

THE LANCE

MAR 29 1971

A Weekly Journal of News and Events At St. Andrews Presbyterian College

1961 - Fifteenth Anniversary Year - 1976

VOLUME 16

LAURINBURG, NORTH CAROLINA

? no. 16



(It was kind of a normal day.)

(It was kind of a normal day.)
speaker wire from you for about 3 hours?"

Reports

The day started like any other Thursday morning at St. Andrews, only today was to be the day of surprises and big events. Sitting at the back table enjoying the usual runny eggs and see-through bacon I suddenly regretted that last beer from the night before. This too was a sign of things to come. After breakfast I returned to my room and started to make preparations for the coming event. Four tape recorders, a tape player, a Marantz amp, one Lyric model four speaker and 5 cassettes, were all that I needed to assure the success of the production. Maskin Tape, damn it I forgot to get any tape. Now where am I going to find a roll of Maskin tape at 10:00 on a Thursday morning. The Bookstore, and I can charge it to SAS; great problem solved. The Bookstore doesn't open till 12! I'll beg Mrs. Patton.

"Mrs. Patton, Mrs. Patton . . . can you let me in for a second?"

"What's the problem? We're closed now, come back later."

Now picture this: I'm on my knees begging.

"Please it's an emergency, I'll flunk out of school if you don't let me in."

"Okay, Okay don't get excited; cash or charge."

"Charge."

Major crisis number one now solved I proceeded to the cafeteria with the tape. With the tape player and amp hooked up I then proceeded to hook up the additional speaker outside. Now let's see that's about 30 feet and I have, literally speaking, about 10 feet of wire. Somehow I don't think that will work. Ah, I'll rip some off from WSAP and they'll be none the wiser. Forget that last option. I don't know anyone with keys to the station. So what to do . . . That's it! I'll beg girls in Wilmington Dorm for the use of their wire.

"Do you think I could borrow about 20 feet of

"Are you crazy, I can't get through the morning without Bob Dylan"

Try someone else I suppose. "Hey, pretty woman how's it going; Remember those happy days of 401 . . .

Yea they were a lot of fun. By the way do you think I could borrow some speaker wire from you for a proje . . . You mean I can, really, I mean thanks a lot."

Second major crisis solved. Now to explain the whole crazy thing to the powers that be in the cafeteria. Who could possibly mind a little interruption in the usually dull day at the S.A. Cafeteria. A Banquet, oh, now that does pose an interesting problem. Run the speaker about 10 feet further up and everything's fine. Fine my foot I don't have any more speaker wire.

"Hey, remember me. Yea SAS 401, well I was wondering if you wouldn't mind, could I borrow some more of that wire?"

The speaker is now out of the way and we're set for the event. Nothing else could possibly go wrong. Now I have my people set up for recording the event. There's Andy, Joni, Nancy and ah . . . I need another person I've got to have another person. Where I am I going to find another person at 11:30. This problem I can't solve so to heck with it, I'll only use three cassettes.

The event went off okey and no other problems were encountered until I listened back to one of the recordings. Somehow in all the rush I forgot to put batteries in one of the recorders.

DON MACKENZIE

An ape covered with paint and powder.

Eternity was in that moment. Not really . . . Not really?

Joy, when intense, leads to various purposeless movements—to dancing about, pneumo-gastric nerve on the swallowing a tailor's news.

the eyeballs moved easily in any direction.

Preparing for Spontaneity

After hours of empty talk an idea appeared. It exploded and snowballed as it grew with millions of possibilities . . . discarding some and building on others. Then the countdown began and suddenly ended, only to be part of the past. We did it!

It is strange that after planning IT for three weeks we do not know what happened. We missed it. We did not have time to see. Just fifteen hours before the event I bounced around on the ladder, feeling silly and awkward. Then Name discovered the woman's dressing room. But as they stood with only their white faces on, a car rounded the corner and drove right in, to the dressingroom the walled in tree and their backs were up against a wall. Trying to explain.

All morning it was in the air. Electricity. Instant descissions. We had our hands on the controls, great expectations for It, being in charge for we knew something was going to happen at a certain place at a certain time, for certain. However, as we were getting dressed there was a tinge of uncertainty - Would the cop show up, who is going to put up the ladder, what time is it? Ah, s— the door is locked, can we squeeze out the window???????????????? After all that thought the definite dates to tango were made waiting in line the last thirty seconds of our count down. We did not know what we were going to do. I do not know what we did. As someone said, "Our hands are in Donald's." They were. I was waiting then riding in a police car due to some time warp. I'm not sure what happen in the time and space in between. I vaguely remember three or four incidents and I've heard bits and pieces of what people did. I noticed bystanders only twice. (Coming down I saw blue jeaned legs and feet, later statues by the wall.) No one was for real. All evening and the next day things would click and remember something i did during the event . . . foggy mind like the morning after a very drunken night when slowly you're hit with recollections of past time as events of another day occur. (Oh, yea, that happened.) I can not begin to tell the order in which anything happened. I was not there as I usually am.

Linda Carson



SPECIAL GUEST- DEAN MARIA. SANTA MARIA

Hello.
Hay.
May I interview you?
Sure.
Okay. Did you see what happened today?
Yes, but I knew about it beforehand. I thought it was terrific.
I knew you knew about it.
Yeah, I thought it was lots of fun.
Did you enjoy it?
Yeah.
Okay . . . I've never in-

Did you see our event?
Hunter, don't do this to me. I only saw part of it.
What part did you see?
The people coming down the ladder.
Is that all?
That was all.
They wouldn't let you up from your table to go and see it?

all in all it was quite an eventful day (yes indeed)

The event was placed somewhere between the salad and the pickles on the path to the table lost inside the coffee cup left for film to record. It was (quite understandably) a well seasoned succotash with little unidentifiable blue things which seemed to flash that made it all worth while. Of course that young woman's legs ticked the time in milliseconds like the clock work of some unseeing, unfeeling, banal creature undistrubed by the relevance absurdity has on our fantastical existence in this once removed from any real world notion stratosphere we find ourselves breathing, eating, sleeping, loving, feeling, seeing, smelling and tasting in. A bubble descends with convex distortions and shows us on live action full scale cafe ole cinema-ramic screens that what we see ourselves to be is only what we limit ourselves to see.

terviewed anybody before so I'm pretty nervous.

Okay. That's alright. It was great.

Thankyou.
I think that most people enjoyed it, rather than anything else.

Somebody came up to me on the balcony and said, right after it happened, "Excuse my ignorance. but what was that all about?" I couldn't think of anything to tell him.

I thought it was great fun.
Thankyou.
You're welcome.
Goodbye.

I could look at part of it.
You didn't see the police car?
No, but I heard the police car.

What did you think so far?
I thought it was pretty interesting.
You did? That's what my father would say.

As you were sitting there breathing over spilt time a ladder inconspicuously ejaculated strange figures upon your field of peripheral vision. Suddenly you discovered that the multi-colored delights waiting to give you gastronomic hallucinations were not a part of the under tow that pulled you out. Unconsciously you applauded as you saw yourself through the window that reflected the closed corridor to your existence.

The event was all removed by one out of context with your new awareness. You were stunned and affected but the window offered nothing to clarify your vision. You ate the multi-colored masked delights which imprisoned you back into the existence you had so vicariously left behind for that instant inside the egg shell before the first crack. DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN!

It is you beyond the pane of glass who waits to dance across the grass.

NED'S
Beverage Outlet
Lowest Prices In
Town
An Exxon Dealer
MAIN ST.

HUNTER GOT HIS CAMERA HERE TOO