

editorials

Stay in bed

Once a year, the Maintenance crews clip and cut and clean up UNCC with a noticeable increase of concern. You've seen them about, landscaping with dirt, putting names on buildings, and hanging memorial plaques.

You know immediately it's Dedication Day again, sometimes loosely referred to as "Founders Day." The idea of setting aside a day to remember the hard-working founders who made UNCC possible isn't a bad one. The publicity-conscious image-making of this campus into an instant green-and-manicured heaven is ridiculous.

For on Friday, the public (that awesome mass) is invited to come see us play at getting educated. And the red carpet that the Administration wishes to unroll for them must not have even a shade of pink. Appearance versus reality didn't stop with Shakespeare's plays. It's alive and well at UNCC.

The buildings named that are set for dedication Friday were named without student consultation. We are made heir to buildings without participation in the function of naming them. Of course, the students may have thought a "Love" or "Peace" building would be nice. Or maybe a Martin Luther King building. Nice thoughts; but they remain just that, nice thoughts.

Students have been ignored again while the University churns out its decisions. We have been asked to participate in this dedication farce.

We don't believe that the dedication events creditably represent student interests or student involvement in the University. We don't feel that the image of this University as will be presented to the public on Friday deserves student support.

charlie peek

Little big town

Charlotte, the Queen City, besides being the largest small town in the Southeast, is just about as culturally dry and stale as a week-old peanut-butter sandwich.

I realize that many will be immediately revolted by this statement but I will now attempt to qualify my position. It has long been my contention that the sidewalks of Charlotte would be duly rolled up and stuck away every evening promptly at nine o'clock if the powers that be could only get the people off of them. The entertainment facilities in this city, for the most part, cater to anyone who thrives on boredom. We have nightclubs with cover charges, nightclubs without cover charges, 10-cent draft nights, topless waitresses etc., etc. This is all right for what it offers, but what about the citizen who occasionally wishes to find entertainment which feeds his intellect rather than his beer gut; scarce indeed.

We do have a fine symphony orchestra, conducted by the very efficient Jacques Brouman. But, like some overendowed women, the products are hardly noticeable due to non-support. True, Ovens Auditorium is packed for almost every concert, but the rank and file concert-goers in this city are not well off enough, financially, to pour money into the Symphony. The money must come from somewhere else. The non-support is evident in the fact that the Symphony gives only one concert every month. This year Season tickets are all gone and some people who would enjoy their rare appearances are at a loss since they cannot afford season tickets. Highly noticeable among this group are high-school and college students.

Of course, some facets of the Symphony are self-defeating. Being a season ticket holder I received a letter addressed "Mrs. Charles Peek" (?) inviting me to come a sit with a crowd of overly dressed, pompous women and help think up new ways to wring social prominence out of being seen at the concerts. Also the Symphony's repertoire though adequate, is hardly courageous on an artistic level. However, on the other hand, I guess it's a question of supply and demand. The selection that brought the Charlotte audience to its feet during last year's appearance of the New York Philharmonic was none other than "Stars and Stripes Forever."

On the art scene, we have one (uno, singular, I) showplace for art open regularly to the public, the Mint Museum. Private galleries have come and gone; mostly gone, due to the ever present lack of support.

The Mint tries hard but lack of publicity and general apathy has all but made the museum itself a museum piece. Even on a bright Sunday afternoon, a majority of people touring its halls are other artists.

Let me interject here that if Dr. Mathis would consent to letting the street urchins soil his Taj Mahal occasionally, The Rowe Art Gallery could become a splendid place to show off the artistic attempts of our students and perhaps North Carolinians in general. Why wait for a travelling show to come to town to use the facilities. That is like closing Ovens until a Broadway show comes to Charlotte.

