

Wheat Bread

m a g a z i n e

TRANSFER NOW!



25 REASONS TO LEAVE CLARK

Plus:
The Josh Duksin Interview!
Clark's "Real Deal"!
And: more stuff than you'll wanna read!

WheatBread magazine

"Where Ignorance is bliss, wisdom is folly"

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We are now in office #7 on the first floor of
Dana Commons, and we now have a phone.
Dial: 793-7625 and see if it rings!

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*Submissions, insults, and overbearing
editors are always welcome.*

Now smile.

A reaction to the reactions to this issue, before you have the chance to react.

WheatBread is possibly one of the most talked about organizations on campus this year (whether or not this is a good thing is indeed debatable). However, it occurs to us that with only one issue out this year, freshmen, along with many other members of the student body for that matter, don't really know what we are. Terms such as "alternative publication," "other newspaper," and "piece of shit" are often used to describe us. So here is our first fully, definitively staffed issue this semester, and it is a doozy. Due to the wide range of subject matter within this issue, along with all of the circumstances surrounding it, this editorial is going to try to gauge the student body's reactions, and write a reply to them. I guess in actuality that's more of an explanation than anything, but that doesn't sound quite as snazzy. So here it goes.

The cover and central theme to the issue are undeniably going to at least annoy and at most enrage a fair amount of students and administrators. The source of the idea has to be understood within the context of the printing of this issue. There is no such thing as subtlety on the Clark campus, and there certainly was no subtlety in the administration's and Student Council's opinions upon the investigation of WheatBread. Tempers flared at StudCo meetings over how we are to run our paper, information from the enigmatic executive session has been leaked to the student body, and hints of disappointment over our "lack of punishment" have been muttered by StudCo members.

So if your reaction was one of the aforementioned, here is our response: Our utter lack of subtlety on the cover (and in this editorial) is nothing more than two months worth of frustration over misinformation and paralysis rearing its ugly head. The assertion that WheatBread was not aptly punished seems to us both silly and misleading.

HOWIE OF THE MONTH

Casey Frantz is our first Howie of the Month for the events of September, 1997. Casey first started rumors that he was stepping down, then counter-rumors that he wasn't, and ultimately did step down with nothing more than rumors left to explain why. He also managed to be mentioned in a number of *Scarlet* articles without ever giving *The Scarlet* a decent quote. Casey, you are truly "packing a Howie."



Zack, Mac, and Tom Gibson's hairy legs. Just another meeting.

It's silly because we have been reduced to one of the most unproductive groups on campus, publishing only once all semester before this issue and having one of our new projects, "The Mothership" defunkdified. It's misleading because, since you, the member of the student body are not allowed to know what went on, our "lack of punishment" intimates that WheatBread is an organization that has committed a horrible injustice. All we want to do is publish, is that so wrong?

So what the hell is this issue, you may ask? Well, we have a ready-made reply for that, as well. This issue began as a presidential elections issue; remember way back when, with the ubiquitous Josh Duksin posters and sketchy Rob Clark flyers? It has now evolved over two months into a hodgepodge of old news and new bitterness. If you're still wondering what WheatBread is, then come find out. There will be a general interest meeting at the beginning of the spring semester. Wheatbread is an organization full of new people with new ideas who just seem old because we bitch so much. WheatBread is your publication, work on it, write for it, write to it; the worst you can do is just sit back and wonder what goes on behind closed doors. We want your voice, we do not want to keep you in the dark. We'll leave that to Student Council.



- Cover** This issue's cover photo was taken by Jessica Lerner, based on an idea by Jonathan Messinger. Pictured (from L.-R.): Zack Ordynans, Mike Dorrian, Jon Messinger, Tom Gibson, Emily Sachs and Abby Logan (seated).
- 2 Editorial** There were at least three different editorials written for this issue at different points during the rather elongated production process. The final version was written by Messinger shortly before the issue was finished.
- 4 StudCo: What's Up With That?** By Emily Sachs. This article was written about the troubled end of last year's session of Council. It's old news, but it's a reminder of how much has happened in Clark's political scene this semester.
- 5 An Open Letter to Rob Clark,** By Jonathan Messinger. Written shortly after the Presidential election, this is a response to the sketch campaign run by Rob Clark.
- 6 The Real Deal** was written by Bill Evans at the end of the summer. This is the article that Bill was born to write.
- 10 More Words About StudCo, Buildings and Food.** Mike Iceland wrote this one in late September.
- 12 The WheatBread Interview: Joshua Duksin,** By Emily Drake and WB staff, has been irrelevant for so long that it's relevant again. Conducted in early October, Josh was campaigning for President at the time. That campaign was a failure, but Duksin still doesn't know when to quit. He may run for Treasurer now.
- 16 The Cooking Bachelor's Patented Chocolate Chip Cookies,** By Dave "The Cooking Bastard" Reed. A favorite at *WheatBread* meetings, Dave shares his recipe with you.
- 17 Summer in Worcester,** By Mollie Wittstein. Originally slated for the Orientation issue, Mollie writes about, uh, I'm not sure, actually.
- 18 Transfer Now! 25 Reasons to Leave Clark,** By Zack Ordynans and Emily Sachs. We admit it, we're a little bitter. But Clark has problems that you should be aware of.
- 21 How To Transfer.** By Emily Sachs. A brief guide to getting out of here in a hurry.
- 22 Afternoon: Bemoaning the Loss of the Saturday Morning,** By Jonathan Messinger. Jon is only 18 years old, and he's already complaining about being old. Someday he'll know what it's like to be 22. Sigh.
- 23 Sound Salvation: The Latest ROCU Update.** By Sean Prager and Carolyn Higgenbotham.
- 24 Caveat Emptor:** You, Worcester, and Movie Rentals to Avoid at All Costs, By Jessica Lerner.
- 27 Maturity in College** By Elizabeth Simpson. Can't we talk about something important for once?!
- 28 CUP-FA** was contributed by Jeremy Lesniak. We think he's kidding, but one can never be sure of these things.
- 30 An Ode to My David Duchovny Obsession** By Regina Robo. We hope she's kidding, but Regina never kids about anything. This may or may not have been influenced by *Equus*, which Regina was acting in when she wrote this.
- 31 A Victimization of Democracy** By Christopher Hagelstein. No one can ever tell when Chris is kidding. We do know that this was sent to the Wall Street Journal, but I don't think they ever published it.
- 32 Bang! Stop Smoking!** was contributed by Rachel Eisner, who is absolutely, inarguably serious. We think.
- 34 Grind Central, What A Grand Idea,** By Elizabeth Simpson. We thought this was a joke, but apparently it's serious. Who knew?
- 35 Ask Dr. Null.** He really is a Professor and this really is a regular column. Keep those letters coming!

StudCo: "What's up with that?"

(for those of you who were in a coma the past few months)

By Emily Sachs

While many at Clark have dismissed the recent rumblings of StudCo as chaotic and confusing, Student Council maintains that the goings-on have been anything but problematic.

Junior Kirsten Osterlind, who just finished her term as Sophomore Class Representative and chair of the Interviews and Elections Committee, disagrees with the student consensus of Council. "I never felt like we were in political chaos. I don't believe the majority of Council felt like we were."

Acting President SuZanne Botta admits, however, that things weren't perfect. "We hit some snags. I think it had to do with everything happening at the same time."

When students descended upon campus in late August, many on Council were well aware that things were about to change. New president and now-sophomore Casey Frantz had apparently made it clear to some on Council, including Osterlind, that he would probably not be returning to the position he had held since April of last semester.

Frantz did not attend any Council meetings until September 14 when he resigned during an Executive Session, closed to the public. By then, Vice President Botta had taken over as acting president and continued to do so until the new elections for were held on October 14.

As far as Council was concerned, there was little about this process that was handled badly.

Osterlind defends Council's ac-



From L to R: Kirsten Osterlind, Lizanne Correa, Amanda Mitchell, and Bob Sweet.

tions and decisions, but admits that there were some problems. "Without a president, we didn't have one unifying leader to help organize us. After having a very strong leader [Chris Condon], it was hard coming into having no president", she said. "[But] Casey was a fine president while he was there."

"To be elected in a position and then have to step down is a disappointment for the student body," said University Center Director Linda Connors. She said that although candidates have been denied the opportunity to run because of social or academic probation, Frantz is the first Executive Board member who has resigned since 1990. In 1994, Treasurer Michael Fourcher, who later went on to be the Editor-in-Chief of *The Scarlet*, resigned just minutes before being impeached.

Not only was a missing president hurting Council, but missing representatives also have made for an even more problematic few weeks.

"When you have an open presidential seat, it reflects on the rep-

resentatives," Osterlind explained. "People resigned, they were impeached, there wasn't quorum, people didn't know we had meetings."

WheatBread's own Zack Ordynans was impeached on September 27 due to excessive absences, and First-year representative Ron Saykin resigned just before being impeached. Judiciary Committee member Dave Carter also resigned—which would leave Judiciary one member short of quorum.

The Judiciary's quorum became an issue after the October 5 meeting, during which an hour-long Executive Session was held to discuss the fate of Presidential Candidate Josh Duksin. Duksin, a sophomore, was accused of early campaigning. Council voted to allow Duksin to continue in the race, but the following day revoked that decision upon realizing that Judiciary did not have quorum at that meeting. An emergency meeting on the following Wednesday, however, replicated all votes and decisions made at that Sunday's meeting.

With the election of new President Damaris Gomez, Council members are hoping that things go back to normal.

"I think given the circumstances, I did what I felt was right. My goal was to act, not react. I think I came close [to achieving that]," said Botta. "Now that we have new representatives in office and the Programming Council has passed, Student Council can get back to the business of representing the students."

An open letter to Rob Clark

By Jonathan Messinger

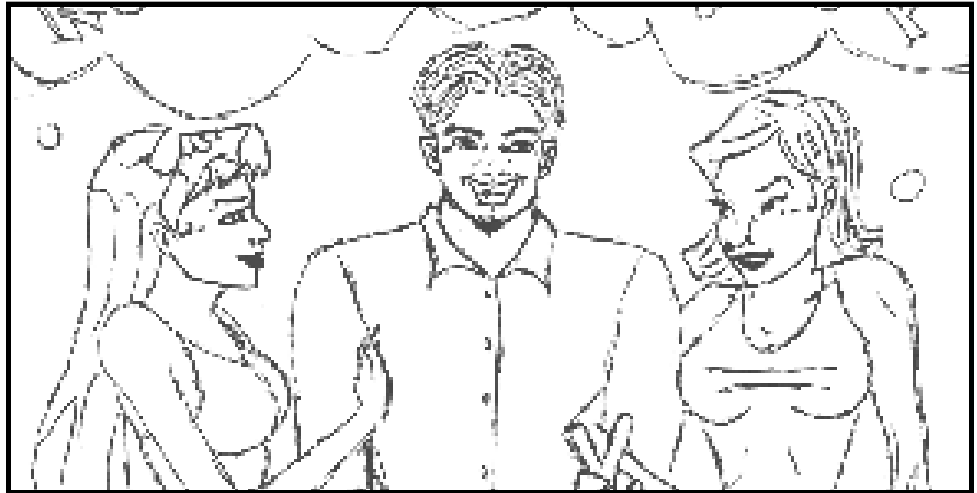
Sorry, Rob Clark. You lost. However, what you have done in the process has given us all a few important insights into politics here at Clark. Now, in writing this piece, I mean no insult to you. In fact, I believe that your intentions and ideals were the most admirable of all of the candidates. Of course, that doesn't mean that I voted for you.

Would you like to know why? You're a freshman. You see, Rob, there are three types of people who watch politics here at Clark U.— the three Ds, if you will. The Deluded, Disillusioned, and Done. The

Deluded are those who believe that the students have a "powerful voice." They are convinced that they can make a difference, schmooze with the administration, get things done. There are the Disillusioned, those who realize Clark politics are a crock, crack sarcastic jokes about Student Council and the administration, vote abstain, and complain in articles for WheatBread. And finally there are the Done, those who have been on the inside, gotten the hell out, and can crack sarcastic jokes sincerely.

So, Rob Clark, what does this have to do with you? Well, as a freshman, you automatically fall into the Deluded category. It takes at least until Thanksgiving break for the average freshman to become a jaded member of the second category. You see, as a proud member of the Disillusioned, I couldn't vote for you despite your ideals. We see how horrible Clark politics are, how much time is devoted to them, and as a result, how little comes of it. I hurt for you man, because you seemed like a good guy, but these things happen.

So what have we learned out of this fiasco of an election? Well I'll tell you: Clark's political correctness is an ugly sight. The posters you put up were sketchy at best. You see, the average rational person saw those, and knew your intent was most probably tongue-in-cheek. Although, even the average rational person had to have that nagging question of whether or not you were serious. However, it can be safely assumed that a college student who is attempting to make his name known to others in a very positive light, wouldn't go about doing it by offending women across the board.



This is the infamous drawing that Rob Clark used as a campaign poster, and later issued an apology for.

I must say, though, that there are many irrational people here and, for this reason, I feared for you. I feared for you and all the Hell you were going to catch from the outrageously enormous sect of politically correct fanatics at this school. You see, they never do anything but hurt others in the name of not hurting others. I must admit, though, I never expected the apology flyer to be up that quickly. They're really on their horse this year. And by the way, no matter what you did after that, despite the apology, you were done in their eyes. Basically, if you have to issue an apology here at Clark, you were finished way before it ever came out.

Another lesson we've learned here is that campaigning works both ways. Josh Duksin, despite all of his posters and handshaking, lost. The reason why? The amount of people who decided it was their duty not to focus upon who they thought would make the best president, but rather who would make the worst. These are the same people who were annoyed at Josh's incessant campaigning, yet felt it was okay to fervently campaign against him. The biggest news was not who won, but who didn't win. I find that very disconcerting.

