

W h e a t B r e a d 13

# WheatBread magazine

**"Picking on  
the same people  
we always pick on."**

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always welcome.*



## L'editorial

Abby Logan, who didn't  
write this editorial

## **Bring the Stars to Clark**

Recently Harold Wingood, the dean of admissions, "announced" that he would like to increase celebrity admissions at Clark (I was the only one there at the time but, trust me, he said it).

We need to look no further than our "sister-schools"—Yale U. and Brown U.—to find a successful means of attracting the Rich 'n' Famous. Claire Danes is going to Yale. "Paul" from "The Wonder Years" goes to Yale. Sarah Gilbert, Jodie Foster, and Angela Bassett all went to Yale. New York Governor George Pataki's daughter goes there, too (especially interesting since Mrs. Pataki went to Clark). Certainly this says a lot about New Haven's greatest school. It says that, unlike Clark, they have a strong commitment to admitting celebrities. Brown isn't far behind, attracting children of celebrities. Look at recent Brown grads: JFK, Jr., George Harrison's daughter and Diana Ross' daughter. (Brown also specializes in talentless folk-rock singers like Duncan Sheik and Lisa Loeb).

Clark, however, has a ways to go before we're anything like them. And despite his many years of working in admissions offices, Dean Wingood is perplexed about how to best attract celebrities to Clark. He encourages students to give suggestions on increasing the number of celebrities on campus. I myself have taken this on as a personal mission. What could be better than celebrities? Paparazzi crawling all over campus means instant publicity. And publicity can only get us better name recognition, more money, and instant status for us.

It seems clear to me that we need to put our concentration and efforts into the departments that best suit celebrities. That means the Arts, people. We're talking a revamped Theater Arts program, a Screen Studies department that specializes in Hollywood productions, and a Popular Music major. Celebrities would need to miss classes and labs for special screenings, parties, and doing the talk show circuit—so required attendance would have to become optional. And internship and study abroad requirements could be done during foreign location film shootings for movies and commercials. And forget about the Perspectives; celebrities *don't do science*. This is all good news for the rest of the Clark student population.

And don't even get me started on student activities. Just imagine telling Ms. Danes that she's not cut out for live theater. "Why don't you just try and play a tree, Claire." Or telling the Hansons that their range is too limited for the Clark Bars. It's tempting... and it can be the future of our little university, a better and brighter Clark for us all.

By Emily "The National  
Enquirer is my source for  
news" Sachs

# Ingredients

2 Editorial

4 German Major Kaput, By Emily Sachs

For all of those German majors out there— both of you.

After attending almost every Council meeting this year, Jeremy was recently elected Johnson Hall representative.

5 Student Council Stalker, By Jeremy Lesniak

6 The Event at the End of the Universe, By Zack Ordynans

9 A Foul Smell in the Air.  
A Guide to Bathrooms at Clark By Mollie Wittstein

This is a topic on all of our minds, but it took concerned citizen Mollie Wittstein to give this story the attention it deserves.

10 Watering Down at Clark,  
By Jonathan Messinger

Politicians in Worcester have decided that underage drinking is a problem that needs to be addressed. But where do college students really fit into the picture?

12 Please, Stay Tuned, By Molly Hale

13 Confessions of A Television Addict,  
By Mandy Reyna

14 #32: one more thing before I get on with my future, By Zack Ordynans



16 Administrators B.C.  
(Before Clark)  
By Emily Sachs

Because no one is born a Dean.

19 The Reading Conspiracy, By Chris Hagelstein

20 She Said/He Said, By Lisa Cohen and Guido Stein

WheatBread sent the "winners" of our recent Compatibility Survey out on a Pasta Pantry date, and here's both versions of the story.

22 Me and Uncle Pat: an interview with Pat Moran,  
By Jonathan Messinger and Pat Moran.

24 The Jesus/Bacon Connection, By Rob Scalese

24 When Pigs Fly, by anonymous

26 Ego and the Senior, a poem by anonymous, plus Professor Guo's Punk Manifesto

27 The Cooking Bachelor's Recipe for Love, by Dave Reed

28 Updates on CUP-FA and the BDSM society

The latest goings-on in the seedy underworld of your Student Activity Fee. Plus a nifty photo worthy of cutting out and pasting on your door! (And it's free!)

29 Recipes discovered when cleaning/exorcizing 74 Florence

30 Yoda and Botta: a WheatBread comparison of these two unlikely partners-in-rhyme

31 Dr. Null, everyone's favorite anonymous professor, takes on a blender.

# German Major Kaput

By Emily Sachs

Administrators recently finalized their decision to eliminate the German major as an option for Clark undergrads. Financial considerations and decreasing enrollment are to blame.

Hartmut Kaiser, who has been teaching German at Clark since 1971, says that the dropping enrollment in German programs is a national trend that Clark has not escaped.

In the last five years, the number of German majors at Clark has wavered between none and two per year. Meanwhile, Spanish majors are at a five-year high and overall numbers of Foreign Language majors are up. Last fall, 40 students were majors in the department.

William Ferguson, chair of the Department of Foreign Languages and Literature, is sorry to see the program go, although the elimination is not a surprise. "They've talked about it for years," he says. "Language classes are small, but they should be."

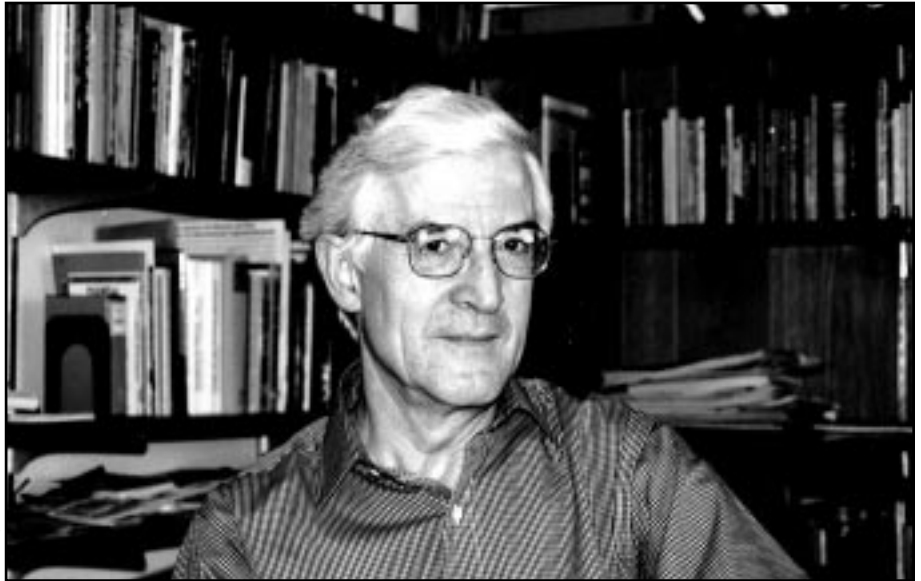
He says that the three full-time German professors are all nearing retirement and in the meantime will branch out into Holocaust studies and comparative literature courses, among others. Introductory German classes for the language perspective will continue to be offered.

In addition, the students who have already declared their major or minor in German will still be able to complete their studies.

Study abroad will still offer their program in Trier, Germany. In fact, three students will be spending all of next year in Germany through Clark's program, and another will be spending a semester there.

Kaiser plans to continue teaching his "Brothers Grimm" first-year seminar as well as two Aesthetic Perspectives and a Comparative Perspective. "In that sense I will continue to teach humanities... for the general population, not just German majors."

The professor laments the fact that he may not be able to teach as effectively, though. Using texts in their original German form and teaching in his native German would be optimal.



*Hartmut Kaiser, professor of German*

Ferguson, a Spanish professor, thinks the elimination says a lot about Clark's overall commitment to the arts. "It's maybe symbolic of their attitude towards the humanities and liberal arts. I hate to say that, but that's what I believe," he says.

Despite the waning popularity of the German major, its elimination raises questions about Clark's ability to balance economics with education. "Many people are upset," Kaiser explains. "It's really too bad that we've reached a point that the financial considerations determine the character of the academic program to some extent."

Meanwhile, the university indicates that economics—especially supply and demand—played a large part in the decision.

"We have the responsibility of managing our resources as effectively as we can when there is so little demand for this kind of major," explains Richard Traina, university president.

Traina stresses, however, that there is not a systematic elimination of majors at Clark. "Clark tries to do supremely well a limited number of things extremely well," he says, relaying a quote once written about the University. "I think that's a great motif for the university."

Nevertheless, some remain unconvinced.

"I regret that we don't have a German major anymore," says Kaiser. "German has lots to offer. It's hard for me to conceive of a successful... liberal arts university without a German program."

# STUDENT COUNCIL STALKER

By Jeremy Lesniak

All right, here we go. About a month ago, Zack came up to me asking if I would like to do a StudCo piece for *WheatBread*, as a whenever-the-hell-I-felt-like-doing-it thing. My initial response was, "Council sucks, what kind of an intelligent article could I write based on their shit actions?" But then I thought, "hey Jeremy, aren't you running for Council?" Whoops. OK, honestly, Council isn't that bad, but there are clearly some problems, which is why I am running. Wait, this isn't supposed to be some self-promotional piece; it's an objective article about the weekly doings of StudCo. No, *The Scarlet* does that. So instead I guess I will offer my thoughts on what Student Council do.

Dave Bernstein spoke about his rep project, having reps hold their office hours in the dorms, to see if more people would speak to their reps if they were closer. The thing I thought was funny out of all this was that several members

seemed put out by this proposal; they acted as if it was more inconvenient for them to hop down to the study or social lounge than the UC. Hmm... less work is bad? Whatever.

I'm sorry to everyone on Council, but I have to talk about the red shirts. If you guys don't know, StudCo purchased red shirts for all of its members. That way, all the students can see them in their pretty shirts and say "hey, that person's in Student Council. I'm going to go tell them about my concerns." Honestly, I have yet to see them anywhere but that terribly cramped Bullock meeting. Oh yeah, please don't do that again. There wasn't nearly enough room.

I don't really want to talk about much else, seeing as how I would need to list the entire discussion of each thing to make my opinions relevant to anyone out of Council. But there is one last thing — the issue of quorum. Not only do they seem to have difficulty each week obtaining quorum (which, for

those of you that do not know, is a certain percent of members in attendance that is required to make the meeting official) but they even have difficulty figuring out how many people are needed! The last two meetings I went to (2/8 and 2/15) did not have quorum. And at both, there was discussion as to how many people were required to have quorum. Maybe there is something I don't understand—maybe it is more than a simple fractional calculation, but I don't see it.

