



A Revolution in Three Acts

Act 1: In Which The Authors Examine How Fiscal Irresponsibility Can Make People Lose Their Heads

Despite the significant technology gap between Iraqi insurgents and US “peacekeeping” troops, it seems that each and every day, at least one of our poor boys makes it onto the permanent Do-Not-Call Registry. To date the American brass is ignoring The Law of Irrelevant Advancement, known to war strategists as the Cypress Hill Effect. It states: “Any significant advancement in American weapons technology often discounts the effectiveness of the AK-47.” Better weapons will never change the fact that other, older weapons still work. We, as humans, used to do our killing with rocks but, unlike the staunch traditionalism of the Palestinians, Americans found that guns kill people much better. Rocks are still lethal, though, and we must never forget that. If we want to win the peace, if we want country music to mean anything at all, America needs to get in touch with its roots. And those roots are French.

Come with me through the Wayback machine and take a look at late 1700s Europe. While things might not have made more sense, it certainly was a simpler time. And if not simpler, it was decidedly more colourful. It was, after all, a time when war was pageantry—when the height of military strategy was to dress your boys up in the brightest, gaudiest fashions you could, stick them into a straight line and have them two-step all over the other guys, who were dressed even sillier and in two lines instead of one. Back then, battlefields were merely massive runways for closet homosexual fashion designers to test out their new styles on hot military boys.

^æ Speaking of plaid fabric, Scotland acquired its own form of COINTELPRO textile confusion weaponry with the development of the deadly tartan/kilt combination. The kilt emphasized mobility and ventilation, not to mention the ability to defecate, fornicate, and expose your genitals at a moment’s notice. The crosshatch of the tartan plaid twisted the enemy’s eyes in unhealthy combinations that gave the viewer headaches, tunnel vision and loss of balance. The only relief was if the kilt was pulled away to reveal exposed genitals. That, or an axe through the head. Military experts agree that there has never been a more effective battle garment created since.

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“How can we lose against people that shoot at helicopters with bows and arrows?”

“How can we win against people that shoot at helicopters with bows and arrows?”

—Zen koan from the Vietnam Peace Action

Combining brilliant military strategy with advanced psy-ops textile confusion weaponry, the major European powers had already spread out across the globe and were happily wallowing in Imperialism, but trouble loomed.

The reign in Spain wasn’t going so well as a full meal of Gold, Glory and God left the country feeling fat, bloated, and sanctimonious. British privateers selflessly tried to help by looting many a Spanish galleon and “re-gifting” the spoils of the melted Incaic and Aztec artwork to London. Alas, it seemed that no amount of charitable moonlight requisitioning on the part of the English would do the trick. The Spanish economy had simply collapsed under the massive influx of gold long before and showed no signs of recovering. The subsequent bouts of purging (read as: Inquisitions) left the country pretty much In the Shitter™ before the Shitter™ had technically been invented.

Thanks in large part to the aforementioned British privateers, England was in rare form—what with control of the seas secured and the administrative joy of fabricating the plaid facade of a kinder, gentler Scotland.^æ The country that would one day bomb the be-jeebers out of London, Germany, wasn’t a country at all and preferred to go by its Christian name of “The Disorganized and Constantly Bickering Region of Somehow Still-Virile Prussia.” Their future partner in crime, Italy, was a rag-tag of passed-over Duchies and minor kingdoms, all of whom would pretty much condescend to wave to the Pope if they were to see him under bulletproof glass, but that was as friendly as they got.

Further afield, the Ottoman Empire was doing pretty well (thanks for asking); the Chinese had discovered the fun times to be had with opium,



Dramatis Personae

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*There goes my best hat
as down comes rain on my bald
pate, plop! plop! Oh well...*

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† Contrary to popular belief, Carissimus is not RIT's President Simone. Saying Simone is Mr. Diablo is akin to saying a fruit fly is Methuselah..

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fireworks, and pirated media (in that order); and today's international bully, the land of the Free and home of the Braves, was just a twinkle in Benjamin Franklin and Voltaire's respective eyes. France, however, was the biggest, baddest son-of-a Gaul on the Continent. They'd spit on you rather than look at you.

In its rise to power, the French kings had engaged in a series of on-again, off-again minor wars with Britain which only served to run up a huge national debt. This meant that while the Spanish had too much gold, the French didn't have enough. Either path was sufficient to lead to national ruin, however. Upon assuming the crown after his father's celebrated death, Louis XV thought about implementing cost saving measures, but realized that what he really wanted was to have his bed chamber made more attractive, with lots and lots of extravagant, expensive British wallpaper. When counseled to stem the tide of rising debt or start hanging out with the Spanish, King Louis the XV is reported to have said, "It [the kingdom] will survive for my time. After me, the deluge."

All good things must come to an end; you'd think this would mean that Louis XV would live indefinitely, but this just wasn't the case. His poor, *poor* son, Louis the XVI—raised in the lap of luxury—weaned from the teat of good fortune—was the one to actually try to do the right thing and save the country from drowning in debt. Unfortunately, he had to deal with the the three classes of French society to do it.

Being a child of his times, Louis perceived the life of peasants as being jolly good fun: lounging the day away, herding sheep as the whim struck, and most importantly, returning to one's pampered life whenever it rained. In reality, the poor peasants were exactly that: poor. Between tithes paid to the church, taxes paid to the crown, and rent paid to the lords, the Third Estate (as the peasants were known) barely had enough funds to keep themselves in the manner to which they had become accustomed: penniless, starving, and riddled with syphilis. Meanwhile the Church and the lords, the First and Second Estates respectively, payed lip service to the crown and very little else.

It was within those financially flush and pampered lips of the First and Second Estates that Louis saw a way out of debt. The king's plan was simple: the national debt could be paid off if only he could tax the rich. Of course, the Church and the nobles wanted to have nothing to do with such a radical and ungodly idea, and told his Grace to piss off. In desperation, Louis called a meeting of the Estates-General. His hope was that the Third Estate would agree with him and help give him the authority to tax the First and Second Estates.

Unfortunately, the Estates-General had not met in over 175 years and no one was really sure how it was supposed work. The First and Second Estates decided that each Estate should meet separately and come to a conclusion. Then each Estate would send a single representative to confer with their counterparts from the other Estates. Of course, the peasants immediately saw that the eventual vote would be two to one in favor of

buggering the Third Estate with the not-so-proverbial shepherd's crook. In an attempt to avoid the inevitable rectal discomfort, the peasants demanded that all the Estates meet simultaneously and a vote be taken then. None of this representative bullshit. No one else seemed to appreciate this idea and threw the Third Estate out onto its collective ass.

It was around this time that syphilis begins to play an important role in French politics. The Third estate took the only reasonable course of action they could think of and adjourned themselves to the comfort of a nearby indoor tennis court and, in true French fashion, chose a new name for themselves: the National Assembly. They subsequently announced that they were not coming out until they had written a constitution and seen it adopted—so there!

It's important to keep in mind that the year was 1789. The spunky Americans had adopted their Bill of Rights earlier that year after unexpectedly winning a war of independence from the British a short time prior.^Ω Given this unlikely event and the raging venereal disease, it must have seemed completely reasonable to the Third Estate that they could successfully draft a constitution...right in the *King's* own tennis court...and that the powers-that-be would be ok with this. It is this sort of wide-eyed insanity that is a running theme with these zany French.

The King, an avid tennis fan, feared the befoulement of his once beauteous tennis court and began to secretly move troops to Versailles and Paris.^δ At this point the Parisians, whipped into a syphilis-enhanced frenzy at the presence of troops they (correctly) thought were going to remove the National Assembly from the tennis court, revolted. Once again, the frothing frogs took the

only prudent course left to them and decided to storm the most heavily fortified and protected prison-fortress they could find, in search of weaponry which was more fearsome than the shoes of twine and sheep which they had in seeming abundance.

Two years, two constitutions and three and a half governments later, the French people had really gotten the hang of this revolution thing. These governments had tried (for all of the six months they were in power) to make France a happy, healthier country, by implementing such logical progressions as the metric system, conscription, and subsequently, everybody's favorite, war. In fact, one of France's more humiliating economic failures at the time happened to be the export of the idea of forceful liberation. Like the Communists and Fundamentalists one and two centuries later respectively, the French began to actively encourage other peasants in other countries to revolt and establish Republics throughout Europe. If fences make good neighbors, causing dissent does not. Once the revolution-intoxicated French had pissed off enough surrounding countries, the French found they were actually at war and took steps to protect against invasion by creating the Committee of Public Safety.^α

Thus the French masses—having to cope with 10 day weeks, crazy new months and not knowing what time it was thanks to the base ten time system that had been implemented—came charging into the Reign of Terror with huge maniacal grins on their faces. For the first time in a long while, things were good for the peasants; there was bread on every shelf and iron fortified blood in every cup. Stalin might have perfected the idea of ideological purges, but the French made a national spectacle out of it. God bless autonomic

^Ω The fashion in which the upstart Americans actually defeated the British was a topic of conversation all throughout Europe. Rather than put on bright colours and line up like good civilized canon fodder, the Americans had the audacity to lurk in the shadows and engage the British troops in disorganized sorties. The scandal of the whole affair was something General Washington could never quite reconcile with himself. Despite his repeated efforts to get the rag-tag American troops to line up and get shot at properly, the troops continued to act like they were hunting deer versus going to war.

