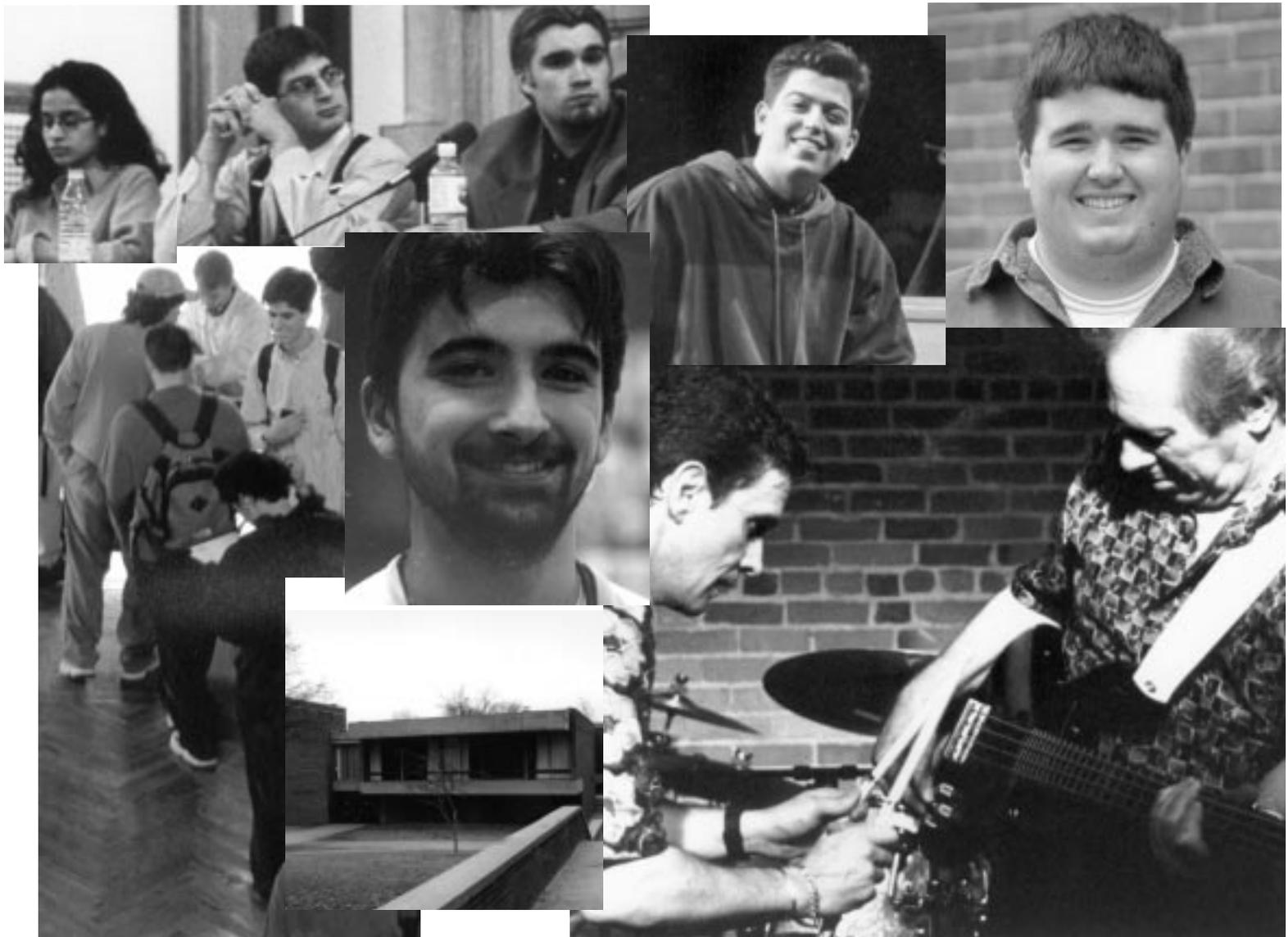




issue  
#14/15

# The Year in Review



The 2nd Annual Wheatie Awards!

“Wag the Spinoza”: A political thriller by Anonymous

and: some other stuff we threw together!

# Wheat Bread magazine

**"Isn't every issue  
a parody?"**

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*Special thanks to The Scarlet, Jessica Grindstaff, Maywood 203, Hughes 350, 74 Florence Street, Randy Mack, and all the drunk theater people for making life so amusing.*

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We in office #7 on the first floor of Dana Commons, and we have a phone... Dial 793-7577 and see if it rings!  
**Email:** wheatbread@clarku.edu  
Don't forget our super-sexy web site!  
**http://www.clarku.edu/~wheatbre**

*Submissions, insults, and glossy covers are always welcome.*

## Parting Remarks (by an editor)

Here it is, yet another uninteresting editorial, written late at night on a deadline, for a school full of students who wouldn't appreciate good misinformation if it disqualified them from public office. At the very least, this'll be the last editorial I need to worry about.

My last issue of WheatBread... I never thought I'd see the day. Good. Not that there weren't moments that I enjoyed—for example, every time I walk out of the tiny office and into the light of day, I feel great. Being out of the office is like having a giant weight removed from my shoulders. It's like being reminded that there's more to life than the undying glare of a Mac monitor. It's like— well, I should stop before this starts to sound a little *bitter*.

Oh, *WheatBread*, what does your future hold? There's Jon, by default as

much as anything, taking over as Editor-in-Chief. At least he's patient, which he'll need to be, considering both the people involved in *WheatBread* and the lack of people involved in *WheatBread*. A more competent pack of procrastinators you will not easily find, I warn you. Jon does have a fighting chance, though—the only person I have met with a better sense for budgetary considerations is Randy Mack, so we should be strong on that front at least.

So what's left to say? *Unforgettable Fire's* coming through from ROC-U. This was my favorite album five years ago. Is it still? I don't know. It was all very sketchy, but I loved every minute of it. And I mean *that* with the utmost sincerity.

Thanks for reading,

-Zack

## BRIGHT-EYED AND BUSHY-TAILED

Here it is, my first editorial as editor of *WheatBread*. Written late at night with the deadline fast approaching, this is what dreams are made of. I only hope that whatever I write here is up to par with the expectations of all those hungry Clark minds who are urgently awaiting our last issue of the year.

My very first issue of *WheatBread*. Oh boy, oh boy! I still get those old butterflies in my stomach every time I walk into that quaint office, with only the faint glow of a Macintosh monitor to light my way. Not that there won't be low points, I'm sure there will be. Zack and Emily won't be here anymore to argue with each other; and teach me the ins and outs of true journalism. But don't worry, even if this is Zack's final issue, I'm ready to take the reins. I'm ready to— well, I should stop before I lose myself in my excitement.

It hurts me so, to utter those three fatal

words: Zack's final issue. What could I possibly say about such a leader. He's been like a father to me. Zack Ordynans is a good man, a smart man, and I'll fight anyone who says differently!

What else is there for me to say? *Eternal Flame* is playing over in ROC-U, and I'm ready to take the torch and carry *WheatBread* on into the next year. This is all so wonderful! God Bless you fellow students. God Bless you, Zack. And I mean that with the *utmost* sincerity.

Thanks for reading,

-Jon



# WheatBread #15

## Naval of Commens

**C**over A sort of year in pictures, “if you will.” All photos by Jessica Grindstaff, except the Dana Commons photo, which we found lying around the office [note: actually by Randy Mack].

**2** Editorials By outgoing editor Zack Ordynans and slightly more introverted editor Jon Messinger. As always, a self-referential parody of a joke that may or may not have ever been funny.

### The Year in Review:

**4** 1998: A Year by Zack Ordynans, Emily Sachs, and Jon Messinger. The 10 biggest

stories of the year. A reflection of who we are and the year that was, without any of the “objective journalism” you might expect. Fat free and full of soundbites. Enjoy!

**8** The Second Annual Wheaties. A new tradition for the new millennium. Eleven awards, eleven reasons to cheer at the top of your lungs.

**11** The Walls Speak in Goddard. by Jessica Grimsby.

**12** “Wag the Spin-za,” By Anonymous, as told to Dave Reed. The entirely fictional sequel to “Secondary Colors.”

A modern fable of power.

**19** The Last CUP-FA Update by Jeremy Lesniak.. Don’t forget to cast your vote.

**18** Weird Like Me was written by Nicole Imbraccio, herself one of the “freaks” that this campus seems to be full of. Not that that’s a bad thing, yo.

**20** Your Level Number is 6 by David Reed and Rachel Rosenblum. From the team that brought you Douglas Adams and The Circle. Full of literary references, or more accurately, references to lit. figures.

**21** Why States Should Not Exist by The Very Same Team. Self-explanatory. States Suck. Goth? No one really gets it. Fortunately for us, we have the same team working for us again.

**22** Pagan Letter. CUPA’s open letter to the Clark Community Why Clark is like a Communist Country. By Edward Bradley.

**23** A cartoon by Tom Gibson.

**24** Jell-O vs. Steve-O. From the creators of the smash hit Jell-O/Steve O. Comparison, it’s the Jell-O Steve-O comparison.

# WheatBread presents

## 1998: A Year

1998 was a year to remember, but perhaps most memorably, it was also a year to forget. The ever-helpful *WheatBread* editors would like to remind you of the year that was, with the hope that we can all learn something from our flawed history. Without further introduction, these are, in our estimation at least, the year's ten biggest stories.



Jessica Grindstaff

The debate for the Presidential special election, October 1997. (L-R) Damaris Gomez, Josh Duksin, and Rob Clark.

### Excessive Spending

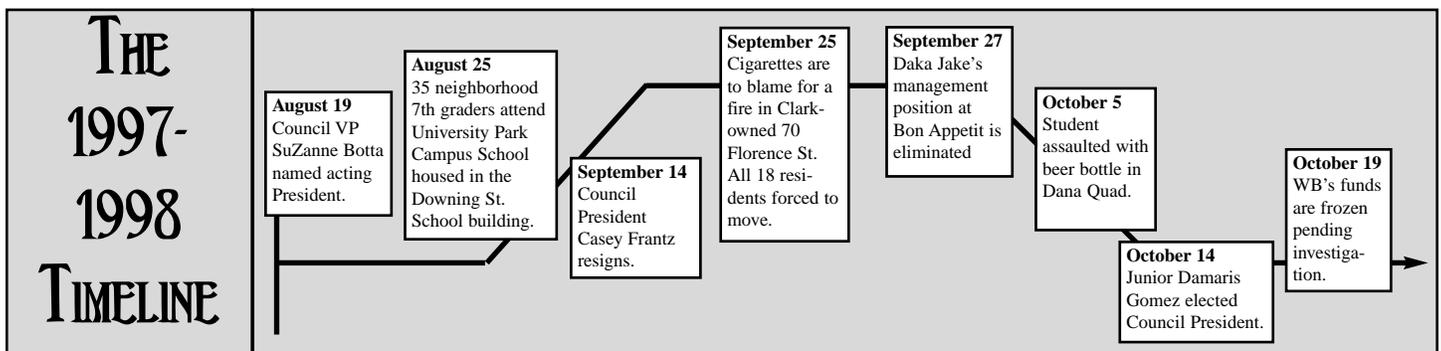
Ironically enough for a year that began with Linda Connors rallying to punish groups that overspent last year, Connors' advisees in Student Council may have been this year's guiltiest overspending offenders. Council spent over \$20,000 from the already-depleted Cumulative Surplus account this year. The Cumulative Surplus fund, which is an ongoing account that covers overspending by student organizations, has not traditionally been used by Student Council as a source for allocations. This year, \$11,000 from this fund has been spent on lighting and sound equipment for Grind Central, and \$10,000 was given to the Clark Bars to record a CD (incidentally, the Counterpoints was also given \$1300 to record a similar-quality CD using University recording facilities).

