



"Has anyone seen the water hole?"

"He's fat, but James T. Kirk still likes to impress the ladies."

Let's talk about evolution. Not the abstract, oh-look-at-how-the-beaks-of-birds-change-over-generations-in-response-to-drought, but the hard hitting, really important issues concerning human evolution. We've got to face it, humans are evolving (except for all the Christian Coalition Phanatics. THAT'S how evolution should work: if you're not aware of the concept of evolution, you evolve to a point that you can consider it. If you decide to disbelieve in evolution, it decides to not believe in you, and you stop evolving. So get the hell out of my way you, you Creationists you!), but we're not nearly as crafty as the ducks behind my old high school who managed to survive on diets which consisted entirely of discarded cigarette butts and used condoms (lots of protein in one of them things). The problem is the way we are evolving.

It has been pointed out again and again that we, as a species, are really not all that great. We're like the decathletes of the animal world: we're the best mediocre creatures on the planet. We're not particularly big, or fast, we don't have claws, or teeth^f, or poison, or protective mimicry[†]. Hell, even the fact that we have opposable thumbs isn't so hot. I know a cat that has double paws and it uses them to pick up pens and throw them at you when it wants attention (no shit. No, really. He just throws pens). At one point people were saying it was our intellect that separated us from animals, but recent studies have shown that animals as close as other apes, and as varied as dolphins and parrots possess both a human intelligence level and language abilities.

So what makes us so damned crafty? Imagination. Without imagination, we're just hairless apes hitting flashing buttons or using the clapper if we're a little lazier (as I sit here typing, my non-opposable thumbs getting in the way while my jutting brow ridge is blocking my view of the Commodore 64 monitor). Unfortunately, we're backing ourselves into an evolutionary crevice (wwwhhhhoooooaaaa...). Technology and the imagination (of Bill Gates. We thought this would be understood...) has led us to the front door of the "global village," and we're all just waiting till someone has the nerve to knock. Soon all information will be just a fingertip away; you think we're fat and lazy now, wait until your computer can double as cook and hospital orderly. In the global village any one idea can be spread across the entirety of the globe in a matter of seconds. As soon as you've had an idea, the world has it. Look at the advances in the rate of information transfer from, say, the British Isles to mainland America. First, a sailing ship: a few months. A steam powered ship would have cut that to a few weeks. Then the telegraph brought that down to a few minutes. Now, not only can I send information to individuals in Great Britain in a few seconds, but to Japan, Brazil, and just about anywhere that there is a phone jack. In this sort of world why would original thought even be considered? Every new thought could be instantaneously spread across the world and become the world's thought. People will have less of an incentive to create original ideas. We as a species will eventually be relegated to merely recombining old ideas into as of yet unused combinations and any technological advance will occur merely as a product of centuries of creative inertia.

Don't believe me? Well I have one word for you. Suits. That's right. Suits. You know, the kind that are worn by business men ALL AROUND THE GLOBE. All business men, regardless of where they are, who they are, how much they earn or whether or not they can identify the Wall Street Journal in fifty paces or less can now be seen sporting the



^f Well, we just don't have fun teeth, like sharks(rows and rows of razor sharp friends), pit vipers(hinged, hollow, venom conduits of pain) and narwals(yes, that is one mama-jama of a tooth)

[†] Except for the amazing and absolutely dazzling mimicry enabled by uttering the magic words, "I'm a little tea-pot, short and stout, here is my..."



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10:1 Cereal Delusions

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From The Kitchen: Well, our favorite sport, Reporter bashing, is back in season. It was considerate of the Reporter to facilitate us by printing their worst issue to date. Distributed late and containing articles with no apparent ending, the editor-in-chief had the gall to write an editorial entitled "Apathy," asking the readership to re-evaluate what they thought of the Reporter in an attempt to sway the popular opinion that it is no longer worth the paper it is printed on.

The Powers-That-Be at the headquarters of Hell's Kitchen recieved a copy of the issue in question and promptly sent out a letter to the Reporter and all Hell's Kitchen member publications in the Rochester area. Whether the Reporter publishes the letter or not, you get it here.

