

Homecoming Weekend Continued:

"A Lot Of The Guys Fell Down But None Were Seriously Hurt" . . .

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terback Andy Wood, captain Vince Barbee, John John Vernon, Chris Bridges, Andy Walker, Ivy Whisnet, Terry Osborn, Sundance, Sebastian de Grazia, Steve Roscoe, and Bob Tompkins. Along about two, the Wake Forest Badasses showed up and the opening activities began. The Badasses were Malcolm Campbell, captain Andy Ralston, Burl McCuiston, Jim Turner, Rick Miller, Don Joyner, Costi Kuttch, Doug Prather, Steve Hawthorne, Rick Burton and Jim Weaver.

Chris Brown sang a rousing chorus of the "Star Spangled Banner" as the technical assistants hoisted up the flag and scotch-taped it to a light pole. Referees Sam Stone and Don Martin called the teams together for the toss of the coin. NCSA won and elected to receive. The game got underway and early in the first quarter the NCSA Chicken Friers took a two point lead on a safety against Wake. The crowd went crazy and President Robert Ward came over to the microphone to announce the possibility of a football scholarship for NCSA next year. His gesture was rewarded by his appointment as Marshall for the halftime activities. Com-



mentators Duke Ernsburger and Jon Thompson, along with former pro John Woodson, kept a running commentary through the game. Water boy Andy Acres was called out onto the field, but he was too drunk to play and had to be sent to the showers. By the end of the first half Wake Forest had scored a goal and a safety against NCSA, forcing the score up to Wake Forest Badasses 8, NCSA Chicken Friers 2. Then halftime sounded.

The parade was a sight to behold. It was led by the drum majors, Susie McCarter and Larry White. Right behind them came the marshal of the parade, President Ward and his wife, in a chauffeur driven convertible, and then the "Marching One Hundred

and One" and the cheerleaders. The band moved into their precision drill, forming such maneuvers as two stars of the AMERICAN FLAG and two drops of water from the MISSISSIPPI RIVER, while playing a musical tribute to Leonard Bernstein, Aaron Copland and George Gershwin. Also, the Andrew Sisters sang their million seller hit "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree" and delivered a kiss to President Ward on behalf of the Phi Beta Theta sorority, (whose members are Pat Zoilkowski, Souix Slaughter, and Denise Myers).

With the tooting of the whistle, it was time for the second half to begin. Slowly the afternoon grew tense as the ball passed back and

forth between the two teams like a hot potato. A lot of the guys fell down but none were seriously hurt. When the smoke cleared at the final siren, the NCSA Chicken Friers had scored another safety against the Badasses and the final score stood at 8 to 4 in favor of Wake Forest.

In the excitement following the game, referee Sam Stone swallowed his whistle and had to be removed from the field by stretcher bearers Dan'l Leibman and Julian Eubanks. So that was it.

Homecoming week, the most exciting and important social affair in the life of any school was over after a thrilling parade of events.

-Jon Thompson

Travel Note:

Rondanini Pieta

Editor's Note:

The following article was sent to the N.C. Essay by "the senior member of the Piano Department at NCSA," Mr. Irwin Freundlich. In sending the article, he added: "I was struck with the high quality of the first issue of the N.C. Essay. Congratulations to all involved. It is another ornament to our school."

The summit of our visit to the Castello Sforzesco (and the summit of our visit to Milano) was the last work of Michelangelo, the great and touching Rondanini Pieta. It sits alone in Stanza XV of the Gallery, shielded by a surrounding shell, mounted on an ancient Roman pedestal, a ruin that fits to perfection the unfinished sculpture. It can be enjoyed and absorbed by itself, without the distraction of surrounding objects. We sat and watched, circled it, tried to seize what we could of its intense, communicative nature. The unfinished quality of the piece (he worked on it until four days before his death) lends a special radiance to the work, suffusing it with a melancholy cast that would have been altered and lost in more finished form. The heads of mother and son peer dimly from the stone as though trying to emerge and more clearly communicate the deep compassion pervading the entire marble. It is closer to the Pieta in Florence, much removed from the early Pieta in St. Peter's (in which the mother views with almost calm objectivity the inert son lying across her knees). Here, in the Rondanini Pieta, Michelangelo apparently changed his mind in midstream, for an isolated arm, product of an earlier conception, hangs apart from the body of the sculpture, much at variance with the final decision to bring the mother into close, enfolding contact with the agonized son. We were, it goes without saying, deeply moved. When we left, I found words coming to my mind and lips, and from Milano to the next few days in Paris to the final days on board ship, this is what came out.

Four hundred years the anguished stone stood raw
And rough, upon the dim, emerging heads,
The chisel's naked edge remained,
The sharp, quick strokes that chipped the marble's
skin
And birthed the vision lying deep therein.

One arm hangs free, mute witness to the changing
mind
That brought the mother closer to her riven son,
And from the single, curving line
That mounts the sagging limbs in unity enclosed,
A simpler, nobler song arose.

Pieta! The roughness adds a lustre to the stone.
The incomplected act, raging in the ferment
Of that aged, restless mind,
Left veiled, poignant tones,
A melancholy cast, quite unforseen
In the earlier visions of his dream.

A Novice's Salute To Dancers

Since arriving at NCSA, my admiration for a dancer's ability and talent has developed into complete respect and absolute awe. How someone can achieve such impossible tasks is beyond my comprehension.

Basic technique to this novice somewhat resembles a contortionist's act. The most elementary of the positions seems impossible. First position (an appropriate choice of words) requires the thighs, knees, calves, ankles, feet and toes, usually facing north-south, to turn out (another apt phrase) and face east-west. Second position is somewhat similar but the aching feet are placed farther apart. Third and fourth positions have alluded me, but I remember them in part as equally impossible as the others. Fifth position, my favorite, requires that one foot be facing east while the west foot is a close fitting parallel, or something like that. This process can be reversed for those so masochistically inclined. I have not been introduced to the sixth position but suspect it requires a complete reversal of legs into a south-north direction.

And while the feet are attempting these positions (and all other lower parts watching closely), the arms are attempting contortions of their own. The arms should be raised to shoulder level with elbows rounded due south and palms slightly north-west bound. Rigor mortis is helpful in maintaining the arm position.

My imagination of the more advanced methods of flesh, muscle and bone bending only increases my admiration of dancers. With chin high, chest forward, elbows rounded, stomach in, feet out, butt tucked, knees lifted and sanity gone, I salute them as giants among mere mortals.

-Bev Pety

