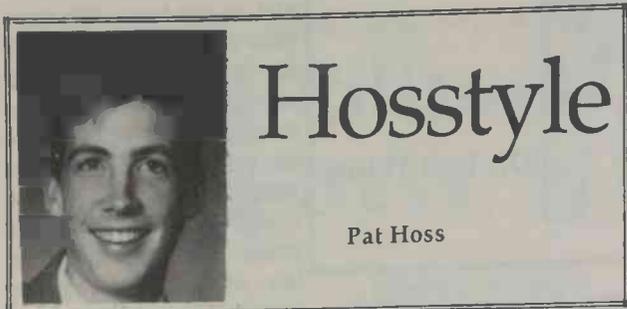


# ON CAMPUS



## Hosstyle

Pat Hoss

### A New Leaf

I am grateful to the concerned readers of the Lance for telling me that I am, in fact, not funny. It came as a shock, as did all their other comments, but after the initial tears had fallen, I lightened up... "sniff".

It is all right now, I just needed a little while to compose myself. Now then... I just wanted to thank those people who have shown me the light, and I'd like to show my appreciation for their contribution to my new self.

Here, point-by-point, I will go over the changes I will undertake.

From the start, I will promise not to be sarcastic or derogatory anymore. In fact, I have already decided on a new topic for my new and improved column. I like to call it, "32 ways to pick a daffodil without killing the plant." I have held back on writing this one, although my passions are with it. I just

needed to get over all the anger that the concerned

readers have pointed out that I possess. Thanks to those few people who signed the petition I have the courage to write a column to unburden people's minds, instead of trying to make them laugh at things around them and at themselves. Thanks to those few brave people, I have found the courage. I can't thank the authors personally, because none of them signed their names, but I can thank those who signed this life-changing document. I thank all twenty of them who say "That boy needs to be censored." It reminds me of a speech by, my hero and surely theirs, Jesse Helms who said, "Censorship! My God! What a concept for the right!"

My new self-awareness, throw-back to the '60's column, will also strive to be helpful informative, and enlightening. My previous column seems not to have covered those points. I will,

from now on, try to give the readers the bright, rosy picture they, the concerned readers of the Lance, desire. Instead of using the scalding, hurtful, sarcastic, and sometimes too truthful, style that I, as my former angry self, used. I will tell the world, now, how well things are here, and how the free-thinking, open-minded, concerned readers of the Lance allowed me to expand my inner consciousness. Now I can strive to be the best I can be. I will write about Sunday mornings, and birds chirping outside my window, just before being hit by a speeding car traveling 70 mph down Dogwood Mile. (Please forgive this backslide. When one is as angry as I, old habits are hard to break.)

Finally, I can only hope that with my new found love of peace and tranquility, I will quit picking on those things that are wrong with this college and glorify what is right. The trees do grow toward

the sun, and the ducks can swim. I think those things have gone unnoticed too long. In doing this, my nasty, antagonistic, "harming morale" nature will disappear also.

After the daffodil story, I will write about "Safely preserving jams." I hope this will allow the basketball and baseball teams to play, learn, and love longer and better. I foresee everyone skipping together across the causewalk singing the St. Andrews song (those who know the words; others may hum along), and the Coca-Cola will come and make a commercial...The possibilities are endless.

Yes, my world has changed thanks to those brave souls who wouldn't sign their names to that paper. They have done more for me than they will ever know. I plan to make good on every word in this column. But one final comment- "I DON'T THINK SO!"

## MAGER READS AT WRITERS' FORUM

By Ingrid Scholz  
Entertainment

On February 15th, the Writers' Forum was honoured to host Dr. Don Mager. Dr. Mager is an English professor at Johnson C. Smith University in Charlotte. He was born in New Mexico, obtained his BA at Drake University, his MA at Syracuse University, and his PhD at Wayne State University in Detroit, Michigan. Dr. Mager's poetry spans a wide variety of topics taken from moments in real life. During a short interview with his son Marlowe, I asked him to describe his father's poetry. Marlowe was of the opinion that it was more emotion-oriented than visual, but after hearing Dr. Mager's reading, I was more of the opinion that though his poetry certainly represented emotions or stemmed from emotional experiences, the final product was very visual.

It was through these visual pictures which created very distinct atmospheres that one could sense the emotion behind it. Dr. Mager had prepared a series of twenty four glosses consisting of twenty four preludes and twenty four etudes. These twenty four glosses were divided in groups of four, each group adhering to a certain form. There were Haiku, Ghazals (which have been familiarized in the English language by poets like Adrienne Rich), Roman epigrams, blues, bumper stickers, and posters. From the audience's reaction, one may conclude that the Roman epigrams, the bumper stickers, and the posters were most popular. In Roman epigrams, the poet takes an abstract character term and personifies it. Dr. Mager used Brute, Discreet, Ego, and, cheating a little bit on the form, Poet. They were satirical and amusing, to say

the least. Dr. Mager's reading may have been a bit obscure to some, not to mention abstract and unique in its own way, yet it was also entertaining.

Unlike this past Thursday, there was a short open-mike following Dr. Mager. Angelia Lawrence ventured out on the floor for the first time, Laura Rose, and Bill Morris shared some of their poetry with us. Dan Auman and Marlowe Mager held a Readers' Theatre by reading out their final Winter Term project which was the legend of King Arthur as seen from (Ex)Calibur's point of view. We had one guest from Charlotte, namely one of Dr. Mager's students, Catherine Adams who read out some of her poetry. The evening was closed with a short story written and read by Matt Sutherland. I would like to take this opportunity and thank all of those who read that night.

### Mandela

Continued from page 1  
response to the steps called for by the Mandela Peace Plan.

Mandela is the first to admit that he does not have the power to govern. Yet, he knows his strengths. He knows he has the biggest constituency in South Africa. Not even DeKlerk can claim a following the size of Mandela's. He is undoubtedly a political force to be reckoned with. Twenty-seven years of prison did not demoralize him or diminish his influence. Instead, his status as a symbol of liberation grew in leaps and bounds while in prison. As a trained lawyer, the days when people flock to his political rally just to have a glimpse of a black lawyer are over.

Mandela now commands respect from his tiny matchbox house in Soweto. The international media is always around. How else could the world observe a living history unfold before its eyes? This man is not just a symbol of liberation; he is a liberated man himself.

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