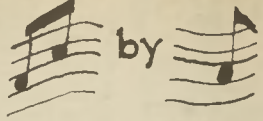


ENTERTAINMENT



W.i.t. & M. J.

The Cowsills in Concert

Part of the Cowsills' talent lies in their ability to imitate other artists when they sing songs that are the trademarks of other artists. On THE COWSILLS IN CONCERT, their newest album on the M-G-M label, the family group from Rhode Island does a truly spectacular job of sounding like several other groups while singing a dozen well-known tunes. Their version of "Hair" by Galt McDermott and friends sounds really great. Unfortunately, part of the song was cut, but it's still more than worth hearing. They sound more like the Mamas and Papas on "Monday, Monday" than the Mamas and Papas do. Bob Cowsill also does a good job with The Left Bank's "Walk Away Renee." If you like Claudine Longet's version of "Hello, Hello," you'll enjoy little Susan Cowsill's rendition, too. The final song on the first side of this Val Valentin-engineered lp is Peter, Paul, and Mary's "The Cruel War" with big mama Cowsill, Paula, handling the lead. She doesn't look like Mary Travers, but the sound is the same.

Side two opens with the Beach Boys "Good Vibrations," which the Cowsills really turn on. The organ and drum-beat are almost identical to the original hit by those XKE Californians. The Cream sings "The Sunshine of Your Love" better than the Cowsills do, but I still can't complain about the way it's done on this album. Lennon and McCartney's "Paperback Writer" was also revived for the occasion, along with "Reach Out (I'll Be There)" by the fabulous Four Tops. The album closes out with Mitch Ryder's "Good Golly Miss Molly/Devil with a Blue Dress." The Cowsills do as good as Mitch did, and they sound like him.

The other songs on this album, which Frank Gorshin must truly covet, are "Please Mr. Postman" and "Act Naturally." Versatility is just another trait of the fabulous Cowsills, and it makes this record one that will be on the top charts for quite a while; it has something for everybody.

A Morning Album

JOYFUL is the name of Orpheus' newest album, and they've hit again. The liner notes read

I cannot help but sense
the beauty
over all
and feeling thus
be joyful

This pretty well sums it all up; all the songs on this M-G-M lp are of the joyful sort, "Brown Arms in Houston" being the most joyful of the lot. "As They All Fall" is a well-constructed tune by Bruce Arnold about leaves and seasons in which the violins play an important part. "I Can Make the Sun Rise," "Joyful," and "Of Enlightenment" follow in succession to achieve a peak of quiet contentment. "I Can Make..." and "...Enlightenment" contain some interesting guitar runs. "By The Size of My Shoes" is a delightful song about being what you are and being happy about it. "Me About You" and "May I Look at You" are love songs about that same generation. "To Touch Our Love Again" is a bit sad, but "Lovin' You" is a strong enough come-back of joy to make up for it.

This is a morning album. It reminds me of early sunrises greeted sleepily and haiku. The Japanese have a saying that pretty well expresses my feeling about this record - "one joy dispels a hundred cares."

It's the Moog Synthesizer!

I ran across a slick instrumental lp on the Evolution label last week, and I'd like to share my thoughts about it with you. It's entitled SHADES OF BRASS and is produced by Bobby Byrne. Bobby has compiled a collection of various types of songs and Dick Hyman has arranged them for a brass orchestra, accompanied by the fabulous Moog Synthesizer. Color is the image used to describe the songs by the author of the liner notes, and SHADES OF BRASS uses the whole rainbow. "Respect" starts things off, followed by Tom Jones' "I Help Yourself", "The Pendulum Swings Both Ways", and Jones' "Delilah." You haven't lived, musically speaking, until you've experienced the wild sounds of the Moog. It's a little like a muted horn, but a lot different. Paul Simon's "The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy)" is next on the list, and you won't believe the effect that a few flutes and a Moog can wring out of it. "Hurry Love" closes out side one in a no-nonsense version. "A Shade of Brass" was composed by Byrne especially for the occasion - and for the Moog. It's fast and wierd. Bob Crewe's "Can't Take My Eyes Off You" gets a neat treatment by the Brass, and is followed by Bacharach's "Who Is Gonna Love Me," the best tune on the disc. Flutes and no Moog. I love it. "Barbarella" and "Windy" close out the album in fine style. Get hold of a copy and experience the unusual musical experience of the fantastic Moog Synthesizer. You'll fall in love with it!

