusher" by Steppenwolf. It is an obvious threat to childhood innocence and to the moral integrity of adult America (although not necessarily in that order).

However, Mr. Middle Class, is your child going to learn about life by digging "Goody-Goody Gum Drops" by the Ohio Express?

John Agar

Blevins Caught In Trend To Right

David Blevins' conviction is no surprise but still disappointing. It adds steam to the tendency which always lurks just under the surface of discipline and order in America, and which, in the last bad days of Lyndon Johnson and the first bad days of the Nixon regime, has been making another of its perennial comebacks into the open—the tendency, that is, toward suppression of minority dissent and free speech.

The conviction very nearly brings us to the kind of crisis which the Speaker Ban precipitated. The major difference, perhaps, between then and now is that now the entire country is moving far to the right. The hatred and suspicion which Nixon banks on to solidify his Republican coalition is nationwide, and the significance of events here is lost in the general turbulence of conspiracy trials, "Southern strategy," and the like.

Still, just in this academic year, there is no mistaking the trend.

The year opened with Howard Lee being deprived of a job here for verbal indiscretions. The "double jeopardy" controversy was, in essence, the University's assumption of the Silent Majority's moral fear of marijuana—as official policy. And the SAGA strike—well, just the blacks getting the shiv. Nothing new there.

The real victims of this repressive tragedy are the primary audience of the Top 40 stations—the nation's adolescents and the below-16 teens. It is no accident that there are very few stations which will play anything but "bubble-gum music" or other insipid, musically depraved songs with no political or moral controversy.

The idea is to protect young minds from such dangerous knowledge as sex, agnosticism, communism, drugs, or anything else deviant from the American absolute of Truth. It is as Lenny Bruce once said: it's all right for kids to watch killing on TV, but not sexual acts. "Because they might grow up and do it some day." Thus, the kids get a steady diet of such trash as "I Just Can't Stop Dancing" or "Hey Little Woman" or "Last Train to Clarksville."

However, look again and you can detect that even some of the bubble-gum "artists" occasionally manage to slip a faux pas onto the air. No one is fooled by Tommy Roe's ambiguity when, in "Jam Up and Jelly Tight" he croons:

"Come on, now, and
gimme some of it."

That's all right, though. There is no mistaking the immoral message of "Je T'Aime," so damned if you're going to play it for my kids to hear. Besides, "Jam Up and Jelly Tight" has a right nice beat to it.

So, take a letter Maria—to the Vice President.

"Dear Ted: Don't knock the 'pop music' radio stations of this great land of ours. They are one of the best things you have to insure that the Silent Majority will remain silent—because if they believe everything they hear on the radio, they won't know about the problems of the REAL world. After all, ignorance is bliss."

Incidentally, not long after playing "Je T'Aime" on WSSB, the same disc jockey brazenly played one of the songs from the movie "Putney Swope." But this time the censor's beep showed that even WSSB's boldness was limited.

See if you can find the two words which were "beeped" out of the following:

"You gave me a soul kiss, It really was grand. You gave me a dry hump, Behind the hot-dog stand. Mmm, Hmmm . . ."

University's Head In Sand

The Annual Report of the Committee on the Status of Minorities and the Disadvantaged, released Friday, suggests that the policies of the University toward Blacks specifically, and toward that committee, do not contribute to the well-being of the blacks or the efforts of the committee.

The University not only does not provide adequate funds and personnel for the committee, or some kind of "ombudsman" to carry out the recommendations of the committee, the report said, but the University also does not consult the committee on matters which are relevant to it.

On June 6, 1969, the committee informed Chancellor Sitterson that "until there is appointed an administrative officer who can implement recommendations and who is responsible to you, or until an ombudsman is appointed, or until the two positions are combined and an able, trusted person is appointed to fill them, your committee is unaware of any course that is open to it."

On Aug. 5, 1969, Provost Charles Morrow reported that as far as the ombudsman position was concerned, the Chancellor was out of the country and no decision could be made until his return.

The Chancellor was here in the fall, and he is here now. There is still no ombudsman.

The committee pointed out some other obstacles. When various decisions were made concerning the controversial Upward Bound program, such as Morrow's refusal to hire as counselors for the program certain members of the Black Student Movement, the committee "unanimously believed his (Morrow's) decision to be both unwise and unjustified." Morrow, however, neither consulted nor informed the committee about the

matter. During the fall, Morrow undertook a detailed evaluation of Upward Bound to determine whether or not the University should continue to support it, the committee reported. But "at no point in this evaluation and decisional process did the administration solicit the committee's opinion and judgment."

The committee concluded the following: "For understandable and legitimate reasons, the black students have concluded that our committee lacks authority, influence, and power . . . We therefore believe that we cannot continue to function unless we receive firm assurance from the administration that it intends to incorporate the opinion and judgments of this committee in all decisions which are of concern to black students."

In addition, the committee made recommendations for the appointment of "qualified personnel" to direct the Afro-American studies program and to oversee the interests of minorities students; to make available "adequate" funding to support black candidates for admission; to expand programs like Upward Bound and similar programs; and to keep the committee informed of what is relevant to its function as a committee, which seeks to accomplish something.

The U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare Thursday told the University its attitude toward blacks was not bad, but that its practices were pretty bad. On Friday the Minorities Committee reported.

The University might take its head out of the sand.

The Faculty Council's Underbelly

The Chancellor's Advisory Committee and the Faculty Council Friday demonstrated a seldom recognized or acknowledged underbelly of inadequacy and hypocrisy.

The committee turned in some recommendations for amendments to both the trustees' disruptions policy and the procedures to implement that policy. The recommendations sought to insure that neither the rights nor the integrity of any faculty member be abridged by either of the trustees' documents.

