

# OH YEAH?

By F.N. STEWART

## Cabarrus County Fair

One dollar per adult for admission. She took the ten dollar bill, gave me two tickets and change and never looked up. A cop took the tickets and tucked them into a gray stack in his hand. The glare of spotlights and colors from a row of displays by local groups depicting everything from buying groceries to not buying "the pill," meaning in this case dope. An Army sergeant stands in patent leather dress shoes behind a captured North Viet Nam mortar. Sign on the mortar says the black enameled wooden stand on which the mortar sits was not captured from the enemy. From the building on to the grounds, dust fills the air. Over to see an exhibition of wild ducks under a tent from a local funeral company. Large sign on the large duck cage reads "Admission Free." No one can go into the cage, so the sign must be for other wild ducks. It's a novelty anyway, the sign, because there are only two like it on the entire fairground. The other is on the horticulture house, where filled fruit jars are stacked on wooden shelves. Out to the midway where people play bumper cars without the cars. The sugar - sweet smell of cotton candy stiffens the air. Bright hot lights stare thru the dust in the night. Somewhere from across the midway a Johnny Rivers' record is having a duel with a country-western record to produce the most noise. Both are really trying. "Win a prize everytime, twenty-five cents, one quarter of a dollar, come on folks." A young boy lays down a quarter, picks up a handful of hoops and wins a dime comb on his first toss. He was trying for a black handled German knife on the row above the comb. The kid runs the comb thru his hair once and puts it in his bluejeans pocket. The dust seems to be fighting with the sugar smell of cotton candy for control of the air. The sugar smell is not willing to give up easily.

## Do Not Feed The Animals

People, hundreds of people, packed and pushing in every direction. Thousands of kids, each with his mouth open - something sticky going in or something loud coming out. Old people squinting blank looks at nothing. The in-between ages moving, paying, losing. Black people, six with the same type straw hat with button saying: "I'm an alcoholic-in case of emergency, get me a beer." A Negro girl with blonde hair her boyfriend, clean-cut, good looking, neatly dressed, looking out of place. A white girl, early thirties, has her hair pulled back and tied. She wears tight bluejeans on her chubby frame, also a long-sleeved, button-up, v-neck, grey sweater and no bra. A fat barker inside the pitch-a-hoop tent watches her go by. He wears a stretched T-shirt with a sign on the front. "Lie down, I think I love you." Three inches of stomach showing beneath the bottom of the T-shirt. His navel peers above the top of his pants to stare with its one dark eye at the world. "Jst break or ship two plates and win yourself a prize. Three throws for a quarter." A young colored boy replaces the cheap broken plates and picks up the black-taped baseballs and returns them to a box. One ball, hard thrown, ricochets from a board and strikes him in the back of the shoulder. He grimaces. The crowd laughs. An old lady in bermuda shorts and a knit blouse calls a horse race played by pinball machines. "And Vulcan's Fires th' winnar. Give th' lady a prize." "Take a look at the Little Ladies," a paunchy barker calls from the stage of the girly show. "They'll be performing for you inside in just five minutes." One lady is in a black bathing suit which accents her ivory white skin. Her figure was fine - twenty years ago. The second lady has long blonde hair, not hears. She wears a tight fitting white evening gown on her too full frame. Her age couldn't be past twenty-five. The third lady wears a white tasseled bikini and a bored look. The barker continues to grumble into his mike. "It's not dirty, it's not nasty, it's just fun. It's burlesque. The usual price is a dollar and a half. I'm gonna make the price so low that the poor people in Saigon could afford to go." Punching an Oriental ticket seller, he says, "That's where you come from." Continuing to grumble. "We gonna let you folks in for just one dollar. Bring the little woman with you. They say the hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world. She deserves a little fun. Just one dollar." An old man in coveralls and a dirty dress coat lays a crumbled dollar bill before the ticket seller then ambles up the stairs. Another microphone, another lady invites the crowd to see "the world's smallest people from Australia, just three feet tall." A small hand-lettered sign stuck vertically on the side of the trailer reads REPLICAS. The pungent smell of chili from a Legion Post hot dog stand has driven the sweet sugar smell of cotton candy out of the dust. Johnny Rivers' record has won over the country-western sound, and several teenage girls with too much make-up and tight clothes over under-developed bodies bounce with the beat.

Playing bumper-people is how the crowd moves. Green and yellow and other colored lights whirl with the ferris wheel. The nonsense noise now is a pressure on both sides of the head. The legs have a numb sensation. On a stool on a stage above the crowd sits a young girl. Behind her is a side show of deformed people. The girl wears a red gown the had been tied into a knot for a week before she put it on. In her uncombed brown hair is a jeweled crown. She is plain, no makeup on her questioning face. Into her mouth she puts a snake's head. It's body is draped around her neck. She has on brown lace-up shoes. A couple stands in front of the stage and watches. Both have on bluejeans and orange sweatshirts. Each has one hand in the other's hip pocket. Bojo, the clown, hollers from inside his cage

# What Would Change, If You...

by Donna Raley

What would you do if you have the power to change anything on this campus?