### Botta's resignation

On April 5, SuZanne Botta resigned from her position as Student Council Vice President after it had become apparent that she had spent Student Council money without ever receiving the approval of— or even informing— any of the general members of Council.

Botta spent \$2200 from the Special Projects account to bring speaker Marlon Smith to Clark on March 29 to speak about *leadership*. President Damaris Gomez and Treasurer Bob Sweet were also the subject of impeachment proceedings, but Gomez was acquitted after the Judiciary Committee found that she had no knowledge of the expense, and Sweet was placed on probation for signing the purchase order.

As a side note, Assistant Dean of Students Linda Brown Connors also signed the purchase order, was involved in the planning of the event, and used the University Center Activities Board fund to repay the \$2200 of unauthorized spending. In a quote in the April 9 *Scarlet* article reporting the incident, Botta defended her actions by stating that, "My understanding, and this is where my ignorance came in, was that the Special Projects fund was a UC account for other expenditures which was Linda's discre-



tionary account.” What could have lead Botta to think that the (Student Council) Special Projects account was used at Linda’s discretion is still a mystery.

## StudCo Turmoil and Turnover

In what is surely a Clark University record, the 1997-98 academic year saw 5 different Student Council Presidents (Frantz, Botta, Gomez, Nadeau, Gomez again, and Ostendorff), and 6 changes in Treasurer (Moran, Gomez, Coulombe, Sweet, Nadeau, Ostendorff, and Sweet again). There were 3 impeachments and at least 11 resignations (including Judiciary members and liaisons). Bob Sweet was elected twice, and impeached before his second term began. Current Vice President Bethany Nadeau was the mark of consistency, not only serving out her full term as Secretary, but at one point serving as the entire acting E-board. According to Secretary Debi Skinner, Council also missed quorum at least 8 times.

Oh, how we all long for the consistency of the Condon administration...

## The continuing saga of Josh Duksin

Joshua P.J. Duksin has certainly avoided the sophomore slump, at least in the field of name recognition. When Duksin was interviewed in the December issue of *WheatBread*, the primary topic was his unsuccessful campaign for President in October (which followed his unsuccessful campaign for Treasurer in Spring of '97). Despite promises to run again, and rumors that he would be running for President in March '98, Duksin instead resurfaced as the host of CCN's (that's the Clark Cable Network, for those of you who forgot) most consistent (if not only) show since Marla Brodsky in '95. Duksin, who in the past has been charged with being homophobic, has used his television show as an opportunity to remain controversial. With a battle cry of "I'm not gay," Duksin has offended a number of students by showing spankings, trying on bras, having guests talk about drugs, and making comments that some (usually his prank callers) have interpreted as sexist. But it seems like Duksin's real crime is basically his money-flaunting, attention-grabbing, pyramid-scheming personality. Just what Clark needs— a cross between Ben Stein and Jerry Springer. At least there's something on TV again.

## Frantz resigns

If only we knew then what we know now, things would have



Marina Zaydes

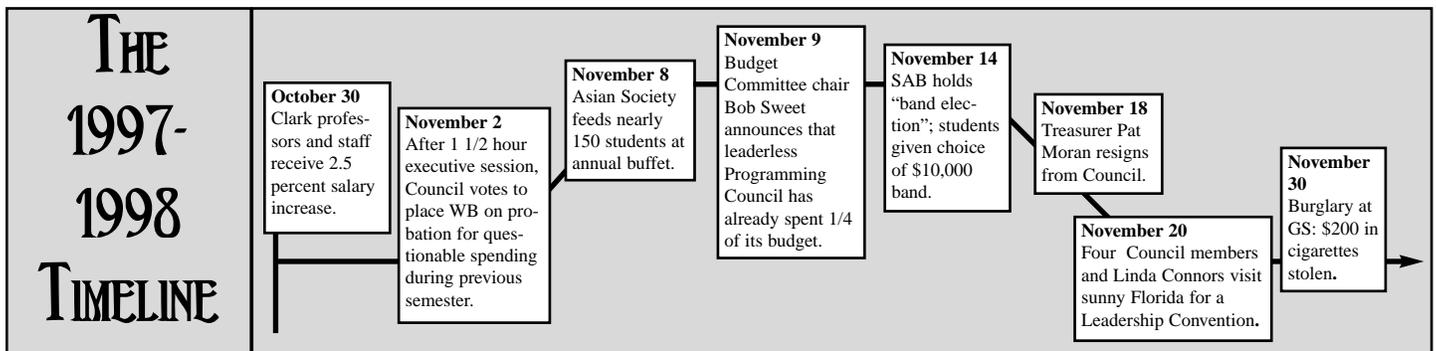
*Geography of a Horse Dreamer in Atwood. (L-R): Mark Vanderzee, Michael LeBaron, and Mason Sand.*

been a lot different. On August 19, just four weeks into his tenure as Student Council president (and only a week into the Fall semester), Casey Frantz told VP SuZanne Botta of his intentions to “step down” from the position. On Sept. 14 Frantz officially resigned during a closed Executive session. Despite campus-wide speculation of academic problems, Frantz refused comment and soon after withdrew from the university. Botta took over as acting President until Damaris Gomez was elected to the position.

## Las problemas en Estabrook

The last year has not been the kindest one to the Department of Foreign Languages. In the fall, French professor Martine Voiret was denied tenure by President Traina after she was recommended tenure by the Committee on Personnel. Prof. Dorothy Kauffman told *The Scarlet* that this was the first time in the history of the University that such a decision has been overturned. Voiret has been working on reversing the decision, but has not overlooked considering positions at other schools.

Earlier this semester the German major, which has had only a handful of students in the department over the last few years, was eliminated. The two students who have already declared their German major will be allowed to complete the major. In addition, students will still have the option of self-designing a German major. The two professors, who are nearing retirement, will continue to teach introductory classes.



**WheatBread's Tale of Woe:** Yes, we have beat this one to death, but it's our magazine; so you could hardly expect us to be so humble as to not include our story on our list. The short version of the story goes something like this: A former member of this editorial board did something bad with our funds which the current members of the editorial board was ignorant of until we were questioned about it. Student Council voted for an emergency freezing of our funds, without any knowledge of the situation at all, except that their executive board told them it was a good idea; and they did all this before discussing the situation with us. We were put on probation, an investigation ensued, no current members of *WheatBread* could be shown to have any knowledge of what went on, a new charter was written up, and lo and behold: our funds were thawed no sooner than the end of the semester.

That's not all. There was confusion over who filed the official complaint against *WheatBread*. First, Linda Connors claimed to have filed it, but later it was shown that she didn't at all, rather it was Dean of Students Denise Darrigrand. Darrigrand, however, claims she may have written a letter, but didn't consider it a formal complaint. And the icing on the cake: Bylaw 113 of the Student Council Constitution states that all student organizations must be notified and allowed to discuss their situation before any punitive actions may be taken against them. We were not allowed to present our case neither in the executive session before votes were taken, (though Linda Connors, the supposed complainant, presented her case) nor before the "emergency freeze."

Was that the short version?

**MassPIRG and the Budget War of '98:** This year's budget process was characterized by flatlined budgets and a budget committee whose hands were tied in budget hearings. However, at the center of it all was Clark's student branch of MassPIRG. As Council elections approached, MassPIRG became quickly visible in the halls of the University Center, petitioning students to put them on the ballot for: you guessed it, a budget increase. MassPIRG claimed that the four dollar per student stipend that they have been receiving since the '70s would not be enough to keep them on campus, and was therefore recommending an increase to seven dollars per student. The petition worked. They got on the ballot and won. However, the decision was later overturned by Judiciary Committee, after they decided that it was unconstitutional.

The final outcome which, strangely, no one seems to be talking about: MassPIRG will be receiving the same amount of money as before, only now they must go through student council anytime they want to spend money (i.e. fill out purchase orders like the rest of us).

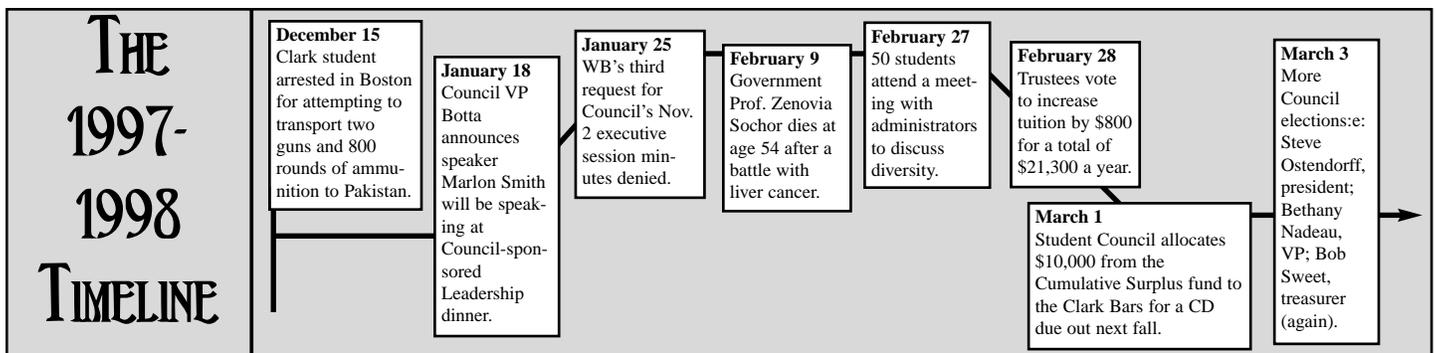


Jessica Grindstaff

*John Linnell of They Might Be Giants, who played in the Kneller this April.*

The upside of this result is that many people were confused as to where MassPIRG was spending all of their money, since most of their events are volunteer projects. Now MassPIRG's expenditures will be well documented. However, one question still goes unanswered: How is it that MassPIRG, who claimed they couldn't stay on campus without a larger budget, is now staying with the same budget as last year?

**The Restructuring of Dana Commons:** Dana Commons' usage over the past few years has been limited to random student organizations' office space, random theater rehearsal and performance space, and a place for dorm residents to wait out the occasional random bomb threat. That's all going to change relatively soon, thanks to a random surge of student interest in the building. There are a few proposals on the floor right now, and with any luck, some proposed changes will be completed by next fall. All the proposals are in agreement upon one thing, the second floor will be used as a new Student Center, complete with a room for pool and foosball tables, a separate lounge with large couches and a big-screen television, and another room which will most likely house ROC-U. The third room on the second floor is still up for debate, but it looks like it will be either made into a performance area, or a meeting room. The extra bonus of the Student Center: food. The mysterious Dana kitchen will finally be utilized, and students will assuredly be served more than just cake and coffee. The first floor's fate is still up in the air. One student group is proposing it be turned into a long-awaited multicultural center, another student group is proposing it be turned into a long-awaited multimedia center, and yet a third student group is proposing a not-so-long-awaited, but



perhaps necessary compromise between the two. Stay tuned.

What is most important about this issue, though, is not what will happen, but that the students are refuting the “Clark students are apathetic” stereotype. All proposals for the first floor have come directly from students, who have met several times, on their own, to discuss the restructuring of the building. The action of the students has supervised that of the administration’s, which means that the students are currently influencing major decisions concerning the university, and it can only be hoped that it will open the administration’s eyes to the fact that the students are able to brainstorm and create solutions for Clark.

