

S O L D I E R O F W H E A T B R E A D
M A G A Z I N E

T H I S I S
T H E F I N A L

THE *FINAL* ISSUE
OF *WHEATBREAD*
MAGAZINE

WheatBread Closes Its Doors:

Media Mogul Mack Makes Many Mad, Most Moody Anyway

• An exclusive interview with and by Randy Mack •

WheatBread: Hello, I—

Randy Mack: Wait. You're not going to ask me a bunch of stupid cutesy journalist questions, are you? I'm sick of that Barbara Walters "If you could be a tree, what kind of tree would you be?"-shit.

WB: Ok, let me cut to the chase: why did you decide to close WheatBread at this point, after only six issues?

RM: Well, frankly, it felt like the time was right. Everything ebbs and wanes, and *WheatBread's* time had come.

WB: Some people think that WB had reached a kind of pinnacle in its career. Why close down a magazine at the peak of its popularity?

RM: Well, by some measurements, it was the peak of its popularity. The last issue [issue #5, the infamous "Your Ass Here" issue] was surely a landmark in that many ways. I mean, several personal goals were achieved in that issue. We did another detailed investigative piece, we did some well-researched news pieces that I think showed the campus how the Administration works and what they do. We united most of the articles according to a common theme, and I think we did all this without compromising too much of our sense of humor or lo-fi tendencies.

On the other hand, people's reaction was noticeably lackluster. *WheatBread* may have excited people when it was new and daring, but it's just another thing now. People

expect it, they expect things from it. It's not as exciting as when it was new.

Not to mention I've been doing it alone.

WB: I've heard about that. Is it true that you've done most of WB yourself?

RM: Well, last semester, I had some help. Sundrop Carter was invaluable for the debut issue, and Rob Mohns likewise for the others. We also had a regular copy-editor and a staff photographer, two jobs that consume a ridiculous amount of time.

But by the end of last semester, Sundrop was gone and Rob was fading. The first issue of this semester was produced almost entirely by me. I laid out everything, copy edited all the articles, scanned all the graphics, designed everything, et cetera. If it wasn't for Rachel Eisner and Nathan Kleinberger typing in generous amounts of material, the issue probably couldn't have been done. This issue was done with more help on the production side, but finding contributors has become very hard.

What I think people don't realize is that producing publications is amazingly laborious. I mean, the complexity of a traditional newspaper came about because it was so unbelievably difficult to keep communication going. Every staff member needs to know what at least 3 other people are doing at any given time. *WheatBread*, by being non-traditional, was doomed to constant crises of

communication. Not to mention it was impossible to maintain staff.

WB: Wouldn't people want to work for a magazine that seemed so much fun?

RM: Well, the magazine was fun to read, but putting it out is only fun for two reasons: you're either fulfilled post-factum by publishing, or you enjoy the company. And that company could get pretty stressed-out as deadlines approached. [Laughs] I guess I'm talking about myself here. I've paid a lot of dry cleaning bills in my day.

What I'm trying to say is, *WB* takes a lot of work. As much if not more than the *Scarlet*, though less often. And I think people were expecting something more intrinsically entertaining. An analogy here would be

“What is not important is not taken care of. Or, 'Be careful what you wish for.'”

producing a Tv show. A sit-com may be more fun than a documentary, but once you're past the jokes, it's an identical process. You have to worry about lights, makeup, unions, money, time, etc. It's still work, even if you're working toward laughs and enjoyment.

WB: Perhaps if you gave it more time, you would eventually pick up people who know the realities of publishing.

RM: That's always possible. But what are the alternatives here? I can do that, and not publish, or publish and do it all myself again. And I'm not going to do that. And frankly, I'm in my last semester as a senior, and it gets harder and harder to care. I'm still making up class work from last semester. The community decides what lives and dies in it, and by lack of participation, this community has decided that *WheatBread* dies. Should I question this? Be angry? Upset? It's life. I had a lot of fun, and now I have a lot of free time to have more fun with.

WB: Why do you think the community, in your terms, made this decision to kill its only alternative publication?

RM: Well, one theory of mine is that it's a publication. Print media is dying, according to a lot of people. Newspapers can barely keep up. People are still reading, as evidenced by the Internet, and the [World Wide] Web, to some extent, but nobody takes the time to just sit and read each day. Only when they're captive, somehow, does reading seem to be a viable option. [Laughs] That's why I always told people to keep a copy of *WB* by the toilet.

WB: What role did the *Scarlet* play in your decision?

RM: Hmm... not much, undoubtedly. But perhaps there were issues with them to think about. First, they've been improving steadily over the semester, believe it or not. My opinion of their news coverage is no secret, but it really has been getting better. Even more important, they've been avoiding large, stupid mistakes. Unlike last semester, they don't have columnists driving people crazy with asinine opinions on random topics of little profound interest. They also have avoided embarrassing front page mistakes, problem with "Emmy" being an Academy Award notwithstanding.

The *Scarlet's* excuse for everything, from the fact they aren't financially self-supportive, to their awful news coverage, to their horrible internal organization, is that they're understaffed. My contention is that this is the effect, not the cause. But there is some truth to the fact that people don't want to work for them. One interesting effect of closing *WheatBread* will be to see whether the students, when stuck with *only* the *Scarlet*, will start taking their student publications seriously. If some people honestly decided that the newspaper was important to the school, after all, then maybe we would see the kind of organizational and journalistic changes the *Scarlet* needs.

The *Scarlet* was excellent once, and it can be again.

WB: Do you see a need for an alternative publication here?

RM: Well, I'm a big fan of good-natured competition, but sometimes people need to sit back and take stock and appreciate what's there for them, instead of horseracing everything. This should be a good opportunity for Clark University to decide what's important to them and what isn't, once and for all.

WB: So what's the moral of the story?

RM: Great. Nice typical cutesy journalist question. You want something glib, cute, and quotable. Probably for a shallow pull-quote to pull your stupid readers in. How about: "Your behavior reflects your priorities"? What is not important is not taken care of. Or perhaps "Be careful what you wish for"? •

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& WHEATBREAD

MAGAZINE

"Now You Don't Have to Shave Your Back"

King Shit of Turd Mountain
Randy Mack

AND PRESENTING... THE USUAL GANG OF ASSHOLES

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Bill Evans



ABOUT THIS ISSUE

This is the sixth issue of *WheatBread*, and the occasion was commemorated by including a random bunch of Clarkie-produced material. The following are sort of liner notes to this issue.

The **Poking Ghost Update** was, obviously, written and researched by Mike Schemaille ('98). We promise to keep the community informed regarding this blatant violation of Housing policy, and advise people to be on the lookout.

The **Council Elections Analysis** was written by a Council beltway insider after getting the election results in *WheatBread's* his mailbox. Politics is a messy business, and it takes a messy reporter to cover all the messy intrigue in this messy election year.

The **Radio of Clark University** is now actually XCRU, broadcasting on 91.5 FM to the entire Sanford dorm and numerous earthworms living beneath it.

Mystery Science Theater 3000 is a internationally-known show with at least 2500 fans around the world. *Brendan Sheehan* ('98) is the President and re-founder of SPOC, the Science-Fiction People Of Clark, to his amusement; *Amy Baranoski* ('97) is/was the Living Arts Editor of the *Scarlet*, and Spinoza-hog; *Jeffrey "Dr. Thirsty" Carter* ('97) is currently on the lam from a \$2000 Chopsticks tab; and *Randy Mack* ('97) is still not sure what state Minnesota is in. The Clark delegates to the MST3K convention were selected when 20 people agreed to go but only 4 made it to the airport alive.

Urban geographer *Erik Ghenoiu*, inventor of the term "white belt," contributed the intellectually subversive **Recycling** piece. He also has an argument about why we shouldn't vote.

The **Bond Women of Clark Contest** came from an idea of *Nathan Kleinberger's* ('97). Fortunately for you, he's not an official judge. Get your entries in early.

The ad for **Murat Arsel Sports Cars** came from the fiendishly well-trimmed head of *George Gilpatrick* ('97), and the design genius of *Bill Evans* ('98), whose art skills are matched only by his art skills. *Murat Arsel* ('97) can be seen with *Prerna Banati* ('98) a lot and at most Student Council meetings. Ask for him by name.

A Holiday Look Into the Criminal Mind was actually written in the circumstances described, and yes, was actually written on Meg

Was King"?

Zack's Speech was written primarily because *Zack Ordynans* ('98) has no idea how the campus works and thought he might have to give a speech. Also, running unopposed means one can enjoy a certain freedom when it comes to campaign promises.

The **Top Ten** was written by me after drinking some iced tea from a can, and deciding there must be at least nine other things just not quite right.

out this issue. [Email is the way to contact these bozos]

Sundrop Carter (Art)— *Sundrop* returns to *WheatBread* after founding it with me and then taking an extended leave of absence in order to complete her translation of the first five books of the SPOC bible: *Lord of the Rings*, by J.R.R. Tolkien. She's responsible for the art insert, the stiff pages in the middle of the issue. Send her Art stuff so we don't have to loot our office again.

Aidan Reynolds (Investigations)— *Aidan* is the founding Managing Editor of the *Progressive*, but nevertheless brings many years of quality experience to *WheatBread*. He is running *WheatBread's* serious journalism interests. We currently have people exploring the University Park Project and Clark's lousy history dealing with sexual misconduct issues. Contact him with advice, ideas, or if you want to help crack open this campus like a musty oyster.

Aaron Granlund (Humor)— *Aaron* has been providing the only constant source of humor to this campus for three straight years, from his cartoon "Dysentery" to writing the *Scarlet's* Top Ten Lists (sample— "#1 Unofficial Slogan of DAKA: 'Airplane Food at Airport Prices'") to wowing audiences with his feature film "The Left" at last year's Student Film Festival. *Aaron* produces *WheatBread's* humor pieces (and other projects), so if you wanna help make this thing funnier, go for it.

The Usual Gang of the Assholes (production, editing, layout, etc.) This group was culled, via a painstaking selection process consisting of several interviews and an obstacle course, from some of the finest mental institutions in the state. Their hard work and repeated attempts to tunnel out of our office made producing this issue an unforgettable experience.

(Thanks to everyone who helped this time. I know who you are.) •



Members of the *WheatBread* staff, with friends. L to r: Godzilla, Mr. Twinkie, Rob Mohns, Megan Claffey, Jon Goldstein, Whoopie Goldberg, Emily Gerard, Eric Ghenoiu, J. Danforth Quayle, the Beatles. [photo by *Randy Mack* via *Brendan Sheehan* and his computer]

Parsont's stationery. *Meg* was the woman who worked at *Simon&Schuster* that *Letterman* would talk to over the phone while the camera filmed her out of the window. In the 11 years that he was at NBC, he sent her an odd variety of gifts, including 15 live turkeys on Thanksgiving, the Harlem Boys Choir to sing "Happy Birthday," and for Valentine's Day, a box of chocolates, a dozen long-stem roses, and *Billy Dee Williams*.

