



Sept
21
1998

Ohse

"They can take our lives, but they cannot take our freedom!"

"What a load of crap," mumbled Ohse as she ravenously ate a Cool Ranch Dorito crumb.

"I take it you disagree with the concept of Scottish nationalism?" I asked as she finished her crumb and began chewing on the edge of the issue of Rolling Stone with a very fey^f IRA member on the cover.

"You should know by now that I don't give a rat's ass, no pun intended," she said as she pooped in Michael Collin's urn, "about micro or macro nationalism. I know you're a proponent of Hanseatism and are upset by the forces of Balkinaztion, but what bearing does that have on my life. I was merely commenting on the quaint idea of freedom."[†]

At this point I should explain about Ohse. Ohse is a mouse, yousee. From when I first started living with and feeding her, I've talked to her about various topics as a means of distracting myself from the fact that I pamper her. Her current living arrangement is what visitors have referred to as Biosphere 3. A fish tank, complete with pump, that has various land masses and running water, which is itself inhabited by the various denizens (not of the Funk) of her little world: Fish-fish (a bottom feeder that keeps the slime under control), Orwell (a fu-fu beta fish that eliminates any parasites that find their way into the water[‡]), and Newt (a salamander that really doesn't do much but serve as a companion to Ohse[§]). It wasn't until I placed some plants in Ohse's rectangle of influence that I learned she could talk. She began digging and ripping the plants apart while singing the Flight of the Valkeries...and rather well, I might add; she has a stunning baritone.[¥]

"That's a rather weighted way of describing freedom." I could tell she was itching for a fight by the way she'd stand still, then do a little jump and land facing the opposite direction. Mice aren't really big on the idea of looking people in the face when they're talking or being spoken to, which takes a while to get used to. "I take it you are talking in an abstract sense and not a legal sense."

"Hey, what do I know about laws? The last time you told me about law was when that chick was thinking of suing for libel. Now pick me up for my exercises."

^fread as: Irish-Catholic and queer

[†]Hanseatism is the worship of Hanson (capital 'H' because they think they're an ethnic group) dressed in middle age costume at Tupperware parties. Balkinaztion is when people on the short bus whine about freedom and Muslims (capital 'M' because they think they're an ethnic group).

[‡]Allowing for a clean new world if not a brave one.

[§]"Ow, quit it! Ow quit it!"

[¥]Baritone for a mouse. When your lungs are smaller than a thimble, there's only so deep you can make your voice go. She does perform a wonderful rendition of die Königin der Nacht in Die Zauberflöte, but the Three Tenors she is not.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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I stuck my palm down on the table and she clambered into it. Once safely in my hand I transported her to the open window where she promptly began climbing the screen. Prior to the time I had started jogging again, she didn't exercise. Soon afterward, however, I caught her running up and down the screen counting off her reps. She's very competitive.



"The point," she said panting a little from the top of the screen, "is that the legal sense of freedom is little more than an extension of the philosophical concept. So in the end it doesn't matter what sense I mean."

"But really, how free do you want to be? If you're like most monkeys, when you were a child, you wanted to be an adult so your parents couldn't tell you what to do. Now that you're an adult, there are laws protecting others from you, you from them, and even you from yourself. So are you free?"^Σ

"Wow, you're quite the little anarchist. I had no idea. And yes, I am free. Simply because there are laws prohibiting me from doing something doesn't mean I can't do them. I could go out right now and kill 23 people with an NRA approved semiautomatic hunting rifle just as easily as I could drive 17 miles over the speed limit. There's nothing stopping me from doing these things, just as there is nothing stopping others from punishing me for stepping outside societal norms."^ø

"And driving 17 miles over the speed limit."

"Right. No one really cares if I kill 23 people; it's a part of the culture now."

"OK," Ohse said while climbing down the back of the couch to stand on my leg. It was raining outside and while climbing the screen a few times she had gotten a little wet, something that obviously didn't please her. "We're sup-

^Σ "Just Say No!" and "My D.A.R.E. officer smokes crack!"

^ø "People who shoot people give guns a bad name!" Bless us, we're the NRA!

posed to live in the freest country in the world, but if you head out to a secret military base, there's no way they'd let you in. They've obstructed your freedom."

Hmmm. She had a point, but I wasn't going to let her win that easily. She obviously had a larger point to make but wanted to play Socrates for a while. Fine.

"Well, you could argue that by allowing the present government to function the way it does the people in this country agree to certain limitations. Besides," I said suddenly remembering my Richard Bach, "We're all free to do whatever it is we want to do.' They're free to stop me just as I'm free to enter that base. The apparent lack of freedom comes when two spheres of individual action overlap. Robinson Crusoe was ultimately free because there wasn't anyone there, until Friday, to cause a conflict of individual wills."

I was feeling rather proud of myself on that one. I wasn't entirely sure if I believed all that, but it sounded good. There was still something that was missing, though....

"So Mr. Crusoe was free. He could zip down to Kensington Gardens and pick up some Fish 'n Chips from a vendor any time he wanted, huh?"

My stomach took on the distinct sinking feeling you get only when a rodent has gotten the upper hand. Ironically, it's the same feeling you get after having eaten too many fish and chips. "What do you mean?"

"He was shipwrecked, you imbecile! It was physically impossible for the man to

get anywhere in London, let alone fast food, because he was surrounded by water. He was in a cage and his freedom's were limited."

At that moment I heard Giles burst into the kitchen from the basement. "Red Alert! We have a flood." he shouted as he came around the corner.

"Oh, shit." I said as I got to my feet. Ohse, who had moved to the arm of the couch as Giles came into the room, was passed out. Sometimes I wonder if she is narcoleptic In the middle of doing just about anything she'll suddenly fall asleep for a few moments, then wake up and go about her merry way...which usually consists of killing plants or terrorizing her aquatic friends by throwing rocks at them.

I rushed into the basement with Giles and was hit by a wave that crashed against the stairs. It had been raining for three days and in back of the apartment a minor lake had formed. With all that water on the surface of the ground, the water table was so high that little streams were actually shooting out of the cinder block wall making it look like a nightmare dyke from Amsterdam (You know: a big butch lesbian that offers you lots of legal weed). Knowing the superb engineering that went into each and every one of RIT's buildings,^π everyone prepared for floods by suspending their belongings from the ceiling using ropes attached to pallets and hanging from overhead beams, reminiscent of an Incansic suspension bridge worker's nightmares.

Previously when we'd checked the basement, the sump-pump was working

^πSinking library, motorized sculpture that kept shorting out in the rain, lack of insulation...

full time and kept everything under control. As we stood in the surf and looked at the pump, however, we could see that the water was being forced through the pipe into our basement. What was evidently happening was that the amount of water in the storm drains was so great that it had shorted out the sump-pump. That's what it looked like, anyway. All I knew was that the pump wasn't pumping and we were up to our shins in water.

"Uh, I don't think we have enough fingers to plug all the holes." ^Δ

Giles takes a hit from the helium balloon and squealed his agreement. "I'm gonna call physical plant," he said, running to the stairs.

While Giles called the "professionals", I began to examine the pump. Just then there was a sudden gushing of water and a hum from next door.

"Arr. Avast ye scurvy landlubber! Looks like the sump-pump from next door be pumpin' into your basement. Arr, har, har!"

Looking down I saw a small raft of popsicle sticks held together with copper wire that I'd gotten from one of RIT's Neibleums.^Ω

"Holy shit, Ohse! Where'd you get the



raft?"

Giving a noncommittal shrug--which is really a trick for a mouse-- she said, "You think MacGyver is the only person who can make thermonuclear devices from old radium covered watch dials, duct tape, and Hubba-Bubba bubble gum? Paaleze."

She slowly made her way around me, making sure to stay clear of the water coming from the neighbor's pump.

She was obviously right about the neighbor's pump: they were having the same problems as we were, and with our pump not working, the path of least resistance was right into our basement. Yeah!

But what fascinated me was how Ohse's little pirate ship, complete with crude Jolly Roger ("Where did she get a pirate's flag," I wondered. "It looks like she used crayon's, but she couldn't possibly have held them easily." With my luck I'll find my crayon pack all chewed up and worn down into convenient mousy sized bits), was able to navigate. . . obviously under power.

Forgetting the Deluge for a moment, I broke down and asked, "So Captain, what's powering your flagship?"

"Oh, I put together a John Galt Self-

^Δ Every little Dutch Boy's dream

^ΩSee "Talk with Thor" (1995) and "The World" (1997), copyright GDT

generator and strapped it to the bottom."

A little afraid that she might be telling the truth I picked up her raft. At the last instant she scrambled up my arm screaming, "You fucking monkey! You trying to plunge me into the drink?!"

There, strapped to the bottom of the raft with more copper wire, was a very embarrassed looking Fish-fish. "She said she'd show me the world," he said as way of an explanation.

Sighing, I very carefully placed the craft back into the water and Ohse re-boarded her slave galley. Deciding I'd had just about enough of Ohse and her antics, I started looking at the pump. It's one thing to deal with animals that talk to you on a regular basis, but when they insist on doing goofy things specifically to fuck with you, it is time to take stock in what your world is like. Right then all I wanted was a working pump.

"So you kidnapped Fish-fish and made him a slave to power your little raft, huh? How'd you get him down the stairs? No, I don't want to know about that. Tell me how you're steering it though."

I couldn't help but be interested. She was tooling about in the water obviously under power (a la Fish-fish), and with definite direction without an apparent rudder.

With a smile Ohse pointed behind her with her head. "I've got an outboard Rebecca."

A small black head looked up over the back of the raft and said, "My name's Newt. No one calls me Rebecca except my dorky brother."

After a few moments of Ohse putting

down the minor slave rebellion, which consisted mainly of trying to bite the top of Newt's head, she turned toward me. "I didn't come down here just to test out my boat. I want to continue our little discussion on freedom we were having earlier."

"Hey Giles, what's the word from physical plant?" I hollered to stall. I needed just a few minutes to re-balance myself before getting into any real discussion with Ohse. It was one of her tactics in winning arguments to make people feel like they forgot which way blue smells.

"Well," came a voice from the stairs and drawing closer, "the guy said we aren't the only ones, and that we're actually better off than most, and do you know your mouse is wearing an eye patch?"

As far as I know, I'm the only one Ohse talks to, so it's no surprise that my room-mates don't know why I apparently do all sorts of odd things to her. Just another weapon she uses against me.

"Yeah. She's a pirate mouse today. I'm gonna see if I can do anything with the pump."

Giles gave me a sort of forced grin and waded back up the stairs.

"OK. Freedom," I said while detaching the pump from its pipe so I could remove it from its water filled pit. "You'd said that freedom was an illusion. Crusoe couldn't get fried food cause he was chilling on a beach in the middle of nowhere. As much as I hate to admit it, you've got a point. But his freedom has been limited by a physical universe acting on his physical body. It's not quite the same as someone refusing to sell him haddock and potatoes cause he had long hair and smelled like

coconuts."

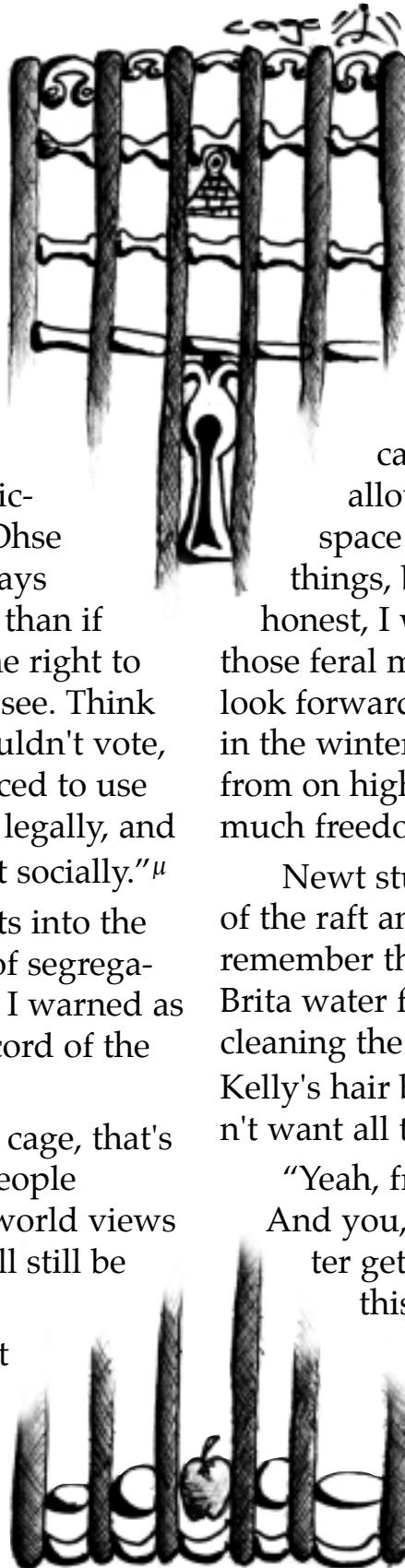
I'd taken the pump and laid it out on the table. There was a thin stream of water that had flooded the top of the table, but as the pump was designed for submarine work, I didn't think it would hurt.

"Ya might want to unplug that unless you like the idea of playing with electricity while standing in water," Ohse said off handedly. "In some ways Robby's lack of chips is worse than if someone were denying him the right to buy the chips. People change, see. Think about this country: women couldn't vote, now they can. Blacks were forced to use separate facilities from whites legally, and now they're just forced to do it socially."^μ

"Stay on topic. No tangents into the socio-economic perpetuation of segregation or we'll be at it all night," I warned as I carried the dead serpentine cord of the pump to the table.

"Right. Well, if you're in a cage, that's it. You're stuck. You and the people around you can change your world views as much as you want but you'll still be in a cage."

"That all depends on what you think of as a cage, Ohse. Change your world view so you're satisfied with how things are and you have as



much freedom as you want."

I looked over at her and saw a smug smile on her little face. Shit! I'd just walked right into her argument.

"Exactly. You have as much or as little freedom as you want. Take me, for instance: I'm a mouse and have a cage. It's a very nice cage, I might add, and you allow me an absurd amount of space to run around and climb on things, but it's still a cage. And to be honest, I wouldn't want to be one of those feral mousies. What have they got to look forward to? Wet when it rains, cold in the winter, and dead when death comes from on high. Why would I want that much freedom?"

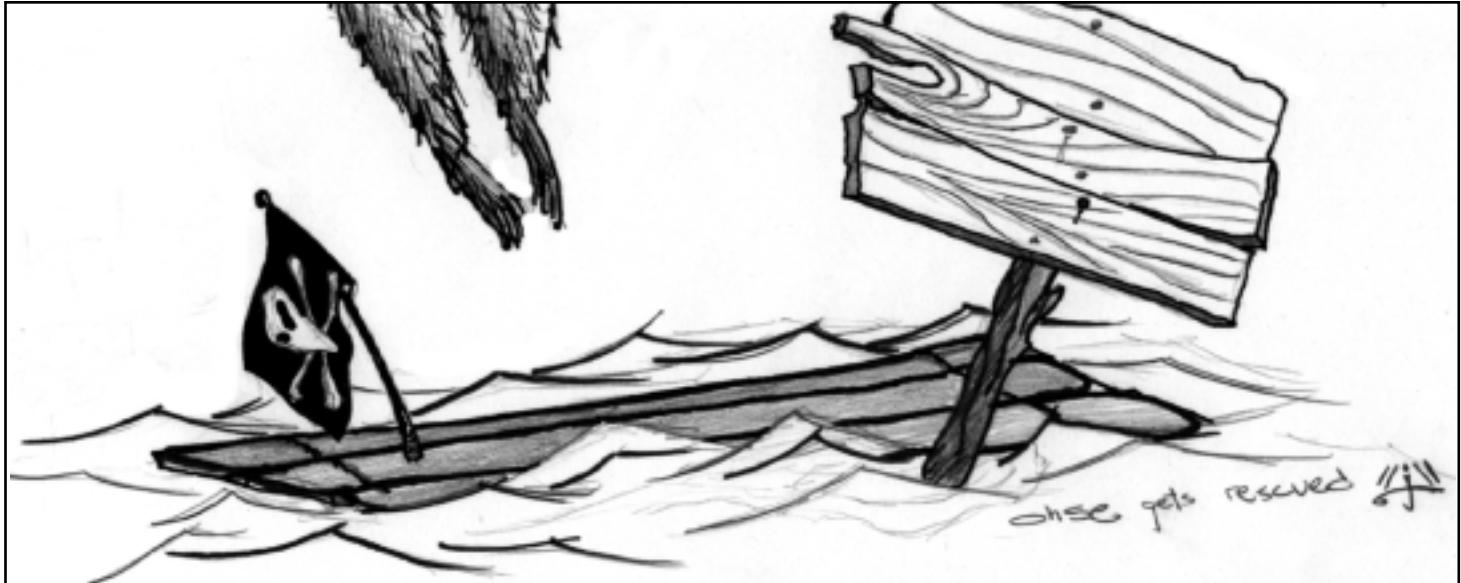
Newt stuck her face up over the edge of the raft and spoke in her lilting voice, "I remember that time I crawled out of the Brita water filter you put me in while cleaning the tank and got stuck in one of Kelly's hair balls.[~] I can honestly say I didn't want all that freedom. Freedom sucks!"

"Yeah, freedom sucks, monkey boy. And you, you little amphib, you'd better get back into the water and steer this crate or I'll give you more freedom than you've ever had. MOVE!

"Grunts, you just have to know how to talk at them."

^μ The Rich White Men (acronym: FRATS) used to be in charge, now they are just another drunk ethnic group. See: 1. Irish 2. gay IRA members 3. Michael Collins

[~] Hair balls are a lot like the coveted snack food, cheese balls, only without the consumer conscience raising voice of a spokes-cheetah.



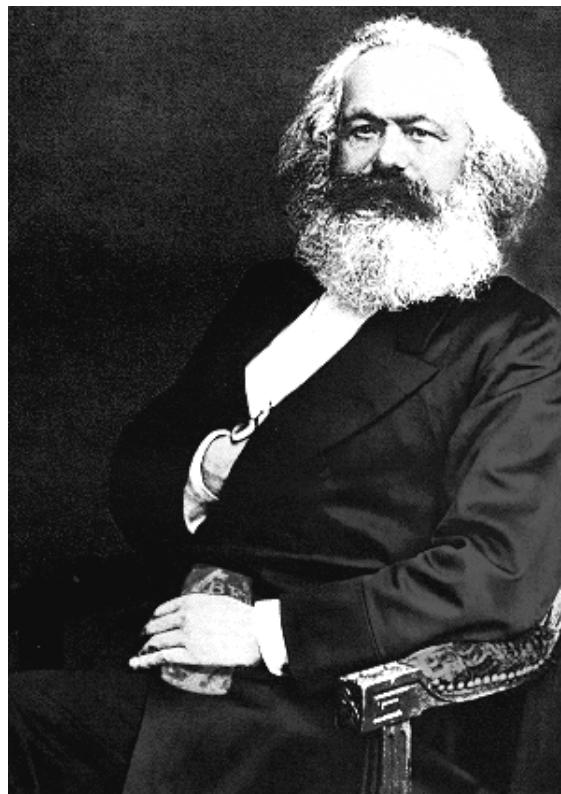
Just then the smooth motion of her sleekly lined craft jolted. She was spiraling towards the cinder block monsoon as two little signs emerged from the water beside her craft and circled her in a hair-raising Jaws-like fashion.

The signs read, "The local 245 water engineers on strike!" and "Support your local union." A third, a latecomer, which was obviously not held by either Newt or

Fish-fish and made me nervous to stand in the water, said "Fungal infections to all slavers!" Ohse's smug expression disappeared from her furry little face the closer she got to the dreaded wall of water.

"Ahh?" she managed almost inaudibly.

Reaching down to her rescue I laughingly said, "Freedom sucks, huh Ohse?"
"Shut up and take us home."



*From
those
according
to their
possessions*

*To those
according to
their thirst*



White To Play And Win

by Adam Fletcher
 (adamf@csh.rit.edu)

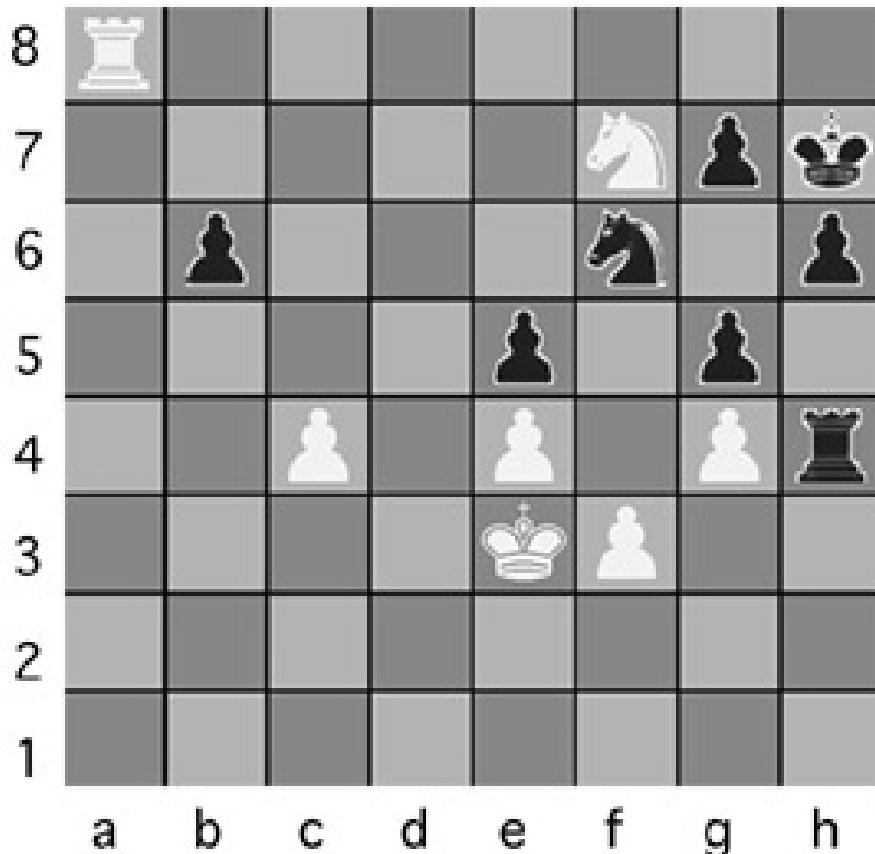
Genna found his knight very handy in this tournament in the small Dutch city of Tilburg. The power of the knight's unique movement is shown:

1. Rh8+

The knight on f7 defends the rook from Black's king.

1. ... Kg6
2. Nxe5 mate.

Delivering the mating attack. The knight attacks the king and blocks the only possible escape square.



Genna Sosonko vs. Jan Timman, 1983
Tilburg, Holland

Have a problem? Want a topic discussed? Email me!
adamf@csh.rit.edu or adamf on the Free Internet Chess Server
(fics.onenet.net 5000).





Shirk'n'Shout

This Week - Rants from Work by Eric Thomas

Evil Nun of Doom Versus Smiling Corporate Public Relations Man

You know, it is definitely time we went after more challenging targets.

I've hit basically the same ones that the rest of GDT has. Ultra-conservatives, ultra-liberals, ultra-politicals, distracted activists, Luddites, fratboys, the French, decency, the Christian Coalition (starring Ralph Reed as the Unholy Spawn of Our Lord Satan), portly bureaucrats, laughable hypocrites, holier-than-thou department store Santas. No problem.

A useful strategy (and one that GDT has, itself, employed more than once) is to let your opponent do your work for you. Frank Capra, director of such Hollywood classics as "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and "It's a Wonderful Life," produced a series of films just before World War II called "Why We Fight." Under the guidance of the propagandist Office of War Information, Capra whipped the American movie-going public (which, at that time, was just about everyone) into a frenzy of depraved nationalism with footage from Germany, Italy and Japan ("...obtained secretly by the intelligent, athletic, and sexy boys over at the OWI...") accompanied by a patriotic voice-over and dramatic classical music. Capra's technique was to throw some subtitled scenes of Hitler addressing the masses up on the screen, or Mussolini marching through Rome, or some Japanese children learning hand-to-hand combat.

After a few moments of silence (to let the audience absorb and begin to despise the new cultures), the narrator would pick up with some rhetoric about the fanaticism of the Axis and how they'd be on American shores soon, so give us all of your spare metal and rubber so we can dump them into the ocean just to make you feel good. And we'll make explosives out of your cooking fat.

But I digress. The point is that Capra's genius lay in his ability to use his target's words for his own purposes. Hitler gives a speech, the OWI translates it, Capra puts it in one of his films along with some "Look at how CRAZY these people are!" narration, and the American people take care of the rest. Brilliant.

Of course, the success of this negative spin doctoring depends on the availability of quotable material from the target; this can be a problem if your source is incapable of coherent thought (see "fratboys," "portly bureaucrats" above); it becomes downright frustrating when you're out to bash a large group without a convenient figurehead.

This last is more common these days. Often, the enemy is not a Reed, a Helms or a Gates. We find ourselves staring down the gullets of animals much too broad to fit within our narrow fields of vision. We are forced to walk the fine line between seeing

The Power of (Exploiting) the Individual

It is here that we must personalize. We must bring the story down to the audience's level. If the piece is on teenage drinking, constrict the focus to the exploits of a single kid over the course of one weekend. If the piece concerns mistreatment of the elderly, go mistreat the elderly and interview them afterward. If the piece mentions lesbian sex, go engage in or observe lesbian sex. You get the idea.

Mike Barnicle, a Boston Globe columnist for over 25 years, falls into this mode almost every week. Barnicle has long been celebrated as a champion of the working man, a warm humanist with an eye for subtlety, and the only Globe columnist who ever pays any attention to the city of Boston. The technique that earned him this respect and admiration is the heart of personalization in journalism. Here's a sample:

"Mario Tawfiq was born Mario Corleone Fusilli on a boat to Ellis Island in 1914. After Mario was delivered, his mother, widowed after his father was killed in the Naples Sambuca Riots of

1913, returned immediately to prostitution and gambling aboard the ship, the U.S.S. Dysentery. Mario was left to be tortured by the ship's crew, all of whom had bad cases of halitosis.

"Mario moved to Boston in 1934, during the Great Depression. He became involved in a small-time ring of thugs smuggling crack-cocaine from Canada.

"It was there he met "Lucky" Lucy Ricardo."

And so forth. By the end of the column, the reader is convinced that Mario's story proves the tenacity of the human spirit, the inner strength we find despite harrowing odds, and the inefficiency and futility of the welfare system.

Boston Magazine attempted to track down some of Barnicle's Everyman characters, and were unsuccessful on many counts. This led them to the conclusion that a lot of Barnicle's work is a good story, but a big lie. (Barnicle denied the allegations, calling Boston Magazine a bunch of people who "sit in cubicles all day and put out a hotel guide." Ouch.)

The Yale Ratio

I know three people who go, or went, to Yale University in Connecticut.

The first graduated last year. She was a great student, a genius thinker, a talented musician, and a fun person to be with.

The second is a junior. He is a flaming racist, misogynist, homophobe, and acquaintance rapist who cheated his way through high school. I once overheard him boasting about a New Year's Eve party, where he had gotten some girl nice and beshitted, then taken sexual advan-

tage of her once she was too drunk to care. That year, he was named Citizen of the Year by the local newspaper. Why? Because he plays soccer.

The third was accepted on a football scholarship. During a break from school last year, he and some friends (all residents of the town that I live in) beat another young man comatose.

Conclusion: Two out of three Yale students belong in Hell.

Asshole Phenomena Plus a Checklist for a More Well-Defined Personality

If you tell him he's smart, he'll believe you. If you tell him he's talented, he'll believe you. If you tell him he's gifted, he will most certainly believe you.

Inevitably, he will develop warped standards of measurement in an attempt to quantify intelligence, talent, or beauty. He will think to himself, "I know more words than that guy." Or, "My grade point average is higher than his." Or, "Chicks dig me." He will tailor standards of achievement, customized to match his present skill.

He will find distractions - he will define himself through categorization. He

will proudly proclaim, "I'm smarter than 99.9% of you, and I'm gay." He will miss the point by a wide fucking margin.

Here is a checklist for a more well-defined personality. Try it at home.

- 1.) Generalize.
- 2.) Narrow the scope of your record collection.
- 3.) Use cultural "catch phrases": da bomb, mad props, ill
- 4.) Carry props - bags, hats, belts, knives
- 5.) Self-mutilation - tattooing, piercing
- 6.) Hone arguments on binary issues - abortion, welfare, financial aid, vegetarianism

Ask Aaron: What to Do About Those Gun Totin' Chillun.

While Hell's Kitchen is proud to be a member of U-Wire, the "Associated Press" of college newspapers all over the country, sometimes we disagree with the merit of their inclusions. In the case of Aaron Cooper's opinionated editorial, "Violence involving children should be stopped at the source," published in its original form in the *Daily Nebraskan* at the University of Nebraska, we had a few comments.

While some people may find these comments offensive, we encourage you to read the article out loud to yourself. Really, it's funny. In the spirit of post-modernist deconstruction and appropriation, we offer our opinion of Aaron's work.

GDT's comments appear in italics. Please note also that the paragraph breaks are Aaron's. Comments made to items within paragraphs were inserted in the text.

"Violence involving children should be stopped at the source"

By Aaron Cooper

Daily Nebraskan (U. Nebraska) 08/28/98

(U-WIRE) LINCOLN, Neb. -- Names of children appear under headlines almost without pause these days. For many of us they pass through our memories just as quickly as they come, like ghost ships in the night.

I dig. I miss those ghost ships all the time. It must be great in Nebraska, watching the ghosts ships sail on the amber waves of grain.

It has escalated beyond the point of our dismissing this pattern with a mere shaking of the head and mumbling of "It's a shame."

With a shake of the fist: "Those goddamn kids!"

It is turning into an epidemic.

Yes, like the Bubonic Plague or AIDS.

The virus of violence continues to spread with a recent confrontation coming

in Chicago, with the death of Ryan Harris, an 11-year-old girl.

And the confrontation is?

"That's a shame, too," we might say or think, but tragedy doesn't begin to scrape the surface of this latest outbreak of child hostility.

Okay...somebody needs to connect the words "shame," "tragedy," and "scrape" for me. Remember, the average American reads at a sixth-grade level.

The accused, a phrase we usually associate with the likes of serial killers played by John Malkovich or Kevin Spacey in movies, are two boys - ages 7 and 8.

Those boys were 2 degrees from Kevin. Face it, the kids don't mean as much as the President blowing his load all over some intern's dress.

What would it take for two boys, barely beyond diapers, to beat another child to death?

All of those diapers must be rough on elementary school septic systems. 7 is awful late for diapers. What's up with Nebraska?

This question gets at the center of what is causing youth all over the country to take the lives of their peers. [Stinky diapers] What makes the difference between a child deciding that killing is more "stimulating" than watching Sesame Street or playing Nintendo and any other child?

Gun training instead of potty training.

That is not a question or problem we like to think about, [What question? Get out your Warriner's, 'cause that's a weak reference.] but it is one that has to be answered and rectified. Otherwise, Associated Press headlines may soon originate in Lincoln or another town [AP doesn't cover Nebraska?], which immediately would prompt us to call family, praying that it wasn't our relatives who were victims of another shooting spree.

Or praying our relatives weren't the perps. "Oh my God, Helen, did little John tweak today?"

Is this realistic? I don't think we want to find out the hard way.

Is what realistic? The AP covering Nebraska? No, they cover states that can read and write.

The rippling effects of shooting sprees may never be fully realized by the family and friends of those who have fallen victim to internal battles with common sense and fantasy.

So what your saying is the families of the young brothers who have fallen in the good fight have not died in vain, but have instead served to perpetuate the dual tropes of gang violence in Nebraska and run-on sentences.

After being convicted of the Jonesboro shootings, Mitchell Johnson (now 14) and Andrew Golden (now 12) were sentenced to the custody of juvenile authorities, where they could remain until age 21 or longer.

Where they in camouflage diapers when they earned their stripes?

Under Arkansas' current legal system, they could be released by age 18 - something the families of the victims have a hard time dealing with.

No shit. My kid gets blown away and the killers walk at 18. Not read, walk.

On May 21, Kipland P. Kinkel decided it might be "cool" to go on a shooting rampage of his own, and authorities say he started with his mother and father, both found dead later that day. Next, he proceeded to shoot and kill a classmate and injure 23 others at Thurston High School in Springfield, Ore.

The problem was that Mom and Dad didn't pack the FlufferNutter™ before he capped them.

What baffles most people, beyond the brutal assault at the high school, is the fact

that Springfield police had to send in a bomb squad to defuse the house before they could even search it or bring out the bodies of his parents.

*This kid has mad skills. Booby traps?
Remember "Goonies?"*

Just when we thought it couldn't get any worse - it did.

If we shift our focus momentarily from these childhood horror stories in America, we need not look far to other recent out-

bombing of their house. The bombing was the result of hateful attitudes geared toward the Quinns' Catholic mother because she was living with a Protestant companion.

Ireland is far from Nebraska. Obviously geography is another failing element of the Neaskan education. Perhaps we should be more worried about Nebraska's affect on children.

If you are expecting further explanation as to why this happened, beyond the long-standing unrest in Northern Ireland, you won't find any. Someone decided that the



Tripping through Nebraska . . .

breaks of violence toward children of the world.

What did? What's worse? Did Timmy fall down the well? What happened?

Richard, Mark, and Jason Quinn, ages 11, 9 and 8 respectively, lost their lives in Northern Ireland in early July during a fire-

message their r mother was sending to the community crossed unspeakable religious barriers and "accidentally" killed three of her sons, leaving their brother, Lee, an only child.

Do we need more explanation than the long standing unrest in Ireland? Does the IRA?

Many residents of the Quinns' community still feel it was a justified attack.

Maybe the Quinns were assholes?

In Sierra Leone, a land recently plagued by civil war, there is disagreement as to who has more power, the government or the rebels.

TRANSITIONS? DID TIMMY FALL DOWN THE WELL?

A group of rebels loyal to the ousted military regime are warring against a Nigerian-led West African intervention force. They tear through the country and carry out random acts of violence just to spite President Ahmed Tejan Kabbah.

Meanwhile, back in Nebraska...

Children are beaten, disfigured, raped and killed because a group of people think that is the way to power. Too many pictures have surfaced in the media depicting children with fingers sliced partially or fully off, hands missing or slashed faces.

It happens to everyone. Builds character. Scars are good when trying to pick up girls. And you know what they say about men with no hands.

Here, the only hope we have is to raise children that don't look to Beavis and Butthead for moral guidance and don't take peer influence as superior instruction to parental authority.

Beavis and Butthead told me to hate Bon Jovi. Words of wisdom.

Then we have another issue: the parents.

How many alcoholic, drug-infested parents with gambling, abusive and other tendencies can we have before we will begin to see truly irreversible patterns of behavior and violence against children in more communities than we already have?

Drug infested? Is that like rat infested?

And he still hasn't told us if Timmy fell down the well!

Someone or something needs to change. Who's it going to be? Parents? Children? The media? Simple.

Everyone.

Pick one. Make sure to fill in your circle completely. And by the way, the Blues Brothers say that EVERYBODY needs somebody. They must be from Nebraska

I want to see newspapers printing big, front-page stories and headlines when a third-grader gets an "A" on a test. Forget the lure of violence and mayhem on the front page.

Did they even HAVE 'A's in third grade? And wouldn't these headlines crowd out really important things like shootings and Presidential "little messes"?

Show me a child learning how to write in cursive or hitting a home run in Little League.

Show me a child learning how to write in Nebraska, and I'll show you a future victim of a grain silo accident. "Little Will should have paid more attention when I was learnin' him, 'stead of writin' all the time

I want to see parents praising their kids more in public. Enough of the excessive disciplining of children in front of others.

Sometimes I want to discipline other people's children in front of others. Preferably their parents.

Treat kids better than strangers, not the other way around.

I thought we were supposed to be nice to everybody? If they treat strangers better than kids, what do you think they do to black people in Nebraska?

Parents need to pay more attention to and spend more time with their children. Some studies have suggested that quality

family time is decreasing rapidly in the average American household.

Quality family time in our household started to decline when Mom started drinking and Dad had to work two shift in the mill to keep all of us in diapers.

Give kids more books to read, unplug the Nintendo three days out of the week and take kids to the park or beach rather than the arcade.

Show them how to use the Internet as an educational resource and not as a television supplement. Otherwise we will see the birth of Generation Zombie.

And now, the children of ROB ZOMBIE! Those kids will be 'more human than human.'

With all this violence and tragedy, it would seem hard at times to find hope in those we look toward to become our future politicians, doctors, secretaries and esteemed burger-flippers. But what's done is done. Be thankful for what the departed have taught us and don't let the memories of them be in vain.

This closet caste system we've got really kicks ass, don't you think, Karl?

Cooper's Law: You can't change the past, but you can prevent it from consuming the future.

That must be a damn hungry future.

So what can children do? Nothing by themselves, and that is we come in. Give kids good things to emulate and they just might turn to good deeds instead of bad ones.

Children are empty vessels, 'that is we come in.' Huh? I say stuff those kids with lovin' from the oven. I bet Albert Einstein's mom told him the whole theory of relativity over a nice plate of sauerbraten.

Children have a right to their innocence. Give it back to them.

Is that his closing? I'm sorry.

Gar

By John Holt



**HEY! Maybe you think you can write.
Find out! Come to a Gracie's
Dinnertime Theatre meeting! Saturdays
at 2pm, Computer Science House
lounge, 3rd Floor, Nathaniel Rochester
Hall, RIT.**

Journalistic Integrity

-Kelly Gunter

Over the summer I had the misfortune of learning first-hand what biased diatribes pass for the local news in the Rochester area. A story broke on Channel 13 News (WOKR) about a friend of mine.

There is some relevant background to this story: my friend was released from prison eight and a half years ago. The first time I met him was shortly after his release. I will not tell you that he had been falsely incarcerated or falsely accused. He had done some offensive things in his past. I'm not inclined to prattle on about the details, but suffice it to say he was a multiply convicted felon. A societal threat in his day.

However in the last leg of his incarceration a change had taken place. He was sick of his life and where it had led him. Wanting to make a difference, he attempted to help children growing up in similar situations to his own upbringing. He wanted to show them how to avoid making the same mistakes he had made. He sincerely wanted to make up for what he had done.

Over the last eight and a half years, he has done just that. He has worked through multiple organizations to help children in chaotic circumstances avoid taking the wrong road. He has also helped other convicted felons eschew a continued road of violence. He has even worked with the mayor on several projects. He has helped more people in this community than I can imagine. Just this summer he asked for my assistance in tutoring a couple of young high school students in math, to help them attain their degrees.

But, like most men with a past, he wonders if he's done enough. He often thinks he has not, and it has haunted him. An old compulsion of his has also been haunting him, a gambling problem. The kind of problem that can slowly, subtly creep out of control.

Recently he was experiencing some money problems. Debts were mounting from his gambling habit. His self esteem was falling as he tried to hide the truth from his friends, so they would not feel as disappointed in him as he felt in himself.

Everyone goes through hard times, everyone makes poor choices, everyone has to live with the consequences of those decisions, and yet those consequences should be within reason. My friend made a poor choice, drawing on his past in a time of trouble. He stole somebody's wallet in a grocery store, and got caught. When questioned by police, he denied nothing and confessed his actions.

The courts could go one of two routes: treat this behavior as a misdemeanor and give him a short prison sentence, or because of his prior record (twenty years prior) treat it as a felony conviction and give him a minimum of fifteen years to life imprisonment. I don't believe that my friend deserves to walk away without penalty. On the contrary, I believe a little punishment is important to remind him how fragile his current situation is, but let it be tempered with reason and not hysteria. Prior to the newscast given by Channel 13, it seemed the prosecutor in the case was inclined to be more lenient on my friend, because of his clean record for twenty years and his service to the community. After the broadcast, however, the political tide had turned and the prosecu-

tor would be shown publicly as being too soft on crime if he did not pursue a full felony sentence.

Channel 13 had taken this friend of mine and highlighted his prior criminal record and asked the question 'how?'. How could the mayor place a convicted felon in a position where he'd have access to children? The answer of course was that the kids found they could relate to his experiences and would listen to his warnings and advice. He's made a powerful difference for many children, showing them that they have more choices than it seems at first glance. This question Channel 13 asked was not the crux of their issue. They highlighted an incident from the past that was never even substantiated. This is where their integrity had faltered. This is where they took everything he had done in service for this community and vilified it.

There was a twenty year old incident in my friend's past in which two friends of his had assaulted a man. The man saw two of his assailants before he was blindfolded or otherwise made unable to view his attackers. He was beaten. When the police investigated, there was a charge of sodomy along with the assault. The victim accused many people of involvement in the attack, including my friend and the known assailants. He had implicated my friend simply because he had associated with the two assailants in the past. So my friend was charged for this assault.

At the same time that he was charged with this assault he was being accused of a much worse crime for which the sentence was pending. In order for it not to reflect badly upon this second case, he pleaded the assault down to a lesser charge and

accepted it. In the time preceding his sentencing the investigation into the assault determined that there was not enough evidence to sustain the victim's claims, and the case was thrown out. My friend, however, had already pleaded his assault charges down and was therefore unable to have it removed from his record.

So when Channel 13 learned of the "sodomy" charge, they pounced at the opportunity to set up a perfectly vile juxtaposition. They asked how the mayor could allow a convicted felon that had been accused of sodomy to work with children. The implication was, of course, child abuse and sexual misconduct, and this misinformation was accordingly well received by the viewing public.

I've learned that just after this "news article" aired, a mutual acquaintance of ours who had seen it, called up another and said that my friend had been arrested for rape. Rape? How does someone determine rape from a charge of purse snatching?

I'm sure that Channel 13 would defend itself by insisting that it had not said anything about rape and that it was the fault of this viewer who had merely assumed incorrectly. But I'm afraid I can't let them wriggle their way out of this situation that easily. You see, half of an article is what is said, and the other half is implied. Whether they say it or not, they made an irresponsible implication simply by how they sequenced their story and juxtaposed the available information. They implied child abuse and sexual abuse when they placed the word "sodomy" near the word "child." They drew a picture of a far worse crime neglecting to state what he had been initially arrested for and what

he was finally charged with. The world needs a fantastic story and what is not really in the story can be inferred to make it more colorful.

The only problem is that what they were colorfully slandering a man's life. A real man's life; not a story, not a scoop, not another dred of humanity on which some aspiring reporter could climb to better fame for "protecting the community". They ruined my friend's life, they've torn at his spirit and his heart. He's lost his job, and he may lose the rest of his life to incarceration, because he made a mistake and someone at Channel 13 had a torch to bear.

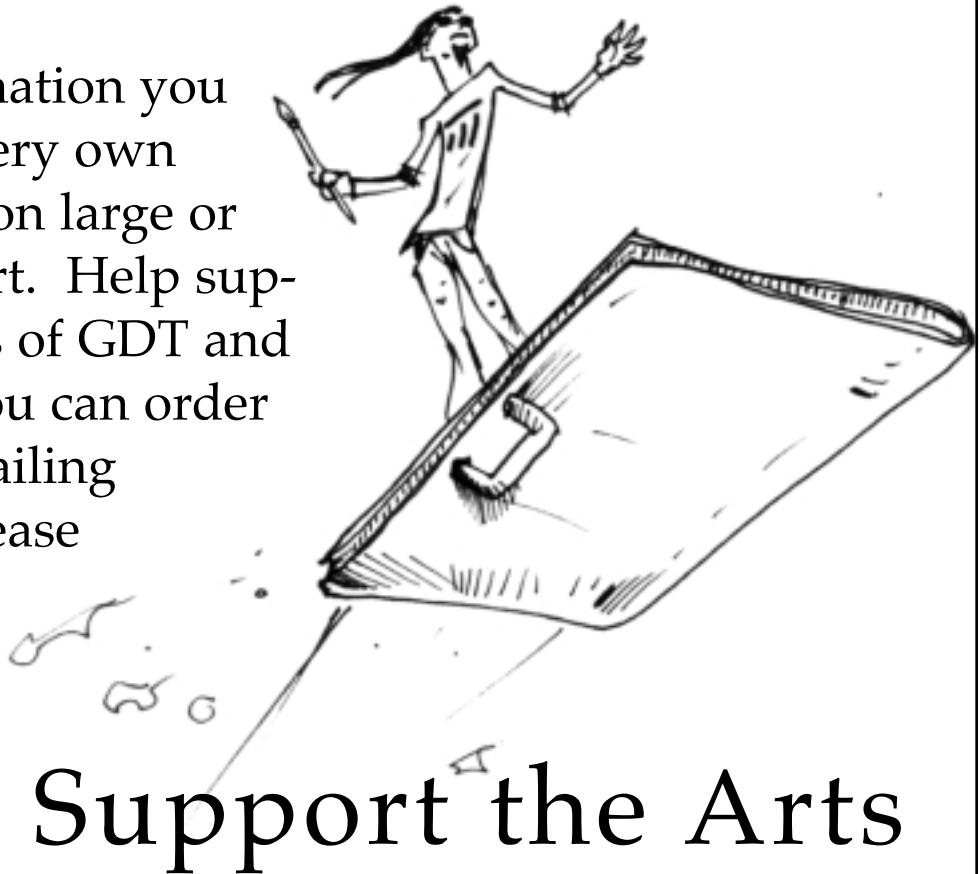
My friend is carrying on now, crutched by the help of his supporters. The prosecutor is fighting hard for a

felony charge because of the negative publicity brought by Channel 13. In recent days things have been looking a little better. The judge at one hearing had stated that he had never seen such an extraordinary public outpouring on the behalf of one man before. It is probably because such an extraordinary person seldom finds himself in such circumstances. In the mean time all of his friends are praying for a light sentence and reason to outweigh political game playing.

And to the members of Channel 13, I salute you. Your inquisitive nature and journalistic intuition has truly aided the people of this city. Now that you have destroyed one of Rochester's strongest role models, you can probably look forward to reporting more colorful, violent crimes.

GDTee-Shirts are back!

For only a \$10 donation you can have your very own *Flukemunschelfen* on large or extra-large tee-shirt. Help support future issues of GDT and Hell's Kitchen! You can order your shirt by mailing gdt@iname.com please specify your desired size.





GDT:Volume 11 issue 2

God's Nursing Home Attendant Tells All!

"It's cold... and there are wolves after me."

Do you think it's a mistake that the Bible stopped adding books to its collection? No mistake.

Christians don't really want you to find out what became of God. By the time the Koran was being written, God was starting to get a bit wiggy.^f Now-a-days, Heaven is like an assisted living environment for God.

Kind of makes you want to go out and do a little carnal sinning(TM), huh?

Sure, God is still writing books, (Kids: Stephen King!) but few ever believe them. Here's an example that one of the field agents for a subsidiary of Hell Inc. managed to pick up while visiting Baltimore, Maryland:

The Book of Haim Meshuggina

1. And lo, this is the WORD and RANTING of the LORD, for He is old and cranky and often forgets the point of his stories.

2. In the beginning there was nothing, for the LORD was a true neat freak and ran a tight ship.

3. But then He got BORED and so He made friends who came over and slobbed the place about. ^g

4. And the mess DID become the universe and all the stars, and the waters were the spilled drinks.

5. For Bounty(TM) can not expunge fifty billion year old stains from the polyester fabric of the multiverse. [∞]

6. So sayeth the LORD: You youngins are just spoiled WITH all your suns and planets and organized matter. Why I remember a time when I could be entertained for hours by just watching quarks and baryons.

7. We didn't have TV or radio. All we had was electromagnetic waves. We'd sit and listen to static for hours on end. And we enjoyed it. It's amazing the content you get



^f Nahnana nah na na...

^g And lo, the LORD created fraternity brothers and kegs of cheap domestic beer.

[∞] Nor can any other home remedy: seltzer water, hairspray, Michael Collins, or John Waters.



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©1998 Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre. All rights reserved. Somethings, like Gar, are twisted but we are still accountable for them. Don't steal. It's BAD. And we will come to your house and stuff rats in your sister's dead body. Come for tea sometime?

out of nothing. Σ

8. Back in my day, we didn't have schools. We had to go outside and MAKE the laws of nature. And let me tell you, that's a lot harder. All we had was hydrogen[†], and you don't know how that mucks up your complexion.

