

I Believe...

by Spinoza D. Cat
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You want to know what I believe. I believe in freedom.

Let me relate a recent story. I was in Wright hall a few days ago and I heard a terrible story. Evidently the AC of Wright, Johnson, and Sanford has hatched a plan to rid the area of one of the residents. Evidently, they plan to catch a certain resident wandering the halls at night and call the authorities on him. Yeah, the Animal Shelter, and they will report him as homeless. Now imagine that.

This individual had never been written up, rarely used mind altering drugs (and then only when they were free), he is an active member of the Clark community who everybody knows, and above all, he's completely harmless. Well, not completely, he viciously beat a poor drunk Clarkie once when the schmuck threatened to take him into a dorm after a long night.

Now why, ladies and gentlemen of the community, why would they tear this poor unsuspecting resident away from its home? The answer: because he was a cat. Yes, a cat. And that cat was me dammit. What have I ever done to Shelly?

I have a few rights in this world, being a LDC (less developed creature), and one of them is the right to enter dorms at my own risk and fraternize with a bunch of hippies. This is why I am so hell bent on freedom. I have a right, as do all of you, to take my life and do what I want with it as long as I do not impinge on your sovereignty.

Anyways, Wright Hall is almost as fun as Bullock was in 94-95. You know the story. You get a hundred and fifty crazed kids, give them freedom, throw in a few RA's and BANG! You get a mellow place. But as we all know at Clark, as soon as someone is having fun, Dean Milstoned's **IRON FIST OF INJUSTICE PUTS THE SMACK DOWN ON YOUR ASS** and there is the end of your good times, kiddies. Now what is the problem with a good time. Next thing you know, they'll destroy my favorite parking lot to build something stupid like an Environmental School.

Sorry about that tangent but there were some things that needed to be said. There I said them. What to know why, because I am a cat and I can. That is because I have freedom. Hannah Arendt once wrote something about freedom but I forgot what it was because I was exercising my right to not pay attention in class. This is one of many freedoms we all have and need to pay attention to.

Another example of freedom is the right to take normally available food and medicinal products and use them recreationally. Whip cream, cough medicine, NyQuil, and Scotch Guard can all be used recreationally and for instructions on how to use them write the Office of Information Systems/Information Resource Center, Carlson Hall basement.

"I BELIEVE" REVISITED

[*Editor's Note:* Due to an editorial error, the "I Believe" from last week was not Kate Chesley's, Director of Communications, as reported, but was an excerpt from presidential candidate Bob Dole's speech before the Organization of Gun-Toting Conservative Lunatics. We regret any inconvenience this might have caused. Kate Chesley's real "I Believe" is as follows.]

During my long, uneventful career lying and misleading for the higher educational institutions that have hired me, I have had to promote whatever academic initiatives were given to me.

I suspect I am a professional chameleon, with the integrity of an eel, and a disgraceful background of trading sexual favors for career advancement—condominiums in Bermuda today, a new brand of pretzels tomorrow. I'd like to tell you why.

First, I know a bunch of young kids, whom I will refer to randomly throughout so that you don't question my sincerity. Second, Clark pays me a lot of money, as well they should, for without people like me, willing to distribute and create bullshit

about the school all day, Clark would have to pay someone else to lie for them. And where would I be?

Rather, I believe I have a right to a job, and Clark, as a capitalistic enterprise whose key mission is to reconcile economic dominance with public relations susceptibility, is the perfect semi-corporate environment for someone like me who would be eaten alive in a real job.

Although I don't understand how we can have an Environmental School when there's no Environmental department, nor professors, nor any real classes, I don't care. It's my job not to care whether Clark's programs have any meaning for the students here or not. That's why I'm so good at propaganda, and why I believe whatever I'm told to.

None the less, I would like to talk about some of my favorite superficial, wasteful, and dishonest programs, such as the previously-mentioned Environmental School and the Center for Holocaust Study (CHS).

Similarly, the CHS provides a facile way for taking advantage of massive collective guilt in order to put money in the pockets

SPOC as an organization

Much more than a Vulcan

To the Editor:

I was taken aback by the highly divisive and sensational attack on SPOC in last week's *Scarlet* relating to our role playing sessions. Compounding this was the seemingly prevailing anger on not only the organization but on a group who has loquaciously struggled too long and hard to have this reoccurrence of blatant ignorance, uneducated-nessism, and cowardliness.

