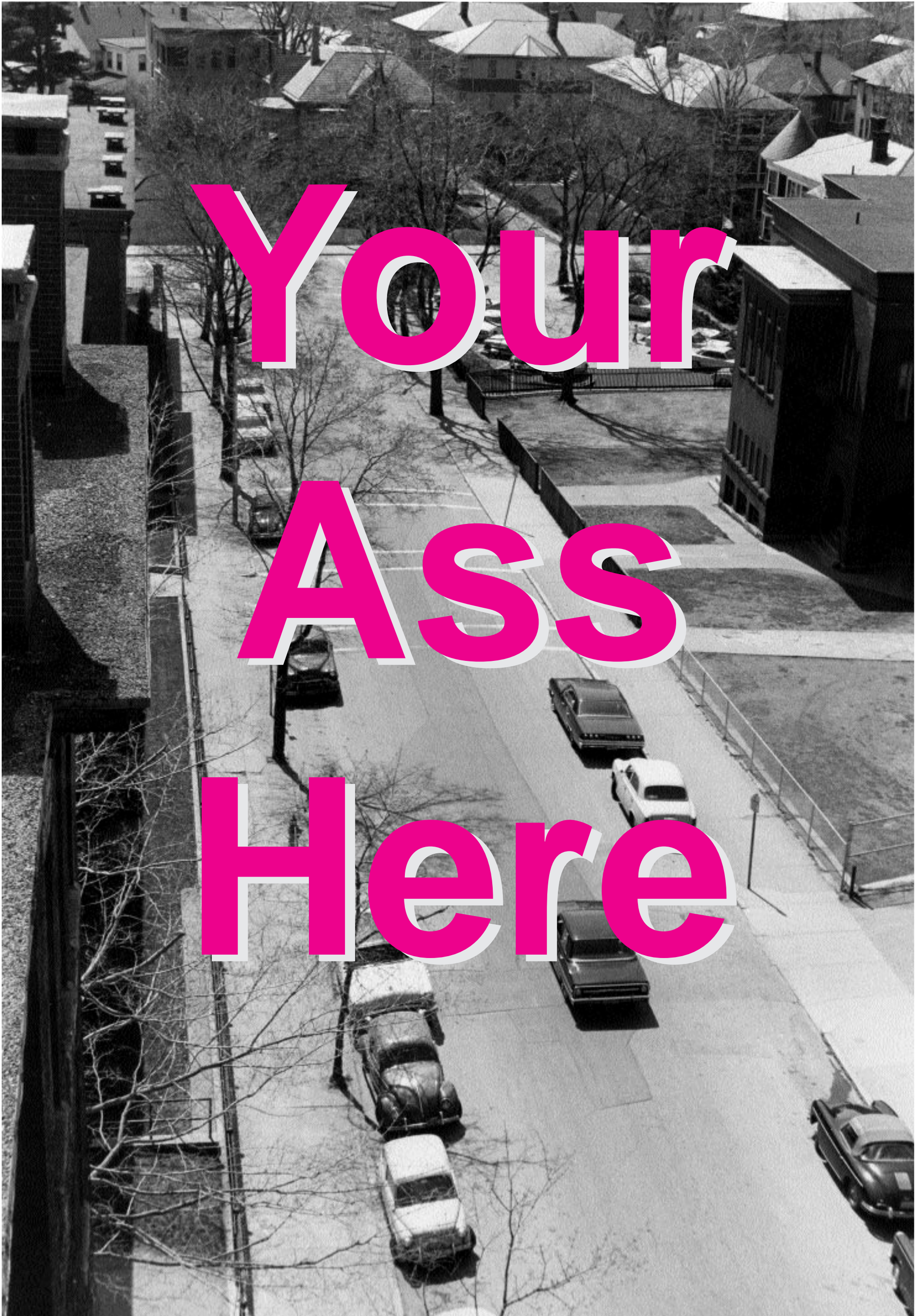


WheatBread

Entertainment
for Plankton

An aerial, black and white photograph of a residential street. The street is lined with houses and trees, and several cars are parked along the sides. The text 'Your Ass Here' is overlaid in large, pink, bold letters with a white outline.

**Your
Ass
Here**

Environmental School site tentatively selected, students encouraged to protest

by Randy Mack

The search for a home for Clark University's School of Environmental Science and Policy (ESP) has begun. This summer, the office of Administration and Finance (A&F) convened committees to decide on a site for a new building for ESP.

A committee was created to select an architectural firm, while another committee worked with issues of site selection.

The ultimate purpose of the committees was to gather information and prepare a proposal to the Olin Foundation. According to Jim Collins, Olin awards grants for "central campus construction."

Architectural firms were invited to come to Clark and make presentations regarding their vision for the ESP building.

The architectural firm Payette Associates, designers of the University Center and several other Clark buildings, submitted four possible site plans, complete with pros and cons, "green issues" (environmentally convenient site aspects), and large artists renderings. The site ideas were:

- Tear down the Admissions House

- and most of the Maywood parking lot
 - Tear down Bullock Hall
 - Tear down the Downing Street offices, most of the parking lot behind it, the Alumni House lawn, and the Recycling Center's driveway
 - Build it on Atwood lawn
- The job was awarded to Architectural Resources of Cambridge.

According to Collins, those four options were seriously considered by the Administration. The unusually destructive nature of the proposals results from Olin's condition of "central" construction. When asked why they weren't applying for grants from environmental foundations or similar organizations, which might lack this requirement, Collins remarked that "that might be a good avenue to pursue, too."

According to Collins, the site-selection committee has made a preliminary agreement to choose the Downing scenario, but he added that "if students felt strongly about alternative arrangements, we would be interested in hearing them."

Collins' number is 793-7445.

Collins said that construction would not begin "for several years."

While You

her • News, Sports, and Weather • News, Sports, and Weather

OIS gets new Director amid promotions

Written by Randy Mack
Researched by Bill Evans

Last week, Harold "Hal" Petersen took office as Director of the Office of Information Systems (OIS), as two seasoned staff members received promotions. Joanne Menard, formerly Project Manager, was promoted to Assistant Director of the OIS in charge of administrative systems, and Vax-favorite Anna Tomecka, formerly Manager of Systems and Networks, was promoted to Assistant Director of OIS in charge of Systems and Networks.

Petersen was selected by an OIS Search Committee that consisted of the following people: Andrea Michaels, Chair (Assistant Provost for Academic Budgets and Information Systems), Jim Collins (Vice-President for Administration and Finance), David Joyce (Math and Computer Science), Harvey Gould (Physics), Maurice Weinrobe (Economics), Sue Baughman (University Librarian), and Al Lefebvre (Director of International Studies and Student Records).

The OIS SearchCom narrowed the 160 applicants down to three finalists after several rounds of resume and reference reviews. None of the finalists was a current employee of Clark.

Each finalist was brought to Clark and met with the following groups:

the Banner Steering Committee, the Computer Advisory Committee, Library staff, OIS staff, and twice with the SearchCom.

According to Bill Evans, student representative of the CompACom, selection criteria included: experience in a wide range of information resources; a strong technical and management background; a prior academic background (not always necessary for this type of job), and technical experience with a wide range of equipment and protocols. Experience with Banner mainframes was also a plus.

The search process began in early Spring and concluded in early July. OIS has been without a full-time Director since Jerry Olson resigned in August of 1995.

Petersen was the Assistant Director of Computing and Telecommunications at the University of Tennessee at Memphis for seven years before accepting the position at Clark. Before that, he was the Director of Information Systems at the Battelle Memorial Institute, and before that, he was on the Chemistry faculty at the University of Rhode Island. • [Sources: Anna Tomecka, Andrea Michaels, Jim Collins, Harold Petersen, Bill Evans]



Secret agenda of Orientation revealed! Resist! Resist!

Students to be charged for 800-number phone calls

by Randy Mack

Students will now pay 50 cents for every 1800 number they dial from their dormitory. Their long-distance access code will be required to place the calls.

An anonymous source offered an explanation (as of press time, this explanation is unconfirmed).

Certain phone-sex lines use 800 prefixes. In order to ensure privacy, and to make billing easier, the phone-sex employee will often call the person back collect. Unfortunately, the Clark phone system is not smart enough to handle in-coming collect

calls, so the call is re-routed. Between 9 and 5 the calls go to the Operator in Telecommunications, and after hours they go to the Campus Police dispatchers, who must accept the charges for legal reasons.

Last semester, Clark's phone service paid hundreds of dollars in phone sex charges because students were calling phone sex lines at night.

According to the source, several dispatchers were investigated for making phone-sex calls while on duty, because the calls came in during their shift.

[Said source is a dispatcher.] •

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WHEATBREAD MAGAZINE

"Because Me and My Walrus Are Bitter"

Compiled, laid-out, designed, and edited by an increasingly tired Randy Mack
Featuring the staggering talents of:

- Nathan Kleinberger
- Rachel Eisner
- Mike Schemaille
- Nicole Imbracsio
- Bill Evans
- Chris Condon
- Dave Bernstein
- F. Craig Littlejohn

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All other photos by Jody Gray

Clark in the News piece courtesy Mike Schemaille

"Stuff on opposite page" by Sandy Zimmerman, Nathan Kleinberger, & Randy Mack



Dedicated to Daka Jake, the Bad Boy of Bon Appetit

Thanks to Elsa Berendes for help with Merchandising. I never thought we'd get it all shipped in time!



Woody Harrelson on the set of Oliver Stone's new sequel Natural Born Killers and a Little Lady, with Steve Guttenberg, Michael J. Fox, Harvey Keitel, and Christopher Walken.

Computer facilities get moved, upgraded

Written by Randy Mack
Researched by Bill Evans

Next time you go to write a paper, you may be surprised by Clark’s computer labs. For starters, you may not be able to find the one you want. And if you do, you may be amazed by the changes: the Office of Information Systems (OIS) and the College of Professional and Continuing Education (COPACE) have used to summer to upgrade their computer facilities.

A breakdown of the changes:

- The computer lab in Jonas Clark 105 is now a COPACE lab. It is for instructional use by professors only. It is currently equipped with 12 Gateway 2000s running at 133mzh, and Vic Berzins, Consultant to the OIS, said that Macintoshes might be added.
- Jonas Clark 103 is the other COPACE lab. It is equipped with 15 Gateway 2000s running at 133mzh, and 15 PowerMacintoshes with PC cards (enabling them to run DOS and Windows like an IBM-compatible). Both COPACE labs have one black-and-white laser printer and one color inkjet printer.
- The general purpose lab in Carlson 024 is still there. It is now equipped with 15 PowerMacintosh 7200/120s, upgraded to 24 MBs of RAM apiece, 5 Pentium-powered IBM clones, and 10 486 IBM clones.
- Jonas Clark 101 has been converted into a general purpose lab. It has 15 133mzh Gateway 2000s, and 15 PowerMac 7200/120s (upgraded). Both general purpose labs will have laser printers.

‘Poking Ghost’ of Wright Hall still at large

by Mike Schemaille

The “Poking Ghost” of Wright Hall is still at large, according to the several members of Clark University who have reported macabre encounters over the summer.

“Only a few people have actually seen it,” said junior Jonathan Hoag on the ghost. Hoag lived on Wright’s second floor during the summer, and claims to have had several encounters with the ghost.

“The first time I saw it, I was in the shower. I felt a presence on the other side of the curtain, and I peeked my head out to take a look. What I saw made me drop my soap.”

Hoag described the misty apparition as clad in swim fins and other snorkeling gear, and wearing a pair of loud, floral swim trunks.

“I reached out to see what it was, and my hand went right through it. It poked me with its snorkel and vanished with an irritated look on its face,” said Hoag.

He also described several other encounters with the ghost, apparently capable of changing shape. In these

- Two “multimedia classrooms” have been built in Jonas Clark. One is in JC120 and the other is one floor up in JC220. The classrooms were designed by Media Services co-Manager Will Burdette. The rooms are equipped with VHS and laserdisk players, a stereo system, and a data projector that displays from a variety of media including computers. It does not yet have a computer in the room itself, although Burdette said one day “Media Services may have Powerbooks,[Macintosh’s portable computer], available for checkout.” As we went to press, neither room was ready for use. “They will definitely be ready for [use this] Fall,” said Burdette. The rooms are for faculty instructional use only.

