

EDITORIALS & AMUSEMENTS

Rumor Mill Gets Extra Grist

BY IAGO

Way too many students are doing way too many drugs on campus, but way too many school officials are also getting way too uptight about it.

Recently, an anonymous resident of Stan Dura-run Orange was offered a luxurious deal (rumored to involve limo service across the lake and a year's supply of smoked oyster sandwiches), for wearing what is known in the CIA world as a "wire," and purchasing some illegal substances (marijuana or Black Flag suppositories, it is unclear) and thereby framing a pal and landing our SA officials in the D.A.R.E. school-of-the-year lottery.

As Student Life officials are not "officially" permitting anyone to know precisely *what* has hap-

pened, (for example, *who* has the drugs so we can get some of our own), we can only deduce the *real* situation via the ever-churning St. Andrews rumor-mill.

And, as we of the esteemed Lance staff have no real reason to assume that *anyone* reads our paper, we feel fully able to report unsubstantiated rumors (those flying at SAGA) at will.

So far, members of Meck and Concord have been officially "busted" for drugs and drug paraphernalia. Another Concord sweetie has taken leave of our fine institution due to complications of another illegal substance. Suite Four Orange, has been subjected to a rumored, threatened, unofficial search, and all the wheelies are being randomly tested. Somewhere between 20 and 50 fellows

in Winston-Salem have also been caught red-handed with either cocaine, crack, or confiscated sugar packets from SAGA (it is unclear), and the fire in Suite Four Orange last week (didn't you hear?) was deliberately caused by a Satantic drug-frenzy, prompted by Dr. Skip Clark's Witchcraft class.

100 charges of manslaughter have been brought up against the vagrant who brought **THE VERY FIRST** sheet of LSD *ever* to our sainted campus, and eight different lawsuits are being brought to President Board by prospectives horrified that such a well-advertised (thanks, Admissions!) school would be so overrun with such atrocities. (The nineteen lab rats who were maliciously fondled, molested, sucked

and subjected to meaningless tripper-babble are also suing Frank Watson for not keeping the lab doors effectively secured at night. Where is Theiron when you really need him??)

Confused? Paranoid? Wary of your peers and leaders? **YOU OUGHT BE!!** Throw all your pot in the lake! Cut your hair! Stop listening to Phish and the Dead!

And for God's sakes *do not* attempt to communicate effectively with your suite mates, your classmates, your school officials or your Lance staff, because someone might get hold of the truth. Someone *might just* get some honesty and openness, and then our fine center for extraordinary learning really would go down the tubes.

While The Cat's Away...

BY BRANDI MISS

...The mice will play...and their games are not always fun and joy, at least not at St. Andrews. Perhaps you were not one of the lucky nine-too-many people to hear of the game, "either-talk-or-I'll-have-to-take-you-to-jail..." and if you're not, consider yourself un-harassed and very lucky. And if you were not chosen to have a go, then you probably missed out on the "\$50 and a wire" scene as well. Too bad...not for you, though, too bad for those random people whose cards were drawn for them. It kind of makes one pause to wonder if the cards had previously been stacked. And by who?

This has us all buzzing, and wondering, waiting to see who the next player will be. Alarmed for reason; careful to survive. Dodging buzz cuts and blue uniforms because justice is not always just. Consider for instance the following scenario: two uniform clad campus police-whose primary purpose is to protect the students, faculty, and staff as well as its properties from danger, theft, vandalism, and intruders (Saltire, 144)-enter a student's room without a warrant, after the R.A. refused their order to barge in because of lack of evidence or suspicion. They proceed to try to "bust"

the innocent resident. The room was searched and pretty much trashed. Results? NOTHING WAS FOUND. Hats off to campus police for making another student spend hours cleaning up the aftermath.

And what's all this we are hearing about "enforcement" entering rooms with no legal warrants? No real evidence? No real cause for suspicion? They smell something--it could be a chicken pot pie or a burnt bag of popcorn--but, hey, it all smells suspicious, ri zht? And the smoke...if just two people sit in a 10'X15' room with approximately two square feet of window space and each smoke

more than one cigarette, instantaneous pool hall. Throw in a cigar and smoke billows. Whatever happened to "our communal concern is primarily for persons rather than for enforcement?" (Saltire, 102) Allow me to be blunt, find real cause for suspicion before knocking on my door, please.

The most upsetting factor in this game is where the blaming finger is being pointed. Sure, they get a little crazy and act a bit weird sometimes, but the harassed suite is perhaps the most genuine gathering of scholars on this campus. If you want to jam out, discuss class, have a glass of wine, cry on a shoulder, shoot the shit, bum a
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