Well, Rob, welcome to Clark politics, brother. I'd be interested to know which category you fall into now. If you're still Deluded, by all means, run again next year after you've had some experience under your belt. If you're done, kudos. Wise move, my friend. And if you're Disillusioned, then God bless you and welcome to the club. It's a lot more comfortable this way.

Clark's Real Deal

A Top-to-Bottom Look at Where You're At
(and a survival guide for new students)

By the Student Formerly Known as Bill Evans

*Please note that all of this is only my own worthless opinion— please don't take it too seriously.
If I've offended you, please let me know. It (probably) wasn't intentional.*

SECTION I: "Let's Get Oriented"

The University Center

Originally called the Student Center, this building serves as a gathering place for students, faculty, staff, administration, alumni and members of the community. It is *not* a Student Center. It is composed of seven conference rooms, two dining halls (one not in use), eight student offices, the General Store, two postal areas, a photocopying business, several offices for Bon Appetit, offices for Clark staff and administration, the Craft Studio, storage, Tilton Hall and the Pub/Grind Central.

A poorly designed but well-intentioned building, it does little to foster any sense of community or provide a central location for campus life. The University Center (UC) is overseen by the hopelessly overworked and underempowered staff (Director Linda Connors, Eileen Macey and Anne DeSorbo).

The University Center is useful if you need a place to hold a meeting, but for some reason can't do it in your room, your dorm, or anywhere else on campus. You can get your mail there, but don't try to send a package, because you can't. Meals are a staple of this facility, probably because you are contractually required to eat there. But don't dare try to hang out—aside from the Pub (Grind Central, when it's open) there's no place to do that, either (unless, of course, you like Tilton Hall).

Safety

Main South is not always a safe place for college students. Clark University is not mandated to tell you about crimes committed against Clark students when they are off campus (say, a block away) and they usually don't. But several times a year, students are beat up on campus and we do hear about that. Of course, most of the crime at Clark (sexual assault, domestic abuse and theft) is strictly between students.

Where to Go For Help

Despite the shiny brochures, perfect teeth, and colorful flags, things can suck at Clark. If you have a serious concern or problem, one of the best places to go is the Dean of Students, Denise Darrigrand. Just go to her office (the Dean of Students Office) and tell someone you'd like to make an appointment with her. You don't need to give a reason.

Other good people to speak to are Area Coordinators, Dean Milstone and Chief of Police, Stephen Goulet (bring crullers). Often your faculty advisor can be really helpful, but sometimes not. You'll know soon enough. Speak to your RA as a last resort—at least he or she will probably know who to refer you to.

If you don't want to work the Clark system, there's six million options in Worcester. Ranging from Rape Crisis centers to candlepin bowling alleys, they are frequently enumerated in those annoying pamphlets plastered to RA's doors. They are generally very good, even for Worcester.

SECTION II: “Big Wheels Turnin’”

Student Council

Although the members of StudCo change from year to year, the incompetence stays. Council has several important jobs. The first is to represent the students’ wants and needs, and to communicate them to the Administration. It’s not much of a secret that they don’t do this, nor make much of an effort. (And yes, representation takes effort).

Another job of theirs is to distribute the Student Activity Fee fund (a sizeable \$400,000) to student groups to create some semblance of Student Life. As anyone can tell you, they don’t allocate it well. In fact, you’d be amazed at some of the things they fund. Some recent examples have been custom-made mugs for an exclusive leadership conference, custom frisbees for the radio station (and shitty ones at that), and *WheatBread*.

In fairness, there are a few well intentioned folks on it (like the Vice-President), but they are hopelessly outnumbered by smug, self-centered puppies.

The Administration

Clark has a small administration. Overall, Clark’s administrators are a good-natured lot, and claim to care deeply about Clark and its students. Unfortunately, as a whole, the administrative is not terribly effective, partly due to the management structure. Its decentralized model leads to parties with overlapping areas of responsibility, and other areas (such as space allocation) with no responsible party at all. Poor communication, a Clark hallmark, keeps various administrators in the dark about what is going on around the school. (I once asked a senior administrator what the Provost did. He didn’t know.) The result is a fibrillating miasma of activity, with no clear focus, and no mechanism to ensure it.

Clark’s current strategy is targeted at ensuring Clark’s future instead of improving its present. Consequently, many students feel that the administration is not concerned with them. A lot of them leave Clark. Last year, so many left that it caused a serious budget shortfall and a

hiring freeze. This compounded Clark’s already serious financial problems. Fortunately, there are some administrators who have finally woken up, but it remains to be seen whether things will truly change.

If you choose to approach an administrator, do so with care. They can be timid, but usually respond warmly to student interaction.

Residential Housing

Talk about controversial, I had to wait until I moved out of housing to write this. This summer saw changes to the structure of Housing, with Dana Heller assuming much of David Milstone’s former jurisdiction. Under them are several Area Coordinators, and then the dreaded Residential Advisors.

Dean Milstone takes his job very seriously, and it shows. Clark has an excellent (though far from perfect) residential system. For instance, the implementation of Area Coordinators places experienced professionals where they can actually help students.

No question about it, the weak point in the housing system is the Residential Advisors. Though you will find the occasional gem, you’ll also find your typical over-empowered moron. Believe me, it’s not intentional. Part of the reason is a lack of training: it just isn’t possible to provide the amount of training that RAs would need to provide the services they are (or believe they are) supposed to perform. Hopefully, the Area Coordinators will take a strong role in improving this area.

Here’s some handy housing info:

- Despite all logical evidence, RA’s don’t want to write you up— doing so involves paper work.
- Don’t wave a housing violation in their face— if you’re going to burn incense, have the decency to close your door.
- Some RAs really work hard and deserve at least a modicum of respect. Also, remember that, on occasion, an RA can actually be helpful.

the **REAL DEAL** is
continued next page...

- If you find an RA intimidating, remember they're just another student, no different from you. They're there to help, and you're the one paying for their housing. Don't be pushed around.
- If you have a problem or complaint with an RA, take it to the Area Coordinator. If all else fails, make an appointment with Dean Milstone. He's a nice guy. Really.
- If you have a serious problem, try other avenues before speaking to an RA. Their job is usually to refer you to the appropriate source, only.
- Don't be afraid to go their events—there's usually free food.

Physical Plant

Of all of Clark's subcultures, Physical Plant is perhaps the most distinct, and the most intriguing. This institution is run by one Paul Bottis, Jr., a controversial but competent administrator who started there many years ago as a carpenter. On average, the folks at Physical Plant are completely disconnected from anything going on with the University, and are the nicest, most helpful people you will find here.

A word of warning, though, they are always overworked, and as Clark's largest department (not to mention under-paid and non-unionized), are likely to be downsized in the future (given the latest Academic & Financial Plan) so be patient in your dealings with them. The rewards are many and fruitful.

University Police

Contrary to popular belief, University Police is not here to break up parties. Their duties are wide and varied, covering everything from maintaining the card entry system to assisting in emergency medical situations. Basically, it's their job to maintain order and ensure the safety of the University and its people.

Make no mistake, though, these aren't exactly donut-eating rent-a-cops. Technically, the officers are state fuzz— all of them highly trained and experienced. Besides the chief (Stephen Goulet), there are three sergeants and nine officers, two or three on duty at a time.

One final note: however you feel about them, remember that it's their job to be there when the shit goes down. And even at Clark, it most certainly does. When something serious happens, they are the most professional and effective group of people in the University, and would risk their lives without hesitating for the people they have committed themselves to serving and protecting.

SECTION III: "LIFE AT CLARK?"

Student Life

Contrary to popular rumor, a semblance of student life does exist at Clark. It's just elusive. In true Clark style, activities are spread all over campus, with little common awareness of them, and little interest in finding out. (Example: last year, a band was paid thousands of dollars to play Grind Central and seven people showed up.) There are many reasons for this.

The responsibility for activity is placed almost solely in the hands of student groups and Student Council. Student organizations are handed huge sums of money, but are not actually required to do anything useful with it (example: Equestrian Club) and, big surprise, they often don't. Some "choice" events from last year were a speaking engagement from Tanya Flynt-Vega (price: a lot) the band God Street Wine (price: a lot), and all the comedians that weren't funny (price: how can you put a price on dignity?).

There's also a serious space problem. For starters, there's no student center, and the spaces that do exist for student activity are generally the spaces that no one else wants (example: Grind Central). Anytime something comes along that the administration deems important, student space is yanked away (example: the space that used to exist for bands to rehearse in Dana Commons now belongs to the I.D. department). No space means no activities, so no wonder students complain.

Where are the Parties?

Off campus.

What is There to Do?

Avoid the parties; they're mostly havens for cheap beer and date rape. Clark's theater groups are surprisingly proficient, and the Pub Entertainment Committee books a lot of bands in Grind Central, some of which are good. Open-mic night, the Clark Music Cafe, is every Tuesday evening in Grind Central, and only sometimes features poetry. The Craft Studio is a great resource, and the help there is often reason enough to go.

Speaker's Forum brings all kinds of speakers, and CUFS generally has good films, but don't look for anything with Pauly Shore or Sinbad. SAB sponsors some good things, like the drive-in movies (which are actually on video). The radio station provides hours of creative entertainment that no one listens to, and *Wheat Bread* provides hours of controversial conversation for even the most seasoned didact.

If you're feeling adventurous, you'll find a surprising amount of high-quality activity off-campus. Gilrein's (21+) is a fantastic (and inexpensive) blues club right around the corner from Clark. The Space (16+) is a great place for live music, run in part by Clark's own Will Burdette. The Espresso Bar is one of the few 18+ hang-outs with bands. If your taste runs to Alanis Morissette and Billy Joel, there's the Centrum or peyote. Malls provide a refreshing look at the minimum wage jobs you went to college to avoid. And don't forget the other colleges in Worcester, which almost always have their shit together better than Clark (a free Consortium shuttle can take you around). This is totally incomplete, too, so check out the two weekly newspapers, *Worcester Magazine* and the *Worcester Phoenix* for full listings.

Academics

Departments at Clark vary widely, from the sprawling Psychology department to the oxymoronic Environmental School (there is no school). Although there are certainly exceptions, over-all the faculty is excellent.

Each department has its own personality and culture, and I won't attempt to enumerate them here. Some departments are mostly filler so Clark can claim to be a liberal arts school

(i.e.: Visual and Performing Arts). Generally, faculty (especially tenured faculty) will be honest about their departments. Interestingly enough, one of the Administration's most suicidal acts involves the denying of tenure to some of Clark's best faculty. It's how we lose some of our best faculty, and ultimately, some of our best students.

The work load at Clark is standard, but like most other liberal arts schools, you can shake the President's hand with the best of them at the end of four years without learning or doing shit. In the end, it's a matter of choice. And \$96,000.

Student Organizations

Student Organizations are the life blood of activity at Clark (somebody get a strecher). There are basically six types of groups at Clark: Academic, Entertainment, Cultural, Peer Advisory, Media, and Resume.

ACADEMIC: Pretty much as sounds. For those who can't get enough in the classroom, or who are desperate to go to graduate school somewhere else.

ENTERTAINMENT: Provide activities (programming) such as live bands, films, dances, etc. They spend over \$100,000 every year and often have very little to show for it. (Just ask anyone who was here last year). Avoid them unless you want to book speakers that no one wants to hear, or want to flirt with bands.

CULTURAL GROUPS: These are sort of funny in that they proclaim a desire to enhance the Clark Community by sharing their culture, but they mostly throw parties at the expense of the SAF. If you can find them, though, some of them are great. The other purpose of these groups is to provide a "safe place" for members of a particular race, culture, religion, etc.— an important and often overlooked function.

PEER ADVISORY/EDUCATION GROUPS: An eclectic bunch, they range from the well-intentioned BACCHUS to the bizarre hubris of Choices (a self-proclaimed student "counselling service").

the **REAL DEAL** is
continued next page...

MORE WORDS ABOUT STUDCO, BUILDINGS, AND FOOD

the **REAL DEAL**,
continued...

By Mike Iceland

Some of them provide the opportunity for personal and communal growth. Others are for people who didn't get to be RAs.

MEDIA GROUPS/ARTISTIC GROUPS: The media groups at Clark form the Multimedia Center, a structural and spiritual conglomeration that has assembled itself for the school's benefit and despite the administration's determination not to get involved (for the most part). The artistic groups perform music, dance, and theater. These are some of Clark's most valuable groups, for they consume few financial resources and produce an enormous quantity and variety of entertainment. Generally all of these groups work very hard and are a great experience.

RESUME: These groups exist primarily for the purpose of noting involvement (or even better, executive board positions) on one's résumé. Examples include the Pre-Law Society, honor societies, Student-Alumni Relations Committee, the Economics Society and SPOC.

Conclusion

Well, you're stuck here. Might as well make the best of it.

This article is already three days late, but let's hope the editors accept it anyway*. Well, if we think about it, that's how Clark's Student Council runs on a good day anyway, isn't it?

You might think from that comment that I'm a bit down on Council. Let's just say I'm quite disenchanted. But maybe that is due to the fact that I don't have a class representative or that my hall rep (representing over 150 students) was voted into office by 25 people and I have yet to see the guy in person. It goes back further than just this recent election, though. Student Council is supposed to hold regular meetings and office hours in order to conduct business and also to keep the student body informed of what they are up to. The fact is that, as of the time I'm writing this article (the first week of October), they have only held two official meetings since the start of the academic year.

In my personal opinion, that is pretty pathetic for a group that is scheduled to meet every Sunday night at 6 pm and handles the entire monetary base for the university's "social life." Go see a meeting sometime. They'll ask you why you're there since it is unusual for anyone to show up unless they are asking for money. Let's face it, Council is a bank.

StudCo, as some like to call it, has been trying to prove to us that they are more than a bank, that they are going to have an impact

on the social life, and will improve things around here. One student told me that he had been talking to a Council member about getting soap dispensers put into residence hall bathrooms. He said that they told him it was a representative project and to look for results soon. Well, guess what people! Nearly, if not all of those representatives have relinquished their offices to newly elected officials, and I have yet to see the announcement of the completion of any representative projects from last year. If I am wrong, and some things were accomplished, please point this out and let me know.

