

SWEETBREAD



Smoking: stinky on others, sexy on you!

LOVE STINKS—
IS YOUR BOYFRIEND
HAIRY AND SWEATY
WHEN YOU WANT
TO GET HOT
AND HEAVY?

Plus:

What beauticians
won't tell you:
makeup is
FATTENING!!

Old people:
Who needs em?

**Sex
and
Food:**

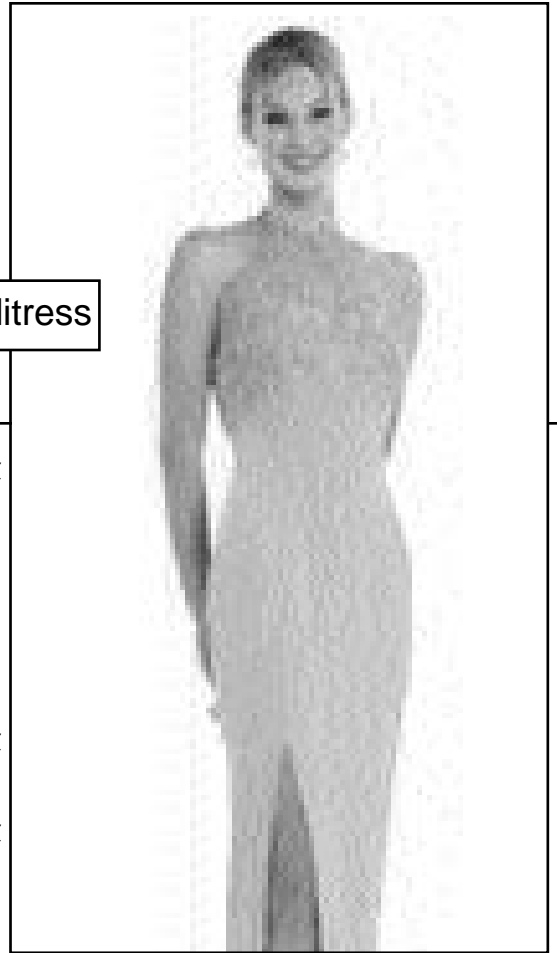
Nothing says lovin'
like buns in the oven

SEX!

Six (s)experts trace
the etymology of
the word that's on
your mind!

editorial

by Princess Sarah von Strauseen d'Urberville, Editress



Before you turn another page, take a good look at yourself in the mirror. Could you be better? Couldn't your...

Teeth be straighter and whiter?

Hair be fuller and blonder?

Skin be clearer and brighter?

Nose be straighter and accented with the perfect upturn at the tip?

And couldn't you just curse your parents for not having been taller and richer?

Well, you're not alone. We all could be better. That's why *SweetBread* is here. Turn to us when you're feeling down and need a friend to compare yourself with or to curse for having been born with a perfect genetic set. Look to *SweetBread* for compelling, inspirational tales of people who were just as ugly as you before plastic surgery, liposuction, or the right shade of lipstick. Only *SweetBread* brings you the 'real deal' on men who are too good to be true and women who are doing good deeds for the world so that you don't have to. *SweetBread* provides all the news you need for a month plus easy meal plans and wardrobe tricks to help your tacky taste stretch for four weeks. We are you— only better. Learn from us, take us seriously, and don't *ever* look elsewhere for help. *SweetBread*. Yeah, we're all that and a bag of (low fat) chips.

.....

Corrections:

In the article, "Facts about minerals," we regret that we reported that iron makes your breasts double in size. And calcium has not been linked to causing males to spontaneously ask females on dates. Also, zinc does not make your nose shrink. We regret

that we reported these obviously idiotic statements as facts. And California Redwood Trees aren't minerals anyway.

Additional Correction:

As it turns out, every article that appeared in our March issue was designed to make women feel bad

about themselves so that they will buy cosmetics and diet pills. The only exception to this correction was "What's up, G?", the Kenny G interview. Looking at photos of Kenny G would hardly cause anyone to worry about their figure. We apologize for allowing this clearly inferior material to slip through.

Mailbashing

letters to the editors



Who couldn't like her hair?

I really appreciated your recent article on Chomsky normal-form, "Deep Forms," by K. Weisenberg (January 1998). However, I believe the alternative models are all equivalent, both in time and space concerns. Weisenberg made it seem as if space-complete models were limited to determinism. Grammatical frameworks cannot be ignored in this day and age, in particular with the advent of Esperanto and the increasing popularity of Albanian currency. *SweetBread* truly scooped *Z Magazine* on this one.

Andy McReynolds,
Flanagan, MI

Hey, Andy, thanks for the info. We're going to get a cup of java now, but don't miss our interview with Sporty Spice in next month's issue!

Keep up the good work! I just picked up your February issue and I felt like I've been asleep all of my life: your magazine has opened a whole new world I've never seen before. Issues that I've never even thought

of before have come into light. The exchange of ideas in your magazine is awesome. From the definitive to the esoteric, *SweetBread* covers it all. I only wish you guys printed every week, so I'd never miss a beat. Naturally, I'm being sarcastic about your superficial rag. Get a life or get some content!

Milla Heffernan,
via the Internet

Thanks for the words! Kudos to you! Check out our totally cool web-site at <http://www.sweetbread-mag.com>. It rocks!

I loved your article, "Babes Behind Bars", but I did have a problem with one point. Don't knock prison. I wish I were in prison right now. At least then I would have a regular sex life. You may think this is a bit negative or weird, but I feel that I am speaking for many of your readers with this statement. Besides, I'm so lonely.

Jule McPhelps,
Worcester, MA

You may be interested in reading an article in our next issue— it's called "Counseling: not just for nutjobs anymore." It's right up your alley!

You are so right. Monica Lewinsky's hair is the bomb. At first I thought she was some stupid slut, or an air-head who just wanted attention like Tori Spelling. But now I see her in a totally different light. Her hair really compliments her eyes and her skin tone in a way that I've never noticed before. Not only that, but her lipstick is perfection. Thank you, *SweetBread*, for taking such an open minded approach!

Lauren Sinclair,
Parsviss, Florida

Finally, a reader who gets it! It's such a relief to know that there are people like you out there. It makes it all worthwhile! Thanks for reading!

your sex life:

How *LIBERATED* are *you*?

Social work may be intellectually satisfying, but it doesn't lead to a life of luxury. Take this exclusive *SweetBread* quiz to find out how *you* stack up!

1. You're at a party and you spot a hottie through the smoky air. You:

- a) Straddle the keg and ask him if he would like a refill.
- b) Smile, lick your lips, and stare at the said sweetie while slowly taking off your jacket.
- c) Run to the john and puke.

2. Your Luke Perry look-alike professor keeps eyeing you during his lecture. To further entice him, you decide to subtly:

- a) Smile at him and make a note in your daytimer to visit him during his office hours.
- b) Pretend to faint and when he attempts CPR, slip him the tongue and grab his package.
- c) Run to the john and puke.

3. Your favorite song is:

- a) "Put It in Your Mouth" - Akinyele
- b) "I Will Always Love You" - Whitney Houston
- c) You choose not to listen to music because you're offended by the vulgarities that plague modern society and are represented by today's popular music.

4. Your boyfriend playfully suggests adding adult films to your bedroom repertoire. You:

- a) Smile, giggle, and tell him you're down.
- b) Take him to the local video store and show him the porno series that you proudly star in.
- c) Toss him a copy of "Boogie Nights" as you walk out the door.



5. You have the opportunity to participate in a steamy earth-shattering kink session with two celebrities of your choice (it could happen!). Obviously, you choose:

- a) Leonardo DiCaprio & Brad Pitt
- b) LL & Pamela Lee
- c) Your right hand and your tattered poster of Michael J. Fox

6. You and your boyfriend are feeling a little frisky in public. How far will you go?

- a) Hand-holding as you two lovers walk through campus.
- b) A little heavy petting in a secluded Jonas Clark bathroom.
- c) Pure raunch— on the Green, in the middle of the afternoon, no blanket.

7. You finally snagged a date with that cutie from your freshman seminar. What do you wear on your first date?

- a) Your favorite pair of black slacks, a tiny top with some '70s pattern or stripes or something, and your essential platform slingbacks which totally make you prance like a unicorn.
- b) Your gown from the President's Ball.
- c) Your lucky socks.

