Letter from the Editor

Hello, and welcome to Eclectic Part Three: Son of Eclectic. This issue's cover is graced by the lovely penmanship of Lindsey Browning, who tells me her illustration contains a visual pun. After having had the pun explained to me in great detail, I can give you two hints: (1) it's a garter snake (2) it's a terrible pun. Happy deciphering.

I haven't seen Titanic yet, or several other highly praised movies released last year, so I can't, in good conscience, make a top ten list, but thus far my favorites have included Jackie Brown, Face/Off, and Grosse Pointe Blank. Apparently, the only other person on earth who shares this distinction with me is a blind Swedish dirt farmer named Johann. Johann heads up the "No, I STILL Haven't Seen Titanic Yet" club," which has dwindled dramatically since January to two members, Johann and myself. Jo is a nice elderly gentleman with a sparkling personality, who is into gardening and liederhosen. His favorite movies are The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari and a government training film called Dental Hygiene for Dirt Farmers, the only two he saw before being blinded due to a tragic incident which the small farming community of Spiddlewurst still discusses in hushed tones as "The Tragic Incident Due to Which Johann Was Blinded." Well, to make a long story short, dirt farms are lonely places for blind, elderly Swedes, and Johann would greatly enjoy exchanging pen pal letters with some American girls. Don't worry, ladies, Johann's intentions are entirely honorable, and he has promised the proper United States authorities that he will, as he inimitably put it: "Calm down rugged man of Johann." So what are you waiting for? Drop him a line!

I've heard some terrific things about Wag the Dog, but the movie's central concept just isn't very believable. I don't mean, of course, that powerful elected officials wouldn't create a pre-taped war as a P.R. dodge (they've created real wars for practically the same purpose); on the contrary, Wag the Dog isn't believable because the threat of impending international conflict can no longer detract from a sufficiently prurient scandal. I think it would be interesting to devise a pie chart, portraying media time over the past month devoted to the situation in Iraq, versus media time during the same period devoted to the Monica Lewinsky affair and various other Oval office sex farces. My money's on Lewinsky and c. (they'd beat the spread at least). Is a man who has an extra-marital affair morally unfit to hold the presidency? I don't know; try asking Franklin Delano Roosevelt, John F. Kennedy, and Thomas Jefferson. Is a man who commits perjury and otherwise attempts to unlawfully influence the outcome of a legal inquiry morally unfit to hold the presidency? Ask Nixon.

— Josh Fiero
CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

by Edward Poole

THE PLEASURES AND FREEDOMS THAT WE HAVE AT E.S.A. WILL SOON BE DEAD. THE FOUNDATION which unique and beloved aspects of E.S.A. life are based on is comfort. If the students cannot be comfortable with each other, they cannot stand together as a community. If students do not constitute a community, the board and administration will take up the slack, and our freedom will be gone. I stand in awe at the realization that one aspect of E.S.A. life that is lacking can be the sole destroyer of our freedom and student voice. That is, the lack of student chapels will be the death of E.S.A. tradition as we know it.

It would be easy for me to write about how students must revive the student chapel tradition and lead the school back onto the right track. However, I remain guilty as any of the other students. In a time when everything seems more important, and the work pours in, it is easy to forget about chapel. Father Morris is a great speaker, but I would personally like to hear from someone else occasionally. Do we really want one of the best aspects of E.S.A to die with the outgoing senior class?

It is also easy to make excuses for why people cannot do chapels. Students say that chapel has been restricted by the new policy and that the new schedule is horrible. Father Morris and the other members of the chapel committee only want meaningful chapels. In fact, there have been hardly any changes in the idea of chapel. Another excuse might be that one student cannot make a difference, but that could not be farther from the truth. Chapel is our voice, and if we yield it to faculty, we lose our right to say what happens to E.S.A. A well-designed chapel can change the entire community's opinion on certain issues.

Why have we lost the feeling of comfort amongst our peers? My opinion is that we have not lost the comfort. The fact of the matter is that in life there are leaders and followers. If leaders do not lead, tradition dies. The future of chapel needs a few non-senior members of the community to begin the game of follow the leader. I pose a simple question to all members of E.S.A. Do you want the sixth grade students to have the, "us against them" attitude as seniors which causes problems in our public schools?
Clinton’s Scandalous Lifestyle—a real life “Jerry Springer Show”

by Ricky Miers

RECENTLY THE SPIN DOCTORS IN Washington D.C. are spinning themselves out of control due to the latest gaffe committed by our extremely sexually active crackpot president, Bill Clinton. But this faux pas only receives half of the attention it deserves because there lies a chance that ‘Slick Willy’ could have possibly obstructed justice and committed perjury—two felony offenses. According to news sources, the affair allegedly occurred with a former white house intern named Monica Lewinsky. The reports also say that independent counsel, Kenneth Starr, acquired tapes of Lewinsky telling close friend Linda Tripp about her “oral sexual affairs” with Clinton and close friend Vernon Jordan telling Lewinsky to lie under oath if asked about the affair. Currently, Starr is negotiating agreements that would grant Lewinsky full criminal immunity if she testifies against Clinton in court.