With this despotic, demonstrable and inaccurate assault on the good faith and moral and civic responsibility of SPOC, the writer's insensitivity and uneducatedness is heightened with references made on gregariously desegregated gaming sessions and dice and concludes by insisting that they "Take your bigotry somewhere else. It is not needed here." This printing by the *Scarlet* has inevitably turned fear into fervor, ignorance into indignation, and paranoia into propaganda. Or possibly vice-versa.

The intention of this letter is to educate you about our oppressions, and to address some of the degenerately derogatory remarks made that may lead to having the wrong impression of SPOC as an organization and a student group. However, before educating the writer, I will not attempt to respond in depth to the slanderous remarks made about SPOC's assumed failure to follow Dungeons and Dragons policies. However, I will recommend that

the writer go back and carefully read over the policies in the book "The Arms and Equipment Handbook" on pages 123, 124, & 125 to have a better understanding of:

(a) When a character can use a stiletto to parry

(b) What the bonuses and degradations are of taking that action.

Back to the point of the focus of the main idea of the message of my letter. What is SPOC? It is an organization no different from any other student group with an open membership to all life forms. Its primary objectives include:

(a) To enhance awareness and knowledge of the numerous achievements and

accomplishments of Science Fiction connoisseurs in all aspects of the American culture and society.

(b) To challenge the stereotypes and biases that inhibit inter-species understanding and cooperation and working togetherness, especially for those oppressed individuals educated in the various incantations of Science Fiction.

(c) Most often as a proactive measure, to the challenge of diversity, including the

Lizard people, and to begin the process of educating all segments of campus life.

In addition, SPOC has been at the forefront in the promotion of institutional changes that are needed in order to better serve

the multi-interested student community. Recognizing that personal development includes attitudes, tastes, skills (from live role playing to MST3K appreciation), and values that will influence leadership skills and behavior, they continue to provide an assortment of cultural and educational programs. These programs are usually illustrated by traditional programs such as Twilight Zone marathons, guest speakers, workshop presentations, discussion forums, and Urg-a-Thons.

Last but not least is their invaluable contributions to various institutionalized departments, namely the office within the office of the Deans of Student office, the admissionary office and the alumnuses office. Their commitment and willingness to educate the heathens has been impressive.

So I applaud the dynamic and grafted women, men, and Star Trek fanatics of SPOC who have demonstrated a kind of passion and dedication to their duties and beliefs that has made them role models within, without, and outside of the Clark community and neighboring planets. I say to them, shazbot, and continue the excellent workliness.

Atoz "Bilbo" O'Brien
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Advisor to S.P.O.C.

the Kate Chesley Manifesto: "A New Brand of Pretzels"

of Clark's administration. The Cultural Identity/Global Processes (CIGP) stream is another one, as well as Communication, Culture, and Society (CCS) and this new Charter high school that Clark has decided to start. We are a university committed to creating pointless, wasteful, masturbatory academic programs for the sole purpose of luring students here on false pretenses, and I'm proud to let the world know about all the affiliated propaganda.

Like many, I am mesmerized by propaganda. That's why it's so beautiful. For instance, the Environmental School stands in opposition to the Undergraduate College—they have separate enrollments—so students can't even take classes in it. Yet they will pay \$25,000 on the premise

that environmental technology is a big concern here! Some of that money pays my salary.

I believe what's good for Admissions is good for all of Clark, even if that's an outrageous, insupportable, immoral claim. For instance, Clark's constant spewing of new academic programs is a panicked and idiotic solution to an intensely competitive fight for students. By creating 600 ridiculous, hot-button-pushing programs, students are attracted by the quantity of alternatives—and, fortunately, they are too stupid to realize that once they choose, they have no alternatives anymore. Then they are stuck on a banal, center-less campus, full of spoiled, disenfranchised students, with no social life, no intellectual spirit, no joie de vivre or personality. Of

course, I don't care, but then, you knew that.

The major purpose of Clark University is to get you to enroll. Once you're here, we don't care. I am proud to serve my masters in this agenda. (And let's not forget those kids I know—it shows I'm sincere.)

Being spineless and insecure, of course, means that I have to arrive at elaborate justifications of my position in the "Ministry of Disinformation," as it's affectionately known. The excuse I like to use for things such as the CHS is that I provide hope for the poor, the dirty, the folks who don't look like us, and other little people who need hope in their pitiful, college-education-less lives. After all, if academians and middle managers can't save the world, who can?

Be Our Guessed.

Try to figure out what we're saying.
**Send all letters to Box B-22 or
email SPINOZA by Monday**