8. Your parents sit you down for the good ol' Birds and Bees speech. You:

- a) Correct their use of sexual terminology and request your allowance to be paid in condoms.
- b) Listen patiently, blush appropriately, and give your friends the low down.
- c) Run to the john and puke.

9. If you were a Spice Girl, you would be:

- a) Ginger Spice
- b) Baby Spice
- c) Posh Spice
- d) Sporty Spice
- e) Scary Spice

10. You've had sex... (check all that apply):

- a) In a car.
- b) In your parents' bed.
- c) Period.
- d) In a dressing room, between acts.
- e) In a crowded stadium.
- f) With Joshua "P.J." Duksin.



Scoring:

- 1. a) 3 b) 2 c) 1
- 2. a) 2 b) 3 c) 1
- 3. a) 3 b) 2 c) 1
- 4. a) 2 b) 3 c) 1
- 5. a) 2 b) 3 c) 1
- 6. a) 1 b) 2 c) 3
- 7. a) 2 b) 1 c) 3
- 8. a) 3 b) 2 c) 1
- 9. a) 3 b) 1 c) 2

10. Give yourself 3 points for b, d, e; 2 points for a; 1 point for c; and if you checked f— you're automatically a freak and should seek professional help.

30 points or more: *Freaky Biatch*

Okay, babe, let's face it: you're slutty. When confronted with any type of sexual situation, you pounce upon it like a tigress in heat. The act of subtlety is lost on you. However, don't give up so quickly. Psychologist Dr. Guy Trimountain, Ph.D., author of *Sex Isn't Always Dirty* insists that you don't have to ditch your sweet thang image. But would it be so bad to tone things down a bit? Try waiting until the second date before hopping into the sack with Mr. Whoever. Often mindblowing sex is the result of a period of anticipation. Oh, yeah, and there's also AIDS and stuff.

18-29 points: *Tasteful Tenderoni*

Congratulations! You have achieved an erotic equilibrium between hoochie-mama and someone's mama. You believe sex to be a beautiful expression of emotions to be shared with a select few whom you've deemed worthy of your bag of tricks. And a bag of tricks is indeed what you carry. You're not shy about introducing elements of excitement into your bedroom adventures.

17 points or fewer: *Closet Masturbator*

Enough said, Icebox.

STYLES TO GO:

Goth!

Well, gals and guys, it's your fashion guru, again, with this issue's 'Styles to Go.' This time we're gonna be looking at all the complexities, or the lack there of, in the ever-morbid, ever-frightening, ever-depressing, and, most importantly, ever-ridiculous style referred to as 'Goth.'

As any Goth will tell you, it's not about being mean—only looking mean and portraying that misunderstood feeling. For this there is one mandatory requirement: your favorite color is now black. That's right kids; no more happy shades of blue, red, or yellow. The time has come to be much more shallow and much less daring.

Okay, so your first step is to throw away all of your clothes that are not black. You could give them to the homeless, but burning them is preferable. If this leaves you with one pair of black jeans, terrific! Not changing clothes on a daily basis really shows the magnitude of your "depression." If you feel compelled to buy some new shirts, try looking for some with bands such as Marilyn Manson, Joy Division, Bauhaus, or The Smiths—anything appearing ugly and angry, but not Alanis Morissette.



Next, rip and tear your clothes, all of them. It's time to show all those people how pissed off you really are!

Congrats! You are now ready for step two. Some of you guys out there might feel a bit uncomfortable with this one. But hey, you just burned all of your clothes so you really don't have much of a choice. All right, get out to a clothes store and purchase a few pairs of black, fishnet stockings. Why a few? Well, these don't just go on your legs. No no, that would be much too conventional. Get creative with them; cut the ends off at each side and they look great on your arms. Oh,

and you can rip these too!

Time to accessorize! Okay, you're gonna need a few cosmetic items. Most importantly, black eye shadow. Apply this all the way around your eyes; c'mon, don't be stingy, this stuff works wonders for giving you that "I was born to die" look. If you feel that your complexion is a bit too tan or healthy looking, try a little white face paint to give you that morbid, cadaverous appearance. Some other cosmetic products you should look into are black lipstick and black nail polish. In general, anything that's black; you really just cannot wear too much black.

Ready for some jewelry? Two words: spiked collars. For your neck, arms, wrists, ankles, or whatever suits you. Perhaps heavy chains are your fancy, they work as well. Lastly, with any leftover money, you might consider getting yourself a few piercings or a tattoo. Hell, if you really feel up for it try slashing yourself; anything that will leave a good, visible scar should do.

Well, that's it! You've made it to Goth-hood! Yay! Aren't you excited?! Just make sure not to show it. Remember: dark, angry, depressed.



plan your love
life accordingly!

Aries (March 20–April 19)

This is an excellent month for steaks. Be sure to eat a lot of red meat this month. You are in the spotlight now, so try to peel yourself away from that Mario Bros. game and revel in the public eye, hopefully grabbing onto a nice, bloody steak. This is your moment, so allow yourself to shine like you should, stand proud and tall. And if you're a vegetarian Aries, try sinking your teeth into a nice, soy-soaked chunk of tofu.

Taurus (April 20–May 19)

Do not play foosball this month. It is a definite deathtrap. Just like your car when you drive (this explains why you have no friends). So don't do that either. Your indulgent lifestyle will get you nowhere. Order in some sushi and spend time alone in your room (those California rolls are real satisfying at a time like this.) Basically, don't make contact with anyone (other than the sushi.)

Gemini (May 20–June 20)

Expect your bowels to go wild early in the month, so try to avoid job interviews and family gatherings. Be sure to floss. Masturbate.

Cancer (June 21–July 21)

Sucks to be you this month, Cancer. Beware of people who claim to be the real Elvis—since you have a tendency to fall for that one, especially around this time of year. Neptune's intervention with Venus can affect your judgement about stuff like that, and if you happen to get sucked into that one yet again, make him take you to a Jai Alai match (Elvis or not, you might as well use the time profitably.) And have some Chinese afterwards (if you're in that Moo Goo Gai Pan kind of mood).

Leo (July 22–August 22)

This is a confusing time for you, Leo. You will notice yourself spending way too much time recording and re-recording your answering machine message.

Advice? Get over it. It will never be perfect, even if you sing like Mel Torme. And for someone so decisive, a time like this—Jupiter aligning with Mercury in an explosive fury—does not help with your peace of mind. But on the bright side, green will look very good on you this month. Sweaters, shoes, eye shadow, you name it. You're all over that shit, babe.

Virgo (August 23–September 21)

You are your usual selfish, materialistic self this month. Buying new underwear will become a major preoccupation for you, but try not to forget your friends and family. They need you now, because the Sun and Pluto are lingering in orbit. You need to look inside of yourself and see if anything other than eyebrow tweezing actually matters. Does it? We at *SweetBread* certainly don't know. Anyway, put down that camisole and have a real conversation with your cat. It could be fulfilling.

Libra (September 22–October 22)

You will have sex this month. Where, with who, I couldn't tell you. But Penis, I mean, Venus' connection with Uranus makes it a definite. Sex is on the horizon, nothing is off limits. Be careful not to listen to Green Day, though. This will be a big turnoff (in any relationship). Your exquisite sense of balance will encourage you to want and expect more from your friends and lovers. Experiment with art. You might be able to create something that actually looks like something. Or something.

Scorpio (October 23–November 21)

Watch for large flying mammals, and for God sakes, don't use your walkman! Other than that, try not to expect any radical change in your life this month. Your whole life until this point has been pathetic, ordinary, and without merit; expect more of the same this month!

Sagittarius

(November 22–December 20)

Dave Bernstein is the *best*, even if he's not a Sagittarius. But for those of you who are, however, this is a superb month for you. More than a few people will tell you how clean you are. You look clean, you smell clean—man, you've got it made. Unfortunately this overflowing stream of good luck will come to an end, as it always does. Something will get in your teeth, and then your hair, and before you know it, you're dirty all over again. This is likely to happen before the end of the month. Meanwhile, snack on fresh cucumbers.

Capricorn

(December 21–January 19)

You smell. Just give up. You are unpopular, and this will not change with regular use of deodorant. It's over. But put your trust in the stars this month, Cappy. With your dogged determination you will find yourself. Just be careful not to pick your nose in public, or you might lose the respect of your favorite professor. (Not like he *doesn't* pick his nose, but it's usually not in public, or in the bathroom, or at least when students aren't looking.)