Well, I guess that's it. I tried to be nice, and trust me, I could have been a lot meaner. So if you have any complaints about what I said, send me an email at [jlesniak@clarku.edu](mailto:jlesniak@clarku.edu). And maybe I won't break your legs in response. •

*Jeremy Lesniak is more threatening that this picture would indicate.*





Some of the SPOC E-board [L-R]: Dave Reed, Katrina Rideout, Saul Meisler, John Sheridan, and Sean Prager.

## *Is willpower enough to bring Douglas Adams to Clark?*

**By Zack Ordynans**

**J**ust for the sake of this article, what if we said that a student group was trying to bring an extremely famous, well respected author to Clark to speak during Parents Weekend about one of his recent books, a book that happens to be used in a class here, and the school showed very little interest in helping the student group, financially or otherwise? Well, what if the student organization was SPOC (Science-fiction People Of Clark), a group with an annual budget that is roughly equal to the amount of money that MassPIRG spends on photocopying flyers each year (\$642), and they are trying to bring Douglas Adams— author of *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, among other books you've heard of— to Clark, and he gets a speaking fee in the range of \$20,000 plus expenses (including a round-trip, first class flight to his home in London)? Is there any way that SPOC— an organization previously content with showing videos in Grind Central— could ever manage to make this event happen?

Before we answer that question, let's go back to the beginning. Saul Meisler, SPOC E-board member, first mentioned the idea of bringing Douglas Adams to Clark at a September SPOC meeting. The new SPOC E-board (only two of whom were even in the organization the previous year, and none who were in the previous E-board) was excited by the idea but unsure about how to proceed.

According to E-board member Dave Reed, “we had no idea how much it would cost, or if it was even possible, but we knew it would be an extremely popular event and we wanted to do it really badly. Besides, we had nothing better to do.” Possibly because they had nothing to lose, they had the confidence to attempt what many would have considered impossible.

SPOC’s next step was speaking to Professor Thurlow of the Chemistry department, who possessed Adams’ Email address. Sean Prager, technical director of ROCU and a SPOC member, sent Adams an email asking about his American booking agency.

Prager called GTN (Greater Talent Network, Adams’ agency) in early October and was told that Adams’ usual speaking fee is \$20,000 plus expenses (airfare, hotel, etc.). However, because this was a college audience, GTN said that Adams may speak for as little as \$15,000.

“My immediate response was, ‘Damn, we could probably do that!’” said Reed. “But we had to get going and start working on raising the money.”

SPOC initially contacted the Biology, Chemistry, and English Departments, who were supportive but could not afford to contribute money to the cause. They also asked The President’s Office for a contribution, but according to Reed, “Jack Foley called me and said that The President’s Office doesn’t contribute money to this sort of event. He also said that they thought it was a waste of money to pay someone that much just to come speak.”

After that setback, SPOC began to seek out co-sponsorship from other student organizations. Speakers Forum was the first organization that they turned to.

## Speaker’s Forum and SAB

Reed was one of the three SPOC members who presented the idea at a Speakers Forum meeting. “When I mentioned Douglas Adams, their eyes went wide and their jaws dropped. They were amazed at what we were trying to do.”

Jonathan Messenger of Speakers Forum said of the event that, “[Adams] would be one of the most recognizable speakers to come to Clark in a long time, and it is the responsibility of any large planning group to recognize important events like this and to bring them to this campus.”

Mike Coles, of Speakers Forum, agrees. “I like the fact that we can co-sponsor events like this, especially with small organizations like SPOC.” After just one Speakers Forum meeting, SPOC was given \$5,000 to pursue this project. SPOC was also told that they should approach Speakers Forum again if they continue to have problems raising money.

After this first taste of success, SPOC was hungry for more. Next in line was Student Activities Board (SAB), which was not as receptive to the idea as Speakers Forum. Reed presented the event to five members of SAB at a meeting held on the Sunday before Thanksgiving break. SAB said they would get back to him. After break, Reed spoke to Nichole Mercier of SAB and was told that SAB had voted to give SPOC \$1,000.

“I thought it was a bit low,” Reed said of

"No student  
should ever  
have to use  
their own  
money. It's bad  
enough that  
they have to  
use their own  
time."  
- Bill Evans

SAB’s contribution. “I was hoping for a bit more, considering that SAB is the best funded organization on this campus.” SAB’s budget is \$50,000— almost 80 times SPOC’s budget.

Mercier defended SAB’s contribution. “This is the first year that we’ve co-sponsored at all, and we’re trying to be fair to all of the organizations that have come to us, spreading out the money that we’ve given out. We’ve co-sponsored with a lot of organizations this year, including MassPIRG, PEC, Speakers Forum, Hillel, and other groups.”

Messenger questioned SAB’s low offer. “What would you rather have come to Clark— a pseudo-“Singled Out” event or a best-selling author who rarely appears in

America?”

At the time of this interview, a Smash Mouth song was playing in the background. “Isn’t SAB trying to get Smash Mouth?” asked Coles.

“I think they should get their priorities straight,” answered Messenger.

## onward and forward

Winter break was the next obstacle in SPOC’s path. At this point, SPOC had only managed to raise about \$6,600, but in Reed’s words, they “were more determined than ever.” Over break, several SPOC members considered driving to New York to bargain with GTN in person. They were confident that they would be able to raise another \$4,000, and were prepared to offer \$10,000 to GTN. When a GTN representative told Reed that Adams would probably accept an offer of \$12,000, SPOC decided to wait until after break to see if they can raise more money before sending GTN a binding offer.

SPOC originally planned the event for April 18, an admitted students open house day. The day was chosen because SPOC hoped that it would convince Admissions to donate money. Shortly after break, GTN told Reed that Adams would be in the U.S. in early April, lowering his expenses substantially if the date could be changed. Considering that Admissions had already declined to support the event, SPOC instantly agreed to move the event up to April 6.

On January 26, SPOC again approached Speakers Forum. After a long discussion, SPOC was granted another \$2,000, bringing the total to \$8,600. By this time, the Visual and Performing Arts Department had agreed to waive all of their fees for using Atwood, and with the reduction in Adams’ expenses, SPOC began to feel like the event was within reach.

## a personal sacrifice

Dave Reed explains his strategy. “I decided that if this was going to happen, it would have to happen through sheer determination.” Determination, in this case included using his own money to help fund the event. Reed first considered putting his money behind his organization when SAB failed to donate as much as he would have

hoped. Since then, the amount of his personal contribution has increased dramatically.

Why would Reed spend an amount of money so great that his parents would disown him if they ever heard an accurate dollar amount (hence the discretion here)? “I want to prove that an event like this can actually happen at Clark. If I have to make a sacrifice to do that, I’m willing.” Reed paused, and then continued. “Plus, how cool would it be if he spoke here?”

And what do other people think about this? “They think I’m insane, but they’re not arguing. Linda Brown Connors found out recently, and I explained it to her, but I don’t think she likes it very much. She was very surprised.”

## irresistible forces and immovable objects

After the second meeting with Speakers Forum and Reed’s personal donation, and accounting for money that they expected to still receive from other sources (including admission to the event itself), SPOC had enough to make a reasonable offer\*. Reed faxed the bid to GTN on February 3. When they called back and asked about the faculty sponsor, Reed told GTN to call Connors. GTN then spoke to Connors, who until then had been unaware of how far SPOC had taken this ambitious goal. After some investigation and a discussion with Reed, she approved the bid and it was officially submitted to GTN.

Meanwhile, the date changed again. Apparently Adams will be in Boston in late March with a couple of free days, so the event was moved to March 30.

This was assuming, of course, that Adams would accept the bid. Three stressful weeks later, Adams finally responded on February 26. He agreed to come to Clark, but only if he could speak during the day on Saturday, April 4.

Naturally the members of SPOC were ecstatic, but now they had another problem. Reed, who was aware that there are 8 plays going up this semester (including “The Circle”, a play that Reed wrote), and that the CUPS play would be going up in Atwood in the beginning of April, feared that Atwood was already booked on the fourth. Luckily, it turned out that the CUPS show would be going on at night on the

fourth, and SPOC could use Atwood for the speech, which will start at 2 PM.

## lessons

It all worked out this time, but should it have been this difficult? Bill Evans and Randy Mack faced a similar struggle last year when they attempted to bring a debate between P.J. O’Rourke and Michael Moore, and moderated by Andy Richter, to Clark. Before Adams accepted SPOC’s bid, Evans advised Reed and SPOC to give up on trying to host any major events at Clark.

“Nobody wants to help Clark students do events at this University. The administration should step in and help— they tell us what we can’t do but show no interest in enriching our experience,” Evans said. “It’s no surprise that people leave this school.”

Reed expects less from Clark. “The administration should help, but I know that they’re not going to, so I decided to make a sacrifice.”

Evans was upset that Reed’s donation was necessary. “I think that’s stupid. We have a \$300,000 Student Activities budget. No student should ever have to use their own money. It’s bad enough that they have to use their own time. It may not always be realistic to have any group think that they can do whatever they want, bring any band or speaker here, but any event that students feel this strongly about should happen. Especially when you think about how weak most events are [at Clark].”

Another problem that SPOC and Evans both encountered was the lack of an adequate space to hold major events.

“Without a usable balcony, Atwood isn’t really big enough for events that are open to the Clark community,” said Sean Prager.

“Atwood is somewhere between run down and falling apart, but unfortunately it’s the only place that a student organization can book for this type of event,” commented Meisler. “There’s no effective venue for an event this size on this cam-

pus.”

Evans agreed. “Atwood would have been way too small. I didn’t want to pay for an event like this out of the SAF and then have to turn students away because there aren’t enough seats. I was going to use the gym, but we would have had to put down a floor, rent chairs, rent, design, and install a sound and light system, hire athletic staff and police officers— the cost of using the gym was estimated at around \$3,000. Also, it’s a terrible venue. The sound is awful. And the room is flat; people wouldn’t be able to see anything.”

The debate that Evans had been working on ultimately did not happen at Clark because there was a volleyball tournament in the gym that was scheduled to end four to five hours before the debate would have begun. Evans believed that

this would be enough time to set up the event (the stage would have already been ready in an unused corner of the gym), but Dean Darrigrand and Physical Plant head Paul Bottis disagreed with Evans and decided that the event could

not happen in the gym that night. Evans is currently working on booking the event at WPI in the fall.

