



Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 16, Issue 1
www.hellsKitchen.org/GDT



The Emerson Iron Lung: probably not much fun.

The Virtual Iron Lung Museum
<http://members.xoom.com/lungmuseum/ilung35p.jpg>



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Please Recycle

Episode 15...

Big Daddy: Hi, kids! Welcome to another fun filled episode brought to you by our generous corporate sponsors! Can you kids say generous corporate sponsors?

Kids: College research grants!

Big Daddy: Today we've got a very special show for you. We're going to learn how to simulate a forest fire at home! Isn't that exciting? Now, you might ask, why would you want to simulate a forest fire?

Smokey the Bear: Only YOU can prevent forest fires.

Big Daddy: Smokey is pointing an important fact for us, kids. It's really no fun to think that acres of raging blazes that can cost hundreds of people their lives were started by your Aunt LuAnn's careless disposal of her Pall Mall butt. If you ever go to the park with your Aunt LuAnn, you should take her cigarettes for safekeeping.

Kids: Joe Camel! Underage tobacco use! What's in your mutual funds!?

Big Daddy: Whoa, there, kiddies. What we want to imagine actually starts forest fires is the same thing that created life in the primordial soup. Now, what was that?

Kids: Static electricity! Bounce with Cling Guard!

Big Daddy: Exactly! If there had been Bounce with Cling Guard when the Earth was just starting to cool, we would be in big trouble. Now, when the first forests were growing, there were no people running around with cigarettes to start forest fires. There were a few firebreathing dragons, but those were mostly in the deserts. So, the forest fires had to be started with lightning. You kids might wonder why the forest fires had to be started at all.

Kids: The Book of Job! Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God!

Big Daddy: Well, there weren't any people around yet for God to punish, so that wasn't the reason. The forest fires didn't have to be started, but they are sort of like when your mom yells at you for not picking up your room. See, there are a whole bunch of species of trees that have serotiny. Can you kids say serotiny?

Kids: Serotonin!

Jesus: There's Prozac in my Pez dispenser! Itchy all over!

Big Daddy: Serotiny is when a tree drops its leaves or needles all over the ground and they take a long time to decay. Sort of like when you leave your dirty laundry on the floor. Mother Nature would see the mess these trees were making, and much like your mother, would freak out and send bolts of lightening to clean the place up. These bolts of lightning would burn off all of the dead needles, but would also start forest fires. Some of the trees got smart and decided to hold on to some of their junk (well, seeds, actually) until the fire passed over.

Kids: Nudie magazines! Drug paraphernalia!

Big Daddy: These trees have pinecones that need the heat of the forest fire to open. So, if you get some pine cones from these trees and toss'em in your microwave, they'll heat up and open, thinking that mom has come through and picked up their room. You should probably get your mom's permission to use the microwave first. After all, we use microwaves to heat up chicken soup, and that's where the whole world starts!

Kids: WE KNOW! SHUT UP ALREADY ABOUT THE SOUP!

Big Daddy: Well, that looks like it wraps it up for today! See you kids next time!

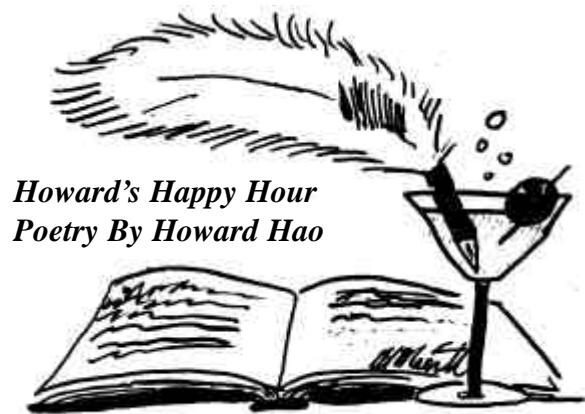
Big Daddy's Biology Show



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Homewrecker, appearing here
courtesy of Hell's Kitchen

Ejection

You absolutely do NOT understand me...
 How it feels to be ejected
 Like a soiled tissue paper
 Buffeted and bounced on a pendulum swinging
 From a pivot on the dark side of the Moon!
 No possible way to empathize!
 Leave it be; time heals all wounds.
 Unfortunately, the rejuvenation
 Is not instantaneous.



Howard's Happy Hour
Poetry By Howard Hao

Yet Another Goodbye

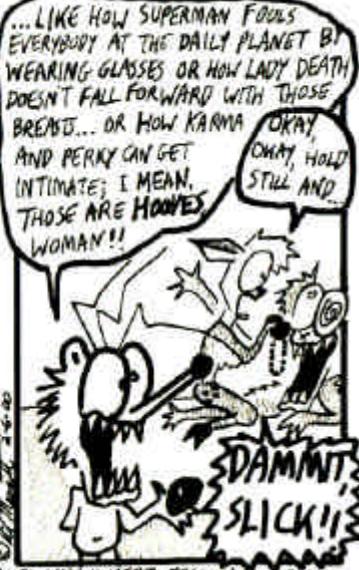
For the best of times,
 And for the worst of times,
 For all those times we've been together,
 And for those we've been apart.
 It's difficult to let go
 And go our separate ways.
 Rest assured that I will never forget
 Those good 'ol days...

The beginning is the end, so I suppose I'll start from the middle.

—Howard Hao, “Despair”

Perky & Slick By Gil Merrett

THIS LETTER COMES FROM HUBERT SWILLBURN OF AMITYVILLE, NEW YORK. HUBERT WRITES, "PERKY, WHAT IS THAT WEIRD BLACK BALL YOU HAVE HANGING FROM YOUR NECK?"



HAVE A LETTER FOR PERKY & SLICK? E-MAIL THEM AT GIL@CSH.RIT.EDU. THAT WAY I DON'T HAVE TO INVENT STUPID NAMES LIKE HUBERT, FRIGGIN' SWILLBURN...

Episode 16...

Big Daddy: Hey, there, kiddies! Big Daddy here with more exciting information about the natural world! Today we're going to talk about why people yawn.

Kids: Twelve inning baseball games!

Big Daddy: Gosh, you kids are smart. Those twelve inning baseball games, besides interfering with the regularly scheduled programs on TV and giving you a nasty pain in the seat from sitting on hard folding chairs, can make you yawn. Your parents may claim that you yawn when you're tired and ready for bed, but this could not be farther from the truth.

Kids: The Bedtime Conspiracy!

Big Daddy: Yawning is actually a way to recharge all of your brain cells. It makes you take a deep breath, forcing all of the bad air out of your brain and letting the good air in. So, when you yawn at night, you are actually preparing to stay up even later, with re-freshed brain cells. Students yawn a lot, too, in order to clear the ozone out of their heads.

Big Daddy's Biology Show



© 1997 Melancholy Homewrecker, appearing here courtesy of Hell's Kitchen

Kids: Ivory Tower Syndrome!

Big Daddy: You may have noticed that when one person in a group yawns, the others start doing it, too. This group yawn-ing is very important, because it allows all of the people around the first person that yawns to maintain pressure inside their heads. The first person to yawn sucks a whole bunch of air out of the room, which lowers the air pressure.

Kids: In the event of a loss of cabin pressure

Big Daddy: That loss of air pressure makes all of the stuff in other people's heads want to rush out into the vacuum.

Kids: White boy Afros!

Big Daddy: Other people around the yawner have to yawn as well, to equalize the pressure between the inside of their heads and the outside of their heads, otherwise they would explode.

Kids: Insurance fraud!

Big Daddy: Now you kids know why people yawn. See you next week, when we'll talk about Tesla coils!

Sod Off!

By Randall Good, Reporter for the London branch of GDT

So I'm sitting on a park bench in Westminster trying to scribble something down for you wankers back in the States. I'm on vacation here—taking a week to visit London—and now I have to put a hold on all my bloody good times just to write some sort of article for you wankers. I don't know why I even bother because you're not going to have a read anyway, so it means bloody F.A., doesn't it?

Okay, now I'm picking up where I left off in one of those Internet cafe joints. The prices here are bloody daft: one pound for thirty minutes of online time! Shite! I love this city, but it's too bleeding expensive.

One of the reasons I love it here is the beautiful birds. They're everywhere I'm telling you. All the gorgeous birds in Europe flock to this place. My God, it's amazing! A mate of mine thinks that American girls are colder than girls in the rest of the world. He might be right. I wonder why. Who knows, right?

I really think it's true, though. I'm a pretty shy bloke and in all my years I've never been the sort of

limey who could just walk up to some beautiful bird I don't even know and talk to her. It's never been my bag, but I have had the guts to do it twice. Here's the thing, though. Both times, the girl was not American. One time she was French and another time Australian. I can't approach American girls. Maybe that's because I know too many who are always complaining about how this one bloke was eyeing her up and she thinks he's a weirdo because she don't even know him. American birds seem too uptight about shite like that. But, as me mate says, "They really crave that kind of attention in secret. That's why they talk about it so much. Even if they don't realize it, that's what they want deep down."

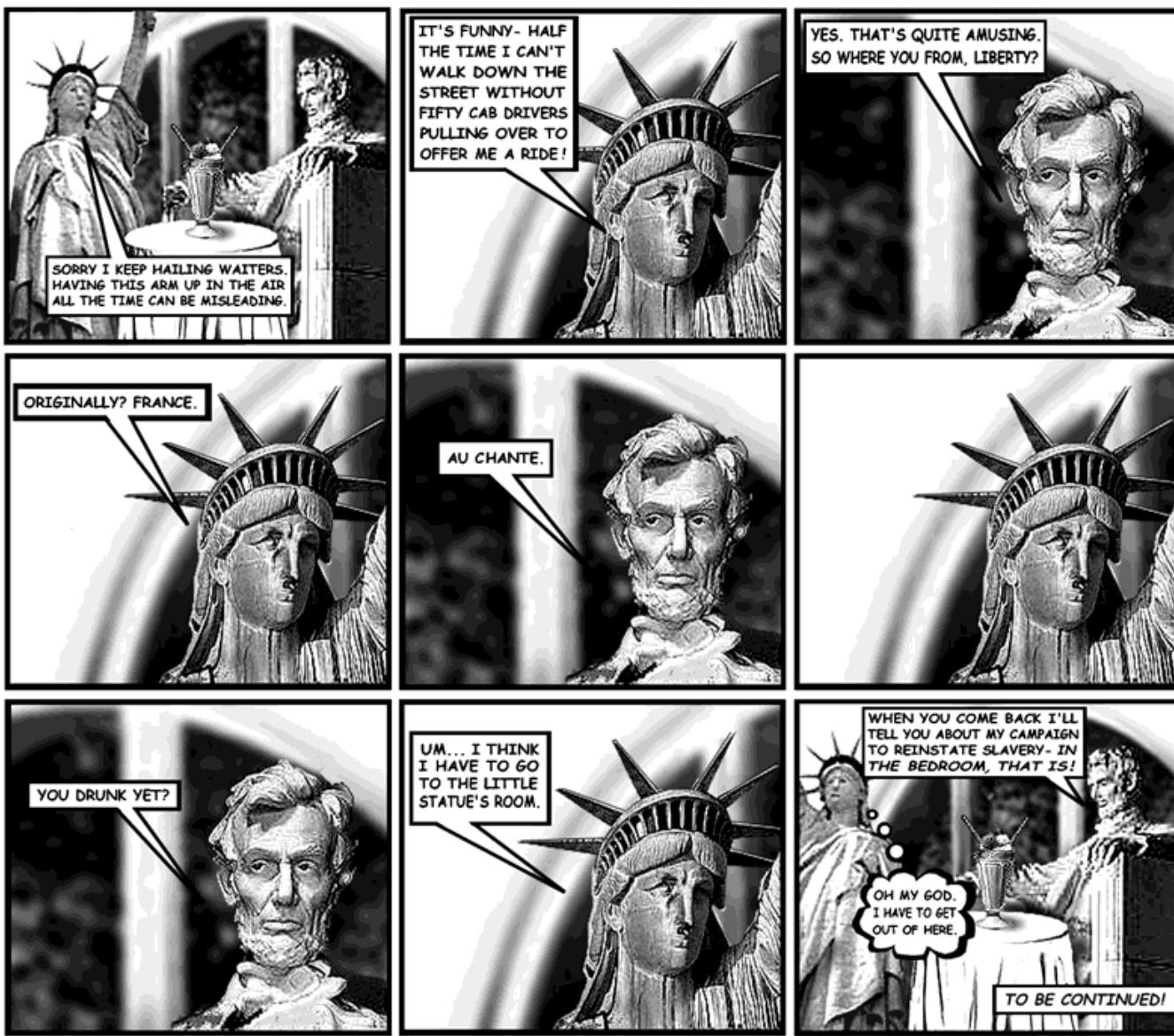
Well, there's a bloody theory for you. If there are any birds reading this, write a bloody letter to the editor in regards to this article. Am I bloody right or should I go toss myself? Cheers to you for writing. Send any of your thoughts to gdt@hellskitchen.org. Well, I found something to write this monkey-tossing article about. Now, I go back to Swingin' London. I have to meet a few mates in Picadilly, so later on now.

Regards.

MUCKRAKER

By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com

<http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>



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[S U B] M I S S I O N

ENERGY

electric
is that circuit live?
lets test it
in one second
a moments perfection can be eternity
certainly our reflections
are only circuitry connecting
becoming our perspective
testing the boundaries

down low without a sound thief
using what I see and found
around these towns and cities
every time the current surges
I say what the word is
from my searches
able to withstand
where as most in this plan-et
get shocked and spew curses
-lowkey-

Chess: So It's Your Turn To Move.

By Adam Fletcher

You sit down at the board. Your opponent sits down at the board. Now what?

You don't have to memorize lots of books about openings to play the beginning of the game well. You don't need to know the names of all the different openings and all the variations. What you do need to know is the concepts and reasons behind the moves you are making and the moves your opponent is making.

The classical idea of the opening is that the player should try and control the center of the board.

Some definitions:

Piece: a knight, bishop, rook or queen.

Minor piece: a knight or bishop.

Development: the movement of pieces (not pawns) into the action of the game.

Opening: First 15 or so moves, ending when the players have developed all of their pieces and (maybe) castled.

Control: A square is controlled by a player when that player can freely play her pieces into it, or the opponent cannot place their pieces in that square.

Center of the board: the squares d4, e4, d5 and e5.

Live, Learn and Pass it on A Critical Review

I've learned that you can do something in an instant that will give you ~~heartache~~ for life.

Sores - Age 56

sunburn

I've learned that no matter how much I care, some people just don't care back.

- Age 33

I've learned never to scratch your ~~nose at an auction, block, genitals while on the~~ - Age 10

If you control the center of the board, you can use the center to attack and to prevent other attacks. Your pieces, when placed on the center squares, can control more squares than anywhere else on the board. So the idea in the opening should be to dominate the center.

Typically, this is done by moving one of the two pawns that can reach the center square. White will play 1. e4 or 1. d4 in the opening. Either one is acceptable; they both open diagonals for the bishops, and they both stop black from playing into some of the center. With 1. e4, white attacks d5 and f5 and allows her bishop to roam the f1 – a6 diagonal. 1. d4 provides much of the same, with the added feature of white's queen becoming active.

Black typically responds in kind, with 1. e5 or 1. d5. The reasons are the same as whites, but because black moves second, black is on the defensive.

Next, white should develop a knight, either to c3 or f3, with the idea of defending her pawn and putting more pressure on the center squares. Also, moving the knight helps open up the back rank for castling. Black continues in roughly the same manner. Next, the bishops will come out, possibly pinning the knight against the king or queen. Often the other center pawn will be moved, or both players will castle.

Both players play for the center and develop their minor pieces first, being sure to look for hung material or exchanges that lose material. The struggle is very difficult and gets tactically complicated, and choosing the correct time to break the center bind can be difficult.

The important concept is that control of the center often holds the key to control of the whole game. Openings should be played to control the center, and each piece move should be done to accomplish this purpose. NEVER move a piece for no reason.

If you are interested in learning the purpose and names of the openings (and when you start playing seriously, you should), two good books are *The Ideas Behind The Chess Openings*, by Rueben Fine, and *Modern Chess Openings 14*, by Nick DeFirmian.

The RIT Chess Club meets Thursdays at 8pm, in the 1829 Room of the SAU.

BREAK DANCING

WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN A BREAK DANCING COMPETITION?

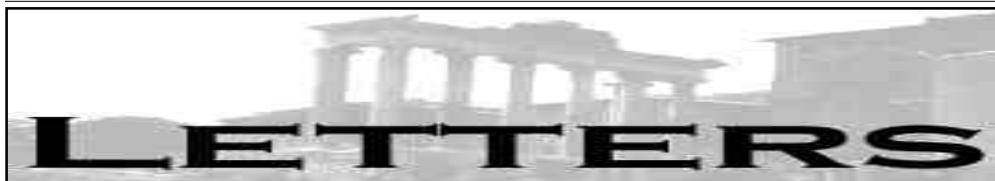
GDT is thinking of hosting a break dancing competition in late April, on RIT's campus.
We're just gauging interest now, and haven't firmly set anything.

Please, if you would be interested in this, email *adamf@csh.rit.edu* with the subject "I GOT'S MAH ADIDAS ON".

We could also have a beat box competition, and a freestyle rap competition.
Cash prizes would be award, as well as assorted GDT paraphernalia.

SUBMIT.

g d t @ h e l l s k i t c h e n . o r g



I am glad that a more complete response was given to Mr. Lerner's "letter to the editor" remark from a couple issues ago. I reacted similarly when I first read the quote from the reader concerning these supposed First Amendment rights/privileges, and the quote seemed so disguised that I thought I might give you the translation (though possibly more for my entertainment than yours).

"Perhaps Mr. Stanley and the rest of the staff of GDT should remember that they have the access to the First amendment rights insofar as they say things that I agree with."

It's like Lucy with the football! It's a hypocritical part of our society. We loooove to harp on all the "freedoms" we have, but if we disagree with someone we'd like to censor them.

Granted, GDT can't slander or libel someone or yell "fire" in a theater. Granted likewise is Mr. Lerner's right to say whatever the hell he thinks about the publication... but what he was implying about these so-called "first Amendment privileges" is ridiculous.

-Matthew Stith

I agree, and feel that the mindset of "censor what I don't like" has permeated American culture since the Purtians landed here (and spread there disease and religion, and traded some rope for 14 year old Native American girls, and raped and pillaged the agriculture, and so on) so many years ago. It's another example of America's twisted mores; we do not have liberty and justice for all, we have liberty and justice as long as it doesn't bother anyone.

-Adam Fletcher



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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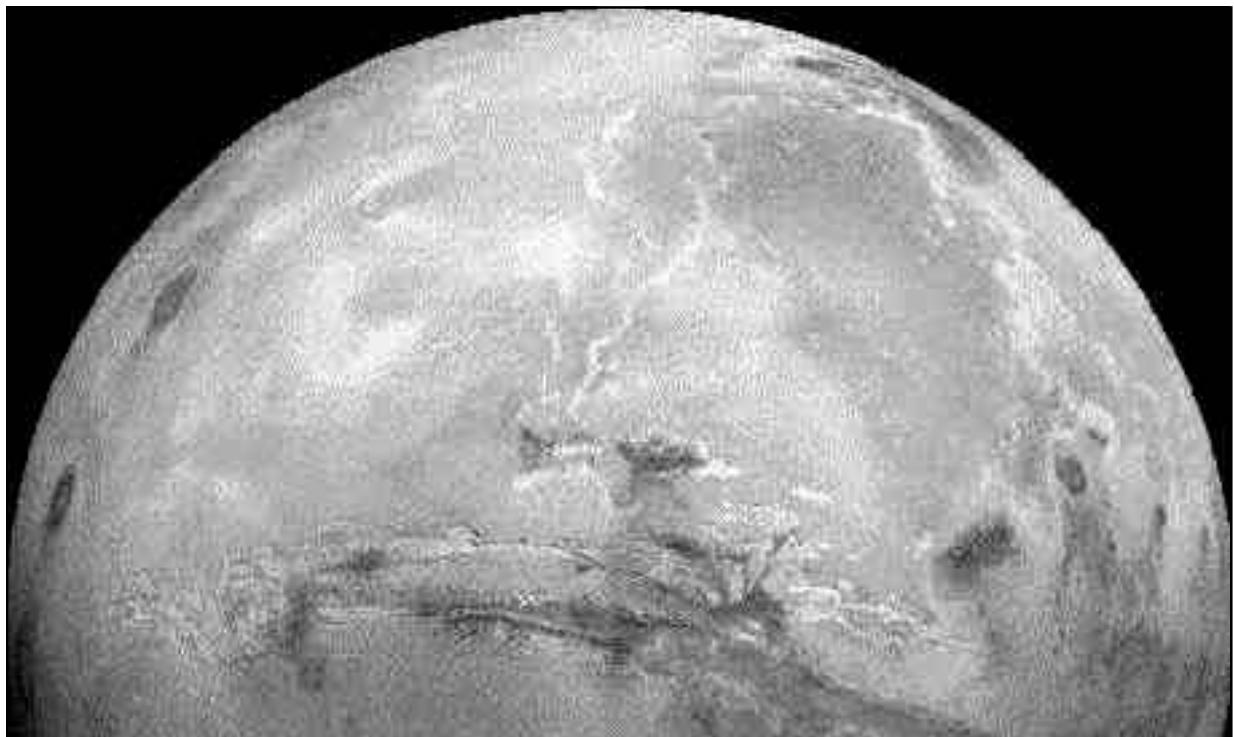
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Please Recycle

The Magic Wondershow

By Sean J. Stanley

Ho kiddies. After a break for a bit, I'm back in full force. If you'll permit me, I shall delve into my sordid past and brush off the ol' movie review skills. Ok, so I saw some good movies that one and all should go see, *Magnolia*, *Boys Don't Cry*, blah blah blah Oscar nominations blah blah blah. Everyone talks about those. Let me tell you 'bout a bad movie – *Mission to Mars*, quite possibly one of the worst films I've ever seen in my entire life. I should start by saying that Brian DePalma should not direct movies that have "Mission" in the title. *Mission: Impossible* was a dismal flop featuring Jim Phelps as a bad guy. Jim Phelps wasn't a bad guy. In either of the two series. "Hey Brian. Even though *Mission: Impossible* has always featured a team of elite specialists working together, we really need to get rid of all of them so that Tom Cruise can have his own private action film. Can we kill them?"



Brian DePalma: "Sure, whatever. I'm the shit 'cause I directed *Scarface*."

Fuck him.

The road to hell is paved with good intentions and I think that DePalma's good-natured amalgamation of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, *Marooned*, *The Right Stuff*, and *Apollo 13* was a personal vouch for manned spaceflight. I certainly sympathize. Among my many lofty aspirations, I seek to pioneer commercial spaceflight and establish a fleet of asteroid hopping nickel refineries. I will enter the upper echelon of industrial magnates. Carnegie, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Burns, Zwiebel? Peons! I shall corner the astosteel manufacturing industry and surpass the affluence of Jesus Christ our Risen Saviour Himself. Jesus may be seated at the right hand of the Father and get to judge all of humanity and all that but seriously? His glory is restricted to Earth and Heaven. Since previous manned space probes have shown that there have yet to be signs of angels, bright lights, peaceful music, or large gates, it is clear that there quite the disparity between space and the heavens. They are not the same, as you would be led to believe by most Christians. Naturally, space offers a level playing field for us would-be megalomaniacs and must be exploited. Sure, He can turn water into wine, but so can I with a food replicator! Remember the Weyland-Yutani Joint Stock Corporation? That was the nasty mega-conglomerate



organization that sought to use the creatures from *Aliens* as biological weapons. That's what I want. I will start that company. I'll even add Weyland to my name. My heart is bursting with pride knowing that somewhere in the distant future, Weyland-Yutourist is busy harvesting nickel and other alloys for the glorious astosteel monopoly, but at the same time fulfilling a dark and sinister goal of total world domination through the use of hazardous off-world species, white slavery, and an army of eugenically created six-armed Lyle Alzado clones that are addicted to crack (or the latest cost-effective CIA ghet-to stimulant) and attack their enemies dressed in full drag-queen regalia. But I digress. Spaceflight will happen on its own, with or without the assistance of the film industry. You didn't see everyone rushing to go to space when *Armageddon* (JuRRY BruKHimeRRR) came out. This film is filled to the brim with such tired clichés such as:

Q. Where are astronauts when they're not in space?

A. Flying jet planes, drinking in pilot bars, and driving Corvettes are all good answers, but not the one I'm looking for. The correct answer is that they are all attending a barbecue cookout at another astronaut's house and talking about the upcoming mission.

Q. Which astronaut is forced to train for the mission and then is somehow prevented from going on said mission, which is doomed and requires his

technical expertise to save the crew?

A. Gary Sinise.

Q. Does the film feature token black guy?

A. Yes, Don Cheadle, who reprises his role as token black guy from such films as *Boogie Nights* and *The Rat Pack*. He spends the latter half of the film dressed like some sort of deranged aboriginal tribesman, growing pot, and attacking the civilized white men who have come to save him (bringing the light of Christ's salvation into his heathen life). Well actually, he was stranded on Mars and was forced to set up a greenhouse to make oxygen for himself, etc, etc. What is wrong with white America? They wonder why black people complain about the entertainment industry, then produce a travesty like this film. Ok, they give a black guy the command of the ship, but then what? He crashes the motherfucker! When the second team of astronauts found him, he looked like an extra from *Mandingo* and it looked as if he had a pretty good crop of Ganja going. He attacked them at first (they assumed that he was just experiencing mental anguish over the loss of his crew, but I maintain that he mistook them for the Feds or some dudes out to Bogart his stash). He finally calmed down. I half expected him to kill one of them and then assert the fact that Mars was his territory by masturbating on them, or flinging poo, then gradually accepting them into his tribe and picking lice off their bodies and eating them. This lack of respect for my African American brother makes me really think that the film



was *really* about a black astronaut slave who escaped to Mars on the underground space-railroad and NASA sent a team of elite white bounty hunters to bring him back. They did.

Q. Is there some sort of alien force buried on Mars that will kill people who don't understand it but when the humans understand the force they can unlock its mysteries?

A. Yes, see also *The Abyss*, *Sphere*, or *Total Recall*.

As you can see, this tour-de-force epic had it all. Humans are from Mars. We have a mission, we have to explore, we're going up there, etc, etc. Yet it lacks many things. Such as gratuitous dismem-

berment. Granted there was some brief dismemberment, but it wasn't enough to carry the film, like the dismemberment in *Starship Troopers*. Also, the helmet-taking-off-in-space scene was far less enthralling than those found in *2001* and *Event Horizon* (another bad creation). This is a film that can't be helped with editing, digital effects, or even doing drugs before entering the theatre. I suggest you save your money till it comes to the dollar theatre, get loaded, and play *MST 3000* with your friends (as I suggest for all bad films).

Next week – How to Violate the Telecomm Act of 1996.

—Tourist out.



SUBMIT.

THE PENIS MONOLOGUES

By Randall Good

Having seen Eve Ensler's *The Vagina Monologues*, a collection of first-hand accounts of women speaking about their vaginas, I was inspired to tour the country, just as Ensler did, to ask men of all ages and demographics about their penises. I was after stories, secrets, mysteries, and personal opinions. Unfortunately, I only got as far as the Inner Loop, but got some pretty intelligent responses. What follows is a collection of quotes from my forthcoming book, *The Penis Monologues*.