On a more personal note, one of Clinton’s friends should remind our great leader that the presidency is about running our country. Also, Mr. Clinton, you have lied about affairs in the past and it is not manly. Remember Gennifer Flowers? Since Clinton came into the public eye as a major political figure, three different sexual cases have been brought against the President. Now either it remains a mighty fun game amongst American women to falsely claim that they banged the President.

There lies a simple answer in the two choices given. Nevertheless, even if he is not convicted, the President’s political integrity still remains virtually compromised. And, alas, though it would be nice to see him impeached out of office, that situation would unfortunately leave us with Al Gore as president—Lord knows we don’t want that! Once again, how are we going to be able to trust a president who has lied to us before and from which nothing will stop him from doing it again. Finally, Bill Clinton, you are a disgrace to the presidential office; you need to give serious consideration to the way you are running our country. Please change your ways quickly before you do something bad to hurt our country.

Clinton’s Character—an Oxymoron?

by Paul Simon

ONE OF THE MOST PERPLEXING aspects of the Monica Lewinsky scandal concerns the public’s reaction. Clinton’s public approval rating remains in the mid 60% range, and his public image seems to not have been affected. Many Presidents have retained support in the face of controversy, so this fact alone is not strange, but unlike past Presidents who have successfully weathered scandals, the public does not believe President Clinton. Instead, the public seems to have accepted the fact that the first man did sleep with an intern and probably coerced her into lying about it.

If the public believes that President Clinton probably commit-

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The United States' ineffectiveness in matter in a leader, and it's time the accomplishing its United Nations', American public realizes that we jure ourselves by not valuing this basic facet of leadership.

Unfortunately, President Clinton is not a world leader. Other heads of state note that President Clinton may have lied under oath to have once again injured United States' foreign policy. Other counts understand that integrity does...
Review of
Wag the Dog

by Cramer Kern

Invasion of Iraq is necessary to the well being of the Western World, for no nation, after all, should be allowed to construct Anthrax hand grenades (at least without our permission, anyway). Others claim that the U.S. is simply flexing its political muscles, trying to prove that we’re still “Number One” in the post-Cold War era. However, after seeing Wag the Dog, Barry Levinson’s brilliant new comedy, I’m not so sure that Monica Lewinski doesn’t have a hand in it all.

The film opens with a President caught in quite a jam. It seems that accusations are flying about the President inviting a “Firefly Girl” into a secret room of the White House, and making a proposition that no Firefly Girl should receive from the leader of the free world. An election is anyone?

To complete this mission, of professional liar that exists in opposition is playing "Thank Heaven for Little Girls in all of his TV commercials. The situation seems doomed, until a presidential aide (Anne Heche) summons a political spin-doctor named Conrad Brean (Robert De Niro) in order to clean things up for the election.

As played by De Niro, Brean enlists a Hollywood producer named Stanley Motss (Dustin Hoffman) to "produce" in Heat, plays Brean as an unflinching, unquestioning character, who seems to have been born wearing his best poker face. The conversation between Hoffman and De Niro, two driven men who truly love their respective professions, are one of the greatest cinematic gems of the year.

Wag the Dog is a great example of a dying breed in Hollywood.
(Continued from page 6)

today—namely, the political satire. The events seem ridiculous, sure, but everything is portrayed in such a way that it all seems amazingly accurate. Like Dr. Strangelove, the story makes you laugh, and then it makes you wonder. Along with Bob Roberts, The Last Supper, and a handful of others, Wag the Dog represents a last bastion of much-needed sarcasm in the otherwise dull world of Political Films. Why is a movie like Wag the Dog such an exception these days, when political satires used to be quite common in Hollywood just thirty years ago? Two reasons come to mind. First, most of the writers in Hollywood are idiots whose goal in life, it seems, is to make the best Steven Segal movie ever (implying that there were ever any GOOD Steven Segal movies). Second, the politics of today have become such a farce that it becomes increasingly difficult to make a mockery of institutions that are doing a pretty fine job of it by themselves. Turn on CNN at any time, these days, and you'll understand what I'm talking about.

**Toward the End of Time**

by John Updike

by Bryan Hebert

Yes, here's yet another book with lots of sex. Like most of John Updike's work, Toward the End of Time continues the grand tradition of sexual scenes and indescribable death. Ben can do nothing about some not quite so. Toward the End his situation—he gets older, and Time tells the story of the world as death comes closer. He merely waits for it to knock on the door. It seems that his only release from the contemplation of the end of his existence revolves around his contemplation of with whom he should next copulate.

