

# Editorial

from the morass of confusion regarding an artistic reality. We are understood to believe that the purpose, or at least the function, of NCSA is to train students of promising talent for a career in the Performing Arts. As a viable institution of education, it also provides living quarters, food, and possibilities for social interaction as well as a variety of entertainments. Responsibilities to the immediate community take the shape of cultural events when an audience is required, and a colorful artistic arena providing incentive for those with a cultural twinkle in their minds' eye. At times students go out and perform their various talents as a mirror of our era as well as of other eras. The role that an Arts School plays on our planet tends to be measured by the importance Society places on its Artists. Today, many artists and budding artists are faced with the reality of an artistically un-educated majority of persons who possess a limited awareness of life as a direct outgrowth of limited concepts of education. It is well known, in fact it is a cliché, that we are using only a tenth of our potential. This is like saying "I am drinking a Fresca and over there is a glass of milk, which I know is much better for me"—just an awareness that hangs in the air while the decision to act on it becomes precisely that: a decision. What is there to decide about Fresca and milk, if you've got any sense in your noggin? Would your decision between choosing 10 percent and 100 percent depend on laziness or lack of motivation? Who's to say?

In redefining the purpose of an institution, specifically this institution, one is faced with the rather temporal question of defining an arbitrary reality. It is very easy to say that reality consists of every human's conception of it, but it is one of the finer achievements of the human race that enough realities have been on roughly similar levels to have gotten to where we are now. One can see examples everywhere of people who with either a lack of integrity or education or both allow themselves to be misled to such a degree that their lives assume proportions existing only in nightmares and bizarre dreams. A good example of this is life in most of the U.S. Besides our inept and archaic system of public education, we are bombarded on all sides with a staggering amount of mass media with pleas for us to think a certain way about a certain thing by playing on trend-setting human weaknesses such as desires for status, money, sex, power, and nostalgia. Catering to these insecurities tends to strengthen them as ends in themselves, thus prolonging most persons' conception of these false realities. When one has to contend with a national government that you can't really trust, with poison being sold on the open market mislabeled food, with vast amounts of destruction being waged on our natural environment, and with the knowledge that a handful of people have the power by a variety of means to completely annihilate our existence, where do you turn to for rationale?

Well, first of all, of course, one tends to have oneself as a starting point. If you are in the position whereby you can consider yourself your own oasis, the game is practically yours. Morality, integrity, dedication, energy, intelligence, brilliance, genius are all another story; the question now is how does this apply to the Arts and to the roles we hope to fill as Artists?

First, let's start with the basics. What is Art? Let's define it two ways: Art can be considered the "human effort to imitate, supplement, alter, or counteract the work of nature". A more immediate definition might include "the conscious production or arrangement of sounds, colors, form, movements or other elements in a manner that affects the sense of beauty"; beauty, being defined at its most comprehensive, "applies to what stirs a heightened response of the senses and of the mind on its highest level" (American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language). Artists in almost any era have been those of the population who feel a need to express themselves, in most cases, to other people; those with an inner core of magic that tends to manifest itself in the form of talent. A talent is nurtured and exercised and possibly encouraged, and the result invariably is an Artist with whatever distinctions the society at hand chooses to bestow.

And what is it that an Artist does? Eight times out of ten you get your run-of-the-mill, in any field, who limits him-her self to a static existence of artistic conformity, whose general product consists of imitation, boredom, and little realization of what could be.

And then there is your artist who subsists on egotism and a brand of individualism that insists on a rest-of-the-world-be-damned philosophy. The career of such an artist (should it happen to get off the ground) consists of an undisciplined and riotous exhibition of hallucinatory fantasies and non-art, with the delusion that every molecule he comes in contact with comes out beauty in its most profound moments; underneath, the secret gnawing frustration persists that he knows he's not really that good while hiding under a cloak of haughty statements proclaiming public ignorance and misunderstanding. Of course, we must not mistake him for the one who may be talented but because of his basic nature finds himself unable to communicate with a populace; such an artist is either ahead of the times (or perhaps behind the times) or has merely been



mistaken in the role he has fantasized for himself. Even though this may all be common enough knowledge and a lot of this forms a vast majority of myths surrounding the perpetual romance of artists in general, I merely include it to form a perspective and to make a point.

Now, in order to explain our third type of artist we must use as a point of reference and, in fact, accept at face value, the distinction that an Artist has the power within him-her to affect and change people, either for the better or the worse. Our third type of artist realizes this and decides, first, to utilize these powers, as a justification of their existence, and then use them to affect and change people for the better, possessing an awareness of life and living, of reality and the reality of a force higher, higher than we can possibly imagine, surpassing good in its ultimate form, which we call God. To this extent it becomes self-evident that true good is an advocacy of True Order and that evil is an advocacy of Chaos, if we are to be able to truly justify ourselves in terms of the raw potential which every single one of us has.

