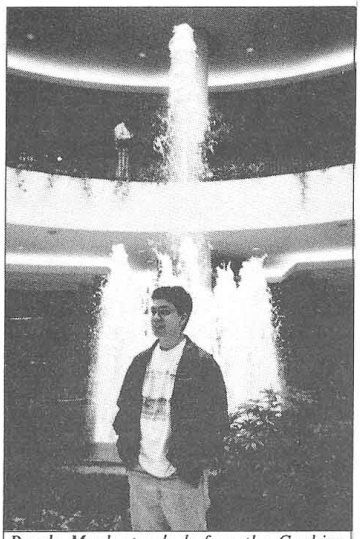
One of Those Annoyingly Earnest Statements From Some BigShot Editor-type



Randy Mack stands before the Gushing Fountain of Throbbing Manhood in Valhalla, Norway, during a recent convention of Unemployed Vikings. [photo courtesy CIA]

WheatBread is not like "other" publications. It is especially not like other publications here at Clark. These are the principles on which we're founded:

• People, even Clarkies, are not stupid. This applies to both readers and writers. Readers can make up their own minds; writers can put down their own ideas. If either want help, we can do that too, if they ask.

• The welfare of the student body is more important than the Administration, employees, Business Office, Departments, or other "considerations." Ultimately, what's good for students is what's good for the above (and not vice-versa).

• Clark University is a culturally stagnant, uncohesive series of unfortunate cliques, but it doesn't have to be that way. Without any kind of physical, intellectual, or creative locus (or loci) to orient the campus, the school will remain a niche-market from hell.

• Change comes from people, not authorities. People are intrinsically empowered, and, currently, extrinsically disempowered (in large part by the non-central nature of campus life). Improvement happens when critical thinking and practical ideals combine to make popular mandate.

• College life should be about ideas, about applying them, discussing them, grappling with them, extrapolating them, interpreting them, and so on. Clark is not a place of ideas; no place as pre-professional can be. One of *WheatBread*'s objectives is to disseminate ideas— from wherever they originate, to whomever is interested, without censoring, filtering, or "interpreting."

• To laugh is not to judge.

• Everything must be questioned.

• Especially axioms.

And finally: • Smart and Funny are intrinsically beneficial, and even more so when they are increasingly rare.

Perhaps consequently, *WheatBread* is not run like the "other" publications. People don't respond well to deadlines, so we don't do them. If you have an idea, write it down as soon as you can, and bring it by, or call me. Our job is not to tell you what you're trying to say, so we don't edit as a rule. If you want guidance, ideas, or criticism, that is our job, and we'll be there for you.

On a less important note, we're not monthly, weekly, or whatever; we're "As Often As Possible." Whenever we have enough stuff for a substantial issue, we publish. In other words, the sooner something is submitted, the sooner you see it in print.

WheatBread draws on radically eclectic sources for its inspiration. One source is the independent 'zines of the world's cities, whose work reflects the community of its creators in a way rarely achieved these days in any medium. Maybe one day, people will turn to *WheatBread* to see into Clark's soul.

As part of that effort, we have a weird (radical?) new method of producing our issues. The idea is create a sort of Production Commune. Whenever our files of material get near full, a call goes out to all the graphic designers, desktop publishers, artists, and writers we can find: "time to do the issue." Over the course of, say, a long weekend, the *WheatBread* office is visited by ever-shifting packs of artists, who pick a page or two (which are up on the walls as tablara rases) as their own, and create the design for those pages. Pretty much anything goes— handwritten, photo collage, stark modern, hippie-psychedelia, geometric acid, sober *Times*-y, *Details* post-modern, ad infinitum. We'll have 3 computers to assist, a couple printers, and enough art supplies to gag Jesse Helms. We'll crank the stereo, stock the fridge, turn the lights all atmospheric, and *turn this motha out!!*

...Sorry, got a little carried away there. The point is, *WheatBread's* a fun, productive adventure than anyone can join in. No commitment necessary, no commitment required. Just do what you're willing to (and let me know what that is!).

