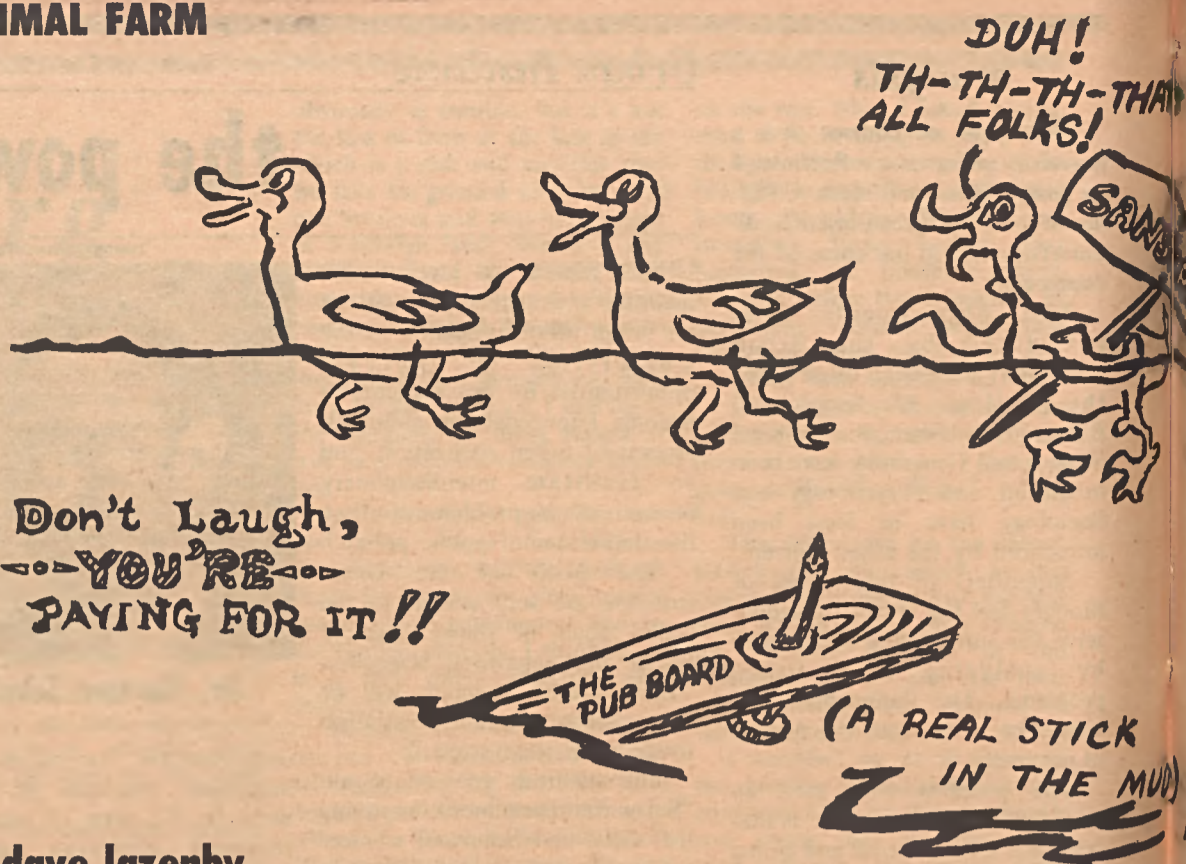


Goldigger needed

The SGA has taken some decisive actions in the past few weeks, and not all of them have been wise. Eddie Bernson's illfated project, the UNCC Goldigger, was denied any funds and has apparently died for the year. The student handbook would have proved valuable to new freshmen and transfers, with its informative data on groups around campus, rules and academic matters. We think the Goldigger should be printed and it was evidently politics that prevented its funding. Bernson's budget included some questionable items, but those could have been deleted by the Finance Committee and printing funds only authorized. It is said that the SGA's own publication cannot be printed. Perhaps they don't think we need any more campus publications. In this case, we definitely do.



An empty battle

The battle over Sanskrit funding and policy has not even begun in the Legislature, but it's boiling already. There's indications that Sanskrit's constitution will be thrown out by the SGA and the new one prepared under their guiding hand. Judicial Committee Chairman Winn and editor Michael Dobson have exchanged heated barbs on the matter of Sanskrit's autonomy.

While the issue develops, we think both sides should not become embroiled in personality clashes that will inevitably eliminate any possible settlement. Petty bickering and name calling neither produces a literary magazine or sound fiscal student-fund management.

The SGA is wiser than to attempt direct control over student publications; the publications are guaranteed freedom from such influence. However, their pursestring control, and the granting of charters, are grave responsibilities not to be taken lightly.

Thus far, the disagreement with Sanskrit has not taken the SGA to crucial and potentially explosive steps. We would hope they fully consider alternative settlements to their problems with Sanskrit and not attempt to dictate the editorial policy of the publication.

