

Thursday past explains itself (being Life) repeatedly to those both there and not, IF; as Gentile, courtesy Tauber, said, "What becomes never is." This week we return with the Lazarus Lance to besmudge the mortician's paste we all dabble about, the chalkiness of any color we smear on our own faces, that glaze of the eye which is no one's fault. Keep the baby, Faith, and throw out the bath, without leaving the shower mate. Just count the disciplines here engagable, the breaths of Sense breathing well; but don't discount the Sistine Yahweh dragged out in Adam clothing, Evenings' attire. Let those among you . . .

M.S.

## Wed. Nite

While a friend types an assignment I did- I sneak off to a "meeting." Outside, in back of the cafeteria, I find six people on the balcony. All of them are wearing white make-up on their faces, which looks especially eerie against the black night. All are dressed up in costumes, some costumes have nothing to do with others. One is in a black tux with a top hat (T shirt under the jacket.) Another is wearing a long black gown trimmed in lace, and a gaudy red hat. One in a long white halter dress, black cape and hat. There is one wearing a short black skirt and white blouse, hat, sun glasses and boots. Another in a long black dress and a stole of pink and white bows and a pink hat. Still another, this one's a weird one with a beard and in white tights a gaudy blouse with a pink feathered collar. As I watch, they climb to the ground on a ladder! The first one starts prancing around and suggests that I do a strip tease! I just smile sweetly (in my usual way) and she goes on with her prancing. The others ignore me when they hit the ground, they just go on dancing, prancing, jumping, hollering, etc. I watch them disappear to the side of the building, and then appear on the balcony and climb down again and again. Each time, the top hat man looks very dazed, until another dances with him. The bearded man keeps running around like hell, picks up one of the girls, and again runs around like hell! Also, there is this old-fashioned music playing. I watch and I listen for about an hour, and once one of the "characters" asks my advice about what type of movements they should make. When they feel confident on the ladder, they decide to call it a night. I get a pepsi out of the machine, and go back to my room. My friend is still typing away. . . another evening at St. Andrews.

Editorially, we've been relieved to note at least the few Question Airs which indicated, including enjoyment, an immediate recognition of the comprehensiveness behind the surface you saw at the Cafeteria windows. These people will not be fooled by Let's Make A Deal, the WSOC Update, or Saturday Night and will probably be able to form much of their own lives. And, if you consider that information is power, you might think of what we could have done or might now be able to do.

**CARDINAL CAFE**

3/17 LUNCH

- Hot Tink. And.
- Spom. Mac.

3/24 DINNER

- Roast Beef
- Egg Plant
- Meatless Pappas

## THE LANCE

A special thanks for this issue of the Lance we'd like to give to John Patton and the regular staffers who were only too happy to let us do their work and to the SAS Program which so generously helped us buy off the media.

Billy Howard  
Ann Kimrey  
Linda Carson  
David Herring  
Don MacKenzie

Linda Montgomery  
Preston Richardson  
Margaret Wilson  
JOAN MADDEN

## The Gift of Metamorphosis

Picasso was talking about the famous saddle and the famous bicycle handlebars which he joined together to make a bull's head.

He said: 'One day I take the saddle and the handlebars, I put them one on top of the other, and I make a bull's head. All well and good. But what I should have done straight after was to throw away the bull's head. Throw it into the street, into the gutter, anywhere, but throw it away. Then a workman comes along. He picks it up. He thinks that with this bull's head he could perhaps make a saddle and a set of bicycle handlebars. And he does it... That would have been magnificent. It is the gift of metamorphosis.' (Picasso Says, Helene Parmelin, A.S. Barnes and Co., Inc., N.J., 1969.)

## Interview-Before

Suzanne

I'm going to ask Suzanne a question just to open up the day for us. It's not a very clear day like it was yesterday. It's sort of hazy. Well, we'll just get her opinion on it.

What do you think about the day so far?

I think it sucks.

Well, compare it to yesterday, let's say.

It's not as bad as yesterday. Okay, but as far as, just, normal . . . it's a normal day for depression, right?

Yeah, it's real good for depression. It's real heavy, all around. Just depressing.

I'm not used to interviewing, so sometimes I stick it up to my mouth when it's supposed to be going up to your mouth . . . like that . . . so how long have you been at lunch?

Since 12:05

So, did you see the event?

Yes, I certainly did.

Did you enjoy it?

I certainly did.

Did you stand up and block the view of the girl that I just talked with that missed the thing?

What girl are you referring to?

This girl over there that's walking, with the light green dress.

