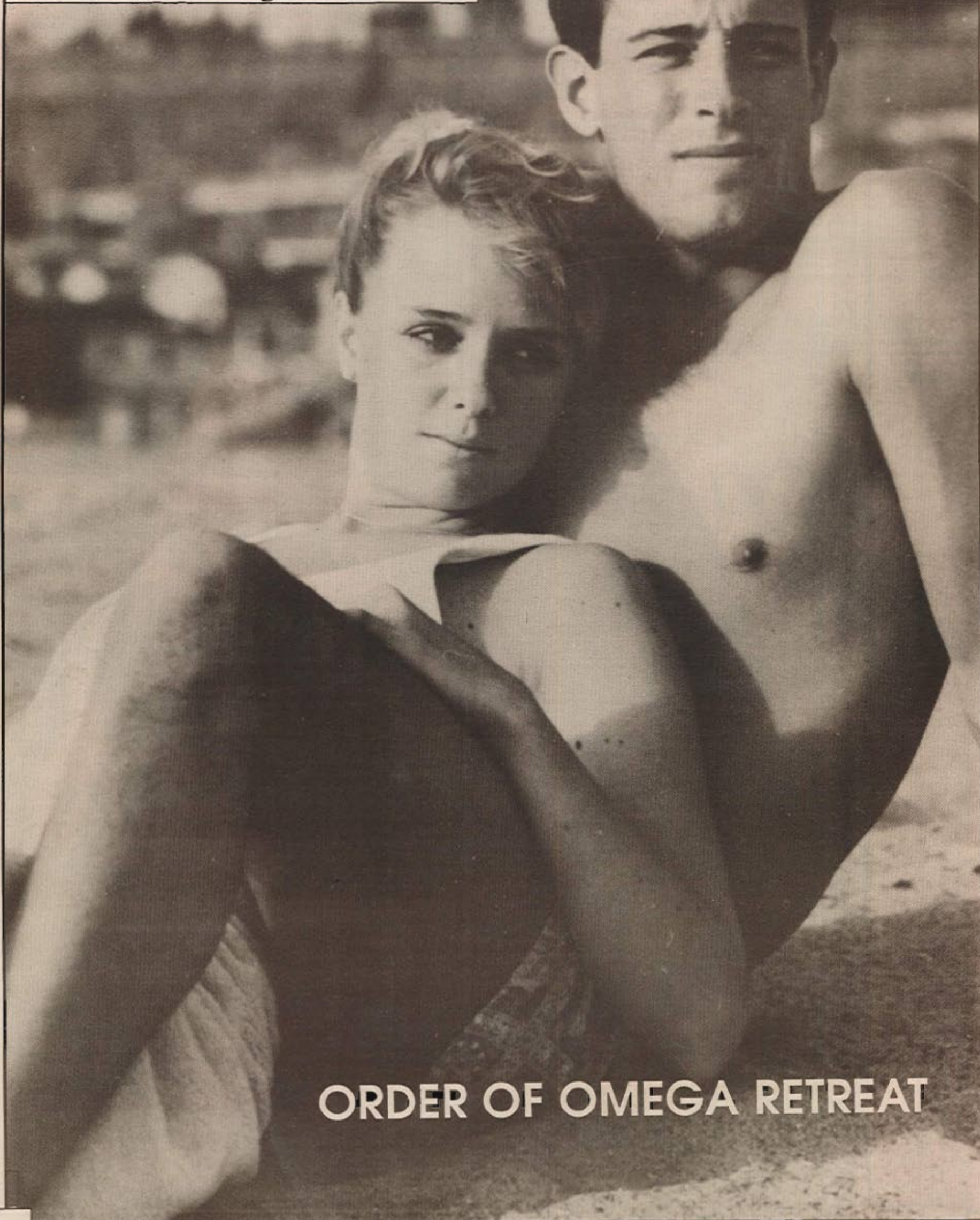


28TH

Street Magazine



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The only REAL Greek publication at USC that is distributed both on and off campus and to area merchants.

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MARCH 7, 1988

SPECIAL GREEK SENATE ISSUE

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Today's student critic



Any demigod with a cheap typewriter

Viewpointless is even easier, dude.

By Weldon Wall

A short time ago, I had the experience of speaking to a great and wondrous writer who passed his infinite wisdom for all to see through a biblical Viewpointless section of a campus paper. I thought it curious to speak to a man of such genius, and wished to learn the source of his brilliance. This great and wondrous writer somehow knew of my desire to meet him and he invited me up to his "office."

I approached Mt. Olympus with much reverence. I spent many days climbing this mountain, but upon reaching the top, my eyes beheld a beautiful sight. The clouds parted to expose what appeared to be STU sitting comfortably at the top of the world. Bright, intense light shown forth from the windows of the fourth floor. I knew in my heart that I was near.

A great flash of light exploded from the large entrance doors, and I was magically sucked into a huge ornate room. I had finally entered the Viewpointless domain of the all knowing.

I looked up before me and there he was, in all his glory, sitting upon his throne of righteousness. I immediately knelt before the great and wondrous writer.

"Rise, my dude," said the great and wondrous writer.

I rose. For the first time I really got a good look at the man who awed so many. A bright halo shone above his sweet head, highlighting his large ME t-shirt. His octopus-like body twitched and squirmed as it proceeded to shread old *Trojan Glass* issues. I fell to my hands and knees to show my respect.

"WELCOME" said the great and wondrous writer, "Welcome to me."

"Oh, my literary genius. I thank thee for your priceless time you have offered to my lowly self," I groveled.

