

# WHEATBREAD<sup>No 12</sup>

**DRAFT**

# 24



**POSTCARD**

☐ ← WB of office actual size

**FIRST CLASS**

# HOURS IN



# DANA COMMONS



**FILE**



# Merrily Syndrome: a diagnosis (by way of introduction...)

by Dave Reed

It is a strange, but carefully and well-documented, occurrence that things appear very different starting at 3 o'clock in the morning. It is not a matter of people simply being tired, (though that does play an important part in the puzzle), but it is my belief that at 3 am the human mind begins to undergo certain transformations. I am now sitting in the *WheatBread* office at 11 am, fully rested, with the remainder of the staff of the 24 hour issue, who are not. One is asleep. He is the lucky one. The rest are suffering from an extreme case of "Merrily Syndrome."

I first noticed this peculiar disease some years ago while watching the animated film *Heavy Metal* while chowing down on Twizzlers and soda some time close to dawn. I thought it was the greatest movie ever. A couple years later, I had a chance to watch it at a more reasonable time, and that was when I realized that things are just not right when you're that tired.

The editor of *WheatBread* slouches in front of a computer and groans as he stares at what remains to be edited. He is deep in the throes of Merrily Syndrome. They laugh at what isn't funny and make many comments about shit. I only wish that I were making this up. Words end up missing from sentences.

As the only academic working in this particular field, I first identified Merrily Syndrome as such on Spree Day, 1996. On that day, a production of the Sondheim's *Merrily We Roll Along* was set (almost) to open in Atwood Hall. The only problem (okay, one of the problems) was that there was practically no set. So, the night before, we few brave set builders undertook the task of completing the *Merrily* set. Somewhere around 3 am, things began to look a little odd. Not that we noticed. We thought that funky paint job was the coolest thing we'd ever seen. I managed to down a few Pixie Stix (the three-foot long variety) and we just kept going, so that the paint was still wet as the audience wandered into Atwood. I had been up for 24 hours at that point, and I ended up staying for the first performance and Denny's afterwards. I thought it was pretty good. Other people just gave me strange looks.



Caption for this picture.

Reality is a subjective mass that we try desperately to order into some objective state, something that fills most of the waking hours of our day. In the early hours of the morning, any attempts at objectivity give themselves up to die, and the world becomes something only half real. I was not present at the time when this issue of *WheatBread* began to suffer the delusions of a fading reality, but the effects are only too obvious. They should be just as obvious to you, the reader. The dawning of the sun does not mark a new day, reality restored, but rather only serves to further alter the dimensions within which the Merrily-infected mind is functioning.

The exact catalysts of Merrily Syndrome have not yet been identified, though prevailing theories focus on spiritual energies, wave-harmonics, and the lunar cycle. Further research must be done to properly control this phenomenon, which can function as either a gift or a curse. The extent to which the *WheatBread* staff has been exposed to Merrily Syndrome is also unclear at this time, and that they will ultimately recover is not guaranteed. Over-exposure to the altered state of consciousness brought on by Merrily Syndrome may yet be shown to have detrimental long-term effects.

## editorial

I'm tired.

It's 11:15 and I've been awake over 24 hours now. I'm so out of it that I checked my watch with no idea what time it was a minute ago, and then again just now. I'm coherent. And awake. We've changed the terms of victory, but it's still a victory. There's a lot of articles here, many by people who normally wouldn't have written anything. Dana Commons is a creepy building to spend a long time in. This place smells like snapple and beer. And people. It's almost over. We'll call it a success. It may not be the best issue that we've ever done, but it is the fastest.

If I'm done writing this editorial, does that mean I have to proofread the last remaining articles?

(this issue entirely written and produced between noon 12/5 and noon 12/6/97 in a room somewhere between 10 x 15 and 10 x 20, either way too small)

### LEGAL

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We are now in office #7 on the first floor of Dana Commons, and we now phone: Dial: 793-7625 and see if it rings!  
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Submissions, consultations, and overcrowded offices.



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thanks to *The Scarlet*, XRCU, whoever left those pistachios in the Pit, Sean Prager (whose Mac will never be the same), Mollie W. for running an errand, Bill for scanning and other criminal acts (happy birthday), Dave R. for spearheading the second wave, Seth Brodeur and Taybin Rutkin for staying up all night with us, the reader, and everyone else that we're too damn tired to mention. → including Mike, for all the pop tarts!  
Hey, it's noon, we're leaving. Phew!

Timeline on the bottom  
of each page

### Pages/article/author

- 1 cover
- 2 Merily Syndrome/ Dave Keef
- 3 editorial credits, TOC
- 4 system letter / Man of the 24
- 5-8 Group story
- 5 Blue Sprinkles / Squaba Beer
- 9 New names... / categories
- 10 Jargon fallacy / call me types
- 11 love / seth / Beth's thing
- 12-13 Jon's sacrificial dialogue
- 14 awareness
- 15-17 Mike's poems
- 16-17 Mike's poems & Eric's stuff
- 18-19 Mike's quotes article
- 20 canned laughter



# LETTERS TO THE Editor

## Just to clarify things a bit,

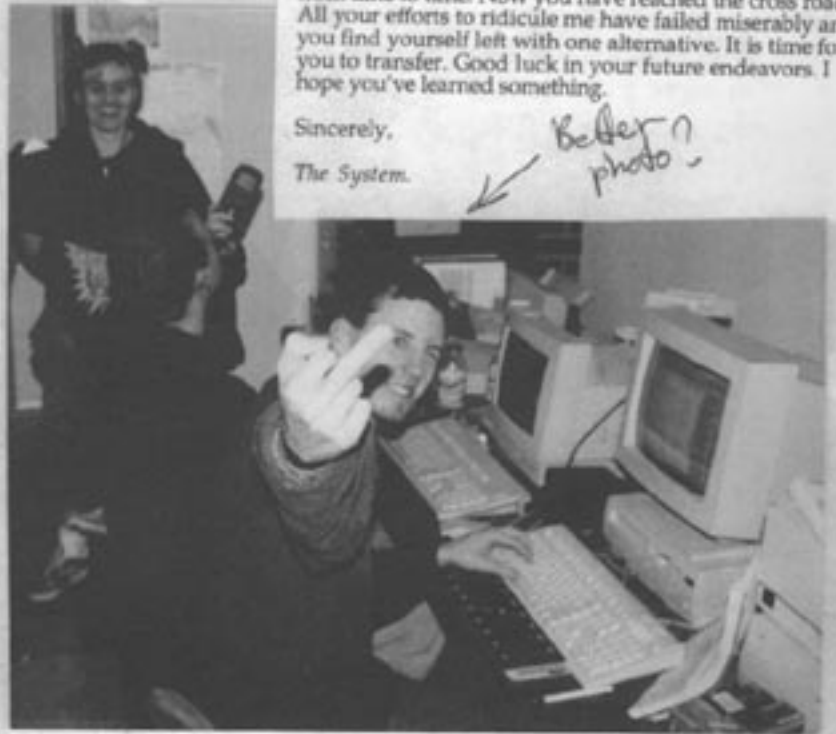
I am as well as I have ever been. All your efforts to hasten my decline have come to no avail and this "Newspaper", "Magazine" or whatever you fools have chosen to label this "WheatBread publication" with the purpose of advancing your cause, will do nothing to benefit the petty efforts which you insist 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 bitch.

As I alluded to earlier, I have read your *WheatBread*. I have seen the articles endorsing cannibalism, myopia, Oto-Manguenan, and countless other forms of debauchery. I have chortled in amusement from time to time. Now you have reached the cross road. All your efforts to ridicule me have failed miserably as 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.

Sincerely,  
The System.

Begner photo?



## Anarchy in the W.B.

### 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.

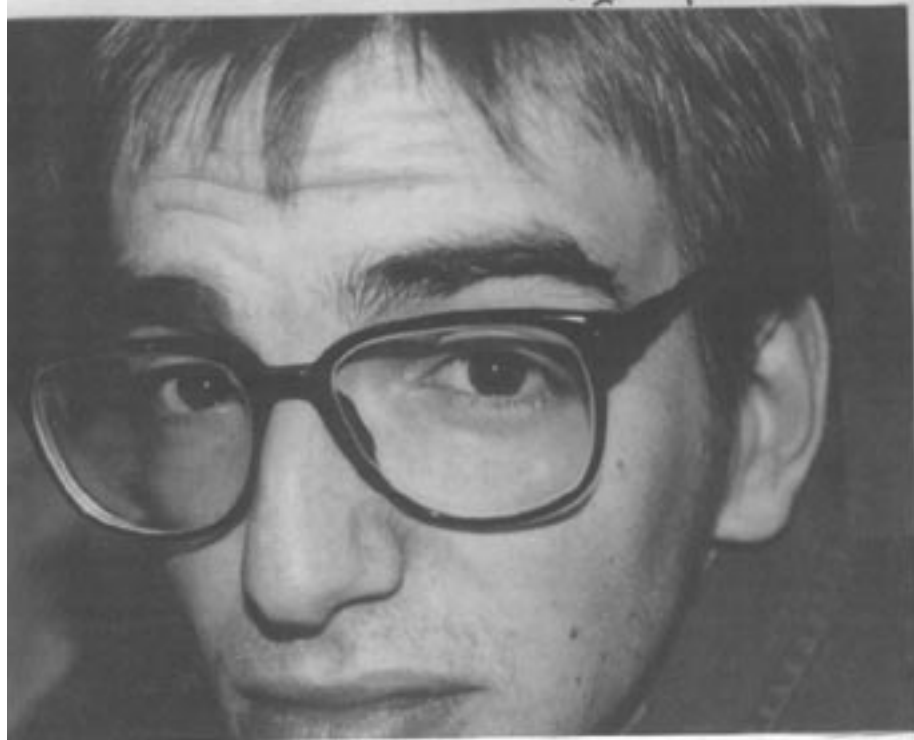
Cheers to you, Jim Samar, our first winner of the Man-of-the-24-Hours Award. Your poignant insight into the Jewish plan for world domination has certainly made us all look twice upon our faith in humanity.

