

N.C. ESSAY

A RESPONSIBLE STUDENT NEWSPAPER

Ring In The New

The N.C. Essay is now under new management. First of all, we would like to thank Mr. Bill King for his time and energy involved as advisor for the paper since the fall of 1972. Next, we would like to explain the change - why it took place and its intended result.

Due to students' general dissatisfaction with the N.C. Essay and after complaints were made to SCA, student council formed a committee to evaluate the situation. The Essay's being handled through a journalism class had a stifling effect for many students. So it was decided that there was a need for the paper to become a total student publication.

We encourage everyone - students, staff, faculty, and administrators - to contribute any suggestions or material for publication they may have. Letters to the editor are welcome.

Also, anyone who desires to join the staff is greatly needed. Come by the office (Seminar A, Commons Bldg.) any Sunday or Wednesday between 1:00 and 3:30. All contributions will be considered. Whether they will be published or not will depend on their quality and available space in the Essay. Our only ruling on censorship states, "Matter not in the realm of good journalism or good taste will not be published in the N.C. Essay."

We pledge to be fair and accurate. All material will be thoroughly researched and must have factual backing. If it is an opinion, it will be labeled as such or will be classified as an editorial.

Reviews within the school are, of course, a touchy matter. If a student within the department giving a performance does a review, he fears offending his friends or his dean. However, if the review is written by a student from another department, he is felt by many to be unqualified. Also, since the Essay is only a monthly publication, a review is usually out-of-date before publication. Most students have already formed their own opinion if they went, and those who did not attend aren't interested anyway, or have already heard other students' opinions.

Therefore, after much discussion, we have decided to rarely, if ever, print reviews of school productions. We feel the need is greater to report on the work that leads up to the performance and to convey what the students have learned from the experience. It is our hope that this may help stimulate more students to attend performances given in an arts area other than their own.

Master Classes

The present master class situation is definitely unjustifiable from a student point of view. Such expenditure merely for recruiting could, it seems, be put to much more worthwhile use in scholarships or more practice rooms to hold us over until the completion of the Workplace, an even bigger gripe of instrumentalists, if the music department is to receive such a large portion of the school budget.

Yet, if master classes are truly beneficial to the students toward whom they are most directly aimed, it would seem unfair that wind, brass, and percussion students do not get this advantage while string students do. After all, we all pay the same tuition and expect equal training.

It does seem true that an inadequate number of non-string students would actually be able to benefit from this high level of training enough to justify the cost. This brings up the questions: Are the string students actually prepared for this training, while others are not? and Do the guest artists in strings attract enough students not on financial aid to justify the cost, even for recruiting?

If the guest artists in strings do attract enough students to justify the cost, and, of course, for winds this situation is not present, then Philip Dunigan's proposal seems to be a logical conclusion. Students who are advanced enough would get the stimulation, experience and special training they deserve and could benefit from. Perhaps even some over-anxious students who have the money could go.

With future plans for more even distribution within the department, it would seem possible for the wind, brass and percussion master class money to be awarded to help those deserving students who could not otherwise afford the trip.

Thanks

Thanks to Mrs. Artom for her latest project to make our campus more pleasant. She collected funds from faculty and students to reupholster the furniture in the lounge area of the Commons Well. We hope the students will show their appreciation and keep this area clean.

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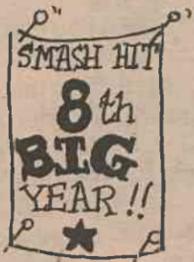
Thanks to all the students who gave to the Northwest African Relief Fund. With SCA matching student contributions, we were able to donate \$170. It was requested that our money be used for medical care, such as immunization against disease, which is one of the biggest problems a nation must cope with during a drought.

During the only rainy season this year, the rain was not sufficient to prevent this tragedy from reoccurring. If you are interested in making another contribution, see Michael Freed.

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well, guess we'll just have to go to a big city to find a relevant experience!



Fiction: The New Lord

By JOHN F. WILSON

There was an odd sort of hatred in Delina which produced, in others, the thought that she was deeply in love. It was easy to be aware of her emotions, but impossible to tell where they were directed. She laughed and cried, spoke and listened without affecting anyone.

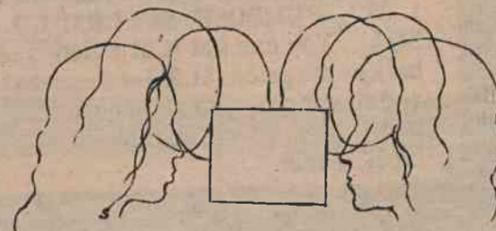
Delina had the most beautiful nature. As a young man of eighteen, in the year 2325, I had listened to her marvelous beliefs of the New Lord. Now, five years later, I revisited the church where she spoke periodically.

The corridor leading into Self-Creation Hall of Ourselves Perfectionist Church was a continual interplay of softly colored lights reflected by hundreds of mirrors. The mirrors floated in a current of transparent liquid enclosed in clear-coconut-shaped walls. The mood of the corridor reflected the constant state of

with me. In the presence of Delina and the congregation, however, it seemed to continue faster and faster. There was no end to it. When Delina had finished her proclamations, the process continued silently.

I had not spoken to Delina since my departure for Creative Training five years ago. When she had finished speaking, I wanted to tell her that I had met a former perfectionist of hers during training. Instead, I decided to visit the Hall of Significant Art.

The artists were the most perfect creators ever. Within their art the beliefs and values continually changed, each one superceding another in the process. As I walked through the room of music, my head was filled with incredible mixtures of tone and silence being created by Puzdan Fortnish. I could have listened to



alteration which was proclaimed in all churches to be the natural and desirable state of humanity. At the end of the corridor I entered Self-Creation Hall. On this Sunday the Hall was designed in the shape of a gigantic heart. It created a warm, compassionate atmosphere with its walls of matted air. The congregation was seated within it by 9:00 A.M. at which time Delina walked to the center of the Hall to deliver her proclamations.

Delina was an excellent speaker and highly regarded for her ability to change ideas several times within one paragraph. The congregation participated silently as Delina created new beliefs and reiterated her own useful ones of the New Lord.

"Hate cannot be disposed of," she proclaimed, "but it can be made ineffective when its direction is continually changing." A few sentences later, she made the same statement about love. She denied the existence of anything eternal and proclaimed, "The New Lord is the force of change."

As she spoke, I created new beliefs of my own. The process caused me to alter several other beliefs. It was nothing unusual. The force of change was always

his marvelous creations for hours, but I decided to continue in the room of visual art for I had heard that there was an astonishing creation by the genius Plumpint there. As I walked into the room I was surprised to see no process of creation at all taking place. In fact, the room was barren except for one hideous white light pointed towards the center of the room where a stable mount supported a very odd looking work of art. As I walked towards it, I thought that the work was intended by Plumpint to portray a walk-in joke, and at any moment I expected a process of visual art would begin from this nothingness. But when I reached the work of art, it had not changed. I noticed the title, "Ethics: 1970 A.D." I found myself stunned as I stood in front of this two-dimensional object painted on only one plane. It never changed. The lines, forms, and colors were all stable. It was grotesque far beyond my understanding. The uneasiness that this object created within me forced me to leave. I went back to the church, hoping to speak with Delina.

John F. Wilson is a college student here majoring in guitar.