Our path is clear: Chaos or Order.

An Artist employing an artistic concept encompassing and utilizing these ideas in an active energy expenditure would be reinforcing the True purpose of Art, would be a living example of Existence as it was intended, and would, in essence, be making a proclamation to the Universe that divine beliefs constitute the natural order of life.

- Clifford Young

## REFLECTIONS

The old saying that we cannot see the forest for the trees represents a natural state of confusion. When we are learning to read, we cannot see the sentence for the words. Each word is a new experience which has to be understood as a word before it can be understood as part of a sentence. When we are learning to dance we are so preoccupied with the mechanics of moving our feet properly that we have little sense of rhythmic motion. In such situations we respond to the parts before we respond to the whole: we see the trees before we discern the forest.

This is also true of the first few weeks of college. Then everything is so new that we are aware only of individual experiences, not of the pattern of those experiences. We move into a new home, live with strangers, try to find our way around an unfamiliar campus, make decisions we never had to make before, plan academic programs we do not understand, go through a registration process that baffles and frustrates us at every step, listen to numerous "orientation" speeches. In all these activities we lack a sense of relationship. So for a few weeks we live in a world that defies cohesive shape.

But gradually a pattern begins to emerge. The campus itself takes on firmer contours. The strange roommate begins to display a consistent personality. Lectures develop theme and direction, assignments make sense, instructors become less remote, and everywhere method becomes apparent. Most of all habit takes over, and much of the business of daily living becomes routine. Then the sum of all our separate actions assumes a pattern. The forest becomes perceptible.

And as this happens, we begin to acquire a sense of identity with the college. Things which were apart from us become part of us, and we, in turn become part of them. We become involved in the fortunes of the dance company and the drama productions, in the issues presented in the paper and the ideas presented in class. More and More, we respond to people we meet in the classroom. We feel the stimulus a campus has to offer through the diversity of the student body. Almost without realizing it, we become an element in the pattern of college life. We become part of the forest.

- Michael Booner

## "I AIN'T MAD AT NOBODY"

Thus proclaims the sign atop Mickey's Place, corner of Broad Street and Acadia. Mickey's is the food store that serves N.C.-S.A. Inside one will find an unparalleled selection of fine wines, local and imported beers, and exotic munchies. Service is quick and the atmosphere pleasant. A sense of humor is prevalent among the employees - one wears a Grocho Marx costume year round. Prices are reasonable and Mickey is even willing to give a few cents credit here and there.

A recent study revealed that weekdays from 5:00 - 1:00 a.m. N.C.S.A. students frequent Mickey's at the rate of one every 6 minutes. Simple calculations show that this amounts to 70 Art Schoolers shopping every evening. With an average purchase of \$2.00, further calculations show that the Artists pump 140 big ones to Mickey every day or \$840 a week. That is week days only. On Weekends, figures soar astronomically. Careful research determined that every party of major importance pays Mickey \$100. Figuring three major parties every weekend, that's \$300. One further sum must be figured in arriving at Mickey's total income from the Arts School: money collected from those supporting a habit (chronics were excluded from the 1 per 6 minute average). A conservative estimate of \$7.00 per day habit, of which there are an estimated 15 habiters, fattens Mickey's wallet and additional \$105 per day or \$735 a week. The grand total of the 3 weekly sums calculated above is \$1,875 per week!

Hell! No wonder Mickey ain't mad at nobody.

The above report based on figures collected by Ferbel Charquit

-J. Newton

## VIEWPOINT

Coming in on U.S. 52, I took an alternate route to reach school. I did this so I could get a good look at the campus that I knew so well. I was surprised to see that the campus seemed the same. Automatically thoughts turned to a special convocation held last year. It was then that plans were revealed for massive summer renovations. We were told how some three million dollars of work would improve our campus.

I wanted first to see the auditorium. As planned, by now it should have been quite beautiful. A new stage and carpeting plus air-conditioning would be the most noticeable changes. Similar improvements were to be made in the theatre.

I was discouraged to see that the auditorium was almost the same. Only thing different was a bare stage. The theatre investigation produced a similar report. Knowing that all changes take time, I kept my feelings to myself.

Now weeks later, work has yet to take a progressive step. However, I now notice a round mass of wood in a parking lot. Ah, how sweet the signs of progress.

If funds were uncertain, work should not have been started. As it stands now, conditions are worse than last year. The music faculty is still crowded. Students are still fighting for practice rooms like cats over garbage. True, my feelings may be reflective only of the music division, but I think the same feelings can be found in the other departments.

Looking toward the future, it seems improvements are far away. We are working in a crowded atmosphere. No solution seems to be presently tangible.

-Mark Cedel

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OCTOBER ISSUE

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