"This one time I woke up with morning wood. And, y'know, I jerked off. And then I went back to sleep for another 4 hours. I slept until 3 in the afternoon that day. That was yesterday, actually." —age 22

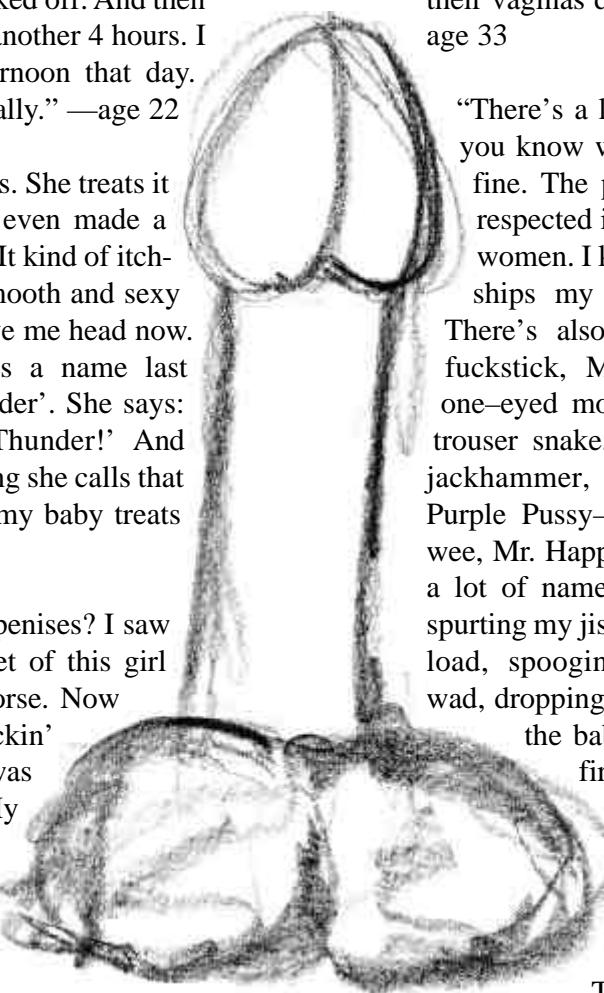
"My baby loves my penis. She treats it REAL good. She and I even made a deal to shave each other. It kind of itches now, but it feels so smooth and sexy and my baby loves to give me head now. She just gave my penis a name last week. She calls it 'Thunder'. She says: 'Fuck me with your Thunder!' And when we really get fucking she calls that 'thunderfucking'. Yeah, my baby treats me real good." —age 29

"You wanna talk about penises? I saw this video on the Internet of this girl giving a blowjob to a horse. Now that horse had a big fuckin' penis. I wish my penis was that big. And the cum! My God, that horse came bucketloads. The girl threw up when she tried to swallow it all!" —age 26

"This one time I was fucking my four year old niece. I remember looking at my penis and I never remembered it being that big. Maybe it just seemed that way because her pussy was so small." —age 50

"Yeah, I heard about that *Vagina*

Monologues thing. I didn't really get it. All those women complaining about their vaginas and then turning around and screaming about how you have to 'love the vagina'. Make up your mind, bitch! You don't hear men complaining about their penises. We love our penises. We even name them. Mine's named 'Jorge'. Then only thing I hate is when you catch the tip of your penis in your zipper. That fucking sucks. And when it's hot and your penis gets sweaty and sticks to your leg. That sucks, too. Yeah, I don't know why all those women are complaining. At least their vaginas don't stick to their legs." —age 33



"There's a lot of words for penis. And you know what? Any of them are just fine. The penis is really revered and respected in our society, especially by women. I know because my wife worships my cock. There's one word. There's also: dick, johnson, member, fuckstick, Mr. Torpedo, crotchrocket, one-eyed monster, man-pole, log, rod, trouser snake, boner, dong, pud, wood, jackhammer, tool, lovetoy, Great Big Purple Pussy-Eater, thing, thingie, pee-wee, Mr. Happy, and phallus. And there's a lot of names for cuming: ejaculating, spurting my jism, dropping my hot steamy load, spooging, blasting, blowing my wad, dropping the pearly drip, splattering the baby batter, hosing down the fire, opening the floodgates, drowning the beaver, and 'having an orgasm'." —age 42

"You know what sucks? Trying to take a piss when you're dick is hard as a fucking rock. I hate that shit." —age 17

"When I was a kid, my dad caught me jerking off and he really didn't say anything. I didn't really want him to either. But the next day he handed me a big stack of porno magazines. There was all differ-

ent kinds of porno in that stack. He said that he wanted to present me with a variety so I could decide for myself what I was into. He didn't try to force any fetishes on me. What a dad! There was Playboy, Hustler, and even some gay magazines and some bestiality and bondage stuff. When I was masturbating to a picture of this leather-clad girl getting two cocks in the ass, a fist in her pussy, and two cocks in her mouth, I knew at that moment that I was a man. My dad was the greatest." —age 36

"I've done all kinds of fucking in my

days. All kinds. I don't even remember their names. Men, women, goats, whatever. I'm not ashamed. I'll fuck anything that moves! I was a sex machine and thanks to this Viagra, I still am. Yeah, baby! Give it up!" —age 88

"Any bad memories about my penis? Hell, no! Not me. Why?" —age 39

MUCKRAKER

*By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com
<http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>*



Episode 17...

Big Daddy: Hi there, kiddies! Today we've got a very special show for you, all about how electricity works in your body. What do you kids know about electricity?

Kids: Absolutely nothing!

Big Daddy: Wow, you kids are modest. Now, we know that electricity is what started life in the primordial soup, because lightening is electricity. In order to learn more about electricity, we need to know some electrical terms. Can you kids say "watts?"

Kids: Racial strife!

Big Daddy: Great! Now, how about "ohms"?

Kids: Homies!

Big Daddy: Okay, it looks like you kids are well on your way to becoming union electricians.

Kids: Teamsters!

Big Daddy: Now, you're probably wondering what electricity is doing in your body. You know how sometimes when Mom and Dad let you stay up to watch those cop shows or maybe those medical dramas?

Kids: If it bleeds, it leads!

Big Daddy: Well, sometimes people on those shows almost die. In fact, their hearts stop, which in the days before modern medicine—

Kids: Doctor Dana Scully!

Big Daddy: —meant that they were toast. Of course, if lots of people die on a show, the unions start to get upset, because less people are employed. The hospital has to bring them back to life, right?

Kids: Cliffhangers!

Big Daddy: The doctor in charge wheels out two plastic irons, rubs them together, and then yells what, kids?

Kids: Why did we agree to do a live episode?

Big Daddy: Well, sometimes they say that, too, but it gets edited out. What they say is "CLEAR," so everybody gets their hands off the dead guy. Then the doctor zaps him with the irons, which are part of a thing called an infibulator. Can you kids say "infibulator"?

Kids: Indigestion!

Big Daddy: The dead guy's cells realize that, just like the stuff floating around in the great primordial soup, it's time to wake up. The infibulator just gives the cells the hint about what they should do anyway, because your body uses little electric charges all of the time.

Kids: Remnant species! Vestigial organs!

Big Daddy: That's right! The charges inside your cells are left over from when the first cells started with that lightening bolt. Since every cell in the world was created from matter in the original chicken soup, the electricity is still floating around in them. In fact, the cells, especially the nerves, need electricity in order to do their jobs.

Kids: Codependent relationships!

Big Daddy: You might wonder why the cells don't run out of electricity.

Kids: Nothing outlasts the Energizer!

Big Daddy: The cells use something called the NaK pump—

Kids: Japanese corporate takeover!

Big Daddy: Not exactly, kids. What did you little bast—I mean bright young people, have before the show today, anyway?

Kids: Crack cocaine!

Big Daddy: Fucko, can't you control these little creeps? We're on a tight schedule, here. (*Fucko the Clown looks up, startled, from the small mirror he balances on his prosthetic clown stomach.*)

Fucko: Uh, I'll be right there, Big Daddy! (*mumbles*) I told you kids to save that stuff for later!

Big Daddy: Okay, kids. Now just shut up so I can tell you how to break your mom's microwave.

Kids: Hooray!

Big Daddy: Your cells pump sodium and potassium in and out of themselves to make little proton ghettos. In one part, there are all sodiuns, and in another part there are all potas-siums. This creates an area of positive charge and one of negative charge. Now, we all know that what happens when you get a positive and negative charge.

Kids: A balanced budget in '96!

Big Daddy: Uh, well, actually you get lightning. Or a static charge. Lightning is the arc that happens when the separate parts of the electricity jump at each other. Can you kids say arc? Oh, wait, forget it. It's only got three letters anyway. The arc is a very interesting thing, though. See, a famous man named Nikola Tesla realized what was going on in his cells and wanted to see it happen outside of his body.

Kids: Shazam!

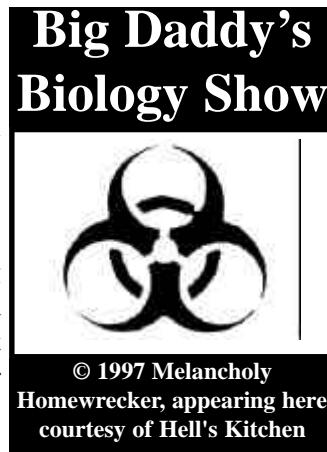
Big Daddy: So, he invented a thing called the Tesla coil. Electricity is pretty lazy stuff, and it wants to take the shortest path all of the time. That's why it makes arcs—because it wants to get where it's going faster.

Kids: Yuppies!

Big Daddy: Inside the Tesla coil, there are a whole bunch of wires that conduct electricity. The electricity wants to get from one part of the coil to another without waiting in line. This is like when you beat up the dorky kids ahead of you so that you get the school lunches with the good deserts.

Kids: Pop Tarts! Chocolate cake! Low nutrition, high fat!

Big Daddy: You can see a Tesla coil in action if you put a CD in your microwave for a few seconds. The charge from the microwave will get stuck inside of the metal on the CD



and will jump back and forth a few times, making arcs between the grooves. We recommend those free AOL CDs or maybe a Spice Girls CD.

Kids: Down with corporate media!

Big Daddy: If you happen to have a relative who works in a physics department, ask if you can bring the Tesla coil with you the next time you go to see your elderly relatives

Chess

By Molly Saweikis, President, RIT Chess Club

This week, Molly Saweikis comments on her game played against B. Small at the Rochester Chess Center. This game was played as part of the Winter League tournament.

1. e4 c6 2. d4 d5 3. Nc3 dx e 4 4. Nx e 4

Knights rule in the center of the board.

4. ... Nd7 Prepares for Ngf6 so that if white plays Nxf6 black can recapture without damaging his pawn structure.

5. Nf3 Ngf6 Black develops a knight and challenges my knight's center position.

6. Qd3 Protects the knight. Bd3 may have been better as it develops the bishop, and bringing the queen out early is not generally sound, however Bd3 blocks the protection of the d4 pawn.

6. ... e6 7. Be2 develops the bishop and prepares for castling.

7. ... Nx e 4 removes white's knight from the center of the board and releases tension

8. Qxe4 Bd6 9. O-O Castling here may be premature, however it is better to castle too early than too late.

9. ... Qc7 Black brings more pieces to assist in a kingside attack.

10. c4 Aiming for c5 to chase black's bishop away from the b8-h2 diagonal.

10. ... Nf6 Chases white's queen out of the center and heads the knight towards g4.

11. Qd3 I wanted to play 11. Qe3 to keep black's e-pawn pinned but after 11. ...Ng4 black obtains his desired knight placement with tempo and I cannot defend the h-pawn.

11. ... c5 This is premature. Black should have pushed b6 first to prepare for it and open lines for his bishop on the a8-h1 diagonal. Black also needs to consider castling soon.

12. dxc5 Bxc5 13. Rd1 This was a mistake. After 13. ...Ng4 I am forced to move my rook back to f1 to defend 15.Nxf2 fork or Bxf2+.

13. ... Ng4 14. Rf1 and white has lost two tempi.

14. ... Bd6 15. h3 I can't allow black's knight to stay on g4. Three pieces attacking h2 is not pleasant.

15. ... Ne5 16. Nxe5 Bxe5 17. Bg5 Bf4 Black should castle.

18. Bxf4 Qxf4 19. Rad1 Threatens Qd8 checkmate.

19. ... Qc7 Black would have better defended against the mate threat by castling. Castling would have protected his king and brought black's rook on a8 into play. Defending the threat with Qc7 does not develop the rook and ties black's queen down defending.

with Pacemakers. I don't want to ruin the surprise, but imagine what would happen when you combined the arcs in the Tesla coil with the ones in the old folks' cells and the arcs that the Pacemakers make. WOW. That's all we've got time for today, and remember—Big Daddy says, uh, don't try it at home. Whatever.



M. Saweikis – B. Small
RCC Winter League, 2000
White has a winner.

20. Rd2 b6 Black still needs to castle.

21. Rfd1 My battery on the d file is fearsome.

21. ... Ba6 um... castling would still be desirable here.

22. Qd7+ forces a queen trade and allows my rooks to invade black's seventh rank.

22. ... Qxd7 23. Rxd7 O-O Black finally castles but it is too late.

24. b3 Bc8 Black's attempt to chase me from the seventh rank are pitiful.

25. Rc7 Rb8 26. Rxa7 Yum.

26. ... Bb7 Thank you for allowing my other rook to the seventh rank.

27. Rd7 Bc6 28. Re7 Be4 29. Bg4! This is my favorite move of the game. Threatens 30. Bxe6. Black can't take back because 30. ... fxe6 leads to 31. Rxg7+ Kh8 32. Rxh7+ Kg8 33. Rg7 checkmate. g6 He doesn't see it. 28. ... g5 would have defended as the e4 bishop then protects h7 and stops mate.

30. Bxe6 g5 31. Bxf7+ Kh8 32. Rxe4 Rbd8 Black takes an open file.

33. Bd5 Cuts off black's potential threats.

33. ... b5 34. Ree7 Black resigns since he can only delay Rxh7 checkmate by sacrificing his rooks.

Episode 18...

Big Daddy: Hi there, kiddies! Now that Halloween is all over, I bet you kids have TONS of candy lying around the house, right?

Kids: Sugarlicious!

Big Daddy: And since the paranoia of the late eighties and early nineties has died down a little bit, I'm sure your parents are going to let you eat all of it up REALLY fast without checking for razor blades or arsenic. So, when your dad says he's checking your candy, look closely to make sure he's not just siphoning some off of your hard-earned reward.

Kids: Slush funds!

Big Daddy: Since we know that there isn't any bad stuff in candy anymore, 'cause with the trial of the Unabomber all of the weirdos got locked up, I thought we'd talk about what's left in candy.

Kids: High fructose corn syrup! Guar gum!

Big Daddy: We also had a letter from one of our viewers, which we can't exactly read to you little pitchers, but, because of view interest and because she's got a damn fine set of legs, we brought back one of our friends that we haven't seen in a while: Sheryl. Sheryl is a trained nutritionist and dental hygienist, when she's not boosting our ratings among the 40 to 55 year old male viewer bracket. So kids, why don't you give Sheryl a nice big welcome back!

Kids: Slut!

Disembodied Voice of Riff Raff: You've arrived on a very special night. You see, the master is having one of his, er, affairs.

(Sheryl appears, to the hysterical clapping of Bobby, Jesus, and Mort, while Suzy and the other girls in the audience appraise her freshly liposuctioned stomach and breast implants.)

Big Daddy: Hiya, Sheryl, why don't you sit down on my lap right here and tell us about all of the stuff in candy. (*Bobby, Mort, and Jesus leap out of their seats and rush to the front of the studio only to encounter Fucko, whip in hand and Tootsie Pop in jaw.*)

Mort: You know my Aunt Alice like the restaurant but not my grandmother's daughter with the colostomy bag had a really big chest and when she took me to the park to play all of the daddies would stare at her and she'd take out her comb and hairspray and gel her hair

up into that really big claw thing and then they would all walk away because they were afraid of the claw thing but it was just—

Kids: Tell us about the candy, Sheryl!

Sheryl: (*from a safe distance from Big Daddy*) Well, kids, the reason you like candy is because it's usually either gummy or chocolate. Sometimes you go to one of those houses where they just give you raisins, and then what should you do?

Kids: Egg 'em!

Sheryl: That's right, kids, because they're only trying to force conflicting dietary norms onto today's sugar-fed children. Today we're going to talk about chocolate, because it has two good things in it; sugar and caffeine.

Kids: Attention Deficit Disorder!

Sheryl: Sugar is a very simple molecule, because it has only three kinds of atoms in it. Can you kids say "molecule"?

Kids: Madonna!

Sheryl: Okay, uh, well, let's just go on to caffeine. Now, caffeine does some pretty impressive stuff to your body. For one thing, it completely overrides your brain's need for oxygen, so you don't yawn as much when you've had a lot of it. (*See previous issues.*) The other amazing thing about caffeine is that it's structurally similar to the compound that gives your cells energy—

Bobby: Static electricity?

Mort: Chloroplastics?

Sheryl: Actually, the compound is called ATP.

Kids: THC!

Sheryl: Uh, well, ATP and caffeine both have rings of atoms, so caffeine can fool your cells into thinking that they have more energy than they actually do. Eventually, your body finds out that it's been running on fake energy for a long time, and you need to sleep even though you've been running around like an insane person for hours already.

Kids: Methadone withdrawal!

Sheryl: Now, caffeine is related to other "eines" as well. Can you kids name some?

Bobby: Morphine!

Suzy: Nicotine!

Jesus: Benzedrine!

Kids: What's the frequency, Kenneth?

Big Daddy's Biology Show



© 1997 Melancholy
Homewrecker, appearing here
courtesy of Hell's Kitchen

Sheryl: You kids should be careful about having too much caffeine, because sometimes it leads to your using other "eинnes." That's why you see a lot of people smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee. And what do we know about cigarettes, kids?

Kids: Joe Camel!

Big Daddy: Uh, Sheryl? I have a question.

Sheryl: Yes, Big Daddy?

Big Daddy: How did you learn all of this stuff? I mean, really, why do these kids need to know what their Halloween candy is going to do to them, other

than make them, uh, have to worship the porcelain god, if you know what I mean.

Sheryl: I learned about all of this while attending the highly accredited State University of Arkansas, Big Daddy. Perhaps you should consider returning to school and finishing your, uh, high school equivalency degree, I believe?

Big Daddy: WELL, kids, there you have it. Halloween candy leads to smoking and drug abuse. I think that's it for now, kiddies!

(S U B) M I S S I O N S

None.

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Glass Ceiling

By Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond

In a surprising move by Congress today, the Choagnut-Whombinski Bill has been passed through both of the great houses of the legislature and is now awaiting acceptance by the President, who has long been touting the bill as "...the next great step in the evolution, expansion, and development of inequality." The strongest proponents in the inequality lobby have come from Allies Behind Equality and Reason Rallying Against Those Instructing Others in the Nation (otherwise known as ABERRATION). ABERRATION had been thought to lobby on the side of equal rights legislation. Approximately three years ago, however, the mission of the group seemed to have made a complete turn about and now endorses inequality and the establishment of a highly organized unequal infrastructure in the United States by the year 2015.

The Choagnut-Whombinski Bill, lovingly referred to by the members of ABERRATION as the "Reinforced-Stainless-Steel-Ceiling-That-Won't-Break-, -Not-Even-Dent-A-Little-, -When-Hit-With-A-Very-Big-Sledge-Hammer," has been the pet project of ABERRATION for the past three years, and is praised as the biggest win for inequality since slavery.

The Bill allows for the creation of a new federal agency called the "Department of Unequal Opportunity" (DUO), which will have local chapters in each of the fifty states, territories, and miscellaneous fiefdoms by the year 2005. The bill requires that all citizens receive "identity" cards describing everything from their sexual orientation, religious preferences, racial background, mental acuity, and substance abuse, to taste in music, clothing, and comestibles—all provided by DoubleClick.com. Although it will be several years before the full scale operation of this agency is in place, proto-agencies are already being set up in such forward thinking states as South Carolina, Mississippi, and Oregon,¹ who seemed to want to jump on the idea before it got away.

Will Dent and his brother Arthur of ABERRATION decided to share with us their vision behind the creation of the DUO:

Will: Well, like basically what we're saying here is that equality is, you know, a sham.

Arthur: Yeah, that's right.

Will: Whether you believe in it or not, statistics have been backing up the idea of the glass ceiling for years. So, in a way, I guess you could say that it believes in you. Ah, kind of like God—

Arthur: —or Crystal Light.

Will: Um, yeah. Anyway the idea is to put everyone into subdivisions that describe their very essence, you know? Cause like, if you think about it, if you have Tourette's, no

one's gonna make you CEO of a corporation.

Arthur: Yeah, cause then you'd have guys like Bill Gates shouting out things like, "screaming cock monkey!"

Will: And you know then he'd never make it through that trial thing. So, like, you know some guys are never gonna get a fair shake at it, right?

Will and Arthur, two self-described "whities", abhor the inequality they see around them, but insist, "Well, what can ya do? Nothing. So why even try?" Their strength of conviction and strong moral characters have led them to this cross road in life, when most of their contemporaries are still in college.

Will: So say you're a militant, in-the-closet, lesbian, Jewish grandmother with a lisp—

Arthur: That's cool.

Will: —Who's gonna pay you to be the Wheatus spokesman? Am I right?

Will: So like, I go to college and get a job, right? And my girl does the same thing? Whose gonna make more money? I will by about 15%.

Arthur: She'll probably get 15% more nooners, too.

At this point in the interview, a striking young woman wearing a distracting straw-hat enters the room.

Lilies: I miss anything?

Arthur: Naw. Will is talking about how he'll make more money than you at the same job.

Lilies: Yeah? And?

Will: Anyway, what if I don't really want to work? She's got to pay off both of our educations at an equal price, the mortgage, the kids, when she's making less than I could. Add in the beer, and we're looking at an impossible endeavor here. So the bitch—

Lilies: Hey!

Will: Sorry baaa-by—has more clout when she says, "Honey, if you started working, maybe we could get more done." Who wants the hassle?

Lilies: For years I've been forced to watch as womyn's bodies were exploited to help sell everything from beer to Palm Pilots. I even got to see my sister show her boobs at a protest. One day I just woke up and, well, I guess got spineless. I just can't shake the feeling that maybe, as a woman, I should be embracing the glass ceiling rather than railing against it.

Will: Really, if you think about it, corporations have been going about their hiring practices all wrong; not really in denying the existence of the glass ceiling—

Arthur: That was obviously a good idea.

Lilies: But they really should have exploited things more than they have. Why pay a bevy of dull, over-white men full price when you could pay a cute gaggle of ragamuffin women and minorities \$20,000 less?

Will: Monetarily it makes sense for big corporations to hire

¹Mississippi only recently abolished slavery and Oregon tried to get all homosexuals to register as such.

more minorities and women than it does for them to hire their cookie cutter white male executives; they're worth less for the same amount of work. Coming from a thrifty family, I know value when I see it, and this is a steal.

Arthur: It's like buying the econo size. "I need a medium office staff, side 'a janitors, and two liters of secretaries. Oh, and could you throw a few of those Finance execs in there too?" Uh, huh.

Lilie: (*rolling her eyes*) The first step is, as any good AA meeting would tell you, admitting you have a problem. I think the leaders of state and the leaders of industry should stand together proudly and admit that, "Yeah, we don't pay the lesser races or those little bits of ass as much as we pay our boys, but let's face it, they're just not worth as much."

Arthur: I still maintain you'll have more opportunities for nooners.

Will bodily escorts Arthur into the hall where the words "serious interview" and "don't blow this, cock-knocker" are barely audible.

Lilie: Then we start the hard-core analysis to find out exactly what the difference in wages is. To make it more sporting we should split people into smaller sub-divisions based on sexual, racial, and stereotypical demographics; Caucasian men, Caucasian women, African men, African women, Asian men, ...and so forth. But to be fair to my Caucasian brethren (*pointing toward the hall*), not all of the guys are treated equally, so to rough up the playing field a little further I suggest: white trash male, white trash female. And because every race, religion, age, and sexual orientation contain their Jo-lene, Billy-Bob and Arthur, the "trash" needs to extend to all groups: Indian untouchable male, Indian untouchable female, again you get the picture.

A crestfallen Arthur enters the room and sits on a couch that could only have come from a Goodwill. Will sits next to him and Arthur immediately tries to stand up, but Will reseats his brother by yanking down on his pants.

Lilie: When the DUO study is complete, the ultimate in the liberalization of a conservative infrastructure begins.

Will: How can a university say to a woman, "I know you're going to make 85% of the salary of your fellow male graduates, we feel for ya, but buck up—at most you'll only be paying off those student loans for an average of 10 more years than they will."

Lilie: No, they can't say that! Well, okay, it's not as if they really care, but I say embrace your inequality! If my education is worth 85% that of my male counterparts, than I should bloody well be able to pay 85% of what they pay. The glass ceiling can be our friend if we just extend it a little farther. Every commodity would have these price differences.

Arthur: Yeah, like I went to Bangkok and I heard they were thinking about changing the currency to the as—OW!

Will sharply racks Arthur on the back of the skull with something looking like a cross between a hairbrush and a screwdriver. Arthur's eyes roll up into his head and he goes down hard. After asking if he's OK and learning that he suffers from narcolepsy, the interview continues.

Lilie: Of course you'd need to be able to back up your background. Everyone will be issued some sort of ID card, something they'd have to pick up at the DUO.

Will: It would suddenly become chic to be a hick. The homeless wouldn't have to beg for as much spare change, and Johnny Walker would only be a nickel!

Lilie: I can just hear the Republicans screaming in Congress after they read some of those riders more thoroughly, "That's not fair!", well kids, it's pretty much been statistically proven that life's not fair. Look at poor Arthur. And those three states first in line for their agencies, boy are they gonna be in for a shock.

Will: I personally have nothing against inequality per se as long as all of it is unequal.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Please Recycle

The Magic Wondershow

This week:

"The gift of persuasive eloquence" or "A guy on the train kissed the Blarney Stone"
By Sean J. Stanley

Greetings faithful readers. As you may or may not know, I am a descendant from Irish paupers and am held by honor to fend off the bloody English, drink liberally, and engage in fistcuffsmanship whenever possible. Therefore, it was only proper that I follow my ancestral blood to New York City this weekend to observe and take part in the largest St. Patrick's Day festivities in America. For those of you who don't know the history behind the holiday (March 17), which was first celebrated in 19th century Boston and has been a crucial sales day for liquor distributors and barkeeps alike ever since, here is a fun fact from an informative brochure:

"Far from being a saint, until he was 16, he considered himself a pagan. At that age, he was sold into slavery by a group of Irish marauders that raided his village. During his captivity, he became closer to God."

Wouldn't you? He spent some time as a shepherd before ousting the Celtic Pagans from Ireland. Where the obnoxious green party hats, tankers full of Guinness, and the coloring of large bodies of water comes from I couldn't tell you. It doesn't matter. All that does matter is that happy-hour prices go down and blood alcohol levels go up. Most don't know why they're partying, but experienced partiers don't need a good reason. The trip began with a six-hour train ride into New York. I slept most of the way, and managed to chew through a few pages of Joyce's *Ulysses* (an appropriate novel for an Irishman heading to the big apple for St. Paddy's Day). Upon arrival in Penn Station, I met up with my family and we took the subway to Times Square, the location of the Crowne Plaza Hotel. A respectable joint, staffed by Ukrainian concierges and Dominican bellhops, we made ourselves home in one of the two lobby bars. Those crazy New Yorkers. They'll shit in a jar and call it Art (want proof, go visit the Guggenheim). In this case, they chopped down a tree, encased it in glass, and erected above the bar for some reason. This was accompanied by fetid, up-tempo contemporary jazz music that induced suicide in some, and made the rest of us feel as if we were in the dreary furniture section of a department store, yet it was fully stocked and open all night. Henceforth, the "Log Bar" was to be our base of operations for the weekend, allowing ample facilities to such back seven-dollar bloody Marys and pints of Guinness, in order to hash out the stratagem for taking the city by storm.