The Publications Board several years ago faced a similar situation from the SGA and that matter was resolved with editorial freedom and autonomy sustained. And it would happen again today. There is little room for grudge battles at UNCC and we all must prevent any group or individual from taking our interests and our talents into problems of personality.

by dave lazenby

students.

Goodbye Columbus was seen in Room C-200 by hundreds of stuffed-in sardine-students a few weeks ago while the Recital Hall sat empty less than 100 yards away. We're not getting the full use of our facilities in this manner.

Mathis is concerned over the Rowe Building's cleanliness, and rightly so. The Union Board has offered to provide student marshals to enforce no smoking, no food or drink rules in the Recital Hall. We think that can work, and the new building can be fully used by all, students included, for non-fine arts events and for fine arts events.

The taxpayers paid for the building, but we doubt if they intended for its surgical newness to last beyond a few years under the herds of students to use it. Of course, if students don't use the building, then it'll last longer. A lot longer. Unless, of course, somebody tries to tear it down.

charlie peek

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pages of opinion

Opinions of the Journal are expressed on its editorial pages. All unsigned editorials are the majority opinion of the Editorial Board. Letters and columns represent only the opinions of the individual writers. Opposing editorial viewpoints may be printed by contacting the Editor.

Dead giveaways

It was enjoyable to hear Sister McAllister in the Rowe Recital Hall, but don't look for the privilege too often. In his self-stated policy of delegating authority, Chancellor Colvard has given total control of two campus buildings away. Dr. Harvey Murphy reigns over the gym and if you don't think his word is law there, test him out.

Now, Dr. Mathis has control of Rowe Building and determines the use of it, exclusively.

We have no personal hostility towards either Murphy or Mathis: they both are capable of fine efforts. But, we do feel the policies on the buildings should make room for student input.

It was encouraging to learn that the gym has declined to charge last year's rate of rental (\$75 an hour) for the Kristofferson concert. The Union Board gets the facility for utilities' cost alone. The gym management have decided to wait for a committee decision on whether to continue rental charges for student-oriented programs in the gym. We think this was an excellent effort on behalf of

films for idiots

I finally got around to seeing the much-hailed Summer of '42 last week. I'm hardly the expert movie critic but my impression was that this flick was a combination of the very good and the very bad.

The lighthearted scenes between the adolescent boys were quite cleverly done, but the dialogue and interaction between the hero man-child and the older-woman-whose-husband-has-died-in-the-war became so stupidly symbolic and bogged down as to appear very nearly motionless. Nevertheless, the audience ate it up, and long tales have been told of couples returning to see it over and over again. And this point brings me (finally) around to the point of this column which is the disgusting manner in which Hollywood panders to the emotions of its audiences in the guise of being intellectual.

I consider myself at least a reasonably intelligent person, yet over and over I have been duped by my friends and by Charlotte theaters, into spending half a week's salary for the privilege of seeing something which is a direct insult to my intelligence while trying to ever-so-tenderly tug at my heartstrings.

After sitting through Love Story I swore that I would never allow myself to be pandered to in such a manner again. But I was. After this movie was such a raging success, producers all over America started turning out heart-rendering, tragic love stories like an assembly line turns out automobiles and most of these were even worse than Love Story.

First there was Easy Rider, then after a while Billy Jack. While these two productions were superb in all that they attempted, somewhere in between, a multitude of flicks "telling it like it is" and showing "what's happening on today's youth scene" hit the market. Some of these attempts, even though lacking in any originality or reality were remarkably successful.

And all the kids today just don't seem to realize how they're being exploited. A very serious movement of social consciousness and high ideals arises and what do the fat cats in Hollywood do about it? They make a movie like Wild in the Streets turning serious hopes into sensationalism and raking in the kids' money like the greedy pigs that they are. It has always seemed somewhat ludicrous to me that today's youth should go to a movie theater to find out "what's happening to today's youth."

Between the tear-jerking, emotion-packed pandering and the revolutionary, sexy protest movies, our "bright, inquisitive" minds are being gradually turned into cheese.

But the biggest insult of all is that, even in the rare exceptions that are truly memorable, is that movie script writers want to always tell you, in plain detail, every socially significant or morally significant gem that is contained in their pictures. They leave nothing, absolutely nothing, to the imagination. Even in a movie such as Billy Jack, the implications, instead of being subtly hidden, smack you square in the face. Believe it or not, I can read some of today's modern fiction without having a professor standing over my shoulder telling me all that I should glean from my reading. And even more strangely, a vast number of people are now able to do this. But Hollywood doesn't believe this. They feel that if they don't draw out everything, the viewer, in his unwashed ignorance, will miss it.

Would it be too much to ask that the guides of our social and moral conscience, who sit in the offices of the movie studios make just a few, maybe even just one film, that would refuse to talk to our culture as if we had the mentality of six-year-olds?

Yes, I guess it would be too much.

