

## Egan to Visit Writer's Forum



DESMOND EGAN

Born: 1936, Athlone, Ireland  
Education: MA from University College, Dublin  
Married to Vivienne Abbott, 2 children; Kate and Beihinn

Work: National Poetry Foundation of USA award (1983); Director Poetry Workshops (85); Read at Ezra Pound Centennial Conference (85); Director of First Poetry Workshop at Yeats International Summer School (86); Poet-in-Residence, Osaka University, Japan (86); Read at European Poetry Festival (86); First Poet-in Residence, University College, Dublin (87); Read and Lectured at the Sorbonne, Paris.

Writings: Collected Poems (83); Poemes (French translation) (88); Selected Prose (90), A Song for My Father (90), Selected Poems (90).

Desmond Egan is a well-travelled, much-lauded poet. He is considered one of Ireland's finest. He will be reading at Writer's Forum, October 11th at 8 p.m. in Mecklenburg's Main Lounge.

## Highland Players' Season Announced

October 1 marks the opening of the St. Andrews Presbyterian College Highland Players' Box Office. Season tickets as well as tickets for the season opener, *Dracula: The Musical?* will be sold. The box office in Vardell Hall on the St. Andrews campus will be open from 10 a.m. to noon and 1 p.m. to 3 p.m., Monday-Friday.

This year, St. Andrews will offer three mainstage productions, (one in cooperation with Encore! Community Theatre), and two theatre lab productions. Opening the season is *Dracula: The Musical?* with words, music and lyrics by Rick Abbot. Running Thursday, Oct. 25-27 at 8 p.m. and Sunday Oct. 328 at 1:30 p.m., this lighthearted offering features a comic view of life in the Seward family madhouse.

Production personnel for the musical include Thea Engelson, voice and music instructor at St. Andrews, lighting designer Carl Mayes, part-time theatre instructor and resident director at Albemarle Hall, and costume designer Kathy West, residents director at Orange Hall. The production is under the

direction of Beverle Bloch, Chair of Theatre and Communication at St. Andrews.

*The Adding Machine*, a vintage drama by Elmer Rice, originally produced in 1923 will run from Nov. 29 through Dec. 1 at 8 p.m. and Dec. 2 at 1:30 p.m. in the Liberal Arts Auditorium. Directed by visiting guest artist June Guralnick, the play utilizes experimental theatre techniques from the Twenties.

Tall Tale Theatre, a lab production based on dramatized stories from many lands and cultures, will run from Feb. 7-9 at 8 p.m. in the Belk Center. Adapted and directed by Beverle Bloch, this original offering based on a combination of theatre and storytelling techniques will be created by students who participate in Bloch's experimental winter term class.

Encore! Community Theatre will present the Broadway musical *Mame* in cooperation with the St. Andrews Highland Players, Feb. 14-17 at 8 p.m. in the Liberal Arts Auditorium. Tickets for this production will be

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## "He Plays for Laughs"

### A Short Story

By Sunny Rogers

The first time I saw Eddie, he was in the Village Coffee Shop on Bleeker Street. He was sitting on the saw dust covered floor, scratching his long black hair wildly and raving like a lunatic. "Imbeciles, vile creatures, unacceptable excuses for living beings."

"Who?" I asked.

"Who, who you ask? These would be poets, whose minds have never traveled without drugs for the vehicle!"

"But why are ya so upset with them?" I asked him.

"Why?" he yelled and sprang up so suddenly that I thought for sure he was about to choke me, or something equally as bad.

"Hey man, like love and all that," I said trying to sound very hip and unafraid. After all this was the beatnik generation and love was the password. I even had the little flowers in my hair. I guess the love stuff worked, because he calmed down.

"Like, I'm really sorry, didn't mean to get an attitude towards you. It's just like night after boring night, I sit and listen to the self-indulgent bastards spouting out their rubbish, and say nothing yet when I give to them from my heart, my soul, my inner most self - they laugh!"

Then slowly he went into what I can only describe as an unearthly state of mind and began to recite his poetry. As the words flowed from his mouth, my senses came alive as never before.

I sat in awe of this gentle man as one would of the great pyramids. As his words ceased, a tear fell - one solitary tear. With a trembling hand I wiped it from his face as though it were a precious jewel.