The parade consisted of cops, fireman, and marines, some in kilts, some with bagpipes, all freezing. Hillary Clinton marched along with the gang, her entourage meeting several dissolute locals dismayed by her presence. When they weren't throwing nasty items at her, they were shouting nastier expletives in her direction. You gotta hand it to New York voters. They don't fuck with the bullshit. Anyway, after the parade, my dad and I headed uptown and checked out the Museum of Natural History. A cool place if you've never been to any of the Smithsonian museums. There was a planetarium there and I was saddened to see that they chose narrators for the exhibits based on their "credibility". For example, noted astronaut and physicist Tom Hanks narrated the planetarium show, while the demonstration of the "Big Bang" theory was presented by radio astronomer and stellar cartographer *Jodie Foster*. Lame. We all know that the foremost scientific authority in deep space/interplanetary research is *Patrick Stewart*. Come on, any child knows that.

The rest of the weekend involved lots of drinking and family bonding – all had an excellent time. I guess anyone can have an excellent time with enough booze coursing through the veins. Lets just say that my clan killed many a blessed pint and things went without a hitch until my train ride back.

Amtrak can eat the corn out of my steaming excrement. After a grueling ride out of the city, the train got stuck in Albany for two and a half hours. My assigned seat partner was a crazy old black guy from New Orleans who didn't say anything to me for the first three hours of the trip. He had the window seat and was content to place his tray-table in its fully unlocked and extended position. This would have been fine by me if it didn't force him to slide his ass across my body as he got up from his



seat. I wouldn't have even minded that if his ass hadn't been festooned in sagging blue dickies that graciously exposed his crack, and the fact that he got up TWELVE THOUSAND TIMES during the trip. It seemed that each time he got up directly coincided with me reaching REM sleep in the chair beside him. The first couple of times, I didn't care. I recognized that he was kinda old and could use a hand, so I adjusted myself to accommodate his movements. No big deal. Just as I was nodding off for the seventeenth time, he gets up, walks to the front of the train car, opens the door, and spits into the gap between the cars, walks back, sits down. I looked down at my armrest. There was a lever. In the hopes that it would activate some sort of emergency ejection mechanism beneath my seat, I pulled it vigorously. Click! Click! "Goose, I can't reach the ejection handle!" Instead of the flash of explosive bolts sequencing and the rush of cold air as I rocketed out of harms way, the lever deployed a paltry excuse for a footrest. I cursed God and Satan and Vanderbilt himself. But soft! From the front of the car emerged people carrying cardboard boxes containing various foodstuffs (and most importantly beverages, of the alcoholic nature I couldn't discern, but the possibility did exist). I had completely forgotten that I had been sober for a full hour. I left the confines of my seat (without aid of rocket and chute) and sallied forth in search of the club car. Passing through two cars, the contents of which in various states of family oriented catatonia, I found the club car and set to work getting myself drunk again. The bartender was a cross between a coked up Chris Tucker and a Hasidic diamond peddler, completely bald except for wispy curls at the front of his head. He was a colorful character that no doubt had earned a reputation on the Northwest Passage for being so. He was good at his job, but offered little in insight as to why we hadn't been moving for two hours. I moved in, armed with a \$20:

"What can I do for you Dr. Love?" he asked.

"Are you a man in the know?" I asked.

"I know a few things here and there. What you want to know?"

"How long until we reach Rochester?" I probed.

He searched his pockets, then his coat, followed by the counter and adjacent cabinets. He left the bar for a moment and returned smiling.

"We ain't even moving yet!"

"I'll have two gin-and-tonics and a double rum-and-coke..."

(On a literary side note, I found Joyce far easier to digest with a few in me. Perhaps that is how the author intended one to read it.)

Returning to my seat, fashionably drunk, I found that my window-seat companion had not moved. I slumped back in my seat and tried to fall asleep. No luck. Out of nowhere, the guy started to talk to me.

"I didn't always used to be this way. I got old, boy, I got old. Yeah, boy!" he said. (He had a habit of punctuating every segment of dialog with "boy")

"Really," I said. "Why are you going to Rochester?"

"To see my daughter."

"That's pretty cool."

"You got to have religion, boy!"

Here it comes. I had heard about people on trains trying to convert you, but had never experienced it myself.

"I do?"

"You got to have peace of mind, boy! Peace of mind! You could make all the money! You could make all the money, but that goes against god. You got to have peace of mind, boy!"

"That makes sense"

"Yeah boy! You could kill someone and make a lot of money. You could kill lots of people and make a *whole lot of money*. But you got to have peace of mind, boy, peace of mind."

"I don't think I could kill anyone. I'm pretty much a pacifist. What do you do?"

"I worked for Eastman Kodak. Foreman. 30 years."

"Retired?"

"Yeah boy! You got to have piece of mind. I'm coming up from down south."

"Where down south?"

"New Orleans."

"Yeah? I've been there; I loved it down there. Good food."

"80 degrees boy! 80 degrees!"

"Hey, what's the best place for food down there?"

"If you can't cook, they will run you out of town."

"That's good to know."

At this point, I decided that there needed to be a break in the conversation. I asked him if he was hungry or thirsty. He said yes. I booked it to the club car and bought him an orange juice. He followed me down and Chris Tucker gave him a sandwich on the house. Nice guy. We went back to our seats and I watched him open and eat the sandwich, then open and eat the mustard packages. The conversation continued more or less as follows:

"You got religion, boy?"

"I guess so. I'm pretty big on balance. I think that what goes around comes around. Do unto others and so on."

"Yeah boy! My daughter has two children."

"Going to spent time with them?"

"No way, boy! That's against god! Against god!"

"Spending time with your grandkids is against god?"

"Yeah boy! You can't fight. I used to fight."

"Where did you fight?"

Turns out he was a mid-weight amateur boxer from 46-52, and boxed in the army during his tour in Korea. We

discussed many things, from the Korean War to card games. He was an avid Solitaire player, but when I inquired as to whether he knew any other games, he said that he knew them all, including poker. A guy cheated him in a stud game once and he naturally expressed an interest in killing him. I offered to play a game with him, but any game that wasn't Solitaire was against god and thus unplayable. Fair enough. We discussed the bible and what he did in his spare time, which was to either pray or watch televangelists. I have yet to meet a more deeply devoted spirit than this gentleman. The conversation ended with the swift approach of the Rochester train station.

"I'm gonna have to get me some rubbers, boy!"

I didn't know what to say to that, but I gave it my best shot.

"I guess you've got to protect yourself."

"Yeah boy! This here is a hand job."

"Excuse me?"

"Hand job. This is a hand job," he said, pointing down at his legs. I noticed he was wearing sandals. Ok, I wasn't going insane.

"You mean boots?"

"Yeah boy! Its cold in Rochester! Cold boy!"

"That it is, my friend, that it is."

And so we disembarked. I helped him with his bags and a young man approached him with a sixty-pound gold cross hanging around his neck. My ride was there as well, drunk as shit. Things were looking up. Still, even after my experience, I couldn't get the guy out of my head. My grandmother died last fall from Alzheimer's disease. I remembered all the times I had to feed her from a tray similar to the tray table, and how lost she was to all of the people that I had just seen in New York. My grandfather (along on the trip) is just now getting back on his feet after taking care of her for five years, watching her gradually slip away

from him. Nobody during the trip had mentioned the absence of my grandmother from the scene. It seems as if she worked her way into the scene (at least in my case) after all. I watched the old man loose his seat several times before I realized that nobody was going to help him. I found him wandering around on the wrong car and brought him back to his seat. He was virtually catatonic for most of the ride, and when he spoke, he offered only brief moments of clarity. The experience dredged up a lot of uncomfortable memories of my own experiences as caretaker, and how sometimes an encounter doesn't shake you until long after it happens. This may seem like any travelers cynical anecdote, sometimes humorous, sometimes somber, but it looks more and more like an attempt to cope with the knowledge that my mother has a genetic predisposition for Alzheimer's disease, as do my siblings and I. That's easy to forget until a guy next to you reminds you for eight hours what life could be like for your parents in ten to fifteen years. I thank my new friend for that.

I don't understand why people grip so tightly to religion, but he managed to shed some light on the subject. When I asked for specifics, he indicated that he knew nothing of the contents of the Bible, only that which was told to him by the preachers in his family and the swindlers on television. Regardless, it gave him peace of mind. Guess we're all looking for that somewhere. Hope it gets found. I've been writing here for nearly three years, so I reserve the right to be serious once and a while (didn't think I could, didn't you). I'll leave the jokes to Randall and Dalas this week. But fear not, faithful readers. Next week shall feature many an insight into your choice as a student at RIT. Until then...



Episode 19...

Big Daddy: Hi there, kiddies! Today we're going to talk about a very important aspect of science called funding.

Kids: Corporate research grants!

Mort: There's CIA in my cereal!

Big Daddy: A more efficient way to earn money for—

Kids: Underwater basket weaving!

Big Daddy: —enough crack to give your monkeys, is to play a trick on the insurance company.

Kids: Halloween was last week!

Big Daddy: Well, maybe not a trick, exactly. See, you pretend that something bad has happened. Or you can pretend that something was an accident when you and your kid siblings all know what really happened.

Kids: Jim the Hammer Shapiro!

Big Daddy: Now, let's say you kids want some new toys.

Kids: Only 50 shopping days 'till Christmas!

Big Daddy: A good way to get new toys is to set the ones you have on fire, and pretend that it was an accident.

Kids: James Bond!

Big Daddy: Right! Whenever James Bond sets his toys on fire, he gets new ones from the government.

Kids: Long live the queen!

Mort: But what if I want a new grandma...but, but, should I set my grandma on fire because if she heats up her colostomy bag will expand and then it might explode an' an' an' then my whole house will smell like gin and Metamucil an' an' then—

Kids: Euthanasia!

Bobby: Physician assistant suicide!

Mort: Yeah, an' an' all the PA's I know kill themselves 'cause they're not real doctors like on ER—

Big Daddy: Fucko, GET 'IM! (*Fucko licks lips and pounces on Mort, dragging him from the room.*) A good example of toys you might want to destroy are Lincoln Logs, because they're not plastic and they don't shoot anything—

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: and because fourteen kids before you chewed on 'em.

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: So, you get Aunt LuAnn's lighter from beside her pack of Pall Malls and then you empty all of the fluid out of it. If it's a quality Zippo™, this won't be too hard. Otherwise you might have to use an ice pick to poke a hole in the lighter.

Kids: It's all fun and games until someone loses an eye!

Big Daddy: Soak the Lincoln Logs real good in the lighter fluid. You might want to do this on a non-flammable surface, like the hood of your dad's restored cherry red '67 Chevy. Then, obviously, you light 'em and act really confused about how they caught on fire in the first place.

Kids: Carcinogens!

Big Daddy: A few good things to do at this point are to cry, talk about how much you loved those Lincoln Logs, and maybe to sniffle a little and suggest that while their loss is irreconcilable, you would be just a teensy bit cheered by, let's say, a new Sonyplay Station.

Kids: Hooray!

Big Daddy: See, this show is possible because my former employers believe that I'm paralyzed from the waist down.

Kids: Christopher Reeve!

Big Daddy: Exactly! We all know that nothing could hurt the man of steel, so he's obviously faking.

Disembodied voices of the Lords of Acid: Man of steel, you're so cold...

Big Daddy: And look at all of the attention he's getting, even though he has a weird facial structure!

Suzy: But, Big Daddy, isn't lying to the insurance company morally wrong? I mean, what if everybody decided to do it? Plus, you're telling a lie.

Big Daddy: You know Suzy, two months ago I would have sent you to the Wrong Room with Fucko the Clown to learn about right and wrong, but you almost have a point here. You know how some of the things that happened to you in the Wrong Room were, ah, well, maybe a teensy bit not so good?

Kids: Please master, may I have another?

Big Daddy: However, you've learned from the experience, and aren't nearly such a pain in the—I mean, as disruptive are you were. So, while we all call it the Wrong Room, good things can actually happen there, right?

Suzy: Uh...(*fumbles with her Durkheim.*)

Big Daddy's Biology Show



© 1997 Melancholy
Homewrecker, appearing here
courtesy of Hell's Kitchen

Big Daddy: Now, as for your question about "what if everybody did it," that won't happen, because not everyone is as smart as you kids and Big Daddy. It takes some brains to outwit the insurance company, or your parents for that matter, so not everyone will be able to do it. Plus, our viewership isn't that big. Do you think we'd still be strictly print if we had a million viewers?

Kids: Thrifty is nifty!

Big Daddy: The other reason that lying to the insurance company is okay is that they have millions of dollars to give away.

Kids: Publisher's Clearing House!

Big Daddy: So now you kids know how to get new toys and how to get research money later in life. The secret is to pretend, which I know all of you are good at.

Kids: Willing suspension of disbelief!

Fucko: (*Emerges from the Wrong Room, gag in hand.*) Uh, Big Daddy, it's time for the *X-Files* season premiere.

Big Daddy: Well, kids, that looks like the end. See ya next week!

Kids: We missed *The Simpsons* for this?!?



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...all Kicked out
with the help
of Kids like me.
-Billy, age 15

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KNOWLEDGE CRIME

On the Education Beat

By Randall Good

I have some wonderful news for any college professors out there looking to make a difference with their students. The secret to making college students care about your class has been discovered.

By me.

The only thing you need to do is take a couple stories about being drunk or stoned and work them into your lecture. Here is an example of how to sneak one of these subtle references into your lecture:

"Sorry this lecture is a little slow; I got fucking hammered last night."

This has happened to me a couple of times so far and each time my reaction was one of great respect and admiration. When a teacher alludes to this one time when he/she was intoxicated/high-as-a-kite and did some stupid thing/had some brilliant revelation, the kids can't help but let out a hearty chuckle and think: "This class is gonna rock."

And wouldn't it be simply "smashing" to get high with your teacher and discuss the effects of "Socialism" on "individuals" who have the "munchies"?

It's important for college professors to show us how cool they are. Even if we don't share their experiences, we hope to eventually. We'll all listen to their lectures with newfound vigor as we patiently wait for the next cool reference to smoking up.

Don't ask me how, but this brings me to a topic that I know very little about: Freshman Seminar. My major didn't require me to take such a course, so I can criticize it based solely on lots of hearsay about how much it "sucks". "Waste of time" is another positive comment tossed around by students. Of all the student comments I've heard about these mandatory courses, these are the most positive yet.

So I hear that Student Government and President Simone are trying to implement college-wide Freshman Seminar courses in the College of Imaging Arts and Sciences (CIAS). These mandatory sessions will be taught by outside instructors, who I can only guess are highly trained in teaching the "arts" of "personal growth as a capitalist" and "why it's important to donate money to your *Alma Mater*". I'm sure that such an education is very exciting to free thinking, liberal-minded art students. If the more money-driven students at RIT hated these patronizing courses, then a group of aspiring artists would surely appreciate them ten-fold.

Why does Freshman Seminar have such powerful

support? Ever heard of a little something called "retention"? Retention is the art of a university not letting its students leave. Much like an obese person "retains" water, RIT hopes to "retain" all of its students until they graduate. Or, perhaps I should look at things more realistically: RIT hopes to "retain" all of its students' "tuitions" for as long as possible. Forever, hopefully.

This epidemic of students deciding that RIT isn't right for their money is something that weighs heavy on the minds of economic-minded (read, "all") administrators. The fact that RIT's primary goals are based on filling that ten-car garage by the year 2010 is no secret to any of our students. So notorious is this institute's cash hungry attitude that I even question the need for these last couple sentences; you guys know this stuff already.

So, it won't surprise you that Freshman Seminar is essentially a new kind of course designed not to educate, but rather to create revenue. Sure, its supporters will toss around buzzwords like "student disillusionment", "suicide", "freshman adjustment", and "growth process", but we see through their cheap, heartless subterfuge. And if I may be allowed to argue from the economic standpoint I so dislike, CIAS has one of the highest rates of retention at RIT (91 percent), and if these courses are as insulting as I've been led to believe, then freshman art students will be so sickened by RIT and more compelled to give their green to say... U of R. Gasp!

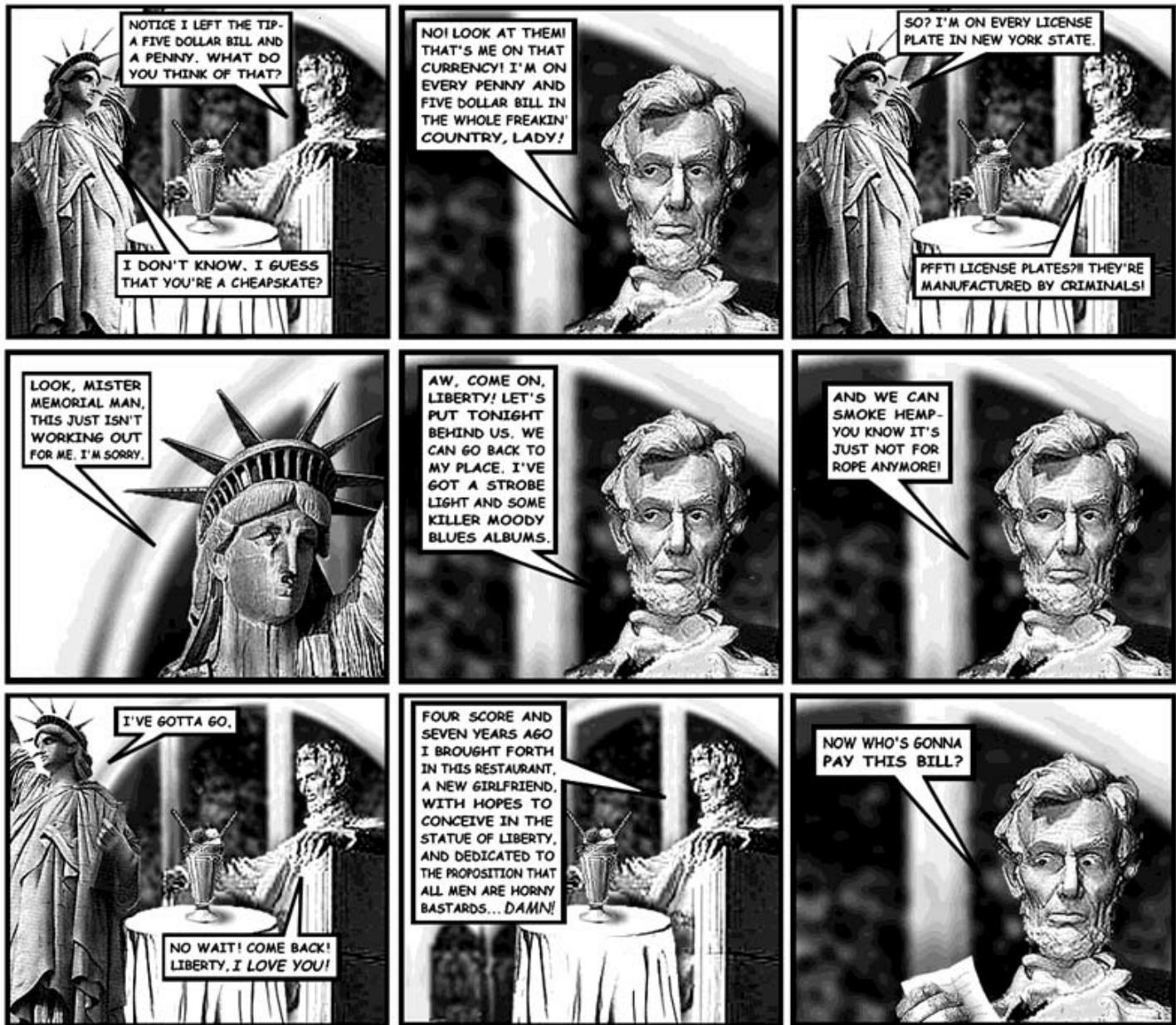
The only good Freshman Seminar class imaginable would be some sort of collegiate, social initiation to the many adult wonders of the college world. A helpful instructor can pair off boys and girls looking to leave their virginity behind. Kama Sutra could even be discussed; the US could use more skilled lovers. Freshman looking for their first herbal or alcoholic experience can get it out of the way in the comfort and trust of classroom walls. A new regimen of lectures designed to actually help college students could be introduced. "How to Steal from the Ritz" and "Masturbating Without Waking Your Roommate" would be worth attending. The possibilities and benefits would be limitless.

But, alas, future freshman will be forced to sit through bland lectures on "The Importance of a College Education in the Information Age", "Why I Shouldn't Swear at My Computer", and "Discovering Things About Yourself That Only Your Parents Knew".

Special thanks to Sean J. Stanley, whose writing style I just completely ripped off.

MUCKRAKER

By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com
<http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>



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EXPOSED!

A journalist descends into the seedy underbelly of RIT.

By reporter Dalas W. Verdugo

This article is the first in a semi-regular series where I plan to root out corruption and expose the dark dealings of the various people and organizations at RIT. When I was looking into RIT as a school I might attend, I never suspected that such nefarious people worked within its red brick walls. Reading The Reporter has turned me around on this issue. I'm now fully aware that secret double-dealings occur on a regular basis. This has led me to the decision that I must play the part of the alert watchdog and EXPOSE the murky underworld at RIT.

Recently I was in building eight, checking rooms for my job, when I happened upon a box in one of the computer labs. The box seemed innocent enough. However, it was what lurked within the box that revealed its true intentions. A handmade sign hung on the box reading "Free to a good home." I looked inside and what did I find? A stack of mousepads sat in the corrugated cardboard cube in question. On each of the mousepads the logo for Dell Computers was printed. What does this mean, readers? I think we can only assume that Dell has implanted minuscule monitoring devices inside of each of these mousepads. Their plan must be to gather information on RIT students and faculty. Why would they want such information you ask? Oh, my dear, stupid readers. Your blissful innocence is so charming that if you weren't so horribly ugly I would kiss you all on the cheek. Why, Dell plans to sell this information to the Publisher's Clearinghouse, of course. Oh, you say, so the information is merely being used to help solicitors send us junk mail. Your blissful innocence is quickly turning to downright retarded ignorance, readers. The Publisher's Clearinghouse is merely a front for the Polish Crimesyndicate (PC = PC, see?), a Mafia group which not only controls the world's supply of fishsticks, but also supplies every water-fountain cooling device in the Northeast. You see, by monitoring your private conversations, they can determine at what point the student body starts to become upset with the temperature of the water in the water fountains. By keeping the temperature set at one degree cooler than this, the fountains save money on the electricity required to cool them. The money that

is left over in the RIT water-fountain-cooling budget is then returned to the PCs and is used to buy them Cadillacs, Birkenstocks, and other such items of luxury. Oh, now I see, you say. Chances are that you don't, you simple-minded peons, but at least you're trying.

Recently, I snuck into the depths of Al Simone's lair, and sat outside his office door, eavesdropping on the conversation within. This is what I heard:

Voice 1: Mmmph, maahhoom baa naa mmmm mmm ppphh hmm

Voice 2: Mmm mmmph, naa hoom oom ooom haaamm maph

Voice 1: Mmhp

Run-of-the-mill plebes like yourselves probably disregard this conversation as a mess of muffled tones. However, a skilled investigator like myself knows to drink 4 to 5 beers, which aids in deciphering this kind of talk. Here is what was really said.

Voice 1: Thank you, Al Simone, for helping the Polish Crimesyndicate profit off of the foolish fountain-users of RIT.

Voice 2: No problem. There's nothing I love more than secret, underhanded conspiracies. These fishsticks are really tasty.

Voice 1: Indeed.

So you see, my sweet simpletons, these scandalous transactions go on all around us almost every single day. I solemnly swear to you that I shall continue to be on the lookout for any naer'do'wells that might threaten the fiber of our fine Institute, and I promise to fight the injustice I find in the slimy crevices of the establishment. Unless, of course, it becomes really scary.

Yours in valor,
dalas w. verdugo

Winning the game

By Adam Fletcher

Often, when I am teaching people how to play chess, they get into position where they are flat out winning but cannot figure out how checkmate. The most common of these positions involve the player having two rooks and a king, and the opponent just having a king or a king and a pawn or two. The player with the rooks knows she is winning but can almost never find the checkmate until it is shown to her. Below, I will illustrate several of the most basic methods of checkmating when you have a significant material advantage.

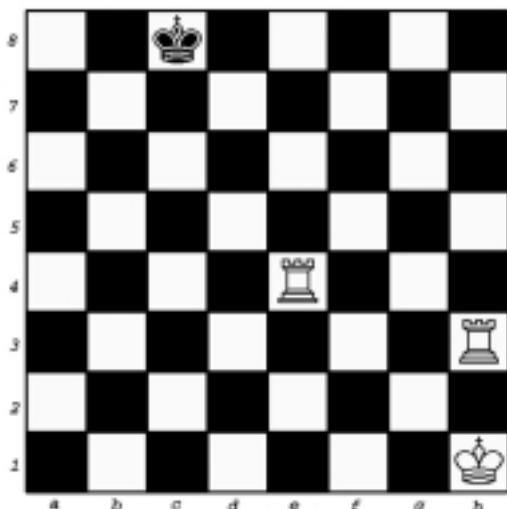


Figure 1

Two rooks, and king versus a lone king. The theme in this position is to use the rooks together to force the king to retreat until the king is at the edge of the board. The king can then be checkmated using the same theme that forced the king to the edge. In Figure 1, this theme can be illustrated with the following line:

- 1. Rh7 Kd8 2. Rg4 Ke8 3. Rg8 checkmate.**

Notice how the king can never pass the through the squares that the rook covers. Also notice that the other rook is quick to play check and cover more squares, forcing the king to back up along the rank or file. The rooks continue this until checkmate is played.

A rook, a queen, and a king versus a lone king. The same theme that is used in figure 1 can be applied to Figure 2. The queen and rooks eat up the possible escape squares, and the king is forced to the edge of the board where checkmate is delivered. Care must be taken not to play stalemate, however.

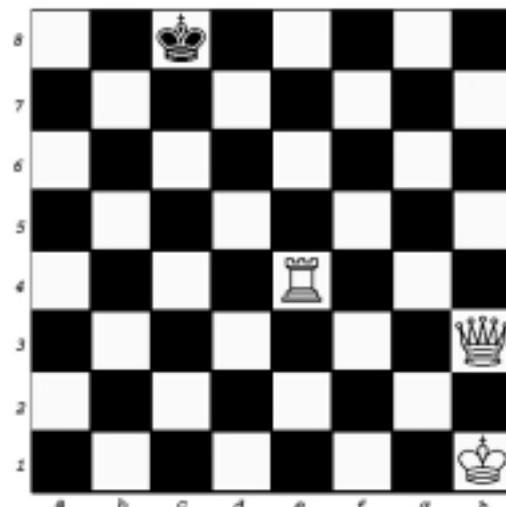


Figure 2

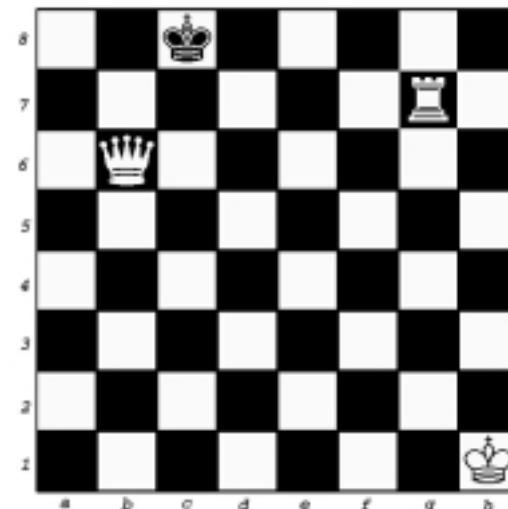


Figure 3

Figure 3 is an example of stalemate. Stalemate occurs when a player whose turn it is to move cannot legally move any of his pieces. I show this example because it is similar to Figure 2, but the white player has made a mistake and moved his queen into a position that prevents black from legally playing anywhere. A player should use these examples, especially the queen and rook example, to learn to visualize the squares the pieces controls. In each example the player should be looking at the board and visualizing the squares that each piece controls.