Rachel Eisner's ('97) **Defense of Telemarketers** may be a minority perspective, but how can you blame her when she telemarkets for *Worcester Magazine*, and "Kill all the telemarketers" was number three on *Paul Della Valle's* list of "the First Fifty Things I'd Do if I

Mike Schemaille is responsible for this issue's disturbing Home Recipe selection, **How to Serve the Lord**. We regret the censorship.

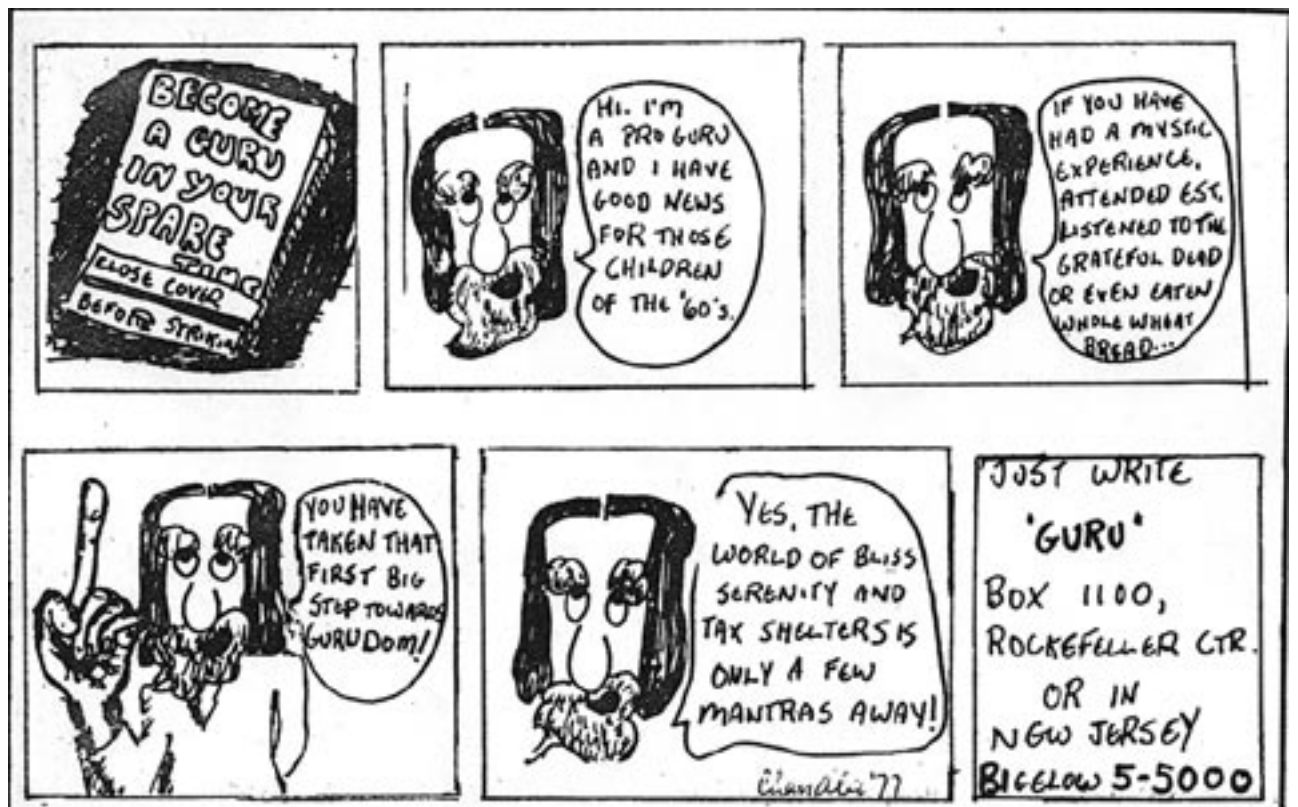
Our scenic **Tour of the Harrington Mansion** was embarked on during the "Open House" last Alumni Weekend. After the cop dragged us from the building, we were threatened with an arrest for "Disorderly Conduct." Needless to say, we tucked in our shirts immediately.

* * *

This issue marks a monumental moment in the memory of most major magazines— we've got a staff. So without further ado, allow me to introduce the hard-working men and women of *WheatBread*, as well as the folks who helped put

The Secret of WheatBread's Name Revealed for the First Time!!

The question most frequently asked about *WheatBread* is "What the fuck?" We assume this is rhetorical. Another common one is "Where did that stupid name come from?" Well, the secret is out: it came from the cartoon on the right, written by *Larry Chandler* and published in the *Scarlet* in 1977. You may remember that *WB's* debut was titled "Better Living Through *WheatBread*"— it was sort of an extension of *Chandler's* idea. "*WheatBread*," however, quickly took on a life of its own, and the subsequent issues ("Better Homes and *WheatBread*," "Rolling *WheatBread*," etc.) serve to demonstrate the versatility of the basic concept.



The Fall 1996 XCRU Schedule!!

Day	Time	Hosts
Monday	7-9am	Naama Haviv and Moson Sand
	9-11am	Steven Weisbrot
	11-1am	Josh Stern and Karen Ellis
	1-3am	Freedom LaCapria
	3-5pm	Laura Brown
	5-7pm	Verbal Diarrhea (Dave and Zack)
	7-9pm	Zack Ordynans
	9-11pm	Matt Kraus and Sarah Perlis
Tuesday	1-3pm	Jordan Russell, Matt Adams, Mike Miller
	3-5pm	Elsa Berendes
	5-7pm	Sean O'Connell
	7-9pm	Dan St. Louis
	9-11pm	Laurie Flaherty
	11-1am	Dirk Trachy and Chad Morin
Wednesday	1-3am	Savina Rupani and Brad Witover
	3-5pm	Laaleen Sukhera, Deepali Sarin, Zoey Farooq
	5-7pm	Naama Haviv and Mason Sand
	7-8am	Beth Eshelman, Abby Logan, and Emily Drake
	8-10pm	News Show (Amanda Reyna and co.)
	10-mid.	Carrie Higgenbottom and James Mackay
Thursday	1-3am	Eric Levin
	3-5pm	Matt Lynde
	5-7pm	Pat Moran and Sean Dunn
	7-9pm	Elizabeth Simpson
	9-11pm	Sean Prager
	11-mid.	Daniel Pelland
Friday	1-3am	Mike Schemaille
	3-5pm	Alex & Patience Show (Shalome and Zack)
	5-7pm	Jamaal Layne, Hope Aryeetey, Vaughn Thompson
	7-9pm	Jon Messinger
	9-11pm	Ben Twitchell and Chris Zucker
	11-mid.	Steve Davis
Saturday	1-3am	Cindy Corliss
	3-5pm	Ezra Hendrickx and William Holbrook
	5-7pm	Tyler Higgens
	7-9pm	Aaron Granlund and Nate Till
	9-11pm	Taybin Rutkin
	11-mid.	Jeff Carter
Sunday	1-3am	Joshua Davidowitz
	3-5pm	Dan Sullivan and Geoff Philips
	5-7pm	Eric Peacock
	7-9pm	Jeff Brown, Harris Towne, Jon Abysalh
	9-11pm	Steve Ostendorff and Liz Hanson
	11-mid.	Steve Clegg/Dave Reed
Monday	1-3am	Trelan Holder and Rukayah Francis
	3-5pm	Dave Reed
	5-7pm	Stephen Kayiwa and Nii Akwei Addo
	7-9pm	Annie Tsui
	9-11pm	Vaughn Thompson, Jamaal Layne, Hope Aryeetey
	11-mid.	Shoji Otaka, Ryo Uchida, Takehiro Kuratahi, Ayako H.
1-3am	John Macey	

XCRU's Weekly Programming at a Glance...

**[NOTE:
some
kind of chart
must have been
here]**

What the Fuck's up with the Radio Station that Used to be ROC-U???

XRCU: A Radio of Clark University Preview
by Zach Ordynans

This is a monumental occasion for all of us: The return of a real campus radio station to Clark after nearly twenty years of silence and piss beer. After intense thought and fierce debate, we have decided on XRCU as our call letters (with X standing for experimental). Although this is doubtlessly worth spending pages and pages of space discussing, what we will instead attempt to do today will be to stand behind our goals of, A) reeducating the Clark populace to better suit the needs of the Clark populace, B) creating a race of "super rabbits" through skillful breeding, and C) serving the masses with "entertainment" in the forms of the outdated concepts of "radio programs," "album reviews," and "campus events."

Campus Events

Many of you may have witnessed the flying first, fabulous, fall Frisbee fling. It was held during Labor Day weekend, Sept. 1, as part of some alleged Aloha Fest which plagued this campus with entertainment and free food (food which was, admittedly, put off to a later date, but eventually enjoyed none the less, which should not imply that it was enjoyed more than none).

Anyway, the Frisbee thing went well. All six participants enjoyed the project immensely (the rest of the campus must have been at the Pong tournament), and somehow walked away with about a hundred forty Frisbees. Many Frisbees featured hand written slogans and/or mottoes, one of which somehow found it's way to Bon Appetit's beverage dispenser. Expect similar hit and run nonsense and free random shit throughout the semester.

Radio Programs

Radio (arguably, TV, or even more arguably, arguing) is what we are here to be doing. Not "here" as opposed to somewhere else, but "we" as in the Radio of Clark University, and sadly, this is where we are and what we do. We do not have a complete schedule, but we will have some new programs that we think you should know about.

A Saturday afternoon rebroadcasting of Clark Music Cafe is in the works. "Verbal Diarrhea," appearing at nine PM Mondays, will feature the denizens of Dana 243 discussing the dastardly doings and deeds of the student body, student council, and administration at our great University. The show will feature a rotating panel of guests, unrehearsed arguments, cheese, and maybe crackers.

There will be a Clark news show on Wednesday nights, at seven. More information as this story develops. In addition, the usual gang of assholes are still doing shows (if we can find them and wake them up), but you probably already suspected that. Listen closely. You never know when we might be about to give something away to the next caller.

Other News

Our big, exciting rumor is that the radio station may be moving from the Sanford Dungeons into the former home of the specialty store (across from the GS in the UC). Whoever's been saying those mean things about Dave's mom, please stop, he's real pissed.

Be on the lookout for the Radio Review (or something with an equally dull title) in the Scarlet. It should be a regular feature, with three of us each writing a short review of the same CD.

What else? Oh, right, we are going to be broadcasting over the radio, frequency TBA. Due to ongoing technical problems which should be resolved this month, the radio signal will at first only be available to a couple of dorms (or, um, maybe just Sanford). We will also be back to being on TV (CCN, channel 11), at least until our technical problems are solved. Have a little patience with us, and it'll all work out. Remember, all good things take time and work, (and as we continue to demonstrate, some shitty things too).

If you are interested in being a DJ but have somehow missed the meetings, give me a call 795-6227. If you have any other questions or concerns, bother Dave with them(same #). Thanks. •

—Zack, friendly neighborhood program manager.

"Poking Ghost" of Wright Hall Sighted Again

To the Editor:

After having read the article on Wright Hall's ghost in your last issue, I feel compelled to write to you. I'm a first-year student, and I, too, have noticed strange occurrences within the dorm. My roommate went home last weekend, and I woke up early Saturday morning to find a strange figure looming over my bed. It looked like the creepy first floor RA, but it was glowing and purple. It jabbed at me with a set of keys and then vanished through the radiator. At first, I thought I was still drunk, but then I remembered that I don't do any drugs.

