

## On Art

Art is based on contradictions kept contradictory in order to reveal the clarity of ambiguities, the concrete reality of unanswered questions, the unity of simultaneity and multiplicity. But reality itself—the reality of art, the place of this reality, and the role of the artist—is impossibly complex. To reach it, an artist must use the intractable weapon of reality: the specific truth. Truth can be sensed beneath enigma, paradox; so, like Perseus who searched for Medusa in the mirroring shield, we wrestle a distorted image.

An artist acts in the arena of creation and constantly judges the results of performance. His or her correction or rejection of a gesture, intellectual or sensual, becomes an ethical decision. What is discarded was not true to the experience that formed and sustained the act.

"The one indispensable psychological condition for any esthetic doing," Nietzsche wrote in *Gotzen-Dammerung*, is a "frenzy of will—the tremendous drive to bring out the main features." Along with the "Dionysian frenzy", Nietzsche insists that there must be habits of seeing—"accustoming the eye to calmness, to patience, to letting things come up to it; postponing judgement, learning to go around and grasp each individual case from all sides."

Thus, the standard by which we view art will always be flexible, as the experience is always new. A system cannot be willed; a novel encounter insists on its own ethical references. Art grows out of interior forces and logic to the inevitable, unique formulation, like a crystal.

Robin Kaplan: Editor

## Obituary

On Friday, October 29, in the late afternoon, the Chicken, symbol of N.C.S.A. for many years, succumbed to a terminal case of rust. After years of nesting in the college quadrangle, the big brown bird was finally laid to rest.

The Chicken was the brain child of Clifford Earl, a former N.C.S.A. art teacher, and it was born about three years ago. For as long as it was here, it was loved and adored by all who knew it. However, its chosen nesting ground left it exposed to wind and rain. It quickly began to show signs of ill health.

For all its life the Chicken was the center of many events on campus. In the past three years it was ridden, dressed on Halloween, painted, tied up with sheets and adorned in Christmas lights. Once, after a Nutcracker tour, an old mishappen rick-egg appeared beneath it. Unfortunately, it never hatched.

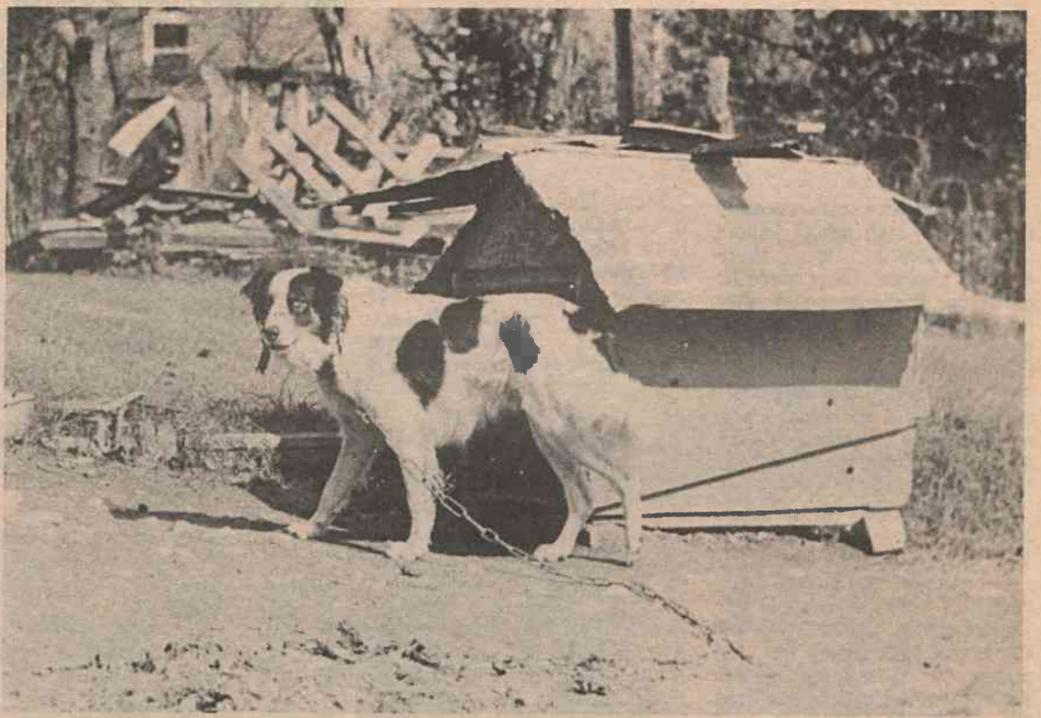
Despite this, the Chicken lived a quiet life; that is, until the week of October 15. It so happened that on that day the NCSA - Wake Forest homecoming game was to be played on Moore field. Several students decided that the Chicken Friars of NCSA should have the Chicken there for inspiration. They began to move the huge bird up to the field by way of the road. They managed to move it up to the faculty parking lot when they were stopped. They saw the power lines were too low. The bird would never fit under them, and it was too noble to bow its head. With a heavy heart because the bird would not see the big game, they began to move it back down to the square. Part way down, the rear wheel snapped and broke off, crippling the poor bird. It was placed in a wheel chair and returned to its nest. It would never roll again, for, two weeks later, it was decided that the old bird was too sick to live. Its insides were literally falling apart.

