

Editorials

NONE SHALL PASS...

BY REBECCA STACY

No, this is not a story about the extreme number of high school drop outs in the South.

Instead, it is reminiscent of that resolute knight from "Monty Python and the Holy Grail." In his immortal words, "Tis but a scratch."

There has been a decided increase in support for the paper.

They painted the office this summer--everyone is cordially invited to come and visit.

So, sort of like a long haired dog after a bath, *The Lance* is off to a brand new start--smelling clean but with a few buried fleas.

Like many programs at St. Andrews, we're revamping the whole paper system. The implication being that there has formerly been a system for *The Lance*.

We'll be trying out all sorts of new and improved ideas over the next couple of months, so let us know what you like and don't like.

So many things are happening right now, it's hard to know where to begin.

There are all sorts of new professors and staff and ideas and changes that took place while we were calmly working. It will truly be interesting to see all of these things in effect..

Now, I must put the peppy smile away.

In the overall scheme of the universe, all of what we say and do here on measly little Earth is relatively useless.

Unfortunately, during our temporary stay here, we have to figure out a way to justify our lives.

I would like to use this opportunity to espouse the virtues of becoming involved--not just with *The Lance*, although I'm on bended knee to get student support.

St. Andrews offers so many different club and life opportu-

nities that we as students, caught up in the clutter of our dorm rooms, often overlook.

Even worse, and I'm guilty also, we show up for the wonderful yearbook club pictures and never attend another meeting..

It has been said many times before and I'll whine out the chorus one more time; students, St. Andrews students, need to get more involved.

We finally have a Dean of Student Life who really wants to hear our ideas, our President (not Clinton) really seems to care about how we feel. There is no reason to confront these people with the sound of remote control channel surfing.

We may be classified as part of "Generation X" but we really don't have to act like it.

Reality does bite, but only when you've procrastinated too long on those term papers.

Now on to another slab of beef on my verbal plate.

A freshman, whom I knew only slightly, stuck a note in my box saying that she was planning on leaving St. Andrews. Orientation was barely over. She had only attended one class and she was quite prepared to leave St. Andrews with a bad taste in her mouth.

Perhaps, and more than likely, she really didn't belong here but one of the reasons she was dead set on leaving was because some of the seniors in her suite had convinced her that St. Andrews was about to fail.

Quite simply, this is utter, total, complete, mucky, slimy, the really smelly kind of nastiness that occasionally pervades our otherwise peaceful college.

It seems, instead, that the great rumor mill managed to blow

absolutely everything out of proportion.

Where does the fault lie? Should we blame the administration for not keeping us informed? Should we blame ourselves for not reading those lovely, little flyers that appear in our boxes periodically? Should we blame ourselves for not actively pursuing and demanding answers to our very valid questions? Does the administration believe that only five people would attend a frank and up-front forum, which would not be out of character for the student body? Do we prefer, instead, to merely explode the tiny snippets that filter their way into SAGA into a gloomy, bleak, holocaustal picture that is completely inaccurate?

I suggest that before we pass on doom and gloom and distorted realities that we get the facts.

Of course, it's quite hard to get the facts. Everyone, professors, staff, etc., has their own interpretation and "take" on the big picture of St. Andrews. Sometimes, it's hard to really trust what any part of the "establishment" says. I mean, they need our money, right?

I'm just frustrated that already we're infiltrating the freshmen class (a truly with-it and half-way intelligent group) with our half-assed, half-understood, half-retained, and angry ideas regarding the nature of the universe at S.A.

It bothers me that students haven't seen some of the really great changes that have taken place.

Quite simply, I'm angry.

The sermon is over. I hope I haven't been preaching to the choir.

I hope I get some sort of response--even if you want to tell me to blow off.

Go BlowHole!

Thanks to The Tick.

Notes on the Run

by Brad Johnson

On the way to finish packing, I stop to jot down this the first of several articles about Simeon and I's adventures at Brunnenburg Castle. I am excited beyond words about the opportunities that lie before me.

What is Brunnenburg?

Brunnenburg is a castle in the Tyrolian Alps of Italy.

Brunnenburg is the former home of the poet, Ezra Pound. Pound is considered among literary circles to be one of the greatest poets of the twentieth century. Students from St.

Andrews go there each fall semester to study the Cantos, the major work of Ezra Pound with Pound's daughter, Mary de Rachewiltz. While there, students also take classes on Myth and Legends of Europe and Agro-Archaeology with Pound's grandson, Sietzo de Rachewiltz. This year, there is also a class on Italian Art taught by Stephanie McDavid, a teacher at St. Andrews who is leading the group.

Who is the group? This year, fourteen students are going to Brunnenburg. They are: Tyler McPeak, Gretchen Hoffman, Tialofa Russel, Dana Hardwick, Jo Hiebert, Marylyle McCue, Mary Rebecca Cox, Mellanie Olkowski, Donna Samander, Adam MacKenzie, Heather Hayden, Emily Hulley, Simeon Minshew and myself.

I would like to devote the rest of my space to goodbyes. Goodbye to: Kyle, Jose, Rachel, Allyson, Ron, Stephen, Woobie, Bina, Dr. Walters, Dave, Turtle, Dick, Allison, Pookie, Terra, Jesse, Belinda, Lauren, Lance, Casey, Farley, Jo Anna, Joe, Brandi, Drew, Parker, Chris F., Michelle, Joe, Paul, Sara J., Drew, Alex, Jen, Kathy, Dan the Man, April, Joey, Katie, Christy, Chris C., Becky, Trae, Mr.P, Jeri, the Library staff, SAGA, Will, Amy, Tristy, Vinny, Willie, Nicole, Justine, Tim, Claire, Amanda, Dave, Jamie, Bender, Brian, Leslie, Rob, Pat My Honey, Scooty, and many more. Ciao!!!!!!

Did You Know...

"Saga" is short for the Native American word Kanadesaga, which means Geneva.