As time passed Eddie and I became inseparable. We would walk the streets of Greenwich Village hand in hand taking in all the different ethnic food smells. He would tell me of the great poets - tell me as though he had personally known them. The more he taught me the more I realized how much I didn't know. How I wished he could impregnate my mind with the seeds of his knowledge, but it wasn't all one sided. Even the uneducated have knowledge they can share. I taught Eddie how to live right smack in the middle of reality and fantasy, which is where I stayed. I showed him how to block out all the cruelty the world dished out - like that of the poets who degraded his work. I appeared to work for him.

Gradually their laughter affected him less and less, also his alcohol consumption ceased! The nights when he recited his poetry in the coffee shop, I'd sit in the saw dust enthralled by the beauty of his verse and the eloquence in which he spoke it. The years passed swiftly and I had become a prolific writer and sold many books. Unbelievable as it was to me, Eddie loved my works. I wrote fantasy, never anything intellectual. Eddie was not an intellectual snob, he always said that creativity comes in many forms.

I began to realize how much I had aged and how gravity had won the war with my body. While brushing my hair one night, I said "Eddie, do you realize we're middle aged now?" I turned to face Eddie who was laying naked on our bed.

I was stunned, had I been that preoccupied with my work that I hadn't realized?

"Eddie, you haven't aged in all these years," I said in a hesitant voice. It was true, his body could still bring lustful dreams to any young girl. He said nothing, just laid in a reverie.

Now I was as frightened of him as I was on the first day we met. We just stared at each other for what seemed an eternity.

When the spell was broken he called me to him softly, "Lady, come and sit by my side." and I did.

Don't ask me how, but I knew I was about to lose the best part of myself - Eddie! Now I was the one who cried - not one tear but many. He captured one of the many tears and it became solid at his touch!

"This I'll keep for all eternity," he said sadly.

"Lady," he said, "from the very moment we met my mind has heard every thought you've had and as you wished I did impregnate your mind with the seeds of my knowledge. You used that knowledge to create fantasies for all to enjoy, not a select few. You thought yourself the student and I the teacher, but never did you realize you were teaching me. Now that I've truly loved and been loved, my soul will be allowed to rest."

"You can't go - I won't let you!" I yelled at him.

"The day will come when we'll be together again," he said softly. "Lady, if it were for need, I wouldn't go - for you fill me till I overflow, but over what is written even I have no control."

And with that Eddie - my Eddie became a wraith and then there was nothing left of him but the thought "He plays for laughs."

Then soft as a summer breeze I heard the words "Yes, I play for laughs but now without the pain, my love."

You ask if I ever loved again - well the answer is no. "For where could you go when you once loved Poe?"

### The Cairn

The Cairn, St. Andrew's literary magazine, is accepting submissions of poetry and fiction for issue #24. Entries must be typed, in finalized form, accompanied by a short biographical note. Send submissions to Pam Whitfield, editor, at box 475 by October 15. There are also several staff positions open. Please contact Pam at Ext. 447.

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!!!AUDITIONS!!!

Adding Machine by Elmer Rice. Directed by June Guralnick (visiting artist from New York).  
when: Monday, October 15th  
Tuesday, October 16th  
7pm.  
where: LA B2  
how: bring prepared monologue or read from script.  
for more information 276-3652 ext. 237  
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## Frishberg Tickles Ivories

By Heather Lyn Gupton

Singer and entertainer David Frishberg, who has been described as "the Woody Allen of jazz," performed Monday, Oct. 1 at St. Andrews.

Frishberg is a Los Angeles based lyricist whose skills have been compared with those of songwriter Stephen Sondheim. Frishberg presents scathingly witty, yet socially bitter lyrics in a combination with a "chatty" delivery and confident ivory-tickling.

Daniel Okrent of *Esquire* magazine notes that, "Listening on record to Dave Frishberg, who writes the sort of lyrics Noel Coward would have written had he been born Jewish in St. Paul, you get the sense that he doesn't quite want to look you in the eye when he performs. It's not that Frishberg's diffident - it's hard to

imagine a musician who approaches his art and his act with more confidence - but you sense that he's a little abashed by his own oceanic talent." Frishberg could possibly be compared to the caustic Tom Lehrer, who's social ditties and acerbic wit were immensely popular in the '60's.

Frishberg, the youngest of four children, was born in St. Paul, Minn., on March 23, 1933. "I went to the University of Minnesota and majored in journalism. To be a music major, you had to play an instrument, classically, and that wouldn't have worked for me. So I took every music elective I could - orchestration, counterpoint, theory." some of Frishberg's more popular ditties include "Peel Me A Grape," "I'm Hip," "My Attorney Bernie," and "Blizzard of Lies." "I never try to sell my singing. The songs are what I'm talking about. They're what I'm putting across," says Frishberg.