I've also heard the voices mentioned in the previous issue. They seem to come from under my bed, but all I have under there are some books and old socks. The voices seemed to say "We're the Fugawi," but I can't be sure. It's all very creepy, and I'm thinking of transferring to Anna Maria, just to get away from it. I really hope it finds someone else to bother.

Sincerely,

Pat Catalano ('00)

[Editors' Note: Mike Schemaille, the reporter who has been covering the Poking Ghost incidents, has been continuing his research, and offered the following update on the Ghost.]

The land that was used to build Wright Hall was not a burial ground, as previously suspected. It now seems that the land was set aside for the building of a casino, but was snatched up by the University before groundbreaking could begin.

Various mediums and psychics were consulted regarding the hauntings, and they all had several common findings. First, the most prevalent finding was that the Fugawi want a portion of all vending machine sales transferred to a Swiss account, in order to make up for lost revenue. Secondly, the ghost(s) will not leave until gambling is legalized on campus or until Jack Foley has gender-transforming surgery. The final common finding was that this author would soon be meeting a dark, mysterious woman, but that is irrelevant and is merely inserted as wishful thinking.

The Fugawi seem to be more of a nuisance than a hazard, and should be dealt with accordingly. They seem to prefer haunting rooms in the second and third floors of Wright's west wing, but have been known to roam mysteriously around to the east wing and the first floor. So far, only the basement seems safe from these strange occurrences. I will keep the Clark population apprised of the situation as my research progresses.

— MS •



Poking Ghost as sketched by UPD artist Jay Rasku, based on victims' testimonies.

STUDENT COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED IN TENSE RACE

Political analysis by a(nother) self-proclaimed expert

The Undergraduate Student Council of Clark University held its annual elections for representative positions on September 24, 1996. No casualties were reported. The event marked the conclusion of one of the most tumultuous political seasons in recent memory.

The most passionately fought races were those relating to areas of recent political events. The Black Student Union's ill-fated dance last Friday threw a harsh spotlight on Physical Plant's remarkable capacity to repair a very public UC door in 12 hours but to take more than six months to install a phone in a student group office.

Angry and upset, Jenny Sun ran a courageous campaign for Minority Representative, under the slogan "Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too," and pledged to get ROC-U [XRCU] a second phone line in our lifetime. Sun ran unopposed under the I Did My Flyers On My New Paint Program, Can You Tell? (IDMFOMNPP-CYT) party platform, along with new Freshman Rep Ron Saykin and Dana Hall Rep Amanda Mitchell.

Mitchell's lack of flyers was the subject of some controversy when Clark's party politics intensified in early September. Josh Schiffer, the cigar-smoking politician who runs the "Hookers and Beer" party, was reportedly upset with Mitchell's failure to appear at the semi-annual Agrarian Club Charity Auction, where large sections of Worcester get auctioned off to rich international students each year.

Mitchell was reportedly skydiving nude in Madrid on a fact-finding mission, and was only able to win Schiffer's endorsement back by filibustering before Council until his eyeballs bled. Satisfied, Schiffer allowed her back on the party ticket, but denied her the chance to run against anyone.

The remaining positions at a glance:

— International Representative remained a relevant and controversial position, as the existence of other nations continues to be a large source of bother to Americans. Lizanne Correa, class of UG00, eventually took the title with the creative campaign of "My Name Sounds Vaguely Like Lorraine Garcia." Her twenty-seven opponents reported being "pissed."

— The Freshman dorm rep positions were taken through shrewd campaigning that lasted from the Iowa caucuses straight

until election day, despite a broad consensus that this year's freshmen deserve to be severely beaten. Casey Frantz, Wright Hall, and Bob Sweet, Bullock Hall, ran successfully under the banner of the Organization to Elect People Whose Names Sound Like They Might Be Country-Western Acts (OEPWNSLTMBWA).

Pundits attribute their success to the fact that their opponents, Travis Murray and Katie Matta, have names that *definitely* sound like Country Western acts. Voters were barely able to tell them apart, and Frantz and Sweet were swept into office by a margin of 9 votes and 2 votes, respectively.

— Zack Ordynans, despite a slow start in the southern dorms and an ungainly haircut, campaigned hard on a platform of "I'm Unopposed" [see post-factum campaign speech, this issue]. Bethany Nadeau was elected Hughes Hall representative on a similar platform. Come to think of it, so were the infamous Fuller Quad Reps (Stephanie Currier (Johnson), Jim Strickulis (Sanford), Carla Miller (Dodd)), whose uncompromising principles on drugs and fast cars (they're in favor of them) led to a clear voter mandate not to have elections for at least another year.

— Leah Camposeo ran unopposed for Senior Representative, despite opposition. As the former Business Manager of the *Scarlet*, Camposeo was able to dodge Council's strict campaign finance restrictions, and was reported to have rejected donations from the Agrarian Society on the grounds that they didn't really exist. Camposeo was able to recover from this setback and finished strong, coming in well ahead of write-in candidate John Spelman, whose campaign slogan "Council Sucks" resonated with the voters but failed to produce votes.

— Maywood Hall Rep became Rob Leeman, who was elected by Chris Condon voting 51 times in a row, and was backed by both the Committee to Elect Roommates of Council's President to Everything (CERCPE), and the National Alliance to Let Members of Newman Run the University (NALMNRU). In his acceptance speech, Leeman swore that actually being elected would not interfere with his position as Chair of the Budget Committee, and hotly denied blow-drying, although nobody asked.

[Names, positions, and statistics courtesy Student Council] •

Corrections for WheatBread #5

1. The Jonas Clark 103 Computer Lab has two, not one, inkjet printers, one for IBM-compatibles, one for Macintoshes. [Courtesy OIS]
2. The Jonas Clark 103 Power Macintoshes are not presently equipped with DOS cords. [Courtesy OIS]
3. Telecommunications' charge of \$.50 on all 1-800 number calls was reduced and restricted several times between the time WB went to press and was released. The specific charge rate, and its specifications, were obsolete by the time readers saw it. WB hopes this didn't fuel student concerns. Ultimately, under pressure from Student Council, the charge was eliminated for one year, pending "research." [Courtesy Student Council]

Updates

— Clark University's Emergency Medical Service (EMS) was given a spacious room, a triple, in Dana Hall to be their home. [courtesy EMT Bill Evans]

— Director of Housing David Milstone threatened *WheatBread* magazine with the loss of their office because a staff member's cat was being let into dormitories. *WB* expressed "disappointed" with such abuse of authority. •

The Mystery Science Theater Convention, and What It Meant to Me

by Brendan Sheehan

Earlier this year Comedy Central decided to cancel Mystery Science Theater 3000, a move I thought would be the end of an era for me. For over four years, I had watched the crew members of the *Satellite of Love* rip apart the most horrible of horrible movies. After four years of this, its effects had rubbed off on me. I can no longer sit quietly while watching a film, good or bad, and I quietly laugh to myself every time I see a red gumball machine. As you can probably tell, I was quite disappointed when I learned of the cancellation.

A few weeks later, I found out that the creators of MST were going to hold a convention for MST fans in Minnesota, where we can see where they filmed the episodes, see the sets, and reminisce over cheesy flicks of the past. Although I readily admit it was one of the geekiest things I ever wanted to do, I went, figuring at the very least I could thank these people for all the laughs they had given me.

The trip (as if you haven't gotten sick of this yet) began at five o'clock

in the morning, we being a bit edgy about recent airline safety. Of course, for whatever reason, we don't keep our thoughts to ourselves. No, we loudly proclaim such wanna-be FAA slogans like "Do NOT bring a bomb in the airport" and "do not CARRY anyone's bomb onto the plane."

The final step in our flight-taking experience (My first by the way; well, I had flown on one of those little Buddy-Holly-killing-things, but we all decided that didn't count) was watching the flight instruction video. A simple suggestion to airlines, **don't** show a video to a group of people who are going to a convention for people who make fun of movies. It was all pretty morbid and I think we made one elderly woman cry.

We arrived in beautiful scenic Minnesota. The state is very flat, there are no trees. The convention began with a keynote address by several members of the cast, as well as the President of the Sci-Fi channel, the new home of MST3K.

It was interesting to see how much aspects of the characters in the show could be seen in different members of the cast. Mike, of

course, was pretty big and stupid-acting. Not that this makes him less funny, he's just amazing at giving that air of dimness. Think of it as a cross between Rainman and the Incredible Hulk. Paul is like a giddy little kid who snuck into the cookie jar. Bridget and Mary Jo seem to spend most of their time making sure that Mike and Paul stay out of trouble.

Kevin is Tom Servo. This can be taken in two ways: A) Kevin is an incredibly hilarious guy to spend lots of time with or B) Kevin is the world's worst actor. Trace was an exception to this. Both of his characters, Crow and Dr. Forester, are very outgoing, center stage-type people, but Trace is very quiet and really didn't say much through the entire weekend unless a question or comment was directed at him.

Another exception was Jim, producer of the show. In general, Jim is never in the show, and when he is, it's only for brief appearances as Gypsy. Oddly enough, Jim turns out to be the ringleader and spokesman for the group, and turns out to be quite funny himself. Although the keynote address was upbeat and cheerful, Trace's

farewell speech gave the whole night a last-hurrah feel to it.

This all changed after the speech, when we began watching MST3K episodes in the viewing rooms. It's hard to describe being in a room with hundreds of other people, all of whom thought that they were the only ones who got these jokes. We had a hard time leaving the viewing rooms at night because we were having such a good time.

Later, the question and answer session took place and our spirits were lifted even higher. We got our autographs, first in line, and found all of the cast to be very outgoing and friendly. I thanked each one for forever ruining my movie watching. They were flattered.

As we were leaving the convention, we were able to find Trace just as he was about to leave. We thanked him for the great time we had, wished him luck, and waved as he drove off into the sunset in a golf cart yelling "Wheeeeeeeee."

It was then that it hit me. It doesn't matter if MST is on the air or not. Joel was wrong when he wrote the original lyrics to the theme song: MST3K is not just a show, it's an attitude. Long may it reign. •

Diary of a Juliewa Hopeful

by Amy "Juliewa 2-Electric Bugaloo" Baranoski

I need a job. This lack of employment luckily coincided with Julie Walker, (MST3K Info Club Poobah, affectionately known as her user name, Juliewa), leaving her job at Best Brains, Inc. It also coincided with the trip to the ConventioCon, so this was my prime opportunity. After all, if you are gonna dream, dream big. This is the story of my quest for employment at Best Brains:

Friday

My journey towards being a Best Brains employee began not-so-promptly at 6:30 Friday morning. I almost completely missed my chance for employment when Randy's car started making funny wobbling motions while going Warp 3 down the Mass Pike. But somehow, ("somehow"=Aidan yelled at Randy enough), we made it to Logan airport alive and on time, only to realize that Logan is a damn big place and we had no clue where we were going.

Amazingly, we arrived at my weekend-long job hunt (i.e. the ConventioCon) in one piece and in reasonably good spirits. My first sign of encouragement was being honored with special press passes and press kits. Thank you, Wheat-Bread. This meant I would have more of an opportunity to shmooze behind the scenes; and, of course, more opportunity to suck up.