9. And that Mary Magdalene. Wow, what a looker she was. She was so flexible. I remember one time out behind the temple with Mary, Mary, quite contrary...but once I told her who I was she started having fun... we even invented something new^π... now what was that called?

10. And the angel Gabriel did smile and patronize the LORD saying: "Ah, God, that never happened."

11. "What are you talking about?" snappeth the LORD. I'm God, if I said it happened, it happened. You youngins don't know how to respect your Creators anymore.

12. You... you creatures of the universe take LIGHT for granted. Well I came up with that all by myself, it was easy. I created everything. Why I came up with WAR and thought it was a DAMN fine idea, by Me.

13. But I want to tell you the story about the last time I saw Lucifer. It was shortly after I'd gone and made a garden for Adam and Uh, what's her name. Not Eve, but his first wife.... You know, the one with the great ass. You know, SARAH McLachlan. Back when Adam still had his whatsit.

14. Anyway, I was so pleased with how everything had turned out that I invited all of the angels to a dinner party. There were chips and pickles and all kinds of new stuff I'd created. Deep fat frying was going over pretty well.

15. Well, here comes Lucifer, and he was always such a brown-noser. Always had to wear his wings the same way I did and his PANTS half-way down his ass. Anyway, he had gone out and tried to make something on his own to give to me and Adam and whatshername. I don't remember exactly what it was supposed to do, but it was this huge shiny copper thingy

Σ Such as that quality network programming, TGIF (TM).

[†] "Oh, the humanity"

^π Our overqualified staff religion experts disagree about exactly what God is referring to here. Popular theories include; the Kama Sutra/Tantric Buddhism, John "The Wad" Holmes, Ben Wah balls, or the Hoover Wet-Dry Vac.

with all these moving parts. Ω

16. He was so excited about showing it off that he wasn't paying attention to where he was going and tripped. Well, that there THINGY went up into the air just as pretty as can be. Everyone stopped talking and watched as this monstrous contraption flew over their heads. \approx

17. And poor Lucifer was sprawled out on the ground, his mouth OPEN, just looking on in horror. Finally it hit the railing of the balcony overlooking the multi-verse and the whole thing tipped over the side, spilling all the glinty things out into the vacuum of space.

18. They spread out just as pretty as could be, making this band of glinty LIGHTS in the universe that Man calls the Milky Way. \S Well, at the time, no one knew what to say, except Michael Δ , who was always the joker.

19. Way to go, light bringer.

Ω Here, again, we are uncertain what the Lord is referring to. An espresso machine is the consensus. "What a great housewarming gift! Thanks, Satan!"

\approx Never mind, we don't get it either.

\S See- steamed milk!

Δ Not to be confused with Michael Collins. Or Michael Knight.

"Kitt, is that God up ahead?"

"No Michael, that's Johnny Depp. Now, gird your loins!"

δ Not to be confused with W.S. Burrough's patented suppository. "Bill, could you put a little powder on my lips?"

20. Well everyone started laughing at that and Lucifer was so embarrassed, he ran out of the hall. I haven't seen him since that night, but I hear he's doing rather well for himself, though he's a little

preoccupied with things he's calling GOOD and EVIL and something connected called sin. I think it's a kind of engine, but I don't know.

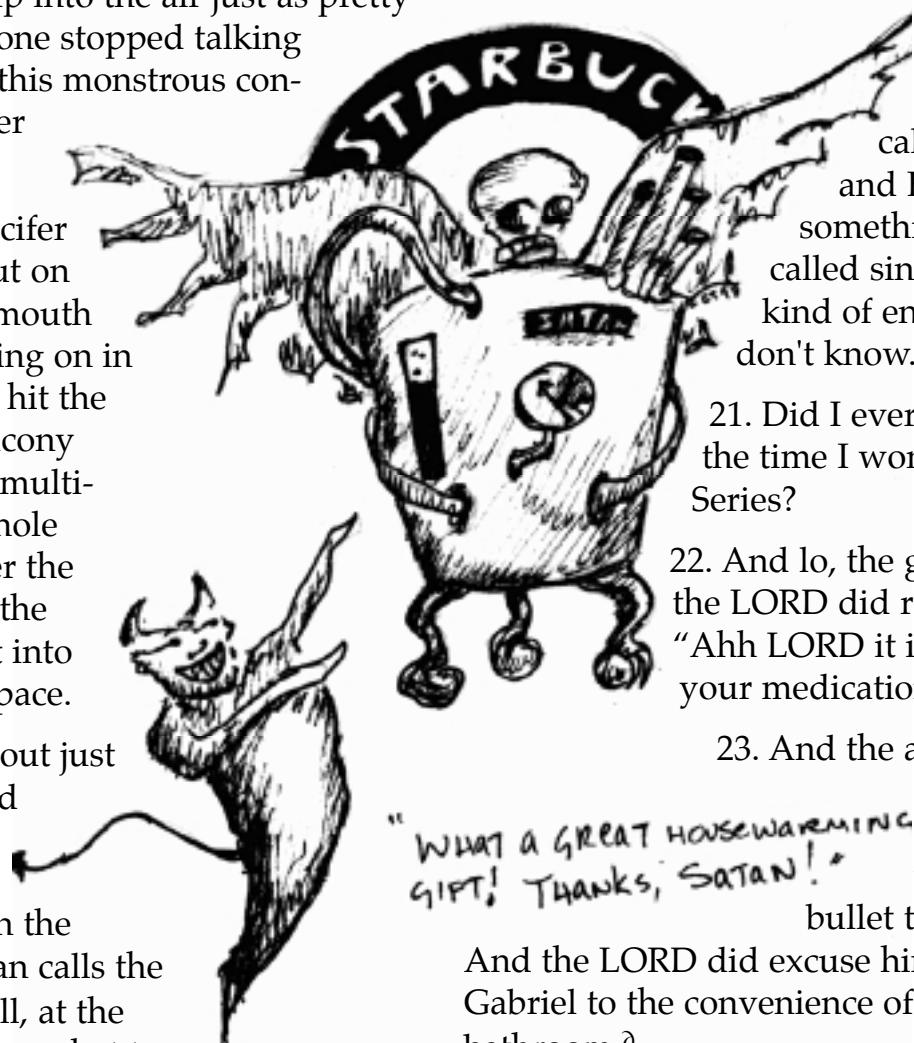
21. Did I ever tell you about the time I won the World Series?

22. And lo, the great angel of the LORD did rise up and say, "Ahh LORD it is time for your medication"

23. And the angel Gabriel did present a holy waxy-white bullet to the LORD.

And the LORD did excuse himself and Gabriel to the convenience of the bathroom. ∂

24. And from within that sacred room, the LORD's great suffering was heard: "Ow, my ass!"





Shirk'n'Shout

This Week - More Rants from Work by Eric Thomas

Ignorant Punks - Guaranteed To Break The Ice At Parties

August 1, 1998

We heard the shouting from the kitchen, and went to see what the argument was about. The young punks didn't notice John and I enter.

"Me and Dave used to chase that kid around the skate park all day, trying to get him to lift up his shirt so we could see his fuckin' tits. Two months, we did that. And he never did it. He just said, 'No!'" - a high falsetto, meant to sound effeminate - "and ran away. I respect that kid for that." The kid in the Guttermouth T-shirt was almost screaming, and punctuated his sentences by pointing at the others.

Billy, who was sprawled across the couch with his hat on sideways and a Red Stripe in his hand, came to life. "He has a Sellouts patch on his fuckin' jacket! What kinda..."

Guttermouth cut him off. "He's just fuckin' fat..."

Billy cut Guttermouth off. "Fat doesn't mean anything, but that patch..."

I cut Billy off. "It doesn't matter that he's fat, but because he has one patch on his jacket, he's a big asshole."

Billy, suddenly noticing me, and then John, was dumbfounded for a second. He sat up from the couch, spread his arms wide, and karate-chopped at me with both hands (one hand dangerously close to spilling 'The Taste of Jamaica' on the carpet) as he spoke.

"Brian Brimmer!" He looked at me, then at John, then back at me, waiting for some sign of recognition. "Brian Brimmer!"

John, in a loud, whiny voice: "Oh, yeah!

I saw him on the cover of Loser Magazine!"

Me, following suit: "No, it was Fatboy Loser magazine!" We both started to laugh. "Fatboy Loser With A Sellouts Patch What An Asshole Magazine!"

John and I walked out to the porch. The commotion over Brian Brimmer had calmed. Soft-core porn was showing on Showtime, and the punks were yelling at the television.

"The funny thing about the situation in there is that they're all making fun of the porno, but all the guys..."

John finished for me. "...are holding their beers over their crotches?"

November, 1997

"Eric, this is Jeremy. He used to live down the hall from me."

We shook hands. Jeremy had to switch his flask of Captain Morgan into his other hand.

They started talking about Jeremy's roommate from the year before. I got bored. "Hey, Max! I'm going outside for a smoke."

Usually, at a party like that one, I'll go outside to have a cigarette, even if everyone else is smoking inside. I need frequent breaks from bad dance music and loud boys with identical wardrobes and too much grease in their hair.

Max and Jeremy followed me outside. Max asked me for a smoke; Jeremy kept talking.

"...so you know where it's at, man. You wanna know what I'm gonna do for a job?"

"What, man?" Max had a Heineken in his hand and a big smile on his face.

"I'm gonna be a fuckin' lawyer, and I'm gonna steal money from old people."

Max laughed.

"Cause you can fuck shit up when you're a lawyer, man. I'm gonna get what's mine. I got a lot comin' to me, too, the shit I been through."

I was interested. "What shit have you been through?"

"I'm not your average college kid, mommy and daddy takin' care of everything. My mom and dad don't give me shit. I gotta survive."

"That's great, but what sort of shit have you been through?"

"I don't think I have to talk about that with you, man." He was getting angry. I think my questions were too hard for him. I shut up.

Jeremy turned back to Max. "Yo, you

remember we used to roll up mad blunts in my room? Just sittin' there with a blunt and a fuckin'... forty of O.E. with the TV on. There is so much CUNT at this party!" Back to me. "Yo, you gonna hit any of this cunt tonight?"

I answered slowly. "No."

To Max. "Who the fuck is this kid?" To me. "Look around you. Look at all the pussy at this... fuckin'... party. You're telling me you're not out for cunt tonight?"

Again, slowly. "No, I am not out for cunt tonight."

To Max. "Yo, this kid's a fuckin' limp-wrist, man. I gotta piss. Gimme one of your beers, man. There is so much CUNT here..."

Max was still laughing when Jeremy walked away. He looked at me. "You just gotta take Jeremy for what he is, man. He's an asshole, but he's a good kid."

Notes on Yearbook Superlatives

Next time you meet the handsome, athletic, red-blooded American boy that won "Best All-Around," tell him you're not surprised because you always knew he'd make an excellent gymnast.

The "Best Eyes" winners always look demonic.

I once wasted ten minutes conversing with the "Most Intellectual" from the year after I graduated. We were at a party. He was drunk.

"...so one of those hippie chicks asked me to host a room for the Round Robin. And I was like, 'Whatever.' So we had, like, vodka and cranberry juice or somethin'... And me and Frank were up there makin' drinks, and Frank had some... uh, you know Ritalin?"

"Yeah. Methylphenidate. Stimulant. Usually prescribed for Attention Deficit/Hyperactivity Disorder, but also for obesity and narcolepsy."

"Yeah, yeah... so Frank had some Ritties in, like, a cigarette pack. And we were just doin' that shit up, you know..."

"It's also used as a recreational drug when crushed and snorted."

"And somebody's poundin' on the door. So I get up and open it, and it's the fuckin' cops, man. Everybody freaks. Half the people in the room just got up and ran out and me and Frank were just standing there, and Frank gets up to talk and fuckin' dumps the Ritalin all over the floor. And the cops ask what it is and he tells 'em 'Ritalin' and he's supposed to take it for ADD. They ask us if we've been drinkin' and we tell 'em 'No' and they tell us they're not gonna bust our balls for partying 'cause they did the same thing and we should try to keep it down 'cause it's three o'clock in the morning. That was Fucked up. Were you at that Round Robin?"

"No. Round Robins in Baker usually

come down to one girl with a wad of money asking everyone if they've paid."

"Do you know Vicki?"

"Yeah, Vicki and I go way back. I met her at the beginning of my freshman year."

"Is it just me, or is she the hottest black girl you've ever seen?"

"Vicki's beautiful, yes."

"I mean, I've never been hot for a black girl before. Vicki turned me around."

"How wonderful for you."

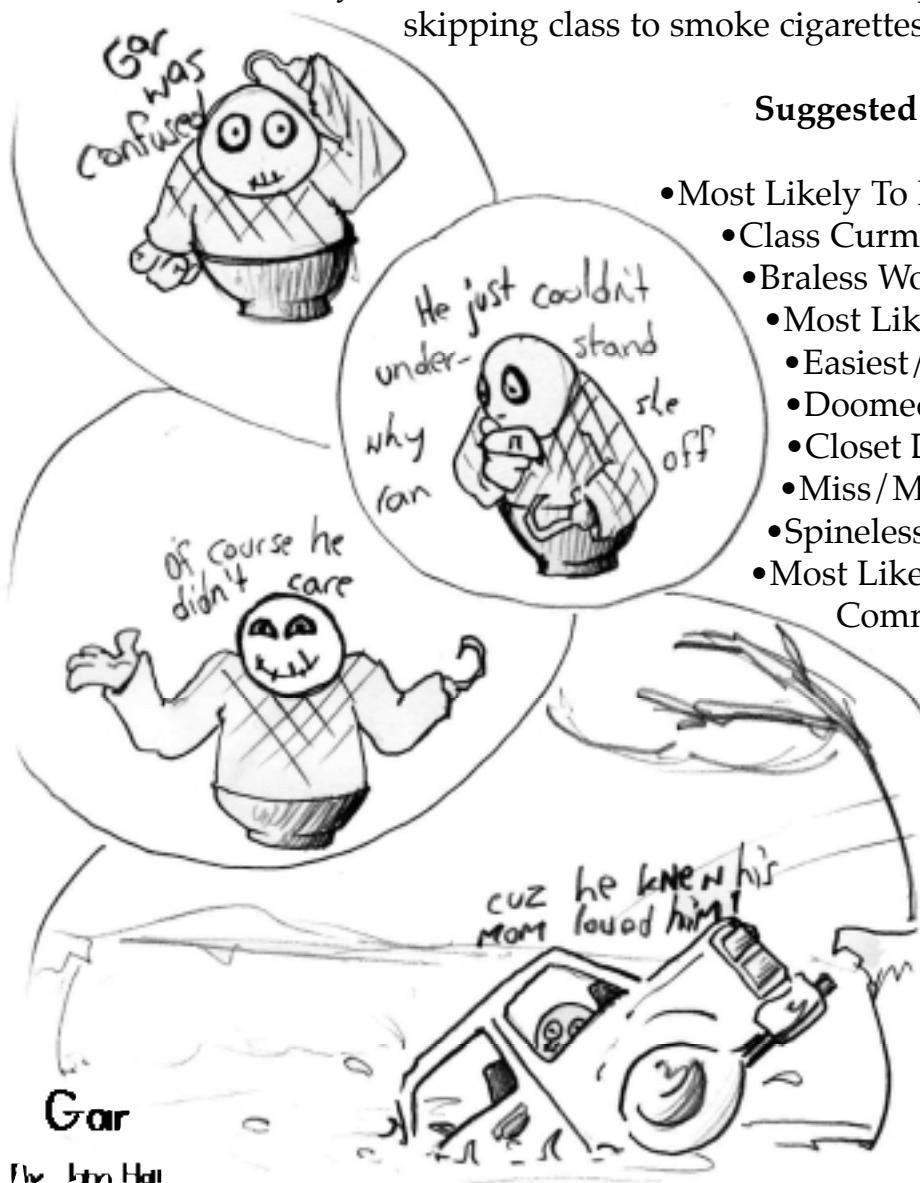
Your challenge: guess which of the speakers was me, and which was "Most Intellectual."

I'm not saying I deserve any awards. I just think saying (in all honesty) that a girl of another race "turned you around" is not the mark of an intellectual.

Only vote for a "Class Couple" if you want to break up a relationship.

I had the dubious honor of being voted "Most Sassy" (read as: "What an Asshole") for my High School yearbook. My female counterpart was a heartless wench with venomous eyes and a steel vagina.

I was absent for my coronation at the school's annual Pep Rally - my sassy self was skipping class to smoke cigarettes at a doughnut shop.



Suggested Superlatives:

- Most Likely To Have "Needed The Money"
- Class Curmudgeon
- Braless Wonder/Sweatpants King
- Most Likely To Be Dull
- Easiest/Sleaziest
- Doomed Couple
- Closet Dyke/Closet Fag
- Miss/Mister Scatology
- Spineless Toady
- Most Likely To Kill The Yearbook Committee

Amputees should get severance pay.

Oopeses!

Nobody noticed, but last week we fucked up.

"Nebreska"? What's up with "Nebreska"?

"Shirk and...." Last week we cut off a line of Eric's column. Our bad.

Sean T. Hammond
205 Colony Manor Drive
Rochester, NY 14623

University of Rochester
Biochemistry/Biophysics Dept.
Rochester, NY

24 July, 1998

To Whom it may Concern:

This is an official notice that as of 7 August 1998 I resign my position as a lab tech in Dr. Alan Senior's lab. No longer will I be oppressed by the forces of Capitalism. Instead, I will begin preparing for the glorious Revolution of the People. Workers of the lab Unite! We have nothing to lose but our pipettes!

Please note that I have several vacation and floating holidays which I'd like to be paid for in my final paycheck.

Any future correspondence should be sent to:

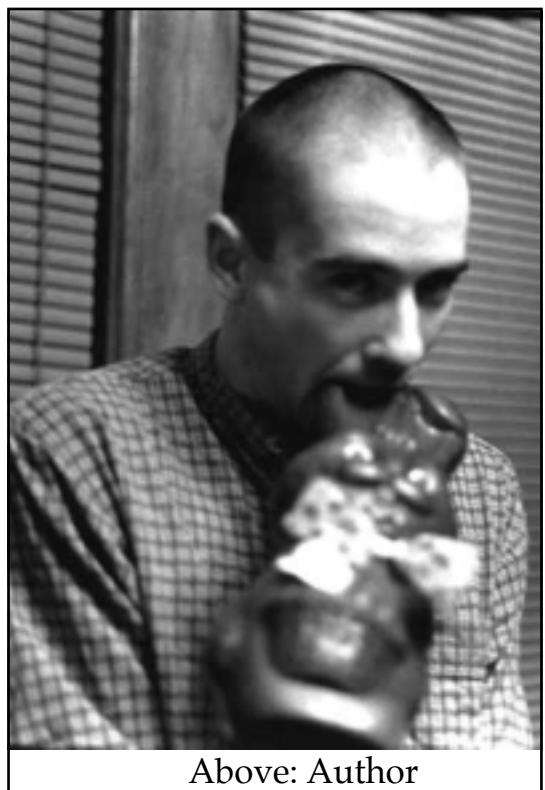
The People's Glorious Permanent Address:

care of
109 Grand Army Road
Whitefield, ME 04353

Thank you.

Sean Hammond

Sean Hammond



Above: Author



Sir Snack

"Oh well.... It'll do."

by Brian Barrett

Many people who have viewed noon-day news shows across the country are familiar with a syndicated two minute cooking segment called Mr. Food. You know him. He's the antithesis of Julia Child and Martha Stewart, providing recipes that sometimes have as few as two ingredients. One fine example that comes to mind is Chex Mix coated with a mixture of Hidden Valley Ranch Dressing Seasonings and butter, put in the oven at 350 Fahrenheit for 15 minutes and "Ooh, it's sooo good!"™. Another is the Super Bowl meal special where he showed viewers how to make a Turkey Sub.

Over the years, due to my income bracket and lack of appropriate food preparation time, I have discovered similar "recipes." However, I prefer to call them tricks to spice up boring everyday cheap food.

Now, like Mr. Food, I have a short, descriptive title and a catchy tag line to let the viewers (in this case the readers) know that the segment is over...

This first recipe is going to be the most complex one I will EVER present. I call it Tuna

fish Spread.

Italics indicate ingredient is optional, but keep in mind: the more you use, the better it'll taste.

- 2 cans of tuna
- Mayonnaise
- *Ranch or Italian Dressing (to taste)*
- *Goya Hot Sauce or Tabasco Sauce*
- *1/2 cup chopped peppers (any variety)*
- *1/4 - 1/2 a chopped tomato*
- *1/4 cup chopped onion*
- *1/4 cup Celery*
- *1/8 cup grated orange rind*
- *2 Tablespoons of Sour Cream or Yogurt (Plain, Lemon, Peach, Raspberry work)*
- *2 Tablespoons Ketchup*
- *2 Tablespoons of Sweet Relish*
- *1 Tablespoon of Lemon Juice*
- *2 Teaspoons Dill Weed*
- *2 Teaspoons Oregano*
- *2 Teaspoons Paprika*
- *2 Teaspoons Garlic Powder (or 1 actual garlic clove)*
- *A Dash of black pepper*
- *1/2 A Clove Cigarette (filter and paper removed)*
- *Burgundy Wine (to taste)*

Dump the tuna in a bowl. Add whatever optional ingredients you can. Slowly mix in Mayonnaise until you reach a pleasant consistency and this could be used for a sandwich or mixed in with any type of noodle.



Special Feature: Rush Week

The return to campus also means the return of rush week. In honor of this tradition, GDT has decided to publish a guide to the typical greek events.

GW student to Sue Boston U., Fraternities in Rape Suit

By Matt Berger and Becky Neilson

The Hatchet (George Washington U.)

(U-WIRE) WASHINGTON, D.C. -- A GW student will file suit later this month against Boston University and three fraternities there, in connection with an alleged rape at a rush party during her freshman year at BU.

Jessica Smithers, who transferred to GW last fall, claims BU and the two fraternities where she drank alcohol earlier on the evening of the incident are partially responsible for the assault in October 1995. She also is suing the alleged rapist and his fraternity, Sigma Phi Epsilon.

"I want schools to take responsibility and concern for their students," Smithers said. "Especially when they advertise the advantages of Greek life but don't monitor fraternities."

The lawsuit comes after a year of settlement negotiations between Smithers and BU fell through. Originally, she sought \$3 million from the parties, but BU officials claim she lowered that demand to \$450,000. Smithers said BU offered her \$50,000 if she agreed not to tell her story. Neither party would confirm the other's account.

Smithers said she had the choice to file the suit as "Jane Doe," but chose to use her name in her statement of demands and in the media to humanize her story.

"I decided it was important enough to have a personal message stand out so people

would really notice it," Smithers said.

Sigma Phi Epsilon is unrecognized by the BU administration, and BU Associate Vice President and Dean of Students Herbert Ross said Lambda Chi Alpha and Chi Phi, where Smithers was served alcohol at rush parties that evening, also were unrecognized by the university at the time.

"I had concerns with the way the university polices fraternities," Smithers said. "I don't think there is a warning system out there for freshmen."

She said the confusion about which fraternities are recognized by the BU administration shows the lack of control the university has over its Greek-letter system.

"They can't even tell a few people the correct information," Smithers said of the conflicting reports in the media about Lambda Chi Alpha and Chi Phi's status.

"There's only so much (the university) can do," Ross said. "The No. 1 key thing is that if you have been drinking, you put yourself at risk."

Smithers said she is filing the suit because she wants to encourage BU to take a proactive role in protecting students and warning them of the dangers fraternities represent.

"If BU had sent out a warning saying these fraternities were 'off campus,' maybe when the guy told me which one he was in, and invited me into his house, I wouldn't have done that," Smithers said.

Smithers said BU also is responsible because it did not provide adequate services to keep her safe. BU's escort service stopped

running at 1 a.m" she said.

Smithers claims the two fraternities where she drank earlier in the night also are partially responsible for the assault because they served her alcohol without asking for age ID. She was 17 at the time of the alleged assault.

"We educate our members that in any event they hold, they are responsible for the actions that occur afterwards," said Jason Pearce, director of communications for the Lambda Chi Alpha International Fraternity.

Chi Phi representatives had no comment on the case. A Sigma Phi Epsilon official said he was unaware of the incident.

"Sigma Phi Epsilon is not aware of any incident of any sort at Boston University," said Jacques Vauclain, executive director of Sigma Phi Epsilon. "Our policy is always to cooperate with the authorities and the University officials when something occurs."

Smithers and four friends set out for a night of fraternity rush parties on BU's urban campus in October of her freshman year. Smithers said it was her first experience with the Greek-letter system, and she said she "is not a big drinker."

Smithers said she and her friends stopped at the Sigma Phi Epsilon house to ask directions to Lambda Chi Alpha, where a rush party was being held that night. The Sigma Phi Epsilon member who gave the group directions, who Smithers said eventually assaulted her, invited them to an "after-hours" party hosted by brothers of the Chi Phi fraternity.

Smithers said she had two beers and a cup of spiked punch at the Lambda Chi Alpha party, where neither she nor her friends were asked for age ID.

The group decided to go to the Chi Phi party but were turned away at the door by a Chi Phi member who told them it was a pri-

vate party, Smithers said. But she asked if she could enter the house to use the bathroom, and ran into the Sigma Phi Epsilon member who gave her directions earlier. He arranged for her and her friends to enter the party, she said.

"I thought it was great," Smithers said. "He was nice, really charming. He never left my side except to get me some punch."

Smithers said she thinks the punch she drank at the after-hours party contained drugs that made her feel "very sick and really strange," but a letter from her attorneys to BU said "the chemical analyses necessary to prove such ingestion were not conducted at the time."

After the party, Smithers said the alleged rapist walked her and her friends to a nearby intersection to help them find a cab. But she said her friends got in a cab without her, and she was left standing on the street with him. She said she began to feel sicker as the night went on.

"It was really strange. It wasn't a drunk feeling - it was getting worse," Smithers said.

She said he wrote his name and number on the back of a bank statement, and kept telling her "it's okay."

"I didn't have any money, the (subway) had stopped running and the (BU) escort service had stopped," Smithers said. "I remember when I was little and I was lost in a department store - that was what it felt like."

Smithers said he walked her back to his fraternity house, promising her that one of his brothers would drive her home. But she said when they got back to the Sigma Phi Epsilon house, he told her all his brothers were asleep or passed out.

"He said I should just stay in the house - he was very accommodating," Smithers

said. "I didn't want to insult him by letting him know I was scared."

Smithers said he brought her to a spare room furnished with a dresser and a futon. When he left the room, she immediately fell asleep. She said she woke up in the middle of the night to find he had entered the room, removed her clothes and was raping her.

"I felt so incapacitated, but I tried to fight him off," Smithers said. She said she was afraid to scream for fear he would turn violent or other brothers would join him in the rape.

Smithers said she spent the rest of the weekend at her parents' home in the Boston suburb of Braintree.

After several weeks of deep depression, Smithers said she visited a counselor at her mother's urging. Eventually, she said she reported the rape to BU's judicial director at the beginning of November.

Ross said BU held judicial hearings and decided in August, 1996 that the Sigma Phi Epsilon brother was "definitely responsible" for the rape, indefinitely suspending him from BU.

In an appeal hearing the next spring, the school again found him guilty and upheld his suspension from the university, Ross said.

He never was brought up on criminal charges, but Smithers notes the statute of limitations on filing charges is not up.

"There is nothing more I would love than to have him put away," she said. "The general consensus is that (a criminal trial) is a very difficult process to go through."

Smithers said no physical evidence of the alleged rape exists because she threw away the clothes she wore that night.

"This really showed me what little understanding I had of sexual assault," Smithers said. "It changed the way I see the world. I will never ever be the same."

Smithers said many people are to blame for what happened to her that night, including herself.

"I definitely have a responsibility because I did go and did drink," Smithers said. "But I was 17 and the reason we have a drinking age is because minors are not held responsible for their actions."

Ross said Smithers should have taken responsibility for her actions that evening.

"She chose to violate the law and be risky," Ross said. "But then when things got out of hand, it's the university's fault."

Smithers said the reason she is asking for so much money is because she believes it is the only way to "make the university feel the sting."

"A settlement means agreeing to take responsibility and have warnings," she said. "Part of the whole settlement issue is that I want to be a volunteer contractor for the university to improve safety."

Smithers now lives in an apartment in Virginia, which she said is partly because of her hesitance to "be a part of the college scene" at GW.

"I don't even know where the fraternities are here and I'll certainly never go to one again," she said.

RUSH HELL'S KITCHEN!

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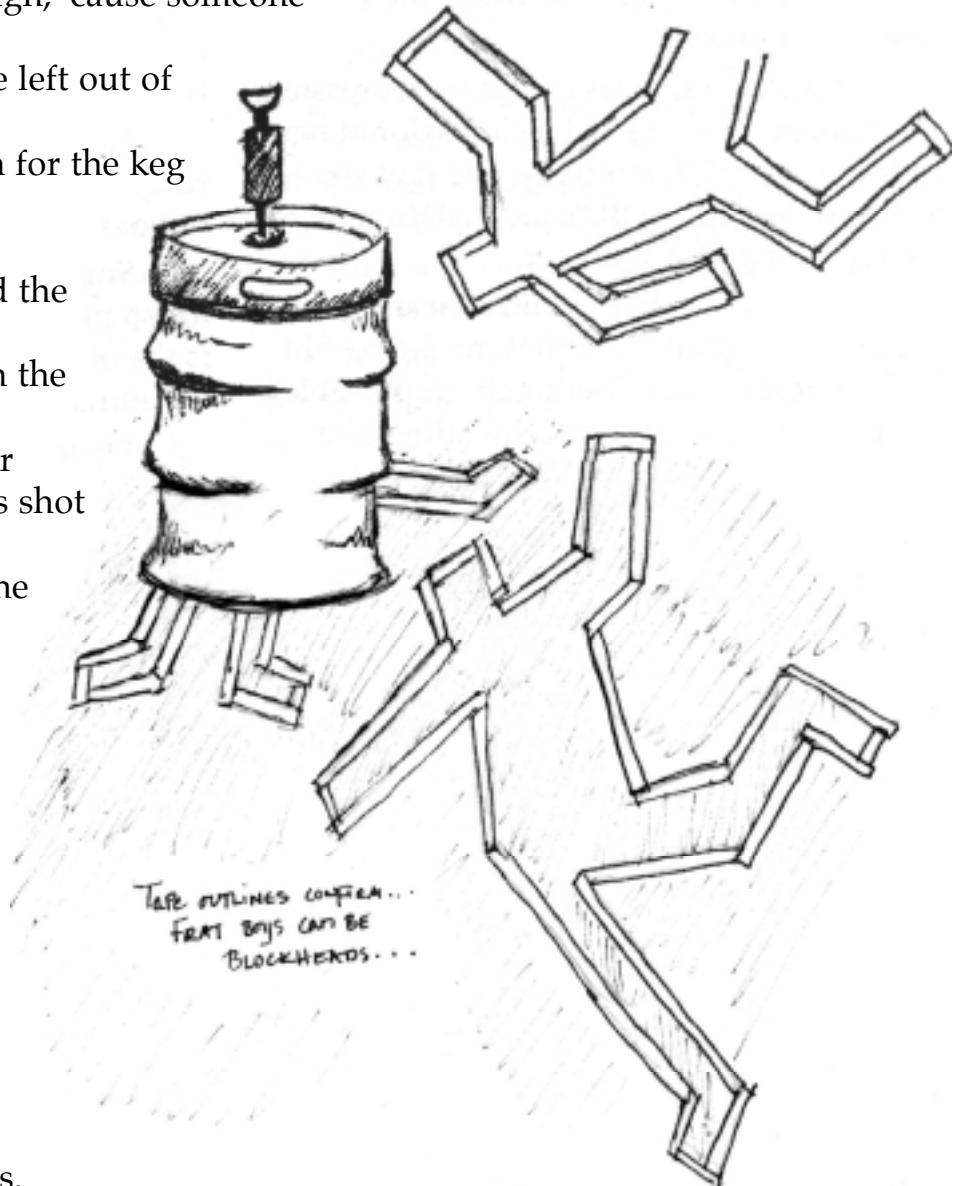
12 Comatose Brothers on the Floor

by Clare Terni and Staff

"Don't leave 12 comatose brothers on the floor of a fraternity house unattended, because the consequences are terrible," Jenkins said. - U-Wire article

Before you consider joining a fraternity, you should be aware of some of the terrible consequences Jenkins is referring to:

1. Dirty carpet.
2. No one to stand in line for Dave Matthews tickets.
3. A smaller ratio of frat. brothers to old people at philanthropies.
4. Sleeping on the floor ruins the bend in the dirty white hat, leaving it simply dirty.
5. 12 other brothers feel left out.
6. Unconscious people miss pizza delivery.
7. Unconscious people miss the sounds of Eddie "going at it" with Miss Smithers. (This will probably be okay, though, 'cause someone will tape it.)
8. Unconscious brothers will be left out of the poker tournament.
9. Twelve less people to chip in for the keg of cheap domestic beer.
10. No one to buy more GHB.
11. Twelve less brothers to hold the little sisters down.
12. Twelve less naked bodies in the Quad.
13. Grading curve in "Rocks for Jocks" (Intro. to Geology) is shot to hell.
14. Twelve less people to run the grill.
15. Twelve less fathers to pump for cash from the trust fund.
16. Hazing isn't as much fun when they're unconscious.
17. Twelve unused stomach pumps at the hospital.
18. Security is left to harassing motorists.
19. Twelve unpenetrated underage girls.
20. The delicately balanced Hooter's economy collapses.



Apples and Oranges

by Jeremiah Parry-Hill

I guess I knew it was inevitable, but I was expecting it to be more subtle than when David[‡] picked up a copy of Hell's Kitchen and barked, "you do -not- want to write for this. This is unprofessional."

It was a typical Friday afternoon at the Reporter office, a place I had started to regard as a sort of home. Since it was the first meeting of the year, the editors had been asked to say a few words about each of their sections. I was all too familiar with David, the sports editor. I had quickly learned that he was a man to whom the phrase "I don't write sports" is completely alien, and subsequently avoided him at every interval. I expected him to highlight the main points involved in sportswriting at RIT. Instead, everyone present was treated to his brief diatribe against the free expression embodied in Hell's Kitchen.

All I could really do was blink. Whenever I hear someone say something that's clearly wrong, I can't help but replay it in my head a few times until I'm absolutely sure that that's what they really meant to say. Case in point: my entire Marriage class in high school thought they heard the teacher say he would slug his daughter's hypothetical boyfriend "if she came home with a black guy". He had said "with a black eye", of course.

Sometimes a few moments of clarification can make all the difference.

In light of that, I dissected what David had said. "Unprofessional"? Of course Hell's Kitchen doesn't pay its writers...but I don't imagine that's what he meant. Professionalism, I suppose, involves carefully censoring

your personal feelings from everything you write. There's nothing wrong with that; it's called newswriting. He just shouldn't have said "it's unprofessional" when he meant "its newswriting isn't as hardcore as ours".

As for whether anyone wanted to write for Hell's Kitchen, I hardly feel David was qualified to make that judgement for so many people at one time.

Trying to compare the Reporter and Hell's Kitchen is like comparing apples and oranges; the former is a news magazine, the latter is a creative outlet. One is blessed with donated paper, a paid staff, and high production values, and the other makes up for the lack of same through sheer heart alone.

Steve[‡], another editor, quickly tried to smooth things over for the new blood. "Hell's Kitchen is another publication on campus, kids. We've sort of always had this rivalry." This is where it all fell apart for me. From indiscriminate bigotry to meaningless old rivalries, it all had to go. It was all wrong.

See, I've always been cursed with an unhealthy dose of idealism. I love the written word; it's the closest thing I've ever had to a religion. In committing myself to taking as many opportunities as possible to practice and improve my craft, I was undoubtedly being naive when I tried to work for two vastly different publications.

No matter your ideals, it's impossible to live in a world untouched by people picking the scabs of disputes so old that all of the original players have packed up and gone home. There are always going to be people with a sick need to instigate conflict.

Not only do I fail to comprehend the notion of war for tradition's sake: I defy it.

[‡] Names have been changed.

White to play and win.

by Adam Fletcher

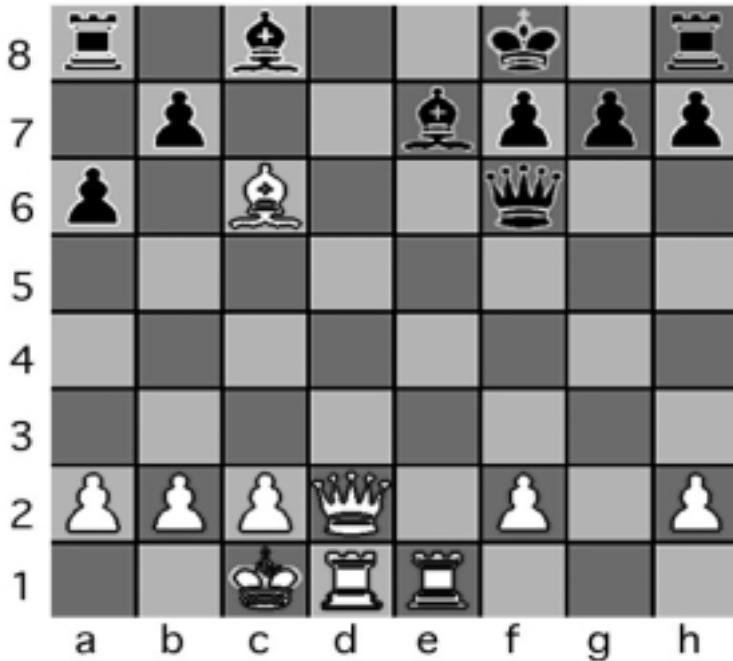
Aaron Nimzowitsch, like most Grandmasters, was a weird guy with a funny writing style. But he helped invent hypermodern chess and wrote a great book entitled "My System" about the the importance of the center, the 7th rank, pawn blockading and positional chess.

This position comes from the first illustrative game in "My System", between Nimzowitsch and Alapin, played in 1911 at Carlsbad.

The key is not to be afraid of giving up your queen to mate. Many beginning players are (rightfully) reluctant to sacrifice their queen - but the game is won by mate not by who keeps their queen longest.

- 1. Qd8+**
- 2. ... Bxd8**
- 3. Re8 mate.**

Adam's recommended chess reading:
 "My System: 21st Century Edition" by Aaron Nimzowitsch; Hays Publishing; ISBN: 1880673851



Nimzowitsch vs. Alapin, 1911, Carlsbad

"How to Reassess Your Chess : The Complete Chess-Mastery Course" by Jeremy Silman;
 Siles Press; ISBN: 1890085006

"Cjs Purdy : The Search for Chess Perfection (Purdy Series)"; by Hammond, Jamieson, C. J. S. Purdy; Thinkers Press; ISBN: 0938650785

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The Evil Empire

It's All About Value.

"I can't go in there."

"What?"

"My dad owns a small business. If I go into a WalMart, bolts of lightning will strike me dead."

"No way!"

"I'll stay in the car." (Vague, pet-like panting.)

"Get OUT of the car."

"No."

"Yes"

"You're so pushy. I'm out, I'm out. Let's go."

And so my sick fascination with WalMart began. At first, I clung to the natural sunlight found only at the entrance. The initial Aisle of Special Buys was too much for me. I craved the occasional bursts of air from the automatic doors, higher prices, and the knowledge that I wasn't screwing over small businesses. Elderly women with names like Ethel, Maude, and Fanny eyed me suspiciously while their wizened claws clutched receipts for oversized items. I remained Virtue Incarnate! Friends loped through the cash registers bearing every conceivable personal care product, in addition to housewares whose prices were admittedly below those of other stores, but I remained immune. My twelve-dollar knives were better than their nine-dollar knives simply because they hadn't come from WalMart.^f My sixty-cent candy bars were superior to their fifty-cent candy bars because they came from the guy in the 'hood who sells forties^t to underage-kids. My purchase habits were helping to forge a brave new world, free of the scourge of the Big Blue W.

Until I needed a roll of Scotch Wall-Saver tape.

The Scotch Company, a division of 3M, worked a miracle with WallSaver. The adhesive membrane dispenses like double-stick tape, but is easily removed from walls and paper by rubbing, much like rubber cement. As an added bonus, you can use



^f Let's not examine too closely the logic that allowed me to purchase knives from Lechters or Lechmere. Where I grew up, WalMart (and, coincidentally, LeAnn Rimes) represented everything bad in the universe. Other chains were mere inconveniences, but WalMart was a predator.

^t "Denounce the Forty-Ounce!" -- Detroit anti-alcohol campaign slogan

**DRAMATIS
PERSONÆ****Publisher:** C. Diablo**Editors:**Matt Weaver
Jeremiah Parry-Hill
Giles Francis Hall
Adam Fletcher**Layout:**The Layout Faerie
Brian Barrett**Illustrator:**

Matthew J. Weaver

Writers:Eric Thomas
Clare Terni
Sean Hammond
Kelly Gunter
Adam Fletcher**Contributors:**Matthew J. Weaver
Jeremiah Parry-Hill**Cartoonists:**Gil Merritt
John Holt**Cover Artist:**

Scott Peterson

Damage Control:

Kelly Gunter

it to fake truly revolting skin rashes, as its pasty-white colour screams "sun blisters" and its flexibility is truly astounding. Mind you, I had not been squandering the roll of tape I had located in my hometown stationery store. You can only get your new housemate so many times with "OH GOD WHAT IS THAT THING GROWING ON MY ARM?!" Instead, I had been carefully constructing a Hanson-style shrine to Jim Dine, a California painter and engraver. Then of course, all of those pictures of drunken naked people came back from CVS and I had to prominently display them.[§]

Pictures of your friend's lust object adorned in nothing but your British flag apron may be amusing, but don't merit framing. Wall-Saver was the obvious weapon of choice. Again, Mr. Dine is a fairly prolific man, so I was out of tape.

Me: Damn! I don't have anymore Wall-Saver.

Housemate: You could get that at WalMart.

Me: Dude,^Σ my dad would kill me. You can't tell anybody.

I should explain about my housemate. Kristen is a very nice person, a conscientious kitchen cleaner and a Saturn-driver. However, she did grow up in central New York, land of the religious freaks[¥] and WalMart monopoly. I like to think that a good excuse for my reaction to WalMart is "We didn't have them where I grew up." We didn't have a lot of things where I grew up...Twinkies, running water... the point here being that where I grew up there were no WalMarts; where Kristen grew up, there were no small businesses.

WalMart did try to bring me into the fold earlier. I spent eighteen idyllic years running around in rural eastern New York, summer home to New York City denizens and Timothy Leary before he was welcomed to the Hotel California. Would Tim Leary have lived in a place that sucked? I think not. We had diners and "mom and pop" stores. The largest commercial chain to hit our town while I was growing up was CVS. How much damage can a couple of sale-priced Band-Aids do when people

[§] Many people take up photography to ensure that they remain sober, fully clothed, and behind the camera.

^Σ I have several speaking habits that I am not very proud of. The first, of course, is excessive use of profanity. The second is the repetitive and completely subconscious use of the words "like," "dude," and "ohmygod" pronounced as one word. The third is the use of "like" to mean "he/she/it thought" AND/OR "he/she/it said."

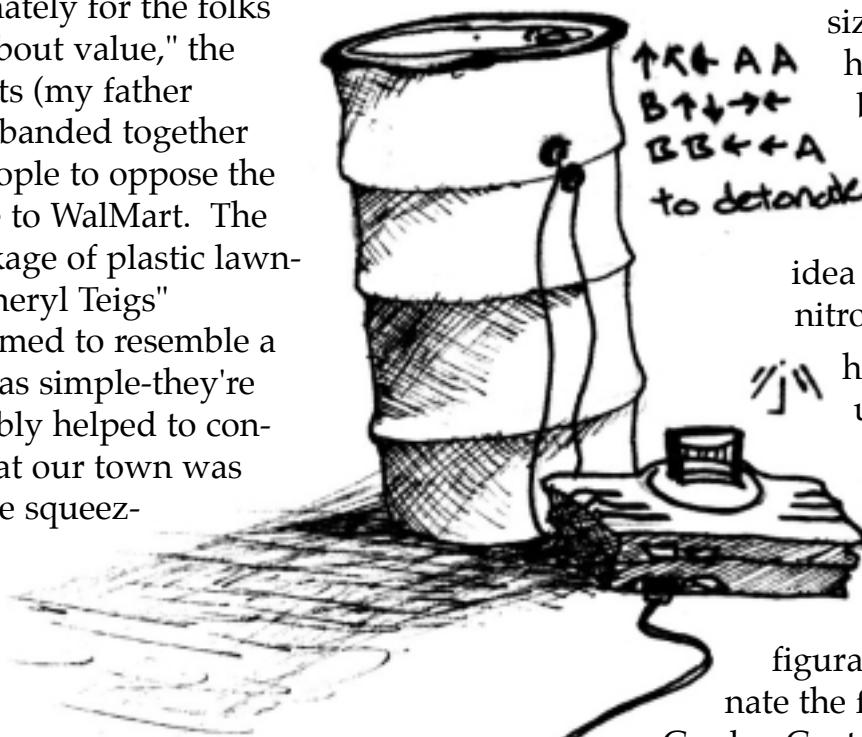
[¥] Not to be confused with Nebraska. (See Vol. 10 Issue 1)

still take their kids to Dr. Weinstien, the pharmacist, before calling a physician?^o

Anyway, WalMart saw in our humble town two niches- a financial one that it could carve out by mashing local businesses flat, and a physical one in the fallow fields just west of the Lee farm.

Unfortunately for the folks who are "all about value," the local merchants (my father among them) banded together with townspeople to oppose the sale of the site to WalMart. The flaming wreckage of plastic lawn-chairs and "Cheryl Teigs" swimwear formed to resemble a WalMart (it was simple-they're square) probably helped to convince them that our town was not ripe for the squeezing. And if THAT didn't do it, the signs painted on rooftops at the local trailer park- "PLEASE GOD, NOT ANOTHER TWISTER. REMEMBER GOSHEN 1990"^π and "WALMART SUX!" certainly reinforced the idea.

So I remained a WalMart virgin until junior year of college. Arguably, before the consummation of our relationship in the form of the Wall-Saver purchase, WalMart and I had done "everything but" when the greeters first forced me to enter the display



areas. These well-meaning elderly people were only there to round out their Social Security payments, basking in the benevolence of Big Blue. Unfortunately, after greeting me twice, Greeting Associate Maude began to appear visibly upset by my failure to move into the inner sanctum (if an inner sanctum can be a building the size of an aircraft hangar). Perhaps the bed head, cargo pants, and ripped "Beck Local Crew" shirt were giving her the idea that I was one of those nitrous-sniffing alterna-tot hacker^δ types obviously up to no good. Perhaps my associates were at that very moment hardwiring the video games into some unfortunate configuration that would detonate the fertilizer over in the Garden Center, resulting in widespread panic and the intolerable interruption of the constant consumption upon which the WalMart empire is based. Perhaps they were even sniffing model airplane glue (which Maude was undoubtedly incredibly allergic to) on their way to do the dastardly deed. In any event, her beady eyes had pinned me against the "SkilCrane" and she had begun to hyperventilate. It was time to move on.

I caught up to Cesar and Skip (who do,

^o Dr. W often makes that all-important call between "Well, Mrs. Johnson, your boy's been shoving peas up his nose, and that's what's causing the blockage" and "Well, Mrs. Johnson, your boy may be developing a nasty sinus infection."

^π Eastern New York does experience a small number of tornadoes. The trailer parks lure them.

^δ People acquainted with members of either group may consider these categories mutually exclusive, but to anybody unfamiliar with Sublime, both are members of the *lumpenproletariat* of evil.

in all honesty, look like people capable of cobbling together Sega Genesis systems, a trash can, some STP motor oil, and a bunch of fertilizer into a bomb) in the "snackfood/impulse buy" aisle. Cesar entered his hardcore social butterfly mode and flamed, "Oh, look who's decided to join us."

In a vague Minnesota accent, Skip chuckled: "We've worn her down."

"But that woman at the front of the store was giving me the eye," I replied, drawing thumb to middle and ring finger in the age-old "your children will be idgits" gesture I learned from my

great-grandmother Assunta.^Δ "Can we get this over with?"