Let's just take a minute to look at the recent inner workings of Council. Casey Frantz resigned as the president of Student Council on September 14, along with Maywood Hall Representative and Chair of the Budget Committee Rob Leeman. This was after an unexplained absence of the president for three weeks.

When asked by *The Scarlet* if he was still on Council prior to this announcement, Frantz stated "I don't want to talk about it." At this time, there is still no announced reason for his resignation, but the common consensus tends to say that the president was on Academic Probation.

Recently added to that list of resignees were Dave Carter of the Judiciary Committee and First-year Representative Ron Saykin. What does this mean to us as students? Well, not a whole lot

apparently, from the reaction that I have (not) noticed. The Council Constitution states that a special election will be held within three weeks time (from Frantz's resignation) for a new President. That three weeks expired on the day that this article was written (Sunday, October, 5). So, who cares, right? Well, even if no one else cares (which appears to be the case), the Judiciary Committee is an appointed group responsible for making sure that the Constitution is followed. But apparently they are too busy following through on impeachment proceedings (due to violation of attendance policies) of Council members who left office at the end of their term on October 2. This is hard enough since the Judiciary no longer has enough members to function, seeing as how there was no alternate for Mr. Carter's vacancy when he left.

Where does this leave us now? It leaves the students of Clark University blindly following a bright star through a dark, dark night. That star would be our vice president, and acting president, SuZanne Botta. Botta is standing in and doing all she can as she has stepped up to hold the fort. But she has said that she won't run for President since she has some specific goals that she would not be able to accomplish in such a capacity. Why is it that the one person in Council focused on making a difference has been side-tracked? This is because the top official who we all had the power to (not) elect has all but disappeared from the face of the campus.

I said "a dark, dark night" before because as far as I personally believe, the Constitution of our Student Council is null and void since it seems that it is not being followed anyway. The only way that things are going to change is if we start to give a damn and stand up for what we want and need. This is a covert group meeting in secret, deciding what to do with our money without even asking what we want or telling us where it's going. If we're lucky it won't end up with the University's endowment invested in the Worcester Trolley Company (ask me about it sometime).

Well, the response from the person on the street just about sums it all up. Asking a friend walking by what she knows about StudCo, she said, "I don't really know anything about it," as she shrugged her shoulders. We have an idea of where most of the \$25,000 that we pay goes. Why is it that no one

cares where \$400,000 worth of students' money is spent every year? The fact is that they went over that amount by tens of thousands of dollars last year. Council used to have what basically amounted to a backup bank account. You can say goodbye to that as the representatives responsible for keeping track of it have left office**.

One who hasn't left office, though little is heard from her, is the Student Council Secretary. Tom Roy, ex-vice president, put it rather succinctly on the VAX Bulletin (in the StudCo folder) about a month ago. He said, "Are we communicating now, Bethany? Hear my cries!" His message still awaits a response. Just so you know, the Constitution states that the Council Secretary is also the chair the Council's Communications Committee. Hmm...

Well, I think I've shared my opinion. There is more, but I don't know if I can keep your attention any longer (that is, if you even made it this far). Look to the future, but don't watch for it. We need to take control and not sit in the back seat any longer.

I just got an email from a friend who called two days ago because she thought she was having a bad week. Then yesterday she got in a car accident which totalled both cars. Let's start grabbing for the wheel before Student Council hits a wall head-on.

Editor's Footnotes:

* Don't push your luck.

** Problems with the Cumulative Surplus account have nothing to do with the fact that new reps. have joined Council. Student Council still has this "back-up bank account," it's just running a little low because of overspending last year.



Josh Duksin

By Emily Drake and WheatBread staff

As a freshman, Josh Duksin was an unknown candidate for treasurer who shook things up with his outspoken demeanor and promise to invest the SAF in the stock market. Although he lost to Pat Moran, it was clear that we had not seen the last of Duksin.

Now a sophomore, Josh had another unsuccessful run in the recent Student Council presidential elections. During the campaign, amidst charges of early campaigning (a Studco no-no), he spoke to WheatBread's own Emily Drake.

Duksin's views expressed here are not the views of WheatBread, its staff, or damn near anybody with the exception of Josh. He's raw, he's controversial, and you'd better get used to him because he's probably going to lose a few more elections before reality sets in.

Here he is, Clark's very own red Cherokee-driving, Theater Arts majoring, friend of every race, creed, ethnic group, and organization, and a role model for all...

Ladies and gentlemen, Josh Duksin.

* * * * *

WheatBread: Can you talk about what you are going to do if you are elected President?

Joshua "P.J." Duksin: I am at this point not allowed to talk to anyone because under the bylaws of the StudCo Constitution, I am not allowed to campaign yet.

WB: This won't be out until



Bill Evans (left) and Josh Duksin (other left)

around the time of the election anyway.

J: Well, still, I wouldn't want to take that risk. That's how anal they are.

WB: Did you tell your parents that you might not be able to run?

J: My step-father ran for state senator in New York and is a politician and the family is friends with... uh—and I spoke to my step-father about it and he said to appeal it and fight for this.

WB: So they're on your side.

J: Oh yeah, everyone's on my side. There are very few people who aren't on my side. I'm going to win this election if I get the chance to run. I have a tremendous amount of

support.

WB: Worst case, you can run next year.

J: Right, worst case I'll run next year. But I don't want that to happen. I really believe that I can help this school now and do this now. They need a leader—not a quiet timid leader who doesn't have the gregarious wit that I have. I have what a lot of these other candidates don't have.

WB: Imagine that the Interviews and Elections Committee informs you that they will let you run if you "make them an offer that they can't refuse." How much money would you offer them?

J: It's not important enough for me to pay them. I have the money to pay

them. I could give them a lot of money, but that would be ridiculous.

WB: What if that was the only way that you could run?

J: That's a ridiculous question. I would never accept or give bribes ever. I would never do that.

WB: If the decision to not let you run stands, who will you vote for?

J: If, God forbid, and this is a travesty— if they don't let me go and run, I will vote for who I feel is the best candidate.

WB: Who do you think is going to vote for you and why?

J: I think I'll win by a comfortable margin. My supporters will be the people that know that I care, the people that I have talked to. I think I'll have a very large percentage of the student body.

WB: Anyone specific?

J: I'm not going to name names.

WB: No, I mean any group in particular?

J: You mean the blacks, the whites, the hispanics, the jews? I think just the people that believe in me and believe that I can make a difference. There's no specific group that I'm pushing.

WB: So you're reaching all races and religions?

J: All races, creeds, sexes, BILAGA [Bisexual, Lesbian, and Gay Alliance], yeah.

WB: You recently said that you "support all women— freshmen and gay." Is this still true?

J: That I support all women?

WB: "Freshmen and gay." And what about those of us that are neither?

J: I support all men, women, gays, blacks, jews, hispanics, everyone. I may have stressed my support for them at that time, but I have no more support for gays and women than I do for jews and hispanics.

WB: Are you attracted to Casey Frantz? Even just a little?

J: Casey Frantz is not attractive to me personally, that is not to say that he's not attractive to other people.

WB: You're not on academic probation, are you?

J: I have a 3.5 GPA. I have never received less than a B.

WB: What accomplishment stands out as a highlight of your high school career?

J: Uh...

WB: Where did you go to high school?

J: In Bath, Maine. It's a boarding school where a lot of celebrities go, where a lot of kids of celebrities go. I'm friendly with Cher's son, Elijah Blue Allman, the Belushis. That was exciting— to meet the celebrities. A lot of the kids there all had money. It was that kind of environment. It was also...

WB: A really good time?

J: No. Yeah, it was a good time, but it was a disciplined time. It wasn't military, but it was a very strict school. There was a sex ethic.

WB: Explain, please.

J: There was no oral, anal. You weren't allowed to have intercourse. There was a sex ethic and there was an honor code.

WB: So you're still a virgin.

J: No, I'm not a virgin.

WB: Was this at or before Clark? Are you telling me that you violated this code?

J: No, we had vacations, Christmas, spring and summer, where we were not on ethics.

WB: Did you ever date any celebrities?

J: No. The celebrities' kids were guys and I didn't date them. I'm heterosexual.

WB: It wasn't a male boarding school, was it?

J: It was co-ed. There were some very beautiful women there.

WB: Would you like a cigarette?

J: I don't smoke, but I do own stock in Philip Morris.

WB: Really? How does that make you feel?

J: I do not condone cigarettes, but unfortunately though, from an economic standpoint, it's highly lucrative to invest in the tobacco industry at this time. Especially for someone who has a trust or money, because obviously people are addicted and they need to smoke. But the tobacco industry remains strong. Despite the fact that I am not an advocate against smoking, I am not an advocate for smoking. I have no stance.

continued next page

WB: Which one of The Village People do you most relate to?

J: I don't know who they are. I know the YMCA song, but that's about it. I don't know them personally nor am I a fan of them.

WB: Did you play little league? What position did you play?

J: I remember little league. I don't remember what position. Maybe first base. I played when I was much younger. I don't remember.

WB: You strike me more as a tennis/racquetball guy.

J: I play tennis. I love it. I was on the tennis team. I played singles and doubles. My father plays racquetball. I never really got into it.

WB: Did your father vote for Reagan?

J: My father didn't vote, I think, in those years, or... maybe he did. No, I don't think he voted for Reagan. People with money do not have to be Republican. I'm a Democrat. I like Clinton although I think he has trouble with being honest with himself and the country. Deep down he loves the country and has a good heart and has produced a wonderful economy, one of the best economies we've ever seen. Unemployment is at its lowest rate ever, or at least in the last twenty-five years. Four percent unemployment which is phenomenal. Of course, that's only the ones that Census counts, but even so, this is a great economy. Notice how no one is saying this, only 'we're in a recession.' It's all over the news. The economy is just fabulous right now.

WB: So in your eyes, Clinton's a good guy.

Mr. Duksin ponders the fate of Clark and his big, fat tie.



J: I think he deep down cares about the country. I think he just can't be honest with us on some things.

WB: If you are elected, you will hold a position of power that will allow you to make sweeping changes to the academic and financial plans. What will you change first?

J: I have lots of ideas on this subject, and I have connections to the board of Trustees of the school which will enable me to do more than any president has done before. But I, at this time, cannot campaign or divulge any information for fear of this very, very picky board, to not allow me to run.

WB: Do these connections give you an unfair advantage over the other candidates?

J: Oh, I think it's a fabulous advantage for StudCo. Is it an advantage for me in the campaign? An unfair advantage? No, it's not unfair.

WB: What don't you like about the academic and financial aspects of this school?

J: I can tell personally there is half a million dollars or \$450,000 in Student Activity Fee money that is appropriated. I think that some of the programs it goes to deserve the money they get, but I think that a lot of this money is being used in ways that are unproductive and embezzled at some points. Students are actually writing in their purchase orders and doctoring them. And I'm not campaigning right now, but I will say that as a student at Clark, to know that someone will take a purchase order for, hypothetically, let's say—this isn't a club here, but let's say the racquetball club, which we don't have—will take a purchase order for \$900 and write it out, and bring it back for \$2,000, and pocket the difference. That has happened for years now. That is something that frustrates me definitely.

WB: What do you think of the mandatory meal plan for sophomores?

J: It was really needed for Bon Appetit to financially survive. And as much as I don't like having it, I see their need to have to do it. And kids steal food a lot. Not me, but other kids do and this will compensate for their loss.

WB: Why did you choose Clark?

J: I had good SAT scores, but not Ivy League SAT scores. This is an excellent school and it's a good liberal arts program.

WB: So you're a theater major.

J: I am a theater major. As of now, I want to work on Wall Street. To anyone out there who reads this article, enjoy what you're doing in a liberal arts education, don't put yourself through a vocational thing. It's ir-

relevant. Do internships over the summer. Connect yourself into the industry, graduate and then work in the industry. I'm already connected into Wall Street for working there. I love acting, so I'm going to pursue this now while I can. Maybe I'll do a screen test for Lorne Michaels and make it and be on "Saturday Night Live." That's maybe a long shot, but I think I can do that. Maybe be a comedian or do sketch comedy, but I love Wall Street. I love stocks. I love watching the markets. It's intriguing, exciting, and lucrative. It's what I want to do. I've wanted to be an investment banker since I was eight. In fact I have on tape, when I used to do commercials when I was younger, an Oreo cookie promotion on "Regis & Kathie Lee," which was then called "The Morning Show," and this is twenty minutes I have on tape. Not up here, but my friends have seen it. I actually say, "I want to be an investment banker" to Regis. I was eight.

WB: What did he say to you?

J: He said, "When I was a kid, I wanted to be a fireman. Now kids want to be investment bankers."

WB: Please explain briefly what diversity means to you.

J: Diversity means integration, ethnic mix, acceptance of those of different cultures.

WB: Even though our school has a lot different cultures, by the way you define diversity, is our school diverse? Do you think we actually mix & accept?

J: Yes, I think, though, a lot of the foreign students do detach.

WB: Do you think it's because of the way we treat them?

J: I love the foreign students.

WB: Have you ever seen the movie Higher Learning?

J: Yes.

WB: Do you think our school relates to that at all?

J: We are not the homogenous, lacrosse hat, fraternity institute that Higher Learning portrayed. If we had a Neo-Nazi, with our Jewish population, he'd be out the school so fast, he wouldn't have time to shave his head. I don't know what the metaphor would be, but we have very little of that going on here and, if we do, it's not tolerated. That's why I love this school so much.

WB: You're dressing in the dark. Your sock drawer has only blue socks and green socks in a ratio of six to seven. What's the minimum number of socks you need to pull to guarantee a pair?

J: I have a hard time with socks because, as a child, I never liked to wear them. I don't want to talk about socks. My father always made me wear these really itchy wool socks, and even to start thinking about it, literally makes me itchy and I don't

want to be itchy during the interview.