^δ It should be noted at this time that the King was overly concerned that certain unsavory elements of the population might attempt to hunker themselves down in tennis courts across the land. To stay off such a move, the King, a brilliant tennis tactician, chose to seize the Versailles and Parisian tennis courts due to their strategic locations. The site of Paris was originally chosen by the Romans in centuries past because it lay above a natural tennis fault line. Since the time of the Sun King, critical raw tennis materials mined from Paris were transported and stored at Versailles. Therefore whoever controlled Paris and Versailles could nearly guarantee a monopoly on tennis, not only within the French kingdom, but throughout the European continent.[‡]

[‡] Incidentally you have to capitalize Europe, because it thinks it's a continent.

^α Ironically known as the Department of Homeland Security.

responses♪ and God bless Robespierre! That lovable fellow did more for the French Republic than anyone else by sending those that didn't agree with him to be mechanically separated from their mortal coil. In doing so, Robespierre acted as a sort of national mirror: the people of France were able to look at him and say, "Jesus Christ! He is fucking crazy! Oh, my God, we are all fucking crazy!"

His inevitable, ironic death under the tool he had used so effectively was cathartic for the nation as a whole. The French people suddenly realized that

for several years they had all been running around, carrying lemons, tripping balls, acting like a bunch of crazies, and what they needed more than anything was a damn good babysitter. Luckily for them Napoleon Bonaparte, a 26-year-old general that had achieved a certain amount of notoriety for protecting France from the various Coalitions of the Willing set against them, appeared both sane and capable.

So, with a smile and a nod (and a few loyal troops) Napoleon Bonaparte checked in and became First Consul to yet another French government. ♪

More French! More Syphilis! On Page 9!

♪ Where else in the world, then or since, could you have seen prominent scientists' heads held up, to the exalted cheers of the crowds, while said decapitated cap is still conducting an experiment into how long the human brain continues to function after it's been severed from the body. The Revolutionary Tribunal is said to have condemned a famous chemist with the words, "The Republic has no need of genius."...obviously.

♣ For those of you playing at home, this is about the fifth government in eight years. The French take baths less often, for Christ's sake!



Editor's Note: Glory Days

by Sean T. Hammond

(Cofounder of GDT, Editor 1995-1998)

What you hold in your hands, dear Reader, is something old. Old School, if you will. You see, the Ghosts of GDT Past have returned and, without the foreknowledge of the present staff, have hijacked the means of production for a week. Through the hard work and creative talent of the GDT Alumni that I was either in contact with or was able to reach, we managed to blow the dust off of our fountain pens and make a decent issue for you, while giving the current staff a much needed—and unexpected—holiday. Surprise, guys!

Is this issue of GDT that much different from what you are used to? Certainly the layout is different and the writing style of the authors is not something you are used to, but is this issue better than your usual fare? During my stint as an editor, people began telling me that the *old* GDT was better than what I was working on. We weren't edgy enough, or underground enough, or we'd sold-out by running advertisements... all accusations I have heard leveled against the latest incarnation of GDT.

In a way, I think of it as the Nazareth Phenomenon. For those not up on their Catholic lore, the gospel of Mark claims that Jesus was unable to perform miracles in his home town of Nazareth because the people did not believe in him. Instead of seeing the man he had become, the people only saw the snot nosed punk that used to live there. When you see something on a regular basis, the Past can be deceptively appealing. It is, after all, the Past, glittering in unchanging perfection.

In the end, what we remember of the Past and our perceptions of what happened there are a fiction, and when one can recall a fiction, one may as well make it a good one.

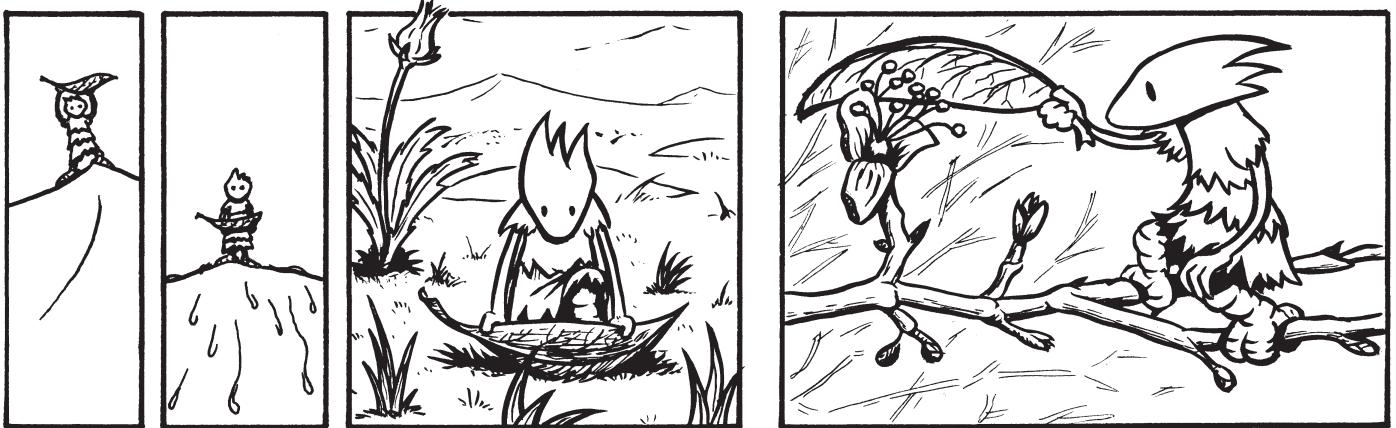
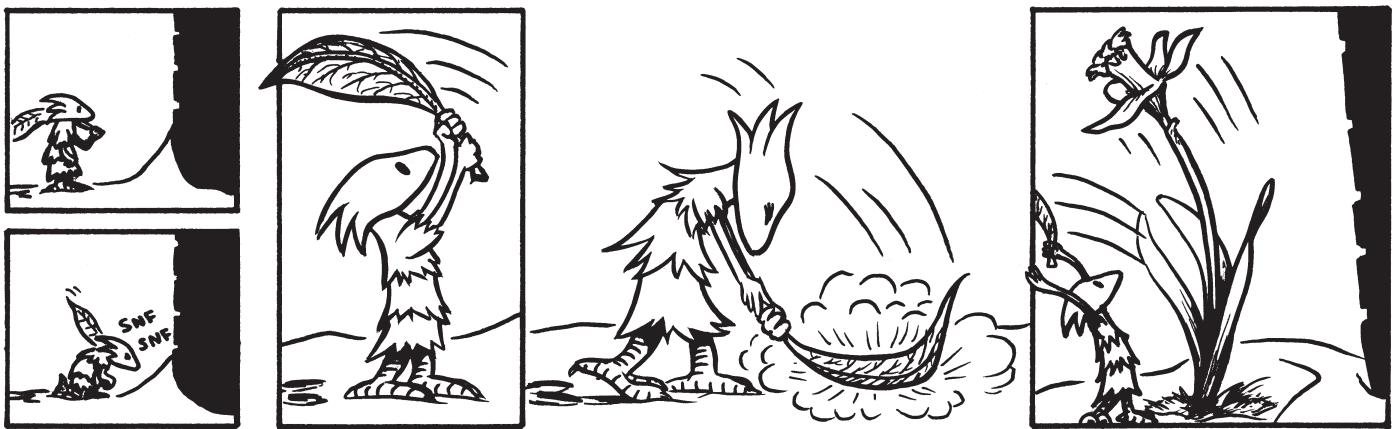
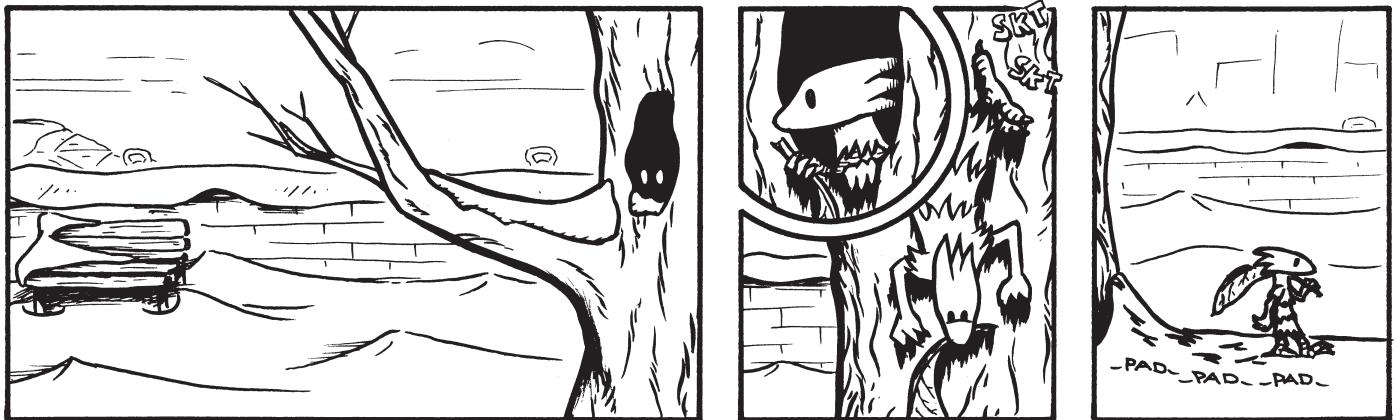
So the question remains: is the GDT of old better than the present GDT? Certainly, it is different, and I would do things differently were I still I editor, but that's the joy of being a founder and watching as GDT changes. Pieces I could not have written appear, novel ideas are shared, and I am enriched by it because it is not a part of me. Even when I read things I disapprove of, I am made better by the novelty I see.