In so far as the Advisory Committee addressed itself to correcting apparent ills in the trustees' documents, it was on the right track. But the significant point about most of the recommendations was that they dealt with improving the lot and rights solely of the faculty. No mention was made, no consideration given, to the students.

The committee recommended that "the accused person (appearing before the Hearings Committee), if a faculty member, shall be entitled upon written demand served prior to the hearing to have his case determined solely by faculty members and the University Hearings Committee."

Another recommendation stated that "evidence regarding the general competence and professional and moral fitness OF THE FACULTY MEMBER shall be considered relevant." (our caps)

A third recommendation (this one to the disruption policy), sought to guarantee the political, social and economic objectivity of the consideration of the case of "any faculty member."

These three recommendations, then, dealt solely with the rights of the faculty. The Chancellor's Advisory Committee did not seem to care much about insuring students the same rights.

But the double standard which the Advisory Committee apparently seeks to maintain is not solely the possession of that committee.

The Faculty Council as a body, is considering the Advisory Committee's report, did not pass the specific recommendations which applied the double standard. But the Council did discuss those recommendations and that discussion was marked by a hypocrisy rarely attributed to such scholars as those which compose the Faculty Council.

The argument on those matters seemed to suggest that if only faculty members should hear the cases of other faculty members, then the students would feel that the faculty had copped out on them.

"Tut, tut. Wouldn't want our young proteges to think we had bugged out. Tut, tut."

No one seemed to suggest that what was really lacking in the recommendation concerning the Hearings Committee, for example, was a clause to guarantee that students be given the right to hear the cases of other students.

And that, after all, would have been the consistent thing for both the Advisory Committee to recommend and for the Faculty Council to discuss.

But the eminent men of letters who comprise both bodies are not always as consistent as we would have them be.

Tut, tut.

Jim Eldridge

Games Parents (And Children) Play

Why would she treat us so thoughtlessly
How could she do this to me.
She (We never thought of ourselves)
is leaving (Never a thought for ourselves)
home (We struggled hard all our lives to get by)

Lennon/McCartney

Going home for the weekend is like falling asleep in a chair; it feels so good until you wake up. Until all the ghosts of reality come back to haunt you.

My parents and I have a relationship which is indicative of the true generation gap: the desperate anxiety of having deep mutual love and respect but being unable to express it because of our separate pride and self-defensiveness. We have for too long not spoken honestly to each other, and now our attempts are moot. We reach for true dialogue, but can only grasp straws of self-deception.

This past weekend was no exception. The verbal boxing match began soon after we were home. It started with a simple question or statement about something that happened in Chapel Hill or something someone said about this or that. I can't remember. But before long, we were entrenched in a tangent battle over ourselves, with the world's issues as our weapons.

THEM. The HEW ruling will lower the standards of the University.

The Daily Tar Heel is published by the University of North Carolina Student Publication's Board, daily except Monday, examination periods and vacations and during summer periods.

Offices are at the Student Union Bldg., Univ. of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514. Telephone numbers: editorial, sports, news—933-1011; business, circulation, advertising—933-1163. Address: Box 1080, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Subscription rates: \$10 per year; \$5 per semester. We regret that we can accept only prepaid subscriptions.

Second class postage paid at U.S. Post Office in Chapel Hill, N.C.

US. Yes, perhaps; but are a couple of hundred black students out of 16,000 really indicative of the society?

THEM. But those poor colored kids won't even know what the professors are talking about.

US. Okay, let's kiss off this generation, then, and start improving the black schools at grade one.

THEM. But what about those kids who don't even know what a fork is? (local example from teacher at integrated school supplied)

US. I know it's more than just an educational problem; it's sociological . . . it's economic . . . it's—

THEM. Well, they're promoting a lot of them now and giving them a certificate when they finish a certain grade—

US. Oh, that's really nice! What a beautifully bigoted way of looking at it! You want to promote the whole black race and give them certificates? Why don't you just put them on a boat and send them back to Africa?

THEM. You're too steeped in theory! Theory's nice but you've got to look at reality. Things don't always work out as you'd like them.

And so goes the battle on into the night. I am too addicted to sleep and can no longer intelligently debate after midnight. Thus, I begin to concede things I'm don't really believe in after a certain length of time. And this adds but another deception to the whole game of "not-communicating."

Not only do we speak to each other with grazing arrows which never reach their mark; we play the game only for momentary victory, for transient benefits, for escape from the responsibility of resolving the true issues.

My parents are not bigoted Southern rednecks; their concern for blacks and the other oppressed peoples of the earth is probably as great as their generation and environment will allow. They are very concerned that, with a Marxist distribution of everything equally, we will destroy something perhaps very capitalistic but still very dear—incentive. Incentive which leads to creativity.

I am not always the flaming liberal/radical I often ascribe to being. I am ambivalent toward many things, and this game of "not-communicating" only

confounds my dilemma. My parents believe that their generation owes our generation nothing but food and shelter.

We feel they owe us more, yet we feel we owe them less.

This second game, this game of paying one's debts, is equally farical and equally tragic. Each generation says it will give its children more than they themselves ever had, and each generation usually renigs on its promise.

We are the generation which has been quick to criticize; let us also be the one which is able and ready to understand. Able and ready to communicate, truly communicate.

We must throw away our own facades before they will throw away theirs. Then, and only then, can we honestly be beautiful people.

Letters to the editor must be typed on a fifty-space line and double-spaced. All letters must be signed.

All letters to the editor are welcomed by the editorial staff, regardless of the opinions and ideas presented within them.

Letters should be addressed to the associate editor, care of the Daily Tar Heel.

