

THE COLLEGIATE

ATLANTIC CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

Life on the Lunatic Fringe

Chapter 1 — And You Think This is Easy??

This week, the editor received a letter from an individual which quite adequately portrays his own feelings on the subject of Iran. For this reason, this week's editorial has been replaced with a Letter to the Editor.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Yessir, patriotic spirits are running high these days. People of every creed are standing up and yelling to Jimmy Carter: "Bomb the Ayatollah. Death to the lunatic." All over the place, we are, as a whole [well, almost], united in our stand against the new leaders of Iran.

It occurs to me that, in all fairness to the people of the world that the Iranians may be in the right. Yes, they may have some justifiable reason for wanting the shah back in their country. And they may even be justified in their determination to fight the "Imperialism" of the United States of America.

We don't hear that word anymore. *Imperialism*. Sounds like something out of the late nineteenth century, or perhaps out of communist propoganda magazines of the late sixties. But it is perhaps a true accusation when levelled against the larger industrial nations of the world. Not that there is anything wrong with keeping embassies in foreign nations. But we must stop and ask ourselves: does espionage go on, headquartered in our embassies? Are we, like we accuse the "commies", involved in trying to control governments so that they will be our friends? And are we supporting tyrants, like the shah, who murder people, refuse freedom to their subjects, and eventually cause the type of destruction [in the other direction] that is being witnessed in Iran now?

I believe that we, the government and people of the United States, must take a great deal of the responsibility for the plight of the Americans imprisoned in Iran. We have, though our attempts to stay in the good graces of the rich oil dictators of the world, spurred the anger that has led to attacks on our embassies around the world. The small nations are standing up. They refuse to take us on our terms anymore.

And what is the American response to this? Rather than applaud the attempts of students fighting to establish a new government that is responsive to the culture of Iran, we threaten to "retaliate."

I suppose we are going to have to bomb ourselves, in order to keep this thing from happening again.

For those of you not able to understand my line of reasoning, I'll put it to you in simple mathematical terms: If "a" causes "b" to happen, then "a" decides to punish those responsible for "b", then "a" is going to be the object of punishment.

Yes the Ayatollah is a bit crazy by our standards. But I cannot help but remember that Iranian students have been screaming to the people of the United States to help them, to help get the shah deposed because he treated the freedom that the students thought we Americans cherished so much and wanted the world to share.

I wonder where they got that silly idea.



by JFP & CJB

They descended on Sambo's at 3 a.m. There were only two of them now, the editor and his trusty gopher. They only had three dollars and fifty cents between them, but it didn't matter. Their purpose was not to eat, but to escape.

It was a ritual now: work on the paper until one or two, then break for Sambo's, the only place open. They were insane; insane to be there working all night long on the paper, insane to be at Sambo's. But someone had to do it. Someone had to get the paper done.

There were helpers once in a while. People who wanted to help but really didn't understand the fifteen thousand dollars worth of sensitive equipment. There were those who said they would help, but never showed up. But the regular crew, the editor and the gopher, were there, staying up all night, putting the paper to bed.

Their bloodshot eyes revealed to everyone in the place (all six of them) that these were students. Usually, their entrance was marked by slapstick antics, or semi-loud complaining. They dressed, almost always, in either suits with loose ties and shirtsleeves rolled up (carrying their coats over their shoulders), or in bluejeans and various jerseys. The editor wore sneakers with his suit; the gopher,

workboots. The waitresses never fought to get to them: they were lousy tippers, unless one of them had remembered to save enough of their weekend money to be able to purchase more than a salad and coffee.

It was December, and the weather had turned seasonal cooler. Twenty six degrees. A sign across the street said. They were wrapped in heavy coats and the editor's glasses steamed up as he walked in.

"I'm growing steadily tired of this," he said. "Every week you and I spend Sunday putting together a paper from whatever scraps of news we can dig up. I want to be perfectly honest with you: I don't like the paper. But you are getting to be a bit of a bother."

"You want coffee?" the waitress asked.

The gopher looked at the menu.

"No," replied the editor, looking at her.

"Hey, I wanted coffee," the gopher said as he realized the waitress was gone.

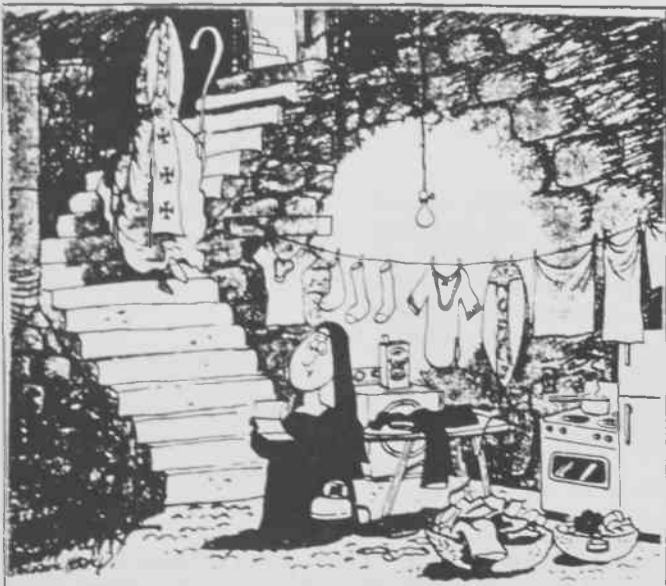
"I didn't. We have to drink all night at the office, and would like something a little different when I come here."

"Half the fun of coming to Sambo's," the gopher argued, "is drinking four or five cups of coffee and spending the rest of the night running to the bathroom."

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DOONESBURY

by Garry Trudeau



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