And so is the campus.

Ren Meinhart's most recent editorial in *Reporter Magazine* said something that warmed my heart: that the *Reporter* of old could have learned a thing or two from GDT. Without GDT's watchfulness and attempts to hold itself to the same standards it used to criticize *Reporter*, *Reporter* might not have recovered from its slump as quickly as it did. The converse is also true: GDT can now learn things from *Reporter*. Without two unconnected publications watching each other, I suspect there is not much incentive to continue to improve; instead, styles become incestuous, fixed, unoriginal, and are a disservice to the campus and the publications that turn in on themselves.

So maybe GDT will pass away. Who, other than President Simone, knows for sure? I will say this, however: if I were still editor, President Simone would have had to circumvent the Creative Arts Committee to yank funding long ago. Oh, if I were the present editor of GDT, it wouldn't be the *Reporter* that would be the subject of my wrath. It would be the horrifying concept of Social Norming, the Women's Center Victorian-like fits of hysteria (ladies, I believe you need a therapeutic massage), and Student Government's inability to override a decision made by Presidenté Simone.

Long live dildos, long live *Reporter Magazine*, and long live GDT.





The Magic Wondershow Presents:

Tourist's Movie Review

The Passion of the Christ

by Sean J. Stanley

First and foremost, I am loath to continue any of the obnoxious nit-picking over dead languages, which scriptures were used, whether the crucifixion scene was accurate to secular historical accounts, etc. I shall leave that to lesser minds. My only commentary on the subjective aspects of the film

is that the “dialog” is laconic and stilted, free from any subtext or subtlety. There is only modest story to speak of and little reason as to why the events take place, although we all know who the good guys are and we all know who the bad guys are. It is a simple film for simple people, and fans of the Bush Administration will feel right at home; you’re not told why any of this is happening, only that it is happening, and there seems to be no room for intelligent discussion. What many people spend time debating, and what I shall weigh in on here, is the impact this film will have on popular sentiment toward the Jews.

The notion that *The Passion...* will only foment global anti-Semitism is flawed. It does not take into account that most Christians are required (by doctrine) to make nice with the Lord’s chosen people, that the majority of anti-Semitism stems from solipsistic Israeli politics, and the fact that the Jews invented usury. If you want to hate the Jews, hate them for the interest rates on your credit card, not because they murdered a leftist radical back in the day.

The Jews argue, incorrectly, that Gibson’s unique and moving vision unfairly posits that the Jews killed Christ. What they should be saying is that *these* Jews killed Christ. These Jews are the Sanhedrin. They are totally awesome. And badass. These Jews, the Sadducean accusers (Caiaphas, Annas, etc.), are the coolest cinematic Jews ever. *Ever*.

I’m sick and tired of seeing nothing but the Jewish victim in Hollywood films. Either being killed by the Nazis or the Egyptians in historical epics, or facing cultural dissolution at the hands of a rebellious teenage child. Save for the occasional eccentric Jewish character (Hiram Roth in *Godfather II*, that Nazi guy in *The Believer*), there’s never any range in the type of characters you see:

¤ Holocaust Victim

¶ Holocaust Survivor

¶ Jewish Immigrant to America

¶ First-Generation American Jew Dealing with Overbearing Jewish Parents

¶ Rabbinical Student, Psychologist, Eccentric, Charlton Heston

You never see:

¶ Gangsta Jew Motherfuckers with Leather-Clad Storm Troopers Who Will Throw You in Chains and Make Sure You’re Nailed to a Goddamn Cross If You Step Out of Line

Until now. God blesses Mel. Mel Gibson has capitalized on religion better than any plenary indulgence, holy inquisition, or crusade ever could. Without war, bloodshed, or excommunication, *The Passion...* has raked in over 212 million dollars (supposedly) in the name of the Lord. So is there a word in Aramaic for *franchise*? Probably, but as glorious irony would have it—they killed off Jesus in the first one.

Jesus Christ is a popular character and, for the first and only time in the history of film franchises, bringing back a popular, deceased character without violating or sidestepping the original is not a significant problem: Jesus rises from the dead on his own. His post-Resurrection activities a blockbuster epic doth not make, however. He kinda goes a bit flaccid. Basically, he pops up a few times and says, “Hey! I’m Jesus!” His disciples sit around going, “Hey, that’s Jesus!” except for Thomas who starts by saying, “You’re not Jesus!” and then (after some deep fingering), “My bad. You are Jesus!”

That’s about it, really. Jesus goes away, never to be heard from again, except for in the unauthorized and rather dubious sequel, *The Book of Mormon*. Even there, Jesus is rather dull and is not good source property for a film; this is no reason to throw away a good beginning, though. What I propose is a sequel to *The Passion of the Christ* featuring the aforementioned accusers, entitled *Caiaphas and Company*. Here’s the pitch:

With Jesus dead and his followers being hunted down, the “Generation of Vipers” are free to continue their lives of arbitrary rule and personal excess. One evening,

after a long spell of drinking and betting on dog fights, Caiaphas, Annas, and their Klingon-style bodyguards stumble accidentally into a cave on the outskirts of town. As fate would have it, this is the cave of the mysterious scholar, Shimon ben Yohai. He's spent the last thirteen years working on his masterpiece, the Zohar, a complex Kabalistic text with yet-unknown power. The Zohar sits open, nailed to a large stone dais, and the priests gather around it in awe. Shimon offers the priests some bagels and explains that the Zohar is based on a variety of religious texts, including rough drafts from some of Jesus' followers, as well as a few proto-religious notions from Mecca.

Astounded at this utter blasphemous impurity, Caiaphas reels back and impulsively vomits on the pages of the Zohar. Shimon rushes over. In his attempt to clean up the pages, he notices that small half-digested chunks of matzo obscure certain words and letters. His keen eyes notice a very distinct pattern emerging. The true name of G-d perhaps? Perhaps not. In a rather cavalier moment he utters the Word, and without warning a quantum superstring vortex opens, sucking Shimon and his unexpected guests into it.

Mazel Tov!

Cut to: Present Day. Burbank. Disney's top executive is forced to pull the ripcord on his golden parachute. Amid a haze of cigar smoke and cognac vapors, the board of directors mulls over who's the rightful heir apparent to the Eisnerian shoes. After much bickering, Roy Disney pulls a *Hudsucker Proxy* and exclaims, "It doesn't take a monkey to fly this tin can! Just solid demographics and some Chinks who can draw. I nominate whomever enters this room next!"

Presiding Director George Mitchell is not amused.

"Fine, you bastard. Vote? Vote. Yea? Nay? Motion approved. Happy now, Roy?"

None of the other directors say a word. Mitchell glares at Disney who remains casually smug, rapping his fingers on the desk, waiting for the coffee girl to show up and suddenly become CEO. Nobody seems to notice the faint rumbling in the distance, nor the strange silence that follows. Laptop screens distort and go black. Suddenly, a blinding white light fills the room as a ragtag bunch of ancient Jews drop out of nowhere onto the boardroom table, Caiaphas landing first. The smell of singed beards, matzo, and urine permeates the room and the Board erupts in total chaos, hands glued to cellular phones, security guards storming the doors. Everyone freaks out. Everyone, that

is, except Roy Disney, who calmly offers Caiaphas a hand, helping him off the remains of the shattered mahogany table. He brushes the rubble and dust off of Caiaphas' tunic and smiles.

