

Politics & International

GAR-

NEWS FLASH—circa 1942

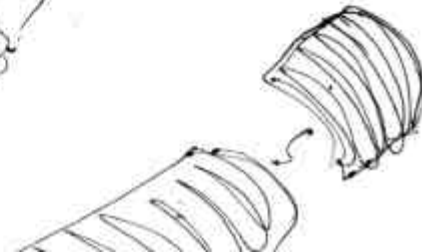
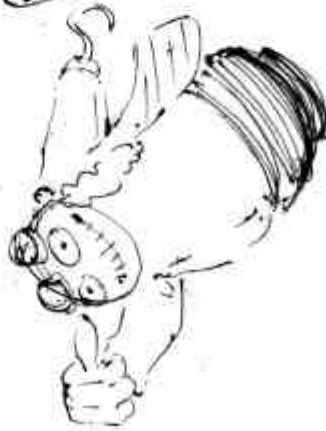


our boys suit
up, ready To Take
To The skys against The
Axis!



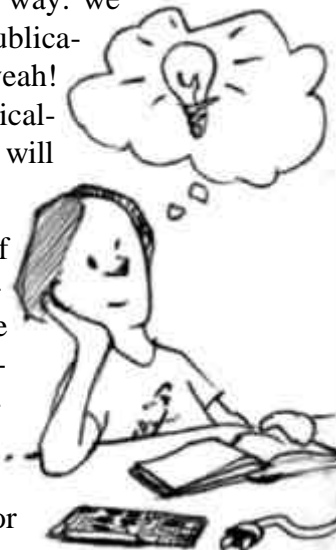
Each man does
his part, we are all
proud of our boys!

GO GET
EM!



Ethiopian Fly-Paper Boy

Disclaimer: We tried. We really did. We tried to get into print the expected way: we approached *The Reporter* and were shot down. So we decided to go it alone. This publication is in no way affiliated with Gracies except perhaps that it is sitting in here...oh yeah! and I guess the name too...but that doesn't really count. We do not claim to be politically correct, Republican, Democrat, Libertarian, or any other interest group. We will offend.



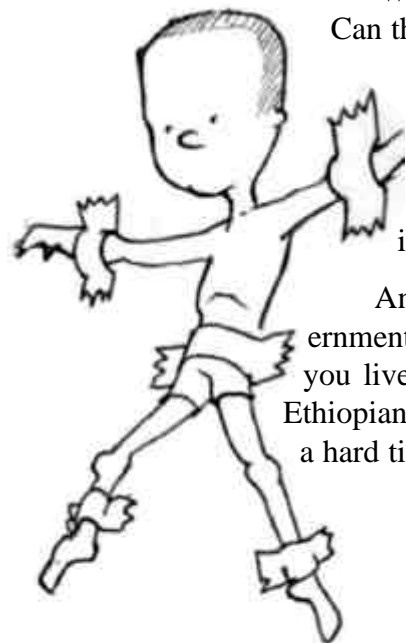
What's it all about: *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* is the brainchild of a group of individuals with way too much time on their hands, coupled with rampant imaginations (originally we were going to call the article "Campus League Involving the Torture Of RIT's Insecure Students, but it had an unfortunate acronym... acronym-macrocon. .nym.. .con ...necronomicon????? Jesus, what am I trying to say here anyway?!?). The premise is simple; many of the slightly off center ideas (slightly off center, phfbt! They can get kind of scary. "Welcome to our world...check your passport at the door, watch out for the marsupials, and remember...we break for NOBODY!) we come up with are often exchanged during dinner at Gracies. It is our time of purging.

So anyway, here it is. We don't know what this will be like, so the only advice we can give is, sit back, relax, and make sure you've got clean underwear on...here we go.

This week's *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* is brought to you in part by the letter "H", the Mormons (the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints), and AT&T: "We go beyond the call and into your bedroom."

Ever notice that, whenever news reporters show Ethiopian children, they have flies crawling all over their face and they NEVER wipe the flies away? Think those kids could make a living out of being fly magnets? Can't you see it?

"We've secretly replaced their normal fly paper with Ethiopian-Flypaper-Children. Can they tell the difference? Let's watch..."



Just cover those little gits with some duct-tape (less than a buck a roll!) and let them hang out in the corner. Hell, they don't eat much! Upkeep is low. And think of what a lovely conversation piece they'd make. "Why yes, our Ethiopian-Flypaper-Boy© (a registered trademark of Hell Inc.) is rather vogue, isn't he?"

And if they complain, just throw their little butts out onto the streets and let the government take care of them. Hell, they can't speak English, so they can't tell them where you live. Odds are a pedophile will get a hold of them anyway. Besides, replacement Ethiopian-Flypaper-Boys© are cheap. Want to know how to order, or just want to give us a hard time? Then write to us at:

GDT
CPU 50 Grace Watson Hall
Rochester, NY 14623

Drop it into that "Interdepartmental box" and you won't have to pay!

Watch for us Sundays after break: Same Bat-time, same...well you know the line.
by Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond. Vol. 1, Iss. 1.
Illustrated by Mark Trezepla

Lead Pipes and Cocaine

“My life is like juggling Faberge eggs in variable gravity.”

Do you ever think about the Romans? (Sure, we all do.) I’m not talking about the cheap Christian imitations, but the real Romans. Back when Pagans were Pagans and Christians were a wacky sub-sect of Judaism waiting for Jesus to come back with the metaphorical pizza (if your Messiah is late, you get the second one free). Think of all the things the Romans built and the vast empire they controlled. What administrators; sheesh, talk about planning. From roads, to food storage, to aqueducts, to breeding programs.

That’s right. The Romans are the first to fully use eugenics in a Herbertian fashion. Years of breeding the right couples to achieve their penultimate Emperor. But something went wrong...horribly wrong. He was born a generation too soon, and mad as a hatter.

Yeah, the last great Roman emperor was Caligula. What a crazy, twisted mother fucker (quite literally) he was. Inbreeding, incest, and lead lined cups and pipes came together to make his insanity even more endearing. After Caligula all the other emperors just paled in comparison (as did many of Caligula’s subjects. Ohhh, yes...). The Romans went from the most powerful empire in the Mediterranean to being a bunch of hicks roaming through Europe and the like. One minute they were HUGE and the next they’re just a bunch of second rate psychotics with delusions of the grandeur they had once possessed.

The Romans built the Pantheon, one of the most spectacular examples of architectural engineering in the world, an act those pseudo-Romans (ie. Christians) and Europeans during the same time period couldn’t even come close to for another six hundred years, and only then because they stole the knowledge from the Moors in Spain. Those bloody fools couldn’t even get their churches to stand up; some churches had to be rebuilt five or six times until the foundations could actually support the structures (“The other kings thought I was daft to build a castle on a swamp...”). The Romanesque churches^f were truly the wooden clogs of architecture, they’d keep you dry, give you a place to stick rotting dead saints, and if you were lucky, they wouldn’t fall on you.



Why did the once great Romans become Christian simpletons? It’s quite elementary: all that lead from the aforementioned lead pipes and cups not only made them twitch a lot, but paranoid as well. They became convinced that the world was out to get them, and the Christians wholeheartedly agreed. They said that God was punishing them for not being Christian, not to mention being born (a creed still spread today). Once it was not only safe to be Christian, but highly dangerous to be anything else (as soon as enough Christians rose to power, their old standby brotherly love got his ass kicked out the window), the masses were easily converted. If they weren’t converted, they were either burned at the stake, had holy wars declared against them, or were eventually given yellow flowers and sent to gas chambers...depending, of course, upon what time period is being examined.