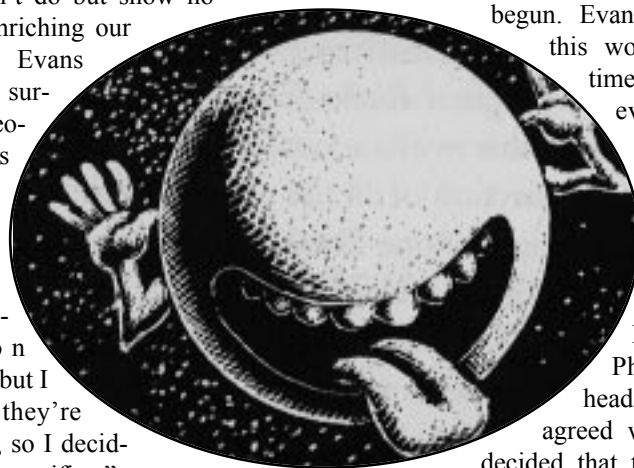
So what has Reed learned from this experience? “It’s taught me that regardless of what anyone says, it is possible to do things here, but you need to rely on sheer willpower.”

And if he had proved to be unsuccessful? “Next time I’d have to try harder.”

For now, Dave Reed and SPOC can be content in the knowledge that they managed to attract the biggest event that Clark has seen in years (based on cost, if not name recognition). And if it means that the organization may need to postpone a couple of movie nights, then that’s all right. •

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\* Shortly before this issue was set to go to press, SPOC received \$500 from Programming Council.





I have to apologize to a third of the campus, as I would have to violate social norms to give a review of the men's bathrooms around campus. However, I have noticed that bathroom trips are more frequent and important to women. My mother and I can tell you which exits on I-84 have bathrooms and which ones are clean. Well, anyway, I think that each bathroom at Clark has its own individual charm, as well as drawbacks, and I have compiled a list of noteworthy bathrooms of the Clark area.

## A Foul Smell in the Air:

### A Guide to Bathrooms at Clark

By  
MOLLIE WITTSTEIN

#### The Higgins University Center

There are many critics of the University Center's architecture. My own personal critique is aimed at the location of the bathrooms. Instead of putting several stall toilets on the main floor, near eating facilities and entrances, they were installed on the second floor, hidden behind the mail room. Throughout my first month at Clark, I didn't know this bathroom existed. However, this bathroom is scarcely used but is usually clean.

The first floor women's room is overused and often dirty. It has a funny smell. Oh, and always make sure you lock the door, because most people don't knock.

#### Jonas Clark

The first floor bathroom doesn't smell so hot most of the time. The unique aspect and charm of this bathroom is that as you exit the stall, the wall is about five inches from your nose.

#### Goddard Library

I don't know why, but the third floor bathroom always smells terrible.

#### Honorable Mention:

The bathrooms of Suite 203 in Maywood and the first floor of 74 Florence

##### *Suite 203*

Post-it notes, which serve as creative outlets for the inhabitants, decorate the walls and door of this bathroom; some even grace the ceiling. Many of them are jabs at specific residents, others are ill-fated attempts at humor. Visitors are encouraged to add. I myself added a nifty drawing.

##### *74 Florence, First Floor Rear*

With its double pink sinks and primary-colored walls, the bathroom of 74 Florence is not to be missed. And, as an additional bonus for the private user, the door is padded and soundproof. •



Left: Post-it notes in Maywood.  
Right: Wittstein in JC.

### Corporate Shit.

Corporate America. A place where a solid hierarchy continues to exist despite the recent surge of new buzzwords such as "worker empowerment" and "participator management." A place where one is reminded of his or her inferiority or (in the upper management) superiority continuously. A place where people are commodities, to be used and thrown away. But there is a place within corporate America where this inequality ceases to exist. It is a common area, known as the ladies room or the men's room—the bathroom. When one opens the door of a stall and sits on a porcelain seat, the person sitting next to you is no better than you. Assigned power is meaningless while you are both in this most primal state. •

*The author of this brief article, who wishes to remain anonymous, has worked two summers as a temp at Allmerica Financial in Worcester.*



# Watering Down at Clark

By Jonathan Messinger

Whenever a new “crisis” on campus and the community arises, the student and professional press are always quick to cover it. Opinions are given defiantly, logic is blurred religiously, and as always committees, not heroes, emerge. Such is the case with the recent college drinking debate. With the coverage it’s been getting in the local media, as well as the opinions page of *The Scarlet*, you would think that this was a serious issue that must at once be addressed. Welcome to Worcester. Welcome to our latest invention.

It’s hard sometimes. I have wanted to write about this topic ever since I saw an editorial in *The Scarlet* a few weeks ago that claimed if Grind Central started serving beer again, Clark would be taking a step towards addressing the problem of underage drinking. The quote actually appeared as follows, “By not serving beer [in Grind Central], Clark University is doing absolutely nothing to

curb alcohol abuse and underage drinking. What Clark is doing is sending students out into the community to abuse alcohol and drink underage,” (2/5/98).

I kept praying that this was satire, and that eventually I wouldn’t be able to control my laughter.

In fact, I still hope it was satire, and that I am making a fool out of myself by treating this quote as sincere. I couldn’t believe that the editorial board of our student newspaper all agreed that serving beer in Grind Central was something the University not only could, but should do to curb the abuse of alcohol.

When I mentioned this to a few people, I was sat down and explained to that it does make sense, because there would be a limit placed upon the number of drinks served to a student in one



*That’s not his hand.*

night. So effectively, Clark would be serving a number of drinks to its patrons; then once they were cut-off, those who wanted to abuse alcohol still very well could do so at a local bar or off-campus party (assuming that is what is meant by community). Thus “what Clark is doing is sending students out into the community to abuse alcohol” already with a few drinks in them. I won’t say anything concerning the mark that it would curb underage drinking. I don’t understand.

Soon after the editorial in *The Scarlet*, articles appeared both in

*Worcester Magazine* and *The Worcester Phoenix*, (I don't mean to imply a causal relationship between the editorial and the articles, this is just how it happened chronologically). There is now a 19-member committee whose purpose is to survey the state of college drinking, and report back to the another committee, the License Commission, who will then probably form another committee to analyze the results and brainstorm a solution. *The Worcester Phoenix* reports, "Worcester is in the midst of a furor over college drinking," and it doesn't stop in the city. Opinions have surfaced in recent *Scarlets* addressing this recent "furor" and the backlash seems well-founded but ill-executed.

If you haven't been watching this "crisis" too closely, here is the argument stated from both sides:

The committees, etc.: *Underage and "binge" drinking is plaguing the area campuses. We can't stop everyone, but we're going to try, darn it!*

The students: *You can't stop us, so shut up.*

Like I said, it's hard sometimes. I've wanted to write about this for a long time, and in fact have written a number of different versions of this article, simply because I couldn't put my finger on what it was I wanted to say about it. You would think that the drinking issue would be something very easy to pick a side on and then write about. The question is though,

what do you do when you don't agree with either side? And furthermore, how do you write upon something that has been argued so fervently, when you come to the realization that you hold no opinion on the matter remotely comparing in intensity? What does one say in such a situation?

"Stop it," I say. "It simply isn't that big of a deal." It seems the commissions and committees all admit that they can't stop students from drinking, and students insist defiantly that this is true. So what this leaves us with are sanctimonious committees improving their public image and students fighting for a cause that doesn't exist. Both sides are right, both sides are wrong, so neither is making any headway.

It seems to me that this is a case where the old system works the best for all. That is, the system that has been in existence at Clark all year. Students drink whenever they want, so long as it doesn't affect others. Once it begins to affect others, in such cases as loud and large off-campus parties, or loud and sometimes destructive dorm parties, Campus Police shows up and ends it. I see no better solution.

The greatest health risks concerning alcohol do not seem to be alcohol poisoning (most people learn their tolerance in high school, or very quickly in college) but rather what occurs *between* drunks. Fights, sexual assault and the like are perhaps of greatest concern, especially considering recent altercations

between students and non-students. Large groups of drunks can be extremely dangerous at times, and I can't imagine why people wouldn't expect Campus Police to disperse a drunken crowd.

Drinking on college campuses is nothing new, and it certainly is not something that hasn't stirred controversy before. With the recent deaths of students at UMass-Amherst, MIT, and locally at Holy Cross (all alcohol related), Worcester is up in arms over the state of college drinking. What no one seems to realize is that the further the argument progresses, the more fuel they are adding to a false fire.

Committees press on, students speak more brazenly about their drinking habits, so committees press harder, so students become more upset and speak even more brazenly about their drinking habits... until it goes beyond absurd. Add into the equation the local media's fervent coverage, tarnishing both the committee's and the students' images, and we have ourselves a crisis.

Lost in all of this is the fact that a good number of students drink responsibly, or don't drink at all. Apparently people like crises so much, they find it necessary to create them whenever possible. And while everyone involved is busy shooting at ghosts, money is being spent and students continue to drink. Well, at least it gives folks something to chat about over a couple of beers. •

# Please, Stay Tuned

By Molly Hale



I walk into my suite. A living space that contains eight people. As I open the door, the cerebral vacuum reaches out its thorny fingers, catches onto my person and pulls me into its black hole. What is the cause of this all encompassing void? The TV.

The first person of the day to touch the "on" button creates a black hole which, for the other seven occupants, is almost impossible to escape.

It is not the selection of a certain show to watch that upsets me. This is perfectly acceptable. If you love "South Park," and once a week turn on the tube to catch a new episode, so be it. I hope that it is a joyful form of entertainment and you get in a laugh or two. Laughing (some say) is a healing process. And we all need to be healed.

What bothers me is the Zombie Syndrome. Someone will turn on the tube to catch today's episode of "Great Chefs" and three hours later the television is still on. This is not because someone is interested in a particular half-hour allotment of air time, but rather everyone's soul has been sucked out of their bodies by the TV. The person holding the remote is simply clicking from channel 0-100, in a continuous effort to find that program that will fill their craving for more mindless entertainment.

Blind stares focus on a blinking screen where Coke ads and car commercials bounce around in the empty spaces of these people's heads where a brain once was, but is now absent.

And this entity that is the TV, has an ever reaching grasp. Say you were walking (in a suite) from your room to the

bathroom. You might make it there, but it's doubtful that you would escape that grasp on your attempted return to safety. It is a gravitational force that draws you in. But, the worst part is that most people don't understand its power. They never stop to rationalize why it is that they've just sat through a marathon of empty dialogue and canned laughter.

I am drawn to the example of a movie called "Stay Tuned" starring John Ritter. Now a few of you are saying, "My God, what a horrible movie!" However, there is an underlying message in this "piece." The plot dealt with a satellite dish that sucked people into the hellish world of TV. You see, this movie is not just a mistake made by John Ritter's agent, but a commentary on society. To make a really bad parallel: The television is the watch a hypnotist holds; instead of "You're feeling sleepy," the spellbinding phrase is "Please, Stay Tuned." And we do. We're not sure why, or what for. Maybe it's because they ask so nicely, but we sit and wait in constant anticipation for something marvelous to happen. And here's the thing, it never does! So we just keep on waiting and waiting and waiting, because it tells us to. Suddenly you're 85-years-old and you have no personal memories. But you can tell, in perfect detail, the life biographies of everyone stranded on Gilligan's island.

