

Commentary And Perspective



Photo by Barcelona

by mif

Man sometimes tends to look at his history in terms of five-year spans. Conveniently, NCSA has now been in existence for approximately five years. Time now to reflect somewhat upon that time. And to also look ahead.

The North Carolina School of the Arts began as a unique, exciting experiment: a school where young, gifted, aspiring artists could come and learn and grow, while (hopefully) bypassing many of the pitfalls of the standard, conventionalized (institutionalized) high-school and or college situation. In some ways, the school has sufficiently served that purpose.

As we live and operate in a society which demands some kind of (nebulous) affirmative stamping on its products, it was natural that the school be concerned about receiving accreditation. In the minds of many, that label gives us acceptability. Despite the questionable meaning and value of accreditation (especially for a school of this nature), it was necessary - for survival - that NCSA receive "official" approval.

Which we did, shortly after the school completed its fifth year.

So be it. We are approved, stamped, ok'd, etc. That was a primary goal. It was necessary.

Now what?

This is the most pressing question NCSA - its administrators, faculty, staff and students - faces in the next hyper-important five-year segment. The priorities, objectives, the needs of this school - and its students - must be fully un-

derstood, articulated, and fulfilled. To keep NCSA "unique" and to allow it to become a living, breathing reality rather than an interesting test-tube, the necessities must be met in the spirit with which this school was founded.

There are serious problems at this school, on all levels. Perhaps the greatest single area of concern is assuring the student that he will receive absolutely the best training in his field that the school can offer and that his experience at NCSA will be of the utmost benefit to his growth as an artist and as a human being. To be an essential alternative to the young artist, to be the unique school we claim to be, it is imperative that students receive the most complete training possible. And if we can't cut rigid standards, we have to face it. But to provide this opportunity for students seems to be NCSA's greatest objective in the future. If the school does not do this, it has failed.

As a five-year school, NCSA has developed, in some areas, rapidly and successfully. On a whole, the school has much to be proud of, numerous accomplishments to its credit. But to keep from dropping off, instead of resting on laurels and thereby dwindling into ordinary status, NCSA should look to the future, conscious of its mistakes, and cognizant of where it should be going.

Receiving accreditation is no longer an issue. Being a full-time vital school is. If we want true respect, we have to be a helluva lot more than just respectful.

Just Another Season

by mif

Unlike previous years, 1970 wasn't a watershed year for rock and roll. There were good records released, to be sure, but something was missing. It certainly wasn't like those days back when we were getting great new things laid on us daily (or so it seemed). At any rate, this is a list of the "best" records I heard this year. It's more of a survey of the things I dug (and, by virtue of exclusion, those I didn't get to hear or into). It is in no way intended to be definitive and shouldn't be read as such. You'll probably disagree with some things, but that is as it should be. The "best ten" are listed in no particular order or preference.

New Morning - Bob Dylan
Gasoline Alley - Rod Stewart
Workingman's Dead and American Beauty - Grateful Dead
After The Goldrush - Neil Young
All Things Must Pass - George Harrison
Sweet Baby James - James Taylor
Loaded - Velvet Underground
Plastic Ono Band - John Lennon
Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out - Rolling Stones
Lick My Decals Off, Baby - Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band

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The Clue

by A. Marsh

Part Six

I burst into the bedroom like a fortified tank. The two nuns were violently shaking Auntie Climaxe who wobbled on her feet, eyes shut and drooling.

"All right, sisters, what's the row?" I demanded, wielding my weapon.

"I'm afraid your auntie....she's burst a blood vessel in her brain."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Why are you shaking her so?"

"It's good for her circulation," explained Sister Millicent. "We all need a bit of artery rejuvenation once in a while."

I ordered them to halt and they swiftly retired to a corner of the room. Auntie was slowly coming to.

"They—killed—," Auntie mumbled.

"She doesn't know what she's saying," screamed the nuns. They edged towards the wide door.

"Just a minute, girls," I said sternly. But they burst into a run, their heels thundering down the staircase. I gave my aunt a rough slap on the face to revive her and took off after the fugitives.

Well, those nuns ran like bats out of Hell (if you'll pardon the expression). I was hot (in pursuit).

I chased them out of the mansion, through the rear grounds, and into the woods separating the house from the nunnery. In the coniferous darkness, I almost lost their tracks. But a thin bit of Nun's garment had snagged on a wild bush and I instantly ascertained their present course. I at last caught sight of them, running pell-mell up the abbey steps. I did not hesitate but for a second, then (still carrying my weapon) plummeted forward.