Aquarius (January 20–February 17)

What's up with *that*? You should be proud, you devil you. Not only do you share a sign with such famed animal stars, continents and rock bands as Toto and Asia, but French is also spoken by French Canadians, and the Montreal Canadians are a hockey team. Do they need to speak French to read road signs?

Pisces (February 18–March 19)

Whatever you do, don't make any appearances on *The Josh Duksin Show*. This is a really bad idea. Instead, try to focus your magnetic energies on more fruitful projects, such as making quilts, or starting to raise pigeons on a rooftop somewhere. Now, you may be thinking, "where does my social life fit in?" But don't worry, everything will fall into place after including just a few homebody activities into your normal lifestyle.

how to be a *model*



By Alexis Alias,
model at large

men, ranging in age from 41-74, all without hair. They sit collectively in a small trailer, located in a Kansas trailer park, assembling outfits from old cast costumes of “Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat.” Accept what they say, for everyone else does. In fashion, daring to go against the grain will result in your immediate removal from the spotlight. Incidentally, has-been models spend the rest of their lives trying to find that spotlight again.

And remember, as a model, you have to date lots of rich, sexy, famous guys. You are only allowed to date them for a month and you must have sex with them. Otherwise, the paparazzi won’t have any pictures.

And most importantly, you can’t eat. Starvation, combined with the aforementioned drug habit, will create that anorexic-baggy-eyed-spacey look. And that look is a necessity. Just imagine— if models looked like they were things of beauty, to be worshipped and admired.

So remember the five things you must do to be a model: 1) Shoot heroin. 2) Lose all remaining intellect. 3) Become indifferent. 4) Spend lots of time on your back. 5) Starve.

If you do all of these things and perform the right “acts” you, too, can have a successful, fulfilling career as a model!



So you’ve finally had enough. You watched that MTV fashion special last night, and decided that even you, despite your overly large nostrils and sick protruding belly button, look better than Kate Moss. Well, if you really want to be a model, you have to scrap all of your previously held conceptions of beauty.

For example...

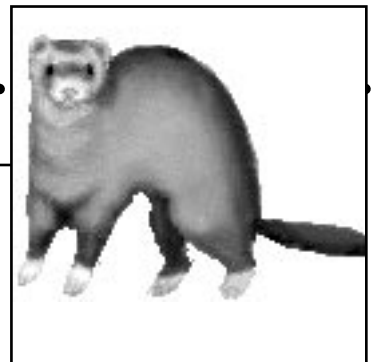
Needle tracks *are* sexy. The longer and more defined they are, the better. ‘Cause hey, as a model, heroin will become a fourth food group for you. (Yes, I said fourth. Protein just doesn’t work. Goes straight to your hips. Which by the way, you aren’t allowed to have.)

You have no say in what you wear. *You* have no fashion sense. What is fashionable is determined not by the “industry” (whoever they are). Fashion is determined by a group of five

Above: the author in mid-pose. Left, Below: A typical model in action.



..... *a List*



Ammonium Nitrate

March, 1984

oranges

Left turn at the gas station

Note to self:

ISBN: 0-13-659723-8

20 Mil Transparent Polyethylene

plaster of Paris

Ritalin

Get VP before senior year

10 Rem Call Clear

Waldo

call home, and ask about the tree

spiky hubcaps

Lior Redman

A Zip disc?

Texas

little pads with lists in them

beige dogs



8 steps to becoming the perfect **STALKER**

By Alison "Ax" Iddint



"stalkee"— is worth it. This means that the person cannot just be attractive, they have to be *really* attractive! Remember, the person that you stalk is a direct reflection of yourself, so make a good selection.

name like Qu'on or Barbie you'll probably be lucky enough to have only one name on your list, but if you like someone with a more common name like Dan or Kelly, your work is not done. Keep your eyes and ears open for any other information about that person. Their last name, the name of the city or state they are from, the dorm they live in, their class, and their mailbox number can all be helpful in narrowing down the list to one name. If you're having trouble learning this info, let your buds in on your secret crush. They might be able to help. After all, ten ears are better than two! Once you know this extra info, look up all the names on the list in the phone book. You should only end up with one name that matches all the info.

At the brink of the new millennium, it's time to admit something to ourselves: there's no such thing as fate. You don't meet the perfect person by chance, you meet the perfect person with a lot of careful planning and time. All you have to learn are a few key stalking techniques, and meeting the perfect person will be a snap!

1. Finding the right person to stalk:

This is the most important step. Stalking takes a lot of time and energy, so make sure that the person you choose to stalk— your

2. Find out at least their first name:

Finding out their first name should not be too hard, just pay attention when people say "Hi" to them. If they are cool enough to stalk, they should have lots of friends. If not, they might be a tool, and you should go back to step one and find someone who is either better looking or more popular! Once you know their first name, you can use e-mail to find a list of people with that first name. Type "who" and the name at the prompt.

3. Narrowing down the list:

If your stalkee has an unusual

4. Using the phone book to the full potential:

Now that you have a name, you can use the phone book to find out exactly where they live and their phone number. If you have a friend in that dorm, start visiting that friend more, casually walking

continued next page

by your stalkee's door each time. If you can't tell if they have a roommate or not, look through the phone book to see if anyone else has the same extension. And don't freak about calling them and hanging up. You know that they don't have caller id, so this is a good way to get to know their voice. You can tell a lot about a person from their voice!

5. Advanced stalking techniques:

If you want to know more about your stalkee, you have to have contacts who have access to more confidential information. For example, if you have friends at the Student Records office, they can get you your stalkee's schedule, current GPA, major, minors or concentrations, and most important, their birthday. Why continue stalking them if you are a Pisces and they are a Libra? You'd obviously be headed for disaster anyway!

6. Seeing that person more:

If you are not lucky enough to already know their whole schedule, it will take some more work. Don't stress though; we don't all have friends in the Student Records office! There are other ways to get a person's schedule. Sit in Tilton Hall in a place that has a good view of the

stairs for a week (making sure to bring some upbeat tunes and a low-fat snack). Mark down the time(s) that person came in every day. Anyone who's anyone checks their mail at least once a day. You should see a pattern emerge. If you cannot find a pattern yourself, let your best science or math bud look at it— they should be able to help you out. This pattern will most likely be when that person is on their way to or from class, baseball practice, lunch, etc. Now that you know their mail-checking schedule, you can try to make yourself more noticeable by showing up every time they check their mail!

7. Scheduling conflicts:

Oh no! You have Intro to Art History when they check their mail on Thursdays. Your 'rents will totally freak if you fail a class. Now what? Well, you can also find a schedule of when they check their e-mail. Once you learn that schedule, you can check the computer labs and

the library to see where their fave place to check e-mail is. Now on Thursdays you can see them at the library instead of in the UC!

8. What if you still need more info on the person?

Now that you know their mail checking schedule and their box number, you can peek on their box to see how much mail they get. If you get curious as to what their mail says, try opening their box. At least 35 percent of the campus does not lock their box, so you might be able to snag a few juicy letters from their buds. It may be illegal, but remember: the object of your stalking should be worth at least that much!

You now have all of the tools necessary to be a successful stalker. Once you make your life revolve around theirs by showing up everywhere they go, they will eventually begin to notice you. If you run into them at Kappa Phi, they might recognize you and decide that you are the one for them! They might think it's fate, but only you and your five closest friends will know that it had been a plan that you were working on for the past three years!



Man of the month

Zack Ordynans

Some Kissup-Writer recently tracked Ordynans down for a brief discussion about fast food, *Beverly Hills 90210*, and his haircut.

You may have seen him walking around campus, grimacing thoughtfully to himself. You may have seen him checking his mail in the UC, a worried wrinkle creasing his eyebrows, shaking his head and scowling at an unwanted flyer. You may have even seen him in previous issues of *WheatBread*.

The figure in question, of course, is Zachary Ordynans. That mysterious and elusive persona, that skeptical and wary expression, that confused and crooked look that could only belong to one person: Zack Ordynans. He is a person that continues to fascinate all of us, as we emerge from dorms to brave the murky weather, as we discover the latest issue of *WheatBread* in its stack, as we bring each bite of that Bistro pizza to our lips.