The LC IIs which used to haunt the general purpose labs are gone. Of the 39 machines left homeless, about 20 of them will be moved into the Goddard library to be made into word-processing stations. It is possible that OIS will sell the remaining units.

When asked if the dramatic increase in IBM-style machines was the beginning of a transition away from a Macintosh-based computer environment, Berzins and Computer Lab Manager Jason Pozkanzer said no. Computer Advisory Committee member Bill Evans remarked on the new lab equipment, “In one semester, we went from Tonka trucks to monster trucks.” It’s a metaphor...

- [Sources: Vic Berzins, Jason Poskanzer, Will Burdette, Joanne Demoura, Zeid Derhally, David Joyce]

encounters, the ghost has variously been a nun, a clown, and President Traina. In each of these encounters, the ghost reportedly poked Hoag with various objects before disappearing.

Melissa Flaxenbyork, a senior and former third floor resident of Wright, also reported experiences with the ghost. “A lot of people have heard the ghost,” she said, “But I’ve actually seen it.” Flaxenbyork said the ghost appeared to her in the guise of a Norfin troll, and that it poked her with stiff, pointed hair.

Most of the other residents who claim to have seen the ghost refuse to be interviewed, and details are sketchy. A few things are known, though.

The ghost appears mainly in Wright’s west wing, and a review of historical records shows that the hall was built over an Indian burial ground. The burial ground belonged to the Fugawi tribe, renowned for their annoying nature and incredible stupidity.

Anyone who has seen or has information on the Poking Ghost is urged to have a stiff drink and contact the offices of this publication.

New Dean of Students selected after ‘hurried’ search

Written by Randy Mack
Researched by Bill Evans

Denise Darrigrand took office as Clark’s fourth Dean of Students in six years on Monday, August 19. The previous Dean, Catherine Maddox-Wiley, announced her resignation toward the end of last Spring. The summer was spent by the Administration reviewing candidates and choosing the replacement. A Search Committee was formed, with the ultimate goal of making a recommendation to President Traina, whose decision it ultimately was.

Chair of the Search Committee (and acting Dean of the College) Paul Ropp said, “I feel very good about the search. The [Search] Committee worked very hard and very well together,” although he did admit that they were “in a big hurry” to find someone. All told, the process took less than eight weeks.

The process went as follows:

First a search committee, consisting of two administrators, two faculty members, two students, and a Chair, went to work. The Search Committee was:

- Paul Ropp (Chair), acting Dean of the College
- Harold Wingood, Director of Admissions
- Linda Nulton, Athletic Director
- Nancy Budwig, Psychology
- Debbie Marrel, Sociology
- Chris Condon, President of StudCo
- Marci Henderson, Sagittarius

Sharon Krefitz, the Dean of the College, also assisted until she left Clark for her sabbatical.

Each individual member of the SearchCom read the 200 or so resumes Clark received. As they read, each member ranked the resume in question and labeled it one of three categories:

- #1= Best (“Call references”)
- #2= Average (“Could do worse”)
- #3= Worst (“Nah”)

When they were finished, they reconvened to compare ratings. The field was narrowed down dramatically by only allowing candidates who received at least 5 #1s to advance to the next stage. From the 200, only a dozen or so candidates remained. [note: reports differ mildly, ranging from 11 to 16]

Ropp personally held brief discussions with each candidate to make sure they were still interested, and to notify them that their references were going to be checked.

The candidates were then reviewed and discussed by the SearchCom members, and their references were contacted. After sorting through the information on the semi-finalists, five were invited to Clark to interview. Clark paid for their plane ride, ground transportation costs, and one night at the Beechwood Inn. No current employee of Clark made it to become a finalist.

After arriving at Clark, the five candidates were then put through an impressively grueling two-day “meeting marathon,” in which they met with every Chief, Dean and Director in the higher side of the Administration, and then some. [see sample schedule, right]

One of the meetings candidates attended was with “group of students.” Among the students who attended these meetings was Erik Ghenoïu, President of the Agrarian Society, Condon,

David Bernstein, Station Manager of ROC-U, and Bill Evans, member of the Computer Advisory Committee and President of CCN.

After all the candidates met with everyone and then flew home, the SearchCom then re-reviewed their resumes, references, and experiences. According to Paul Ropp, some of the selection criteria were:

- Worked at institutions comparable to Clark, in terms of size and academic environment
- Broad and substantial experience working with students
- Impressed colleagues with energy and commitment to students
- A Master’s degree
- Can help accomplish Clark’s “academic mission”

An informal survey revealed that exactly 0% of the Clark population at the Info Desk on Tuesday night knew what Clark’s academic mission is, so as a public service, here it is: “To bring all of Clark’s faculty, students, and administration into a learning environment.”

The Search Committee eventually made its recommendation to President Richard Train, and. Traina approved.

| Sample Schedule | |
|---------------------------|--|
| Candidate; Arrival: Time: | Benedict Bloehardt Monday, June 24, 1996 12 noon |
| Schedule | |
| 12:30 – 1:30 | Lunch with Paul Ropp (Associate Dean of Students) |
| 1:30 – 2:30 | Campus tour w/ Chris Condon or Marcy Henderson |
| 2:30 – 4:00 | Interview with Dean of Students staff and Kevin McKenna (Director of Academic Advising) & Linda Garow (Director of Career Services) (Room– Jefferson 200) |
| Break | |
| 4:30 – 5:30 | Interview with Sharon Krefitz (Dean of the College) |
| 5:30 | Leave campus with Paul Ropp. Check in to Beechwood Hotel |
| 7:00 | Dinner at the Beechwood with Search Committee |
| Tuesday, June 25, 1996: | |
| 8:00 – 9:00 | Meet with Harold Wingood (Director of Admissions). Breakfast. Travel to campus |
| 9:15 – 10:00 | Interview with Roger Kasperson (Provost), Fred Greenaway (Dean of the Graduate School), and Andrea Michaels (Assistant to the Provost for Finance) |
| 10:00 – 10:55 | Meeting with group of students (Room– Jefferson 200) |
| 11:00 – 11:55 | Meeting with faculty members (Room – Jefferson 200) |
| 12:00 – 1:00 | Lunch with President Richard Traina |
| 1:15 – 2:00 | Interview with Jack Foley (Executive Assistant to the President) and Kate Chesley (Director of Communications [note: PR office, not academic department]) (Room – Jefferson 200) |
| 2:15 – 3:00 | Interview with Steve Goulet, Chief of Campus Police |
| Break | |
| 3:30 – 4:30 | Interview with Search Committee |

SPACE: THE FINAL FRONTIER

Lookin' Out for Number One at Capitalism U.

by Randy Mack



Clark is, by many standards, a small school. “How small is it?” Well, just how small it is depends on who you ask. For instance, ask many of the warring factions who had to fight, bite, and squabble for space this summer, and Clark will seem like a tempest-heavy teapot.

The problems surrounding space, especially this summer and certainly in the past, are almost too numerous to mention—definitely too numerous to know where to begin. Clark University is a very compact campus, and it isn’t surprising that space is a problem; what is surprising is the ad-hoc manner which the Administration handles these problems, and the decisions that Clark made this summer to address them.

So what are the problems, exactly? First, at least a half dozen new space-related projects came to a head this summer. This created a domino-effect which jeopardized—and, as we go to press, continues to jeopardize—some very exciting projects on this campus (what kind of projects? As usual, student projects).

Setting the Stage

- The card-entry system was given a major overhaul. Card-entries are run off a mainframe computer, and now can be programmed in very sophisticated ways. And there are plans to equip many more buildings on campus with card-entry machines. Previously, the card-entry computer was in a small room in Campus Police, a room that the Emergency Medical Technicians used as a headquarters; with the expansion of the card-entry system, the EMTs were summarily left homeless (their second space was also taken away, because David Milstone, Director of Residential Life and Housing, made (in his words) “a deal with the Bullock RD” to give

her an extra room). Thus commenced a search for a new space appropriate to the highly-specific needs of the all-volunteer emergency medical squad. With EMS president Mike Cross, EMT Bill Evans began the search for a space, with Chief of Police Stephen Goulet assisting them when possible (EMS is part of Campus Police, but not, as one might think, part of Health Services).

- As we all know from the Scarlet last semester, three RDs in the Fuller quad were fired and replaced with an “Area Coordinator” to oversee the dorms (Dodd is not part of the plan). This left, in theory, three large RD apartments vacant.

- Evans was also working on another project: the Multimedia Center of Clark (MC²) initiative. This project involved taking most of the space on the 1st floor of Dana Commons, moving all the campus media groups in, and forming a sort of media collective. Media groups could share ideas, expertise, and money, and collaborate on media projects for the campus at large. A space called “the Commuter Lounge,” a mildly run-down office used primarily by the Spree Day committee last year, but which is officially vacant, was central to the idea.

- The second floor of Dana Commons was granted to an Education Department project-to-be-named-later. This is the space, mind you, that used to be a fully-functional dining hall, and was the home of Black Tie Pizza (now Bon Appetit’s “Pizzaiolo,” if I can trust the Clark phone directory). Bon Appetit, meanwhile had been sending Collins memos suggesting that they are going to need the second dining space “sooner, not later.”

- Linda Connors had been help-

ing Evans with the MC². Connors has three positions, each of which conflicts with the others in subtle ways: Associate Dean of Students, Director of the University Center, and Facilitator of Campus Activities. As she and Evans were trying to sort out whose jurisdiction Dana Commons fell under (Housing? Connors? Collins?), a memo came down from Executive Assistant to the President Jack Foley’s office: Find Hope Lonstein a new office.

Why does Lonstein need a new office? It turns out that Education’s Project was given Lonstein’s office, even though hundreds of feet of empty space surround it. Lonstein is the Coordinator of Evening Safety and Services (namely, Escort), and was also now homeless.

- In the middle of this, Clark’s Barnes&Noble Bookstore pulled the Specialty Shop out of the UC, creating a very public void in a very public space.

- Finally, Clark University has added four academic departments since the turn of the decade, while the normal departments continue to grow and expand at a healthy-but-alarming rate. This is in addition to the external projects that Clark is taking on, such as the Main South Community Development Corporation (MSCDC), IDRISI, COPACE (and its sub-programs), and the UPNRP plan (which should be adding spaces for the campus, but doesn’t seem to be)

- Let’s not forget that Jonas Clark is being renovated and academic departments have been stuck in unusual places like the basement of freshmen dorms.

The First Act: Dilemmas

Evans’ search for an EMS space started with an idea: why not one of the empty RD apartments? These spaces are perfect in size, construction, and equipment, and should be empty. Unfortunately, as Housing dean David Milstone informed him, the apartments—each of which fulfill the EMS space requirements—are taken: one is needed as living space for the Area Coordinator, one is offices for the AC and the 13 RAs (why the RAs need an office is still a mystery), and the remaining one is rented as a pair of double-singles to help pay for the AC. It is a full-time job, and, strictly mathematically, seems to pay three times what an RD did; in truth, the University’s overhead charge on full-time employees is a whopping 30%—meaning that RLH must pay the Administration an extra fee equalling 30% of the A.C.’s salary—which makes it more difficult for Milstone to recoup his costs.

While Evans looked around for yet another space that met their needs, Linda Connors and Milstone conferred over the problem, and ar-

rived at two offers: Milstone offered the room of E&R Cleaners in the basement of Maywood Hall, while Connors offered the Commuter Lounge in the first floor of Dana Commons. Since that room was targeted by the MC² project, the offer put EMS and the Multimedia Center in an uncomfortable competition.

The E&R room, meanwhile, was subject to three conditions: 1) that EMS moved whenever temporary housing was needed, 2) that EMS move out whenever the space was needed for quarantine, and 3) that they share with the cleaning service. The idea of the EMS sharing space with 50 bags of undergraduate laundry was not entertained for very long. If the laundry service could be moved out, however, the space would be quite acceptable. Milstone solution was to tell Evans that all he had to do was find a new space for E&R Cleaners.

