THE DAILY TAR HEEL

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SP. Moves To Prevent Takeover

by Lana Starnes Staff Writer

The Student Party Tuesday night prohibited persons who hold offices in other campus parties from holding an SP office.

The party unanimously passed the amendment to its constitution in its first organizational meeting of the year. The move was proposed by Judi Friedman.

Executive committee member Alan Hirsch said, "The amendment was passed to prevent the possibility that conservatives in numbers would join the party and vote in block for the purpose of altering progressive policies."

Last Sunday, members of the Conservative Party attended an organizational meeting of the University Party and elected several conservatives to positions of power in the party.

One University Party member referred to that meeting as "a takeover of UP."

The Student Party amendment apparently was intended to prevent such a takeover.

The SP meeting was chaired by Hirsch and Gerry Cohen, also an executive committee member. About 20 party members attended.

In other action, legislative seats in James and Granville districts were filled. The seats in James went to Walter Spaech and Jim Stirewalt. The Granville seats went to Van Baldwin, Janet Silverman and Charles Gaylore.

At present, 27 of the 50 seats in student legislature are filled by SP members.

Elections for party chairman, vice chairman and executive committee



Student climbs steps into Wilson Library, that haven of knowledge which has stood as an imposing reminder to students since 1929. Good luck, kid. (Staff photo by John Gellman)

DU Chapter Wins Two Awards

The UNC chapter of the Delta Upsilon (DU) fraternity recently received two of the highest awards of the fraternity. The awards were given at the international convention of Delta Upsilon, held in August in Manitoba, Canada.

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For an unprecedented fourth year, the local chapter was awarded the Directors'

The local chapter is the first in the history of the international fraternity to win this award for excellence for four successive years. The local chapter has won the award in six out of the past eight years.

The excellence award is judged by the

Leaven Reviews Woodstock: So What

Max Yasgur said it best. He said "Woodstock" proved "A half-million kids can get together and have three days of fun and music-and have nothing but fun and music." All he forgot to add was: So what?

Depending on your answer to that question, the movie "Woodstock" will either thrill you or bore you to stupification. My own feelings were mixed. The movie has a lot to recommend it, but it's far too long-and the audio-visual set-up of teh Varsity Theater does less thatn justice to it. After three hours of visual bombardment, my main feeling was one of excruciating boredom.

"Woodstock," subtitled "Three Days" of Peace and Music," purports to be a documentary account of the Woodstock festival of last year. But more than anything else, "Woodstock" is a combination gala-concert-sop to the romantic primitivism of the American middle-class adolescent. It is, in most blatant terms, a three-hour tribute to the mythical "Woodstock nation," the politics of which are played on electric guitars, and the main export of which is skinny-dipping and starry-eyed "freedom."

It should therefore be no surprise that "Woodstock" suffers all the intellectual deficiencies of the adolescent mind.

The movie's greatest defect, from an artistic point of view, is its pacing, which is impossible. Instead of a running narrative, or a series of episodes rising gradually to crescendo, we get a succession of contrived climaxes. One after another, the performers come on stage to be deified by the cameramen. And one after another, the acts to an orgiastic conclusion (with a little help from the camera)-only to be followed by something else.

This emphasis on camera work is probably the most noticeable aspect of "Woodstock." Director Michael Wadleigh's use of split- and triple-screen is sometimes original, more often imaginary guitar) and an actual guitarist, the device becomes painfully obvious. Wadleigh's camera angles when is shooting the whole screen, moreover, are fairly pedestrian.

"Woodstock" does have its share of triumph. Wadleigh wisely mutes his camera work to let Joan Baez's lovely a capella rendition of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" come through. And he captures beautifully Sha Na Na's boisterous travesty of rock 'n roll, "At the Hop."

"Woodstock's" lapses in taste, however, are just as numerous. Wadleigh's photography of Richie Havens, who at best is a mediocre talent, is fittingly mediocre. His choice of song by John Sebastian is just plain awful, though the fault may actually lie in Sebastian

himself. Wadleigh's multiple-screen technique does particular violence to Crosby, Stills & Nash's "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes," where the camera seems to be insensitive to the song's mood. And the photography rather divides, than multiplies, the impact of The Who. Here, again, Wadleigh's choice of selection may be at fault. In the context of "Tommy," The Who's "We're Not Gonna Take It" may be an urgent, exciting song. But out of context, the minor-key nature of the music and the occasionally silly lyrics ("On you I see the glory/...From you I get the story" is a rhyme dearly paid for) make it a pleasant song, but nothing to jump about. Wadleigh's extravagant camera work merely heightens our awareness of the disparity between our feelings and those

of the audience. Wadleigh's presentation of the performers makes "Woodstock's" documentary approach necessary, if only to keep the acts from coming too close on each other's heels. This aspect of the film has been widely praised, and a number of the episodes, like the cameo of Jerry Garcia-cum-joint, are gems. But,

that aside, "Woodstock is anything but , documentary: it's a eulogy.

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It's a naive tribute to the even more naive pseudo-politics of this generation

It's the thrilling story of how half a million kids got together for three days of bread and circuses, and created a disaster area as large as the city of Amman, And because it's a very American movie, it's the size of the festival that receives the most flattering attention. Listen to Arlo I Guthrie. It blows his mind to think that these kids closed the New York Thruway Listen to the promoters. "At least it's happening." The meaning of that phrase seems to be best approximated in "bigger than ever." The camera even dwells lovingly on the garbage, because there's so much of it.

"Woodstock" becomes most offensive when it begins theorizing on its own meaning. The photographers interview an endless stream of amateur psychologists who rhapsodize on the significance of half a million kids getting fed, entertained and laid for three days.

The only dissent comes from one man who complains that 15-year-old girls are sleeping in the fields. He's middle-aged. he's bigoted, he's stupid. He's hot under the collar about it. To his objections, the interviewer replies, "What about Vietnam?" which the man says is "no comparison." (It isn't.) So much for the possibility that Woodstock's freedom may not be therapeutic, desirable or practicable for everyone. So much for fairness.

At one point in the film, Woodstock's promoter comments how wonderful it is not to be afraid (as people are in the cities) to be among strangers, and to be able to smile at people. My companion at the movie asked, in turn, if three days of sun and fun were worth desolating the festival site for. Think it over.



