

## Revolution X By Patch Adams

Bush said no child would be left behind  
And yet kids from inner-city schools  
Work on Central jingling cans that read  
"Please sir, may I have some more?"

They hand out diplomas like toilet paper  
And lower school standards  
Because  
Underpaid, unrespected school teachers  
Are afraid of losing their jobs  
Funded by the standardized test  
That show our competency  
When I'm in detox.

This is the land of the free...

Where the statute for rape is only five damn years!  
And immigrants can't run for President.  
Where Muslims are hunted because  
Some suicidal men decided they didn't like  
Our arrogant bid for modern imperialism.

This is the land of the free.

You drive by a car who's  
Bumper screams  
God Bless America!!  
Well you can scratch out the B and make it  
Godless  
Because God left this country a long time ago  
The founding fathers made this nation  
On a dream and now  
Freedom of speech  
Lets Nazis burn crosses, but  
Calls police to Gay Pride Parades.

We somehow  
Can afford war with Iraq  
But we can't afford to pay the teachers  
Who educate the young  
Who hold the guns  
Against the "axis of evil"  
Land of the Free...

This is the land  
If you're politically assertive  
They call you a traitor and  
Damn you to ostracism.  
Say goodbye to Johnny Walker  
And his family.

So maybe  
My ideas about this nation  
Don't revolve around perfection  
But at least I know  
Education is more important  
Than money.

Land of the free...

If this was utopia  
We'd have to see each other naked  
Before we got married.  
But instead we see each other naked  
all the time  
Because the government has my  
social security number  
And the name of my dog.

And then we make babies  
But don't worry, they won't be left behind

And they grow up saying  
God Bless America!  
But they don't know who Bush is  
Because they never learned the presidents  
And they will ride the ship  
"Amistad"  
To our dreamland shores  
Bearing the same shackles as us.

I'm here to say that  
Generation X  
Is pissed and we're ripping down  
The American illusion of perfection

We are the future generation  
I have my qualifications  
I know it looks like Angel Soft toilet paper  
But don't worry  
It's a diploma.  
Do I look qualified?

You can take our toilet paper  
But you can't take our revolution.

## Advice from Sir Lancelot

As promised I have returned to answer your most pressing questions. Here is this month's chosen submission:

Q: Dear Sir Lancelot, I am having problems getting along with my roommate. We butt heads on almost every imaginable issue. For example, we have been unable to reach a compromise on a sleeping schedule that suits both of us. She insists upon staying up until 3am each night and I must get up at seven each morning for my eight o'clock class. Also she is constantly on the phone with her out of state boyfriend, which makes it impossible for me to receive calls from my friends and family in our

room. It has become so extreme that I have been forced to ask them to call my friend across the hall in order to reach me. What makes this situation even worse, if that is really possible, is the fact that she is very moody so I am unsure of how to handle this situation, without making it worse. Please help!

A: My advice is to challenge your roommate to a jousting match like we used to in the good old days. There's nothing like driving a spike through the heart of your enemy to settle a conflict. Trust me! Seriously, you really need to sit down with this roommate of yours no matter how volatile you fear she

## Our Waddling Little Friend

We have all seen him waddling around outside the cafeteria everyday asking susceptible people for food, but we have all come to love him, except the cafeteria folk when he manages to wonder in. So we thought it best to interview this wondrous character and have him tell you his story...

TL: First of all Mr. Chicken-Duck, I would like to thank you for taking the time to sit down with us today. I know you are a very busy mutant waterfowl and I would just like to express the schools appreciation.

CD: Oh, well thank you Chuck. I do have quite a lot on my plate, but I always have time for fans.

TL: Well we certainly are big fans of yours here at the paper, and we would all like to know more about you. First of all I would like to ask you about your name, Chicken-Duck is a name I can't quite place, is it Dutch?

CD: Well you know, I get asked that question a lot, and I would just like to put that particular issue to bed. See like most anthropomorphic animals, my last name is my species. Like Mickey Mouse happens to be a mouse, I Ignatius Philippe Chicken-Duck, happen to in fact be a chicken-duck.

TL: Now that is another matter I was wondering about, I don't believe I have ever heard of a chicken-duck, would you mind telling us a little bit more about that.

CD: Certainly Chuck, you see my father was a chicken ex-patriot from the Rhode Island region. After being exiled from his homeland my father traveled quite a bit and became a favorite of the beat generation, often being found in the company of the likes of Kerouac and Warhol. It was actually through Andy (Warhol) that he met my mother. She was a beautiful young duck with stars in her eyes, who had come to New York to find the fowl inside. She found the love of her life, my father, instead. They hit it off immediately, and well one thing led to another and here I am.

TL: Here you are indeed, now I know many of our readers are curi-

ous. You owe her this opportunity. She may not even be aware that her behavior is upsetting to you. Just make sure you approach this conversation in the most diplomatic manner possible, while still ensuring that you get your point across. If this initial meeting doesn't change things between you two, you need to set up a meeting with your RA or RD so that they can mediate your discussion, thus allowing your conversation to be more productive this time around. During this meeting they may even

ous to know how you came to be here at St. Andrews.

CD: Well you know Chuck, of course you know because you have done your homework for this article, that I am a St. Andrews alum. That's right class of 83. I understand that you mean how have I come to be at St. Andrews this time though so let me fill you in on that story. I had been down in the Keys, writing some music with the great Jimmy Buffett, when I receive a call from Stephen Hawkings. Ol' Steve-o was on his way to New York to give a lecture, and he wanted my help preparing for it. This kind of thing happens all the time. My sessions with Jimmy were wrapping up, so I decided to wing it on up to see Steve. Along the way I decided to stop on by the drew and catch up with some of my favorite professors. So I stopped by, you know, visited all the old boys, turned in a paper that I still owed Dr. A., you know that kind of thing. While I was here I thought I would slip into the cafeteria and see what the current class was like, when I got to the patio there was this young man sitting there and he started handing out these delicious little bite sized morsels, uh bread crumbs I believe he called them, and I simply couldn't take another step. I was riveted by this delightful new snack. So I have just basically been hanging around ever since, chatting with all the new students, and enjoying this wonderful bread crumb phenomena.

TL: I would just like to thank you one more time for coming to talk to us, and I want to throw in a quick word about your new book. You want to tell us a little about that?

CD: Oh yeah of course, uh well it is just my memoirs, it finally got published. It will be in the campus bookstore in spring, and they are actually talking about teaching a class based on it here next year. It is called I Am Not Spock and it is just such a great book and I am so very proud of it.

TL: Alright, well thanks again Mr. Chicken-Duck, and we will see you around.

request that you both fill out and sign a form detailing the compromise you have come to, hoping that in the case of a future conflict you will be able to refer to this document and resolve your differences. Hope this helps.

Reminder: Please send your submissions to sirlancelotsapc@yahoo.com no later than the 1st of each month to be included in the upcoming issue. Contact me today! I aim to please. See you next month,  
Sir Lancelot