Cross spoke with Goulet, and they agreed that the Commuter Lounge would be a good space, even though it wasn’t ventilated and didn’t contain the showering facilities the EMTs needed. If the EMTs took the space, the MC² was screwed. So thus Evans convinced Cross not to commit to the space, and went off in search of alternatives.

Connors, in the meanwhile, had been contacted by Jack Foley’s office in order to relocate Hope Lonstein. Foley was looking for a room in the UC, but Connors was unable to come up with one. A serendipitous meeting with Milstone, Business Manager Mike Dennis, and Chief Goulet was held, and Connors, forgetting about the MC², let Lonstein move into the Commuter Lounge. Meanwhile, Chief Goulet offered the EMS the chance to share the space with Lonstein.

Unfortunately for EMS, but fortunately for the MC², the Commuter Lounge wasn’t ventilated and didn’t contain the showering facilities EMS needed. The laundry room, on the other hand, was a very nice space, but, according to Evans, EMS can’t function surrounded by piles of laundry, and furthermore, being asked to share with an external, for-profit business was adding insult to injury. After the extravagant praise during EMS Week last semester, the Administration’s weak attempt to help looked a little hypocritical.

Meanwhile, Hope Lonstein cleaned and painted the unventilated Commuter Lounge by hand, as Physical Plant was too busy to do anything but throw out all the couches, chairs, tables, and desks that students could have used.

The Second Act: Channels

By this point, the MC² committee was in a very peculiar bind. Their

THE ENTERPRISE SYSTEM

In which all the Services, Offices, and Departments act like independent businesses, charging each other—and you—willy-nilly for any and all services rendered. They have their own budgets, make their own money, control their own turf. In theory, serves to reduce the amount of wasted resources, but in reality, creates landfills of paperwork for just about everything. The Enterprise System was the basic reason for implementing the Banner mainframe, which has successfully taken once-laborious inter-departmental transactions and made them nightmarish. Also creates provincial attitudes among the departments at Clark, resulting in short-sighted policy decisions and a certain degree of resentfulness towards students.

Because the Enterprise system allows total independence, questioning policies in near-impossible, and there are no checks or balances against aforementioned lame policy decisions, which are protected and defended against all common sense, business sense, and basic moral sense. Your only recourse is to go over the head of the Department Head in question, and this only alienates everyone.

For the average undergraduate, it is like living in a city in which every business is a monopoly and furthermore, is owned by the same inscrutable corporation.

Finally, the Enterprise system isn’t applied to all departments, nor uniformly to the departments that it is applied to, so sometimes you’re being exploited by heartless capitalism and sometimes you’re being exploited by mindless socialism.

plans involved relocating three student clubs and an entire International Development storage room. One of the most important spaces had been given away twice in less than a month. And to make matters worse, they were two months into writing a proposal that would ideally grant them the Commuter Lounge, the Pit, and the Red Room (ID's storage closet)— but they had no idea who had the authority to grant them the spaces. This dilemma, it turns out, is not a new one.

One problem is that Clark University doesn't have any method, committee, or protocol for space allocation. Even domains that appear well-defined at first glance turn out to be muddy. On paper, Linda Connors handles the University Center and all the rooms therein, by virtue of her position as Director of the UC, but the senior administration has gone over (or around) her on a number of occasions, most visibly when they dropped CU Graphics in the old game room without warning or discussion. So it's more like "You handle the UC except when we want it for our business deals."

Furthermore, Connors' position as Associate Dean of Students (and Chair of the UAC, see below) gives her power over "student space" needs, which is why the Spree Day Committee was able to use the Commuter Lounge last year, and why she was able to give it away. What exactly is "student space" Connors seems willing to leave to the Administration to decide; this defeats the purpose of her position quite soundly, and leaves students groups perpetually on the defensive, reacting to decisions passed down from above. The fact that the Red Room had been student space since the building's construction in 1969 seems irrelevant— Connors won't fight for it, and neither the Administration nor Academic Affairs (and especially not ID) are willing to give it away.

Dana Commons is neither in the UC, nor in a dorm, and space there has been dealt with pretty randomly in the past. Jack Foley was responsible for bringing the Small Business Development Center (SBDC) into Dana in 1992, effectively shutting down the Red Room and dealing a near-fatal blow to the student arts scene here. Later, the Red Room was given to ID by then-Provost Fern Johnson.

The Provost allocates academic departments' space, although once upon a time there was an Academic Space Committee, which fell into disuse and died. According to Jim Collins, the Office of Student Records is responsible for scheduling administrative sites. Why the Office of Student Records? Who knows? And when asked who ultimately determines space issues around campus, Collins said with a little smile, "I guess that'd be me." Let us not forget that Collins' job is finance.

If that wasn't enough, then there are the committees: the University Activities Committee (the UAC), who makes space "recommendations" to Connors and who has no actual authority; the Physical Plant

Trustee Committee, who has made space allocations like sticking the Recycling Center in a nearly-condemned building and deciding which Main South property to purchase next, and the now-defunct Campus Space Committee (not the same as the Academic Space Committee), which was dissolved years ago due to, in Jim Collins' words, "lack of a legitimate function," and which didn't do what its name suggests anyway.

Part of the confusion comes from the conflation of space with use. Consequently, we have certain authorities who allocate space by its location (Connors, the UAC, Milstone) and those who allocate according to use (The Office of Student Records, the Physical Plant Trustee Committee, the Provost). Thus, what happens with spaces like Dana Commons and the Recycling Center building, where use, locale, and precedent tangle into dense, paralytic knots, is a mystery to be solved by only the most brave or foolhardy.

Then there's the question of timing. The Administration saves the summers for whatever major construction jobs they've planned. This makes sense. Interestingly, they also save major space *decisions* for the summer, too. This effectively disenfranchises the student population, and increases the administration's summer workload— which is

“One problem is that Clark doesn't have any method, committee, or protocol for space allocation.”

already considerable. Thus, when an idea like the MC² comes along, there isn't time to deal with it. It becomes yet another thing to deal with, an annoyance.

Of course, if you're a student with ideas, there's always "channels." According to Jack Foley, "channels" means presenting a proposal to Connors, who would assist in preparing it for the Administration. Once it had been made Administrator-friendly, Connors would pass it along to her boss, the Dean of Students. The Dean would review it, perhaps even do a revision with the proposal's authors, and then pass it over to the Dean of the College, who would pass it up to the Provost, and who would theoretically bring it up at the next senior staff meeting for the benefit of the Jack Foleys and Jim Collinses. (The MC² committee decided to ignore channels, as there was neither a permanent Dean of Students nor a full-time Dean of the College. Also, those channels look suspiciously like a way to make sure no student initiative arrived uncompromised before the Senior Administration.)

This was the Gordian knot of administrative space issues that the MC² was faced with: the problem of having to ask nobody in particular for several spaces in several jurisdictions that nobody takes direct re-

the players

Linda Connors— Connors is the Assistant Dean of Students, the Director of the University Center, and the Facilitator of Campus Activities. Her office, now called "the Office of Campus Activities," is on the second floor of the University Center. From there, she runs the Events Planning office, councils Student Council, approves student organizations spending the SAF, and tries to control the UC.

Jack Foley— Foley started out as a food service employee, worked his way up to Business Manager, and is now the Executive Assistant to the President [Traina]. His job is to do all the things the President is supposed to do, so that the actual President can run around and raise money. His specialty is Main South projects, such as the MSCDC, and the University Park Plan, but at Clark, he can control pretty much anything he chooses to. Cynics amuse themselves by whispering that he wants to become mayor.

Jim Collins— Collins is the Vice-President in Charge of Administration and Finance, and also Treasurer of the University. Thus, he collects, stores, and spends Clark's money. He basically runs this school.

Michael Dennis— Dennis is the Manager of Business Services (ie., Business Manager), and works for Collins. This scrappy young soldier, class of '96, is still shaking off the vertigo attained during his rocket-like ascent into the upper echelon of the Administration. He is responsible for all Clark's external business affairs: insurance, food service, workman's compensation, motor vehicles, Consortium liaison, etc. You would think the Enterprise system would make this job unnecessary, but apparently not.

sponsibility for. Ask Collins for the space, and they would probably be going over certain people's heads; try to go through channels, and nothing would get done and it would take months to get that done. The MC² decided to deal with everybody simultaneously. It seemed safest.

Many meetings were held with Milstone, Collins, and Connors, and many interesting things were learned:

- The Downing Street School, which says "V&PA" next to it in the 1996-7 University Budget and also on the Phone Directory's map, isn't, as yet, officially going to the Visual and Performing Arts Department. Jim Collins considers it general classroom space. The V&PA is still submitting proposals as to what to do with it (one proposal, submitted by music professor Matthew Malky, involves making the 3rd floor a multimedia production facility, similar but not identical to the MC² idea).

- There is apparently "plenty of space" on campus. Collins made

this remark on three separate occasions to three separate people, but has yet to actually mention any. This idea stupefied the members of the MC² committee, as they had spent weeks scouting locations around campus. One member suggested that perhaps it seems like there's plenty of space when you can move anyone out whenever you wish. Later, Milstone made the same remark as Collins, but quickly qualified it with "but it's the kind of space [that's problematic]."

- Education's mystery project is not a permanent addition to Dana Commons. First of all, their plan is to move out in a few years anyway, but more importantly, Collins says he is ready to "put them elsewhere" as soon as something better comes along. With Bon Appetit chomping at the bit, "something better" may indeed come sooner than later.

- The deal Education has— namely, "enjoy the space but be ready to move out at a moment's notice"— is apparently the norm for making space arrangements on campus. The sudden displacement of Hope



Chart courtesy Bill Evans and Physical Plant

Current Arrangement of Dana Commons

Lonstein is a good example. The only exception to this rule seems to be the for-profit enterprises that Clark brings onto campus; apparently moving them requires various sorts of contract renegotiations and rental agreements, and therefore doesn't seem to be worth bothering about. And under Clark's enterprise system, Departments and Offices have no reason to work together, and near-total hiring autonomy, which serves to eliminate ideas like "the greater good" from the decision-making process.

Act Three: The Sheltering Sky

Given the Administration's habit of selling out student space for the convenience of their business ventures (E&R Cleaners, CU Graphics, the SBDC, the Specialty Shop, etc), the sudden vacancy of the Specialty Shop was a novel opportunity for students, and David Bernstein, station manager of ROC-U and member of the MC² planning committee, wrote a proposal saying that if the MC² failed, the Specialty Shop space would be great for the almost-on-air radio station.

Initial reaction to the idea, especially from fellow students, was "Great idea. It'll never happen." But as time went by, reports began trickling in that certain high-powered members of the Administration were getting very enthusiastic about the idea. With a certain degree of alarm, Bernstein and the MC² proposal committee realized that his rather generous condition of "if the MC² fails" simply gave the Administration another excuse to kill it.

Meanwhile, Evans met with Dick Ford, Director of International Development, and learned that I.D. had been trying to turn the Red Room into classroom space since they first moved, and that every request they had made had been ignored. Ford, not surprisingly, was unhappy about this. He insists that I.D. needs its own classrooms, its own computer laboratories, and its own student carrels. I.D. is right next door to the Graduate School of Management, which has its own labs, but Ford refuses to entertain the idea of sharing the space. He also refuses to use the classrooms in Downing Hall (the new name for the Downing Street School, according to the Phone Directory), claiming that they are "too far away" from his offices in Carlson.

Meanwhile, back on the EMS front, Evans had a new idea: move the cleaners into the first-floor storage room in Dana Commons. The room is currently being used by Bon

Appetit, and a member of the food service said that they wouldn't be needing it. But when Evans told Connors about it, Connors said the idea wouldn't fly because Bon Appetit doesn't know if they're going to need it, and furthermore it's Business Manager Mike Dennis's job to give away the food service's space. And Dennis isn't willing. To put the nails in the coffin, it isn't ventilated enough for the laundry.

So with Lonstein's new (but as Connors insists, temporary) office deemed unacceptable, the laundry service deemed unmovable, and the residence halls deemed untouchable, EMS is still homeless. Chief Goulet has offered them asylum in the Campus Police station in Bullock; an unhappy and typically unsatisfying solution for arguably the campus's most important student group.

