

A Holiday Look Into the Criminal Mind

by Adam Glark & Randy Mack

[Note: This was written by Adam and myself sitting on the sidewalk outside the GE Building in New York City in the middle of the winter while waiting to go to a taping of Late Night with David Letterman in 1989. We wrote this in anticipation of being arrested for re-entering the building for the reasons listed below.

We figured the guards would recognize us, grab us as we entered the studio, and we'd have about 5 second to hurl this letter to Bill Wendell, Letterman's announcer. The theory was that Letterman would recognize our wit and intellect, personally bail us out of prison, and ask us to move in with him and write for the show. In fact, although we safely made it into the building, we never even got into the studio because they had overbooked the show.

This was one of many adventurers with General Electric Security people. It's not our fault they have an unguarded back staircase that lets one enter restricted areas. Our gift, by the way, was a pineapple wrapped in Christmas lights.]

Soup has been the downfall of many a great historical figure, so it may come as no surprise to you that this is the reason we are spending the holidays with fifteen

drunk Santa's in a New York City holding cell. Adam and Randy have always been great fans of Late Night. As their fascination with the program grew, so did their adventurous nature. Tonight marks Adam's fourth and Randy's third trip to New York to see the taping of Late Night with David Letterman (all of which could bring a tear to your eye just to hear the tales) Their dream is to write for the show, but they would settle for minimum wages mopping the

floor with their hair and scraping the boogers from under Letterman's desk.

They have tried again and again to appear on the show. These attempts include wearing humorous apparel to the tapings of the show, writing viewer mail, teaching Adam's

pet rat to parachute and walk a tightrope for Stupid Pet Tricks, and destroying Adam's dad's exercise bicycle in an effort to convert it to a bicycle built-for-two and attempting to ride it to New York. (It fell apart.)

Their demise was indeed soup. On the night of December 22nd, Adam and Randy set up camp outside the guest relations office in order to receive the best stand-by seats for the last taping before