"Well, sir. What do you want to do first?" he asks while theme music rises in the background.

Fast forward, six months later. Some changes have been made: Disney has hired the most erudite Aramaic scholars to act as translators for the new Chairman and his entourage. Naturally, the priests are disoriented by their time travel adventure and the mere mentioning of Christianity scurries their very ears. They devote themselves to a massive anti-Christian propaganda campaign, shunting all resources into producing films like *Hallowed Be Thy Brains*, a Jesus zombie flick, and *Prefect Maritima*, an animated feature about the life and times of teenage Pontius Pilate who (with the help of his trusty pals Kip the hedgehog and Jerry the killer whale) puts down a peasant uprising by nailing its evil leader (voiced by Jeremy Irons) to a cross.

Mitchell and his board are having difficulty taking orders from these barbaric creatures who drink themselves half-dead, expend millions in the Hasidic garment district, and adorn the board room like a Sadducean Temple. Toeing the party line is a moot point, as uber-fascist capitalism becomes the watchword of the newly revamped Disney-Yetzer Ra Corporation. When Mitchell (unwisely) attempts a hostile takeover, Annas uses ancient dark magic to summon a legion of Golems, vengeful clay creatures who know only two things—obedience to their Sanhedrin masters, and obliteration!

The Golems tear Mitchell asunder, beating him to death with his own limbs. Security camera footage of his death scene is played between "Duck Tales" re-runs (Caiaphas loves the money bin) on the Disney-Yetzer Ra Channel as a warning to children. All prints, animation cels, and negatives of *Aladdin* are set ablaze in the parking lot.

Caiaphas is delighted to learn about the varying degrees of political influence that can be bought. He is also thrilled at the concept of corporate intellectual property. Immediately, his guards are re-assigned to track down DVD pirates. Pirates (and their parents) are casually invited to gratis weekends at the Magic Kingdom, where they notice some new rides. One of the Golem ride attendants ushers them into "The Ark Adventure," which is billed as "The Ultimate 3-D Indiana Jones Adventure Experience!" Only as the molten sand pours into the

Covenant Karts do the pirates realize that you can't fight the Jewish Media Machine.

With a bit of savvy Sadducean legal jockeying, Caiaphas and the boys are able to claim human facial features as exclusive conceptual property of Disney and its subsidies. They institute a "Face Tax," to be levied upon anyone in America that has a face. Failure to pay the Face Tax results in the Golem riot squad breaking down doors and beating people's faces in with rusty pipes. (The Face Tax enforcement montage is a breathtaking bit of slo-mo cinematography, with cameo appearances by some of Hollywood's most beautiful Jewish talent.)

Meanwhile, Shimon is busy working on a plan to recreate the Zohar accident and activate the Vortex of Time once again. Caiaphus, now equipped with a modern, sophisticated understanding of media theory, intends to return to his own time just prior to the Sanhedrin Trial of Jesus. His plan is to meet up with his former self and explain that far greater good will come from the slandering of Jesus, rather than facilitating his martyrdom. As proof, he will bring copies of *The Watchtower*.

Unfortunately, the time travel experience has "swiss-cheesed" Shimon's brain and he's now unable to remember anything, let alone exactly which sacred texts he used, or what variety of bagel he offered to Caiaphus on that fateful day. The trial-and-error process that ensues provides a

dose of much-needed levity, as Shimon proffers various Bibles, Torahs, and Korans for Caiaphus to vomit on.

The rest of the film is more or less rote brutality, with Caiaphas et al. riding around on pimped-out donkeys, passing extreme judgment, attending film openings, collecting Face Taxes, vomiting, performing non-kosher sex abortions, etc. Depending on who we get to direct (David Lynch, oh please!) there may be a bit of ad-libbing.

All in all, *The Passion of the Christ* was only distasteful to the Jews in the sense that their characters got far less screen time than Jesus. But worry not, friends. The Jews will have their day in court. The era of the "Ancient Urban" Jewish film is upon us. With the hundreds of texts that emerged over the centuries, not to mention the endless varieties of bagels available to us in these modern times, Caiaphas and the gang will never make it back home. So watch closely for Passion 3: Hedron in da Hood, in which Falasha-01 and the Beta Israel Krew (Black Ethiopian Jewish rappers from around tha way) team up with the Sanhedrin Army and go head to head against the valiant warriors of the Wu Tang Clan. I assure you that this franchise will be an experience not to be missed. Word (of the Lord).

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Act 2: In Which The British Wallpaper Industry Suffers At The Hands Of Napoleon

Napoleon, knowing full well that France was still tripping balls, took full advantage of the situation and defined a nation, nay, an era. At the time, France had a system called “plebiscites” in which the nation could approve or disapprove of whatever was submitted to them by Napoleon, like the new and improved constitution (third).^π Recount? Recall? Not with this guy. Using the plebiscites and the general craziness of the people he established a national bank, a national educational system, oversaw the final codification of laws, and was generally a short bundle of tightly wound, sleep deprived nerves. Fancying himself as the resurrection of the might of Imperial Rome,[◊] he made nice with the Pope and was declared Emperor of France in 1804. Shortly afterward, his Emperorship proceeded to have a holly-jolly rampage across Europe. How better to subjugate—er, I mean, *liberate*—the masses of oppressed in neighboring countries?

By 1808, Napoleon had successfully defeated the *third* Coalition allied against France, and either directly or indirectly controlled all of continental Europe. Using his insane posse of French troops, Napoleon practiced an early form of the blitzkrieg in which he would rapidly move his forces and obliterate his enemies. Unfortunately, his troops couldn’t very well march to Britain,[€] and the French consistently lost against the superior British navy. In the process of goose-stepping his dainty boots across Europe and a bit of Africa, Napoleon realized just how un-Imperial Paris was. He wanted a look fit for an Emperor, and damn if Neoclassicism didn’t fit the bill.

The people of Europe should drop down to their knees and thank their long-dead gods that the personal whim of Napoleon spelled the doom of Baroque, Rococo, and the abortive faux-Gothic movements in France. The forced popularity of Neoclassicism throughout Napoleonic Europe was a disaster for the British wallpaper industry as the Neoclassical style demanded less in the way of ornamental embellishment

^π Incidentally it was the French plebiscites that allowed France to vote itself “Most Popular Country in the World” for three years running.

[◊] After all, hadn’t he crossed the Rubicon and taken control of a Republic by military force? Too obscure? Ask someone from Europe to explain it to you. Suffice it to say Napoleon never let anyone named Brutus hang around him. Who says people don’t learn from history?

[€] Not that they didn’t try. The French attempted to construct the first tunnel from continental Europe to the British Isles but, like a child attempting to dig to China, didn’t get very far.

then the previous styles had, but this was all very well and good for Napoleon as he didn’t care for the British to begin with.

Foo-foo pastel pink and lime stripy wallpaper? Oh...I’d rather die.

One of few countries not under Napoleon’s doll-like iron fist was Portugal. Deeply entrenched in the Oriental style of Romanticism and relying heavily on trade with Britain for their garishly decorated wallpaper, Portugal refused to agree to an embargo that Napoleon was enforcing. Enraged, Napoleon proceeded to invade Portugal and put a stop to that insanity there and then. Still wound up and in need of some good cheer, Napoleon decided that, since he was in the area, he might as well take the extra time to conquer his allies, the Spanish. WTF, right? After all, Mr. Bonaparte was not one to count “what ifs” at the end of the day.

Around the same time, the Russians were coming to grips with the fact that their winters were long. Long and cold. Long, cold, dark, and thus not very colourful. Come February, after months and months of seeing little but white expanses, the Russians were positively cheered by the ostentatious adornment of Baroque. Even though the Russians and French were allies, the Russian jones for decoration forced them to try and explain that the embargo, well, it simply wasn’t working out for them and they thought it would be best for all concerned if they just went their separate ways—but they’d still like to be friends, okay? France, like a true jilted lover, decided to take the only acceptable course open to them...and that was to pound their once beloved Cossacks into indistinguishable dirt.

Thus, Napoleon began to raise his Grand Army, which eventually numbered over 600,000 troops. They proceeded to invade Russia via Prussia in 1812, but those crafty Russkies relied on their time-honored military stratagem which, although it’s an oft-used three-letter Cyrillic word, roughly translates as “pull back and burn all our cool stuff we worked so hard to build and will really miss eventually just so the other

can’t have it.”

