

## Dream

Gilbert Abraham  
The Lance

I sold a pound of Hash to Ezra,  
Sipped wine with Oscar Wilde in Harlot's House,  
Laid on the asphalt Airport Runway, complacent, with Gandhi,  
Helped Fredrick Douglass whip his master's ass to gain freedom,  
Played bass for Billie Holiday in the Cotton Club,  
Rode giraffes through Italian market places with Marlon Carey,  
Played that raggedy old piano to pieces that Langston Hughes spoke about,  
Traveled to Moria to save existence with J.R.R. Tolkien,  
Followed the swivel of Ron Bayes' pen,  
Chased Jerry Rice down the sideline for that winning touchdown,  
Danced to the rhythms and beats of Fela Kuti on Mount Fuji,  
Wrestled the Grim Reaper with BIGGIE,  
And afterwards we smoked blunts with Tupac in Thug Mansion,  
Punched Hitler in the nose,  
Caught a stork on a baby delivery,  
Went back to Africa with Nas,  
Played Gin Rummy with Christopher Columbus,  
Kissed Pocahontas,  
Chased clouds with Pegasus,  
Dodged bullets with Neo,  
Gave General Patton tactical advice,  
Witnessed the Virgin Mary mourn,  
Watched Muhammad deliver the prophecy prolifically,  
Fished with Moses,  
Jumped in the Mississippi River  
And swam through slavery.  
Corrupt Politicians,  
Busy Streets,  
Prairies,  
Battlegrounds,  
Gravel,  
And Racist Lott's,  
To Say...

...I did.

## An Open Letter to the Community on Academic Dishonesty

As I have grown here at St. Andrews I have learned and experienced many things, both in the classroom and on the recreational side of campus. However there is an issue that has come to light in the recent past and an effort is being made to stop it. This issue is academic dishonesty. In my past years here, there has been cheating and dishonesty: some say it is normal. However, to parlay in activities degrading to the institution and to those whom sustain it is an unacceptable and vitriolic act. Very simply, St. Andrews is a community, our extended family, and the family does not consent to your insipid actions. So the next time you or one of your peers makes an effort to dabble in some form of academic dishonesty, tell them to stop. Remember they are not only devaluing your degree, they are degrading the institution as well.

"Speedo" Parson-Foresi

## A Helpful Guide for the Confused Literary-Minded Senior

Nick Crow's 30 Steps to Better Post-graduate Living through an English or Creative-Writing Degree

- 1) Graduate with a degree that says you can write.
- 2) Move back in with parents for unknown duration (anywhere from 3 months to 15 years is acceptable) while looking for your own place.
- 3) Find your own place; get kicked out by parents within the hour.
- 4) Move into (possibly loft) apartment with good friend roommat, set up computer.
- 5) Sit in front of computer for hours trying to formulate idea.
- 6) Give up, drink.
- 7) Find job of dubious distinction, get treated like a drone.
- 8) Come home in a rage after the first week, drink; use anger to write something.
- 9) Send it in to local art scene newspaper, as they'll publish anything.
- 10) Get paid 15 cents for it, use rage to write something else.
- 11) Drink some more.
- 12) Start hating your job more with each passing hour; rue the day God made the parking booth.
- 13) Start noticing every annoying thing roommate does, focus rage against roommate, write something else.
- 14) Get Writer's Block while at crucial stage in the writing of first novel, stare at screen for 8 hours.
- 15) Give up, cry. (Some may also choose to refer back to Step 6)
- 16) Start chain smoking even though you don't smoke (NOTE: If you do, continue process unabated)
- 17) Finish novel after unknown duration. (Anywhere from 18 months to the best part of 25 years)
- 18) Quit your job and tell off your boss.
- 19) Send novel in to be published.
- 20) Crawl back to your boss when you remember that the editing process can take up to a year or more; get hired back at lower wage.
- 21) Have final big fight with roommate; tell each other off, end friendship spanning a decade or more over whose turn it is to do the dishes.
- 22) Call up publishing company to check on the status of what has now stretched into an 8 month long editing process, find out they have no record of your manuscript; hang up the phone, dangerously calm.
- 23) Smash the hell out of apartment.
- 24) Go on a Belushi-caliber bender; get found dead and bloated on the floor of the bathroom by your landlady a week later.
- 25) Get published posthumously by the company, who, it turns out, had the manuscript there the entire time but conveniently enough, won't have to pay you now.
- 26) Find surprising success in literary circles by people reading nuance into your work that was never there.
- 27) Get read and taught in special literary class in small, Liberal Arts college by overzealous professor who compares you to a young Hemingway; (Stein for the ladies) laugh your ass off from the after-life.
- 28) Make several Literary enthusiasts change their major thanks to having to write long, blathering essays about you, make pretentious literati out of some; simply bore the hell out of the rest.
- 29) Watch this cycle get repeated year after year, in modern literary classes at schools around the world.
- 30) Achieve immortality.

## "Arsenic and Old Lace"

by Joseph Kesselring

A comic production by the Highland Players.

Playing April 14, 15, 16, and 17

Costs: \$3 for students, \$5 for the general public