

Fill in the Angst

Why I Sold Out and Joined The Lance

"I know I could write stuff for The Lance that would get people to read it, but getting people to read it is not in accordance with my life's goals."

-Nathaniel Lewis

There are no sacred cows, they are all hamburger fodder. Join me as I bite the hand that feeds, beat a dead horse and engage in several more clichés that would make interesting titles for porn flicks! (Try this at home! Popular culture references count, too: Surge!, "The taste of the next generation," All I Ever Really Needed to Know I Learned in Kindergarten.)

When I make believe that my peers read *The Lance*, I imagine them having one question for me. This necessitates additionally pretending that students would also know who I am. (College has taught me how to pretend at several things at once. I can act like I'm not in the classroom and imagine I don't hate the professor at the same time!) Assuming they cared as well, someone might ask why I sold out and wrote for *The Lance*.

It was once my goal to establish a new campus paper, *The Heretic*. Everyone I asked was willing to assist my *coup*, but I found getting articles out of them as difficult as getting people to join *The Lance*, or even read it. Other complications included a spy in my ranks and the machinations of the SA administration. The latter booted one of my primary co-conspirators out of school on the flimsy charge of failure, for missing more than 3 class sessions. (It was a class you could otherwise pass without attending. Try and guess which one. See if you can list more than 15!) I even got my friend, Marlon Carey to agree to de-

fect from this paper to mine, though this might have done less damage to *The Lance* than it would have done to my

sources. Point being, it's OK to admit to us that this paper bores the hell out of you.

During my Winter Term off

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chances. There was also that little matter of my insistence that the paper be called *The Heretic*.

After my plans to put together a rival paper were slowly deconstructed, I reluctantly acknowledged that it didn't matter. *The Lance* would be its own undoing. My efforts were only meant to offer that friendly push towards the edge of the roof, like lending a handgun to the suicidal friend. *The Lance* would still go through with it. It would just have to endure the five-day waiting period.

By this point, someone is mad. Whee!

For parents and faculty members who feel pressured to publicly insist that *The Lance* is a useful method of communication between students, here's relief. I'm not the only student here who believes this paper lacks worth. (I'm just the one impetuous enough to try and get the sentiment published.)

Backlogs of *The Lance* left outside the cafeteria are used for, well, I'm sure once you get that far down the chain, there's still something you can do with such re-

campus. I met someone who told me that when she was in high school, her paper was only sought after by students who wanted to find out what was for lunch. My high school paper, *The Rank and File Foul*, was only a commodity when it was raining and someone forgot an umbrella. Students here wouldn't even use *The Lance* for that. What if the ink bled and you got Eddie Pear stains on your face?

I write this without disrespect to the half dozen students who diligently and stubbornly put together the paper in disregard of popular opinion. This paper bites.

It's impossible to put together an interesting paper when the same two people write all the articles. Things can't be made timely either, because the primary writer has to put the paper together for the printer in addition to her other responsibilities. Without more staff members, *The Lance* can't escape association with other campus easy-joke fodder like *Crossroads* and *Currently Nameless* (a.k.a. Permanently Nameless.)

Why do we do it? I can't speak for anyone else, but here's my story: When I moved into Orange last year, the air conditioner

in my dorm room didn't work. This Fall Term, my roommate and I had given up hope that a campus maintenance crew would ever drop in to fix it. We decided to open it up and see if we could do some damage ourselves. Pulling it out, we discovered it wasn't an air conditioning unit at all: it was an ancient 8-track tape recorder. I carefully replaced it in the ceiling, where it's still recording as I write this. (Is it possible they can interpret by sound alone which keys I'm pressing?) I knew I had to expose the con-

spiracy. Lacking my own public forum, I decided to co-opt *The Lance* for my own purposes.

The truth is that St. Andrews has issues. Over the summer, in a non-awakened state similar to the one my roommate was in when he decided he would be suite leader, I realized a few. Lacking my own public forum... Besides, now it's my job to hate things. That's something that I don't have to make believe that students do here.

-Greg Chatham

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