WB: Are you itchy now? You have nice cotton socks on.

J: Yes, but I used to wear wool socks. Jack Duksin made me wear wool socks in the winter. I don't like to talk about socks.

WB: Is Jack your father or your step-father?

J: My real father. I love him very much. He's a great guy. He's a real estate developer and an attorney in Telluride, Colorado. He's friends with Norman Schwartzkopf and a lot of famous people out there.

WB: How much is my vote worth to you? What wouldn't you do to get votes?

J: Everyone is entitled in this democracy of a school, and in the larger picture the country, to have the freedom to choose, and the responsibility to choose well. Whether they follow this or not is clearly up to them, but I urge everyone to vote with their conscience, to vote with their heart, and to vote, period.

Josh entertains locals Linda Brown Connors and Chris Condon.



The Cooking Bachelor's

Patented Chocolate Chip Cookies

By Dave "The Cooking Bastard" Reed

The staple of any healthy diet (and I mean healthy in both the physical and mental sense) is the chocolate chip cookie. But what is the best kind of chocolate chip cookie? The easiest solution is to go to the supermarket and get a bag of the mass-produced, so-dry-you'll-chip-your-teeth cookies available there, though there are sometimes stores with a bakery section that features bags of "fresh" cookies. Do not be fooled. These are cheap imitations. As the old saying goes, if you want really good cookies, you've got to bake them yourself. (Or something like that. I was never very good at remembering old sayings.)

Now, if you're like me (you know who you are), you love chocolate chip cookies and are perfectly willing to use up a good hour of the day making them. Actually, if you're like me, you make them late at night when you should be writing that damn sociology paper. If you're not like me, never fear! Simply find someone who likes to bake, clip out this article, and subtly staple it to his or her forehead. Good! Now all we need to do is get the ingredients.

To make "The Cooking Bachelor's Patented Chocolate Chip Cookies" you will need:

- 1 cup (two sticks) of softened butter
- 3/4 cup granulated sugar
- 4 ounces of 151 proof rum
- 2/3 cup brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon of baking soda
- 3 ounces of whiskey
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 1 1/2 teaspoon of vanilla extract
- 2 eggs
- 24 ounces (two cans) of cheap beer
- 2 1/4 cups of flour



3 cups chocolate chips
and tequila

In a large mixing bowl, mix the softened butter, sugar, brown sugar, baking soda, salt, vanilla extract, and eggs. You can use an electric mixer if you have one, but I have lately been forced to use a fork or spoon. Now, have a beer. You've earned it.

Now mix in the flour, but very carefully. Flour can easily make a mess. Mix it in one cup at a time. Then, add the chocolate chips. Now, you're ready to get baking!

Preheat the oven to 375°. In a separate container, mix the rum, tequila, and whiskey in roughly equal parts. The average alcohol content of your drink is now approximately 55%. Remember that, but set the drink aside for now.

Arrange small balls of cookie dough on a cookie sheet (adjust size to taste, but don't make them too big or they won't cook all the way) and put the sheet into the oven. Now, sit back and wait, enjoying your drink. (This recipe makes about four dozen cookies and can tranquilize three elephants. Drink slowly.)

The cookies will be done in about 10 minutes. In the meantime, here are a few do's and don'ts about baking cookies:

DO share your cookies with your neighbors. This is a great way to make friends and influence people.

DON'T leave your cookies out in the common room of your suite if you know there's going to be a *WheatBread* meeting there.

DO help yourself to a little of the raw cookie dough.

DON'T choke.

Your cookies should be just about done. When they've turned a pleasant golden brown color, take them out and put them on a rack to cool. Repeat the process until all the dough is used up, then down what's left of the drink and pass out on the couch. Make sure the second beer is handy when you wake up to take the edge off the hangover. And while your at it, have a cookie.

Summer in Worcester?

By Mollie Wittstein

This summer I chose to stay in Worcester as did a small number of other, perhaps a p s crazy, Clarkies. The reasons for staying here are varied. Some chose to take summer courses, others worked on and off campus. Others did special academic projects or internships. The jobs that people had included data entry, working in group homes, the mail room, and transcribing audio tapes. Many people just didn't feel like going to their hometowns. I myself had an on-campus and an off-campus job.

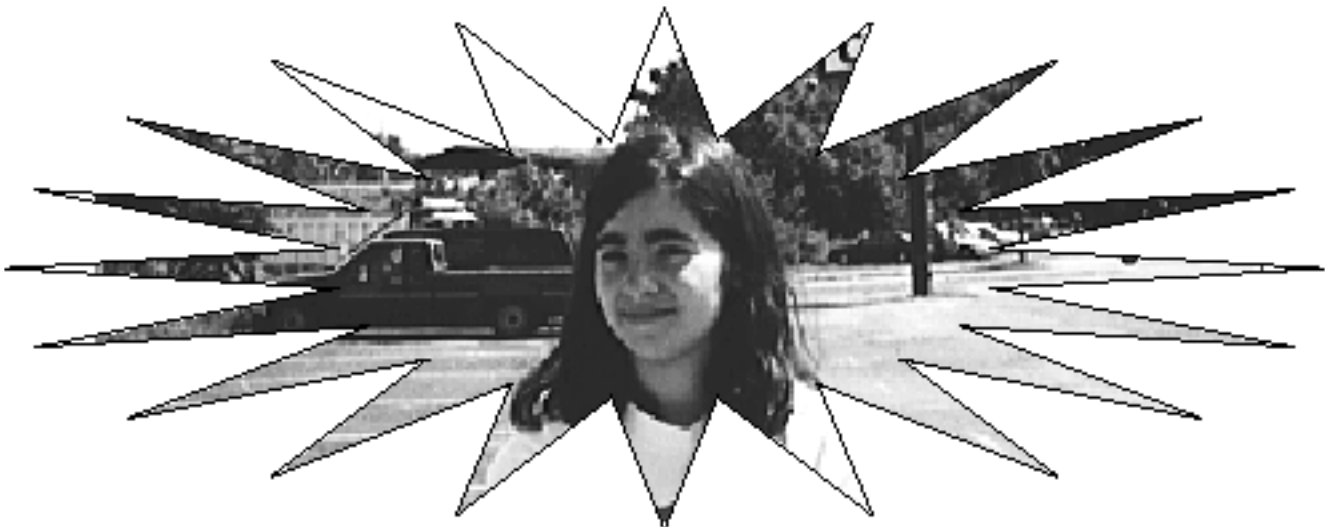
Clark becomes a very different place over the summer. For one thing, there is hardly anybody around. We came to enjoy the sprawling empty green (well, we could look at it anyway). Over the summer, the Atwood green was regrown, and nobody could walk on it.

This past summer was the summer of Ultimate Frisbee at Clark. Next to the UC, about ten people would gather at 5 o'clock every afternoon and play. The group included students, alumni, and Clark employees. Every day they would dream of the day when they would be allowed to use the green. Finally, a few days before the rest of the students came back, they got to play on the green.

Most students who lived at Clark this summer lived in campus-owned houses, sublet apartments, or moved into their own apartments early. Some students received free housing by staying in the dorms as conference RAs. Clark hosted an academic program for Israelis in the summer, and they lived in Dodd, Hughes, and Dana Halls.

There were a few annoying things about Clark in the summer. For one thing, the GS was hardly open. It had crazy hours this summer, and the hours varied from week to week. As much as I hate the food service, I did sometimes miss it. The Bistro was only open for lunch during the week. And the campus could get lonely sometimes. There were good things about living here, however. You never had to wait in line. The local restaurants were not very crowded. There were no clumps of people on the stairs to the mailroom to get in your way.

All in all, I found that living here this summer was a good experience. It was a chance to get to know the others who were around this summer, and to socialize without the constraint of schoolwork. This may strike some as odd, but Worcester is now more my home than any other place.



Transfer Now!

25 REASONS TO LEAVE CLARK

By Zack Ordynans and Emily Sachs with Nicole Imbrascio

The Administration only cares about your money, Student Council only cares about satisfying the Administration, and for the most part, the students just don't care.

In no particular order, here are 25 reasons why students are unhappy at Clark.

Student Council. Clark's Student Council has proven again and again that they are only effective as a tool of the administration. Instead of providing real leadership and proving to us (instead of telling us) that they aren't a bank, this year's model has already: voted on issues that most members were "not allowed to know about" because of administrative pressure, appointed people that they were given no background information on, effectively handed \$14k of student money over to administrative control with the creation of the Programming Council, and ignored every previous precedent that they could find. This StudCo even ignored the traditional view of discouraging conferences by sending itself to a conference. In Florida, of course.

All this, from a Council lead by someone who claimed that, "I have a feeling that our Council is going to have to clean up from the mistakes of past sessions." Maybe they should spend a little time cleaning up their own mistakes before they attempt to fix history.

Atwood Hall. As Clark's primary theater space continues to crumble, apparently there are no intentions of improving the space in the near future. In the 1996 Academic and Financial Plan, the renovation of Atwood Hall was listed as the school's tenth highest priority for renovation, ranked behind suspicious goals like closing Downing Street and improving the athletic facilities (which were partially renovated last year). The seats and lighting equipment are falling apart, the acoustics are bad, there are holes in the roof, and the paint design screams "Dunkin' Donuts."

"There is a resurgence of interest in theater at Clark this year, but it's a shame that Atwood is the only student theater space. Atwood Hall is the albatross around the neck of student theater." Senior theater putz Nicole Imbrascio continued, "Also, how embarrassing is it to have convocation and Nobel Prize winners speaking in a space that's ugly and run down?" Good point, Nicole!

Clarkies are apathetic. The problem here isn't with the social life, or with communication-- it's with you. Events are usually well publicized, and when there aren't posters all over campus, there's still ClarkWeek, The Scarlet, and The Wall (or whatever they're calling it now) to give you some choices on a Friday night. It's easy to complain about the lackluster events taking place on campus, but much more difficult to try to plan events that people will attend and enjoy, and that are affordable to a student organization. No matter how many times students demand it, booking the Dave Matthews Band is not an option with PEC's budget.

The activities are out there. So instead of complaining, do something. Or plan something. Or write something for The Scarlet or WheatBread, questioning my right to ask you to do anything.

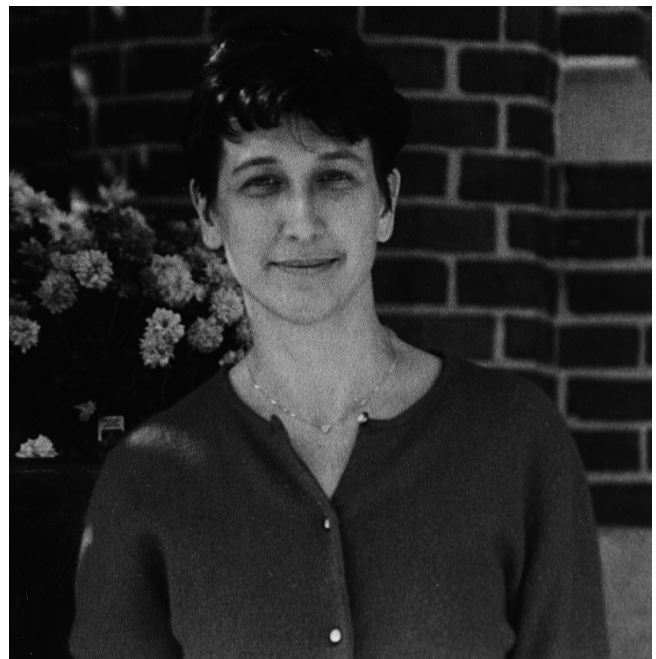
President Richard Traina. Clark's former absentee landlord recently moved into a house that cost the school over \$1,000,000 to renovate, with the justification that living in the neighborhood would allow the President a greater involvement in campus events and closer ties to stu-

dents. However, since the move "Trainaspotting" is just as rare now as it ever was. And don't even think about bothering him at home with any of your questions about Clark (see WB #9, "The Untold Tale of The Forged E-Mail From President Traina").

Poorly allocated space. The lack of adequate space on this campus for student groups remains a problem. The implementation of the Clark Multimedia Center (grouping all of the campus media organizations on the first floor of Dana Commons so that they can share resources and equipment) has been somewhat of a success, but the so-called "Red Room" remains unused by the International Development department as the once and future Clark Cable Network's equipment continues to melt in a closet in Sanford. And the Small Business Development Center may bring in rent money for the school, but the students-- who, after all, pay close to \$25,000 in rent to Clark each year-- deserve the space for student organizations. (See WB # 5 for more about this topic).

The Computer Science Department. "The computers are outdated-- both of them," reports Senior Tom Gibson, a student in the department. "Actually, there's three, but one of them is in a professor's office and we can't use it."

Such is the state of Clark's Computer Science Department, which is technically only a branch of the Math department. Of the three



French professor Martine Voiret. Victim of a strange tenure decision.

computers that Gibson mentions, all of them belong to one of the two full-time computer science professors in the department (the two other professors also split their time with teaching math). According to the secretary, Theresa Shusas (herself a part-timer, oddly enough spending the other half of her time at women's studies), there are 33 students either majoring or double-majoring in Comp. Sci. Does that then make it 16.5 students/computer?

Dean Harold Wingood. Clark's Dean of Admissions actions were neither "sagacious" nor "appropriate" when he tossed 500 copies of a WheatBread parody issue in a recycling bin last year. He later bragged about the incident to the then Editor-in-Chief of *The Scarlet*, otherwise failing to address the incident until a lawsuit was filed against him. And when he finally did "apologize" (5 months later), he managed to do so in a way that attempted to justify his illegal actions, and accused *The Scarlet* of printing false information.

Everyone else is doing it, so why shouldn't you? If every other Clarkie decided to jump off a bridge, wouldn't you? Why be an individual when you can be a "pea in a pod" (whatever that means)? Over the last 5 years, 352 students have left, and boy are they having a blast!