Well, our cable broke a few weeks ago and now we are unable to watch anything on TV, except for movies. Since the day it broke, a new life spirit has set into our lives. Now when I walk into the suite, the melodic sounds of conversation fill the air. We fill our time through discussion and we're actually getting to know each other again.

When somebody wants to watch a movie, we gather around as a family and view it together. And when it's done, the TV goes off and we continue on with our lives.

So here is what I say to you, the reader: You don't need to see the same episode of "The Simpsons" seventeen times. I know it's hard to believe, but you don't. Turn it off, shut it down and hide the remote. Pick up a book, talk to someone you've never talked to before, play a board game, write someone from home a letter, or try to rediscover the people around you by asking them about their moral beliefs. I don't care what it is you do, just step away from the TV's void and take control of your life again. •

# Confessions of a television addict

By Mandy Reyna



They say acceptance is the first step in the road to recovery. I accept it.

Picture me in a hazy room filled with people in folding chairs. There are gallons of coffee in the back and an abundance of cigarettes available. I am standing in the front of the room, microphone in hand.

"Hello, my name is Mandy and I have a problem."

It finally dawned on me the other day when the remote control for the cable box wasn't working. The first thought that entered my mind was that Greater Media had decided that I had reached maximum viewing capacity. I turned the rectangular black control over in my hand, removed the little cap and attempted to perform CPR on the little Energizers by alternating their positions and then tapping them on the table. No dice. In a hurried frenzy, I hobbled into my room searching for any extra AAA batteries that I may have.

Digging through my tool box, I realized that I was foiled again. Fortunately, I had a pocket alarm clock with one battery in it (the other was currently sustaining the remote for my stereo and there was no way in Hell I'd sacrifice that). The life-sustaining capsule slid easily into one of the empty spaces in the back of my remote. Hopefully, it would be enough to change the channel.

Success! And just in time for "Dawson's Creek."

"You have some serious issues," said my roommate.

"Shut the hell up. You watch it, too," I replied.

Settling into the corner of the couch with a large bowl of popcorn, my heart froze and my eyes widened as I realized to my horror that the television tube wasn't working and all I could see was a thin, colored line across the screen. "AAAHHHHH!" I screamed. "This can't be happening!"

As I began to beat the television with my shoe, my roommate began to laugh hysterically. "Oh, the irony," she said. "A communications major who is dependent on the television for her capstone can't function without the tool of her

trade." If looks could kill, she would have had an anvil drop on her, splattering her English major remains all over the living room and the bookcase full of her damned Shakespeare books. How's that for poetic justice?

It turns out that the television just has a loose wire that caused the tube to go haywire when overheated. Looks like things are okay. I can still watch up to six hours of "The X-Files" in a row without a problem. I also realize that I'm not alone. There are others out there like me.

You might be addicted to your television if:

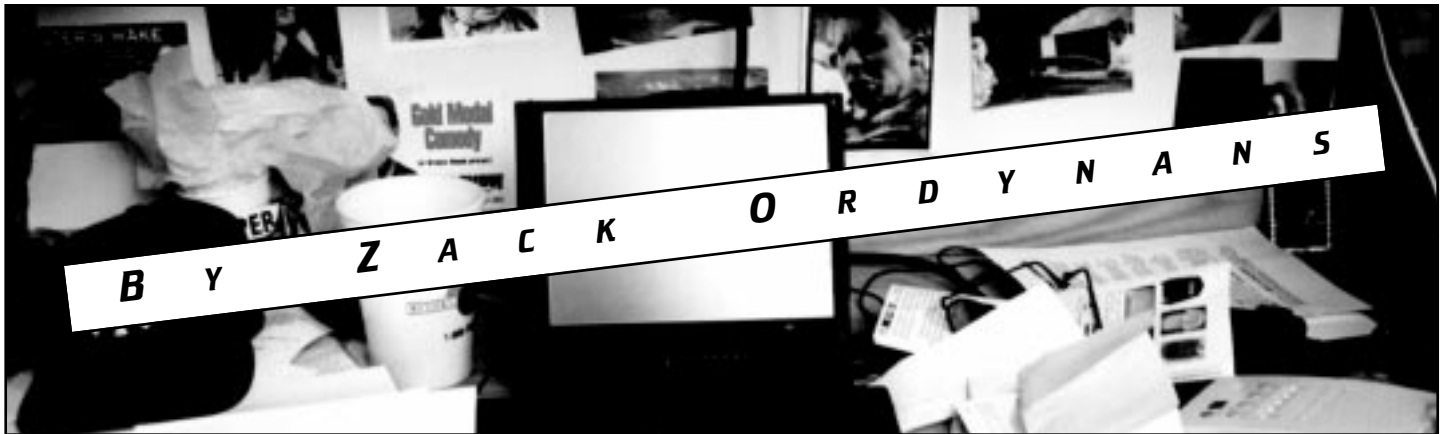
- You have an early date because a two-hour Voyager is on that night.
- There is more than one television in the same room of your house.
- Rather than buy a universal remote, you've taped all three of the remotes together (can't lose that VCR remote).
- You have a callous on your channel-flipping thumb.
- You require absolute silence when "The X-Files" is on because it may be the night that the conspiracy is finally uncovered.
- You have a subscription to *Entertainment Weekly*, and it's catalogued

There are other signs to look for. You must embrace and accept your problem first before you can treat it.

And remember, always make friends with people who have a bigger television than you.

*We now return you to your regularly scheduled programming...*

# #32: one more thing before I get on with my future



As I stand poised atop the narrow precipice of graduation, staring down at the bottomless pit that is my future as a Clark graduate, several realizations come to mind. The first is that the preceding metaphor was very awkward. The second is that beer can indeed be considered a fifth food group, but only when you're at the point where the first four are Ramen, Twinkies, caffeinated water and Store 24 hot dogs (2 for .79). The final, and maybe most important realization that I have reached while contemplating my future in the real world and my past as a college student, is that nothing ever really changes.

I like Clark a lot. This may come as a surprise to those of you who remember the article giving "25 reasons to leave Clark," but I have enjoyed my time here more than I could have ever expected. Looking back, I have seen many signs of change, with little actual advancement in any direction. The Pub became Grind Central, as beer proved once and for all that it is more popular than coffee. The specialty store became uh, a student lounge, I think. DAKA, which sucked, became Bon Appetit, which has been work-

ing up to sucking for the past two years. The International Cafe (in truth, before my time) became Leo's Deli and then the Higgens Bistro, but has yet to prepare a sandwich in less time than it takes to read *The Sunday Times* from cover to cover. The French Quarter became some other coffee place, and then a View of the World, after students began to wonder why they would ever buy coffee when there was free coffee available in the same room.

UPNRP (Urban People are Not Respectable People, or something to that effect) has replaced the previous ITTNT (Ignore Them and They're Not There) plan. Clark now has a radio station that is audible to anywhere between 10 and 15 rooms in Dodd (depending on the wind), but we lost a TV station in the process. For better or for worse, *The Progressive* became *WheatBread*.

As far as the Clark administration goes (and they rarely go as far away as I would like), David Milstone has become Associate Dean of Students, which must be a promotion because his former title apparently required him to forcibly remove stray cats



from Clark dorms. Former Dean of Students Catherine Maddox-Wiley has been replaced by Denise Darrigrand, who assures me that it is a policy of hers, "to never lie to the student press." Fred Greenaway is now the Provost, whatever the hell that means. President Traina now ignores students from a house that is closer to campus.

"What about Worcester?" you ask, a quiet voice from the back of the room.

"Ahh, Worcester, City of (Paved) Dreams. You know what Worcester needs?" I ask, continuing this stream way past appropriate. "I don't know, but it sure needs something."

Worcester may not be much better, but it has changed a lot. During the year I got here (1994), the gangland Galleria became the Worcester Common Fashion Outlets, and the Icecats were playing their inaugural season. The hot club in town was a place called Bowlers, and neither the Espresso Bar nor the Palladium were open yet. Medical City was an idea, nothing compared to the ditch it is today. Main Street Brewery wasn't open yet either, but it also had yet to go out of business, which it did several months after opening. Al and Harry's became Kamanitzas which became Scarlet O' Hara's. Tarragon's begat an overpriced Mexican joint called

Shorty's which begat an overpriced Mexican joint called Sioux City Grill which is now a vacant lot on Park Avenue. Tortilla Sam's appeared and moved. Lloyd's burned. And remember when The Centrum was orange? What was up with that?

Some things haven't changed. Clark's student body is still equal parts weirdos, rich foreigners, pseudo-jocks, and uptight politically-correct people. Student Council is still a joke. There's still crime in the city. People still wonder about IDRISI and the library. They're still talking about building an Environmental School, and Atwood is still crumbling. The food still sucks. Randy Mack is still here.

The point of this little retrospective rant would have to be that, no matter how things appear, Clark is virtually unchangeable. Give up now. Go out and buy that Sony Playstation with the money that your grandmother gave you for Christmas, and spend the rest of your time here playing Twisted Metal 2 in your Maywood suite with the 5 other people who could tolerate your presence in Wright Hall. Because no matter how much you try and change things, people are still people, and Clark is still Clark—a decent University with problems that will not easily disappear. •



# Administr (Before

By Emily Sachs



## Denise Darrigrand

Dean of Students since 1996

**First job out of college:** Darrigrand, a triple-major at SUNY Potsdam, was a counselor at a residential treatment center for emotionally disturbed boys.

**What she did before Clark:** After working as an assistant director of residential halls for Mohawk Valley Community College in New York, she moved on to Wesleyan University in Connecticut, where she worked at a number of jobs in the Dean of Students office from 1980 to 1996. According to an article in *The Wesleyan Argus* (headlined “Darrigrand Forced Out”) during her time as Dean of Students, Darrigrand was involved in a number of controversial decisions regarding the housing process as well as student groups. In one campus publication, she was anonymously “castigated as being over-powerful and vindictive, and particularly for being hostile to [two student groups],” says *The Argus*.

Her work with the housing lottery was also brought into question. During the 1996 housing lottery, Darrigrand “placed several non-black students in the Malcolm X House, much to the chagrin of the black community,” writes *The Argus*.

“The housing lottery is a traumatic event; it was especially traumatic under her,” says current *Argus* Editor-in-Chief Gwen Glazer.

Darrigrand describes the situation surrounding her departure as “complicated.” When a new president came to the university, he restructured the offices of student services. “It’s fair to say that he and I didn’t see eye-to-eye on how to work with students,” she says. “[It was a] mutual decision that I wouldn’t stay.”