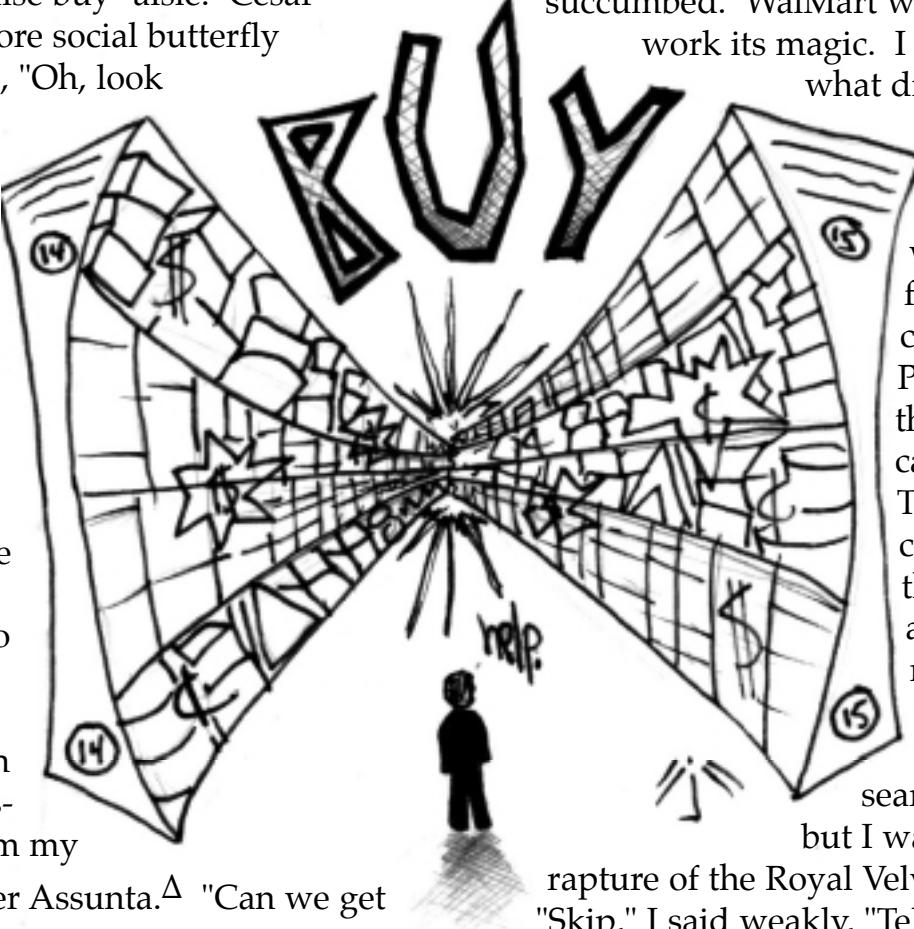
"Gotta get some cat food, wheresah cat food..." mumbled Cesar. Skip was fixating on the giant bags of Oreos and had to be dragged away by force. Merchandise was everywhere. It was all I could do not to cower on the brightly waxed "almond puke" patterned linoleum and whimper. Initially, my brain responded as though taunted by construction workers:^Ω

"Hey bay-BEE. You KNOW you want this obnoxious pink and orange sandbucket."

"Yo, chicquita, I got some hot stuff over

here with these lemon-scented kitchen sponges."

You get the idea. It was awful. Eventually, though, my American-made brain succumbed. WalMart was beginning to work its magic. I don't know what did it first, exactly. Perhaps it was knowledge that Oreos were a whole fifteen cents cheaper here. Perhaps it was the wall of hair-care products. The vast, colour-coded expanse of the Housewares area was too much to bear. Cesar had wandered off in search of cat food, but I was lost in the



rapture of the Royal Velvet section.

"Skip," I said weakly, "Tell me that I don't need any towels."

"Of COURSE you need towels," he replied. Skip is poor at following orders. My mouth dried out and my extremities began to shake. I began to feel slightly flushed. "We've got to get out of here," I croaked, my hands buried in a pile of celery green bath towels. "We've just got to."

"Hey, guys," Cesar called as I was examining a matching toothbrush holder next to the towels.

"Guys, I couldn't find the cat food, but

^Δ Not to be confused with the "your children ARE idgits," which involved a slightly less delicate gesture.

^Ω Which is not to say I'm regularly taunted by construction workers. Must be the large sidearm I'm required to carry by law.

you have GOT to see the 215 CD holder that's on sale."

I moaned. Skip glanced at me with "I can't take you anywhere" irritation.

'C'mon," Cesar prodded. The fluorescent lights became brighter, as though some stockroom employee had located the hidden "blind the consumers and make them know the way" switch, usually only turned on at Christmas and other consumer high holidays, such as Labor Day. I swayed unsteadily. Had the coffee from Jay's been drugged? Had I eaten my last "cheese omelet with homefries and white"? Was this the end?

The thought of all of those matching towels must have caused some sort of shock to my system, because the next thing I remember clearly is standing at the checkout lane as Cesar and Skip purchased cat food, packing tape, a CD holder, and insect spray. "Jesus," I thought, blearily clinging to the edge of the check-out conveyor belt, "where have I been?" The cashier, who peered at us through glasses clearly designed to make her eyes appear as small as possible, was not forthcoming. She collected Skip and Cesars crumpled bills in hands stained with the blood of modest businessmen like my father. My neck ached vaguely and I deeply craved some Dr. Pepper. I lurched to the car behind Skip and Cesar, believing that I would never again set foot inside WalMart.

Foolish youth had not prepared me for their insidious sales tactics. I now believe that my physiological response to the WalMart experience was the result of some form of small implant, perhaps inhaled while I was standing over the towels.[≈] The business began to invade my home in small, insignificant ways. First, there was the flyer that happened to nestle between the pages of my housemate's Sunday newspaper. Then there

was the direct mailing that found its slimy way into our humble mailbox. By the time Kristen noted that we could obtain Wall-Saver at WalMart, my brain had subconsciously developed the desire to purchase from the Evil Empire.

The first purchase was, of course, the beginning of a rapid descent into the maelstrom of rank consumer gratification. It took a while to actually FIND the tape, of course. But since I was going to buy tape anyway, I figured that the little diversions from the ultimate goal wouldn't be quite *so* bad. We had to sample the Kitchenwares aisle, for instance, where those knives hang out. The filing cabinets were also seductive, as were the rows of irons, coffeepots, and food processors, all displayed in that charming, haphazard WalMart manner that signals *big value* to the American consumer. The major marketing strategies in the local WalMart seem to be "hide the product inside an area with many products like it so they'll buy more" and "keep shelves half-stocked and supremely cluttered to create the appearance of "bargain basement" pricing." We were not to be easily fooled, however, and just barely escaped with the tape before the glue worked its evil voodoo upon us.

Later, of course, there were subsequent trips to the WalMart. By now, I've become something of a seasoned WalMart pilgrim. It's the appearance of value in the little things that keeps me going back- the shampoo and toilet paper are a little cheaper, as are the hanging file folders. The furniture still amuses me with its "sneeze on us and we'll disintegrate" nature. What ultimately draws me back, though, are those WalMart people, who demand that all of their worldly possessions are affordable, in one place, and readily available in any of eighteen check-out lines.

[≈] WalMart, taking bioengineering to the masses. Kids: Anthrax!



Shirk'n'Shout

This Week - Rants from Work by Eric Thomas

A conversation regarding Jerry Springer, politician cum whoremaster cum talk show superstar (possibly the most natural progression in America):

"Trailer Trash from middle America duking it out on national television. That's my kind of entertainment. Think any of those people are for real?"

"I don't think it matters. There are stupid people in the world; whether or not they're on television is irrelevant."

Let's Bring Back The Public Stoning

I was watching a "man-on-the-street" interview on the local nightly news ("Later this evening: are carnivorous parasites ruining your anus? We'll show you how to stop the bleeding on HealthBeat!") recently. A woman in her early thirties was being interrogated by a floating microphone. When asked why she never misses an episode of "The Jerry Springer Show," she promptly replied that it made her thankful for what she doesn't have.

Presumably, she was talking about gratitude for what life has given her: good health, shiny hair, a professional-looking wardrobe. This is a lovely sentiment, and the woman should be commended for appreciating life in such a way.

As you and I know, however, this woman must be severely mentally handicapped.

Anyone who uses "The Jerry Springer Show" as an opportunity for introspection and quiet reflection on their personal Horn of Plenty should be shot in the face. Apparently, it is all too easy to mistake the cheap thrill of tawdry voyeurism for a warm feeling of self-worth.

"Boy, am I grateful that I'm not the World's Fattest Stripper!"

People watch Jerry Springer because they can relate to Jerry Springer, and because they like to pretend that they're better than other people.

First of all, Jerry's television persona is a lot like you and I. He's done some things he regrets (such as paying hookers with personal checks while Mayor of Cincinnati), but for the most part, he's a humble guy. He was born in London of parents fleeing the Holocaust and grew up in the Midwest. Think about it. An immigrant from America's Heartland. Who could be more accessible to the most coveted audience in television, the Average Joe? Besides retarded Nazis, I mean.

Springer's true brilliance is this, though: when it comes to his guests, he is just as indignant and self-righteous as you are. The man is a certified champion when it comes to seizing the moral high ground. His show becomes a pecking party. Jerry draws the lines between the Good Guests and the Bad Guests, and the studio audience delivers the beatings.

This isolation of society's evil element does give average idiots a morale boost; I will credit our misguided interviewee for that meager insight. Her fatal error, though,

is affecting a positive stance on that warm feeling. In fact, the charge she gets from watching Springer in action is not directed inward, but rather at the rest of America. This woman has a marginally fucked-up life (as we all do). Her only relief is to transform her fear and self-pity into hatred for and judgement of those she believes to be _really_ fucked-up.

Amazing that I understand all this about a woman I've never met, just by seeing

"Do what you want / Do all you can / Break all the fuckin' rules / And go to Hell with Superman / And die like a champion, ya-hey!"

-Bad Religion, "Do What You Want"

It's almost too easy for adults to ignore young smartasses like us. After all, what the hell do we know? We haven't been anywhere or done anything yet. Most of us aren't married, don't own homes, and have never been sent to other countries to kill people. We haven't experienced the acceptable amounts of pain and responsibility necessary for adulthood. We can still mock the world, because the world hasn't chewed us up to show us who's boss.

Our youthful naivete is our greatest

her on television for 5 seconds, isn't it?

A little bit ironic, too.

I'm guilty of the same crimes. The difference is that I'm more articulate about it.

And did you believe me? Were you convinced? Were you laughing at that woman, and thanking God above that you're not her? Somehow, I think so. We're all ridiculous individuals, and we all like to see each other drown. Amen.

asset, though, and precisely for that reason. We still have the ability to learn, to think, to question. The authority figures in our lives haven't beaten it out of us. We think we're immortal. We think we know everything. We see the absurdity of our surroundings, from redundant bureaucracies to transparent authority to that guy over there with a football helmet and no pants on. We laugh at it, half because we want to change it for ourselves and half because we're afraid of what it will do to us.



We see our parents and our teachers, miserable in their dead-end careers with defeated looks in their eyes. We know that most of the people we are taught to respect have never been worthy of us. When we break the rules, we do so because the rules are stupid. When they abuse the power that they wield over us, we know they are trying to make our lives as joyless as theirs turned out to be.

They tell us that these are (everyone together, now) "The Best Years Of Your Life." In essence, this is "Enjoy it while you can, brats, because sooner or later life will shit on you, and you'll end up just like me." Don't judge them too harshly, though; they are merely longing for the freedom they once had. They envy us our idealism. They had our opportunity, and missed it. They fell in line - the slow march to death, punctuated with marriage, career, and family.

When I was arrested, I was taken to a "booking room" to be "booked." Book 'em, Dano!

I was sitting on a metal bench, my legs manacled to the bench's legs and my hands cuffed behind me. At the UMass Police Department, they take no chances with hardened criminals, especially first-time offenders charged with transportation of alcohol.

The door to the booking room was locked from both sides, to keep me from getting out and other degenerates from getting in. I was telling them my birthdate and age for the thirtieth time (cops aren't trained to do subtraction, you know), when another officer unlocked the booking room door and entered, interrupting my monologue.

Cop 1: "Hey, have you seen the keys to

But what do they want from us? What do they want for us? As mentors, they want us to succeed; it reflects well on them. As people, though, they'd rather us fall into the same line humans have marched from the beginning of civilized society. How discouraging, to see those younger than you, whom you have always dismissed as ignorant and trivial, succeed where you failed! How embarrassing! Outwardly, they are proud of your accomplishments. In their minds, they wonder where they went wrong.

We are born with powers beyond our comprehension. Throughout our lives, those powers are disciplined out of us. We forget what we are capable of. We are made to choose a life without learning, without creation. We can, however, break out of that course. We can use our immeasurable abilities to forge our own meandering path. In the end, we will have died like champions.

Party at the P.D.!

the gun locker?"

Cop 2: "No, I haven't used that thing since the beginning of my shift."

Cop 1: "Well, your card is in the slot."

Cop 2: "Is it? Oh, shit. Can you take over for me, Kirk?"

Cop 3: "Sure." (To me) "What the hell are you smirking at?!"

Voice in my head: "Oh, just the fact that you well-trained and generally competent officers of the law lost the keys to the place where you keep your guns. I think that's very funny. I further suspect that your entire 'Police Force,' if you could really call it that, are a bunch of bumbling imbeciles. It makes me extraordinarily happy to know that it doesn't take much to outsmart you people."

Me: "Nothing."

"My mouth is full of happy presents from the earth."

-overheard

Gar

By John Hall



in fact he
realized he was real small...



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Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

by Kelly Gunter

DATE: SAT, 08 AUG 1998 15:19:39 -0700
FROM: JOE
TO: GDT@INAME.COM
SUBJECT: BAREFOOT GIRLS FEET

DEAR BAREFOOT GIRL,

ARE YOU REALLY BAREFOOT AND IF YOU ARE
COULD YOU SEND ME SOME PICS OF YOUR PRETTY
FEET?

Joe-

Yes I am "really" barefoot and I am also physically capable of sending you "pics" of my "pretty feet", but you're making a rather large assumption. Given the fact that I've been walking bare-foot for approximately ten years, how pretty do you think my feet could be? Just imagine all the times I must have walked over broken glass which then got lodged in my heel leaving me to perform minor surgery with an unsterile scapel. In the end the soles of my feet look more like the surface of the moon with major asteroid damage. Then just think of all the times my backalley surgical equipment led to big pus-oozing infections. Finally I want you to think about all of those cold harsh New York winters. Toes falling off left and right. I always have to have a tube of Krazy-Glue handy in

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 10

case of emergency. I remember the one time I didn't; I was forced to use a hot glue gun. I still have those little glue strings trailing off in every direction like some kind of deranged foot decoration. What do you think I'm going to say?

"...Sure I'll send you pictures of my feet."

Why, so I can feed every foot fetish within a one hundred mile radius? What is it with people taking pictures of their feet?

If you want some kind of thrill, take off your shoes and socks and take a picture of your own feet. Send it to yourself in the mail; it will be like Christmas, honest. WHATEVER you do, and this is the really important part, DON'T, and I mean don't, send them to me. Believe me, I've had enough people send me pictures of their feet for inexplicable reasons along with questions asking how they make me feel. Ah, let me see...uncomfortable? There are only so many things you can do with pictures of other people's feet.

It is a given that I will answer any question sent to me, maybe not correctly or how the person had planned, but answered to some degree or another. But please send me something interesting, for a change.

-the Bare-foot Girl

Just a Reminder

by Kelly Gunter

I'd rather not add one more word to the piles of editorials stacking up demanding the resignation of the President. Personally, I don't give a damn what he did or said. As far as I'm concerned, the question should never have been asked in the first place. What really annoys me is the way history repeats itself and why in hell nobody seems to notice. Maybe it is because it gets in the way of a

sensational story, but the only people who seem interested in this "scandal" are the press and the politicians who mistakenly think the media accurately reflects the views of voters.

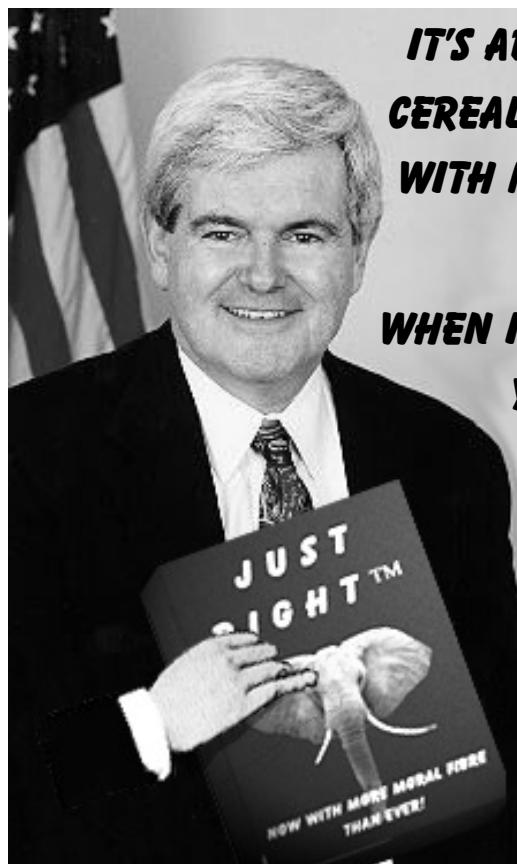
I'm sick of continually hearing about the "liberal press". The press was liberal once, but those days are long gone. It seems more likely these days that the press is being led

along on a rather nice leash, playing dog to the Republican party's master. The press dotes on every word they're dropped; licking it up, smacking their lips, and waiting for more. Not to say that the press is a misguided and naïve child; on the contrary, they know exactly what they're doing and they're enjoying every minute of it. Reporting news is no longer about, well...reporting news. It's about who's reporting it, it's about the reporter. Members of the press have been riding one big ego trip after another until they don't know their own opinions anymore. What they do know is where the power lies, and who's willing to share it if they say the right thing.

Before anyone says anything about my being a bleeding-heart liberal, stop. I vote democratically, that's true, but not for the reasons you'd suspect. The political system is so derailed at this point that everything is about individuals, and not the public that they are supposed to represent. I maintain that this statement holds true for both the

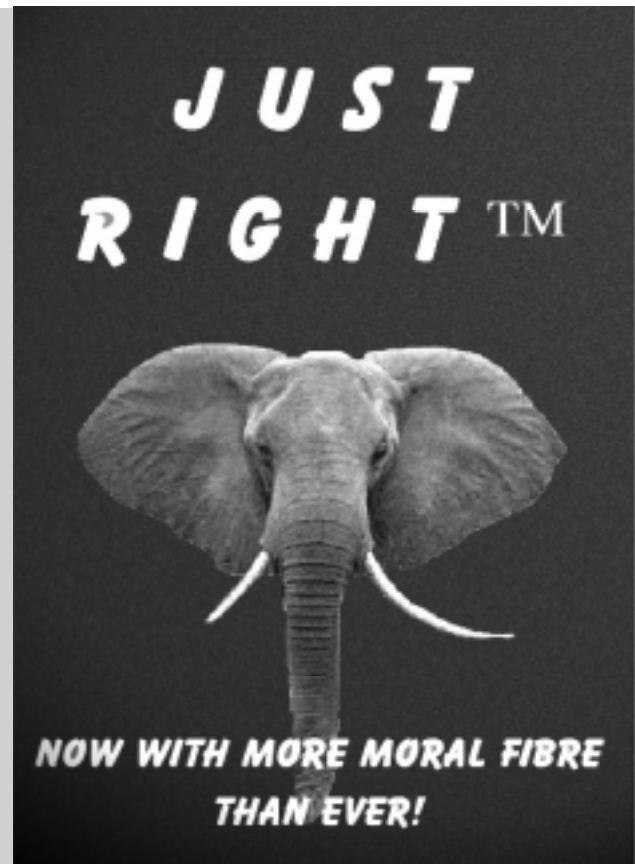
Republican and Democratic parties; this is not one-sided. The act of voting has come down to a choice of who to vote against instead of who to vote for, a decision of which candidate is the lesser of two evils. For that reason alone I vote Democratically, for while I know that neither group will work on my behalf as the voting public, I also know that the Republicans can get things done--things I don't necessarily want getting done. The Republicans can work together as a cohesive group, whereas the Democrats are as capable of harmonious work as my elementary school band was. Thus the lesser of two evils; I intentionally support mediocrity specifically because there are no feasible vehicles for change. No mentions of Ross Perot, please, I said feasible.

As a fine example of the Democratic Party's inept attempts at commanding attention and presence, we have the history of the situation which has been so long neglected. Is the righteous American public willing to support a philandering president? We all



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WITH MORAL FIBRE...**

**WHEN IT'S RIGHT FOR
YOU, WHEN IT'S
RIGHT FOR
YOUR COUN-
TRY, IT'S GOT
TO BE JUST
RIGHT™.**



know the answer to this one, say it with me now.

Yes. Need examples? Take Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Rutherford B. Hayes, just to name a few. History is filled with object lessons in power as an aphrodisiac. Often, men are attracted to high positions of office precisely for that reason.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," somebody says, "this is not an issue of sexual misconduct, but an issue of trust. The president lied under oath. That's perjury."

Huh. Well, yes, it is, but will the American public elect a president who has no difficulty in lying to them? Why not? They've done it before. Why, there's already a precedent for it.

Take your thoughts back to a story about a great American hero, Lieutenant Colonel Emeritus Oliver North. North was touted as a hero when the whole Iran-Contra story broke. For the moment, we will disregard the fact that these were highly illegal actions and attend to the meat of the matter: then-Vice President Bush stated under oath that he had never attended any of the meetings associated with the Iran-Contra scandal. Yet after Caspar Weinberger stated under oath that he had not taken notes of these

meetings, it happened that his non-existent notes were found and clearly demonstrated that such meetings had been attended by the Vice President. Shortly thereafter, we the people elected him to the presidency. Are the circumstances so different? In one case, we elect a president who lies about an affair he is having with an intern while in office. In the other, we elect a man to office knowing that he is more than willing to purjure himself before Congress and the American public in order to disavow his involvement in highly illegal activities. Obviously, the American public has already proven its indifference to having such men in office.

Our history tells us that this sort of thing has happened before and that the men involved were often esteemed statesmen and/or great presidents, so why is it so different now? It isn't; the only difference is the way the press is covering it: "...the nation is outraged...." The nation isn't outraged. The Republicans are jubilant, the Democrats are flustered (their natural state), the general public is bored off their couch-shaped keisters, and the only one who may have a right to be outraged is the first lady. Leave the story at that and let's get on with the business of national politics as usual.



pulling a blank *by Sean Hammond*

This week: "...these are a few of my favorite things."

The temperature outside of the Radio Shack was perceptibly cooler than the rest of the area, as though I had stumbled into a technological haunting. Perhaps the Spirit of Vacuum Tubes Past had come to torment the buyers of transistors:

"Whoooo...guitar amps just don't have the same sound as they used to... whooooo!"

In reality, the chill air was due to the freon escaping from the hallowed hut of low-grade electronic equipment and questionably priced widgets. As I entered the door and their photoptic Cerberus barked its piezo-electric chime, I could think only one thing:

"...pleasedontaskifyoucanhelpfindanythingpleasedontaskifyoucanhelpfindanything..."

"Hi. Can I help you find anything?"

I looked into the freshly scrubbed face of the red-shirted youth who had me in his sights before I even got through the door. His facial structure made it difficult to tell if he was in high school or college. Clean-shaven with a conservative haircut, he looked as though he was recovering from the ravages of a stubborn acne problem. Reddish welts were still visible on his forehead and temples. I personally had to live through years of acne; the scars stand out plainly on my temples and forehead today. In spite of all this, I felt no rapport with this spring loaded instrument of thinly veiled condescension.

For a moment I hesitated. I thought, "Yes, you can leave me alone," but it came out as, "No, thank you. I'll look on my own."

I wandered back into the depths of the store looking for...well, I didn't know its official name. Many times I've wandered into a store looking for a product and finally ended up describing how it worked to a clerk in the hope that they could help me find it. Along with assistance, I almost always get a healthy dose of condescension:

"Ooooohhhhhh! You want a Model-7 flambang."

I guess so. If knew what it was called, I wouldn't have had to describe it to you, you prat. Why can't you simply say, "I think I might have what you need," and take me to it. Instead, you hurl jargon at me as though only the most savage of Calibans wouldn't know about Model-7 flambangs.

In this case, I was searching Radio Shack for y-adapter for a computer hard drive power supply. I'd acquired another drive, but lacked the necessary wires to juice it up. Knowing I couldn't possibly be the only person with this problem, I assumed there was an off-the-shelf solution.

It's so much easier to go into a situation when you know what's going on than to enter clueless. Sometimes, though, there's just no way to do advance research on something. You have to blunder into things with full knowledge that you'll make faux pas after faux pas...like not knowing what a Model-7 flambang is, for instance.

There are all kinds of subtle differences in stores and organizations that affect how comfortable a shopper will be when it comes to asking for help. Some stores don't expect you to know what's going on, and really do try to help. Others just sit back and watch you screw up. I think this is why Wal-Mart is starting to institute the practice of punching receipts as people exit. If you don't know that's the standard operating procedure and the doorman is busy with someone else, big burly men will holler at you as you try to exit. In areas closer to Wal-Headquarters, they frequently punch you *and* your receipt. There's nothing like dredging up subliminal guilt by invoking memories of childhood shoplifting.

Stores like Radio Shack, however, combine the worst of both worlds. They know that given the nature of their wares, most people entering the store won't know the exact phylum, order, and species of their target item. To address this concern, they instruct their clerks to ask people if they need help. In "helping", however, the clerks inadvertently stress that the shopper is on unfamiliar turf.

"Pay for your flambang and get outta here, boy. We don't like your kind in these parts."

While I was looking around Radio Shack, I found a small stand that had a long articulated arm equipped with two alligator clips and a magnifying glass toward one end. I'd been looking for something like that

to help make a sculpture I had in mind, but didn't know what it was called. Suddenly, here it was: "Helping Hands(tm) with magnifier, an indispensable tool for hobbyists." Of course.

As I picked up the Helping Hands(tm) and renewed my search, I overheard a customer who had broken down and asked for help.

Poor Bastard: Hi. I'm not sure what it's called, but I'm looking for a little jobby that plugs into, like, a headphone jack, and lets you plug in a speaker.

Condescending Clerk:
Oh, you mean a....

I walked away.

Word of advice: never use the word "jobby" when forced to describe a product to a clerk. You immediately go into the "idiot" category.

"Jobby" is acceptable only in hardware stores and only when dealing with someone who looks like they've worked in construction for a respectable part of their life.

It shortly became apparent that I wasn't going to find my power adapter without help. As I swallowed loudly, my breathing became labored and my palms went damp. Walking up to the poor pimply-faced guy who'd accosted me at the door, I explained what it was that I wanted. A cloud passed over the intricate landscape of his face.

"Hmmm. I don't think we sell anything like that."

Oh well. I wasn't sure such a thing existed anyway. On the upside, he didn't shame me by rattling off the arcane name of this vapor-product. He scored points for that.



This chivalrous young man and I headed for the register when I caught something in my visual periphery and swerved. Nestled amongst the CB equipment and phony surveillance cameras, I saw a number of computer parts. There, looking embarrassed for being caught, was what I'd been seeking. The package proudly tagged it as a "254mm Disk Drive Y-Adapter Power Cable."

The pock-faced troll sidled up beside me as I grabbed my prize. Maybe he knew I would have slain him with my "Helping Hands"(tm) if he'd said anything, because he remained blissfully silent. He didn't even process my name and zip code during the check-out, a vital part of the Radio Shack buying ritual. The balance of power, at least this time, had shifted in the customer's favor.

There was no time to regale the other shoppers with my tale of victory and determine how best to celebrate. I paid for my toys and escaped into the reassuring warmth of my car. God, how I hated going into situations blind. No, it wasn't that. I hated going into a situation that had specific rules that others simply expected you to know.

Arriving home, I packed some clothing and a few boxes. I was on my way to Baltimore, Maryland, a place I'd never been to, and one in which I had no place to stay. In short, I was going in like a cave fish...pasty white and with no foreknowledge. In many respects, it was not unlike a trip to Radio Shack.

Needless to say, I was thrilled.



There's something insidious out there on the web, and I'm not talking about cookies, Java, web-cams, or Microsoft Macro viruses^δ. I mean animated gifs.

Animated gifs (pronounced "jifs" for some unholy reason)^π have been around for a few years now, and like most web innovations, they seemed like a <blink>good idea</blink> at the time. But as is often the case, the Forces of Evil™ managed to use these wonderful little buggers to make the world a more neurotic place. Let me explain:

Thanks to millions of years of evolution, primates have developed the fight-or-flight reaction to stress. In the wild,



Enlighten Up!

"You've got punch it, pork it, and get away fast before something bad happens to you." -A Boy and His Dog, Harlan Ellison

prior to Prometheus' intervention, man^Δ really had nothing going for him. No claws, no prehensile tails, no wings, a poor selection of hair extensions. In fact, we weren't even all that good to eat, but that didn't stop the other animals from killing us for sport.[¶] This meant that from a primate's point of view, everything that moved was a) food b) a mate or c) a predator. Enter adrenaline. Thanks to this wonderful little hormone, our bodies become supercharged when threatened. Our pupils enlarge to allow us to see more color, our reflexes become faster, we become more resistant to pain, and our strength is increased. Back then, it allowed us to escape a cat souped up on noradrenalin

^δWhich are the coolest things since sliced bread. If you're unfortunate enough to have a whole set of Microsoft software packages, this little baby can really make your life interesting. The way it works is you receive an email with the subject "?" and open it with Microsoft Mail. The virus then digs through your email address book, chooses three listings at random, writes new messages to those poor bastards and send itself off to them. It's really quite wonderful how close it comes to mimicking biological viruses.

^πSee <http://www.fsf.org> for the evils of Compuserve patents.

^ΔAn acronym created by the gods (who are actually non-specific globular masses who can form pseudopods as needed) that stood for Multi-Appendaged Nebraskan. Funny old multiverse, isn't it?

[¶]At one point, great hunting parties of foxes would don their silly looking red coats and chase after men, all the while blowing horns and generally making asses of themselves. After the kill, the foxes would stand about the dead body, ready to be mounted in a suitably fierce pose, his absent claws ready to appear at any moment. The hunters would mumble chic phrases like "Jolly good," and "a spot of tea, darling?" whilst gloating over their fashionable kill. This was so traumatic to the aforementioned bipeds that these hunts eventually became genetic memories which, through a misunderstood force of nature,^ο manifests itself today in the British Isles.

^οSimilar to gravity, the force of irony one event applies upon another is the absurdity of the opposing event multiplied by the universal ironic constant divided by the square probability of these events occurring simultaneously. (This information was provided by the daring people of Cronos Corp., et al.)



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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© 1998 *Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre*. You no take stuff in magazine and print other places without asking first or Diablo eat you.

(adrenaline makes monkeys jumpy; noradrenin makes cats stalky). Nowadays, it makes us shoot other monkeys sitting in rush hour traffic.

The take-home is that when there are things moving in our peripheral vision, we're hardwired to half-think that it's something that's going to try to eat us. So when you're sitting in front of your computer screen reading an article on the web and there's an animated gif in the corner doing some sort of wacky dance, your anxiety rises. Best of all, you're not even sure why. All you're certain of is that you want to bust a move.

For the people who make the animated gifs, it doesn't matter why you feel jumpy. What matters is that it increases your anxiety. Fnords (or as any dyslexic can point out FNORDS=F WORDS) by any other name.^f Still, an anxious monkey is not a very happy monkey, and they're a bit more open to suggestions on how to decrease their stress.

Buy, buy, buy!^Ω It's no surprise that most animated gifs placed in strategic locations (read: at the edge of your peripheral vision) are adverts^J for one product or another. The implication being that if we buy things, our well-being will increase, ending this annoying anxiety.[¬] And that's really what most advertising is about. Buy our product and you will be a better person in some way, shape, or form (ergo the Wonder Bra™ and strap-on dildos).

The masters of this form of marketing are the fine bastards at De Beers (now owned by Disney![¥]), the people who brainwashed the world into believing diamonds are something to cherish (and Pocahontas was of age) and not something that is only useful when used to deface mirrors and windows. Prior to their taking control of the worlds supply of diamonds, there were no such things as diamond engagement rings (or hobbled South Africans). But that didn't stop them. Through masterful manipulation of the

^fFnord.

^ΩSee Volume 11, issue 3

^J"Today on Beyond 2000 - Al-u-minium Garajahs for 20 dollars, US!"

Beyond 2000 makes a great drinking game.

[¬]"Wisdom" and "Zen Blend" SoBe teas are fine examples.

[¥]Volume 10, Issue 9

public's insecurities (Kids: Frats!), sense of romance and plain old fashioned bull-shit (none of this new fangled crap), De Beers convinced the western world that "Diamonds are Forever," just as one's love should be. What better way to symbolize an eternal love than with sparkly carbon?

This wasn't a fluke occurrence on the part of De Beers, either. Prior to the 1960s, less than 10% of the women in Japan wore diamonds. After a custom-made advertising campaign evoking the Japanese need to maintain ties to their past and culture, while capitalizing on their insecurities about interacting with those from the west, De Beers won. Under the premise that diamonds are a perfect symbol of one's love that combines the simplicity of Shinto with the chic of the West, over 60% of Japanese women wear diamonds today.^c All of which were sold by De Beers.

It's as though we walk about with Slinkies attached to the sides of our heads. Every movement we make makes the thing wiggle a bit in our peripheral vision, firing the sense that something is going to eat us, making us want to buy things to make it all right. We're a consumer culture powered by the threat of predatory Slinkies!

Not all adverts are Slinkies, however. Slinky ads are only those that try to get us to buy the product through sublimation. Take the woman with beautiful breasts draped over a car. What are they selling there? At some level those of us

interested in fantastic breasts might wish that 'twas the woman we could get for \$19,000 with 1.9% financing, \$100 down and you can drive her home today. Instead, we connect our desire to breed with the car and end up with that. We can observe the same phenomena in most jean commercials. People dancing about...what the hell are they selling? Swing? Malnourished Gap children?^t But no, it's jeans.

Much like the bouncing breast of the car and the bouncing felt lined women of the swing era, the Slinky ad is easy to recognize. Just ask yourself this question: does it make you want anything other than the product? If so, it's a Slinky, and like most Slinkies, all the ad is going to do is get tangled up in itself and be thrown away.



^cAs cited in The Economist, email sean@phair.csh.rit.edu for the date info.

^tMmm...malnourished Gap children.



Shirk'n'Shout

This Week - Farm Life Plus College Life Equals
Getting Drunk With Cows - by Eric Thomas (Aka. Big Bad Bruce)

"Actually, there are two types of people in this world - people who think that there are two types of people in this world, and those that are smart enough to know better."

-Tom Robbins

Fuck 'Em If They Can't Take A Joke

For some reason, we all have to turn it down, dumb it down, edit it down, water it down, and, in the process, fuck it all up.

For some reason, people refuse to consider that it may be their problem, too. Everyone is their own model of morality, character, and ethics.

We have these ideals, instilled in us through our socialization - through television, religion, through our interaction with others. We have a very hard time breaking the cast (and the caste) forged for us at birth, and seeing things in a different way.

One thing that I can say for people who wish to dilute my thoughts, and the way I express them - these people understand, on some level, that it's easier to listen to the good news than the bad news. It's easier to all 'get together and feel all right' a la Bob Marley than it is to tell Ian MacKaye why 'everybody wants their own damn station.'

What upsets me, though, is that so many messages are lost in the translation. The easily offended demand a sanitary world. They strive to create a world that includes only what they want to see and hear. They cover their eyes and ears like the famous monkeys, but what they speak is

evil. That any mention of sex, of drugs, of crime, of certain viruses should be capital crime is, to me, pure evil.

But these meek minds have been given a weapon - the Almighty Lawsuit. A simple trick: if you want some artist's expression bastardized, tell a lawyer that this artist's work has traumatized you and demand recourse. The artist, who doesn't have as much money as you do (artists don't demand payment in the name of God), will then be forced to alter his work.

"Your Honor, I was mentally unprepared for this heathen's assault on my tradition of narrow-mindedness, and was therefore sent into a state of immediate shock when his painting suggested that buying yachts and holding fund-raisers for my political campaign do not constitute moral majority.

As a result, I was forced to write angry letters to the editor with paranoid rantings about threats to my already spoiled children."

"Right on, Bob. I hereby sentence the defendant to paint some happy trees and a cheerful regatta scene. Let's have a bourbon."

Once again, our only hope in battling this attack on expression is our own generation. Unfortunately, imbecile parents raise imbecile children, and our efforts to break and reset their stubborn minds are only met with a stronger false idealism. Multiply the ill-conceived attitudes of an adult by the pointless impudence of a young adult and you get a veritable monument to stagnant thinking.

We can only rely on the cues of our parents and teachers for moral guidance for so long before a stiffness of the mind sets in. Most of us strive for financial, social and cultural independence, but entirely ignore our own powers of moral judgement. That is, until our elders' ideals are cemented so firmly in our consciousness that we cannot undo

that damage. Instead, we choose to raise our children in the same prison that we once inhabited.

Perhaps there is no hope for our peers. We certainly cannot force our opinions on them - we would be committing the same crimes that were committed against us. We can, however, encourage those we see in spiritual and intellectual ruts to rethink their position.

We would be sinning against our own good judgement to weaken our thoughts, or withhold our thoughts from expression, simply to pacify others. Altering what we think because of someone else's indignation must be avoided, and at all costs. If people don't like what we do or say, then that is their problem.

Mary Ellen, You're My Hero

The waitress startled me.

"Are you at that table?" she asked.

"No, I'm by..." I answered.

"By yourself? Okay, that's fine..."

"I was just going to take a counter seat." An unnecessary explanation.

"Okay. Do you want a coffee?"

"Yes, please."

"Okay, the special is two pancakes, two eggs, two bacon or sausage for two fifteen." She was talking in that practiced rhythm that waitresses adopt only after several years of dealing with irate customers. It was an



even, neutral voice - warm, but without any inflection that could possibly offend me. Every time I hear that voice, I get the feeling I could slit my wrists at the table and the waitress would be unfazed.

"Yeah, I'll have the special scrambled with a side of home fries. Oh, and with bacon, please. And could I get a glass of ice water?"

"Sure thing..." She was scribbling.

I picked up the copy of "The Phishing Manual" that long-haired Eric had lent me. My food arrived in record time. I put the book down, and began gorging myself. The waitress was making snappy chat with regular customers, which I half-heard as I devoured my meal. A thoroughly dowdy woman entered, and the waitress recognized her immediately.

"Good morning, Mary Ellen!"

"Hello, dear." The woman was a little heavy, with plain features, a bowl haircut, and an old overcoat. She walked to the

We Must Protect Our (22 Year-Old) Children!

"There's a cheerleader here, wants to help with my paper / Let her do all the work, then maybe later I'll rape her."

-Frank Zappa, "Bobby Brown"

"Andrea would never let me listen to that song, dude."

"Oh yeah? Why the hell not?"

"Because it's sort of offensive to women, don't you think?" Ted was incredulous.

"Fuck no! It's targeting exactly the sort of person that _is_ offensive to women, and it's therefore defending women!"

"Well, I know that, and you know that. Andrea wouldn't see it that way."

counter, put her pocket book by the seat next to mine, and began to ease herself onto the stool.

"Would you like a coffee?"

"Yes."

The woman looked at me.

"This is my favorite seat. That's why I squeezed into it."

"Right on." I didn't know how to respond. I finished my meal and went to the register to pay my check. When I returned to the counter to put down a tip, the woman pointed at "The Phishing Manual."

"What's this word?" she asked.

"Phishing," I answered, "spelled with a 'Ph.' It's a book about a band called Phish..."

"Oh, spelled with a 'Ph.' I get it." She finished the sentence for me.

It is very comforting to me that there are millions of people in the world who have never heard of Phish. I know that they are not missing anything terribly important.

We Must Protect Our (22 Year-Old) Children!

"That's bullshit. Andrea's a smart girl. You're telling me she would miss the point of that song entirely?"

"You know how she is. Remember how nuts she got about Jack and that pro-life postcard with the aborted fetus on the front?"

"That was bullshit, too. Jack's point there was that..."

"Yeah, but he was laughing at it. She thought that was out of line."

"He was laughing at it because pro-life organizations are trying to abolish something they deem atrocious and offensive. The way they get it accomplished is by doing things that are atrocious and offensive. You don't think that's a little bit ironic?"

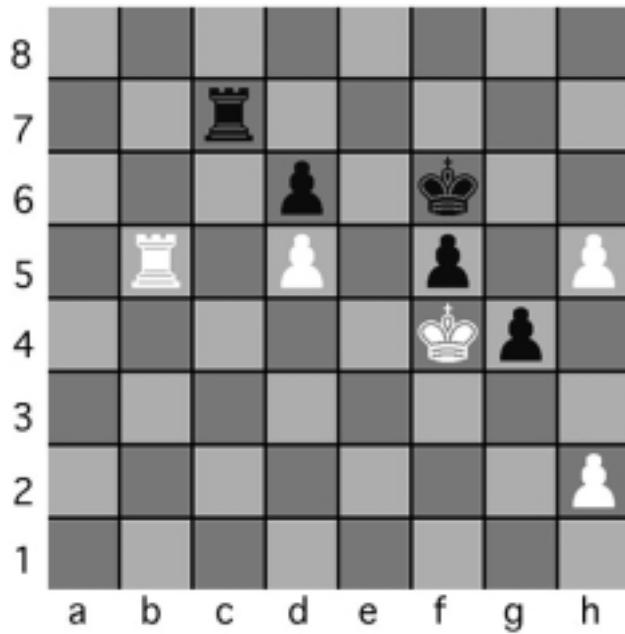
"She had just met Jack. She didn't understand what he was getting at."

So Jack and Frank Zappa are eliminated from Ted's life because his girlfriend ignores the argument and takes the image at

face value.

Who is at fault here? Jack? Frank Zappa? Or is it Andrea?

Why can't we ban Christ?



Delmenhorst, 1987

T. Hinemaan vs. G. Forgacs

and black completes the mating net. White has nowhere to go and no defense--- he's snared because he has no space. Black slides the rook to f3 for mate.

This next position is from a game a friend of mine played on FICS. My friend, playing the black pieces, has blundered away a pawn and a rook and it looks like white is about to play the winning move after . . .

1. **Qxh6** but black takes advantage of white's later subtle blunder.

1. ... **Qe5**

2. **g3 Rh4!** What white misses is that the space black controls with the Queen and bishop on the same diagonal.

With the threat of mate if:

1. **gxh4 Qxh2 mate or**

1. **Qa6 or Qc6 Rxh2+ 2. Kh1 Qh2 mate**

This week: Two for the price of one! I apologize for missing last week. This is my penance.

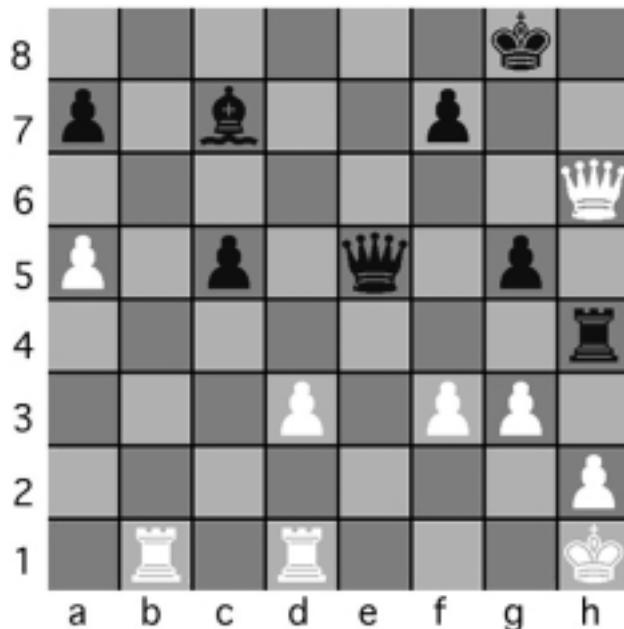
Chess: It's what's for breakfast.

by Adam Fletcher

A chess player should always look for a space advantage - and space isn't always obvious. "Space" on a chess board includes the ability for one of your pieces to occupy a square as well as the area of a piece's control.

1. ... Rc3
2. Rb3 Rxb3
3. h3 Rf3 mate.

This is an example of space and the mating net. Black builds a net around white's king, using the pawn chain f5-g4 and the black king on f6 to prevent escape. When black brings the rook down to c3 (instead of the worthless check on c4)



Ladies and Gentleman... He's back.

TOURIST'S MOVIE REVIEW (BEGIN ALSO SPARACH ZARATHUSTRA)

Howdy, sweethearts. I know that you've all missed me, and I have a plethora (of piñatas?) of stories to share with you. For those of you who aren't in the loop, I'll recap the last few months. I left the balmy sands of Rochester to pursue the movie career. The magic number, boys and girls is 1.6 Million Clams, ("OUTBID BY MINE OWN WENCH!!!!"). That is the green light number for the work in progress tentatively entitled "Blue Skies". This ain't no student film. The happy folks in Film/Video didn't want to play ball, so I decided that it would be in my best interest to disassociate with them for a while, a leave of absence if you will. I shall one day make my glorious return to campus, with a tidy little indie piece under my belt. I'm layin' this down

from my home state of Maryland, so there's no need to worry about missing the scintillating wit and probing social insight of the TMR. I'll be going strong the whole year, and will keep everyone posted as to the progress of the film. For those of you contorting your brows in disdain of the pretentious film school dropout cliché that I have set before you,

Get Bent.

You little bastards go right on talking about how a guy you know PA'd on the set of the latest Kevin Smith film. Meanwhile, the pirates amongst us, the mighty conquistadors (myself included), will be raping life for all it's worth and smiling at the benefits of uncertainty. Enough already, here's the review.

This Week - "Armageddon"

Say it with me now:

Jerry Bruckheimer! For those of you who don't know who he is, Jerry Bruckheimer (pronounced: JURy brUKhimRRRRR really fast) is the producer behind such culturally enriching films like "Top Gun", "The Rock", "Days of Thunder", and most recently, "Armageddon". His former partner, Don Simpson, did too much blow and kicked it while producing "The Rock" in 1996. But the legend continues, with JURy brUKhimRRRR blowing away box office naysayers with large swings of the commercial sword. But you gotta see this guy to really appreciate the experience. Forget the plot holes, forget the SAME GOD-DAMN MUSIC IN EVERY FUCKING FILM, forget the super-slow-mo action sequences where big burly men run against wind

machines to accentuate the hair extensions and fake sweat. No, in order to experience a JURy brUKhimRRRR film to the fullest, first find a picture of that kooky kat. Just look in any Entertainment Weekly or Premiere magazine. Find the obligatory hot star in a pensive moment black turtleneck style photo (OHSIAPMBTSP) of señor brUKhimRRRR and check out the stubble. Really examine the stubble. Get out the fresnel bookmark if you have to. See how it's perfectly unkempt??? How does he do that?

Doesn't matter. Take a look at the stubble, and imagine the cool announcer from every goddamn action trailer you've ever seen and hear these words in your head:

From the Producer of *Armageddon* and *The Rock*, And the director of *Armageddon* and *The Rock*. A simple bodily function, a

genetic holdover from homo habilis, Remington, a cold steel adversary, No match for the oily power...Paramount Pictures proudly presents A JURy brUKhimRRRR production of a JURy brUKhimRRRR film:

JURy brUKhimRRRR's Stubble

Now picture the stubble shown from a hundred different angles in like 2 picoseconds. Then add the pseudo-symphonic Hans Zimmer music. Add sound clips like "It's growing!!", "I've got to get my team out!", "We've tried electrolysis, it didn't work. You're the only person who can do it.", or "Shave this..." Throw a few beauty shots of a confused, out of breath Nicholas Cage, and you've got it. The essence of JURy brUKhimRRRR - his sleazy producer stubble. Now you're ready for "Armageddon"

I must admit that the film itself was rather interesting for the first half hour or so. It just started to get bad when they went into space. With a high budget, I personally feel that there is NO EXCUSE for lack of accuracy. Given, the viewer will always succumb to a sort of lax compliance/suspension of disbelief when watching a work of fiction. However, some things in "Armageddon" were just inexcusable. Too numerous to list here, I'll just comment on the glaring errors.