I don't have any idea.

Did you stand up against the window?

No, I stood right here between these two tables.

So you weren't in her way. That's good. What did you think?

I just thought it was really great. First of all, I guess my immediate reaction was that I thought it was a theater . . . theater people acting again, but then I thought it was some kind of a St. Patrick's Day celebration, and since Preston Richardson, who is the man in the white, had that ladder in my suite all week, I finally put two and two together and realized this was his senior presentation or something.

I see.



Earl

Earl, how's the day been for you so far?

Oh, not bad.

Are you looking forward to lunch?

I certainly am. I gotta go to work, and at least I can eat in peace for about fifteen minutes.

What time do you have to go to work?

I just have to get there fairly early.

What time?

Oh, say, 11:30.

What time do you have to go to work?

I have to go to work around a quarter of, which is about right now.

Okay. Thankyou.

## SPECIAL GUEST- PROFESSOR BAYES

Good evening, Colonel. Pleasure to see you at the club tonight.

Thank-you. I've enjoyed being here. I've been looking over those stock reports.

Not a bit of truth to it.

What do you think about the New Axis?

I believe that our next thrust is going to be into the underbelly of Brazil.

That's what I've heard . . . Diamonds, bauxite . . .

Slaves.

Anything you want . . . So you came up right at the tail end of it?

Yes.

The blue light special.

The blue light special. I'm always attracted by a blue light. You know, "Heaven Protect the Blue Tail Fly," that old folk song?

Is that spelled T-A-I-L or -T-A-L-E?

Well, uh, you take it the way you find it. Waste not, want not.

I see. Right. Right.

I can't believe they let me in the cafeteria.

Why do you say that?

'Cause the last couple of times I've tried to come in, they've kicked me out immediately.

Why?

They just do. They can't stand me, I guess.

## REACTIONS AT TABLE 15 (after the music began:)

person 1: What is that?

person 2: The geese are migrating south!

person 1: Oh are they?

(after the action began:)

person 1: It's a shoot-out!

person 3: I have no idea!

person 4: That was pretty good, pretty good I must say.

(after the action stopped)

person 1: That was terrific! It was great to see everyone with a smile on their face!

person 1: That music!

person 5: Broke the monotony.

person 2: An exercise in good taste!

person 1: Uh, explain yourself.

person 2: It was just terrific!

person 1: There were three cameras going.

person 2: Three?

person 1: On us.

person 2: I saw one.

person 1: One movie camera, and two still lifes.

person 6: There was one set-up out there.

person 2: I think he had his lense cap on, the movie camera out there. he may have been taking different frames.

person 1: I wonder how they conned the sheriff into doing it.

person 2: I saw them rehearsing last night-they were climbing up and down a ladder, and walking around in white face.

"Francis Cartier once declared that there is no such thing as creative thinking—that there is no thinking; but that thinking occurs so seldom, he argued, that when it does we call it creative." (from *Creativity: Unlocking Human Potential*, Sidney J. Parnes, D.O.K. Publishers, Inc., Buffalo, N.Y., 1972.)

Karen.

Karen.

Yes?

How's your leg?

It's okay?

Um hm.

Did you have a good lunch?

I had a wonderful lunch. I thoroughly enjoyed it; I just loved it.

What was it?

Just a normal day here, except for the pig.

The pig? What pig?

That one out there. I just loved it. I thought Willy was really a maintenance man.

He is.

I know, but that worked out just fine.

\*\*\*\*\*

Excuse me. How long have you been at lunch?

Bout thirty minutes.

So you saw something go on outside.

I didn't watch it.

Could you see it from here.

No, too many people were between me and the window.

We should have done something about that. I'm sorry.

That's alright.

Thank you.

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David

How'd you talk the cop into doing that?

Well, they're always interested in preserving the peace and order. There's no trouble talking them into doing it, just tell them what's going to happen. If you're going to have a demonstration, just tell the cops you're going to have a demonstration, and they're half the fun.

It worked out pretty good.

I hope they didn't hurt our friends, though, whoever they were.

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What item on your tray do you like the least?

Silverware and or dishes  
Everything  
Cottage cheese  
Peanut butter sandwich  
Napkin  
Succotash  
Water  
Fork  
Lasagna  
Soup  
Cigarette butt  
Cheese cake  
Food you liked least  
Plastic plates  
The void of good food  
Crooked fork  
Burnt cookies  
My bank statement  
Roach  
Footprint in salad  
Crackers  
The thing with meet and noodles has no taste