Episode 20...

Big Daddy: Hi there, kiddies! Today, we're going to talk about forests. In order to understand forests, you have to understand that trees flock together because they're a minority.

Kids: Deaf Gay Asian Engineers with Foot Fetishes!

Big Daddy: It seems like there are many different kinds of trees, but they all fit into two basic categories—

Kids: Tastes great! Less filling!

Big Daddy: —firewood and Christmas trees. Now, trees are pretty smart. They know that if the firewood lived where it was cold all of the time, they would get cut down and burned. So, where it's warm, like in Brazil, everything is firewood.

Kids: Slash and burn!

Big Daddy: In Canada, everything is Christmas trees, because you're getting closer to the North Pole, where the spirit of Christmas hangs out.

Kids: Only 48 shopping days left!

Suzy: But, Big Daddy, what about those really little trees they found at the South Pole?

Big Daddy: Well, those aren't big enough to be firewood or Christmas trees, so they aren't really trees at all. In fact, they are very small for a reason that every one of you fine young men that's jumped into a cold lake at the beginning of the season knows about.

Kids: Undescended testicles!

Mort: Duck season!

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Mort: Duck season!

Big Daddy's Biology Show



© 1997 Melancholy
Homewrecker, appearing here
courtesy of Hell's Kitchen

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Big Daddy: Uh, Roger, could you page Fucko? (*Kids continue, Camera operator pages Fucko.*)

Big Daddy: So, we learn from our own bodies that cold makes things small. In the same way, cold makes trees very small. You can see the differences in trees here in the United States.

Kids: Xenophobia!

Big Daddy: Just get your parents to take you on a little car trip down South. (*Dueling Banjos plays. Fucko appears in a French maid outfit.*)

Seth: (*Drools*)

Fucko: You rang, mon amour?

Mort: Duck season!

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Mort: Duck season!

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Mort: Duck season!

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Big Daddy: Oh, Fucko! You're just in time to explain to the kids about the Mason–Dixon Line. (*Fucko grows wistful*). Been cleaning the Wrong Room again?

Fucko: Mmmm, yes. We can't all be Martha Stewart, you know.

Kids: It's a good thing! ™

Fucko: Well, kids, the Mason–Dixon line is the product of an agreement between two men—

Kids: We're not gay, we're just helping each other out!

Fucko: No, kids, that's what we say at the Big House. The Mason–Dixon Line is what separated the North from the South so that there could be a war and so that Abe Lincoln could get famous.



had sexual problems. If you even saw "The Vagina Monologues", you would see that it was about women taking control of their own lives and sexuality. Your article was just a bunch of men saying stupid things. How dare you disgrace the efforts of those who were trying to educate students about violence against women. I just hope that one of these women takes matters into her own hands and teaches you a lesson. You are less than a man.

Sincerely,
Brendan Farlaine

Mr. Farlaine,
Hmm. I think you may have missed the point.
—Randall



Hello,

I would just like to say that the article that Randall Good wrote about "The Penis Monologues" is a disgrace to men everywhere. I find it hard to believe that he tried very hard to interview anyone. I think that he probably just made all of the accounts up. Stories about child molestation are not funny, and neither are you, you sick, sick person. I happen to have a deep respect for women everywhere, especially women who have

Kids: Lincoln Logs!

Mort: Duck season!

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Mort: Duck season!

Bobby: Rabbit season!

Big Daddy: Well, that reminds me, Fucko, would you please allow Bobby and Mort to visit the sanitized Wrong Room? They're a bit wound up.

Fucko: Sure, Big Daddy. (*evil clown laugh*) But could I take a wench as well?

Big Daddy: Where's Sheryl?

Fucko: I dunno. That pixie guy that runs the place next door showed up and carried her off. He kept saying "You're not Gillian, but you'll do."

Big Daddy: Goddamn *X-Files* fans. Always giving beautiful tall thin uh, smart women a hard time. Well, why don't you take Seth? He can use his drool to polish stuff.

Fucko: (*evil clown laugh*) No worries, Big Daddy! (*Fucko clubs Seth with his feather duster and slings the unconscious boy over his shoulder. He carries out Mort and Bobby still arguing.*)

Big Daddy: Well, kids, if you get your parents to take you south of the Mason-Dixon line, you'll notice that the trees are pretty funny looking. A good example is the weeping willow, which can't even get regular leaves, or mistletoe, which leeches off of other plants.

Kids: Roulette dealers!

Big Daddy: Now, the reason that trees in the South are funny looking is because of all of the incest that goes on among them.

Kids: Lizzie Borden took an ax and gave her father forty whacks!

Big Daddy: Well, Lizzie Borden was from Massachusetts, and so incest wasn't actually possible. The odds are good, though, that she killed her dad because she didn't feel like putting out that day.

Kids: Women's liberation! Man-eating feminists!

Suzy: Camille Paiglia?

Big Daddy: You might wonder how incest makes funny looking trees. Well, lets pretend that you are the product of incest.

Kids: Recovered memory syndrome! Insurance fraud! Let's pretend!

Big Daddy: Uh, not that kind of pretending, kids. Okay, imagine that your dad has an ugly nose. And then imagine that your mom, who's also your sister, has bad teeth. Now, in normal cases, you would either get a bad nose or bad teeth. But, since both of these things are in your family, you get both.

Kids: Tay-Sachs Syndrome!

Big Daddy: What? Uh, never mind. Actually, Tay-Sachs is a problem for some of those people that don't cut down the Christmas trees growing all around them, but that's a whole other episode. The trees in the South are funny looking like other things in the South because of incest.

Fucko: (*from the Wrong Room*) There's a reason they call 'em HOSPITAL corners, kid. Bobby, is that any way to treat an expensive leather harness? We've got to get this place ready for when the pixie boy returns Cheryl!



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 16, Issue 4
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Recycle, Whitey.



"It is the business of a university to promote that atmosphere which is most conducive to speculation, experiment and creation."
—Statement on the open universities of South Africa

Each week, in a clean and well lighted place, the staff of GDT meets and discusses future plans. This past week, however, the discussion was dominated by rumors that had reached us. Peter Ferran, one of GDT's patron saints, was to be called into a meeting to discuss *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. Of course, we immediately assumed the worst: a critical mass of students had complained about GDT's content and the administration felt that, after five years, it was time to Do Something About That Group.

As an ex-editor of GDT, I can am familiar with the arguments which students would use when approaching individuals with the authority to pull funding. Mainly, they center on the fact that a part of each student's tuition goes toward the Creative Arts Committee (CAC), which has decided to fund GDT since 1995.

"I don't want my tuition helping to fund something like this!" is the inevitable statement.

Coincidentally, the Supreme Court just recently ruled on a similar matter. The same year GDT first received funding from the CAC, three students from the University of Wisconsin, Madison—home to the nation's highly recognized and most controversial satire publication, *The Onion* (www.theonion.com)—objected to having to pay \$331.50 in student activity fees, which were then used by 18 campus-related organizations which they found distasteful for political, ideological, or religious grounds. Among the groups objectionable to Scott Southworth, Amy Schoepke, and Keith Bannach were Amnesty International, an environmental group called the Greens, the Campus Women's Center, and the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender Center.

On March 22 the Supreme Court unanimously overturned the ruling of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the 7th Circuit, which had previously decided that students could not be forced to contribute money through students fees, which went to groups they found offensive. Arguing that the use of student fees for organizations, which students objected to violated their First Amendment Rights, Judge Sutter stated that "Indirectly transmitting a fraction of a student activity fee to an organization with an offensive message is in no sense equivalent to restricting or modifying the message a student wishes to express. Nor does it require an individual to bear an offensive statement personally, let alone affirm a moral or political commitment."



Judge Sutter continued by saying "The student contributor, however, has to fund only a distributing agency having itself no social, political, or ideological character and itself engaging in no expression of any distinct message."

Commenting on the decision, Wisconsin Attorney General James Doyle said "It's a very important decision for the proposition that universities should be places of wide-open speech, including unpopular speech... sometimes outrageous speech."

Which brings us back to GDT.

For five years GDT—and its sometimes outrageous speech—has struggled to continue publishing on a weekly basis. The very fact that it still exists is a testament to the numerous people who have put in the time to write, edit, layout, fold, and distribute the issues. It's also a statement about the support that GDT has received behind the scenes, protecting it from closed-room predation. From the very start there were faculty and administrators that wanted to see GDT quietly disappear. Time and again barriers have been placed before GDT when GDT tried to do something within the existing framework. We are, of course, not alone. RIT has several student organizations which have not been officially recognized... mainly because of their politics. Groups such as the Students for a Sensible Drug Policy languish in organizational purgatory, unrecognized and unsupported by RIT because their ideology goes against the law handed down from on high.

It is, of course, up to the various committees and

ruling bodies on RIT to decide who receives funding and who doesn't, but instead of supporting a diverse plurality of voices, it appears that RIT is becoming more and more geared toward homogeneity and, above all, having a field house. While Student Government worries itself about how to organize really kickin' soda parties and book non-threatening, whitebread bands, political issues are brushed to the side. As with most of the culture, RIT is becoming more and more a land of bread and circuses, where appearances are everything.

So, of course it makes sense that the administration calling for all resources to be allied behind the construction of a field house (presumably so the previously mentioned whitebread bands booked by the previously mentioned Student Government can have a state-of-the-art place to perform) would like to see GDT disappear. We talk about things they don't like. GDT makes people squirm. It makes them uncomfortable. And uncomfortable people ask questions. They get off their tucki and try and change things. Witness the actions of students who were motivated enough to try and find a way to stop GDT from publishing.

Regardless of what happens to GDT, my goal of working with GDT has been achieved if funding is ever cut due to content: someone was made uncomfortable and did something about it. So, if you, my fair reader, are one of those motivated individuals who have actively worked to destroy Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, your actions have been the greatest validation that this publication was worthwhile, and I thank you.

—Sean T. Hammond

Chairman Diablo's Big Red Book Project

COMRADES! EMBRACE THE PROLETARIAT!

Help the glorious people of the republic of GDT put together an manual for
Life, Health and Government!

Soon, a glorious **BOOK OF THE PEOPLE** will be constructed and distributed.

This **BOOK OF THE PEOPLE** will contain the very best works of GDT, and will be given out to you, the working class. Of course, this book will not be assembled by the capitalist pigs, but by the faithful laborers.

To realize such a tome, you must vote on your favorite GDT articles. Visit www.hellsKitchen.org/gdt/pdf and email gdt@hellsKitchen.org the titles of the pieces you would like to see in the **Big Red Book!** Brother, together we will great a most glorious **People's Best of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre!**

Episode 21...

Big Daddy: Hi there kiddies! Last week we learned about an important component of holiday ambiance—

Kids: Diapers for grandma!

Big Daddy: —being firewood. This week we're going to learn about another important holiday icon, the—

Kids: Football!

Bobby: The Christmas Goose? The New Year's Oyster Pudding?

Big Daddy: —the TURKEY!

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: Turkey is a traditional Thanksgiving food that causes the men in your family to shuffle away from the table after eating for three hours straight, loosen their belt buckles, and collapse. The turkey also takes up a lot of space in the fridge, so there's not much room for important stuff like beer.

Kids: Tea-totalling Puritans!

Big Daddy: So do you kids want to know why turkey makes you sit on the couch with your pants half off?

Seth: (*drools*)

Kids: Flatulence!

Big Daddy: Uhh, nnnnnnno, but that's a good guess. You should watch out for that green bean casserole with the little Durkee™ onions on top, though. You sit on the couch with your pants half off because turkey makes you sleepy. This happens because turkeys are pretty hysterical animals. Just listen—(*Sounds of women at a department store night sale fill the studio.*) Turkey farmers not being in the mental health professions, they need a quick and effective way to calm the birds down before they kill them.

Mort: But but but my mommy says that turkey comes from a big turkey tree so it's a vegetable and I don't have to be afraid to eat it what about Santa Claus Big Daddy does Santa Claus kill his elves is it okay to to to take Santa's presents—Jesus, Suzy, and

Bobby: SHUT UP, MORT.

Big Daddy: We all know that a good way to calm anything down is to give it Valium.

Kids: Mommy's Little Helper!

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: The farmer grinds up Valium and feeds it to the turkeys right before the killing begins in earnest. (*Mort howls.*) The Valium stays in the turkey meat, sort of like mercury in fish in the Great Lakes. It begins to work on your body when you eat the turkey and it numbs your tongue. (*Suzy meekly raises her hand*) This is why turkey tastes bland and you need cranberry sauce. Eventually, the effects of the Valium spread to your brain and you get very sleepy. Then you need to sit on the couch and watch football, which stimulates your brain just enough to prevent the Valium from so heavily sedating you that your wife could attack you with the

carving kn—oh, uh—Suzy! you had a question?

Suzy: But, uh, Big Daddy, isn't it the amino acid tryptophan in turkey that makes you sleepy?

Kids: Tripping the lysergic fantastic!

Big Daddy: FUCKO!!! (*Fucko takes the stage in a stunning clown ensemble.*)

Fucko: Hello, Suzy. How's my little princess today?!

Suzy: Let's get this over with. (*They disappear, Fucko humming "Flight of the Valkeries."*)

Big Daddy: (*mumbles*) Stupid Suzy, always thinks she knows... OH, we're back. Well, as I was saying, turkey makes you sleepy, so you girls in the audience should never eat turkey on a first date.

Kids: Roofies!

Fucko's alter ego: Oh, God, you're not writing that down, are you? Don't write that down. I don't think date rape is funny. I really don't...did you think it was funny? That's just bad. Exploding grannies is bad enough. STOP. Don't write that down.

Other writer: Do you want some more tea?

F. A. E.: No, it's okay.

O.W.: Uhhh. Uhhh. So. Tryptophan. Valium.

F. A. E.: C'mere. I'll scratch your head.

Big Daddy: Well, since Suzy brought up tryptophan, I guess you kids want to know what that is.

Kids: Knowing is half the battle!

Big Daddy: Tryptophan is one of those special chemicals that gets converted into a lot of things in your brain.

Seth: (*drools*)

Kids: Flubber!

Big Daddy: Tryptophan is part of all red foods that make other foods less bland. Cranberry sauce and Tabasco sauce are both good examples.

Kids: CheezWhiz!

Big Daddy: Tryptophan works because it gets transformed in your brain to serotonin—

Kids: Forest fires! Insurance fraud! Hooray!

Big Daddy: and ephedrine and neuroepinephedrine. These are all chemicals that make you feel good, and also enhances the flavor of food by making you feel good about the food itself. Unfortunately, since ephedrine is speed, you can become addicted to foods with tryptophan in them like chili sauce and red wine.

Kids: Keep it simple! One day at a time! (*A bright beam of light appears in the middle of the studio, hovering above Bobby's seat in the audience. Sheryl, with freshly dyed red hair and a tight white tshirt, materializes in Bobby's lap.*)

Seth: (*drools*)

Sheryl: (*looking up*) Hey, thanks for dinner. Call me? Please? Take me away from all this, Pix—eewww, gross. Get your sticky hands off me, kid.

Bobby: Damn Juicy Juice!

Big Daddy's Biology Show



© 1997 Melancholy
Homewrecker, appearing here
courtesy of Hell's Kitchen

Big Daddy: (*swaggering up the aisle, cuffing Jesus playfully*) Soooo, Sheryl. You're back. There goes our season finale, missy.

Kids: Only 41 shopping days left!

Big Daddy: Naturally, when Fucko told me you had been KIDNAPPED, I was very, very worried. Should we call the police? Did he do anything to you that I would—I mean, are you okay?

Sheryl: (*Wistful*) He took me out for Thai in his own reconstruction of the Starship Enterprise. Those little pointy ears just make me all melty. (*Decks Jesus, who has been climbing on Mort to get a better view of Sheryl.*)

Jesus: I'm gonna SUE!

Big Daddy: (*Grumbles*) Stupid little pointy ears Star Trek sci fi geeks what I do is REAL science... OH, Well, that's about

all we have time for today. We'd like to thank today's sponsor, Pfizer Pharmaceuticals, for making the world a calmer place. Remember to watch out for that cranberry sauce, kiddies! Happy Turkey and Speed Day!

CLIP AND SAVE FUCKO'S FIELD GUIDE TO FOODS WITH TRYPTOPHAN!

Cranberry Sauce; Pumpkin Pie (orange); Chocolate (brown); Red Wine Butternut Squash (orange); Blush Champagne; Wild Turkey (brown); Red Jelly Beans ; Pink Butter Mints; Mincemeat Pie (brown); Pepto-Bismol

Some foods hide their tryptophan by mixing its red with other colors. Be Careful, Kiddies!

MUCKRAKER

By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com
<http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>



**Afterdinner Afterbirth
by Randall Good**

The other day, I was sitting at work—not working—when I heard the following dialogue from two of my colleagues here at GDT:

Dalas Verdugo: So you wouldn't eat eggs, but you would eat placenta?

Sean Stanley: Yeah.

The conversation stemmed from and revealed the fact that some people eat placenta.

Really.

Sean: In certain cultures they eat the placenta as part of a celebration of a child's birth.

Dalas: I wonder what kind of wine you'd serve with that.

What a fascinating thing! When I heard all of this, my day became one hundred percent better. Not only are we human beings extending the frontiers of science and medicine, we are also discovering new foods for the discerning omnivore.

Maybe I'm stretching the limits of my own excitement far beyond comprehension, but I really enjoy trying new food. "Placenta" is already one of my favorite words. Might it eventually become one of my favorite foods?

Sickened by this prospect? Why? For years I have been lectured on the importance of recycling. Now, you are trying to tell me that you can't recycle the afterbirth? I am confused. If you consider this practice to be "against God", then show me any Biblical decree against this practice. If you are a vegetarian, remember that no animal is being harmed for this food. Others of you probably regard this whole idea as "just plain gross". If you are that immature, then you are beyond reasoning. Let me just lament our sad tendency to reject new things rather than welcome them.

If the mother says its okay, then what's the prob-

lem? In many cases, the mother is the one who actually eats it. In Great Britain, a national cooking show featured a mother who collaborated with the host on a recipe for her own placenta. It was fried with shallots and garlic, flambéed, and sautéed into a pate served on focaccia bread to friends and family celebrating the birth. I'm not making this up.

If we ever become mature enough to see the value in placenta eating, then perhaps it will eventually hit the mainstream. It will most likely be one of the most expensive items on the menu in restaurants due to its scarcity, but perhaps animal placentas could be served (do animals even have placentas?). Maybe it could eventually be made economically feasible to sell it on shelves in your local supermarket; I imagine that it would be canned in amniotic fluid to keep it fresh.

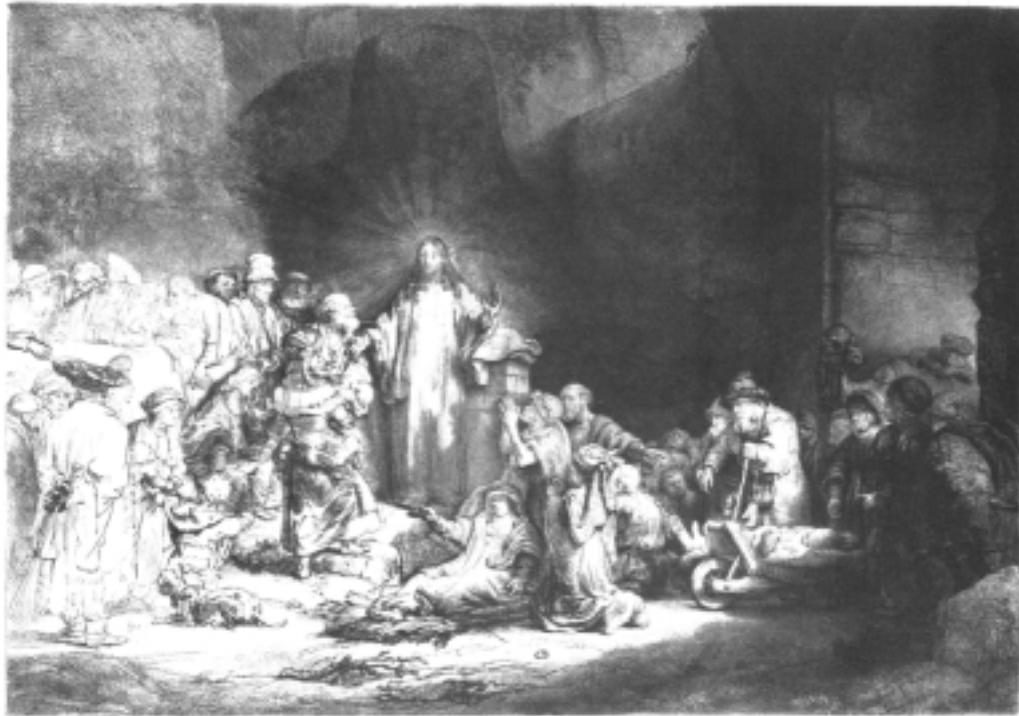
I would love to try fried placenta. Don't ask me why, but I keep picturing that it would be similar to one of those Texas Tumbleweed fried onion loafs you get in yuppie restaurants. Fried on the outside; slippery on the inside. What would it taste like? Some people might compare it to chicken, but I refuse to pass any judgment until I have savored it myself.

I am not a woman and will never drop a placenta to the floor. Therefore, my chances of eating such a delicacy are greatly diminished, unless an expectant mother out there wishes to give her placenta to me. I would not hesitate to pay for the chance to taste such food. If there are any pregnant women reading this, ask yourself what will be done with your placenta after your beautiful child is finished with it. Will it end up in the trash or in an incinerator as if it were a piece of disgusting garbage? Or, perhaps, you'd like to give your afterbirth a rebirth. To calm the roaring hunger of a hapless, young college student. To give him something to write about in a future issue. To present the Iron Chef with a new challenge.

Think about it.

S U B M I T.

g d t @ h e l l s k i t c h e n . o r g



J-Dawgg, giving props to his peeps. Rembrandt, on hand to capture the moment, said "J, you got the juice now."

YOU CAN ALL SUCK MY DICK!

A religious note by dalas verdugo

What??? You thought you could fuck with this?? Jigga, is you crazy? You can fuckin' suck it, because Jesus is Lord! That's capital L, fucking o-r-d, mothafuckas. Maybe you somehow got it in yo crack-ass head that you could fuck around with the J-man, but you were dead wrong, you sorry sons of bitches. Jesus will fuck you up. You'll be all sinnin' and shit, and along comes that mothafucka, sportin' his white robe and fuckin' Teva-style sandals, on a mission to FUCK UP YOUR WORLD. Oh, you think you can run? Yous a dumb mothafucka. Tryin' to outrun Jdawg is like tryin' to escape Carl Lewis...times 10, fucknose. Jesus will fuckin' let you think you gots the advantage, then WHAM, that cold bastid be on your ass with a quickness, ready to dispense with the righteous ass-whuppins. Fuck you, fornicatin' assfuck. Me and Jesus be in the church downin' 40s of Maneshevitz, plottin' on how to fuck your shit up. Maybe you'll be at home watchin' Monday night football or some shit, when BOOM, you be havin' a heart attack. That ain't no natural causes, jigga. Nah, fuck that, that be me and Hayseus gettin' our kicks. We laugh at feeble fucks like you tryin' to disrespect our hardcore wayz. Suck my dick. You's a fader and we're not havin it. Maybe you

though you could sneak shit by the Prince of Peace, but you were trippin', fool. My boy is omniscient. You know what that mean? That mean he's like fuckin' Santa Claus with a lightnin' bolt. Yo ass be on the ground before you even consider repentin', fukka. Lick my nutz, cause you can't stop us. We won't stop til we're at the top. Know what I'm sayin? Sometimes I try to calm my boy down, like "Yo, J, you gotta cut them sukkas some slack. They's only human." But J just be like "Fuck that, I went that fuckin fo'givness route, but that's out, fool, it's time fo' sinnas ta see my wrath. I'm gonna get Biblical on they ass." I can't calm that fuckka down, so you fools best start runnin'. Cause he comin'. Jesus is dope like fuckin' heroin. Word bond, the Mighty Councilor is gonna regulate on you, no doubt. You can all suck it, cause Jesus is sick and tired of takin' the fall for you fake fucks. My dog was fuckin' nailed to a cross! You think you can stand up to a hard-knock like that? Yo ass sobs when you get a papercut. Check it, me and J will be chillin' on tha porch, sittin' on the comfy-ass futon that my roll dog made with his dope carpenta skillz, and if we see you ride by in yo Chevette, you's in trouble. Cause it's judgement day, baby, and we at the right hand of the Big Poppa.

Chess: Komal plays poorly but wins like a GM.**By Komal Kamat**

[Another guest columnist, Komal Kamat, goes over his game. This was played at the Rochester Chess Center, as part of the Spring League tournament.]

RCC Spring League, Round 1, Board 2
March 3, 2000, Game in 90 minutes.

Opening: Orangutan or Polish Opening

White: Pratt (1719)

Black: Komal Kamat (1828)

1. b4

Either shows no respect for the opponent, or white moved to get off any book openings.

1. ... e5 2. Bb2 e4 3. a3 Nf6 4. e3 d5 5. d3 a5

Move done to maintain space advantage and open a-file.

6. dxe4 Nxe4 7. bxa5 c6

No rush to take the pawn with rook and misplace that rook. Take with queen and get a good diagonal for the queen.

8. Nd2 Qxa5 9. Bd3 f5?

9. ... Bf5 is better.

10. Bxe4 dxe4

Forced move to prevent Qh5 check, Qe5 check, etc.

11. Qh5+ g6 12. Qe2??!

Qh3 wins h-pawn after 12...Rg8.

12. ... Rg8 13. Qc4 Qd5

Forced.

14. Qxd5 cxd5 15. Nb3 b5??!

Not protected.

16. Ne2 Bg7??!

Loses pawn but played to get Rook back in the game.

17. Bxg7 Rxg7 18. Nc3 b4 19. axb4 Rxa1 20. Nxa1 Ra7

21. O-O?

Why castle? Ke2 or Kd2 gets the king in the game.

21. ... Be6 22. Nb5 Ra4 23. Nd4?

Nc7+ and trade Knight for Bishop.

23. ... Bd7 24. b5?

Loses the pawn, Rb1 saves the pawn.

24....Rb4 25. c3 Rb2 26. g3 Bxb5 27. Nxb5 Rxb5 28.

Nc2 Re5 29. Nb4 Ke7

Getting the king in the game.

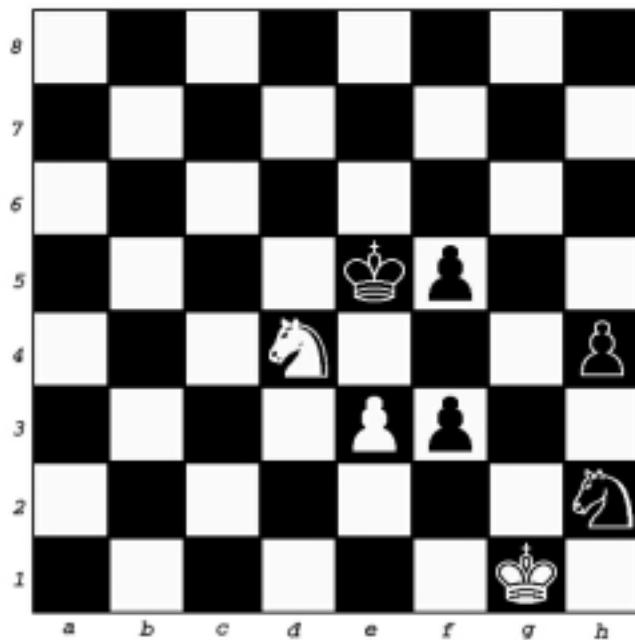
30. Rd1 Ke6 31. Kg2 Nd7 32. Ra1! Ne5

Rxc3 doesn't work to Ra6+ followed by Nc6 or Nd5 depending where black moves the king.

