

THE FREEDOM TO BE

by David Wood

The warm weather several days ago awoke something deep inside of me, something that had been sleeping for awhile. I don't know how to describe it exactly--a deep longing--a restlessness. It comes to everyone at one time or another, especially during the days before spring; the days you move back to the outside world again where you can turn and face the shells you've spent a winter in, thanking God they sheltered you, but glad now for room to breathe and stretch. Hegle once wrote that "the history of the world is none other than the progress of the consciousness of freedom." That sounds good to me.

People know very little about what really makes an artist what he/she is, but if any stimuli touches us more than freedom or the need of it, I haven't discovered it yet.

When I was younger I once wanted to take the car and leave home for a week, go where I wanted to go, see what I wanted to see, and do what I wanted to do. My father told me the car was mine when I wanted the keys, and the world was mine when I didn't mind the price I'd have to pay. I never left; maybe I should have--but the knowledge that the freedom was there if I did decide to use it was enough. Sometime that's all it takes.

Here, at N.C.S.A., I ask only what all of us ask--the freedom to be what I am--the freedom to be me--the freedom to live, to work, to love--to grow--to find myself and my place in this universe. And if my choices are sometimes not the best in someone else's opinion, I only ask the freedom to discover it for myself, accepting the consequences. In this I find happiness.

AN APOLOGY TO

MOTHER-FATHER LIGHT

by Kathy Fitzgerald

I guess I'd hoped to find a revelation
to know every what's truth,
--or maybe to find a map
that I could keep in my pocket
for the times
when I'm
just not sure where to walk

But each moment is a riddle
each meeting a puzzle
each day a mysterious forest
No angel will mark this universe
with dotted lines for me to follow
--no man can either--

So I must manage
to embrace each secret tightly
as I stumble around.
(dumbfounded)
the next corner
to the next rebus
to take and give the guiding hands
and never stop
dancing my living
or laughing my lovings
in this maze of how.

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by CELIA SPARGER

The night was still,
All was quiet.
Lightning flashed
Illuminating the trees
Molded in crystal costumes.

"My crown is my heart, not on my head; not decked with diamonds and Indian stones, nor to be seen: my crown is called content; a crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."

TO THE GHOSTS OF SPRINGS PAST

by Tony Sparger

I walked outside today and knelt at my private shrine. Beneath the benevolent branches of this hallowed structure, built by Nature to celebrate her own nativity, I let my thoughts roam free. Strange, that with the magic kiss of spring on my brow and the sun a halo above me, my thoughts were sad. Thoughts of war and pain and parting...

Spring to me is a sad time. I start thinking of people leaving, myself among them...some of us never to encounter each other again. Many times I realize too late that the tearful good-bye I avoided in my shallowness was to be my last chance. Desperation compels me to say: "I love you. Before you go please know that." Yet still, I share my words with no one but the night.

Already I'm being asked: "Are you coming back next year?" (Has it gotten so late so fast?) In reply,
(con't on pg. 3)

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