^f Many of these churches would have tall spindly steeples and miniscule naves. You could fit maybe seven people in them, but those who could squeeze into the tenuous structures could see God, or maybe that was just the pressure and the lack of oxygen getting to their heads (see auto-erotic asphyxiation).





This same crazy/stupid paranoia is also a good explanation for the mass conversion of many of the indigenous populations of Latin and South America (the Spanish Inquisition with their oh-so-subtle Islam-like conversion methods didn't hurt either). The natives just exchanged lead poisoning with being high on cocaine. Those funny little buggers would walk across the Andes to market over tiny straw suspension bridges with the equivalent of a grand piano strapped to their heads, not giving a damn as long as they had that Coca leaf in their mouth with a little added lime to chew on.

If you think of the situation they found themselves in at the time, most of the farmers were crazy, high, and paranoid, and the rest of the population was just dying (huzzah smallpox!). They were little bastards (I mean they hadn't had the Church to marry them yet) and easily converted after most of them were just about dead.

After all, what else did they have to lose but their culture?

by Sean Hammond, Kelly Gunter, *et. al.* Vol. 4, Iss. 1.
Illustrated by Scott Peterson

After Dinner Mints

Hey Alanis, here's some irony for ya! In German, "erlich" means "honest". It so happens that one of Richard Nixon's top aides during the Watergate cover-up and media circus, responsible for helping feed the elder statesman[†] a daily diet of lies and denials, was named Erlichmann... "Honest man".

[†]What's the difference between a statesman and a politician? A statesman is a dead politician. Here's hoping for more statesmen!

by Mark Nowak. Vol.5, Iss. 1.

Culture Kampf

—Michelle Amoruso, Vol. 6, Iss. 2.

The Fore people live in the eastern highlands of Papua, New Guinea, practicing horticulture and ritual cannibalism. Their claim to fame is the 100% fatal kuru (which they exclusively are afflicted by), a degenerative neurological disease. It is unique because the causative agent contains no nucleic acid; it is an infectious protein (prion). The disease is transmitted through consumption of human brains (yummy... Now introducing at Taco Bell, the Kuru brain wrap, the perfect gift of revenge). Annual deaths of kuru have dropped from 200 to about 10 after cannibalistic practices stopped around 1960.

As for social control, Fore women have a unique monopoly on marital power. Husbands live in fear of their wives polluting them with their menstrual blood. Imagine if American females had this same ability. Instead of hoarding cans of Mace and pepper gas, women could carry around used tampons in a holster (tampon by day, wand of death by night). In case of assault, just whip it out and use your best fencing moves. And if that doesn't work, I hear the seven layer brain burrito doubles quite nicely as a shield.



Culture Kampf:

—Michelle Amoruso. Vol. 7, Iss. 2.

Ethnographic Mad Libs

Follow the instructions and then turn over this page to discover the outcome of your mad lib culture:

- Read each of the categories written below.
- On a separate piece of paper write a word (or words) that comply with the category in a correctly numbered space.
- Turn over this page and insert your answers into the correspondingly numbered spaces.
- Read through entire mad lib.

- A group name*
- Type of terrain*
- Geographical location*
- Your favorite food*
- A food you hate*
- Something that crawls*
- A sexually transmitted disease*
- European nationality, pl.*
- Type of relative*

- Animal, pl.*
- Plural noun*
- Another plural noun*
- Noun*
- Word ending in 'ing'*
- Place*
- Adjective*
- Plural noun*

Culture Kampf:

—Michelle Amoruso. Vol. 7, Iss. 8.

What kind of New Guinean Are You?**Take this Quiz to Find Out**

1. When it comes to marriage...

a) You prefer it if the woman engages in ritualized group sex while the man has homosexual relations with his sister's adolescent son(s).

b) You become engaged when you and your significant other share a meal at the male's parents' house.

2. When it comes to politics...

a) You don't believe in formal political groups. You and your community just have a sense of "belonging together."

b) You believe in just one way of engaging in external conflict: revenge cannibalism.

3. When you're sick, you ask the doctor to...

a) extract foreign objects from your body that were placed there by hostile sorcerers.

b) chant, rub doctored leaves all over your body, and spit chewed ginger on your head.

Scoring:

•If you had mostly a's, you are a Marind–anim at heart. You enjoy eating sago, coconuts, bananas, pork, taro, and yams. Your favorite stimulants most likely include kava, betel, and tobacco. You are probably Catholic, but you also may be Protestant. You often find yourself getting in arguments over garden land. Don't worry—just remind the other person about the threat of sorcery, and you'll resolve it in no time.

•If you had mostly b's, you belong on Goodenough Island. You enjoy gardening and use magic in order to ensure a good yield. You have a 33% chance of divorce, usually on grounds of neglect, laziness, or infidelity. You are very distrustful of external authorities and prefer to use your own methods of social control, including public ridicule, ostracism, and revenge sorcery. But remember—that external warfare could continue on indefinitely unless you take the first step and break the cycle of revenge cannibalism.



Ethnographic mad lib continued...

The 1., who live in the 2. of 3. mainly subsist on 4., 5., and 6.. Although their population was once thriving, their numbers have greatly decreased due to the 7. epidemic brought in by the 8.. It is acceptable to marry your 9. and it is custom to throw 10. at the bride and groom during the ceremony. They barter with the neighboring tribes, trading locally made 11. for the much prized 12.. When individuals break the 13. taboo, drastic action is taken, usually resulting in death by 14.. When members of the tribe die honorably, it is believed they go to 15., an afterlife filled with 16. 17..

Culture Kampf:

—Michelle Amoruso. Vol. 7, Iss. 3.

A few weeks ago, I alluded to a similarity between the Gebusi of Paupa, New Guinea, and the Greek system of (insert your college name here). Upon further investigation, I realized that this was merely the tip of the iceberg. The parallels are uncanny.

Gebusi

- Men and women sleep separately in gender segregated longhouses.
- Marriage is ideally sister exchange.
- Sometimes, male homosexual encounters occur in the privacy of the bush outside of the longhouse.
- For rite of passage, adolescent males are orally inseminated by the previously initiated men.

Greek System

- Men and women sleep in gender segregated houses/floors.
- Random hook-ups are ideally sister exchange.
- Sometimes, male homosexual encounters occur in the privacy of the pool table inside the frat house.
- For rush, males and females are orally inseminated by the previously initiated men.

O Canada

by Kelly Gunter, Sean Hammond, *et al.* Vol. 8, Iss. 2. Illustrated by Troy Liston

“A mushroom cloud on the horizon, 24 empty missile tubes—now it’s *Miller time*.”

A funny thing[†] happened to our parent group Hell’s Kitchen at the beginning of this publishing year. We found (through unscrupulous sources, the proverbial cream of the crop (ewww)) that some mysterious group has been pumping heap-big slabs o’ wampum into Hell’s Kitchen. At first we weren’t worried. Hey, what the hell do we care? It all goes to pay for printing anyway. But we started getting a bit suspicious when our fund-raiser Tom Kar Kai said, “So guys, now that we’ve got the funds to, say, buy a small Latin American country, don’t you think it would be a hoot if we...I don’t know...invaded Quebec? We could buy a tank and make a weekend of it!”