Hi! It's me, das verdugo. Maybe you're like me, and you don't know jack shit about history. I mean, we both know some countries did some stuff, and it probably involved hurting each other, but we don't really know the specifics, right? Well that's all well and good for you, because this here article is telling you a bunch of stuff you probably didn't know before, but I'm supposed to be contributing to it, and I know just as much as you do, if not less.

The only thing I can share with you about France, dear reader, is that if you are in a small village in France, and it's really late at night, and you are really really drunk, it's lots of fun to pull up their stop signs and throw them into people's yard. Or you can even chuck them on top of low roofs or into bushes. Whatever suits your fancy. You totally won't get caught, because village Frogs go to sleep real early, and by the time you wake up from your drunken stupor in the morning/afternoon, the village folk will have replaced all the stop signs in their proper spots. Just like those machines that reset bowling pins! Then you're all ready for another go. Myself and fellow R.I.T. alum Joshua Shenkman can attest to just how much fun this "sport" can be, especially if you develop a scoring system. So go ahead, the next time you're in France, do your part to further the image of Americans as careless, crass, and drunken idiots!

guy can't enjoy it." They did this to draw Napoleon and his troops further and further into Russia, like a snake's peristalsis; only with fire...lots and lots of fire.

Napoleon was forced to leave a long, tenuous supply line behind his quickly advancing troops. In front of him, the way was cleared. Seriously, it was literally cleared: the Russians burned everything that would burn. There was barely anything left to resist Napoleon's forces. Well, unless you actually count the repeated little sorties against his slim tendril of a supply line. Eventually, the tired Grand Army reached Moscow unopposed, entered the Kremlin, and had the entire city burst into flame around them faster than a torchiere-style halogen lamp in a dorm room where Great White is doing a show.

So sure, Napoleon had game, but what he failed to take into account was the craziness. Naturally, being French, he thought he had a handle on it—a little, "who's your uncle?" if you will. Here, have a constitution. We have plenty more. Pat them on the back, send them on their way and everyone goes on to play the game. The Russians, on the other hand, would not settle down and play the game like they ought. They, in fact, didn't even have the game; they had most likely burned it along with everything else. It turns out that they were, in all honesty, an entirely different kind of crazy than the French had ever seen before. Think Fremen warrior or Lorena Bobbit: he who can destroy a thing, controls a thing.

Essentially, when an army can't get their eat on, they become less motivated to um... die for... someone somewhere else. Kill the little capillaries, the supply lines that feed an army, and you can only imagine what Napoleon's troops were feeling when they found Moscow in flames. So Napoleon began to find himself in the same boat as Hitler at the end of World War II. The Russian Winter was approaching, and with no place to stay, the increasingly less Grand Army had to return to the relative safety of their ally, Prussia. They had to do it fast, too, before they found themselves pining for the days of decorative overstatement. Imagine having eaten a heaping bowl of prune chili. That's the kind of fast we're talking about, here. Thanks to the extreme cold, lack of food, and the effective guerilla tactics of the Russians, only 120,000 of the original 600,000 troops made it back to Prussia, more-or-less safely.

But the fun was just getting started! Being in the know, France's allies, Prussia and Austria, and enemies, Sweden and Britain, caught wind of France's suffering. Really, how could they not? We're talking about hundreds of miles of Russia *on fire!* That's one hell of a signal flare.

To this day many historians debate who was the first to call out, "Pig pile on Bonaparte!" just prior to the ass-whooping. The Russians were still following the French and now everyone else, friend and foe alike, dogged Napoleon all the way back into France. Even the hapless and uncomfortable Spaniards got in on the act and quickly revolted against their benevolent French overlords. Aided by the British, the Portuguese and Spanish successfully drove Napoleon and his troops out of the Iberian Peninsula

and, by 1814, the poor, short bastard had to surrender. Unwilling to execute royalty—even self-declared, presumed royalty—the allied countries allowed Napoleon to retire to the island of Elba, as any good disenfranchised despot would.

Back on the ranch, the monarchy had returned to France in the form of Louis XVIII, brother of Louis XVI, uncle of Louis XVII. As you can see, the French had good reason to be crazy. They could invent the metric system, but they couldn't seem to count straight. Because of the insanity the French had experienced prior to his rule, they looked fondly on the authoritarian order Napoleon brought, and could feel their daily dosage of ergot rising as the King sat on his throne; the insanity was returning. If only Napoleon was here. Sure, he led a series of crippling battles that left France defeated and broken, but man, those were the days, huh? Remember when we marched through Russia? Sure, lots of people died, but it's all good. Good times. Good times.

Like a djinn from a bottle, Napoleon answered the call and made a daring escape, in a rowboat—from his island retreat. Upon landing, the troops sent to arrest him escorted him back to Paris where he resumed his position as Emperor like no time had passed at all. It was just as good as Jesus coming back from the dead, only smaller and more smartly dressed. The Emperor was back, man—and he wasn't gonna take shit from anybody. Damn, it was good to be French.

Well, it had been good to be French. That is until the allies decided they'd had enough of Napoleon's shit the first time and came down hard on his ass. Napoleon had tried to make nice with his enemies, but if you've ever played Risk against someone that keeps attacking and attacking and attacking you until they are all out of troops, you know pretty much how the rest of Europe felt about him.

One hundred days after resuming his position as Emperor, the final alliance against him defeated his pathetic shell of an army and shipped his little butt off to the island of St. Helena. After years of impotent stewing and vacuous threats, the British wallpaper industry finally had Napoleon where they wanted him: in a room with gold and green flowers. Because of the embargo against the British that Napoleon had enforced, business plunged in the wallpaper manufacturing sector of England. Thankfully, one of the colours made popular

by the Neoclassical style, Scheele's Green, contained copper arsenite. When wallpaper with Scheele's Green becomes damp and moldy, say as one would expect it to on St. Helena, the mold carries out a chemical process which releases the arsenic in the vapor form of arsine, dimethyl and trimethyl arsine. By the time Napoleon was banished to the island, arsenic in its many forms was already well established as a method for assassination and had been dubbed the “inheritance powder” by those in the know. Once they knew they had him, the British wallpaper manufacturers just used the technology available to them to turn the imperial colours into killing colours. While many people serving with Napoleon on his island retreat complained of feeling ill and his butler even died during his short stay on the island, no one suspected it was the British wallpaper industry that eventually killed Emperor Napoleon the First of France.

We kid you not. Look it up.

So, what can we learn from this particularly fucked up period in history? Well, we know there are several levels of crazy; massive national debt causes people to lose their heads; and keeping an extra constitution on hold isn't such a bad idea because you never know when it might come in handy. More importantly, how can we apply these lessons to the plight we, as a country, find ourselves in?

Further Adventures of Short People! On Page 19!

Old School

SUBMIT

gdt@hellsKitchen.org

"Are you sure I'll still be a virgin?"

I really wanted to use tampons, but I'd heard you had to be, you know, 'experienced.' So I asked my friend Lisa. Her mom is a nurse so I figured she'd know. Lisa told me she'd been using Petal Soft® Plastic Applicator Tampax® tampons since her very first period and she's a virgin. In fact, you can use them at any age and still be a virgin.

I was totally psyched to try Petal Soft Tampax 'cause I really hated pads. And now I can't believe I waited so long. The first thing you notice is the rounded tip on the plastic applicator. That's what makes them so easy to put in! And they're made to be slender so they're really comfortable to wear and easy to take out too.

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Ask The Barefoot Girl

by Kelly Gunter

DEAR BARE FOOT GIRL:

WHEN DID THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA BECOME THE REPUBLICAN PARTY?

—JOHN A GRONOUSKI

Dear John,

This is actually a very interesting question. If you check any good almanac, you will see that this pattern seems to have begun in the year 1964. However, the seeds of this change had taken root years earlier. Prior to 1964, many of the Southern states tended to vote for Democrats because Lincoln had been a Republican. Some learned, yet uninspired, members of the public may try to tell you that the change in voting patterns in the once Democratic South was due to President Kennedy and the Civil Rights movement; this hypothesis is, in fact, a great folly. The transformation of the Republican party had actually been many years in the making and had more to do with science than civil rights.

Ironically, at the time of its obvious transformation, movie theaters were full of imaginative interpretations of what radioactive waste materials do when mixed with living cells. Had someone only thought to wonder what might happen when radioactive dust mixes with ex-animate material, the transformation of the Republican party in the mid 60's may never have occurred. Truth-be-old, the Republicans can only blame half of their good fortune on Fat Man and Little Boy; the rest of the blame lies firmly in the industrious, peanut-loving hands of George Washington Carver.