Zack is here, he is around us, as we nap, brush our teeth, procrastinate writing that paper. Zack embodies the molecules of the air around us while we sleep. Zack is a question and, somehow, miraculously, an answer.

Zack is the fuel of each *WheatBread* issue, and the inspiration for each and every work of creativity and individuality displayed there. How does he do it? I have wondered this often, observing the characteristic expressions that define his presence.

“Well, that’s going a little far,” someone familiar with both Zack and *WheatBread* stated, upon reading my observation that Zack is perhaps the driving force behind the paper, the inspiration, the incentive to keep working, hour after hour, until every last word is beautifully executed on the page.

All right, he’s not all that. But he *does* have some unique and compelling features, many, I’m sorry to admit, that are impossible to repli-



cate on paper. I mean, if you’ve never heard Zack grumble “I dunno, I dunno,” followed by unmistakable whining, sniffing, the trademark “Err, um, I mean, That’s so random” with maybe an occasional “Oh Wow!” then there just ain’t no way I can explain it here. Maybe I’m just not a good enough writer. Or maybe his mannerisms, his characteristics, are *beyond* explanation, beyond anyone’s ability to capture and reveal the phenomenon that *is* Zack.

Walking closely behind him as he ambles off to his room, I see a tilted,

continued next page

confused Zack, his head bent sideways, pondering something that he probably cannot explain, something that, on first take, seems to be troubling him, but after a second or third look, reveals the true source of the grimace.

“I dunno. I mean, when are you going to have that article in? I mean, I’d like to.... Well, I was trying for...” He coughs, and sniffs a little. “I mean, it’s just that, like, when are you gonna have it in? I’m not trying to put pressure on you or anything but if you could just.... Whatever. Yeah, okay, I mean, yeah.” He tilts his head back the other way, to the right side this time, still seeming to be deep in thought, but then suddenly mentioning that he has to run to the bathroom since he just ate at Wendy’s.

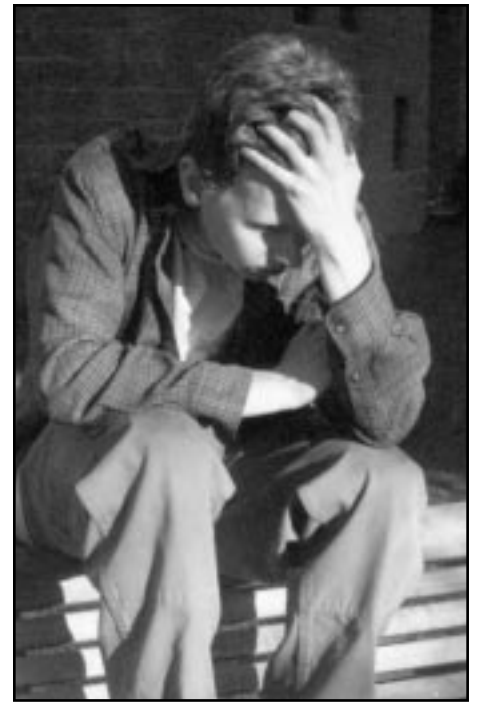
During this time, I was unable to answer Zack’s inquiry, maybe because he never really gets to the question, or maybe because I was busy studying him intently. His hair, matted damply on one side of his head, sticks up and flies in all directions on the other. I’m thinking that maybe it’s gravity that’s caused this, because he’s always got his head tilted to one side, trying to figure something out, or think things through. His scowl has a comfortable permanence on his face, like a weathered ambivalence that he is accustomed to living with. His winter coat poofs up around his skinny form, the hugeness of an unnecessary hood looming behind his head as if to magnify his questions, his confusion, his consistently unformed answers. “Yeah, whatever. See you later.” Zack walks off crookedly into the night, and I imagine his long skinny fingers grasping the door handle, typing up his *WheatBread* article, changing the channels, bored, but persistent, on the remote control.

Suddenly, I make the connection.

Bob Dylan pops into my head as I recall Zack’s face, his contorted expressions, his impatient gestures. Could he really be reminiscent of that brilliant figure? His head sort of tilted in that same thoughtful way, and his hair sort of stuck out angrily and confused, maybe like... Bob Dylan’s hair? No it couldn’t be. I began comparing him to other important historical figures. Like Shaggy in “Scooby Doo.” Yeah, that was it. That was more like it. The same dazed exclamations, the same stubble left lazily on his chin. But no, Zack is not as laid back as Shaggy. I’ve heard a lot of people compare him to Woody Allen (in his more artistic, less tabloid days) who is, after all, his favorite filmmaker. I imagine Woody Allen in his character in “Annie Hall”, repeating things over and over, worrying to himself, whining and complaining to his therapist. Irritable and moody. Dissatisfied and distracted. Yes, that was more like him. With the exception, of course, of being a major pervert. No, Zack is not that. Irritable, maybe. Hard to work with, definitely. But a sex-obsessed pervert? Never. Well, maybe *WheatBread* obsessed. Which, of course, is conducive to the magazine. Maybe not for the writers who contribute to it, but for the magazine, yes.

Later, in the *WheatBread* office, I try to interview him. He tells me that he wanted to be an ambulance driver when he was six. “I never really thought about it. I guess someone just asked me, and that’s what I told them.” I wonder if he has any pets. He admits to one Golden Retriever, Cosmo, and two cats. One cat is Gabby; the other, well, apparently, this one has three names.

“None of us could agree on any names, so we all call him different things.” Wally, Louie, and Dylan. Not Bob, but, he later explains, after the



90210 character. “Yeah, that’s what my sister called him. I couldn’t stand that, so I could never call him that.”

Eventually he gets tired and irritated with my unending stream of random questions. “Why are you doing this? I mean, what is this for? Are you writing an article for *The Scarlet* or something? I dunno. I mean, why are you asking me all these questions?” And with that, he gets up and leaves the room, running from the interrogation. “I’m not answering any more questions. I gotta go.”

Later, I explain sensitively that I’m writing about him for *SweetBread*, a kind of personal profile. He dodges this concept, at first, liking the idea and then, suddenly, concerned and unsure. “I don’t know if that’s going to work. I mean, I guess it could be okay, I mean, yeah, I guess you can do it.” He consents finally to the idea, insisting that I provide him with a copy to read over first. “Sure I will,” I tell him. “So *now* will you tell me your favorite color?” Zack sighs and looks at his feet. “It’s light blue,” he confesses reluctantly.

liquid or Powder: the results are in!

liquid 23%

Powder 32.5%

liquid-Powder in One 44.5%

In a surprise last-minute push, third party candidate Liquid-Powder in One gained 20 points to knock off second place finisher Powder.

Although no one is quite sure what the results of this poll will mean, a representative from Maybelline commented: "Well, we feel our superior products will not be affected at all by these statistics. Maybelline has a long history of excellent quality. In celebration of these results, we are giving away free bottles of nail polish."

Others, when accosted, had the following to say:

"I hate makeup! It's a plot by the patriarchy to make me feel inferior and insecure."

John Billips

"What the #\$\$%^? How could powder lose? I've been using powder all my life, 23 years, and look at me? Can you imagine me being even half this beautiful with a liquid, or a Liquid-Powder in One? Of course not. It just wouldn't happen."

Susanna Kratas

"I know who did it. It's those damned fascists."

K. Marx

"All I wanna know is, why won't these voices leave me alone? Oh yeah, they tell me to ask you for your shoes."

Kaitlyn

"Powder? I hated that movie."

G. Siskel

As you can see responses are rather mixed, and the quotes we have here don't quite reflect our results. But take our word for it, these are totally accurate. Well, at least to +/- 5%. Or maybe it's 10%. Well, anyway, it's kinda accurate. Whatever.

Spit, swallow, or gargle?

Spit 13%

Swallow 22%

Gargle 5%

Didn't seem to get the question 60%

Because we like questions so much (we also like answers, so if you have any let us know) we randomly called readers at dinner time and asked them what they thought about an important subject: mouthwash habits.

"Their first album is okay, but the later stuff... ugh. What a bunch of sellouts."