After tying old Tom down and performing mild surgery on him^ð (“We don’t need this, or this...”), it turned out that our good old friend Mr. Kar Kai was actually a deep cover operative from Canada (yes, *O Canada*) sent to infiltrate Hell’s Kitchen and induce us to vomit and invade Quebec.

Doesn’t make sense, I hear the guy in the back writing? Oh, but think about it: micro-nationalism in Quebec has been on the rise over the past several decades, and the English-speaking people in Canada’s Heartland wish the Frogs would just get their act together and finally pass their periodic referendums and get the hell out. Sick of waiting, the right-minded English inhabitants of Canada have turned to their southern, more

[†] Well, not really funny “Ha-Ha.” Kind of a Santa’s-drunk-and-sodomizing-the-reindeer-again kind of funny.

^ð Kids: TESTICULAR TORSION!

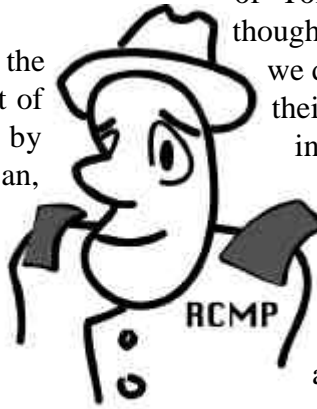
aggressive brethren (i.e., small US non-profit organizations) to drive the beret-bearing bastards into the sea. Besides, if the US is busy invading Quebec and bringing it a little backwoods justice,³ we won't invade the rest of their shitty country for a while longer; we're still licking our wounds from 1812.

It's not just Quebec, though. All over the world the Super-nationalism of the early part of the 20th century is being replaced by micro-nationalism. Ireland, Israel, Azerbaijan, the Kurds (small and large), Serbs.... It's Balkanization for everybody! Free side order of fries, and if you order now you'll receive these lovely faux pearls. Guaranteed to satisfy even your most discerning swine. Really, what would the Kurds do if Turkey and Iraq were to grant them independence...besides be land-locked and have no exports? They can't just let their entire economy be led by Reebok and their soccer ball sewing hordes. They'd just be another Tuva; and we all know what that leads to: throat singing and no rhythm (...sounds like a truck full of windchimes hitting a flock of ducks...).

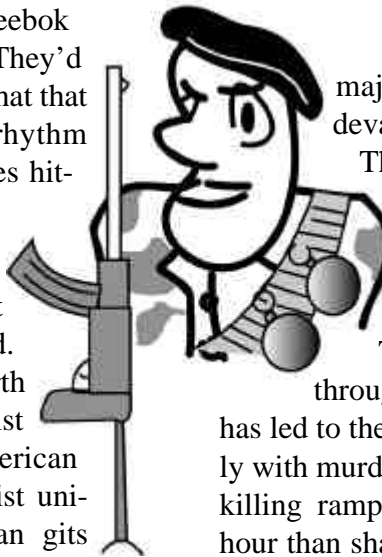
Everyone is so interested in not stepping on the ethnicity of others that more and more subgroups are created. Sure, you might be a single unitarian north eastern Afro-American, and I'm an atheist unitoothed malproportioned Irish-American git, but that doesn't mean that all atheist unitoothed malproportioned Irish-American gits should get together and form a country. People are confusing clubs and support organizations with ethnic identity. You're Palestinian and I'm a Jew? Ok, get over it. You're just another slacker to me.

Some people blame it on the inherent selfish nature of man (Yes. Man, not people. "Man" is an historically acceptable plural, all encompassing word). Me? I blame the Canadians and the Christians (pig fuckers!). In the course of our, um, discrete questioning of Tom, you remember Tom, ("You always thought about the Priesthood, didn't you Tom?"), we discovered that the Canadians, bitter about their problems with Quebec, have been causing it all. The assassination of Archduke Ferdinand? Yup. A Canadian, not a Serb; if you can get a Canuck to grow his mustache, take his tuque off, and peel that ridiculous flannel off him, your average Canadian is actually a dead ringer for any vindictive, gun totin', archduke shootin' Serb (...you've got to capitalize 'Serb' cause they think they're an ethnic group...).

You see, over the years, Canada's major exports have been geese, Labatt beer, devalued currency, hockey, and Alex Trebek. This has led to the unfortunate situation where most of the people living in Canada spend much of their time walking on goose doots and willingly spending coinage called Loonies and Molson. The high amounts of ammonia absorbed through the skin (from the goose doots, stupid!) has led to the government of Canada being filled mostly with murderous old codgers who would rather go on killing rampages during their scheduled nightly nap hour than share their country with a bunch of baguette eating prats who have no more sense than to speak French (...you've got to capitalize 'French' cause they think they're an ethnic group...¥) all of the live long day.



Coincedence?



³ Now in Sandalwood and Potpourri. Give the gift that keeps on giving and make the man you love "Squeal like a pig!"™

¥This may be seen as beating a dead horse, but it's a good dead horse to beat.



<breath></breath>

Because misery loves company, Canada, in conjunction with Hell Inc., has formed the Pandora Group: a collection of Canada's best and most luminous, bent on going out into the world to spread VeeDee and discord where ever they go. Some recent manifestations of the Pandora Group in American culture have been Beanie Babies, Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers, and the insanely oversized computer programs coming from Microsoft. The Pandora Group's major function, however, has been the promotion of balkanization worldwide.

Just to show you how devious these bastards are, it took only three operatives in minor positions in Austria posing as art teachers and critics in the nineteen

teens to set the ball rolling for World War II (remember, at the same time they primed Europe's engines by starting WWI). It wasn't the war they were after, though that was a nice side of gravy. What they wanted was the establishment of a Jewish homeland to displace the Palestinians and piss off the Arab countries forever.

So remember: behind every Palestinian throwing a rock at a Jewish invader, behind every English cursing Scot, behind every rifle hugging militia man and every politically correct fairy-tale, there lies a Canadian waiving his stupid maple-leaf flag. Oops! Got to run. Tank's all gassed up and we've some frogs to fry.

O Canada

“Efficiency is a highly developed form of laziness.”

It's twelve o'clock on a blissful Saturday afternoon when you journey to your mailbox to see what you might have already won and collect all those pesky bills before they slip through the cracks. You sift through the items one by one confident in your telepathic visualization of their contents.

Ah, this is new. A very important looking orange envelope that defies all your attempts to determine it's contents. Well, there is nothing for it—you'll simply have to vivisect that puppy. There is a moment of confusion as you sift through the usual form letter formalities:

DEAR OCCUPANT OF 4 BLUE SPRUCE LANE,

WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT ... AND THE UNUSUAL NATURE ... WE ASK THAT YOU LEAVE THE COUNTRY WITH A MINIMUM AMOUNT OF FUSS ... YOU WILL BE REQUIRED BY LAW ... UNDER THE NEW MANAGEMENT, THIS COUNTRY IS BEING DOWN-SIZED ... IF YOU CAN NOT LEAVE WITHIN A DAY, YOU WILL BE FORCIBLY REMOVED.

THE NEW MANAGEMENT GREATLY APPRECIATES YOUR DEDICATED YEARS OF SERVICE TO THIS COUNTRY. HOWEVER UPON A GREAT DEAL OF REFLECTION WE ASKED NOT WHAT THIS COUNTRY COULD DO FOR YOU, BUT WHAT YOU COULD DO FOR YOUR COUNTRY, AND FRANKLY YOUR POSITION IN IT IS REDUNDANT.^ž

...

P.S. LEAVE THE DOG.