Ironically, Milstone offered EMS a room in the basement of Sanford, roughly five years ago, and EMS refused, citing a preference for proximity to Campus Police. According to Milstone, the offer still stands. Unfortunately, it's complicated by events since then. For one, Wheat-Bread magazine is in the room, technically sharing with JOTA and the now-defunct Clark Socialist Union. If the MC² goes through, JOTA and WB will move to Dana Commons, and EMS will have a space. If not, they're still homeless.

And that's if they choose to take it: there is the question of its location in Sanford, which is the dorm farthest from the center of campus, and the fact that it is unventilated, non-handicapped access, and doesn't have private showering facilities.

Meanwhile, although the MC² was conceived in May, and Evans, et al, were determined to get a decision by the end of the summer. Unfortunately, the MC²'s formal proposal took months to finish, and as of this writing, the members of the Senior Administration are looking it over and are planning a decision within the next few weeks (maybe). They've also said that they're waiting a recommendation by the UAC, who, at last check, was not a Senior Administration advisory committee, and who furthermore is not meeting until September.

Solutions and Preventive Maintenance

The fact that EMS and the MC² spent four months trying to unravel the space problems here, and still failed to get decent locations, is the consequence of a conceptual collision: Clark's "enterprise system,"

EMERGENCY MEDICAL SERVICE

The Emergency Medical Service (EMS) of Clark is the all-volunteer student-run and -administered medical service serving Clark University and all Clark-owned property. It is on duty 24 hours a day.

The EMS is composed of Emergency Medical Technicians (EMTs) and First Responders. They receive the same professional training and background as state, county, and city EMSes (such as the ambulance people who come when you dial 911). Their average response time is 2 minutes. They are the 1st line of defense for everything medical condition from sprained ankles to cardiac arrest. EMS is not authorized to prescribe medication.

EMTs must take more than a hundred hours of training courses. Linda Goselin, EMS Coordinator, teaches the EMS course through COPACE (which is offered every fall in Shrewsbury Adult Education).

EMS exists under the auspices of Campus Police, although it is an independent group and all records are kept strictly confidential in accordance with state law.

For the 1995/6 academic year, EMS had a total of 26 students on its staff. At least 2 or 3 are on duty at all times, 24 hours a day.

Current EMS President Mike Cross says that the two biggest problems facing EMS, besides the lack of a space, are "Frivolous calls (but better they call and don't need it than not call and need it), and the lack of campus awareness." Karen McKenna will become President of EMS at the semester's start.

If you doubt the importance of EMS, consider what safety and health would be like around here if students had to rely on Health Services and their cold-pack cure-alls.

[Sources: Mike Cross, Bill Evans.]

which creates parochial, paranoid, and uncooperative attitudes among all the departments, services, and offices here, meeting head-on with the current state of Clark's campus: congested, convoluted, constricted, and compromised. Stupid administrative deals from the past are now haunting the students of this campus, complicating the lives of people like Connors, Evans, and Collins, and making problem after problem for any student or student group trying to expand, create, or mobilize.

Relocating EMS and Escort should have been easy. Possibilities abound. EMS is the harder one to

relocate, and solutions to the problem exist, if one prioritizes.

The room that contains E&R Cleaners fits all the EMS requirements, including a private bathroom (a very rare feature). E&R, meanwhile, only works 2 days a week, for a few hours a day. And between Tuesday and Thursday all they do is store 50-70 bags of laundry. All they need is access to a loading dock for delivery and pickup (no laundry is actually serviced at Clark— it all goes to Manchester, New Hampshire) and a place to store. The space in the basement of the UC that houses CU Graphics is perfect. Move CU onto Main Street, where they can replace the business that they put out of business (Kwik Copy, the unofficial official printing service to Clark U for close to a decade (Isn't our Main South outreach initiative impressive?)), and move EMS into the E&R room.

Also, an RD apartment would be perfect. If EMS raised the \$\$\$, could they book the double singles and move in? No, says Milstone, "It's not a money issue, it's a student issue. Even allowing for no-shows, the dorms are close to 100% capacity for the Fall." That is, if you include things like double-singles in "capacity."

Thus, one solution would be to remove the double-singles and make the rich seniors bunk up like the rest of us. Housing would lose... lessee, \$15,000, but it would significantly ameliorate the campus space congestion, opening up opportunities for student groups, administrative offices, and so on. (Of course, the real tragedy is that it comes down to choosing between these options. If space allocation was handled coherently, many financial -vs. -practical dilemmas could be avoided.) And, predictably, there's no way Housing will kick out all the seniors who grabbed the double-singles in the housing lottery and lose all that money.

Of course, Hope Lonstein's office would work perfectly in there, too, but then, Lonstein has very modest space requirements and could fit comfortably practically anywhere— especially in a dormitory like Maywood. Actually, especially in a room in the basement, with easy access to the street— like the E&R Cleaners room. Milstone says that this is alright with him, but that it needs to be approved by Lonstein's supervisor, Jack Foley. Foley was "on a business trip" as we went to press and was unavailable for comment.

Another solution is to use the Wright Hall social lounge, which is on the 1st floor and has a door that connects to Health Services. The social lounge is as long as Wendy's Clark Brunch, so a wall would need to be built, but that's the only renovation necessary. Unfortunately, Milstone says he "would never shorten the room and never compromise social space." As he rightly points out, Clark is very deficient in terms of common social space. (There was a time when Jonas Clark and the Little Center (né Commons) provided this function, but apparently common social space is not a priority at Clark.)

RESIDENTIAL LIFE AND HOUSING

Residential Life and Housing (RLH) is the office through which Clarkies get their shelter, unless they're upperclassmen or are related to a Trustee or something. It was once called Housing and Residential Programs (H&RP), but it was altered to keep with Clark's policy of randomly changing the names of everything every 9 months.

Even though RLH is completely independent financially, freshmen and sophomores are required to live on campus. Thus, RLH is guaranteed a minimum income, no matter how lousy their policies, the RA training, or the living conditions. This guarantees the one possible benefit from Clark's pseudo-capitalistic system is avoided: quality control spurred on by personal choice.

David Milstone, the Director of RLH, is technically an Assistant Dean of Students, although his job requires more business savvy than personal finesse. RLH's offices are on the 1st floor of 22 Downing St.

Taking a step back, these relocation issues, and therefore almost every complication of this past summer, were preventable.

First, Milstone should not have made the deal that moved out the EMS. The reason for the deal seem to be that he's really keen on moving all the residence halls into the "A.C. Model," (what he calls the "hottest trend in university housing"), and giving the Bullock RD an extra room seems to be a step toward that goal.

Second, Hope Lonstein and the Escort Service didn't need to be moved at all. This, and the resulting domino-effect, could have been prevented by investing in a dozen free-standing cubicle dividers and some office furniture. As it stands now, Dana Commons' second floor contains an enormous unused kitchen, hundreds of square feet of empty floor, and Lonstein's old office, which was originally supposed to be a Function Room, but is the only ready-made office space on that floor. Portable office dividers would have made the rest of the floor into perfectly functional office space. Why is Education's project, which benefits 30 Worcester kids and a few Clark students, more important than the Escort Service, which benefits hundreds of students repeatedly, for years?

If we take another step back, we can see that the situation at the start of the summer was also preventable. EMS has been around for decades, and has never really had a place to call their own. After EMS declined the offer of Sanford, their space was created in Bullock Hall, and as Milstone tells it, that space was temporary from the start. Of course, he and EMS had 5 years to relocate, but they never did.

E&R Cleaners, meanwhile, does not deserve their own space. The room they are in is a “designated quarantine room,” in case a student gets a communicable disease but cannot go home, but that does not mean they are actually sharing. Milstone was kind enough to suggest making them share with EMS, but the question is how they were able to monopolize a room in a student resident hall when space is so scarce.

Another oddity is E&R's existence at Clark. E&R is a corporate cleaning company that services mostly prep schools and certain Ivy League institutions. They are not servicing any more than 50 to 80 students a month here. However, because Housing works like an independent business, RLH does its own contract negotiations and service booking, and Milstone apparently really liked the idea of an Ivy-League-style laundry service. According to Milstone, E&R had been

doing summer work at Clark for a few years when, in 1991, they “offered” to serve the campus full-time. Doing away with them altogether might be the most reasonable option here.

CU Graphics was slam-dunked into the University Center in 1993. According to Linda Connors, she and the UAC were simply contacted one day by then-Business Manager Jack Foley's office and informed that the Administration had negotiated a contract and CU Graphics was moving in. Mind you, Connors' job as Director of the University Center is to allocate space in the UC, and the UAC's job is to make intelligent recommendations to Connors about the UC's space, but apparently the office of Administration and Finance knew better. Thus, CU Graphics usurped the ailing Game Room, taking another student space for the sake of some unrelated for-profit business. Moving them onto Main Street would open up many possibilities for the basement of the UC, some of which were mentioned above, and some of which weren't (such as moving the MC² there).

And perhaps if the Small Business Development Center wasn't using 7 rooms in Dana Commons, Clark would have a music scene and a Multimedia Center, and EMS and Hope Lonstein would have permanent homes right now.

The last question to ask is: Why did Clark allow the Space Committees, which could have decided all these issues months ago (in theory), to fall into disuse and vanish? Committees aren't always the best way to solve problems, but one responsible committee could have prevented the crisis of location experienced this summer.

Clark University, as a physical institution, is a living testament to the horrors of idiotic architecture. From the 15 years of constant renovating it took to get the Goddard library into semi-functional shape, to the monumental mediocrity and waste of the University Center, anybody attempting to work in this place has enough “natural” geographic obstacles to make Lewis and Clark blanche. Unfortunately, the Administration has been compounding these problems with short-sighted and self-serving policies that, as a matter of practice, compromise and undermine student activities and student projects. Until this school’s officials get their priorities straight, and learn to address student needs in their decisions concerning the university’s geography, Clark will continue to be the school “where two wrongs don’t make a right—but three lefts do.” •

[Disclosure note: Randy Mack was one of the principal players on the MC² proposal committee.]

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INFO DESK SUMMER LOGS! REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME!



Explanation of What Follows

Chris Condon, our intrepid Student Council President, and David Bernstein, the fearless leader of ROC-U, spent the summer working the Information Desk in the University Center. For unknown reasons, they tried to keep a log of the summer’s events. What follows is a compilation of Log entries of an unusually lucid nature. Working for Bill Cahillane and Linda Brown Connors is enough to drive anyone to drink, but as a personal eyewitness, I think I can safely say that showing up drunk to work at 8 am for an entire summer is no way to treat the privilege of work-study. —RM

The Info Desk log is written in a precise and technical language, as the documents can be admitted as evidence in court. A key to abbreviations and technical terms follows:

| | | | | | |
|------|----------------------------------|-----------|-----------------------|-----------------|--|
| D | Dave | GS | General Store | nifty | neato |
| C | Chris | CR2 | Somewhere in the UC | spiffy | nifty |
| E | Erik GhenoIU (Info Desk refugee) | UC | University Center | neato | spiffy |
| LBC | Linda Brown Connors | Bistro | IC | shanks | bails on |
| S | Sara Cass (Info Desk refugee) | IC | International Cafe | work | ping-pong |
| CP | Campus Police | Pub | Grind Central | ping-pong | intense physical labor |
| PP | Physical Plant | Mr. Bill | Bill Cahillane | Abou | Student Council Treasurer |
| BA | Bon Appetit | Zone 6 | The zone after Zone 5 | Prof. King | the old guy with the cane who’s everywhere |
| Daka | history | Jillian’s | Pool hall/bar/arcade | Jan-Ove Waldner | Swedish ping-pong olympian |

[Note: Grace, Lurie, Steinbrecher, and Persky are rooms in the UC]

- 5/23

D

— Came in @ 9 am.

— New food service people are here!

C

— Daka left at 3:01

— Light out near exit at CR2

— Light flickering on far brick wall in Terrace.
- 5/24

C

— Came in at 9, Went to CP, came back

D

— Came in @ 10, listened to Chris’ story about going to CP and back

C

— @ 11:33 Pres’ office calls and snubs me

— A sculpture professor inquired about how to spell professor and 2 pedestals. Please see attached.

