
ENTERTAINMENT
 by 
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Two Virgins

When one recovers from the shock that occurs upon viewing the cover of TWO VIRGINS for the first time, he will realize that this disc isn't music; it's noise. And it isn't even good noise! It may be an unfounded supposition to suppose that one will ever recover from the disgust brought about by this sight. John Lennon can write good music; he does not have to depend on cheap sensationalism to sell his records. However, this particular record needed something in the way of help, not that the completely unadorned bodies of Lennon and his girlfriend, Yoko Ono, will save it.

Screaming, bird whistles, piano pounding, and other noisy effects are employed in an entirely unsuccessful attempt to cause music to "happen." Bits of conversation and pieces of song lyrics occasionally find their way into the recording. There's even a sneeze. I feel like I'm probably one of the few individuals who has had enough curiosity and guts to listen to both sides all the way through. Unlucky me! The static isn't even well done. If John can't do any better than this, he should have quit while he was ahead. Baby crying, car horns, a radio, sirens — ridiculous!

Back to that cover — the front and back covers of TWO VIRGINS, showing front and rear views of John and Yoko in the nude, have been ruled obscene and unfit for distribution by New Jersey Court Judge N.X. Mintz. Mintz said that he saw no relation between the cover and the music. It seems that the court is right for a change. One of the definitions of "obscene" is "offensive, disgusting." The sound far outdistances the cover design on this rotten Apple. TWO VIRGINS is one release that the lovers of music all over the world will be glad to see recaged.

Oh, by the way, Lennon would probably counter the obscenity charge with some sort of statement about the beauty of the human body. Not being a judge of male bodies, I'll pass up any statement about Lennon's. Miss Ono, however, is physically unattractive. So unattractive, in fact, that one might be tempted to call her deformed.

Don't waste your money.

Masekela Triumphs

A few months ago, Verve released a two-record set of all time best sellers as played by Hugh Masekela. It is the latest in their series of 24 KARAT HITS. It was a limited edition release that sold for over ten dollars. It was also very good.

A lot of people began to ask where these records could be obtained separately at a lower price. The result has been the reissuing of an M-G-M album entitled HUGH MASEKELA'S NEXT ALBUM, which includes the best of the selections from the two-record set.

Some of you may remember Hughie from last year's Bicentennial Jazz Festival. He's the trumpeter with the quick beat and the striped pajama-type outfit. Masekela is more than just a trumpeter. He's the best. Alpert, Davis, and Hirt will soon be passengers in a cart that Hugh is pulling. To begin with, Masekela is a genius of eclecticism. He has taken the best of jazz, rock, and African music and has added that energetic flavor that he exudes to result in the "now" sound. Hugh is not a Black Power advocate, but he is one of the prime movers of the "Black Is Beautiful" philosophy. His horn sounds more like Hirt's than any other well-known horn. But he doesn't stop there.

In Hugh Masekela's Next Album, Hugh renders his versions of "California Dreamin'" and "It's Not Unusual" with an indefinable technique. "Little Star" and "If I Needed You" are selections in which he exercises his trumpet like vocal cords. "Norwegian Wood" is a real soul selection; Hughie lives that song. No artistic distance here — no need for it.

Side Two is the bonus. Imagine this line— first "Along Comes Mary" played with new punch and feeling. Then "She's Coming My Way," the best vocal on the disc. This sound sticks in the mind from the provocative bass intro to the vocal fade out. "Sounds of Silence" — the only fitting description of this Paul Simon tune is "exciting." The pulse of "Acting Like A Fool" is quick and heavy. It's a real stomper. "From Me To You" expresses a reserved elation, a sort of quiet contentment. And to close it out—"Elusive Butterfly". Hugh's horn supplies the old musical questions with some new kinds of answers on this cut. What a finale!

Neither of the "M's" in MGM stands for Masekela — not yet.

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One Stop at a Time

The next time I awoke was when Bill was getting back into the car after having swapped an old man at a filling station a jack, lugwrench and innertube for a half a tank of gas. It was early morning. The knot on my head hurt as well as did all the muscles in my young body. Bill said we were somewhere in Georgia. He said "Somewhere" because he didn't know where. We stopped a little while later and found that we were in "nowhere" Georgia.

We had by this time found out that it was best not to cut the engine off whenever we stopped for gas or anything. We also found out that we had to put water into the radiator each time we stopped and that we had to inflate a couple of tires each time we stopped. Needless to say we only stopped at service stations.

I drove until we got across the Florida state line that afternoon and Bill drove into Jacksonville where he stalled the car at a redlight in downtown Jacksonville in five o'clock traffic. Bill tried to explain to the police officer as the three of us pushed the car across the intersection about the bad ignition and bad battery. As we sat at the curb eating supper Bill kept saying that we ought to have a new battery.

We unhooked the battery and Bill walked off towards a service station several blocks away. I sat in the car playing with the bongo drums. A couple of hours after dark, Bill came walking back to the car carrying a new battery. We quickly put it in and started the car since I had gotten the ignition key to turn while he was gone. I never did ask him about his smile or the new battery and he never did tell me.

Going On Home

Outside of St. Augustine we picked up alternate route one and drove along the ocean. We stopped somewhere before we got to Daytona Beach and went swimming for a while then slept on the sand. That morning as we drove by Cape Canaveral we got to see a small rocket go up. Except for the time that a guy at a filling station cut off the motor when Bill and I went to the bathroom, everything for the rest of the day went fine.

That night we got into trouble in West Palm Beach because Bill ran a stoplight and we didn't have a registration for the car. The cop told us he would let us go if we promised to go on to Fort Lauderdale and not stay in West Palm Beach. We promised we would.

In the wee early hours of the morning we found Bill's parents' house outside of Miami near Hialeah Park. We woke the family, had breakfast, then went to bed.

The morning, after we awoke, the green bomb had two flat front tires, nowater in the radiator and a new dead battery. A week later I took a jet flight home.



**Deadline for all
 submissions to the
 Literary Magazine
 must be in by
 March 26.
 Submit all work to
 office B-5 or
 place in
 Barnstormer Mailbox.**

Union— (continued from page 2)

these offices are not filled by competent and concerned students, you can blame no one but yourselves. We are glad to see that Mrs. Ingram and Miss Bobbitt are not going to turn their backs on their responsibilities, and we wish them all the luck in the coming year. THE JOURNAL endorses these two candidates wholeheartedly, but we also encourage any interested and qualified students to initiate write-in campaigns for the offices of Secretary and Treasurer of the Union. Somebody has got to do these jobs. Who isn't afraid to try?

If this election is to be an indication of a trend in this Spring's elections, then it is a harbinger of disaster. At the present pace, we will soon be in a position from which we will have to IMPROVE if we are to attain the maturity of Charlotte College. Three-fourths of the SGA Executive Committee are graduating; the editors of all four student publications are graduating; the Chief Justice of the Student Court is graduating; the chairmen of the Legislature's Finance and Rules Committees are graduating; and both members of the Consolidated Student Council are graduating. If someone doesn't begin to take an interest in the school, the only leader we'll have left is Gus, who'll always be here.