Whoa, now this has got to be some kind of sick joke. You stuff the letter down into the terrycloth lint-ridden abyss of your pocket, and carry on with your usual Saturday afternoon fair (insert calliope music here).

Let me see, crushed ice cubes and V-8.... Did someone turn the volume control up on the refrigerator? The rest of the day passes with a kind of relentless hazy fervor.

Sitting down in front of the television that evening, you run across an interesting story on the TV news. You're only partially interested in the actual content of the article, seeing as you had only changed to this station

^ž Reads better once translated into Canadian.

in the first place to see if you could catch a titillating peek at that cute weather girl who, because of viscous discharge (thankfully unbeknownst to you), does not seem to be doing the weather today.

Oh well, might as well listen.

The story is strange. It says something about how in the wee hours of the morning, the United States was taken over by the Canadians (Yes, *O Canada*). It was a hostile take-over,[†] and since early this morning they've been mobilizing their top executives to downsize the population of our (well technically their) great nation. All useless members of the community (especially Rick Moranis and the newly repatriated Dave Thomas) are being deported.

You think this must have been some kind of prank phone call, but then you realize you were watching television. You spend the rest of the evening in the usual way, and wake up the following afternoon with the typical hangover. In your misty, bleary-eyed state you look out the window to a fresh, new day and your neighborin³ being forcibly heaved from her homestead by two smart looking men in expensive power suits. "Wow," you think, "those suits really work. That woman was majorly Dino-sized™." They cram her into a chicken wire crate on the back of a flatbed. Next you see them bustling her husband out, who shelters in his quivering arms their priceless little pooch. You simply must have drunk way too much last night and dismiss it as simply another manifestation of your chronic alcohol delusions.

You start about your "morning" routine of donning your robe, quaffing a cup of joe, and vacuuming your cat (for the Belgian waffles of course). You

stop in amazement as you glance out the window; the street is swarming with suits—three piece, two piece, executive leisure wear—and they're all attached to some determined looking men and women. Shit! Where is the Neighborhood Watch when you need them (or Adam West for that matter)?

You hear noises outside as ladder-scaling executives case your joint to determine your whereabouts. Like any red-blooded American, you hide your sorry ass in the closet until they leave. For the rest of the day you lay low in your abode, almost slipping a couple of times when the phone rings. No, you mustn't answer the phone—the telemarketers are just secret police in cheap suits.

Night falls and you leave the lights off, you're not going to fall for *that* trick. You sit perched at your window side watching the drama of the night unfold. Various neighbors who had eluded capture all day, make the mistake of traveling to the kitchen to get themselves a late hour snack, the "Got milk?" campaign was working. Door opens and the light goes on—a little signal beacon glistens calling all available executive commandos to it. After some time you realize that the rabble on the street are of a different type than the clean sophisticated power thirsty executives you'd seen all day. These are the executive trainees. Each is outfitted with the basic assertiveness

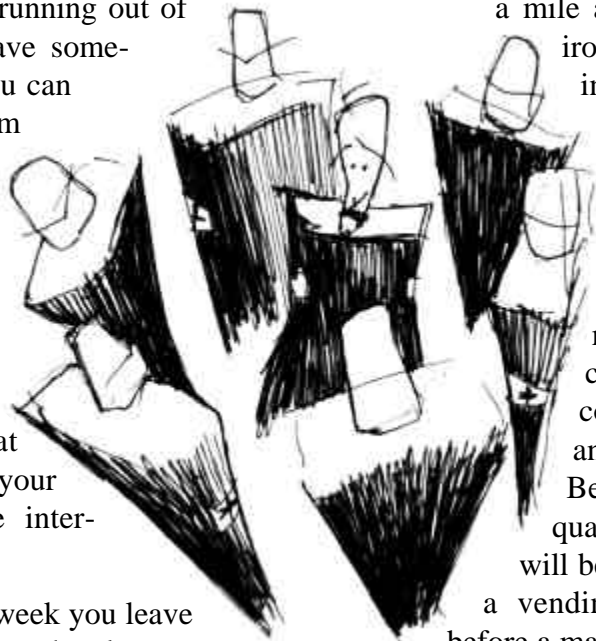
training gear. Wearing night camouflage outfits (with tops for the ladies showing copious amounts of cleavage in classic Canadian video production-style), and brandishing Beretta M9's filled with glow-in-the-dark paint pellets, they wriggled around on the ground like night-crawlers in an electric Skinner box, with rubber tipped knives in their mouths.[?] Each of them more hungry than the daytime breed—they've got to earn their stripes if they're ever going to advance.



[†]You probably thought it would have been the Japanese who were taking over the country economically, but if you check the list of top investors in this country, the Nips got their asses nudged by the Canadians. See? We told you they were evil. They simply had to take control soon, because they were being eaten out of house and home by the snow geese.

By this time, you're running out of supplies and you've got to leave some-time. There is only one way you can do it—you've got to make them think that you are one of them. You go to your closet to choose your disguise. You've got to find out how many of the boys made it through all right.^β There's not a great deal of selection in your closet and the only thing to do is use that Burlington Coat Factory suit your mom bought you for college interviews.

For the first time in a week you leave the confines of your home. At first, the ploy seems to be working, but suddenly you find yourself surrounded. "Nice try," says the doughy man in charge, "but we can smell a 60/40 cotton-polyester blend from



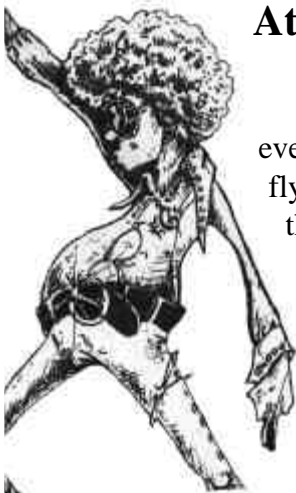
a mile away. Oh, and you should have ironed your slacks." There is nothing left for you but certain deportation.

Since you are actually reading this right now, I assume this scenario hasn't happened yet. However, it could. At this moment, Lord Thomson and his cronies are buying up American companies like they're on a clearance table at the Dollar General. Before long, those slim foreign quarters you pass off as US currency will be the only thing that *will* work in a vending machine. We'll be bowing before a maple leaf flag and worshipping the mighty beaver—our purple mountains will yield to the True North, strong and by Kelly Gunter, *et al.* Vol. 8, Iss. 7. Illustrated by Matt Mesner.

³ No, we're not fuckin' around again. It's Pig-German. Don't be gerfingerpoken der komputerin.

? "You'll poke an eye out with that thing."

^β But that's just what they'd be expecting you to do.



Attic Inferno

—Alex Whitman. Vol. 8, Iss. 7.

Ok, so, like, the first time I ever go to France I'm 16 and I'm flying off to Europe myself 'cause that's what all kids should do when they have responsible parents who stick them on planes and say, "See you in a couple months kid. Here's a couple hundred bucks. Yeah, bye."

And so, you know, to be cheap I'm flying Pakistani Airlines...which I really don't think should be flying anywhere. So I get on this plane and here I am thinking I'm all cool. I was going to France. I sure as hell didn't speak any French, though I thought I did. I got an A in French class, not because I knew the difference between Andre and Andre, il and elle, wherever the crap, but I didn't know anyone named Andre

when I was getting on the plane, so it didn't matter.