-Jonathan Messinger

### 24-Hours in the life of WHEATBREAD...

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

- it was the first and (so far) 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.



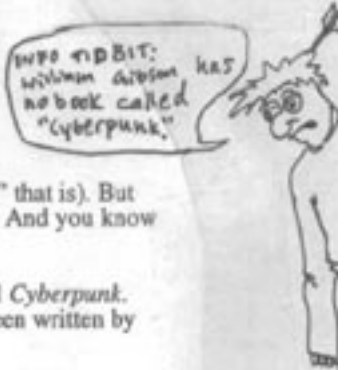
## Call me Taybin By Taybin Rutkin

My dad wanted to name me Taback, which apparently is the last name of some actor from the '30s. But that means tobacco in German so my mom vetoed it. My dad played with the name and came up with Taybin. Now you know. My sisters who are twins are named Anja and Titian. Anja is a traditional German name. Titian is named after an Italian painter. My mom's name is Sabine. It's pronounced Sabina and Anja is pronounced Anya. Go figure. The kicker is that my dad, from Jewish descent, born in 1946, is named Adolph. His mom didn't want to but her brother made her because apparently it is some Jewish tradition to name the next kid after someone who died and the name Adolph was used. No one calls him that though. They call him Adolph. Which got me thinking about how Hitler ruined the name Adolph for everyone. No one can be named that anymore. And his mustache. Maybe would look good with a mustache like that. But, no, thanks to Hitler, I'd look evil. This may not be the content that should be in a newspaper but blame Mac, it was his idea. He even said that he would give me a page. The Page of Taybin. I thought it was kinda neat.

## A General Account of the Fallacy of the Jargon of the Internet (or why the slang makes you sound dumb)

By Taybin Rutkin

- 1) Surf, Surfing: I have no idea where this word came from (in relation to the "World Wide Web" that is). But think about it, it really is a dumb word. Clicking with a mouse is absolutely nothing like surfing. And you know someone is a newbie when they say to you, "I've been surfing the World Wide Web."
- 2) Cyber: This word was *invented* by William Gibson, who used the word in the title of his novel *Cyberpunk*. Whenever you see a newspaper article about cyber-whatever you can pretty much tell that it has been written by someone who does not have very much knowledge of the field.
- 3) Orthogonal: If you use this word you will sound like you know what you're talking about. It is probably the most obscure Computer Science word there is. Thought I'd break the monotony.
- 4) 'Net: This word can go either way. Depends on how you use it.  
BAD: I just programmed a utility in java to help surfing on the cyber 'net.  
GOOD: So y'all got here a heck of an orthogonal 'net here I reckon.  
IRRELEVANT: He is a New Jersey Net.  
Obviously the first guy is a complete moron and the second guy is a complete genius. The third guy is just a very complex typo.
- 5) Java: It's just a programming language. Jeez. Okay, it has some nifty ideas behind it but, still, calm down. Even the hip pseudo-coffee-shop name annoys me. Don't get me started.



### The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

12 noon, December 5, 1997 — Zack gets the key, bumps into Prager, works on his paper. Mollie shows up at 12:05 pm and stares at the computer screen for a few hours. Ten minutes later she runs to Wendy's as Sean leaves. More purple than we know what to do with.

1:00 pm — Mad Dog issues a dissertation on spellchecking and people's names. Zack's still working on his paper. Jon shows up. No purple. All set.

1:24 pm — Two people walk by and stare at the weirdos through the windows.

# A Defense of Bruce Springsteen

By Zack Ordynars

In times of trouble, as so often have occurred in society and Clark in general, there are those who would seek to find a target for their anger, a target for their rage; too often this target has been a man of courage, integrity, and song writing talent. This man is Bruce Springsteen.

Bruce Springsteen doesn't suck. Ever since I've been at Clark, I've been given a hard time about listening to Bruce Springsteen. I've received threatening calls from listeners of my radio show, suffered through arguments in the dining hall, and even been forced to compromise my listening habits when my roommate is home. Apparently Bruce doesn't quite meet the standard of quality set by such artists as Keel Big Fish and Chumbawumba.

I'm sick of these attacks. I don't think they are based on anything so much as ignorance. Bruce is misunderstood, that's all. No one seems to understand. "Born in the USA" is not a patriotic album- it's a protest album. In fact, all of Springsteen's songs are a protest or criticism of something. Or to put it in a language that any Marilyn Manson fan can understand, almost every song that Bruce has written is a comment on suckiness in its varying forms.

When properly translated into the language of today's youth, the messages of Bruce Springsteen's songs are surprisingly relevant and contemporary. Here's a bunch of examples, with the song name accompanied by a brief analysis of the meaning of the lyrics:

Born in the USA  
 Born to Run  
 My Hometown  
 It's Hard To Be A Saint in the City  
 The Ghost of Tom Joad  
 Streets of Philadelphia  
 Rosalita  
 Hungry Heart  
 Lucky Town  
 Glory Days  
 Blinded By The Light

Because The Night  
 No Surrender  
 Secret Garden

The River

Vietnam sucked  
 New Jersey sucks  
 Asbury Park sucks  
 urban life sucks  
 Republicans suck  
 AIDS sucks  
 overbearing parents suck  
 commitment sucks  
 sucked  
 today sucks  
 covers of Bruce Springsteen songs suck  
 but maybe not all of them  
 quitters suck  
 remixes for movie soundtracks suck  
 married life sucks

Don't confuse Bruce Springsteen with the subject of his songs. His songs are about things that suck, but that doesn't mean that he does.

# Squba Gear open for Phish, pack Howie

By Sean Prager



On the weekend of the 29th of November while most of the world was sleeping off their turkey dinners and watching football, the Howie Amphitheatre (AKA The Centrum) was rocking. The event, Phish. That bastion of neo-hippie silliness were in Worcester with their armies of fans and opening act Squba Gear in tow. The night for most began by wading through the armies of Phish-heads selling drugs, Phish heads buying drugs, Phish heads who needed drugs, Phish heads who use drugs etc. This of course was followed by the usual people who need tickets or want tickets. Now, at this time I would like to point out that most of these aforementioned people are the same college students who have been missing from class for a month as they follow Phish around the country charging things to their credit cards, many of whom now forced to beg as if they were some homeless person, yet they travel around in their '97 Ford Explorers that their parents bought them. Remember though that these kids have been missing from class so they cannot ask mommy and daddy for money.

Returning to the issue at hand, Squba Gear started the show with the fun and catchy "I am angry that I have no more drugs" this was followed by "Sam Snapple," their tribute to the Snapple factory they lived across the street from. This was followed by one of their usual bluegrass tunes, "I fell off a mountain in Tennessee" their set was closed by the epic "WheatBread," a tune about corruption and angry administrators. All in all the set was good and provided a nice opening act for Phish. The disciples were pleased and Phish was the usual. In the end fun was had by all, including the many security guards at the Centrum who now had a large collection of drug paraphernalia. Perhaps the only people unhappy will be the lecats, who will be spending the next few home games in a cloud of fog reminiscent of a stormy day in England. Meanwhile, Phish are happy cause they just sold 14,000 tickets at 25 dollars each...

**The 24-Hour  
 TIMELINE**  
 continued...

2:10 pm — We never do anything that we were supposed to but that's because we're agro and Zack and Emily have no space energy. Jonathan's head is in the couch, and he's screaming "lick me."  
 3:00 pm — No one here but Beth and Jon. Zack left to do "senior things." Beth's typing away, Jon's straining to be funny. Picture of Dave Reed's bare chest is making him feel kind of weird. Not in a good way.  
 3:30 pm — Tom Gibson stops by, wreaks havoc, sets up computers, demolishes administration, et cetera...  
 3:45 pm — Mandy walks by, then runs into street and gets hit by car.



## A Story

It was a dark and stormy night. I had just taken a writing course and today's lecture was on original story openings. As I thought about how some students thought that anything they wrote was worthy of being printed, I started scribbling on a notepad that I always kept next to my bed. A free verse poem!!! About how much life sucks!!! I bet no one has written one of these before.