Although Carver is warmly remembered for his great love of peanuts, he was a quite ingenious chemist and inventor. The only one of his inventions to be patented, a kind of fertilizer that utilizes, among other things, the red clay soil inherent to the deep South, is actually responsible for the rest of the Democratic South's transformation. For, you see, the specific composition of the fertilizer, when mixed with the radioactive dust particles, is anything but inert.

By 1964, George Washington Carver's ingenious fertilizer was in constant use throughout the deep South, and the radioactive dust clouds from the 40's and 50's had managed to work their way round the world. Through exotic alchemical reactions between the fertilizer, the red soil and the radioactive dust, something monstrous came about. After a few good rainy seasons the reactive Southern soil had managed to seed the waterways of the South with a new type of systemic poison: Republicanism. It was to be found in everybody's lemonade and iced tea, for the Republican

Inducing Particles (RIPs) had actually made it into the drinking water.

Initially the concentrations of RIPs in the water was exceedingly high, causing instantaneous Republicanism throughout the Deep South. However, recent studies have shown that current levels of the contaminant are much lower than they were in the early 1960's. How has the Republican Party maintained this stranglehold on the South, then? Quite simply put, this contaminant has a cumulative effect upon its victims. A relatively low dosage for many years can cause increasing conservatism as individuals age. But do not be deceived by this: Republicanism is not merely a disease of the elderly. Just as children at certain ages are extremely susceptible to various contaminants, sufficient doses of RIPs have been known to cause Early Onset Republicanism (EOR), or Young Republicans to laymen.

The effects of the RIPs on young children can be likened to the effect of royal jelly on bee larva. However, the parallels between the New Republican Party and insects do not end there. The Republicans have built up a sort of hive culture, and if you watch CSPAN carefully you may just catch the Congressional members' dances. These dances are often performed by the more senior Congressional members of the Republican Party for the benefit of the newly initiated Republican Congressmen. The younger Republicans can actually read the dance—it is essentially a map—guiding them to the most profitable lobbyists in DC. The ability to convey vital information like this silently, across the vast halls of Congress, is invaluable to the Republican Party. Several wily and intelligent members of the Democratic Party have actually learned how to decipher some of these Republican dances, and have thus survived to find lobby money of their own. Without the benefit of the hive-mind of the Republican Party however, the Democratic members of Congress are hopeless at passing on this important and sustaining information on to their peers.

So in essence, if you had suspected that the deep entrenchment of the Republican Party in the South had to be something in the water, you were absolutely correct.

If you have questions for the barefoot girl, keep them to yourself! You're four years too late.

Look It Up In Your New Grove

by Mark Nowak

To those who believe the old axiom “Those who can’t do, teach”: try keeping the attention of six seventh and eighth graders with amplified instruments for 50 minutes, and then bite me.

A friend and fellow music student at the University of Rochester once asked me what my career goals were. I replied, “I just want to play the trumpet.” Well, that was incredibly naïve. I headed to graduate school for more education, because I knew I wasn’t a good enough player to compete for jobs. I survived, barely, although it was such a rough experience I still hesitate to speak the state’s name out loud. It’s like my own personal Lord Voldemort. Or Tom Riddle. But as part of my graduate assistantship, I had to teach classes and direct ensembles. I found—after the initial nervousness and uncertainty—that I really enjoyed it, but I still didn’t consider it much of a career option.

How bright is it to pack up and move to a place where you have no contacts or friends, especially when you have the networking skills of a feral cat? When you hate a certain unnamed state as much as I do, things like that don’t enter your mind, so after I graduated, I headed for San Diego, California. I spent a small amount of time doing event security and later spent three years working eight-to-five doing database maintenance and software training. All the while my music career pretty much floundered.

Now, finally having found the courage to make music my full-time career, I find myself teaching. Teaching those little germ factories we call kids! And enjoying it! I’m somewhat astounded by this turn of events as it’s a far cry from “just playing my trumpet”.

As a part of my move to focusing on music, I have been teaching private lessons to brass students. I bought a trombone last year (off eBay! God bless America’s cyberspace flea market!) and have since expanded to trombone and baritone lessons. This line of work is wrought with certain frustrations—mostly the insecurity of the income. Kids (or parents (one thing I have learned—never, ever, talk to the dad. The mom knows all!)) forget, have conflicts, go on vacation, and *may* inform you. That leaves me sitting around for half an hour, with less money than projected. You know, the money I need to eat and pay bills? Yeah, I was counting on that. And if kids get sick, guess what? Yeah, I’m getting sick too. In fact, I’ve been sick almost the whole month of March with various flus and fevers, but I need to keep teaching.

I find the rewards to more than compensate for the frustrations, though. First of all, kids are just goofy. It’s

difficult not to have a good time in lessons when most of them are so upbeat and eager to learn. Watching their personal progress fills me with a sense of pride and accomplishment. My students are the leaders in their school bands, not the clueless or disinterested. I also attend as many of their concerts as I can (being underemployed, that’s not too difficult to work into my schedule). It’s important to the kids that I’m there, and therefore the parents are appreciative as well. For that reason alone it’s worth going, but the truth is I really *enjoy* these concerts. Some of these groups are really good, much better than what I played in when younger.

I went to a jazz band concert just the other night in which I had only one student, an 8th grader. I had fun watching all the kids – the baritone sax player who was barely taller or heavier than her instrument, the guitar player who was inaudible but overjoyed to be playing and the kids who managed to conquer their nerves and play their solos. And I was so overwhelmingly proud of my student! This isn’t my son, just my student, but I was so proud of him. Maybe his abilities reflect so well on my teaching ability, and I can take pride in myself, knowing I’m doing a good job.

Teaching lessons has also given me a new reason to be thankful, not hateful, for my graduate school experience. My teacher developed a regimen of warm-ups and scales that I give to all my brass students regardless of age or experience. The benefit to their playing is tremendous. How I wish someone had given *me* these exercises when I was 10 instead of 24!

During private lessons, I can, as a friend said to me, afford to be their friend. In the classroom, it’s a completely different matter...as I am finding out. In September I started teaching jazz combos at a private school. The entire school is lacking in discipline and routine, and the behavior of the students reflects that. It can be so bad that, just the other day, I told the beginning jazz class that the monkeys at the Wild Animal Park were better behaved (This was no exaggeration. I regularly refer to them as “my ADD monkeys”). They can really piss me off, particularly when they show no interest in the tune of the day and really make me laugh in the same 45-minute class.

Many of these kids are self-taught, play rock, and can’t read music. Not a good start for playing more complex music. Yet I’m reaching them. Instead of “jamming” during their lunch break, I’ve walked in to hear them playing Sidewinder or Equinox, class tunes, of their own free will. Not that I would dare say anything, lest my approval instantly negate their enjoyment of the tunes. I’m slowly getting them on my side, too. When some students

are being disruptive others tell them, "OK, let's play this" or, more frequently, "Shut the FUCK up!" The key is to find a tune they like; they'll play it endlessly without tiring of it. The frustration is I never know what they'll like! One class loves *St. Thomas*, the other hates it. *Killer Joe* is good, *Caravan* is bad. I never know until we play it.

So now what? I'm making ends meet, but just barely. I need one or two more positions, teaching or otherwise, to keep my head above water and my networking skills are now those of the early domesticated cat. I play with a volunteer orchestra that is looking for a

personnel manager; it's a paid, part-time position and that alone makes it perfect. Since I'll be dealing with adults, and they are usually more difficult than children, this might be the opportunity to improve those people skills. I've been in many "sink or swim" playing situations over the years in which I felt out of my depth, but simply had to raise my playing level or wash out. Maybe this is the next plunge to take.

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Pigtails and Pistols

by dalas verdugo

The first girl-gang I started was almost completely by accident. I was standing outside a 7-11, drinking a cherry Slurpee and chatting casually with a group of about five girls who had gotten out of the high school next door not too long before that. During a lull in our conversation – which consisted mostly of a debate on whether Christina Aguilera was a “ho” or a “skank” – I noticed a fragile-looking lady, in her mid seventies, counting the money she had in her purse. I pointed with my Slurpee straw over towards the bus stop bench where she was sitting and said to the girls, “Look at that old bitch. She’s so dumb I bet even a group of frou-frou chicks like you could rip her off.” Well, the girls didn’t reply. They just kind of looked at each other, quietly communicating in a way that told me they’d been friends since at least fifth grade. Then, they walked coolly over to the old lady.

The way they handled it, you’d think they’d been doing this their whole lives. Two stood as lookouts, two sat on either side of her, pinning her between them and starting a friendly conversation with her, and one slid behind her, pulled a heavy-looking textbook (I think it was Literature) from her bookbag, and gave the lady a solid WHACK on the back of the head, knocking her out completely. The girls ripped the wad of cash from her purse and ran back over to where I was standing, slack-jawed, quick as a flash. “What’s next,” one of them chirped as they all cast glowing smiles at me.