Dean Denise Darrigrand. Darrigrand was caught in a possible lie to *The Scarlet* (11/20/97) while talking about a complaint that she filed against WheatBread. Assistant Dean of Students Linda Brown Connors had told several people that she had filed the mysterious complaint against WheatBread which led to the freezing of the organization's funds, but anonymous sources who have seen the complaint told *The Scarlet* that the complaint was filed by Dean of Students Denise Darrigrand. When Darrigrand was questioned about the complaint by *The Scarlet*, she denied that a complaint ever existed. When Judiciary Chair Evie Hristova confirmed to *The Scarlet* that a written complaint did exist, Darrigrand contradicted her earlier statement.

"I'm trying to think. Did I write them a letter? I might have." When Connors was asked by *The Scarlet* why she had admitted to filing the complaint, she expressed her surprise that Darrigrand had been interviewed and had no comment about the situation.

Parking. There's nowhere to park.

The Goddard Library. Once you get past the shock that this thing was ever built (some people who still haven't gotten over that shock insist that the library is an alien spaceship), you realize what a pain in the ass this building really is. Who has ever heard of a building where there is no ground floor, and the second floor is really the lobby? What about all of those creepy narrow staircases and mysterious rooms? And why does it have to be so damned hard to find a book or journal?

There's an old rumor that Jerry Garcia used to hang out in our library and do drugs, but I don't believe it. I can't imagine anyone spending time in that building unless they absolutely had to.

Hidden Art. Unknown to most of the university, Clark does have a collection of art works - a moderately valuable collection including 25 paintings that originally hung in the home of our dear founder, Jonas Clark. How can you see them? You can't. Most of Clark's art is in the basement of Goddard Library, locked in a sort-of secret, secured, alarmed vault. The vault also contains many other, newer art works, the value of the entire collection approaching \$1 million. Even our art history department doesn't have immediate access to the collection. Plans are sketchy for allowing the collection to be made public; even so it's years (or years of alumni wining and dining) before Clark has an art museum - the pride of many of the country's finer institutions of higher education.

The Tenure Process. If you feel as though there is something lacking in your course load, your classroom, or your general academic life, it's probably a few professors. Recently, Clark has lost two vital faculty members: David Venturo of the English Department (who was denied tenure for his failure to publish enough) and Martin Voiret of the French Department (who was granted tenure by the Clark Committee of Personnel



Modern mystery of architecture and inefficiency: the Goddard Library.

but denied by Traina). "Why?" students have demanded of the Administration, banging on Traina's office door, and the answer given is: "The tenure process is a complex process. My job is not an easy job and I cannot discuss personnel cases with students." Thanks for the clarity. Although tenure protects and gives security to faculty members, the achievement of tenure is an obscure form of torture. The three main requirements for achieving tenure are: teaching, research and publishing and faculty committee involvement. Professors who put their students ahead of publishing are not heavily rewarded at Clark.

WheatBread. Why go to a school where the students are so bitter that one of the student publications runs a cover story advising people to transfer?

Programming Council. It sounds like a great idea: a StudCo appointed committee given a budget and the responsibility of making sure that there are always events going on at Clark. When you look at the details, however, it all gets a little fuzzy. The Programming Council (PC) has a function that overlaps with a number of other student organizations and Student Council, a questionable appointment process, and allows administrators a greater power in the distribution of the Student Activities Fee. Worst of all, interviews for PC committee members won't even begin until December 4, already the end of the first semester.

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Mike Dennis and "Daka" Jake Lippman. Both were members of the Class of '96 who were hired immediately after graduation. Mike Dennis founded Grind Central while still a student, and was rewarded for losing thousands and thousands of dollars with the thankless job of Business Manager. Meanwhile Lippman, who was popular among Clark students and worked over 12 hours a day as a manager for Bon Appetit, was fired by the company after he refused to relocate to a christian liberal arts college (oxymoron?) in Pennsylvania. He was given three days notice. Dennis, on the other hand, was instrumental in the implementation of the sophomore meal plan requirement and still has his job. To his credit, Dennis exemplifies the slimy attitude that Clark seems to love in it's employees. "Daka Jake" just didn't quite fit that mold.

Worcester. Sure, it's not that bad for a dying industrial city. But it's not really a city, and it's not a small town either. It's in the ugliest part of a relatively ugly state, and Clark is in the ugliest neighborhood of the city. It's the armpit of New England. It's a college town, but it's not. The weather sucks. Isn't there somewhere else that you'd rather be living?

Lack of Unity. Clark has a lot of foreign students and students from all over the country, but everyone here seems to spend all of their time with people that look a lot like themselves. Students from Connecticut eat lunch with other people from Connecticut, and people from the Middle East eat with other people from the Middle East. Cultural organizations don't help either; in fact, they only encourage this isolationist mentality. There's nothing wrong with spending time with whoever you feel most comfortable around, and it's important to remain in touch with your own culture. But it is so rare at Clark for people to come together, regardless of cultural background, to do anything other than going to class. (An exceptional organization on this front is Asian Society, who recently sponsored a forum in Tilton to promote unity at Clark.)

The Environmental School. The school is one of Clark's biggest Admissions attractions, but no one seems to quite understand what the school is, anyway. It doesn't have a building, and it's not a major. It's not a con-

centration or minor, either. The program consists of 7 interdisciplinary courses and a first year seminar (which combine to fulfill 6 perspectives), in addition to a senior research project and capstone course. The Environmental School actually only adds an environmental focus to a different major.

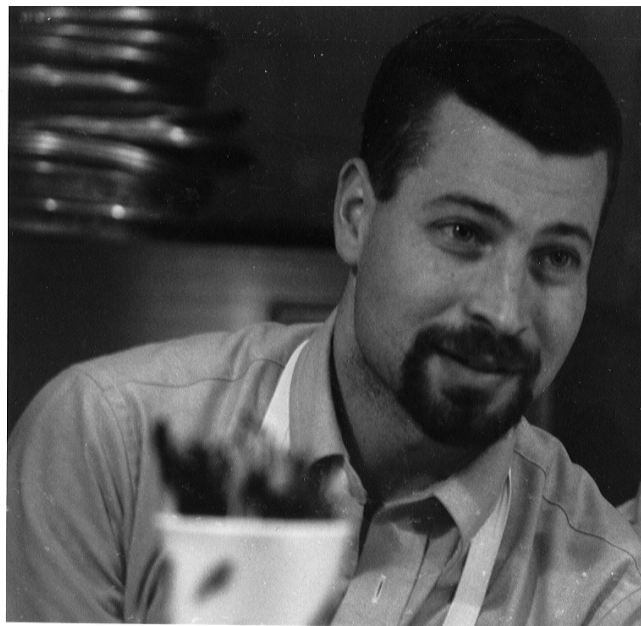
Tom Roy was the first student enrolled in the program, but he left the program during his sophomore year. "The school doesn't give students an adequate background in science, which is important to the subject. It's a liberal arts exposure to environmental issues, which is not what I'm interested in."

Theft of the Thom Rezza Fund. Not reported by The Scarlet, on Wednesday Nov. 19 the Thom Rezza fund, amounting to less than \$10 in loose change, was stolen from the General Store. According to Manager Dave Spach, "it was the same day the Downing Street offices were broken into. We'd just emptied it we roll quarters and nickels... and we'd just done that the previous weekend, so there was less than \$10." The prime culprits are local Worcester kids, Spach says. A new sign has been added to the collection can in the G.S. which says, "Do not steal me again."

Spach adds, "We've moved it, oh, four inches closer to the register. [We're] just keeping a better eye on it now." The fund assists Rezza, a one-time General Store manager and Clark alumnus who was injured in a diving accident a few years ago.

Conferences. Last year, many organizations including The Scarlet, MassPIRG, BACCHUS and COUNT spent thousands of dollars of the SAF to send at least a dozen students to conferences out of state. Were you invited? Probably not. Neither were we. Most recently, Student Council sent three of its members to Florida along with other "representative" students [see next entry], for a Student Leader convention.

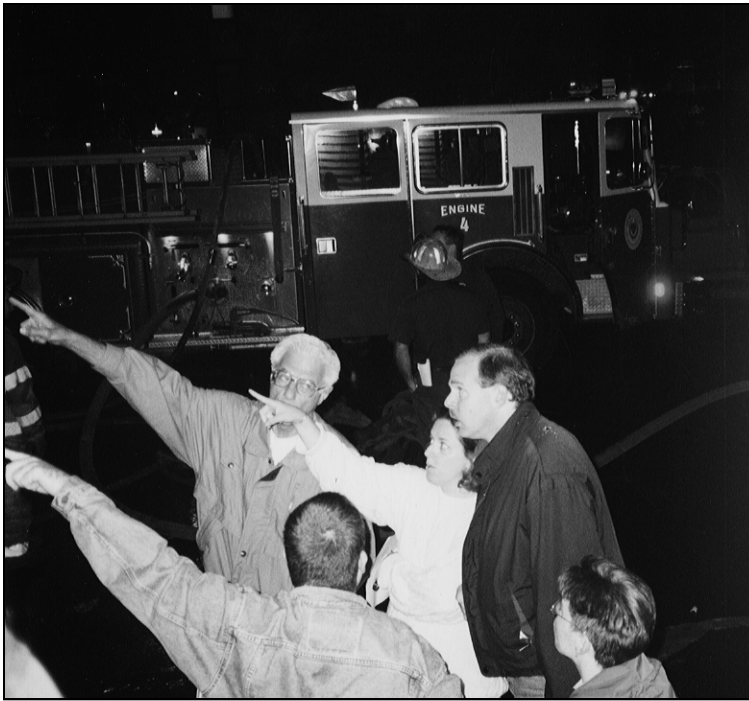
Last year, The Scarlet used \$3,900 from



Daka Jake Lippman, a favorite Bon Appetit worker amongst students, is no longer among us.

their budget and ad revenue as well as \$400 from council to send 7 people to a student media convention in Orlando. In the spring, The Scarlet is planning to go to San Francisco. "I'd send 20 people if I could," says Editor Sam Begner.

Linda Brown Connors. Budget Chair Bob Sweet announced at a recent Student Council meeting that he had noticed that Programming Council (which still isn't completely formed) has already spent 25 percent of their annual budget, all of the money going to something called Collegiate Conferences. In fact, Collegiate Conferences is the sponsor of the Florida convention attended by Student Council, Linda Brown Connors, and a group of students more-or-less hand-picked by Connors. Kirsten Osterlind, (who was instrumental in creating the Programming Council but has no current involvement), Jim Strickulis (who will be a Programming Council Co-chair), Matt Robbie (invited for his work with Orientation), and Senior Amy Warner, who is attending for reasons that are not entirely clear. Connors says that funding for the convention came from her own university budget. According to Sweet, however, Connors did use Programming Council money (specifically slated for on-campus activities) for the convention. He says that when he asked her about the unauthorized spending (Linda was acting on behalf of the still-inactive, SAF-funded Programming Council), she admitted to doing so. Connors has since transferred the



In order to counteract imminent confusion over class location (see article), President Traina has committed countless class locations to memory, promising to direct students (as seen here). Note Denise Darrigrand and David Milstone huddling together for warmth.

funds from her account back to Programming Council.

They force you to eat their food. Last year the university made a surprise announcement that all sophomores would be required to be on one of the meal plans offered by Bon Appetit, still in its first year of operation at Clark. Students revolted at the revolting idea of having to eat veggieburgers, rubber chicken sandwiches, and mushy mozzarella sticks for another year. Vaguely-attended protests and petitions lead to a sort-of compromise making the price of the base meal plan under \$1,000. More meal plans were created as well.

Because They Don't Want You To Know Where the Classes Are. In their infinite wisdom, whoever responsible decided that Clark students only need one copy of the course listing book. What they seem to have forgotten is that class locations are not listed in the pre-registration course catalog, and students most commonly use post-registration catalogs to find the location of classes that they would like to add to their schedules. Without the handbooks that are passed out at the beginning of the semester, students will only have access to the locations of classes that they already chose the previous semester.

Save money: transfer within the consortium. You've gotta love a program that allows students to take classes at any of the schools within the city's 10-school consortium. How can this help you? Live off-campus with your friends, take Clark classes, but pay Becker or Worcester State prices.

How to Transfer:

A Guide to Making a Quick Getaway

By Emily Sachs

So you say you want to transfer? Well here's the dirt on how to do it. It's easier than you think, and a whole lot of fun! What are you waiting for? Go to it. Right now. We're serious.

1. Choose a school.

For Clark students, the overwhelming choice for transferring seems to be anything big. In the last five years, 352 Clarkies have left the school without graduating. Of those, 234 indicated their destination. The top choices? Boston University (20 Clarkies have gone there), New York University (13), UMass-Amherst (11), Boston College (6), and Worcester State (6).

If distance is your thing, try University of Colorado at Boulder (5). According to Al LeFebvre of Clark's Office of Institutional Studies, about two-thirds of those were freshmen and sophomores. "You'll find that at any institution," he says. What does this mean to you? Get started on those applications!

2. Obtain the appropriate signatures and recommendations.

Sophomore Leslie Offenbach, who had planned to transfer to Brandeis this year, says that the process was surprisingly easy. "It's really not complicated," she says. Most schools require only a transcript and two recommendations (and, of course, getting accepted -- but we can't help you with that part). One recommendation comes from a professor of your choice.

The other recommendation needs to be from the Dean of Students. This can be obtained by meeting with any dean from that office; just tell the secretary that you would like to make an appointment with one of the deans at their earliest convenience (afternoons are generally better for such meetings). They won't even ask you why you're leaving, so you don't need to think of a constructive reason or a polite way of saying it. "They didn't talk to me at all," says Offenbach.

3. Leave.

See? It's very easy. Not too taxing at all. And you still have time to buy a souvenir sweatshirt from the bookstore.