At 12:30, I stuffed the entry box for the "Shop Ahoy!" contest. Winners got to shop with Bridget Jones

(writer) and Mary Jo Pehl (writer, Pearl Forrester). This would be a prime opportunity for me to suck up to important people, and also a whole lot of fun—brunch at Planet Hollywood, followed by a day of shopping at the Mall of America (the huge one with the amusement park in it). Wowiee!

That afternoon, my cohorts and I went nuts in Gypsy's Basement buying neat-o souvenirs. I can assure you that this was money well spent. A little bribery never hurt anyone.

After an afternoon watching the touching farewell video for Trace Beaulieu and a few episodes of MST in screening rooms, I ran into Juliewa's assistant, Barb. After being impressively introduced by Randy, now my press agent, I was told that Juliewa's position had been split up and divided among the current staff. Damn. She did, however, say that they will be looking for unpaid interns for the production season beginning in October. After careful consideration, I decided to scale down my ambitions, from Info Club Poobah to lowly intern. I can always work my way up to Juliewa.

The remainder of the night was spent staying up way too late watching more episodes in the screening room. You can never watch too much MST. Besides, you never know what will be asked on the employment application: ("What is Torgo's most distinguishing feature?" "Sing the Kim Cattrall song."). I want to be ready for anything, even a pop quiz.

Saturday

Saturday morning started out on sort of a low point. I found out that apparently another woman stuffed the ballot box worse than I did and I didn't win the shopping trip. It appears I have competition: the bitch. But I showed her. Later in the day, I got to go to a very intimate press conference, since I am important and she is not.

By 1:30, we were in the autograph line. After getting autographs from everyone else, I started talking to Jim Mallon, the President

Continued on the page after the next



Trace Beaulieu, right, obviously ecstatic over the thought of Amy working at Best Brains. [This photo was taken moments before Security arrived, and has been submitted as state's evidence]

So what is this MST3K thing (and over 1,000 miles to go to

by Amy Baranoski

On the weekend of August 30, Jeff Carter, SPOC President Brendan Sheehan, *Wheat-Bread* Editor Randy Mack, and I attended the second *Mystery Science Theater 3000* convention in Minneapolis, Minnesota. These articles are about the experience, and require more than a little explanation...

The television show *Mystery Science Theater 3000* (MST3K) has its humble roots at a Minneapolis local access channel. Created in

1988 by Joel Hodgson, local prop comedian and all around cutie, the premise is that Joel was sent up into space by evil scientists Dr. Clayton Forrester (Trace Beaulieu) and Dr. Larry Erhardt (Josh Weinstein).

The "mads" force Joel to watch cheesy movies as part of an evil experiment. Joel's only companions as he orbits the earth in the *Satellite of Love* are the robots that he built: Crow, Tom Servo, Cambot and Gypsy.

While Cambot films the action, Crow and Tom Servo join Joel in the theater to help heckle the bad movies. (Gypsy has to stay outside, since she controls the higher functions of the ship.)

The following year the show was picked up by Comedy Central (then called Comedy Channel). In the seven seasons since then, the show has gone through a lot of changes. Dr. Erhardt left after season one and was replaced first



Lady freak from Alaska.



A freak.



Father and son freak duo.

MST3K Photography: Trace&Amy (Sheehan); All freaks (Baranoski); Thirsty (Sheehan); us at podium (son freak); Brains at podium (somewhere on the Web)

Mystery Science Theater: Like Pigs to Shit

by Randy Mack

The second greatest thing about The Mystery Science Theater ConventioCon Expo-Fest-a-Rama 2: Electric Bugaloo was the freaks that came out of the woodwork to attend it. I mean, I'm no snob, but what a scene. It was like 500 Erkels, 500 Pee-Wee Hermans, and 500 Muriels got together for the express purpose of avoiding eye contact. Trust me, *no one* got laid at this convention. But I digress: you should have seen this festival-o-mutants. (The Minneapolis Convention Center apparently felt the same way, for they provided a well-dressed, heavily-armed Gestapo to surround us at all times. I personally felt the cattle prods were a little much, but then, some seemed to enjoy them.)

There was this one kid who spazzed out completely whenever anything MTS3K-related was mentioned. I mean, total convulsions. Hair flying everywhere, teeth chattering up and down, retainer spraying spit like a sprinkler gone berserk, glasses bouncing on her nose until they flew off and struck the person behind her. And it would cease immediately when you mentioned *Star Search*. Frankly, it was disturbing.

When people ask me about Minnesota, I say "Boy, those people sure can't do slogans." This is often enough to get me a funny look and a hastily-made excuse, leaving me alone to put the decals on my Hundred Years' War Model kit. Solitude, precious solitude. **STAY AWAY FROM ME!**

Ironically, Minnesotans do have a problem with slogans. Either that, or they're brilliant at them. But probably not. I kept a log of funny and ironic and interesting slogans, graffiti, and bumper stickers that I saw, but they wouldn't let me leave the state with them, so here are the other ones:

"Swell! Let's go!" —motto of the State Fair

"We Play Just Enough Hits to

Keep Us on the Air" —radio station slogan

"The best State Fair ride isn't on the Midway, it's on an MCTO [Minnesota Council Transit Authority] bus" — ad on public bus, featuring a photo of terrified kids on a ride

"Trespass and Be Prosecuted" — spray painted on the side of a creepy old building by the Convention Center

"Blossom and Die!" — graffiti on the side of a garage

Our plane ride was made more dramatic by two interesting bits of coined-wordage (or word-coinage): our flight was on NorthWestern Airlines (even though Minnesota is not in the northwest), so our airplane was covered with stickers and signs that said **NWA** in huge red letters. This made the crackers nervous. Also, NWA's motto is "Some people just know how to fly," leaving its natural conclusion ("...You just have to *believe*.") to your imagination.

Finally, I saw more people in wheelchairs in Minnesota than I've seen my whole life. I never realized the extent to which you can have a wheelchair detailed. It's hard to pity an 8-year old whose wheelchair has fluorescent hypodisks instead of hubcaps, fuzzy dice, a GameBoy built into the armrest, and bumper stickers all over it, including "If you don't like the way I'm driving, get off the sidewalk," and "Lost your cat? *Look under my tires.*"

Minnesotans are also unclear on the concept of escalators. Smart ar-

chitects put the bottom of down-escalator A next to the top of down-escalator B, so that as you descend, you just turn around and keep going at each floor. Minnesotans build theirs so that you have to walk all the way around an entire bank of escalators at each floor, which not only wastes a lot of time and energy, but spins you around for maximum disorientation. This was annoying, but had amusing consequences on the already-disoriented crowd.

Sure, the weirdo quotient was high, but it was never higher than at the MYSTie Costume ball, where Virgin-Central turned into the National Freak Show Headquarters. I can't describe it, so I won't try, but suffice to say, few costumes make weird-looking people look less weird. Mine was no exception.

Later, in the Mall of America, I saw a "personal convenience center" vending machine in the men's room. It contained all the emergency products your average mall-going midwesterner would need in a crisis: Advil, Dramamine, Tylenol, breathmints, and removable Harley-Davidson tatoos.

Finally, it was scary the way everyone chanted "**FOUR MORE YEARS!!!**" every time departing cast member Trace Beaulieu said anything. Spontaneous coordinated outbursts are alarming under the best of conditions, and having 2000 mutants do it in an enclosed space is enough make one... oh, forget it. Waiter...!

Fear and Loathing in Minneapolis... ...a daring escape from the Mariot ...the 'Play Doom with Mike' event goes to hell in a handbasket

by Dr. Thirsty

Things were not going all that well at the Mariot. Evidently, someone had tipped off the Manager about our outrageous booze bill and all-night Twister sessions. It made me angry, more than anything because I knew who it was. I, being the red-blooded, honest, and true American that I am, have never trusted prostitutes of any kind, but ladies of the evening hailing from Minneapolis had just topped my shit-list. The clerk on the phone appeared to recognize my general disposition.

"Yes, Mr. Thirsty. I was just wondering if you'd prefer to pay your room service and your... *other charges* in advance of your checkout on Monday." He sounded pretty nervous. Maybe the bill was bigger than I thought. It didn't matter, though. I was still angry.

"Why in the hell would I want to do that?!" I roared. The voice on the other end hesitated. "Well, sir, um... our policy on excessive balances is quite clear on—"

"You listen to me, you little shit! You'll get your fucking money

when I check out, understand?! And hurry up with that goddamn ice!!" A long pause... I thought maybe I had gone too far, especially since we hadn't ordered drinks in over twelve hours. Then he answered, calmly and deliberately: "Yes sir, whenever you're ready to—" I hung up the phone and began to panic.

"They're comin' for us. They've tracked us down, man! We're fucked!!" My editor, a hundred and sixty pound white caucasian, had already guessed my gameplan... He was one step ahead of me. "As your editor, I advise you to pack only the *essentials*."

He was right, of course. I loaded my para-military pouch belt with everything I could scour from the floor of the hotel room. The pickings were slim considering the general wreckage, but I knew the mescaline could go a long way and the pint of tequilla would be good for a snort (not to mention the remaining half-pint of ether).

Continued on next page

why did 2500 freaks like us fly some place called Eden Prairie?)

by "TV's Frank" (Frank Coniff) and then by Dr. Forrester's mother (played by writer Mary Jo Pehl). Tom Servo got a new voice (writer Kevin Murphy). Joel left the show and writer Mike Nelson stepped in as the mads' new test case. Finally, Trace decided to leave and no one really knows how he will be replaced when the show goes into its eighth season, now on the Sci-Fi Channel.

Although there have been many changes, the

plot remains the same. The poor human is still stuck up in space watching horribly cheesy movies with only his trusty 'bots as companions.

What's truly amazing is the popularity MST3K has gained throughout seven seasons and a big screen movie. The show has always been, and always will be, an extremely low budget, "cow-town puppet show" (in the words of Mike Nelson), run by a close-knit group of

about ten people who make up Best Brains, Inc, the MST3K production company which is located in neighboring Eden Prairie.

People all over the United States and around the world follow the show religiously. The first ConventioCon ExpoFest-A-Rama two years ago brought over 2000 people from all over, and this year's Labor Day weekend ConventioCon ExpoFest-A-Rama 2: Electric Boogaloo, brought over 2500 people. •

Hired! (is what I want to hear)

Continued some previous page

of Best Brains, Inc., executive producer, director, voice of Gypsy, and spiffy fellow. After all, why suck up to Juliewa when you can suck up to Mr. Big Producer himself. He confirmed that the company needs interns and told me where to send my resume.

Later in the afternoon, the amazing Randy and I got a special press tour of Best Brains. Oh sure, everyone got to go on a tour, but we got the special Important People tour. We saw the prop room, where the 'bots are built and the costumes are kept, and we got to stand on the Satellite of Love set. This was extremely exciting and I tried real hard not to gush all over the place. Ask Randy, but I don't think I succeeded very well. Frankly, I gushed. Here's to hoping embarrassing displays of wonderment

don't lower my chances of employment.