Subject: The Reporter
Date: Monday, 9 Apr 1996 00:00:01
From: cdiablo

"Here at the Reporter we have a responsibility to be professional., and we make every effort to maintain a high level of quality."

-Jason Curtis, Editor-in-Chief
April 5, 1996 issue of the Reporter

I, and many of those who work with me, are students of irony. Take for example the April 5th publication of the Reporter. In the Letter from the Editor aptly entitled "Apathy" the resident editor-in-chief bemoaned the common sentiment that the Reporter is not a high quality publication, passing blame to the faculty. Like all individuals, he yearns for respect for the project with which he is involved.

However.

Respect is to be earned, not given; and once earned, it does not have a sort of grandfather clause granting it respect ad infinitum. Respect must be deserved.

Now let's examine the Reporter and determine whether it deserves the respect of its readership.

The April 5th issue of the Reporter appeared at drop sites on the 8th of April ("Our entire staff learns how to meet deadlines..." -Jason Curtis). This minor delay in publication could be overlooked if it were not for the repetition of this pattern. Over and over again the Reporter has been distributed late...and in some instances, not at all.

Overlooking the sloppy punctuation and questionable grammar common in the Reporter, two articles in this issue, "Some Changes to the Computer

Privacy Policy" and "Girl 6," were meant to be continued on additional pages but lacked any indication as to where the continuation could be found. Another two articles, "Spike Lee's Gotta Have It," and "Oliver Stone: Uncensored," proudly announced that the articles were continued on page 23. Unfortunately, page 23 consisted of interviews with a number of students on multiculturalism. All of the unfinished articles were concluded on page 28 (which, incidentally, had no page number printed)...a fact not mentioned anywhere in the colour coordinated pages of the Reporter.

The last piece of evidence I have to present concerns the cover of the Reporter, featuring a very impressive graphic of the RIT logo comprised of flags of the world. Unfortunately, the symbol in question is no longer the logo for RIT; it was changed to "R•I•T" quite some time ago.

So the task of you, the readership of the Reporter, is to determine if the Reporter is worthy of respect. Ignore the graphics, remove the plethora of ads, and subtract the colour format. Ask yourself: does the weekly (usually) evidence indicate a "...high level of quality?" If not, why support a publication unable to live up to its own standards.

Cease whining about not getting respect and do something to deserve it.

-Carissimus Diablo

Head, Hell's Kitchen

-Sean Hammond and Kelly Gunter

Editors, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

-B. J. Leopold

Editor, Melancholy Predator

latest Armani suit jackets and the sharpest ties. As little as fifty years ago you could have traveled the world and seen a diverse collection of garments. Now, most counties treat cultural dress as a sort of costume that is worn only on special occasions.

The last bastions of imagination lie in the "underdeveloped" countries of the world. Here, among the uncouth goat herders and simple farmers, where they have never used a computer in their life, fresh thoughts thrive. But thanks to groups like the Peace Corps, even these groups are disappearing. Sure, they are exposed to our thoughts, causing an overwhelming increase in the new ideas they have, but the western world simply classifies, codifies and tucks away any new thoughts received from their addition to the "idea pool."

Knowledge and perception go hand in hand. How we perceive the world dictates what we perceive as the truth, and what we see as the truth determines how we see the world.

So There™.

The GDT Challenge

Over the past year, we have touched on a number of topics, and it doesn't look like we're going to run out of inspiration any time soon.

BUT, we do like challenges. So, we challenge you, our readers, to come up with topics for us to write about.