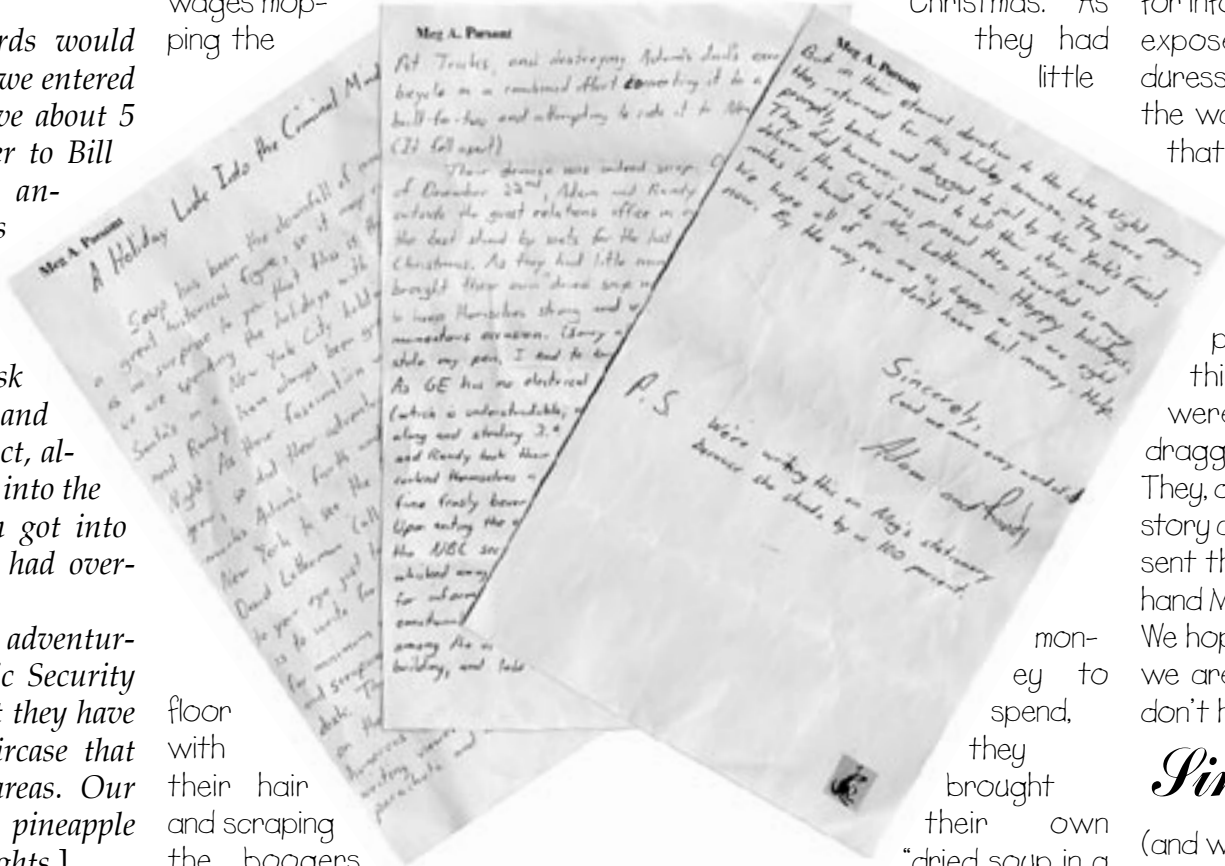
Christmas. As they had little

money to spend, they brought their own "dried soup in a cup" in order to keep themselves strong and vigorous for this momentous occasion. (Sorry about the ink. Someone stole my pen. I had to borrow a different one.)

As GE has no electrical outlets on the first floor (which is understandable, would you want someone coming along and stealing 3.9 watts of your electricity), Adam and Randy took their hotpot up the fire stairs and cooked themselves a pipin' hot meal accompanied by a fine frosty beverage in an NBC employee lounge. Upon exiting the elevators back on the first floor at the NBC security desks (dumb move), they were whisked away to separate interrogation rooms, drilled for information, photographed, and exposed to extreme emotional duress. Their pictures were hung on the wall among the other criminals that are banned from the building, and told never to return to NBC property.

But in their eternal devotion to the Late Night program, they returned for this holiday bonanza. They were promptly beaten and dragged to jail by New York's finest. They, did, however, want to tell their story and deliver the Christmas present they travelled so many miles to hand Mr. Letterman. Happy holidays. We hope all of you are as happy as we are right now. By the way, we don't have bail money. Help.

Sincerely
(and we mean every word of it)
Adam and Randy
P.S. We're writing this on Meg's stationery because she stands by us 100 percent.



Free the Wizard People!
Your own Student Council voted against this noble human rights effort by only one vote at the last Council meeting. Contact your new rep and let them know how you feel about this important issue.

IN DEFENSE OF TELEMARKETING

by Rachel Eisner

"Hello, my name is Rachel." And I am a telesales person. You say, "I'm busy now," or "It's been sold." "I don't want it," is your answer. "My husband's not home." CLICK

"Wait a moment, please." I drive through Worcester Monday morning rush hour, just like you do, and I fear the color orange, for the inevitable traffic barriers it signals. You may have been the coffee drinker who bumped into me at the

Main Street Dunkin' Donuts, and sent me racing through yellow lights to my apartment in Main South so I could put on a fresh t-shirt and unstained khakis.

So I could be on time for work.

Just like you, I am expected to be punctual and professional. And yes, that means walking in the door at 8:59 AM, grabbing a "call sheet" and an order form and making phone calls. Sometimes I follow a script, as an accountant would rely on a calcu-

lator, or perhaps a journalist on his probe questions, and sometimes I do not.

Calculate, write, assemble, teach, drive, we all need to support a habit. My commission checks, for example, go to my traffic violations.

Telesales is not just for people who have the gift of gab. Nope. It's an art, and like any other profession, requires patience, skill, and perseverance.

Journalists have the opportunity to complete graduate school, and doctors benefit from

four years of medical school and residency; fast food managers can even attend Burger University.

Telemarketing, on the other hand, is talk that will try your communication skills and test your stamina; it will challenge your phone etiquette and help you build a customer clientele.

Self-taught, still dialing and selling with celerity, I consider myself a triumphed telemarketer. And like yourself, glad to be alive and employed in Worcester.