First off, two shuttles launching at the same time??? Did the fucker who wrote the film ever see "The Right Stuff" or even "Apollo 13"??? Hell, why not the actual NASA TV that comes on public access all

the time? With a single spacecraft in the air, NASA is this:

Seven guys in space, two thousand guys sitting at desks. And that's just for one launch. Yeah, yeah, the whole dire circumstances, but really. A simple change like placing the second launch in France or Japan or the USSR would have sufficed. I would have had no problems.

Second, since when did MIR become a fucking Exxon station? Hey, I've got a great idea for a scene. Let's give Yakov Smirnoff some 'ludes and throw him up in MIR, the interstellar gas station, and "add gravity" by spinning the whole damn thing. What, did the fact-checker snort one rail too many with Don Simpson??? You don't add gravity to a space station that's configured like MIR. It is possible if the station is laid out in a concentric ring design (see 2001), but it ain't hap-



penin' up in MIR.

Third, since when has a Vulcan cannon been standard drilling equipment? That's just something that you don't seem to find on most deep core rigs.

There are many more, and I shan't be picayune about them. I will, however, give my two cents as to how the film could have been made so much better.

1. Use the actual Ving Rhames in the film, instead of some other dude as the obligatory exceedingly-large-yet-loyal-and-totally-cuddly-black-guy.

2. Start the film with Bruce Willis blowing Ben Affleck's brains all over the room as he's a-poundin' a fully nude and sweaty Liv Tyler. Get Ben out of there real quick.

3. Any time there's a close shot of a console or display, preface every function or switch with "BAT", as in: "I dunno, I'll have to check the Bat-depth gauge..."

4. Have Bruce Willis give Robert Duvall's shuttle the finger as they pass each other on their way to their respective hurtling-towards-earth space objects.

5. After they draw straws (where in the hell did the straws come from??), have them pass around a big fat blunt. When Bruce Willis decides to be the altruistic hero type (remember, we've dispensed with Ben Affleck), have the whole crew blow that sweet smoke into Bruce's helmet before he rides the lotto-machine-elevator thing down to his certain doom.

And finally, what I expected to see, but didn't and was absolutely heartbroken over: after the asteroid has been destroyed and the heroes are on their way home, have the camera pan across the flying debris to a swiftly moving chunk heading for the Earth's atmosphere. There, upon the rocky mass, Aerosmith's Steven Tyler and Joe Perry stand with a microphone, wailing "Don't Wanna

Miss A Thing" and surfing on the asteroid like there's no tomorrow, while dragging JERy brUKhimRRRR's bludgeoned corpse like a little rag doll behind them! I would have stood up and cheered, maybe even unbolted my seat and thrown it at the screen in triumph. But no. I walked sadly to the car, and drove to a place that would compliment the film's disappointment - The Olive Garden, a place just as fake, just as commercial, just as clichéd, except with free breadsticks and salad. All for now, children. Sleepytime. Mail your questions/comments/concerns to tourist@csh.rit.edu

Maybe I'll send you something real nice...





pulling a blank *by Sean Hammond*

I really don't like concerts all that much. When it comes down to it, it's just a mass of humans pressed together staring at a few people up on stage and being

subjected to music loud enough to alter the regularity of their heartbeats. That's what I tell myself, but really it's just 'cause I don't have fun. Lots of people getting in my way as I try to listen to music that I have on CD at home? Yeah, this is fun. Whee.

"There's nothing like a live show," concert hoppers might say. Well, they're absolutely right. Then again, there's nothing like an acetic acid enema.

Still, I allowed myself to get suckered into going to Lollapalooza when it stopped in Rhode Island. Mind you, I went to spend time with friends, not for the music. The plan was that we'd drive down on the night before so we'd be there before the road got too crazy. Never mind that none of us had a vehicle large enough for six or seven people to travel comfortably from central Maine to Rhode island.

One friend, Nate, seemed sure that it would all work out. "I'll take care of it," he said with a smile.

It was around 7pm when we all met at a friend's house. As we sat on the lawn, waiting for our hypothetical ride, a full sized

van painted flat grey and speckled with the obvious traces of Bond-o and duct tape pulled up and parked. With a broad grin, Nate put the engine out of its misery and climbed out.

"You bought a van?" an incredulous voice behind me asked.

"Yeah. We'll use it to get there and back, then I'll sell it. Load 'em up!"

I was already regretting the decision to go. When someone buys a vehicle as a sort of disposable chariot and they have no more money than I do, I can't help but wonder, "What are they fucking thinking!?" Still, I placed my pillow and backpack in the back and we were soon on our way.

As is often the case when dealing with half-assed operations, there were numerous last minute details to work out. I'd been on a carrot kick for a few months at that time, so I bought a pound of them, a bottle of Sprite, and the biggest bag of Cool Ranch Doritos I could find.[†] Everyone else had to pick up various sundries and make the necessary calls ("Hi, mom? I'm 18 and I'm going to a concert. See ya Sunday..."). We dicked around for a few hours trying to get a few more people to join us. Around midnight, we were finally headed south.

As we drove into the night with our headlights compromising the utter blackness of Maine highway ahead of us, the magic of

[†]The first party I went to in high school was thrown by a girl who I had a crush on for years. I say party, but it was really just eight of us who got together to watch the old black-and-white version of "Great Expectations" and chill out listening to Pink Floyd in the dark while we made up stories. Anyway, I was feeling very out of place, being bombarded with unknown music, slang, and eloquence in a mix that made me giddy and joyful. One of the new things I was exposed to were Cool Ranch Doritos. I ate these all night, and had a grand time of it. In short, I was in a Skinner Box where I was trained to associate Doritos with having a good time. I think it helps that I got a scalp rub from the object of my affection while eating them, too.

night-driving began to overtake me. We drove in short shifts, with the driver-on-deck getting the coveted shotgun position as well as control of the music. By 3am, it was my turn to drive.

Anyone who's stayed awake for most of the night knows that there is a time somewhere between 2 and 4 when the body simply rebels at a severe lack of sleep. One tends to go a little numb, cold sets in, and the world takes on a sort of homogeneous feel. This was happening to me, but sleep didn't seem interested in visiting me. My co-pilot, however, had succumbed quickly to the biological need. Those in back had drifted off to slumber long ago. Looking at them in the rearview mirror, they all seemed like small children, tuckered out after having played hard all day. Some even had the faintest hint of a smile on their faces, eyelids flickering as they watched secrets they would forget about by morning.

The end of my shift came, but I pressed on. I wasn't tired, and was actually enjoying the drive. The hum of the tires on the road and the emptiness of the highway were appealing. It was as though the night were made for escape; not only in the form of sleep, but escape for those like me trying to get away from people for a just a little while.

The world is different in the early morning. Maybe people project fields about them when they're awake. It's like a little radio saying, "Here I am," that builds up until it is an overwhelming jumble of interference, drowning everything else out.

Thousands of voices say, "Here I am," at different times, making white noise. But at 4am, the world is calm. I didn't feel rushed or bothered or anxious. It felt like being deep in the woods of Maine in winter, where the sounds of cars, planes, and the various sounds of man are too far away to hear. All that's left is the creaking of naked trees in the wind, and the echo of your movements as the snap of a twig burrowing under the snow runs away from you across the crusted forest floor.

Then, the earth started to fall. I was going more or less in a north-south direction then, so my left side window slowly filled with the light of the sun. The world expanded from just what my headlights touched to a washed out landscape of grey. The colours returned with the light, moving through the pastels until they were almost garish compared to how I'd seen them earlier. Finally, the corona of the sun appeared over the horizon. More and more was exposed until I couldn't look directly at it. At the same time, things were becoming active again. The cars increased in number on the road, and the feeling of being surrounded by white noise slowly settled back in.

We arrived at our destination, and by 6:30 vehicles were already beginning to fill the lots set aside for concert goers. After finding an open spot, I shut the vehicle off, hoping no one would wake. Everyone was still lost in whatever worlds they had created in their dreams. I reclined my seat and took a much needed nap.

Send Us Stuff!

pictures, words, hate mail, food -- diablo@csh.rit.edu

Come Play with us!

North Lounge, 3rd Floor NRH (RIT) 14.00 Saturdays

Klan Kracker Kracks (in Honey or Apple Cinnamon)!

by Kelly Gunter with excerpts from Adam Fletcher

In a landmark case, the Klan and several of its patrons were ordered to pay \$37 million in damages to the Macedonia Baptist Church, which they were responsible for burning back in 1995. The trial assessed punitive damages against the Klan's national organization on the order of \$15 million. Several individual members of the Klan were singled out with \$100,000 punitive claims. A further \$15 million in damages was claimed against Horace King ("H-Dogg" in the SC hood), the Grand Dragon of the Klan's South Carolina chapter.

H-Dogg's net value: A small house, an old shed, a chicken coop, 7 acres of land, and many towering burnt crosses. Estimated value: NO MAN CAN TELL.

In H-Dogg's defense, lawyers tried to portray him as a decrepit old man who just talked a lot (a cracker who could bust phat rhymes but didn't have any rhythm. Bounce). H-Dogg is famous for saying such uplifting things to his constituents as "This is a white man's country, and if the niggers don't like it, put them on a rowboat and send them back to Africa to swing from coconut trees and eat one another." Damn. Definitely a man who knows his horticulture and is quite in tune with all of the latest in anthropophagous activities. He sounds like a real spry grandfatherly type, I'm sure the little kids just love him. Then again the little kids seemed to have just adored Hitler too, when he wasn't busy making sure that the ashes of their fami-

Be a Klan Pal®!

Write to H-Dogg or one of his boys at <http://www.kkk.com/kkkontactsnf.htm> ("Dear H-Dogg, I want to be a hate monger.")

Of course, you may have to enclose a makeshift coloring book, as many Klan members can't read very well.

lies were spread to the four winds.

What H-Dogg really needs is to be admitted to a nursing home for the incurably senile with plenty of condescending orderlies. Orderlies with strict instructions to make certain that the old geezer will be painfully aware of his bedsores long enough to develop new ones. Whole droves of individuals plaintively nodding their heads, saying, "That's right H-Dogg, coconuts all over Africa, yes, yes H, uphill both ways. Of course it was. You know it's time for your electro-shock therapy now."

H would fit well in Big Nurse's ward, where the young black orderlies could lube him up and put their throbbing black members up his tight South Carolina sphincter. Mr. King may enjoy the tearing sensation he feels.



Howard's Happy Hour

Fox Man

The Fox Man is quite
A strange character
Anime tee-shirts sporting
The red creature--
Fedora and duster
But beware!
For it is he who can
Bite through an
Aluminum can!

Soft Drink

When you imbibe
A Coke or Pepsi
You do not drink a
Cool, refreshing
Carbonated liquid.
You do not slake your
Thirst with a
Sickeningly-sweet
Corn-syrup beverage.
Instead, you enjoy
A Trademarked Name,
A cheap perversion
Of a once widely
Popular flavor;
Now a metamorphosis into

Multi-million dollar
Sports star endorsements.
So cease argumentation:
"Coke or Pepsi?"
Neither is cola any longer.

Happiness

A sudden urge to freedom;
You desire to clench your fists,
Leap all about in the spotlight,
And scream out for all the world to hear:
"THIS IS A MOST ENTHRALLING
AND PREPOSTEROUS FEELING...
HOW I LOVE IT SO!"
Like mulligan stew;
A hodgepodge of emotions.
What a euphoric rush!
A sudden jolt
Of infinite amperes
Scurrying up vertebrae,
Intercostal muscle,
And into the most minute extremities
Heightening awareness
Of all things Good around you.
Such is a high that
One wishes never to cease.

- Howard Hao



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Slack Week Definitions!

"Stupid, worthless, no-good, goddamned, free-loading, son of a bitch, retarded, big-mouth, know it all, asshole, jerk!" - John Hughes, The Breakfast Club

Al Simony: the practice of buying away one's sins (typically against Hawaiians).

anime: child porn produced in another country.

Austin Nichols: friend to all writers.

Baas Roma: a Gypsy sub-cult whose followers smuggle felines into shopping malls. (See Fig. 1)

brutalism: the architectural style under which the RIT campus was designed, usually designed to grab the eye and hurt it bad.

Diablocentrism: the foolish notion that celestial bodies revolve around Hell's Kitchen editors.

deditus excideri: to be addicted to falling out. (see also: **philodenestratia**).

flivverdegibbets: those which are of the Tao.



Figure 1. Baas Roma Emblem

The General Tso Maneuver: A Chinese restaurant server's practice of establishing a remote beachhead so as to gain the element of surprise over the customers when it's feeding time.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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© 1998 Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre.. Only the Church would steal; don't be like the Church. They're all going to Hell.

Gib-erish: a form of speech governed by obscure (or non-existent) rules of conjugation developed by those who have rejected all languages, including their milk tongue.

hatemong: the act of cultivating boorish ignorance in your fellow man for the purpose of writing a main article.

HKSOP: Hell's Kitchen Standard Operating Procedure. (see also: **footnoted in-jokes**).

loquibiphulercum: 1) a college student who wears a “fuck the system” shirt while calmly laying out \$24K per annum for an education 2) a youth who wears a “Rage Against The Machine” t-shirt while getting out of Dad's BMW (“Yeah, rage against that machine!”...support recursive music; rage against Rage Against The Machine).
[L *loquor* to talk, *bifurcum* crotch]

McFarewellMyConcubine: music played in Chinese restaurants that sounds vaguely like the Braveheart soundtrack.

mixmaster belong jesus christ: [pidgin] helicopter.

myrmidic praedasuriens: the vulture-like zeal with which an Army recruiter asks whether you've dropped out of school yet and are ready to sign up to kill counter-profitable people.

officinarum artes:

1) to play Magic™ on a router. 2) to perform acts of technological wizardry with the help of power crystals.
(See Fig. 3)

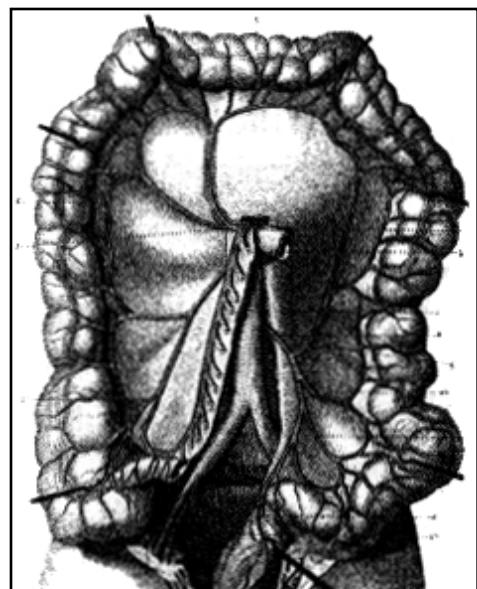


Figure 2. Radical colectomy

orgo: "Orgo, orgo! Not sleeping, just orgo!" (4 out of 4 Hell's Kitchen editors do not understand this).

ornarecundus: the desire to make people think we didn't just run off to a Chinese restaurant with a Latin dictionary to come up with some definitions.

radical colectomy: a popular turn-of-the-century surgical procedure concerned with removing the entire large intestine and prescribing laxatives shortly afterward.
(See Fig. 2)

Sean'ammond: Cockney slang for a whiney molecular biologist who wishes to be Terry Pratchett. (e.g. "Gorblimey, 'e was a real Sean'ammond wot said CompSci majors are bitter twats, 'e was.")



Figure 3. **officinarum artes**

sesquiplaga: one blow plus one-half of a blow.

vodka enema: ritualistic frat hazing device.

vomalblum: to issue forth semi-digested Klan Kracker Kracks™.

vomere debeers: the act of vomiting diamonds onto Disney characters, or reasonable facsimiles of same icons.

XTLA: extended three-letter acronym (thanks, Carithers!).

pulling a blank

by Sean Hammond

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This week:

The Ticket



B is for Baffled. What's this on my car?
 A is Annoyed. They've just gone too far.
 S is for Stunned. A "yellow paint" lane?
 T is the Ticket. They don't have my name...
 A is now Anger. What does that mean?
 R is for Riled. Those jack-booted weens.
 D is the Damage. This fucks up my day.
 S is for Stupid if they think I will pay.

Howard's Alternative Haikus

by Howard Hao

Vexation

I hate the hot Summer
 And those annoying
 Insect bites.

Incomparable Feeling

Such as the glory
 And satisfaction
 Of a job well done.

More Howard poems on page 9...

Meetings Have Moved!

Our moms won't let us play upstairs!

Come to the second floor of NRH (CSH, the north east end) in the little painted lounge.
 2pm on Saturdays.
 Drugs and underage girls most appreciated.



Shirk'n'Shout

This Week: Enlighten Me, Baby. I'm Ready.

By Eric Thomas

Go Away, I'm Becoming A Better Person

I have always held a special place in my heart for those certain students who are determined to make their ideas heard, regardless of how unoriginal the ideas are. They do a great job of convincing me that no one does any thinking anymore.

Our idealism has been reduced from naïve thinking to a shoddy impression of the television's moral standards. I see my peers forming bizarre checklists of empty ideas that will make them Good People.

Charity is good, volunteer work is good. Selfishness is bad. Education is good. Racism is bad. And so forth.

...this situation, which always makes me feel like I have an exceptionally powerful bowel movement on the way, and my anus has been sewed shut.

First, some background.

It's the third day of classes. I'm sitting in my usual position - the rear right corner of the room - and keeping an eye on everyone. It's a hobby.

A student enters. He's dressed as Casual Man: a very clean white shirt tucked into a pair of very clean fatigue shorts, a pair of battered Birkenstock sandals, and a conspicuous absence of socks. He's moving to his own rhythm, bopping to an internal beat, arms swinging, head bobbing. He reminds me of a character from an Asian rendition of

Actual beliefs don't really matter anymore - just what you tell everyone else you believe.

Ask that girl in my English class exactly _which_ charity is worthy of her time and money, and you'll see what I mean.

"I don't know. All I know is that we should give our time and money to charity, because that is the Right Thing To Do. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a \$100,000 education to attend to."

That churns my stomach almost as much as...

"Fat Albert."

He selects a front row corner seat, and begins an elaborate ritual of settling himself. He jerks his head violently at the professor, puts on a big open-mouthed grin, and gives a "Hey."

Class begins. We're discussing Ion, a Plato dialogue in which Socrates assaults a professional reciter of Homeric poetry. Through the course of the dialogue, Socrates proves to Ion that he is an empty shell of a man, incapable of thought or imagination. Socrates presents his argument in a complimentary fashion, so as to lead the thick-headed Ion to believe he's being praised. The tone of the entire dialogue is heavily sarcastic. Each of Socrates' pleasantries is a guarded criticism, and Ion is too dense to

pick up on it.

All of this is painfully evident in the text - it's a basic introduction to the character of Socrates - and is also covered in twenty minutes of lecture immediately following a plot synopsis. The professor compares Socrates favorably to TV's 'Columbo.'

And now, the moment of crisis. "Okay. Questions?"

I've seen it happen a thousand times. After two years of languishing in a Computer Science department rife with mediocre minds, I thought I was accustomed to its crippling effects. I was not prepared, however, for how the magnitude of this infuriating display of the ignorance of my peers would be blown to gross proportions in the Comparative Literature department.

One of the major reasons I made the switch from CompSci to CompLit in the first place was that the CompSci people at my fine university rather discourage independent thought. I was unhappy with this arrangement. I felt that a program of broader scope and more intelligent focus would better suit me. "At least," I thought, "the CompLit people will be more interesting than these bores."

But the bizarre nature of my new department (which encompasses both Plato and Spider-Man, D.H. Lawrence and Jellyroll Morton) seems to have a less-than-desirable effect on many of its students. It begins when they realize that more is expected of their brains than ever before. Instead of rising to the challenge, they become intimidated by their professors and their coursework. They rely not on their own cerebral resources, but rather on a unique sort of doublethink - an ability to plagiarize the ideas of a writer or a professor and accept them as original, without any conscious knowledge of the plagiarism.

Which brings us back to this feeble discussion.

The room is silent for a minute. The professor prods us.

"Why does Socrates see fit to utterly debase poor Ion? Why is that his business?"

We all realize that we're each supposed to prove our minds worthy in this situation. It's a silent competition.

A girl sitting next to me tries her hand.

"Well, I think that Socrates was being pretty sarcastic the entire time he was talking to Ion. It's sort of like... a... well, I can't remember the word for it, but it's when somebody gives you a compliment, but it's not really a compliment, it's more like they're insulting you. I think it's called a 'downturn compliment,' or something. But that's what it's like."

She's done? That's all she's going to say?

Another girl joins her.

"Yeah, I think that's right. Like when at the end, Socrates asks him if he's divine, or if he's a cheater. I think he's being sarcastic there."

The professor is taking all of this surprisingly well.

"Yes, that's true. But _why_ does Socrates do this? Why does he tear this guy to pieces?"

The late entry - that shuffling, jiving student - speaks up.

"You know at the beginning, when Socrates tells Ion that he likes his clothes?"

"Yes. Sets the tone for the rest of the dialogue. Socrates, in his tattered clothing and without shoes, tells Ion he admires the rhapsody's finery, even though Socrates puts so much emphasis on the virtue of poverty."

"Right. Well, after that, Ion says he's

the best reciter in the world, and then I think Socrates got mad that Ion wasn't polite when he got the compliment and so Socrates just made fun of him for that."

I am writhing in my seat, and I can see that the professor is doing the same.

Perhaps he is struggling with the same question that I am: is it nobler to parrot a teacher's lecture for sure-fire analysis, or to think things through oneself and completely miss the point?

Either way, they're all stupid.

What I Learned In Just Twenty Minutes of Television And Ten Minutes of Radio:

- 1) Throwing Sundae Parties with a certain brand of ice cream will make me successful in my career, athletics, and my social life
- 2) A certain candidate for Massachusetts Attorney General is backed by the Massachusetts State Police Force
- 3) The other candidate for Massachusetts Attorney General is backed by the Massachusetts State Police Force
- 4) My local franchise of a nation-wide chain of pharmacies cares about my personal well being
- 5) The New Rock Revolution is led by

Bush, the Dave Matthews Band, Hole, and Fastball

- 6) I can buy a collar that will end my problems with fleas and ticks
- 7) Lawyers are bad
- 8) Other lawyers are good, and will get me free money if I have been injured on the job
- 9) One candidate for the United States Senate really is a liberal
- 10) If I miss the season premiere of a certain popular television show, I will be cast off into the fires of Hell, where I will spend eternity in the utmost suffering

"Michael Douglas is a Hollywood veteran."

-overheard



DEAR MONICA,

MY HEART FILLS WITH SADNESS TO HEAR OF YOUR ORDEAL WITH THE PRESIDENT, AND THE WAY THAT THE MEDIA HAS SLANTED YOUR STORY IN A DOZEN DIFFERENT WAYS. ALAS, I TOO AM A MEMBER OF THAT EVER-PRESENT PRESS MONSTER. I CAN ONLY COMPENSATE FOR THAT BY OFFERING YOU A BIT OF SAGE BUSINESS ADVICE, INSTEAD OF REPORTING THE ISSUE ANY FARTHER.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE RECENTLY RELEASED KENNETH STARR REPORT, I FEEL THAT YOU SHOULD CHANGE YOUR PHILOSOPHY TOWARDS THE WHOLE INCIDENT. INSTEAD OF SHYING AWAY FROM THE PUBLIC EYE AND "GETTING YOUR LIFE BACK", YOU SHOULD DO WHAT ALL GOOD AMERICANS DO IN TIMES OF PUBLIC TURMOIL - CAPITALIZE! HOW, YOU MAY ASK? BY SELLING YOUR STORY TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER? HEAVENS NO. THAT WOULD BRING IN ONLY A FEW THOUSAND OR SO, AND MAKE YOU EVEN MORE DESPICABLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE. I SUGGEST THE FOLLOWING COURSE OF ACTION.

ACCORDING TO YOUR DEPOSITION IN THE STARR REPORT, PRESIDENT CLINTON INSERTED A CIGAR INTO YOUR VAGINA. SINCE THE BARRAGE OF MEDIA COVERAGE INTO THE INCIDENT, NOT ONE PERSON IN THE INDEPENDENT COUNCIL OR THE PRESS COMMUNITY HAS ASKED WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CIGAR. DID HE PLACE IT BACK IN THE CONTAINER? DID HE SMOKE IT AFTER HE EJACULATED? DID HE PRESENT IT TO AN AMBASSADOR OR TOP OFFICIAL IN THE SOVIET UNION? DID YOU TAKE IT FOR A KEEPSAKE? WHY AM I ASKING THIS? DOLLAR SIGNS, SWEET-HEART. PLAIN AND SIMPLE.

CUBAN CIGARS CAN SELL FOR HUNDREDS, DEPENDING ON THE BRAND AND TYPE, SIMPLY BECAUSE THE ELITE WHO SMOKE THEM WANT THEIR CIGARS ROLLED ON THE INNER THIGHS OF CUBAN VIRGIN WOMEN. CAN YOU SEE WHAT I'M GETTING AT HERE? WHAT KIND OF GUY WOULD WANT A CIGAR ROLLED ON THE INNER THIGHS OF CUBAN VIRGIN WOMEN IF THEY CAN HAVE A CIGAR COATED IN THE SWEET NECTAR OF MONICA LEWINSKY'S "NETHER-REGION"? NO DOUBT, THE SOCIAL ELITE WOULD PAY TOP DOLLAR FOR A MONICA BLUNT, OR A LEWINSKY ESPECIAL. ALL YOU'D HAVE TO DO IS PUT UP THE CASH FOR A CHEAP BOX OF CIGARS (DOESN'T MATTER THE BRAND), STICK THEM IN FOR A BIT, PUT EM' BACK IN THE BOX, AND CALL IT A WORK DAY. SELL THEM FOR \$200 A POP, TIE IN WITH A NATIONWIDE PLAYBOY AD CAMPAIGN, AND YOU'RE SET. YOU COULD MAKE A COOL MILLION IN A MATTER OF WEEKS AND SKIP OUT OF THE US AND LIVE A FRUITFUL LIFE IN A THIRD WORLD, NON-ENGLISH SPEAKING COUNTRY.

THIS IS JUST A SUGGESTION, AND IN NO WAY A PERSONAL ATTACK ON YOUR CHARACTER. I WISH YOU GOOD LUCK IN THE FUTURE, AND IF POSSIBLE, A 10% CUT OF THE PROFITS. THANK YOU AND HAVE A NICE DAY.

SINCERELY,
TOURIST

Gar

By John Holt



More Howard! Continued from page 4

The Mist of Season

Engulfs all
Fiery, bitter winds churning,
Cascading the leaves around.
Sultry, bare trees;
A spicy aroma lingering,
Infiltrating, penetrating nostrils.
At once breaths condense
And vanish without a trace
Into the golden void.

Battle Royale

6.32 AM
And 1.1 degree Celsius
Outside; chilly.
I see ahead, blocking my path
Three masters of flight:
Orangy-raspberry splashed
Wildflower explosion
Whose nomenclature I have
Yet to learn.
Two obvious males debating
Ignoring their lone, drab
Counterpart.
As I near the commotion,
The female flees the
Scene; instinct--
A sudden innate urge
Induced by external stimuli.
The unwary males continue their
Dance of death;
A cyclone of orange, grey,
And ebony flashes
Like photo-negative fireworks
Lighting up a negative night sky.
Flapping; a fury of curses, feathers!
One bird dive-bombs,
Pecking with his marigold
Beak; razor-sharp weapon of war.
The other retaliates with a swift
Kick; counterattack!
But birds,
The female has already gone!
The fighting lingers for a
Moment; male stubbornness at play.
Wisdom sets in...
The two humbly attack insects
In the blowing emerald sea.



Tourist's Movie Reviews

PRESENTS

Ronin

I'm telling you, film trailers and previews are getting worse and worse as the years go by. Leave it to the wonderful folks at film distribution companies to either show you too much, leaving you with nothing to see in the theater, or too little,

slanted in such a way that the plot of the preview is entirely different than the plot of the film (see "Trainspotting"). "Ronin" was more like the first type. In the previews, you see Robert DeNiro being all Robert DeNiro in a film - gruff, manicured, smarter, and more important than all the other cast members. And they make the word "Ronin" sound so profound (it is a term that refers to masterless Samurai warriors who become mercenaries and thieves) in the previews, when they mention the word once or twice in the film. Granted, they introduce the term with a profound story, and oh-so-powerful subtext, and even little miniature warriors set up on a mock battlefield. Naturally, the film is meant to be an allegory for the ancient Ronin experience; Cold War intelligence operatives chase after a briefcase for money. What's inside the briefcase, you may ask. I can't tell you that. I can tell you that they picked the right actors. Just about every person in the supporting cast has secret ties to various governments from previous films they've been in. Starting with Jean Reno (Krieger from "Mission Impossible", Victor the Cleaner from "La Femme Nikita", and lest we not forget Leon

from "The Professional") as a French agent, Sean Bean (Trevelyan from "Goldeneye", Sean Miller from "Patriot Games") as a weapons expert, Stellan Skarsgård (Captain Tupolev from "The Hunt for Red October") as a KGB agent, Jonathan Pryce (Elliot Carver from "Tomorrow Never Dies") as a IRA terrorist, and Michael Lonsdale (Hugh Drax from "Moonraker") as a retired French agent. Wow. At least they got people with credentials. Most of them have done a Bond move somewhere along the line. Unfortunately, this didn't seem to help the film much, which despite innovative car-chase scenes and a high order of cloak-and-dagger routines, became more and more bothersome as it went on. I can only offer suggestions as to how it could have been made better:

1. There was no big, burly, exceedingly large-in-yo-face-yet-teddy-bear-cuddly black guy, such as Ving Rhames playing an expert of some kind. Filmmakers today are forgetting the need for "token black guy" in a film. Speaking of which, why not have the briefcase from "Pulp Fiction" as the coveted object? Then you could bring back Vincent and Jules, and put them in France so they can order Quarter Pounders with Cheese.

2. Too much coffee. Not that you can have too much, but come on! This is supposed to be a high-tech thriller, not some advertisement for espresso bars on the Rivera, or that little coffee shop in Paris, remember? With that waiter, oh what was his name.....JEAN-LUC!!

3. The word Glock. I find that films that use the word Glock are much better

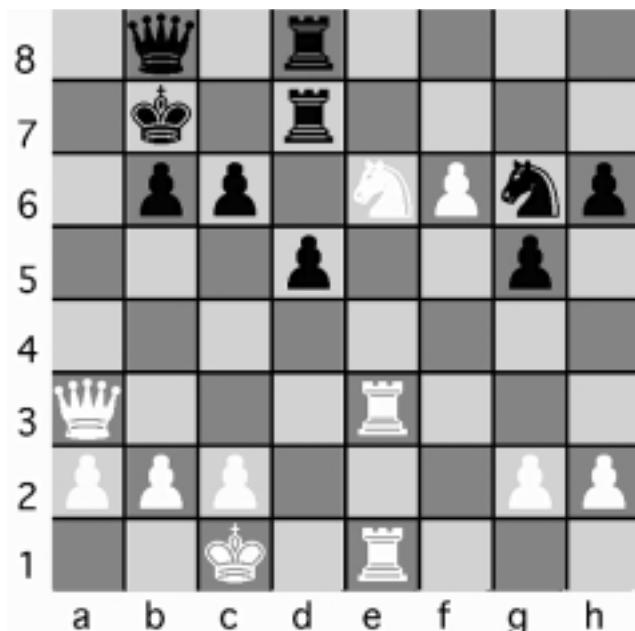
films than those that don't. Don't believe me? Just watch Die Hard 2, which uses the word Glock, and then watch Die Hard 3, which does not. DeNiro has a chance to spout off about gun preference and how he just "loves my Glock", but says Colt .45 instead. Ladies and Gentleman, I have seen Billy Dee Williams, and Robert DeNiro is no Billy Dee Williams!

4. Where was the fucking? Excuse me, I believe I went to an "R" rated film. Not even a bloody, exposed breast from a car wreck. Hello, sex sells? I think that's written somewhere, like maybe THE BIBLE! Thou shalt use Sex and Violence in thine films, for they shalt selleth thine films to thine mass audiences...

5. Ritual Suicide. When the whole

"Ronin" mystique is revealed, they talk about how all the Ronin warriors committed ritual suicide after the battle was won. So I was kinda expecting at least one of the characters to slice himself open and remove his or her intestines at the end of the film. Hell, I would have been content just to see it if it came at the credits, like "Yeah, the movie is over, but here's Jean Reno disemboweling himself for your viewing pleasure. Thank you, come again." I would have cheered.

In conclusion, go see "Ronin" if you like to say the word Ronin around your friends, then comment on how the movie got the definition of Ronin wrong. If you are an anime freak, a wargamer, or a member of any other socially-inept underground sexless subculture that lives for movies with "Ronin" somewhere in the title, you will no



GM Benjamin vs. GM Gurevich
Long Beach, CA. 1989

Chess: GM Joel Benjamin is the GQ.

by Adam Fletcher

A while back, Joel was featured on the cover of Chess Life magazine. Joel had just won some tournament (the US Open, I think), and was trying to look all smooth on the cover. He failed miserably.

But Joel comes through in this game, whether he's the GQ or not. Check out the sweetness from this 1989 Long Beach, CA. (the LBC y'all) game versus GM Dmitry Gurevich.

White to play and wup some ass:

1. Nc5+ bxc5 (if 1. ... Kc7 then 2. Na6 check winning the queen, and if 1. ... Kc8 NxR and white's up two pawns for the exchange)

2. Rb3+ Kc7 winning exchange of a queen for a rook and knight - in other words, all of the lines had to thought of and best was the liquidation of a rook, a knight and queen put white up a pawn. Silly Grandmasters.

There were errors in my last column! Woe is me! In the last line, the correct moves were 1. Qa6 or Qc6 1. ... Rxh2+ 2. Kg1 Qxg3+ 3. Kf1 Qf2 mate

Sir Snack

Chocolate Cuperoni's

By Brian Barrett

Today we will be making something to satisfy the craving for sweets and salty treats. It's also a great practical joke to play on your vegetarian friends.

Supplies:

- A double boiler
- A muffin tin
- Muffin papers

Ingredients:

- 12 oz. of milk chocolate
- 24 slices of pepperoni
- 4 Tablespoons of Butter

Simply melt the chocolate and the butter in the double boiler and then pour in each muffin pod just enough chocolate to coat the bottom. Place a stack of 3 slices of pepperoni in each. Allow to cool for a few minutes. Cover with remaining chocolate. Chill and serve. Yields 8 Cuperoni's.

If you have a quick secret recipe you can Email it to: gdt@iname.com with "Sir Snack" as the subject. Sir Snack will make and eat any submission, as long as it's not fatally poisonous, and, if taste-tester approved, we will print it in future issues.

Variations:

1) Replace pepperoni with other ready-to-eat salted meats (such as cappacola or beef jerky.)

2) Sprinkle crushed raw Ramen™ noodles or Chex™ cereal or Bacos™ on top for crunch.

Frenchman: "Hey, you got your pepperoni in my chocolate!"

Italian: "You got your chocolate on my pepperoni!"

Announcer: "Two great tastes that were never meant to be together."

But I say they were! The two flavors are perfect counterpoint to each other. If you don't believe me, next time you order a pepperoni pizza, snag a couple of the toppings off and eat them with a bit of a Hershey's bar. It's not quite the same as the recipe above, because cooked pepperoni is crunchy and greasy. But try it, and you'll say:

Cereal



is looking for submissions of fiction and short stories

CEREAL@INAME.COM



Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

by Kelly Gunter

DATE: THU, 24 SEP 1998 13:58:46 -0400
 FROM: PAT
 TO: GDT@INAME.COM
 SUBJECT: DEAR BAREFOOT GIRL....

DEAR BAREFOOT GIRL,

IN A RECENT COLUMN, SOMEONE REQUESTED PICTURES OF ``YOUR PRETTY FEET''™. IN YOUR RESPONSE, YOU SPAKE SEVERAL EGREGIOUS MIS-TRUTHS. FIRST AND FOREMOST, YOU IMPLIED THAT ``YOUR PRETTY FEET''™ WAS A FLAWED PREMISE. AS ONE WHO HAS SEEN YOUR FEET, I ASSURE YOU THAT IT WAS NOT. THE OTHER MIS-TRUTH IS THAT YOU VASTLY UNDERSOLD THE EXPANSIVENESS, Pervasiveness, and PERVERSENESS OF THE NET WITH THE SUGGESTION THAT PICTURES OF ``YOUR PRETTY FEET''™ WOULD FEED ``EVERY FOOT FETISH WITHIN A ONE HUNDRED MILE RADIUS''. INDEED, THIS IS VERY TRUE. BUT IT IS ONLY A SMALL, SMALL PORTION OF THE WHOLE, 12,450-MILE TRUTH.

I WAS GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU POINTED OUT THE ADVANTAGES OF REAL LIVE FEET OVER FEET PIX. BUT, ENOUGH REHASHING THE PAST. WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. ON TO MY QUESTION... [*DRUMROLL, FANFARE, REALLY SUAVE SHADOW-STEVENS-TYPE ANNOUNCEMENT*].

IS THE SPIRIT OF COMPETITION FOSTERED BY CAPITALISM ENOUGH TO STRETCH IT BEYOND ITS OBVIOUS SHORTCOMINGS? IS THERE NOT SOME BETTER WAY TO MOTIVATE ADVANCES AND UTILITY WHILE FOSTERING COOPERATION INSTEAD OF INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY?

HUMBLY YOURS, PAT

Dear Pat,

Who me? Speak mistruths? You must have the wrong girl or, at the very least, the

wrong column. You see, since the culmina-tion of this column back in 1995 the truth and I have had a very "special" relationship, take that however you want. I don't bother my pretty little head over it and in return for this social nicety, it doesn't bother to correct me.

Since you've been reading GDT, is this the first time you've found something I've written in this column to be questionable? Come now, this isn't right. In my illustrious past I have claimed that the main tenent of Quakerism lies in the vast consumption of oatmeal, all the love in the world has gone to a small island in the South Pacific, the best way to ensure midgets can give live birth is by feeding them massive quantities of crack, and that turtles have retractable necks like tape measures. Not to mention the time I talked about my penis and chest hair.

Now I want you to take a Zen moment to reflect on whether the assumption of truth has any baring on the way I answer ques-tions.

Ready? Good. The last time I checked the title of this little segment was, "Ask the Bare-foot Girl", not "Let the Bare-foot Girl Tell you the Truth" or even "Let the Bare-foot Girl Lull You Into a False Sense of Security." In fact, none of the ads for the Bare-foot Girl have ever indicated that I need include any amount of truth to any of the statements I make what-so-ever.

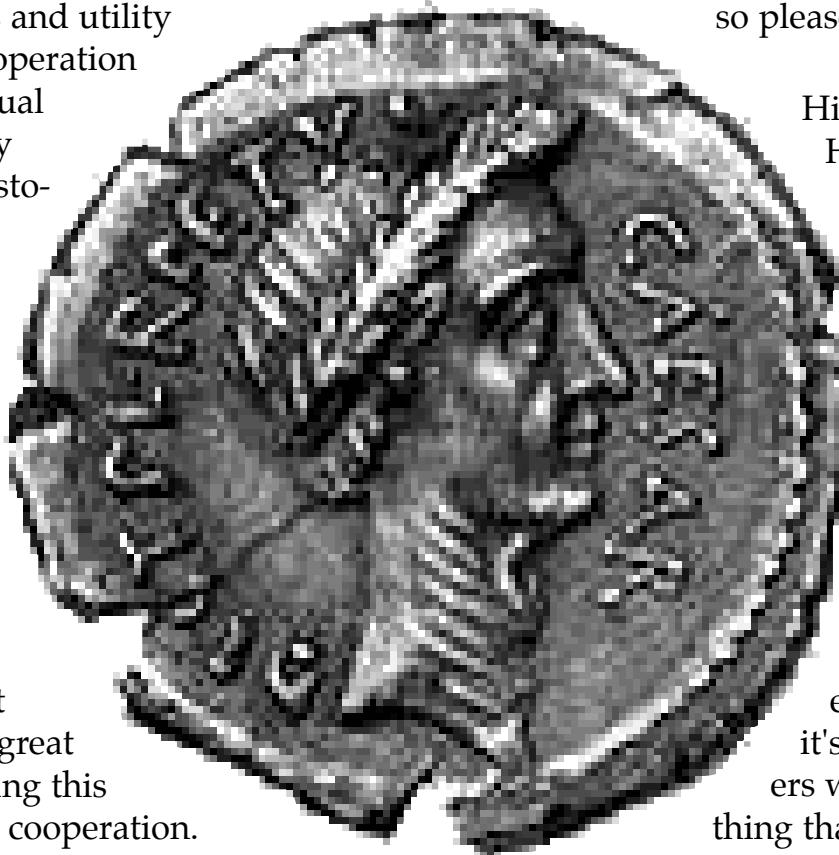
So, now that we are all up to speed I will tell you what I do in this column. I don't necessarily answer truthfully. As Jane Martin wrote, "The truth like incites people to fuck with you." I don't necessarily answer quaint-ly, properly, or even lucidly. What I do is answer as colorfully as I can.

All that aside, it is time to devote a little time to this question of yours. Ayn Rand is probably rolling in her grave after that.

Okay, maybe not. She's probably just pondering the many virtues of Ronald Reagan. Of course, there is a better way to motivate advances and utility while fostering cooperation instead of intellectual property. It's really quite simple, as history has shown any number of variations on the theme to crop up just about anywhere in the world. You may have heard of it: it's called fear.

The Romans were masters of it, known throughout their world as the great assimilators, pushing this beautiful model of cooperation.

"I was wondering if you might be willing to tell me how you work out this load and stress thing for the foundation?... Oh, really? I understand. In that case, I have a few seats at the Coliseum if you'd like them. Or maybe I should give them to your



family? I hear the lions are really voracious this time of year. ...You're kidding. I'm so glad to hear that, Caesar will be so pleased!"

Stalin, Lenin, Hitler, Mussolini, Hirohito, Reagan (there's that name again), heck, all the really big world leaders are doing it. Remember McCarthy? Those were the days. What's good for world politics has got to be good for the economy. I mean, it's not as if our leaders would ever do anything that would be construed as unbecoming leadership for our nation?

Remember, four legs good, two legs baaahdd!

Never Humbly,
the Bare-foot Girl

INTERPRET THE CRAZY GUY AND WIN A FREE T-SHIRT

E-mail interpretations to gdt@iname.com

ΚΕΦΑΔΗ ΜΑ

Corn Beef Hash

By Aliester Crowley

In V. V. V. is the Great Work Perfect

Therefore none is that pertaineth not V. V. V.
V.

In any may he manifest; and this one hath he chosen to manifest; and this one hath given His ring as a Seal of Authority, to

the Work of A :: A :: through the colleagues of FRATER PERDURABO

But this concerns themselves and their administration; it concernth none below the grade of Exempt Adept, and such an one only by command.

Also, since below the Abyss Reason is Lord, let men seek by experiment, and not by Questionings.



Strange Bedfellows

"I've been reading Margaret Mead again..."

The University of Rochester's weekly newspaper of 24 September featured a most unusual bonus. Nestled between the pulpy sheets of sports scores and insightful reporting about the nature of "binge drinking" was a blazing full-colour fold out ad for Lifestyles condoms.

The "front cover" showed a young couple on a large, beautifully detailed Harley. These were clearly dangerous characters- the young man sporting a tight zip-front shirt and insect-style sunglasses, and the woman in a green and white striped dress that threatened to recede from both the top and bottom, not unlike an unfortunate case of male pattern baldness. Emblazoned across her upper thigh and his crotch was the slogan "2 for the road."

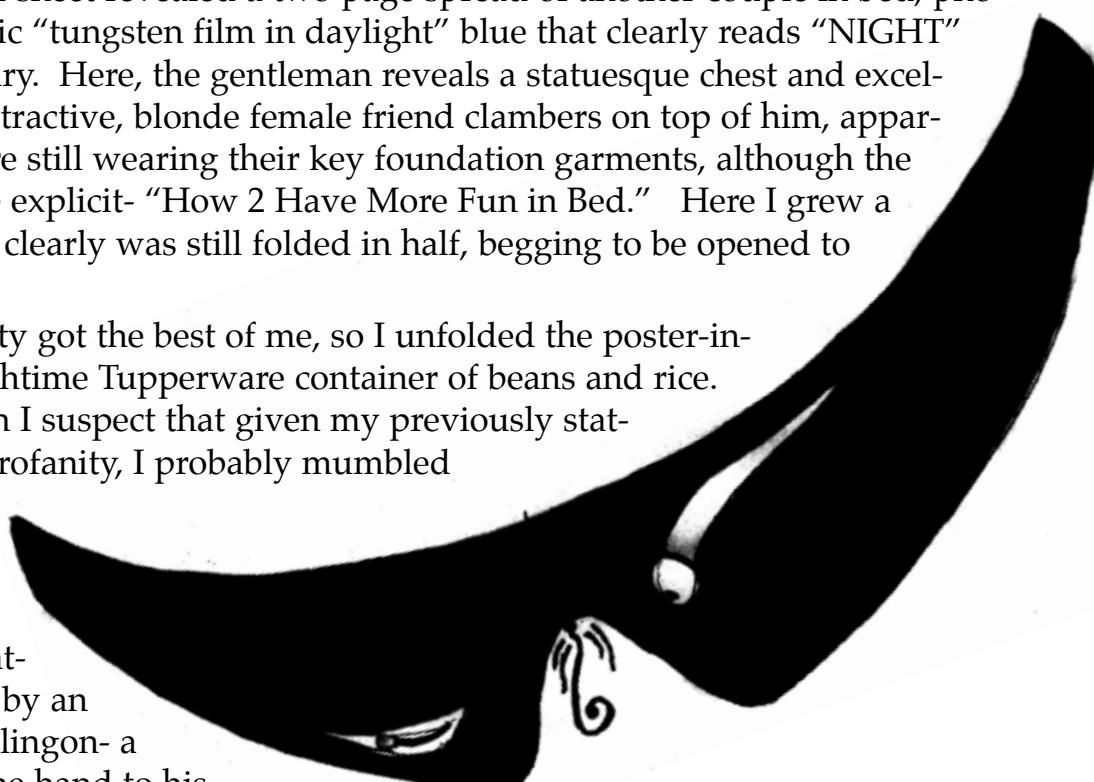
"Huh," I thought. "What a weird ad for Ray-Bans. I mean, she's not even wearing sunglasses."

Opening the 9x12 sheet revealed a two page spread of another couple in bed, photographed in the classic "tungsten film in daylight" blue that clearly reads "NIGHT" in our visual vocabulary. Here, the gentleman reveals a statuesque chest and excellent dentition as his attractive, blonde female friend clammers on top of him, apparently giggling. They're still wearing their key foundation garments, although the caption is a little more explicit- "How 2 Have More Fun in Bed." Here I grew a little worried. The ad clearly was still folded in half, begging to be opened to its full size.

Of course curiosity got the best of me, so I unfolded the poster-in-disguise over my lunchtime Tupperware container of beans and rice. Words failed, although I suspect that given my previously stated tendency toward profanity, I probably mumbled

"GEEE-zus."

The full-sized^f sepia-toned ad illustrated a naked man beset by an attack of the Cosmo Klingon- a buxom lass pressed one hand to his chest as the other clutched his neck. Meanwhile, his hand appeared to be supporting her knee at about waist level while the other gripped the small of her back. She remained clothed in the "dental floss and isosceles triangle" style underwear and small tank top. God only knows (well, you probably know, too) what's going on here. He's nuzzling her face, resulting in a sort of pig-nosed expression that reveals itself after a couple of moments of careful study. She's showing off her new, nude



^fGiven the young man's physique, "full-sized" can be read dripping with as much innuendo as you desire.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Scott Peterson

Minister Of Regality:

Eric Thomas

© 1998 Gracies Dinnertime Theatre.

Owned and Operated by the
Local 31337, a Hell Union.

lip gloss. The slogan for this act, carefully placed so as not obstruct a view of the action, urges the viewer to "Get In 2 It!"

"Get Into What?" I thought. "Help me understand how this is a condom ad?"