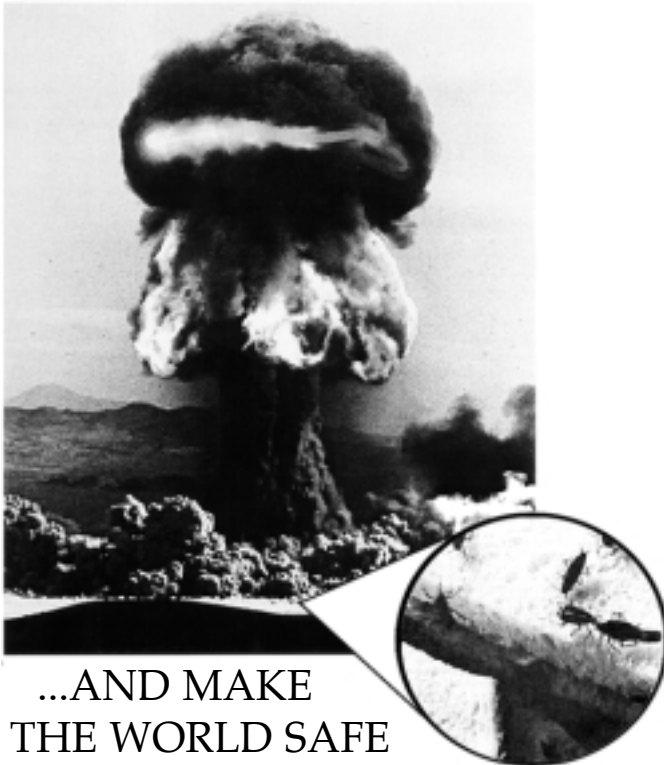
As an incentive, we're offering a free GD Tee Shirt, but we're not worried; even if there are issues we can't write about, people are so apathetic we won't hear anything..

You've only got a few weeks before the end of the quarter, so get cracking. Here's the rules:

- We require at least two weeks to write and publish the idea.
- All ideas must be printed before the last issue.
- Not all ideas will be first page material. Some may show up as Dear BFG's, God Files, From the Corner, After Dinner Mints, or any other column we regularly run

Send your ideas to GDT c/o the address below.

SUPPORT NUCLEAR TESTING...



...AND MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR BLIND, SCREWING COCK-ROACHES.

Last Chance for GD Tees!

We'd like to thank everyone who has ordered one of our new tee designs. If, however, you've been waffling on the edge of tee-shirt oblivion, this is your last chance to order a GD Tee shirt this year. Remember, all profit goes to cover printing costs, and at this point, every little bit counts.

In the spirit of counting bits GDT is proud to present the current GD Tee shirt. The t-shirt's back will be smartly garnished with the image to the left. T-shirts are available in small, medium, large, and extra large. The cost is \$10.00 for fan club members, and \$12.50 for the rest of you slobs.

We only order as many as we need, so they are limited edition and you must order them now, because the order gets send in on April 16th.

And they won't take too long to process, because we actually know what we're doing now, hooray!

To order contact diablo@csh.rit.edu

Hell's Kitchen welcomes comments. Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to diablo@csh.rit.edu or Hell's Kitchen c/o 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester, New York, 14623
Hell's Kitchen reserves the right to reprint any letter without editing it for clarity.

Martyr of the week

-by Troy Liston

Welcome again to my ramblings and revelations. **The Martyr of the Week for April 14-20 is St. Peter Martyr (April 20).** Peter was born in Verona, Italy to



St. Peter Martyr

Catharist parents who subscribed to the Manichaean heresy (it's an offshoot of Xianity that believed that their spiritual leader, Mani, had lived many previous lives as great spiritual leaders; Buddha and Jesus were two of his previous incarnations). Peter didn't follow in his parent's footsteps, but instead joined the Dominican order at the age of 15. He gained much fame preaching and performing miracles and was soon appointed to head the Inquisition at Lombardy. Not surprisingly, he specialized in condemning people who had believed in/belonged to/initiated heresies against the Church.

During his travels across northern and central Italy he performed numerous miracles including cloud production, vanquishing the devil, the curing of scorpion bites, and the defeat of the Cathars in battle. Some interesting stories reveal the uneven temperament of our saint. Once, when some children were throwing stones from a building, he cursed them, causing the building to collapse and kill the offensive youths. When a man confessed to Peter that he had, in a fit of anger, kicked his own mother, he was told to cut off the offending limb. The man complied and Peter was kind enough to restore the appendage. Peter was martyred when the Catharists succeeded in waylaying him on a journey to Milan. He was stabbed in the breast and his head was cleaved with a large knife.