So, there were these women who I guess were from Pakistan ('cause it's Pakistani Airlines) dressed up, looking like, you know, proper women in their dresses and the stewardesses are trying to put thousands of people on this damn plane and they're like, "Eww." And I'm trying to get into my seat and I always like get the extra seats or front seats 'cause, you know, I have long legs so I'm like "Ooh.... Much more comfortable." And I wanted this seat and someone was in it but I had the ticket so it's my seat. And I was yelling at the guy—I wasn't yelling at him, but I'm like, you know, "I think this is my seat," and the woman made me sit somewhere else and I was really annoyed 'cause I wanted the seat. You know, if you request a seat, you have that seat. Is it so hard to understand why you request a seat? It's like a reservation: "We can't hold your reservation. If you want to hold your reservation,

then, ok, you have to sign and fill this out.” So you know, that’s a *Seinfeld* episode and we really don’t need to go there ‘cause it’s been done. But it’s the same concept: my seat was reserved. So I have to sit in this other damn seat. And they have bad food, like “whoa, bad.”

Ok, but that’s not the real problem. The real problem was that the plumbing backed up and everyone would go to the bathroom, and it didn’t flush. So, it’s like a six hour flight or something, and sometime during that flight you will have to relieve the bladder, or as my friend Tad’s mother would say, “eliminate.” People on the plane needed to “eliminate,” and it stunk. You’re like, “Ick, toilets.” Especially airline toilets ‘cause you know, sewage scented water comes out of them. “Ooh, you have to flush the urine down so it will make it smell worse.”

So it’s like I’m trying to go up to first class ‘cause I’m not going in that bathroom, but they won’t let me in there—“No no, you stay back there.” I’m like, “Oh my god.” So I had to go in this bathroom and I really had to go. It’s not like I have bladder control. And there’s like this mound of toilet paper, it was so high, coming out of the toilet. I don’t know how people would use this toilet. It’s like trying to like, I don’t know, squat at the base of Mount Ranier and hope to hit the top. It does not work. So, there’s like this huge mound of old disgusting toilet paper; it’s smelling and it was terrible. I think I finally found one that wasn’t mounded to that point. I don’t remember. I don’t

care—it was just this mound of toilet paper, and then I had to go through French customs, and I didn’t speak French, I had to try and speak and, oh! Paris is so big!

I was like in a train station, and some guy is like, “Do you need directions?” and I’m like, “Oh. Whatever.” I think he was speaking English. So, I have to find a hotel room—okay, and then I got a hotel room. It was really cheap. It was like thirty bucks which isn’t bad for Paris, but then I’m like, “Ok, I’m going to cruise around the city; I’m in Paris, I’m sixteen, there’s no stopping me.” So I go to get on the subway.

I’m like, “Yeah, I’m getting on the subway.” I bought the ticket, whatever. They have these weird tickets, and you know, in New York they have these turnstiles, you know, pretty much you can understand how to get on. But in Paris they have these doors that go like “swoop,” and, like, open to the side, so you’re trying to go through the doors and they don’t open until you stand on a platform. So I put my little ticket in, sa-shoom, the doors don’t open. And I’m like, “Oh my god. There’s something wrong here.” So I try to put my ticket in again. The doors still don’t open. And I was so intimidated by the subway doors, not even the doors, the turnstyle doors, that I couldn’t get on the subway. That’s why I got a thirty dollar hotel room: I couldn’t find the youth hostile cause I couldn’t get on the subway.

Um...that’s all. That’s the end of my story.

Simply Having a Wonderful Christmas Time

by Jason Olshefsky, Alexandra Whitman, Sean Hammond,
and Kelly Gunter *et al.* Vol. 9, Iss. 1

“No one leaves a Jewish wedding hungry; then again, no one leaves with a hangover.”

‘Tis the season to get rip-roaring drunk and flash your neighbor’s dog...or at least that’s what most Swedes think. Of course for Swedes there really is no bad time to flash the neighbor’s hound. In the spirit of such unconditional giving as the Swedes often demonstrate, GDT is prepared to teach you a few new—and quite old—drinking games that you might not have heard of before. Drinking games throughout history have always required stamina, cunning, and guile. Oh yeah, and a high tolerance for low proof alcohol and a bladder that has its own agenda.

The first unrecorded drinking game (actually, it was called a “Salting game” for reasons that will become clear. Read along. There’s nothing to see here.) in history came out of Sumaria around 4000BCE. The only reason we are privy to this information is because of a couple quite graphic, and mostly non-existent, tablets that were not found in the great library of Ashurbanipal at Nineva located on the beautiful Tigris River. The game itself was quite complicated, and only after a series of long, drawn-out tortuous ordeals, was the “player” allowed a small swig of wine, which everybody drank anyway. As a part of the game, the revelers shouted,

“Svitzcha!”[†] and threw salt over their shoulder and was used as a way to test a “player’s” metal in a pre–Bronze Age society (about a week later and they would have been in the Bronze Age).

As drinking games were just invented they had not yet realized what the true purpose of a drinking game is: to get drunk and act stupid. They had the stupid part down cold, what with the salt throwing, but were a little behind in the inebriation field.

Because this first game was invented in the enlightened society of the Sumarians it did not take them long to catch on...just look at the circle (prime piece of marketing that was).[?] Unlike the Sumarians, the more uncouth civilizations just getting the hang of agriculture just wanted to have a nice tall one, and did-

[†] Cheers.

[?] In addition to being top notch astronomers and mathematicians (case in point: the Nineva constant. A number which divides into the orbit of each planet, most moons, and several of the larger asteroids evenly), they were the world’s best marketers. The phrase “He could sell the Devil a glass of water”^f really does not do them justice. Prior to their foray into the rough and tumble world of pre–Iron Age marketing, most cultures and tribes made do with what they had, and what they had mainly consisted of squares. Striving for an increased geometric density, early researchers diligently worked on new shapes (Ah, square? No. Ah, square? No. Oh! I got it! How about a square?). After centuries of circular reasoning (“Hey!”) Wesslie the Daft from the Anatolian Plateau mistakenly left a cross bar off one of his experiments and the triangle was born. Ridiculed by the Society of Squares (“What kind of square is that? Kind of lacking in sides, isn’t it?”) it was discovered that the triangle could handle more weight using fewer sides. A break through in geometric density! The Sumarians, scoffing at their superfluous sided shapes, presented the circle. Totally new (“Hey! You just cut a part out of a tree.”), or at least mostly new, the circle proved to be so innovative and practical that it was mostly ignored as a tool for centuries, due mainly to the extensive owner’s manual that carefully explained each of the 360 degrees³ and blathering on about arcs and angles and snake pies. Consisting of only two sides (inside and outside), it had only one practical load bearing surface. Unfortunately, it tended to roll away from where it was set down, causing a great deal of confusion. The first real use of the circle in a architectural project was by Imhotep the Feeble when he attempted to fuse the three major geometric forms in a theory of Unified Geometry or just give good old King Zoser a better view from his picture window in the after–life. The resulting Step Pyramid fused all three: with distances measured with the circle, squares used to make rectangles, the entire shape was roughly a triangle. Hailed as a major breakthrough, the new Unified Geometry was refined to the point of making the Great Pyramid at Gizeh. Seen by many modern whackos as a source of ancient knowledge, they cite the fact that the Great Pyramid contains pi in its very structure as proof that the ancients weren’t all stupid enough to be gold plating their sculptures using grape juice powered batteries. Of course it has pi in it you prats! They measured the length of sides with a circle. Even if they didn’t know about Pi it would be a part of the structure. Sheesh!

^f Which really isn’t that hard. Ol’ Club Foot is parched most of the time.