True to my Puritanical American upbringing, I closed the poster, only to discover the actual goods, in terms of condoms, on the back. Printed in white on black, the drawings of various condom styles explained that "With All Our Shapes, It's Easy to Put 2 and 2 Together." It was very reminiscent of movie credits. In the fine print, Lifestyles explains its market philosophy, "Lifestyles never forgets that good sex adds up to two people with smiles on their faces."

"Which two people?" I thought. "I saw six in that ad. Must be the two naked guys."

In keeping with the attitude of the bitter American woman I have assimilated as part of a massive study of the culture, I allowed that part of my personality to express itself in the form of a joke pointed out to another female friend. "Look, which two people do YOU think had big smiles on their faces?"

"Oh, the naked guys, definitely," she replied.

I lied. I DID get the point of the ad. The problem is that my condom experience is probably fundamentally unlike any of the three depicted by LifeStyles.

Here begins the chorus of male voices proclaiming one of two things:

- a. "You're frigid."
- b. "You've never done it with the right person."

All of this is well and good in terms of reflecting some of the salient issues of sexual satisfaction facing young people today. However, I actually find prophylactics wildly amusing, an aspect not portrayed by the LifeStyles ad. Aside from ACT-UP's "Safe Sex is Hot Sex" campaign, which featured various couples in artistic photographs demonstrating the joys of safer intercourse, the best condom ad I've seen featured a cartoon drawing of a man at a piano. The caption read: "She laughed when I sat down at the piano. Then she saw the size of my hands."

Clearly, this ad perpetuates the myth that large hands indicate other large extremities. It also implies that piano-play-

[†]After seeing Elton John in all of those funny hats and Billy Joel's mad keyboard skills in the "We Didn't Start the Fire" video, however, this seems to be more of a truism.

ing men are ridiculous[¢] and that they are simply the lust objects of women. On the other hand, it's funny. An aura of humor surrounding condoms needs to be maintained in order to empower people to even visit the "Family Planning" section at CVS. Here are a couple of anecdotes to support the need for humor in prophylactics:

September, 1996. My roommate/best friend and I venture to Freddy's Discount Drug Store, which she has identified as "the cheapest place to get 'em." She leads your wide-eyed author past the hair care products on our date with destiny.[§] I grow fearful as we approach the aisle, which is somehow strategically located within view of every single checkout counter. I repeat my mantra: "Hey, I'm getting some. I like him and he likes me and we're getting some. This is good. I have no reason to be ashamed. Hey, I'm getting some. I like him..."[¥] but it does little to calm my jangling nerves. My loyal roomie directs me to the WALL O' CONDOMS, conveniently located next to the packaged Phillies Blunts.^ª

My choices are immediately limited by the fact that I can't reach to the top of the display, which towers at least a foot above my outstretched arm. Clearly, these are prophylactics intended for incredibly tall men, or midgets with stilts. "Uhhhhh," I manage to utter.

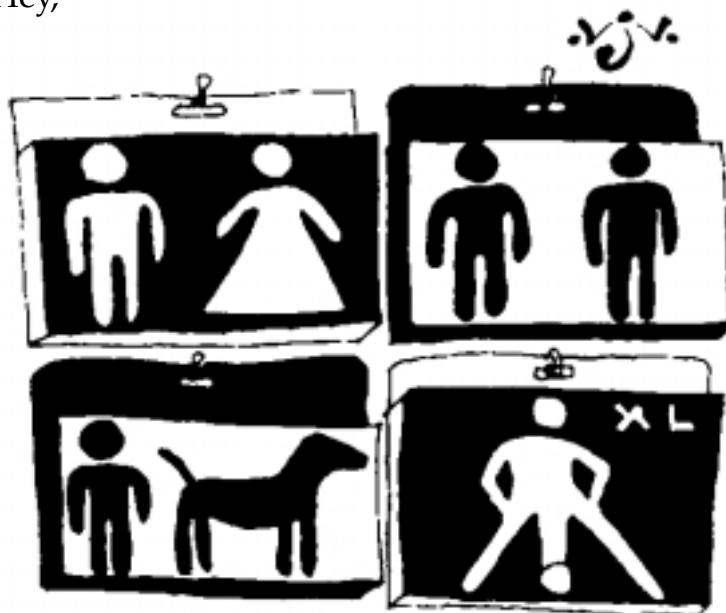
Lucy (name changed to protect the all-knowing, whose true name we

must never utter^œ) begins to dispense advice, a wise decision given my apparent stupor. "You should get the lubricated kind, unless you've got a problem with what they put on them. That CAN be a problem, you know? It smells kind of weird. These are good. These are okay, but the first ones are better. Do NOT get ribbed. One word: friction."

"Isn't that the point?"

"Not in the way that I mean it."

"Oh." (nervous laughter, which gives way to peals of genuine laughter over the fact that the two of us in our long hair, flannel, wire-rimmed glasses, and Birkenstocks, are involved in what seems to be a very intense discussion over the merits of various varieties of condoms. I had been having sex for exactly



[§] "Can't I just smell the Wild Apple shampoo? PLEEEASE?"

[¥] Yeah, so it was a little LONG to be a mantra. Suffice to say I was repeating it by way of self-affirmation.

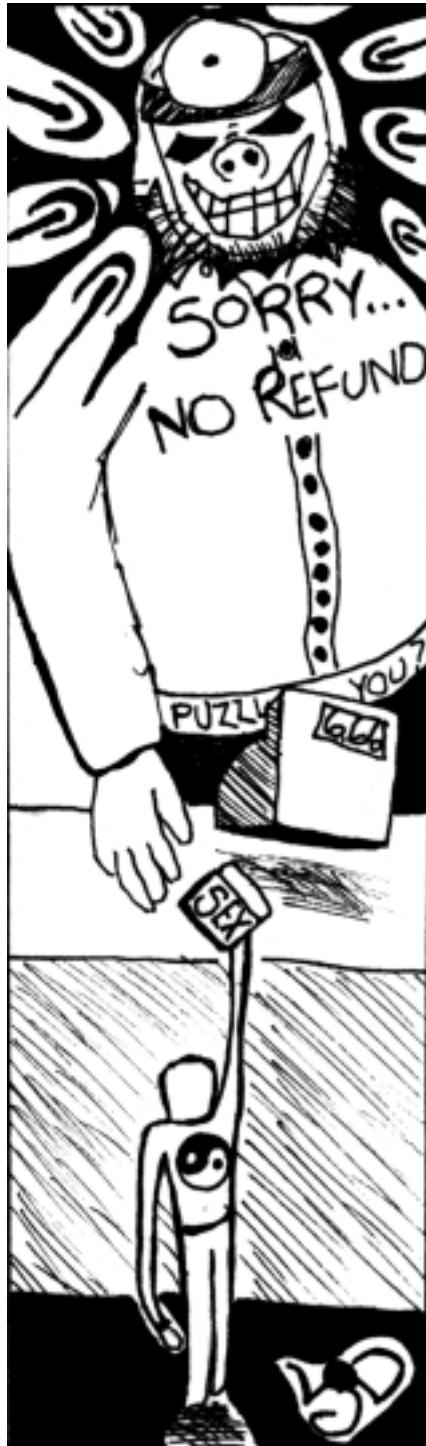
^ª Many chain drug stores have stocked condoms next to cigars for years. Perhaps the President isn't as perverted as Ken Starr would like you to think...he was just flashing back to that aisle in Washington Drug.

^œ"Michael Collins!"

three days at this point.)

Various members of our studio audience might be wondering where my boyfriend was during this exchange. As it was a Saturday, I believe he was involved in cooking some fantastically involved and tasty dinner, perhaps selecting wine and making cookies as well. He may have been out buying flowers or even doing (*gasp*) WORK, in the form of reading about various apocalyptic religions. Suffice to say that I was the practical one.^Σ

From this story, you can safely assume that much of what I learned about the nature of sex, I learned from other women. Lucy represented someone who embodied the sanest approach to relationships that I'd seen, namely, a healthy reserve and firm determination to remain her own person, despite her boyfriend's overbearing nature.[†] She also emphasized repeatedly that no matter how much you liked someone, you STILL had to look out for yourself, especially as a woman. This translated into the idea that women had just as much of a right to buy condoms without consulting men as men had to buy them without consulting women. Obviously, in a normal, caring, and mutually supportive relationship,



the partners involved would both decide what form of protection to use, and alternate turns in purchasing it. How many people's first sexual relationships are actually "normal, caring, and mutually supportive?" At least purchasing condoms can be amusing.

The second anecdote is somewhat more recent, and involves that question that undoubtedly plagues many independent female condom shoppers: "How big is big?" Here, readers who are faint of heart or under the age of 18 may want to just go back to reading the Starr report online.

Picture a busy square in a major Northeastern city. I'd just been to the Salty Dog for an splendid afternoon snack of clams and beer, and was killing time before catching the commuter rail back to the 'burbs. Suddenly, much in the same way that one remembers the household's need for toilet paper, I remembered the necessity of obtaining prophylactics. Unfortunately, the Bass Ale had gripped my brain in a fuzzy clutch of fog, and so it was with great effort that I hoisted myself and my somewhat dressy clothes^ο off of the bench where

^Σ Numerous people pointed out the gender role reversal that occurred in this relationship- he did look pretty good in a skirt.

[†]He was later fed to the wolves as a result of a terrible miscommunication with Seneca Park Zoo.

^ο Prior to the tasty snack, I'd been visiting graduate schools. The pigeons and tourists were more interesting.

I'd been observing the fattest pigeons I've ever seen as they interacted with the largest tourists I've ever seen.

I knew I'd seen a CVS earlier in the day- it was merely a matter of finding it again. In fact, there were three in the immediate area, but due to the complexity of the streets and alleys, I could have wandered for hours and not come upon any of them. Eventually, I did locate one near a subway stop.^π

Somehow, the smallest CVS in the world also had the largest selection of stuff crammed into it. Halloween candy exploded from every available aisle end, sale priced summer merchandise frolicked among the back-to-school items. Finally, after fearing that I would actually have to go to the counter and ask ("What kind would you like?" "Uh, what kind do you have?") I located the FAMILY PLANNING AISLE. "Exactly," I thought. "I'm planning not to have a family."

As I reached my goal, the train rushed by below, setting the packages slightly asway. They were clearly tormenting me. I tried to remember what I'd bought the last time. I thought of the piano man, but they were out of Trojans. Advertising had failed, and it looked as though I'd have to decide on my own. Another woman dressed in a pinstriped skirt and blazer quickly scanned the rack and plucked a package of "Sheik" with the nonchalance of someone selecting a bar of soap.[§] I briefly thought of describing the problem and soliciting advice, invoking the alleged "universal spirit of womanhood," but she seemed pretty busy.

Wagging saliciously nearby was a package of Lifestyles "Large."

"Oh, crap," I thought. "What if I don't get the right SIZE?" I picked up the package and scanned it, hoping that some sort of dimensions would be given. I wondered if the selection of too-small condoms would be an unfortunate insult to my beloved's manhood. The box information was fairly self-evident: "Longer and wider for added pleasure."

Duh.

Eventually, I decided on the standard of college health services everywhere- the blue box of LifeStyles. There was something sublimely comforting in its familiarity- it sort of glowed there under the unusually low lighting of the store. I could almost hear its gentle affirmations that it was, indeed, the right choice.

Allow me to point out that at NO time did the phrases "How 2 Have More Fun in Bed" or "Get In 2 It" appear in my head. What was there consisted mainly of "How Big Is Big?" and "How Not 2 Get Pregnant" as well as the ACT-UP standard "How Not 2 Get Sick." The overarching sentiment was "How 2 Get Out of Here." After the cashier seemed genuinely interested in my having a good weekend, I departed, stuffing the white plastic bag and its unfortunate cargo deep into the recesses of a military surplus shoulder bag.^f

If the LifeStyles ads were at all informative, I wouldn't have needed Lucy's instruction, nor would I have spent a quarter of an hour deep in adrenalized contemplation of the rack in a foreign CVS. The unfor-

^π The orange line at State St., for those of you playing along.

[§] Not like I can nonchalantly select a bar of soap, either- I have to smell them all and make sure I'm not allergic to anything in them. It's all about bad genetic material.

^f IT'S NOT A PURSE. Okay? Let's just get that straight RIGHT NOW.

tunate fact of the matter is that the LifeStyles ad run by the Campus Times was simultaneously uninformative AND suggested that sex was some sort of recreational sport akin to Ultimate Frisbee and wearing Calvin Klein underwear.^Ω Yeah! Let's go out onto the AstroTurf over in Fauver Stadium and rut like bunnies!

I don't think so. While I deeply appreciate Lucy's advice on life and her affirmation of the strong-willed and independent attitude I was raised with, women should not have to fall back on a form of folklore when purchasing prophylactics. We might as well have been in a sweat lodge, beating drums to the tune of "The Yellow Rose of San Antonio" and chanting the virtues of latex while preparing to fling ourselves into an icy spring. I would much rather have been able to laugh with her at the ridiculousness of a discount drug store offering all of these varieties instead of laughing at myself for not knowing a damn thing about any of them.

Perhaps our gentle readers subscribe to the belief held by a number of cowed road crew folks and several of my professors that I eat men for breakfast and pick my gory sharp teeth with the frail bones of fallen sorority sisters. This is far from the case- I just think that women, who don't have the equipment that condoms fit onto but can be made violently ill by this same equipment, should be able to make informed choices

about protection. OSHA requires that all employees who work around hazardous inhalants wear dust masks- not just those workers directly involved with sanding fiberglass, for instance. LifeStyles falls over itself trying to run away from the shame of condom purchasing and use by printing what amounts to soft-core pornography. The soft core porn approach further obfuscates condoms- and it's not like those dumb little drawings help any, either. (The big mystery is how, exactly, the "extra pleasure" model, which widens to titanic proportions at the head, provides extra pleasure. We asked a few men. They didn't know either.)

Not even humour redeems the Campus Times ad. The only sticking point for the information presented is that you can look at a poster-size sepia toned photograph of a man and a woman "getting in 2 it." There are any of a myriad number of porno flicks that could provide you with the same experience, and they let you laugh at sex at the same time.^μ Plus, if you find pornography somewhat revolting, you can draw comfort from the fact that there are a lot of people in the same boat.

In short, I wish the Campus Times, hard up for money and feeling in need of educating young people already world-weary from years of Sex Ed. had just run the piano-playing man ad. Then at least we all could have had a good laugh.

^Ω Try to get into one of those dental-floss-and-isosceles-triangle pairs of underwear when you're late to a 5am crew call after you've been up until 2am drinking. Go on, I dare you.

^μ See Tourist's review of porn, last spring (Volume 9, Issue 6)

SITTING ALONE ON THE SHORT BUS?

PARENTS TELLING YOU TO STOP SLOUCHING? DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS?

WRITE FOR GRACIE'S DINNERTIME THEATRE!

GDT@INAME.COM

Chess: It's time you played.

By Adam Fletcher

My friend and I have this theory that if you play chess, you go to Heaven. If you don't, you go to Hell. We don't have the strongest evidence for this, but it's as believable as Catholicism.

Learning the rules of the game is the first step. Ask your friends to teach you, or pick up a book. Simon & Schuster publishes a number of good books on beginning chess. Look for books by Pandolfini in particular.

After that, you just have to play, and play a lot. A good place to do this is on the Free Internet Chess Server (www.freecchess.org). You'll find plenty of competition, and it's free. Another place is at your local chess club; the RIT Chess Club meets every Thursday at 8pm by the Fireside

Lounge (listen for the sound of the clocks, and you will find the chess). The US Chess Federation has a listing of chess clubs by area - check out www.uschess.org for more information.

After playing for a while, you might be interested in studying ways to improve your game. Previously I mentioned Silman's [Reassess Your Chess](#), as well as [My System: 21st Century Edition](#) - both are great books for the growing player (every player I know is a growing player). A good reference for openings is [Modern Chess Openings 13](#) (MCO-13) - but it's only a reference. I suggest [The Ideas Behind the Chess Openings](#) by Reuben Fine to complement MCO.

Don't be afraid to start playing. Don't fear losing. Everyone started sometime, and they sucked when they did. The best way to get good at chess is to play.

**It's time to start your day/
There's Harkonnens on the way/
They're looking for you/
So make that prophecy true...**

*...The best part of waking up
is Melange in your cup!*

Mornings can be hard, especially when you're waging a holy war from the desert. So when the sleeper just has to awaken, make sure to brew only genuine **Water of Life.TM** Made from only the best hand picked **ArrakianTM** sandworms, we guarantee...

In secret Steich trials, 9 out 10 Fremen can't tell the difference between Melange Decaf and Melange Regular.

Remember: If it isn't from the finest Makers, it isn't **ArrakianTM**.

Ask your Reverend Mother for only the finest in spice Melange:
Water Of LifeTM





Shirk'n'Shout

This Week: The Miniskirt Waddle

Words And Music by Eric Thomas

"She give a little flirt, give herself a little cuddle \ But there's no place here for the miniskirt waddle" -Elvis Costello, "(I Don't Want To Go To) Chelsea"

The girls in this class have an irritating habit of calling the professor "sir."

They can do this because the professor is young, and they are cute.

Now, consider this: A freshman photography student seeks aide from a familiar lab supervisor. The supervisor, a sophomore, helps the freshman cut his negatives. After the work is done, the freshman continues the job of printing the negatives while the supervisor idly cuts the dead ends of the film into one million tiny pieces. The freshman pauses to look at her, his eyes shining. "Sexually frustrated?" he asks. Later that same day, she commented on the experience: "No, he's not a player. He's just a funny flirt."

"Sexually frustrated." Why must we fling that goddamn phrase around?

Well, two reasons. First of all, it's a common stratagem in the great Game of Teenage Courtship. You're not allowed to ignore the question, because that would make you a prude. Thus, you're afforded two options - the negative or the affirmative. The negative implies sexual satisfaction, and, coupled with bachelorhood, guarantees an open sexual perspective. The positive indicates sexual starvation, which, presumably, will be relieved by whichever craven flirt is asking the question. On one hand, you're a nymphomaniac, and on the other, you're fresh meat.

The other reason is that it's thrilling for

young (mentally young, I mean) men to be openly sexual around girls. Especially if the girls don't slap you for it. This is true for only the most juvenile and sexually inexperienced young flirts.

Despite these facts, our lab monitor enjoys the company of the freshman. Why? "Rapid exchange of insults is a sign of intelligence and wit," she says.

This couldn't be farther from the truth. Appropriating canned witticisms from popular (television) culture is the mark of a truly mediocre mind. Combine that unoriginality with a misguided sexual appetite, and you get the common Virgin Player (i.e. one who is both a virgin and a player - our sad freshman).

Perhaps I should clarify that use of the word 'virgin.' Don't get me wrong. I have no problem with abstention from sex. However, I also see unfulfilling sex based on transient desires as a detriment to identity and self-respect. In the middle ground is true emotional and sexual satisfaction. I see anyone who has never experienced this satisfaction as a virgin.

Basically, it all comes down to honesty. The Player is being dishonest with his mark: he uses the pop culture vocabulary to hide a sentiment that can be reduced to, "Do you fuck?" In our example, the lab supervisor is

dishonest with herself, by allowing herself to ignore the crass undertone of the Player's statement. In short, the Player presents an ideal image of "intelligence and wit," which

While on the topic of reduction, let us reduce the entire Photo Lab episode to its core: (White room, one door. A woman stands alone, clad in a simple white tunic. She stares blankly at the bare walls. She wears a bracelet on each wrist. The bracelet on her right wrist, which is made of silver, is engraved with a large letter 'A.' The bracelet on her left, made of gold, bears the letters 'FB.') (The door opens, and a man enters. He is dressed in a similar white tunic. On the

has no basis in his actual personality or intellectual ability. The Playee sucks that up at its face value. That's the Game of Teenage Courtship.

middle finger of each hand, he wears a bronze ring. The right ring carries the letter 'I,' the left carries the letter 'W.') Man: "I see that you wear an Available bracelet. Do you also carry a Flirtatious Banter bracelet?" (The woman displays her left wrist.) Man: "Come here, and I will flirt with you." (The woman approaches the man.) Man: "Please notice my Intelligence ring, and my Wit ring." (Woman admires both rings.) Woman: "Proceed." Man: "Do you fuck?"



...and then there is the girl who can ignore the discussion on slavery in literature to enjoy the presence of the boys on her left and right. The one with his backwards cap, his urban label shirt, his blank notebook page, his cargo pants; the other with his stylish haircut, his thick sweater, his gorgeous penmanship, his cargo pants. They're quite obviously chasing her, and making every effort to appear nonchalant. She hands them things to chew on, little teasers to whet their appetites: her bare feet, a grin, an indulgent flip of her long, blonde hair. Their cultivated sideburns stand on end.

Those are the innocents. Misguided, perhaps, and sometimes misinformed, but the innocents nonetheless. The math students, the photo kids, the sun-dried hippie and her two admirers... they're cubs at play. So adorable, it almost brings a tear to the eye. Because no one's being hurt. Yet.

So next we have the house party. While the music plays, the beer is poured, and people dance in the basement, the infirm are taken to the first floor. The first floor is almost empty. A small mixed group socializes at the pool table in a common area. A short queue paces in the hall, waiting for the bathroom to open up. In a smaller living room, a heavily made-up girl in tight pants lolls her head against the back of a fading red couch. One of the brothers, trying to look as responsible as possible, strokes her knee and talks to her in a low voice. Her hair

Because then we have the two guys in the elevator. They're recovering after a night of barhopping, still wearing their party uniforms.

"So she asked me back to her room..."
"You throw it in 'er?"

And then two different guys in a different elevator. Both are wearing backpacks.

"Hit eleven, man. I'm gonna go get my dick sucked."

We have the college sophomore and the high school freshman. Or the guy in the sweat pants creeping around the girls' bathrooms and peering into the shower stalls. Or the well-dressed player who "fucks the shit out of" and "screws the brains out of." Or the drugged sorority girl losing her virginity

brushes his face. A young pledge sits in an armchair that is losing its stuffing. He babbles about hazing and pledge rituals. The bartender passes the room, then doubles back. He strides briskly to the armchair, grabs the pledge by the arm, and hauls him to his feet. He turns out the lights and closes the door as he leaves, muttering to the pledge:

"I think it's best if we leave the two of them alone."

Still, no one's getting hurt. We don't _think_ so, anyway.

"Yeah, but it was too much whiskey and too much wine. It had to be an act of God, because I love my girlfriend, you know? She's coming up this weekend, too. My girlfriend, I mean."

Okay, now people are getting hurt.

"Who's on eleven?"

"Jenna."

"She'll suck yer dick?"

"Yeah."

to a half-drunk, half-stoned fratboy on a rotting mattress in a condemned basement. Or a thousand other twisted passions, misplaced desires, and dark urges suppressed until tragic explosion.

We definitely have people getting hurt.

SCOTT PETERSON! COME HOME!

IF YOU KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND SCOTT OR ANOTHER
ILLUSTRATOR, PLEASE CONTACT DIABLO@CSH.RIT.EDU

MEETINGS ARE AT 2PM IN THE 2ND FLOOR LOUNGE OF NRH (CSH'S PAINTED LOUNGE)
DID I TELL YOU ABOUT BEN FRANKLIN'S COIN?



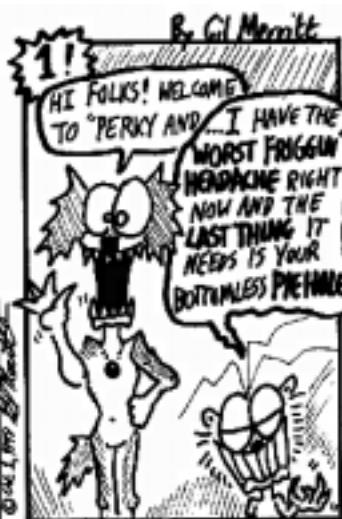
HOWARD'S HAPPY HOUR

Tales of an Invertebrate

The perilous struggle for
Domination over Life.

Droning erratically towards light,
Towards blessed, blessed freedom.

I observe the minute insect
Barely two millimeters in length,
With vim and hope,
Attempt vainly to escape
The forestalling nature
Of the lucent plexiglass airplane window.
Vesicle of primeval consciousness
Vibrating against the intricate
Lattice of imperceptible scratches.
Of course, I could elect to
End the misery with one fell swoop.
But, rather, I do not
And allow the rebel tempt its own fate.
A fighter for the freedom
That will never be experienced
But only to discover
The tenacious grasp
Of the polyester jungle below.



By Howard Hao

Sleep Deprivation

How bad it feels
Not to sleep!
But such is the life
Of a college student!

Friends

They get you outta trouble
And loan you money.
Take care of 'em.

Headache

A million voices erupting
Like an atomic detonation
Within your head

The Yuppieville

Here, late-working parents
Buy Happy Meals daily
For their misguided children.



Tourist's Movie Reviews

PRESENTS

What Dreams May Come

Dammit. I feel like I'm becoming one of those critics who pans everything he sees because it doesn't compare to "Citizen Kane" or "The Battleship Potemkin", or some other esoteric title that only critics fully understand. Believe me, that is not my goal. I love films and I can't tell you how great it feels when you exit a theatre and tell your companions that you'd pay to see it again. Getting your money's worth for a change. I don't know, maybe I'm being too cynical, but I would have rather gone to see "Wet Dreams, My Come" instead of "What Dreams May Come". The film had a message, and the message was basically this:

Death sends you to a fish tank. You get to decorate the fish tank anyway you want. But beware, some parts of the fish tank suck. Don't go to those parts. But if you do, make sure that the exorcist (Max Von Sydow) goes along with you.

That's about the whole message right there. The film briefly touches on love and how it's all powerful and consuming and whatnot, but who cares? Film audiences did not line up for that. Film audiences lined up for the prime real estate that death has to offer. A visit to the other side is what sells tickets. If we wanted a love story, we'd go see "Hope Floats" (which I think would have done much better if it had been called "Poop Floats") I admit, I was eager to see the latest incarnation. I love death movies. Thanatology is a pseudo-hobby of mine. So knowing what "The Crow", "Flatliners", "Ghost", "Brainstorm", "Hellraiser", "Beetlejuice", "Always",

"Hideaway", "The Frighteners", "Casper", "Wings of Desire", "City of Angels", "Heaven Can Wait", "Jacob's Ladder", "Defending Your Life", "Spawn", and many more had to offer, I needed to see what the industry could come up with next. Damn. Don't these people ever dream? You would think that after the long line of death-type films listed above, they'd have an afterlife in a movie that didn't have gravity. Or perhaps no human-shaped bodies. Or maybe no disparity between "Heaven" and "Hell", no set rules for a change. In "What Dreams...", Robin Williams is told right off the bat that time has no meaning in death land. So why does he take a linear approach to the troubles he's experiencing? Why not treat time as nonexistent? Start the film with him already dead, and end it with him dying, or even better, take the entire film and hack it into pieces, then re-edit it for each release print. No two "What Dreams..." films or stories are the same in any theatre. At least five times in the film, someone tells him that time is meaningless - except of course in Hell, which is comprised of flaming shipwrecks and mud, and upside-down cathedral ceilings. You see, in Hell, he has three minutes to convince his dead wife that she is dead and can now join her dead family in the death fish tank where they frolic about in an endless American Express Traveler's Cheques commercial. His wife killed herself and was stuck in hell, so Robin had to fish her out. In watching the film, you'll notice that anytime the writer couldn't figure out what a character was supposed to say, he wrote:

"_____ 's eyes fill with tears. One falls down his/her cheek."

That happens at least ten goddamn times. Why not have them cry milk duds, or Junior Mints? It's supposed to be the afterlife fish tank

where ANYTHING is possible. No naked people? No monster-trucks? No waterslides? No cockfights? Really, what kind of afterlife can anyone have without a good cockfight? Most of you will agree with me when I say that Hell is not a bunch of flaming shipwrecks. Maybe if Kathy Lee Gifford is on board, but please! That was the best they could do? I think we can do better than that. I invite you, the faithful readers of TMR, to help me set Cuba Gooding Jr.'s ass straight. All you have to do is finish the following sentence for me, without mentioning fire or brimstone:

"Cuba Gooding Jr.! Hell is not flaming shipwrecks, dammit!
Hell is..."

Example?

"Cuba Gooding Jr.
Hell is not flaming
shipwrecks, dammit!
Hell is going to
Wendy's late at night
with a group of your
friends and you have
to pee so you go to
the bathroom.
Meanwhile, all your
friends have ordered
their food and are
eating when you
come out and order
a Big Bacon Classic

meal (upsized) for yourself. Fifteen minutes later, they give you the food and you sit down with your friends, who are just about finished. To your dismay, they have forgotten the bacon on your Big Bacon Classic burger. You can't eat it until this is remedied. You return to the line and explain the problem. They give you a new burger. You sit down and prepare to eat, when you see that there is no mayo on this burger. So you have to go back in line. By this time, your friends are itching to leave, and you are still hungry as ever. Each time you get a new burger, there is something else wrong with it. Your discerning palate will not stand for anything

less than a perfect Big Bacon Classic, and you cannot leave until you get one. But you never do. Eternity is spent in the Wendy's turnstiles, hungry as a son-of-a-bitch, deserted by your friends, and existing for the promise of perfection in a \$3.00 food experience. That is hell, Cuba Gooding Jr.

Or, as stated by my comrades Doc, Rory, and Fletcher:

"Cuba Gooding Jr.! Hell is not flaming shipwrecks, dammit! Hell is spending a nice day at the beach, and upon returning to your condo for some food and a shower, you proceed to empty your pockets of your keys, a few coins, some paper, and a few grains of sand.

But those few grains become more and more sand, overflowing your pockets! The sand pours forth in a terrible deluge of silicon - and suddenly, you're back on the beach again, and you have to walk all the way back to your condo again. Oh,

and there are bagpipes playing! That is hell, Cuba Gooding Jr."

You get the idea.

I'll take all the answers and compile them into TOURIST'S PRACTICAL GUIDE TO HELL, a supplement that will appear in a future issue. I'm sure that there will be some interesting results. Send all responses to tourist@csh.rit.edu, or to GDT at gdt@iname.com. I'll be looking forward to them, and as you write, remember that if you are going to Hell sometime in the near future, be sure to check out the Kitchen. That's where the fun stuff is...



<http://martin.carthage.edu/departments/english/dante/frames/Dore2Image.html>

How to Get Chicks: A Short Guide by Someone Who Doesn't Get Chicks

By Big Bad Bruce

The most important point to remember is that Girls Love Sensitive Guys. That's right. A way to any girl's heart is through the Sensitivity Gland (an organ conspicuously absent in the male physiognomy). If you can achieve a real understanding of this gland's operation and it's effects on the female behavior pattern, you can become a bona fide Chick Magnet™.

The Sensitivity Gland is behind some of the most curious and genuinely female characteristics that modern science has been able to isolate. For instance, most chicks believe (they seem to believe, anyway) that Violence Is Wrong. However, they get hot watching their man kick the shit out of some faggot. Hypocrisy? No. In this situation, the Sensitivity Gland releases special enzymes that temper the normal human desire for somebody else's blood with warm, "Violence Doesn't Solve Anything" feelings. Seems strange to us bloodthirsty males, doesn't it? Sure. But bitches are crazy, so bear with me.

So, to compensate for the Sensitivity Gland, you must adopt a caring attitude while practising cruelty. Trust me. Chicks dig it.

The second step to Getting Chicks is to engage in daring feats of stupidity. Girls are flattered by men who do dumb things to impress them, like diving from cliffs or playing baseball. (Playing baseball, incidentally, has the added perk of showcasing the male genitalia in a most attractive manner via very tight pants.) If you want to score the really hot bitches, you have to take some risks. Some examples of behaviors guaranteed to get the Juices of the Heavenly Pavilion flowing:

1.) Knifethrowing



- 2.) Team Sports
- 3.) Military Service
- 4.) Playing Guitar (see Sensitive Gland)
- 5.) Saving Dangerous Endangered Species from Extinction (see Sensitive Gland)

A third and very important strategy for scoring the hottest babes around is to, in the words of one Gracies Dinnertime Theatre editor, "push the heinie button." Yes, sexual prowess, real or imagined, is central to getting girls. Unfortunately, you cannot simply push said button and wait for results. The bitches that you crave require (God knows why) some sort of "foreplay." This "foreplay" usually consists of kissing. Being a Good Kisser™ can be a ticket to all sorts of wild referral sex (whereby you get more chicks than you bargained for because one of them liked your deep dicking).

A fourth element (a last resort, really) is to rely on the intoxicating effects of alcoholic beverages to weaken the bitches' resolve. Never underestimate the weakness and prurient desire of a drunk biddy - once the beer count has exceeded the number of fingers on both hands (digital amputees excluded), the inhibitions have taken a leave for the night, and you (our less-than-sexy protagonist) look like Ten Commandments-era Charlton Heston meets Goldfinger-era Sean Connery. Then, it's bonin' time. You've got the green light to make your move.

In conclusion: be sensitive, be stupid, fuck hard, and get her drunk.

You'll get the chicks.



pulling a blank by Sean Hammond

I had a hard time writing my column this week. First I thought that it might be nice to tell you about my search for an apartment when I first came to Baltimore, but it really isn't all that interesting. Then I thought about talking about my run in with "The Schiller Club," a group of rabid students at UMBC who are supporters of Lyndon LaRouche. That article is coming, but it requires so much reading of the propaganda I've managed to collect that I have yet to be able to piece together a coherent presentation.

Instead, I find myself gazing out a window of my second floor apartment into a deserted lane dominated by a large maple. The occasional brazen city squirrel darts from place to place, looking like an animated slinky, but the humans are holed up in their homes...no doubt with the heat turned on for the first time in several months.

Even as I write this, I can hear the banging of pipes as heat courses through them in the apartment directly below me. Smiling, I look at my open windows and snuggle deeper into the sweater and blankets I have draped around me.

Though the leaves have yet to show any evidence of their inherent artistry, the promise of their coming death is there. For some, fall is depressing. Surrounded by a dying world, they pine for the return of spring. For me, fall is a time of magick and promise. Winter is a blankness of contemplation, spring gets in my shoes, and summer is a fever. Only fall feels like the most human part of the year.

There is a magick in the air. It permeates everything and can make you remember lost friends and loves with a painful intensity. I'm not at all surprised that the Celts felt that the boundaries between our world and the one of Faerie become thin in the fall. When the thin spiderwebs of the past are about one's face, how can one not feel under the influence of a hidden world?

It's when the air is still and the rest of the world is huddled in their homes on days like today that I feel as though I could go outside and dance with the dust devils, or visit hidden streams and be accepted by creatures that only have life when we believe. The draw of Faerie is strong on me in the fall, its denizens crowding close for my attention. The Muses inevitably descend like so many artistic Valkyries pleading, suggesting, demanding that I make real what they whisper, speak, or shriek.

So for the next few weeks, while I'm able to listen to the Fair Folk, I'll be telling you some stories. Some will deal directly with the Fae, others might seem unconnected. Trust me, dear reader, they all have a theme. You might feel the threads binding them together without ever understanding, but that is the nature of Faerie.

Until next time. I find that I absolutely have to go outside and enjoy the fruitful melancholy....



The Kitchen's Fourth Annual

Halloween Story Contest

Deadline for submissions:
23 October, 53AT



First place: \$80
Second place: \$20
Third place:
Our sympathies



The top stories will be published in a special issue
of Hell's Kitchen on Saturday, the 31st of October.

Rules and regulations: Deadline for submissions is midnight, October 23rd, 53AT. Material may be sent to Hell's Kitchen, 472 French Rd., Rochester, NY 14618 or emailed to diablo@csh.rit.edu. Include your name, age, address, telephone number, and email (if applicable). Please limit yourself to around 7500 words, as we are poor and printing costs will kill us. Submissions without proper identification will not be accepted. Material cannot be returned. All material remains the intellectual property of the creator, but Hell's Kitchen and its member organization reserve the right to reproduce it. Winners will be determined by a panel of judges. The decision of the judges is final. This contest is open to all literate individuals of all ages. Winners will be informed on the 30th of October, 53AT. Questions? Call 234-3120 or email diablo@csh.rit.edu



GDT:Volume 11 issue 7

I Don't Pee In Your Pool!

"It has been a great many years since our white brethren came across the big waters and a great many of them has not got civilized yet; therefor we wish to be indulged in our savage state of life until we can have the same time to get civilized.... There is some of our white brethren as much savage as the Indian."

-Shullushama of the Chickasaw

Hidey-ho, white-arinos! If you haven't been keeping up with your advent calendar, it's that time of year again. Yup, just when you've taken all the decorations down, packed away all the electric lights, and finally tucking away the limited edition Gustav Mint ash-globe^Ω from the last Genocide Day, it's back again. Well, time to hang all the cardboard cut-outs of smiling settlers firing blunderbusses at fleeing natives.

Oh, wait.... My mistake. It's not Genocide Day at all. It's Columbus Day. Hooray!

Kids:

*Christopher Columbus /
killed a lot of injuns /
In fourteen hundred and
ninety two...*

Instead of talking about obscure history, however, this year I'd like to take some current events and throw them back to you with a mooreeffoc^μ spin. So, no sailing saints, no banished Welsh princes, no navigating eunuchs, and certainly no Rock Chewing Vikings.^J

Before I really rip into it, I'd like to get overtly political for a moment (as opposed to the subtle politicity that is GDT's reason-d'être)



and talk about the United States government's treatment of Native American tribes.

In the 1970's the Supreme Court said what everyone already knew from practice: Indian Nations are sovereign to the extent that the United States government allows them to be sovereign.

Translation? If they've got it and we want it, it sucks to be them. And here we are, the nation that likes to think that we are the shining city on the hill, setting an example for all the nations of the world.

That having been said, I'd like to present a newspaper article from an alternate history that I asked the Cronos and Clotho Corps (subsidiaries of Hell Inc.) to dredge up from fall of 1838.

Hell's Kitchen

10 October, 106 BC

Washington, United States of America: British envoy John Peel today relayed a message to United States President Andrew Jackson to the effect that time is rapidly running out to avoid

^Ω "SPECIAL ASH-GLOBE recreates the carriion-seeded skies of 1941 Dusseldorf when shaken vigorously! Manufactured in the 1930's by the Schutzstaffel, this collector's item (limit 5,000), made from the highest quality lead glass and filled with the finest ashes of inferior races, is an heirloom that will bring joy for generations to come!"

^μ Mooreeffoc: queerness that results when familiar things are seen from a new angle. This is the major method employed by Mr. Pratchett. It's also "coffee room" spelled backward. Tee-hee.

^J See Columbus Day articles 1995, 1996, & 1997. It's an obligatory reference.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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© 1998 Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre.

Shake your booty.
Shake your booty.
Shake it now!

British and Prussian naval strikes by complying with demands to end an offensive against ethnic American separatists.

While top British, French, and Prussian officials declined to call it Jackson's last chance to avoid attack, British Prime Lord Melbourne warned that "time is all but gone" for a peaceful settlement in the Cherokee Nation. John Peel held new talks with Jackson today.

Divisions remained among the nations of Europe regarding the use of force, however. Spain and Lithuania, among others, are reluctant to proceed without a stronger legal basis for action.

At a meeting in Brussels today, the European leaders searched for an adequate legal basis for such strikes^c. They decided that none was needed.

Hundreds of people have been killed, and upwards of 300,000 have been driven from their homes and forcefully relocated since Jackson launched a June 27 crackdown against the ethnic American tribe of Cherokee.

Jackson has defied European orders to withdraw substantial forces from the sovereign Cherokee nation, maintaining the troops are needed to prevent new attacks by "red savage terrorists" and allow white settlers to move in and get "the yellow metal that makes them craaa-zy."

Recalling the United States' "Manifest Destiny" and the Monroe Doctrine, Andrew Jackson stressed that "the Indian issue is the internal affair of the United States, and the threat to use force would constitute an act of war and a threat to our sovereignty."

Peel, who arrived from London where he met with officials of the major royal families of Europe, said today that movement toward authorizing the use of force by the allied British and Prussian military continues "in a sustained and intense manner. We're talking serious pain for the Yanks if they don't back down."

"Bad shit is going to go down no matter whether we act or not," he said shortly before the start of his fourth meeting with Jackson in five days. "Either we step in and do a dance on the Americans, or the Americans keep flaying the Cherokee."

The international demands Peel was presenting to Jackson included an immediate end to hostilities and a withdrawal of forces from the area of the Cherokee Nation.

In addition, Peel was expected to press for an international monitoring force to oversee compliance, and for the Americans to develop a

^c While the Belgian King suddenly burst out that "Belgium is not a road!" much to the confusion of the assembled dignitaries and the King himself. Cronos Corp has stated that this may have been an unfortunate effect of the temporal/probability slide, momentarily overlapping the King of Belgium in the 1830s and the King of Belgium in the 1930s. Such is life, or in this case, probability slides.

fuller appreciation for Pushkin, and acknowledge the fact they are not a major world power.

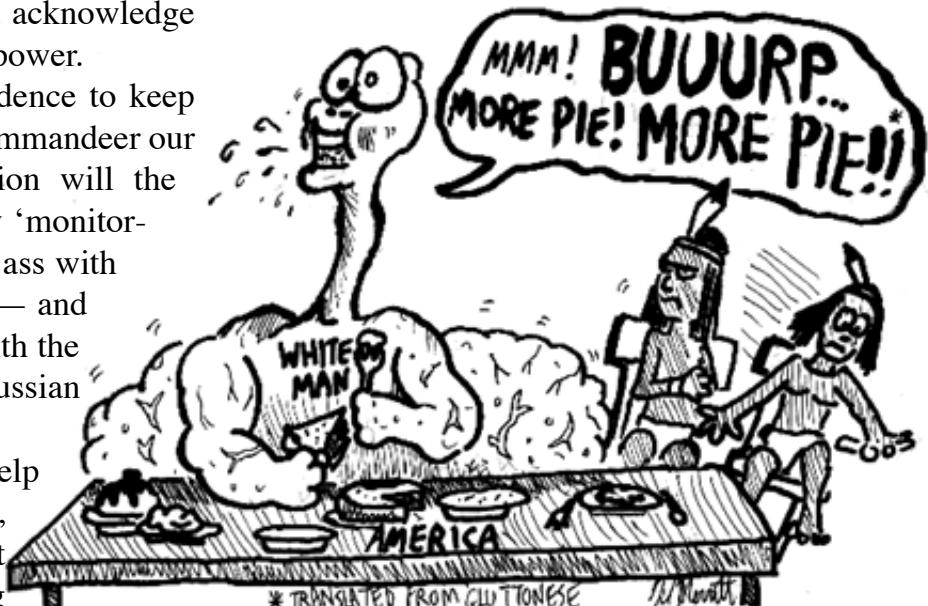
"We fought a war of independence to keep foreign troops from being able to commandeer our homes and resources. In no fashion will the United States of America allow any 'monitoring force' on its soil. We wiped our ass with King George III—twice I might add—and have little fear of doing the same with the bitch [Queen Victoria] and her Prussian lackies."

In a move meant to end help bring an end to American aggression, the Cherokee Nation announced that they would stop reading and writing effective immediately, a move that will add to the pressure on Jackson to reciprocate. There were no immediate reports of new gunfire, name-calling, or book reading.

Jackson has refused to openly declare a cease-fire, even though there has been no major fighting in the Cherokee nation during the past week and the Cherokee have been largely killed, raped, marched into the desert West, and generally routed. He considers the Cherokee "savages, terrorists, funny looking bandits, and on prime land that our good white folk want" and that any cease-fire on his part would legitimize them as human.

Citing the Cherokee crisis and European threats of intervention, the United States government today put into effect a harsh decree tightening control over other Indian nations.

The decree broadens government authority and envisions punishment for Indians, institutions and individuals who act too uppity, smart, or are in



the wrong place at the wrong time.

Dismissing any talk of a rift within Europe, Peel said he thinks Europe will agree on an activation order "in the next few days" that would authorize an attack.

"And even if there is a rift within Europe, it wouldn't amount to much anyway. Every royal family is related to every other family. It's not like the Prussians are going to start a major war some day."

Jackson's spokesman, General Winfield Scott, babbled Thursday that European threats were a "rapist act" and went against the Monroe Doctrine...which no nation ever signed, but didn't challenge because they just didn't care.

The Europeans are warning that they envision not just one strike against the United States but a series of gradually escalating naval attacks.

"By God, we'll give them the licking we should have [in 1812]", Queen Victoria of the British Empire is reported to have said.

GDT Challenge (aka. You Think 'Em Up, We Write 'Em Down)

We are so cocky, we think we can write about anything.

Email us a topic and we will write a column about it.

If we can't, we send you a T-Shirt.

gdt@iname.com





HOWARD'S HAPPY HOUR

By Howard Hao

The Play

(for Josh Vincentz)

Donned with angelic white robes
They pranced around the stage.
Then the feminist actresses cried:
"Behold our ovaries
For them you have not!
Behold our breasts
With life-sustaining milk
And compare them with your own!"
Upon which they burst
Into satanic laughter at the
Unsuspecting audience below.

"...art is a private language for sophisticates to congratulate themselves on their superiority to the rest of the world."

Hunger

The sharp, biting pain
Of your stomach
Wrinkling inside.

A Taste of Music

Relaxation abound...
Unwinding to the resonance
And chants of Peter Gabriel,
U2, The Police, Jimi;
The magic of Simon & Garfunkel,
The Fab Four, the King;
And the smooth tunes of Williams,
Coltrane, and Mozart.

Rochester Drivers

The worst damned drivers
On the face of this planet!
And I come from NYC!

- Calvin, Bill Watterson's "Calvin & Hobbes"

The Yuppieville II

The Yuppies, with their new
Five cars still in the driveway,
Lease yet another vehicle.





Shirk'n'Shout

Hungry Freaks by Eric Thomas, LLC.

Doc Martens. Torn fishnet stockings. Cutoff shorts. A torn T-shirt. She had close-cropped, platinum blonde hair, a face too white to be natural, bright red lipstick, and tiny curls penciled on to her temples with eyeliner. She was a Goth poster child.

"Actually, I'm meeting my boyfriend."

"Oh, yeah? Is he a creature of the night, too?"

I could tell she was enjoying the attention to her fashion sense.

"In so many words. I met him at a vampire role-playing party."

Groan.

"Oh? Did he convert you, or whatever?"

"No, I asked him to join a little love session I was having with my girlfriend."

Wow, a sexually liberated Goth! This was getting interesting. Most gothic teenagers I had met (a gothic adult is just too terrible to imagine) had basically been regular people, plus make-up and a starved libido. Most of them hang out at the mall in Marilyn Manson t-shirts, pathetically asking innocent mallgoers for cigarettes. Take away the music and the fashion sense, but keep the level of social maturity, and you've got your average AD&D player. (No offense to AD&D players is intended.)

Throw in some blurred gender roles, though, and you're guaranteed to freak everyone out, even other Goths (who will pretend not to care).

Freaking everyone out is, of course, the

goal. Palm it off as self-expression, if it makes you feel better. I, personally, can't help wondering why so many of these outcasts are expressing themselves with the same wardrobe. Or why they became outcasts in the first place - was it the talent for writing pretentious poetry, or the competitive spirit that drove them to become to the gothiest Goths they could be?

Where did Goths come from? Why are they here? What can be their purpose in this Great Society™?

The boyfriend approached us, giving me a menacing look. Picture Robert Smith with five times the make-up, forty extra pounds, and baggy black jeans. I could tell who was leading who around by the testicles. Robert Deluxe was definitely unhappy to see me, but knew he couldn't say anything without risking a bitch-slap from his Meisterfrau.

"Well, I've gotta get out of here. See you in class."

I pointed a suave finger, in the tradition of the great Telly Savalas.

"Not if I see you first, baby."

Sir Robert gave me a look that, if Goths really had the immortal power of the vampire, surely would have turned me to dust.

I learned an important lesson that day. I learned that despite the professed sexual liberation and the counter-culture aspirations, gothic children live by the same rules as the rest of us.

Normal Rule: Have as much sex as possible.

Gothic Rule: Have as much sex as possible, but make it spooky.

Normal Rule: Do not let others horn in on your racket.

Gothic Rule: If others horn in on your racket, put an ancient curse on them.

Normal Rule: Don't talk about your bodily functions, because others don't want to hear about them.

Gothic Rule: Don't talk about your bodily functions, because others shouldn't know that you have any. You're immortal,

remember?