— Bill’s dad called at 1:45

— last DAKA meal purchased by Tom Roy at 1:59

D

— DAKA employee experiences difficulty transporting broccoli and red bell peppers. No damage to produce. Cleanup aisle 1.

C

— Man seeks permission “to fiddle with his things.” Chris and Dave confer. Permission granted. Man commences fiddling.

D

— (3:30) Request for stapler denied due to lack of same. Said object found and returned to proper shelf minutes later. All clear.

— 3:57 Pen issue, concerning a lack there of at the ATM machine, resolved. Standard issue Clark ballpoint installed in place of missing bank writing implement

— 4:45 Black dog runs amuck for 30 seconds. Owner escorts same from concourse. Michael Gibson rejoices by “doing a little dance.”

— 5:00 Same DAKA employee experiences difficulty transporting pots. Cleanup aisle 2.

— 5:15 On building check, damaged fluorescent light found outside crafts studio. Cover was dangling and fell when touched. Cover placed aside light in hallway.

— Abou sighted at 5:20 and 30 seconds. Used phone.
- 5/28

D

— Susan LaRosa reports success in the job market. 2 jobs required.

— Abou sighted at 2:15 and 42 seconds. Searched Linda’s signature.

— Note: 5’ table is exactly 1’ shorter than 6’ table.

C

— Called Fantastic’s and placed order for large steak and cheese and a Pepsi. Went and picked it up and brought it back. Ate it. Digested it. Disposed of it in proper receptacle.

— The 1st light in the row of lights here in the concourse is out. Daka left its food in Grace. Food left there.
- 5/29

C

— Linda and Chris confer on moving around info desk furniture. They decide and Chris begins moving. One fatality to report: The blue x-mas ornament on the board fell. Chris expressed his grief over the loss and cleaned up the pieces. While cleaning Chris realizes how “all the kings men” must have felt.

D

— Abou Fall sighted @ 3:05:15. Allegedly here to “show Linda some forms.” Sounds fishy, investigation underway.

— Two bar stools brought up from Grind Central much to the delight of student employees.

— 7:20 Dinner!
- 5/30

D

— Came in @ 8:57. Sackler-facing doors propped open while DAKA moves large items. Brnnrrrrr....

— Renamed office chairs as suggested by other assistant summer manager. Chairs now bear the names of those who will be using them.

— BSU mess cleaned up. “Mushroom” and other useable items placed in BSU office. Rubbish transported to dumpster; Cardboard awaits recycling

— 11:55 Mr. Bill calls; on his way here. May now be referred to as Mr. New Haircut Boy.

— 12:05 Debbie Brenner from Provost’s office calls in regards to renegade tablecloth. Suspect has been apprehended and is in custody @ the info desk, awaiting Ms. Brenner and the “discipline squad.”

— Employee moving DAKA material injured. Minor cut to right hand. Band-aid and soothing words furnished @ desk. Instructed as to location of restroom and advised of the evils of infection. Same now wearing gloves.

C

— You, Inc, shows up and requests more chairs. Request granted. They request a tablecloth. Request denied for reason of no tablecloth. Numerous requests for phone and bathroom. All granted. Around a quarter of nine, You Inc. moves all 230 chairs and decides to hold a dance (with DJ). Chris realizes how the camel’s back must have felt. Bill notifies them that building closes @ 9. Compromise reached. At 9:15 music will stop and all will leave at 9:30. BULLSHIT!

— Left @ 9:50
- 5/31

D

— In @ 9:57. Found Chris about to embark on McDonalds run. Request for Mc-your-kids-will-hate-it sandwich denied; restaurant on breakfast schedule. Poop.
- 6/2

— Worked our asses off. ‘Nuff said.

C

— 1st real Bon Appetit meal real good.

— Chris was 1st Clarkie to eat B.A.

— At 10:20 Chris buys red Powerade and wins a free 20 oz. Powerade, Jason in GS notifies Chris that the GS “is not a participating retailer,” meaning Chris can’t get anything. Chris gets pissed and vows never to shop at the GS again.

— At 10:35, Chris buys a 3 musketeer ice cream bar from the GS. Oh well!

D

— On rounds found nothing but unlocked doors. Bill found Maywood St. doors (behind Dining hall) to be open 10 min after I checked them (they were locked at the time). Doors re-locked.
- 6/4

D

— Bills dad calls 11:45

— 1st Bon Appetit experience. Mmmmmmmmm Good!

— Tom Roy wanders in. Looks “spiffy.” Inquires as to mysterious odor; same determined to be Dave’s root beer. All clear.

C

— Man irate at BA. Informs Police Officer that “he’ll give ‘em a system.”

— Bill’s dad called 12:10

D

— Abou sighted @ 1:03. New hair cut suits him well.

C

— Left at 10:30 after having seen Bill get his award and having met Bill’s dad.
- 6/5

D

— Message board change w/help from Mr. William Evans. Now looks “neato.”
- 6/6

C

— Bon Appetit employee experiences difficulty transporting pots. Clean up aisle 2.

— Same BA employee again experiences difficulty transporting pots. Another clean up aisle 2. A pattern in Clark food service noted.
- 6/8

C

— Generally slow day. What’s that stuff on the opposite page?
- 6/10

D

— Jim Collins sighted running up Downing St. towards library. Jogging in fall suit attire.

— 6:00 Campus Police calls to inquire about Atwood. Cam tried to make me close it. Hah!
- 6/11

D

— Moved, studied, played ping-pong.
- 6/12

D

— Got a parking ticket for “meter violation.” Check made for \$5 made out to City of Worcester.

— Entirely uneventful day.

- 6/14
- D

–

Mysterious foam sheet falls from roof. Appears to be either packing material or a really large tissue. All set.
- Freight elevator being services (3:20) for faulty “stop” switch. I just want the elevator to go.

- 6/15
- S

—

Came in and sat around for a while. Youth of Year All set. Been rereading log and conclude that “C” and “D” are rather bored. And extremely weird. Interesting reading material to pass the time though you guys should write in our log all year round - most of the people write boring things.

- 6/17
- C

–

Came in at 10. Helped Jack Foley and Kristen set up Grace for the Pow-wow at 12:15.
- At 1:30 the big Pow-wow (it had that infamous Clark Banner) ends. Senator Kerry shakes my hand and like Bart Simpson and his 1st love I’ll never wash my hand again.
- At 1:37, Abou sighted. I shake his hand. I get pissed. Oh well.
- Success reported on winning free stuff. Chris wins a 20 oz. Coke.
- BA employee experiences difficulty transporting pots. Clean up aisle 2. Idea suggested to Chris Moose that he hold a “transporting pots training session” for all new and old employees.

- 6/18
- D

–

Light bulb above info desk out, light switch no help. Get rid of the slacker.

- 6/20
- D

–

In @ 8:55, No Linda or Eilene. Had to walk all the way over to CP and back in the rain and cold. Building manager hopes he does not get the sniffles.
- C

–

Strange occurrence in the men’s bathroom on the 1st floor by Steinbrecher. The urinal constantly flushing. I kicked but nothing happened. Closed two open windows. Flushing stops. Investigation underway.

- 6/21
- D

–

Director of mailroom informs desk that he “could probably live off cereal and tuna fish.” Goes on to relate that he once lived in PB&J and Kool- Aid for 6 months.
- Chris takes field trip to Dean of Students office. Takes his time.
- Chris gets pay raise. Now makes 4X what I make. Council payola strikes again.
- Chris goes to cushy meeting, takes sweet time getting back. Probably got free food.
- C

–

A very jealous Dave takes field trip to Dean of Students office. Takes sweet time.
- After losing in an epic 7-5 ping-pong war to Dave, we go on rounds. All set.

- 6/24
- D

–

Mr. Kleinberger and Mr. Savage discuss ice cream popsicles as Mr. O’Connell looks on.
- Clipboard from mailroom turned in @ 8:20. Ed LeMay found same on bench outside Maywood St. doors. Returned to Rich.

- 6/25
- D

–

Clipboard apparently returned to mailroom, but a certain building manager did not record it in the log.

- 6/27
- C

–

A certain building manager had better watch his wise ass comments or the building manager is going to kick his ass.
- D

–

It seems that a certain assistant is insecure when confronted with an accurate assessment of his job performance. Perhaps a review of UC procedures would be in order.

- 7/1
- C

–

Came in @ 9. The other building manager is enjoying breakfast with his parents and girlfriend. How cute. I think I’m going to throw up now.
- Mailroom workers experiences difficulty transporting mail. Clean up.
- @ 2:50 Clark University Camp (CUC) breaks the elevator. Suggested a head count, but directors (Spelman/Kleinberger) said it would

- be useless because they are unsure how many hoodlums/kids they have.
- CUC director Spelman notifies Building Manager that a kid dreamed he grew like superman. He jumped off wall, hit head, and threw up. CP and Jack Foley notified. All set. Except for large lump.
- Another Building Manager starts madness with football and campers. Appropriately reprimanded.
- D

–

Piano needs tuning
- LBC

–

Spoke to individual involved in elevator fiasco. I was assured that this behavior would not be repeated. Thanks for info on piano— no action in foreseeable future however.
- Who wants to make a run to a dept. store today (Ames & CVS in Webster Square maybe?)
- Chris, that’s an affirmative on Persky and thanks for getting Paul Ropp’s signature. The Swiss bank transfer should appear the day I leave Clark.

- 7/3
- D

–

Left door on rightmost cabinet under desk broken. Probably Chris’s fault. Note: remember to charge same for damage.

- 7/6
- D

–

Prof. King comes up with new “Don’t work too hard”-esque line.
- Slow day at the UC
- 8:10 - Alarm sounds. Zone 6 compromised. Area checked and found clear. Alarm reset.
- Finally got rid of them @ 9:00:24

- 7/7
- DO NOT WRITE HERE
- 7/8

D

–

Maybe we should start selling stamps...
- D

–

Table tennis paddle returned broken. Casualty of one of “Nathan’s Kids.” Was taken into custody by CP and will serve mandatory 30-day sentence. Fine pending.
- C

–

1st night we were open to 12. VERY BORING! I think that from 10 on only. 4 people other than Forrest and I came in. BORING!

- 7/11
- D

–

Alarms sounds @ 11:15. Zone 3 compromised. Area checked— all clear. Alarm reset.

- 7/13
- C

–

Another very boring day. Had a visit from Casey Baircla, going to Jillian’s. left at 8:30.

- 7/14
- D

–

Ceiling tile found broken in the common area outside the student offices @ 5:30. Cause unknown. Debris left in place for inspection by building manger. Three local kids were seen leaving building about 3:45 as building manger returned from a round. Possible suspects.

- 7/15
- C

–

My word. That ceiling tile came down during “Bertha!” A similar tile fell in the Bistro. CP was notified and I was told not to worry.

- 7/20
- D

–

1:30 Tilton hall television out of order: Cable missing. Search of area proved negative. New cable will have to be purchased Monday. Situation explained to patron. He decides to read a book.
- Numerous Olympics fans were saddened to miss the 1st day’s events.

- 7/22
- D

–

Alarm sounded in Pub (Grind Central) @ 4:25. Offender found. Middle-aged man in suit w/ brown hair and moustache was “looking for food.” Front door found unlocked and lights on. Reset alarm and shut out lights. All clear.

- 7/23
- C

–

Mouse spotted running from the Concourse towards the min dining hall. BA notified. They say “it’s been a problem.” CP and PP notified.
- Very disturbing news to report: The

“Jan-Ove Waldner” sign/poster was in the trash of the Events Planning Office. Thorough investigation has been undertaken— person responsible will pay. Dirt may be useful after all. For security reasons, I have entered the sign into the CIA’s (Clark Indian Association) highly acclaimed Sign Relocation Program (SPR) until the proper authorities (LBC) can be notified.

- 7/25
- C

–

BA left the entire Kosher section of food out and uncovered. Not wanting to waste time all that food, Erik, Liz, Rob, and I enjoyed some good free food.
- BTW, Dave of this really is going into WheatBread we should begin typing it. I’ll have Matt’s Powerbook to do it in. Stop by Sunday.
- Never mind, Powerbook broken. Let the bastards suffer.

