Just to clarify things a bit,

I am as well as I have ever been. All your efforts to hasten my decline have come to no avail and this "Newspaper", "Magazine" or whatever you fools have chosen to label this "WheatBread publication" with the purpose of advancing your cause, will do nothing to benefit the petty efforts which you insist upon indulging in. I am The System-hear me roar. I am funnier than you. I am more convoluted than you could possibly aspire to be, and I am exceedingly adept in the art of producing grammatically awkward run-on sentences with no apparent relevance to anything which might be deemed practical to any of your self proclaimed heroes of literary expression. So there.

I have sat back for quite some time now. I have been content. I have been satisfied to recline in my revoltingly comfortable leather sofa and laugh at your commitment to destroy me and everything you believe to be associated with me. You're very entertaining, I'll give you that, but you are not very successful. I have read your WheatBread. I have seen your humor. I have followed your developmental progress with the detachment of a lab technician watching two control specimen rats fucking. Sorry to break it to you guys, but I don't feel threatened in the least. You think you have education on your side. I told you half the jokes you know, and the other fifty percent you heard while receiving your superior education in the schools I built for you. Not only can you never possibly defeat me, you can never possibly pinpoint me. I am one elusive son of a

As I alluded to earlier, I have read your WheatBread. I have seen the articles endorsing cannibalism, myopia, Oto-Manguean, and countless other forms of debauchery. I have chortled in amuseme from time to time. Now you have reached the cross road All your efforts to ridicule me have failed miserably at you find yourself left with one alternative. It is time for you to transfer. Good luck in your future endeavors. I hope you've learned something.



WheatBread Announces Prestigious (Pretentious?) New Award: Man of the 24 Hours.

And the winner is...

JIM SAMAR "00

WheatBread is proud to inaugurate its first "Man-of-the-24-hours" award with one of the greatest minds to surface on campus since our dearly departed former editor. Samar, the prize of the class of two thousand, graced The Scarlet with the ink of his eloquent and insightful pen in his premiere letter, on Thursday, December 4. In his letter, Samar spoke for all crusaders against ignorance by pointing out the dirty, nasty Zionist agenda of *The Scarlet's* Jewish Editor-in-Chief, Samuel Begner.

This treatise upon humanity was written in response to Begner's printed article explaining that after receiving an advertisement for a "Holocaust Revisionist," he decided not to run it. Begner brazenly stated that as a student-run newspaper, he made an educated decision not to run an ad that he felt would not produce any good.

The question Samar begs us to ask Begner is, "Whose good is he protecting?" Thank Jesus that Samar is able to demonstrate the slimy editor's proliferation of "Jewish domination and the promotion of fellow Jews only into giant Jewish corporations." Forget the moral issues and horrors of millions upon millions of murders of the Holocaust; Samar the Sage aptly demonstrates that "The Jews' soul interest in Holocaust propagation is souly to garner world pity and in so doing to keep monetary funds pumping into Israel." Note the clever substitution of the word "soul" for its grammatically correct homophone, "sole." So you may wonder, how does this genius of modern times back up such revolutionary claims? That's the beauty of it: he doesn't. The truth is in his words. And let us not forget, he has pointed out in his postscript that he has nothing to do with Hamas, so there's no way he's insane.

Cheers to you, Jim Samar, our first winner of the Man-of-the-24-Hours Award. Your peignant insight into the Jewish plan for world domination has certainly made us all look twice upon our faith in humanity.

-Jonathan Messinger

24-Hours in the life of WHEATBREAD...

6:45pm, January 18, 1998 — This timeline/inscally log represents an average 24-hour period in the life of WheatBread, with the following exceptional circumstances:

- it was the first and (so for) only attempt to do a 24-hour issue.
- people were in the office for 24 hours straight.
- people were actually working.
- people kept a log.