A recent survey proved, without a doubt, that UNC-C has the most contented students in the whole country. Riots, demonstrations, etc., need not be feared. If given the power to change anything on the entire campus, the average student had to really delve deeply into his mind to find an area of annoyance and discontent. When he discovers something he would like to change, one realizes that his wants and needs are relatively simple. He has obviously not been harbouring any deep-seated gripe.

Many large, shady trees were the desire of summer school students. An instant large tree might be looked into by some enterprising individual. On the other hand, many "rainy season" type students desired another

protection. Barbara Jean Smith wanted a "walkway from the Union to the Engineering building and then over to "C" building." Steve Rayborn decided that a sidewalk under Miss Smith's walkway would be ideal.

Disregarding the effect of the weather, some students had a rather hostile attitude towards a few selected members of the administration. The unpopularity of one individual in particular was noted in several opinions. The desire to change or eliminate members of the faculty, student body, administration, and friends came more quickly than any other change.

Changes in the Union were simple and could probably be satisfied most quickly. Mike Purser, as did a majority of students, wanted to see "a change in the records on the juke box, better movies" and, the

impossible dream, "the sale of beer on campus."

Turning towards a more serious vein, Charleen Crumple would like Sororities and Fraternities on campus. Ben Basinger suggested a pass-fail system which was advocated by many students upon the mention of the idea. Robert Pleiner said that "Students should be able to evaluate teachers and also be informed of teachers they will have."

Following along the subject of courses, Sandy Smith and Larry Miller expressed the wish to "either eliminate final exams" or "have them before Christmas". Lynn Johnson, on the other hand, said that "A student shouldn't have to take an exam if he has an "A" in a course."

"More Seminars" was the wish of John Lafferty. "There should also be an influx of money into departments so that more professors may be brought in". Mr. Lafferty continued to say that "More books should be added to the library and the academic area could be more flexible to enable more discussion."

In view of the overwhelming enrollment this semester, there are very prevalent situations which students want to see changed. The procedure of registration "certainly is not organized" is one comment from freshman Scott Brady. Another freshman said "It was a mess!" Dan Wilson said he would like to see "more involvement with the freshmen". (Dan, we're sure you can manage.)

A unanimous wish for another Herlocker's (or a larger one) was expressed. Students desperately want and need an establishment off campus where they can socialize.

In the midst of all the discontent, large and small, there is always one, happy soul. Dinnie Kiestler, when asked how he would facilitate his power for change said "Damn, I don't know, I like it!"



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...and stood in line  
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## New Guru Arrives

by W.I.T.  
In the vocabulary of the modern mystical set, a "guru" is a spiritual leader who teaches his disciples not only by means of example, but also through

recorded dialogue. The gurus of today teach thousands on a one-to-one tutor-to-pupil basis, and reach many multitudes through tidy (and profitable) volumes of meditations and lore.

During the Han Dynasty of ancient China (206 B.C.-220 A.D.), Tung Chung-shu, a Confucian mystic, taught that the "three cords (kang) of the Way of the true sage-king may be sought in Heaven." The literal meaning of "kang" is "a major cord in a net, one to which the other cords are attached". Thus the sovereign is the "kang" of his subjects, that is, he is their master. Likewise, the husband is the "kang" of the wife, and the father is the "kang" of his sons. These are the three "kang" upon which the ideal Chinese society is based. When the society in which the members follow these three basic relationships to the letter finally arrives, a great teacher-leader will arise to govern, guide, and instruct the citizens of the world. He will ascend to the earthly throne by non-violent leaps and bounds. He will be loved and adored by all, and he will be known as the "kang-king."

above the water. He hollers at a man throwing baseballs trying to drop him in the drink. "Hey, buddy, you got a kind face - the kind that should be covered with a rug." To a bald-headed man, "the Lord must've loved ya, fella, he gave you one face and room for another." He started to say something else when a ball found its mark.

The country-western sound has taken over. The smell of horses replaces the dust smell. A man walks by carrying a purse. Another man walks with him. A pretty young mother lugs a big two-year old toward a bench seat. The Father carries two cokes. A thousand candle moths encircle the shower of lights from a spinning ride. A thin girl holds two cotton candy wads in her thin hands. She viciously attacks one with her entire face, tongue, mouth, teeth, nose, and hair. The nose gets most. In five minutes she finishes one was and with her now-free-hand pulls chunks from the second wad. A short, fat mother screams at her red-haired daughter in bermuda shorts while a fat sister in spiked heels also screams at her. Two blonde-haired toddlers sleep with their heads on their father's shoulders. The world around the waiting car is refreshingly quiet, cool and clean.

