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NCSL Composed Of Various Majors

by rita mccluskey

The NCSL delegation of UNCC titled Students for Political Action, has been chosen for the 1974-75 session. The students form a variety of interests other than those pursuits solely concerning politics. One spanish, architecture, several english, history and economics majors offer quite a crosssectional sampling of student of sampling of student representation.

The major purpose of the Students for Political Action throughout the two academic semesters is the investigation, research and formulation of two, possibly three, bills for presentation before the entire North Carolina Student Legislature at a meeting in Raleigh in April, and all colleges and universities in the state are invited to attend. Forty per cent of all bills passed by the NCSL have gone on to become state laws through passage by the North Carolina State

Legislature. Bills previously presented to NCSL have dealt with subjects such as: state abortion laws, establishment of pre-natal care facilities, student rights on their respective campuses, and financial allocation to state educational institutions. Meetings held at intermediate periods before Raleigh meeting at various colleges and universities around the state are important to elect officers to various committees.

The NCSL for Political Action's co-chairpersons for the 1974-75 session are Ed Hendricks and Cynthia Bennett, with their advisor being Dr. Bill McCoy of the Political Science Department. The Students for Political Action are to meet on Sunday, October 13th, at 7:00 in Sanford Lounge to debate various proposals and ultimately decide the major bills to take to Raleigh. Student input on bills to be presented would be welcomed by any NCSL member.



Creative Arts Review

USA: A Moving Portrait of America

by mike mcclulley

The scene is jumping into time, bringing off the creation of an era, of an entire country running full throttle into a global war, a Great Depression, and the Selling of a Dream. It is 1974, and then quickly, it is 1900, and the people look vaguely familiar and strangely different.

Underneath a giant dollar bill, a rear-screen projector flashslides images of Woodrow Wilson, war mobs, a tiny wobbling air machine hanging in there by a couple of do-it-ourselves bicycle mechanics. Stage right a quarter of dancers, slinky women and cool men, turn an arrogant and passionate cheek to it all-while Rome burns. Heroes of both sexes, Valentino and Isadora Duncan, bare a raw breast of truth, and their myths explode like some paper-mache head stuffed with Fourth-of-July firecrackers. Headlines speak to you, the crazy and the crucial, the voices living echoes in warm

bodies. You know when to laugh, the comic juggler has been severed, the sermon slides down with a dose of Billy Sunday. The Way We Were goes down hard..

The play, an adaptation by Paul Shyre of John Dos Passos' USA, was experienced on a Sunday evening during its final performance. There was a small but warm crowd of mixed ages, and though they did not offer the players a standing ovation, you felt it was not from a lack of appreciation for the superb performance; the play drained and sucked, balanced you between tragedy and comedy until your sense of values was in limbo, numbed, as Dos Passos knew at would be. The satire, which covered the period from 1900-1938 like a speeding reel of New York Times on microfilm, had bite and was performed with a special touch of deadpan seriousness that disarmed you without mercy. You know why the play's

contemporary performances appealed and outraged at the same time.

Anyone who knows anything about theater knows what blood-and-love are given to create a full-scal mini-universe, and the cast of people who offered their services for USA is tremendous. The mere listing of names would never do justice to what it means to participate in theatrical creation-so much time and energy and sweat, attention to every delicate detail. And this family of human beings, with all its maze of human complexity, became a living vehicle, and they know that they grew and learned and shared and became lovers in and through their art.

William Rackley's overall steady hand was clearly professional and sensitive in guiding the play's ultimate shape. And Robert Croghan, Jr., again revealed his imagination in costuming, both appropriate and evocative. The stage, a

transmogrified wonder built on the ruins of a previous adventure with Don Quixote, enabled the panorama of scenes and actions all the background needed without dominating; an excellent lesson in scenic design and adaptation.

In a cast that as a whole gave some of the best performances UNCC's ever had, there were some special standouts. John Lowrimore, playing J. Ward Morehouse to an American Businessman's epitome, reminds me of Dustin Hoffman and has a career in theater if he wants it. His characterization was total and commanding. Eddie Williams handled his various roles admirably as did veteran performer Diane Hoff. Robert Montgomery is still giving evidence that he is the best new face and talent at UNCC in recent years, his monologue as Rudolph Valentino notwithstanding. Catherine Taylor and June Altizer played

beautiful women, complex women, and each showed excellent and fresh talent.

I was caught off-guard by the closing sequence-even though its power of a soldier chorus going off to yet another war as cannon fodder was gripping. Still, there was the sense remaining that continuity was implicit in such an ending, that Dos Passos had stopped writing but his play, with us is his characters, kept rolling along, rolling on across more amber waves of grain, making everything tidy for democracy.

Fragmented existence as Americans, told in ragtag fragments to ragtime music--this was USA, as in good old and land of and as a spirit like Dos Passos lived it. It was all there Sunday night again, grace be to the memory of theater, to the souls of actors, actresses, playwrights, technicians, musicians--those who bring us the bits and pieces, life measured out in coffeespoons., paraded on view like so much dirty laundry.. Bravo!