For the rest of Saturday I contemplated job strategies while watching the MST movie and buying overpriced pizza.

Sunday

In the morning I tried to use my new-found influence to sneak onto the shopping trip. Apparently, word hadn't gotten from Jim to Mary Jo about our new friendship, because they wouldn't let me on the bus. Oh, well; who needs shopping when I got Jim.

Instead of my shopping trip, I watched Mike Nelson cheat at Doom. I didn't tell anyone, though; staff loyalty and all that.

After watching Mike reduce innocent little boys to tears, we took our Regular Person tour of Best Brains. I had just gone the night before, but I went figuring there may have been some other Important People hanging around the office. As it turns

out, Kevin Murphy's wife was there and she seemed to like us and talked to us for a while. Hopefully, she put in a good word to hubby that night.

Sunday night was the end of the convention and thus the costume ball. Amidst the many scary Torgos and Mr. B. Naturals, I got a photo-op with Kevin Murphy. Overwhelmed by excitement, he had to go pee and I couldn't ask him for a job.

Monday

On Monday, we went to the Mall of America on our own. The convention having technically been over the day before, I was hoping some of the stars would be shopping at the mall and I could catch them off guard. Unfortunately, when no one showed up, I realized my blunder. I had forgotten to tell Jim Mallon that I would be at the mall, so he didn't know and I lost my chance to suck-up further. For



Dr. Thirsty researches for *WheatBread*

lunch we decided to support the sponsors of the Shop Ahoy! contest and eat at Planet Hollywood. The food was okay, but over-priced, and it was really scary to have to eat under a model of a naked Sylvester Stallone.

After shopping and checking out of the hotel, I flew home, confident in my weekend's achievements.

In Conclusion

All in all, I stand a pretty good chance at an internship, once I move to Minnesota. Oh sure, I would have to take a leave of absence from Clark and I wouldn't get my money back for this year; but nevertheless, a copy of my resume will accompany this copy of *WB* when it's sent to Eden Prairie, MN. •

...and the bats kept following me...

Continued from previous page

The rest of the shit went, too. Within five minutes, we had sacked the room's complimentaries: the iron and instant coffee-maker seemed useful finds, along with the room's four surviving pillows. I figured living out of the Hilton's MST screening rooms for the next couple of days wouldn't be a big deal. A lot of the MSTies were already doing this kind of thing and we weren't spending much time at the Mariot anyway. We'd probably fit right in— besides, the best place I could think of to evade an outstanding tab in one hotel was to hole up in another, close by. "Genius," I thought, "A legend in my own mind."

Escaping from the Mariot wasn't particularly hard. The hotel and the adjacent mall were connected via an entryway on the 5th floor, and after crossing over, we slipped onto the skyway and made our way north towards the parking garage. "It's my way or the skyway," I exclaimed to my editor as we descended down a flight of stairs to street level. He grimaced at the reference. I didn't see any sign of pursuit, but I kept the .357 handy anyway... I get paranoid sometimes when I'm awake for more than 38 hours... drugs and booze aside.

Within the hour, we were striding into the Minneapolis convention center, all smiles... but... upon entering the convention room, I was immediately struck by a sense of foreboding. For the first time in two days, I began to truly question my senses ...Something evil hung in the air... I smelled DEATH: The neat, exact, professional type. Someone was here to sever heads from shoulders without breaking a sweat... Someone was here to clean. The crowd knew it too, but they laughed it off. They seemed to think the cleaner was among them.

A crew had set up two PCs back to back on the stage, along with two corresponding projection screens, one on each side of the room. Everyone in the place could clearly see each player's perspective. It wasn't a bad setup for Doom, but it didn't calm my nerves.

Gone was the sycophantic mob from the night before. The remaining 50 or so fans were not your typical garden variety MSTies, they were the hardcore freaks— the ones who didn't or couldn't draw the line between a silly space pup-

pet show and a gutsy sci-fi shoot 'em up. These were the nutballs who had seen that rare promo in '95 in which Mike had innocently chided him on his aim with the rocket launcher: "Jeez, Mike! I told you not to use it at close range!"

Oh, how these foolish fans had laughed at the thought of playing *Doom* with this spare-framed, adolescently humored Minnosotean. Oh, how they had laughed: "Doom players from Minnesota! Space marines from the Midwest!" they roared. "Bah!"

The jests came in rapid succession until finally, Mike Nelson coolly entered from stage right... Something was wrong... You didn't have to ingest a galaxy of drugs to realize something was out of place. Nelson didn't look transfixed at first, just weird. No one was laughing now... Even the bats swirling around my head ceased temporarily. He calmly sat down at one of the PCs and called the first challenger. Things started to get a little fuzzy for me here.

[At this point, Dr. Thirsty's transcript breaks down completely. After sorting through the source tapes, we have been able to reconstruct the rest of the event, with Dr. Thirsty's help, as best we could under the circumstances.—Ed.]

Squinting through a fresh wave of mesc visuals, I eventually noticed Mike's chin had elongated a good three or four inches, and he hunched over the keyboard so far it didn't look like he was sitting at all... he simply appeared to levitate. His eyebrows had drawn together into a tight, unbroken, pencil-thin V, and the tip of his left ear gradually came to a sharply defined point. In short, Mike had his *Doom* face on.

A few MSTies in the room appeared to recognize the change in Mike's once genial mug, but evidently I was the only one who caught a glimpse of the black-robed Renaissance fest-type leaning over him, snickering as Mike pounded his opponents with rockets or hosed them down with plasma. Once or twice I noticed Mike's space marine calmly eluded the occasional (and seemingly inescapable) cloud of incoming rockets, or leisurely leapt two stories to the safety of an alcove with the greatest of ease.



Best Brains, Inc. [(l to r): Jim Mallon (producer/director), Mike Nelson (host, head writer), Trace Beaulieu (writer, "Dr. Forrester," "Crow T. Robot"), Paul Chaplin (writer), Bridget Jones (writer), Kevin Mallon ("Tom Servo"), Mary J Pehl (writer, "Pearl Forrester")] warmed up the crowd with amusing anecdotes about their contagious medical conditions.



After letting the members of Best Brains warm up the audience, [(l to r) Brendan Sheehan, Amy Baranoski, Randy Mack, and Jeff Carter took the stage and answered the crowd's many burning questions about pyromania.

Both feats, mind you, are impossible to perform within the context of the game. In essence, Mike was cheating... I was kind of miffed. As far I knew there was no menu in the game that allowed players to summon high-ranking minions of Lucifer, but then again, nothing in the last two days had really, *truly* surprised me. Perhaps Mike had hacked the game on some weird metaphysical level. I only knew one thing for certain: I could've taken him, Mephistopheles or no Mephistopheles.

I started to get a little paranoid again, so I tried to slip away, hoping to escape to the screening rooms of the Hilton for a quick nap, but my editor suddenly grabbed my arm, laughing hysterically. I froze. Flashing paranoia! It was obvious that something was hilariously funny to him, but he was cackling so hard he couldn't spit it out. He could only gesture vaguely toward the projection screens. Then I saw the numbers: Mike had over forty-two kills, or "frags," while the entire throng of MSTie challengers had amassed a grand total of *three* against him... I was impressed. Despite the loss of his humanity and immortal soul, Mike Nelson was still in possession of a grain of subtlety.

In spite my editor's silliness, no one seemed to notice us (the MSTie's were *that* in it), so we split. Besides, I was in dire need of a drink... and some grapefruit. •

photo by Alex Woodbury



photo by Alex Woodbury

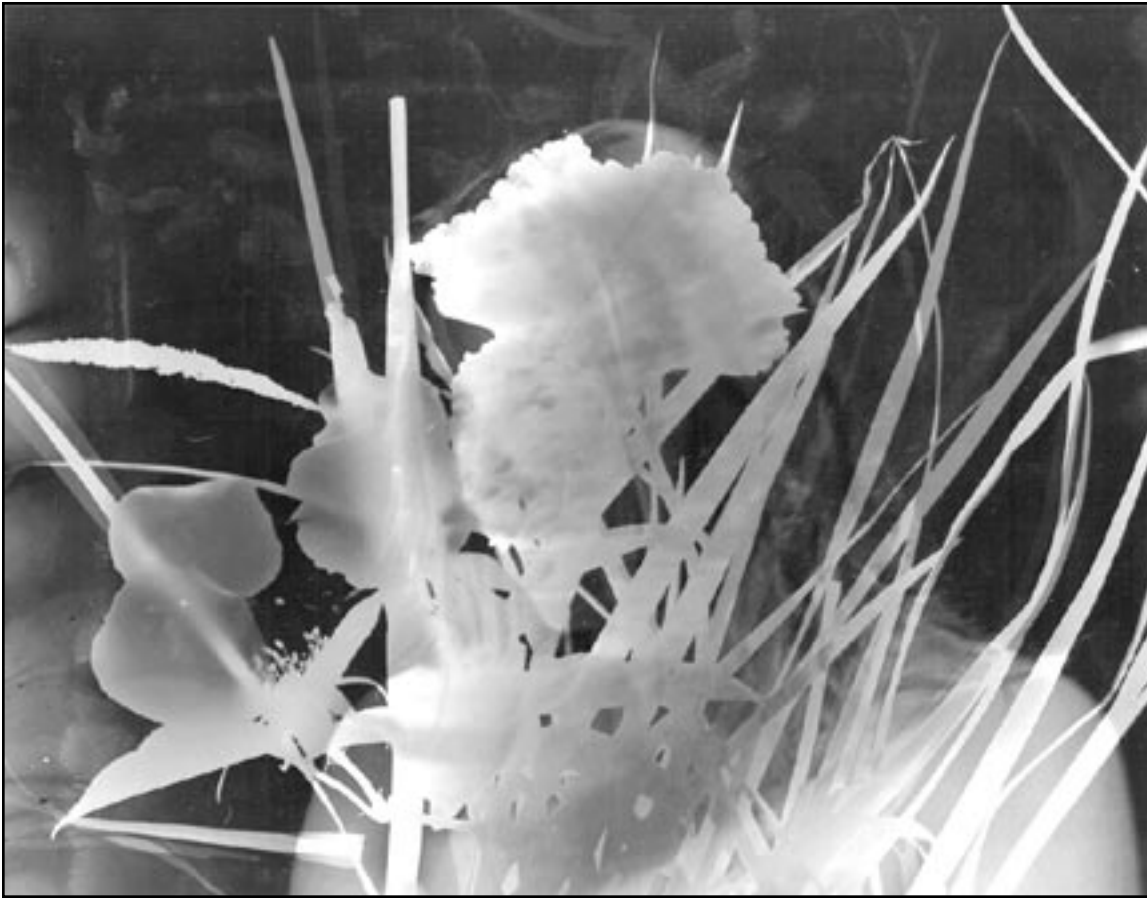


photo by
Alex Woodbury



Untitled (pens, pencils, liquid paper), by Zachary Ordynans



IMAGINE

by John Lennon

Imagine there's no heaven
It's easy if you try
No hell below us
Above us only sky
Imagine all the people
Living for today . . .

Imagine there's no countries
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for
And no religion too
Imagine all the people
Living life in peace . . .

Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can
No need for greed or hunger
A brotherhood and sisterhood of man
Imagine all the people
Sharing all the world . . .

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join me
And the world will be as one.

Clark Socialist Union

(R.I.P. 1994)

Lennonist Statement (found objects, Zippo, pen), by Randolph Mack

THE CASE AGAINST CONSUMER RECYCLING



BY ERIK GHENOIO

The natural resources of the world are dwindling. Through most of human history, natural processes alone were sufficient to recycle the waste produced by our species.

Now, however, the Western economic system centered on the United States is too consumptive and too large for nature to compensate. Reduction of individual consumption or the number of individuals could allay this problem, but the only absolute solution would be the observation of complete recycling of all society's waste.

The current approach to this end consists mostly of local consumer recycling programs. The satisfying and commendable ethic behind consumer recycling is that everyone should assume responsibility for his own waste.

In a complex society, however, individual responsibility must be an abstract concept as part of common interest. Direct consumer recycling can never be a complete solution. Even if

all parts of society could be motivated to participate, (which is not now the case), this can not include all people or any person all the time. A total recycling system, unlike consumer recycling, must work even when people are indifferent to its requirements.

There are several ways to organize a total recycling system. One way is to establish a centralized governmental agency to turn all waste into reusable form for redistribution. This plan would take a long time to implement and would be prohibitively expensive.

Another possibility is to allow private industry to recycle waste itself. This would take the form of a gradual replacement of raw materials corporations with similar pre-used materials ventures such as landfill "mining" companies. This system would cost less than a centralized agency but take even longer to establish, becoming complete only as resources are so exhausted as to be impractic-

cal to collect.

A third, superior alternative is to make manufacturers responsible for the things they make as they make them. Over-consumption is the creature of over-production; the only way to ensure that everything consumed is recycled is to account for everything produced.

This total solution would be far faster and in the end, far cheaper than the other methods. It would take the form of an accelerated version of the private industry plan, supervised by a much smaller version of the federal agency plan.

In plain words: the way we recycle now is wrong. Consumers will not and should not recycle their own waste. We throw away too much because manufacturers want it that way. No one manufacturer can recycle what it makes because then its products will cost more than its competitors. All manufacturers must be made accountable to recycle what they produce. Only then will all waste

be recycled appropriately.

The greatest objection to the producer accountability solution comes from corporate capitalism. Capitalism is a shortsighted system: its interest lies in delaying costs for as long as possible and diverting responsibility away from itself. For this reason, consumer recycling is the darling of self-satisfied activism.

The slogan "Think Globally— Act Locally" has been turned into a trite lie. Separating trash or throwing this newspaper into a recycling bin is not assuming social responsibility, but dodging it. Consumer recycling advocates, far from fighting a crusade against a wasteful and irresponsible mode of living, have unwittingly become the mechanism of its perpetuation.

No recycling is better than what we have now. "Recycling centers" and their ilk do nothing but make us feel like we've done our part. They are a mockery of meaningful action. •

Of Shoes and Ships and Nasty Housing Conflicts—

A True Fairy Tale from the Kingdom of Clark...

as told to Mandy Reyna

Once upon a time, in a land right outside your door, someone felt an injustice had come to pass and that it probably was not the first time something of this nature had occurred. Follow along, dear reader, and decide for yourself if the maiden in this story is right in feeling what she does.

In our Clark kingdom, we go about daily activities not really noticing all the dark and mysterious things that happen. It's an appearance that the Gate Keepers hold up to visiting people and their families. Their job is to try to get as many new subjects into the Kingdom as possible. Which there is no fault in, of course, because without these subjects, our Kingdom would be of no real substance.

Assisting with the upkeep of the Kingdom are the Blue Knights, Lords of Housing, Lords of Academia, and of course, the King. Now, the Blue Knights are often the targets of many subjects' complaints to the King. But this is not a tale about a complaint against the Blue Knights, but rather two subjects' complaints against the Kingdom as a whole.

One night, Serena*¹ had returned to her domain after an evening of entertainment with the local jesters in at Central Grind. As she ascended to her room, she heard words being exchanged between two other residents, Cecil* and Edgar*. Cecil walked out of his encampment and walked toward the dining area to calm down. Edgar followed him out and proceeded to hurl a nobleman's sitting object at him. At this moment, Serena interjected for Edgar to stop.

Rather than ceasing, Edgar accosted the maiden with harsh words and pushed her toward the main wall of the domain. As he walked away, Serena sent for the Blue Knights to settle the matter.

The Blue Knights responded immediately. When they entered the dwelling, the Knights made sure Serena and Cecil remained unharmed, as well as the other subjects in the domain. Edgar was then spoken to, and warned about being taken to the Dungeon if they were called for again. Upon leaving, the Knights suggested that Cecil find a different location for slumber that evening.

The following day, Serena and Cecil went the Lords and Ladies of Housing and Academia with their concerns about Edgar. The situation was out of their hands if Edgar was to be removed from their place of residence. The Lord of Housing informed them that the situation must be worked out with the Landlord and the Assistant Landlord of their residence.

Feeling that this was no way to deal with a possible dangerous individual, the two left the Kingdom and traveled to the Land of Justice a few miles away. Here, they were granted Documents of Restraint which would be made known to Edgar.

Edgar moved to a different part of the Kingdom after a week's time. In this week, Serena and Cecil were not aware that the Landlord had met with Edgar and had decided that it would be best if he moved. Outraged, Serena felt that it was unjust that she and Cecil were not informed of the ruling.

Serena believes that it is unfair that the Landlord was left to make the ultimate ruling rather than the Lords of Housing. At the time, as

well, she was made aware of other violent acts that had occurred throughout the Kingdom yet remained resolved quietly.

How is it that our Kingdom is believed to be as Harmonious as the Gate Keepers make it out to be? There are many incidents on the Kingdom that will probably remain unspoken about. These are what we should all be aware about, that our lives aren't simply toiling in our academia or gossiping with fellow subjects, but that there are things that happen that should be made public.

It is you, dear reader, who has to choose whether or not to remain in silence about them. Talk to the people around you, some of us know what is going on. Tell this tale to those who don't. Those who decide how to run the Kingdom may be looking out for the general well being of all the subjects, but it is the subjects who suffer if they do not know what they are being protected from. •

¹— A subject visiting the Kingdom for a year from a faraway land.

*—Subjects' names have been changed to protect their privacy.

CLARK UNIVERSITY FILM SOCIETY

Fall Semester 1 996

ALL FILMS ARE SHOWN AT 7:00 AND 9:30 PM ON FRIDAY AND SUNDAY.

September

you already missed September...

October

HAL HARTLEY FESTIVAL

4 - UNBELIEVABLE TRUTH- A black comedy about a teenager who falls for an intriguing stranger.

5 - TRUST- A pregnant teenager falls in love with a nihilistic electronics genius. One showing only: matinee at 2:00 pm.

6 - SIMPLE MEN- The journey of two brothers who are in search of their father, a former baseball player turned anarchist fugitive.

11 - I CAN'T SLEEP- *director:* Claire Denis ("Chocolat")

A French film about the connected lives of several characters, a Lithuanian actress, a West Indian musician, and a drag queen, who are seemingly disconnected.

13 - CAFE AU LAIT- *director:* Mathieu Kassovitz

A West Indian woman declares her pregnancy to her two lovers, Felix, a white lower-class Jewish bike messenger, and Jamal, a black wealthy law student. Rivalry devel-

ops between the two men while they try to share the duties of fatherhood.

18 - 1 SHOT ANDY WARHOL- A deranged extreme feminist tells her life story, from surviving on the streets of New York to shooting the famous Andy Warhol.

20 - CITY OF LOST CHILDREN 23, 26- LAHAINE - Wednesday screening at 7:00 pm.

25 - ZENTROPA- *director:* Lars von Trier

A Danish story about a young woman who is possibly scheming with "were wolves" (post World War 11 sympathizers). The film examines the mistrust that existed in Europe after the defeat of Hitler.

27- SWEETIE- *director:* Jane Campion ("The Piano")

The examination of a complex relationship between two sisters, Kay and "Sweetie," within dysfunctional family.

November

1- SLINGSHOT- *director:* Ake Sandgren

A boy markets condoms, that his mother sells, as waterproof socks, lumpy balloons, and slingshots in Sweden during the 1920s.

3- MERCHANT OF FOUR SEA-

SONS- *director:* Rainer Werner Fassbinder ("The Marriage of Maria Braun") A fruit vendor escapes from the Foreign Legion and returns home to experience the disintegration of his uneventful life.

6, 9- TRAINSPOTTING- *director:* Danny Boyle ("Shallow Grave") A film about heroin addicts and the harsh realities of addiction. Wednesday screening at 7:00pm.

8 - LETS GET LOST- *director:* Bruce Weber

The story of the famous jazz musician, Chet Baker. Included in the film are interviews with Baker, performance footage, and scenes of Baker within rarely seen Italian B-movies.

15 - DOWN BY LAW- *director:* Jim Jarmusch

A "neo-bete-noir-comedy, part nightmare and part fairy tale" (Jarmusch) about two born losers that share a cell whose lives are changed by an Italian tourist.

17- MYSTERY TRAIN- *director:* Jim Jarmusch

A film about three connected stories that all take place on the same night set in the Elvis worshipping Memphis.

22 - POETRY IN MOTION- *direc-*

tor: Ron Mann

A poetry performance film that features 23 poets and their amazing work. That's right, art types reading their work, suck it in slowster!

24 - ROADSIDE PROPHEETS- *director:* Abbe Wool

The satirical journey of a factory worker and his side kick who travel through the Southwest in search of a burial ground for a fellow biker.

December

4,7- SUPERCOP- *director:* Jackie Chan. Wednesday screening at 7:00pm.

Jackie Chan goes to China to kick some drug pusher ass.

6 - TAXI BLUES- *director:* Pavel Lounguine

A Russian anti-Semitic taxi driver becomes involved with a Jewish jazz musician who represents everything that the taxi driver loathes and desires.

8 - TALES FROM THE WINNIPEG FILM GROUP

A collection of short films from Canada that explore various outlandish topics ("We're Talking Vulva"). Last winter they showed the first half of these shorts and they were outstanding.

wouldn't you just love to see your writing and artwork published?

wouldn't that fill your soul with an eternal supply of pride and joy?

(well here's your chance)

submit to

journal of the arts

Clark's one and only literary-and-art magazine

(poems, short stories, etc.....go to Box B-11)

(drawings, photographs, prints, etc.....go to the Little Center office)

and then look for your stuff around December!
Yes, JOTA's gonna publish every semester! Woo-eee!

If you'd like to join JOTA's board, keep your eyes peeled for flyers about our next meeting! Yay!

Announcing!!!

The 'Bond Women of Clark' contest!



Nominate your favorite candidates!

**WHO ARE THE BOND WOMEN AT CLARK??
YOU DECIDE!!**



Bond women are often misunderstood. Physical attributes are not the point. Bond women... strong and smart, with the capacity for fast decisive action. Something mysterious, possibly exotic. Unpredictable but not random. Danger is always a possibility, loyalties are always in question.