- 7/27
- D

–

Beeper has been properly serviced. All set

- 7/28
- C

–

Alarm sounds. Same reason... Compromised... blah... whatever... Lurie... Zone 6... blah
- E

–

Enraged militant fundamentalist Israelis demanded that I allow them into the ‘grind central’ in the name of student solidarity. I refused. They insisted that it was their inalienable right and that “Laura” said they could. I told them I would call Bill. They said they would check back after dinner. I called Bill, he was not home. Laura came to the desk later to ask if they could go downstairs to play pool. I said tentatively the answer was no. She said OK after a short discussion. Just after she left, the 3 students returned to the desk, crazed and indignant that I would not let them play “snooker.” Thinking I was an administrator, they accused me of not treating them as privileged students. When this failed, they tried to win my heart by explaining that this was the 1st weekend they could not go to Boston, and that there is nothing to do in Worcester. The 2 men began to yell at me, refusing my explanation that I did not have permission to let them go downstairs. They made me admit that I was responsible and could let them in it if I wanted to. I said true enough, but still won’t let you go.
- An hour later, they called back to ask if I had heard from Bill. I said no, you can’t play pool tonight.

8/13

D

–

Frequenter of UC (possible Grad student) taken into custody by CP for suspected larceny and an outstanding warrant. Apparently he was not a “pizza delivery boy.” WPD will pick up same. All set, 10:45.

–

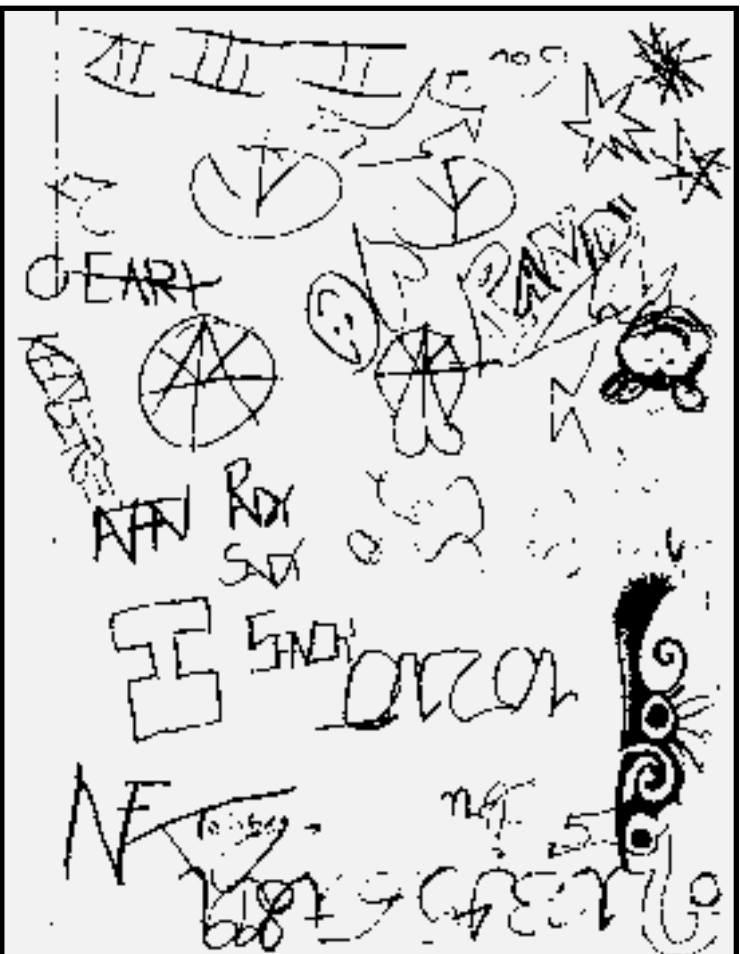
E. Simpson shanks Grind Central

•

“Stuff on opposite page” below.

Probably the work of hoodlums.

(Authorities suspect gang-related “tagging.”)



My Experiences with Clark’s Catastrophic Community Calamity for Kids

by Nathan Kleinberger

An annual rite of summer is the sprouting of summer camps across the country. This is the time where parents send their children off to faraway places such as Neotsu, Ogowa-wampum, and Kennebunkport, or day camps like the YMCA’s, JCC’s, and Boys and Girls Club, to experience a “summer o’ fun.”

This summer I was assigned to work at a camp run by Clark University called the University Park Camp. It met across the street in Crystal Park. Our mission was to show neighborhood kids aged 8-14 a fun time by playing games, making arts and crafts, and do all those other cool camp activities. The Camp is a service to Main South residents: kids do not have to formally enroll, attendance is totally optional, and no one pays for anything.

For five of the last six years I had worked at various day and overnight camps, and had a lot of experience working with inner-city kids, so I was excited about this experience. I thought that this program would have an added benefit for me, because next year I would be teaching at one of the local middle schools and I thought I could meet some of my possible students. Unfortunately, what might have been a fun and rewarding experience turned out to be a lesson in incompetence, negligence, and trite tokenism.

The Camp was a misguided excuse for a summer camp with a lack of preparation, purpose, or experience. At all my other camp experiences I left feeling that I contributed to a wonderful experience and really had an impact on children’s lives. This summer I left with a feeling of frustration and disgust. Even at the interview, I sensed something was wrong. My interview with Catherine Maddox-Wiley, the former Dean of Students, went something as follows:

Catherine: Have you worked with kids before?
Nathan: Yes.
Catherine: Do you know any sports or arts and crafts activities?
Nathan: Yes.
Catherine: Do you speak spanish?
Nathan: No.
Catherine: You’re hired.

I was shocked. I told her nothing. There were no questions

about what I would do in the event of a rainy day, or if I had any CPR/First Aid training. I didn’t think much of it, but it seemed odd. A week later I was informed that the camp was now run by Jack Foley’s office, Executive Assistant to the President, instead of the Dean of Students Office. It ended up no one wanted to deal with it, so Jack took under his supervision.

The last monday in June, my co-counselors (I will call them Mike and Julie) and I showed at Jack’s office for counselor training. We sat down with Jack, he shook our hands, told us to look at the materials from last year, and told us to: “just get through it.” What was supposed to be counselor training never really happened.

My co-counselors and I spent two weeks doing an activity that should have only taken two hours. During the two week training period, we made a sign to promote the camp, went on a shopping trip for supplies, and made a schedule for the first weeks activities. There was no discussion of possible problems that could arise with the campers, things to watch for as legal liabilities, or any CPR/First Aid training.

Furthermore, I found out neither I, nor my co-counselors, were lifeguard-certified in case we went swimming, or spoke Spanish which was the primary language of the kids in the neighborhood. Also, I learn that my co-counselors had limited, if any, experience working with kids, let alone inner city kids. But of course, only three people applied for the job. Then, on top of all the other problems, we had no kids to start! The plan was that campers were supposed to miraculously show up at the camp, eager to sing, dance, and have fun.

When the first Monday of camp arrived, I was scared. The three of us had no idea what to expect. Would the kids just show up? What if no campers show up at all? What do we do then? Armed with games, cards, footballs, baseballs, basketballs, and fake enthusiasm, we marched into Crystal Park in search of campers.

I really had never been to Crystal Park before, and noticed a ton of potential problems were

waiting to happen: there was no bathroom in sight, no undercover area in case of rain, and no centralized location where we could leave our stuff and keep an eye on the kids at the same time. All there was was a couple of picnic tables, a ratty-old tennis court, a large pool about three feet deep, and some basketball courts off in the distance. It would be easy for the kids to run-off without our knowledge. Needless to say, the first week was a disaster.

From the very first day, we realized that the schedule was useless. The camp was organized, or disorganized, in a way conducive to spontaneity and not structure. The three of us had activities scheduled at certain times, but we ended up playing a pick-up games of basketball, baseball, or whatever the kids wanted to do.

In the morning some of the kids asked me if they could play on the swings. I said “sure” and went over to the playground with them. The kids were all very hyper, running around, climbing up on top of the slide, and just being kids.

Before I knew it, there were seven, or eight kids at the playground, and they were all out of control. Some of the kids kept on climbing the bars of the swing set and we told them get down so they would not hurt themselves. After warning these kids three times to come down from the swing set, I got mad and told them to *get down*.

While I was dealing with the two trouble-makers, another camper, who was behind me, jumped off a ledge surrounding the playground and landed on his head. I turned around and saw him laying on the ground. He said he was alright, stood up, and vomited. Mike and Julie came over to assist me and the three of us stood there in horror not knowing what to do and lacking the First Aid training that we were supposed to have gotten during the training week.

Mike took the kid to Campus Police and he ended up being alright. Legally, we could have been in a lot of trouble if he ended up going to the hospital. We did not know what to expect the first day, and a lot of the kids showed up without any parents, so only the campers who showed with their parents had

signed medical releases. Even worse, because neither I or my co-counselors were trained in First Aid, we could have been held responsible. Luckily, this didn’t happen. I realized learned this camp was an accident waiting to happen. Unfortunately, this was only the first morning of the first day and the afternoon offered more surprises.

The camp went on till 3:30, but by 1 the kids were bored. We thought we could take them to Clark and let them play games and ping-pong in the University Center. Surprisingly, this was a bad idea. Kids were running all over the building with no control. They refused to listen to direction. Then, after countless warnings to not use the elevators, the kids got the elevator jammed.

Three-thirty did not come soon enough, and Mike, Julie, and I were exhausted. The day had been spent as babysitters and not counselors. Mike told me that he “wanted to throw up.” I did too, but I wrote it off. “It’s the first day of camp, it will get better,” I thought. But it did not, and the week got progressively worse.

The second day of camp started off fine. We did some arts and crafts activities, played some basketball, and actually started to establish a rapport with the kids. Things were looking up. In the afternoon, we were scheduled to play in the Kneller gym for an hour. This looked promising because we could keep an eye on all the campers. We thought the afternoon went fine. The kids behaved themselves relatively well, and we started to gain some faith in the camp. But the next day we were approached by one of the mothers, and she was livid.

She told us that one of the older male campers had grabbed her 11-year-old daughter and tried “to rape her.” We were shocked. None of us saw the incident so we could not confirm or deny what supposedly happened. The alleged incident took place right before we were leaving the gym in the men’s bathroom. Lots of kids went outside the gym to use the bathroom and drink some water and, with another twelve kids inside the gym, there was no way we could have seen the incident.

Even though we did not witness what happened, we certainly could not write off the girl's complaint of alleged rape. We discussed the incident with Jack Foley and he said kick the male camper out. We agreed. From a legal standpoint we had to. The next morning Mike told the camper our decision, and he accepted it. Unfortunately, reality got in the way of the solution.

Since the Camp had no building, we could not physically kick him out. Crystal Park was a public park, and there was no way we could prevent him from coming and going as he pleased. All we could do was dissuade him from using our equipment or associating himself with the camp.

The whole thing made me queasy. What were we going to do if he tries to play basketball with us? The previous day some random neighborhood kids joined in a game of baseball and we had no problem with it. Would we have to call the Police to remove him from the park? I did not want to do that. He had the same right to be in the park as we did. This issue was never unresolved at the end of the summer.

To make matters worse, the City of Worcester provided a free breakfast and lunch program, which all of our kids participated in. We certainly could not prevent him from getting lunch. As if this fiasco were not enough, we also had problems with the lunch program itself.

The first week was a short week because of the 4th of July weekend. We thought we would treat the kids to a movie on the Clark campus. The skies were overcast and we worried about the possibility of rain. At ten o'clock, we went to the Clark campus and showed the kids *Star Wars* in the Jefferson Academic Center. The lunch program worked on a screwy schedule where lunch would be delivered around ten-thirty in the morning, so Mike went over to the park to wait for the food, and he was going to bring the food to the room we were watching the movie. Unfortunately it started raining and we learned that the food program does not operate when it rains.

About half-way through the movie the kids started getting hungry but me and my co-counselor in the theater assured the kids food was on the way. The food never came. I ran to Jack's office and asked him what to do. He said he empathized with the kids, however, if we feed the kids

at the food service they are going to want food from us everyday. I asked him should we let them starve. He replied he was sorry. I suppose I agreed with him, sort of. Yet, the whole thought of the kids going home hungry disgusted me. The three of us discussed the issue and we told the kids they were on their own for food. I wanted to cry. This was not right.