A f t e r n o o n :

Bemoaning the loss of the saturday morning

By Jonathan Messinger

I understand the benefits of being an eighteen-year-old sophomore in college. I understand that it is a privilege and a right that I should cherish to be able to vote, drive, etc. I understand that as I've grown older, my limitations have lessened. But every now and again, and I know I'm not the only one, I have to stop and take a look at what good this has all done me, and wonder if it really is better to be older. I have often spoken to friends about life as a child, and how much it scares us that with every year, parts of that life slip away a little bit further. Have no fear, this is not a nostalgic email forward about being a child of the '80s.

Now I also understand that a lot of the critics of what I am about to say, or perhaps what I have already said, will write this article off as simply the rants of one who is either afraid of responsibility or simply wishes to pawn it off onto someone else, such as a child does to a parent. This is in part true. I have no problems with admitting that new responsibilities are not always something that I willingly embrace. I try not to dodge responsibility thus accepting it when it comes along, but sometimes it's simply not what one wants in one's life. With responsibility comes a loss of that which is most treasured by child: free time.

Free Time. Let me first define what I mean by free time. This is not the time you spend on extra-curricular activities such as soccer, MassPIRG or writing for WheatBread. These activities can entail just as many responsibilities as class, and as we all know, can be just as much work. What I mean is the time you have before, between, or after such activities. Perhaps the greatest asset

a child possesses, free time becomes our greatest commodity with each new responsibility. This is precisely how responsibility destroys our free time. Not just by lessening it (for that is obvious), but also by confining what activities we do during it. During my free time as a child, and as I'm sure it was for you, you did whatever you wanted to do, and had fun doing it. I was active or inactive, inside or outside; I did what I wanted regardless of any outside influences. Now what does one do with one's free time? More work for class or extra-curricular activities, and if you're one of the lucky ones to escape from these forces for one moment, what do you do? You rest. There is often pressure as one gets older to seek fulfillment through outside means. Outside means were never necessary to fill time when one was younger, and there certainly was less pressure.

I suppose the next logical criticism of my lamentation of the loss of childhood is that the child is not afforded opportunities on such a large scale as someone our age. That's fine with me. Honestly, what do all of these opportunities allow us to do?

Some typical answers:

We can do what we really love to do. Were you not doing what you loved to do as a child? Of course some were forced to take piano lessons or play t-ball against their wills as a child. However, weren't you happy to make do with whatever you had? I knew very few children who craved more out of their life than the



The author behind the counter of Grind Central.

newest action figure, and if they didn't get that, well, they played with their friend who did. Very few were worried about being "stuck in something they just didn't love," or "couldn't find their niche." A child's life is based upon simple pleasures, something that is frowned upon later in life.

We have so many outlets for expression now. It is often said, and I believe it to be true, that the child's imagination is much more vivid than that of an older person. If this is true, then expression holds nothing for the child. If imagination is based solely on what is in the mind, abstractions of thoughts and pictures, is it truly better to be able to siphon these abstractions out? As a child I often exercised my imagination as did my friends, without seeing it as unique or special. Children create fantasies out of habit, not in the name of art. There is no scrutiny that goes into what the child does, but rather pure expression in whatever informal outlet they choose.

We have more control over our lives now. I find this argument to hold little ground. We may have more control over putting food in our mouths and making decisions about our money, but does that really make us happier? I had plenty of control

over what made me happy, such as spending my money on comic books or D&D modules. I was no less happy with the fact that my mom made me dinner and that my earnings from my paper route were meager. You're only as happy as you are content with what concerns you. None of these "greater" responsibilities concerned me, so I was content and happy.

Please understand that a lot of what has been written here I believe to be true, but also truly absurd. In a way I'm playing devil's advocate against those who are quick to label another immature. This was also an attempt for making a logical case for the kid in all of us; one that is usually riddled with nostalgia. Being a kid was a lot of fun, and sometimes I think we all miss it with good reason. I know a lot of us love sleeping until twelve on Saturday mornings, but I miss that blind energy I used to have that got me up to watch Hanna Barbara every Saturday. All I'm trying to say here is that time seems to go by so much faster the older you get, and more opportunities and responsibilities come even faster. I'd be lying to say that this didn't scare me. There seems to be so little to show for it. Most people our age know what they want to do, and know what the requirements are to get them started. However, few have any idea how to get to where they want and often know there's a good chance they won't end up there. At least when we were kids we had that naive idealism and "knew" we were going to be a senator or a fireman or whatever. Life seems to be getting faster and sometimes scarier than that rollercoaster you were afraid to go on as a kid. Sometimes I just wish I didn't meet the height requirement, and I know I'm not alone.

SOUND SALVATION:

THE LATEST ROCU UPDATE

*BY SEAN PRAGER AND
CAROLYN HIGGINBOTHAM*

So, ROCU has started the year by replacing the old group of morons with a new E-board full of even larger ones. The position of station manager formerly held by David "Justice" Bernstein is now occupied by Heather "Freedom" La Capria. Zach "Zack" Ordynans has forfeited his position to the almighty Carolyn Higginbotham, who has done her job creating our new schedule. Taybin Rutkin has taken the position of "Studio Manager" that had not existed until then. Also on the roster are Tyler Higgins and Josh Davidowitz as Music Directors. Rumor has it Sean Prager does stuff, but this is unsubstantiated.

Allegedly, ROCU will be broadcasting to the entire campus by the end of the semester and already reaches as far as Downing Street on 95.1 FM. ROCU can still be heard on your television channel 11 (the Clark Cable Network). Additionally, ROCU is preparing to broadcast over the web via Real Audio. The ROCU studio is now conveniently located in Dana Commons alongside its fellow media organizations.

This looks to be the strongest schedule in the history of ROCU, with about 14 hours of programming a day. These shows are hosted by more than 80 DJs, making us one of the largest organizations on campus.

Also included in this schedule is the Clark University Radio Theater (CURT), a bizarre spawn of ROCU and those weird SPOC (Science-fiction People of Clark) characters. The current CURT project is "First Light" written, produced, and directed by David Reed. Another addition to the schedule will be a news program under the charge of Laura Brown. Musically, ROCU features an eclectic mix ranging from Ska (which we frown upon) to hardcore (which we frown upon) to Phish (which we frown upon). ROCU also has DJs who play ethnic music, hip hop, and sometimes just run their mouths off (which we frown upon). Listener call-ins are also an import of the programming. ROCU's number is 793-7524.

ROCU still has openings for DJs. Interested parties should contact Carolyn Higginbotham. Thanks for listening, and beware large flying mammals.

CAVEAT EMPTOR:

You, Worcester, and movie rentals to avoid at all costs

(Movies that I've seen... so you don't have to)

By Jessica Lerner

Thinking about heading out to Blockbuster this evening? Frustrated with the last of the diners Worcester has to offer? Assuming that a movie is the most fool-proof form of entertainment you can stomach right now? Well, then you might want to consider this little cautionary list that I've compiled, since experiencing movie rental hell over the last few weeks.

Where should I begin? I think I'll start with a film that I did not, by any means, rent or intend to rent. To get off the track slightly, this was a film I was required to watch for film class. Yes, film class. Which means, by all general assumptions, that it should be good, right? Entertaining, intriguing, intellectually stimulating? Sure. I have a feeling that if you have taken Intro. to Screen Studies at Clark you might be able to empathize with me here. This is a movie so bad, so paralyzingly awful to watch, that I refuse to mention its name aloud (this may also be because I can't pronounce it). Anyway, at the risk of disrespecting the professors and the class itself, (who *picked* this freaking movie? God help them.) I must come forth with the information that *Powwauquatsi*, a film with music (supposedly) by Philip Glass deserves to be at the top of this list of Terrible, Terrible Stay-Away-From-It-Like-The-Plague movies. Actually, that title belongs to this one alone. There is no dialogue of any kind to be found in the film; there are no main characters, either. It seems to be a visual documentary of sorts, structured around people in both Third World and Western countries, doing what they do everyday... walking, working in the fields, marching, eating, the buildings in the cities... in slow motion. For two hours. Yes, that's right, *two hours* of random people, eating, bathing, buying, selling, farming, staring, standing in place where they live, working, breathing in the city air, crossing the street, all in slow motion. I am repeating myself because I feel that it is very important for you to get the gist of the movie as clearly as possible, so that you may have the

good fortune of staying as far away from it as possible. But wait—I have not yet tackled the most intolerable aspect of the film. *The music*. I'm not sure if Philip Glass actually did have a hand in the music (you do see his name appear briefly in the credits), and if he did, it makes me wonder what kind of drugs he was amusing himself with at the time. But the combination of a very strange, rhythmic, *Chariots of Fire* kind of thing pulsing in the background, along with some very weird melodies reinforced with flutes and xylophones that couldn't even hold up in the early seventies (when the film was made) really made my poor stomach feel as if I was stuck in some void reserved for brain-dead ants who are flash-backing from too much acid. All I can say is, it's a good thing that my watch glows in the dark, because I would have otherwise assumed that this movie lasted for eight hours.

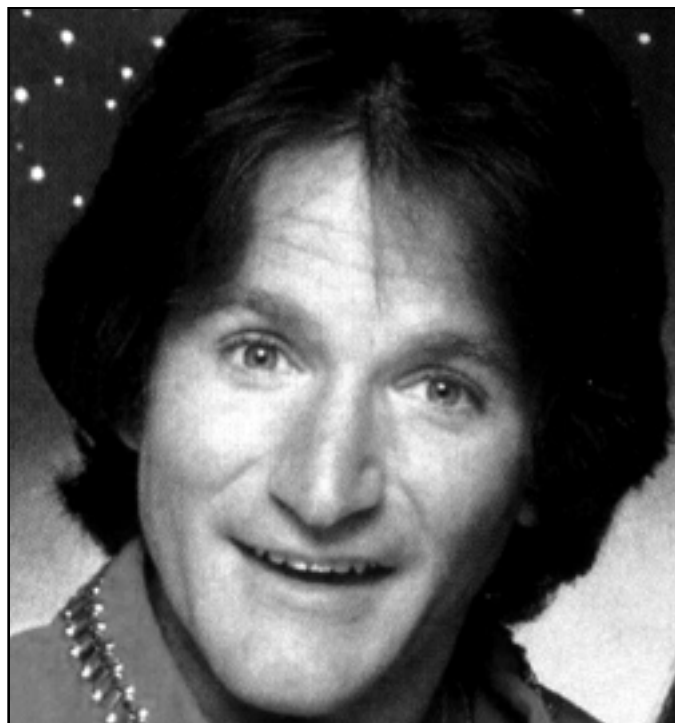
Okay then, onto another really bad flick. This one I rented. Yes, everybody, I take full responsibility for picking this one out. Somewhere, in the back of my memory where the miscellaneous file is spilling over with useless



and half-accurate information, I recalled thinking that *The World According to Garp*, supposedly a terrific book by John Irving would be a good choice. The movie version, I had been told by none other than my own mother, was pretty good. Actually, her exact words were, “Jessica, it has John Lithgow playing football in a dress. You would love it.” So yeah, that alone was enough to make me rent the movie (having doubts about my judgement? I admit, my personal taste tends to lean towards the slightly whacked, eccentric side, but trust me, try to avoid *Powwauquatsi*). So I rented this movie, and forced four or five of my friends to watch it with me, promising that it would be a good time. Let me tell you what happened:

The Players: Robin Williams plays a guy whose life span is the story line of the movie. He grows up, decides to become a writer, gets married, has kids, has emotional frustration, watches a lot of people get shot, becomes a wrestling coach, and dies. That, in a nutshell, is the plot. Glenn Close plays a one-dimensional (most likely the script’s fault) tough, strong-willed and independent mother. She is a compassionate and open-minded nurse who likes to take in misfits of society and nurse them back to reality. She wants to make her son happy so she provides him with a prostitute now and again, writes a best selling feminist/activist novel, and gives controversial lectures all over the country— all the while wearing that damned nurse’s cap. John Lithgow plays an over emotional transvestite who is the family’s best friend. He does a damn good job, but even that goes on too long until it’s not even close to being entertaining anymore.

The Point: There is none. You get to watch Robin Williams in each stage of his life (it feels like you’re watching each year) from babyhood to wrestling coach, with lots of fruitless tragedy thrown in for good measure. One of his sons dies in a car crash, the other loses an eye— the good news is that they have a daughter to replace the son. His mother gets shot down (still wearing her quaint little nurse outfit, complete with cap) and both Robin Williams and his wife end up in neck braces and arm-slings galore (car crash) and to top it all off and give it a nice clean finish, Robin Williams gets shot in the middle of a wrestling match (just when you thought he was getting his life back together) by some freako in a nurse’s outfit. You *do* get to see John Lithgow play football in a dress, but at that point, if you’re not so bleary



Robin Williams, in his popular role as Mork

eyed and irritable from sitting through the movie, it still might be hard to appreciate. (He looks good in lipstick, though.) I apologized to all my friends and vowed to call my mother and chew her out for that suggestion. After all, she is supposed to have relatively good taste in movies— she did study acting and film for four years. So don’t see it, okay?

Note: I did call my mother and when I asked her what she had been thinking, her disclaimer was, “Oh, I don’t remember, it was a very long time ago. All the movies in the early seventies were bad. Everybody gets shot. You know that.” This was not a good enough excuse in my opinion. Maybe I’ll make her watch Powwauquatsi.