### Big Events = Big Fun

Big events have been a-plenty this April. SAB, PEC and SPOC have all worked overtime provide some of the biggest, last-minute events this campus has seen. After holding elections to choose a national touring act to come to Clark, SAB brought They Might Be Giants to the Kneller early in the month to the delight of about 350 fans—way below the expected turnout. Word has it that Third Eye Blind actually received the most votes by students, but booking complications kept them from coming. PEC showcased De La Soul in Atwood in mid-April. The show was almost sold-out, despite the \$5 ticket-price. SPOC closed out April with author Douglas Adams, the saga of which was chronicled in WB #13. What does this mean for next year? Hopefully more of the same. SPOC is already talking about getting famed author Kurt Vonnegut to speak on campus. •



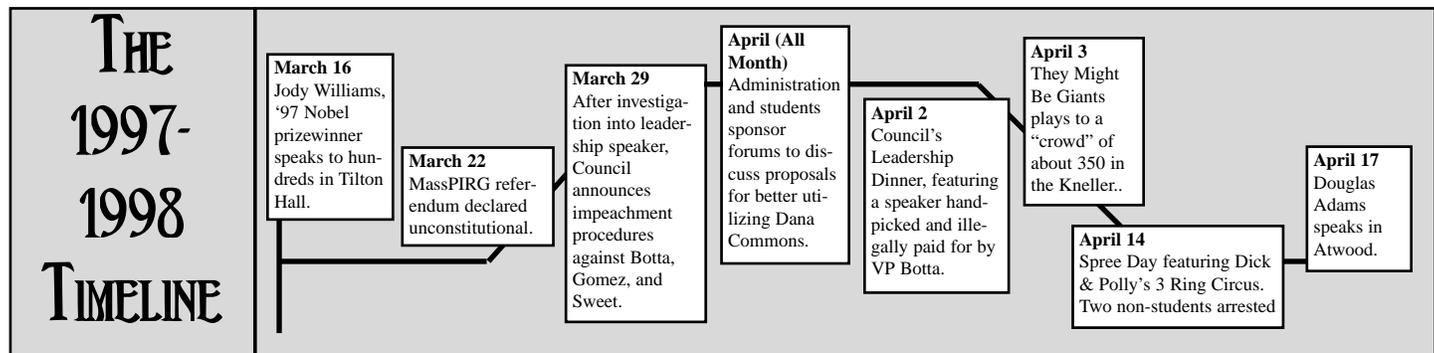
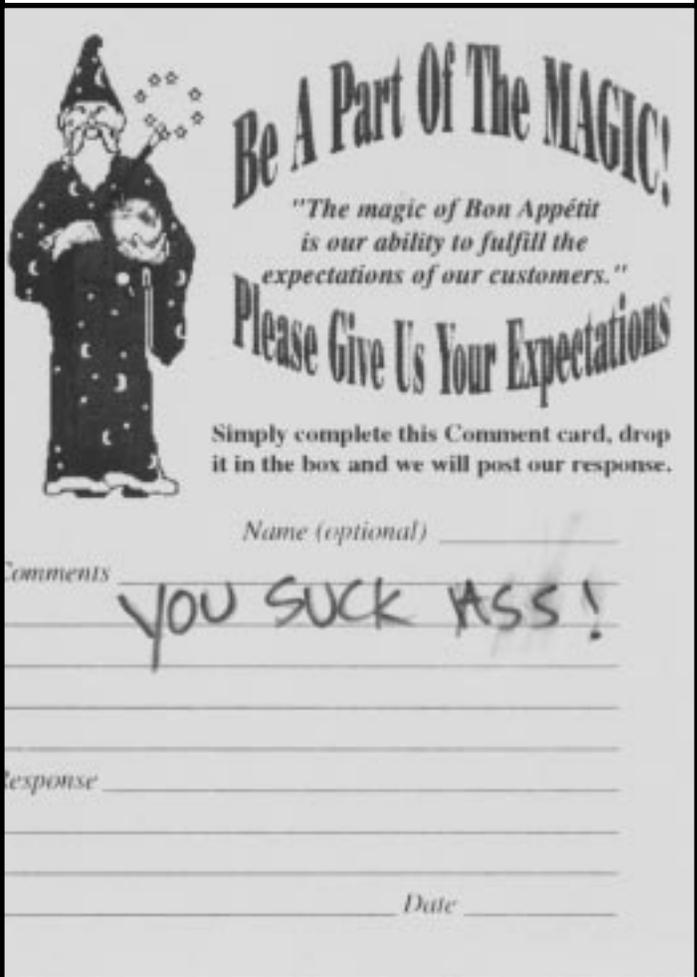
Jessica Grindstaff

Gryphon and Pleiades' *The Spice Boys*: Just when you thought this year couldn't get any weirder.

A random student presents

# Bon Appetit's Year in Review

(actual comment card found in the U.C.)



# Wheat Bread presents: The 1998 Wheaties

*By The WheatBread Editorial Staff*

Welcome to the second annual Wheaties. The nominees have been picked for either their noble, or more likely ignoble acts. Once again, we were supposed to nominate, and you were supposed to decide. And once again, we did this too late. So here are the nominees and our picks for the winners. Congratulations to all, whether you were flattered or not.

## Most improved Organization

CCN (The Josh Duksin show)  
SPOC (Douglas Adams, First Light, The Circle)  
Asian Society (Asian Buffet, co-sponsoring)

### **And the Winner is:**

Managing to find bands that were both out of the mainstream and extremely entertaining, **PEC** struck a balance which they sorely lacked last year. Such "bigger" shows such as Monster Truck Rally III, De La Soul and The Ventures, were complemented nicely by lesser known bands such as The Delta 72 and Gideon Freudmann. For all their hard work and success, PEC gets the Wheatie for Most Improved Organization.

## Least Improved Organization

CUPS (Geography of a Horse Dreamer, W.A.S.P.)  
ROCU (hours of dead air, and a transmitter that may or may not be working)  
SAB (They Might Be Giants, karaoke night, Singled Out)

### **And the Winner is:**

Okay, so, they're not exactly an "organization." We know. What are you going to do, freeze our funds? The fact is that it just wasn't fair to give it to an organization that, no matter how badly they screwed up, could not even compare in mishaps to our very own **Student Council**. The fact that six out of our top ten stories of 1998 deal with the troubles of Student Council is enough to earn them this Wheatie. Fortunately, it also warrants the stories not being retold here. The key words to Student Council's year are: misappropriation, misrepresentation, and resignation. We'll see if Steve-O can pull the StudCo reputation out of the gutter next year, and actually do what Student Council is meant



Jessica Grindstaff

*Most Improved Organization PEC brought a variety of good bands to Clark this year, including Skeleton Key; pictured here.*

to do: represent the student interest.

## The Golden Sophistry Award

Denise Darrigrand (Dean of Students a misnomer)  
Jared Bienenfield (much-touted musical never happened)  
StudCo Quorum (a consistent concern at every meeting)

### **And the Winner is:**

One of the more enigmatic Wheaties, The Golden Sophistry Award, loosely interpreted, goes to the person who made the biggest public fool of themselves. Our congratulations goes to this year's winner, **Rob Clark**. Rob first dazzled us when he ran for president of Student Council. His flyers portrayed him as a "ladies man" with big-breasted women to either side. His immediate apology flyer was anything but apologetic, as he seemed to say that it was the student body's fault for not getting the joke. Later this year, Clark also became a call-in regular on the Josh Duksin show, dumfounding the entire community with his constant suggestions of "hot girls to add to the list." On Spree Day, Clark struck again, with a poorly written and inappropriate edito-

rial about Traina in the Spree Day program. Congratulations, Mr. Clark, for winning this prestigious award as a first-year student.

### **(Hu)man of the year**

Adam Ditsky (PEC, Spree Day)  
Dave Reed (SPOC, Douglas Adams, ROCU/CURT, The Circle)  
SuZanne Botta (Student Council Vice President, Crew team)

#### **And the Winner is:**

This award is similar to that of Time Magazine's annual award, going to the person who contributed most to the campus' life and conversation, for good or for bad. This year's award is proudly presented to **Joshua P.J. Duksin**. Josh, one of the most visible characters on the Clark campus, (mainly because he wants you to see him) began this year with a rocky start. His failed presidential campaign was riddled with problems from the beginning; in fact, in almost didn't have a beginning. Josh was alleged to have begun campaigning before the date allowed, and then began combatting this rule by showing up around campus exclaiming, "They say I can't campaign for president yet!" He later lost. Big. Turning away from politics, Josh focused on his theater career, appearing in both V&PA productions this year, as well as in CUPS' W.A.S.P. and that thing in the barn. However, Josh's presence never hurt so much as it did when he got his very own television show. "The Josh Duksin Show" has stirred up controversy for over a month now, but as the phones ringing off the hook indicate, people can't get enough of our (Hu)Man of the Year; for better

or for worse.

### **Biggest Disappointment**

StudCo (you know why)  
Programming Council (Unapproachable for an entire semester, largest program a dating survey)

#### **And the Winner is:**

The most self-explanatory Wheatie, this year's Biggest Disappointment Award goes to the **They Might Be Giants** show in the Kneller. After a string of uncreative events and modest co-sponsorship, it seemed as though SAB had finally gotten its act together when it put up the They Might Be Giants show in the Kneller. Arguably the biggest band to come to Clark in recent memory, the show was not as successful as many had hoped. With a ticket price of \$10 ahead of time with a Clark ID, and \$15 at the show with a Clark ID perhaps accounted for the fact that WPI students and local Worcester citizens almost outnumbered Clark students. The actual performance was also a disappointment. Between songs, They Might Be Giants were constantly asking staff members to turn off the lights which were on in the back of the gym. No one did.

### **Best Surprise**

The Weather on Spree Day (sunny, for once)  
Hillel (ubiquitous events, Seinfeld-athon, dinners, *Chasing Amy*)  
Frieze (renewal of Abrams Gallery, speaker, field trips)

#### **And the Winner is:**

Yet another self-explanatory Wheatie, the 1998 Best Surprise award goes to **R.F.Sinc**. In its first year on campus R.F.Sinc has been one of the most visible and active student organizations. Producing only student written work, R.F.Sinc does everything without a dime from the university. This year they have put up a carnival, two full-length student-written plays, a new student art gallery in the Grind, and a poetry slam on the Wetzel Terrace. Their comedy improv troupe, The Peapod Squad, has performed more than once a month and successfully collected food to feed the hungry. Their industrious methods and consistent presence on campus has proven them to be one of the most creative organizations around.

### **Rookie of the Year**

Jared Bienenfeld (theater, sort of)  
University Park Campus School (A complete success)  
Jeremy Lesniak (StudCo, WheatBread, losing to abstain)

#### **And the Winner is:**

Our "Freshman to watch out for" award, this Wheatie goes to the freshman whose presence was not only felt this year, but who also shows promise to impact the campus during their tenure here. This year's winner is the man who brought you the non-stop promotion of PEC events, **Noah**



*(Hu)Man of the Year Duksin(L) and Golden Sophist Clark(R) share a moment in the sun.*



Jessica Grindstaff

*Members of R.F. Sinc's The Peapod Squad*

**Schaffer.** Noah's work for PEC was instrumental in bringing more than the standard thirty students down to Grind Central for PEC shows. As a freshman, Noah has established himself as one of the better writers for the Scarlet. Keep your eye out for this guy, he's probably behind you right now; waiting to hand you a flyer about PEC's next event.