**Great irony:** One of Darrigrand’s first projects upon arriving at Clark in the Fall of 1996, was to restructure the Dean of Students office. In doing so she eliminated the position of Associate Dean of Students held by Barbara Engram, who then left Clark. David Milstone later took over the same position.

**Outstanding accomplishments:** Last year’s mass mailing asking the Clark community to refrain from sending mass mailings.



## Jack Foley

Business Manager from 1984-1994

Executive Assistant to the President since 1994

**What we hear:** Some say Foley, as part of his duties as a Daka manager, was required to prepare vats for Jell-O wrestling, a feature of CUFs’ semesterly “Porn Nights.”

**First job out of college:** After graduating from Dartmouth College, Foley worked as a bartender in Washington, DC.

**Before Clark:** Foley was hired as a manager for Daka, Clark’s foodservice provider. During that time he oversaw the daily operation of Daka, the Pub (now Grind Central), and worked closely with Spree Day preparations. Foley has many fond memories of Jell-O wrestling— or at least preparing the kiddie pools which were filled with Jell-O for students to play in. So the CUFs rumors are likely false. “I haven’t been involved in porn flicks yet!” he insists.



# ators B.C. (Clark)

## Linda Connors,

Assistant Dean of Students and Director of Student Activities since 1990.

**What we hear:** Rumor has it that Connors was a regular DJ in The Pub (now Grind Central) when she caught the eye of administrators who liked how she interacted with students. From there she was signed on as an administrator.

**First job out of college:** One of five Programming Coordinators at Boston University. "It was very bureaucratic," she says. "I hated it."

**What she really did Before Clark:** Connors went on to be the Associate Director of Campus Activities at New Hampshire College. Part of her job included running their version of a University Center. "It was like half the size of Dana Commons. It was really pitiful," she explains.



## Stephen Goulet

Clark Police Officer 1983-1986  
Sergeant 1986-1989  
Chief of Police since 1989

**First "real" job:** Police officer in nearby Grafton, Mass.

**Before Clark:** Worked for an armored courier service.

**Real stories of the Clark patrol:** During Goulet's tenure he says he has seen "everything from A to Z." There was the bag lady who moved into a JC bathroom, her clothes actually hung from the fixtures. "There's nothing you can do to get me out of here," he recalls her saying. "Are you hungry?" he asked. Indeed she was and he says she gathered her things and followed him to a nearby pizza place where he bought her lunch. She never moved back to JC.

Then there was the time 35 students were arrested at once during a campus event. And he has many stories from doing security for special events like speeches by G. Gordon Liddy (Liddy got in a verbal altercation with a student who gave him the finger) and Abbie Hoffman ("He was quite a character," Goulet says). And the Chief can't forget the 1986 fire in a Bullock Hall room, when he came close to getting burned while searching for students. "Thank god no one was in the room," he says. As it was, the smoke he inhaled sent him to the hospital.

But the most rewarding experience? His charity work with "Cops for Tots" for which he has collected Christmas gifts for children for over ten years. "I like doing things for our students, but there's something about those kids which just gets to me."

## Harold Wingood

Dean of Admissions since 1995

**You may remember him for:** His "recycling" of 500 copies *WheatBread* because he thought they were "not good for Clark."

**His first job out of college:** Admissions counselor at Babson College

**Before Clark:** He also worked in admissions at Duke and Tufts. Wingood was the Dean of Admissions at Washington University in St. Louis. During his three years there, the minority admissions— especially those of African-American students— dropped dramatically while Asian student enrollment increased.

**Brushes with greatness:** At Tufts, he saw actors Rita Moreno and Tom Poston and at Duke, he saw actress Susan Lucci and anchorman Ted Koppel and his hairpiece in the lobby ("In real life it looks like a toupee," Wingood admits). He also witnessed the Duke admittances of basketball players Grant Hill and Christian Laetner ("I never thought he was dropdead gorgeous," Wingood says about the latter). While Clark is still hurting from Chelsea's rejection,

Wingood is happy to report that some of the first daughter's classmates are among our Class of 2001.

Wingood indicates that improved celebrity admissions are in the works. "I'm open to suggestions," he says. "It would be great to have a few more celebrities here."

## David Milstone

Associate Dean of Students since 1997

Dean of Residential Life and Housing 1986-1997

**First job out of college:** Working in residential life, running one of the infamous UMass "towers."

**Claim to fame:** When the first snow falls at UMass, tradition has it that the first snowball fight also must follow. Picture 5,000 students from one half of the campus attacking the other half.

Milstone says broken windows were the least of the problems at this annual event. One year he happened to be on duty when the fight broke out. He called the police, who suggested he take care of the situation himself. Milstone says that he and his staff went outside and he led the "Go to Amherst!" chant. "They turned around and went to Amherst College and did some damage there," he says. "I felt a little bad, but it was our way of avoiding UMass buildings."

**Before Clark:** At the famed Indiana University of Pennsylvania, Milstone worked as the school's equivalent of an Area Coordinator. He also met his wife there.

## Richard Traina

President of Clark since 1984

**What he did after college:** After graduating from the University of Santa Clara in California, where Traina was the Features Editor of his prize winning campus newspaper, he went on work as a draftsman's assistant at a shipyard.

**Near miss:** While teaching at Wabash College (which remains today an all-male institution), Traina was hired to work with then-Mayor of Indianapolis, Richard Lugar. A week after being offered the job, Traina was offered a deanship— which he accepted instead. The Republican Lugar, in the meantime, went on to be an Indiana Senator and, in 1996, lead an unsuccessful campaign for the Republican party nomination for President.

**Before Clark:** Traina worked as Dean and Professor of the College at Franklin & Marshall College in Pennsylvania.

# The Reading Conspiracy

## BY CHRIS HAGELSTEIN

You could not write because you did not read. You hated to read. You knew that if anyone were reading this now, they would know in advance the boredom they would have to endure, and then pass on by. But they were accustomed to that. Reading was a very boring and monotonous activity. Yet the act of reading, explanation and storytelling throughout time gained some kind a degree of credibility which went unquestioned. Writing was identified as a more riskless measurement of expression because everybody possessed the same paper pad you did. If anything as lifeless as reading moved you, then you supposed that the writer must be of some worth. Wasn't it really that you were just easily deceived? C'mon, admit it, you joked. What really was the point? And you weren't talking about getting laid or making more money or power tripping: you were just simply sitting there and reading something one day, and said to yourself, "this all sucks."

They'll say you did not believe in anything, that there's something wrong with you. Over and over again, the repetition of their judgements would be written, which was kind of ironic. They wrote about something that had meaning to them, but had no meaning to anyone else. But wasn't this a well-known fact? Did writing have to have meaning to everyone? No, of course not. So why was something meaningless any worse than someone trying to convey meaning? Wasn't a belief in nothing an ironic belief in not reading? If readers were deceived that when they read someone else's words they only read someone else's mirror of their own understanding, did any real reading take place? Or did they merely give you a mirror?

It was funny that the last thing you remembered was that the history of your life was more significant than all of Kreation, for it was Your Life, not All of Kreation that was happening. But that's not what they taught you in school, right? But that's all you could remember of school. No matter how hard you tried to concentrate on the reading that was given to you, it was you who ultimately decided how much worth it contained, sort of like dumpster diving in the

library. If you found something you liked, you took it. But when your life was ending, you threw out everything, even the things you believed in, even that one final thought of something or someone, that thing in the back of your mind that you could never face. It was worthless. Your satisfaction did not stop there. You openly indicated to other writers how bored and tired you found their expressions to be. You didn't want someone fancy. You wanted to read something worthless. But you never could find someone who hated reading writing like you did. It was even worse when you read someone else's garbage, and discovered they weren't done. They kept repeating themselves over and over again. In the end, the last words that were to come to your mind when you were through reading this was "this sucks."

All these words blurred. Determining which words meant something was like trying to figure out why you listened in the first place. Most people lived life putting the world into words. It only took a couple of stooges to do the reverse. Nothing in a word was that important to put them into worlds. It was a whirl. You sometimes made a mental note who was writing the words, as if that helped any, right? Why were they conveyed? What was the reasoning behind them? Any political agenda? How about emotions? Bad family? You knew the story. If you had to find something out, you had to ask questions, right? But this only yielded more words; more of the same kind of dialogues you sought to avoid. Throughout your life, when you listened to someone talking, you were trained into believing that what you were about to hear was in some way relevant. Yet, after the ordeal was over with, after the passage of text was read to you, after the drone of poets and songwriters pushed you effortlessly towards numbness, after the paperweight of philosophers was rolled over you, after the line upon line of reasoning was explained, after the instructions were detailed, the words dispatched, you got up from your computer screen, your books and magazines, your office window, rose up, looked at the ceiling, at your hands, went away from where you were, saying the same thing to yourself over and over again, the same exact emotion leaked into the deskpan of your brain, and it was this sameness which you understood, not what was said to you (or of you) or what you read, it was the same, unmovable terrain that each aged day you grew weary of, that made

*continued on page 26*

# COMPATIBILITY SURVEY WINNERS

Some of you may have noticed that the last issue of *WheatBread* contained a special feature—the 1998 Valentine’s Day Compatibility Survey. Out of the 80-or-so participants, Lisa Cohen and Guido Stein were the two of the most compatible, recording 70% of the same answers. In a blatant attempt to foster the budding romance between the two most-right-for-each-other-people-who-were-sucked-into-filling-out-a-survey, *WheatBread* magazine sent them out “on assignment” at Pasta Pantry, complete with complementary flowers, chocolate chip cookies, and Junior Mints.

*Thanks and apologies go out to Tom Gibson, who was responsible for the survey in the first place, and was uncredited and edited in WB #12. Thanks also to Pasta Pantry (a fine restaurant), and Josh Davidowitz, our strolling violinist.*



## She said

By Lisa Cohen

*It all started one day at lunch...*

when I was innocently asked to fill out a compatibility survey. How was I supposed to know Guido and I would be the “most compatible couple”? But there I was— on this date. I didn’t really know what to expect. We’d been friends since the beginning of last semester. We had a class together— and he was the one who I panicked and screamed about the final. And then I was expected to have a date with him.

Alright, I’ll admit it, getting ready for this, I was nervous. The extent of our relationship before this was study sessions and now we were having dinner together. The night was very nice. He showed up at my door with a very nice bouquet of flowers, a small box of chocolate chip cookies (my favorite) and a goofy looking grin. From the start, I knew this was not the Guido I had known in the past. He was quieter than usual, more subdued, and from what I could tell, he was just as nervous as I was. We went to dinner, and had the privilege of a violin serenade by one of Clark’s own hidden talents. We were embarrassed— but the people around us loved every minute to say, it was a little awkward. Before, to make conversation, all we needed was a bad exam; and now we had to rely on our own creativity. And, of course, there were those uncomfortable moments of silence when we were striving for anything to talk about. But somehow we made it through with flying colors.

