

Commentary And Perspective



Photo by Bruce Roberts

PRIDE AT NCSA

EDITORIAL

by Cortlandt Jones

From my renaissance of training at The North Carolina School of the Arts, a sense of pride has built within me. This pride stems from the involvement of the total school community that never stops moving. In music, drama, visual art or dance, there is always something happening on campus. For instance, there are student recitals, concerts, plays, films, dance productions, auditions, visiting dignitaries and artistic professionals. Hence, students are busy either performing, rehearsing, touring, practicing, studying or just attending regularly scheduled classes. This may not excite the average student but for me it does.

All of the forementioned student activities fall under the topic heading of education. At NCSA, the word education is prefaced by "artistic professionalized" education. In Agnes de Mille's book "To A Young Dancer", she states that the dancing college student learns how to discipline himself "and how to study, how to analyze and interpret". This can be said for any of the arts taught in this school and should be reemphasized as professionalism. This sense, worthy of high standards, is a commodity that must be understood to grasp the challenges of the artistic world outside our campus.

In that world outside, there is competition. The striving for the same objectives, usually in accordance with certain fixed rules, should be harnessed and instilled throughout each student. The point is, it should be cherished as a building block for personal character and development.

Some people have not discovered this and I believe they will fail in their art.

Another factor of my pride is being exposed to the constant interplay of the four schools (Drama, Music, Dance, and Design and Production). A student learns, and could use, more than he realizes. His course of study does not stop in the classroom or at the desk. It should be carried over and mixed with the exposure to the other arts; the result is mind expansion.

A better description of expansion is a statement by John Dewey. "The artist is driven to submit himself in humility to the discipline of Objective Vision. But the inner vision is not cast out. It remains the organ by which outer vision is controlled, and it takes on structure as the latter is absorbed within it. The interaction is Imagination."

The transfused injection of all the factors is leaving an accumulation of development. Besides giving me a training in dance, a sense of professionalism, an attitude toward competition and basic academic instruction, NCSA is widening my visions in areas that are in need of exploring; for this I am proud and thankful.

Granted, the common practice among men is to find fault in something rather than to find good. Why discuss the good points when the bad should be concentrated on an corrected? Nevertheless, as a college freshman whose major is dance, I find a lot of good in The North Carolina School of the Arts and would rather expand upon that point than the other.

Are You For Peace?

by Celia Sparger

On Friday, 5 March, the newly formed North Carolina Committee to End the War in Indochina sponsored a public lecture with David Schoenbrun as guest speaker. The committee, which began forming several weeks ago, is composed of prominent business, educational, civic, and church leaders from throughout the state. Dr. Irving F. Carlyle, co-chairman of the committee, introduced the committee and defined its purpose of striving, through educational and legislative approaches, to achieve a rapid end to all American military involvement in Indochina.

Mr. Schoenbrun repeated the familiar, but not-so-funny joke that the secret plan for withdrawal from Vietnam that Nixon spoke of in his campaign has now become evident as a withdrawal from Vietnam into Cambodia, Laos, and possibly other Indochinese nations.

Referring to Nixon's recent press conference on foreign affairs, Mr. Schoenbrun proved sophisticated Nixon's argument of ending the war by spreading it throughout Indochina, with the alleged function of destroying the enemy's main roads and supplies, by relating incidents in which he had seen the North Vietnamese repair roads and bridges immediately after the U.S. Air Force had dropped its bombs and disappeared. And, of course, the Air Force reports "mission accomplished" to Washington. As for the destruction of Vietnamese trucks, Mr. Schoenbrun said that this is impossible because the Vietnamese ride bicycles.

Regarding prisoners of war,

Mr. Schoenbrun restated the present deadlock between Hanoi's refusal to release the prisoners until all American forces are out of Vietnam, and Washington's refusal to make a total withdrawal until the prisoners are released. Mr. Schoenbrun believes that the prisoners will be released when all Americans are out of Vietnam because of the precedent set by Hanoi's releasing French prisoners after the French had made a total withdrawal.

Vietnamese sentiment towards Americans in their country can best be expressed by restating Mr. Schoenbrun's quote from a Vietnamese high official: "If you're getting out, why should I interfere with your departure?" It is this Vietnamese distaste for American interference that has led Mr. Schoenbrun to believe that a major North Vietnamese offensive will occur, not while Americans are leaving, but after all but a residual force, of no fewer than 200,000 troops, are out. This, of course, will lead to a "protective reaction" re-escalation of the war and it is this that Mr. Schoenbrun believes to be the danger of a residual American force in Vietnam.