³ While humans tended to overlook the circle, the Gods of old were quite taken with the idea. They were so impressed that they decided to adopt the circle with its 360 degrees as the solar standard. The length of days and the orbit of the Sun around the Earth were adjusted to the year was exactly 360 days. For millennia, the earth’s systems relied solely on the 100% Pure Circle system. By the time of Persephone a new operating system called Ellipse had begun to gain in popularity and several aspects of it were incorporated into Circle. The hybrid system worked effectively until 1582AD when the number of internal errors caused a massive crash and caused the irretrievable loss of 10 days. Rather than have to rewrite the entire system (a serious pain because it was written in base 60 planet code, and no one scripts in base 60 anymore), Pope Gregory the 13th created a work–around altering the length of each day and causing the length of each year to be 365.256328 days, proving once again that when you measure an object you change its nature. Sure, the system’s sloppy, but it works for now.

n’t want to go through all that other muck to get at it. The Sumarians were smart, but not all that smart. Then again, neither were the afore mentioned uncouth ones; they kept the salt throwing in because they thought the alcohol wouldn’t work without it.

The game became wildly popular and spread quickly across the known world (all forty–four hectares of it) eventually making its way to the flourishing societies of Harappa and Mohenjo–Daro in the Indus river valley, who until this time, had only known of the less engaging party games of pin the tail on Floyd (“Ow! Quit it! Why don’t you guys go play Kick–the–Sandstone or something?”) and kick the sandstone. These early Indus civilizations just couldn’t get enough of this new drinking game (and neither could Floyd) and ended up occupying all of their oth-

erwise unoccupied time in playing the game. This resulted in vast quantities of salt being flung about and eventually making their soil too saline to sow their seeds. Their once great civilization then went the way of Sefosophy in Utah, never to be heard of again.

(As an interesting side note, the Salt Drinking Game, having disappeared for millennia, suddenly reappeared in the biggest party the Mediterranean ever saw. Shortly after the Carthigians invited the Romans over for a party, someone broke out a store of salt and taught everyone how to play. After a week of cavorting and merriment (“Hell of a joke, you bringing those Elephants to our party last time.”) Carthage was a mess and reduced to a saline wasteland. Hell of a party, though.)

A major innovation to drinking games came with the rise of the Minoan civilization. Until this time most drinking games had never really incorporated the cause and effect status of modern drinking games (ex. Roxanne). In fact, it was the other way around: “When I drink, I’ve got to throw some salt.” With the rise in trade and commerce among different civilizations, the concept of cause-and-effect was hit upon. The really advanced groups came to look for a cause and effect in everything. ð Enter early Minoan Society: naked, broken legged fisherman who let young boys and girls jump over bulls for kicks.

They had to be drunk.

The game they played consisted of taking a drink every time some strong, nubile youth flipped themselves, ass over end, over the marauding beast. Two if the youth made it. All you can drink if two of the youngsters collided in the air.

The next great innovation in drinking games was introduced by the great and wacky religion of Judaism,



Gazelle offering goblets of wine to the scorpion-man as he throws salt with his right hand.

and was called Passover Dinner. The Hebrews successfully married the solemn occasion of religious ritual with the fun of consuming vast quantities of alcohol, without turning the whole thing into an orgy like the less successful versions of the Roman’s Bacchus drinking game. The Bacchus drinking game mostly consisted of taking a drink whenever you saw someone and then having sex with the closest available sheep (“If the sheep doesn’t say no, it’s not rape”). Oddly enough some forms of the early Roman game seem

to continue on to this very day, even though most of the religious meaning may be lost, it was probably lost about the time they invented it in the first place (see hazing).

Innovation being the hallmark of the Western alcoholic, games continued to grow, spread, prosper, be repressed, go underground, form a guerrilla movement, topple the Powers-that-Be, and prosper. Over the centuries, several games have been lost, but thanks to some intense pleading to Hell Inc., the Bacchus Corp has supplied us with a few less interesting games than we’ve already covered:

The Catholic Drinking Game—a.k.a. Communion

Christianity, not seeing why the Jews should have all the fun created this game to honor the Lord their Father and their less than respectable cannibalistic sides. As with most modern religious drinking games (quite unlike the Bacchus game) the game is either not played often enough, or the interval between drinks is a little too substantial, like a week, for most heavy drinkers to fully enjoy its subtly nuances. Ultimately this game often loses its purer nature in the banal pageantry of modern day Catholicism.

The game is played like this:

ð “Now, if yous don’t have that shipment a’ fish you promised, my boy’ll h’ve to break you legs. Nothing pers’n’l. Jus’ bizness.”

The parishioners endure forty-five minutes of dogma, then the Priest says, "Let us proclaim the mystery of our faith." Everybody drinks. Communion is finished, the Mass ends, everybody goes home for a week and returns the following Sunday. Repeat.

One can only imagine how much more satisfying Mass must have been in the age of Pope Alexander VI.

The Drinking Game Drinking Game

This game is about as simple as it gets and reflects the minimalism of our times. Every time you take a drink, you have to take a drink.

This game will only end upon the occasion:

- a) that you pass out
- b) that you die
- c) that you run out of things to drink

It is advisable never to play this game around Drano or household cleaning fluids.



Floyd being forced to wear the funny hat as the tiger whispers in his ear, telling him that everyone hates him.

Advisory Aviatory Drinking Game of Admiral Byrd

This game was created by the great explorer and pilot Admiral Byrd. The game consists of becoming scared to death of flying, drinking enough to bloat a camel and only then setting foot on an airplane. Once on board the plane you become so disastrously frightened that you nearly cause the pilot to crash.

Repeat as many times as you need to take flight. This game is given a TDDYP rating (Till Death Do You Part).

So just remember the what makes an alcoholic and the ways to avoid accusations of being one. In this festive holiday season, drinking games not only cover our drug use for purposes so noble as burying our vicious emotions, but also keep us from drinking alone. Don't get MADD get even...more drunk, and then just see what happens.

Postmaster General

"When it absolutely, positively has to be passed overnight."

It's rare that I get the chance to sit down and really see the American political machine swing into high gear like an eighteen wheeler barreling down the far side of the Sierra Nevada after bursting its brake line and approaching one of California's notorious anti-banked curves.[†] Besides the live broadcast of the Gulf War ("Uh, this is Wolf Blitzer. I think I'm going to get under the table now...whoa, I found a penny!"), the President's State of the Union address is the closest to a Battle Royal as you get here in the states. Great Britain is another story. The folks in Parliament know words that even the kids in the second grade haven't heard yet...and they're not afraid to use them. You think the Spice Girls had tongues ripped right off the streets of Sussex? You should have seen good ol' Maggie T. when she'd throw a major wobbler.

[†]California engineers are ready to prove to the world that you don't need to make vehicles with the center of gravity higher than eye level to watch a really good car flip. That is to say, an impressive flip of a car, not a Mercedes going ass-over-teakettle. Sorry to say this, Ford Explorer, but now just about any vehicular can do a triple axle before landing if you're using a properly misengineered road.

Anyway, I was watching the State of the Union speech, pointing out to Josh French that people in the audience would clap at inappropriate times to throw off the rhythm of the President's speech, when Fucko the clown walks in and sits down. Fucko, normally kibitzing with our sister group, the *Melancholy Homewrecker*, hangs out with us every now and then. Usually its just to peek into the room I happen to be in, laugh in the way only he can, and then disappear into the rathole that is his room.