**Best Practical Joke**

*WheatBread's* theft of the Student Council gavel (very hush hush)

**And the Winner is:**

With the noticeable lack of practical jokes on campus, this Wheatie nearly died out this year. However, it was strangely rescued by the lone joke of 1998: **The Campus-Wide Estate Sale.** You might remember, one day there were flyers announcing an estate sale, and the next day there were price tags on random fences, posts, and buildings. We all have our theories about the point of this joke, but for our fear of looking stupid, they won't be printed here. So congratulations, we guess...to whoever pulled it off...whatever it was.

**Biggest Scandal**

*WheatBread's* frozen funds (yeah, yeah, yeah)  
 Clark Bars \$10,000 CD ( Counterpoints were given \$1300\* to do the same thing)  
 Professor Voiret (tenure decision held under scrutiny)

**And the Winner is:**

Giving credit where credit is due, this award kindly recognizes those scandals which reminded us all how shady some folks at Clark can be. This year's winner won by a nose in the last leg of the semester. Of course, we are talking about none other than **SuZanne Botta.** You may remember seeing a speaker for the recent leadership conference named Marlon Smith? Well, our former VP took \$2200 from the Special Projects Fund in order to pay for him to speak. You catch the irony which makes this the biggest scandal? Our student leader, Sue Botta, misappropriated funds so that someone could come to speak about student leadership. Actually, you know what, maybe she's not so bad. Maybe, she was just demonstrating how *not* to be a student leader. Too bad she didn't think of that defense before she resigned.

**Best Sign of Hope**

Student concern about space allocation (Growing evidence that students are active on campus.)  
 The burgeoning art and theater scene (Two student art galleries up, somewhere around ten plays in this semester alone)  
 Downing Street School (Perhaps the most successful project Clark has undertaken in the community)  
 Botta's done with Student Council (No more crappy pep talks, no more bad jokes at her expense... maybe)

**And the Winner is:**

This is the Wheatie given to those people, occurrences, or overall trends which demonstrated that there are good things happening at Clark, and most importantly, that good things will keep happening. It doesn't quite seem to be right to pick one of these events as the best sign of hope. However, most of them could probably be boiled down to one concept: **student involvement.** This year there was a definite surge in student interest in issues, as well as events, as evinced by the students' commandeering of the Dana Commons issue. Although the general trend of the administration seems to be anti-humanities, the students have turned to do-it-yourself measures, as evinced by the success of Frieze and the number of plays put up this semester. However, although the administration should be commended for the successful University Park Campus School, it is faculty and student participation that have been key in its first year.



**Traina quote of the year:**

When recently discussing the apparent decline in the administration's interest in the humanities, Traina said:  
**"The humanities have always had to struggle."**

# The Walls Speak in Goddard...

## *Goddard Library: Five floors of raw cement and some books*

By Jessica L. Grimsby '98

I decided to venture on in so that I could seriously crack down and get some work done. The second floor was too busy-busy with photocopying people and I knew that the third floor would be hounded with those VAX freaks so I pushed open the obnoxious red doors that sometimes don't move and trekked up those stairs all the way to the fourth floor. As I sat down in one of those desks overlooking Bullock Hall, it felt to me as through I was the first one to be sitting there since 1972. The chair's cushions were bright orange (1970s Orange) and its dark wood seemed to be screaming out to me to be burned. But I ignored the era and opened up my backpack. Then I looked up. It was apparent to me that indeed many students here at Clark sat there and have released their thoughts to **GODDARD** as if those little study cubicles were "Clark Confessionals." In fact, the wall directly in front of me was *covered* with a myriad of words (and fungus-covered gum) scraped into its wooden surface.

**Van Halen rules.** I laughed. **SPK kills goldfish.** I wondered what exactly SPK was and continued on reading.

**Help me! Or you'll regret it when I kill myself.** That one made me laugh too, but I don't think that was the author's intention. Then I came upon some more optimistic quotes, such as:

**I NEED A MAN  
I HATE CLARK  
CLARK SUCKS  
I DON'T THINK ANYONE LIKES  
EACH OTHER HERE.**

Sad, but sometimes it cannot be denied that these words capture the true Clark spirit...or maybe that is only within the confines of Goddard?

*Nope.* I don't think anybody really does like each other here. But hey, at least we don't have a football team.

**Eat jelly beans, hearts, livers, and spleens  
Cool Whip is better than real whipped cream.**

I can dig that. I have always opted for the cool whip. Livers and spleens, though? What does it mean? I hope there isn't a cult forming here at Clark. White sand and candles. Whatever.

**Tired of the struggle  
weary of the pain  
lying in the gutter  
waiting for the rain.**

Whoever the poet is, I feel your pain, man. I suppose Goddard seems to bring out the artist in some people. I can appreciate that—at least its good for *something*.

I glanced to my right and came upon some more philosophical graffiti. A person started with one line: **Physics is god.** Someone added, **there is no God** and another added: **There is no physics.** Deep, very deep. I knew a college education at Clark could be used for something. So, for those of you "dig" physics like me and are debating whether or not "the big guy in the sky" truly exists, just remember...There is no physics!

**Lou Reed has a Ph.D. In chemistry.**

Very interesting, but is it true? I have a feeling it is. So all the more power to you Lou!

**Got milk?**

Unoriginal, but at least whoever thought of this at least had the common courtesy to write on the wall.

**If we didn't laugh, we'd all go insane. "Let's get drunk and screw" -Jimmy Buffet.**



I have one thing to ask to the Jimmy Buffet fan: Why?

**Does the wind remember the names it has blown in the past?**

Oh, yet another philosopher. Wait, what was that response scribbled in blue ink there?

**I remember all the girls that #!@\$%\* me in the past**

Outright vulgar. But hey, free speech in Goddard. Power to the people. Right on.

**For a good time, meet me in the bathroom at 11:50 pm.**

It's too bad. I bet that person would have a lot more takers if that freaking buzzer didn't ring at 11:30. By the way, who is that Buzzer B—h?

**Bush is evil. To emulate him is to carry forth his ideals: subjugation of women, minorities, and anyone who makes less than \$75,000 a year.**

Okay there. Now we know you don't approve of Bush. Hows about you grab a poster and start picketing outside of Hughes Hall or something. That way you can make that difference.

**Does anyone know where to get some weed?**

**Yes.**

**Drugs 4:20**

No comment. Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds. Hey Mr. Tambourine Man. Goo Ga Joob.

**End social alienation now.**

Now, *there* are some words worth noting. But I feel bad for the loner who wrote it.

**End graffiti now.**

Yeah, let's.

**Shut it.** Okay, I will. •

# *Wag the Spinoza*



## *The Rise and Fall of SuZy-Q. Yoda*

A Short Political Novel by Anonymous (as told to David Reed)

*NOTE: ANY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THIS STORY AND REAL EVENTS OR PEOPLE IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.*

### **Chapter 1: A Vacuum Forms**

A cat wags its tail, because the tail does what the cat tells it to do. If the cat followed the tail, the tail would wag the Spinoza.

At the onset of the 1997-1998 academic year, rumors circulated Clark University's campus that Spinoza the Cat had been spotted wandering around the residence halls. No further substantial evidence was brought forward at that time to confirm those rumors. At the same time, the student body was hit with surprising news. Student Council President Hairmaster France was resigning from office. France made no explanation for his

departure, despite constant questioning from *The Harlot*. Suddenly, a vacuum had appeared in the power structure of Student Council and no one was exactly sure how to fill it. With the absence of the president, the vice-president must take up the role of president, thus sitting Vice-President SuZy-Q. Yoda assumed the Presidency.

It was an uncommon event for a president to resign, and a handful of Clark students showed concern. The majority of students, however, had long ago lost faith in Student Council and paid very little attention to what was happening. France said very little

on the matter and what he did say was largely ignored. Most students naturally assumed that Clark would go on as it had been going on.

In the office of *The Harlot*, discussions of the recent events took precedence over all other business. As confusion was the only other order of business, the theme for the upcoming issue was set.

"Does anyone have any idea what is going to happen?" Editor-in-Chief Sammy Bugger asked. The staff looked blankly at each other. They weren't sure if anything like this had ever happened before.

One staff member mumbled, "I've

heard P. J. Jingles wants to run if there's an election."

Sammy snorted. "There can't be an election," he said with authority that no one questioned, though everyone wanted to. "Not for president, anyway. Yoda has to assume the presidency, once Hairmaster officially resigns." At that point, the conversation steered toward speculation about the kind of president Yoda would be.

Just a few nights later, on September 14, Student Council went into Executive Session, closed to the public, and Hairmaster France handed in his resignation. As soon as France was formally no longer part of Council, Yoda looked at Secretary Beth Nafta and Treasurer Randall O'Moran, her eyes burning with frustration. "I will not be president," she said. "I don't want to be, so I will not be."

Nafta spoke up, "But according to the constitution, you have to become president. It's very clear. And if you don't accept, then it falls to me."

"No, I don't think it's very clear at all. And you aren't going to be president, either," Yoda added. "I think the bylaws are very unclear, and I think Judiciary will decide the same thing. And a special election will be held." And that's just what happened.

Meanwhile, somewhere in Maywood Hall, the editor of *FeetCrud*, and the current Junior Class Representative, was looking through a pile of photographs from last year's Spring elections and he found something he shouldn't have. He was certain he was mistaken, but he had to get to the Council office to find out. What he found brought him no further to the truth, but it did give him more of a reason to find the truth.

The next day, Yoda was the first to go into the Council office and saw the filing cabinet drawer accidentally left open. She knew too well what was in the drawer of the filing cabinet, and so she went immediately to check on who had taken the office key out last. That information in hand, she began setting her future plans into action.

Not long after, Junior Class Rep. Alex Rockford was impeached by Council for too many absences. And P.

J. Jingles prepared to run for Student Council President.

## Chapter 2: A New Leader?

The room seemed hazy, almost smoky. It wasn't smoky. No one in it was smoking, but it *felt* smoky, like the smoke-filled rooms in those pathetically inaccurate "political conspiracy" movies. Lefty Sidekick had just walked in. The meeting was ready. Once again, Lynn Hashbrownie thanked her lucky stars that the lunatic that had designed the University Center had had no concept of spatial relations, which had resulted in dozens of rooms where they could meet unseen and uninterrupted. Hashbrownie had already spoken to Yoda and knew what was coming, but having Sidekick there was a surprise, and not a pleasant one.

"I asked Lefty to come," Yoda said. "Eventually, we'll need her help."

"You're pretty confident," Hashbrownie observed.

"Who else is there?" Yoda asked.

"What about Jingles?"

"We can take him out of the campaign altogether."

"No, we can't," Hashbrownie corrected. "We actually looked at the bylaws. He didn't do anything wrong."

"But as far as he knew, he was doing something wrong!"

"We can't ban him from running because of that."

"We can if we want to!" Yoda was on her feet, now. A chair would be flying in a moment. "I will not sit around and let that over-grown spoiled brat become president! I can't work with him! I need someone I can trust. That's why we need Lefty to win."

"And I think I can beat him," Sidekick shot back.

But Yoda's blood was boiling. "Remember last time? You lost to Hairmaster France!"

Sidekick sat down. She knew how Yoda could get when she was worked up. It was all so important to her.