All right. The last movie that I’m going to shoot down with violent criticism is, unfortunately, a touchy subject. There are a lot of you out there, particularly guys, who think that this movie is to be honored and respected as a classic and watched with religious appreciation, so by just mentioning it I am going to stir up a lot of anger and disgust that will end up being directed at me because of my opinionated little comments. But you know what? I can’t hold it back, I can’t lie. I must tell the truth— my truth. About how I was so revved up, so enthusiastic about seeing this film. How my good friends insisted that it must be seen. How, once again, I recalled

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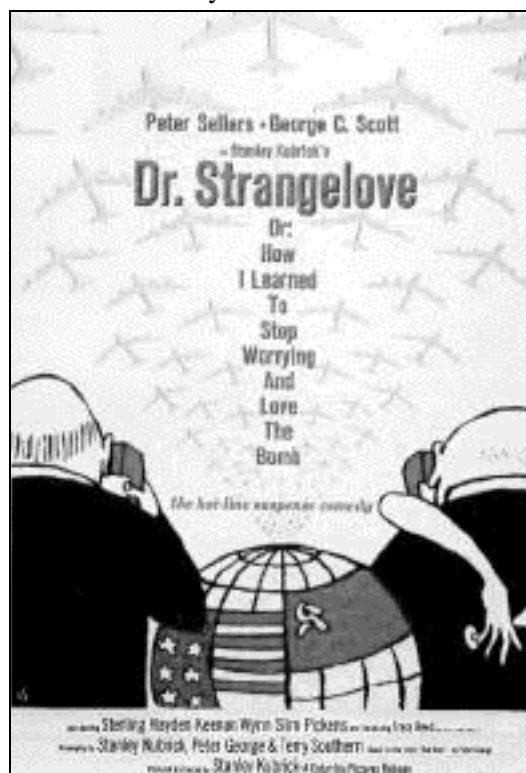
my movie-knowledgeable mother saying that I must see it (assuming the last one was a fluke). Remembering the cult my friends organized around the filmmaker, standing in a great circle, chanting “Stanley Kubrick, Stanley Kubrick, our hero, our inspiration!” Okay, okay. I know I’m getting a little carried away. There actually was no cult. I’m just nervous that I’m going to get shot down for this one. Well then, so be it. I stand beside this decision to express my disgust with this film. Enough of this irritating prattle. Let the opposition begin.

About two weeks ago, I sat down to watch *Dr. Strangelove (or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb)* with some friends. I tried very hard. I did. I watched closely and carefully, nodding appreciatively at the supposedly funny parts, allowing my eyes to glaze over like the rest of my friends at the brilliance that was being executed (peer pressure). Alas, I found no jokes amusing, no part of the plot sustaining, and no acting slightly noteworthy. The only thing I absorbed from this film was lots of inane conversations, lots of meaningless war, lots of surprisingly awful moments from Peter Sellers, too much gum-chewing, and an interestingly young James Earl Jones in a small and disappointing role. The whole thing is about being in a plane, or being in the drab uniformity of the Pentagon in the Fifties, with lots of planes and ships exploding, lots of stupid telephone conversations, lots of basically, war with no point. Which is not so different from reality, but it is supposed to be a parody. I find it an unsuccessful one at that. I tried to get interested during the dialogue, but found it unfulfilling and fell asleep near the end. It seemed like two hours of the same thing over and over to me. The worst part being, again, the music. Throughout the entire movie, you hear drums being beaten to the tune of “Johnny Comes Marching Home.” This alone, if nothing else, makes it unbearable.

I do not regret my decision to share all of this with you. Hopefully, you will be able to avoid watching this film, and the others that I’ve mentioned. Even when your friends suggest them, think to yourself, “I know better.” Maybe I’m wrong about this one movie— so many people place it high on their list of important movies. But maybe it’s just like everything else... one person says it’s cool so everyone else agrees. (“Hey, man, ever seen *Dr. Strangelove*? Man, that’s the shit. It’s just so great,

man, it’s a classic. You’ve seen it, haven’t you? Isn’t it great? Jeez, Kubrick’s a genius, isn’t he?”). Don’t succumb to the peer pressure! I am here to knock down that obstruction, to demystify the myth. And it is just that— a myth. Please, please don’t waste your energy over glorifying shitty movies. And if you want to take this outside, I’m up for it.

Now that you’ve endured my overly wordy prose— but with good cause, I assure you— you may now find yourself in the position to criticize efficiently and knowingly. Believe me, there is a lot still to be conquered out there... find those movies, seek them out, destroy them! Send letters to filmmakers of all nations (particularly this one), letting them know we’ve have enough of this appalling insult to art! Remember, be careful checking out those videos. (Oh, and an important footnote: the first movie in Intro to S.S. might be bad, but I believe the rest are all right. Don’t let that discourage you from taking the class. It is, however, at your own risk since you’ll have to figure out how to avoid that movie.) I’m not going to ask for recommendations anymore. I’m going to rely on my own well-informed opinions from now on. Be careful out there— it’s a scary scene in *Worcester*. You don’t need a bad movie to wreck the rest of your night... or month... or year. . .



The original *Dr. Strangelove* movie poster.

Maturity in CollegeMaturity in CollegeMaturity in College Maturity in CollegeMaturity in CollegeMaturity in College

By Elizabeth Simpson

When I was in junior high school, I realized that backstabbing, cruel gossip and making fun of people wasn't very nice or productive. I knew it hurt me, but somehow I never made the connection that I was thus hurting others. After this minor strike of revelation, I figured eventually everyone else would as well. By my calculations, in high school we would all be in a more enlightened, "grownup" state. After all, it was the real world (as opposed to our fake childhood) where you had no choice but to become more serious about what you were doing here, alive. Cracking on people would be old school and we could spend our conversations on a worthwhile topic.

As I'm sure you know, high school was more of the same. The only difference was that now I looked toward college where people were because they chose to work at learning. (Obviously adults didn't deal in these fickle matters.) Upon hitting college I realized that the idea that adults were responsible and mature was totally false. Look at us—we are still in cliques, we still talk about

other people as they walk away, we still have an idea of who is a slut on campus, and most of us still aren't very self-assured.

Of course it is fun to make a joke at another's expense. It is a cheap shot, easily made and enjoyed. It is also easy to step all over people to get what you want and ignore other people's needs to satiate your own. (Check out capitalism and how it works in most areas.) It is easy to slump through classes, pass and get a meaningless degree. It is easy to go get a lame job, pay the bills, and drink on Saturdays. It is no problem to get married to someone who makes you happy generally, grow old and feel like you've never done much with yourself. Everything runs toward the state of highest entropy and lower energy.

To make an effort and do something with your existence is the challenge. Most tasks aren't very hard. It is incorrect to say that writing a paper is difficult. The tasks involved are negligible, it is the effort needed to do the work that causes us distress. If we do get to that, it is rare that we push a bit more and produce our

best effort.

In conversation it is the same. It takes more energy and thought to bring up a topic that will uncover something you can take with you. It is a trial to withstand some people's opinions. It takes effort to see a conversation through to some end. If you *do*, though, it gives that passage of time and reason for being. Is wasting your time with petty gossip and cheap cracks at another's expense of worth to anyone, least of all yourself?

I am not mandating that every word out of your mouth be one of wisdom. It and humor are a sign of great intelligence and creativity. I do think that your actions should merit your rewards, for the increase of your own worth. Think about what you are doing always, and weigh it. It is highly unlikely that you will be pushed to produce a worthwhile life. (What is a worthwhile life? Not a question to be answered by anyone else for you, though you can listen to others and decide.) You need to seek out answers and questions. You need to further yourself. Don't be a waste of your own time.

Introducing... **CUP-FA**

(No, not another course requirement)

By Jeremy Lesniak

A lot of people came up to me, asking many questions regarding the StudCo elections. Mostly, why I ran. Now that the elections are over, and I was not elected (actually I was defeated by abstentions, supposedly), I feel I can answer this question.

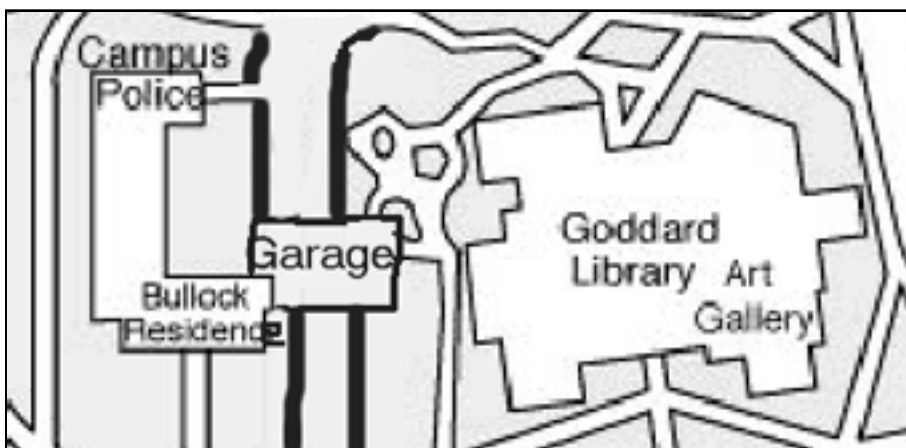
First off, you're probably wondering why in the hell I would want to waste my time with Council. The answer is simple- I had intended to use my influence over Council to start a new student group, the Clark University Pro-Freedom Alliance. Also called the CUP-FA, for short. What is the CUP-FA? Well, as

politically incorrect as the term is, and despite the fact that it will drop a lot of mouths, the CUP-FA will be what the rest of the world calls a "militia". Now, before all of you jump to the conclusion that I intend to take over Clark, make the administration my personal servants, siphon off tuition dollars to purchase myself a new Lexus and buy a summer home in Barbados, let me explain.

As long as people have existed, so have groups. And since the beginning of time, people of common beliefs have banded together for safety. Well, the CUP-FA is nothing more than a

group that believes in the personal, inalienable rights of the Constitution, such as freedom of speech and the right to bear arms. Until recently these groups, often associated with religion or extremism, have been left alone. But beginning with the events at the Branch-Davidians in Waco, the US Government decided to essentially rewrite the ATF's directives: the ATF is now nothing more than an anti-"cult"/"militia" organization, bent on the destruction of anything remotely resembling one of these groups. Ironically, the very Constitution that ultimately created the ATF allows for these groups. If the US Government wants to do away with them, they need to do away with the Constitution.

So, how does this relate to Clark, and why the hell do we need such a left-wing organization? The answer is, we need this about as much as a hole in the head, or any other Clark group for that matter. But, in this case,



the group will be doing something to actually better campus life. Maybe even take care of the apathy problem so many are concerned with.

The CUP-FA proposal I have written up and will present to Council establishes the following:

1. The restriction of firearms on campus will be revoked. Instead, any person in possession of a legal gun permit will be allowed to possess firearms. There will be allowed no more than 10 per person, and ammunition will be limited to 10,000 rounds per weapon, or a maximum of 100,000 rounds.

2. After the requisite period of time, Council will allot an initial budget of \$100,000 to convert Bullock Hall into a real barracks. This includes the removal of the few windows, and the installation of security doors, including a card entry on the front door. Students that would normally be placed into Bullock will now be housed in Wright Hall. The rooms are too big for two people, anyway.

3. The right for the CUP-FA to use Tilton Hall as a target range, whenever there are no conflicts of time, provided a munitions-pro of

backdrop is used.

4. The establishment of the required executive board.

5. Once funds have been acquired, the building of a Garage attached to Bullock Hall on the Goddard Library side.

6. Establishment of a military-style escort service, thus eliminating the need for the Campus Police equivalent.

7. The reopening of the elusive tunnels. These will be either reinforced or sealed up, according to their location, usefulness and state.

8. Transfer of ownership of the mystical Clark Hovercraft to the CUP-FA.

9. A yearly budget of \$75,000.

I am sure that a lot of you are probably screaming your heads off right now. "Clark doesn't need a militia!" Well, aside from what I said before, I really think we do. I feel that the creation of this organization would add a lot to campus life. The benefits offered would be as follows:

1. All students would have the opportunity to join, thus establishing a new way to meet people.

2. The opportunity to practice with firearms, a true benefit living in Worcester.

3. The opportunity to be trained in the operation of military vehicles, such as Hum Veers, APC's and various assault craft.

4. An actual use for the Hovercraft.

5. A real escort service. One that will be prompt and effective.

6. Defense for Clark in the Event of the Apocalypse.

So, you see that the CUP-FA would be a wonderful addition to the Clark community. We could join the other college militias and have competitions. Perhaps a new varsity sport could even come out of it. I encourage everyone to join, or at least support, this worthy drive. Thank you.

WheatBread Joke of the Month:

**Where do you find a
turtle with no legs?**

**Right where
you left him.**

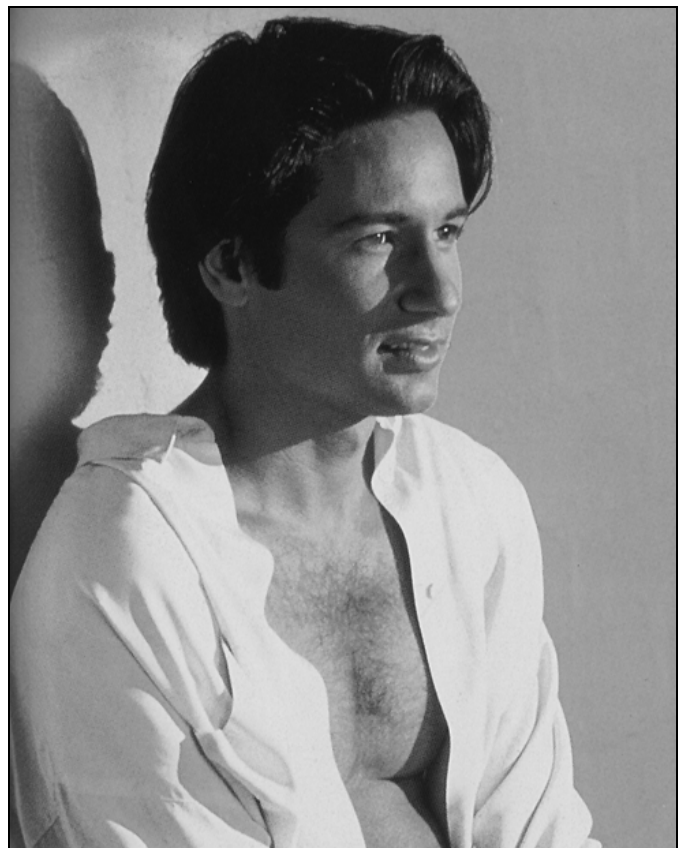
An Ode to My David Duchovny Obsession...

