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Dalal drew his breath slowly, carefully. "What do you want?"

"I think you know that. For now, I want you to get off my back. Leave *WheatBread* alone, or guess what will be the feature article next month?"

Dalal's fury disappeared instantly, but he tried not to show it. He almost had to bite his tongue to keep himself from laughing. Finally, he said, in a low, monotonous voice, "Okay, Randy, I'll leave *WheatBread* alone. Just promise me you'll destroy the pictures."

"Don't you trust me, Yaz?"

Dalal allowed himself to smile slightly at this. "Look, I'll make you a deal. The Student Council Debate is coming up. Give me the photos and the negatives right now, and both *WheatBread* and ROC-U will be allowed to participate."

Randy thought this proposal over for a minute before realizing that such an opportunity would not repeat itself soon. "You got yourself a deal," he said and dropped the photos on the desk. Then, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the plastic baggie containing the negatives. "Destroy them in good health." And then Randy left.

As soon as he was gone, Dalal cleared his desk and again began scribbling questions, trying to find the most offensive ones he could. Perhaps a lightning round, with a question like, "What was the Student Council equivalent of the Iran-Contra scandal?" Or, "If you were a flavor of ice cream, what flavor would you be?" Or, better yet, "Beavis or Butthead?" Dalal laughed wickedly. He could deliver these to his contact in ROC-U and destroy both organizations' reputations in one swift blow.

Randy returned to the *WheatBread* office. From a locked file cabinet (to which only he had the key) he pulled a battered folder which he had kept since he first year at Clark. The folder was labeled with a single word: *WheatBread*. Dalal had said to him, "What do you want?" but he already knew that. Dalal was one of the very few people to have seen what was in that folder, to read Randy Mack's plan to be known by infamy across the globe. Start with one small college publication, and just keep going.

He replaced the folder and started thinking of questions of the debate. They need to have a sense of humor. On the paper in front of him, he scribbled, "Beavis or Butthead?" and smiled. That would do nicely.

On the 25th of February, Tilton Hall became the sight of the strangest Student Council Debate in history. One candidate did not even show up. The rest were surprised, confused, and outraged by the questions, especially (to Dalal's glee) those contributed by *WheatBread* and ROC-U. At one point, Vice-President candidate (and soon to be Vice-President) Tom Roy looked ready to walk out of the debate in protest. But eventually, the debate was concluded and Dalal handed a slip of paper to Rob Leeman, who that night wrote a letter to *The Scarlet* condemning both *WheatBread* and ROC-U for making a mockery of the debate and abusing the generosity that the *Scarlet* had shown to them by allowing them to take part in it.

In that week's issue, *The Scarlet* ran the letter and *WheatBread's* future was suddenly jeopardized. That Friday night, Sundrop Carter was working late in the *WheatBread* office (as her roommate Jennifer was not feeling well) trying to think of a way to repair the damage done by the debate when Randy's life-long feline companion, Spinoza, wandered in. Sundrop was surprised to see Spinoza, since the Sanford RD tended to be picky about animals being allowed inside, but did not pay him much attention at first. Minutes later, Sundrop threw the cat out of the office into the empty lounge and slammed the door to the office shut.

CHAPTER 4:

"WHO THE HECK IS HARRIS?
MY NAME IS SPINOZA."

With Spring Break rapidly approaching, the second issue of *WheatBread* was nearing completion. Both ROC-U and *WheatBread* had been worried about the Student Council debates, but David Bernstein, Station Manager of ROC-U, managed to save both organizations (now inextricably linked in the eyes of the campus) by playing a recording of the debates constantly over ROC-U during the off-air hours right up to the Tuesday of elections. Once Randy Mack was certain that the controversy was

over (dying down just days after the election), Randy sent *Scarlet* editor Yazad Dalal an e-mail reading:

"Nice try, Yaz, but it didn't work. Better luck next time. But remember that if there is a next time, I won't offer you any deals. Back off. Love, Rand" Dalal did not respond. Not directly, at any rate.

Meanwhile, it was on that same night in March that Sundrop Carter marched angrily into her room, slamming the door behind her with such force that her roommate, Jennifer Kilbane, screamed with surprise. Then Jennifer saw the look on her roommate's face. "What's wrong? Are you alright?"

Sundrop shook her head. "No. I'm anything but alright. I'm as far from alright as you can imagine."

"Why? What happened?"

"I was in the *WheatBread* office," Sundrop began, the pain of the event she had just experienced subsiding slightly as she was finally able to tell someone, "and Spinoza walked in. I didn't think of anything of it. He's done it plenty of times before. That fucking cat goes anywhere he wants. Then, he jumped up on the desk next to the computer and started looking at me. I ignored him, because, you know, I just couldn't be bother. But then, he jumped on me, and he started pawing my breasts, and he actually tried to get into my blouse. I couldn't believe it. So I threw him down on the floor and he tried to jump up under my skirt. So I screamed. And I picked him up and threw him out and slammed the door and I was sitting there an hour before I came back here. I didn't want to go out there. I didn't want to see him again. I know it's crazy. He's just a cat. But he scared me. I've never seen

**"Spinoza actually
tried to get into
my blouse...
I've never seen a cat
act like that before."**

a cat act like that before."