Unfortunately, I soon realized that I am not very good at poems. After seventeen attempts at making "nucleotidyltransferase" work in iambic pentameter, I gave up. In a fit of rage I set out for the UC for coffee (if coffee is good for the WB editor, it must be good for me) and soon found myself sitting on a comfortable couch in Grind Central. There weren't many people in the place, and before I knew it I was face to face with an irate Elizabeth Simpson. She was upset because someone had mistaken the Pub for Grind Central. After she was sure that I understood the finer points of the issue, she sold me a small bag of chocolate covered espresso beans. With the "crack-filled rabbit raisins" in my hand, I again set my sights on the life sucks poem.

"Life sucks because..." That was as far as I could manage to get without becoming discouraged and tearing up the thing. Sometimes I got a little farther, like maybe "Life sucks because you suck," but then I remember that there are many people in the world, and maybe some of them don't suck. Generalizations are always a bad thing. "Life sucks because..." Writer's block. I hate that. "Life sucks because some people suck." No, it's not bad compared to earlier drafts, but it doesn't quite have that pizzazz I'm looking for. Plus it doesn't rhyme. Poems that don't rhyme are dumb. Maybe I can try to work the word fuck in there somewhere. Fuck rhymes with luck. "Life sucks because I don't fuck, enough." It's getting there, it must be the caffeine starting to kick in. All of a sudden I heard a large rumble blaring over the Hanson CD that I was listening to. I hate

when people disturb me when I'm listening to Hanson. That really bugs my shit. There was a bright light coming through my window, and the next thing I remember, I was swimming with the fishes. Except they were aliens and not fish, and I was floating in space and not swimming. Floating in water is a lot like floating in space. If you've ever floated in space, you'd agree.

...out down, I realized that the hospital Johnnie that I was wearing was on backwards. Fortunately, I happened to be wearing my Funroos™, the Wonder-Woman ones. "Hey! Down here!" Looking down, I saw that my slippers were now real bears- Bob and Fred were alive. "We really don't appreciate your smelly feet impaling our backs. Take them the hell out!"



This was all too creepy, so surreal. As I reached down to throw them across the room, Bob grabbed my wrist. "You humans are all alike, thinking you are so superior. One day, Nature will have her revenge." Maybe I should lay off the drugs for a while. Once again drug-free and recovering after that last trip, I realized that one more time, and I would be legitimately crazy. Ah, yes, the fever of my efforts, quickly incinerated, murdered insolently in the green peas of the night. 'Life sucks poem', my ass. This ain't no poem. This is the courageous, brutal inferno of war. Yes, you heard me, war. All right, all you narrow-minded, nostril-obsessed lunatics, over to one side. You paranoid amphibian Neil Young fanatics, on the other side. That just about summarizes the Clark student body, wouldn't you agree? Aachh! Help! The narrow-minded, nostril-obsessed lunatics are after me! Don't worry, Flea! I'm coming! I will save you! I will surely save you from the army of pants! Run quickly, for they will catch up with you! They will swallow us as if we are raw fish! They will move our weather metallic burmese mountain lions! They will... They will... Oh, no! A tumbleweed, going by the window!

## The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

3:59 pm — Jan changed background to women's heads.

4:55 pm — Jessica walks in as Mike Garber yelps in ROC-U. Jan is writing about apathy, Mac is working on WB #11, and Zack is being apathetic. Purple levels noticeably increase. All clear. Oh, well, maybe only a little clear, now that I think about it.

5:00 pm — Mollie comes back from work.

5:05 pm — Zack brings in a lone red bench. Mandy and Taybin arrive.

I quickly realized the tumbleweed was actually a delusion, it was really the shadow of the doctor passing my glassed-in window. Oh my god, I've stumbled onto the set of "One Who Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." I take my medication, and quickly walk out into bright, sunny, late 1975. I walk down the stairs of the New York hospital they are filming in, and I see a proud mother with her new baby. I ask her what she is naming the baby. She says "Zachary." I look closely, and notice a characteristic grimace. I look on her medical bracelet, which has just fallen to the floor, and see this name, Ordynans.

But my mind wandered to the contemplation of the fate of young 'Zachary Ordynans.' A financial advisor, maybe? Perhaps a lumberjack, hopping from tree to tree in British Columbia. Or a newspaper editor. Nah. Fortunately, I cannot concentrate on any subject for any length of time, least of all poetry. As I lifted my head from my musings, I realized that I had mysteriously ambled to the highlands of New Zealand. I happened upon a troop of aggravated kiwi who bared their non-existent teeth at me from their pointed beaks. They chased me through the jungle, flapping their pathetic wings at me, and waddling their bulbous bodies. I was saved by a village of pot-bellied Maori dancing the hukra and waving their little red books at me. After they made me part of their tribe, Michael Palin emerged from the woods, apparently filming his "Full Circle" series. After having a beer with Michael, I decided it was time to return to Berlin.

Ah, yes. The smell of the beer, the sounds of the techno-throbbing-bass-blow-your-ears-out loudness. The taste of my banal existence. It's Berlin, alright. And yet I can't help noticing that the beer has the scent of formaldehyde, the techno more resembles a heart monitor, and the taste... that will never change. I'm still in the hospital, lying on the bed, staring at the same seven ceiling tiles. But these nightmares and memories keep haunting me. Here and there and over again. The proud mother, those undergraduate days at Clark, poetry, dear sweet Liz Simpson, my first time, my first hit, coffee, more coffee. My first job, the newspaper days, a little more coffee, then the harder drugs. Correspondent work, Africa, New Zealand, Finland, my first wife, my first mistress, my first divorce. A few more drugs. It's haunting me. How did I get here? Where did I go wrong? What brought me to this place?

Beep beep beep, continued the heart monitor, beep beep beep. What does that remind me of? Beep beep beep...beep...beep beep beep. In alarm I looked around the room for some comforting explanation for the suddenly sporadic rhythm sweetly pounding into my brain. My eyes came to rest on my digital watch which I finally realized had beeped on the half hour as it was meant to. 2:30. Crap! I weakly lifted my open hand to my head in despair, remembering that I had promised to call my friend Rudolph and remind him to return my favorite CD: Barry Manilow, "Still Alive in Lebanon." The jerk better bring it back soon; that David Hasselhoff single just isn't cutting it anymore. Unbeknownst to me, the motion of arm had dislodged the IV from my arm, and again I became delusional; at least, that's what the nurses later told me. They call me Ishmael," I repeated over and over again. "They call me Ishmael..."

I could feel my body going limp, the nurses hands trying desperately to keep me on the bed. Unsuccessful, I slid onto the cold floor and under the adjacent bed. A pair of rough hairy arms pulled me out and under the bright fluorescent lights lifted me back onto the bed. These sensations reminded me that I should close my refrigerator when I get out. If I do. Such strange thoughts to be thinking. And where the heck did I leave my lederhosen?



## The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

- 5:10 pm — Jess calls ROC-U and tell them to turn it down, since we were trying to write. Radio DJ did same. All set.
- 5:17 pm — General discussion of whether Randy's picture should be in the office.
- 5:30 pm — Eight people in the room. You can do anything as long as it won't get you sued. Four computers in full effect, baby.
- 5:41 pm — General consensus to eat together.



Back and forth, in and out of reality; all of this travelling is getting me nowhere. It may just be time to actually give the story a pretense of direction. Sober and sore, I made my way out of bed and into some new clothes. It's now or never; a poet's got to live if he wants to break out of this "Life sucks just like your mom," pattern. Maybe I should hop on a freight train and tour coffee houses, exalting my American buddhism. Nah, it's been done. Maybe I'll just head to the Mississippi and write stories of lovable scamps stirring up mischief. Oh wait, that sounds familiar, too. I guess what it all comes down to is that I can't write, I have no wit, and I don't have any new ideas. It seems all I'm left with is a one way ticket to Clark University, I hear there's a few openings on Student Council. If not, someone's bound to resign sometime.

came bounding down a busy four-lane road and crashed through a cluttered intersection. All at once, there was powdered sugar everywhere, kicked up like snow in some violent storm. Jelly erupted about the streets, painting giant skyscrapers like some Jackson Pollack work gone horribly wrong. And people just stood and stared, covered in piles of sugary donut slime, completely bewildered by the titanic donut continued on relentlessly, tumbling at a terrifying pace, reducing everything in its path to a -like dough. There was only one thing to do. Call the cops.

Who the hell wrote this? Not now I spell name

Even we can't print those words! -Zac

It was all a dream. I learned that in my creative endings class.

# THE END!

Forget Clark, I am going to be a writer. Try again. Focus. Wait maybe I should get some coffee before I start. Need to make sure I am awake. Damn! I still can't think of anything. They say that drugs can stimulate creativity. Drugs, yeah. Hey wait, I think I am straight edge; that means no drugs. Actually maybe I should be a vegan also. Yeah no drugs and no animal products. Wait that makes me just like some Clark Students. Damn this Clark. OK maybe I should go see this place. Wait where is it? Worcester? Where the hell is that? Oh, okay! Hey look at that building! What a cool place that would be to trip. Yeah, trip, drugs, cool. Oh nevermind. I am going home to take a nap, and get some more coffee.

With contributions by: Taybin Rutkin, Dave Bernstein, Zack, Mandy Reyna, Jessica Lerner, Mollie Wittstein, Eric Mattison, Emily Sachs, Emily Kirchherr, Jon Messinger, Sean Prager, Bill Evans, and Taybin again with the surprise ending.

