

When Pigs Fly

[This article was anonymously submitted.]

I want an organized, well thought out student newspaper.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The **Jesus/Bacon** Connection

by Rob Scalese

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

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

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

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

So I'm cool to people.

And I eat bacon.

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

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