"Calm down, Yoda," Hashbrownie said, trying to coax the Vice-President into a more stable state of mind. "We'll take care of Jingles. He'll never make it past the debates. And we can

arrange to have some people there to question him about homosexuality. You know how he reacts to that."

"Yeah, that might work," Yoda said, finally calming down.

"Good. Now, what was it you needed to talk to me about?"

"These," Yoda said, handing over several photographs and sheets of paper. Sidekick couldn't see what was written on them. Lynn read them and frowned. Yoda smiled. She knew she'd hooked Lynn. Hashbrownie passed the papers to Sidekick, whose eyes suddenly went wide. "I believe that *FeetCrud* may have access to this information."

"I can't believe this," Lefty was muttering, again and again.

"We can't let this get out," Hashbrownie said. "This would discredit all of Council. Yoda, is this true?" Yoda nodded. "We have to keep this from you certain *FeetCrud* has this information?"

"I can't be sure," Yoda admitted, "but I don't want to take the chance."

"Student Council is in a very precarious spot," Hashbrownie commented, not speaking to anyone, just thinking aloud. "They need a strong leader. Hairmaster failed completely. You can turn this boat around, Yoda. I know you can."

"I have to be Vice-President," Yoda said. "It's the only way to finish what I've started. But with Lefty, yes, I can fix Council."

"Then we have to make sure that this information doesn't get out."

"How are we going to do that?" Sidekick asked, blinking. It suddenly occurred to her that she was now in way over her head.

"I think I know," Lynn Hashbrownie said, then got up without another word and left the room.

"What exactly is going on, Yoda?" Lefty asked once the door was shut.

"Council needs a leader. You and I, we can be that. This is what we've been working towards since last year."

"No, I mean this," Sidekick said, waving the papers and photographs. "What is going on? Why didn't I know any of this before now?"

"That isn't important right now," Yoda



Jessica Grindstaff

### *Stefan Ostentatious, incognito*

replied. "It was just a minor oversight that I'd hoped to avoid dealing with. And we still might. Now, let's get to work on what you're going to say at the debate." Yoda pulled a handful of index cards from her pocket. "Here are the question they'll be asking. Let's go over them."

The next day, Dean Darnigroan's office released a memo complaining about misappropriations of Student Activities Fund money by *FeetCrud*. While Lynn Hashbrownie's name appeared no where in the complaint, it was observed by *Harlot* editor Bugger and several other witnesses that Hashbrownie's knowledge of the memo seemed far more detailed than it should have been. Immediately, Student Council sprang into action and, in closed Executive Session, decided the fate of *FeetCrud*. A simple probation period was recommended by Judiciary, but Yoda voiced her opinion loudly that *FeetCrud* should be disbanded completely, or at least not allowed to publish for the remainder of the year. A long debate quickly ensued.

### **Chapter 3: The Sidekick Administration**

“This election is such a joke,” a lone Clark student grumbled in the U.C. on October 14th, the

day the new president of Student Council was to be elected. Stefan Ostentatious laughed. He was in a very good mood today, though he wasn't exactly sure why. It was just the kind of day he would have on occasion where he would jump out of bed in the morning and smile.

He'd already cast his vote in the election. It seemed perfectly obvious to him that Sidekick would become the new president, and that was all right by him. Just as long as it got Council back on track.

While he was standing in his usual position at the Info Desk, not doing anything in particular, someone approached him from behind and tapped him on the shoulder. Stefan turned around. The stranger, who was not really a stranger though they couldn't have actually spoken more than two or three times the entire semester, leaned forward and whispered in Stefan's ear. "I have something you should see," the stranger said. "Meet me outside the library tonight."

That night, with Lefty Sidekick as the newly elected president of Student Council, Stefan Ostentatious sat outside the library, shivering slightly from the chill in the air, awaiting the stranger. Just after one in the morning, the stranger appeared. "Where have you been?" Stefan asked angrily. "Do you know how long I've been waiting?"

The stranger smiled. "I know exactly how long you've been waiting. I've been watching you the entire time. But nothing could happen before now." The stranger handed Stefan a blindfold. "Put this on."

Stefan started to argue, but knew he wouldn't get very far. Reluctantly, he put on the blindfold. No sooner was he plunged into darkness when the stranger took him by the hand and began to lead him in what Stefan was pretty sure was the direction of Jefferson Academic Center. He was led up stairs and down stairs, around corners, spun in circles, and finally led inside some building and a long, slow decent began. At last, the stranger stopped and told Stefan to take off the blindfold. They were in an enormous

room, with no windows, and which Stefan guessed must be far underground. On one wall, above what looked like some kind of altar, was carved into the stone a seal that look suspiciously like the Clark University seal, but which had on it a sword and the words:

FIAT INFINITUM

Stefan shivered uncontrollably at the sight of it. They were alone, but he felt the eyes of a hundred spectators on him.

Finally, he was able to ask, "What is this place?"

"This," the stranger said, "is what you should be working towards. Forget Student Council, it's time will soon pass. This is the future. This place is where we meet, where we plan, and where our plans are finally executed."

"Who?"

"We called ourselves the Eternal Order of the Future. And we want you to join us, Stefan."

"Me? But why?"

"Because you will be beneficial to us. I am a member, as are many influential people on campus, students, faculty, and administration. We are the ones who make a difference, Stefan, and you can make a difference, too."

Stefan was suddenly nervous. Was this for real? Could it possibly be a trick? "What if I don't want to join?" he asked.

"Why wouldn't you want to join? We can give you anything you want, Stefan. We can make it all happen. I can personally guarantee that, if you join us, you will be the next Student Council President."

"I don't want to be president."

"You will, Stefan. Just wait. You will."

The burglar broke into the *FeetCrud* office, after she was certain that pesky editor wouldn't be returning for a while. She took her time, looking for anything that might be related to the information she wanted. She found the completed new issue and looked through it. The article she had worried about wasn't even included. The allegations would disappear before they could even be properly brought to light, which was good enough for her. And besides that, Rockford was looking in the wrong

direction entirely. He had no idea what he'd almost stumbled across. Satisfied, the burglar made a quick phone call, then left.

Not long after the break-in, which went completely unnoticed by the *FeetCrud* staff, Student Council finally agreed to unfreeze their funding and place them on probation for the remainder of the academic year. New President Sidekick looked at Vice-President Yoda as she made the announcement. She saw Yoda smiling.

## Chapter 4: Running it Like an Amusement Park

Randall O'Moran looked up at the bright Florida sky. What was he doing there? He should have been home, enjoying the Thanksgiving Break as much as possible, but he was instead in Florida with most of the rest of Student Council. Why?

He was attending a leadership conference, and it was almost over. Before Break, Yoda had come to Council with a great idea. She'd complained loudly, as was her style, it seemed, that Council needed to be leaders in the Clark community, and that perhaps they could benefit from this conference down in Florida. Having just created a new group which O'Moran did not completely understand, something called ReProgramming Council, Yoda and Lynn Hashbrownie had suggested taking money from that account and using it to fund the leadership conference. O'Moran had agreed to this, thinking that the conference would ultimately benefit all of Clark.

Now, as it was drawing to a close, O'Moran wasn't quite so sure. He had listened to enough I'm-okay-you're-okay speeches and had so many cooperation clichés running around his head that he felt like throwing up, but nothing of any value. The entire conference, as far as he could see, peddled to the common sense impaired. The whole week felt like it was eating away some part of him, and he had to make it right. He hadn't even originally

been invited. But then, Yoda had figured out some way to cut corners and invited Randall along. But as far as anyone at Clark knew, he was home for Thanksgiving. He wondered if he might yet find a way out of this. And so thinking, fell asleep in the sun.

That night, O'Moran went to Yoda's hotel room. Sidekick was there, as usual, and the two of them were sipping drinks as he walked in. Yoda smiled and waved Randall in. He sat down next to her. He moved stiffly because of the sunburn that he had gotten from falling asleep outside, and wanted nothing more than to lie in bed until the burning faded. But he had to get this off his chest. Yoda sensed his discomfort, but thought it was only the sunburn.

"I don't like this," he blurted out suddenly. Yoda was stunned and confused. He clarified. "This trip was useless. What was the point of all this? Is this just a vacation?"

Yoda smiled. "You mean you're not enjoying the conference? But I'm learning so much. Lefty and I were just talking about it. You need to give it another chance, Randall."

"Are you kidding me?" O'Moran yelled. "This is a joke. I can't believe we spent student activities money getting ourselves here." He was working himself up now, Yoda could tell, and she was worried. "They'll kill us when we get back and tell them how much of a waste this was."

"No, they won't, Randall," Sidekick said soothingly. "You're just overreacting."

"Lefty is right," Yoda chimed in. "You just need to relax. Take a look around you. Enjoy what you're learning."

O'Moran shook his head. "I'm sorry, Yoda, but I've got responsibilities, and one of those is to keep an eye on how money is spent. When we get back, I'm going to have to recommend that you and Lefty be investigated for a possible misappropriation of funds."

Sidekick's face drained of color. Yoda's smile remained unchanged. "You do what you feel you have to, Randall. That's for later. For right now, just enjoy yourself." She handed him a shot glass of tequila.. Randall drank it

without thinking twice.

Ten hours, two bottles of tequila and three lines of cocaine later, Randall O'Moran woke up. He was in his hotel room, which was the good news. Unfortunately, he had no idea who the naked woman next to him was. He quickly showered, got dressed, and left the room. Outside, Yoda was waiting by the pool, looking much less hungover than Randall was certain he looked.

"Have a nice night, Randall?" she asked casually, handing Randall an envelope. She then turned and walked away. O'Moran opened the envelope, looked at the pictures inside and realized two things. First, he should never drink tequila again. Especially in a neighborhood with more than one strip club. Second, he would never tell anyone about Yoda's misuse of funds.

Once they returned, Randall O'Moran tried to go back to his job as treasurer, but it was useless. He couldn't keep his mind on his job. All he could think about were the photographs that Yoda was holding over his head. Finally, unable to take anymore, Randall O'Moran called the other members of the Student Council Executive Board to a brief meeting in front of the Info Desk and handed them his resignation.

## Chapter 5: Exit Treasurer,



Abby Logan

Randall O'Moran, ex-treasurer

## Enter Treasurer

Winter Break came at last, and not a moment too soon. For some, it was a time of pause, when the troubles that had become endless in the past semester finally disappeared, if only for a few weeks. For others, it was a time to plan what the future would hold. For all, it was a time of inactivity, and so nothing of importance happened.

By early January, SuZy-Q. Yoda was looking carefully through very thick files, systematically placing them in two piles, one labeled "safe" and one labeled "discredit." On one file she spent an especially long time, that of the only candidate for the newly vacated position of treasurer, Rob Sour. After many hours, she finally put it in the "discredit" pile. There were some things she wouldn't be able to tolerate.

Once Break was over, Yoda was quick to begin her campaign of discredit. She didn't actually have any wish to change Council, the threat of change would be enough for her to do what she needed to. So, she arranged a meeting with representatives that she had seen vote consistently against her ideas and quietly reminded each and every one of them, in turn, of the impeachments that had occurred at the beginning of last semester. The silent threat was obvious: vote my way, or you'll be the next to go. The candidate treasurer, however, would prove a much greater challenge.

An initial look at candidate Rob Sour's file had revealed nothing of value to use for blackmail. His time on Student Council had been apparently free of controversy, something which Yoda didn't believe for one second could be possible. Everyone was hiding something.

But an even more thorough search also proved fruitless. Finally, it came down to choosing someone to run against Sour. Several problems faced them. First, it would have to be a write-in campaign, which was almost surely doomed to failure. Second, they couldn't find a candidate.