Pride

*Mount: She doesn't need one, dammit!
But if she did, it would be Arrogence.*

Likes: Herself and Humans

Dislikes: Humility

Strength: 7.5 on the richter scale

Agility: 10+ (no one else is good enough to please her, so she has to please herself)

Wisdom: 10+

Dexterity: 10+

Charisma: 5

Speed: 1

Description: Tall, with hard features and a head that would not bow before man or god, she has often stood out in the rain rather than seek shelter.

*Humans are especially fascinating to Prinde.
No other creature would dare to defy the elements and Time to create massive, yet doomed structures.
She can identify with this....*



Random Facts:

-Compiled by Sean Hammond

Thomas Parr of England was born in 1483 and died in 1635. King Charles I was so impressed with his age, he was invited to meet the king, but died during the trip.

Queen Christina of Sweden had a four inch cannon made for killing fleas in the 1600s.

There is no record of a flea ever being killed by one of the tiny cannon balls.

~~LEAVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON~~

I've learned that man may move mountains, but he'll never move the ~~postal service~~.
re *cum stains from the sorority couch*
 -Age ~~23~~
 6

I've learned that nothing feels as solid, smells as good, or holds as many infinite possibilities as a ~~brand-new book~~.
 ... -Age 29

I've learned that you should make sure your ~~kitten~~ is safe from your kids or they will put her on the ceiling fan and watch her ride ~~around~~.
wife
it hard
 -Age 31

This Week's Surveys

"Would you rather sleep for a hundred years every time you were awake for ten years or sleep for twenty thousand years and wake up to live out the rest of your natural life with whoever was still around?"

"Would you rather deliver healthy babies to grateful parents or suitcases full of money to poor people?"
 send responses to GDT c/o diablo@csh.rit.edu

Last Week's Survey Results

"Would you rather be a millionaire only allowed to spend your fortune in nickels or have a magickal refrigerator that was always stocked with your favorite foods?"

- 54.16%: Magick fridge
- 41.67: Fortune in nickels
- 4.17%: "Huh?"

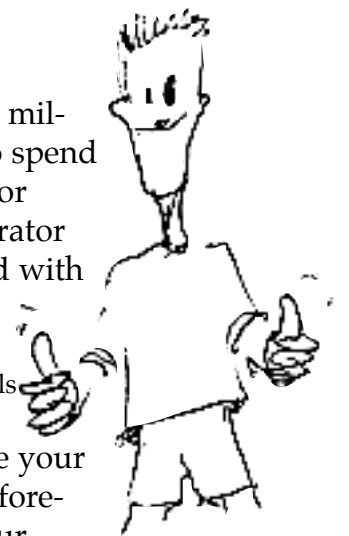
"Would you rather have your name tattooed on your forehead or a portrait of your favorite Vice-president covering your chest (and if so, who?)"

- 4.5%: Neither
- 81.8%: Tattooed name
- Favorite Response: "...a paragraph of slurs and epithets (in parentheses), left justified on my head, that explain my name."
- 13.5%: Vice-President

The Choices:

- Dan Quale
- Grant ("...because he's such a bastard.")
- Nixon ("...tattooed so that his hands, in the

famous "V"s, would be on my pecks. Then I'd learn how to flex my pecks and make it look like he was moving his hands.")



Submissions

Come!
 Come buy a life. Non-refundable. All sales final. You'll wonder what you ever did without one.
 Come buy a life.
 But we? We never get that choice do we?
 Come this is life. This is yours whether you wish it or no. Come, you have no choice in the matter.
 Take it or it will take you!
 Come!
 Come buy a life. Non-refundable. All sales final...

-Hanna Thomas
 Oct 25th 1993

Ahead of me, I roam an empty landscape.
 To tired to continue, to frightened not to move.
 While all along inside of me it grows. A seed of life, of death, of both, who knows?
 Still moving, ever in motion, always leaving.
 But behind, what? Others? Self?
 Emotions? unknown.
 How can you escape the pain that grows inside?

-Hanna Thomas
 Nov 10th 1993