Fast as a bowling ball, I hurled up the stairs and into the camp of my enemy. The hallway was dimly lighted by an electric crucifix. Danger lurked everywhere. I advanced with caution.

-To Be Concluded Next Issue!

by mary beth

The Infirmary

"living" up to its expectations?

"Do you think there's a chance, doctor?"

This question heard so often on television hospital dramas might just as easily be asked about a certain functioning organ at the School of the Arts, the infirmary.

Opinions sway from one spectrum to another. Some students believe the infirmary is incredibly substandard. Others, less caustic, have nevertheless stated legitimate complaints. An even greater portion, as is often the case, has preferred to remain silent. Yet these questions must certainly be met and answered. Has any progress been made and just what can a student expect in way of treatment at the infirmary?

In answer to the first: yes, some progress has been made. Of course, more steps will be taken in the future. Money is a major factor. Being in only its fifth year of existence, the School of the Arts has understandably had to bear a great financial burden. When all of the arts departments are clamoring for funds, the demands of the infirmary are naturally set aside.

Yet plans are definitely underway. At present the infirmary is staffed by three, one registered nurse and two licensed practical nurses. Plans for a doctor on campus or at least for a visiting doctor are seriously under consideration. At present, the school is served by doctors off-campus. However, appointments and transportation can be arranged on campus with the school nurse. There are also nine L.P.N. applicants being considered for a possible addition to the staff.

Yet even an addition to the present staff could hardly serve the school sufficiently if for example a widespread epidemic were to occur. There are only four rooms available with three beds to a room. Hopefully, major epidemics will be prevented. Certainly, N.C.S.A. is not the only school faced with this situation. In comparison to many other state schools we are equally equipped.

Injectable antibiotics are available but are naturally limited to use prescribed by a physician. This is precautionary for a patient and in no way is meant to impede recovery. This applies as well to penicillin which will be administered orally only if there are signs of infection. If penicillin and certain other drugs are continually given, a patient may develop a resistance to the drug.

In addition to this, prescription drugs may be obtained through the infirmary at sometimes half the price one would pay locally. The infirmary also provides students with soups and fruit juices throughout minor illnesses plus tranquilizers and intravenous glucose in case of food-poisoning or mononucleosis. The infirmary is also equipped and has provided traction when necessary thus relieving students of excessive hospital bills.

It must be realized that because of the extensive dance training here the infirmary is required to provide even more services than the average college infirmary. This includes heat packs, whirlpools and paraffin baths. These treatments are especially time consuming. The twenty minutes spent in a whirlpool is only a fractional amount of the time consumed. After each bath the tub must be thoroughly scrubbed for later use. This preparation is sometimes forgotten.

Another curious factor in this case is the number of students treated daily at the infirmary. On the average, this amounts to seventy-nine students. In proportion to the size of this school, these figures seem outrageous. Yet they also serve as an indication for a more intensive program of guidance and psychiatric help. Emotional and physical problems often occur simultaneously. If more of this guidance were provided, students with basically physical illnesses could then be immediately and more efficiently treated at the infirmary.

Again we must consider what we as an arts school desire most. At the moment the Drama Department has made a number of demands and they certainly do not stand alone in suggestions for departmental improvement. Many students would prefer to see a theatre or library built long before a new infirmary. So the question remains: Where do our priorities lie? The infirmary may not be speeding along but it's certainly far from dead.

by Bonnie Stone

Theft

Someone is a thief, whether as a joke, as revenge, as an outlet for boredom this thief has struck throughout the campus and has left the inevitable calling cards of suspicion. One then begins to ask who steals, who sneaks, who robs, and this suspicion spreads until any student is eyed warily by those who have been the victim.

The Book End is an obvious victim. Why not steal bedspreads for your room or sneak candles out of the display window? Why buy a book when you can take it free, and if a delivery is left in front of the store, why not lift all \$30 worth? Why—because you then are a thief, a person not to be trusted, and your limited supply of self-respect has sunk lower.

As "Manager" of the store, I regret each loss, but then I'm told that flowers were stolen before they could be delivered, Christmas gifts were stolen before the packages were picked up, point shoes and jewelry are regularly stolen from the dressing rooms, taxi tickets from the infirmary, dishes and silverware from the cafeteria, ashtrays from the lounge, billfolds from purses, newspapers from the stand, etc.... Is every student either a thief or a silent observer of other thieves? Must I watch each customer with a doubt in my mind and move all valuable merchandise out of reach?

Yes, unless you will stop one another. Unless you will resent the thief who gives all students a bad name, unless you feel that the real theft is the loss of one's own worth and say, as I do now, please value yourself more highly than a 5 cent newspaper or even a \$10 pair of shoes.

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