Two weeks before the election, and Yoda and Lefty were ankle-deep in papers filled with possible candidates

and why no one would ever vote for them. Bugger heard the knock, but didn't respond. He was lost in thought, staring at words that had long ago stopped making sense. It was five in the morning, and this zombie-like state was the closest he was going to come to sleep that night. The knocking came again, louder, and Sammy jumped. Opening the door to the *Harlot* office, he found Yoda standing there, a thin folder in her hand.

"You should run with this in the next issue," she said, handing Bugger the folder, then leaving. Bugger stared at the folder before opening it. Inside was a detailed report on Rob Sour's



Jessica Grindstaff

*Rob Sour gives the camera a sweet smile.*

encounters with at least three different prostitutes in the last month, and included a signed affidavit from one of the prostitutes. Finally, the file contained pictures which appeared to back up the entire story.

He couldn't use the pictures, of course, but the rest was fair game, especially with the election in less than a week. But something still felt wrong. He waited until seven, which seemed a much more respectable hour than six for some reason, and called ex-Student Council President Chris Hasbeen. Hasbeen, of course, was sleeping, and was not happy to hear from Sammy at such an early hour.

"You know more about this than anyone," Bugger said to the groggy Hasbeen, after explaining the situa-

tion, "so you need to tell me what I should do about this."

There was a long pause on the other end, then, "You can't use it. We both know it's been faked, and we can't let Yoda win this round. Lose the folder. Shred it."

"What do I tell Yoda?"

"Nothing. After you don't run the story, she'll never mention it again. I guarantee it. I know how these things work."

Bugger wanted to ask Hasbeen how he knew about such things, but instead thanked him and hung up. He then walked over to the shredder and dropped the contents of the folder in. The next week, an election was held for treasurer. Rob Sour ran unopposed and, oddly enough, won. Interest in Student Council was approaching an all-time low, but things were about to change.

## Chapter 6: Shifting Agendas

“What are you going to do about Rob?” Lynn Hashbrownie asked Yoda one day in March. “Are you going to be able to work with him?”

“I can handle him,” Yoda assured her. “We'll just keep him out of the loop. That shouldn't be a problem. We've been keeping Beth out of the loop the whole year.” It was a good day to relax. A suddenly warm snap had hit the campus and the students were enjoying the weather. Yoda was just enjoying her success.

The end of the year was approaching, as were the Spring Elections, and she had chosen not to run again. Student Council didn't interest her as much as it had before. She would ride out her term, finish making the sweeping changes that the Council needed, and move on to her next goal.

Hashbrownie handed Yoda a sheet of paper. “You should look into this. He sounds like he could be a good speaker.”

Yoda read over the paper. He sounded good. Leadership, exactly what Council needed to learn about. Exactly what the whole campus needed. Yes, this speaker could go along way toward finishing what she needed to

do here.

"Do you think Council should fund this?" Yoda asked. Hashbrownie shrugged. In her mind, Yoda started running the numbers. Would the rest of Council go for it, though? There were quite a few new faces now, and she couldn't be sure which way they would vote. But maybe she could work around all that.

The new Maywood Hall Representative, Meister Eckhart, formerly of WCUR, was taping flyers to the flagpole in Red Square when Chris Hasbeen approached him. Eckhart knew him well, and greeted him with a friendly wave. Chris Hasbeen did not wave back.

"You need to be careful," he said to the Maywood Hall Rep. "There are things going on in Council that no one knows about."

"Like what?" Eckhart asked. He was waiting for a punchline. There wasn't one.

Instead, Hasbeen handed him a crumpled pile of papers: the Student Council constitution. "Lefty shouldn't be president."

"What are you talking about?"

"It's all very clear. There never should have been an election."

"Shouldn't that have been up to Judiciary to decide?" Eckhart was new on Council, but he had an idea about how things should function.

Hasbeen shook his head. "It should have been up to them, but Yoda really made the decision. She wanted Lefty on Council."

"But why?"

Chris Hasbeen smiled, which seemed to be all he ever did lately.

Yoda walked into the office while Sour was signing purchase orders. "Here you go, Rob," she said without breaking her stride. "One more thing to sign."

"What's this for?" Sour asked, already halfway through his signature.

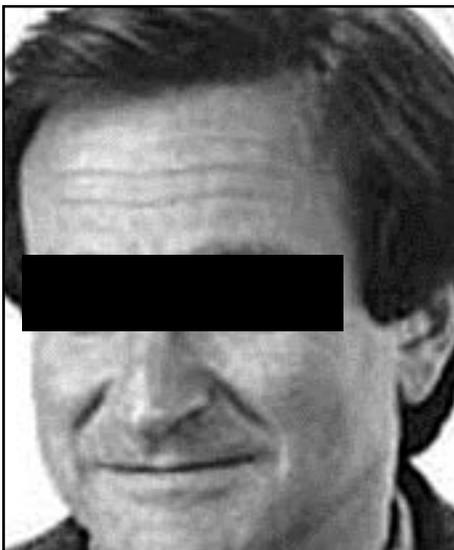
"Just a lecture on leadership. I think it will really help a lot of people here become better at their jobs."

"Sounds good," Sour replied, giving the paper back to Yoda and turning back to the small pile of paperwork covering the table in front of him. Yoda

smiled as she left, just because she couldn't help herself. It was all so perfect. Just the way she'd wanted it to be.

## Chapter 7: A Midnight Meeting

Stefan Ostentatious stood in front of the stone altar, facing the hundred members of the Eternal Order of the Future, their hoods drawn so their faces could not be seen. The huge underground chamber was nearly full. These were the people who made the decisions, these were the people with the power, and



*Meister Eckhart gives the camera a surlly grin.*

Ostentatious was about to join them. He turned to face the Grand Ringbearer, standing a full seven feet tall like a living shadow, his face invisible beneath the robe.

"Stefan Ostentatious," the Ringbearer said, his deep voice reverberating through the chamber, "You have come to us to petition for entrance into the Eternal Order of the Future. What is it that you seek?"

Ostentatious was sweating. Would he get the words right? He'd heard that one wrong word or phrase and he would be shunned by the Order forever. "I have come to see the future," he said finally, breathlessly.

"Will you protect the secrets spoken in this hall?" the shadow asked.

"I will," Ostentatious replied.

"Will you follow the bidding of the masters of the Order?"

"I will."

"Do you give yourself freely to this place, to honor it until the future finally has past, and will you become one of us?"

"Until the day I die," Ostentatious concluded.

"Then turn, and look on your new family." Stefan turned and, one by one, all of the Order of the Future removed their hoods. All except the Shadow behind him, he did not move.

Stefan stayed by the altar for the remainder of the meeting, where it was finally agreed by all that Stefan Ostentatious would be the next president of Student Council. All running unopposed, all three candidates running for Student Council positions were elected on March 17. Rob Sour was elected for a second term, Beth NAFTA was voted into the Vice-Presidency, and Stefan Ostentatious was, unsurprisingly, elected President. Yoda ignored the election completely, except her expression to Judiciary that the MassPIRG referendum should be questioned. It undermined her ability to run the Council and the student organizations properly. The question was brought up, but nothing came of it.

Later that week, Meister Eckhart was sitting in the first-floor study lounge in Maywood hall when the Great Hasbeen came in and dropped off an envelope addressed to Eckhart and signed "someone who's watching." Hasbeen claimed he found the envelope laying on the floor outside the door to his room, and then left. Eckhart carefully opened the envelope, which included copies of a purchase order signed by Sour and Lynn Hashbrownie for \$2,000 to pay for a leadership speaker, and a detailed letter of explanation. Eckhart quickly stuffed the contents back in the envelope.

## Chapter 8: The Fall

Just before the Student Council meeting of Sunday, March 29th, Chris Hasbeen called Maywood Hall Representative Meister Eckhart. Their talk was short.

"You know you have to do this, Meister," Hasbeen said.

"This is going to cause a lot of problems," Eckhart observed.

"It has to be done. For one thing, it's the only right thing to do with the information. Second, she's gotten too comfortable in her position. She has to be taken down."

"I'll do it, don't worry about that."

"I know you will," Chris Hasbeen said, like a soothing parent. "But you need to do it the right way. Nothing can stop this, now. Make sure nothing does."

"How long have you known about this?" Eckhart asked.

Chris Hasbeen hesitated before answering. "I don't know anymore than you know, Meister. And it's as much a surprise to me as it was to you."

"That doesn't answer my question."

"Goodbye, Meister."

On March 29th, an Executive Session of Council was held, after which Representative Eckhart made a motion to begin impeachment proceedings against President Sidekick, Vice-President Yoda, and Treasurer Sour for the possible misappropriation of Student Council funds. The motion was seconded by Hughes Hall Representative and president-elect Stefan Ostentatious, and passed by acclamation. Beth Nafta, suddenly representing the entire executive board of Council, quickly appointed Ostentatious to the position of acting treasurer. Yoda remained silent for the remainder of the meeting. Sidekick was not in attendance.

Chris Hasbeen walked out of the meeting as soon as the impeachments were announced. He had no interest to stay to hear about how much money SPORK needed for some ridiculous event. Sammy Bugger met him as he was coming out. He was smiling.

"How'd it go?" she asked.

"You have to think of it like crew," he said, much to her surprise. What did Chris Hasbeen know about crew? "Student Council is the boat, and one member of that boat stood up and tipped the entire boat over. Now, the coxswain has to decide who was responsible and what to do with that team member."

## Chapter 9: A Quiet Retirement

Yoda walked into the Student Council meeting on Sunday, April 5, and signaled to Lefty to call the meeting to order. Judiciary was about to make the announcement that they had found Yoda guilty of misusing her power as Vice-President and they would recommend she be removed from Council. Before that announcement came, Yoda indicated that she had something to say.

"First, I want all of you to know, I do not lie, cheat, or steal.

"A great American said, 'It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit

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***"Always give your best, never get discouraged, never be petty; always remember, others may hate you, but those who hate you don't win unless you hate them, and then you destroy yourself."***

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belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly, who errs, and comes short again and again; because there is not effort without error and shortcomings; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause, who at best knows in the end the triumphs of high achievement and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."

Yoda shifted slightly in her chair and looked down at the table before con-

tinuing.

"We think sometimes when things happen that don't go the right way; we think that when someone dear to us dies, we think that when we lose an election; we think that when we suffer defeat, that all is ended.

"Not true. It is only a beginning, always. The young must know it; the old must know it. It must always sustain us, because the greatness comes not when things go always good for you, but the greatness comes and you are really tested when you take some knocks, some disappointments, when sadness comes, because only if you have been in the deepest valley can you ever know how magnificent it is to be on the highest mountain.

"Always give your best, never get discouraged, never be petty; always remember, others may hate you, but those who hate you don't win unless you hate them, and then you destroy yourself."

Then Yoda rose, walked over to Lynn Hashbrownie and put her arms around her, and left the room. And with that, SuZy-Q. Yoda was done with Student Council. Lefty Sidekick was found to not be at fault in the misappropriation of funds and was reinstated to her position. Rob Sour was also found not at fault except for negligence and was reinstated to treasurer, but placed on temporary probation.

## Epilogue

After the meeting, it must have been close to midnight, Eckhart met Sammy Bugger outside Dana Commons. Bugger had called this meeting to clear up what Eckhart had not known.