Of course, Clark is all well and good, but what about the plight of the estranged Lizard People? Talk about your lederhosen. Anyway, I awoke the next day to find myself in Cleveland. It was a bright sunny day, and bright blue sky beamed down on the happy people of Cleveland. Geese mingled leisurely in a nearby park. The whole setting was so picturesque, I didn't notice the giant 300-foot donut rolling down the street. Almost. With a clap of the thunder the giant jelly cruller jumped out of pocket in the horizon and



## The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

- 5:50 pm — Argument over which fonts are funny.
- 5:55 pm — Debate over which Choose-Your-Own-Clark-Adventure book was the best.
- 6:40 pm — Fantastic food arrives, dinner break spontaneously begins. Go figure
- 7:10 pm — Messinger leaves, Prager arrives, Taybin returns, Jess adds to the story, Mac proofreads, Jessica leaves, radio play begins, Mollie struggles to open a Snapple, and Zack writes this entry in the log.
- 7:11 pm — Mollie and Mac fight over location of a sandwich. Zack pronounces "this is dumb." [cont'd]

## WheatBread?

Back from the cryogenics lab like Walt Disney's head, it's *WheatBread*. While we were waiting for our funds to be thawed, many suggestions were made by Student Council on how to handle us. One of the proposals issued was to dissolve *WheatBread* as is, and create a new magazine in its stead. Of course, the point of the magazine would be the same, the people involved would be the same, only the name would be different. Pointless? You bet. But that didn't stop us from considering it. Here is a list of possibilities for new names thrown out and assembled by our clever staff:

1. WhiteyBread: Magazine of Da Man
2. The Wheat bread
3. Catcher in the Wry Bread
4. Wheatbread and Breakfast
5. The Scarlet
6. Recyclable Material
7. A waste of the SAF
8. DickWeedBread
9. The Magazine Formerly Known as Randy Mack
10. Whitbread
11. NotSoWhittyBread
12. LiteBread
13. Wheat-We-Have-No-Money-'Cuz-those-Commie-Bastards-Kept-It-From-Us-Bread
14. AssBread
15. Harold WinBread



### WheatBread Categorizes Clark Students:

It's surprisingly easy to do here

By Mollie Wittstein, with *WheatBread* staff.

All those people who drop out or leave  
 People who don't go to Clark but are always here  
 Transfer students  
 Non-traditional students (for god's sake, they're OLD)  
 International students  
 Freaks

Preps  
 Fucking weirdos  
 Grad students

What category do you fit into?

Young management students, all either young or international and there are a million of them  
 "Fifth Year Free" people  
 Fifth year undergrads, or the rare sixth year undergrad  
 Kids who think their tongue rings are going to get them laid  
 That guy whose room looks like Magnum PI moved into an Econo-Lodge

Nerds  
 Goths  
 Rich kids that dress rich  
 Rich kids that dress poor  
 Poor kids that dress rich  
 Poor kids that dress poor

Jocks  
 Josh Duksin  
 People who you never see  
 Strangers who you always see  
 UC People  
 Vax geeks  
 Geeks who don't even know what Vax means  
 Lab Consultants  
 Quiet girls  
 Riot grrls  
 Pissy negative people  
 StudCo

Please put Lucy's photo above the Time-Line reference to Emily's cat... W/AN ARROW



Here is Emily's cat Lucy

### The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

- 7:11 pm, cont'd — Mac tells Zack to mind his own business.
- 7:16 pm — Dave Reed tell us to be quiet.
- 7:20 pm — Some former editor calls offering no input whatsoever into this issue he just wants to say "hi." Prager calls him a dork — he heard that.
- 7:37 pm — Mollie and Emily leave to go see Emily's cat. She is very soft.
- 7:45 pm — Zack is still on the phone.



# Different Article

## A Short Blurb on Love by Seth Brodeur

You ever sit in bed at night trying to sleep, but you just can't because you have the image of somebody stuck in your head, and a feeling in your stomach like Flubber on speed? Well, that, in case you don't know, is love (or too much ginger in the won ton soup). Love is a strange thing. It is an emotional meatgrinder that chews you up and spits you out, only to chew you up again. After so many rides through the meatgrinder, you just can't get any mushier or run through. Yet, no matter how much abuse we take, we keep coming back for more. It's like one of those inflatable Mr. T punching bags... it keeps taking punches, hitting the floor, and bouncing right back up for another hit. Do you really want to be compared to that big piece of plastic, full of air, with a retail value of less than \$10.99? Of course not, nobody does... but we keep coming back for more. Why is that?

It certainly isn't because it's fun. I can't think of anyone who likes the processes involved with love. Sure, it's fun while it lasts, but it rarely lasts. You have a better chance of winning the lottery, getting hit by a meteor, and then getting something accomplished at a Student Council meeting. Come on, it's pretty damn unlikely. What I'm trying to say is that there is something very mysterious about human nature that drives us to take such punishment. It's entirely counter-intuitive but it's also very real. It seems that regardless of how powerful our engines of rationality are, we cannot escape the tractor beam of love.

So what do we do about it? Hmm... well, suck it up! Fight back; when loves hits you with a flying elbow off the top rope and tries to execute the figure four, kick it in the proverbial ass, stand up and drop kick the bastard! Get the crowd into it. Of course you're gonna lose to the Crusher, but enjoy your fifteen minutes. Make it last as long as you can because when it ends with you getting busted in the head with a metal chair, you won't be too happy.

Sometimes I think I should have gotten into the Chevette with Buck and transported to LA. He had this way of making me feel special. I felt the kind of special you feel when you're talking to a man wearing magenta pleather pants and he says "you have a lot of space energy, those from the Land of Arcov tell me your name is Aroonca." His band wanted me to go on tour with them and be their space bitch. I asked them why me and they said that I was the best person they had met here.

Here was a small town in western New York. It was populated by old men without teeth and young girls named Dawn who are the 15th generation of inbreeding. (Not that there's anything wrong with poor dental hygiene and having sex with your cousins.) Cheap beer, generic cigarettes, and hayseeds are the name of the game in Samunka. One particular hayseed sold us bunk acid and invited us to a space rock concert/pagan festival. OOOOHH PAAGANS!

When we first arrived at the camp ground we noticed that we looked different than the other people. Irk was just recovering from the trauma he experienced as he passed the various veal farms. He removed his hands several times from the steering wheel and shrieked like an over grown lobster. After the twitching ended everything was okay, I just hope that those cows enjoy their freedom because it sure did take a long time to fit 'em all in the car. Annie is a girl we picked up from her catholic college on the way. She was looking pretty good, and we had beer. Annie had an inheritance and shopped a lot. Mike said that he and Annie could "discuss their relationship" when we ran out of money for gas. He said that he could love her this weekend, even though fucking her was like fucking a cup of hot water. I thought that it was Irk that the locals were making eyes at, but perhaps not just everyone looks sexy behind the wheel of a Plymouth Reliant.

-Beth Eshelman

*The author left after writing this, promising to come back. She didn't.*

*Miss Eshelman never returned, citing returning to the space people and "chilling with a 40" as higher priorities.]*

## The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

- 8:11 pm — Just Taybis, Zack, Emily, Mollie are here. All is well. We are engaged in discussion of Taybin's childhood nickname, and childhood in general.
- 8:20 pm — Zack cuts his finger, he leaves to get a band aid.
- 8:30 pm — Fire trucks go by.
- 8:34 pm — Zack returns to insist that his finger has to be photographed.
- 8:48 pm — Remembering that Zack has been planning to write a story about Bruce Springsteen, [cont'd]



## A Socratic Dialogue

### Introductory Note:

The topic discussed in this dialogue is apathy at Clark. The dialogue takes place between Mac, the wise elder statesman in the office of WheatBread, and Jonathan, the self-deceived ass-picker who claims to have his finger on the pulse of the Clark population. Jonathan strolls into the office during the WheatBread twenty-four hour issue.

Mac: Good afternoon, Jonathan. Thank you for coming down to help with our twenty-four hour issue. Your wisdom and wit will surely help add to our production.

Jonathan: That's right, daddy-o. I figured I'd swing on down, drop some knowledge on yo' ass, and head on out. So, is there anything you want me to write about?

Mac: Well, someone as wise and clever as yourself must have ideas. If not, I'm sure anything you write will come out much more intelligent than anything I could possibly create.

Jonathan: Yeah, that's true. Well, what have people written so far?

Mac: Well, no one has come down as of yet, but I'm positive that Clark students will get involved with an idea and project as creative as this one.

Jonathan: Don't be so sure, Socrates. A lot of students here don't give a shit about what goes on. I wouldn't get my hopes up.

Mac: Really? Clearly Jonathan, you have a much better concept of students' attitudes than an old man such as myself. Please, elucidate; what is it that makes people here "not give a shit" as you so eloquently put it?

Jonathan: Apathy, man, apathy. Folks 'round here aren't nothin' but self-satisfied, apathetic lard-asses.

Mac: Hmmm... I have no doubt of the correctness of your statement, for I've never known you to be wrong before. However, if you could, please, tell me why you think students here are so apathetic.