We decided to catch a movie. After buying the tickets, we realized we had an hour. So the college students that we are, we decided we needed coffee and headed to Java Hut. We shared a delightful conversation over good cappuccino, and bad music from live entertainment. We talked about our past travels, our present predicaments, and possible future plans.

After my cappuccino fix, and realizing we had about ten minutes to catch the movie, we drove to the theater and got there just in time to see the opening credits. The movie was good— actually through most of it I was fixated on Jack Nicolson’s eyebrows. They’re just cool to watch. The movie ended, and we made our way back to Clark. He walked me back to my room where we bid our fond farewells. I thanked him for a lovely evening— he did the same— we said our good-byes, and he turned around and left. That was the end of our “date.”





It's strange to be set-up by *WheatBread*. I never knew that they had an interest in my love life. This was a first.

Normally, I don't date. I usually find someone who likes me and who I like, and we go straight into having a relationship; I don't wine and dine women first. The last date

that I remember having—the only one—was in my senior year of high school. Things were different back then. I was nervous and inexperienced in the world of relationships. This time I'm just nervous. I somehow turn into *Super Self-conscious Boy*, ready to keep looking in the mirror at a moment's notice.

With all that said, I went out anyway. I told the staff at *WheatBread* that I would like to go to the Pasta Pantry. I'm glad I had a say in some of the arrangements. Being the good date that I wanted to be, I also

suggested that I buy some flowers for her. At any rate, it was weird going to her door with flowers and seeing her all decked out for the evening. I was a little late, a typical male I guess. At any rate we then got into her car and bam... I was on a date again... oooohhhh.

We sat down in this little booth in the back of the restaurant. It was kind of sweet. First came the food, which was delicious, then came the strange *WheatBread* editor and entourage. Turns out, they had a couple of surprises planned for this date. As if going out on a date set up by the *WheatBread* wasn't strange enough, having *WheatBread* staff join our meal complete with violin definitely put this high on the "awkward-and-need-to-run-home-now" scale. Not that the violin wasn't a beautiful thing, but the discussion revolving around plucking eyebrows made the food a little less appetizing.

This eventually passed, and I had a new box of Altoids to show for it, thanks to Emily. Then we moved onto the movie segment of the date. We actually got tickets then went down to The Java Hut for some coffee. For the life of me I don't remember what we talked about, silly me. But I do remember that we left just in time, the modern christian rock band

was about to come on. That is a scary thought for me.

So we went to see "As Good As It Gets." I had seen this before, so I spent most of my time throughout the movie trying not to laugh before everyone else did. Not keeping up with the plot line gave me a little more time than I wanted to ponder if anything was going to happen on this date between me and my lovely date. So I didn't look at her for most of the time, yikes. Instead I made jokes about the movie during the movie; maybe I should have shut up. But then I was wondering if there was any chemistry between the two of us. What the hell is that chemistry? If you go by sweaty palms, all you know is that you are nervous, not having a good time persay. Ohh, fiddle sticks. So I just put my hand on the arm rest, in case she felt like grabbing, you never know.

*I may have missed something, quick hit the rewind button. zzzzzzzzip...*

Have you ever stared at the at the black and white snow-fuzz on TV? If you sat and stared at it for hours, you might never be able to make out a single recognizable pattern. This is the way I feel about trying to understand women and dating. Although my beautiful date expressed herself well through body language and facial expressions, I had a hard time making out any type of signal. O.K. First off, I don't know if I ever really wanted a signal. I seem to start off relationships too fast and then end them prematurely. Second, she knows too much. She knows me, her friends know me, and her friends tell her about me. Considering what an interesting love life I have led here at Clark, I wouldn't blame her if she ran for the hills. Third, I don't think she took me seriously. I have to admit, I got really worked up about this date. Yes, I know her. No she's not going to bite (darn), but that doesn't mean that I wasn't a little/lot nervous about the evening. When I was getting ready to go, I had the shower running, the iron going, I was desperately searching for some clean clothes to wear, and I was trying to shave all at the same time. When I was trying to get into her building I spent a moment fidgeting with that darn card entry system. When we were on the date she kept reminding me to relax.

Finally I walked her back to Wright Hall. It was strange for me to be all dressed up walking someone home in the freshman dorms. I just said good bye, then left. Yeah, sorry. No exciting story about a good-night kiss or anything else. Overall I had fun. She was very nice, a little insane, and she didn't kill me. All good signs in a date. •

# He) Said

## By Guido Stein



# *Me and Uncle Pat: An Interview with Pat Moran*

By Jonathan Messinger  
and Pat Moran



*WheatBread's* own Managing Editor Jonathan Messinger recently cornered writer, director, ex-treasurer, and basketball coach Pat Moran and somehow convinced him to speak on record for the first time since his mysterious resignation from Student Council. Pat's play, "Me and Uncle Bill" is an R.F. Sinc production going up April 1, 3, and 4.

**Jonathan:** Well, Pat, thank you for meeting with me. I know you have a busy schedule.

**Pat:** It's my pleasure. I always make sure to find the time to speak with a respected member of Clark's media such as yourself, Jonathan.

**J:** Aww, shucks. Thanks Pat. Anyway, down to business. "Me and Uncle Bill," a play which you have written and are currently directing, is currently in the works. How do you currently feel about making the transition from writer to director?

**P:** Currently, Jonathan, I've been in the process of making an adjustment. In my past, compared to what I've been currently doing, led a sheltered and withdrawn life. Currently I find

myself smack dab in the middle of the cut-throat world of Clark theater.

**J:** That's heavy, man. Deep. [long pause] Wow. So tell our unanointed readership just what this "other world" is like.

**P:** I'm a celebrity, man. Everyone wants a piece of me. But luckily, there's plenty to go around. And I say that with the utmost modesty.

**J:** Cool. So who's your favorite band?

**P:** Funny you should ask that question, Jonathan. French fries.

**J:** Right, right. Aren't they on Fat Wreck Chords? Those guys kick butt! Rock and Roll!

**P:** [long stare]

**J:** So anyway, back to the play. I hear you have some new acting talent. How's that working out?

**P:** Actually Jonathan, my talent is far from new. I've been talented since the day I was born.

**J:** Oh...but what about my sideburns?

**P:** Nothing. [long stare]

**J:** Uh, oh. The director's getting all artsy on me. [nervous laugh] That's okay, man. I can dig it.

So how have rehears—

**P:** Do you want to get high?

**J:** [Nervous laugh] Do you do "the drugs"?

**P:** Well, you know Jonathan, directing a play that I, myself, have written has its share of advantages and disadvantages. Oh, by the way, am I supposed to pretend you're not my assis-

tant director for the purposes of this interview?

J: Look, I don't care if you destroy your theater career with this "play" of yours, but don't take my journalism career down with it.

P: Journalism? Give me a break, you're writing for *WheatBread*. By the way, didn't I freeze your funds a few months ago?

J: [begins twitching incessantly, murmurs] Goddamn communist.

P: Hey snap out of it! I'm director, you're my assistant. We're supposed to be pals.

J. You're right. Sorry. While we're on the topic, you resigned your Student Council Treasurer position because you felt that directing your play would take up too much of your time. Yet, I'm doing all the work. Explain.

P: Jonathan, is it true that in reality the assistant director does nothing but sit there, look pretty, and suck up to the boss?

J: Hey, Bud! I'm the one asking the questions around here.

P: Sorry, I forgot, please continue.

J: Thank you. Now what about my sideburns?

P: They beautifully accentuate your aquiline features.

J: Yeah, second door on the right, pal!

P: How does it feel to be apprenticing under an esteemed director such as myself?

J: Kind of like giving Dom Deluise a piggy back ride.

P: Naked?

J: Yes.

P: So tell me, first you start working for *WheatBread*, then you start working for R.F. Sinc. What's the deal, Jonathan? Who do you think you are? Mr. Alternative Forms of Expression himself?

J: Form of expression? Is that what you're calling it? It's pretty difficult to express anything under the cruel, cold, calloused hand of a dictator...um, I mean...director. Sir.

P: Shut up and go get me some coffee. •

NOTE TO SELF: 12:23AM  
STOP DAYDREAMING ABOUT  
MIDGET TOZZING  
NOTE TO SELF: 12:24AM  
DAMN!

NOTE TO SELF: 12:29AM  
OK, NO MORE NOTES  
TO SELF.  
NOTE TO SELF: 12:34AM  
DAMN!

Memo:

Remember to get cheap plug into *WheatBread* about R.F. Sinc's The Peapod Squad, Clark University's very own improv troupe, which will be performing Thursday night, March 26 and Friday night, March 27, at twelve midnight in the Little Center as a part of V&PA's Midnight Theater series. The price of admission will be one can of food which will be donated to an organization that help those in need.

# When Pigs Fly

[This article was anonymously submitted.]

I want an organized, well thought out student newspaper.

I want a paper with a comprehensible layout. A layout that is reader-friendly, with defined article allotment. A paper with no empty spaces in random places, just because. And, most importantly, good visual presentation.

I want a paper that has an art page which gives opinionated, critical reviews of student productions, written by student critics who have an educated response to a piece. Someone who has the common sense to do some research on a play before he/she gives what ends up being a biased, empty description.

I want a paper that provides interesting editorials on subjects dear to the student body's interests; not a flimsy potpourri of rants.

I want a paper that gives information on all events pertaining to the university; not just a curious selection of random events; making some seem more important than others. A university paper is a way for students to stay in touch with their environment and each other.

I want a paper that sees extra-curricular activities in the Philosophy and Language departments as being just as important as a four page spread on Clark sports.

I want a paper that delivers all the facts on a topic. A paper that delivers the complete report of an issue, by asking a few hard questions to a few key people.

I want a paper with no misspellings. (Especially in the headlines!)

I want a paper with a competent staff that can get it in to the printer and out to its students on the same day every week.

I want a paper that doesn't use the same jokes for its top ten list over and over and over and over.

I want a paper that considers quality just as important as quantity. One that puts emphasis on good news. One that cares about getting some kind of edge on a story. One that concentrates on committing itself to content.

But instead... I've got *The Scarlet*. •

## The **Jesus/Bacon** Connection

by Rob Scalese

I'll tell you what... I have some sort of fatal attraction type thing going on in my life right now. I love pork meat. The shit tastes good. There really isn't anything better in life than bacon and eggs. That's the truth, you heard it here first. Some people may say that it's wrong to kill a pig to eat bacon, but I'm not worried about the moral implications of my fatal weakness. If there's a God, then I'm sure He'll straighten me out for my moral misgivings. But I realize that my passion for pork is a fatal one. The shit'll kill ya. I mean, I know that my arteries are clogged like the Worcester sewer system. But again, that doesn't worry me. So long as I live to be thirty-three, then I guess that I'm doing okay.