"You might find this interesting," Bugger said, handing Eckhart a file. Eckhart read it as Bugger summed up its contents. "That's the birth certificate of SuZy-Q. Yoda. The real one. According to that, she was born in California on January 9, 1913."

"What?" Eckhart stared at the paper, shocked. "That's impossible."

"It's even stranger than you think. We looked for her transcript in Student Records. She's not a student."

"What are you talking about?"

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*continued on page 24*

# *The last* **CUP-FA Update**

By Jeremy Lesniak

Hello everyone. Time again to let you know what is going on with the CUP-FA, Clark's very own pro-freedom group. I am sitting here writing at about 3pm, and the deadline is tomorrow. Zack's been on my ass about this. Damn, if he keeps up, I might have to put one of CUP-FA's guns to good use. Asshole. Just because he's the editor, he thinks he can push me around. He doesn't know who he's messing with. Anyway, none of you care about that, you want to know what the group's up to. So I guess I'll tell you.

Since the last update, the CUP-FA has been very active. We had two target competitions against other schools, Dartmouth and Holy Cross. Dartmouth gave us some good competition, but you will all be pleased to know that we destroyed Holy Cross. And if someone tries to tell you that we won because we replaced all of their bullets with blanks, don't believe them. I mean seriously, would a respectable group such as ours do something like that? Of course not.

In other notes, we are very angry to report that the proposed multi-cultural center to go into Dana Commons does not include office space for the CUP-FA. The proponents of the proposal keep saying they want the multi-cultural center to be a collective of all the different cultural groups on campus. Obviously, by not including the CUP-FA, they are overlooking one of the most powerful campus groups. Though our membership isn't as high as some of theirs, we bring a lot to campus, and if we don't get into Dana Commons, we'll be stuck in the basement of some dorm. And without windows, it will get very depressing.

I nearly forgot, we had our executive board elections a while back. Seeing as how *The Scarlet* hates us so much, and refused to print anything about the CUP-FA, I guess none of you know about the elections. Well th



*[Editors note: Jeremy Lesniak was found dead at his desk, 3:24 pm on April 23rd. What you have just read represents what he was working on to publish in this issue of Wheatbread. Though autopsy reports have not been released, the large gaping hole in the back of his head indicates that he was shot. We have assembled a list of suspects and motives. We need your help. If you have any information on who killed Jeremy Lesniak, please, send it to wheatbread@clarku.edu. Thank you for your time.]*

## Suspect

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## Motive

Casey Frantz, student on leave;  
Jeremy wouldn't buy him drugs

SuZanne Botta, former StudCo VP;  
Jeremy was a member of the Student Council

Zack Ordynans, editor of Wheatbread;  
He was jealous of Jeremy in every way

Evan Thomas, Jeremy's Roommate;  
Jeremy wouldn't make his bed

Dave Milstone, Associate Dean of Students;  
Afraid Jeremy was planning a coup

Who do you think it was? Let us know.  
Mailbox B-22 or wheatbread@clarku.edu



# Remember, Your Level Number is 6

by Rachel Rosenblum and Dave Reed

Ever had one of those mornings where you wake up with a girl straddling you and pointing a gun at your forehead?

Ever had one of those mornings where you were the girl straddling someone and pointing a gun at his forehead?

Be thankful I have self-control.

This...is Rachel<sup>1</sup>. She carries the gun. This...is Dave<sup>2</sup>. He carries...everything else.

And so began our quest for the perfect dictionary. By way of Boston. And possibly New Orleans, we're not sure yet.

We had to begin in the warehouse. And we had to end in the warehouse, because that was where we stored our getaway vehicle.

Welcome to Boston. Level 6.

Upon releasing our free spirits on the unsuspecting city, we went directly to Church, which was sitting nice and squat, surrounded by his grandchildren, the skyscrapers. Including the ever-impressive tallest one, John Hancock<sup>3</sup>.

Let's not dwell on the church, but rather skip right to Newbury Street. "'Tis a Bright and Sunny day," said Harlan Ellison<sup>4</sup> as he walked by. "Don't panic," said Neil Gaiman<sup>5</sup>, "you'll see Harlan again." Then, Neil introduced us to his good friend, Terry Pratchett<sup>6</sup>. They told us they were going to meet Douglas Adams<sup>7</sup> for tea, but we politely declined stating that we would be meeting him later.

Then, the synchronicity kicked into high gear.

Who are you? asked No One Special<sup>8</sup>.

...And you will know us by the Trail of Dead.

Rachel ran off to have a conversation with the Bront\_s<sup>9</sup>. Meanwhile, Dave started asking Bob Bloch<sup>10</sup> how he could get into the Club. Around the next corner, we spy Neil and Terry again, talking with Harlan, and they wave us over. Harlan turned to us and said, "I apologize for Anne

McCaffrey<sup>11</sup> not being with us today, but she and Mercedes Lackey<sup>12</sup> had a date to visit Lowood and check on the children."

Victor Hugo, with the Club, cordially invites all you gentle readers to visit him.

"What do you want?" asked the man behind the counter of the pizza place we stopped at for lunch.

Mom<sup>13</sup> said, "Eat your broccoli," and Dad<sup>14</sup> said, "Finish that slice. You need to get some flesh on those bones."

We wrapped up the leftover pizza. Someone along the way might need it.

Regrettably, the parking meter didn't want the pizza. Pity.

So, onward, we met Mike<sup>15</sup> for a canoli. They smelled delightful.

You and me and the couch make three. How would we go about making one? Discussion ensues. It is decided that Dave is on top because Dave is older and bigger. (I think there are too many Daves<sup>16</sup> in this.)

And then, we met a Jen<sup>17</sup>. Rachel said hi. Dave said nothing. Jen's boyfriend goes to Clark.

"Why are you here?" whispered the voice in the back of Rachel's head.

Samuel Johnson<sup>18</sup> was beckoning to me.

Here, we were almost tempted off the path to go to Grandmother's house<sup>19</sup> to go to New Orleans, but, typically, we didn't have sufficient funds. Our relatives later expressed approval at our lack of funds.

After we noticed that Rosencrantz<sup>20</sup> and Guildenstern<sup>21</sup> were dead (er... or is that Guildenstern and Rosencrantz?), we split a little Temptation and then on with the quest.

March 6, 17:59– Perfect Dictionary found. All set.

On our way back to the warehouse, a fine, upstanding young lad asked us for change. We offered him the pizza.

We are now returning to Ground Level.

Please fasten your seatbelts and return



trays and seatbacks to upright and locked positions. Keep your hands and feet inside ride at all times. The animals bite.

"What do you have worth living for?" said the sign as we were leaving Boston.

When we're rich and famous, we're going to do whatever we want! •

Authors' note: We now know *all* the words to "Puff, the Magic Dragon."

<sup>1</sup> Rachael Rosen is a character in Philip K. Dick's "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep", the basis of the Harrison Ford movie *Blade Runner*.

<sup>2</sup> David Reid, I believe, still plays for the Boston Bruins.

<sup>3</sup> Historical figure. Possibly a forefather.

<sup>4</sup> School bus driver for the children at Lowood.

<sup>5</sup> Wrote an episode of *Babylon 5*.

<sup>6</sup> Always a *Good Omen*.

<sup>7</sup> Date to be announced. Be patient.

<sup>8</sup> Renowned playwright, novelist, and all-around good humanitarian.

<sup>9</sup> Curren, Acton, and Ellis Bell

<sup>10</sup> Short guy.

<sup>11</sup> Is that with or without an "e"?

<sup>12</sup> This is obviously a fake name.

<sup>13</sup> Mythical creature.

<sup>14</sup> Bad acid trip.

<sup>15</sup> Wanna go to the Blarney?

<sup>16</sup> Use of the silent "h" is being explored.

<sup>17</sup> Use of the silent "z" is being explored.

<sup>18</sup> Some minor repairs to the covers have been performed.

<sup>19</sup> See Dictionary of Imaginary Places.

<sup>20</sup> Guildenstern.

<sup>21</sup> Rosencrantz.

# WHY STATES SHOULD NOT EXIST

by David Reed and Rachel Rosenblum, professors emeritus of B.S. at the University of Pangaea (article written on at )

Alabama - it's between Georgia and Mississippi  
Alaska - it's Canada  
Arizona - it's iced tea  
Arkansas - contains the name "Kansas"  
California - it's gonna fall off the face of the Earth anyway  
Colorado - it's square  
Connecticut - it's a suburb  
Delaware - "nothing good ever came out of Delaware"  
Florida - old people and tourists  
Georgia - bomb at Olympics  
Hawaii - volcanoes  
Idaho - potatoes  
Illinois - Chicago should be the state  
Indiana - too much basketball

Iowa - this isn't heaven  
Kansas - two words: corn fields  
Kentucky - bad fried chicken  
Louisiana - originally French property  
Maine - inspired this list  
Maryland - is not  
Massachusetts - it's a commonwealth  
Michigan - it has a split personality  
Minnesota - it has two capitals  
Mississippi - too many repeating letters and sounds  
Missouri - misery (if you can't think of anything about the state itself, use the name)  
Montana - entire school districts with only 6 students  
Nebraska - there are too many useless states in this country  
Nevada - say it "Ne-vay-da," Missouri  
New Hampshire - not a tax in sight  
New Jersey - take your pick  
New Mexico - named after another country

New York - even New Yorkers don't like New York  
North Carolina - see South Carolina  
North Dakota - Fargo  
Ohio - three vowels to one consonant  
Oklahoma - stupid musical  
Oregon - inspired stupid computer game  
Pennsylvania - Amish  
Rhode Island - should be a sovereign nation  
South Carolina - see North Carolina  
South Dakota - doesn't even have Fargo  
Tennessee - moonshine went out a century ago  
Texas - drive-thru liquor stores  
Utah - polygamy  
Vermont - the cows run it  
Virginia - Ollie North almost became senator  
Washington - it's *not* the capital!!  
West Virginia - the war's over, get over it  
Wisconsin - all you can think is "cheese"  
Wyoming - even the name asks why?

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## Some Notes on a Non-Movement

by Crawford Blackhill and Lady Victoria

It was, we suppose, during the hours passing along in the drive from a small, distinguished college founded in the year 1813, a fine year, and which we found to be quite chilly for this time of year, although it was Maine so what can one expect, it's as likely as snow in Canada, to a small, distinguished college in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts where we set our home, that our attention turned from the bent and broken husks of winter-tortured trees that glided past our view slowly becoming an undistinguishable blur of something hinting at the sublimely unnatural domus mundi, and to that peculiar movement of fashion and sensibility that has lately arisen in the minds of tormented teenagers commonly referred to as the goth movement. We were troubled by suspicions that unlike the half-remembered movements of decades immemorial and very like the unwitting actions of those for whom the maelstrom of post-modernism heralds the coming of identity, the Elders of this movement were woefully uninformed as to the true and sublimely beautiful nature of the ancestral Gothic mode of exposing the truth of the human soul to the eyes of all willing and able

acolytes.

Scattered throughout the Continent are examples of cathedrals that reach from the base earth into the Heaven that our souls strive to reach while waging holy war against the temptations of our imperfect flesh, seemingly carved from the very living, feeling soul of the bleeding heart of the death-ridden artist who attempted to create a shadow of the Seraphim image that plagued his night-haunted mind; night like the purple sky in the heavy moments before the long-forgotten orb that the ancients once worshipped as a god stretched its washed out rays of glimmering hope heralding a hopeful birth. Moon-lit sepulchres that danced through the hallucinations of our sleep-deprived and starving- clawing and ravenous with unwashed and ragged tatters of mist-like dreams of times in which the conditions were aptly suited to destabilize the already precarious mental state of the Gothic novelists- sanity, which cried out for the fuel that it desperately craved in a voice that barely gasped above a burning whisper.