OFFICIAL RULES: No purchase necessary. Fill out the form to the right with the name, phone, and box number of a woman at Clark University who would make a good Bond woman. The nominee does not have to be enrolled at Clark, but must be affiliated somehow, such as employee, professor, part-time student, mascot, or lackey. Any type of Bond woman is acceptable, from the Wife-of-the-Murdered-Agent-Who-Just-Happens-to-be-Able-to-Fight-Kung-Fu-in-Negligee to the Vaguely-Exotic-Mistress-Type-Who-Runs-the-Mountain-Top-Spa-That's-a-Front-for-SPECTRE. Winners will be announced in the next issue. This contest has no prizes beyond the knowledge that you have brought joy to the hearts of the *WheatBread* staff. We are not in any way affiliated with any entertainment company and have not been paid for our patronage. This contest is not affiliated with the "Girls of the G.S. Calender" talent search. Donations are gratefully accepted.

I KNOW A BOND WOMAN!!!
I officially Nominate _____ as a
Bond Woman of Clark University.

Her info is as follows:
Full Name _____
Phone number _____
Box number _____

PLEASE RETURN TO BOX B-22

N O W A V A I L A B L E I N N O R T H A M E R I C A *

MURAT ARSEL AUTOMAKERS

*Britain's preserved
technique since 1912.*

*Available in sedan, road-
ster, and family wagon. ‡*



“
For the
discerning
gentleman
who is not afraid
to drive on the right.
”

* — Hawaii excluded

‡ — Hardtop and canvas available

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

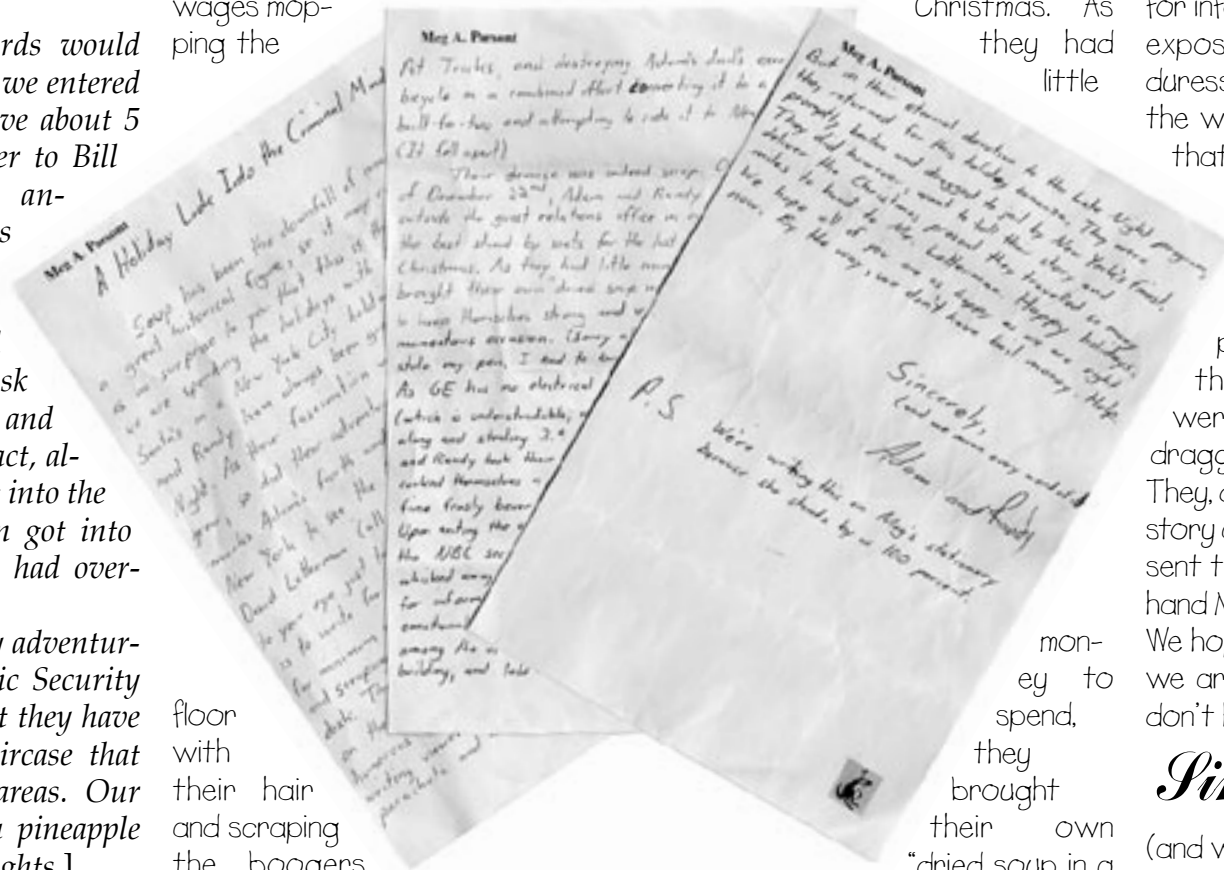
money to spend, they brought their own "dried soup in a cup" in order to keep themselves strong and vigorous for this momentous occasion. (Sorry about the ink. Someone stole my pen. I had to borrow a different one.)

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.

Vax Wacks, Slaps, Smacks, Splats, Slacks, and Facts

Date: 30-MAY-1996 02:36 RELATIONSHIPS_SUCK
 From: RMOHNS
 Description: I deny everything.

We deny all allegations, and resent the implications of that statement.

It is flatly untrue that Mohns spent any time in Sims' bedroom, and they did not drink Mountain Dew or eat Double Chocolate Milano cookies. Kisses were not exchanged, Hershey's or otherwise.

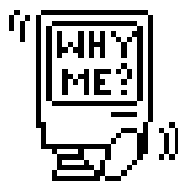
It is simply not the case that Lords of Acid was listened to while one or both parties writhed on the floor while wearing jangley collar(s). There are no writhing toys.

Vibrating pagers were *not*, we repeat, *not* employed as recreational devices at any time, nor should they be used without adult, god-fearing republican supervision. Nobody was tied in cables, or otherwise restrained. No one stretched out on the bed seductively, nor was the presence of a trampoline in the bedroom confirmed.

Please desist from spreading rumors damaging to the reputations of Ms. Sims and Mr. Mohns. Speculation is not encouraged.

Date: 24-JUN-1996 21:46 FEELING_DRUNKS
 From: CHAGELSTEIN
 Description: Re: Stages of drinking

Clark needs a new local bar besize blarny and moynies. Something a little frustrated, no sports talk and no TV. Make it all tap beer and have beefeaters with beards and gruff accents swerve you with butchery white aprons. Call it Miller's place, and have a portion of the profits wired electronically to a money market fund owned by the English House. Establish the account as a Trust account, with the Computer Science Department as Trustees. Then, establish a Web page which advertises the current amount in the money market account in "real-time." Establish a dividend rate sufficient enough to lure investors, yet below Miller's profit payout. Allow the computer science department to sell shares of The Miller Money Market Fund in an on-going IPO to the Vax community to bolster The Clark Fund. And allow the English Department to budget their netted spread between investors and Miller's payout. The English Department would use their surplus budget to create tap beer vouchers and sell them at a higher price to unsuspecting students. The English Department makes a quick buck when it redeems the vouchers for less than what they were sold at, and students get beer without getting carded or hassled. Alternatively, students may use their vouchers to attend Clark functions, satisfying community-respect requirements, and heightening Clark's integrity as a viable commercial/social enterprise.



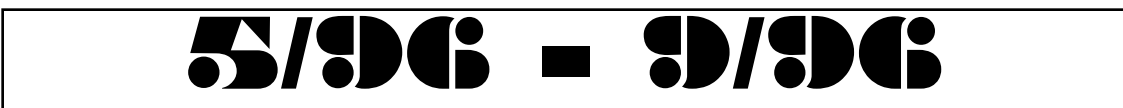
Date: 12-SEP-1996 18:18 AMATEUR-PHILOSOPHY
 From: JGOLDSTEIN
 Subj: Re: waves

-> [HYEONG] "I think that mass is implicit in what makes up a particle. A photon is energy and that is distinguished from a particle which takes up space."

Although a photon can be considered pure kinetic energy, it is a particle, specifically, a boson. Also, according to the particle model, a particle does not take up any space. It exists only at one point, and has no volume.

-> "The differentiation between a particle and a wave, I think, is necessary in order to account for phenomenons which cannot be explained by either alone. Waves are mathematically defined in terms of frequency and period and that explains why different parts of the electromagnetic spectrum are more energetic than others. However, waves cannot account for something like scattering. That's where the particle picture comes in."

Yes, and perhaps the best display of the particle-wave duality is the famous double slit experiment.



Date: 15-SEP-1996 19:07 WHEATBREAD
 From: HSIMS
 Subj: Re: Super-Important WheatBread meeting

->>>> [RMACK1] "EVERYONE!!!! BADGES!!!!"
 ->>>>
 ->>>> [JLEE1] 'Badges? We don't need no stinking badges!'
 ->>>>
 ->>>> [RMOHNS] "No pets in the dorms."
 ->>>>
 ->>>> Badgers? We don't need no stinking badgers!"
 ->>>>
 -> [RMACK1] 'I would like to point out that this folder is a lot more fun than the SCARLET folder.'

That's because Spinoza's presence adds an element of sexual intrigue.

Date: 24-SEP-1996 21:53 SEXUALITY
 From: TROY
 Subj: Re: D 76

->> [TROY] "If they only knew... the fools."
 ->
 -> [RMACK1] '...Then they would have to be introduced to... Student Council.'

Actually, I think now is the right time to make this announcement: I have in my possession actual evidence of Randy Mack's secret obsession with wanting to be a Council member. We had our operatives search his place and found the following:

- * his boxers are monogramed "Randy Mack—StudCo Member"
- * our "hidden-camera" shows him engaging in 'pretend dialogue' with Council members, the subject of which is usually sports or Dole's political campaign and how Dole is "brilliant—the only choice for President"
- * we have recorded a total of 7 of such "meetings"
- * Randy has used multimedia technology to put his face in the annual "Student Council Group Photograph"
- * He tells his family that he's friends with various members from "_Council_"; "_Council_", he stresses.

You're a sad man, Randy.

Date: 6-SEP-1996 18:42 SMART_CLARK
 From: DBERNSTEIN
 Subj: Re: Mature 40-year-olds / Junior High style

->>>> [RMOHNS] 'How do we know normalcy is not the minority - the 10% or so on the edge of Bell's distribution? (Note: 10% is a placement holder; Within one standard deviation of the median. How's that work?'
 ->>> [LRUDOLPH] "Is this some kind of joke? 'Bell's distribution?'"
 -> [RMOHNS] 'Go away, I'm messing with the liberal arts majors who don't understand math. Come back after I've got them confused. =)'

Isn't Bell's Distribution a wavefunction that describes the probability of seeing a physical plant person completing a request of a student organization? I think there are a few nodes in there somewhere... explains a lot...

Unused campaign speech for Junior Class Representative, 9/96

by Zack Ordynans

(The following is a speech written in anticipation of having to give a speech for the upcoming Student Council elections. Because the speech was never heard, it is being published here so that it will receive proper exposure to the student body.)