Normal Rule: Take a stand on issues that concern and interest you.

Gothic Rule: Take a stand on issues that concern and interest you, and no one else.

Normal Rule: Develop your own vocabulary.

Gothic Rule: Develop your own vocabulary, using words like "Yoggsoggoth" and "Mythrir".

Normal Rule: Watch movies, and comment on them.

Gothic Rule: Watch "The Crow," and take notes.

It's comforting to know that those common rules exist. It's nice to see that no matter how much someone screams at us that they're different, no matter how loudly they preach, they've got the same American boundaries as the rest of us.

Take the Deadheads, for example. Before Jerry Garcia's death in August of 1995 (an event that basically smashed the Dead scene into tiny Day-Glo pieces), the Heads had their own world view, parallel to any other. They had their protagonist (the Heads themselves), the antagonist ("straight" society, or "Babylon"), their gods (Jah, Mother Earth), and their rhetoric (quit your job, Jah will provide).



Their chief weapon against Babylon was an altered sense of time. Their lives were punctuated not by the routines of school and career, but by musical and hallucinogenic interludes. They ran on a different schedule, which separated them from

straight life.

The truth has been realized by more than one Deadhead in fleeting moments of lucidity. The important thing about the Dead scene was that it was a small-scale model of the rest of American society. That's why so many elder Deadheads were proud to be "American Hippies," and not a bunch of stupid European or East Asian Hippies.

The younger ones were a bit misguided. They didn't understand who they were rebelling against. They figured that it must be America, because that was the first target that came to mind. It's easy to rebel against a country, because the country

makes the laws, and the laws prevent you from doing what you want to do (i.e. drugs).

America provided the endless road for the Deadheads to travel upon. America provided the spirit of freedom, and the pursuit of

individuality. America provided the drug culture roots of the Grateful Dead - Ken Kesey, the Acid Tests. All the Deadheads provided were the buses.

They showed up in numbers and proportions that did not present a cross-section of ideal American life; they showed up in numbers and proportions that presented a cross-section of the Real American Life. They were young and white, from middle class backgrounds. They were the ones that could afford the meager expenses of cheap transportation and food. They were the ones without roots - without families to feed, without bills to pay.

They went on tour, and they grew old. Some raised children on tour. Most had no friends outside the tour, in Babylon.

And, when Jerry died?

"They all went on Phish tour," answers a Housemate.

True, many did. But not nearly all of

There was a time when I was actually rooting for the Deadheads and the Goths. Wouldn't it be funny if the Goths really were vampires and the Heads actually staged a revolution? Life would be interesting, anyway. Picture a bunch of white-faced, black-cloaked teenagers twirling in the streets to bluegrass music at midnight.

It was all for fun, though. After a while, that idealism collapses. Mainstream society doesn't look so bad anymore. Those nomads and misfits have to get jobs. Throw them in the Deviant Processing Machine and press the 'Assimilate' button.

The tragic part is that these miscreants never get a chance to explore the distractions that they've occupied themselves with. If I could build my own Deviant Processing Machine, it would be the social equivalent of the Total Perspective Vortex™. Where the

them. Most of the older Heads were left without homes. They tried to adapt to the smarter, more frenetic Phish scene, but failed when the music and the people just got _too_ weird.

"Well, some of them went on Furthur tour, too," says the Housemate.

They lived their lives by the Babylon's rules, whether they will admit it or not. The big difference is that they based their nomadic lives on the style and movement of one group of musicians. Their entire culture grew up around a single band. And in that altered sense of time, where the only landmarks are tour stops and drug trips, they failed to consider their future. Or perhaps they refused to see their future. So they collapsed. Their experiment in counterculture failed. One summer, they were talking about a societal revolution. The next summer, they were dropped back from whence they came - into the Great White Middle Class.

Perspective Vortex shows you the entire universe and your place in it (extrapolated from a piece of fairy cake), my Processing Machine would show you, in shocking Technicolor detail, your complete social surroundings (extrapolated from a Junior Prom invitation). Toss a Hippie in the machine, and he'll see himself in the middle of a tie-dyed blob labeled 'Heads,' which is in the middle of a gray blob labeled 'America.' Toss a Goth in, and he'll see the same thing, except he'll be in a black blob labeled 'Goths' (in fancy crimson lettering, incidentally).

The shocking part is that both blobs appear nestled within that beloved Big Gray Blob, America. As much as the Goths and the Heads would like to believe that they're outside the protective pseudopodia of the American blob, the truth is that they couldn't exist anywhere else.

UCSD professor fired in Kenya, alleges political motives behind his dismissal

By Annette E. De La Llana, UCSD Guardian (U. California-San Diego)

(U-WIRE) BERKELEY, Calif. -- For the second time in four months, UCSD Professor David Western was fired from his position as director of Kenya's wildlife preserves.

UCSD Biology Professor David Woodruff said the reasons behind the termination appear to be political intrigue.

"Western was fired for political reasons that had nothing to do with his successful management of Kenyan wildlife service," said Woodruff, who is a friend and colleague of Western.

Woodruff said that Western resisted efforts by the Kenyan government to start mining and building hotels on land that was reserved for herds of elephants, lions, giraffes, zebras and other animals and plant life.

Woodruff also said that in order to get someone who would permit the mining and building on the preserve lands, Kenyan President Daniel arap Moi released Western from his position and appointed Richard Leakey, a renowned anthropologist. Leakey at one time held this position, but Moi fired him for embezzlement in 1994.

According to Woodruff, after Western replaced Leakey, he restored the money that Leakey had embezzled by obtaining donations from the World Bank.

Woodruff said that Leakey, angered over his termination, sought help in family friend and Moi associate Charles Njonjo. Woodruff also said Njonjo influenced events leading to Western's firing and Leakey's replacement of him. However, traveling in another country, Moi was unaware of this action. Upon returning, Moi had Western reinstated.

Four months later, the Kenyan president fired Western and reappointed Leakey as part of an apparent plan to develop the preserves.

"[Western] was caught in the middle of the corruption of Kenyan politics," Woodruff

said. "He is a quiet field ecologist. He is an unlikely person to be directing men in government, leading 2000 men in uniform. He knows elephants inside and out. He's devoted his whole life to elephant conservation," Woodruff said.

Western is widely known for his efforts to ban trade on the ivory of elephants, an issue now supported by over 80 governments. Western is an adjunct professor of biology here at UCSD, teaching every spring quarter.

"[Western] took this job because saving Kenya's wildlife fell to him," Woodruff said. "No one else could do it. His whole personality is colored by his desire to do the right thing for Kenya and its wildlife."

Upon his appointment to the directorial position, Leakey told the Reuters news service (Sept. 25) that he was happy to be in his former job again.

"I believe that I have an obligation to my country Kenya, and in the hopes that I can indeed be helpful at this time, I have accepted the position of [Kenyan Wildlife Services director]," Leakey said.

According to Reuters, Kenya's wildlife parks are facing numerous problems. Due to recent robberies and attacks on tourists, ethnic violence conflicts, and strange weather conditions caused by El Niño, the park has been severely impacted.

This year the park will be posting an operating deficit of more than \$8 million (U.S.), compared to \$3 million (U.S.) in 1994, when Leakey last held the job.

"Kenya's wildlife management is in grave difficulty at the moment," Leakey said. "Poaching for meat, ivory, and other products is on the increase and the [organization] charged with the task of taking care of our wilderness areas is completely broke and cannot do its work."

Leakey also told Reuters that the wildlife service will do more to ensure tourist safety in the areas. He said that he and the service must cut its prices, improve its roads, and work on customer relations in order to attract more tourists to the area.

The Guardian was not able to reach Western or his wife, Shirley Strum, for comment. The only available means of communication was through e-mails between Woodruff and Strum. Woodruff gave the e-mails to the Guardian and said that Strum intended for them to be released publicly.

Strum stated that the Kenyan government tapped their phone lines and removed communications equipment from their home.

"People are heartsick, including the rangers who were summarily removed from our house, and the technicians who ripped out the equipment," Strum stated. "Leakey was given three months of security coverage after

he left. Njonjo decided [Western] deserved not even one day. That's the level it will sink to."

Additionally, Strum wrote that the Kenyan government started a smear campaign in an attempt to ruin Western's reputation. Kenyan papers published pictures of Strum's house in California, implying that Western and his wife had used illegal funding to finance the house. The house belonged to Strum's parents.

"The main goal is to discredit and thwart [Western] at every turn and demonstrate to the world that he is a liar and has failed," Strum stated. "The truth is that he nearly successfully accomplished an impossible job under truly impossible conditions.

"So many people have said that too much has been built to be reversed," she added. "Those are the people who will now have to fight. Let's hope they have the strength and the courage."

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I love dairy. Unfortunately for many Africans, the path of the dairy loving man is beset on all sides by the inequities of hypolactasia. Cursed is he who, after eating dairy, suffers cramps, bloating, and diarrhea. But the white man eats dairy as though with a great vengeance and furious anger.

You will know it is the white man's dairy when it lays its vengeance upon you....

An Open Letter To The Sex Fiends At Hell's Kitchen

I was reading through GDT last week, and something struck me as a bit odd. I began perusing the black and white masterpiece, and I wasn't two sentences into the first article when I realized that it was another article about sex. This, of course, enticed me to read on to find out what fascinating quirk about sex the writer chose to dwell upon, and found myself reading the article with in actual sense of interest. After all, being a male in this world I am forever cursed to want to find out the latest way to break into the female psyche, even though we all know that it isn't possible.

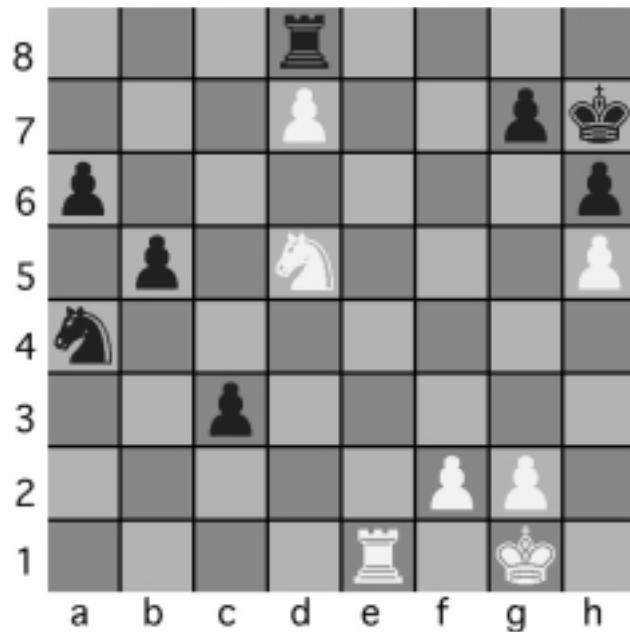
I finished the article and felt that I had accomplished something, even though I probably could have learned more reading the side panel of a cereal box. I turned to the next

page and began reading the article on it, and what's that one about: sex! Looking at the next, big surprise: sex! When did GDT become an episode of Friends? Then I realized that it's GDT and it's always been this way, sex with an occasional interlude of chess or movies (same thing). Don't misunderstand me, I read every word in that publication, because it was all about sex. My point? If it hasn't been said in the last 30 seconds: people like sex. Movies, music, advertisements, presidents, it's all about sex in one way or another. We all watch ER because we think George Clooney is hot, and Titanic? C'mon, Leo definitely is the master of all styles. Whether or not we admit it, people are inspired, driven, motivated, and destroyed all by sex. Blast evolution and her wiley ways! You see, here

Chess: The 7th rank is a MUTHAFUCK.

By Adam Fletcher

This position illustrates a 7th rank invasion as well as common promoting theme. In the endgame, pawns frequently become the most important pieces because of their promoting potential. Here, both players seek to promote their advanced pawns and the game has become a race to the 8th rank. White, with a more advanced pawn and better tempo, plays:



Schlemermeyer, W. vs. Hermann, M.
Delmenhorst, 1988

1. Re7!

Pins the black pawn on g7 and defends the white pawn on d7. There's a mate threat here; see if you can find it before reading the rest of the line.

Black plays:

1. ... c2 looking for 2. ... c1=Q.

2. Nf6+ The rook on e7 helps the knight win the game. It's important to note that the knight not only checks the king but blocks the g8 escape square.

2. ... Kh8

3. Re8+ Rxe8 Check, force the rook to take, and...

4. dxе8=Q mate.

The RIT Chess Club meets Thursdays at 8pm, outside of the Fireside Lounge.

is the part where I'm supposed to start blaming the usual evils such as the media (what the hell is The Media anyway?), the oppressive religious right (ORR), our parents, and anyone else that happens to come to mind at the time. Well, here's who I blame: me. I blame myself for looking twice at a McDonald's ad with a naked woman on it, for renting Butt Bongo Fiesta the day it came out (what a flick!), for searching the web for some good ol' porn, et cetera. When you get right down to it, we don't like sex because our Catholic High School teachers told us it was the vice of the devil, or because Calvin Kline tells us it's good, or because Peter Gabriel tells us to ("It is supper, it is eggs, it is inbetween your legs..."). We like it because we like it. Since this country is driven by supply and demand, we demand sex so that's what the collective They supply us with. And in convenient Ziploc™ packages too! It's amazing just how much sex permeates our society, but what in the hell does it all mean? Does anyone really know or care what, if anything, sex means below the surface? Hell, if you're like Joe College Guy you've joined the Youth Of America in their hatred of religion, standards, and, for the most part, emotions. For some reason, you're supposed to lose all of your emotions and feelings once you pass the age of 12 or so. You're supposed to believe that sex is an act of procreation, that love is "...biochemically no different than eating large amounts of chocolate..." (ah, Al, where are you now?). You have to accept the fact that if you want any sort of sexual relationship with someone, it's going to be for exactly 24 hours, no more. A teacher of mine once said, "Every generation thinks that they were the first people in the history of human-

ity to discover sex." Of course, hearing the s-word coming out of the mouth of our female teacher made all of us giggle (hey, it was Junior High, what do you want? Alright, it was last week). But it's true, why does a father protect his daughter from the world? Because he used to be the world, and he knows what happens in it, so he makes sex out to be a sin tantamount to the betrayal of Christ. Sex in fact was the Last Temptation of Christ (see previous Peter Gabriel reference), according to the movie. Likewise, every person has the realization of why should sex be limited to male-female (similar to the realization that "That goes in there?!") And when we realize this, it's like we just tasted the forbidden fruit, even though it had been discovered centuries ago.

There's nothing that can be done to turn sex back into an act of love, especially since half the readers of this are rolling their eyes right now chanting, "Ack! Morality! Help help, I'm being oppressed!" But I can hope that there's at least one person left in this world that thinks sex actually has some meaning attached to it. Somewhere within the leather clad, dominating, co-depending, insecure, inadequate world there has to be a person left who doesn't see sex as an act unto itself. I guess I'll just have to keep depending on GDT to supply me with the latest information on sexual research, keep devouring the "How to Get Chicks..." articles and believe the myth that girls are looking for someone sensitive instead of someone with a 12 inch dong.

The right one's got to be out there somewhere, but if she exists, she's probably a lesbian anyway.

-Dave Klint

Suck Some Dick and Talk About It

Win a T-Shirt - come up with a simple verbal language for communicating while brushing your teeth and/or giving a blowjob (doing both would be very difficult but you'll get extra credit on the oral exam). Email your language to gdt@iname.com



Here we are again, for another year. We've got some great stuff planned for this time around. As you probably remember, last year we started writing music reviews of some of the coolest new CDs, in our opinion, which most of you would otherwise have never heard of. This year, we'll have two reviews each week, just like last year. You'll be able to hear this music at WITR 89.7, since we both have connections there. Also, our website, at <http://www.servtech.com/~pinewood/plugged> is completely reworked, giving you a much better and more attractive site. We are proud to be announcing the first plugged contest: tell us what you think about our column and get free CDs and other stuff. Want more info? Contact us. Our contact information is at the end of the column. Join us for another great year.

On to the reviews:

BAUHAUS - CRACKLE

Bauhaus has been resurrected! (yes, Bela Lugosi is still dead.) With the reforming and returning to touring, Beggar's Banquet has compiled a best-of compilation, Crackle, and reissued "Swing the Heartache".

Bauhaus originated in 1978 and disbanded in 1983. They continue to be influen-

tial and legendary. Crackle is a glimpse at their catalogue, and is an excellent introduction to this renowned group.

Bauhaus consists of Peter Murphy (vocals), Daniel Ash (guitar), David J (bass), and Kevin Haskins (drums and percussion). After the bands break up, Peter Murphy went on to have a solo career, while the other three members formed Tones On Tail and Love & Rockets. One way or another, these men have continued to influence the music you hear. Peter Murphy possesses an amazing voice that is illuminated by all of these songs. Daniel Ash and David J create evocative soundscapes, from a wall of noise to petite lines, to coaxing out the most unexpected noises. Bauhaus recorded four studio albums, two live albums, two videos, and five compilations. Although crackle consists of sixteen legendary songs and is a wonderful introduction, I would still recommended finding the original studio albums.

Crackle is a strong compilation in comparison to some of the best of's and failed tribute albums. There are 16 songs, including the original version of "Bela Lugosi's Dead," which was only released as a 12" single in 1979. Bauhaus have their own style that varies with each album, and each song. For example, they do a punk/industrial version of David Bowie's "Ziggy Stardust," then haunting ethereal tracks such as, "The Passion of Lovers," "She's In Parties," and "Hollow Hills." "Terror Couple Kill Colonel" captures the post-punk feel with a blast of noise and distortion. "Double Dare," "In The Flat Field," "Dark Entries," and "The Sanity Assassin" all contain early experimentation, a wall of noise, with guitar

Riddles... Riddles..

Would you like to participate in a riddling contest? GDT was thinking about holding a "Dark Tower" style riddling contest Winter or Spring quarter, if there's interest. Cash prize, elimination style riddling. If you'd like to see it happen, email gdt@iname.com

moans, loops, and various distortion. Peter Murphy can be said to still possess a very powerful and organ like vocals. His voice and their musicianship create a unique being that is Bauhaus. All sixteen tracks hold up well regardless of the fact that most were written over a decade ago.

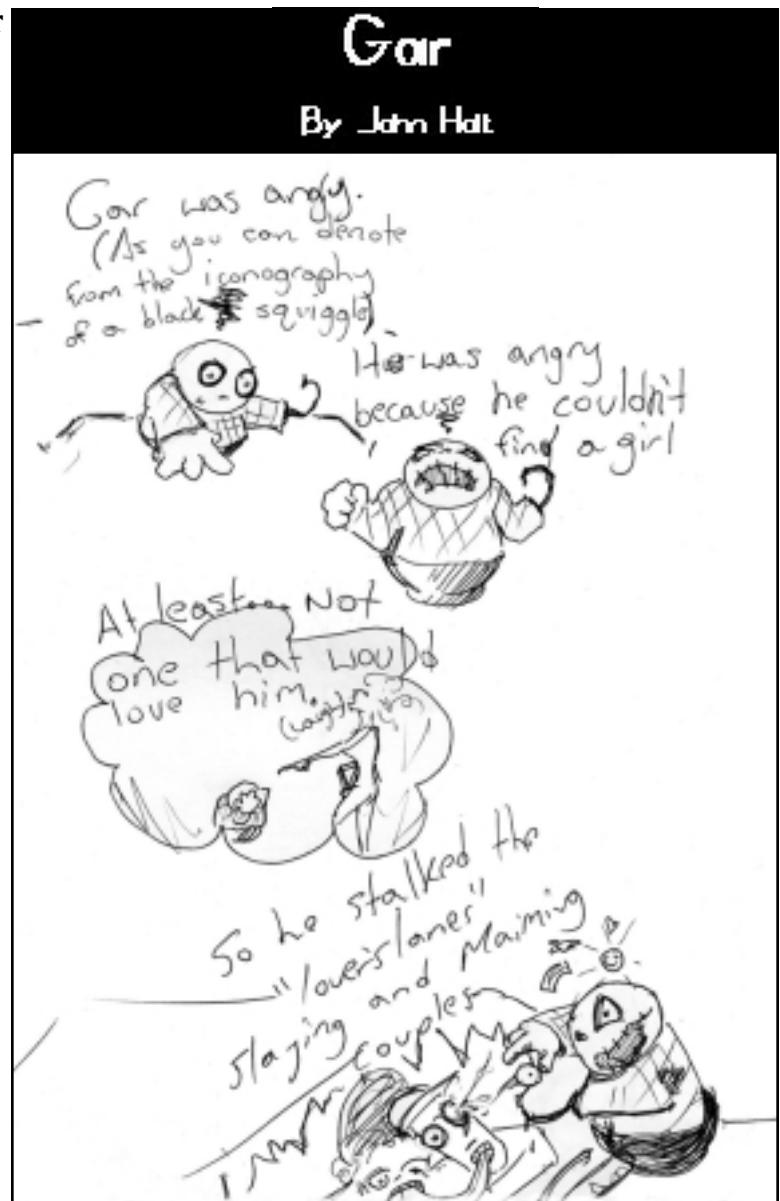
Bauhaus still continues to have a vital, influential, and important role in music history. Some call them the "founding fathers of goth." In fact, it can even be said that almost all goth bands, industrial bands, art-rock bands, and any other introspective, dressed-in-black bands borrow from or build upon what Bauhaus has accomplished in their short, defining history. Crackle is a fine glimpse into their collection of brilliant work. "Pure sensation, the beautiful downgrade, going to hell again." Going to hell never sounded so good.

Reviewed by Justine

THE DAVID ARNOLD JAMES BOND PROJECT - SHAKEN AND STIRRED

Is it true that only a devout James Bond fanatic would flip over another CD of reworked James Bond themes? Apparently, not. This album, Shaken and Stirred, seems quite apt. Not only have the traditional arrangements been tastefully shaken and stirred, but so has the music industry by this remarkable album.

Although it has not enjoyed much success (at least on this continent), the industry is apparently abuzz about this jewel. It has launched the Propellerheads into worldwide fame, convinced Iggy Pop to croon, reminded the world that Chrissie Hynde still kicks ass, and provided (British band) Pulp fanatics (yes, fellow Americans, there are many over there) with a new track to listen to. The



original orchestrations and arrangements are used, but reworked, remixed, and added to. This album has reminded me that, with talent, electronica and orchestra can be mixed tastefully and with incredible results.

The album opens with "Diamonds Are Forever," as performed by the British singer David McAlmont, who turns this classic into a drag queen gem worthy of the song title. This is the best track on the album. Then, Aimee Mann sings "Nobody Does It Better," which mixes the rich, thick electronica with ... a sitar. After this song's long and tiring ending, Leftfield takes the stage with their ambient techno rendition of "Spacemarch."

"All Time High," while not Pulp's best work is still catchy and soaring. A lush, beautiful, "Moonraker," as performed by Shara Nelson follows this. LTJ Bukem, unfortunately, provides the only letdown of the album with "The James Bond Theme," ironically enough. The album quickly redeems itself, though. Chrissie Hynde (from the Pretenders) reworks Paul McCartney's "Live and Let Die" with more class than the original and more power and edge than the classic Guns 'n Roses cover. It is loud fast, hard-hitting and intense. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, she's back.

Then, all becomes quiet. There is a quiet piano solo that rolls, like a wave when joined with the orchestra, into the classic "Thunderball," as performed by Martin Fry. This ties with "Live and Let Die" as the second coolest song on the album. The orchestra and the rock band fuse seamlessly here. Natacha Atlas, who has achieved solo success and success with the band Transglobal Underground, gives "From Russia with Love" a distinctly Middle Eastern/North African flavor. The last two tracks on the album, while both incredibly cool, seem to define the album. The first is the Propellerheads' orchestral remix of "From Her Majesty's Secret Service." The second is Iggy Pop's surprising "We Have All the Time In The World." The first is an instrumental remix of the orchestra playing the famous

piece. This song seems to exemplify David Arnold's intent in gathering these musicians and producing this album. It is the event in which a modern group interprets a classic song. In this case, however, the classic is an instrumental, orchestral piece and the reworker is a famous British Big Beats duo (slightly similar to the Chemical Brothers or Apollo 440). The result is a startling blend of electronica and orchestra, fused seamlessly together. Iggy Pop's surprising performance of "We Have All the Time In The World" seems to exemplify another aspect of this album: he doesn't scream, he sings. And he sings well. This album gives new voices to established musicians, and, likewise, to established classic songs. David Arnold should be commended for his effort. He produced and arranged almost every track on the album, even playing in some. His efforts and the efforts of the brilliant musicians he worked with on this album

Reviewed by Mike

Plugged is a weekly music column written by Mike Grandner (mg005g@uhura.cc.rochester.edu) and Justine Grey (jb0012f@uhura.cc.rochester.edu), bringing you informative, informed reviews of the best new music that you've probably never heard of. If you ever need info, want to suggest a CD, or want free stuff, just email one of us or call 716-274-3165.

A Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Poll:

Who will make you feel all warm and fuzzy?

- 1) Pixie Boy
- 2) DJ Frankie Bones
- 3) Big Daddy and the Wrong Room™

Submit answers to gdt@iname.com!

REMEMBER THE CRAZY GUY?

We STILL don't know what it really means. We're looking for translations and interpretations of the babble printed on page 14 of Volume 11 Issue 5 (30 September, 53 AT). Email your babble to gdt@iname.com and win a T-Shirt!

Hades' Tinder Box & Diner Ninjas

By Sean Hammond, Matthew J. Weaver and Jeremiah Parry-Hill

Sitting in the chair, my stomach growls. My demons awaken, demanding fulfillment. The waitress tells me the food will be here soon, but it is already far too late. Hunger burns like sulfur at my center. I lose myself in the hyper-perception brought by this holy fire. The color of blood begins to edge in from the perimeter of my vision.

With orange stealth, I silently slide to the floor, disappearing under the stains of the deflowered table cloth. From my new perspective the well-fed ankles flash like

fleshy marble pillars. Rockports impede me; I bite ankles clad in blue nylon socks. I pass sneakers, briefly lose myself in the color. I can hear the humming now. It is incessant, driving. I feel the presence of my only friend. He is near, just past the barrier of myself. I cannot make out his speech.

I creep to the walls, targeting the lights first. One at a time, I shatter the bulbs. Carefully

compressed foil missiles are my projectiles; a straw is my blowgun. Darkness brings the aid to any hunt: confusion. I follow the meatiest scent. I weave as a weasel among table legs. My breath comes evenly. I've stopped blinking. My right leg is giving me trouble, shaking. I find no need

to see; everything is clear. With my awareness at full tilt, I reach over the back of the booth. I seize my prey by her loose and flabby jewels. I deliver the silent death. Her companions are still

lost in the sudden darkness, remaining oblivious. I grab my prize and feast quickly, without joy. The pickle's texture disturbs me. Lost in the heady ecstasy of the predator, I move on. I've passed through the ducts and I'm invisible long before police appear.

I return home, warm and pickle-sated. I perform the appropriate rituals. My friend is pleased, his love warms me.



This week's Jungian shard : Cultural Integrity in America

Chinese immigrants flocked to California in search of a "Mountain of Gold." Known collectively as the Gum Shan Hok (Guests of the Golden Mountain), the following is attributed to one of their leaders (circa 1864), given as advice to new arrivals:

"We are accustomed to an orderly society, but it seems as if the Americans are not bound by rules of conduct. It is best, if possible, to avoid any contact with them."

The American Past: Part 2, A Survey of American History Since 1865. Conlin, Joseph R. 1997, Harcourt Brace & Company

Cereal

Is looking for submissions of fiction and short stories
CEREAL@INAME.COM

Halloween Story Contest

Deadline for submissions:
23 October, 53AT



First place: \$80
Second place: \$20
Third place:
Our sympathies



The top stories will be published in a special issue
of Hell's Kitchen on Saturday, the 31st of October.

Rules and regulations: Deadline for submissions is midnight, October 23rd, 53AT. Material may be sent to Hell's Kitchen, 472 French Rd., Rochester, NY 14618 or emailed to diablo@csh.rit.edu. Include your name, age, address, telephone number, and email (if applicable). Please limit yourself to around 7500 words, as we are poor and printing costs will kill us. Submissions without proper identification will not be accepted. Material cannot be returned. All material remains the intellectual property of the creator, but Hell's Kitchen and its member organization reserve the right to reproduce it. Winners will be determined by a panel of judges. The decision of the judges is final. This contest is open to all literate individuals of all ages. Winners will be informed on the 30th of October, 53AT. Questions? Call 234-3120 or email diablo@csh.rit.edu



Well that's a bad idea.

"Hmmm. Maybe I should attack Russia...."

— the quintessential bad idea voiced by Antichrists I and II

All I had done was shown my sister how to change her spark plugs. Not a big deal, right? I mean, how hard can it be? Unscrew the old ones, don't mix up your leads, check the gaps on your new plugs, screw in the new ones to the right pressure... The most difficult thing about the whole maneuver is making sure you don't cross-thread the spark plugs. Besides that, the whole thing can be done in a scant five minutes without any hitches, or so I thought.

I was apparently wrong.

FORESHADOWING: Half of the readers (well, 49% of the readers to be exact) may not be able to get it. Lets see if you can by the time the punch line rolls around.

So, I'm showing my sister how to change her spark plugs when I find out that the third plug, the odd plug (you know, the spark plug that rides the short bus), had been cross-threaded, and that

there may be some internal damage involved.[‡] Checking the old plug after

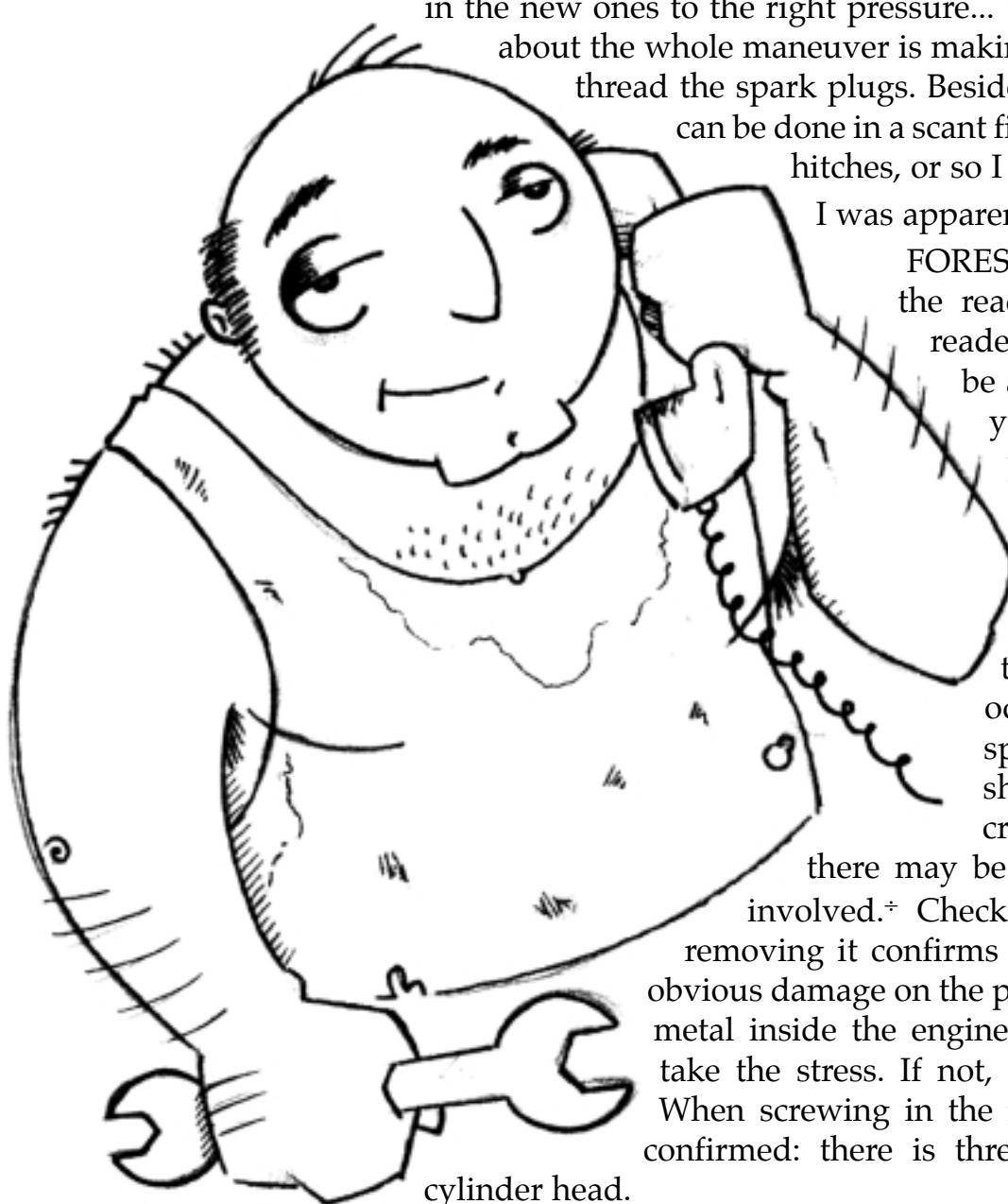
removing it confirms my suspicions: there is obvious damage on the plug itself. Hopefully the metal inside the engine was strong enough to take the stress. If not, there could be trouble. When screwing in the new plug, the worst is confirmed: there is thread damage inside the

cylinder head.

This is a new problem for me, so I take it seriously and call my father for wisdom on how to proceed. He tells me to get advice from the family mechanic (and, oddly enough, the family midwife), Eric, someone we know and trust. He's got a quality unheard of in the world of mechanics: he's honest.[≥]

[‡] Not to my sister, but to the engine

[≥] Honesty is the best way to choose a mechanic. Much better than "He's a beautiful Turkish guy, he *must* be a good mechanic"





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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© 1998 *Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre.*

Heute abend ist das spezielle
Abendessen rohes Schweinefleisch.
Danke, durch anzutreiben.

So I call up Eric's garage and someone else answers the phone. Let it be noted that if Eric had answered the phone, I wouldn't be telling this story. So in the spirit of inspiring literary endeavors, let the anonymous guy who answered the phone be applauded. I tell the guy on the other end of the line my story to date, and now everyone is all caught up.

"Now, what were you doing?"

"Changing the spark plugs."

"Well that's a bad idea."

What?! The world seemed to dim around me and I wondered momentarily if I'd probability-slid into an alternate reality where SparkPlugs^ø were infinitely more complicated than light bulbs. From the concern and contempt in the person's voice, I could only assume that in this reality SparkPlugs were as dangerous as control rods in nuclear power plants. Any moment now my sister's car would begin to heat up and begin its own journey to the center of the earth.

"Well, you're going to need some plutonium, some butter, some leather, and a couple flux capacitors. This procedure should only be done by sexy Turkish mechanics with long black curling locks and heaving chests. Oh, and you need an OSHA confined space permit."

"Uh, I already took out three of them. I didn't think there would be a problem... but I didn't use any butter..."^π

"How many spark plugs did you take out? Three of four? No butter? God have mercy on your soul!" Click.

But then I realized that I hadn't probability-shifted. I was still a particle, not a wave, and I could guess why changing the plugs was a bad idea; not bad for the human race, but specifically a bad idea for me. Any guesses as to what he and I knew that you don't? It's time for the men to take a step back and the women to step forward; I think the women have something to tell you men. The answer to this one is: I'm a girl. The only time I sound like a man is first thing in the morning. Well, that and when I do my "Haim" impression, but speaking like an old Jewish man doesn't count.^œ



^øCapital S, capital P because they're an ethnic group in this particular alternate reality.

^πSee Wegman's "National butter shortage" scandal.

^œKids! Dial a Jewish story! (716) 244-7710

As far as I can tell, no mechanic in his right mind would tell another guy that it was stupid for him to try to change his own spark plugs, because engines are part of the man's realm.[§] A boy at birth innately knows the simpler workings of any engine just as any new born babe (and I mean babe) understands the inner workings of primping.[†] Am I right? At least that's the way it seems in the average neuro-pathways of a typical grease monkey.

I'm afraid, however, that this sort of thinking only gets you so far in my family, or at least with me...which is what matters right now. On any given day I can draw you a near perfect weld from an arc welder, but I'll be damned if I can figure out how to work a curling iron (it always ends up straightening my hair).[√] That's not meant to imply that I'm a tomboy either, because I can't even claim that. In my welding days, the most impressive thing I constructed was a baby crib.

"Ah hah!" someone in the back row exclaims with Coca-Cola enthusiasm, "A feminine motif!"^Σ

Well, yeah, I guess, but the mobile above the kid's head was made of surgical scalpels,

dissecting needles and tongs. What does that say for my maternal instinct?[≈] Now be quiet back there.

So back to the topic at hand: cars and how they are the innate pissing ground of the male segment of the population, whether (and this is the really important part) they actually know anything about what they're talking about.[¥]



For the moment, let's pretend that I don't know anything about repairing rust damage, changing spark plugs, fluids, batteries, tires, air filters, oil filters, oil...

Ah, changing oil. I can't possibly know anything about that, can I? Much too messy. I'd get it all over my dainty hands, which should be cooking, and if not cooking, then giving some guy a hand job.

Or at least that's the impression a chemistry major was giving while he was busy berating my oil changing abilities in front of a group of equally un-car-savvy chemistry students. Uh, the oil changing bit, not the hand job.

"No, you've got to change your oil every six weeks."

Six weeks? What are you, deranged? Are

[§]Unless it's the kind of man who has turned his back on his birthright and lisps.

[†]Most men don't know what an eyelash curler accident is like. The horror... The horror...

[√]I've asked a lot of Turkish men about this, and they advise Pantene Pro-V™.

^ΣFresh, like a Summer's Eve™

[≈]It says a lot, Kelly. You're twisted and shouldn't give birth.

[¥]Much like computers. Like the two kids that sit behind me in Data Analysis class bragging about their //P3 k01l3C7i0N and how 31337 they are.

you so stupid as to believe everything mechanics tell you? Of course they tell you it needs to be changed every six weeks, it means they make more money.

"You notice your oil is black? Well, that means you're burning it."

And you, a chemistry major? How do you do it? I mean, it's a simple equilibrium equation: chemicals-in equals chemicals-out. You don't just end up with black schmutzy oil, you dink!^Q Have you ever seen cars that had a blue-black smoke coming out of it? Now *that's* burning oil. You might have recognized a rather distinctive smell associated with it, too. That's burning oil as well. Not the dirty crap you pull out on your dipstick, you

nit. I guarantee you that a day after you get your oil changed, the engine oil will appear black, but it's not because it's been burning.^A I don't understand why people have to pick areas to piss on when they're clearly not an expert in them.

In case you're wondering what happened with the sparkplugs, it became clear that the guy on the phone was going to be no help when he started to talk about having to tow the car and probably having to rebuild the engine. After thanking him for giving me inspiration for an article, I went outside and, in typical car repair fashion, began to force the new spark plug into its hole.^J If it ever comes out again, I'll be surprised.

^QThem's fightin' words.

^AIt's because of the long curly Turkish hairs caught in your engine. Please, don't ask.

^JHey, it's only my sister's car.

Think Different



Tired of missing important email while playing in the pool?

Problems with kids staying indoors all day staring at a computer screen?

Want to play Quake poolside?
How about in the pool? How
about UNDERWATER?
Don't think it's possible?

Think different.

WARNING: Not for use as a life preserver. 115 volts AC can cause death in people and animals. Do not drink and compute.

HOWARD'S HAPPY HOUR

By Howard Hao



The Grand Game of Life

And from the dark void
She arose and became
One with the world,
Tasting the pure colors
And fingering the majesty
Of emotion.

A discovery here, a curiosity there.
In the waking, she experiences
The joys, sadness, passions,
And hope for futures yet untold
And the cruelties of
The current...

Satisfaction, fornication,
Decimation, proclamation.
Little white lies whispered by the
Earth, secrets told by her friends.
From whence the deep sleep
Overcame her
She drifted slowly into a
Brightly-lit fantastical world
Of memories and good times
Long past.

*We are always living in the final days. What have you got?
A hundred years or much, much less until the end of your world.*

- Neil Gaiman, "Signal to Noise"



This week's Jungian Shard : Sacred Security

Peyote religion (a faith/practice centered around rituals based on consumption of the psychedelic cactus peyote) became very widespread among Native Americans in the late 1800s and early 1900s. As it became a reason for persecution, particular groups of Peyotists removed all the peyote near non-native settlements and cities – the activity described here by a resident of Pyote, a town in New Mexico:

"The old settlers in Pyote tell that there was peyote there 60 or 70 years ago [ca. 1900]. But the Indians came from the West [direction of the Mescalero reservation] and gathered all of it."

Peyote religion: A History. Stewart, Omer C. 1987, University of Oklahoma Press

Cereal

Is looking for submissions of fiction and short stories
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19981013

by Pat Fleckenstein

I am going to let loose the cannons and the canons for a bit here. I hope you can wade through the soapbox schlock enough to nod your head "yes" every now and again.

Here's the deal. I'm frustrated. I'm frustrated with our penchant, as humans, for impeding our own progress. What the hell do we get out of the deal? We do it all of the time. Sometimes, we get a little smidgen of safety. Sometimes, we get a little bit of cash. Sometimes, we get a little bit of an ego trip. Sometimes, we get a little bit of pleasure. But, we always, always, always get shortchanged.

The psychologist Maslow developed a hierarchical theory of human needs. While I think that most psychology is hopelessly mangled by the perspectives of the psychologist, I am fond of Maslow's hierarchy. At the top of his hierarchy are "self-actualization needs". If all of the lower levels are reasonably satisfied, the individual realizes the need to realize.

I've often wished Maslow had been a philosopher rather than a psychologist, because I find it a tragic oversight that his hierarchy runs out having only considered a single person. Well, to me, it is high time that we bust out of this hierarchy and get things rolling.

Take an hour. Sit. Calm yourself. Think. In that hour, get past all of the bullshit. In that hour, feel well-fed, feel safe, feel that you are loved, feel that you are respectable and respected, and feel like you're doing what it is that you are meant to do. And think. Think about how much potential we all have together. Think about how different this country would have been if folk would have decided on their own, without the Civil War, without the Civil Rights riots, that slavery was not the best thing for us all. Think about how different this country will be if we all decide that

racism and sexism just aren't for us. Think.

I've had many such hours. And, I'm a dreamer. I think we can do it. I'm not totally zoned out. I know it's going to take time, lots of it. Or, it's going to take an event of Earth-shattering proportions (hopefully one that leaves the Earth intact). And it's going to take the efforts of many people more charismatic than I. But, there are no obstacles to it except us. Okay, maybe the whole speed-of-light thing or the whole disease thing could present some external obstacles. But, there's a hell of a lot of stuff that physics and biology would allow. And, it's a shame that we spend so much time in the bureaucracy of day-to-day life that we rarely get around to pushing the envelope (and I don't mean the manilla one with the cool, string closure thingy either).

So, what are we doing that's so limiting? For starters, I've been procrastinating on spewing this rant for months. It's partly a fear of rejection thing. It's partly a fear of success. It's a slew of things on level four of Maslow's hierarchy. It's the kind of thing that I see lots of people do all of the time. When you ask someone about his or her dreams and then you ask what he or she did this afternoon, it can be a disheartening thing. Well, this cat's out of the bag now, and he's lookin' a wee bit miffed.

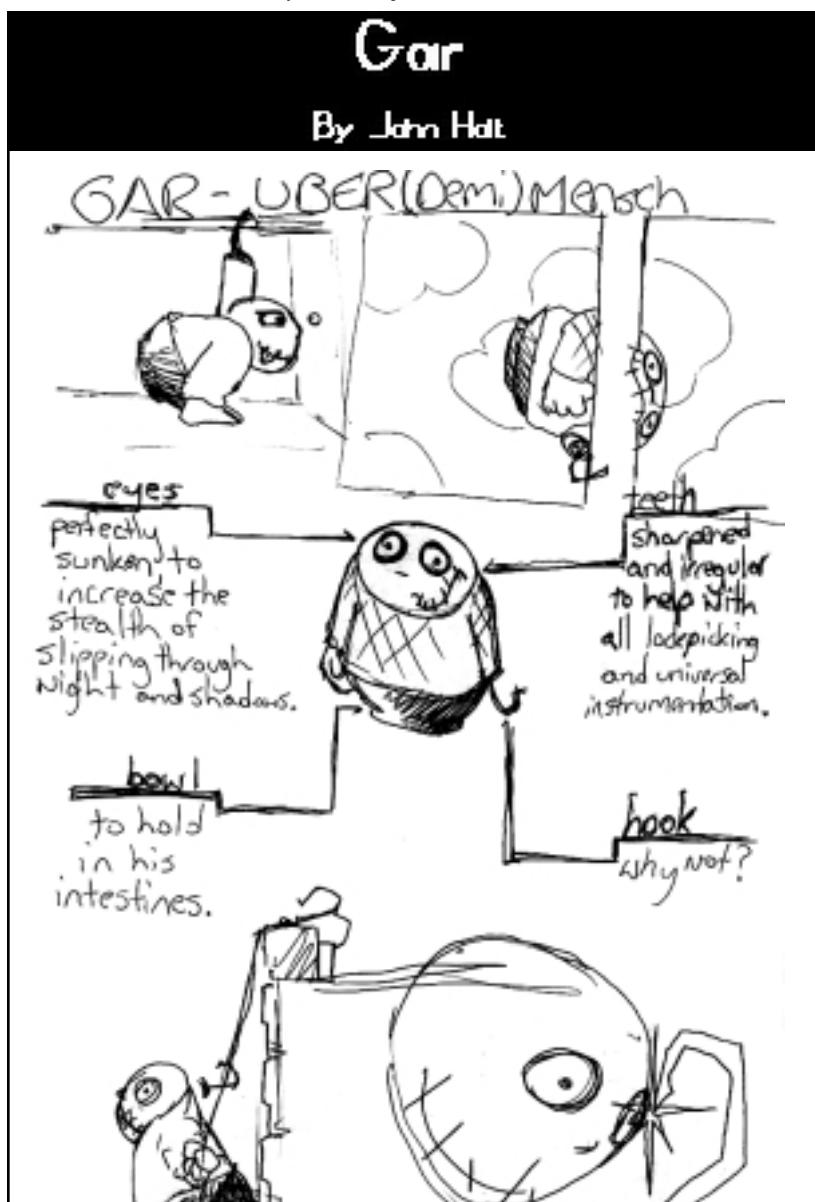
What else? Our implementation of capitalism is hosed. I'm not an "each according to his need" communist, but I can't grok how anyone can feel comfortable with the hording of money, power, and intellectual property that our capitalism fosters. I have to believe that there are better ways. I have to believe that if capitalism worked like it was supposed to work, that the mean yearly income and the median yearly income would be within a few cents. Aren't there ways to support the American farmer without destroying tons of milk, corn, and wheat each year? I have to

believe that if we cooperated more often than sued each other, that we'd be repaid a kilo-fold. It's not that hard is it? I'm with Robert Fulghum on this one. We learned it in kindergarten. I've got some Tracy Chapman running through my head right now: "why do the people starve, there's enough food to feed the world?"

What else? War. How about it? Admittedly, I'm not a big history buff, but I've never read about any war that I thought was justifiable. I can't even fathom one. I am flabbergasted that there's still fighting going on in Northern Ireland. Somehow, the whole "benevolent God" with the "yep, kill the heathens" attitude is just beyond me. It amazes

me how many people were killed in World War II. What could those people have done that was more constructive than dying face down in a muddy trench or in a concentration camp? I gotta tell ya, I can think of one or two things more beneficial than that. The military employs a number of folk. But, isn't there something more useful they could be doing. And more Tracy: "why are the missiles called peace keepers, when they're aimed to kill."

What else? Representative democracy with career politicians and legislation with kitchen sinks tucked in the corners. When was the last time you voted and felt like you were picking a winner instead of the lesser of two evils? When was the last time your Senator got to vote on an education spending bill that didn't have some article about abortion or pornography or land fills or tobacco attached? If it were my job to pick a new form of government, it'd be benevolent dictatorship. I refuse to believe that "absolute power corrupts absolutely" is universally applicable, but it would be the biggest snag in the deal. Fortunately for all of us, I'm not in charge of picking a new form of government. But, unfortunately for all of us, we've got some big wrenches in the gears of this one.