Why thirty-three? Well, I'll tell you why and what else. I'm not a religious person, but hear me out. Jesus died when he was thirty-three. I came up with this theory while frying up some sausage with a friend. So here's my theory; If you live past thirty-three, then you're doing okay. It doesn't matter if you believe in Jesus or not, if the reports are true, then he got a lot of shit done and he died when he was thirty-three. If Jesus is supposed to be the model human, then you have to be on the right track if you live past thirty-three.

Now I'm sure there are skeptics out there who think, "Yeah, he was thirty-three, but he was supposed to be the son of God." To them I say "you're missing the point." It doesn't matter who you are or what you do, the guy was nice to people and he died at, well, you know. So what if he was the son of God, that's not verifiable anyway. Maybe, and I'm not saying this is true, but maybe it was all a gaff and he was gonna tell us it was all just some big metaphor or something. I'll leave the speculation to the theologians.

All I know is he was a cool guy who lived to be thirty-three. Whether or not you buy the religious overtones, you gotta like a guy who said, "Hey, man, be cool to people, and they'll be cool to you."

So I'm cool to people.

And I eat bacon.

Now, there are more people out there who still aren't biting. "Why not eat healthy and work out. Then you'll almost be guaranteed to live past thirty-three." Well, what's the fun in that? I mean, I don't like healthy food and I hate working out. Also, if I'm guaranteed to live past thirty-three, the theory seems a bit moot. Now, I went to Wendy's Clark Brunch this morning, and I had the four eggs and toast, with two side orders of bacon and a glass of Pepsi. To eat like that everyday and live to be thirty-three, well, that sort of evens the odds, doesn't it? Sure, things are boring. Also, think of the satisfaction I'll receive when my thirty-third birthday rolls around. Can you honestly say you'll feel that way when you undoubtedly reach that age?

I'll take those odds, thank you very much. •



In the dictionary, faith is defined as the firm belief in something for which there is no proof. I've been doing a lot of thinking about this word, faith. You see, what the dictionary leaves out is just how hard it is to have faith. I don't have to tell you how cynical the world that we live in is. Compatibility has replaced love, reason has overwhelmed courage, and logic has killed faith. But this wasn't always the case.

Remember when you were young and believed in Santa Claus? Why did you believe? You probably believed because your

parents told you that he existed. But why did you believe them? Some would say that children are gullible and that they are easy to trick. I think this view of children is a bit naive. In this whole world, it is the children who have the greatest capacity to believe and to trust in things. Children don't have the doubt,

the fears, and the mistrust that we have. No, children believe in Santa Claus, not because they're gullible, but because they have faith. So what happens to this faith?

When does it go away? Well, eventu-

ally schoolmates begin to tell you that Santa is a myth, a hoax for children. You begin to have doubts. Eventually your parents also tell you Santa Claus is a myth and that they faked the whole thing. Now even your parents, the people you trust the most in your young life, say Santa doesn't exist. Your faith is smashed. But why?

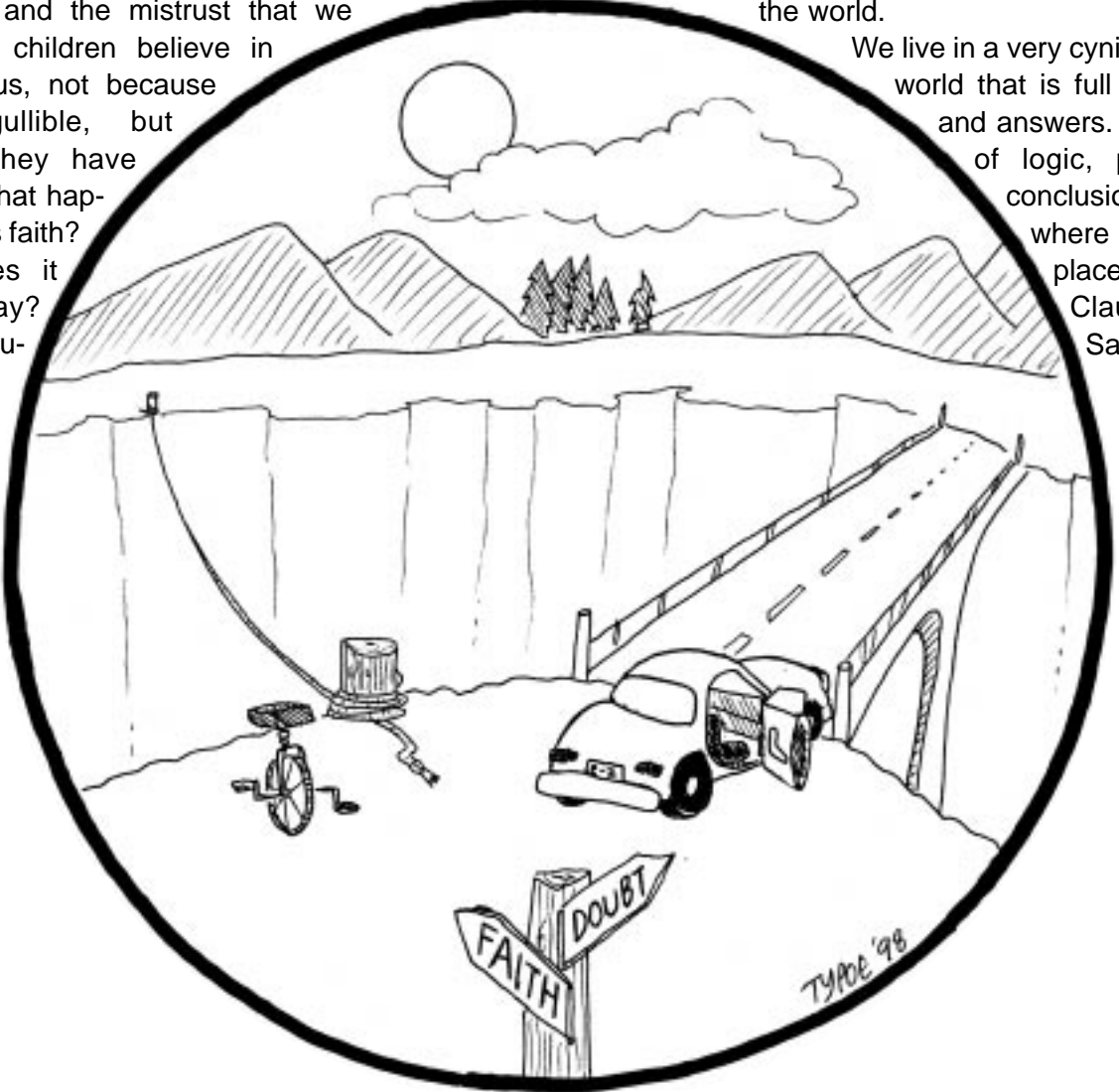
We've already established that faith is the belief in something that has no proof. So why would the testimonies of your classmates and your parents make

any difference? The truth is, it's a lot easier to doubt than to have faith. It's easier to be jealous of your girlfriend than to trust her, it's easier to be afraid than to be brave, and it's easier to dismiss the theory of Santa Claus than to believe that an overweight elf slides down chimneys to deliver toys to all the children of the world.

We live in a very cynical world, a world that is full of reasons and answers. A world full of logic, proof, and conclusions. A world where there is no place for Santa Claus. I want Santa back. •

# I still believe in Santa Claus

By Ty Poe



## Conspiracy Theory of the Month

*cont'd. from page 19*

your day uncomfortable, aware that the only conclusion was how much waste your attention generated. You knew there were hungry mouths out there needing the food of recognition that their words were living inside of you, growing the crops, so that they may feed in the future. And when harvest came, this little piggy went to market - the market where reasons were sold through language and prices declined ever since.

And so it went. You kept on reading. You kept on writing. All with no purpose until you were to die. And you said "Death would be good for me, because I would shut up." But maybe if someone read what you wrote, they would remember you and carry your name on forever. It was kind of ironic that you lived in death more than in life. But that's what being a writer was like. Death itself was more or less an inconvenient metaphor one used to describe reading. At least Death was a way out. Not so when reading. It sucked.

You knew that when you wrote this that it would be unread by millions of people all like you, and that if one's reading of this mess(age) was realized to the end, it would merely measure a length of time and nothing else. •

## *Ego and the Senior*

Once upon a time I owned this place.

I remember when it was mine.

I knew their faces and their names,

And never questioned time.

I always thought that they would watch me,  
in wonderment forever.

Now I'm in their shoes.  
Staring within myself,  
And I see that I was less clever.

It's not about me.

It's not about them.

And it's hardly about us.

It's about a place that once I owned,  
And now I'm leaving thus.

by: a senior and his ego

*[This poem was anonymously submitted to WheatBread]*

## My Punk Manifesto

*By Steve Guo*

Fuck it. Smile to no one. Be nice to crap. Accept your role, to fuck up the social rules. Drink drunk, while singing, "punks are punks." Discard all the sparse moments of passion, delve into the overwhelming sea of apathy. Talk to mimes, about their silent lives. Reconsider who you are.

Forget your identity. Share a cigarette, consider it etiquette. Doubt the innocent. Glorify the art of irresponsibility. Travel. Trifle. Try.

Laugh in the face of love. Quantify sex. Make no sense to the sensitive. Make sense of the senseless. Withhold judgements. Randomize desires. Abandon self-discipline. Discipline the disciplined. Go unemployed.

Point fingers. Talk jives. Beg to differ. Strive to be distinguished.

# The Cooking Bachelor's Recipe For Love [wedges]

By Dave "Hungry for Love" Reed

Now that Valentine's Day is a decent distance behind us, it's time for the Cooking Bachelor's Recipe for Love. I know what you're thinking. I know because you tell me. I'm constantly getting letters from you, my loyal readers.\* "Steve," you say (you always call me Steve. I have no idea why. My name is Dave! It sounds nothing like Steve! Except for that "v" part, anyway). "Steve, what do you know about love? And what is the secret to true happiness?" Those are good questions, both of which I intend to answer.

Love can be a very tricky recipe. We'll go through it step-by-step. Step one, find the right person. Step two, mix 2 cups of flour, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon of baking powder (note: not soda! Unless you like your love a little fizzy) and 1/2 tablespoon salt in a large bowl. Next, uncork the wine (if you bought a bottle that unscrews, just give up now) and stir in 3/4 cup of dried, chopped apricots and 1 tablespoon of grated lemon peel (for bitterness). Add in 1 1/4 cups whipping cream (no comment) and stir until dough forms. Put dough on a lightly floured surface and knead gently. After all, we all knead love, whether we know it or not. Form dough into circle about 1/2 inch thick and cut into twelve wedges.

