

# The Walls Speak in Goddard...

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

By Jessica L. Grimsby '98

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Got milk?**

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Yes.**

**Drugs 4:20**

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

**End social alienation now.**

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

**End graffiti now.**

Yeah, let's.

**Shut it.** Okay, I will. •