

## Students Compete for Chapbook

Beth Russo

Nine St. Andrews students have entered their manuscripts for the 1988 Bunn-McClelland Chapbook Competition in search of the coveted prize of being the best prose and poetry writers St. Andrews has to offer.

Each year, St. Andrews Press prints 300 copies of the winner's book, funded solely by the Student Government, in honor of two outstanding St. Andrews writers, Alan Bunn and Jeannette McClelland, both of who were tragically killed. The series has been publishing since 1972 when there were two winners - Ames Arnold and Charles Gottenkeinney.

A professional off-campus judge

is always used. This year a St. Andrews alumni, Dan Meizell, a senior literary agent at Curtis Brown Agency in New York, and who has worked in publishing, theater, and film, will be judging. This will be the first year an alumni will do the judging.

The contestants this year are: Janice Adamson, *Playing With Guns & Fire*; James Kristian Deal, *The Last Quarter*; Paul Dinkins, *Thickets & Thorns*; Joel Frias, *Love & Other Feelings*; Robert McLean, *Zoning Ordinance*; Carolyn Moore, *Can Be Anything*; Jon Pargas, *Ghost of Myself*; Elizabeth Ross, *Raintree*; and David Southwood-Smith, *My Dog Ralph*.

## You Can't Take It With You Opens Tonight

The St. Andrews Theater department is presenting the popular Moss Hart and George Kaufman play, *You Can't Take It With You*, tonight, Friday night and Saturday night at 8 p.m. in the LA Auditorium.

The play is set in 1940s New York City and revolves around eccentric Sycamore family, particularly the budding romance of Alice Sycamore and her boss' son, Tony Kirby.

Junior Pam Coble plays Alice and freshman Don Smith plays Tony. Scotland County Library Director Lois Kilkka plays Alice's mother, while Rick Moser, minister of Caledonia Methodist Church in Laurinburg plays her father. Dr. D.K. Beyer is the artistic and stage director.

Those who missed the Tuesday and Wednesday dress rehearsals or who have not bought tickets already are out of luck. All three performances are completely sold out.

# Quill & Ink

### MS. HEROIN

So now young man you've grown tired of grass  
LSD, goofballs, cocaine and hash  
And someone pretending to be a true friend  
Introduced you to me as, Ms. Heroin  
So one afternoon you'll try me and then  
Into your life, you'll usher me in.  
For once I've entered deep down in your veins  
the feeling will nearly drive you insane  
you'll need lots of money as you have been told  
cause darling I'm much more expensive than gold

You'll swindle your mother just for a buck  
You'll turn into something vile and corrupt  
If you think you have an hysterical hack  
Then honey just try getting me off your back  
The hot chills, the cold sweat, the withdrawal pain  
Can only be saved by my little white grains  
You'll solemnly run to the pusher and then  
You'll welcome me back to your arms once again  
There's no other way and no need to look for deep down inside you'll know that you're hooked  
You'll give me your conscience, your morale and your heart  
And you'll be mine 'til Death do us part  
NORAMAH BURCH

### COPING HEARTS

Looks can kill emotions for real,  
waiting for love and tears to spill.  
Eyes that cry feelings shall die,  
looking for hope I continue to try.  
Thoughts can hurt pain that lurks,  
hiding each tear hoping it works.  
Hearts that bleed your love I need,  
while you're gon it's easy to grieve.

Beauty can shine love is divine,  
empty souls that fall behind.  
A boy that copes a girl his hope,  
It's now I know I want you most.

DEVO

## Gifford Finds Strength in Simplicity

Tanya Olson

*Giotto's Circle*, a 1987 St. Andrews Press release, is a collection of poetry both written and translated by Barry Gifford, a poet, novelist, and biographer from Chicago, Illinois. His impressive list of endorsements, awards, and prizes signifies his strength in the form of prose, and *Giotto's Circle* proves his ability as a poet.

The title poem conveniently appears first in the book and serves to explain the style of the rest. Telling the story of Giotto drawing a circle as an example of his work for the Pope, Gifford seems to take this example to heart.

Gifford always seems to choose the simplest word, yet it is always the correct one for the situation. It is this power of perfect word followed by perfect word which gives his poetry the validity and

strength that makes it structurally and emotionally appealing. He takes this Zen-like ability even further in the selection of poems entitled "Chinese Notes." None of these poems are longer than 50 words, most are untitled, and they all seem to walk the line between a type of haiku and a form of imagism. The second section, "The Paris/Venice Poems," is the weak link of the three sections, as the poems become wordier and longer, denying Gifford's strong point seen in the other two sections.

The poetry itself, though, is interesting enough to drive the reader to the library to investigate the historical allusions.

Overall, *Giotto's Circle* is an enjoyable book of poetry, and like its author, contains many talents. Writers may be drawn to it for its lessons in technique and diction, but all will be drawn to it for its memorable poetry.

### PAINFUL MEMORIES

My tears now fall so quickly  
As I painfully recall:  
the hours spent just driving,  
and those long and lonely calls.

My mind goes back to a time  
When our love was fresh and new,  
And it seemed my only goal in life  
was to try to be with you.

All the hours we could spend  
just "watching" the TV —  
And the feeling we had met our match...  
We'd found perfect harmony.

Our fights would never escalate  
Because our love meant so much more.  
There was nothing worth the love we'd found  
that we could ever both fight for.

I miss the man I once loved so...  
although I think he's still out there.  
I miss the love that colored our lives,  
and the closeness that we shared.

Right now, I feel so empty  
as I think about our past:  
I hate the thought of us giving up,  
...hardest lessons being our last.

If I had a single wish tonight  
It could only be for you...  
to feel the same, to make it right:  
just like we used to do.

MICHELE HAYES

roses smoulder in my head  
leaves are stained with blood  
from the thorns my love has bled  
i've drowned in crimson flood

in darkness once i called her name  
which echoed from the moon  
a spark she tended into flame  
love spoken none too soon

a time

to live to laugh to love to lie  
to give too much or not at all  
to dance in Hell to die to die  
scream silence in the darkened hall

to play the fool one disattached  
to dance along the edge  
imagine wrists by razor slashed  
or leaping from the bridge

to be unloved unlovable  
exist confused in doubt  
a mystery unsolvable  
drunk rocking freaking out

and so the cycle always turns  
and nothing is the same  
yet in my soul the rose still burns  
with all-consuming flame

so every moment i still dance  
i court eternity  
in fragments i await the chance  
the search for unity

without the Breath to animate  
there's nothing i can do  
so while i dance i also wait  
and wait and wait for you

JON PARGAS