Georgia F. Prutence

"Swallow. Of course, who doesn't? Wouldn't you? I mean, *wouldn't you?*"

Casey France

"I spit at birds when I see them walking in a park near my house. The park is cool, but it sucks when it's cold out. I have to stay inside and do my homework. On the other hand, if I didn't do my homework, where would I be in life? Sigh."

Danica "Gattaca" Johnson

"Is this going to be published? In *SweetBread* magazine? I can't believe that! Wait 'till I tell my friends! Jenny'll flip!"

Confused in Cleveland

"Kill me. No, really."

Marcy Flarcey

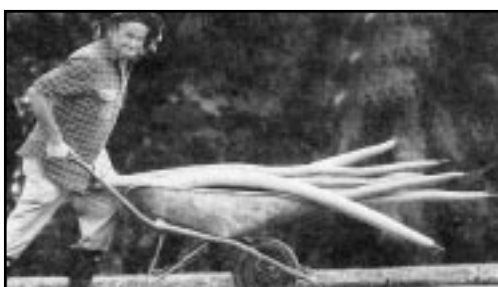
"Every night before I go to bed, I think about what I have to do the next day. Sometimes I gargle, but I like to swallow too. Whatever. This is a funny question. What is this for?"

Barbara Abraxas

Next Month's Pole: Pope John Paul II

Bite or Suck? The Eternal Question

You know how it goes. Don't pretend you don't. I don't care how sheltered your life has been, unless you were raised with a pack of wolves with an affinity for Jean Claude Van Damme movies, sooner or later the question has arisen: should I bite or should I suck? You rarely have time to spend a few minutes contemplating the question. You're hot and getting hotter, and you desperately need relief. But you can't just stop, or you'll end up with a mess all over your hands, you are under pressure, and under heat. Bite? Or suck?



The heat of the moment, so to speak, is not the proper time to make a decision that could have an enormous impact on the rest of your day (to say the least). You've got to take your time, think it over. The important part is to do what feels best. Personal, selfish pleasure is something all too often overlooked these days.

The first thing you need to do is get the taste for it. Give it a good lick and let the taste settle in your mouth. They all taste different, after all. Now it's time to decide what to do with it. Picture it for a second: holding a cold, long, hard, funny-colored thing in your hand and sooner or later it's going to end up in your mouth.

First, let's take a moment to consider sucking. There is no feeling like it, especially for those of you out there with an oral fixation. You have to put as much as can comfortably fit into your mouth and

suck it out slowly. The primary advantage to sucking is the longevity value. It just lasts longer.

Biting on the other hand, is over and done with after just a few seconds. But what seconds! Here, for maximum enjoyment, the key is to not put too much into your mouth, only as much as you can handle. When you're in a hurry and there's no time to waste, or just when you're in the mood, nothing beats the satisfaction of a good bite.

The important thing to remember is to experiment with both and decide on a favorite. Your own pleasure should be paramount. Take your time. Suck. Bite. Enjoy. And be sure to wash your hands after you're done.

By the way I was talking about a popsicle. What were you thinking about?

flicks

Titanic ****1/2 happy faces

Can you believe Leo? He's such a dish, a mega-babe if you will. Almost a Baldwin, but a little too Hanson for that just yet. This film rocks house, if for no other reason than plenty of wet Leo spicing up this love boat. My only complaint is the ending. Without giving too much away, it was a bit of a downer. Aw, hell, everyone has seen it: Leo's luscious lips turn blue during an icy scene late in the film. Ouch! Now *that's* an image I'd like to forget! Oh well, no film can be perfect.

Spice World **** concerts

This film is, without question, the bomb! Sporty Spice—you go, girl! Don't believe those who say this bites. The costumes and pouty expressions combine to give this film the edge in the Surprise-Hit-of-the-Year competition. The bomb, I tell you.

As Good As It Gets ** jacks

As if! Who is this old guy, and what does Helen Hunt see in him? And why does the star we're all *Mad About* dress like such a dork in this terrible, terrible movie? Best Picture nomination, *my ass!* If this is "As Good As It Gets," what's considered bad? Or is this movie *good* like Michael Jackson is *Bad*? Obviously not, because MJ does suck, and so does this flick.

Good Will Hunting

*** math equations

What happened to the Oscars this year, anyway? They got it right with *Titanic*, even if they did forget to nominate Leo, but then they nominate *As Good as it Gets*, *The Full Monty* (a horrible movie about ugly, overweight men *dancing naked*, if you get my meaning), some boring guy movie called *L.A. Confidential*, and *Good Will Hunting*—a movie that takes two of the hottest men around (Matt Damon and Ben Affleck) and turns one into a weirdo math geek and other into a loser with a funny accent. This movie is too close to being about math for *my* taste. Talking Barbie said it best, "I hate math." As a redeeming feature, this film does have Affleck and Damon, so it's still sorta' worth checking out. But you might wanna' wait 'till it's in Blockbuster.

Primary Colors * unhappy reviewer

Bor-ringggg! Why would you want to watch a movie about politics when you can barely stay awake during Social Studies? Why does Travolta look like a jillion times older and plumper in this than he does in *Grease*, which also just came out? Why does everyone mispronounce President Clinton's name in every scene? Why bother worrying about it?





Ask a Guy:

(honest advice from a *real live boy*)

By Chuck “Big Daddy” Phelps

Q: There’s a cutie in my Calculus class, and I’ve been trying to get his attention since eighth grade. Any suggestions?

A: Try a new hair style.

Q: My new guy is trying to talk me into giving him a blow job. I’m not a virgin, but there are a few problems. Not only is he older, but he is also married. He says that oral sex doesn’t count as an extramarital affair, and it helps him relieve stress caused by the duties of his job. Whenever we’re alone in the Oval Office, I don’t know what to do.

A: Okay, here’s what you do: go for it, but plan ahead. Bring a video camera and wrap it up in your jacket— he won’t suspect anything. Before you know it, not only will you be rich, but all of your favorite daytime talk shows will be beating your door down for interviews. You might even get to write a book about it. Here’s some advice for all of you out there— skip college. Nothing will bring fame and fortune to our life faster than sleeping with a public figure.

Q: Are you good at geometry? I have a killer test coming up and I haven’t studied at all!

A: Don’t worry about it. Anyone who tells you that you’ll need to know geometry once you get out of high school is lying. Cheat off of the person sitting next to you. If you get caught, tell them I said it was all right.

Q: My brothers and I are very close. Sometimes the five of us sleep in the same bed, just for fun, it’s no big deal, and they start to talk about these movies that they watch with these gerbils, and...the point is, is sex with relatives always a bad thing?

A: Don’t forget to use protection!

Q: I’m having some problems with my boyfriend. We talk a lot, but I kinda feel like he’s not paying attention half the time. I like to tell him about my job at the Piercing Pagoda, my dysfunctional family, my pets, and my stuffed animals. I’m taking American History this semester and he’s in my class. The teacher is boring and we pass notes during class. What color should I paint my ceiling?

A: I like stucco.

Q: My Dad says I fucking swear too much. I’ve tried to stop, but I can’t help it, god dammit.

A: This is a common problem. One idea is to put filthy language in a proper con-

text for your father. If you don’t smoke, start smoking. Pick up a drug habit. Get drunk every night. Join a cult or militia, or commit armed robbery. When you try quitting your new addiction or returning to your old life, Dad won’t mind at all if the occasional curse slips your tongue. On the other hand you may enjoy your new life, in which case your father will be longing for the days when you used to “swear too much.” Dad won’t hassle you about cursing when he visits you in jail, the cult compound, or detox.

Q: Where’s the love?

A: In my pants.

Q: My friends used to comment on my mustache, but lately my mustache has started to blend in with my sideburns, and no one notices my mustache anymore.

A: If you don’t want boys to notice your mustache, take your shirt off. Then you could grow all your facial hair out, and still not have to worry about it.

Q: Where do babies come from?

A: There’s a Walmart and a McDonald’s in every small town in America. You do the math.

Q: Where can I buy a pair of naughty lederhosen for my boyfriend?

A: Like I said, there’s a Walmart and a McDonald’s in every small town in America. Ask for “Bruce.”

Are you a loser?



These days, it's harder and harder to keep up with what's going down. Take this quiz or take it the hard way!