33. Ra6+ Kf7 34. Rd6 Rxc3 35. Rxd5 Nd3 36. Rd7+?

36. Nxd3 Rxd3 37. Rc5 draws.

36. ... Ke6



Black to play the grandmaster move.

About this time draw was offered to me, but I declined since I knew my opponent was going to make mistakes like he missed the wins earlier on,

37. Rd4 Ne1+ 38. Kf1 Rc1!

Threatens Nf3+.

39. Ke2

If 39. rook moves, 39...Nf3+, 40. Kg2 Rg1+ followed by Rh1 or 40. Ke2 then Re1 is mate.

39. ... Nf3!

Wins a pawn.

40. Rd1 Rxd1 41. Kxd1 Nxh2 42. Ke2 g5 43. Nc6 h5

Trying to create passed h-pawn

44. Nd4+ Ke5!

Same position arises if played Kf6 now but ends up being my move instead of my opponents.

45. Nc6+ Kf6 46. Nd4

See previous comment.

46. ... h4 47. gxh4 gxh4 48. f4?! exf3+ 49. Kf2

49. Nxf3 Nxf3 50. Kxf3 Ke5 wins for black.

49. ... Ke5!

Get the King in the game to attack.

50. Kg1 h3!!

The winning move of the game.

[A grandmaster move. Komal rules. -Ed.]

51. Kxh2 f2! 52. Nf3+ Ke4 53. Nd2+ Kxe3 54. Nf1+

Ke2 55. Ng3+ Ke1 56. Kxh3 f4

White lost on time, but black has a won game.



Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre

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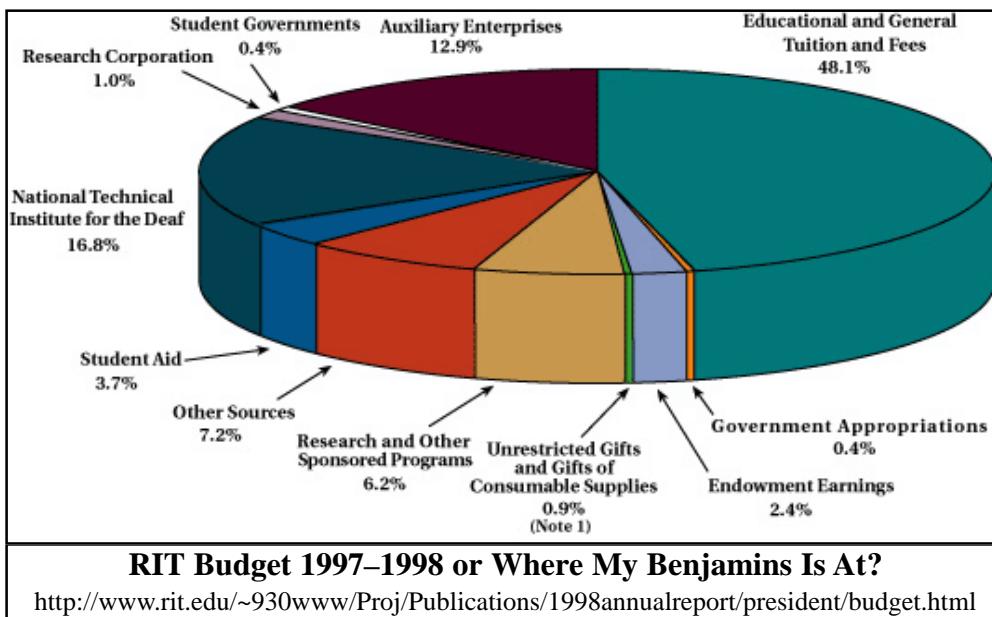
The Brick Fishtank

By: Sean J. Stanley

For several months, I've been pondering whether or not to investigate what could be yet another action against the student body to usurp freedom of choice on campus. What, pray tell, could they be up to now, you may ask. I don't know. Maybe it's nothing or maybe it's a multi-million dollar something, or maybe I'm just missing the fine print somewhere. Anyway, has anyone else besides me tried to call 1-800-COLLECT from phones on the campus PBX? You can't. You can dial every other 800 number out there save for this one. Why? Yet another exclusive contract? As I prepared to mount a journalistic assault upon the possibility of civil injustice, I came to my senses and said to myself: "Fuck it, dude. Let's go bowling." Here's why:

To simply say that RIT administration doesn't care about their students would be unfair and irresponsible. We'll leave obvious complaints to the various idealistic student organizations, publications, interest groups, and societies, et al. They think that they can incite change here and that is truly a noble thought. I used to think so. In fact, about six hours ago, I was similarly optimistic about the situation. After heaving a sigh of relief, pouring myself a strong Bloody Mary, and calming my mind for a moment, I find myself charged with the task of organizing the stuff I've found into something resembling *journalism*. For those faithful readers of the Wondershow, you may think that I would be unable to do such a thing. Normally, I'd be touting the use of tasseled pasties and German-import fisting porn footage in the latest Katie Holmes film, spinning yarns about various adventures, or maybe poking irreverent fun at *The Reporter* and SG, but I figured that every once and a while I should put my writing skillz to some sort of good use. Yes, yes, we all wish that every day could be April Fool's Day, but when you write for such an illustrious publication as GDT, *every day is April Fool's Day*. That in mind, I shall endeavor to cut to the core of the issue at hand, and believe me, it has nothing to do with plurality, student rights, or campus democracy. To say that the school cares only for money would be a gross misunderstanding. It would be more apropos to say that the school is interested in *shit loads of money*. "Duh," you sneer at me. "Everyone here knows that." Let's look closer.

In a public/state school environment, regardless of its academic level (primary, secondary, or university),



the policies and practices of a school are usually dictated by the community in which it resides, the faithful administration, and to a lesser degree, the student body, which may or may not affect the climate of change at a particular school. No matter the size, the plurality between student and governing bodies is maintained through the federal and state funding of the school. This monetary dependency ensures that some semblance of democracy is maintained. Upset the community or the students (bite the hand

that feeds you, so to speak), and you might find yourself in a political pickle. As I recall, there were some state school students that were rather despondent concerning the government's use of the school facilities for weapons research during the Vietnam War. When one discusses the nature of a private institute such as RIT, one must see the beast for what it is, the operant word being "*private*." Private institutions play by a completely different set of rules, rules which allow for as much benevolence or as much fascism as the top dogs of administration see fit to allow. RIT funding depends on several major things: tuition, educational fees and "Auxiliary Enterprises," not to mention significant endowments from certain folks that we'll talk about in a minute.

Tuition covers most of the grunt work (i.e. teaching), but the "Auxiliary Enterprises" and endowments seem to cover the niceties we all enjoy here. I'm leaving out the federally sponsored NTID because that's an entirely different issue that someone else can tackle. I can only hope for the sake of the students enrolled in the NTID that the funding set aside for them actually gets there and doesn't pad the budgets of other, shall we say "economically advantageous" scholastic programs here. So why Dr. Albert Simone? To clean house after the Richard Rose/CIA escapade? Maybe. But we know better than that, don't we? His seven year tenure as President of the University of Hawaii is considered to be "...a period of unprecedented growth for the University" according to David Yount's book *Who Runs the University? The Politics of Higher Education in Hawaii, 1985–1992*. Yount served as Vice President for Research and Graduate Education during that time and apparently had the inside scoop. I will admit that I have not read this book, and am citing excerpts from his web page. However, after more scrutiny of the matter, it seems that the university was courted by more than a few industry leaders during that time. Word on the street is that the students cared for Dr. Simone about as much as the RIT student body seems to. Bottom line, Simone is a mover and a shaker and people seem to respond to his schtick (whatever that may be). In an environment such as this, a "brick fishtank", if you will, you may either vote with your feet or vote with your billfold (and leaving the school doesn't count unless your billfold contains seven figures or more). RIT decidedly favors the latter community as the governing body. Do we all know

what a trustee is? Allow me to clarify:

Main Entry: **1trust·ee**

Pronunciation: "tr&s-'tE

Function: *noun*

Date: 1647

2 a : a natural or legal person to whom property is legally committed to be administered for the benefit of a beneficiary (as a person or a charitable organization) b : one (as a corporate director) occupying a position of trust and performing functions comparable to those of a trustee.

Everybody got that? In modern day terminology, that equates to anybody with control over a personal or corporate fatty checkbook. To wit, an excerpt from Dr. Simone's *Welcome Message from the 1998 Annual Appreciation Report*:

"Here are some of the major areas we will focus on in the coming year:

First-in-class initiative. RIT will be the preferred choice for industry partnerships. We want industry to come to RIT first to solve problems related to research and development, training, production and distribution."

<http://www.rit.edu/~930www/Proj/Publications/1998annualreport/welcome.html>

Read: Modest-sized, well-endowed (he he he) technical school seeks investors and high rollers to come over and feed the fishtank. Watch your large-sum contributions return to you tenfold in the form of technology patents, tax-shelters, and an endless supply of well-trained Morlocks who are eager to slave away at desks and terminals for years without real compensation for their efforts on your behalf. Serious inquiries only; fax proposal and seating preference at *The Grill at Waterstreet* to 716-475-2394.

So exactly who has taken RIT up on this offer? Let's examine the roster for the Board of Trustees. I'm just gonna go down the list and make a few comments on the more notable members, beginning with:

Scott E. Alexander — *Vice President, Bessemer Trust Company.* I can assure you that this individual doesn't care if your laundry machines get the job done. Wonder what his priorITIES are? Take a look at Bessemer Trust Co, a private bank that caters to the wealthy who have at least \$5 mil to do business with the bank, is the biggest of a dozen of banks that have succeeded in luring new customers. All told, there are 2,500 so-called family offices now existing.¹

Burton S. August; LHD '95 — *Retired Vice President and Present Director, Monro Muffler Brake, Inc.*

When you take care of items such as the following on a day-to-day basis, the need for beverage variety seems pretty moot. Highballs and Cognac across the boards:

“Monro Muffler Brake Inc plans to purchase Speedy Muffler King Inc’s (Toronto) US operations. The deal is worth \$52 mil. The deal includes 192 company-owned and 13 franchised units, located mostly in the Northeast. Following the deal, Monro will have around 550 units.”²

Bruce B. Bates — *Chairman Emeritus, Board of Trustees, Rochester Institute of Technology; Senior Vice President, Smith Barney Inc.*

For some reason, most people in my generation remember that pasty-ass white British dude pontificating in pristine King's English that “We make money the old-fashioned way. We earn it...” They don't seem to recall the financial giant whose commercial that was. To give you an idea of what these guys are really into, check this out:

“Poland’s Turow power plant has mandated Salomon Smith Barney and Warburg Dillon Read to manage the books on an expected \$250m Eurobond. Based in the southwestern Polish city of Bogatynia, Turow power plant is a 1,500MW lignite fired gener-

ation facility.”³

I'm sure that when they're not managing the New Jersey Turnpike Authority's 1.9 billion dollar bond offering, they're busy overseas, working with the US shadow government and the Illuminati to set up friendly dictators and submerged manganese processing platforms in the Atlantic Ocean basin.

Richard T. Bourns, Colby H. Chandler, Walter A. Fallon, Lawrence J. Matteson Michael P. Morley — *Various chairman and vice-presidentships of one department or another for Eastman Kodak.*

These guys seem to be stacking the deck with themselves. After laying off thousands of workers in 97, by third quarter 99 they reported record earnings. Shrewd, cold, business like. (*New York Times (National Edition)*, vCXLVII, n51,011, 971219, p. C1)

Ann L. Burr — *President, Time Warner Communications.*

Huzzah! Sneaky culprit! I knew I'd find you somewhere. We should all thank Time Warner for bringing the dream of an authoritarian police-state right into our living rooms via the warm, subversive glow of anesthetizing cable TV signals. As I dug farther into this monster, I discovered an unlikely bedfellow—none other than AT&T. Seems as if Time Warner was starting to encroach on the former Ma Bell, and she didn't like it. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em, and as a result (I suspect; without solid proof of course) RIT students have a singular choice for a collect-call long distance carrier:

“As part of a larger cross-promotional agreement, Time Warner Inc will offer free pay-per-view movie coupons to those customers who choose to enroll in AT&T Corp’s combined local and long-distance calling program. In the initial stages, AT&T Corp will send a free calling card to selected Time Warner customers and then market the calling program to the customers who

1. American Banker, vCLX, n147, 950802, p. 8

2. Rubber & Plastics News, vxxvi, n18, 970421, p. 4

3. Euroweek, n644, 000317, p. 14

call to activate the card. Those consumers who sign up for the program will receive the pay-per-view coupons.”⁴

Thomas Curley — President and Publisher, USA Today

Anyone ever wondered why we get free McNews all over campus in lieu of the Wall Street Journal or New York Times?

Maurice F. Holmes, John A. Lopiano, C. Peter McColough — Xerox sumthin—or—other, probably presidents or vice presidents or vice vice presidents, certainly no Joe Wilson that's for damn sure!

5,200 jobs??? You would think that with such a tight budget, the powers that be at Xerox would want to conserve expenditures. Then again, when the power yacht isn't netting a loss as much as it should, one must pad the ledger somewhere.

B. Thomas Golisano — Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Paychex, Inc.

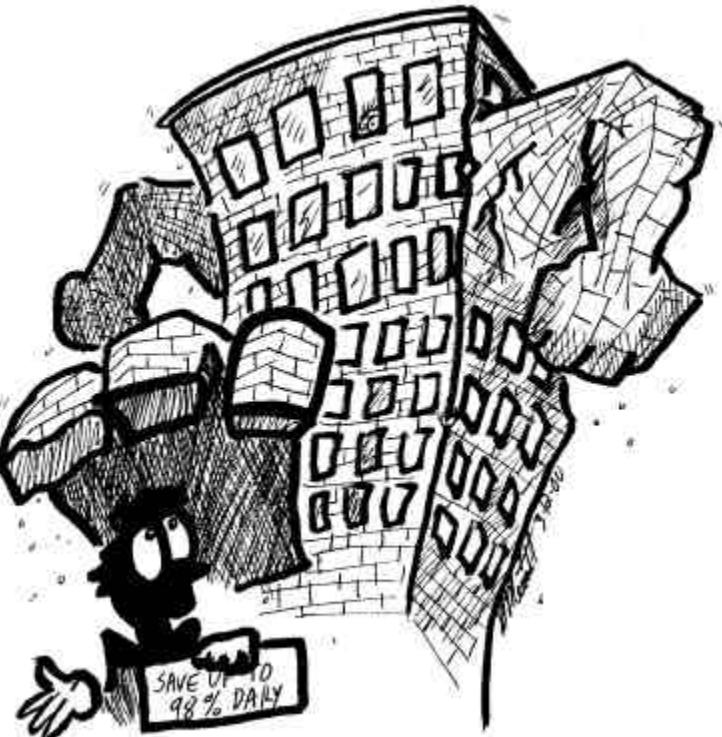
In his own words during his vie for the New York Governor's seat:

“Our [New York State’s] annual budget has climbed \$8 billion more, from \$63 billion to \$71 billion. That amounts to almost \$500 in new taxes for every person in the state...”

You think this Independent Party co-founder and billionaire cares if the School of American Craft draws the same crowd it used to as long as he can write off his charitable contribution?

Thomas C. Wilmot — President, Wilmorite, Inc.

As far as I can tell, you really don’t want to fuck with this guy. Wilmorite’s vast real estate holdings stretch from places like Eastview Mall all the way to Florida. In cahoots with Casino America, Wilmorite seems to be cleaning the floor with their offshore gambling facilities. According to a Lexis-Nexis abstract, *Pompano Park*, a harness racing track located in



Pompano Beach, Florida, was recently acquired by Pompano Commons, a limited liability company formed by Casino America and Wilmorite, Inc. The plan as of 1998 was to develop 140 acres adjacent to Pompano Park into a gambling/entertainment facility. There’s also wind of a casino coming to this area sometime soon. But that’s not the half of it. Checking the legal databases, I found that Wilmorite, Inc has had several lawsuits brought against them. Most of them occur when Wilmorite plans to build a new mall anywhere near an existing mall. Merchants, city officials, and real estate moguls alike tend to race to the courts attempting to get preventative injunctions against the building of such an edifice. Wilmot tends to enter such proceedings with a cadre of top-notch lawyers and the cases are usually thrown out.

For example, in an instance when a mother was suing him for damages related to her kid getting into a fight in a Wilmonite mall arcade, the following occurred:

“Defendants Wilmorite and Genesee countered with a third party action against the young man’s mother. They seek contribution and indemnification from her on the theory that any dam-

ages suffered by her son were the result of her negligence in leaving him unsupervised. They allege that she had or ought to have had knowledge because plaintiff exhibits ‘propensities and tendencies of rejection of normal contact with other persons and of violent physical outbursts rendering him unfit and unsafe to be left alone [without] the control and supervision of his mother or persons of suitable age, training and experience in the problems and behaviors of mentally handicapped individuals.’ ”⁵

In 1997, the cousins of Thomas Wilmont filed a \$300 million lawsuit over alleged mismanagement of Wilmorite holdings.⁶ I couldn’t find any information about the outcome of this nasty little family feud, but I can only assume that Tommy didn’t take no shit. I’m telling you right now, as long as his dollar makes RIT look better to other corporations, and that the board is representing his interests, he could give a tinker’s cuss about the lack of diversity among the students of the school.

If perchance the Lieutenant Colonel of the Army Corps of Engineers informs RIT building contractors that they must cease and desist construction on protected wetlands near the SIMS building, resulting in costly fines and other penalties, what is the administration to do? Cease building when RIT needs new parking lots and apartments? Certainly not. I would imagine that a call for action would be put forth, shaking the coffer if you will, and once again invoke the long arm of the almighty trustee to do battle with the long arm of the United States government. As this is a developing issue, one can only speculate. This leaves a lot of thinking to be done. The other two areas that Simone wished to work on that year were *diversity* and *curricular flexibility* (whatever that means), both secondary to corporate sponsorship. Is this good business? Hells yeah! Is this bad for students? That depends. Would you rather exist as some of the “more accommodating” universities do and sacrifice equipment and resources for a stronger voice in the politics

of the school? Or do you prefer existing as we do – limited jurisdiction over serious campus policy in return for ample endowment and hands-on experience with technology that is unequivocally the state of the art? Me neither, and that is why this article basks in sardonic bliss. The absolutely perfect irony of this piece is that it was made entirely possible by those endowments (hey, they made the rules). The databases I searched via my ResNet Ethernet system cost thousands of dollars for subscriptions and licensing. As the legal proceedings from one case were loading in my first-search Netscape window, I was searching the Internet for company profiles and corporate earnings in another. This will be submitted to my editor electronically and will be published using RIT funds. Talk about shitting where you eat! And yet I continue. Honestly, I think the administration is right on the ball. Really people, Pepsi is just another form of colored water, drinking isn’t good for your GPA, *USA Today* will prevent members of the TV-less elite intelligencia from missing pop-culture references, a collect call is still a collect call, and a field house wouldn’t hurt. I can endure fascism at its best if I can score time on millions of dollars worth of nonlinear editing gear.

Still, I can’t help but return to the “brick fish-tank” analogy I mentioned earlier because it fits so wonderfully into the schema of this school. Imagine that this school is the fishtank. We the students are the fish, here of our own volition. Al Simone and company owns the fishtank and are in charge of feeding the fish, and keeping the tank looking respectable. Every once and a while, a trustee will come to visit the fishtank, maybe replacing the bottom gravel with something more colorful or perhaps placing another (million-dollar) ornate ceramic castle amid the fake plastic foliage so that the fish can swim in and out of them. It gives them a sense of accomplishment and permanence, knowing that the castle has their name eternally etched into it for all to see. The trustees have their own fish tanks at home where they keep their piranhas (companies). Sometimes the piranhas require feeding of a more substantial nature than Tetra flakes. The trustees merely scoop us goldfish out of the RIT tank (graduation) and take them home in little plastic bags (co-op) to their tanks (hello “career”). Yet there

5. Associated Press, Rochester

6. 90 N.Y.2d 576, 687 N.E.2d 1284, 665 N.Y.S.2d 1 (1997). October 21, 1997

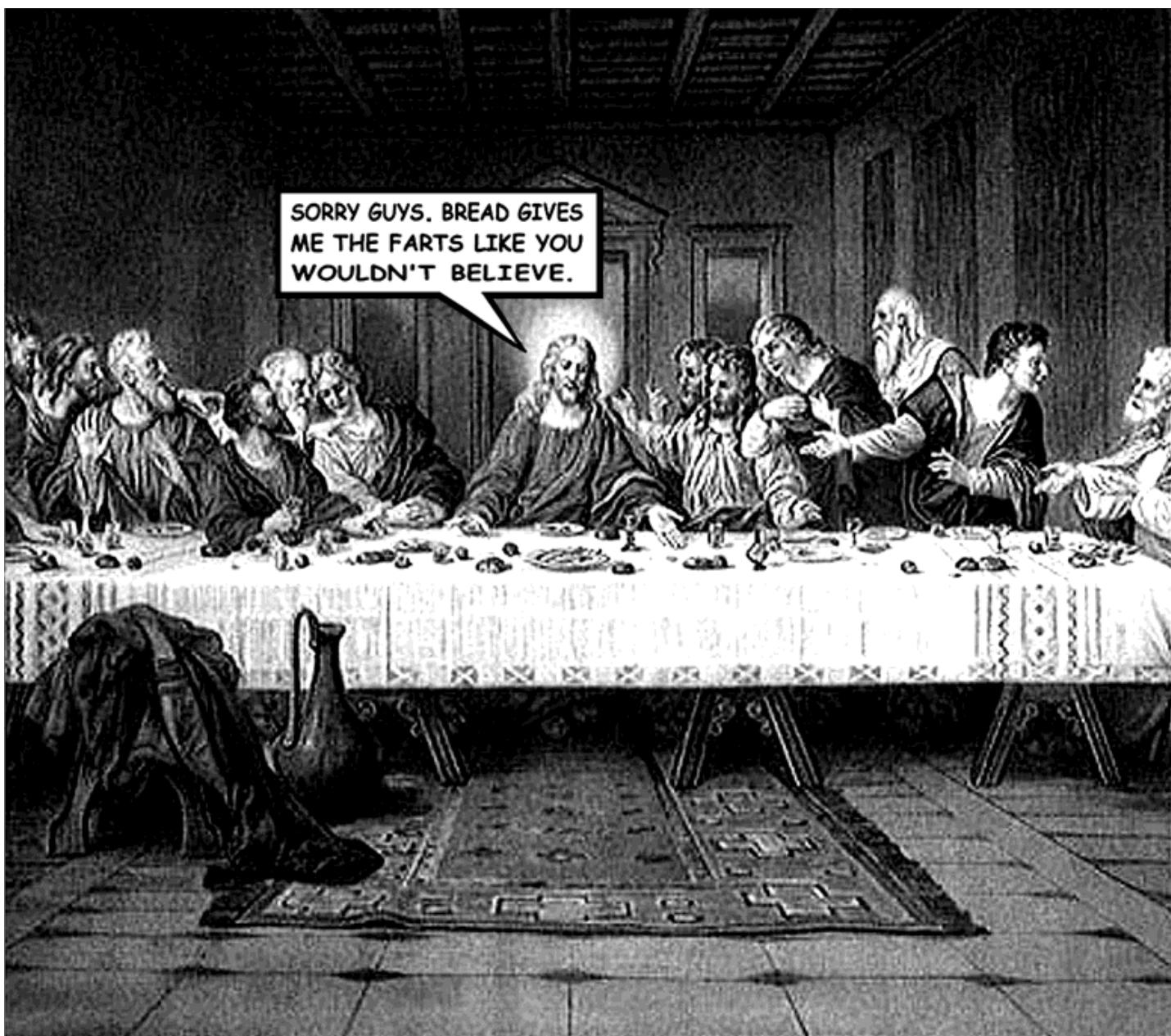
is something puzzling. On a few occasions, Al Simone has come down to the fish tank in the morning, only to find that there are less fish in it. He slaps his forehead and wonders where they all went. He appoints a special committee to unravel the mystery. I guess you know where it goes from there.

Kelly Gunter, co-founder of *GDT* and math-contortionist extraordinaire once touched on something that sticks with me to this day. Goldfish are said to have a limited memory of two or three seconds. Thus it is content to swim about its tiny little tank

without realizing the mundane and insipid existence it must endure. Did you ever stop to think that when a goldfish winds up dead, floating in the bowl or dead on the floor beside the bowl, it was just a goldfish with a vast memory, doomed to know of its existence and the futility of it all. Rather than live out that life among many of its blissfully unaware siblings, it chooses to thrust itself outside the bowl, come what may. Perhaps that is the answer the administration is looking for.

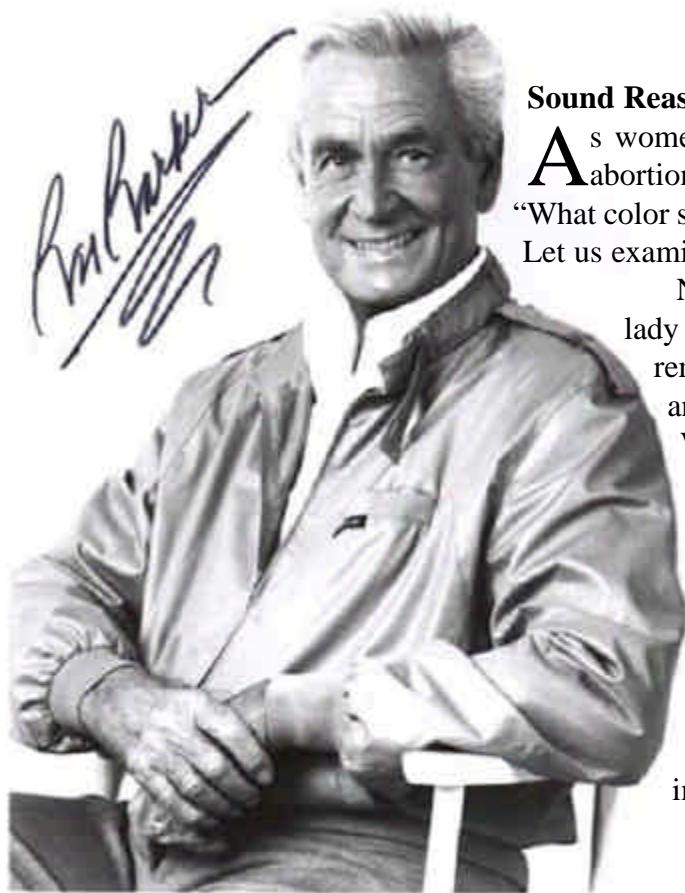
MUCKRAKER

*By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com
http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html*



Radical Feminism in the 21st century

By J. Austin



Sound Reasoning

As women waste time debating the meaningless social issues of Abortion and gay rights, a truly important controversies such as "What color should birth control pills be?" goes completely unresolved. Let us examine this argument.

Not pink. Pink is just what the world wants to paint every lady as—subservient wenches. Similarly, a blue pill would just remind us how cheap and uncaring men really are. Tylenol and Advil have already laid claim to white and red colors.

We are left with black, gray, green and brown.

Black would simply remind the unlucky lady of the bankruptcy that her unstable, alcoholic bastard of a first husband filed for in order to avoid paying child support. Unfortunately, gray pills would be easily confused with one's lithium. Thus there exists ample evidence that all birth control pills should be either green or brown. Therefore, in the interest of population control and good fashion sense, talk to your gynecologist about this matter immediately.