Let me tell you, after that, I was hooked. Nothing beats the feeling of taking a bunch of sweet young girls and turning them into a well-oiled crime machine. I knew they just needed a little polish and they’d be first class. The first matter of business was clothing. Too many gangs make the mistake of choosing one color to represent themselves. This makes them easy targets for cops and rivals looking for members. What I did with my girls was to get them to establish fashion principles. These were subtle little details like “have your pants tailored to fit,” and “always have separate day and evening outfits.” This insured that the gang always had a certain stylish aura about it that could never really be picked up on by those victims of fashion, the police (have you seen what they’re wearing this season?).

Believe it or not, that was the hardest part of the whole thing. The girls took naturally to violence and extortion, and before long they were one of the most

feared groups in the tri-county area. No streets on their turf were safe to walk... at least not before their ten o’clock weeknight curfew.

That was my first taste, but I needed more. I started scouting playgrounds and youth clubs for lassies with a lust for hard crime. One time I spotted a few nine-year-olds playing jump rope and I thought I had my new girls. I mean, hell, they already had organization and cooperation down pat, how could I lose? I probably would have gotten them on board too, if a mom hadn’t appeared unexpectedly to tell the girls lunch was ready. Just as I was telling them about all the bling they could score! Of course she chased me away, thinking I was a pedophile or something. I tell you what, if I’d succeeded, I’d’ve made sure the first gang-task would’ve been to off that nosy cunt.

I had a few more similar failures, and was on the verge of giving up to pursue another hobby—something like getting senior citizens to be drug mules—when Lady Luck (the original gangstabitch) smiled on me with her mouth of gold fronts. It was so obvious, I almost kicked myself for not seeing it before.

Cheerleaders. You heard right, cheerleaders. Think about it. One: they’re already in an approved group, so they draw no suspicion. Two: they’re in top physical condition, and man, you should see some of their escape moves. Three: they’re fucking cheerleaders, so they get almost no shit from the cops, who are too busy hiding their “nightsticks” in embarrassment. Except the girl cops, of course, but hey, that’s what gats are for, right? Fourth and final: you’d be surprised at how eager these girls are to enter the life. They want to be bad, and giving head to the fullback is getting dull.

So I started propositioning cheerleaders at schools all across the state, and before you knew it, there were enough mobs of cartwheeling Bonnies in short skirts and bloomers to make an awful B-movie. Watching the evening news brought a tear to my eye, as it was usually full of the exploits of my little darlings.

This kind of thing is really its own reward. Man, I tell you, there’s just something special about watching a group of bright young girls brutally murder a shop clerk who saw too much, and then throw him in a shallow grave on the outskirts of town. And if he’s not actually dead and regains consciousness as the dirt is raining down on him and he screams out, “My god, you’re burying me alive!” Shit—that’s just icing on the cake.

Chess: White to try real hard and fail.

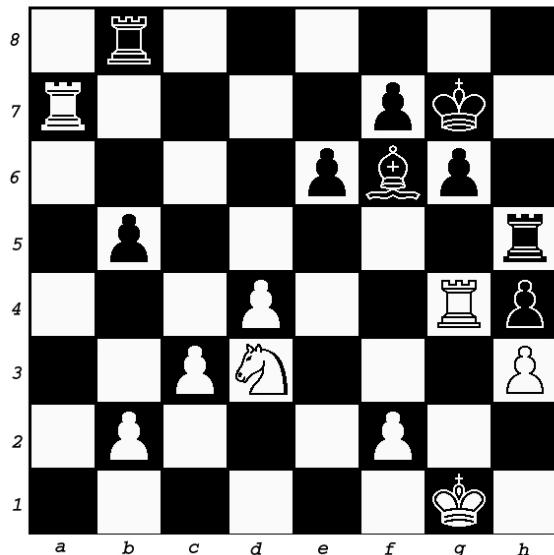
by Adam Fletcher

People often ask me if I will help them learn how to play. Start by playing 2500 blitz games on freechess.org. Go the library and study. Enter tournaments. Even if you just played 10 blitz games a day online you'll start to see how to get better. You'll want to read books that say things like "Obviously not Nxe5" or "Or h5, per Kasparov-Short, Corus, 1996".

Chess is not an intellectual game, so if you are thinking about learning to play because it is some noble quest of the mind, think again. People who seriously play chess are not intellectuals using it as some great metaphor for life's great battles; serious players play because they want to win. It's very rare to find that the douche bag at the coffee shop—who thinks he looks good playing chess—is any good at the game. Your typical, serious chess player knows that tournaments are stressful, smelly events with lots of unkempt people flipping out over a pawn move or whether having 15 seconds on their clock lets them draw because they're up a bishop against a Grandmaster and the Grandmaster might "have insufficient ability to win." Chess doesn't make you any smarter, and it for sure doesn't make you any happier. It will pretty make you crazy if you let it, and it will definitely make you hate.

If you are serious about chess, you'll learn to hate yourself for hanging a queen, or falling into an obvious trap. You'll understand why my friend once held a knife to my throat after I laughed at his hung queen before he saw it.

So why play chess? Because the games that good

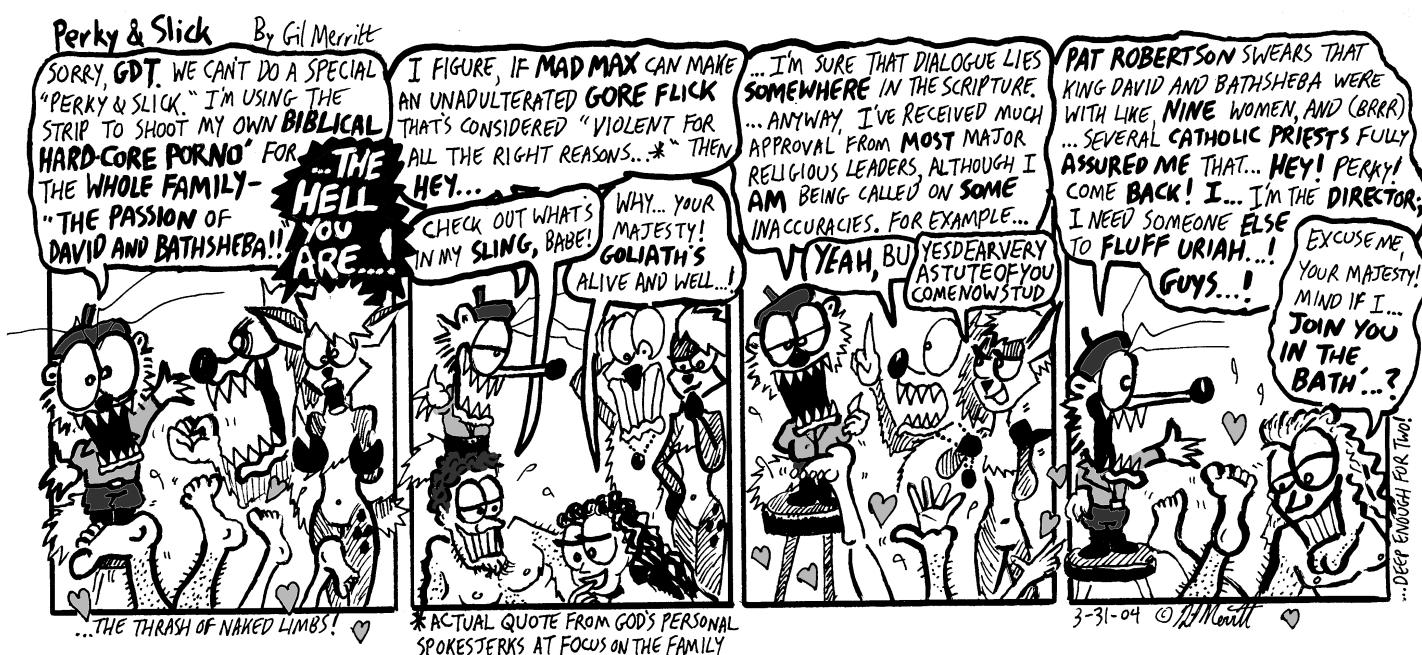


Something something who gives a shit?

players like Fischer or Kasparov play are beautiful. They are amazing, like the best art. There will come a time when, after you are beaten by a seven-year-old FIDE master who chewed dry spaghetti the whole time and you hate him, life, and yourself, *you just can't quit*. It's more like you should ask "is there a patch for chess players?"

