

# WHEN THE COMMERCIALS COME TO NCSA

by David Wood

Can't you see it! One day soon some Madison Ave. advertising agency is going to realize the gold mine just awaiting the glamor of the le-guts and television cameras here at the North Carolina School of the Arts. On that day, my friends, the commercials will come to N.C.S.A.! I can see it all now. Two guys shaking hands in front of the boys dorm, one turns to the cameras: "Gee, a handshake instead of a kiss. Could it be my breath?"

Or two dancers in front of the office labeled Dance Dept. "Okay Okay! Today we tell her. Mrs. John! You've got bad breath!"

Then there'll be some gorgeous movie star ringing to Mr. Love: "There's something about an Aqua Velva man!"

Or Miss Ferraro telling Ira Zuckerman that she's found a new Secret! But don't stop there! I can see Dr. Mennini leading the march for PUCKER POWER down Waugh-town street! Mrs. Porter talking about her kids rolling around in that Georgia red clay. Norman Far-row and Rose Bampton singing: "Dou-ble your pleasure, double your fun!"

## THE GHOSTS OF SPRINGS PAST

(con't from pg. 2)

I suppose I would be truthful only if I said: "If Fate leads me this way." Yet I know that I will re-turn...probably forever...because I Cannot leave. This is my life; this is where I learned Life and Self and People, and I can never turn away from that.

And when the wind guides me, I walk again. These paths I wandered this time last year; thinking the thoughts I think now; feeling the sorrows I feel now. And suddenly I'm aware that I've not visited these sacred places since then...

I passed at a distance the new dorms. It occurred to me that, only last year, that expanse of brick and mortar was a field..another sacred place where I sometimes romped in the early morning crispness after watching all night for the sun. The field is gone. Only through its destruction could the present con-struction take place. --We must destroy before we can build. --- Is that how nature works? Or is it Men?

As I look back over my life, I find that it can be read as a ledger..... figures manipulated and added to-gether in a constant pattern. So predictable..the most naive scholar could calculate the whole..yet still a puzzle that must be solved step by step before it is clear...

Then Bessie will be grinning at the hidden camera: "Watch me try to talk Ida out of using Red Band flour!" All of the school's secretaries singing to Mr. Ward: "Ring around the collar! Ring around the collar! Mr. Hawley will be telling Mr. Her-ring: "I came back to that little dab of Brillcreame!" Bill Burton won't be saying anything, he'll be doing Silva Thin commercials. Jim Moon and Mr. Carlson will be sing-ing: "That Bud, that's beer!" While the whole student body sings to Win-ston-Salem: "WE'D RATHER FIGHT THAT SWITCH!"

## ALL'S (NOT SO) FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR

by Tony Sparger

I hate war. War without rea-son. War in which the innocent are the first and always to suffer. War that hands a dead man a gun and com-mands him to kill...to kill people whose suffering has already brought them death...people that he neither hates nor even knows. War that sucks the strength and sensitivity from men's minds and leaves them no more than push-button death-mach-ines..plastic God-in-the-box..

But even more, I hate war with-in Self. War that opens the mind to the tyranny of Chaos. War whose claws of confusion hook into the soul and cannot be shaken. War whose most fatal weapon is indeci-sion. War that brings onto the bat-tlefield the necessity to have know-ledge and the fear of that same knowledge as the two opposing forc-es. So many times, we fear know-ledge so much that we run headling into it only to escape that fear. Is not the reality in the daylight less fearful than the nameless threat in the dark? It is not the fear of the reality itself that pushes us toward choice; but the fear of the uncertainty..the fear of flight...

How strange that the "Primum mobile" of this war-within-Self is so often love. Love: the substance of paradise and the cruelest torment of hell.

If we accept that "God is love", can we not reverse the truth and believe that "love is God?" For it is in our Love state that we are God. Un-derstanding this, we can then know heaven's grief when we do not res-pond. Yet if we can;t understand The Statement or The Reversal, we are left with the simple knowledge that God loves. Even so, we can un-derstand the sorrow that is involv-ed. For the one truth about love... the one constant.. is that it hurts Not merely unrequited "romantic" love ("in love" is an illusion; hence, the resulting pain is only illusion..It's superficial and sel-

## A DREAM OF THE MOROBOOL RIVER

by Kathy Fitzgerald

free-floating in the Moorobool's coolness  
I swim to its shy misted bank to wander  
to wonder in finding a unicorn.  
hid horn, gleam-flashing, white-hot starlight,  
his mane, as fluid as my dream's river,  
his eyes, white-lashed, beckon me bluely  
to dance  
to bridges of woven sliver webbing to tall steel forests  
where snails" shells are crystal prisms  
to shatter moonlight  
into round rain bows

a gentle blackness washes me to another dreaming  
of soaring  
on ivory wings  
through topaz clouds that neither blind nor bind me  
as I glide, spin, hover  
and  
fall  
into blossoms, soft as remembered love's touch.

and my dream trembles  
and the flowers explode  
and the weeping fragments form the picture of my square, leaden room  
and slow-screaming alarm clock.

fish, no matter how sincere or how deep it may be; it seeks response), but love that one feels so intensely and cannot express; (the violence of the non-expression often leads to self-immolation..the only outlet)... received love that one cannot re-turn..love of the many that can never be accepted, no matter how strong...

If love is only real in its pain, must we then accept that pain is only teacher? After a time, we can no longer fall on our knees and shriek WHY? Still we cannot take silence as truth. I am an Inquirer: I must have answers. Since I cannot ask answers of God, I must ask my-self. Believing that we are God when we love, we must find the an-swers in ourselves. So no longer on our knees, but lying with our faces to the ground, we sound a hoarsely whispered plea; "some answers, please..."

So, if I can't love you, I'll love the sky. It's not what we haven't the capacity to love to such an extent; it's just that so much love scares us, and we can't cope with our fear.

"God is Love"; love is pain. --I feel that I've seen enough sor-row to last this lifetime and one more..Yet when new sorrows come, I can only rationalize that there's still more to learn...that I'm not yet as strong as I should be..If pain is the teacher that meakes me strong, I'll continue to learn...