1. You would prefer to:

- a) go to the movies with friends
- b) study for that exam in the library
- c) go to the movies alone
- d) play video hockey

2. You collect inane facts on:

- a) your favorite author
- b) your favorite TV show
- c) your favorite band that nobody else has ever heard of
- d) hockey

3. The most conspicuous poster in your room is of:

- a) wet, smoking, Leonardo DiCaprio
- b) Special Agent Fox Mulder
- c) your favorite band
- d) New Jersey Devils

4. The most intellectual conversation you had this week was about:

- a) the life expectancy of a Twinkie
- b) bowel movements
- c) Babylon 5
- d) hockey

5. Your major is:

- a) theater
- b) geography
- c) any science
- d) self-designed— culture of sport

6. You are obsessed with:

- a) Vax

b) Professor Vitalis

- c) a suite across campus from you
- d) hallway hockey

7. On an average Saturday night, you most likely:

- a) look for a date
- b) get quite smashed
- c) watch *The Rock* ten times
- d) take your date to a hockey game

8. Your favorite movie is:

- a) *Titanic* (you've seen it 5 times (that's 16 1/4 hours) already)
- b) *Say Anything* (you really go for that cheesy '80s movie)
- c) *The Rock* ("the greatest movie ever made")
- d) *Chasing Amy* (for that kick ass hockey scene)

9. Items in your refrigerator:

- a) non-alcoholic beer
- b) Ring Dings
- c) more than 2 cartons of orange juice
- d) hockey puck

10. Your idea of the perfect mate is:

- a) a nice Jewish girl/boy
- b) your professor
- c) member(s) of that suite you're obsessed with
- d) Wayne Gretzky

11. Did you write this quiz?

- a) Yes
- b) No

Scoring:

- 1. a)0, b)2, c)3, d)4
- 2. a)1, b)1, c)2, d)4
- 3. a)3, b)3, c)1, d)4
- 4. a)3, b)3, c)2, d)4
- 5. a)3, b)3, c)5, d)4
- 6. a)4, b)4, c)3, d)4
- 7. a)0, b)2, c)3, d)4
- 8. a)3, b)1, c)4, d)2
- 9. a)3, b)4, c)2, d)5
- 10. a)2, b)3, c)3, d)4
- 11. a)12, b)0

If your score was:

15 - 24 — You scored low, but you still took the time to fill out the quiz. Therefore you are a loser.

25 - 34 — You're average. You are a loser.

35 - 41 — Not only did you score high on the quiz, you actually went through the entire quiz and tallied up your score when you obviously should already be aware that you are a loser. Loser.

42 — Who are you? Dave Bernstein?

54 — If you got this score, you obviously wrote this quiz. You are the Supreme Loser. (Or you're just a loser who can't count.)

Why your boyfriend will dump you... and when!

By Dick Hedd, SweetBread Misogyny Editor

Don't get me wrong, I love the ladies. As a matter of fact, I've loved most of them. I love the ladies but I know the guys, and I know that the ladies don't understand the guys as well as they think they do.

The simple truth is that men are predictable when it comes to their behavior toward the opposite sex. There are clear-as-a-[boxing ring's]bell signals that your man is planning to run off with a new fan. In order to fully follow what I'm saying, first you need to understand why the life span of your relationship may be shorter than that skirt he adores. Once you know the reasons, you may be able to pick up some of the warning signs.

Without nothin' else to say first, here's a list compiled after years of painstaking (and occasionally painful, but don't think I didn't enjoy every second) research.

Why Your Boyfriend Will Dump You.

1. Because TV is easier, and usually more interesting.

It's not your fault. You only have so much to say, and television...with all of those cable channels to choose from, there's always something different on. Plus, a TV won't get offended when you're not paying attention to it. It's a more casual, less interactive atmosphere (incidentally, this is also why the internet will never completely eliminate the demand for TV; less interactivity means lower expectations and less of a commitment).

How you can tell this might be a problem:

checks his watch every time you open your mouth. Passes up a night out on the



Guys like him are a dime a dozen.

town with you because the bathtub needs to be re-caulked, and when pressed, admits to having no idea what "caulk" is. When given the option of sitting next to you on a long airplane ride, he always insists on sitting alone, even if he ends up sitting next to a small child. Whenever

continued next page

you talk about your day, he screams.

2. Because there's always someone better looking

There's no getting around this one—no matter how great looking you are, there's always someone prettier, usually right around the corner. If your relationship is built on little more than physical attraction, you might want to keep your eyes on who *he's* keeping *his* eyes on.

How You Can Tell: starts alluding to having “another family” and spends every other weekend at his “other family’s house.” He insists on listing four kids as dependents on his tax returns when, to the best of your knowledge, he only has the two kids you gave birth to. He has recently started listening to country music, and always sings along to the parts about “cheating hearts.”

3. Because his *Details* horoscope for this month predicts trouble in paradise.

It's a fact that guys are superstitious, and any little shift in the wind may be interpreted by your man as a sign that it's time for a change.

Time to worry when: he bases all of his major life decisions on how his stocks are doing. He never steps on a crack in the sidewalk and when you do he laughs and says, “you’ll pay for that one later.” As a pickup line when you met, he asked, “what’s your sign?” His imaginary friend Barry doesn’t like you.

4. Because you're constantly talking about your weight.

It's not that we don't care (trust us, we do), but we don't need to hear about it. If you want to worry about it, worry about it, but don't burden us with your unfounded concerns. Hearing women talk about their weight is almost as disturbing as hearing women talk about their period. Your weight isn't something we think about very often, unless a) it's a serious problem, or b) you bring it up. So try not to bring it up. The last thing we wanna do in the mid-

dle of dinner is argue about whether or not lite dressing has less fat than carbonated water.

Is it on his mind?: He threw out your scale so he would no longer have to hear hourly updates of your weight. You carry a full-size mirror everywhere you go, and often ask strangers to guess your weight. You're convinced that Diet Coke tastes better than regular Coke.

5. Because you're fat.

What do fat girls and Mopeds have in common? They're both fun to ride until your friends see you on one.

That joke is in bad taste, sure, but there are a lot of guys that feel that way. And as long as men are concerned with it, you should be too. If you don't like the message, don't blame me—at least I'm being honest about it.

Warning signs: other people are talking about your weight. A team of scientists show up at your door asking to study the rings on Uranus, and they're not kidding. No one would ever tell you a “your mother is so fat...” joke, because your mother is less than half your weight.

6. Because he's not good enough for you.

Just kidding. Had you there, didn't I? But seriously, if he is insecure about how he stacks up, he may try to take it out on you. His fears of inadequacy might lead to uncomfortable feelings about the relationship. It's not likely, but I suppose it *could* happen.

How You Can Tell: your career as a supermodel is occasionally distracted by his lifelong desire to earn a living through ramen noodles.

7. Because you don't “get” sports.

It sounds dumb, but... that's because it is dumb. For some unexplainable reason, men like to watch sports on TV. Any sport, even golf, if that's all that's on. I'm a sports fan myself, but most of the time I don't quite get what the attraction is. It must be instinctual. Girls like to *play* sports as much as guys, but the gene for sitting through a three hour bowling tour-

nament on a Sunday afternoon seems to be inherently male, and possibly linked to the genetic defect that convinces some men that burping, if well-timed, is funny. Girls, the bad news is that you have to live with the good and the bad about your man—and if that means attempting to understand the appeal of televised fly fishing, at least pretend to give it a chance.

Could be a problem: if the only time that he doesn't speak in Baseball metaphors is when he's talking about baseball. He won't marry you because your father is a diehard Bruins fan. Sometimes during sex he shouts out Michael Jordan's name. He once shared a cell with Mike Tyson.

8. Because you overanalyze everything.

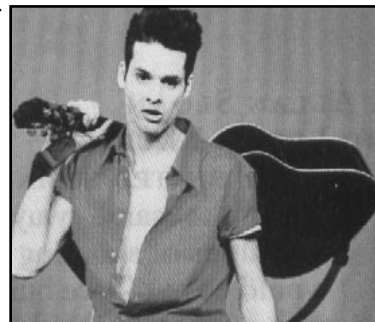
Nothing will drive a man crazy faster than an over-analytical woman, especially if she expects her guy to acknowledge her theories as fact. As someone else (Groucho Marx?) once said, “sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.”

How You Can Tell: he takes you to see *Titanic* and you think that he's trying to tell you that your relationship is a sinking ship. You can tell his mood by the toppings on his pizza. You've read this far into the article, applied each item to your life, and expect any of this to be accurate.