Mr. Schoenbrun, claiming no powers of prophecy, but only the ability to see patterns, gave his rendition of Nixon's 1972 campaign theme: his reminder to the country of the cutdowns in the number of American troops, casualties, and finances in Vietnam in the last five years, with the conclusive slogan, "Re-elect me and I'll finish the job." Mr. Schoenbrun vehemently warned against the public's accepting such a statement as a promise to be fulfilled.

The Public Messiah

by Robin Kaplan

As dawn broke yesterday morning, I could have been (and I was) seen running naked, spear in hand, through Washington Park.

I would like you to come and see me here in this gypsy camp of higher intellect. Cashew here is a great guy. And they all worship me like crazy because in me they see themselves.

I have no doubt, you will be glad to hear that I have found, what the Inner Council of Gypsies will recognize as my grandmother's long lost broomstick. With this means of transportation all things are now possible.

And the farthest distance is but a thought away.

I will see you when I see you. Here I remain for a while — Bobby, the First, Dardin, King of the Gypsies.

Dardin was in the observation ward. He was eating, but he stopped.

Hello...Hello, Klein! I get four meals a day here and get higher on waiting for them then I've been on anything...

Letter To The Editor:

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To The N.C. Essay:

I fail to see the purpose behind the article concerning "Ma's" boarding house, other than angering a few townspeople who might happen to read it. Nor do I see the humor in ridiculing what is obviously an un-pretentious boarding house, not indented for the sophistication of our N.C. Essay reporter.

Art Ciompi

ROCKnROLL

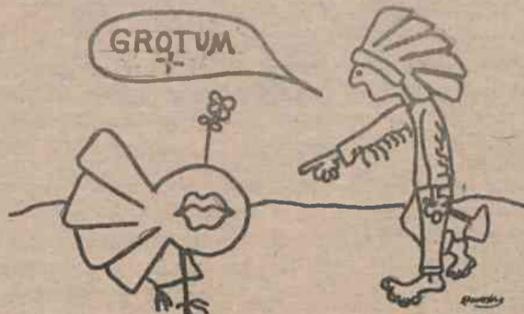
by Tony Angevine

One of the most important aspects of rock and roll is its relative new-ness as an art form and its consequent constant experimentation to discover and achieve whatever it is that it wants to become. Rock has by now pretty much outgrown its raucous heavy psychedelic days - a time of experimentation when Eric Clapton achieved godhood with the wah-wah, fuzz toned, full-volumed shrieks of his still-screaming-guitar - and is now relaxing into a quieter, more reflective mood. In fact, rock is so firmly entrenched in the worldwide youth culture (as much an addiction as a diversion or a form of communication) and, unavoidably, in the capitalist market, that wide experimentation is taking place, and the groups follow each other through fads as rapidly as a new approach is conceived. From the screaming, stomping bombardment of Grand Funk and Led Zeppelin, through dope and sex, through the call to revolution, through a turning to Jesus, to a more passive championship of the down-and-out lifestyle, rock has nurtured the needs and ideals of its vastly diverse audience.

After the wildness, this calming is welcome, and we at last take the time to look around at what we've been through and what lies ahead. We are maturing, and suddenly the Last of the Big Screammers come off as juvenile.

Crazy Horse is one of the milder "new" groups whose approach leans toward this reflective, "grown older and wiser" style without alienating themselves from half their audience and without sacrificing the earthy origins of rock and roll. A new band only in that this is the first record they have put out on their own, they have all worked together before and they have all lent a helping hand to Neil Young at one time and another on all of his albums. This influence is strongly evident in their mournful mountain ballad style: simple, very singable songs, whose simplicity enhances their soulful beauty, sung over jumping, uncluttered, unforced rhythms. Possibly, though not necessarily, indebted to Young, the band is by no means dependent on him, having the distinction, now, of one of the most skillful writer-musicians around, i.e. Jack Nitzsche, whose knowledge of, and experience in, the medium are no doubt responsible for the rockiest rock songs in the old style that any band has produced any time lately. His "Crow Jane Lady" epitomizes the rock style, with emphasis on the man - woman sexual relationship; beginning with a lazy drum beat backing up a prominent bass, lead guitar moaning, unhurried but very tight, the vocal pinched and fast; then, the entire thing stops for a beat and carries on in a very slow, lazy refrain. A Fifties' feeling inherent in the Seventies' quality. "Carolay", another Nitzsche tune, is, on the other

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Richard Watkins

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