S.A. Experiences "Celtic Celebration"

NANCY HOGG Members of the St. An-

drews community were recently given the chance to experience Ireland's Celtic past in a performance by Tereasa O'Driscoll.

THe one-woman concert took place Tuesday, February 15 at 8:00 p.m. in Auditorium. Avinger O'Driscoll is considered to be one of the finest interpreters of the Celtic tradition. She has demonstrated her talent on stages in Dublin, London, Edinburgh and throughout the U.S. and Canada.

The performance consisted of Celtic and Irish songs, poetry and delightful stories. The Celtic beliefs in nature as. a manefestation of the divine and in the power of music to transform the spirit were intertwined with the music and words. O'Driscoll's program was an opening for the people of St. Andrews to enjoy the rich culture of the Celts.

After leaving the performance by Terease O'Driscoll on Feb. 15, in Avinger auditorium the crowd proceeded to the christening of the sculpture garden. As you approached the sculpture garden you walked down a lit path onto the penisula, which was set in a mode of an ancient island lit by tor-

The first piece you are introduced to is the rock circle with a fire in the middle. As one made his way down the penisula there was mull wine brewing in a kettle. The wine was placed beside a gazebo that is draped with grapevines winding





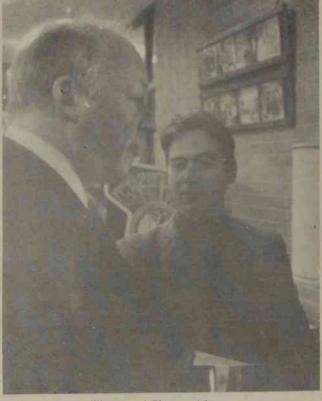
Bob (L) and Terease O'Driscoll

downward. The gazebo will be used as a sanctuary for refreshments. The next piece looming at the end of the penisula was "an carriage" (the rock). The night was highlighted by spontaneous song and poetry by our Keltic guests, the O'Driscoll. There was also spontaneous dance by Chapel Hill professor Eve Olive. The three pieces along with the Keltic dance captured the spirit of the Keltic tradition.

The Keltic tradition embodies an interdisciplinary nature in which all things cohere and intertwine. The sculpture garden uses this interdisciplinary theme by having poets, music, theatre, art, religion, and botany. The circle is important because of its' never ending spiritual context. The Keltics were the first to use the circle in the cross, and we can see this in out cross motif all over cam-

The sculpture garden was christened by Terease and Bob O'Driscoll. christened the sculpre garden with the name Carriage" meaning the rock in Keltic. All of the ceremony, the fire, and our guests helped make it a special night for the arts. The sculpture garden will continue to grow and be a place to celebrate the arts in the outdoors...

As a follow up to the performance, a lecture was given by Robert O'Driscoll Wednesday at 12:20 p.m. He is the director of Celtic Studies at St. Michael's College, University of Toronto. Canada. His lecture was based on Celtic myth, art, literature, history, music, folklore and archaeology. The book he recently edited, The Celtic Consciousness, covers these topics and is now on reserve in the library.



Jonathan Williams and Thomas Meyer at recent poetry

Williams and Mevers Entertain S.A.

By BILL LIDE

Johnathon Williams and Thomas Meyer, co-editors of the Jargon Press and frequent visitors to St. Andrews, made another sojurn to the campus for a poetry reading and slide presentation on Feb. 17-18.

A large crowd of approximately 75 people packed into the lobby of Winston-Salem dorm to hear the two poets deliver their contrasting styles of prose and poetry.

Meyers, a graduate of Bard College and the assistant editor of the Jargon Press, started the reading with some of his newer writings and finished with a rendition of "The Bang Book", a poem he published in 1971.

Meyers low key delivery

complimented his style perfectly by emphasizing the serious vein that runs through most of his poetry.

Williams, creator and executive director of the Jargon Press, has been busy with writing and photography for over 30 years and, Meyer, lives on both sides of the Atlantic, either in Highlands, N.C. or the Cumbrian Dales of England.

Williams entertained the audience with his humorous colloqualisms and ethnic poetry that covered both England and the U.S., which create a perfect contrast to Meyer's most subtle delivery.

Both writers are currently working on new projects that should be published within the year, and, to the hope of all who were at the reading. should be back to St. Andrews in the future.

Four North Carolina Women Poets

By EDNA ANN LOFTUS NORTH FOUR CAROLINA WOMEN POETS is a book of distinct voices. In unique images and for individual reasons, Kate Blackburn, Agnes McDonald, Shirley Moody and Mary Carleton Snortherly speak to us of the human condition. Each vision is complex; each voice has many ranges. There is humor and anger, tragedy and joy, dream and memory, hope and terror. Yet the voices, images, and ideas, though distinct, are ultimately harmonious. These four women love language and life. They are equisitely triumphant in both.

Kate Blackburn's poetic voice is at once tough and tender, sobering and humorous. Her images range wide--from the cold mortality of the corporate boardroom to Eden after the Fall,

from a woman's vanity and devotion on Ash Wedneday to the sensuous mysteries of the Sphinx and Narcissus. She conveys both the fire and the ashes of love and can treat a woman's suicide with terrible simplicity. Her literary debts are to Stevens, Pound, and Joyce, but she combines a strongly in-dividual woman's need to touch and embrace her natural world with an equally unique ability to analyze, probe, and transform her

own and other's experiences. Once you have read Kate Blackburn's poetry neither your own backyard nor the wilderness of Christ's temptation, neither the serpent nor an auto accident will ever seem quite the same. No garden will be free from death nor accident without

Agnes McDonald is a poet sensitive to time and change nature and recreates the world of humanity. Memories are crucial to her poems--memories of gardens and old barns, of departures and homecomings. She finds in nature powerful images of the unity of past and present, of hope in the midst of time, change, and death. She finds magic too, but not the major of innocence; rather the magic of hope grounded in the reality of time and its passage. In a poem about an millefoir antique paperweight she can both acknowledge and transcend time as two women communicate out of their separate realms of joy and agony. Agnes McDonald wishes with all of us that "everything we love should last forever." Although in life this is impossible, in her poems the joy of life and the pain of its passing do endure

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