Really, I guess there isn't any reason to play chess; after all, one of the saddest things about playing chess is that when you get good enough to even begin to appreciate these games you realize that people who don't play chess will never get it. How do you explain to an outsider why Fischer's moves are any better than yours? Chess eventually makes you feel like a fraud that has wasted his life.

Oh, well. It's your move.



Haikus about Jesus

by Christen M. Roberts. Sean J. Stanley

My dear Lord Jesus.
I feel very bad for you.
That cross must hurt bad.

A bumper sticker:
We hang faggots in Texas!
So sayeth the Lord.

If Jesus had died
On a circle, not a cross
What would wheels be like?

Jesus liked to fish.
Trust the Gorton Fisherman?
My sources say no.

I will write a note.
“Forgive me, for I have sinned.”
Period, end quote.

Jesus was so weird
He made up stories all day.
That's why Bush likes him.

Oh Simon Peter?
When you denied Jesus Christ
Did you get “The Razz”?

I would pray to you
But like a psychiatrist
You just send the bill.

Easter Bunny Suit.
Christ lives! Find the children in
AOL chat rooms.

Oh Dear Santa Claus,
When you deliver Jesus
Make sure he's quiet!

Some get “The Calling”.
Others just spend lots of time
In leather bear bars.

If I were the pope,
The Swiss guard would go bye-bye.
Unleash the Ninjas!

If God Praised fairness
And boy Jesus had a dog
Then kill the dog, too.

The house of the Lord.
Would be more dope and fresh if
Kid n' Play were there

Praise be to Jesus
Jesus should be president.
And give us free wine.

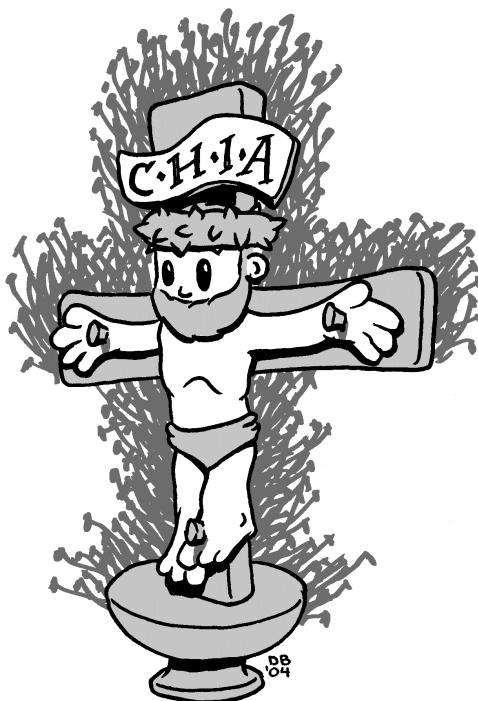
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Act 3: In Which The Authors Help Both Iraq And The United States, Suggest The Past Is Better Left In The Past, And Hint That We Will Soon See A Large Scale Spread Of Fundamentalism.

Much like the French deep within the many-cleft bosom of Mother Russia, the Father Land,^μ our troops have been attacked along similar supply lines. Many of the ambushes in Iraq are occurring on the road. Roadside bombs, roadside ambushes, roadside mines—lots of things on the road and its sides that are to be generally avoided.

How about this: we stay off the roads. Second, we roll all the M1-A1 tanks we've got left to Atlantic City and get the boardwalk tee-shirt artists to airbrush some large breasted Arab girls wearing burkas that leave nothing to the imagination. Not your granddad's nose art, mind you; I'm talking about colossal billboard size mammarys, here. Maybe some weird shit, too—tentacle penis anime or something. Camouflage is secondary to razz-matazz; remember, we're attempting to duplicate 18th and early 19th Century French combat tactics. The tanks are our first line (wearing our amazing Bathsheba camouflage). And for our second line, you may ask?

For that, we need about another million troops. As most of them will be dying anyway, we can draft them from the NASCAR demographic; time for them to put their money where their Old Glory window decal is. Have Toby Keith sell out a stadium at which point DOD officials lock the exits and Blackhawk helicopters airlift every single one of the suckers to the Marine training facility at Camp Pendleton, CA. Before you find that your heart is beginning to bleed bear in mind that healthy adults over 25 who voted in American Idol, but not in the previous Presidential election, are very abundant, and more than expendable. Bring back the draft, and let's go kick some ass! At Camp Pendleton, over the next three weeks, our abducted NASCAR aficionados and conscripted patriots will turn their rhetoric into action and become our great country's First Napoleonic Desert Battalion, Kilt Division(KD) (If you are not a footnote reader, you should take the time to explore the mysteries of Act 1,^æ).

Fallujah: two months from now. Baathist separatists and tribal sidekicks hear a deep rumbling in the Earth. Do they look to the horizon and see three hundred M1-A1 tanks or do they see an oasis of pornography, slowly creeping closer and closer? One of the Sheiks peers into his CIA-issued binoculars, and sees what appears to be a huge Daschund fucking a little Asian girl in a sailor suit. He turns to his henchmen, who agree that they've never seen the likes before. That's when the shelling begins, followed by a guttural yell. As the tanks begin to break off and circle the

^μ Russia is both Mother Russia and the Fatherland. No wonder the Russians are a totally different kind of crazy.

city, the Kilt Division appears over the ridge, on foot.

Napoleon had no trucks or APCs, and the KD has been re-educated to think that wheeled transport is for pussies and dead stock car drivers. No truck, no bombed out truck. Get it? No roadside ambushes because they're not using the fucking roads. They're coming in the back door, on a suicide mission from hell, dressed in the most garish tartan patterns ever devised by an MIT Media Lab demo; advanced nano-textiles that mimic their surroundings, instant blinding electro-phosphorescent plaid, animated legs that seem to be running backwards as the wearer comes closer. Did we mention that they're armed to the teeth? Oh, yes: axes, knives, mini-guns, pistols, give 'em as much as they can carry, because they ain't getting no more. We have learned from the mistakes of our favorite French Emperor, by gum. Our supply lines are not vulnerable because we have none! The KD needs neither food nor ammunition, just some patriotic country music blaring on the loudspeakers of the tanks and a few Zagnut bars duct-taped to their ALICE suspenders.

The battle won't last long, of course, due to the genuine effectiveness of AK-47s. In the end, you should expect most of the KD to be dead or in the process of dying. And that shall turn the tide, friends. Victory will be ours! While the KD and the insurgents are duking it out, nobody will notice that our tanks have fully blockaded the city, cutting off *their* supply lines. The KD and their confusing (yet strangely hypnotic) attire draw fire left and right, and as a result, the Iraqis should quickly run out of ammunition. When the last few RPG's and improvised explosives are gone, it's pretty much cut-and-dry. Send in the career Marines for a little sweep-and-clear action. Let them dance on some graves, get a few medals, and retrieve the kilts for proper burial.

War over. Miller Time.

Seriously, the multi-hued, swirling, lightly-salted insanity has returned as it does at the start of every century: Democracy, Communism, and now Fundamentalism. If only Napoleon were here. Or Hitler. Either one would lead us into a series of ego wars that would help revive a lagging economy and we'd be winners...for a time.

But never forget we have entered the Age of Aquarius, the age of the individual. It doesn't mean free love and peace. It's a time when a few guys with homemade weaponry can take down a nation. It's the age of terrorism, the age of fundamentalism. The best we can hope for is that we find and discretely lay aside our own Robespierre and figure out how to continue our lives as best we can.



BAGHDAD, IRAQ: Lucas Guidez-Colline reports that Dave Matthews Band plays to packed audience.



This Week's Jungian Shard: I'm not dead yet!

by Matthew Weaver

Like all demographics, those of the Christian Faith have become marketing targets. Right-to-life embryonic dolls, t-shirts with light-up crosses, multi-million dollar movies—the second-largest religion on Earth controls mucho dinero. Products custom-marketed to some group are interesting enough, services built for same are even more so.

Consider “Resurrection Health Care®”, a catholic health care provider in Chicago. Resurrection’s mission statement:

Faithful to the spirit of our Sponsors, Resurrection Health Care exists to witness God's sustaining love through compassionate, family-centered care. Motivated by a reverence for life and respect for those we serve, we are committed to improving the health and well-being of our community. We promote a climate that empowers all of us to effectively steward our human and financial resources.

Now, I don’t have a lot of knowledge about catholicism, so I’m not sure what characteristics make for a Catholic health care provider; I assume it has something to do with denying abortions and pretending birth control doesn’t exist. At any rate, here is a set of selections from Resurrection’s “Core Values” (they seem very concerned about Those whom they Serve):

- ◆ *We empower co-workers to make decisions that are in the best interest of those we serve*
- ◆ *We require a reasonable financial return*
- ◆ *We create policies that are at the service of those we serve*