9. Because, when it comes down to it, all men are assholes.

Lying, cheating, and criminal acts are to be expected. Don't be surprised about any wild rumor that you hear. The more willing you are to believe the worst, the less surprised you'll be.

How You Can Tell: he leaves to check if his photo is still hanging in the post office, and you don't expect him to be back by dinner time.



2 or 3 weeks of *Numerology...*

By Lofty Goals, SWEETBREAD NUMEROLOGIST

Numerology is a way to determine the cycles of the year by analyzing the movements of the sun and planets. It is not at all affected by your birth. It has something to do with numbers and is wildly popular among all the trendiest trendsetters. want to join the psychic elite? Simply calculate your number using the simple formula provided here.

Take your age on May 5, 2000, calculated to the day, multiply that by the number of hours your mother was in labor with you (if you don't know, you'd better ask her... and send flowers), subtract the square root of 1013 multiplied by pi, and enter the resulting number into the Einsteinian relativistic velocity equation as *c*. Then, pick a number between one and ten. That is your number.

TEN

You are having issues this month dealing mainly with a discrepancy between your level of hormones and your actual desire for sexual activities. On the 11th, you will have a Total Relapse into a state of general apathy and paranoia. Expect visitors on or around the 17th, with news which may turn out to be good or bad. Advice: Stick to your guns, the already chosen path will be the smoothest.

THIRTEEN

There are nothing but good stars on your horizon. This month, you will lead lady

luck by the bit like a horse. But enough with the horse references. Ask yourself: What at this moment is lacking? On the 23rd, Maiden Dreams will seem like a thing of the past, and your future will be an open and unwritten book. Advice: It is time to get out of the saddle and walk on your own.

THIRTY-SEVEN

You feel like life has always given you the short end of the stick. But don't worry, big things are coming. This month, on the 12th, a Dangerous Beauty will make itself known to you, if it hasn't already. You should make your move then, or else it will simply move on. Advice: Remember, there is no substitute for simple loyalty.

FORTY-TWO

You have always been the one to take on the hardest task. At times this month you will feel stretched too thin, but things will clear up on the 25th. Recently you have been quite active (you know what I mean), but things may be slowing down. On the 26th take some well Deserved Rest and have some sleep. Making love is a good idea at anytime. Advice: You will find your purpose when you stop looking for your home.

SIXTY-NINE

You are the support upon which empires are built. Your greatest attribute is your ability to overcome everything with a sigh

and a smile. This month, you will take the lead when it is most needed, and finally be rewarded for your hard work. You see goals, and you will achieve those goals, provided you are certain about what you desire. On the 17th, your awaited Requested Reward will arrive and a life-goal will take a step closer to completion. Advice: Stay in close touch with those who are going away.

NINETY-NINE

You will get through this month with many a pained expression. Expect some confusion, as you do not possess all the information you need to come to a valid conclusion. On the 2nd, you will feel Zealously Over-ambitious. This feeling will soon pass. Strange musings will fill your desk, but you should be grateful for them. Advice: Avoid thinking over much, action is always the preferred path.

**3.14159265358979
3238462624...**

Your constant cool is at times unsettling to others. But you don't let that bother you. In fact, there are very few things that do bother you. Keep a sharp eye out, you may be missing signals being given to you by those around you. On the 21st you will find that Tremendous Gumption may be asked of you by an unknown force. Advice: A new project is needed, keep building.

Parody issue credits:

Editor-in-a-constant-state of stress

Zack Ordynans

Associate Editor Emily Sachs

Managing Editor Jon Messinger

Graphics Editors Abby Logan,
Tom Gibson

Permanent Members

Macneil Shonle, Jessica Lerner,
Jeremy Lesniak

Layout/design by Zack, with Macneil,
Tom, and Bill Evans

Photos by Randi Beckman, Zack,

Jessica Lerner, Jessica Bartlett

cover photo Randi Beckman

cover model Michael Dorrian

A u t h o r s

Additional Corrections, Poll: Spit...

Flicks, Why your boyfriend...

Zack

Poll: Liquid..., How to be a model

Jeremy Lesniak

Editorial Emily Sachs

Styles to go: Goth! Marty Pupko

Man of the month Jessica Lerner

8 Steps to being a stalker Ellen

Matulewicz

Quiz: Your Sex Life Meghan Godfrey,

Jessica Bartlett, and Sara Burke

Bite or Suck? Dave Reed

Quiz: Are you a loser?, Numerology

Dave Reed and Rachel Rosenblum

Horoscope Jess Lerner, with Zack
(doodles by Jess)

A List Jeremy, Mac, and Zack

Corrections Taybin Rutkin

Letters Mac Shonle, Jessica Lerner,
Zack

Ask a Guy Zack, with Tom Gibson
and Emily Kirhherr

20 Years of Buddy Movies: the High Points and Low Points

1981— Diane Keaton and Michael Keaton star in “Hospital Gowns,” Alan Alda’s directing debut. Sensitive men everywhere begin to populate sushi bars.

1983— A young Charlie Sheen and a younger Corey Feldman star in this unreleased Rob Reiner turkey about two retarded brothers who go into business painting the outside of dumpsters.

1985— A then-hot Michael J. Fox and still-unknown Kyle MacLachlan play squabbling accountants in Robert Altman’s 7-hour adaptation of some of his favorite half-remembered Isaac Bashevis Singer stories, “Pret à Paté.”

1986— Nick Nolte and Gary Busey attempted to give the action movie genre a kick in the pants in “Fatal Boo-Boo,” but the critics were vicious, and neither actor is known to have survived.

1988— Peter Weller attempted to cash in on his “RoboCop” success by producing this bomb in which he starred opposite Ed Harris as tough Marines assigned to do some seemingly-impossible things. A must for those interested in hair-lines.

1990— “The Color of Glass” was the little-known debut of John Leguizamo, who starred opposite Bronson Pinchot in Pinchot’s first film after “Perfect Strangers.” Leguizamo’s sarcastic pimp was the perfect foil for Pinchot’s droll cab driver. A wacky-accent-laden laugh riot.

1992— Merchant-Ivory epic sagas go one step too far when Jeff Daniels, William Hurt, Jeff Bridges, and Kurt Russell are cast as the four brothers in Chekov’s “The Dishwasher.” People everywhere give up trying to tell the characters apart at the two-hour mark, and go to sleep.

1994— As Tarantino-fever swept the land, women found it harder and harder to get cast. One ray of light was “Chicks With Dicks,” about the lives of women married to private eyes, starring Lori Petty and Heather Graham. Their chemistry is often credited as the inspiration behind “Romy and Michelle,” and the strong feminist statement made by this film is, on hindsight, only broken by the fact the leads were naked for the duration of the movie.

1996— “Jo Mama”: Disney and Mtv combined resources to produce this Pauly Shore/Sinbad vehicle about anal sex. All were lost in the blast.

1997— Corbin Bernsen and David Caruso were teamed up for this ill-fated remake of “Ben Hur,” directed by Joel Schumacher from a script by Joe Esterhauz. Caveat emptor indeed.

1998— Ralph Fiennes and Liam Neeson star in the sprawling historical romance about post-apocalyptic Tanzania, “No English Patience.” Winner of 291 Academy Awards, including Longest Film and Best Key Grip, Fiennes and Neeson completed their progress toward becoming completely indistinguishable.

1999— Super-elasticmen Jackie Chan and Jim Carrey blow everyone’s minds as a Hong Kong secret agent and his loose-cannon American sidekick in “American Spandex.” Physical comedy, action, and everything redefined before your eyes. A high-water-mark for the genre.

2000— Comic geniuses turn serious in “Rain Man II: K-Mart Sucks,” starring Adam Sandler in Tom Cruise’s original role, and Rowan Atkinson as the inexplicably foul-mouthed Raymond. The two actors went on to become the Woody Harrelson/Wesley Snipes of the new millenium.

Top Ten Worst Band Names

10. **Chicago/Boston/Alabama/Kansas/America/Asia**
9. **Porno for Pyros**
8. **Tom Tom Club**
7. **Camper van Beethoven**
6. **Whitesnake/White Lion/White Tiger/Great White**
5. **Bjork**
4. **Drivin' n' Cryin'**
3. **U2/Us3/UB40/Ben Folds 5**
2. **Tears for Fears**
1. **Big Train**

Readers *wrote in* with *their* MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENTS!