"Speak not like this," he commanded, "I am here not only for my own benefit, but for your benefit as well."

"You are truly superior, oh great and wondrous writer. I have come in search of wisdom and knowledge of the likes that spurts from your mouth," said I.

"I see," said he.

"Oh my true Holyness, how does one create for a Viewpointless section so well as thee? The pressure of expected perfection must be oh so very great!" I exclaimed.

"Consistency," he yelled, "Consistency of my genius is my only concern!"

He quieted down, rubbing one eye with a long slimy tentacle.

"Alas, it is not easy," sighed the great and wondrous writer, "To match previous perfection takes new perfection. To follow my motto 'Always say never because you fear the experience' might seem to require very little research, but believe me, it takes a great deal of effort to avoid investigative reporting."

"Oh so true, my master, let those who know least speak loudest!" I stammered.

"But now! What to write about this week?" cried the great and wondrous writer, "I have tried to get interviews with the Song Girls, but they have yet to return my call!"

"My dear wonderful one, I am sure that your genius shall work for you again. Try thinking," suggested I.

"Yes, I am brilliant. Think...think. I am brilliant while all others are not...that's it! I shall criticize everyone but myself!" the superior one shouted.

"Yes! Yes!" I exclaimed, "Only your genius would ever think to criticize every single publication you had never worked for!"

"Let's see, I will have to rename each publication. I know! I shall make up real funny nicknames that have been used before!" sang the great and wondrous writer.

"Ho? Ho?" I snickered.

"Now how shall I go about presenting me in the best fashion? I know! I shall disguise myself as a mortal, interviewing a ridiculously evil publisher. This man shall not care about what I think, and me, I shall remain consistant with my beautiful self," said that great and oh so wonderful writer.

"So original," I noted.

"The inferior ones use computers, do they not?" asked the superior one.

"That they do, my all knowing. Of course they print nowhere near the quality of your papyrus scroll machine," I said.

"They use Macs, don't they!" shouted he.

"Yes," I answered.

"A Mac! Get it! Why I could make a McDonald's joke out of that. Ho! Ho! Hee!" exclaimed the great and wondrous writer.

I began my standard reply, "You are truly a comical genius. There can be no doubt that millions shall laugh uproariously at your brilliant sense of humor. It is truly amazing just how funny you think you really are."

"Ho! Ho!" he chortled.

"Tee Hee!" I quipped.

"By being me, I shall determine that all other publications that I do not work for are neither decent, nor publishable. I alone know what the entire student body cares about. I should put that in my article of truth," stated the great and wondrous writer.

"Forgive me for asking," I began, "but is it not true that cartoons of fascist leaders accosting students might not go over well with some of your entire student body?"

"Ho! Ha! Heceeee!" blurted the great and wondrous writer, "I constantly laugh uproariously at that cartoon even till this day."

"Despite your laughter, any man who accuses others of wrongdoings while committing the same himself is often refered to as a hypocrite," I pointed out softly.

"Mortals may call me a hypocrite, but they are jealous of my genius," said the great and wondrous writer, "What this boils down to is that I am right and they are wrong."

"Am I to assume, oh superior one, that it is ok for you to alienate parts of the student body while it is most evil for others to do the same?" questioned I.

"Alienate!!" screamed the great and wondrous writer, "Just the other day I was at a library where I picked up a magazine called *La Paris*. How rude! The entire publication was in french, and worse, I didn't even know anyone! That was the last straw. I asked the librarian 'Does this not serve to alienate the rest of the student body?' and he rudely

replied 'Shut up, dope!' Obviously I was not the first to complain. Humph! People having fun again without my permission. Imagine, a French publication about France! Next I'll be seeing a Row publication about the Row."

"Save us all," I cried, fearful of others who might express their own opinions, "Shall I run down the hill and sacrifice my mother, oh great and wondrous writer?"

"That is not necessary, by being me, I have determined that they have no audience," said the true genius of print.

"Do you have any facts to back this claim?" I meekly asked.

"I need no facts. I have spoken. In order to have an audience, you must please the entire university community," stated the brilliant one.

"Do you think you have such an audience?" I questioned.

"I need not answer that," wheezed he.

"I don't think you can," I replied.

"You are missing my truth," shouted the great and wondrous writer, "I have determined that they are dopes and goofballs, and that they have no audience!"

"Forgive me for asking, my genius, but do you not yourself read these publications?" questioned I.

"I needed to read them to know of their evilness," admitted the all knowing.

"Does this not make you an audience," I asked, noticing anger in his eyes.

"They have no audience!" shouted the half-man half-octopi.

"And certainly if they did not have an audience before your free advertisements and publicity, they certainly must now," I pointed out to the writhing creature.

"They have no audience! I have spoken!" the monster screamed, "They steal money to express their opinions!"

"And I guess you'll never get a job in the publishing industry," I said. With that the monster exploded into a fiery ball of flame. Loud demonic voices screamed 'Dope!' and 'Goofball' from far above me. The clouds, now black with anger, quickly returned. I fled Mt. Olympus as a storm of ignorance thundered and clashed behind me. I finally was safe, having crossed the last river of censorship.

I sat down upon a small wooden stump feeling confused about what had just happened. In all this time, I had believed it took respect for Freedom of the Press and a constructive attitude to be a constant whiner for a Viewpointless section. It would seem that all you needed was a cynical outlook on life, self-infatuation, and a whole lot of victims.

Weldon Wall, a third year senior majoring in 20th Century history of the United States and Europe, is the Senior Feature Editor with a large staff for the 28th Street Magazine. He also likes to flex a lot.