There was once a show on CCN, long ago during my freshman year, that was called, "I Like Chicken." Like most other aspects of CCN, this show is sadly long gone. Although the show itself is no longer relevant, the title of the show brings to mind certain feelings of my own. Much as the creators of the short lived television program liked chicken, I like Clark students. This is the reason why I am running for Junior Class Representative to Student Council.

I like Clark students, I honestly do. It's that simple. I am not making this statement because I know that this speech will be heard by Clark students, but I am making this statement because this is the way I feel. My commitment to this belief is so strong that I have made this statement my official campaign slogan.

Ignore what my detractors in the press have been saying about me, and examine my

record. When you avoid the fluff and stick to the issues, you will see that I am uniquely qualified for this position by virtue of:

A) Being a member of the Junior Class. Throughout my years at Clark, I have consistently been recognized as a member of the Class of 1998.

B) Being the only member of the Junior Class who has decided to run for this position and obtained the required number of signatures.*

These are the issues, and the facts involved cannot be (successfully*) disputed. There are other issues that are important to me, though. I feel that, in this election year, the most important issue that we are facing would be the candidates' opinions toward the student body. As I have already established, my opinion on this issue is clear: I like Clark students. I have friends who are Clark students. I live like a Clark student. In fact, I have been a Clark student for over two years now. I will stand behind these facts, just as the facts stand behind my record.*

Family values is another subject that is a high priority in the hearts and minds of Clarkies everywhere. I have never been accused of cheating on my wife, and I have never been divorced.

I have never been married, but if I should decide to do so, I would be in favor of that. As you can see family values are important to me.

In addition to my clear stance on these issues, I am further qualified for this post by not being Newt Gingrich. You hate Newt. I don't like the guy either. If you knew Newt, you'd know I'm no Newt. Vote for me.

Depending on your opinion, I may or may not agree with Clinton either. Or Dole. Or any other politician, on any issue. My greatest political strength is that, no what it is that you believe, I agree with you. After all, the constituent is always right. Politics is a business, just like any other. I have always stood by this principle and I always will.

I have strived to maintain a positive campaign, but I feel that at this point a few things need to be said about my competition. Although Abstain has been very successful in the past (managing to be elected to more C.U.S.C. positions than anyone else, ever), I am sure that you are all aware of Abstain's poor attendance record at council meetings.

Abstain is clearly the type of political insider that is driving this great University of ours into the ground. I say it's time for a

break from the status quo. It's time to add some new life to Council, it's time to vote for Zack Ordynans as your next Junior Class Representative!

This Tuesday, I would urge everybody to fulfill the goals and ideals that this country was based upon by casting your vote in the Student Council elections, as many times as possible. In order to make the most of our rights and obligations as American citizens, I believe that the right to vote should be exercised more often. So be sneaky if you have to, but the more you vote, the farther you are walking down the road toward being a great Clarkie, and a great American. Fortunately for you, I am already both.

Be sure to remember to vote for me this week, as we will usher in a new morning in America, begin building a bridge to the great society in the future, and finally sign a contract will allow you to read my lips. On the eve of elections important and less important, I will leave you with the following thought: "Ask not what your political leader will do for you, ask why he wants to be your political leader." •

* Although there was admittedly some controversy, it is important to remember that About denied everything.

Top Ten Things That Just Aren't Quite Right

- 10) Beverages with mysterious chunks of crap suspended in them
- 9) Waffles and ham (aka the "Buckaroo")
- 8) Acres of handicapped parking outside a roller rink
- 7) Bill Weld
[sorry, that's "not quite right wing"]
- 6) Iced tea in a can
- 5) Food that contains "ester of wood resin"
- 4) 50,000 people die a year from smoking, so they ban artificial sweeteners
- 3) The IDRISI Project (why keep a hovercraft secret?)
- 2) Everett Fox: 27-years to write a book, 27 years of promoting it
- 1) Jack Foley's mustache

...YUMMY RECIPES FOR AROUND THE HOME...

How to Serve the Lord

by Chef Michael Schemaille

There are many ways in which you, the average citizen, can serve the Lord. All you need is the proper motivation and a well-stocked kitchen. It is important to note that the one Lord should serve a hungry family of four or make hors d'oeuvres for 16 with the possibility of leftovers. For Lord ke-babs, you should allow the Lord to marinate overnight in a savory blend of meat tenderizer, thyme, and myrrh. The Lord can now be boned and deveined. This is the point of the...

CENSORED

TOUR THE HARRINGTON HOUSE— THE SCENIC ROUTE! with your guides Brian and Randy

Text by Randy Mack • Photos by Brian Caruso



1. What luck! The Administration has decided it needs to impress certain potential financial supporters, so this Alumni Weekend, they are holding an Open House.

2. Admire the ornate trimmings and shiny detailing. Listen to the tales that each lovely ornament tells. “I could have been a handicapped ramp or centralized bulletin board” whispers the newel post.

3. Enjoy the hospitality. Sure, President Traina is nowhere around, but that doesn't mean you can't help yourself to a frozen tequila pop. Don't forget to share!

4. Look at all the admiring people. Don't they look impressed? The study may have no chairs and the bookcases may contain unopened Book-of-the-Month Club selections, but look how well-trimmed the lawn is! Oops, don't get too close to the doorbell...



5. What delights does the second floor hold? Why, look! It's the Presidential laundry machine and toilet paper supply! And what a tastefully decorated bedroom. Goodness, what kind of reading matter is this to be on the Harrington bedside table? Surely our President doesn't read such claptrap! Interesting articles, though...



6. Whoops, spot security check. That piano must be fragile. Be nice to the plainclothes officer who drags you outside and threatens to arrest you for “Disorderly Conduct.” Collect your ID and say goodbye to the lovely Harrington Mansion.



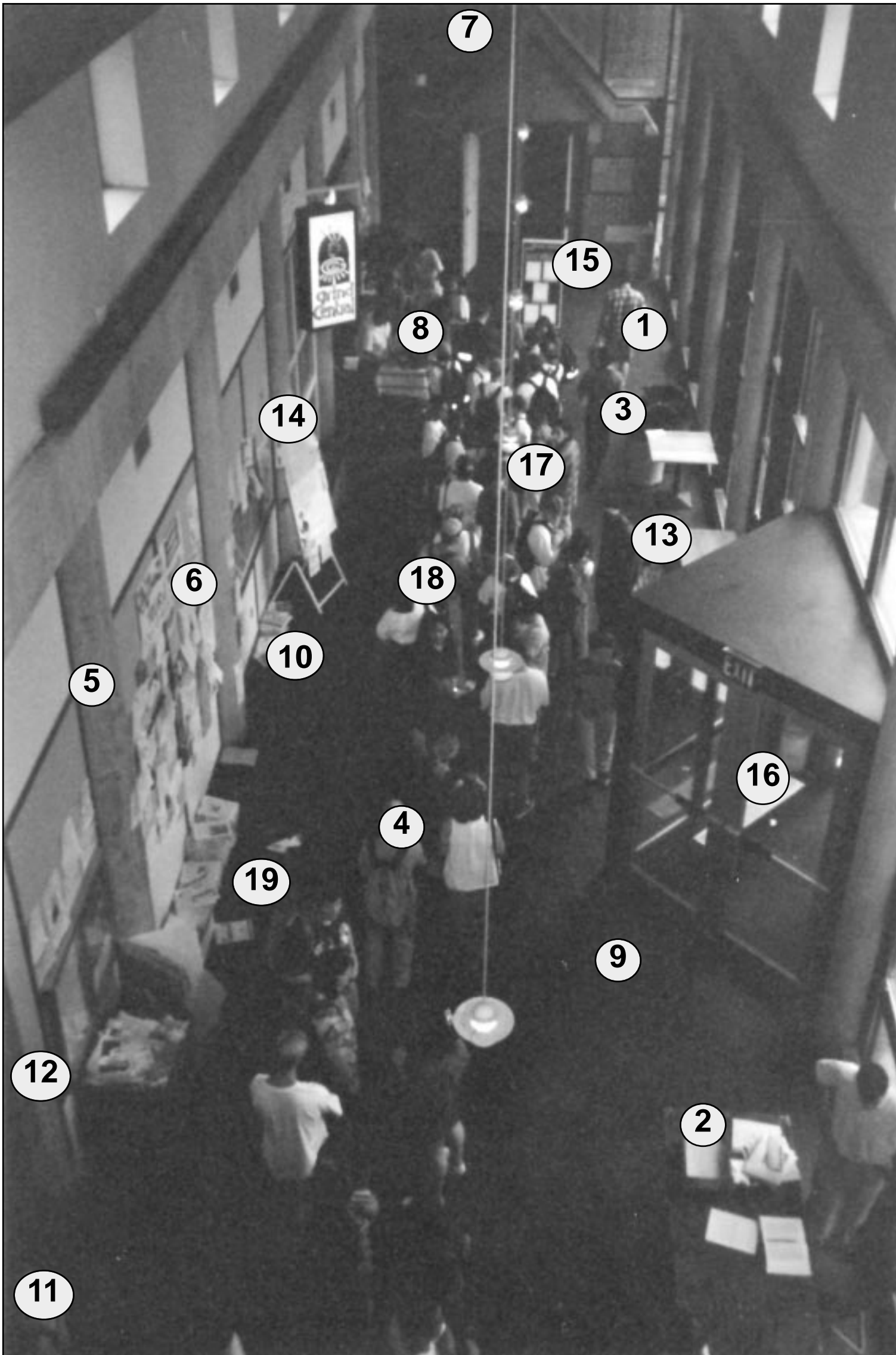
How Many Things Can You Find Wrong With This Picture?

Puzzle # 7:

The University Center Concourse

Clark News took a photograph of the University Center, and, like all propaganda, ended up with an idealized version of the real thing. In fact, one wonders how they managed to snap this photo and miss so many of the things we're accustomed to seeing in the UC.

Rules: There are many things wrong in the picture below. See how many you can spot. Answers have been provided.



1. The student "going in for a minute to talk to someone" is just going in for a minute to talk to someone.
2. The community activists recruiting at Clark are actually from Clark.
3. The rabbi is not demanding to know if every passerby is Jewish.
4. The freshmen waiting in line are not complaining about the food.
5. The bulletin board has advertisements for entertainment events on it.
6. SAB is advertising a meeting.
7. The electronic message board contains informative, meaningful messages that don't take 2 days to display.
8. The cashier is charging the correct amount and paying attention to Bon Appetit's security procedures.
9. A food service employee isn't dropping pans.
10. The WheatBreads haven't been stolen.
11. Bill Cahillane isn't lecturing someone for swearing near the Info Desk.
12. The ATM machine is working fine and has money in it.
13. The CDs, cassettes, and videotapes for sale are all perfectly legal.
14. Grind Central/the Pub actually has a band coming.
15. This used to be DAKA's sandwich-board.
16. There isn't a dog trapped in the glass foyer.
17. Student isn't buying a "hippie band" tape.
18. Student in line is not required to be on a meal plan.
19. Someone has picked up a Scarlet expecting to learn something about the campus.