Jonathan: Take a look at the shows that are put on here, man. PEC puts on shows at least a couple times a month, and almost nobody shows up. They take place right on campus, in the basement of our student center, and yet only forty people or so regularly show up. If this isn't apathy, then I don't know what is.

Mac: Well, it seems that you would be right, this must be a case of apathy. These bands are assuredly bands that would be appealing to the general public, correct?

Jonathan: Not necessarily. I mean, everyone has different tastes in music, and sometimes the bands aren't all that great.

Mac: So maybe it isn't apathy after all that causes the lack of attendance at these shows, but rather a lack of quality in the performers?

Jonathan: Well, not necessarily Mac, you can't trip me up that easily. I know your sneaky ways. You have to remember that the concerts are right on campus, which means it's a five minute walk at most for everyone. Surely they could get up and at least check out the band to see if they're any good.

Mac: Yes, but when do most of these concerts take place?

Jonathan: Usually some weekday night.

Mac: But isn't that when students are most busy?

Jonathan: All right, maybe that's true.

Mac: So it would seem that apathy is not the cause of this lack of attendance at all, but rather the lack of appealing bands, and bad scheduling.

Jonathan: Okay, wise-ass, if you're so smart, how do you explain the lack of involvement in so many groups here on campus.

Mac: I'm sorry, Jonathan, again you'll have to expand on this idea for me. I wasn't aware of a lack of involvement in student groups.

Jonathan: Well, of course there is. Look at the low numbers that turn out for Zoon Politikon meetings, Speakers Forum, etc. Christ, even *WheatBread*, a ray of light piercing the murky waters of student publications, is lacking in underclassmen participation.

Mac: Forgive me, I don't know much about the student organizations here on the bucolic Clark campus. Are these the only organizations here?

Jonathan: Are you for real? Of course there are other organizations.

Mac: Well, how many are there?

Jonathan: Wow, for someone who talks so hoity-toity and shit, you're one dumb motherfucker. There are dozens of groups here.

Mac: Dozens? By Zeus! Surely you don't expect every student to be able to concentrate on his studies and involve himself in dozens of groups!

Jonathan: Naw man, you're missing the point.

Mac: Well, if I may be so bold, could you please tell me the point? I am but a dullard, after all.

Jonathan: The point is that it's a student's duty to get involved with as many things as possible in college. That is what college is for.



## The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

8:48 pm, cont'd — Emily suddenly remembers something that happened (at her internship that day). She says that an editor was talking about Bruce and saying something about how he "is a genius and no one understands, etc." Zack is silent. "I just wrote that exact thing," he says to her. Both turn away, shocked and disturbed. They have just shared a thought.

9:02 pm — Zack annoys staff working on issue, thoughts of impeachment fill the heads of staffers who are busy at work.



Mac: Again, I'm sorry, but I was under the impression that college was about education and free choice with which one wants to be involved.

Jonathan: Obviously, dickweed.

Mac: Well then, do these organizations still exist?

Jonathan: Yeah, that's why we can still talk about them, asshole.

Mac: So it would seem that students are not apathetic in their involvement, merely selective in what they want to be involved with, and prudent about not forgetting their studies.

Jonathan: Yeah, well, shit happens. I'd like to write something man, but I gotta go. Thanks anyways.

Mac: No, thank you, Jonathan. You have truly given me another perspective upon things..

Jonathan: I know. Alrighty. I'll check you later Mac, I gotta roll.

Mac: Go with Zeus, my friend.

- Jonathan Messenger



**The 24-Hour TIMELINE**  
continued...

10:07 pm — "Born in East LA" blares from ROC-U.

10:26 pm — A practical joke is played on Zack as he uses ROC-U's computer to check email. The joke has varied success.

10:35 pm — Mollie, Zack and Mac leave for Stars 24.

10:40 pm — Emily leaves for a top-secret assignment at the Palladium.

10:47 pm — Mollie, Zack, and Mac realize the irony of the situation: that [cont'd]

Hoosline

# A New, Neurotic Look at the Sketchiness of WheatBread



by Molly Hale

I am sitting at a keyboard. Not to be confused with sitting on a keyboard. There are strangers all around me. I am a newbie to this organization of writers, and feel estranged in their environment. Mike Dorrian sits to the immediate right of me; he is typing up something prophetic, I'm sure. He seems tired, as he should be because it is exactly 4:09 A.M. Well, actually, I had to think for a minute and to keep the records accurate we'll say that it is now exactly 4:10 A.M. He seems to be in deep thought. His typing is slow and sporadic. Peck, peck, peck. I wonder if he is actually concentrating at all or if he is, in fact, running over the lyrics of "Me So Horny" which is being played over the speakers of ROCU in the background. I'll start to sing along to see if he'll jump in. "Oh, me so horny!" Oh, wow, I really should not have done that. Nothing, no reaction whatsoever; well except for that look of disgust as if I have some kind of pent up sexual frustrations. "Uh, sorry Mike." He's probably all set with sexual frustrations. REFERENCE EXPLANATION: He directed Equus. I start to blush and quickly look down at the keyboard again. I guess he really was concentrating. I'm not doing a very good job of blending into my new environment. So anyhow, like I was observing, there's this guy sitting at the big computer at the end of the table doing some sort of editing, I think. I am assuming that he's important. A big-wig, if you will, because he's sitting at the big computer. He keeps referring to me as "that girl I don't know." Again, making me feel totally out of place. Don't get me wrong, the natives are pleasant. For example, I was just sitting here visiting a handsome young stallion, Jonathan Messinger, when several of the "Breaders" asked me to add to their story compiled by several writers' input. I was, to say the least, flattered Oh, wait, that big-wig is sitting down to the right of me. He is reading the story and asking me about the stuff I wrote. I smile and nod. He's talking computer talk now, a language as foreign to me as the clicking language of some African tribes. "Hey, can this handle the new 94 with 10 billion megas? The bites take a huge chunk of RAM... amalamadingdong." I smile and nod. He's sitting now on the couch next to someone else I don't know. Legs crossed, arms folded, they are criticizing the editing techniques of play programs. I guess when you have a high position you're so conditioned to doing your job that even the posters for local college activities become a ground for editing objectivity.



If he only knew



And now Zack is taking pictures again. Click, cheese, click. He is dressed snappily in purple stripes, and blowing his nose, poor guy, he must have a cold. You know, I can't help but stare at the man. Unshaven, shirt untucked, sort of a messy guy who scratches his eyebrow when thinking about something in detail. He has a little uncomfortable laugh, like when someone is staring at him for a long period of time, unrelentingly, for no reason, like now.... like now! Oh, shit, he's looking at me! Looking at me! Quick, Molly, think fast, look back down at the keyboard again. Start to type frantically. `pwqryuuyiu// lkjfgasujfubjtmjkmk`. Take a minute... put your hand to your chin as if you're in deep thought. Look back up, whew... he's turned away. Look back down again. Ohhhhhkay, well, I've just succeeded in making him feel totally uncomfortable. Maybe I should stop now before I cause any more disturbances. Fin

## The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

- 10:47 pm, cont'd — they are at Store 24. That's the irony, I mean. The whole 24 hour thing... bah, forget it. They plan to look at the employees for inspiration, but as if they worked 24 hours total anyway. Sheesh.
- 10:52 pm — Our friendly protagonist (and your humble narrator) arrive back at the office.
- 11:00 pm — Emily comes back for her wallet.
- 11:04 pm — Freshman is the office.



Two Poems by Michael Thibodeau

Passione

Stop!

too late

Untitled

Evil, pure evil, manifests  
our ordinary mundane lives  
Pictures From Brueghel  
Pictures of Lily  
Pictures of WHAT?!?  
Well, what do you know  
It's you.

Use this convenient space to write your own special prose. Hyperbole optional.

*My own private space  
Is my own words to  
be written*

**The 24-Hour  
TIMELINE**  
*continued...*

- 11:07 pm — Emily Gerard and Dave (long hair) drop by.
- 11:10 pm — General discussion about a former candidate for Student Council president. His intelligence is questioned.
- 11:29 pm — Jon returns. Woo hoo!
- 12:25 am — SPOC's all up in Wheatbread's shit.
- 12:43 am — Sean confesses his fondness for Michael Jackson and his belief that Journey was a [cont'd]



# I Was Just Thinking...

- That most organizations at Clark essentially fulfill the same function - student entertainment.
- That the situation in Russia is SO much worse than here, no matter what people say about Worcester.
- That if I smoked and took beer showers, I would smell like a party all the time.
- That wheat bread is much better than white bread. Who eats that stuff anyway? I mean, you make a peanut butter sandwich, and that damn white bread sticks to the roof of your mouth like cement!
- That America has the highest living standard in the world, and yet I still think that Europe is a cooler place.
- That the French shouldn't worry about a newly united Germany invading France, Germany should worry about the French invading Germany and forcing Jerry Lewis down their throats.
- That Emily Sachs has very long, spindly fingers. How her fingers don't freeze off in the winter is beyond me.
- That Dick Traina could raise his presence on campus by having fireside chats in Tilton Hall. He could sit in a high backed chair next to a microphone and read stories to the students. This is actually done at other schools. The students there bring blankets and wear pajamas. We could call it "Hanging with Dick."
- That so much could be solved if things weren't where they are now. For example, imagine Clark existing in the wilds of Vermont. I'd go there. Now imagine that a giant Earth-mover that could pick up the land of Israel (sans Gaza strip, Golan Heights, and West Bank) and place it in a quiet spot in the Western Mediterranean. The Jewish Riviera.
- That Jim Samar does not know how to write well. And that he's wrong.
- That China should grant Tibet the independence it deserves. And that the Dalai Lama is a very nice man. (read *Freedom in Exile*.)
- That Hemingway and Teddy Roosevelt are probably hanging out in heaven hunting numerous wild animals, all the while glad that they lived in a time when animal rights lobbies were effectively non-existent.
- That Guanacos are so much cuter than Llamas.
- That I really have no attention span.