This particular time, Fucko plopped down on the couch next to me, coquettishly crossed his legs so a floppy clown shoe hit my knee, and watched the speech. After a few moments filled with squirming, foot tapping, and a light mist of steam rising from his ears, I knew he had something on his mind.

"You know," he began, his voice filling the air like the powdery bliss of Lipton Instant Iced Tea mix, "If I were a terrorist—and I'm not saying I am—but if I were a terrorist and wanted to put a hurting

on the US, that's right where I'd do it."

Extending an arm with a filthy glove, presumably white at some point in the past and now smelling disturbingly like mold and...um, stuff, toward the TV, he wagged an oversized digit at the image of the packed room.

"Yup. Take out all the important politicians in one attempt."

I proceeded to explain that the security around an event like that was (I hoped) extremely high. No one without authorization could get near...especially a clown with a shaved head and goatee packing an Uzi and slightly used enema tubing.^f

"I wow—I mean a terrorist—wouldn't have to get that close. Just a bomb would d—"

"Um,
security



^f You never know when that kind of thing is going to come in handy.

would still—”

“OK you little shit! One word: 747. What are they going to do? Shoot me down? If I’m going fast enough and carrying enough boom–boom, I’m pretty sure I could still reach ‘um. Divine wind baby!”

As I gazed into his amazingly clear and lucid eyes, I could see what he was describing in its ragnarokian splendor....

The passenger plane, hijacked from an airport near DC, maybe somewhere in Maryland, maybe Virginia, silently makes its way through the India ink dusk. On the ground, events are unfolding and questions are being answered. Why have they taken control of the plane? What do they want? How many prisoners?

But there are no prisoners. Only a lone clown—

“Not a clown, you asshole! I said I wouldn’t do it—”

—a lone terrorist, decked out with oversized shoes and filthy gloves—

“Don’t push it, pixie boy.”

—calmly sits at the controls, guiding his acquired vehicle—with the help of laminar flow—toward its destination. The radio squawks at him periodically: To the individual in control of flight 835. You must alter your course and bring your heading to one–zero–niner. Please respond.

Instead, he continues to hum to himself, as though thoroughly enjoying the evening sky.

“Kill the wabbit. Kill the wabbit. Kill the wabbit!”

In time, a very short time, the plotters and schemers on the ground ken exactly what it is that he has planned. My God. He’s going to crash into the Capitol.

The interceptors are scrambled to remove the threat by all means necessary, but it is too late. The rockets slam home, ripping holes into the fragile skin of the icarian bird, and it falls from the heavens. Fire and steel rain down on the buildings below. “My fel-

low Americans” is cut short as the sound of explosions are broadcast around the world, in stereo where available. After, it would be raining Ash for weeks.³

In one fell swoop Fuc—I mean a terrorist—would effectively and efficiently bring the government to its knees. Then again, it’s not as if prostitutes haven’t been doing that exact same thing to many of the powers—that–be anyhow.

Thankfully, authority rolls down hill and eventually it will hit someone (Eww, you’ve got a little bit of ick on your shirt sleeve). The system was set up with knowledge that Presidents, and even Vice Presidents, die and there is a whole hierarchy of people who are in line for becoming President: Vice President, Speaker of the House, Sec. of State, Sec. of the Treasury, Sec. of Defense, Sec. of Spice, Attorney General, Sec. of Interior, Sec. of Agriculture, Sec. of Commerce, Sec. of Labor, the Secretariat, Sec. of Health and Human Services, Sec. of Housing and Urban Development, Sec. of Transportation, Sec. of Energy, the Guy who works behind the Counter at the Gift Shop, Sec. of Education...on it goes down the list. But with the State of the Union address, everyone who is anyone is supposed to be there.

Everyone, that is, but the Postmaster General.⁷

The Postmaster General. A rugged individualist, set apart from his fellow postmen by one outstanding trait: He owns no guns. Not a shotgun, not a pistol, not a rifle to be found in his immaculately kept home. He doesn’t need them, as he is a man necessarily skilled in the deadly arts and the patient torment of canines. Aggressive, powerful, and a stunning dresser, he *is* a man to be reckoned with; a man to strike fear into the hearts of middle–class Americans depending on their mail–order catalogs and checks blissfully placed in the mail. Mail? More than any other man, he is the mail. And the hand that delivers the mail is the hand that rocks the world.

Or so Marvin Runyon thinks.

Imagine, Marvin Runyon, Postmaster General of

³It would be the most peculiar rain Washington DC would ever see. As drops fell past the ears of passers by, they would faintly hear words of wisdom such as: “Give me some sugar, baby,” “Come get some,” and “Groovy.” Thunder would be doubly impressive as it would be accompanied by a chorus of, “This is my BOOM–STICK!”

⁷I know, and you know, that not everyone shows up for the State of the Union. Many people protest by not appearing. It’s called suspension of disbelief (see the footnote on ash³).

the United States of America, being awakened in the middle of the night from whatever dark dream it is that Postmen have (What do postmen dream about? Things that would make you quiver with fear and anticipation).

“Mr Runyon? This is Robert from Postal Center 17. I have some bad news, sir. Are you sitting down?”

“Well, more or less,” he mumbles wiping the sleep from his eyes.

“Sir, there’s been a terrorist act at the Capital. Everyone’s dead. You’re the President, sir.”

“What? Clinton?”

“He’s dead sir.”

“What about Al Gore?”

“He’s dead. They’re all dead, sir “

“Boy, Starr isn’t going to be happy...”

“He’s dead too, sir. EVERYBODY is DEAD, sir.”

“Katchanski isn’t dead, is she?”

“Yes, she’s dead, sir. Everybody is dead. Everybody is dead, sir.”

“What you’re trying to say is that everybody is dead?”

“Gordon Bennet! I never should have woken you up!”

“So, by law, I’m the President and have 3 more years in office?”

“Yes sir, Mr. President, sir.”