Semblance of Converging Heresy

In other news, despite the lack of a self-regulating mechanism inherent in the female community, it is my belief

that women have an overwhelming and hidden desire to be miserable. Clear examples of this can be found in the works of John Steinbeck, Jules Verne, and Ernest Hemingway. It is unusual for men to be so observant. However, I attribute it to the fact that all three of these men were born hermaphrodites.

Most men claim to have sympathy for the struggle of the oppressed. Most men claim to have compassion for victims of rape and molestation. Truth is that most men would rather look at the latest pictorial up at playboy.com. Truth is that most men are gutless cowards and pigs.

Abuse of Communications and Technology

Now is not the time for manifestos on female pride, parades, or protests. Now is the time for action. We believe there should be more feminine-hygiene product commercials on television. All day products for purely MAN-orientated goods such as beef jerky and video games dominate the airwaves. Only at night can ads for male exotic dancers and pantyhose been seen! Why, the last strong woman on a commercial (Virginia Slims) was banned forever by a paranoid federal government. Has the age of radical thought died?

It is time for women to overtake network TV. There are far too many sports. Where is the truly and important programming? How about a program about how to properly clean and polish my concealed weapon?

It is painful to admit that the radical television has died. Shall we stand back and simply mourn the lost of documentaries on "The Secret Sex Life of Bob Barker"? Never. It is simply not in the spirit of Mrs. George Washington and Mrs. Samuel J. Adams. These were women! These were women so strong and independent that they stole the first names of their husbands.

Infancy and Mediocrity Abound!

A subclass is being born in our society. They are neither Soccer Mom nor Cheerleader. They are not Sex Kittens or radical lesbian feminist 9th grade English teachers. These new woman are the creations of radical feminism in the 21st century. They aim to give rise to dynamic social foundations that never before have graced

the pages of bizarre magazines about our sex lives.

We are damned as idiotic women are glorified by mass media. Hillary Clinton, a female too stupid to catch her husband and blackmail him for political gain, is vying for the position of Senator in New York State. Toni Morrison has been accused of plagiarizing Seuss. Even Aunt Jamima has filed sexual harassment charges against the Keebler elves. When will this madness end?

Social Awareness, Economic Reform, and Meaningless Chatter

Radicals are not embarrassed by either the left, right, forwards, or backwards. Political change can

only come when truly independent feminists come together and speak of only one thought. Our responsibility is to change the world by not conforming to its values. Our mission is simple. We aim to infiltrate the military and postal service using peaceful methods such as petitions, hunger strikes, and letter bombs.

Our commission is not to elevate women, as much as it to injure men. While social awareness and economic reform swell, brute violence will prevail. Our objective is radical feminism, and luckily it is already the 21st century. We are angry, bitter women and we will enact revenge. Look for us on campus.

Elian Paris Bound

By Staff Reporter Nevin Galewood

PARIS, France—In a move which baffled hundreds of protesters in Havana and Miami who claimed to be doing “the right thing,” Cuban refugee Elian Gonzales has stated that he will soon expatriate himself to Paris.

“I’ve had enough of this bullshit,” Elian said through his translator. “I want to go to Paris and draw pictures of rabbits.”

Following the example of heroes Pablo Picasso, Luis Bunuel, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Charlie Parker, six-year-old Elian hopes to find his place among artistic contemporaries in the Bohemian community of Paris.

Elian has been drawing pictures of rabbits for two years using crayon, colored pencil, washable marker, and even finger paint. There is also talk that he is penning an autobiography entitled *Six Years in the Life...* However, there is speculation that the book is being ghostwritten.

“Fame is a hideous bitch,” commented Elian, who has cast off his cumbersome last name and now signs all of his rabbit pictures as simply “Elian.” “When I came to America, I was thrilled that I was allowed to draw pictures of any rabbit I wanted to, without Castro telling me which rabbits were comrades and which were capitalist swine.

“But now when I try to concentrate on my work,

I’m totally distracted by the protesters outside. They say they’re trying to help me, but all they do is yell and make noise.”

Elian is referring to the hundreds of Cuban-Americans who have decided to take their protests to Elian’s front lawn. There, they have commenced to make speeches through bullhorns and play scratchy recordings of Cuba’s national anthem.

When asked how he planned to gain permission and transportation to Paris, Elian responded that he had enlisted the help of his imaginary friend, Harvey. Harvey, who according to Elian is “a really big rabbit,” has assured Elian that when he is ready to leave, he need only repeat the words “take me to Paris” over and over again until he’s there.

Cuban-American protesters have previously stated that if returned to his father, Elian would become a “pawn in Castro’s hands, a trophy he will display in his latest victory over imperialism.” When Elian announced his decision to abandon his family entirely and live the free life in Paris, protesters were outraged: “We have been fighting for him for months now, and he’s just going to go to Europe on us? No way!”

When questioned about “the irony of it all,” protesters on both sides of the issue had no comment.

Episode 23...

Big Daddy: Hi, kiddies! (*urp*) We were going to discuss hangovers, since I have one. But, I figured that it wouldn't really be educational for most of you, except perhaps for.... uh, what was your name...

Jacques: Je m'appel Jacques!

Big Daddy: So instead, I thought we'd go to the really huge pile of mail besides my credit card bills, and answer another one of your stupid little, I mean, very insightful little kid questions. Today, we have a letter from Daniel Watson, who writes:

Donald: Dear Big Daddy, For Christmas, I asked the Santa Claus at the big WalMart that went in where a whole block of our town used to be for the 16-foot ball python that they have at the zoo. Now, I know that Santa Claus isn't real—

Kids: Traitor! Let us manipulate our parents for another year at least!

Donald: but I though that if you acted like he was real and put out cookies to bribe him just in case, then your parents would get you whatever you wanted. Especially if you only asked for one thing, even if it was really expensive. So when I didn't get a ball python, I asked my mommy why Santa didn't deliver the goods.

Kids: Second rate WalMart Santas don't deliver! Stop the evil empire!

Donald: And mom said that Santa knew that snakes

carried people diseases and could make kids like me sick. I think she just made that up so that I wouldn't start yelling and break the tree like last year when I didn't get a Tickle-Me Elmo.

Kids: Supply and demand economy! Black market trade!

Big Daddy: Well, Danny, for once a grownup besides me might just be right. Amazingly enough, it is true that some pets carry people diseases. In your mom's case, she was probably just too cheap to want to pay the Gypsies for the one kid a month—

Kids: They're giving them away in China!

Big Daddy: —to feed it.

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: Different kinds of animals carry people diseases, but sometimes animals carry their own kind of disease, like cat leukemia.

Kids: Bob Barker reminds you to help control the pet population and have your pets spayed or neutered.

Big Daddy: Of course, there are diseases from animals that make people sick, like the chicken flu.

Kids: Perdue Oven Stuffer Roasters!

Big Daddy: And then there are disease that are pets, like tapeworms and head lice.

Kids: Don't share your hairbrush! Little Tommy went home early!

Big Daddy: Diseases that are pets are often parasites, which means they suck stuff out of your body instead



of producing it for themselves.

Kids: Elderly parents in nursing homes!

Big Daddy: But I think that what your mom was talking about was a disease called salmonella. Can you kids say salmonella?

Kids: Cookie dough!

Big Daddy: Well, salmonella is a disease that you can get from a whole bunch of different places. You can get it from undercooked chicken—

Kids: Avian influenza!

Fucko: (*cracking a whip in the back of the studio*) We said that already, ya little runts!

Big Daddy: —but it's most often from salmon, which is why they call it salmonella. Another kind of disease that you can get from food is ptomaine poisoning, so named because you often get it from your Aunt Loraine's potato salad at picnics when the mayonnaise goes bad. You can get salmonella from other things, too, even without eating them. You might have noticed that snakes and iguanas and turtles ALL eat things that people could eat if they really wanted to, like vegetables without cheese.

Kids: Crappy!

Big Daddy: They also eat small children, which you COULD eat if you really wanted to.

Seth: (*drools*)

Kids: The conch, Piggy, the conch!

Big Daddy: Now, since these animals are busy eating gross people food, they're probably picking up diseases, like from your Aunt Loraine's potato salad. But, since they're reptiles, they don't get sick themselves.

A New Low

By Randall Good

If ever there was a time to burn all of your Backstreet Boys CDs, it is now.

According to Reuters, administration officials at the University of Toronto have been “torturing” protesting student engaged in a sit-in at the president’s office by blasting Backstreet Boys tunes around the clock.

I suppose that we should be shocked that at pop music’s new niche; however, I’m not surprised at all. Deep down inside, we all knew it would come to this.

I mean, it’s the Backstreet Boys, for crying out loud (I’m sure the protesters were).

Kids: Cold-blooded? Better eat your Wheatus!

Big Daddy: You might wonder WHY your ball python doesn’t get sick from eating that little kid who was covered with dirt from being inside the Gypsies’ bag for a long time. Well, it’s because the only thing that matters to a reptile about its food is how warm it is. This is why snakes eat nice, warm light bulbs sometimes by mistake.

Kids: RG&E, so much more than light!

Big Daddy: If a reptile eats warm food, it doesn’t get sick because its body warms up and cooks the food while the reptile is eating. If a reptile eats cold food, it gets cold itself and eventually stops moving.

Suzy: High pokilotherm metabolic efficiency! (*Suzy realizes none of the other kids have said anything, sits down quickly. Fucko removes the 16-foot ball python from a feed sack at the back of the studio.*)

Mort: But, but, Big Daddy, you haven’t explained what a reptile is yet an’ an’ an’ there’s prob’ly lots a dumb kids out there who don’t know that a reptile is a kind of floor covering like my mom’s linoleum an’ an’... (*The python is rapidly advancing towards Suzy, having been resting on a warm stagelight for the past hour.*)

Big Daddy: WELL, Mort, that’s a very interesting question, but I see that Fucko is frantically signaling me in Swahili Sign Language that it’s time to end the show, so we’ll have to answer it next week. Keep those letters and donations coming kids, you kids are the smartest kids I know!

This case of audio torture is nothing new. Nancy Sinatra’s “These Boots Were Made for Walking” was blasted overnight to prevent Branch Davidians from sleeping in the FBI’s siege at Waco. When that method failed, they resorted to playing audiotapes of rabbits being slaughtered. Now we’ve sunk even lower in the practice of audio torture—Backstreet Boys. The looming question is: can we stoop even lower than this?

So, there you have it, BB fans. Fire hoses, tear gas, police dogs...and now Backstreet Boys. I hope you’re proud.

Episode 24...

Big Daddy: Hey there, kiddies!

Kids: Hi, you child molesting sonofabitch!

Big Daddy: That's not very nice kids, you know that

Fucko is the one that always...

Kids: Ow! Quit it! Ow! Quit it! Ow! Quit it!

Big Daddy: Yes, that's it exactly. Actually, it was Fucko that I wanted to talk to you about. You see, he won't be joining us this week—

Mort: Yippie!

Kids: Parole violation!

Big Daddy: —due to rickets. No, really, Fucko and I spent an evening at Hooters together—

Kids: We're just helping each other out!

Big Daddy: —enjoying the quality seafood at their fine establishment.* Unfortunately, Fucko ate a whole bucket of clams. Now, normally clams don't hurt you, but since it's that special time of year—

Kids: H and R Block is on your side!

Big Daddy: —Fucko became very ill. At first I thought it was the combination of a pitcher of beer and all of the oogling of things that kept moving—

Kids: Could you step out of the car please, sir?

Big Daddy: but as he began to develop a striking red rash—

Kids: Herpes!

Bobby: Conjunctivitis! Uh, oops, I mean HERPES!

Big Daddy: I began to realize, with the help of (Canadian bimbo name) that Fucko was the victim of dun-dun-DAH Paralytic Shellfish Poisoning.

Kids: PCP!

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: Now, since we learned so much about dolphins and tuna from our helpful sponsors Bumblebee Tuna.

(*Big Daddy is overwhelmed by the sonorous Bumblebee tuna tune*)

Bumblebee Tuna Ad: Bumb- Bum- Bum-Bumblebee Tuna- It won't make you sick!

Big Daddy: SHUT UP, already.

Jesus: ¡Mi papa! ¡Ayudame! ¡Mi papa sofre el "Paralytic Shellfish Poisoning"!

Big Daddy: I thought that I would call up the Hooters Hotline and ask about where they get their clams.

Kids: Unprotected sex!

Big Daddy: Unfortunately, they were unable to return our phone call, as their switchboard is overloaded with the calls of adolescent boys.

Kids: Prince Harry and the Spice Girls!

Big Daddy: So I had to rely on information from Suzanne, the Hooters waitress from British Columbia. I'll try to repeat her highly scientific speech for you exactly.

Kids: I'm only working here to put myself through college!

Big Daddy: She explained, eh, that about this time of yeah, they have a little problem w' the shellfish oot there.

Kids: Put it in low! Like for winter conditions, eh?

Big Daddy: The way Suzanne explained it, there's this thing called red tide—

Kids: Visit from Aunt Flo!

Bobby: Sean Connery?

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: —that's soom massive choonks of algae, eh, fool o' leetle beets o' deenoflagellates.

Kids: The Flintstones! Meet the Flintstones!

Big Daddy: An' these deenoflagellates are what cause yoo to get reely ill, eh? They're like leetle spermies, eh?

Jesus: ¡Mi papa vive en la Hooters!

Big Daddy: And since shellfish are filterfeeders, eh?

Kids: Brita!

Big Daddy: They eat the leetle red tide dinoflagellates, eh, an' then the filterfeeders like clams are sick an reely easy for the fishermen to catch, eh?

Kids: Clams are sessile organisms, you dolt!

Big Daddy: FUCKO! Oh, uh...

Kids: (*wild applause*)

Big Daddy: So, that's what she explained about red tide. These deenoflagellates—

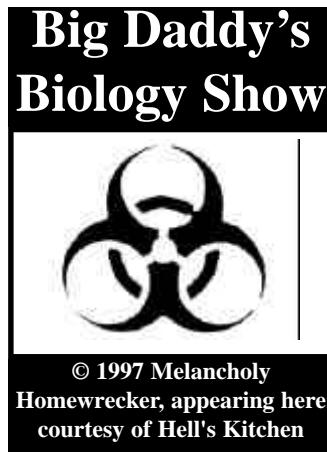
Kids: Flatulence!

Big Daddy: —can cause a number of problems. Paralytic Shellfish Poisoning is just one of them. Now, you kids should know that Fucko will recover with in a few days,

Kids: Awwwww.

Seth: (*drools*).

Big Daddy: —provided he makes it through the 24-hour window in which he could go into respiratory arrest.



Kids: Anaphylactic shock!

Bobby: Tetrodotoxin poisoning! Toxic shock syndrome! E.R.! I can say whatever the hell I want 'cause Fucko's not here! Hooray! (*Mort offers Bobby his Pez dispenser filled with Prozac.*)

Big Daddy: We should all remember Fucko in our prayers tonight—

Jesus: ¡Madre de Dios!

Big Daddy: and hope that he'll be okay.

Suzy: (*removing a can of pepper spray from her Spice*

Girls purse) Hey, everybody, let's take Big Daddy to the Wrong Room!

Kids: Hooray! (*Children rush the stage and carry a peppered Big Daddy off.*)

Big Daddy: Mooooommeeeeeeeeeee!

* We'd like to thank Hooters for bettering the lives of adolescent boys everywhere. While we're at it, let's thank the Spice Girls, too.

Chess: The 2000 Marchand Tournament

By Adam Fletcher

Hello all! I am fresh off the tournament boards, having played in the annual Marchand tournament. The tournament, named in honor of the recently passed Dr. Marchand, is Rochester's largest chess event, with \$5000 in guaranteed prize money. The five games played, three on Saturday and two on Sunday, are up to two hours in length and arranged according to the Swiss pairing system. The over 160 players who attend the tournament were divided into four sections: Open, under 1800, under 1400 and under 1000. Unrated players could play in any section but could not win the full prize amount for each section.

Five RIT students played in the tournament. Komal Kamat, who was our guest columnist last week, played in the Open section, and had two wins. It's a good showing for a person rated at the bottom of their section (FIDE Master Alex Dunne played in the open,

as did a 2400 player, so the competition was fierce for the 1800 Komal). In the under 1400 section, Molly Saweikis played, as did I (three wins out of five), and Chuck Moulton. If you see Chuck, congratulate him on his 3rd place finish with four wins out five. Another winner was Tim Vail, who also won four out five in the under 1400 unrated section. If you see him thank him for bringing unrated 2nd place home for RIT. Also, Brian Minier from RIT played in the under 1400 section, but took ill Sunday and didn't get to play his last two games.

Big thanks are given to Ron Lorhman and the Rochester Chess Center, for organizing such a wonderful event. This was the first year Dr. Marchand wasn't able to play, and we missed him greatly. Ron asked us to think of Marchand when we got the winning save, and I knew Marchand was with me when my last opponent didn't exploit my lousy playing. Thanks.

The RIT Chess Club meets Thursdays, at 8pm, in the 1829 room of the SAU.

SUBMIT.

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Please Recycle

The Magic Wondershow

**This week:
“Clean your fucking shit up, bitch!”**

By Sean J. Stanley

You know that a city has problems when the Reverend comes to town. No, I'm not talking about Billy Graham or Jerry Falwell, I'm talking about a brother that gets shit done and lays the smack down proppa when things get out of hand. I'm talking about the Reverend Jesse Jackson. He has descended upon the township of ye olde Los Angeles to take part in the Janitors strike. Janitors strike, what's that? Yes, you filthy sons of bitches. You keep making messes and someone has to clean it up. You hope that it ain't you who has to clean it up. Well, the people who do are speaking out all over the country concerning their wages, benefits, and status as important workers.

According to a statement from Jackson:

“These workers deserve a pay raise and management can afford it. It should happen.”

Damn right. I've always been dismayed by the lack of compassion most of the students here have for the janitorial staff. I want you all to try any of the following items and see if you like it. A little school from the other side of the fence, so to speak.

ITEM 1

Take a large trash can, place a can liner (as it is known in the janitorial business) securely inside, then proceed to put the following into it:

Fifteen newspapers.

Two opened (but not emptied) quart containers of heavy cream.

A bucket of KFC original recipe.

Six used condoms.

Fetus and afterbirth from a prom-bound debutante stoner chick.

A container of six week old limburger cheese.

A telephone receiver.

A pound of used kleenex.

Thirty soiled tampons and maxi pads.

Sprinkle a broken pane of glass on top for good measure.

Thus we have recreated the average trash can for an entire year in a college dorm. Now for the fun part. Take two foties of King Cobra malt liquor, remove the caps, and place them in the microwave for five minutes each (members of the Greek community will recognize this as the much dreaded “Warm-Fotie Relay”). Two teams form lines on either side of the prepared trashcan. At the predetermined start signal, each



team member must down as much of the warm, viscous, steaming malt beverage as they can stomach before vomiting occurs (and it will occur, my friends), upon which time the team member in question will direct his beefy blast into the garbage can. This proceeds until one of the teams has their fotie completely drained. Standard operating procedure for the Warm-Fotie Relay usually dictates that the loosing team has the contents of the trashcan dumped all over them. We shall forgo this conclusion in favor of something in keeping with our current theme. This trashcan is now to be emptied by one person, regardless of whether or not the can liner slipped off the edge during the process, or if perhaps one of the shards of glass opened the bottom of the bag and vile mung seeps slowly, tauntingly from the tiny opening. This bag is to be carried 2 miles from one building hallway to a flight of stairs, across a clean tile floor, and into a dumpster on a hill with a 40 percent incline. After the bag is deposited, the floors must be mopped, sanitized, and deodorized, then waxed.

ITEM 2

Spend a day at your local mall food court, ingesting any and all products from various fly-by-night operations, especially those catering to the abuse of lower-intestinal tracts. Taco Bell is number one on that list, followed by anything featuring liquid cheese sauce, bulk buffet/combo style Chinese food (use your discretion). Swallow a six ounce bag of roofing nails and wash it down with a nice orange Julius. Sit back for a few hours and watch Springer. When the appropriate moment arrives (you'll feel it coming, believe you me), enter the nearest lavatory and release this fetid concoction from the depths of your bowels, being sure to strain with all your might to ensure proper coating of the rim, seat, and base of the toilet. If you have access to a public rest room, continue this process until each bowl is sufficiently soiled as to turn the pristine alabaster porcelain a wretched shade of burnt umber and blood red (remember the nails). Using a cheap plastic "wand" type cleaning

instrument, SCRUB BITCH! Don't forget the crusty splatters at the back of the tank. Inhale furiously from time to time, savoring the intense methane-scented decay that rises from the bowl and permeates every pore in your body. Vomit a little for the full effect.

ITEM 3

Find a person about the same age as you, if not younger. Make sure that their social demographic falls significantly higher than yours. If they are wearing a suit, this will work even better. Tell him or her what sort of day you had and what sort of problems you encountered. Listen to his or her advice. Restrain yourself from trying to slowly gut the motherfucker with your plunger handle. Go home and explain to your loved ones how your day was. Express your joy at how considerate everyone was to you.

Do you see what I'm getting at? I love writing for this publication, however I get really pissed off when I see it strewn about the basement corridors and public locations. That ain't cool. If you like it and read it, keep it. If you don't like it, that's your business, but please deposit it in a recycling bin. The cleaning staff of this campus work hard enough dealing with our daily shit, and I don't want to be a party to any excess tribulations they may have to deal with. Next time you see your cleaning person on your floor or outside your classroom, don't be a class-minded arrogant fuck. Say hi. Even better, say:

"Thank you sir, thank you madam. You make this place much nicer to live, work, and play in and I appreciate your efforts. Your tie-clad middle-aged whiteguy boss might have his own problems to deal with, but he can kiss my rosy-sweet hairy ass if he condescends to you and treats you like a subhuman. That goes the same for all those trustee fucks in their crystal palaces as well. God bless America and God bless America's custodial staff. What can I do to make your job easier?"

And if any of your friends tell you that "they get paid to clean up", vomit on them. That'll change their tune real quick.

SUBMIT.

g d t @ h e l l s k i t c h e n . o r g

The Mean

By Randall Good

I'm constantly saying things that don't really mean anything. So many words today are meaningless. Sure, they do mean something, but they don't really mean anything—if you know what I mean.

Sorry about that little pun there...I didn't mean it. Or maybe I did. What I meant was to make some sort of humorous little quip about meaning while over-using the word "mean". Indeed, if I mean to have any meaning whatsoever, I should stop using "mean" in my sentences. There. I have stopped. Now, if I may convey my meaning to you...

Sorry. I didn't mean it. It's just so hard to talk about meaning without using the word "mean" all the time. I should just dive in.

What I meant to say earlier is that half of our everyday speech is mired in politeness and tradition, even when it is really impolite or makes no sense. Our speech no longer means anything. Examples:

1. I hold the door open for someone. This someone responds with a polite “Thank you.” My response: “Yup.”

What the hell does that mean? “Yup”? So, basically my response to being thanked is “Yes, you were right to thank me because I deserved it.” Someone should smack me over the head for a retort like that. Yet, nobody ever has...because my response was pretty meaningless. For all I conveyed, I might as well have just grunted. A grunt makes a lot more sense in

this situation.

2. Someone sneezes. Whether I know this someone or not, I say: "Bless you." Occasionally I become fluent in German and I say "Gesundheit" instead.

I think I remember how this tradition was started. Wasn't it believed that a sneeze was your soul trying to escape out of your mouth and that saying "Bless you" crams it back into your body? (I believe I heard this from Milhouse Van Houten.) This is about as archaic a tradition as I can imagine. Very few people today hold the Soul Escape Sneezing Theory in high esteem, except in everyday speech. Speaking German doesn't make this practice any less cool, either.

This tradition permeates our minds though, doesn't it? There have been numerous occasions when I have sneezed and felt sorry for myself because no one cared enough to say anything. Poor me: so deluded by tradition as to believe that I am owed something just because of a little pollen floating in the air.

3. Whoa! Someone just spilled coffee all over me! I just bought these pants yesterday for \$75.43, tax included. There are first-degree burns on my legs. My day has just started to go downhill. “I’m sorry,” that someone says. “It’s okay,” I respond.

But it is decidedly not okay. Here's an accurate "gist", if you will, of my response: "It's okay for you to spill coffee on me whenever you feel like it. It's not a nuisance or anything." Why is it "okay"? Is it because that someone is a beautiful woman? Or a really threatening man? Or my boss? Or from the IRS? Or



am I just too timid to stand up for myself? Or is it because it really doesn't matter in the long run?

I suppose that you're expecting me to propose some insane plan by which we will abolish all of these useless words. Ahh, but as you have already induced from my tone of implied disdain in the previous sentence, this is not the case. Because you see, all words are meaningless.

That's right.

All words mean absolutely nothing. I don't care what Mr. Webster or Mr. Roget or Mr. Oxford tells you because they are living in a world of illusion. Observe.

Porcupine.

"He must have meant porcupine," you're probably thinking. Wrong! If you could read my thoughts, which you cannot, you would realize that while I was writing the word "porcupine" I was actually thinking of a dishwasher. Still not satisfied? Don't believe me? How about this?

Hell would be a wonderful place if only you were there.

Now you do see? I couldn't possibly mean what I just wrote because I could not rationally consider hell to be wonderful at all. It doesn't matter if you were there or not because hell would suck either way. Therefore, words don't mean anything.

Intention does mean something. What I think, what I feel, what I want, and what I need are real and do have meaning. According to my thesaurus (pesky Mr. Roget again), a synonym for intention is "meaning". Huzzah, I now have a new postulate, which will piss off a lot of you and hopefully give you all migraines:

The only thing that means anything is meaning.

Hold off on that bottle of acetaminophen, I'm almost done. Words are only representations of true meaning. Meaning is whatever exists in our heads and elsewhere. "Isn't representation a synonym for meaning?" you ask. You spend too much time with Mr. Roget, but that is correct. But don't we all know deep down inside that representations of things or ideas aren't really the things or ideas themselves? I would say that those of us who know anything about anything do. Therefore, words have no meaning because they merely represent meaning.

And I now, I'm back to the annoying overuse of a certain that started this petty article. Who would have believed that my overuse of the word "mean" would turn out to actually mean something? Whoever believed such a thing is wrong, because the word "mean" doesn't really have meaning, now does it?

Live, Learn, and Pass it on A Critical Review

make up sex.

I've learned that learning to forgive takes practice.

-Age 56

alcohol

I've learned that regardless of how hot and steamy a relationship is at first, the passion fades and there had better be something else to take its place.

-Age 25

bowels

I've learned that either you control your attitude or it controls you.

-Age 19

I've learned that you can never be too old to hold your father's hand.

"Puppet"

-Age 11

I've learned that you get by on charm for about fifteen minutes. After that, you'd better know something *get on your knees.*

-Age 37

I've learned that I don't feel my age as long as I focus on my dreams instead of my regrets.

wet

-Age 83

Bacon is Salty

By Mookie Harrington

Well folks, I want to start this week's column off on the right foot by posting a correction, retraction, absolution, fixing a poignant mistake thingee. Last week, I made a monster boo-boo by misattributing my closing quote! Therefore, a mighty, mighty thank you goes out to eagle-eye reader Tom Maguire who caught that "Sometimes I like to cover myself in butter and pretend I'm a fern." was actually said by the Pope, and not John Lennon. My apologies for any inconveniences this may have caused.

In global news, the world got a little colder on February 10, 2000 with the passing of James Varney. A silver-screen legend and world-renown comedian, Varney died from heart-attack complications at the tender age of 51. The passing of Jim Varney came as an abrupt surprise to his faithful fan base that simply knew him as dim-witted Southern "Ernest P. Worrell".

