

Times They Are A' Changing

By Mike McCulley

Platter problem....They might have a time selling a recent Mercury record received recently by the JOURNAL offices. Reason? Well, GIVE A DAMN by Spanky and Our Gang is sided with CONSTIPATION BLUES by Screamin' Jay Hawkins. Oh, come now! Awards and Honors Dept....The JOURNAL'S Purple Pinky Award for Organization goes to the Registrar's Office for its direct, speedy method of processing late students. Gotcha! Our Magical Architecture Achievement Badge is presented with honors to the person responsible for that flat, sick-grey finish on the new dorms. Yuk to all concerned.... The UNCC Easy Rider Medal is graciously bestowed on the three new female members of that California fraternity ("serenity"), with appropriate tongue-in-cheek. Sociological Note.... Reportedly, only 1.6 per cent of UNCC's students are black out of nearly 3,000. It seems Uncle Sam has noticed and is nosing around. Beware! Things are probably going to be popping about this soon. Crime beat Latest data shows New Jersey still with 7,836 square miles and a capital of Trenton. With "the Family" so settled in up there, maybe a new survey is in order. Pieces may have been "sold" to New York, Pennsylvania, etc. Notes on sounds Rumor has it that a new rock group is being organized at UNCC, to be called "Us and Them". Seems the idea arose from the seating arrangement in the Union Cafeteria. Soliloquy Time Comment by an undisclosed faculty member, "I believe students really just sign up for courses so they can drop them during drop-add." Really, nobody would do that, WOULD THEY? Some departments aren't so sure anymore. And now with the future news, here's Dannie! UNCC, 2070 - Today, groundbreaking ceremonies were scheduled for the new Health Services Building but had to be cancelled when the shovel broke on the concrete, which was covering every square inch of space on-campus. Commenting on this problem, UNCC Chancellor David Blevins stated, "What Happened?" Charlotte, 2070 - Mayor William Veeder, Jr., today held open debate on the problem of zoning for University City, which has been zoned as X, Y, and Z, or "anything goes," since 1970. Attendance at the meeting was limited to the major construction interest in the area, namely the Charlotte Refuse and Oil Re-claiming Department. A representative reportedly from the CRORD offices said, "If they don't get that school out of there, we aren't going to have any place for our new Nixon Memorial Sewage Disposal Plant and Oil Refinery." Discussion in the meeting was secret. Sports Item, UNCC, 2070 - Ranked Number 1 in the country in the pre-season poll by AP and UPI, Coach Smith of the UNCC Baseball Team had these comments in interview. "If only all our games weren't at home, we'd be all right. But this playing baseball on concrete just doesn't help our team injuries one bit." Last Gasps To paraphrase a great saying, trash is in the eye of the beholder and UNCC's grounds are full of trash that must be filling many eyes. Somebody please do something about the papers and cigarette butts and general junk spread in front of you. If its yours, pick it up. If it isn't, pick it up anyway, brother. You and I both will live with our ugly failure. Flickering Trivia "Life - first you're born, then you grow up and get married, and have kids. The kids grow up and call you 'old man'. Then you die. Yeah." Thought to Remember Somebody can love everybody. Everybody can love somebody. But, if everybody is going to love everybody, we'd better get started.

A REVIEW

AIM

By Alan Boger

Aspiring authors and artists can add still another name to the growing list of

contemporary art-literature magazines: AIM. The editors of this semi-annual

publication admit that their "genre is not new," but contend that the material included in AIM is new and "what is current." The pages of the first edition of

AIM are filled with the art work, poems, short stories, and essays of both established literary figures and editors as

well as those who are publishing for the first time.

My first impression of AIM was "Here's another RED CLAY READER." Indeed, the editors acknowledge the debt they owe to the little magazines which have preceded them. However, AIM offers much of its own and on its own. The

layout and general presentation are markedly simple and unspectacular. However, it is unspectacular in a very

pleasing and professional way: clean and uncluttered. The field of Black literature, which has gone largely ignored in the pages of some other "little magazines"

plays an important part in AIM. The selections by Eugene Redmond, T.J. Reddy and Linda Graham are testimony to the importance felt for the area of Black literature.

I feel that the fiction in the first edition of AIM is one of its stronger points. R. Baird Shuman's "Good Deed for a Tuesday" and John Carr's "Fong the Wheelman" lived up to expectations.

Both of these selections are quite brief, but they seem somehow to be saying much more than their relatively few printed words.

I feel that the poetry in AIM is, by and large, good. However, I was absolutely unimpressed with a few of the selections.

John Harris's "The Poem Writer" and "Sherry" could perhaps be called "fun poems" but could be called little else. I found Jenifer Robinson

pseudo-Wordsworthian and even less "inspiring" than other poems along her "nature line." Marsh Cook's two un-titled poems are, I feel, too obvious and overly pitying.

The one poem in AIM by which I was particularly pleased is Charleen Whisnant's "Championship." It is simple and new and easy. She treats an old, yet contemporary, often too-much-dwelled-on topic in a new and innovative manner.

Peace is a beer with Bella and Israel. T. J. Reddy's "Fluidity," "Hole in One," and "When it Gets Down" were, to me, unusual in their absolute Blackness. Repeated readings of these poems are a must.

The art work in AIM leaves much to be desired in the manner in which it was re-produced and presented. I feel that art work by Eric Anderson, Maude Gatewood, and Dave Larson suffer in their reproduced state.

My general impressions of AIM are good. Few students, too few students, are even aware of its existence. It presents an opportunity for interested persons to see some of their own work in print and to compare it with the efforts of their peers.

