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The Settler is located in the
 Student Pub in the Woods
 Campus Center, Room 206B.

An Open Letter of Indictment to the Administration

WHEN in the Course of Student Events, it becomes necessary for one Student body to profer charges against a body politic, that is, Volunteer State Community College Administration, presently situated in the City of Gallatin, State of Tennessee, and to which, the following Indictment should, in all its intent, bring about a swift Acknowledgement and subsequent Rectification of all questions raised and Grievances listed, in as much as We, the Forgotten Stepchild Colony located in the City of Livingston, State of Tennessee are left to wonder why it is that a College so great in size and stature can so blatantly Disregard the needs of its Colony campus. Are we not Students with the same needs here as the parent campus? Are our Women who happen to be in the family way not Entitled to decent seating in the classroom? As it stands, our Pregnant Students can not fit into the "desks" that you have supplied, and must sit between two aisles in Makeshift Seating! These are wholly and totally Inadequate Antiquated seats that are more suited to a child of elementary school age. And what of our Left - Handed Brethren? Why are they given desks with a writing surface some Twelve inches square, more suited for kindergarten? I have witnessed my Big and Tall fellow students having to Leave Class because they could no longer Suffer the Indignity of our Lilliputian desks. For a mere gasp of air, they are forced to Extricate themselves from their Suppressive Restraint.

We hold these Truths to be self evident, that all Campuses are created Equal, that they are endowed by their Student Fees with certain Unalienable Rights, that among these are Equality, Parity, and the Pursuit of Education---That to secure these Rights, we Demand our equal share of the Financial Pie. Are we not, the Student body, Paying an equal amount of Tuition which incorporates a percentage for Student Fees? Why has the Penurious Administration chosen to ignore the needs of their Outpost Campus? Why are we being made to feel like the Crazy Uncle that is kept locked in the attic for the sole purpose of Co-opting his Social Security check?

Your apathy is so Pervasive that it has Infiltrated this Student Colony to the degree that when, in a recent pole Conducted, not one-in-twenty students knew that we had School Colors, much less what those Colors are! Nowhere on our tiny Island Wilderness can the flagstaff of VSCC be found. How Sad is this current State of Affairs when the



The "Cafe-gym-atorium" - nicknamed by crowded Livingston students.
 Photo by Bill Robb

average Student feels so Oppressed, that the Parent campus' attitude Permeates the individual Student to the degree it has? Shame On You!

We here in the Colony are relegated to a status of Fourth Class Citizens. We Suffer the daily Ignominy of the Cafe-gym-atorium, which is also our Student center/math lab, storage room, ad infinitum. Where is our Library? Is it perhaps on another Island? We are expected to write essays and research papers with our Hands Bound by the Gods of Volunteer State (VOD).

VOD, in its infinite wisdom has Consciously chosen to Ignore these and other basic Student Needs, nay, the basic Human Needs of the citizenry of their Colony. We now ask VOD with the greatest respect that can be accorded, permission to Rename the Forgotten Stepchild Livingston Colony to "Atlantis." Surely not a more Apropos Appellation exists in all the realm.

Why, one might ask, do we choose to attend this Abandoned Outpost in the face of such Abject Poverty? Reconcile yourself that it is certainly Not the amenities offered here that is our allure. VOD, in a former state of celestial inspiration saw fit to bestow upon our Frontier, a Superior ruling body in the appointment of a Stellar Faculty and Staff. Under the most Suppressive Conditions these Dedicated Individuals perform tasks that require infinite Wisdom, Knowledge, and Patience. Not merely professors, they wear the robes of Advisors, Admissions Clerks, and Counselors. Performing with the agility and adroitness of Master Composers, they orchestrate order out of sheer chaos. They are the Beacons in

our Perpetual Umbrage. Yet even they are Caught between the proverbial rock of the Mother campus and the Hard Place of our Subjugation. They, and only They are the Reason we the Students of the Lost Colony choose to attend this Island of Ignored Vassals.

After a recent visit to the Mother campus it was clear to me that Your Opulence is mirrored only by Our Indigence. Are you afraid if you throw us a few Crumbs we will want the whole loaf? I can safely assure you, We Want only the Slices that are Our Rightful Portion. We ask only to be able to partake in That Which Belongs to Us.

We have heard a New Dwelling is on the horizon for us, and for this we are truly thankful. The Problem is the considerable amount of Time it will take to erect the new Habitation, which leaves this fair Colony in the same state of affairs. We can no longer wait for Ulysses to sail to Ithaca, our seating situation must be resolved Now, not in a year yet to be determined and then realized.

In summation, I point the Righteous finger of Accusation and Challenge. We beseech thee oh VOD on high, to first make a Full Accounting and Reconciliation of our Student Fee Accounts, and secondly replace these Medieval seating instruments of torture with the same as those in our parent Kingdom. Your Circumlocution will no longer be abided. We will Suffer these Indignities no more.

In great anticipation of your response, I remain...

Your Loyal Subject,

Lawrence J. Aguirri
 Senator, Livingston Colony