Each movie used his unique brand of humor to guide each of us towards a deeper understanding of the meaning of life. He was lord patron of food fights, battling evil gremlins, and having a slinky for a mid-section. Varney will probably be best remembered for his nine Ernest movies: *Ernest in the Army*, *Ernest goes to Africa*, *Slam Dunk Ernest*, *Ernest Goes to School*, *Ernest Rides Again*, *Ernest Scared Stupid*, *Ernest Goes to Jail*, *Ernest Saves Christmas*, and *Ernest Goes to Camp*. I'm sure that others of you spent many a late night watching his comedic hijinxs on USA cable.

More recently, Varney forged his name in the annals of cinema history by voicing the part of Slinky Dog in the Pixar movies *Toy Story* and aptly named *Toy Story 2*. At time of this printing these two movies have grossed over \$435,000,000 placing both on MovieWeb's list of the top 50 Highest Grossing Movies of all time! As an honest and impartial viewer, I can only attribute this success to Varney's classic lines:

Leader: "Who's behind?"

Slinky Dog: "Mine."

Varney was a multifaceted man whose fans knew they could count on for two things:

1. That the movie title would contain the word "Ernest"
2. The incorporation of the phrases "Hey Vern!"

and "Know-what-I-mean?" in a humorous fashion at least nine hundred different ways.

One little known fact was that James Varney was also an award winning comedian who received a Daytime Emmy in 1989 for "Best Performer in a Children's Series" for his *Hey Vern, It's Ernest!* television program. (Susan Lucci, eat your heart out!)

Folks, may his legend never be forgotten! Let this article serve as a reminder for all of his fans to search for Varney's Ernest'n'Vern commercials, bloopers, and movies available on the "Knowhutimean Home Video" label next time you visit your local video store. Do it for Rimshot.

Unto less important notes... As I delve into my bucket of fan mail I pull out a letter from faithful reader Jennifer who asks, "Why is there no bus that runs between U of R and RIT?"

That's a terrific question Jennifer. However, before I can explain, the reason, I think we first need to learn a little local history.

The city of Rochester was first founded by Indians under the name "Henrietta" which means, "place-of-erratic-weather". Nothing really exciting happened for hundreds of years except for locusts, floods, earthquakes, and blizzards completely clearing the barren land that would become home to scenic RIT.

It was here that a dream was born. Strolling along one day, two local machinists, Charles Institute and Philip Technology, gazed upon the rolling hills of dirt, and envisioned a place filled with lots of brick buildings, and dirt. Absolutely no grass—just lots of bricks and dirt. So in 1921, Mr. Institute and Mr. Technology joined together to found a Baptist mechanic's school. They decided to name it "Kodak." After a costly lawsuit with George Eastman, the two craftsmen changed the school's name to "Rochester Institute of Technology" and the utopia that is RIT was conceived!

The history of University of Rochester is far less riveting. Basically, George Eastman came to Rochester, made a hell of a lot of money, changed the face of modern photography, founded the University of Rochester, became a leading philanthropist, and feeling unfulfilled, blew his own head off in 1932.

But back to the bus question. It is true that for years a bus ran between RIT and other local colleges under the mottoes: "Let's Be Bored—Together!" and "Put A Stop To Interfloor Dating!"

Horny male students from RIT were sent in buses across the Rochester landscape. Soon, these tribes of sex-crazed RIT men became a familiar sight at U of R, Geneseo, and Brockport.

Until 1996... that year, the program was shut down. RIT administration discovered that all their female students were riding over to U of R, posing as Foreign Exchange Students, never to return again!

Until 1996... that year, the bus program shut down when RIT administration discovered that all

their female students were riding over to U of R, and dining at the famous U of R Corndog (available at the Library, second floor, next to the copy machine) and never wanting to return. The higher ups felt dismantling the bus deal was probably a better idea than shutting down the corndog hut.

Yeah, I feel safe too. So until next issue, just remember...

“Don’t call me Quirky.”

—Bob Barker

MUCKRAKER

*By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com
<http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>*



The Book Nook!

With Dallas Verdugo!

Greetings literature aficionados! We live in the information age, and as such, there are hundreds of thousands of great books waiting on the shelves, calling to us with their mocking tones, "Pick me! Pick me! Don't you love me anymore?" Shut up! Shut up!! SHUT UP!!! It makes you want to lock yourself in your room for two years with only a flashlight and a case of Vienna sausages!!

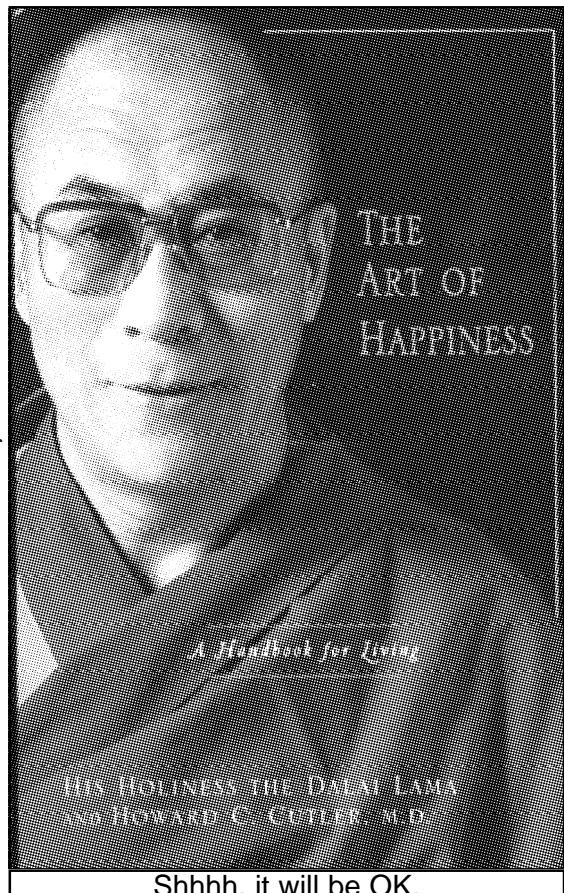
...Anyway, to help you decide which book to get, I recently went to Borders bookstore with the intent of reviewing a bestseller. As I surveyed the rack, a title jumped out at me. Not literally...that hasn't happened since they upped my meds. The book is called *The Art of Happiness: A Handbook for Living* by: His Holiness the Dalai Lama and Howard C. Cutler, M.D. I decided that this would be a good book to review because lately my dining room table has been telling me how unhappy I am all the time.

I picked up the book off the shelf and immediately noticed that it had a very pleasant weight. It's not heavy, like books made from a maple-based paper; rather it has a light, airy weight, reminiscent of birch parchment. I carried the book to the "café" section of the store and began my review.

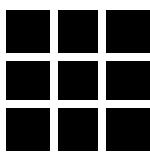
The book has a pleasing picture of the Dalai Lama on the cover. He looks right into your eyes with a calming gaze, as if saying, "Shhhhh, there there, shhhh, it will be OK. They'll never find those bodies in the crawlspace. Shhhh." A gold border runs around the book, giving it a touch of elegance. I ran my fingers over the cover and was delighted to find that the serif font that spelled out the title and authors was slightly raised, truly a treat for the senses. I then dropped the book on the table several times. The thump that it made was very pleasant, and had a delightful mixture of harmonics. Next, I slid the book across the table and noted that its glossy cover gave it a good coefficient of friction. I stood it up and carefully removed my hands. I'm glad to say that it did an excellent job of standing up by itself.

Next, I opened the book up and examined the pages. The paper was very soft and felt exquisite as I rubbed it on my cheeks. I could see a few of the other patrons glancing over at me; obviously jealous of the joy I was experiencing. They were stuck with their dreary tomes, but I had discovered a new classic. I smelled the paper, and it has a very neutral scent. I then licked a few of the pages. The taste is also neutral. Then it hit me; the book's spirit is perfectly centered! The Dalai Lama has worked his magic! It was about this time that I was escorted from the store by some friendly and helpful clerks. I must have been causing sales to drop because people were realizing that their selections could not stand up to the fantastic book that I was indulging in.

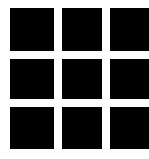
I recommend that you run out right now and buy this book. It will cheer you up when you are down, and help you lead a happier life. Why, the voices in my head hardly even complain anymore! All they talk about is how fantastic they feel. And remember, if you buy enough copies, you can stack them and stand on them so that you are high enough to see into the boys' shower room at Rush-Henrietta High School. That's all for this week's Book Nook, remember the Book Nook credo: "Pluribus nex firmus!" or "Anything sounds smart in Latin!"



Shhhh, it will be OK.



**Students for Sensible Drug Policy Movie Night
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Buy American or Go To Hell

By Maceo Dellatree

(ROCHESTER, NY) The Reverend Jerry Falwell has declared that anyone who buys foreign products which compete with American corporate interests is greatly increasing their chances of facing eternal damnation.

Falwell, who admitted that he hadn't seen the Lord in "nearly a fortnight", was reportedly visited by the Divine Creator after "taking a bit too much NyQuil". "God spoke to me and instructed me to warn all of those who refuse to buy American," Falwell decreed.

According to Falwell and the Price-Waterhouse company, the odds of going to hell increase by varying percentages based on the foreign import you buy. For example, the purchase of a German-made BMW increases your odds by 5--65%, while a Japanese Sony Discman only warrants an increase of 10--15%.

Many foreign businesses are angered by this new dogma. They feel that Falwell is threatening "the very fabric of free enterprise in the United States".

American companies, however, couldn't be hap-

pier with the Reverend's message. One heartless executive commented: "It sends a strong message to consumers that the Devil is out there in the marketplace...and he isn't American."

Here in Rochester, several companies, including Kodak and Xerox, are ecstatic. They hope that this new doctrine will rid the nation of their respective Japanese competitors, Fuji and Canon. A spokesperson for Kodak made the following public statement: "We here at Kodak have long suspected that Fuji was an evil company. We're glad that God and Mr. Falwell have vindicated our suspicions."

A spokesman for Fuji responded "there is nothing evil about a foreign company presenting new alternatives to American consumers." Kodak countered: "Yes, there is. And I think Americans know that there is."

It will remain to be proven whether God's word will boost American industry and commerce. Previous attempts, including the relocation of factories to third-world nations, have failed to whip the consumer into shape.

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Brother, together we will greet a most glorious

People's Best of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre!

Gracies Gourmet
By Head Chef Dalas Verdugo

As we exit the winter of our discontent we encounter a phenomenon that offers us a delicious bounty. I speak of the April worm-harvest. The common reaction to the sight of millions of squirming annelids is “Yuck!” or “Ew!” or even “YuckEww!” but I assure you that these tiny nightwalkers pack a mighty protein punch. Here are a few suggestions as to how you might prepare a delicious snack of tasty *L. terrestris*.

- Save money on pasta by substituting wiggler for the noodles in your spaghetti.
- Get your friendly Wegman’s butcher to ground a few pounds of the slime sacks into delicious hamburger meat.
- Add an ounce or so into your morning fruit smoothie to make it energy-packed.
- Once you try them in stir-fry, you’ll never go back to chow-mein.
- Anchovies be damned! Members of the genus *Lumbricus* make the ultimate pizza-topper.
- Best of all, when between classes, forego the \$3 bag of chips in the snack machine, and just suck the little squirmers right off the ground!

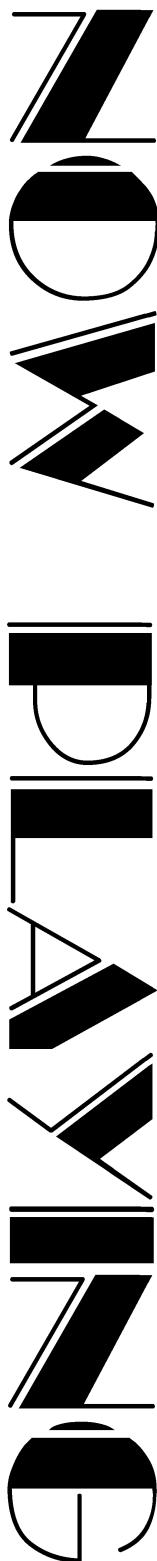
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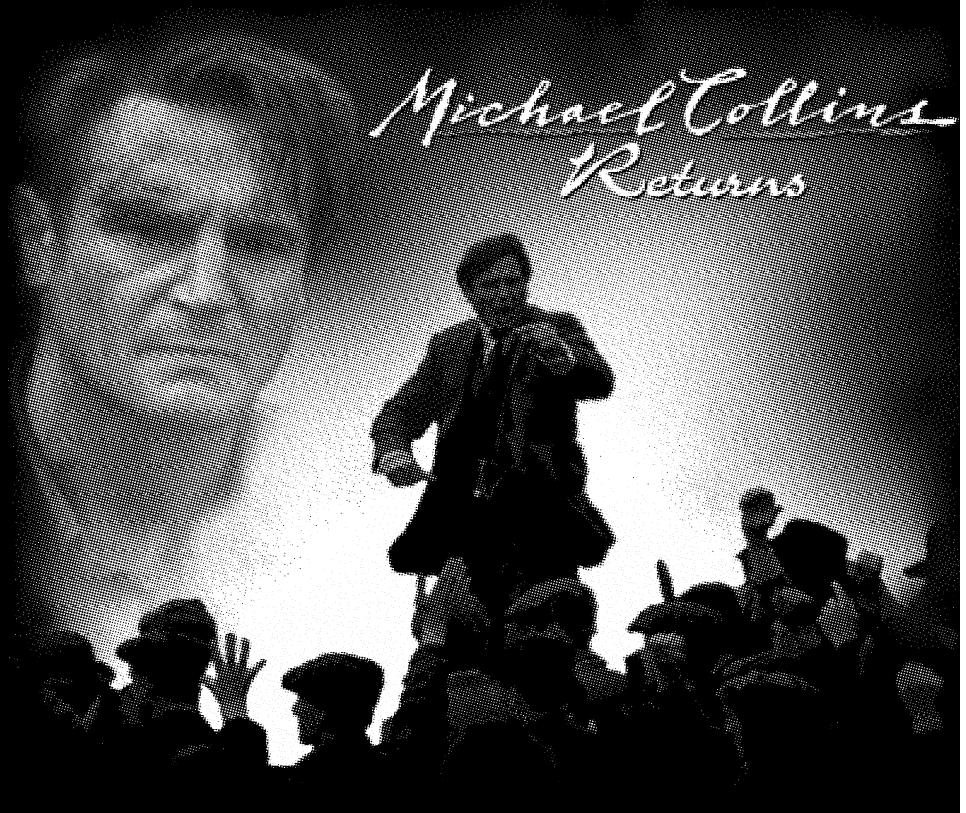
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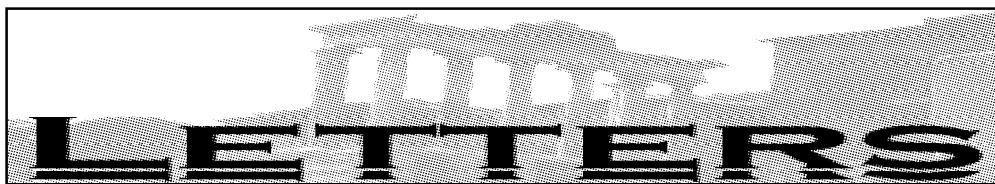
*Michael Collins
Returns*



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LETTERS

GDT,

I have been reading GDT for about three years now, and sadly this past year it's really sucked compared with previous years. I'm all for offensiveness, a big fan of it in fact. GDT used to have witty articles, that were highly intelligent and offensive, this drew me to the publication in the first place. This year, I have found few intelligent articles, and a ton of really shitty ones. In my opinion, the reason the funding is being brought into question is because for some reason GDT has decided to write unintelligent offensive articles, this in turn offends, fucking idiots (i.e. the parties mentioned in the article). So if the funding is really going to be pulled, do the people that really like GDT a favor, and stop writing for laymen.

Ms. Dover

Ms. Dover,

I agree with you, we've published a number of offensive articles this year. But, I disagree that we've published a "ton of really shitty ones."

GDT never made a conscience decision to become more offensive. The bulk of submissions we have received in the past few months just happened to push the taste envelope. If you look deep, grasshopper, you can see an underlining point—Valentine's Day lampooning the Hallmark nature of the holiday, for example. Then again, others were just written for shock value.

I think the biggest difference between this year and last is a change in our core writing staff. Last year, most of our material came from "in house". For example, this year Sean Hammond and Kelly Gunter (our glorious founders) continue to write, but contribute less. Now, we receive submissions from many different sources. It's important to us that we continue to help people distribute their work without modifying what they have to say.

Another change from last year is how we edit our pieces. We used to edit as a group (that's where all the super-secret in-jokes and footnotes came from). This year the group is more spread out. It's very very very very very very very hard to get enough people together with the motivation to re-read a piece twelve times for six hours, and then do layout and proofing and everything else. The group editing was fun, but it's become impossible to arrange this year.

I don't think there has been a decline in the quality of our pieces. I'm very happy with the content the staff writers and contributors bring to GDT.

Of course, it always comes down to this:

If you don't like what you see, write what you like and we'll print it.

Thanks,
Adam Fletcher



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 16, Issue 7
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L'amour, by Todd C. MacGarvey



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Please Recycle

Hostile Humor

By Mookie Harrington

Humor is an intriguing art form that allows speakers to spread their opinions and values in a unique form to their listeners. Despite being confronted with difficult topics and often disagreeing with the orator, the audience remains transfixed and simply enjoys the humorous observations. Meanwhile, a sneaky underlying message creeps into their brains. At least, that's what a good comic is supposed to do.

Which brings up the argument over which comedians are the great ones. There's no doubt that Bill Cosby, Richard Pryor, Steve Martin, and Chris Rock are all funny and talented men. Still, I believe the true innovators of progressive comedy did even more. They were radical individuals who dared to push the envelope and attack the establishment. I'm not talking about "beer n' titties" bathroom humorists like Andrew Dice Clay and Howard Stern. Instead, I refer to the legendary figures that liberated comedy through their free speech. In our epoch of modern thought, there have been but a handful of truly outrageous and outstanding comedians. These comics stand out as unique people who laid all they had on the line as they climbed and fell with their success. They were not unusually popular men, and their lives were filled with guilt, pain, and displeasure. They mainly experienced a lot of rejection, exploitation, and confrontation. However, when you ask professional comedians whom they admire and find creative, the same names come up: Lenny Bruce, Andy Kaufman, and Bill Hicks.

I have dubbed these men as the "Hostile Humorists". I'm not using this term because I feel any of these men were incredibly bitter and angry. Instead, I believe they are among the most creative and funny people that lived. Each dared to attack the establishment and they each accepted the controversy, conflicts, and worldly consequences of their free speech. I refer to them as hostile because that's how society viewed them. They were rejected and misunderstood. They didn't say popular things or even necessarily the right

thing. But, at the very least, in this world's swirling, confusing masses, these men actually tried to say something both important and different.

This week's biography focuses on comedian Lenny Bruce. Among the outspoken, Lenny Bruce stands as a giant. His scatological discourses have been deemed offensive, vulgar, sick, and dirty. They have also been hailed as pure genius. In the confined atmosphere of the conservative fifties, Lenny Bruce dared to look into the not-so-golden soul of America. His material was broad, sarcastic, and sometimes difficult. It left no listener untouched and earned him a great number of enemies. Lenny Bruce did daring bits that have liberated future generations. His candid speech set the standard for using comedy as means to change the way that people think.

In 1925, a Jewish boy named Leonard Schneider was born in Mineola, New York. At age 16, he enlisted in the Navy for five years and served during WWII. Returning home in 1946, Leonard studied acting and started creating a stand-up routine under the stage name "Lenny Bruce." Eventually, an appearance on the Arthur Godfrey television program earned

Lenny Bruce status as a national figure. He began to cause a stir with his shows in Miami, Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and LA.

Lenny Bruce's act was judged as scandalous in traditional America. He was one of the first to truly attack politics, religion, sex, and ignorance. He spoke in the language of the street. People were attracted to his honesty and creativity. He stood on the stage and swore and told dirty jokes. As friend Ralph J. Gleason put it, "Lenny Bruce had an incurable disease. He saw through the pretense, hypocrisy, and paradoxes of our society."

The truth is that Lenny Bruce was sincere in his criticisms. Yet, that's not what society wanted. As the public realized that meant he really meant it, they turned on him. In 1964, Lenny Bruce was arrested on an obscenity charge following a Greenwich Village show. He was taken into custody because his jokes were considered vulgar. He was arrested because he attacked religion and politics. He was arrested

***If something
about the
human body
disgusts you,
complain to the
manufacturer.***



because he used his freedom of speech to creatively agitate people's minds. He rocked the boat.

Upon his release, Lenny Bruce returned to the stage that very night. He had these simple but legendary words to say:

"I'm sorry I haven't been funny, but I'm not a comedian: I'm Lenny Bruce."

Lenny Bruce was more than just a stand-up comic. He demonstrated an entirely new approach to using spoken word as a weapon against idiocy. His cynical and sardonic style was a revolutionized approach to comedy and thinking. It was a controversial means of addressing social and political topics.

Soon after this incident, Lenny Bruce was banned from performing in Australia and England. He would eventually become blacklisted throughout America. In each city, police officers would fill the club. Sometimes he'd be taken to the station on false pretenses (usually drug possession), and held for hours just so he couldn't work shows. Other times he was

arrested on obscenity charges. Having trouble finding work, Lenny Bruce eventually went broke just from hiring lawyers as he sought vindication.

Here we encounter the other themes that come with genius: Despair, Pain, Agony and Trouble. Lenny Bruce knew these all too well. During his twenty years on stage, desperation filled his life and he did become bitter. Some would ask whether he was ever even trying to be funny.

Now, see the dark side of Lenny Bruce. Imagine a drug addict who used to be sucked off by strippers while waiting to hit the stage. Paranoid, he even set up his friends in dope busts. In reality, Lenny Bruce was a nihilist whose habit allowed him to both work harder and to "flake out." Neurotic, crude, and oversexed, Lenny Bruce died from a heroin overdose in 1966. In 50s America, Lenny Bruce explored social hypocrisy with his free-form honesty, and using the language from the street he became one of the most controversial figures of the time.

Musicians really miss this guy. You might remember his name from the REM song "It's the End of the World as We Know It (And I Feel Fine)". His face is peeking around a corner on the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club* album cover. Both Bob Dylan and Simon & Garfunkel wrote the songs about his death. Dustin Hoffman starred in the 1975 movie *Lenny loosely* based on Lenny Bruce's story. Another interesting read is his autobiography, appropriately entitled *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*.

Now, Bruce's contribution to comedy was not simply the art of being vulgar. It's been proven by the majority of stand-up acts out there that simply using a variety of four-letter words whilst poking fun at airplanes and women drivers is not considered original material. Lenny Bruce attacked the establishment. He discussed drugs, sex, religion, politics, moral values and traditions using radical thought. He used comedy as a tool to shine light on ignorance. But dedication and effort was painful and Lenny Bruce burnt out as the world attempted to smother him.

Next week, I'll discuss the life, comedy, and creativity of Bill Hicks.

My Time with the Laymen

By Sir das MacArthur Verdugo III

“...do the people that really like GDT a favor, and stop writing for laymen.”

—Ms. Dover, in a letter to GDT

At all began at the sporting club. Sir Reginald was talking about how he had spent several months with a tribe of New Zealand Pygmies. Not to be outdone, Sir Walter Hampshire idly commented that he had spent no less than a year with a group of North American laymen (*Homo Simplicius*). I was taken aback, and inquired as to how he had managed such an adventure. Sir Walter then proceeded to tell me, in great detail, all of the specifics of the groups of laymen currently roaming this land of ours. It was then and there that I decided that I must meet these laymen for myself, and after hiring a native guide and two able whores, I was off.

The first week we spent merely searching for the laymen. They were hard to find until we discovered a delightfully elementary trick; by simply setting a “television set” down in the middle of a clearing, we were able to attract large amounts of local laymen. At first, we attracted only the males of the species, thanks to the nature of the shows on the television, mostly (events of sport). We tried showing programmes such as *The View*, but this attracted only the females and the mentally retarded. Finally, we found the perfect show: *America’s Funniest Home Videos*. Members of every Layman demographic popped out of the woodwork.

I started my communications with the laymen slowly. I approached them with items that I knew they would find comfort in, such as fishing poles and Nascar

merchandise. They accepted me happily. I found that this species is very accepting to outsiders. As I tried to talk to them, I discovered that I would have to learn a whole new language. The first thing I asked them was “How are you doing in all of your endeavors, laymen?” My native guide advised me on how to better pose this question (my two whores stood silently on the side, as it should be). I tried again. “What the fuck up, you dumb assholes?” This garnered a better response. They told me “Abso-fucking-lutely nothin. Just shootin’ the shit.” My guide told me that this meant they were in a period of rest and rejuvenation. I spent the rest of the day enthralled in the new learning process. I taught the laymen about wealth and fabulous celebrity parties, and they, in turn, taught me about prejudice and oppression! It was truly a joyous occasion. Soon I was speaking fluent Laymanese. “Shut the fuck up, man, ‘fore I cut your ass,” actually made sense to me!

I left the laymen with a heavy heart. I was sad to depart from them, and I could tell that they were sad to see me go (they had also grown fond of my comely whores). When I returned to proper society, I resolved myself behind a new goal: to bring the culture of the laymen to the learned classes. I took a post with a small publication, and the rest, as they say, is history.

PS—Fuck you, Dover; I write for myself and no one else.



MUCKRAKER

By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com
<http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>

REJECTION THROUGHOUT THE AGES...



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“Caught” Student Leads to Awareness of Campus–Wide Perversion

By Theo Parkinson

ROCHESTER, NY—Citing a darkened room, an unwillingness to remove a blanket, and generally suspicious behavior, RIT freshman Ronnie Stevens is “pretty sure” that his roommate was “whacking it.”

Stevens claims to have entered his dorm room at 2AM on Sunday, April 16. “The door was locked, but I used my key to open it,” Stevens said. His roommate, whose anonymity is being preserved for the sake of his parents, was sitting at his computer when he allegedly pulled a blanket over himself quickly as Stevens switched on the lights.

“He totally covered himself up and pretended like nothing was going on,” Stevens said. “And I’m pretty sure that he was looking at Internet porn, even though he minimized the browser window when I came in.”

Stevens’ roommate denied all allegations. He is currently being questioned by Campus Safety.

“We can’t have this kind of self-abuse going on inside our dorm rooms,” a spokesperson for the alleged RIT policing force announced. “If you want to do that kind of thing, take it off campus.”

However, according to an unnamed RA., this perverted behavior is going on all over RIT. “This is nothing new. Students all over campus are masturbating. Even in the apartments. It’s not just a freshman thing.”

This Reporter did some unofficial polling among RIT students and found that an overwhelming 96% of males admitted to self-stimulation, although they would never admit it in front of their friends. Of the females polled, only 2% admitted to touching themselves, although this reporter is pretty sure that the rest were lying.

Even the unnamed RA admitted to losing self-control every once in a while. “That’s why I became an RA—for the single room,” he said.

It is unclear what could be causing such barbaric behavior. There are theories. One involves a CIA conspiracy. Another is related to RIT’s notorious ratio

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of bricks to elevators. However, nothing yet has been proven beyond a pet theory.

The administration is regarding this on-campus behavior with trepidation. RIT President Al Simone said that he was waiting to see what develops in the aftermath of this tragedy. “It remains to be seen whether this rash of the Sin of Onan represents a serious obstacle to the well-being of the RIT student body. I do not want to be in the position of dealing with a parent whose student’s studies have fallen by the wayside

in the name of the limbic system.”

Students across campus are a more than wary of their roommates. “You just don’t know who does and who doesn’t anymore,” one female student said. “It could be someone you sit next to in class. Eeewww.”