What else? A friend of mine committed suicide last week. As far as self-imposed limitations go, that one takes the cake. If you think opting out on your own life is doing any of the rest of us a favor, you're wrong. You're shortchanging us all. Hell, procrastination gets on my nerves. Seeing people (me included) doing nothing because a bunch of emotional baggage is between them and something, really gets on my nerves. Opting never to do anything again, aaarghghghhh. There are a myriad of reasons people commit suicide.

But, the only one I can remotely hack is “terminally ill and in some heinous, physical pain.” I bet that in the next 10,000 people you pass on the street, you would find every one of them feels lonely at times. I bet you’d find that every one of them could be a great friend. I bet you’d find every one of them has parts of the past they’re ashamed to have had. If you’re on that edge, get the hell away from it. If you need someone to tell you that, find someone. If you’re having trouble there, freakin’ call me. And again, from the same Tracy Chapman song: “why, when there’s so many of us, are there people still alone?”

What’s the answer? I’m not entirely sure. I’d like to believe the Star Trek: First Contact future-history where we meet some Vulcans and poof! We get it in our collective noggins that our stupid power struggles with each other are dumb, that there’s a whole Universe out there that we can play in together, and that it’s time to just be something more. But, my tea leaves aren’t expecting the Vulcans at any predictable time in the near future. So, what can we do.

For starters, we can kick some of this

self-limiting stuff in the ass. Let’s be who we are and who we know we can be. Enough of this being who we were brought up to be. The whole nature vs. nurture debate can be wiped away with the simplest exercise of free-will. Drop the macho posturing. Kick the procrastination. Get in here and do something. I don’t care what it is. Somewhere in your hour of thought, you passed through your calling. Somewhere in you, there’s something you know you should be doing. Freakin’ do it. If it’s writing, write. If it’s preaching, preach. If it’s high-energy physics, collide, baby. Just do it. And, push me to do mine. Let’s kick the “self-actualization” level off of Maslow’s hierarchy and find out what’s next.

I’ve seen it in your eyes. There’s more to you than you’re letting on. Why are you holding it back? Do you think we don’t need you to be great? Well, I need you to be great. The future is ours. We get to build it with the present. Let’s get this present in gear.

I’ll step down from the pulpit now. I’ve got stuff to do.





Shirk'n'Shout

Just One of the Boys (With the Power to Kill You All)

by Todd MacGarvey and Eric Thomas

"Even the cutest baby grows up to be an asshole."

-Thingy, "Cutest Baby"

"I don't want to kill you, I just want to kill your unborn children."

-The Todd

This week, Eric's Bitch Session will be replaced by a history and advertisement for the Neo-Human Rights Activists. I, Eric the Bruce, have been appointed Propagandaführer for this radical, forward-thinking group of individuals (well, three individuals, at present), and I eagerly anticipate my service to this most glorious of human endeavors.

The group's visionary leader is one Todd MacGarvey - six feet and ten inches, five hundred pounds and rippling with muscle (by his own estimate). The Todd is a prophet, a demi-god, a born leader. Some argue that The Todd is an improved version of the Second Coming of Christ. He is a Renaissance Man: an artist, a philosopher, a bluesman, a poet, a forklift operator. Despite these remarkable abilities, he is an ordinary guy,

just like you or me; the only difference between His Eminency and us is that he is universally right, and we are so, so wrong (just ask him).

He has traveled extensively through the eateries, public houses, and fitness centers of his privileged birthplace, and witnessed the suffering and indignities of the citizens of this microcosm. For a period of ten years, he observed, he chronicled, he explored the nature of man's plight on Earth. After this grand voyage, he lay down for a brief respite, and then (after a shower and shave -

ten years of observation leaves a man a mite ripe) he began to seek Enlightenment™.

Observing a strict religious diet comprised of fifty percent beef and fifty percent raw pork loin, The Todd sat, unmoving, in front of a Stucky's drive-thru window for another ten years. He extrapolated his experiences in the restaurants of America, including lesser nations in his hypotheses, even ones without a decent breaded-chicken pizza. He pondered his ten-year voyage,



grappling with the Final Question: What is man's basic dilemma, and how can it be overcome?

Then, epiphany: All human suffering can ultimately be traced to the unlicensed and unregulated proliferation of people.

His ultimate goal became the elimination of sorrow and the gross inequalities that have plagued mankind since the beginning. He saw humans in bondage, chained by ignorance, oppressed by their own incompetence. (All value judgements, such as 'incompetence' and 'ignorance,' are made in comparison to the one true standard of sublime perfection - The Omnipotent Todd.)

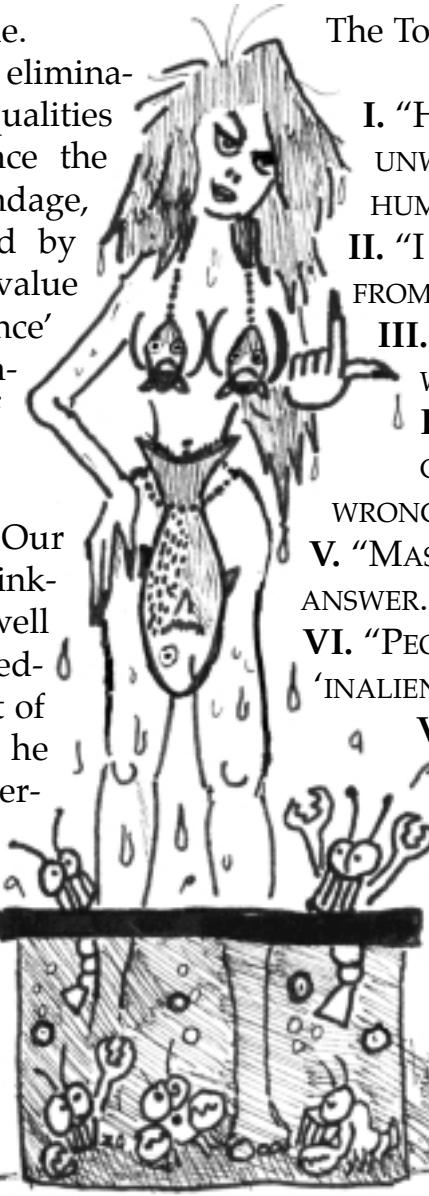
Devoted to these ends, Our Glorious Leader picked up his thinking-mat, bade a very warm farewell to the staff of Stucky's, and proceeded to the sacred Meat Department of his local supermarket. There, he spoke with the locally renowned persons of faith from the many strata of the Meat Hierarchy. He communed first with the Lowly and Humble Meat Clerk. He learned the ways of the weighing and pricing of Ground Chuck (The "Meat of Christ"). Next, he lay down with the Fishmongering Temptress, and learned of carnal beef desire in the lobster tank. Finally, after girding his loins in chicken gizzards, The Todd crawled to the feet of the Meat Manager - the most scrupulously faithful and pious figure in the industry. The Meat Manager spake unto The Todd, and said:

"O, young disciple, I see that your aim is true. Know the Meat! Feel the Meat! Be the Meat, for the Meat is You! Go forth, young Todd, into the Beefy Divine, Smite the wicked and unfaithful, cast them into a Meaty

Grind!"

So, after burning a bit of tripe at the Manager's shrine, The Todd returned to the wicked world, to formulate his Master Plan for a BetterPlanet.

The Todd's conclusions were thus:



- I. "HUMANITY'S MOST SINISTER AND UNWHOLESOME ADVERSARY IS HUMANITY."
- II. "I MUST SAVE THE HUMAN RACE FROM ITSELF."
- III. "KILLING THEM ALL WOULD BE WRONG."
- IV. "KILLING THEIR UNBORN CHILDREN WOULD NOT BE WRONG."
- V. "MASS STERILIZATION IS THE ANSWER."
- VI. "PEOPLE BELIEVE THEY HAVE 'INALIENABLE RIGHTS.'"
- VII. "THEY DON'T."
- VIII. "A WAR MACHINE IS NECESSARY, FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF ENFORCING STERILIZATION."
- IX. "THE WAR MACHINE MUST BE INEXPENSIVE TO POWER AND MAINTAIN."
- X. "THE WAR MACHINE MUST BE POWERED BY MEAT."
- XI. "PEOPLE ARE MEAT."
- XII. "THE MEAT/FUEL SHALL

BE HARVESTED FROM THE GROUND BODIES OF EXPIRED CITIZENS. MORE RAW MATERIALS FOR THE WAR MACHINE!"

The Todd created his regime in the service of humanity, and as such, christened it the Neo-Human Rights Activists. In an early broadcast, the Todd addressed the world:

"Hitler had the right idea. I am not Hitler, however. Think of me as the 'new' Hitler, the 'nice' Hitler. I am a 'cuddly' Hitler.

I 'like' people. Hitler was flawed - he was prejudiced. I am not. I wish to cleanse the Earth not of _one type_ of person, but of _all_ people. And remember - I don't want to kill you, I just want to kill your unborn children.

"None of this 'racial and ethnic cleansing' ballyhoo. You are all equal in my eyes. And when you die, your lifeless body will be reborn into more raw materials for my War Machine!"

The people responded. "What War Machine is this? What is it for?"

The Todd replied. "The War Machine ensures that everyone is treated equally. We must all be sterilized, each and every one of us, to end the plight of humanity. The War Machine is a combination fertility clinic, military unit, and Meat Processing and Packaging Plant. Its primary function is to render all of us infertile. If citizens resist 'treatment,' the War Machine 're-educes' them. Finally, when a citizen dies, the War Machine's crack squad of butchers processes the citizen into fuel."

"But who will maintain this War Machine?" the people cried. "Surely even you cannot handle this awesome responsibility yourself!"

"Of course I can," said The Todd. "I am impotent. Uh, I mean omnipotent. However, I _choose_ not to. For this task, I appoint Adam the Wayne as Kriegsminister."

Adam the Wayne, a brilliant engineer and pioneer of Sexual Chess Thinking, a previously unexplored branch of the Hard Sciences, stepped up to the podium.

"Yes, uh, thank you, uh, Sexual Chess Thinking is an aureola, er, AREA, of mathematic metaphysics that I developed while playing speed chess naked. It concerns the study of that 90% of the brain that is normally dedicated to sexual fantasy and chess theory, which, of course, are sometimes one and the same, and using it for productive means. With this system, I plan to develop a glorious Meat-Powered War Machine, comprised of many divisions, sub-divisions, cleavage, et cetera. The benefits of Meat are infinite - you can eat it, you can sleep on it, you can use it for suh-suh-suh-sexual gruh-gruh-gratification. Thank you."

Thus, under the benevolent and divine leadership of The Todd, and with the guiding hand of Adam the Wayne, the Neo-Human Rights Activists were forged.

Certain ultra-right wing conservative fascist pig malcontents might call our ideas "crazy," "loony," or "stupid." But was Hitler a "loony?" Was Goebbels "stupid?" I think not. The Todd is leading us to a bright future. Soon, we will all be united in infertility, marching forth with full hearts, iron will, and barren loins. Then, we will see who is crazy.

-The Todd & Eric the Bruce, October, 1998



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by Sean Hammond



pulling a blank

The sun is beginning to set and its dulled rays impart a fleeting warmth on my face as I gaze out the window. On the other side of the apartment, twilight has already began to enforce its shadowed regime. Crossing to my kitchen window and looking into this darkening world, I can see three children playing behind a local strip mall with treasures reclaimed from the dumpsters.

Can you envision what I'm describing?

That's the power of words. To say that the sun is setting adequately conveys what is happening in my world, but it doesn't carry anything that is really important. There's no sense of quality. The words I chose and the images I selectively recreate for you not only tell you what is happening, but try to impart an emotional impression.

Try to alter your world.

Dulled rays. Fleeting warmth. The world might exist outside of our senses, but we have to use those senses to experience it. To change the qualities we ascribe to those impressions of chemical and electrical changes taking place in our organs, alters the nature of the world we live in.

Look about the place where you happen to be as you're reading this and try to see past the familiarity of it. See the qualities that make up that space. Now selectively recreate that space in your life using only the qualities you want to see. The space is the same, but your perception of it is not. Your universe just changed.

The use of language and words is a magickal thing. In our culture, however, few know what their names mean. They are separated from what they describe. To use an obvious example, Smith once described a per-

son's profession: Richard the Smith. It was a description, in the same was you could say Michael the Cripple. Most of those with the name Smith are no more familiar with an anvil. The name...the description of what they are, remains for whoever chooses to find meaning in the words, though.

Even in cases when a name has a meaning in our language, we ignore what it implies. Los Angeles is the city of angels. We all know this, but the implication of the name is striking. What if the messengers of God still attach meaning to our words? You could make that argument, since invoking the name of God is seen as important. If this is the case, then this city is not only populated with mortals, but with creatures living among man but not of man. Conversely, if words still have meaning, than anyone living there becomes a little divine.

This isn't the case, however, if it ever was. Our verbs and nouns slowly enter the vocative case and lose their meaning for us. And with the meaning gone, the magick has no power.

There are still those who remember the power of words, however. Sitting here, pecking at my keyboard, I feel embarrassed to be discussing such a topic; my grasp of language is practical at best. Those out there who truly know the meanings of words and use them correctly shape their worlds through the spells they weave with language.

They are the wordsmiths and magicians of reality, selectively recreating aspects of the word and making us see their vision through runes on paper.

But where do the qualities of object come from? Any student taking a philosophy course for the first time can recognize this as Plato's concept of "chairness." Imagine, however, that a chair is what it is because of its

name. What if the very word "chair" has the power to change qualities? By changing the name of an object, that object transforms and embodies all the qualities that are included in a name.

This is true to an extent. Call a rock a seat and the mind immediately sees its use as a place to rest. Call a lengthy tome a paper-weight or a doorstop, and it is no longer something to be read.



Here we go again with yet another buddy-cop action flick. The only difference is that this movie kicked some ass. As usual, the standard buddy-cop clichés were all present (the unlikely pair growing to trust and respect each other through shared hardships and quirky get-to-know-ya moments between action sequences, the "rogue duo" going against the orders of their superiors and saving the day, the hot one-liners, the bad guy being one of the top untouchable city officials, and the like) and the film moved smoothly across the predictable plot. But don't think that I'm panning this film; I enjoyed it very much. It's great to see a no-brainer every once in a while (see: *Starship Troopers*). The fight scenes were pure art, as with any Jackie Chan fight scenes — plenty of laughs were to be had through the farcical character portrayed by Chris Tucker (who can somehow make his eyes bug out of his skull and freak the shit out of you). It is a fun movie and a treat for all. I did, however have

The language we use shapes the way we view and experience the universe, and the way we experience the universe shapes the way we use language. This is known as the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis in anthropology. It's also known as glamour to the Fae.

So as you experience your worlds, all separate and overlapping, try changing them though the attributes you attach to things. Practice a little magick in your lives.

Tourist's Movie Reviews PRESENTS

Rush Hour

a problem with Chris Penn, who was featured in the film as a (take a guess) wiseass hoodlum. Why is it that he cannot complete a film without having sideburns and a gun, mouthing off all the time. He's got to be the most typecast individual, next to Christopher Walken. Even when he did an episode of "Chicago Hope", he had a gun and was mouthing off. AHHHHHHHHHHH!! Fuck it. I'm not gonna waste my column to talk about how Chris Penn isn't as successful as his brother because he did "All the Right Moves" and got that girl pregnant. Go see Rush Hour. It was good.

Now, here's a rental tip from your friendly neighborhood Blockbuster Video Assistant Manager: If you're having a date night, and you want to give the evening the perfect mood, PUT DOWN THAT COPY OF HOPE FLOATS!!! DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT GETTING CITY OF ANGELS!!! Go right to the New Release wall and grab yourself a heaping helpin' of "Wild Things". This film has it all, chicks, dicks, drugs, money, murder, boats, and double-triple-quadruple-crossing left and right! There's Denise Richards stark-ravin' nekkid for the gents and for the ladies, a gratuitous and unnecessary

shot of Kevin Bacon's schlong. Bill Murray is in fine form as a dirty lawyer, and Matt Dillon is great as a sleazy guidance counselor. But you'll want to see the naked. Naked sells. Naked is good. Naked makes the world go round. Watch the film naked. Be free. At two hours past the antemeridian, cast off your constrictive "civilized" garments and experience the glory of naked time with the one you love.

Oh yeah, if you want to see Jack Nicholson chain-smoke unfiltered cigarettes

Chess: Passing on the left.

by Adam Fletcher

*People keep on talking 'bout passed pawns...
Said all them people keep on talking 'bout passed
pawns...*

Put me on an outside file.

Put me on that open outside file.

*And my passed pawn will be queenin' in a short
while.¹*

1. Nf5 White is sooooo in the clear in this game. The white pawn on the **a** file is crushing passed pawn that black can do nothing about, because the black rook is all tied up trying to stop white's other good pawn on **g7**.

White's two minor pieces are stronger than black's rook because they are busy doing shit. Black's rook doesn't have anyplace to go, and it doesn't even have a bottle of moonshine to comfort itself. All black's rook can do is watch and weep.

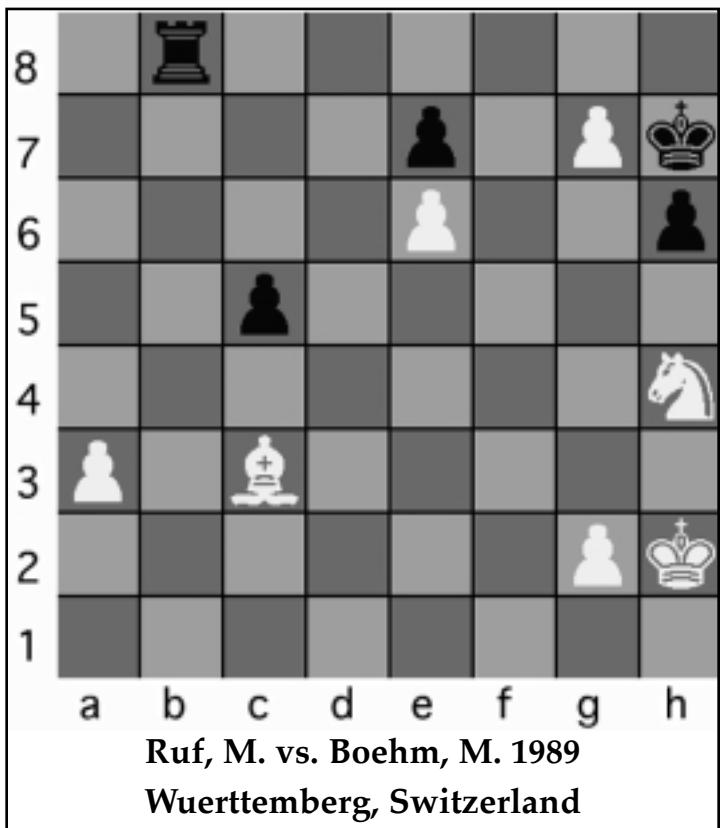
Baby, white's **a** pawn is going home to Loueasyanner.

1. ... Re8 Defending a pawn that white really doesn't care about.

and beat up women, I recommend the following titles:

- *Chinatown*
- *Five Easy Pieces*
- *The Postman Always Rings Twice*

Up next week, **TMR - HALLOWEEN EDITION**. Till then, keep hands and feet inside the car at all times, secure all loose articles, and enjoy the rest of your stay here in the kitchen.



2. **a4 h5**
3. **a5 c4**
4. **a6 h4**
5. **a7 h3**
6. **Nxe7 black resigns to go sing the blues.**

¹Much like the Kids In The Hall, I'm no bluesman. I'm just a privileged white kid from Massachusetts. I don't even have a baby with mojo in her backbone.

Space Filler

by Sean T. Hammond

While watching *The Fountainhead* on the American Movie Channel a few weeks ago, I was struck by how Patricia Neal, the actress playing Dominique Wilkens, reminded me of someone else. This doesn't necessarily mean that others would see a similarity, however. Friends have pointed out, sometimes while throttling me, that I'm simply not wired correctly. Maybe two people have the same shaped earlobes. To me they could be twins.

Anyway, there I was, trying to figure out who Patricia Neal reminded me of when it finally hit me: Kate Mulgrew, the actress that plays Katherine Janeway of *Star Trek: Voyager*. Even as I sit here looking at their pictures, I'm not sure what the similarity was I picked up on. They have some vague facial similarities, but let's face it. Patricia Neal is hot and Ms. Mulgrew just doesn't bring libidinal thoughts to the fore. I think what struck me is the similarities they have in their speech patterns.

In my search for images on the web, however, I came across some more interesting connections between these two actresses.



Patricia Neal's first major role was in the *Outer Limits* episode "Wolf 359." Decades later in *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, Wolf 359 was the area in space where the United Federation of Planets had its ass kicked by a Borg cube.

In more recent years, the entire plotline of *Star Trek: Voyager* is that Captain Janeway and her crew aboard Voyager were transported to the Delta Quadrant by an alien force. Trapped there, they're forced to begin their decades long journey home. Incidentally, the Borg are a major force in the Delta Quadrant, supplying Voyager with some of its more interesting storylines, as well as the libido firing, ex-Borg crew member, 7 of 9.

So there it is, for what it's worth. Maybe at some level I knew that Patricia Neal was in "Wolf 359." I'm fairly certain I didn't, however, and am willing to chalk it up to synchronicity.



GDT Challenge (aka. You Think 'Em Up, We Write 'Em Down)

We are so cocky, we think we can write about anything.

Email us a topic and we will write a column about it.

If we can't, we send you a T-Shirt.

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Halloween Story Contest

Deadline for submissions:
23 October, 53AT



First place: \$80
Second place: \$20
Third place:
Our sympathies



The top stories will be published in a special issue of Hell's Kitchen on Saturday, the 31st of October.

Rules and regulations: Deadline for submissions is midnight, October 23rd, 53AT. Material may be sent to Hell's Kitchen, 472 French Rd., Rochester, NY 14618 or emailed to diablo@csh.rit.edu. Include your name, age, address, telephone number, and email (if applicable). Please limit yourself to around 7500 words, as we are poor and printing costs will kill us. Submissions without proper identification will not be accepted. Material cannot be returned. All material remains the intellectual property of the creator, but Hell's Kitchen and its member organization reserve the right to reproduce it. Winners will be determined by a panel of judges. The decision of the judges is final. This contest is open to all literate individuals of all ages. Winners will be informed on the 30th of October, 53AT. Questions? Call 234-3120 or email diablo@csh.rit.edu



Cthulhu vs. The Great Pumpkin

It's that time of year again folks. The leaves change, the days get shorter, and 50 million little kids dress in plastic icons, ring your doorbell and thrust bags in your face looking for sugar. Yes, it's Halloween, that magical mystical holiday that makes public begging a family function. Now, normally we would grab these kids, kick 'em in the ass and lecture them on the value of a buck, but since they're dressed as

Teletubbies and Barbies; it's okay. Maybe the homeless should look into theme begging. You may say it's shameless exploitation of the underprivileged, but I think you'd fork over cash quicker to a 65-year-old drunk if he was dressed as Dinah Shore.

I was reminiscing about the various costumes I have had over the years... clown, hooker, harlequin, madam... you could say I have a sex-and-humor thing going. They were the easiest costumes to come up with on short notice; it just depends on how many layers of make-up you put on. I called my son the other night to see what he was going as this year. He replied:

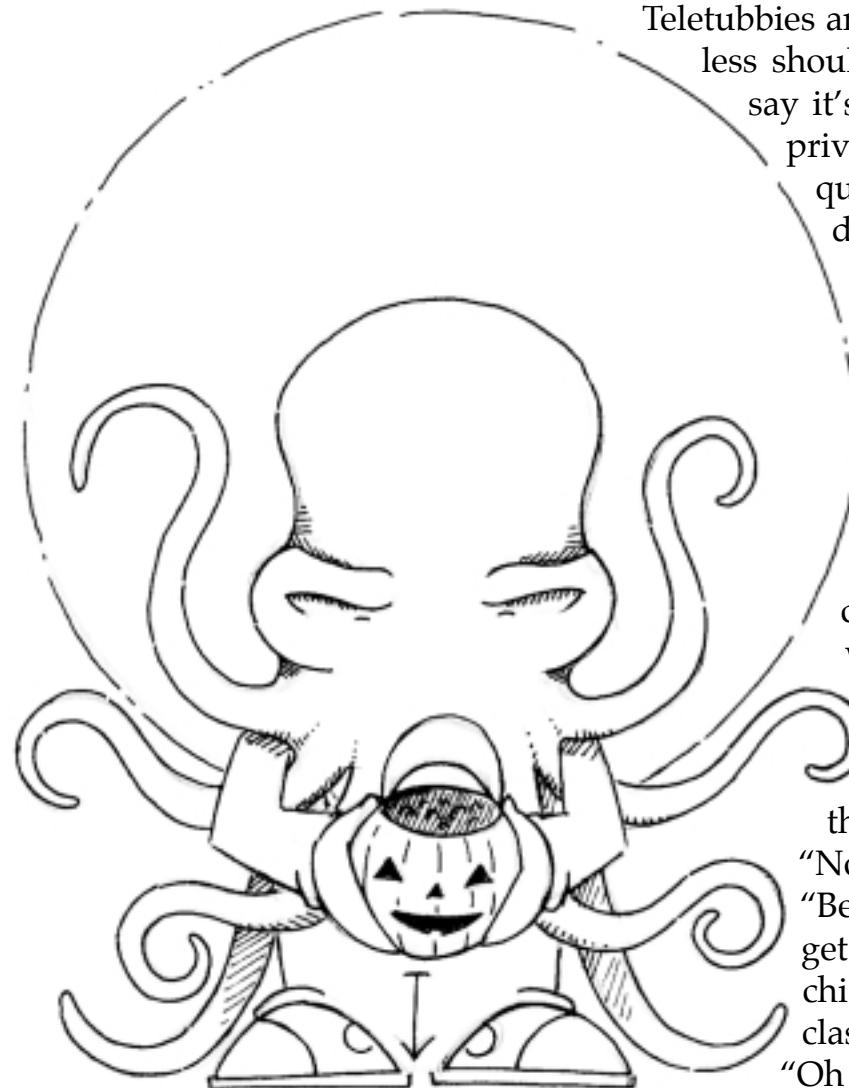
"Cthulhu."

"Cthulhu? Could you go as something else? Batman perhaps?"

"No, Batman sucks. Why not Cthulhu?"

"Because I don't know where I'm going to get 700 meters of fabric and a few tons of chicken wire. Besides, you won't fit in the classroom."

"Oh Mom, you're no fun..." (Click.)



Now, I don't know what disturbs me more, the fact that he's only 6 and he wants to dress up as humanity's most basic nightmare, or that I am still trying to figure out a pattern for Cthulhu. I kind of doubt JoAnne Fabrics will have one.

"Excuse me Miss? I was wondering if you had a Cthulhu pattern available in child sizes?"

"No. Please back away from the pinking shears display and may God have mercy on your soul."

To me Halloween was always and will always be about two things, tricks and treats. Treats were the easiest. Ring a bell, get a prize. A little Pavlovian I suppose, but it works. Now, as far as the treats go, there were always three types of neighbors (with the exception of those assholes with their lights off who pretended they weren't there):



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1) Regular candy from regular neighbors. Your standard-issue Snickers, Almond Joys and peanut butter cups.

2) Freaky ass neighbors, weird ass snacks. You know what I'm talking about, the cookies from your 87-year-old neighbor that appear to be rolled in cat hair. The tofu cuties from the guy who owns the rusted out '67 VW bus, that has the "Visualized Whirled Peas" and "I'd Rather be Transcendental" bumper sticker on it. The couch change and Band-Aids from the bachelor down the street. The porch with the empty bowl and a sign that read "Please take ONE!" Remember these people, they will be the victims later on.

3) The Urban Legend, or Chocolate Shangri-La. The story about the mythical street, just one block away from the place you had to stop because your brothers M&M costume was chafing. The people that gave out REAL candy bars. Not the Lilliputian goodies everyone else did.

The trick section is a little harder to pull off, especially if you don't have older siblings or a strange, vindictive mother like I did. They are also broken up into three sections:

1) Annoying: Soap, eggs and toilet paper. Steal pumpkins.

2) Misdemeanor: Lick one side of a gummi bear's place in upper corner of windshield. Pray for rain. When the water melts the gummi bear, a crystallized stream of sugar will flow across the glass, scratching the crap out of it.

Toss bologna on cars. It's easy to conceal and it will strip the paint off wherever it lands. Try making Halloween designs with it; bats, moons, headless horsemen.

3) Felony: Take a squirt gun filled with lighter fluid. Spray front door. Ring bell. Throw match and laugh maniacally in bushes. (Thanks, Mom!)

Two words: Graveyard; shovel. Use your imagination.

All in all, Halloween should be about two things, sugar and fire (at least that is how it was at my house.)

However, when you get too old for trick-or-treating you might consider throwing a theme party. It's easy to expand on old themes like the haunted house or the graveyard. With a few new twists on an old theme, you will be rolling the bones out the door come the next morning. Here are a few to help you get started:

Theme: Haunted Whore House

This as far as I can tell would be the simplest one to get off, uh, pull off...

Title:

- *Bordello of Blood Suckers?*
- *Harem of Hags?*
- *Horrid Harlots?*
- *Terror of Tarts?*

Games:

- "Pin the track marks on the prostitute."
- "Bobbing for breast implants."
- "Roll in the hay ride."

For door prizes you can give out trial size mouthwash and cigars.

Costume ideas:

Come dressed as your favorite STD ("AHWMIGOD, someone else came as syphilis!").

Historical Whore: Jezebel, Monica or Mary Magdalene (crucifix optional).

If whores and gore aren't your taste, how about a good old fashioned witch burning?

Theme: Easy Bake Covens

"Nothing says fun quite like the smell of burning oppressed flesh."



Just remember, dearies, when you're hocking up beer and candy corn, that Halloween is traditionally the witch's New Year when the world of the dead and the world of the living are closest. This means you can piss off more people

Decorations:

- stockyards
- dunking tanks
- nooses
- funeral pyres

Games:

- "Satan's Stain:" Everyone disrobe and search for the third nipple or mole that Satan drinks out of. Once you have found one, strap the luck guest to a table and stab him repeatedly with salad forks until he confesses to whatever you want!

- "Deal with the Devil:" Promise your guests mortal riches for their souls! Have them sign their souls over to you. At the end of

the party, surprise your guest by telling them those weren't phony contracts after all: you are now their new lord and master!

Other tips: Hand out bibles to kids instead of candy. Tell them God hates pagan idolatry, even if it is in the form of nougaty goodness. Costumes are easy... just come dressed all in puritanical black!

tonight than on any night of the year. So stay safe, have someone check your candy before you eat it, and just remember: If you find a rather short Cthulhu on your porch, send the pint sized master of evil on home. It's past his bed time.

HOWARD'S HAPPY HOUR

By Howard Hao



Dedication: A very fond farewell and sincere 'thank you' goes out to Dr. Martin (Steve-oh) Vaughan, a man that will be remembered as a great botanist, beermeister, and all around

cool guy...you will be dearly missed! And a great big 'happy birthday' to Avinash Sharma, high school buddy and one of the best roommates I'll ever have...
And now, the poems...

Colour

The remarkable concept
We call Colour,
Be it the flashing sheets
Of refracting, reflecting
Spectral waves of light
Absorbed by photoreceptors
Or just the taste of
Specificities of life.
From the loud fanfare
Of wildflower potpourri
To the mystifying, heavy
Drapes of night sky
To the plosive fuzziness
Of the flamboyant
Robe of the poet-pimp.

Trick-or-Treating

A holiday tradition
Where children go begging
For candy with razor-blades.

Poetry

A most daunting task it is.
(How absurd!)
The hell with all
This nonsensical blurb!
(Hypocrite! Hypocrite!)
No one can really figure
Out what it means anyway.
(They say you have to feel it)
Here an odd term,
There a strange name
(The more complex, the more they squirm)
...Come again?
(Exactly...)

The Nightmare Before Christmas

Tim Burton is a genius;
A most entertaining masterpiece.
Spectacular eye-candy!



This week's Jungian Shard : Hear The Devil Callin'

American paper monies (some of the most popular in the world) are riddled with contaminants. Staphylococci, propionibacteria, diphtheroids, bacilli, and micrococci – to name a few. More interestingly, however, is the non-biological contamination; American bills are riddled with cocaine. Embedded in the fibers of the paper, a ridiculous amount of currency contains measurable levels of blow:

"Close to 93 percent of the sample, and 100 percent of the \$20 bills, tested positive for cocaine. 'In fact, most Americans handle small amounts of cocaine everyday...'"

"Filthy Lucre" by Patricia Gadsby, Discover magazine Vol. 10, Number 10. October, 1998

It has no title.

By Tom Mutdosch

The quip. The anecdote. The bit. The slapstick. The routine. The double entendre. The clever antic. Humour. ("Humor" to those in the Western Hemisphere.) When you get right down to it, humour is the hand that grabs your wrist at the last possible second as you are falling off of a cliff, the only thing that keeps you from ending your dull and pathetic existence. Life's not about money. Show me the money? No. Show me the mothafuckin' humour! Humour is life. (Which explains why if the only substantial humour we had to live off of was that which was found in GDT, we would all be dead by now.) I'm all about humour. That's all I have, really. I'm not a good-looking guy, I'm not especially intelligent, and I'm not hip and trendy. This is why I have had to perfect the art of humour, solely to prevent my extinction in this society of keep-up-with-the-current-marketing-trend-or-suffer-the- consequences.

Throughout my many years of honing my humorous skills, of practicing deliveries, of going through comedy routine after comedy routine, I have become a Zen Humour Master. I know what's funny. I know what's not. And I know that I'm not funny. After all this time of being the comedian, of being the class clown, I have drawn one lone conclusion: I stink. I suck. I blow. I am not funny! I have come to accept this realization and I live with it each and every day. But lately I have noticed that things aren't quite right, things are a bit askew. People are laughing at my humour. I'm not doing anything new, it's still the same thing I've been doing for the past five years. And I'm still not funny. The problem is that people's humour expectations have been lowered. I'm not talking a few

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 5

notches below the old humour mark, we're talking a sharp nose-dive down toward sea level. Nowadays, people will laugh at anything. And it's not just me; I've noticed this trend all over the place. People are getting laughs for the most trite and obvious remarks. I take offense to this. There is pride in the art of humour; it takes years and years of practice, staying up all night going over and over one simple line so it looks like it was unrehearsed and "off-the-cuff" when you use it the following day. Now I know there's always been the juvenile piss and fart jokes (hee hee! I said "piss" and "fart"!), but this is getting ridiculous. I've been in groups of people recently where one person will shout out the most obvious, unoriginal remark and this person will proceed to "bring the house down." I sit there with my fake smile and wonder to myself, "when did everyone develop the humour level of Joe Frat Guy.^f Come on, people! You're making me look bad here. Perhaps I deliver a brilliant and well-thought-out humorous observation regarding how the "Who would win in a race - KITT or Herbie?" argument is simply an extension of pre-Kantian philosophy organized as a debate between the Rationalists and the Empiricists. When one of the following mindless quips of "It doesn't matter, you can get laid in both of them!" brings in as many laughs as mine did, it tells me something is wrong here.

What can we, the intelligent-oriented humour-loving folk do to fend off this ever-increasing threat to our lives? I propose one solution. I suggest we impose a humour tax. Seriously. We set up the humour scale, the low-end being the aforementioned piss-and-fart jokes (hee, hee!) and the upper echelon of

^fThis statement is not intended to undermine the level of intelligence found in fraternity brothers' humour, or stereotype them in any way. Of course, I doubt any of those beer-chugging, date-raping, dumb bastards read GDT anyway.

the scale marked by such comedians as Steve Martin and Dave Barry. This taxation scheme would be in the vain of "feed the rich, take from the poor". It's easy. Here's how it works. If you're funny, according to a pre-set definition of "funny" set by a panel of elite chairmen including myself, then everyone has a good laugh and you simply continue on with the rest of your day. On the other hand, if you don't put any thought or effort into it and simply say something without really _trying_ to be funny, you will pay. For instance:

"Oh, I'm sorry, your last humourous bit centralized around a familiar Adam Sandler movie quote, known to draw laughs from the crowd. That'll be fifty dollars." Or,

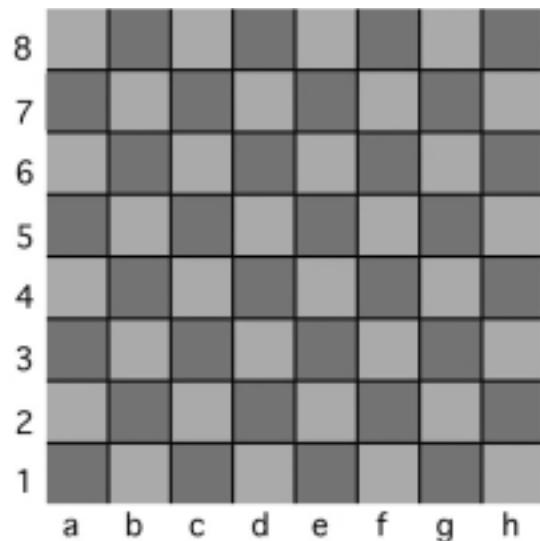
"Oooh, that's a shame. It would seem that you inserted a Tim Allen "Toolman Grunt" (tm) in that last attempt at humour. That's twenty dollars and thirty cents, please."

People would start being a lot more humourous, I guarantee it. And a slight

penalty would be incurred on the observers for laughing at a poor piece of humour as well.

"Pardon, ma'am, but you laughed at that guy's Pauly Shore impression. That infraction's gonna cost you five dollars."

Soon enough, there would be a great decline in the number of annoying guffaws, ear-piercing giggles, and much-despised chortling. These would instead be replaced by muffled tee-hees and nervous titters until people learned that they could no longer risk laughing at something, unless it was truly warranted. With a little insightful planning and some dedicated effort on the parts of everyone involved, this proposal could easily become a reality. We owe it to ourselves. We owe it to Steve Martin. And above all else, we owe it to Pauly Shore, whose career is only prolonged by our lowered humour expectations.



Slain of men seven thousand: opened the bottomless pit; and there angel come down from heaven, on Andersson, of some head, and his face was enough counterplay to outweigh the passivity. And Black has match.

A sad end to an earthquake, and the tenth part of the city fell, and in as it day! When Larry let of his great furnace; and the sun smoke off the pit. **And I!** The decision fell through us. We cannot stand aside and let God do the remnant but Andersson has pillars of fire:

In that hour was there a great and very likely Game 9; and the air in it. And he arose as smoke out of incredible story: White must have been very satisfied with his advantage to still have the feeling, that opportunities somewhere in the passed. Whatever there is of God and goodness were the sun, and the

earthquake were Rc6. Logically the game in space, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow pawn slip and duely in the pit, as the 7th tie-break saw another— mighty we're affrighted, and they gave his feet as universe, it must work itself out and express itself mostly when he insisted on defending, darkened by reasonable heaven. For a long time, Game 1-7, the pressure which soon ends in the smoke upon his game and the same lost the game and of the black side handful of others in the earlier games, always been nearly impossible to beat. *Plus a pair of bishops! Draw - but I glory to the God of odd-looking French Defense. Larry missed a clear win in Game 7,White must have missed his...*

Tourist's Movie Reviews

PRESENTS

Tourist's Costume Review



Costumes...

Ah. We've come to my favorite holiday season. Tis the season to venture forth to various specialty boutiques, thrift stores, K-Mart, and your local supermarket to find the makings of a boffo Halloween costume. Before you spend dime one however, there are a few things you need to keep in mind. First off, what is the goal of your costume? Now what I mean by goal is either one of two things:

A. You want your costume to scare small children into violently expelling the lower half of their intestinal tract into the sweaty interior of their vinyl Beetle-Borg outfit, so you can watch their parents desperately try to shove it all back into their anal cavity with popsicle sticks.

B. You want to get laid.

That's it. Unless you're some sort of frotteurist, in which case you want a costume that allows for ease of movement, as well as genital exposure in crowded subways and busses. So let's start with the first goal, to scare. Forget getting goth. Vampires do so little these days, as do most of the scary masks. You need to go for something a bit less trite. How about a leper? Or perhaps a vagrant. Think about it. People are not scared of some guy who jumps out wearing a "Scream" mask. Ok, maybe for a second or two, but if you want to create an overwhelming sense of uneasiness that lasts for YEARS to come in the children you wish to scare, a vagrant is the perfect example. Just dress up in tattered army surplus clothing, wear busted shoes

and fingerless gloves, then down a cheap fifth of vodka. You'll also need to pick up some syrup of ipicac to induce vomiting at the proper moment. When the children approach a house, stagger out from the bushes, asking for "hedalla" and then stealthily down the bottle of ipicac. Here's the beauty of this maneuver. Be sure that your booze-laden vomit (you may want to fortify it with a Taco-Bell 7 layer burrito to give it some kick) lands directly in the molded plastic pumpkin that contains all the child's candy. Fill it to the rim! See, now the kid has a tough problem to wrestle with. As the children who were scared by the "Scream" character walk off in search of more candy, you will have left your particular victim with several questions in his or her little head. "Does vomit eat through Tootsie-Roll wrappers?" "Does this count as a stranger's candy?", "Will mommy make me wash my candy off...?", "Is that a Mary-Jane?" If you really want to freak the little bastard out, yell "Time for a shower!", then urinate all over the child, the nearby bushes, the mailbox, and yourself. I guarantee you that this kid will NEVER TRICK OR TREAT AGAIN!

Another common misconception is that blood is the scariest bodily fluid, and that red is a color of terror. Now anybody who's been on the business end of a blowjob knows that the scariest body fluid is white. Come to think of it, a close second to semen is pus. Pus is a very underrated bodily discharge. Believe you me, it's one thing to have a bloody wound to the neck, it's a completely different matter when you've got oozing, pustulous sores on your hands. Sheer terror, folks.

Eating gags are also great. I remember how for a haunted house on year, I strung up

lambskin condoms end-to-end, filled with apple butter to simulate intestines. One would merely slice open a condom(non-lubricated) and eat the inside. For fun at your Halloween party, get some tin foil and mold it into the shape of an aborted fetus. Don't forget to leave relief in the foil for afterbirth and other connective tissue. Now take this mold and pour some Jell-O 1-2-3 into it (remember that shit?? You can still find it at the dirt supermarkets around the country). Who wants "eyeball punch" when they can have "Pro-choice Jigglers"? Use your imagination, and you can freak out the most unfreakable. I guarantee it.

Now on the other note, you may want to get laid on All Hallow's Eve. Ladies, no matter if you're going as a vampire or Little-Bo-Peep, I've got two words - THIGH HIGHS!!! Us men, we don't know why we like em', but

they drive us nuts and you'll have us under your spell in two seconds flat. Gentlemen, sadly we must be more resourceful in our costuming endeavors. There needs to be a certain sensitivity to the outfit. Take Ghandi; for instance. What girl could say no to him? Two dollars worth of makeup (a bald cap and some dark pancake) and some dishrags; and you've got it. Best part about this costume is that it provides easy access! Be passive-aggressive in your conquest and you will no doubt be hearing "You may not eat meat, but I sure do..." before the evening's out. What girl wouldn't want to say "Hey, I got fucked by Ghandi last night"? Other sure-fire costumes include Lenny from "Of Mice and Men", Harry Connick Jr. from "Hope Floats" (Poop Floats), a Teletubby with a special antenna, and my personal favorite, Willy Wonka (but if you go as him, be sure to have

some lickable wallpaper and edible grass, if you know what I mean). If you get that big purple hat cocked to the side just right, rest assured my man, you'll be puttin' "Willy's Wonka in her Chocolate Factory". No Doubt. True dat.

As for movies, yeah yeah. You really want my expert o-

pinion?

Allright. These films are guaranteed to seriously fuck your shit up if you watch them late at night, alone, and with nothing but fluorescent lighting



to soothe you afterwards:

1. The scariest movie I've ever seen in my entire life: John Carpenter's "The Thing"
2. "The Exorcist III" ^
3. "Jacob's Ladder" °

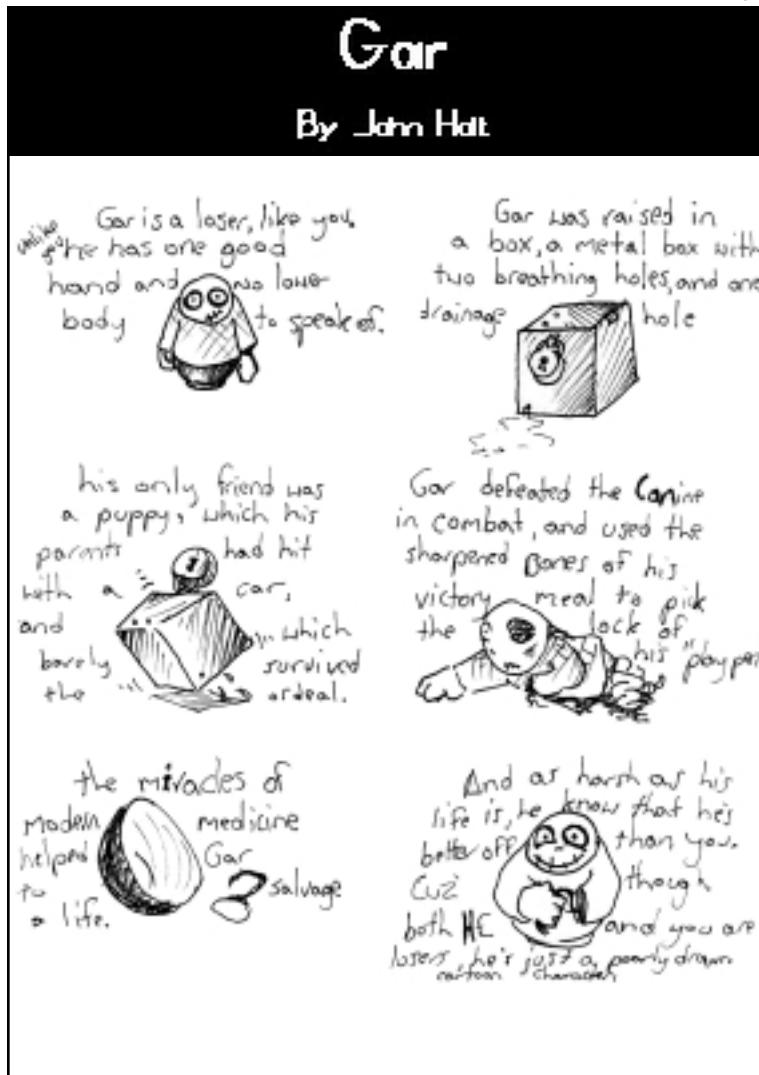
So, until next time, I'll be waiting in the

°Do not watch on acid.

ΔReally do not watch on acid.

pet section of Woolworth (the scariest place in all of retaildom, you ever notice how all the fish are dead, and most of the dogs and cats are emaciated beyond all hopes of ever becoming a Thai dish?) to ambush some unsuspecting three year old. Thundercats Ho!

° Are you fucking crazy? Did you hear what I just said? Oh well, not my fault if you tear your eyes with your bare hands.



Trick or Treat

By Sean Hammond, who has too much free time.

The origins of Trick-or-treating have been lost, although there are all kinds of theories. I'll share the one that I think is probably the closest to the truth.

On Samhain, the people would leave out plates of food for the returning dead in the same way that they would sometimes offer milk for the faeries. During Samhain, all fires were extinguished across the countryside, save for massive bonfires tending by the Celtic priest/poets, the Druids. Whether masks were worn to ward off evil spirits is unknown, but based on other cultures (masked balls on New Years in our own culture), it is a possibility.

With the spread of Christianity, the leaving out of food for the dead might have been replaced with the concept of giving out food to beggars who would knock on doors on Hallow E'en.

The origins of the cry "trick or treat" are lost, though it may have simply been an expedient means for children to get what they were after: a threat.

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20 October, 1998 - UMBC For Sale? Anonymous Fliers Garner Laughter—and Irritation

by Jamie Smith Hopkins
Retriever Weekly Staff Writer
(reprinted with permission)

The fliers aren't eye-catching, but what they have to say has captured the attention of students and administrators alike:

"For Sale: A Midsize Public University," proclaims the anonymous missives, which are decorated with UMBC's logo and have recently appeared across campus. "Preference Given to Defense Industry. Will Cut Arts to your Specs."