Now let us move from Art and music to other culturally oriented pastimes such as lectures, poetry readings and the like. If one goes off local campuses, he is hard pressed to find such goings on encouraged by anyone in Charlotte. A case example is the School Board's withholding funds for the Children's Concerts. Under much pressure, mostly by school administrators, they finally allocated money for stringed orchestra concerts on quite a limited basis. It seems odd that thousands of dollars are poured into football equipment, cheerleaders, and little league baseball, all for grade school children, and everyone becomes suddenly tightfisted when money is asked for cultural exposure for our children. It makes one wonder what our value system will be like when these children will be grown.

Charlotte, when are you going to wake up, sweep the sawdust off your floors, and stop being the biggest small town in this part of the country.

The best thing to do on Friday is to stay in bed or find some worthwhile activity to support. Dedication Day does not deserve your attention until the University decides to notice that you will not be a silent partner to hypocrisy.

A lesser evil

The upcoming liquor-by-the-drink referendum has stirred up much debate and controversy. Both sides bantered the issues around on campus last week, but without much of an audience.

Most of you have probably made up your mind about the referendum and we hope you exercise your responsibility in voting as you believe. It is unfortunate that the anti-drink forces have been led by religious ministers and the like: too many have neglected their arguments as the mumblings of fanatical Christians who wish to impose their morality on the poor "sinners."

The strongest anti-statement that must be considered is that the legislation is "class legislation," with benefits aimed to the wealthy lusher around our city. Few blacks or poor people will ever see the inside of the plush clubs and restaurants where the per-drink consuming will take place. It has been argued that the proposal is of the rich, by the rich, and for the rich. We cannot disagree with that.

But, the referendum does permit the elimination of hypocrisy in our system, a much-needed relief. And it offers an alternative for drinkers to buying and carrying around that brown bag.

Most of the pro-drink arguments concerning control and revenue increases are bullshit, but the legislation can give freedom of choice to the drinker. In these days, it should be the individual's right to choose his type of pleasure-seeking.

Support of the legislation in the referendum will give area residents a choice, and that must be placed against the class evils inherent in the proposal.

Unfortunately, the drafters of the bill were wise enough to get us by the balls on this one, and it should be supported even though it is only the slightly lesser of two evils.

by dave lazenby

Same ole Dick

We all learned a lesson in truth during the Nixon-Graham Mutual Admiration Society visit. First, it was established that we are not trusted by Nixon and his paranoia over never being the Governor of California has reached massive proportions. There is little doubt that he fears the voice of dissent: it simply fails to fit his self-delusion that Americans are behind him.

No President wise enough to outwit the ABA, television news, and most Washington analysts with Supreme Court nominees is unaware of the tactics of Secret Service agents in refusing admission to a "public" event. It is Nixon's greatest ploy to act dumb and sit quietly in the White House while all his plans unfold. His quaint nickname of Tricky Dick isn't just colorful. It means something quite real to all of us.

We've been asked to believe in a Government that practices cloak-and-dagger secrecy and Mission Impossible search-and-seizure before our disbelieving eyes. We've been told to work within a system that either ignores the expressions of its young or refuses to hear them. Nixon may claim that his Administration is not a new Isolationism, but at home he was never more removed from the feelings and frustrations of the young than at the Coliseum in Charlotte.

William Rendquist, one of the Supreme Court nominees, was a major actor in the play last November when 12,000 young were placed in concentration camps in Washington. His projects include preventive detention, no-knock, and wiretap legislation. This type of "law and order" fanatic will probably be allowed to sit on the highest court in the land. Nixon's balance of the scales of justice in America leans heavily to the right and the threat is not distant nor minor: it is happening now.

The days of marches and protests in the streets may indeed be over; the days of anger and frustration that caused them are still with us.

We have the vote and the rightful exercise of that power can have an effect on the future of Nixon and his cronies; it is still possible that action like that at the Coliseum can never happen again, if we don't let it. You must watch the man in Washington, friends: there's no new Nixon; he's the same ole Dick.

FEATURING
Dick and Billy
DOING THEIR FAMOUS
CIRCUS ACT !!



NEXT, I
STEP ON SIX
HIPPIES -
IT'S ENOUGH
TO MAKE EVEN
ME FORGET!