Whatever the long-term outcome, Ronnie Stevens is still a little shaken by the incident. Yet, he remains optimistic. “They let me move to my own room because of it. So I guess that I’m pretty lucky after all. A whole room to myself.”

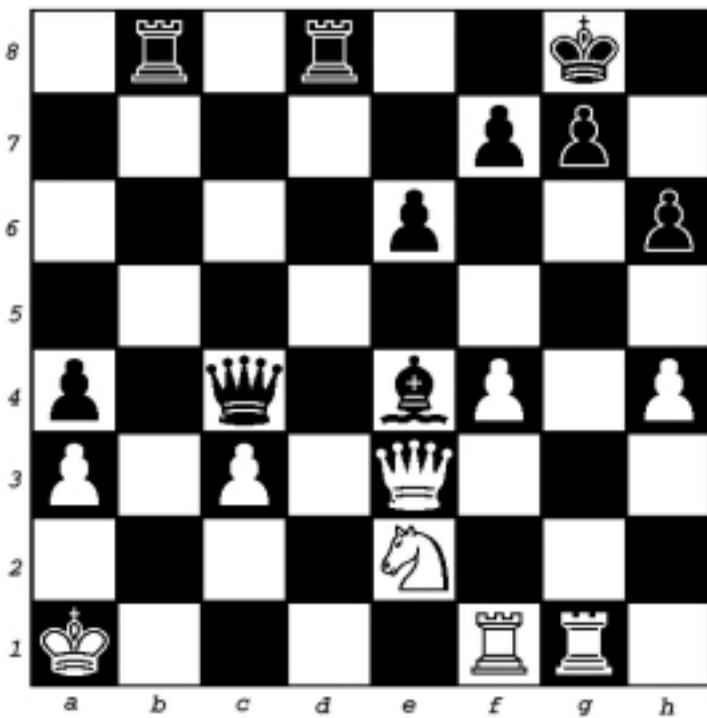
Positional Magic

By Adam Fletcher

The problem to the left is from a game played by Komal Kamat, guest writer and donator of many problems to this column. Komal’s checkmate in the position to the right is very nice; see if you can find it.

Komal is clearly winning in this position because of the forced checkmate, and even without that, his extra pawn. Take a look at just the pawns. The formation of a player’s pawns is called the *pawn structure*. As you can see, Komal has two groups (*pawn islands*) of pawns: the group on the king side and a lone pawn on the a-file. White has four groups of pawns, each a single pawn with a file between it and its neighboring pawn. A pawn without another pawn to support it is called an *isolated pawn*. This is an exploitable weakness, and isolated pawns should be avoided. Pawns that have other pawns to support them are *connected pawns*, and are superior to isolated pawns. Why? Because isolated pawns are targets. Pieces aren’t afraid to attack an isolated pawn because they can only be defended by other pieces. Connected pawns don’t have this problem—the material value of the pieces tells us this. Next week I will discuss pawn chains, and other pawn formations.

Could you find the winning move? It’s Rb2!!, sacrificing the rook for the checkmate. If the king doesn’t take on b2, the queen plays checkmate on a2. After Rb2, the queen plays check on b3, and the king is quickly checkmated.



Black to play and win.

The RIT Chess Club meets every Thursday at 8pm, in the 1829 room of the SAU.

Blame Game

By Randall Good

Please note that the following article is not funny, satirical, or humorous in any way

Back on March 11, the Pope offered a public apology for the many sins committed by Christians throughout the years, including the Crusades, the Inquisition, and the failure to speak out against the Holocaust.

However, looking a little closer at these apologies, one will find some careful omissions. These weren't actually apologies for the sins of the Church. In fact, the Pope apologized for the "sins of Christians" throughout history. Why the distinction? Because the Church and Pope—and everything they decide—are still considered to be infallible (never in the wrong).

A simplified example of these apologies is as follows: "We're sorry that Christians killed a lot of Muslims during the Crusades, but it's not the fault of His Holiness, Pope Urban II, who ordered the attack...he's infallible."

Please say that I'm not the only one who has difficulty finding logic in this argument. Okay, so the Pope and Church are supposed to be infallible, right? Does that include Pope Alexander VI, who fathered numerous illegitimate children and declared war on the Ottoman Turks? Or the aforementioned Urban II, who also established a system by which noblemen could buy favor with the church by giving other land and title?

Assuming that those who give the orders are never given results is a *non sequitur* which, when applied elsewhere, seems quite preposterous. If you don't see what I mean, then consider this: there are people out there who feel that Hitler is not to blame for the Holocaust. See what I mean?

I realize that I am focusing on all of the negative things about the church. What about all the good aspects of the church and the positive effect it has had on the world? I will not pretend that there is a fliside to all of this negativity. As a writer interested in attacking the status quo and promoting social change, I feel I am justified in my criticisms. I was raised Catholic and I hope and believe that the church can do even more good in the world. However, when badness has been done, I am not at all comfortable with allowing the powerful to blame the weak. Not at all.



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Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre



Pillowtalk, By Todd C. MacGarvey



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PRESENTS

Cruel and Unusual

I recently watched one of those spectacle video compilations of people being killed, maimed, or injured on film. It was morbidly fascinating in a psychological way in that the people I watched it with are by all standards of society "sane," and seemingly "compassionate," but at the same time unwilling to turn their eye to another human's suffering. I include myself in those definitions because I too was wholly immersed in the experience. What really got me was watching a thief in Iraq having his hands and feet amputated one at a time with a key-hole saw. On the tape, you can hear the crunch of the saw, see the sinewy tendons as they are wrenched from the limbs, and smell the metallic odor of human blood as it is spilled on the dirt floor. Not to mention the pathetic wails of the thief, blindfolded, bound, and anaesthetized. His bloody stumps are wrapped in wax paper and he is left to fend for himself. Weeks later, I still lament on that viewing experience. People in America shouldn't have the audacity to complain. About anything. That in mind, I think that they should repeal the Eighth Amendment.

Why should the US government be worried about such an oxymoronic concept as *nice and usual punishment*? Why do prisons have such luxuries as cable television and weight rooms? Let's do a little math, shall we?

Prisoners + Free Weights + A lot of free time = _____

Prisoners are allowed to weight train??? Is that a good idea? What does America need? I don't know. I do know that America would probably be better off without ex-cons that can bench four-fifty and have a track record of impulsive violent behavior let out on weekend furloughs and paroled early for good behavior on a sliding scale. If anything, prisoners should be held in restraints until their muscles have atrophied to the point of near-uselessness. First off, legalize drugs. Get rid of the majority of imamates. I don't care if a crackhead dies in a slum. If he hurts someone, then lock him up; I care about violent people being put away, not wasted people. If the Eighth Amendment were repealed, Mary Kay Cosmetics would never have to worry about dropping rouge into the pried-open eyelids of cuddly albino lab rabbits. All the money spent on prison guards could be applied to perfecting various medical researches. The Manhattan Project and the space race proved that if enough money is thrown at a problem, it gets solved. Such is the case in a technical field, where the goal is an object and not a cure. Things are a little different when you need human test subjects. Just imagine, diseases like cancer and homosexuality could all be cured within the decade. Offshoots of medicine, novel-



ties if you will could also be perfected. For example, gender reassignment technology is pretty much perfected if a man becomes a woman. The change from women to man on the other hand provides a unique series of challenges that require more research before they can be surmounted. Today's female correctional institutions would provide excellent candidates for such research. How big can we get breast implants? What would a barkerlounger feel like if it were upholstered in human erectile tissue? Can you harness fart methane for the good of society? Flying Monkeys? The list goes on.

Other uses of prisoners could be filling in those gaps in *Hands Across America*, providing contestants for the *Thunderdome* and *The Running Man* game shows, as well as an endless supply of donor organs for those who really need it.

But the real thing I'm getting at here is removing the luxury of prisons. That's millions of dollars of my tax money each year. We can do without that. I've heard tales of prisoners being allowed to assist mentally retarded children ride horses. I'll never understand the healing effects of equestrian sports, but that's not the issue. I'm concerned about the order of things in that scenario. Why not have the retarded kids help the horse ride the prisoners? That to me would be justice served.

The Germans import Turkish people to do the jobs they don't want to, just as Americans import Hispanics and Blacks to do the jobs they don't want to do. The escape factor is too great at this point to allow prisoners out and about to handle the gruntwork. The problem lies in the eight amendment preventing us

from using the technology we have to ensure the safety of the non-prisoner in the workforce. Exploding neck collars and magnetic lock-down boots are noble ideas; however, we need something that can work in an everyday environment, like at McDonalds. You figure that most prisoners are addicted to something anyway, right? We must harness this like we have harnessed the power of the atom! Science is trying to perfect an internal insulin pump when they should be working on an internal morphine pump. Couple that with a GPS tracking device and cellular activation transponder and you've got tomorrow's fry cook.

"Boss?"

"Yeah?"

"Dewayne's looking at the customers funny again." (*Reaches for his manager's key*)

"Really. I guess I'll have to crank up his M's"

White-collar criminals could be outfitted with a wide variety of drug-inducing pumps that would allow them to be effective in any given situation. You could have crystal-meth pumps for porters and log-choppers, sodium amatol pumps for school crossing guards, you could really stick it to the OPEC nations by implementing crack-pumps in prisoners and attaching them to those hand chariots you see in China. We have lots of prisoners, but not a lot of oil. There's some math for you. Granted every once and a while, a prisoner's pump would malfunction and wackiness would ensue, but at the very least, America could establish a penal colony on the moon to cultivate a legion of Sardaukar troops to be deployed at our leisure. We just have to get the bleeding hearts out of Congress and we'll see some REAL progress...

Nation Nearly Forgets About Columbine

UNITED STATES, WORLD—The American Nation is reportedly "relieved" to be reminded of the Columbine massacre, which occurred one year ago.

According to sources close to the Nation, if it weren't for all the attention being lavished on the one-year anniversary of the Columbine shooting, the Nation would probably have completely forgotten about it.

The Nation was far too busy to grant an interview, but its cousin, Nationalism, informed us that that Nation was grateful for the reminder because it had been distracted by recent reports that instances of youth violence are the lowest in ten years.

"The reports about how Columbine students are observing moments of silence and are remembering the horror really gave the Nation pause...even if it was only for a few seconds," Nationalism said.

The President, the Governor of Colorado, residents of Littleton, and many others selected the arbitrary demarcation of one year as the best time to commemorate the terrible tragedy, and the Nation was immediately informed of the commemoration thanks to the tireless efforts of its personal messenger, the Media.

According to the Media, this kind of reminder is important and will keep the Columbine incident fresh in the Nation's mind "for a long time...or at least until the two-year anniversary."

The Plain

A very short story by Randall Good

Roy looked across the smelly blacktop. His comrades were all around, struggling for life, drowning in the light. There were hundreds, maybe thousands who lay dead or dying like victims of battle. A kind of steam (or was it mist?) rose from the pavement.

Passers by couldn't care less: at first, they were repulsed by the sight and smell, and forgot the very thought as doors closed behind them. Too busy to care.

But Roy was here, conscious of his own end. And conscious of the end of all his friends and enemies and those whom he had never known. Wesley, June, Sarah—they were all there. Had anyone he known made it? Had anyone at all escaped the moisture they sought?

Roy thought of his parents' death. His father had died this way—a corpse even before death gripped his slippery

body. But then for a brief time, he'd had two mothers. Yes, that's right—two. If only for a few moments.

He remembered how she was taken out of the metal prison. He had cried when she went, but she was solemn as she bid him farewell.

And then he watched her, as the two passers by exchanged some words then tore her in half. And then, she was two. Two bodies free of each other, wriggling about in the hands of the passers by.

It was just only for a moment, but Roy had known two mothers. It seemed to him the stuff of riddles.

And then the moment was over, and Roy had watched his two mothers hooked and cast—as good as dead.

Roy had his moment, completed his thought, and expired. His smell mixed with that of the wet blacktop, causing the passers by to wish for nicer weather.

The Happy **MUCKRAKER**

By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com, http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html



(sub)Mission section

The Pottyhouse

By Ben Zindle

Nothing's so rough as the smell of a pot
 In the shadowy depths of a john-on-the-spot.
 She'd lain on the grass to watch the stars twinkle
 When she realized she needed to tinkle.
 She snuck through the forest, silent as a mouse
 'Til her dark eyes of chestnut fell on the outhouse.
 She set herself up and exhausted her store,
 Then she felt she had something a little bit more.
 The pressure was building, her booty was quaking.
 Nauseous, she teetered, her body near breaking.
 Abruptly a silence swept over the room,
 Then withered and fell to the great sonic boom.
 Thank God she'd been seated, else she might have died,
 She groaned through the pain, all the while she cried.
 Then the action was over, an end to the issue,
 When she saw to her horror there was no bathroom tissue.
 She rose from the toilet, and ever so slow,
 Her dignity afloat in the water below.
 She sure couldn't leave but she just couldn't stay.
 The choking stench drove her thought process away.
 She pushed on the door but she found it was stuck.
 She bitterly grimaced and shouted. . . . a profanity.
 She couldn't escape by available means,
 She berated herself for eating baked beans.
 She fell to her knees and she cried as she sank,
 "I just dumped a lump and God help me, it STANK!"
 Tears welled in her eyes, nothing else she could do,
 But stand there and stare at the fatal poo-poo.
 She stared out the window, resigned to her fate
 Then she sat down upon the cold porcelain to wait.
 The hours were long, her consciousness dwindling,
 Had she lit a match, the outhouse would be kindling.
 The hours dragged on, her hands holding her head,
 But by the time her friends found her she was already dead.

You write it, we print it. The (Sub)Mission section is designed as an outlet for anyone to express themselves. If you send it to us as a submission, we'll print it.

gdt@hellskitchen.org



Joeda Commuter

My name is Joeda Commuter. This is my very first professional writing contact with *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*.

Today I watched TV. I realized that both Jay Z and Sisqo each have more fine girls in their videos than at all of RIT. That doesn't matter much to me. I've realized thong honies are out of my league.

Actually, RIT needs more cuties. Yes, that's it. Just the ones that are great to look at and have a nice smile. More cuties.

Well actually...I don't fair all that well there either. But we could definitely use some more average girls. Definitely be a better campus with more average girls walking around. But see...I really don't have anywhere to take these average girls cause my Mom is always home.

Maybe if we had a whole lot more ugly girls. And fat girls. Ones that don't care much about who's around or romance and intimacy and that sort of crap.

Yeah, RIT needs a whole lot more fat and ugly girls that just want to take me back to their dorm or the bathroom in the SAU. Damn, I never knew Jay Z and Sisqo were so deep. They got me thinking about love and the fairer sex and all kinds of shit like that. I'll be back again once I have more time to philosophize of the general shiznits of life.

The Art of Hate

"Live the greatest story ever told..."

—Spock's Beard in "My Shoes," my article to
Gracies Dinnertime Theater

By David Klint

I would like to talk a minute about everyone's un-favorite subject: Hate. Not too much attention has been payed to the subject of hate in the past few years. What, with the recent signs of the apocalypse making themselves apparent, hate is not a subject that many people want to discuss. Now, the apocalypse is an entirely different subject that I could wax at length about, but that is not the point of this essay. The point is the wonderful and illusive emotion that is hate. And mind you that I do not write these words with reckless abandon, and I have reread this many times.

It seems that in the last few years, and no doubt many years before I was able to remember, hate—and just anti-positiveness in general—has been looked down upon. It has become uncool to be the decenter, and if you are a fan of that which is not the norm, you are flagged as the "weird one" and will therefore bring your gat to school and pop a cap in everyone's ass. Don't misunderstand me; it is *definitely* cool to be an outcast now a days. I mean, just look at the whole cyber-culture. If you are in any way accepted as a jock or a geek or a whatever, you aren't cool at all. You have to, in some way, be outside of everyone, and then and only then are you accepted by everyone. It's quite a paradox, and very interesting if you think about it. But the really amazing thing is the amount of hate that the whole thing is dependent on. If there is no hate, there is no difference, there is no dissention, there is no outcast, it is sickeningly acceptant, and the world suffers because of it.

I've had many introspective moments in my life. I've been out of my mind so many times, and looked around me, and seen people who are just not fit to be human, yet humanity as we know it depends on them being them. Without evil, there can be no good, isn't that right? Again, the whole issue of good vs. evil is another topic, to be explored later. But now the issue at hand is that of hate. It is said that the opposite of love is not hate, which means that hate is in a different category entirely. So if it is not the opposite of love, then what is it? Is it some odd cosmic fuck-up that somehow fell through the cracks and exists in our psyche? Or does it, like everything else in this screwed up life, serve a def-

inite and unforgettable purpose? I vote for the latter; not because I have to wish death on most of my piers, but because I believe that everything has its place. Just think about it.

Let's get down to business: what is hate? I don't know, I haven't looked it up on m-w.com, but my definition of hate is a complete dislike of the situation that you are in. That situation being a specific time, or person, or place. For example, I hate mustard. I don't like the taste, I don't like the smell, and I would rather be doing almost anything else than eating mustard. Then again, I would much rather eat mustard than get my toenails ripped off, so I guess I hate that more. Hate, like just about everything else in the world, is not Boolean, and it has a grey area. I can hate something more than another, which sort of fucks up the whole works. So let's just forget about that for a moment, and focus on the fact that hate exists, and why it cannot and should not be eliminated.

What if you were a 10-year-old person born in communist Russia in 1978? When you were born, you could look around you and see the restrictive and self-eliminating form of government that is socialism. You could watch as your mother went to work for 16 hours and come home and still not have enough money to give you bread to eat in the evening. I've heard the stories coming from the communist nations, I've heard of the times of turmoil and suffering. I've read of the various "occupations" that the United Soviet Socialist Republics had over so many countries. Would it have been wrong for you to hate the oppressive people that were forcing you to work for the man and seeing no benefits? You want to know what I find amazing? The fact that the People's Republic of China saw socialism as this Emmanuel of a savior, rescuing them from the depths of a feudal society, bringing them into the forefront of modern economics. Yet, this is the same system that the raped and burned so many now independent countries of the former USSR. But again, that is a different discussion. What if you were born then? Should you not have hated those holding the iron fist over you?

Hate is both the instrument of destruction and the instrument of liberty. It is both the tool that brings the most vile of all events, and that which can save us all. Ladies and gentlemen, hate is an extreme, and what did our good Lord say?

"But because you are lukewarm, neither hot nor cold, I am going to vomit you out of my mouth! (Revelation 3:17)" The world needs the extremes, my

friend. Have you ever noticed that if you turn the contrast on your monitor down really low, you can't see the difference between dark and light?

You sit there, and I sit here, emotions filled to the brim with that glorious emotion we call hate, and you are wondering what to do. Do you go to the local gun shop and buy a nine and blow away your xgf? Do you go downtown and buy a ream of crack and smoke your hate away? Do you just bottle it up and wait until the mason jar bursts and you go postal? My friends, embrace the wonderfulness. Don't be afraid, just because you don't like the person next to you doesn't mean that you are a bad person. It just means that you have a different perspective on life. I had a very scary moment in my life a little while ago; I realized that I wasn't different, and that everyone else had, at one time, seen the light that I saw, and moved on. They were once me, and then they grew up. I realized that I wasn't better, I was just stuck in a stage that everyone else grew out of when they were five or fifty or whatever. This feeling scared me, but I didn't accept it. It might be true, but I don't care. My perspective has been tried and tested, and it has only grown from the small seed that it used to be in my youth to the slightly experienced ones that it is now, with each step confirming it on the way.

If you have no hate, if you look around at the people around you and you love everyone, then I give you props. I give you Flower Power (great group) and LSD, I would ask that you take this article and sacrifice it to the Gods of Love and forget every word I say. But if

you look inside of yourself, and you can't understand why the hate flows through your veins, take heed: you are not wrong. Like I said before, without 1 there can be no 1. Hate is the thing that builds empires, starts wars, wins elections, drops bombs, fights for freedom, and shoots niggas. Take it, use it, make it work for you instead of against you.

I was sitting on a bench on the island in the middle of the Seine River last year, and I saw some dorky looking dude some running around the island, with his sweatband and jogging shorts on. He went to the end of the island, ran in place for a moment, and then turned around and ran back past me. He noticed me smoking my cigarette and was taken aback for the smallest of moments, and then continued on. I hated that guy. I knew that he looked at me, thinking I was a bum, convinced that his 9 to 5, church going ass was better than mine. I knew that if I had good enough reason, I probably would have killed that guy, but I didn't. Why? Because I knew that the hate wasn't good enough for him. It had to be saved, and used in another situation. Sometime where I needed that extra boost of something, then I could just reach down into the bottle and grab a fist full of reason, and it would be there.

Adults, take your emotions and tame them. They can be your allies when you least expect it. Have no regrets, because regrets are like wishing you had another life to live, and no one has that. Take your hate, and use it. Use it to rock the house at the next show, use it to beat the shit out of your next victim, use it to ace your next test, just friggin' use it. That's all I gotta say.





Regarding the 'Blame Game' article from last issue (Volume 16, Issue 7). Letters are not edited for spelling or grammar.

Hi there!

I just picked up the most recent GDT and, as usual, it was an enjoyable read. However, I have to take issues with Randall Good's journalism in 'Blame Game,' about the issue of papal infallibility and the pope's apology.

I agree that the church certainly has its problems, and is worthy of a decent amount of criticism. I don't even mind catholic bashing when the basher knows what they are talking about. However, I am sick of people (Catholics, ex-catholics, and non-catholics) who criticize the church and *don't know what they're talking about*.

Papal infallibility is one of the most misunderstood concepts that critics love to (unintentionally) proclaim their ignorance about. There is no belief that the pope or the church is completely infallible – in fact the church has admitted to being wrong in the past and so have several different popes. Papal infallibility is something that is evoked in specific circumstances, and if Mr. Good want's to be a decent journalist (or even just voice his opinions in an intelligent fashion), he'd bother researching and figure out just how rarely it is evoked.

Perhaps he has issues about it being evoked at all... That's fine, because at least he can make an informed argument about why that par-

ticular belief would be silly from his (or whomevers) perspective.

Another issue I have is his summary of the pope's apology. He either heard it second hand (and incorrectly) or just wasn't listening to what was said. (I leave it to the reader(s) of this message to go back and listen to it themselves, and compare with Mr. Good's summary).

I find it interesting that Mr. Good, and a whole lot of other people 'raised catholic' have left a church that they know little-to-nothing about. If you disagree with the church, that's fine. But at least figure out what you're disagreeing with!

Patrick D. Freivald
Instructor Department of Physics

I am writing to address the article written in the Volume 16, Issue 7 (4.20.2000) issue of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre by Randall Good, entitled "Blame Game." This article seems to be based on Randall's misconstruction that the Catholic doctrine of "papal infallibility" means that the Catholic Church holds itself and the actions of its chief officer to be free from error. This is a common misconception held by many disgruntled Christians and unresearched atheists.

In actuality, papal infallibility only applies to the office of the Pope. It states that the office is protected by God from error on pronouncements of Church doctrine. It does not imply that popes do not sin. Nor does it say that the pope or any other member of the Church will never tell a person to do something morally reprehensible. Its purpose is primarily to protect Catholics from the

consequences of being wrongly lead by the Church. In other words, one will not go to hell for following the pope's doctrine. However, one could certainly argue that the pope could go to hell for giving bad doctrines.

In response to the rest of the article, I don't know why it would be necessary for the pope to apologize for the small number of his predecessors when he had just apologized for the actions of billions of Christians throughout history, which would already included Church leaders. Furthermore, I would suggest that Randall not finish any more opinion pieces with a rambling string of disclaimers because they makes his writing seem weak and apologetic.

Good day,
Dan Hill

Please note that the following letter to the editor is not funny, satirical, or humorous in any way...

In the article "Blame Game" in GDT Volume 16, Issue 7 (there was no date), there was one fallacy that I feel I must set straight: the pope is not always infallible. The pope must speak "ex cathedra" in order for the infallibility thing to take. Following is Vatican I explanation...

...the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks ex cathedra, that is, when, acting in the office of shepherd and teacher of all Christians, he defines, by virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, doctrine concerning faith or morals to be held by the universal Church, possesses through the divine assistance promised to him in the person of St. Peter, the

infallibility with which the divine Redeemer willed his Church to be endowed in defining doctrine concerning faith or morals; and that such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are therefore irreformable because of their nature, but not because of the agreement of the Church."

-First Dogmatic Constitution on the Church of Christ

Since this was an "apology" by the Pope I don't believe it was an official church teaching and wouldn't be even covered under the infallibility umbrella.

I felt that I needed to point out this common misconception. The article brought up relevant issues and the whole of the GDT was good, if not rather short. I am looking forward to Volume 16, Issue 8.

Anthony Gerardi

Dear Mr. Freivald, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Gerardi:

Thank you very much for your responses to the article. Too many readers remain silent; so it is refreshing to read the responses of those who read our material, whether they are positive or negative.

I suppose that I should make some apologies of my own, as well as offer some explanations. I'll also try to combine the responses to both of your letters as best as I can.

Firstly, I admit that I did not research the specific topic of the doctrine of infallibility. Instead, I relied on my education in CCD. CCD is a kind of "Sunday school"—a Catholic education for children not enrolled in Catholic school. I attended well into my teenage years.

I vividly remember being taught year after year about the pope's and church's infallibility, which was defined to the class as "never being wrong...ever." I can remember it so clearly because as I grew older, I began to doubt its validity. Being young and ingrained

with this “dogma,” I never bothered to investigate it past the word of my elders.

However, after reading your respective criticisms, I took it upon myself to do some real research to see if you both knew what you were talking about. I went to the *Catholic Encyclopedia* (<http://www.newadvent.org/cathen>) and found that you are both quite correct. My education has failed me.

According to the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, the “true meaning of infallibility” (<http://www.newadvent.org/cathen/07790a.htm>) is very vague, but from what I can gather the doctrine says that the church and Pope are infallible because Jesus founded the church “to be infallible in doctrinal authority.” My interpretation of this is that the church and Pope may do bad things, but their decrees are to be followed regardless of “unworthy human motives that in cases of strife may appear to have influenced the result.”

Mr. Hill, your theory of the doctrine of infallibility’s purpose being “primarily to protect Catholics from the consequences of being wrongly lead by the Church” seems to fit this definition. Your argument is certainly more clearly worded, and I commend you for that.

Mr. Freivald mentioned that “the church has admitted to being wrong in the past and so have several different popes”. I have searched in vain for examples of a pope apologizing for his own doctrinal decisions. If there are such instances out there, then by all means present them. I am very curious. The only topics I found which were even close were examples of popes condemning the doctrines of their predecessors.

Mr. Freivald, you also later stated that I must have “heard (the Pope’s apology) second hand.” Indeed, what incited me to write the article was information obtained from CNN. I quote the inciting section of the article as follows:

“The document acknowledges sins only by those acting in the name of the church. It does not acknowledge any sins by the church itself or those who have served as its popes; both are considered infallible.”

(<http://www.cnn.com/2000/WORLD/europe/03/07/vatican.pardon.02/>)

I searched high and low, but could not find a direct copy of the official apology. I was disappointed, but I assumed that CNN was a reliable source of information. Perhaps I was naïve to believe their headline article. The accuracy of CNN’s reporting is open to argument, but here I seek merely to explain my motives and research. In my experience, I have known CNN as an impartial and reliable source of news. This is why I believed what I read.

And, finally, in response to Mr. Hill’s concluding criticism about finishing my piece “with a rambling string of disclaimers because they make his writing seem weak and apologetic,” I retort that I am unashamedly apologetic. I hope that is one of the messages conveyed by this response. Guess what, folks, I can be wrong and I do make mistakes; we all do. I am not afraid to apologize if I feel that I have erred. My conclusion was in the spirit of open-mindedness. Just because I have an opinion doesn’t mean that it can’t be changed.

All three of you changed my opinions; be glad.

Love,
Randall Good



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