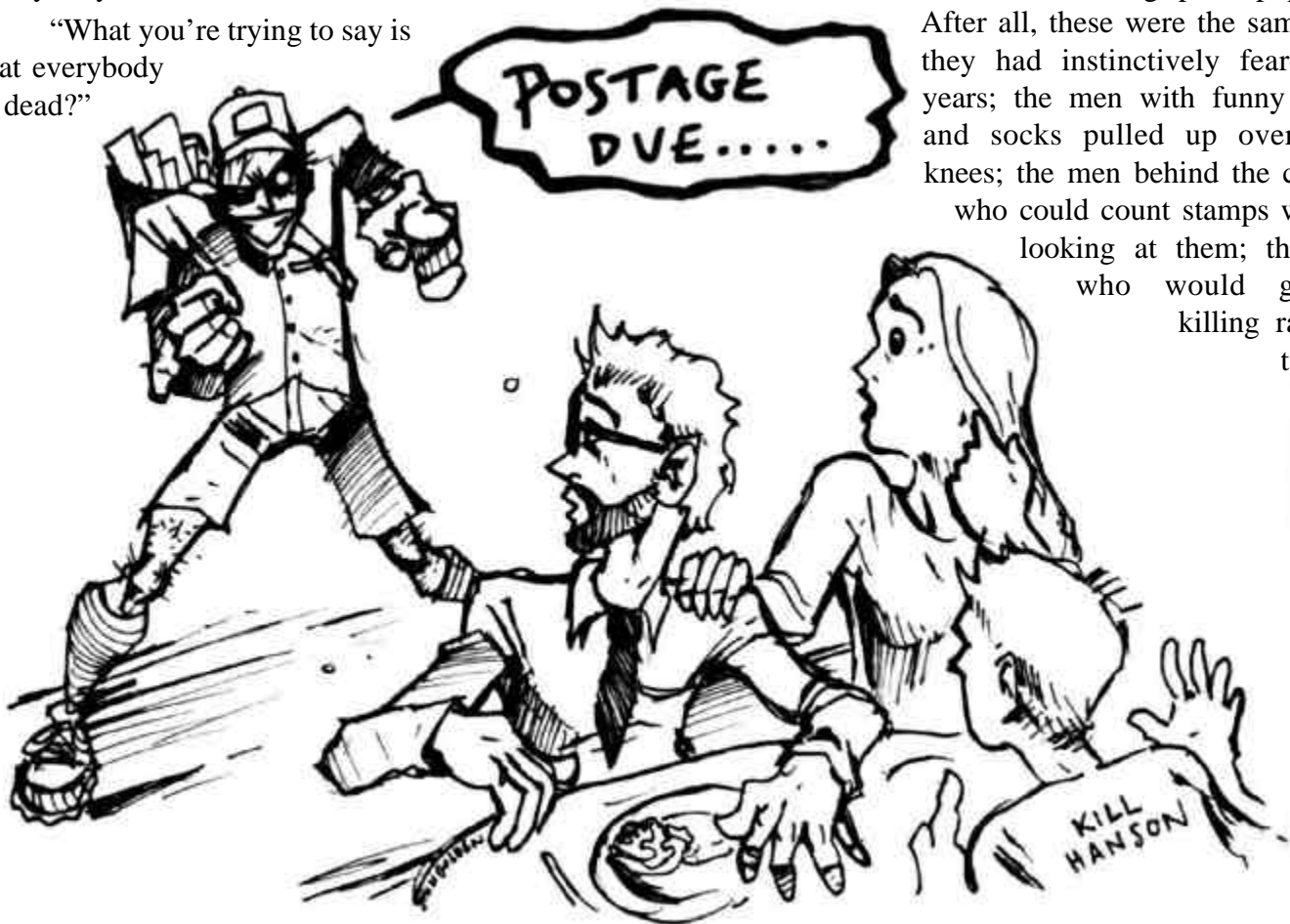
“Hot damn! Get your gun, Bobby! It’s time to make some mail bombs. Do you still have the list of all those people who voted for the young Elvis stamp?”

“Yes sir, Mr. President sir! I’ve been waiting all my life for this!”

Without the checks-and-balances of the political system, democracy would be swept aside and replaced with a benevolent dictator: Marvin Runyon, once Postmaster General, now General ‘n Chief. Under his enlightened leadership, swift action become the rule of the day. Potential bills would be marked next-day, first-class, third-class, or book-rate, and costing lawmakers accordingly.

Using his thousands of loyal war-vets delivering mail to pass the time before the Rule of the Postmen, the spirit of the law, if not its letter, would be upheld.

At first, fear would grip the populace. After all, these were the same men they had instinctively feared for years; the men with funny shorts and socks pulled up over their knees; the men behind the counter who could count stamps without looking at them; the men who would go on killing rages if t h e y



couldn't find their jellybabies.

But the system would work. With post offices becoming the centers of government operation the new police, the Postmen, would know everyone in their neighborhoods. They would look after their people and crime would drop. What good is it to be a suspected criminal and risk not having your mail delivered? In time, the civilians would look upon the men they once feared and say with pride, "Neither rain, nor sleet, nor gloom of night, shall keep them from their appointed rounds."

And slowly, the country would change.

Auto makers would begin producing vehicles with steering wheels on the opposite side and strangely, road rage would disappear. Stamps would slowly replace our current currency. For the first time in our nations pitifully short history, works of art, wildflowers, sailing ships, historical events, and cartoon characters would fill our banks and pockets, and people would become strangely optimistic.

But there would be a dark side to the New Way. Sending letters would not only be a way of communicating with friends, family, and creditors, but your national responsibility. The senders of chain letters could be executed for subversion and treason. Damn it! The mail *must* go through!

Woe unto the neighborhoods with low mail traffic. To rectify such situations, the Postmaster would send in the Letter Gestapo. Many a night will the unsuspecting family be awakened by a snarled

"Postage Due!" and a kick in the throat.

Though sad, it is inevitable that Postmen and their charges will be lost in the line of duty. For those brave patriots and the inadequately addressed mail, there will be the Tomb of the Unknown Letter. Each year, thousands of poorly addressed and undeliverable messages will be deposited at the Tomb, where two guards stand watchful while another Postmen slowly and methodically feeds the letters, one-by-one, into the eternal flame.

In my mind, I can hear the sound of as yet unborn children singing a child's remembrance of history waiting to happen.

"You better not slouch, you better not shout, you better not pout I'm telling you why...Marvin Runyan's coming to town. He'll see you when you're sleeping, he'll know when you're awake. He'll know if you've been bad or good, 'cause he's big brother on the make..."

I shake my head and clear the image from my mind. Fucko is still sitting there, looking at me.

"Or," he says laying down and using Buckminsterfullerene the Cat as a very comfy C⁵⁰ compound, "I suppose I could just vote in the next elections."

by Sean Hammond, Kelly Gunter,
Steve Antonson, *et al.* Vol. 9, Iss. 7
Illustrated by John Golden



by Don Rider Vol. 9, Iss. 7.

DONLAND SUES MICROSOFT:

In a surprise announcement on February 2, the Donland Justice Department (DJD) said they were filing suit against Microsoft Corp. over its forced Notepad bundling with Windows 95. The department is asking to fine Microsoft \$1 million in Mighty Taco gift certificates for every day it is in violation of an anti-anti-competitive agreement Microsoft entered into with Donland three years ago. According to the DJD, the agreement included the stipulation that Microsoft could not force computer makers to license any additional Microsoft products in order to resell Windows 95.

Notepad, a plain-text editor Microsoft distributes freely with its Windows 95 operating system, allows users to open ReadMe files, logs, and other simple text-based documents. However, Donland software developers claim that Microsoft is using the wide popularity of its operating system to eliminate competition in the text editor market.

"Microsoft is unlawfully taking advantage of its Windows monopoly to protect and extend that monop-

oly,” Attorney General Don said in the petition. “The program is also lacking an “uninstall” option for users who have the application installed and wish to remove it. We would like to see such an option be made freely available to users.”

Donland software developers had some stiff words for the Redmond, Washington based company. “I mean, when was the last time you saw someone come out with a good, old fashioned text editor? Microsoft has bludgeoned the competition with its free

‘Notepad’ application. Is Notepad a part of the operating system? I don’t think so. Everyone’s up in arms over Internet browsers, yet we quietly sit by as Microsoft has a monopoly on text editors? Microsoft must be stopped!” said one developer, who asked to remain anonymous.

How this will play out in Donland’s Ultimate Court, remains to be seen. Microsoft refused to comment.

Sean T. Hammond
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University of Rochester
Biochemistry/Biophysics Dept.
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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



by Sean Hammond (Vol. 11, iss. 2)



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.

by Eric Thomas. Vol. 11, Iss. 4.

Elian Paris Bound

By Staff Reporter Nevin Galewood

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

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

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

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

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

“But now when I try to concentrate on my work, I’m totally distracted by the protesters outside. They

say they’re trying to help me, but all they do is yell and make noise.”

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

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

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

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

by Randall Good. Vol. 16, Iss. 5