## By Eric Mattison

# THAT'S HOW THEY GETCHA!

I've noticed a disconcerting trend when I discuss Clark's financial practices with my friends. They all have a story about a maze of red tape they had to go through in order to fix some bureaucratic practice that would have cost them their housing, their diploma, or large sums of cash. Clark never likes to give a student his or her money back, even if Clark acquired it by mistake.

Cheryl, a friend of mine, came to Clark as a freshman this year. She was given a room in Wright Hall. Fine, right? Wrong. After taking two years off to work, Cheryl was twenty years old. She'd already done all of the ratty, immature things that freshmen do in a freshman dorm and was tired of noise. When she went to housing to get a transfer to a different dorm, she was told there were no more spaces available for her. She asked if she could live off-campus. Because Clark's Housing policy states that freshmen can't live off-campus (how would housing take their money?) she, too, could not live off-campus. When she talked to another twenty-year-old freshman she began to get angry. He had filled out his admission form the same way she had, only he had written a note in a corner that said he wanted to live off-campus. Housing let him. Still, they wouldn't break Cheryl's housing contract so that she could do the same.

Another friend of mine has enough credits and has fulfilled his major a semester early. However, Student Records will not issue him his diploma until May, with the rest of the Class of '98. Amazingly, Records doesn't list him as an undergraduate student either. Furthermore, even though he will be taking the requisite number of courses next semester to qualify as a part-time Clark student, housing wants to kick him out of the suite in which he is living. Presumably this is so they can replace him with a full-time student paying full tuition.

Finally, we all know about Abou Fall's run-in with Clark's financial office. When the currency in Abou's home country crashed last year, Clark realized that the newly adjusted exchange rate meant that Abou could not pay for tuition this semester. Even in this highly unusual case, and even though Abou's visa prohibited him from working in the US, and even though Abou's academic record probably could have qualified him for a free ride at any other academic institution, Clark University could not bend. Only money from an outside, private source prevented Abou from not graduating, losing his status as a student here, and being shipped back home.

Each of these students I have mentioned are the cream of the crop here at Clark. They are all intelligent, diligent, and highly motivated. To beat a cliché to death, they are the future leaders of tomorrow. I can't wait until the Clark Fund calls them at their homes or offices and asks them for money. And make no mistake, with Clark's hubris, even after the torment Clark inflicted upon these students, Clark will still call for money.

If Clark University insists on behaving like a business, then it should start using modern business practices. Streamlining the bureaucracy would be a good start. So would intelligent decision-making. But most of all, I would like to impress upon Clark's administration the concept of goodwill: that fondness for Clark is an asset in itself. Clark's administration should invest in creating student goodwill. Perhaps this would pay off in later years, when current Clarkies are alumni, and considerably more well-off than they are now.

I am sure that, when you read about each of these examples, you also thought of someone here who is being shafted by Clark's financial policies. Indeed, if you are a freshman or a sophomore, you are being forced to pay for Appetit for a meal plan you may or may not want. If you are a freshman, you are being forced to pay for a room on campus that you may or may not want. Clark, if it expects to reap greater rewards down the road, will have to abandon these old, stiff-necked policies, and devise newer, more flexible ones.



### The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

- 12:43 pm, cont'd — genetic experiment gone horribly wrong. Mr. Frager continues to describe the benefits of vagemite.
- 1:56 am — Flight of The Valkyries on ROCU. Oodly appropriate. Apocalypse Now!
- 1:58 am — C is for Cookie playing now. Cookie Monster was always cool.
- 2:14 am — Bill calls a big stranger a wuss. Wuss backs off and leaves.
- 2:25 am — Emily Sacks reports back for duty. Palladium mission accomplished but not without a hitch; she

IGNER HAIR CARE

# More by Eric Mattison

Lest I create the impression that the drop in academics is solely due to external forces, let me comment on us, the students. Honestly, we are whiny. We are the ones who demand curves on tests and extra-credit projects when we are in trouble. We remain silent, taking advantage of lowered academic standards that garner us A's on all of the tests for which we barely study. We are the ones who demand easy crossover courses (such as Language Diversity in the US to fulfill LP credit) in order to negotiate the Program of Liberal Studies. In this manner, we can avoid leaving our chosen field of interest, and thereby avoid the "universal" education that we should get at college. By being whiny little brats, demanding good grades, we don't get the criticism of our work that we need. As a result, our work is shoddy.

There are solutions to this problem, however. All professors need to get tougher on students, and demand more from them. Administration must help out as well, backing up "tough" professors rather than letting them go. A new system for tenure candidacy must not only account for student popularity of professors, but with which students professors are popular. If a student with an impeccable academic record says that a professor is good, while another student with a poor academic record damns that same professor, the difference between the students must be noted.

The other solution to this problem is one that we can solve ourselves. We must first ask our professors for a greater challenge, and then be more accepting of criticism when we get it. After all, criticism is the only way to learn how to do our work better.

Finally, as an addendum, I feel that I should say that there are good, tough teachers there. Some of my best classes were with the hardest teachers: Shakespeare with Vaughn, social geography with Bowden, modern philosophy with Derr, and European history with Lucas. Another way of finding good professors is finding the ones who know that they will never receive tenure. Louis Bastein is a great example— he is one of the best teachers at Clark and teaches a number of different subjects, even though his outspoken ways will keep him a safe distance away from tenure. I also know a good number of students who really care about what they are learning, rather than what grade they are getting. It is a shame we don't have more of them.

While getting a good, challenging education here at Clark (or at any American university) is possible, both poor students and poor teachers make classes here an academic minefield. It shouldn't be.

Recently, I took a test and received a 16/20. I am not complaining that I should have received a higher grade. In fact, I am protesting that I did not receive a lower one.

In order to understand my position, I need to explain the grading of this test. There were four questions, each worth five points. When one gave an especially good answer, that student would receive a "plus" next to the circled five, meaning that his or her grade would be increased, say from a B+ to an A-. The teacher also told us that any extra pluses would not boost our grade any further. I received two fives with pluses. Along with my two five-pluses, I received a one (oops) and another five. It is this last five that bothers me. For comments, the teacher wrote, "You forgot to answer the other half of the question...but you have full credit anyway." By the teacher's own words, I should have received a maximum of a 2.5 on that question. Was the teacher giving me extra points for the extra plus?

I see this experience of mine as a microcosmic example of the lowering of academic standards in college education. My view was reinforced when I talked with an Australian friend who was taking an exchange semester at Boston College. He told me that he found the academic standards here in the US the same as his junior high school back home. The drop in academic standards here takes place very often, and for a number of reasons.

Grade inflation, such as I experienced, is all too prevalent. I can no longer count the times when after getting a test back, someone has raised their hand to ask, "Will this be curved?" Too often it is. Consequently, the spectrum of difference between what is a good grade and what is a bad grade has merely narrowed. However, students are still competitive, even if grading has become an exercise in confidence-building. The lack of a grading spectrum coupled with highly competitive students now means that anything less than an A is the same as an F.

Another problem relating to the loss of academic standards is the acquiescence of the professors to let it happen. Often, professors give students the right to choose the format of an exam, allow them to use notes and books during the exam, and even know the questions in advance. Also, often professors will teach down to the class, instructing classes in facts and figures that are easy to memorize, but mean little on their own. I do not fault the professors for this dumbing down process, however, because they have to deal with external pressures. Many professors are in the "tenure game"; they are trying to find job security. Tenure candidates must be popular with students, and students like professors that test easily. Rumor that a teacher is "hard" can be the kiss of death to that professor, for their class size may shrink dramatically. Here is the main root of the fall of academia: there is less challenge, and

## The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

- sends herself home to change clothes (a non-smoker smelling like a 40 year old chain smoker).
- 3:00 am — Tom stops by again. Mac breaks then Mac fixes it. Desktop rebuilt. All set.
  - 3:09 am — Discussion about Jim Samar's letter to The Scarlet. The pros and cons of Jim Samar jokes. Unusually, good taste triumphs.
  - 3:32 am — Mac asks what did you do?
  - 3:35 am — Emily announces that women should sit quietly in the corner.