I really did not understand how we could have had a camp for inner-city kids without a breakfast and lunch program in the first place, but living or dying on whether the food service showed up was just wrong. All the kids went home and I did not blame them. I would have too, in disgust.

The weather also created a problem we were trying to avoid: What happens if it rains? We never really answered this question. We just prayed it didn't, and, of course, it felt like it rained all summer. And finally, it was becoming clear that one of my co-counselors was becoming a problem.

I was troubled to learn that first three people who applied for the job were hired. The former Dean of Students arbitrarily hired three students without any consideration if they had worked with kids in the past. I happened to have a lot of experience, Mike had some experience, and Julie had no experience at all. The best we could hope for that Mike and Julie would use common sense, and their best judgement while dealing with the kids. Mike did, Julie was less than successful.

She created constant problems with issues like authority, public outbursts, and a lack of motivation to participate with the kids. During the first week, Julie was having the kids paint on the picnic tables. Mike and I had just returned from a game of baseball when we noticed that the kids had painted all over the table itself. In a mild state of disbelief, I told her that we can not have the kids paint on the benches because it is not our property. She took this to be undermining of her authority.

Julie started getting flustered and I told her we should discuss this issue after camp. I knew if she blew up at me it would undermine all of our authority because it would make us look argumentative in front of the kids. She ignored my warnings and told me to do something to myself that I did not think was humanly possible. After camp we



Local kids in Crystal Park swimming hole without lifeguard.

discussed the incident and she agreed she was wrong to blow up, but she added that Mike and I needed to be more sensitive to her feelings. We agreed we would. This situation got to be a lot worse.

There were countless other times where we had problems with Julie. She especially took issue with me. This even got to the point where Mike and I were playing "good cop/bad cop." It became painful apparent that not only could she not handle the kids, nor I, but she was completely unreliable. Mike and I approached Jack about Julie. We had discussed this issue a number of times with Jack in the past, but it was getting to the point that the counselors had a complete breakdown of communication.

Numerous kids complained that she had grabbed and hit them. We were skeptical, because if it happened repeatedly we would have seen it; however, if this were true, we would have to fire her immediately. Mike and I had a private meeting with Jack and he listened to what we had to say. He said he was in a tough position because he understood our complaints, however, he had never seen any of these incidents and it would be difficult to fire her on conjecture. Besides, there was only two weeks left of camp and he repeated what he had all summer: "just get through with it." I was angry, but I accepted his position

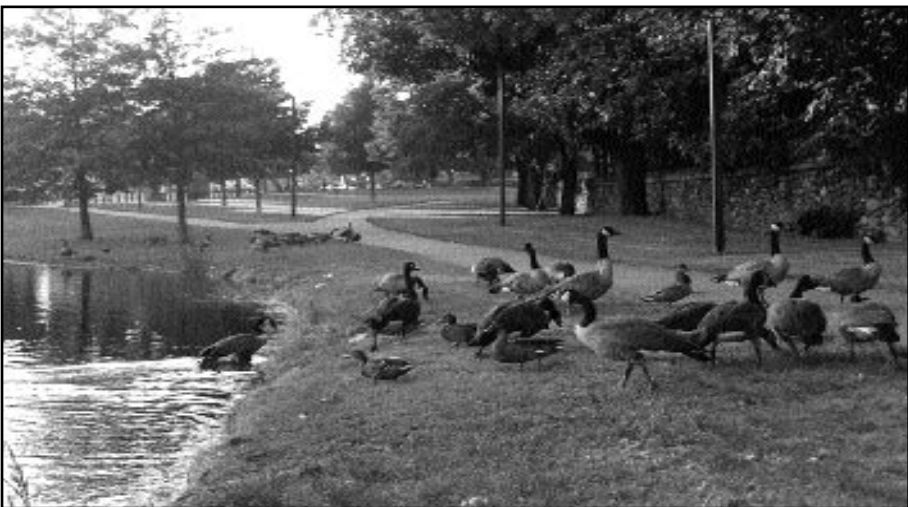
and lived with it. Though it started out as a joking remark, "just get through it" became a motto for the summer.

From the hiring process through the last day of camp, the University Park Camp was doomed. It was never quite determined who would be running the camp this year. The past two years it was run by Linda Brown-Connors, director of The University Center, but she was going to be involved with orientation and did not have time for both. The camp was pushed over to the Dean of Students office, but then Catherine Maddox-Wiley resigned. She did her duty advertising the camp and hiring the counselors; she did not care that she did a mediocre job: she wanted it done with and she wanted to leave Clark as soon as possible.

Even after the three of us were hired, it was still unknown who would run the camp. Jack Foley decided to take on the camp because no one else would. He knew there were a lot of problems with the camp: he admitted it the first day by saying "just get through with it," but not to the extent that anybody imagined.

With the huge Housing and Urban Development (HUD) grant Clark received and with part of the University Park Neighborhood Restoration Project (UPNRP), Jack says he has plans to completely overhaul the camp in

Continued on next page



Local geese in Crystal Park swimming hole without lifeguard.

...Camp Chaos for Kids, continued

Continued from previous page

the future. Without a building, and from all the problems this year, I am skeptical, but I have to give him the benefit of the doubt.

If I was in his position, I would put the camp on hiatus. All that would be lost is three work-study jobs, and the fifteen, or so, kids in the program who would have ended up attending the Boys and Girls Club camp which they attend in the evening anyway. At least the Boys and Girls Club has a facility, and a structured camp, a nutritious lunch program that's there rain or shine, and 90% of the counselors know the kids anyway.

No one individual can take blame for the debacle this year, so I believe Clark University

should take the responsibility. In the grand scheme of things the camp is a very small part of Clark University. It disturbs me, however, to think that Clark University can treat a summer camp as if it was an investment in a business in Central America.

Kids are not commodities, plain and simple. Kids are people just like we are people. You can not run a token camp just to report that Clark is "contributing the community." If a camp is run at all, it needs to be run right. It needs to have a staff who has worked with kids before, it needs specialists in arts and crafts, sports, and who are lifeguard certified, and it needs people who are CPR and First-Aid trained in case of emergencies. It also needs a facility so the counselors can keep the campers

in a contained area, so they can not come and go as they please. The only people who really knew what went on at the camp were the counselors, and even that's iffy.

If the University is going to make a real effort to run the camp, it needs be more involved. Someone from the university must be an integral part of the functioning of the camp so it is aware from a legal, and practical point of view. There needs to be outreach to the community to promote the camp, months in advance, to have parents actually register their kids and being involved. A hiring committee should be formed to screen, and interview and hire the most qualified counselors for the job, not the first three who walk through the door.

Finally, the camp needs to establish an ethos or mission statement. This year's camp had no sense of purpose, direction, or focus. Essentially the three of us worked as babysitters for the six week program. A camp, like anything, needs structure, and focus, and this had neither. Clark must realize these are people they are dealing with and they can not be written off for the sake of impressing the community.

I am ashamed and disgusted with being associated with the program this year. If the University Park Camp is going to run in the future, it needs to be completely overhauled, so it's not just a big liability. I hope Jack Foley restructures the camp, but then any change from this year is an improvement. •

This just in:

Academia is a mind-altering substance

by F. Craig Littlejohn

I was a lousy student in high school. If you compared my transcript now with the one from high school you'd probably laugh your ass off... and then wonder how the hell I ever got into Clark.

I wonder that myself sometimes. But to be fair to admissions, Clark has a reputation for cracking people out of their shells and giving them room to explore their potential. Maybe it's the faculty here, with their generally caring attitude toward students. Or maybe it's just our collective burning desire to get out of Worcester.

For me, it was respect. Professor respect students who care about what they are learning. Forget studying your brains out, trying to impress with your amazing knowledge of course material. You don't have to work that hard. If you genuinely care about what you're studying, then you are probably working hard enough.

It is far more important that you show the professor you are thinking intelligently, not merely memorizing. Memorization is for dweebs, anyone can memorize. My dog can memorize. Spinoza can memorize. What my dog, Randy's cat, and stupid people can't do is critically and creatively analyze information. This

is what your professors hope you are doing.

Do your homework, write your papers, but be sure to set aside time (maybe during class) to really think about what the professor is saying. Go talk to the professor about it. Most actually enjoy having guests in their lonely offices.

After meeting with the professor, think about it some more. Tear it apart and mentally glue it back together in your mind so many times your brain starts to overheat from all that thinking.

This is actually good for you. Something is really happening that you ought to know about: you are making physical changes in your neuroanatomy. You may not have the first clue what the word "neuroplasticity" means, but you are already very good at manipulating it, or else you wouldn't be at Clark.

When you learn something, a physical change in the biology of your brain occurs. When you start thinking in different ways to solve problems, physical changes are occurring then too. Intricate neural connections are made and broken; your central nervous system continually reconfigures itself, always seeking more efficient pathways to accomplish mental tasks.

The more you use your brain to solve problems, the better

those connections become, the more precise your critical thinking will be. This is why you came to college, not to learn a bunch of facts, but to turn your brain into a lean, mean, intellectualizing machine.

The changes you make in your thinking can't be wiped out as quickly as you forget the details of Paradise Lost, or the Hell-Volhard-Zelinsky reaction (of course, you'll never forget the name of the HVZ reaction). What you do with your brain now will stay with you all your life, so you might as well make the most of it.

The first time I noticed this at

work was when I started doing mental gymnastics on neuroscience problems, using thought patterns I learned in English Poetry. For the first time I felt like I had truly learned something.

I still see this at work in various ways, and now that I know what is being manipulated in my classes, I can better organize my thinking to maximize its effect.

I have come a long way from that 2.6 student in high school, so far that I'm applying to medical school this year. But my paper achievements pale in comparison to the profound reworking of my brain, which I am proud to say happened because of Clark. •

Clark in the News:

“Unconventional Dole Devotee”

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Ilion, NY. — The Republican Party's streamlined, scripted convention went off without a hitch.

Or so organizers may think. They didn't plan on 14-year-old Patrick Dunn.

The young Republican devotee flew out to San Diego on his own, from his home outside Utica. There, he hobnobbed with the New York delegation at the ritzy Hotel Del Coronado, posed as a waiter to get onto the convention floor, and even had a photo taken with former President Gerald Ford before police caught on and sent him back home Wednesday.

“When I got out there and everything it was a big thrill for me,” Dunn said Thursday, back home with his grandmother. “I walked right past Steve Forbes.”

The resourceful teenager from Ilion, NY, 168 miles north

of New York City and 2377 miles from San Diego, saved for months for the flight.

Dunn arrived in San Diego, alone, on Tuesday morning. He hired a limosine to take him to the Hotel Del Coronado.

What he really wanted was to see the convention itself. So the honor roll student simply slipped past the Secret Service, grabbed a tray, and went in posing as a waiter.

Someone noticed, and asked him to leave. But on his way out, Dunn came across former President Gerald Ford.

He introduced himself as a Dole volunteer, and got his picture taken.

While Dunn was rubbing shoulders with Ford, his limo driver called police, expressing concern over the young man traveling alone. Dunn was interviewed by police Wednesday and sent back to upstate New York.

[courtesy the Boston Globe]



AP Photo
Patrick Dunn, '90, famous Clarkie and Vax poster, with inflatable goat at President Traina's house

Another Summer Job: Out of the Ivory Tower, into the Collapsible Cubicle

How I SPENT
My SUMMER
“VACATION”

by Nicole Imbracsio

To those of you returning to Clark from a long hard summer; welcome back to the disillusionment. For those of you new to the facade; cherish every moment.

Like many of you, I am returning from a summer that was filled with frustration, lacked imaginations, and seemed to last far more than four months. In other words, I worked.

This summer, in the quest to earn more money, I signed on with a Temporary Personnel Agency in Boston. I was assigned various employment positions in hospitals and law firms that I found to be both challenging and stimulating: challenging my patience and stimulating nausea. But, at \$10.50 an hour, nausea isn't so bad.