UNC-C Union Goofs

I just want to take out a few minutes to complain about the music scene around this school. "Jam-Up" is really going to be a nice thing for one segment of the student population, but not much for the rest of the students. What I mean is, the entertainers are all of the same genre of music. Now how uncool can you get? Major Lance, the Soul Sensations, and those "fabulous" Tams will all appeal to the same group of people, leaving the rest of the students out in the cold. Now,

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Herbie the Mann Man

By W. I. T.

Herbie Mann and four other hep musicians wowed a crowd of a couple of thousand of folks at the Johnson C. Smith University one Friday night. The music was jazzrock soul in a psychedelic framework. Hardin's "If I Were a Carpenter", Donovan's "Mountain High", and a couple of black hits by Sonny Sharrock (Mann's bassist) were real crowd pleasers. Mann's music has really changed from the old days, but he's still the crowd pleaser he was when he began playing Cuban music back in the fifties. Roy Ayers, one of the best vibraphonists in the music world) really turned on the group with his rendition of Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Wave." Mann and friends made gradual shifts from one tune to the next in an exercise of his new philosophy of performance. He tries to keep the music going at all times, with little or no pauses. This idea may keep the musicians and the real enthusiasts turned on, but it simply wears out the rest of the audience.

It is a real shame that we can't have such top flight entertainment at UNC-C. And why can't we? It's a matter of policy. Our Union decided a long time ago to stop inviting the public to our social events, because they didn't want a lot of high school students coming out here and getting drunk. Well, if our programs were of college calibre, then the number of high schoolers who had an interest in the programs would be too small to present a problem. There is not a sharp line between the interests of college students and high school kids, but it's not too difficult to find entertainment that will not be a big thing for all the local teeny boppers. If we forbid the public to attend our social functions altogether, they may decide to reply in like vein. Then where will we go when we don't have a happening on campus? For that question, I have no answer.

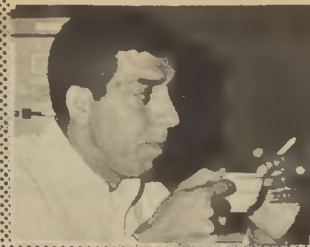
Jazz is alive and well in Charlotte. It's just hidden a bit. The Second Annual Charlotte Jazz Festival will be in June this year. Hugh Masekela will be back, and he's one performer who must be seen in action to be fully appreciated. Hugh may very well be the best of the fresh faces on the jazz scene today. Make it a point to see him at the Coliseum, because it's for sure that he won't be appearing on campus any time soon unless policy alters.

"Sandlewood Candles"

By M. F.

Now appearing, nightly through May, at the Hornet's Nest Lounge at the Barringer Inn is a surprisingly fresh folk duo, The Sandlewood Candle. Gerry Dionne, 21, from New Hampshire, has been playing guitar for about two years, bass guitar for only six months. The other half of the duo is Dick Lewis. Dick 26 comes from Massachusetts, has been playing guitar for some ten years, and performs equally well on both six-and twelve-string instruments. The Sandlewood Candle has been in existence for about three months and the Hornet's Nest is their first engagement. From Charlotte, Gerry and Dick will go on a college concert

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Oh Yeah?

by F.N. Stewart

And Finally

This is the 24th and last of a series of columns entitled OH YEAH! by F. N. Stewart. It really doesn't seem like it was last September when this all started because the articles came pretty easy, and I actually enjoyed doing most of them. There were some Sunday afternoons when I had to sit in the Journal Office and sweat out an article for the paper, but that was not too bothersome except at the time of writing. Most of the articles were entertaining to me, that is why I wrote them. But mostly they were written because I wanted to talk to you.