I suppose that one could view Ben as a very tragic figure—haunted by physical ailments, surrounded by chaos, waiting for death—but I cannot quite bring myself to accept him as a serious character. Updike's writing style leaves something to be desired—he overuses sexual scenes, and the monologue gets old rapidly. Though Ben's life and the world he lives in seem quite interesting, Updike's rampant application of lewd content in completely unnecessary places leads me to believe that he might have written this book partially in order to capture the attention of certain members of the population whose literary tastes do not quite accord with those of the well-educated echelons of society.

Regardless of his usage of sex as a tool to gather readers, Updike's work entertained me. The themes seemed, to some extent, overly well defined, but at least the background information, if nothing else, kept me interested. You may want to pick up this book if you like somewhat overly sexual fiction, particularly science fiction. For a good look at the fears of the aged, this book goes pretty high on the list. Enjoy!
Hello Again! We here at the Letters department are absolutely drowning in the multitudes of responses we have received from all those concerned students out there. Actually, we are drowning in the ditch our esteemed editor tossed us into after deeming us worthless. Of course, he’s right, because it’s hard to write a letters column when you haven’t received a single letter. I know the students of E.S.A. have a lot to talk about, because I hear people whining about something or other everywhere I go. You don’t like the new chapel schedule? You feel you have no representation? Your pants are too tight? I want to hear about it and so do the readers. If you’re too lazy to write a full article (like most of the Eclectic staff) then just scribble a few ideas or opinions down on paper and give it to Josh or me. It’s that simple; all it takes are a few sentences. It’s your way of wrestling into the newspaper without any commitments. Maybe you would like folders distributed neatly around campus in which to turn in your letters? Well, if you’re too lazy to even write down anything, then I’m dang sure not going to put up a load of @#$%^ folders all over campus. Show me you care and so will I.

Okay, that was uncalled for. I apologize. I suppose that when someone tells you, “Yea, I’d love to write a letter?” it really means, “Hey! Get the @#$%^ away from me, Eclectic boy.” As one final attempt to lure you into my maniacal scheme of world domination, um, I mean, to get you to write letters, I’m posting a top ten list of why you should write letters and give them to Kevin—here it is:

Top Ten Reasons Why You Should Write Letters and Give them to Kevin!

10. Everyone gets to hear you whine.
9. You get to make up nifty keen pen names like ‘Cranky in Cade’ and ‘Why Don’t You Just Give Up, You Worthless Person, You.’
8. It makes you better than every other person on campus who hasn’t written one.
7. Kevin is cuter than Josh.
6. You have just contributed more than 50% of the entire Eclectic staff put together.
5. We here at the letters department think it’s okay to hate the number 5.
4. The cabinet in the Letter Office has an unlimited supply of Cheesy Poofs and Snacky Cakes.
3. Our esteemed President left evidence on Lewinsky’s blue dress. No, wait, that’s another top ten list…
   And the number one reason, direct from Cut-n-Shoot, Texas why you should write letters and give them to Kevin is…
   1. I’m still not busy Friday night. BUDDA-BING BUDDA-BOOM!
Captain Bob was a terrible Pirate.

He was not fearsome or evil, he just wasn't very good at being a pirate.

At pirate school, Bob tried hard, but never grasped the nuances of piracy.
Bob's grades were consistent, but seldom outstanding.

For that reason, he graduated at the bottom of his class with a B.A. in Gold Hoarding.

He had become bitter, and was completely unmoved by the Valedictorian's touching graduation speech.
Bob considered graduate pirate school, but eventually decided against it, and plunged headfirst into the job market.

He started at the bottom, but managed to gradually work his way up.

Finally, at the age of thirty, Bob got his own ship.

The crew was comprised of the ocean's worst outlaws.
Unsurprisingly, they gave him very little respect.

As a result, Bob decided to change his image completely.

But nothing he tried stuck.

Well if it ain't ol' Captain Robert! UUARRR!

Captain Bob performed his only successful pirate-like action when a colleague insulted his name.
This action earned him an even less desirable name...

...Captain Touchy.
Romans 10
Do As The
When In Rome,

Moral:

Jacques

Can
Can

Know
Little Pot

None of My

Wrong?

Wrong?

Mouth

Why?

How Are You

Hey Jacques

Barousse

William

By

Carmelias

Today's Episode:

The Adventures of Jacques

Leonard
KIKI T LIZARD

Kiki WarPECIAL?

He is Lizard.

It's a wonder he isn't eaten by the kids.

I'm a lizard! I'm a lizard! I'm a lizard!
Nietzsche  by Josh Fiero