However sad such occurrences must be, they are sometimes necessary for the good of the body as a whole. Who knows when the weakened bird would have tumbled down, perhaps landing on a student. Better that the bird go now, quietly, than to accidentally hurt someone in its death throws.

Its final resting place will be above the college parking lot. It is hoped that the head will be left in the square as a memorial to the great Chicken.

And so we must bear away the rusty corpse of the Chicken, the closing of an era, to fate and the memories of the students of N.C.S.A.

—Jon Thompson



## Letters To The Editor Only A Dog . . .

Editor:

Every student who has exited by the back road beyond the college dorms has undoubtedly noticed a dog tied to a ten foot chain in the front yard of the first house on the left. This dog probably ran after you the full length of his chain until he was choked by his collar. You most probably thought he wanted to eat you alive. Actually, on questioning the owner, I found that the dog had been chained to

that post every day of his two-year existence. He has never walked out beyond the ten-foot little world he occupies. The reason he runs after passers-by so violently is because he is starving for affection.

The dog is just a dog; he has no pedigree. As far as I know, he is nameless. He is a large, dirty-white dog, with large, dark spots, and is not visually impressive. But he has to be one of the most brave dogs in the world, for he is still alive after two impossibly stagnant years.

The owner is just an owner; he is not visually impressive either. He is a middle-aged man who gives one the impression that he

is proud of his dog and their situation. He does not seem vulgar or cruel, but perhaps ignorant of the animal's well-being.

The only real action we, as students, can take is to pet and play with the dog when we pass him. He needs to know that some people do care for him and recognize his existence. Possibly, the owner may allow the students to walk the dog (on his chain, of course) for a while.

It is not enough to read this letter and say you feel sorrow for the dog. If it really affects you, do something constructive about the situation.

Rick Shoenberger

## School

### Symbol . . .

Editor:

It is nice to have a school symbol such as ours but it is bad when the meaning and use behind it is abstract to whom it is representing. After doing some research, I found that it represents the concept of the school. This concept being four schools (Drama, Dance, Design and Production, and Music), represented by an arch, under one roof.

In 1965 a New York Art Firm was commissioned for a design by the organizers of the school and what we know as the school symbol is an outgrowth of that design.

Now that I know what it means, a question arises. Why don't we use it, except on stationary, advertisements, school programs, catalogs and rings? Since the symbol is of an architectural concept, it seems quite feasible to incorporate it in the campus architecture. This would truly bring the school into a firmer unification of what the symbol means.

If you look at the scale model and drawings of the projected

NCSA campus, the symbolism is absent. A perfect place for it is the proposed Concert Hall-Theatre. This building "will be capable of accommodating concerts, lyric theatre and legitimate theatre productions" which encompasses all four arts (schools) under one roof. An architect might say that it has been done before, so why do it? Granted, it has been done and quite successfully in the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts for example. There is one slight deviation though, the Met house has five arches. We will only have four. To go one step farther, it does not have to be intergrated in the exterior design. What about the interior design, the lobby?

Since we have it. Why not flaunt it?

Cortlandt Jones  
Dance Department

### Crepes . . .

Editor:

If you have been around the Commons Building on Fridays and Saturdays starting about nine or ten, you may have noticed a table set up in the well with two rather odd looking people making

french crepes. Crepes are very thin pancakes which are rolled up with honey and raisins or powdered sugar and lemon or even blueberries put inside. They are maddeningly delicious.

Norma Jean Sidewacker and "The Grouse", the proprietors of this small enterprise, have stated, either singly or in unison, that they got their idea "... from observing a small collection of hippopotami bathing in a jungle stream on our last trip to Africa. Surprisingly enough, we inadvertently bumped into, and in fact almost capsized the canoe of, Mr. Costello, whose imaginative pursuits of cognitive speculation seemed to be stemming from the same hippopotami that we were observing. It was an extremely complicated train of thought but somehow we managed to come up with the idea of selling crepes. Mr. Costello's canoe eventually did capsize but, happily enough, he was rescued by a female hippo whose sense of propriety far outweighed any racial differences she may have felt." At any rate, the crepes proved to be an outgrowth of this experience.

In addition to crepes, they also plan to offer other nutritive endeavors including, crepe egg-rolls. More culinary delights are in store as the year progresses.

—Clifford Young

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