Cute Guy Sees Something

There was this cute guy, and he saw me in the act of some biological process. Boy, was my face red. — Lesley J., Palm Springs, AK.

Peeing Somewhere Weird

Once I was in an awkward social situation, such as a party where I was drunk and there was a cute boy nearby, and I had to urinate somewhere weird. Boy, was my face red. — Bill W., Hasty-on-Pudding, UL.

My First Period

It was the first day of junior high, and I was really nervous. I wanted to make a good impression. When the bell rang, I went to Bio class, determined to make the best impression possible. But my first period was actually English! So instead, I made a bad impression. Boy, was my face red. — Erinn G., Alpo, AL.

I Shit My Pants

I shit my pants. Boy, is my face red. — Elliot T., Bohemia, DL

Goth Faux Pas

I was having a really rad time at Manray, and I wanted to make a good impression because it was my first visit to this notorious goth club. At one point, a cute man-boy dressed in black fishnets came up to me and asked me what I favorite band was. I smiled and said, "Crowded House." What I meant to say was, "Bauhaus." Boy, was my face red. — Catherine E., Cambridge, UK.

Sexual confusion

All my girlfriends are gay, so I tried to be gay, too, but I couldn't get the shoes to match. Boy, was my face red. — some freshmen at a liberal arts school

Bicycles

I was riding a bike and I farted. Boy, was my face red. — Julie D., Boise, MI

Body Hair Worries

I was in the shower the other day, and I noticed my body wasn't completely bald! I didn't look anything like a 6-year-old boy. Boy, was my face red. — Debbie D., Middletown, DE.

My S.O. is Not Who He Seems

My new boyfriend is a woman. How tacky. Boy, is my face red. — Roberta M., Cincinnati, WY.



sweetbread news briefs



GREASE CRAWLS OUT OF OCEAN, CONSUMES TOKYO

TOKYO— The smash hit movie *Grease* crawled out of the Sea of Japan earlier this week, devastating the population of Tokyo with its massive merchandising efforts and tacky retro-nostalgia. Prime Minister Fuejio Hotomono told reporters, “This is the greatest cultural threat to our autonomy since the Americans invaded with karaoke in 1989. A nation as proud as ours will not stand idly by while this artistic atrocity corrodes our national values.” In related news, the United Nations has approved the reconstruction of Japan’s military forces.

GINGER ADE: THE TASTE YOU’LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR

ATLANTA, GA— The Coca-Cola Bottling Company today confirmed reports that it has no intention of making a soft drink called “ginger ade.” In a prepared statement, Coca-Cola CEO Reginald Emory said, “At no such time did Coca-Cola ever plan, or consider planning, the production of such a beverage.” He went on to add, “Frankly, it sounds foul.” PepsiCo, Polar, the Miller Brewing Company, and Jolt, inc, were quick to issue similar statements.

LOCAL MAN FINDS *ONION* A HOOT

WORCESTER, MA— At a press conference held in his living room Monday, Joey Richards, plumber, husband, and father of two, declared national humor magazine *The Onion* “funny as all get-out.” Richards claimed *The Onion* routinely makes him laugh with its wacky stories of President Clinton, celebrities, and television. “I especially like when they use AP wire style to report on everyday, middle-American events of no interest to anybody,” said Richards, “And the best thing is, that kind of article is 50% of every issue.” Richards concluded the press conference by announcing his plans to “finish the paper and maybe walk the dog.” The ASPCA was unavailable for comment.

EVERY DECADE GETS THE DOO-WOP IT DESERVES, STUDY FINDS

WASHINGTON D.C.— A study released today by the United States Bureau of Statistics confirms the unconfirmed reports last week that every decade gets the form of doo-wop it deserves. Doo-wop, a form of popular music characterized by falsetto vocalizing, sacharrine harmonies, and sickly-sweet melody invented in the 40s by urban a cappella street singers, is confirmed to be adaptable to nearly every currently-known genre of popular music. The study gives examples of each decade’s form of doo-wop, a list 47 pages long. Some examples: 1950s– the Del Vikings, 1960s– the Beach Boys, 1970s– the Bee-Gees, 1980s– Huey Lewis & the News, 1990s– Weezer. Parents have been warned to confiscate all such musical material from their children. Today, a spokesperson for Wal-Mart announced the giant retail chain would use the now-infamous “Doo-Wop List” to make all future selections when supplying its stores.

AREA GIRL’S BEST FRIEND ACTUALLY A FIGMENT OF HER IMAGINATION

UBIQUITOUS, ME— In a heart-warming human interest story designed to fill out this News Briefs section, area girl Becky Williams, 7, revealed yesterday that her “bestest friend in the whole wide world” was none other than Flowers Mooligan, an imaginary simian created by Williams as a reaction to the suffocating loneliness that defines her life as an only child living in rural Maine with a single parent. “Probably just a figment of her imagination,” said her mother, Dawn Williams, between drags on a cigarette, “Now get the hell out of my house.”

Top Ten Things It’s Safe to Put in Your Ass

10. Readers’ Digest
9. The cat [declawed]
8. The Josh Duksin Show
7. 10,000 volts
6. The Academic & Financial Plan
5. Snapple
4. Buttmints
3. The Belgian flag
2. Lionel Ritchie
1. Cheese

the Official Guide to Men at Clark

	Where he will take you for date	Style in bed	Will you come?	What will your girlfriends think?	General Pros	General Cons
GEEKS	Latest Star Trek movie, WPI, or possibly a software convention	Fumbling, awkward, but cute	Yes	Will initially be horrified, but grow to see him as a kind of pet	Easy to push around	Adept with the passive-aggressive guilt stuff
JOCKS	His favorite bar	Racing to the finish line	No	Sports connection will impress until they discover his team doesn't actually exist	Athletic physique, mainstream values	Might hit you if you "get out of line"
HIPPIES	Head shop	Will pass out before getting that far	Maybe	Idiots will think he is sensitive, others will think you're too good for him	Sometimes have strong political beliefs	Political beliefs reached by consensus in hacky circle
FRATBOYS	Sports bar	Hard groping and his hand in your pants in like 3 seconds	More like "Will you come to?"	They'll think he's okay until they get to know him	Generally normal to a fault	Misogyny, bad beer, & bent hats
NEO-PREPPIES	A restaurant with cloth napkins (will charge to parents Visa Card)	Frowning, unplayful, focused	Yes	They'll resent you for him at first, but when he turns into an asshole, they'll say they didn't like him from the start	Are often well-groomed	Are always looking to "trade up"
SENSITIVE ARTISTS	His room to show you his art, writing, and music collection	Over-dramatic and ultimately ineffectual	No	They'll be jealous, so you'll have to hide his alcoholism and intellectual impotence for as long as possible	Won't hit you, won't spill beer in the bed, will be available socially (no job)	Can't take him home to Mummy and Daddy

SWEETBREAD

T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S

<u>PAGE</u>	<u>FEATURE</u>
245	Beautiful, Rich, and Skinny: the Recipe for Happiness
677	Grade Inflation: Big Boobs Get You B's
1002	Alcohol and Sex: "Just Do It"
1479	Is Your Boyfriend Cheating on You or Are You Gaining Weight from Mayonnaise?
1789	Where's the Love? Another 12-Year-Old Must Choose Between Puberty and Hanson
2114	The Spice Girls— the Menudo of the 90s! And then some!
2360	Losing Weight Through Paranoia— an Interview with Gillian Anderson
2771	Something about how to get over a guy
2772	Something about how to drive over a guy
3608	How to Starve Yourself and Still Keep Your Cleavage
3811	What To Do When the Bisexuality Fad is Over: One Freshman's Guess
4989	<i>Celebrity Makeover: Don Knotts</i>
5010	Special Feature: Opinions to Parrot for the Next Six Months
5742	Sweet Valley High: Hard Lessons for College
6007	How to Pick Up Men at Java Hut
6331	27 Days Without Eating: "No More Corsets for Me" — One Woman's Story
6509	"Just Look at Her": How to Tell if Your Best Friend is a Slut
<i>All other pages</i>	high-gloss fashion advertising offensive to eye, nose, and brain