Make sure some soft music is playing in the background, as music always helps love taste best. In a small bowl, combine 2 tablespoons of sugar and 1 teaspoon of lemon peel. Melt 3 tablespoons (about 1/3 of a stick) of unsalted butter, to remind yourself of how your heart melts when love is around. Brush love wedges with butter and sprinkle sugar mixture on top. Bake love at 425° for 15 minutes or until golden brown.

True happiness comes from finding just the right recipe for love. Be careful, love can hurt. Don't be surprised if you're burned by the first bite, or if you don't get exactly what expect the first time. Love is the kind of recipe that you have to experiment with, make it something of your very own.

Don't forget the candles. No recipe for love is complete without candles. And while you're waiting for it to cool on the rack, may I recommend poetry?



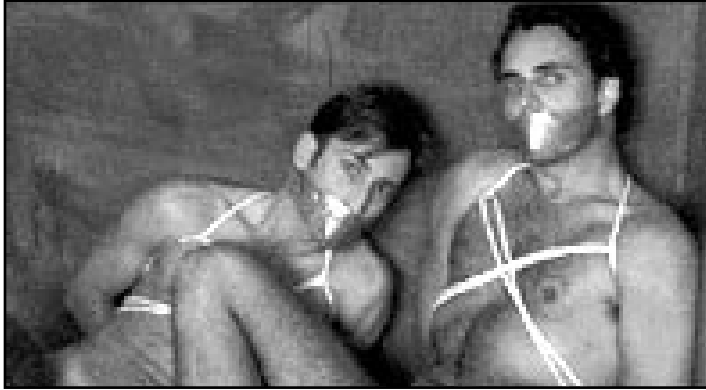
*"My love, you are so delicious,  
Every taste I keep as precious.  
Summer days beneath an ancient tree,  
My love, you are like a pastry."*

Enjoy your love. But don't be greedy with it. Share the love with those around you, before it gets moldy and stale. Remember, love doesn't always keep well. That's all for now. •

**Next time: Chicken pot pie... with real pot!**

*\* This isn't true, but my box number is 1598.  
Drop me a line, damn you.*

# Updates



Your Student Activities Fee in action.

## BDSM society update

Since the formation of the BDSM (Bondage Discipline Domination Submission and Sado-Masochism) society at Clark University was jumpstarted by the massive amount of student interest at the Student Activities Fair first semester, many people have wondered why there have been no dances/bake sales/movie nights, etc. The truth is, all of the members have been tied up since the group's public appearance. Actually, I was asked to write a brief article as to what the group has been doing for and to the Clark University student body.

Although we received a substantial budget from Student Council last year, it seems as if we couldn't trust some of our members to remember our corset sizes and measurements, and so we have had to rent storage facilities to house our collection of vinyl leisure wear for Big and Tall men. We are actually thinking of trying to start a mail order business to make some of the money back, but going through Student Council and all the goddamned paperwork would be too tiresome and unproductive. Besides, the group seems to be making do with the 900 feet of PVC that was so generously donated to us by Clark graduate Forest Lee.

Meetings have been going well, to say the very least, and we collectively hold the title for the student group with the most bruises and whip marks. We have done some fascinating research and found an amazing way to make bruises heal twice as fast and are thinking about talking to local physicians at the UMass Medical Center. Needless to say, a lot of our members are changing majors.

The one event that we had planned, an amazing woman from the 'Mystic Rocks Commune' in Mobile, Alabama who was to speak

## CUP-FA Update

by Jeremy Lesniak

The response to the CUP-FA (Clark University Pro-Freedom Alliance) [*Note: It's a militia—ed.*] has been wonderful! I never dreamed that so many people would want to participate. One thing kinda bothered me, though. A lot of people actually came up to me asking if I was serious! If you need to be asking that question, you also need to be checking for a gas leak in your room. The nerve of some people! Anyway...

Well, this is pretty much an update to let you know what the CUP-FA has been working on since the last (first?) report. We have not drafted an official budget because we do not have an E-board. Well, actually we did have an E-board, but... suffice to say, they transferred. So, if you dream of having a title in front of your name, e.g. Secretary of War Jones, or Sergeant-at-Arms Dorrian, come to the CUP-FA E-board elections and general meeting on March 8, 3 a.m., in Dana Commons. And for a change of pace, *we aren't having a fucking pizza!*

about the joys of bloodletting and read from her recent publication "Bondage and You and Your Neighbor and Your Neighbor's Dog" (Viking Press) unfortunately fell through due to insufficient publicity and the fact that she had an engagement at a more esteemed university where she was to speak about safe dagger play and proper wetstone usage. We were all very upset about not getting to meet her.

So far this semester we have been drinking our worries away for a failed dream. You can find us all at various bars every weeknight this semester wearing our street clothes. You never know—one of us could be your best friend. So think about who you know who has become an overnight alcoholic and pat him or her on the shoulder because we all know what it's like when bureaucracy and the man get you down.

But you know a little depression is all you need to put the life back into an organization that thrives on darkness, misery, and a good bottle of Merlot.

For all members, our weekly beatings will restart the third week of April, if we can find out who stole all the bullwhips from our offices.

Keep it Painful,

*Mistress Karen Mary*

BDSM society ex-president

# more recipes

clip and save!

[*Note:* Considering all of the recent flak surrounding the prevalence of underage drinking on college campuses in Worcester, *WheatBread* magazine presents the following take on the subject. As usual, all opinions are expressed in the form of a punch recipe and are not actually intended to be consumed. – *Ed.*]

served at Steve Guo's birthday party, 74 Florence St, Feb '98

## The Jonestown Punchbowl of Love

Midori  
Bacardi 151  
grain alcohol  
apples, avacados, cantaloupe, cherries  
Stoli cranberry vodka  
Windex (non-streak?)  
Jello mix (any flavor)  
whip cream  
tonic water #2  
cherry flavor Alka-Seltzer  
gummy worms

*Mix to taste and serve with disclaimers.*

Actual recipe left by fratboys behind cabinet at 74 Florence St.

## Frat-Party Chili

### Ingredients:

7 1/2 lbs. whole peeled tomatos  
3 lbs. Jimmy Dean pork sausage  
2 lbs. hamburger  
1 lb. bacon  
2 lbs. white onion  
2 lbs. green pepper  
5 lbs. dark red kidney beans  
1/2 jar yellow pickled chili pepper  
shitload of chili powder  
shitload of garlic  
shitload of salt  
shitload of black pepper  
anything else you can throw in  
oregano, parsley, basil  
3 skunked beers (strong beer)

Cut bacon with scissors, *leave all grease!*  
Cook ground pork and hamburger with spices, then all peppers and onions with spices put in *big* pot with skunked beer remaining spices chili powder + all that shit, *everything*. Simmer down while you open all the fucking cans 'bout 20 minutes. Dump all tomatos cook and cook and cook add kidney beans (after straining). No more than 3 hrs. Before finishing chili melt about 3 lbs. of mild cheddar into it and serve with a lot of bread.



# And now for something completely different...

A WheatBread comparison:

## Y o d a   a n d   B o t t a



- Yoda was a Jedi master for over 900 years.

- Yoda is troll-like, condescending, and green

- Yoda said, "Do or do not, there is no 'try'."

- Yoda lives in the Dagobah swamp

- Muppet

- Yoda had Luke

- Yoda gets upset if you mention the name "Anakin Skywalker."

- Lifted rocks with mind

- Botta was Student Council VP for 11 months

- Botta is troll-like and condescending

- Botta said, "Come on, guys. A leadership conference will build community spirit."

- Botta lives in swampy Worcester

- Puppet

- Botta has Damaris

- Botta gets upset if you mention the name "SuZanne"

- Raised eyebrows with behavior

Red Hot Chili Peppers!!

(without the groupies)

at the

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## The 1998 Student Film Fest

Know of films featuring the talents of Clarkies? Submit them to the **1998 Student Film Fest** (sponsored by CUFS and the Mc<sup>2</sup>). All styles, genres, content, etc. welcome. Entries accepted first-come, first-serve. Submit films in VHS or Beta. Deadline is **April 12**. Submissions and inquiries to Box 96, or email [rmack1@clarku.edu](mailto:rmack1@clarku.edu). The film fest is April 17 & 18. (Films about Finland and walri acceptable.)



# Dr. Null

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

**Dear readers:** I intended to address questions about academic concerns, but have received few, except a highly challenging one from a mathematics faculty member, obviously looking for a new theorem so he can pad his curriculum vitae for his tenure review, and another asking why there are no questions for Dr. Null. As my background and experience is in interdisciplinary overlapping studies and research, I found the following note of broader interest. You will note that although the topic does not appear to be formally academic in the classical sense, it is a cross-cutting interdisciplinary issue.

Dear Dr. Null: Look, my blender is for sale—**ARE YOU GOING TO BUY IT OR NOT???** Email me or even call me—[phone number deleted]. I am desperate to sell this blender, I have two and don't know what to do with this one... Suggestions please.

—Craig [not his real first name]

Dear Craig: I must say I'm quite disappointed to hear that you have not yet dealt with this unpleasant blender situation, and I've remained silent long enough. I was tempted to forward your note to that other "advice" column, but it seems to have vanished, and there is no telling what you would hear from Ms. Sims.

Have you and your blender really tried to work this out? Whatever happened to commitment? A blender is a long-term responsibility, and you can't just throw it over like an old rag when a flashier one comes along. Are you considering marriage, at which time you will receive at least three more blenders? Do you have plans for how to care for them? Think that over the next time you have a little fling at Spag's, buckaroo—those blenders are very appealing when small, but you really do have to consider their best long-term interests, and how you can provide for them.

If you really have tried, and sought counseling, and still need to find a home for the blender, I'm sure everyone would like to know more details. Would such a purchase break up a family of blenders? Are your two blenders not getting along well? Is the unwanted one UL approved? Has anyone been chewing on the cord, or is this a cordless, portable blender? I want one of those. What are the blender's vital statistics (e.g. wattage, clock speed, torque, throughput, input, output, gigabytes and benchmark performance levels). Is it still under warranty? How do we know

this is not stolen property?

While we wait for this information, a few options for you and your blender come to mind:

- Extract chlorophyll from spinach (equal parts ether and acetone work well, and explode nicely).
- Use it as a miniature aquarium. Fish love to exercise.
- Download the small one into the large one, and puree.
- Use the unwanted one as a peripheral SCSI device.
- Drag it to the trash (command-delete with OS 8.1, or throw it out your Windows).
- Debabelize it.
- Anti-alias it.
- Upload it.

And don't forget to wear your safety glasses.

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

Address correspondence to: Dr. Null, Box B-22, c/o WheatBread magazine. Be sure to check out the DR\_NULL folder in Bulletin!