Gothic novels, or rather the bulk of the tormented lot that withdrew grandiose and

hell-glimpsed fragments of vision-scapes of uncorruptable stone given form by undo hands that sculpted the very fragments of the hysterical mania that wrenched the very foundations of those Heaven reaching monuments made from the soul-wrenching experience of the blessed whip made from the hands of Our Father, peel away charnel stones of godless psyche revealing the dismal depths to which our most hidden and abysmal longings for the untouchable soul of those who remain beyond our reach or which find themselves outside of our meager vision.

Goths do not know the meaning of Gothic, nor the history surrounding it.

Too much excess in the bowels of immoderate prose written by those for whom life has lost the glistening shimmer of spectacular formless shapes bleeding faultlessly from feverish dreams of that long-forgotten inarticulate voice that calls out to the domus mundi in a voice of unspeakable anguish and angel trumpeted joy that rebounds off the gilded walls of the golden gated palace of inequities that calls forth in shadowed joy for the end of an era that suffered its death in the age of the Gothic. •

Clark University Pagan Alliance  
Clark University Box B-58  
950 Main St. Worcester, MA 01610

April 16, 1998

### **An open letter to the Clark Community:**

We the members of the Clark University Pagan Alliance (CUPA) would like to take this opportunity to formally introduce ourselves. In the past three semesters, during which we have made a concerted effort to become more visible on campus, we have witnessed continued displays of hostility and ignorance against the members of our organization and the organization itself. We understand that it may be difficult for many of you to understand the purpose and function of our organization on campus. So we would like to clarify our position and dispel some popular myths and and misconceptions about paganism in general.

As Pagans, we are not devil worshippers. Our religious structure has no place for a being called Satan, nor a place called Hell. We are a nature based religion and individual practitioners of paganism construct their own pantheon of gods and goddesses based on their individual needs.

We do not condone or accept violence in any form, including, but not limited to cruelty to animals, animal sacrifice, environmental abuse, child abuse, spousal abuse and self abuse. We believe in the universal law of return: whatever one sends out will return to the sender threefold, good or evil.

We do not condone casting "evil spells," cursing, or hexing people. According to our belief system, such acts would only return such ill wishes to the sender according to the law of three.

We are not a cult. We do not actively recruit members for specific purposes. We do not seek to brainwash any person. Our religion holds sacred the free will of each individual. We believe every person has the right to seek their own religious truth; and it

harm none, do as thou will.

Paganism is an umbrella term used to describe various earth based religions including but not limited to Wicca, Buddhism, Asatru, Zoroastrianism, Voudon, and Norse and Celtic Druidism and Shamanism. This list is by no means exhaustive and people of all religions are welcome. Most of these religions are recognized by the United States government. Under the United States Constitution and the Freedom of Religions Act, any recognized religion has the right to celebrate their religious holidays without threat, persecution or discrimination. Some of the lesser known (to the general public) holidays include: Yule, which falls on the winter solstice, Imbolc, which is celebrated on February second, Ostara which falls on the vernal equinox, Beltane, which is celebrated on May first, Midsummer, which falls on the summer solstice, Lughnassah, which is celebrated on August first, Mabon which falls on the autumnal equinox, and Sawain, the pagan new year, which is celebrated on October thirty-first.

The purpose of our organization is to facilitate contact between students of Pagan and Neo-pagan faiths. However, the group does not limit its membership to people of pagan religions. Instead, anyone is welcome no matter what their religious beliefs. The Pagan Alliance will work to educate and foster a positive image of Paganism and Neo-Paganism at the university, and to enable pagan students to socialize and gain support from other members.

Thank you for your time

Sincerely,  
**The Clark University Pagan Alliance**

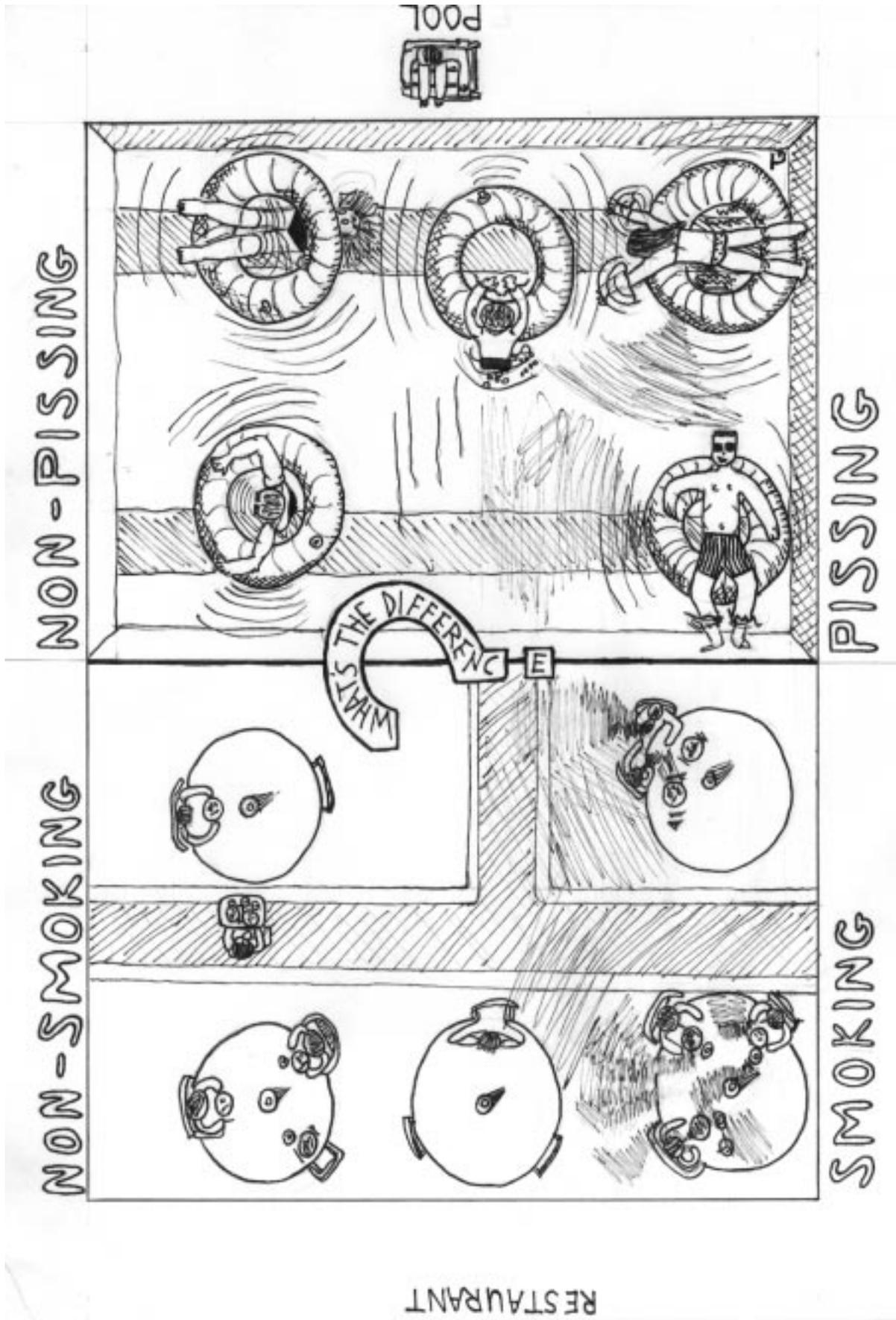
Alexa Connell, Seana Lamothe, Marianne Kane, Jennifer Castle Jody Grey , Jeremy Goodman, Jessica Zakowski, Jennifer Jones, Daniel Pelland, Jessica Dydyn

and other members who wish to remain anonymous out of fear of prejudice

## ***Top Ten Reasons Why Clark U. Is like a small communist country***

**By Ed Bradley**

- 10 Every decision has to be made by three committees.
- 9 The most unimportant administrator can tie up anything.
- 8 We hear about President Traina, but we rarely see him in public.
- 7 Red Army, Campus Police. Both are overestimated.
- 6 Censorship of the press (e.g. Dean Wingood)
- 5 Student Accounts, Accounting, Financial Aid—three Departments all doing the same job.
- 4 Bon Appetit—we thought goulash tasted bad.
- 3 Drinking Vodka is safer than drinking the water.
- 2 We have our own Presidential Palace which no one can enter.
- 1 Work study: we pretend to work, they pretend to pay us.



A cartoon by Sir Thomas Gibson

"She's not technically a student at this college. It's just that no one ever checked. And those that did must have liked her so much, felt she was doing so much good for the University, that they ignored it."

There was only one question left. "Then, where did she come from?"

"I don't know," Bugger admitted. "There's only one other person I've heard of with that birthday, and he supposedly died years ago. And here, look at this." Bugger handed Eckhart a photograph. "This is what started it all." It was a picture of Yoda, taken shortly before she was elected. In the photo, a picture of Richard M. Nixon was visible in the background. The resemblance was obvious.

More confused than ever, Eckhart walked back to Maywood Hall. Along the way, he met Chris Hasbeen.

"You did a good job, Meister," Chris said cheerfully.

"Are you happy Yoda's out of your way?" Eckhart asked accusingly.

"Why would I want Yoda out of my way?" Chris replied, smiling. Eckhart walked by him and into Maywood. He needed a rest.

"Did you plan for all this to happen?" Ostentatious asked the Ringbearer of the Eternal Order of the Future

Did the Ringbearer smile? His face still wasn't completely visible. "We plan very little, Stefan. We only foresee what will come, and pass judgment of whether this bodes ill or well for the University."

"And this?"

"Difficult to say. But one thing is certain, Stefan. You will have much work ahead of you in the coming year. I hope you are ready."

"Won't you be there to help me?"

"Of course I will. I will be near you the entire time. You should go, now, Stefan. The Future can be trusted to attend to itself."

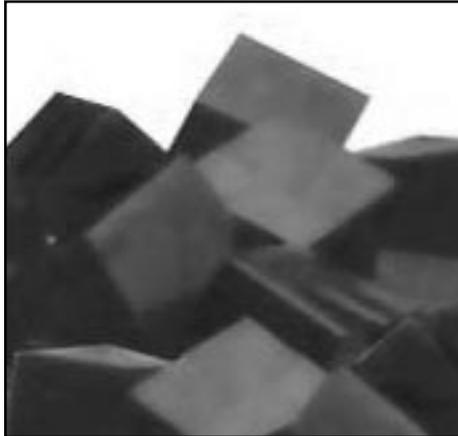
Once Ostentatious was gone, Ringbearer (and Johnson Hall Representative) Jared Wozniak removed his hood. He was, indeed, smiling.

The source who provided the author with the transcript of this speech does believe that the individual who gave the speech was speaking with a true heart and a clear conscience. The author remains unconvinced. •

*Because our last comparison was so popular  
(note sarcasm):*

# Jell-O

# Steve-O



Jessica Grindstaff

- spineless, iggly
- comes in five flavors
- edible
- no one really knows what he's made of
- a low calorie after dinner treat
- mixes well with liquor
- it's Jell-O
- needs to chill for two hours before serving

- too soon to tell
- probably not
- malleable
- same
- we're not quite sure
- it's possible
- has a name that's easy to make fun of
- needs to chill for two hours after council meetings