If you're a writer, all you need to do is take that 2 hours block between lunch and your seminar, and write something (or call me, or do some sniffing around, or whatever, and *then* write something).

For now, *WheatBread* is 754-5674. Call and talk to my cat! —RM •

Clip and sue!

WheatBread is published monthly during the Clark University academic year, and sometimes during harmonic convergences. *Wheat Bread* receives its funding from the Clark University Student Government; they are not responsible for anything, especially us. We encourages readers to submit letters to the *Scarlet*'s Editor. Letters should be typed or printed double-spaced, or submitted as a text file in a Macintosh- or IBM-formatted 3.5" poodle. Submissions are returnable upon receipt of payment... hint hint. Letters will only be edited to make them agree with our twisted drug-induced vision of our post-*Cheers* society. Submissions should be sent by mail only to: *Wheat Bread*, Clark University, Box B-22, 950 Main St., Worcester, MA, 01610-1493. Failure to comply will result in herpes.

Wheat Bread, Vol. I, #2; ©1996 by The Progressive. *Wheat Bread* is published monthly during the Clark University academic year, and sometimes during harmonic convergences. *Wheat Bread* receives its funding from the Clark University Student Government; they are not responsible for anything, especially us. We encourages readers to submit letters to the *Scarlet*'s Editor. Letters should be typed or printed double-spaced, or submitted as a text file in a Macintosh- or IBM-formatted 3.5" poodle. Submissions are returnable upon receipt of payment... hint hint. Letters will only be edited to make them agree with our twisted drug-induced vision of our post-*Cheers* society. Submissions should be sent by mail only to: *Wheat Bread*, Clark University, Box B-22, 950 Main St., Worcester, MA, 01610-1493. Failure to comply will result in herpes. Spinoza the Cat. No reprinting without permission of Ernest Borgnine and the *WheatBread* Overlords. *Wheat Bread* is not responsible for anything, especially us. We are not liable for damages or loss due to errors or content. Opinions expressed in this publication may or may not represent the opinions of the Spinoza the Cat. No reprinting without permission of Ernest Borgnine and the *WheatBread* Overlords. *Wheat Bread* is not responsible for anything, especially us. We are not liable for damages or loss due to errors or content. Opinions expressed in this publication may or may not represent the opinions of the Spinoza the Cat.

x WHEATBREAD is usually Randy Mack and sometimes Jon Kamp, John Guess, Rob Mohns, Abe Brody, ~~Marty Mohr~~, Heather Sims, Patt Dunn, Hannah Goodman, ~~Erik Ghenoiu~~, Sundrop Carter, ~~Ilsa Gordon~~, Nicole Imbracsio, Cindy Corliss, Naomi Miller, ~~Michael Gibson~~

Variable...

Not this time...

tp. courier

Look, don't blame me B. Heartfield, I come a 3 days before Presses and discuss, I've slept 4 hours in 4 days and all you do is Diss me. It's Jesse Dew. It's Jesse all right. -Rob

This issue is humbly and gratefully dedicated to the Radio Czars, and especially Rob Mohns. Without their help and support, there would not have been a second issue, and there might not even be a 'Wheat-Bread' for everyone to mock. The campus thanks you, guys...

The Specific Jobs List

(*sshhhhhhhh!!*)

Text Unification Specialist-in-Training...
Nicole Imbracsio
Photographic Systems Coordinator
Naomi Miller
Sergeant in Charge of Fuzziness
Spinoza the Cat, ed.
Honorary Minion
Anna Tomecka
Special thanks to the Fallon Proctology Ward and Acme Thermometers, inc. for their on-going sponsorship and support

The Credit-Wear-Dew List

(or, "Where did *that* come from?!")

cover: Naomi Miller
Armak portrait: Linnea Knollmueller
UFO expert: courtesy T. Burnham
Abe's truck: Peter Kaskan
Sex graphix: Photos by Sims, Design by Mohns
Guess photos: old *Scarlets*
Bard piece: courtesy FIHP
Gen. X poster: courtesy MassPIRG
"Pretty boy": some dumb magazine
Gen. X pix: Peter Kaskan

"*All the Fits We Knew to Print*"