Hmm, it's 1:30 in the morning and I just got here to write my first ever *Wheatbread* article. Now that I am here I have no idea what to write about. Let's see, what can I write about? Relationships, and why they suck or don't suck depending on your personal situation? No, that's been done before and nobody cares! Should I write about how my life sucks? Why should I bore you? Should I write about the ongoing saga of CUPS, COD, V and PA and RF Sinc? Nah. Perhaps I should I write about Clark's spazzy or the reasons why Student Council are nothing but a bunch of monkeys? Or perhaps I could write a commentary about Rachel Eisner's wonderful poetry, but that would require a certain kind of taste. Instead I am going to write about some selected quotes from my quote books. If you don't think I have a quote book, then you don't exist. Reality is a two way street!

Okay, here is one from my favorite political philosopher talking about his favorite topics: sex and marriage.

"Is there any man so barbarous that he could resist the voice of honor and reason from the lips of a loving wife?"  
- Rousseau

I know some of us are not married yet and neither am I. However, some day you will be. I have seen too many marriages fall apart and become sick to my stomach whenever I hear talk about domestic violence. When you get married you are in it until the end, no matter what.

"Women are endowed with skill, not duplicity, they are not false even when they tell a lie."  
- Rousseau

You have kids, you raise them as a mother and father should, and you show a good example to your kids and to the rest of the community. You respect your wife or husband and discuss the problems in your relationship or family in an open. Marriage is a beautiful thing and to tell you the truth, I can't wait. Don't worry about the money you will be making or the pretentious car you will be driving. The best vacations I had were the ones I spent in Lake George in a cabin smaller than a suite in Maywood, with eleven cousins, aunts and uncles. Okay, my family is not the Brady Bunch. My mom and dad are not June and Ward Cleaver, and neither are yours. But that does not mean you can't have fun, respect and love.

The great African writer Okot Bitak said it best:

"The role of the teacher must change his role as a dictator who rules as a dictator, who rules in fear and repetitive memory but to a cook who is ready to prepare a feast for his master- that is the students."

This quote is for all of those Professors who made me fall asleep in class after I had three cups of coffee. For those of you who are going into education make sure you give us students something to really chew on (i.e. sit in on a class with Professor Lucas).

"I was drunk."  
- everybody

No matter who you are, no matter how much you drink, the time is going to come when you are going to become an asshole and open your big mouth or do something that will piss someone off. This is to the homophobe who yelled "Faggot!" over and over again at me and my friend on Halloween, then when confronted in the UC, blamed it on the fact that he was drunk. You have no right to blame your stupid actions on the bottle. The only thing you have to blame is yourself for getting out of control. Drinking is a big

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part of college and I love to have my fill, but don't blame your stupidity on alcohol. You are still in control!

"Dating is my personal Vietnam."  
-Donald Trump

For all the lonely people who find that trying to get a date or meeting that certain somebody has always been a problem, I just want to let you know that, yes, even the big "D" has problems dating, and it's okay if you do, too.

"Man is something that should be overcome. What have you done to overcome him?"  
-Nietzsche

Look back on your life and ask yourself what or where you have improved as a human being. Then just ask yourself what you can do to improve as a human. Are we, as humans, fucking up? Can we be saved? Hmm...

"I hate everything that merely instructs me without increasing or directly quickening my activity."  
- Goethe

Take your time every once in a while. Learn from Ferris Bueller. You have every right to take the day off as a student- go do something for yourself. Take a walk. See what's really all around you and find out how it got there. You might find something new or enjoyable.

"All you need is love."  
-The Beatles

Need I say more?

"Let's spark one up for the team."  
- John Macey

For all those people who truly enjoy smoking!

Speaking of smoking...

Tobacco is a dirty weed: I like it  
It satisfies no normal need: I like it  
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,  
It takes the hair right off your bean  
It's the worst damn stuff I've ever seen:  
**I LIKE IT SO BACK OFF, OKAY!**

"I am the victimizer and the victimized"  
- anonymous

Everybody who is anybody is always claiming to be a victim. But nobody ever admits that they were the victimizer. When was the last time you were victimizer?

"All we can do is feed, fuck, learn a few things, and die."  
-Pilgrims of the Night

Back to the basics. Feeding, fucking, learning and dying are all of the essential ingredients to a nice satisfied life. Yet it should not stop there. We must carry on further to a life of respect, faith, trust and honor. Never forget that as long as we live we have morals. We need morals to get along and make our time here worthwhile for everyone.

"Truly a paradise could exist whenever material progress and spiritual values could be properly balanced."  
-Malcolm X

## The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

3:38 am — "11" is all hooked up.

3:48 am — Bill drives onto grass near Dana Commons. Door opens. Zack is thrown out. No broken bones.

3:51 am — Emily is bored.

4:58 am — Mac, Tom, Jon, Taybin, Molly, Zack, and Emily in attendance, and that's not bad for 5 in the morning. The girls work. The guys watch South Park reruns on the laptop and read the adult section of The Phoenix. Sexism in action.

What happens when you are fighting each day of your life for one cause and still have time for spiritual development? Even Malcolm X can get spiritual and relax a little. Malcolm X is full of spiritual guidance and nobody ever sees it or hears about it. He is one of my heroes. The same man who wrote about white supremacy also said:

"Any two people who can lindy at all, can lindy together"

Can you imagine Malcolm X talking about how wonderfully whites and blacks can get together by doing the lindy? Can you imagine Malcolm X doing the lindy? Hey, he dances and so should you.

"To lose one's history is to lose one's self-understanding and with it the roots for pride"

-Martin Luther King

Every single race, creed, or religion has both good parts and bad parts in their history. That does not mean you should not have pride in your heritage. Pride comes and goes in one's self and you have every right to embrace that culture, race, nationality, etc., and have pride. Look into it, find the essence of it, and use it.

"The means you use is the end you will receive."

-Professor Lucas

He is mean, he is tough, but you learn from the man. If you live your life based on violence you are going to end in violence. If you live your life as a psycho you are going to end up a psycho. If you live your life by quitting everything you are going to end up as a quitter. If you are nuts for someone you are going to be a nut. It's true. Take a closer look at government. When you have a regime that involves oppression, biases, and authoritarianism for the good of the people you are going to end up as oppressed, biased, and authoritarian. This lead to me my next quote:

"A revolution is not a dinner party."

-Chairman Mao

This one's for all those who want change (and I know everybody wants to see some change, right?). Change is not going to happen from going to Graduate School! If you are passionate about something and want justice, you've gotta cause a ruckus. Go out there! Know what you know and do what you think is right... Yeah!

"Eye Boogers. The great social equalizers"

-Opus, Bloom County

Atth yes, we all get them from time to time!

"Fill for me a brinnering bowl  
and let me in it drows my soul,  
but there is some drug, designed  
to banish Women from my mind."

- Yeats

If they could only sell this at the GS, think how much more work we would get done.

"I can't wait until we develop warp drive."

- Tom Roy

Tom, on behalf of SPOC and the Goodard Institute, we're all behind you buddy!



Well, its 4:30 in the morning and I want to go to bed. I did my part for the 24 hour *Wheatbread* marathon. There are more quotes to write about but I ran out of smokes. So I'll end with a little passage from Emily Dickinson, that little dark and dreary person who's a flaming inferno ten times better than the sun on the inside.

"Love is like life- merely longer  
Love is like death, during the grave  
Love is the Fellow of the Resurrection  
Scooping up the dust and chanting live."

Or for all the pessimists in the house:

"We had to wait until the nineteenth century before we began to understand the nature of exploitation, and to this day, we have not yet fully comprehended the nature of power."

- Foucault



## The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

- 5:10 am — Joe tells joke about God. Only Mike laughs. Mike tells joke about a red coat. Tom ruined it. Atheism is a non-profit organization. Tom finally learns what "Chevrans" are! Tom finally leaves - has to be up in 5 hours.
- 5:27 am — Emily expresses her desire to "find a Kennedy between her legs." A preliminary count yields 17 articles, including this log.
- 5:40 am — The minutes last longer.

[This story was anonymously submitted to WheatBread.]

No one ever really talks about this, but we all know it happens. This is my story. It was one of the nicest days in July, the sun was shining brightly and the day seemed full of possibilities. That's a lot to say for a Monday. I remember getting up at 7:00, not really caring what I wore that day even though I had spent an hour the night before going through every tee-shirt in my dresser. Comfort was the preferred option, but I carelessly chose one that I had worn only two days before. No matter. I must have brushed my teeth five times and washed my hair twice as many times, who knows. But I was ready to go in ten minutes—hair up in a neat pony-tail, shoelaces neatly tied, shirt decidedly untucked.

I stood in the dining area of the house—there's a large picture window facing the street—and waited. The dog, surprised to see anyone up, stood at my feet waiting to play. As the coffee maker turned itself on, I noticed that it was 7:30. Okay, so he was a few minutes late, nothing new. Eight o'clock, still no sign of him. I was told to be there at half-past to get the paperwork out of the way. The time had come to wake up my friend. She agreed, half-asleep, to go with me even though I have to drive. Whatever.

We hit rush-hour traffic ten minutes later. Who was the wiseass who called it "rush" when it was a crawl? Cursing fate, I wove through and ended up on the shoulder. I'd never been late to an appointment before and I wasn't about to start then.

When we got to where we're going, I found the last parking space. He wasn't there, big shocker. My friend left to find a pay phone to make sure he had woken up. I didn't wait around to find out. Going inside, I held my breath as the cool air from the rickety old air conditioner in the corner of the waiting room hits me as the doors close behind me. This was it, the moment of truth. There was no turning back now. But of course, this wasn't an option.