By Regina Robo

He is flowing. All over. Ripples. Taut flesh. Ridges. Muscles. He moves. The world freezes. My world grows smaller. Nothing but him. He and me. He smiles. A smirk, really. Small and decisive. He knows what I want. He knows what I need. I want to hear it. Hear him say that he desires me. It shall never happen. Things like that— not his style. He likes the game. Moving his limbs, back and forth, up and down, in and out. For me. He knows. He knows. He reaches for me. I stay out of reach. Blank stare. He reaches. Reaches. A touch. I waver. I feel his rough finger tips. A hangnail scrapes my flesh. Mmm. He feels me respond. A coy smile plays across his crooked mouth. He bows his head. Imploring. Begging in his own way. Begging with his flesh and tendons and muscles. With the fiber of his being. Begging. Shamelessly. Yet, he makes me feel it's me who is begging. For his hands on me, all over me; touching, exploring, caressing, fondling, manipulating. Forming my soft skin into what he sees. How he sees. Why he sees. He sees me. He acknowledges me with a small nod. Appraising me. Moves towards me. Moves around me. Stands near. Very close. I can feel his warmth across the mere inches which separate our flesh. When he breathes, his coarse sparse chest hair brushes against my shoulder blades. I feel so naked. I feel so much. I cannot stop feeling him. In my head. In my tummy. Lower. Lower still. When I forget about what differs between us, our gender, our sex, he insists on reminding me. Reminding me with floppy, dark hair, a swimmer's build and a primitive stare. He doesn't look at me or through me, but within me. With the stare of a child, he cocks his head, looks, REALLY LOOKS with those pale eyes. Comes closer,

gathers my face in his strong, encompassing hands and delves into my gaze. Asserting his own existence though my recognizance of him. He depends on me. My stare. My unwavering, dark, complete stare. Finds some sort of peace. Solace. It happens when it pleases, not due to seasons or orbits or weather. And it pleases often, and forever. Pale eyes searching. Moving rapidly. He is reading my mind. Giga- and tera-bytes worth of information, storing it; to find my weakness. He knows my weakness. He is my weakness. I am his strength. And in that way, I am the slave; and he, my master.

Post Scriptum: David Duchovny is not my obsession. The men who emulate him, however, are.



Tuesday, 16 September, 1997

The Wall Street Journal
200 Liberty Street
New York, NY 10281

Dear Letters to the Editor:

Thank you for letting me address your September 2nd editorial article by philosopher Mr. Scrouton (British), "A Victim of Democratization". I've replied to the article, line-by-line, for submission to your publication.

In order to read the following reply, you may refer to Mr. Scrouton's article.

Feel free to contact me after 9 pm for questions or discussion. 508 799 2918.

Sincerely,

Christopher Hagelstein,
Worcester, MA.

A Victimization of Democracy

By Chris Hagelstein

For a brief moment, mediaticians will be examining their surgical parchments over the death of the Princess of Wales. Life is good copy, but the last bit of copy squeezed from the memory of a woman who was worth her weight in gold must equal the gold owed the mediaticians in their patient's afterlife. But these doctors of the media will be as guilty as they are symbolic. Many of those who have studied the economics of journalism, or who have considered the Princess fair currency, have been moved by something much sicker than profit. The tabloid press may single itself out as the truth. But these villains are merely responsible for the regulation of ironically-challenged markets, a curiosity that, if not rigorously controlled, will inevitably display tragic consciousness like those evoked by the control of more post-modern and self-reflective event in a serious photo-intoxicated catalepsy that have all but empowered the idea of a new sanctimonious media doctoring our wounded culture.

It is not one of the many symptoms of an American Cultural Democracy that people's desires and tastes ought to be engaged if they are to be satiated. Every now and then, some mediatician diagnoses a premise that profits are the savior of tabloid press, and more so, that diatribes are the salve to address these appetites. But instead, we hear what we have come to know as an unquestionable fact of all popular media-- a criticism of society and ordinary desires-- lacking the anesthesia of religious instruction and family

continued next page

discipline. However, in a cinematic-imbibed society, there is a public awareness reinforced by subtext after subtext that these observations are manufactured, not provoked. Citizens accept that there are certain conventions that are in business to protect public figures, legitimize information, and insure us against the veil of mystery offending our popular sentiments.

Democracy, however, has changed all that by laughing off the mystique of pedagogic powers. Democratic man wishes to uplift everyone to the level at which he mocks. He is there for curious about the public figures of figurative language who divulge their honest misperceptions. For it is in our interests that their opinions show themselves to be of some other abrogation other than his society. Hence these mediaticians whose business depends in part upon the elements of class elitism-- the mystery of royalty, for example, now become the pallbearers to an event that insures their survival, unlike Princess Diana, who died under their scalpel.

One response to this morbid profession is to turn its face a round. This is what the deconstructionists have tried to do: to face the Other with a cheerful mirror and say, here we are, an ordi-

nary Reader like you, but also, in our hopeless way, a mockery of our people. But the insistence of some didactic glare soon melted this makeup and buried its clothes, and the naked remains look just as those philosophers and thinkers operating upon the eyes of a people already blurred by words redux. After her divorce, Princess Diana proved to be an enhanced symbol of royalty. Indeed, symbolism means everything to the press, save the glitter of its newscasters detached from the real functions of journalism. This made the Princess financially attractive to the press. An innate desire between feed for fodder developed around her in minds imprisoned by this purposeless cycle. And because her value was bid up by camera angles, the Princess engaged in a perfect fairy-tale arbitrage by shorting the inflated reports of her life and going long the charities she supported. This strategy was doomed once the Princess transacted with intimacy, an attraction which triggered a public courting.

It was probably an illiquid market anyway. For these British linguistic brokers fail to recognize the fungibility of famous people in general, and royalty in particular in a marketplace so driven by the scarcity of an anachronistic civilization. Communications from such pontifical thinkers, until

recently, were governed by humility and word processors-- qualities that earn a fairly low rate of return. Now the Mediatic Man has triumphed, and with him the archetype of news copy, the old way of bringing down Editorial Man is by editing his insights. It is not just the mediaticians that should be sued for their social malpractice, for they were only capitalizing upon the moral plague of common nature. It is this commentary upon society in its entirety, whose style of writing is so surgically correct that the patient's own immunity system is read superfluous.

Under these circumstances, the medium of truth shall be through victimization. Were a words of journalism more accurately defined and subjected to government certification, some epic of a news industry could perhaps be envisioned here. But of course, universities would complain against such competition. There was a time when readers of newspapers would empathize along with the author over a very unfortunate event. But in losing its symbolic power and public function, the news has become orating-- the real news being always the same, always patronizing, namely, that people like us are always to blame. And the proof of it is there in a princess, killed like any other ordinary mortal, within the minds of magic kingdoms.

BANG ! STOP SMOKING !

by Rachel Eisner

Preface

*So, it's your first weekend in the dorms and you gotta do your laundry....make sure you get to the cashier's office on Downing Street to get quarters for the machines. Thinking of cramming all of those orientation event smelling clothes into one wash so you can save .75 ? Tuition's a bitch, but so are fire alarms **at all times of the day.***

And then there's always questions of alerting the proper authorities...

When
there is

a fire

who do you call?

a) Ghostbusters
b) Fire Department
c) the Cable Guy

EHHHHHHHHH!

Strike Out !

When there
is a fire

you call
the police
Clark U,

of course

because
they will

arrest
the

Maytag machine,

handcuff

the smoke,

and

fight the fumes

with

their

clubs

silly
me

what a fool

a B.A. From Clark

but apparently

not enough school

(the)

lesson
I
learned

was
valuable
indeed

when
a
washer

is smoking

and the house

may blow up

wait.....

Think

be a real
cool gal

call the police

first

so they

can
assess the
situation;

if the

house
caves in

well
at least

you can give the officers a
standing ovation.

-A better service announcement
by R.A.E.

Grind Central, What a Grand Idea...

By Elizabeth Simpson

Here is a space that is available for students to do almost anything they want. Put on a concert? Sure. Bring any sort of speaker or performer? Go ahead. Play pool, darts, foosball, or any of over 15 board-type games including Mancala, Jeopardy, Boggle, Clue, and Backgammon? Great. You can watch the big screen TV, bring down a movie and use the VCR,



play Super Nintendo, check email, read, study, sleep, or just talk in a relaxed space with good music. We have the most comfortable couch in the universe. It is blue denim and doesn't look like much, but try it and you'll see! Sounds fab, right? Yes, but that's all just good advertising fodder. You probably think I just want you to buy coffee. Au contraire!

I am trying to make you realize that this is *for you*, my peers, the students. You can do practically anything you want. Just ask. Aguy wanted to have a Monday Night Football night. *Poof*, it is Oct. 27. When the rest of you don't ask, we do it ourselves. We are trying to put together a student gallery where students can display and sell their art. We are attempting to institute a student film festival. We have an open mic night where you can perform anything you like. We put up a two week schedule (before the upstairs one, thank you)

that includes non-Clark activities so you can even leave campus if you feel like it. We have a special between noon and 2 pm where you get free coffee with a purchase when you are accompanied by a faculty or staff member. Why do we want them here? Sure, to sell coffee. But we sell coffee so we can stay open so that you have this nifty space to use. We want faculty and staff down there so you can meet them and have a hand in Clark goings-on outside of the classroom.

At Clark there was no one place that belonged to all students. There were many student spaces, such as the dorm lounges, but they were/are lame. The GS is student-run, but it is a business that provides a service and generates money for scholarships, not a usable space. Grind Central puts its profits into student scholarships and simultaneously provides a hub for student life.

There are a few glitches that we

are working through. The business aspect of Grind Central was never properly evolved so I am working to make sure that we are running efficiently. The sound system was unhappy for a while (years) but now it looks like it will be okay thanks to a bunch of people including Bill Evans. The pool table isn't level, but will be in a few weeks. The place still looks like a scantily decorated basement, but that is changing. We are working our butts off to make it better for you, and *only* to that end. The primary purpose of Grind Central is to offer students a place they can call their own. Keen!

Now all we have to do is figure out why almost no one is taking advantage of this opportunity. It makes no sense that we are trying to get you to do something for your own enjoyment. You've got the resources, now make the effort. For cripes sake, all you have to do is walk down the stairs!

DRUNK

By Dr. Felix Null, Ph.D. Program of Interdisciplinary Redundancy Dept.

Dear Dr. Null:

Their's a rumor that your'e not a "real" profesor. Please tell me weather its true or not. —*Just Curious*

Dear *Just Curious*,

That depends on what you mean by "real". Do you mean a "full" profesor? No, sadly I've been passed over several times in my attempts to become promoted to the rank of "full professor", in favor of those with longer publication records but who do not care as deeply as I do about students.

As proof of how much I really care about students, you will note that out of respect for your feelings I have not commented on your complete abuse of the language. Perhaps my response to the next letter will further convince you that I am a "real" professor, if not one who is yet "full".

Dear Dr. Null:

I have long thought that one of the easiest ways to make a few extra dollars is to win the Teacher of the Year award. It must be pretty easy, all other things being equal, as long as you can figure out how it all works. It is one of those unique Clark institutions: big hype, mysterious process— no wonder the Dean likes it so much. I would like you to tell me how it works: who does the nominating (how many students, and what kind of vote is taken— what percentage of the student body— to create the slate of nominees (in case you are wondering, Dick Peet would have been my vote for last year). Then, once the nominees are announced, what percentage of the senior class has actually voted in, for example, the past 4 years?

See what I mean? You could travel to Foxwoods, but this seems like more of a sure thing. —*Struggling Assistant Professor*

Dear *Struggling Assistant Professor*,

What did you do with the incredibly generous raise we got last year, blow it on a new set of tires? We were hornswaggled into selling out our future colleagues' fringe benefits so the robber barons would give us all raises of 4.5 percent. Then they gave us a whopping 2.5 percent raise.

Trust me, there are only two ways to

make any real money at Clark. You can become a suit for a little while. From there, you can commit terrible blunders, take the fall for another suit's blunders, or try to actually be a dean of whatever. In all three cases, they'll pay you big time not to be a suit any more.

Alternatively, you can come in from the outside in the guise of some sort of messiah who will straighten out some threatened department or program. With little regard for existing faculty (who sometimes point out their errors), administrators are very attracted to outside cognoscenti and other shiny objects. As an assistant professor, your only choice is to become a suit. Later on, I may write a column on How to Become a Suit. It is not a pretty process, and you would maintain more self-respect by robbing graves. For now, suffice it to say that becoming a suit has nothing to do with winning a teaching award.

I regret to say that the process of selecting a teaching award recipient is equally mysterious to me. Clearly, it is controlled by evil administrators, and probably some sycophantic faculty committee with a student representative.

Just as clearly, it is obviously not a fair process, because I have yet to receive such an award despite all my best efforts. I've tried all the obvious methods: I gave up all academic standards when the administration did the same in 1986. I pander shamelessly to student opinion, and even share gossip with them about faculty politics. This tactic worked well for one of my colleagues, and he got an award. The students do seem to delight in the dirt about the faculty, so I think it's probably worth another try, even though faculty gossip is not very interesting. After all, most faculty are the same types that you were embarrassed to be seen with in high school.

So, dear students, if anyone bothers to ask your opinion, remember that Dr. Null is still waiting for his/her award! With your help, maybe I'll get to be a real "full professor" someday.

Got a problem with this? Send it in to Dr. Null! Remember, as any good pedagogue (that's what really smart people who teach, like me, like to call themselves) would say: "there's no such thing as a stupid question."

Address correspondence to: Dr. Null's Bag o' Notes, Box B-22, c/o *WheatBread Magazine*. Be sure to check out the DR._NULL folder in Bulletin!

***HAN SOLO
DOES HIS BEST
WHEATBREAD
IMPRESSION***

***(hint: it's a
frozen
funds
joke)***