Sundrop's story finished. Jennifer immediately knew what had to be done. "Sundrop, you have to report this."

"Report this? Report what?" Sundrop did not follow Jen's line of thinking.

"I think you've been sexually harassed. You have to report it. At the very least, tell Campus Police that you were attacked. They'll take care of it."

"Sexually harassed? Jen, he's just a cat. He scared me, sure, but that's all he can do to me. It's not like he can get me fired."

"But you were attacked, so at least go to Campus Police and tell them about it." To this, Sundrop agreed and she reported her attack. After she returned to the room, she called Randy and told him what happened. This time her story was much shorter and her tone much less friendly.

When was done, she said, "I don't ever want to see that lousy cat of your's again!"

Randy replied, "Spinoza goes where he wants. Besides, you can't honestly believe that he meant anything by what he did, can you? He doesn't have sexual urges, remember? He's missing the vital organs."

"You weren't there. I was. He meant what he did. I've reported it to Campus Police. Say goodbye to your best friend, Randy." Sundrop hung up the phone, somewhat relieved after being able to yell at Randy. Randy, however, was much less relaxed. He knew that Campus Police could, quite possibly, find some way to take Spinoza, his life-time feline companion, away, and he could not let that happen.

Fortunately, he had a solution. The next day, Randy called Chief Goulet, a close acquaintance of his after the many run-ins that the two have had (all of which are fascinating and embarrassing stories, but which have nothing to do with the story of *WheatBread*), and Randy explained the situation to him. Goulet seemed to understand and Sundrop's report was immediately "lost". However, Randy suddenly faced the problem of how to handle Sundrop. The second issue would be coming out right

after Spring Break and they had not yet finished layout, and now it looked as if they would not be able to work together ever again. *WheatBread* had survived the *Scarlet*, but was now about to be sunk by one of its own staff members.

He did not talk to Sundrop at all during Spring Break, though he saw passed her twice in the U.C. Perhaps he would have approached her, but Jennifer was always with her and always glared at him as if ready to tear his lungs out for dinner if he said anything to her roommate. In the meantime, he helped David Bernstein and other ROC-U technical experts in testing out the new transmitter and preparing the studio to be turned into WRCU, the new radio of Clark University, so he had little time to put the layout together.

Finally, three days before it was due to go to press, Randy asked Rob Mohns to come in and help put it together. Those three days, with constant work with almost no sleep, the whole project seemed hopeless. Randy was constantly changing fonts and sizes and adding in side jokes, but Rob simply took what he was given and did his best to make it work. Finally, with a sex-shop article written by Heather Sims, more ROC-U information, the poetry section which Sundrop had insisted from the beginning that they include, and an article about "Generation X" by Nicole Imbrascio which had begun one Thursday in February in the ROC-U studio, the second *WheatBread* went to press. Randy and Rob were both overjoyed; Rob because he had done what he had not thought could be done, and Randy because he had proven that he did not need Sundrop to produce *WheatBread*. All that remained was to decide what he would do about her.

Elsewhere, Rebecca Kirsznner and Amy Baranoski, the Opinion and Living Arts editors of the *Scarlet* respectively, were becoming unhappy with attention *WheatBread* was getting. Rebecca especially did not trust Randy and knew that there was much more to his magazine than he claimed. As they talked, Rebecca mentioned Student Council and suddenly Amy's eyes lit up and she suddenly realized they could stop Randy from printing any more of *WheatBread*.

CHAPTER 5:
DON'T SLAM THE DOOR
ON YOUR WAY OUT

The end of the story of *WheatBread's* humble origin begins soon after Spring Break, on the day that Sundrop Carter went to the Campus Police office, asked for the key to the *WheatBread* office, and was told by a somewhat rude Campus Police employee that she was not on the keylist. Sundrop asked the dispatcher to check again, which he did and told her once again that her name simply was not on it.

Confused, Sundrop returned to her room and called Randy Mack, demanding an explanation. Randy, however, dodged the question and told her that whenever she wanted to get into the office she would have to call him. He also told her that he had taken away all other executive powers which she had once possessed. He told her simply that he was "re-arranging" the E-Board slightly, though in fact Sundrop knew that Randy had, overnight, essentially demoted her to bagel-girl. Sundrop was outraged that he would do something like that. She could not understand why he would treat her in such a way.

Then, Randy said, in a quiet, careful voice, "Maybe next time you'll leave my cat alone," and he hung up. Sundrop could not believe it. She was being driven out because of the cat! Just then, Jennifer Kilbane, Sundrop's roommate, walked in and Sundrop did not hesitate to spill the events of the day on her. Her frustration poured out as her voice became louder, until soon her yells could be heard throughout the Corner House. Finally, she was done and she asked Jen what she should do.

"Well, you shouldn't quit. In fact, you should take it back from Randy. What right does he have to kick you off the keylist?"

"I don't know," Sundrop replied. "Maybe he has friends in the dean's office. Anyway, I don't have much choice but to quit. There isn't anything I can do."

"There has to be something."

Sundrop answered slowly. "Maybe there is." And she would not say anymore on the subject no matter how much Jen questioned her.

By this time, Randy was sitting in the *WheatBread* office working diligently on the next year's budget. He