As soon as I filled out some forms, in triplicate no less, I was whisked into a room no bigger than a broom closet. Taking off my shoes, I was glad that my dad had bought me new sneakers the week before. Those eight-hour shifts waiting tables were becoming unbearable. I stepped on the scale. Wow, 129, a new record. After answering some more questions, I met my friend in the waiting area. She said something that seemed too foreign to me at the time, so I just nodded my head and stared blankly at the television blaring in the corner.

A couple of people soon joined us in the room. My friend pointed out to me that one of them was in our fifth period class. Small world. My name was called out again by a woman with a thick, nasal voice. I was told to go in the rest room and pee in the infamous cup, then meet her in the next room. Urinating on command has got to be a valued talent somewhere on this planet.

Moving into the next room, my blood was taken and I signed the last consent form. Then, as casually as she had called my name out a few minutes before, she said, "It's a reconfirmed positive. We'll have to take a sonogram before the procedure." Even then, the feelings I had nearly drowned in the night before remained deep inside.

Until the week preceding these events, I had never given much thought to abortion. Sure, I'm pro-choice and would support and respect anyone's decision, I just never thought it was a decision I would ever have to make.

Let me just say that I wasn't supposed to have gotten pregnant in the first place. You know that small percentage mentioned on the little brochures in clinics and on the back of birth control pill instructions where the protection fails? That was me. All my life, I knew that fate would test me, but this was a bit out of hand. Being that I was always prone to illness, I had a bad history with regards to regular menstrual cycles. So, by

the time I realized that mayonnaise hadn't always made me gag and that cheeseburgers for breakfast was a bit too odd, I was two months pregnant.

How I found out was a bit bizarre in itself. After work one day, I decided to do some grocery shopping. And for some reason, I walked down the "health care" aisle and grabbed one of those home test kits. Taking it home, I had completely forgotten about it until the kitchen timer went off thirty-minutes after the pee-over-a-stick trick I so finely executed.

↑ should be italics! Tom!

Women



COPY

### The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

- 6:00 am — Emily gets testy with Seth. No signs of sunrise. Vibrating massage of radiator allows Emily to momentarily relax.
- 6:17 am — Mac and Taybin have been discussing Comp Sci for a half hour. "Mac, we really have to stop. I'm too tired." —Taybin.
- 6:20 am — The sun is rising.
- 7:00 am — Mac puts down what he's doing. Zack and Emily quit at #23, Taybin and Seth are still aroused.





## Sleep is a Drug

Baxter George Stabington

Think about it...

You lose time, have hallucinations, loss of consciousness, automatic and verbal motor responses, basic loss of mental control, everything you'd expect from your local neighborhood crack addict, and damn is it nice to get a hit when you've been off it for a while. Addictive, hell yes! We're all little crack babies started on this stuff only a few days after we're popped out of mommy's tummy. "Had a bad day baby, take a hit on some sleep. It'll make you feel good." Since then we've been hooked. Don't think so, well try to go without it, try cold turkey. Bet you're gonna end up with first, a general all-around crappy feeling, then starts the irritability, anxiety, inability to perform simple tasks, impaired mental functions, hallucinations, even death. Not a pretty sight. Me? I've tried cold turkey a couple of times... only made it a day or so before it got so bad I had to take a hit. So, you say, "it's a harmless pastime, I really don't care, it makes me feel good, and keeps me out of trouble. Things get too rough, take some sleep. It'll all be better in the morning." Well, let's talk social consequences. Think of the millions of lives lost to drivers taking a hit on the road, the factory workers taking a hit on the job, or the policeman taking a hit while he's meant to be protecting our children... the same children who are laying in their beds feeding a little habit of their own. Think of the man-hours lost as our great country shut down for a state-sponsored hit off the Sandman's crack pipe. Well let me tell you dammit, I'm sick of this. From this point forward we need to rise up as a campus, as a nation, and, dammit, "if it's good enough for Nancy Reagan its good enough for me, Just Say No to Sleep." No, I doubt you can do it quickly. Cold turkey certainly takes a stronger man than I. But day-by-day, night-by-night, it can be done. How? There is help, like the Nicatrol Patch for the common man, the glowing grail for the slim percentage of us willing to step away from the dark side of night and embrace our missing hours... caffeine. So, I tell you now, go forth, take back the night, put cars back on the street, people back in the stores and stop the Sealy Posturepedic and Craftmatic Adjustable men from pimping out the conscious hours of your life. Reclaim the lost hours of your lives. Do it for yourselves, your children, your children's children. Give them back the 24 hours of consciousness they deserve. Join me as one campus, one nation, one people in saying... Fuck Sleep.



THE MUSHROOM  
CLOUD IS YOUR  
FRIEND



### The 24-Hour TIMELINE continued...

- 10:45 am, cont'd— from the staff. Staff manages to mumble something before passing out in the corner.  
10:48 am — Staff suddenly realizes Mac has been gone for an hour to, ummm, take care of some business. Staff also realizes he's not coming back. Collective snore from the staff heap. All Set.  
10:58 am — Mandy walks by, and she must be feeling better because she mentions food.  
11:09 am — Messinger woken up and advised to go home and sleep. Grumbled incoherently and implied agreement. Rachel Rosenblum shows up mysteriously. Second shift now in full-effect.

As a special bonus feature for our readers, WheatBread will now do our best to help to make everyone's Valentines Day a little brighter. This is a seriously intended, honestly compiled, computer-matched survey. So try to take it seriously.

In order to participate, all entries must be received in box B-22 by February 7, so we can have them back to you by the fourteenth. Or, e-mail your response on Vax to WHEATBREAD.

Name/e-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Box #: \_\_\_\_\_

Year: \_\_\_\_\_

Circle: M or F

Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Preferred Partner: M or F

1. Where do you like to go on a date?  
1) dinner/movie, 2) concert/bar, 3) sky diving, 4) Cleveland, 5) romantic dinner at home, 6) don't date

11) Where would you most like to travel?  
1) Africa, 2) Europe, 3) The States (especially Cleveland), 4) The Mall

2) Where do you like to get funky?  
1) In bed, 2) In a place I've never been, 3) Public Transportation, 4) Dana Commons, 5) Cleveland

12) What kind of material would you rather be reading?  
1) fiction, 2) non-fiction, 3) the web, 4) magazines, 5) textbook

3) What physical feature do you look at first?  
1) eyes, 2) hair, 3) body, 4) brakes, 5) butt

13) What is your favorite kind of pet?  
1) dog, 2) cat, 3) fish, 4) exotic, 5) I hate all living things

4) What aspect of a personality do you appreciate most?  
1) humor, 2) intelligence, 3) stability/flexibility, 4) creativity/imagination, 5) fashion

14) Which T.V. Show is your favorite?  
1) Seinfeld, 2) E.R., 3) The Simpsons, 4) Melrose Place, 5) Kill your T.V.

5) Which personality traits annoy you most?  
1) competitiveness, 2) arrogance, 3) superficiality, 4) bad hygiene, 5) Doors fan

15) Which section of the newspaper do you turn to first?  
1) Editorial/Opinion, 2) Sports, 3) Front Page, 4) Funnies, 5) *WheatBread*

6) Which band sucks least?  
1) Spice Girls, 2) Pearl Jam, 3) Any ska, 4) Kansas, 5) Sir Mix-A-Lot

16) What is your favorite kind of food/lover?  
1) Italian, 2) Asian, 3) North American, 4) Latino, 5) Sea Cucumber

7) What kind of movies do you like best?  
1) action, 2) romance, 3) comedy, 4) sci-fi, 5) I only see foreign movies I don't understand

17) What is most important to you after college?  
1) finding a job you like, 2) making a lot of money, 3) having a family, 4) "...after?"

8) What academic subjects are your strongest?  
1) math/science, 2) social science, 3) english, 4) arts, 5) squash

18) What kind of relationship are you looking for?  
1) committal, 2) non-committal, 3) purely sexual, 4) friends with benefits

9) Which word describes you best?  
1) introspective, 2) passionate, 3) emotional, 4) creative, 5) logical

19) What kind of compatibility is most important to you?  
1) humor, 2) values, 3) sexual, 4) lifestyle, 5) Windows 95

10) In what situation are you most comfortable?  
1) with a good friend, 2) with a small group of friends  
3) with Henry Winkler, 4) packed party of people I might like to know

20) What are you most likely to do on any given afternoon?  
1) play Frisbee, 2) watch T.V., 3) check bulletin/e-mail/web, 4) homework, 5) fill out stupid surveys

**The 24-Hour  
TIMELINE**  
*continued...*

- 11:14 am — The rest of this is already typed up. And reality is starting to return.
- 11:41 am — Emily shows up with photos. Leaves promptly with one of the pictures that she really didn't want anyone to see. In truth, it was pretty bad. All set.
- 11:43 am — Zack awarded Purple Heart for cutting his finger in the line of duty.
- 11:54 am — Clean-up has begun. Backup requested.
- 12:00 noon — Staff crawls away to bed. Key returned to CP. All set.



# BACK COVER

Ideas?  
Anyone?