I worked in the Neurosurgery Department in a Boston hospital for three weeks where I was transcribing doctors' notes. I sat in an uncomfortable chair in a room that gave me flashbacks to Bullock Hall—only smaller—typing about sciatic nerves and C6-C7 disc herniations for eight hours. However, the work was generally interesting (like when I learned of a seventy year old man who visited the doctor because he thought he had a stroke while having sex with his wife—when what he really had just experienced was an orgasm) and I was nearly content until I was asked to help with filing in the offices.

One of the doctors, I'll call him Dr. Wanker, was complaining to a nurse about what a horrible day he had had. The nurse questioned why his day had been so unpleasant and he replied that he had just performed a “free disc herniation surgery.” This means that his patient had applied and received Hospital Aid. It also means that Dr. Wanker did not get paid his usual outrageous fee. “I wouldn't mind,” Dr. Wanker said, “but, in my opinion, she did not even deserve it.” The reason that Dr. Wanker did not feel that his patient deserved this service was because she was a recovered drug-addict. A disc herniation, from

what I can tell from the doctors' notes, is a very painful experience. I know I am not a brain surgeon, but in my opinion, *no one* deserves to be in pain.

I was about to get up and state my point of view to Dr. Wanker, but stopped myself very quickly. I suddenly remembered that this office was not a Clark classroom and that if I was prepared to make such a statement, I should also be prepared to find myself a new job.

This summer I broke that promise we all make to ourselves: “I am never going to sacrifice my happiness, piece of mind, or ethics for money.” Well, kiddies, when the whip comes down, money wins out.

When the work being done is so meaningless to you and you return home void of any sort of feeling of accomplishment, when you watch the people you work with and your stomach turns in disgust because they all hate where they are, what they do, and they're just going through the motions, it's then you realize that this is life. You are going to graduate, be thrown into this capitalistic society, and forced to claw for survival.

A friend a mine spent the summer earning money at a factory inspecting three-ring-binders. After working there for seven weeks, she was very motivated to come back to Clark. The people she worked with never relented in reminding her to work hard in school so that she wouldn't end up like them.

Ellen has no intentions of working in a three-ring-binder factory for the rest of her life. She is an Environmental Science and Policy (ESP) major. But after telling her my story, she was scared at what else she might look forward to.

We realized this summer that we cannot do it. That we refuse to do it. But deep down inside we know we will, because we have to.

I know I will work the nine to five, I will own a buss pass, I will shop for suits and get excited on Fridays because it's “casual day.” I know I will

participate in that meaningless and all too familiar “It's-finally-Friday-thank-god-it's-the-week-end” shit-chat, and spend my days in climate control.

I will be forced to make that involuntary transformation from a place where I am accepted for who I am, where my ideas are encouraged, and my curiosity stimulated; to a place where my behavior and appearance is dictated, where my ideas are worthless, and my imagination is raped.

I will have to accept that I will never have friends like the ones I have now. In the workplace there are no close relationship and no one engages in conversation. One day I was standing in the subway station and I overheard a group of Young Urban Professionals—not one over 28—that were intently discussing what names they would give their dogs...if they had them.

Is this my future? A future where no one talks about the news, books, movies, or music? Where you can be sure that if people are speaking in hushed tones they are not talking about an intimate part of their private lives, but rather, Lulu, the secretary down the hall, who repeatedly puts stapled paper in the recycling bin?

Clark claims that it prepares us for the world beyond the classroom, as do many other institutions of higher learning. The reality is that desensitized doctors, three ring binder factories, and a life devoid of meaning may be what we have to look forward to. Clark does not train you to be the good soldier that the world is waiting for. It readies you for the utopian society of academia and has you believe that everyone cares about your personal philosophy on the comparative politics of Britain and Mexico. But they don't. They want you to get those 42 arbitrations copied and sent to the 21st floor before lunch.

Welcome to the disillusionment of college. Welcome back to your sweet brief spell of bliss. •

Special! A Double-Dose of Rachel Eisner!
To Re-Orient You to Clark U in All its Glory!

Patties for Puppies

How I SPENT
My SUMMER
“VACATION”

by Rachel Eisner

I said, “No, I would never do that again,” Too much grease. Not enough fun. Or \$\$\$. But, here I am, back at Burger Kingdom after a two year hiatus spent studying at a prestigious school.

It is said Lincoln grew up in a log cabin—look at his achievements. My father, a native of Cleveland, and now a successful attorney—his first paying job was that of custodi-

an. To me, Burger Kingdom is not just a job—it's my one way ticket to supporting me and a puppy.

A burger to me is not a “hunk” of meat. When grilled, flipped and served, it is a box of liver treats, as in half an hour on the clock during a lunch rush. The longer I “flip”, and the “harder” I press, determines the duration of time it will take to get my puppy. Probably a mid-Fall furball.

“Autumn” will be treated with toys from my telemarketing commission check. She will also enjoy longer walks with a trimmer me, as preparing for a puppy yields economizing, and a dinner out can easily be turned into a home-cooked meal.

Grueling, grimy and downright disgusting will mark my experience at Burger Kingdom. But come October, the following three words come

to mind: wriggly, wonderful and tail wagging! The thought of my furry four legged Cocker Spaniel curling up in my covers and impersonating the White House hounds for Halloween sends my heart in flutters.

Work, if not for production, should have a purpose. And there is always a riddle for every person's job. I press patties so my puppy can get the paycheck. •

Oh, Brother...Suffering Fraternal Binds in Style (and From a Great Distance)

by Rachel Eisner

On a hot Sunday in August of 1986, my brother “Seth,” then fifteen, took out my parents' faded yellow 1979 family Plymouth Duster. To me he uttered one curt phrase, “If you tell Mom and Dad, I'll kill you. And, being the gullible 12 year old sister, I believed him.

Yesterday, on the 17th of August Seth celebrated his 26th birthday.

So, he was my parent's first kid. Doesn't give him a license to be a crab apple. Our initial years together, though nonverbal, were clearly ones of expression: he wanted me to go back to the hospital, I pooped outside his door. By the time I was 3, a pattern was established, and there was no going back.

In the summer of 1979, on a trip

to Cleveland to see my father's family, the contest for back seat space would mark a pattern in our relationship for years to come. “mom, Seth's taking up the whole back seat! It's not fair!” And of course, my usual nonchalant father, would just silence us with the “car statement,” “Do I have to pull over?”

Growing up, my older sibling

epitomized the nasty older brother caricature. No, he didn't have fangs and a pitchfork or anything, but there were enough insults to fill a wall of bookcases.

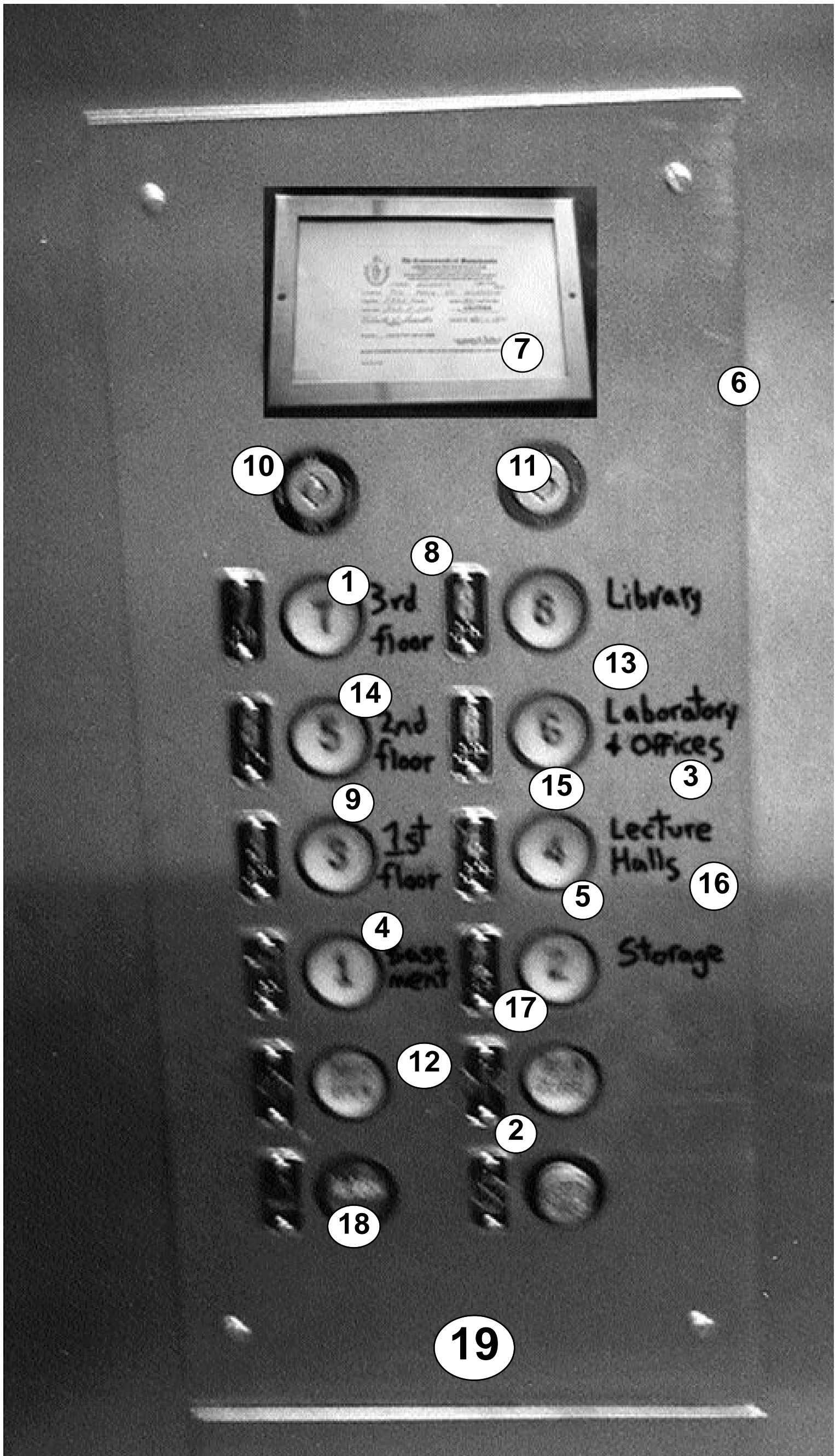
Today, my brother and I talk occasionally, and I keep a voodoo doll by my bedside in case of emergencies. Thank G-d he lives faraway n Seattle. Hopefully he's sleepless. •

How Many Things Can You Find Wrong With This Picture?

Puzzle # 22: The Sackler Elevator

Many of us use the Sackler Science Center on a regular basis, but how many of us notice the details?
Many of the architectural “singularities” of the building are expressed in the elevator’s buttons.

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



- 1— The contents of each floor needed to be hand-written next to the Floor #s.
- 2— Braille is actually recipes for Chinese food.
- 3— Vacuous description: there are labs and offices on almost every floor in the building.
- 4— “Basement” does not tell you what’s down there.
- 5— When you enter the building from Red Square, you are on Button #4, thanks to the fact that the UC and Sackler don’t line up correctly and the unaligned floors meet at the elevator shaft. This creates Sackler’s “half floor hell.”
- 6— The elevator walls are devoid of graffiti.
- 7— The inspection certificate has not expired.
- 8— Floor #7 is only the third floor of half the building.
- 9— Since this floor is down from when you enter from Red Square, this floor would be better labeled “ground.”
- 10— Fuzzy photo caused by shaking camera; camera shaking from drunk photographer and not from shaky elevator cables.
- 11— Nobody has gotten a paperclip jammed in the Emergency switch.
- 12— “Door Open” and “Door Close” are actually part of Psychology Dept. experiment.
- 13— All the Labs and Offices have numbers starting with 2, even though it is Floor #6.
- 14— Apparently the Second Floor is #5.
- 15— “N”-wing numbering continues into “J”-wing side of elevator.
- 16— Lectures halls directly across from each other start with different numbers, as though on different floors.
- 17— Even though you can easily walk from #1 to #2, and #3 to #4, you can’t get from #2 to #3 without sneaking thru a lecture hall.
- 18— Alarm is only properly labeled button.
- 19— The whole building is wrong and should be torn down to build an amusement park.