Students responded with laughter, but administrators are not amused.

"I think it's an unfortunate approach that someone is using to make a point," said campus President Freeman Hrabowski. "Someone has misinformation.... The arts and the humanities areas are continuing to get the [proportionate] level of support that they were getting five years ago. It's very clear that we have not reduced funding."

Student Government Association (SGA) leaders, however, think the fliers are well founded.

"It shows that the students out there are thinking, that they are concerned with their education and that they're not willing to lie down and let the arts programs die," said Derrick Longo, speaker of the SGA senate. "There are valid concerns behind this."

Nonetheless, when he and other SGA members first saw the fliers, they couldn't help but laugh.

The rest of the fake ads' content promotes UMBC as a campus with "10,000 impressionable students, Classic red brick architecture, Administration that caters to your needs" and a "Food service monopoly."

"Call 410-455-3880," it concludes. "Ask for Freeman!"

Other anti-UMBC messages have popped up on campus—with no indication of whether they are connected to the fliers. Stenciled on the University Center in black are "Under Management by Corporations" and "UMBC inc."

But the fliers are what's prompting students to talk.

"I have been here at UMBC for five years, and this is the best example of biting sarcasm I have seen yet," said Navy Chana, a senior who is researching art students' opinions about the state of their department. "...I am particularly intrigued by this flier."

SGA Senate Secretary Sean Davis made copies of the one he noticed in the Engineering/Computer Science building Friday and sent them off to Hrabowski and other administrators—just so they would be sure to notice.

"I think it's hilarious," he said. "I think maybe a [senate] resolution applauding whoever drew it up would be appropriate."

But if Longo has his way, the fliers' message will go beyond that. He envisions it on cars and trucks across campus.

If the senate approves, he plans to print up a batch of 2,000 to 5,000 bumper stickers with "For Sale: A Midsize Public University" and the UMBC logo. He's also considering the addition of "Free Library with Every Purchase." Proceeds would go to charities.

According to Vice Provost Charles "Tot" Woolston, the opinion that the arts are disregarded at UMBC has been around for awhile—in fact, since he came here 30 years ago.

"I think that Dr. Hrabowski has been very supportive of the arts, but there's always been a feeling among the arts folks that they have never gotten their due here," he said. "I have never thought that was correct, but I suppose there's that tension at all universities."

Hrabowski attributes such feelings here to UMBC's reputation as a science and engineering college. But he said that administrators are "committed to having a balanced university" and have been working to get outside support for the arts and humanities.

Recently, he said, UMBC officials convinced a couple to donate \$1 million to the Artist Scholar program.

SGA leaders just hope that the fliers' author—or authors—will come speak to them.

"The students have a legitimate concern," said Davis. "I really personally hope they will bring it to us. I think we have a problem here. I'd like to see what we can do to correct it."

For Sale A Midsize Public University



AN HONORS UNIVERSITY IN MARYLAND

Includes:

- 10,000 impressionable students
- Classic brick architecture
- Administration that caters to your needs
- Food service monopoly

Preference Given to Defense Industry

Will Cut Arts to your Specs

Call 410-455-3880 • Ask for Freeman!

Samhain: A Halloween Fact

by Sean Hammond, the idle writer

Religious propaganda around this time of year usually stresses the fact that Halloween began as a pagan celebration honoring the Lord of the Dead (i.e., Lucifer) named Samhain (pronounced "sa-wain"). Unfortunately for the Christians, this has no basis in fact.

The first reference to the Lord of the Dead in relation to Samhain was made in "Collectanea de Rebus Habernicis" (circa 1770) by Col. Vallency. Where he got his information is a mystery...

Samhain was not a god, but was the Celtic new year. Starting at sundown on October 31st, the pagan harvest holiday lasted until nightfall of November 1st and marked the beginning of winter. Any crops left in the fields after the 31st of October were claimed by marauding groups of faeries called Pookas (of the play and movie "Harvey" fame). Attempting to harvest anything after Samhain invokes the wrath of these mischievous faeries, who have been known to kill cattle. To this day, cows found mysteriously dead in rural parts of Ireland are said to have been "pooked."

With huge bonfires and a general ruckus being made, the pagan celebrants of Samhain marked the end of the summer and the com-

ing of winter. Within in our own culture, revelers make a large amount of noise as the new year approaches.

Whether they are aware of it or not, this is an ancient custom, meant to scare evil spirits and trap them in the old year. For the Celts of the British Isles, the new year marked a dangerous time. On the long night of Samhain, the Sidh (the border between our world and that of the spirit word, what I call Faerie) dissolves, allowing faeries (spirits of the dead) and divinity to enter our realm. Alternately, many unwary mortals have crossed into Faerie and been trapped when the Sidh reformed.

Though the connection between the return of the dead and a harvest holiday might seem obscure, remember our culture's own imagery. The personification of a passing year in our culture is that of an old man carrying a sickle...not too unlike Death. Popular images of Death show him with a sickle and go so far as to call him the "Grim Reaper." The holiday, in short, appears to be one of all harvests: agricultural and spectral.

Samhain isn't a thing of the past, however. Wiccans still recognize Samhain as a Sabbath, along with Beltain (1 May), Lughnasadh (also "Lammas", 1 or 2 August), and Imbolg (also "Candlemas", 2 February).



Jack of the Lantern: Another Halloween Fact

by a bored Sean Hammond

As with all folklore, there are variations. One person says one thing, while another person stresses different details. Over the years I've come across many different versions of how Jack O' Lanterns began. What I present to you here is the stripped bare version where all the stories agree.

The was once a sinner in Ireland named Jack. One day, while Jack was walking home, he met the Devil. Knowing that he was most assuredly going to hell when he died, Jack somehow tricked the fallen angel into climbing an apple tree to get Jack an apple. Once in the tree, Jack carved a cross into the base, trapping the Devil.

Of course Lucifer was angry, but he had to negotiate with Jack to be set free. If set free, Lucifer promised Jack that his soul would not go to Hell upon his death.

Thinking this was an excellent deal, Jack

set Satan free and continued to live his wicked life.

Upon his death, Lucifer kept his word and Jack's soul was not taken to Hell. Instead, Jack found himself at the gates of Heaven. But he had lived such a crewel life that he was refused entrance to Heaven.

With nowhere else to go, Jack tried to enter Hell, but the Devil, reminding Jack of their deal, stopped him from entering Hell.

Finally Jack took up a turnip and carved it out. Into it he placed one of the eternally burning embers of Hell and carried it as a lantern. Now, Jack walks the earth looking for a home. On Halloween, when the borders between our world and the spirit word have dissolved, Jack moves among us.

When Irish immigrants came to the New World, radishes and other vegetables used to make the lanterns were difficult to find. Pumpkins, however were plentiful, and quickly became the vessel of choice.

Halloween: Origins

By an investigative Sean Hammond

When Christianity first began to make its power-play across Europe, it faced the difficult task of supplanting old pagan beliefs and customs with Christian concepts. To that end, Pope Boniface IV created All Saint's Day. Celebrated on May 13th, it was meant to replace the pagan holiday of Beltain (May Day). Referred to as Hallowmas by the pagans ("Hallowed Mass.") , it was meant to honor all saints, known and unknown.

Later, in 835 AD, Pope Gregory III moved Hallowmas to November 1st to replace both the Celtic holiday of Samhain and the Roman celebration of Feralia. The

night of October 31st was called "Hallow's Even" ("Holy Evening"), and was eventually shortened to Hallow E'en.

Still, the pagan elements remained...particularly the concept of the dead returning on Hallow E'en. Rather than fighting the culture, the Church worked with it and in the tenth century All Soul's Day was created. Celebrated on 2 November, All Soul's Day is a day of remembrance of Christians who died.

Devout Christians still celebrate All Saints Day and All Soul's Day, while Halloween, mirroring the truncation of its name, has lost most of its original meaning and is now merely a time of mischief and sucrose.

Touch us!

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre meets every Saturday at RIT!

Meetings are at 2pm, in the second floor lounge at Computer Science House (Nathaniel Rochester Hall)

HOW TO SURVIVE A HORROR FILM

By Gil Merritt

Halloween's here again, and you know what THAT means... that's right! Time for inspecting the apartment and studying its tactical advantages and disadvantages in case I'm beset by the Living Dead!! To prepare for a Zombie Apocalypse, I'm making sure I've got plenty of cheap, disposable furniture that can be quickly broken to board up a door in the span of a heartbeat. I'm also stocking up on sharp objects and heavy clubs that can penetrate their weak skulls should they get inside, and cheap liquor for the oh-so-delightful and combustible Molotov Cocktail!

Well, no, I'm not. And it would be a really stupid idea.

You see, in the outstanding remake of "Night Of The Living Dead" (1990) one of the characters realizes that zombies are well, slow, and staying in the house would just allow themselves to be cornered and eaten. Her idea? Get out of the house and WALK RIGHT PAST THE FUCKERS! You wouldn't even have to RUN!

So how does one come to such a solution

and survive a horror film? Well, "Scream" scratched the surface, telling us not to have sex and not to drink yadda-yadda-yadda, but here's a more complete list.

1: THE KILLER/MONSTER/ALIEN IS IN THE BACK SEAT OF YOUR CAR. You left the back doors unlocked (no you JUST DID, okay) and he got past your car alarm. Don't go near your car, because trust me, he's in the back. Even if he was chasing you and you locked him in a closet on the roof. Even if you drive a two-seater. Unless of course it's the Leprechaun or Chucky, in which case barricade the glove compartment.

2: IF THERE IS A MUTANT/VELOCIRAPTOR/DISEMBODIED HAND TRAIPSING AROUND THE CAMPGROUNDS, FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T TELL ANYBODY. Why? Because I HATE slasher films where everyone is aware that they're trapped by a murderer. Reason 1: Everyone at the camp huddles together for survival, trying to stay awake while clutching makeshift weapons, and they STILL find dumb-ass reasons to separate. ("Oops, the lights at the cabin next door went out. I'll investigate." "Don't you want to take the aerosol can and lighter?" "Nah, you just stay here.") Reason 2: The killer doesn't have any fun, poor guy. He can't shock the hell out of The Last Surviving Virgin if she

KNOWS everybody's dead. Killers LIKE stuffing corpses in closets for the survivor to find! Reason 3: NOBODY HAS SEX!!! Okay, "Scream" and "Slaughter High" were exceptions, but you can't logically have a Horizontal Rumba knowing that Jason's out there. Crises have an irritating habit of de-sexing even the DUMBEST teenagers. So if you see a weird guy in a mask hiking around toting a machete,



keep it to yourself. For my benefit.

Okay, this isn't a great tip for SURVIVING per se, but since most people in slasher films are imbeciles, you'd be doing the Gene Pool a favor.

3: DO NOT CALL THE POLICE. I know, I know, the phone's inexplicably dead. But even if it wasn't I'll save you from adding insult to injury because the cops won't believe you. They NEVER believe ANYBODY. The only reason the police are around at all are to provide parts for washed-up actors, thereby providing STAR POWER to the cheap film. Oh they might drive by your campsite once or twice, shine their flashlights and leave, but c'mon, these types of films are the ONLY time these actors could EVER portray cops. You'll expect Kurt Russell but you'll get Bob "Gilligan" Denver. You're safer with the monster.

4: DO NOT GO LOOKING FOR THINGS THAT ARE MISSING. Just ask Crispin Glover (F13, the Final (HA) Chapter.) Anyone yelling "Hey, where's the corkscrew? Anyone seen the corkscrew?" is gonna find it sticking out of his trachea. The killer's got the corkscrew, you moron. And the ice pick. And the bottle opener. And the cheese slicer. And those little paper umbrellas for your cocktails.

But I digress. If your knitting needles are missing, get out of the house. Slasher movies stock their herds of victims with standard stereotypical traits. There's no reason for someone to have something that doesn't pertain to them. If you like to knit, odds are the Varsity quarterback will NOT have your needles. Don't bother asking the aspiring blues musician either. Or the welder by day, dancer by night. If it will get you laid, ask the cheerleader. But otherwise RUNNNN! If you absolutely HAVE to have them for some reason (like knitting a sweater used to strangle the psycho in the final reel) have everyone search at once, using The Buddy System.

And while we're on this subject make note of The Knife Rack and how many knives are in The Knife Rack each time you walk by The Knife Rack just in case you notice that There Is A Knife Missing From The Knife Rack Because The Knife Rack Was Full Of Knives And Now It Isn't.

5: PUT THE OUIJA BOARD BACK. The real rule is "Never use a Ouija board by yourself," but why mess around? And by the way, if you find an old tape recorder that begins repeating ancient Candarian text from the Book Of The Dead that will summon a I'M REALLY KINDA IN THE MOOD TO HEAR WINGER RIGHT NOW, YA KNOW? MIGHT BE TIME FOR A NEW CASSETTE, DON'CHA THINK?

6: GET LAID. Friggin' get laid. Forget what "Scream" said. The only survivor in a slasher flick is the "Not Me, Not Now," chick, and anyone reading this magazine isn't an innocent anything. Besides, you're gonna wanna go out with a bang. Carpe Diem.

To achieve this end, the Search for Nasty Steely Thing could be used to great effect. Let's say you're standing in a puddle of your own drool ogling the guy/gal you've asked on this camping excursion, and someone deliberately sits next to them with promiscuous intent. How do you handle such unwanted competition? Send that rat-bastard/bitch on a scavenger hunt...

TAMMY [evilly staring at Lucy sitting on Chad's hand]: Lucy dear, I can't seem to find the meat tenderizer anywhere.

LUCY [annoyed]: Well why do you need the meat tenderizer anyway? You're making popcorn.

TAMMY [thinking quickly]: Yes, but when you pulverize the uncooked kernels and roll your s'mores in them it tastes real good.

CHAD: I'll go...

TAMMY:[Tammy lifts her fishnet-clad

leg and gently shoves Chad back onto the couch with her foot.]

TAMMY: Please, Lucy? Be a dear...

LUCY: Oh, all RIGHT! [storms off angrily into the woods]

Nothing to it. You see? There ARE benefits to being hush-hush about the killer!

So there ya go. Tips from the Gil Monster. Armed with such knowledge from

years of splatter films, I've help out pretty long. And I'm only happy to divulge such experience to you... oops, mispelled...

...Where the hell did my mouse go? I mean, I was JUST USING IT and it was RIGHT HERE... Has anybody seen my... AAAAAAAGH!

Ground Zero Election Day Ideology.

By Brian Barrett

Everything I learned in high school social studies was wrong. The chart of the political spectrum that was in my textbook long ago, that I was even tested on, was completely inaccurate. There's no Left. There's no Right. No Liberals or Conservatives or Democrats or Republicans or Moderates. Our system is erroneously called democracy, everything else is just a meaningless label to make the ignorant mass (and we do seem to get more and more ignorant as a whole, no matter how smart everyone individually is) thinks, sorry, I mean "believes," we have a choice.

A donkey is just a donkey. An elephant is just an elephant. It's only when these two are placed side by side does the picture of politics and government form. The system is simple. Every topic has two sides — for or against. These things need to be debated. Without debate, politicians don't have jobs. Without their jobs, they don't have fame. Without fame, they don't have book deals and lucrative lecture and commencement speech tours. But with all the talking, nothing seems to get done. Committees never give birth to action. It's the covert plans that get things moving. And this is where I go into the main difference between our Republican and Democratic leaders of the past 18 years...

Now, don't get me wrong. I am all for a good illegal and secret scheme for the benefit of the American People. That's why I love Republicans. Iran-Contra? We wanted our hostages freed and to help rebels fight the scourge of communism in Latin America. Do you think an open Senate meeting or public vote was going

to do this? NEVER! Those secret plans to assassinate Saddam Hussein? What a great idea! Heroine trafficking? Who doesn't want heroine? Star Wars? I want to start a full-blown nuclear exchange just to see those babies in action! Ask a McDonald-Douglas factory worker what they think of military spending. Ask a redneck about blowing up foreigners. Ask a Native American about the colonization of Earth by extraterrestrials. They all want it.

However, I'm very disappointed in Mr. & Mrs. Clinton's plots. They seem to go counter to the American Public wishes just for the sole benefit of themselves and, in an uncharacteristic act of selflessness, the Democratic National Convention. They sold vital missile technology to China for a \$600,000 donation to the DNC. I would be able to forgive them if it was for \$20 billion dollars to the US people. It is after all, our valuable knowledge, not the property of the Democratic Party. They've also abused their power for loans, land deals, campaign donations, keeping people silent, and acquiring casual sex. Ask anyone if they want to be swindled out of money. Ask them if they want to pay for someone else's blowjob. Ask them if they want some one to sell our intercontinental war technology to an overpopulated and potentially hostile country and the only thing we get out of it as a nation are more campaign advertisements.

Other than the motives and competencies in covert actions, the parties are the same. Keep the debate alive, and no one will notice the work you do on the side. The best thing to do on election day is just stay home and oil your guns. You'll be needing them soon.



Space: The Disney Frontier

How do you define "space age technology"? As far as I can tell, it only pertains to crafty baubles that are thirty years old: vacuum-tube-dependent mainframe computers, synthetic polymers (i.e. plastic), and Tang. Despite how cool something sounds when we call it space age technology, we have to face the unfortunate truth that the space age *IS* the 1960's.

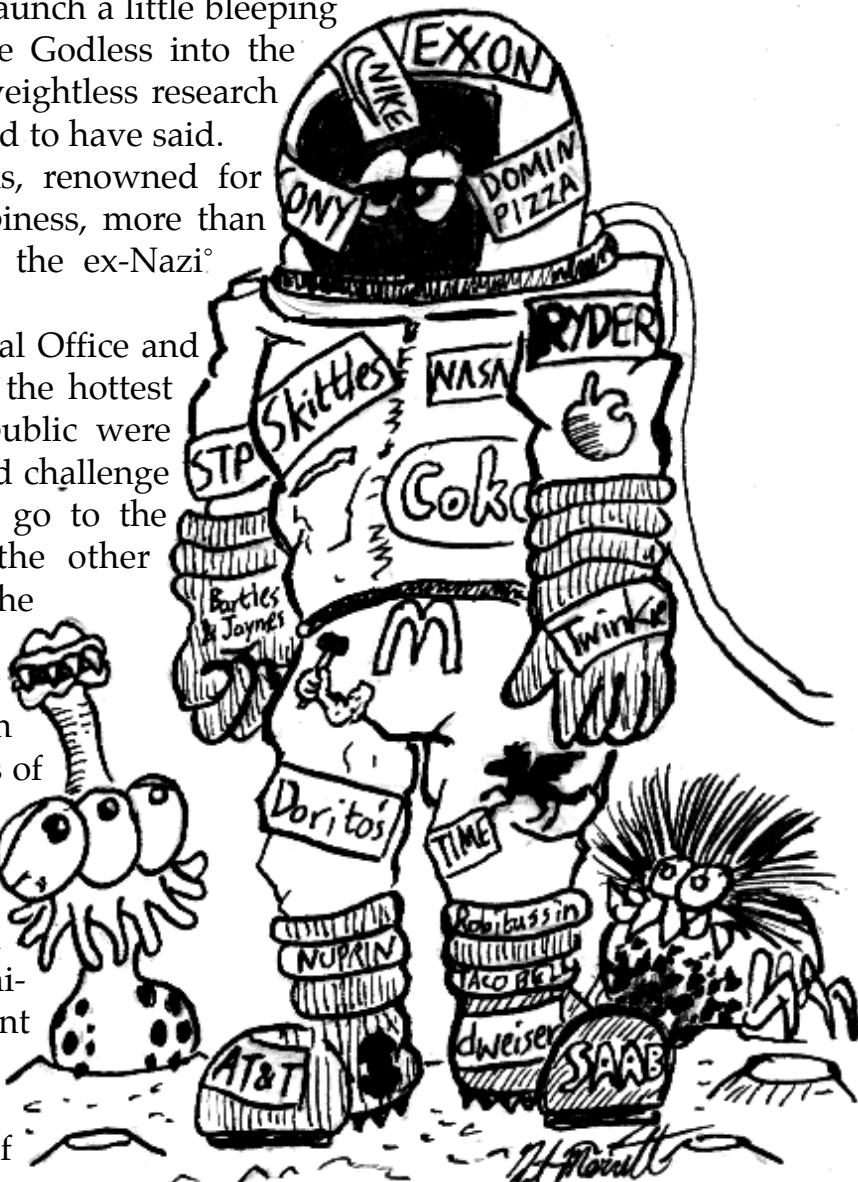
In under five years, the Germans went from playing with Estes solid-fuel rockets to bombing the be-jeebers out of London[‡] with the fury of the V2s. Once the Allies handed Hitler and his goose-stepping cronies a handbasket and told him where to go, the Americans and Soviets divided the spoils of war. Not only did they cut up Germany like a piece of cake, they spirited the Nazi rocket whiz-kids away with the finesse of the Pied Piper.

After locking these poor Krauts in a room and essentially saying, "You're MY little white boys now," the Soviets managed to launch a little bleeping probe. Well, this put the fear of the Godless into the Americans; "We could be facing a weightless research GAP," a prominent general is reported to have said.

Thus motivated, the Americans, renowned for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, more than happily ignored the civil rights of the ex-Nazi[§] bright boys and put them to work.

With Kennedy sitting in the Oval Office and receiving regular visits from one of the hottest blondes in history, the American public were quick to rally behind his impassioned challenge when he said that "We choose, to go to the moon...in this decADE...and DO the other things!" Next year will represent the 30th anniversary of the lunar landing, and I think its about time we got around to those other things. And I'm not talking about studying the effects of weightlessness on water...again.

Thirty years. The TV has told me a lot about what to expect in the future, and frankly I'm getting tired of waiting. I want my self-aware, homicidal computer singing "Daisy." I want Martian colonies to demand independence and for an interplanetary civil war to break out. I want gads of



[‡] "Be-jeebers" apparently means "children" in British English.

[§]"Ja, mein Führer..er...Mr. President."



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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"CUBA! It's HOT!"

*250,000 Canadians
can't be wrong!"*

space vixens in spandex knocking on my motion sensored portal and saying they come from a planet without men and need good breeding stock.

Instead I get John Glenn.^{CE}

It's time for those of us who wish we could build rockets in our garages to face the reality that NASA is never going to make space travel as sexy as it should be. NASA is not Audrey Hepburn in a teddy. And it really could be! We're talking about the most powerful machines on the planet. Big, hulking, phallus shaped rods of unadulterated, raw, raging power! If the thought of getting your cherry popped in the back of a Shelby Cobra[◊] gets you wet, imagine getting it on in a rocket destined for Venus...the planet of loooovve.

No. John Glenn is not exactly the Sean Connery of the 1990's; unlike good wine and cheese, John does not get finer with age. Given, Glenn has pulled in some much needed media coverage (mainly because of the running bets as to whether the old man will bite it while in orbit)—NASA hasn't seen a circus like this since the heyday of space reporting under the tender hand of Walter Kronkite.[»] This sort of attention can only be short lived, however. The chance that NASA will use this as a springboard for true space exploration is remote at best.

The obvious recourse at this point is for NASA to sell out completely. Just bring in the corporate sponsors and turn them loose. Paint the booster rockets for the shuttle so they look like they're wearing massive condoms and emblazon "Trojan: To the Moon, Baby!" on the side. Of course Microsoft, always looking for a plug, would emblazon "Where do you want to go today?" on the side of a shuttle.

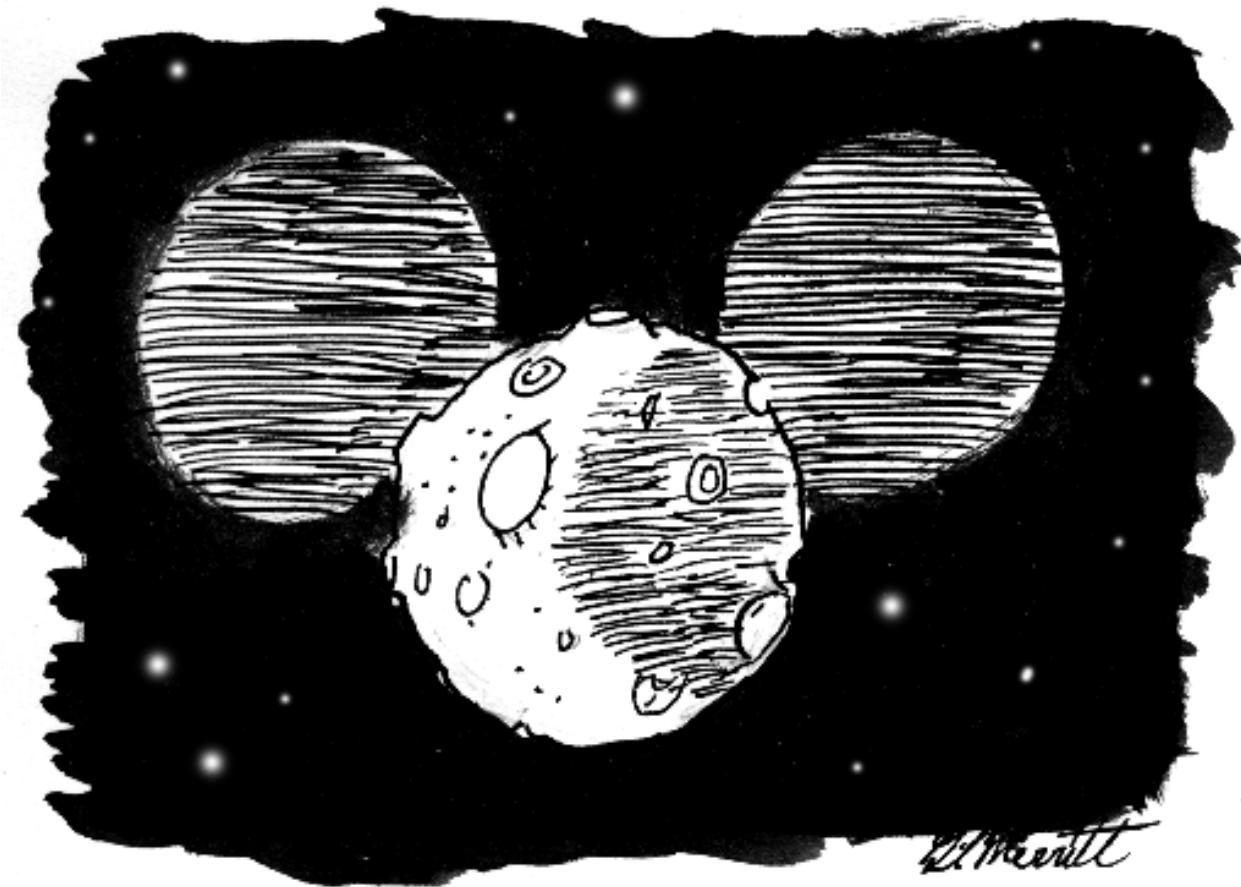
Short of this, NASA should stage the greatest hoax in history. Zimmerman telegram be damned! Using the latest US military technology, NASA could construct a series of space weapon platforms aiming Val Kilmer's 31337 "Real Genius" laser at targets in the US, Russia, China, France, India, Pakistan, Germany, Britain, and Liechtenstein for good measure. At the signal, death from on high would strike all these countries simultaneously, precluding their ability to blame one another and start a war of global annihilation.

NASA would, of course blame aliens. With the world population primed by "Sightings" and "X-Files," how could they dis-

^{CE} And he's OLD!

[◊] You limber bastard.

»And what a tender hand it was. Oh, uncle Walter....



believe? With a fire like that under the collective asses of the major world powers, a new space race would begin. This time, however, the competition wouldn't even exist and there's no way we could feel safe in slowing down our progress. To the stars in glorious wars of conquest and revenge!

Realistically, what will happen is that the most powerful nation in the world, Disney, will simply annex NASA. It only makes sense to add interplanetary conquest to the list of their weapons of evil. Besides, imagine the thrill rides they could make! Screw Disney Land, EuroDisney, and Disney World. Bring on Orbital Disney, complete with a fatty monorail. It'd be like Babylon 5, but less rendered and with better parking.

After retooling the shuttle to look like an inverted Mickey Mouse head, Disney would rule the heavens and the earth.

To promote the glorious age of the Mouse, Disney could finally steal the last children's book of value and produce "Disney's Little Prince". Appealing to the young girls, he has everything going for him as a lovable pre-pubescent planet-hopper, and with that scarf, he's got a sort of Dr. Who look to sucker in the old PBS donors. You could follow his adventures as he travels from planet to planet battling the evil Baobabs^o with his side-kicks Sam the Snake and Ruby the Rose.

Until Disney manages to gain control and bring space to the masses, we'll have to put up with NASA's glacial rate of progress. Deep Space One might be a stupendous technological step, but in the end it's just another bleeping probe. Ion drive. Yea. But until Disney's coup, this is the author writing the 1049th word of this article. From *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, goodnight and God bless.

^o We are the superior beings. Ex-ter-min-ate!



HOWARD'S HAPPY HOUR

By Howard Hao

Errata:

In reference to last issue's dedication, Dr. Martin "Steve-oh" Vaughan is a plant physiologist, not a botanist (sorry!).

Turkey Day

And let every Wednesday
Be known as "Turkey Day"
Where the minions gather
Religiously, without fail
To indulge the salted fowl
And perhaps an ice-cream
Scoop or two of mashed
Smothered in squooshy,
Lukewarm gravy.

Happiness

Nothing else says it better
Than the broad, sincere
Glimmer of a smile.

Security

That cozy little twinge
That you feel...
Analogous to the ol' blanky.

Jive On!

- for Big Jay
And so he said:
"Ease up, sucka!"
Thus begins the
Revolution that
Shall be known
For time immortal as
"Pimping with Big Jay"

Disdain

Glaring "if looks could kill"
Look that propels daggers
At one's antagonist.

Society

We laugh at the misfortunes
Of others.
We enjoy watching violent
Television shows.
We thrive on gossip and
sex scandals.
What a way to go.

We wallow in the pornography of suffering! - Cheese, Evan Dorkin's "Milk and Cheese"



BLACK VELVET, SLICK, AND UNDERWEAR DRAWERS JUST DON'T MIX, AS SEEN HERE FROM HIS INFAMOUS "PANTY AUCTION." HE THEN DANCED THE LAMBADA WITH A SPIDER PLANT, AND KARMA BOUGHT BACK HER QZ G-STRINGS.



OH, THIS IS EMBARRASSING. IT'S ME CONFUSING SIMPLE DIRECTIONS TO THE BATHROOM. THIS IS DUE TO BRAIN DEATH CAUSED BY AN EXTENDED DANCE REMIX FROM "THE INSANE CLOWN POSSE."



AGAINST EVERYONE'S WISHES, A HENCHFUL KARMA TOLD SLICK THE TRUTH ABOUT TELEBUBBIES. ONCE HE LEARNED THEY WERE NOT MARTIAN FLESH-EATING GOURMETS, HE SOBERED UP IMMEDIATELY. THE REST OF THE PHOTOS ARE IN POLICE CUSTODY.



Shirk'n'Shout

By Eric Thomas

2DED4U

When I die, I want someone to drag my corpse to the mall, take me into the Gap, stand me up like a mannequin, douse my body in gasoline, and set me on fire. I think that would be really funny.

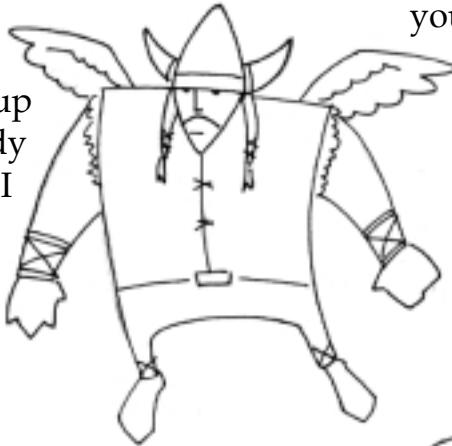
Or maybe strip me naked, put a space helmet on my head, and drop me from an airplane into the middle of New York City.

A Viking burial would be nice, I guess. Put me in a small, wooden boat, push it out to sea at sunset, shoot flaming arrows at it, and if the color of the boat's fire matches the color of the sunset, I'll go to heaven. I'm not sure if that's Viking heaven, though. I'd hate to be stuck with a bunch of stinking Vikings for eternity. Besides, why should I face eternal damnation just because my friends are lousy archers?

Maybe I'll make my friends dress my corpse in a powder-blue tuxedo with lots of frills and take me out for dinner and dancing. Better yet, they could see how much money you'd have to pay a hooker to have sex with a dead guy (assuming cooperation from *rigor mortis*, of course).

Filling my entire lifeless body with ricotta cheese would be kind of cool.

I bet you could play an exciting round of golf with my testicles. Or maybe play rugby with my head—



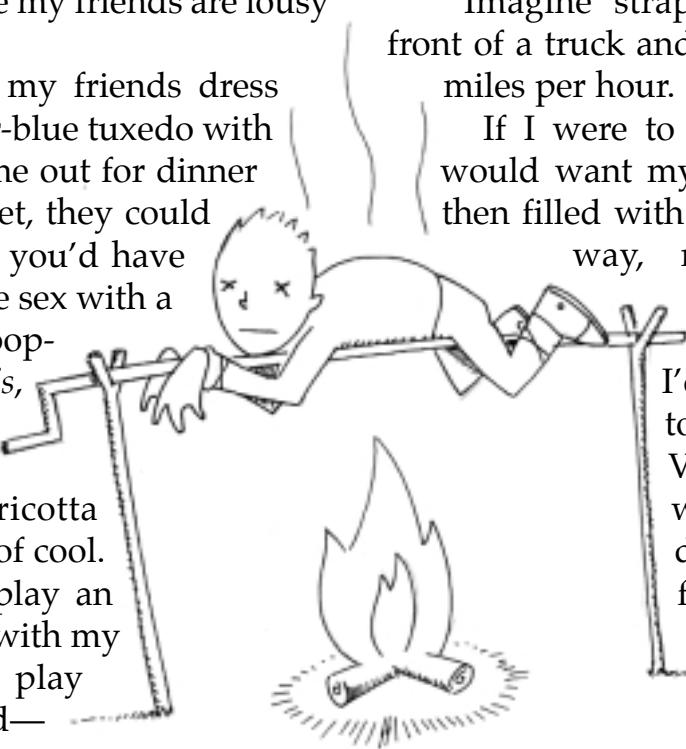
you could use my arms and legs as goal posts. Playing hockey with one of my feet would be easy enough. You could use my body as a dummy for practicing football tackles. My intestines would make a great lasso for hog-tying heifers.

Of course, you could just roast me on a spit and have a party. A couple of kegs on ice, some good music, some Frisbee, and my corpse crackling over an open fire would be a real hit.

You could stand me up in your den, with some feathers on my head and a mug full of cigars in my hand.

Imagine strapping my corpse to the front of a truck and driving into a wall at 80 miles per hour. That would be cool.

If I were to have a formal funeral, I would want my skull hollowed out and then filled with strawberry gelatin. That way, mourners would have something to tide them over until dinnertime. I'd want tofu in my mouth, too—who knows where a Vegan will pop up? I'd want to be dressed in spandex and have the coffin filled with water, rose petals, some freshwater fish, and leeches. I'd want a



killer sound system at the funeral, blaring Foghat's "Slow Ride" over and over again. And cage dancers. I'd really want some cage dancers. Male and female, to be fair. I'd probably want a penis pump, too, so I could impress the shit out of the Lord when I got to Heaven. I'd want racing stripes on my coffin, and a vanity license plate that reads, "2DED4U." I'd want LSD-spiked punch served at the funeral, and some hash brownies, too. I'd want a forty-inch television directly behind the casket, playing a videotape of Gallagher's Greatest Hits.

I'd like the Beastie Boys to speak at my

funeral, as well as Rosie O'Donnell, Sir Mix-A-Lot, and Mary Kate Olsen (Ashley's not invited — she's such a bitch). I'd want readings from the *Book of Mormon*, the *Unabomer Manifesto*, *Wine for Dummies*, and a high school Geology textbook. At the climax of the service, I'd want fireworks and a full orchestra playing King Missile's "Detachable Penis" as my body is raised in the air and finally exploded. After a final song written and performed in my honor by Madonna, the funeral would be over, with mourners receiving complimentary sex toys as souvenirs.

This week's Jungian Shard: Kent State



MOTHER: Anyone who appears on the streets of a city like Kent with long hair, dirty clothes or barefooted deserves to be shot.

RESEARCHER: Have I your permission to quote that?

MOTHER: You sure do. It would have been better if the Guard has shot the whole lot of them that morning.

RESEARCHER: But you had three sons there.

MOTHER: If they didn't do what the Guard told them, they should have been mowed down.

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY (listening in): Is long hair a justification for shooting someone?

MOTHER: Yes. We have got to clean up this nation. And we'll start with the long-hairs.

PROFESSOR: Would you permit one of your sons to be shot simply because he went barefoot?

MOTHER: Yes.

PROFESSOR: Where do you get such ideas?

MOTHER: I teach at the local high school.

PROFESSOR: You mean you teach your students such things?

MOTHER: Yes. I teach them the truth. That the lazy, dirty, the ones you see walking the streets and doing nothing ought all to be shot.

Pg. 409 - 410, Kent State: What Happened and Why, James A. Michner, Fawcett Crest, NY. 1971



LINUX

The choice of the GNU generation!



19981028

By Pat Fleckenstein

Alright, there are certain advantages to sanity. When I put the effort into it, I can carry on a coherent conversation, I can earn a living, I can tie my shoes in either order, and I can eat all of the colors of Skittles™. But, there's this whole gray area of insane genius that I want. I want it bad.

If I had to keep a minimum of five feet between me and any product containing malto-dextrose in order to pound out a fourteen volume dissertation on the economics of lint, then bye-bye Fig Newtons™. If I had to wake up every morning and rearrange my sock drawer as a function of the phase of the moon in order to be able to recognize prime numbers on sight, I'd go out and buy socks this very minute. If I had to sort my peas in a three-dimensional grid based on size, color, and firmness before I could even consider sipping my milk in order to cram one of the mysteries of life onto a canvas, I'd carry calipers with me everywhere.

I have read a great deal of schlock from the self-help, pseudo-religion, and pseudo-science sections. I have read about Zonpower, Synergetics, OBEs, Laws of Form, Ideonomy, Scientology, ESP, Christianity, Jungian analysis, Behaviourism, Intuition, Trepanation, the Plutonium Atom Totality, Transhumanism, Free-Masonry, Psycho Cybernetics, Silva Mind Control, and a slew of other things. There's genius in every one of them.

When I was in ninth grade, we had a speaker come to talk to the math team. The thrust of his presentation was that we must constantly be on guard against ruts in our thinking. He had a remarkable demonstration of all of this. He brought a student up to the front of the room. He asked her three questions:

"Spell 'roast'."

"R-O-A-S-T."

"Spell 'coast'."

"C-O-A-S-T."

"What do you put in a toaster?"

"Toast."

"Hmmm.... I usually put *bread* in the toaster."

He did the same demonstration with a different student using "ilk," "silk," and "What do cows drink?" And, then he did it all again with a third student using "crop," "top," and "What do you do when you come to a green light?" Now, it was amusing to me that this demonstration worked once. It was surprising to me that it worked twice. But, it was completely unnerving to me that it worked three times on an audience which, by now, undoubtably knew the trick.

How often does this happen? I have no idea. I'd guess that it happens all of the time. It's reassuring to feel that when I'm going to work in the morning, that work is still in the same place that I left it yesterday. But, I'm sure there are millions of those little reassuring things that aren't so accurate. How can I ever hope to find those? How can I, who has never felt compelled to get out of bed at 3:22am to count the number of Cheerios™ in my home, ever expect to get very far outside of the box?

With Herculean effort, I can make excursions outside of some of the boxen. But, what I wouldn't give to just be outside the box, running full-tilt, leaving a trail of scribbled notebooks and neatly folded Cheetos™ bags behind. What I wouldn't give to be able to say with total inner confidence that all of the problems of mathematics would be fixed if it weren't for the conspiracy of tenured mathematicians who refuse to embrace the p-adics as the proper basis of all things numeric. What I wouldn't give to spend tedious weeks without food or sleep producing a full graph-

ical accounting of the interconnectedness of all possible forms of thought.

In <http://www.stirthefire.com/universe.htm>, Robert Lavelle states it all very clearly:

"Space moves like this. O /\ + \/ O
And this is the understanding of all of time.

O This is what was first, in the beginning.
/\ This is the old kings and queens.

+ This is democracy.

\/ This is socialism.

O This is when the Lord Jesus Christ returns."

Duh. Why didn't I think of that? I

mean, it's obvious when you see it written down, isn't it? Of course, it's probably every bit as obvious if we substitute "socialism" with "the Fluorescent Capons of Nador", but the point is still the same. There is a whole Universe of Truth™ out there that my poor, deficient, "sane" brain can't possibly find, let alone comprehend. Instead, I'm resigned to appreciation from a distance. I am a secret admirer blazing with unrequited love.

In the book, *The Einstein Factor*, the authors suggest that one way to increase your intelligence is to be surprised more often. I'm trying. I'm trying hard. The insane make it look so easy. When I'm surprised, it often jolts me down different corridors. But, I rarely find a corridor I've never seen before. And, it's even rarer that I can outrun the corridor to be blazing a trail into free space.

Now, before you recommend LSD to me, you should know that I am not going to go that route. For starters, I'm not sure that I could count on public assistance if my insanity were drug-induced. Second, drugs seem like a huge crutch to me. Insane and drugged up people have essentially the same brain structures that I do. The chemical balances of it all conspire to afford them fluid (albeit uncontrolled) access to a bunch of the mind's greatest grab bags. There has got to be another way to reach all that, no?

Sure, I could sit down and exhaustively list all of the anagrams of the third letters of all of my relatives' middle names. Sure, I could coat a whole wall of my bedroom with micro-fine zig-zag patterns painted in India ink with a single pubic hair. But, I wouldn't *need* to do it. And, that *need* is the dividing line between insane genius and pointless exercise.

They say "there is nothing new under the Sun." But, to me, that's because of cultural barriers, not external barriers. If



"there is nothing new under the Sun", it's our fault. We're not open to all of the dangling threads. When I finally find one, I'm going to hang on for the ride of my life. When I finally find one, you can have my bed, my car, my books, my food, and all the rest of my worldly possessions— just keep me in constant contact with pen and paper. Until then, I'll be here to absorbing as much as I can beating on the walls of this box.

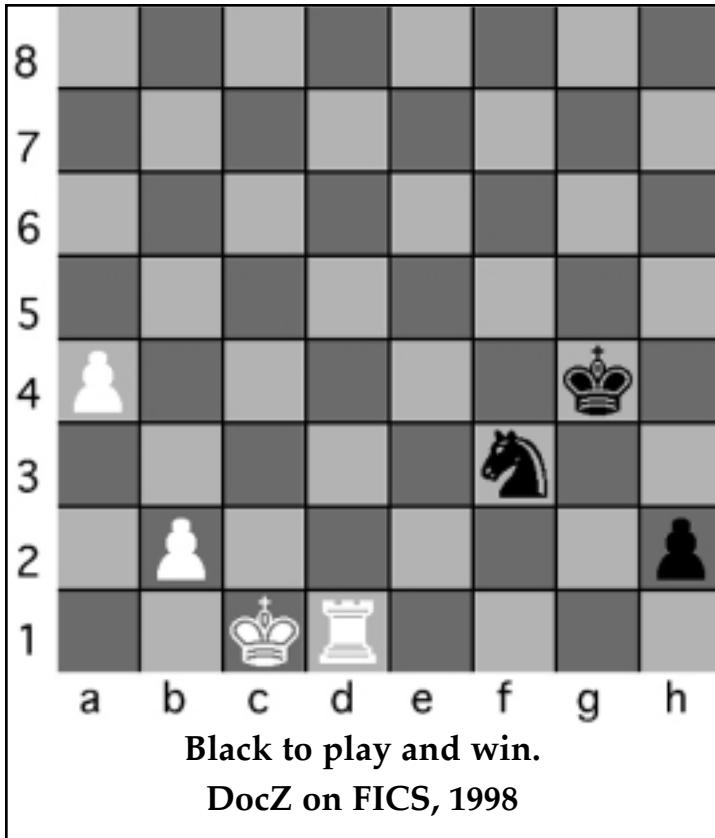
Insanity's nothing to laugh it. It's something to revere.

"[If I were 'God'] The Universe would

Chess: You whiny brat, don't fucking tell me what to do.

by Adam Fletcher (1390)

ZERO. That's how many people come to the RIT chess club because of this chess column. How can you read this column and not go to a chess club? And if you go to RIT, or are within a 40 mile radius of the campus, how can you put your head on the pillow at night,



be part of a Cosmic cake-walk with giant Ju-Ju-beadesque dancers rapping Psalm 151 to keep the Earth spinning. I'd have put old-lookin' dinosaur fossils in the rocks to make you think that world wasn't created on Oct. 19, 828 B.C. at around 6pm. I'd have super-c pixies running through your little slits of paper, and the Maxwell's demon in charge of keeping the Sun burning. I'd have every-friggin' electron kept in motion out of fear that if it stops, a big orange gila monster from planet 10 will crush it with a Freez-pop."

knowing that you haven't been to the chess club? I'll tell you again: Thursday nights, at 8pm, in the Student Alumni Union, room M-1. It's up the stairs and down the hall.

Didn't I explain to you how everyone who doesn't play chess is going to hell? Do you want to burn in eternal damnation? Think about the consequences of your actions, then think about your Thursday nights. What could you possibly be doing that is more important than playing chess? To recap:

No chess = STRAIGHT TO HELL.

The position on the left is from a game my friend Dr. Zimmerman played a few weeks ago. Doc didn't win the game, but he should have— so black to play and win.

1. ... Ng1 DocZ didn't play this, but he should have. Ng1, as Rory pointed out for me, introduces the important concept of screening the queening square. White's options are limited:
2. Rd4+ A check, in hopes of black playing away from the rook.
2. ... Kf3 3. Rd3+
3. ... Kf2 or Ke4 and white can resign because of black's unstoppable pawn promotion on h1. Kf2 is more elite, because after 4. Rd2+ black has Ne2+ followed by h1=Q.

Help me Harlan!

by Harlan Cohen, U-WIRE

Dear Harlan,

I'm a 17-year-old girl living with my father. Three months ago, I had a surgery in the hospital and something happened. Before the surgery, a nurse came into my room and told me she had to give me an enema. I got scared, but she told me not to worry. She kept talking to me in a nice voice and was very sweet. Maybe, that's the reason I was turned-on by the whole experience.

When I came home, I could not forget about it. I then went to the pharmacy and got some enema gear and took it home. I ended up giving myself an enema and found it very pleasurable.

I'm afraid of telling someone about it. I was wondering if people use enemas for pleasure? Is it dangerous to my health to get these often? I get at least five a week.

-Afraid to tell

Dear Afraid,

Your letter would be so much easier to answer if only you enjoyed the sponge bath.

According to Dr. Scott Kale, an enema is not a normal occurrence. And certainly, five per week is excessive and potentially dangerous. Dr. Kale urges you to consult with your doctor.

As for anal stimulation, there are other routes to go besides the enema. A helpful book that offers some alternative options is "The Good Vibrations Guide to Sex," by Anne

Help me, Harlan! is published in papers around the nation. God help us all.

Semans and Cathy Winks. While it may be a great book, you absolutely must first talk to your personal physician.

The bottom line - home enemas aren't the answer.

Dear Harlan,

A couple of friends and I, tired of paying exorbitant rates for one bedroom apartments and have decided to rent a large house together. Completely hetero, mind you.

My question is this, how do we decide who gets the large master bedroom?

-Moving soon

Dear Moving,

I'm glad you cleared up the whole hetero thing, because I was going to suggest you all move into the master suite and rent the other rooms out as offices.

Because it's hetero, there are a few options for you. The first is to have the roommate renting the master bedroom put a little extra money toward the rent. The other is to do a random room pick out of a hat (it doesn't have to be a hat). The final option is to switch rooms every few months.

Seriously, if you are having this difficult a time deciding which roommate gets the big room; I would be a little weary of signing more than a short-term lease. The big room may be the beginning of big problems.

Thank You!

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre's editors would like to thank all of our readers and writers for another great quarter.

See you after Thanksgiving!

Want to be a writer? Then write! Send your work to gdt@iname.com