A column is nearly a hundred lines long. There are approximately ten words to a line. So at a maximum there are about a thousand words in a column, usually there are about eight hundred. It takes two and a half legal sheets to type a column. That is about four regular sheets of paper. And each column takes about two hours on the average to write. If count all that up, it will come out to about 48 hours of writing or 6 days at eight hours a day. It is about a hundred sheets of paper or 24 thousand words. But most important are the thoughts that I tried to express in those words.

I, at one time, fancied myself a writer. That is easy enough to think, for it seems that writing is not more than putting words down on paper. But words are often difficult things to handle. They have a way of saying different things than what you intended them to say. Poetry is easier, because I can accidentally be ambiguous about some of the things there, and the effect of what I'm trying to say is not disturbed. But fine writing is a task and not an easy one.

In Total

I used the column for various purposes in writing. There were several times that it was used for a soapbox. I thought that I had something worth saying, and I said it. It was not for the purpose of saving the world; but, yet I can not deny that I hope the world would be a little better for it. A good friend of mine, who now is a successful writer with a large Texas newspaper, had this to say about writing. "Anytime you write for someone else's reading, you are in effect putting yourself on a soapbox and shouting to the world, 'Listen to me, I've got something to say.' I believe that is true."

One third of the columns were written about past experiences of mine. The memories mostly were pleasant, so I thought that I would share them with you. For I believe that we all have similar experiences as we grow up, and I wish that the memories would bring back memories of your own. I certainly hoped that they were not like seeing someone else's boring home movies. I hoped at best that they would be entertaining.

"Cabarrus County Fair" and "Shrimp For Breakfast" were written with entirely literary aims in view. If I have any ability as a writer it should have been present in at least one of those two columns. Although they are quite different in form, style, and theme, they both were written in what I thought was the best manner that I could write.

"Grandma Drinks Beer", I must admit, is not all a true story. It has a central core of truth running thru it, but I confess that I did add a little to it here and there just for decoration. I like Grandma, you understand, but she does have this funny way with beer.

Several of the columns were written to capture a feeling. This type of article is perhaps the most difficult of any to write. Feelings are elusive things, and it is hard to put them into concrete words that hold their essence.

One Last Time

I am sitting here now trying to decide which of the articles that I like best. That is a most difficult thing to do. I can't decide which, but I can narrow it down to about six. They are: "Cabarrus County Fair," "Solitude," "Leaving Memories," "Shrimp For Breakfast," "Those Last Few Days," and "Grandma Drinks Beer." That makes me feel sort of satisfied to know that I really like about a quarter of the articles that I have written. I would guess that I am taking a lot for granted in expecting you to remember all of them. But perhaps there was at least one that appealed especially to you.

Something that I will miss about writing for the newspaper will be the comments that people have about the articles. It is a most gratifying experience, deep down in my soul, to have someone tell me that he really like a certain column which I have written. It is gratifying because I realize that I have reached that particular someone down inside himself where he lives. It is satisfying because there were times when I wondered if anyone read the column at all. That is not a pleasant thought. I was good to discuss the articles with different people and especially nice of those people to be interested enough in the column to discuss it with me.

There probably were less than a dozen teachers who mentioned the column to me. So I can't say how many read the column. The English teachers were the most numerous, as a group, to mention the column. I know that one doesn't read it because he thinks that the column is too poorly written to read. Another one must read it occasionally, because I was told that he said it was a hurried job of writing full of simple observations which, he said, I took to be tremendous insights into truth. Another Doctor in English, whom I had for a required English course, told me it was the first thing that he read in each newspaper and that he always enjoyed the column. It is for people such as he that the column was written.

Thanks, Rod

I would also like to thank my friend, Rod Smith, Editor of the JOURNAL for having me as a Feature Editor and allowing me to write the column. He allowed me to have complete freedom in the space. That is important when anyone writes a free-lance column such as mine

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