A REVIEW

The wisdom of Spiro Agnew

Spiro T. Agnew is Vice-President of the United States. He has endeared himself to a small segment of the American population more rapidly than any other politician in recent history. At the same time, Agnew's very name has become a stimulus for spontaneous laughter or contempt for the vast majority of the American people. A man of many opinions and limited knowledge, Agnew has adeptly positioned his extreme right-wing, reactionary foot in his conservative, Republican mouth with unequalled regularity. His statements about the mass media, racial minorities, poverty, and his term as Vice-President will surely win him an unenviable spot in the annals of diplomatic history.

Amram M. Ducovny, author of HOW TO SHOOT A JEWISH WESTERN, THE BILLION DOLLAR SWINDLE: FRAUDS AGAINST THE ELDERLY, AND OTHERS, has compiled a collection of Mr. Agnew's most memorable sentences and published them under the title THE WISDOM OF SPIRO T. AGNEW. It's a short book, a paperback. This sixty-four-page anthology is comprised of some of the more fantastic and, in all honesty, asinine statements attributed to the glib intellectual from Baltimore. But fair is fair, and one must admit that any politician in the history of the world, from Gandhi to Metternich, can be made to sound like a fool or a moron when quoted out of context, one sentence at a time... The format of Mr. Ducovny's book is simple: he states a topic, and follows the quote with the date on which Mr. Agnew made the statement. The illustrations by Peter Green are, aside from the first one in the book, cute and adequate, but far from exciting. The best way to preview the book, to be published by Ballantine in early February, is to sample a few of its choice tidbits:

POVERTY:
You don't learn from people suffering

from poverty but from experts who have studied the problem.
Oct. 17, 1968

THE CREATIVE PROCESS:
Sometimes you feel like a 3-pound hen trying to lay a 4-pound egg.
Mar. 15, 1969

(Note: would that make him a hatch-it man? RTS)

SELF ANALYSIS:
I confess ignorance.
Sept. 24, 1968

QUALIFICATIONS:
I'm no expert on foreign policy.
Jan. 7, 1969

HOUSING:
I've got myself to live with.
Jan. 7, 1969

CLEAR-SIGHTEDNESS:
My public image isn't the greatest thing I've ever seen.
Oct. 24, 1968

MEDICINE:
Dick Nixon has real guts.
Oct. 21, 1968

CIVIL RIGHTS:
My record on civil rights is one of the most outstanding in the country.
Aug. 18, 1968

The volume is nicely organized and arises from a true concern from the American people. As the dedication states: "This book is dedicated to Richard Milhous Nixon with profound wishes for continued excellent health." Why? If you know, read the book as remedial humor. If you do not know, read the book and Mr. Agnew's speeches as text material for a course in survival.

A REVIEW

Woodstock mud and musicfest now on film

(CPS)—Since last summer's Music & Art Fair burst on an unsuspecting nation, "Woodstock" has passed into the growing history book of the young generation.

For those who were there, it has become both a password and a symbol. It is also the memory of taking part in that incredible mass of music, surrounded by 400,000 of the friend friendliest, most peace-loving people on the face of the earth. A happy, joyous, musical, muddy weekend when the outside world thought we were having a disaster, and we knew that we knew that we were having no such thing.

Now it has reached the screen. Warner Bros. will soon be releasing "Woodstock," a full-length color feature film directed by Michael Wadleigh, a 25 year-old graduate of Columbia Medical School and N.Y.U., and possibly the top-ranking cinematographer to be tuned in to the specialized wave-length of today's rock music and folk scenes.

Wadleigh is a far cry from the usual product of the Hollywood assembly line. A gaunt, intense character with straight shoulder-length flaxen hair and an invariable wardrobe of faded levis, bare chest and ten-inch-high Navajo hat, he has spent his days for the last two months in a vast, Kafkaesque working loft above a run-down block off Broadway in New York, surrounded by thousands of feet of "Woodstock" footage.

The production office rarely had to spell out the address--the sounds could be heard five blocks away--and the finished feature film came together under the critical eye and enthusiastic

encouragement of a constant stream of visitors ranging from The Who and festival promoter Mike Lang to Joe Cocker and the Fish.

Wadleigh's associate and the film's producer is Bob Maurice a gangling C.C.N.Y. graduate who is undoubtedly the first producer in major motion picture ranks with an electric-shock hairdo that could outshine Tiny Tim.

Together, Wadleigh and Maurice put together the preparations, equipment and immense under-30 technical crew that covered the Music & Art Fair. The achievement was not a minor one. By the time the first children of love generation appeared on the horizon above Bethel, N.Y., the "Woodstock" film crew was already in place on the actual site, Wadleigh supervising a team of 20 cameramen and backed by a virtual film-maker's army that included eight camera assistants, six documentary sound men, fourteen performance sound engineers and synchronization specialists, six still men and 30 production assistants.

On screen, Warner Bros.' "Woodstock" is two hours of good vibrations and incredible sounds, the essence of that memorable weekend without the discomfort of weather or unscheduled sleeping arrangements. The performers include such folk singers as Arlo Guthrie, Joan Baez, and Richie Havens. Then Janis Joplin, The Who, Sly & the Family Stone, Johnny Winter, and Jimi Hendrix giving forth with the most improbable version of the Star Spangled Banner ever heard.

Among the rock groups are Canned Heat, the Credence Clearwater Rival, Santana, Mountain. The Band are there too. And Joe Cocker, Ten Years After, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, the Paul

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