



Volume 6 • Issue 6

## Swords

"...And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, for if you hit a man with a plowshare, he'll know he's been hit."

Each year while the inner cities degrade like the brain of some poor soul with Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease, mayors scramble to find some new way to slow their districts' tendency to resemble rejected sets from *The Road Warrior*. Currently, the most popular method is to build massive public aquariums and hope that tourists are willing to brave local war zones to look at mud-coloured native fish. Unfortunately, the indigenous population tends to get excited at seeing all the pretty fishies, and tries to shoot them with their little boomtwigs, usually without taking into account the refractive effects of the water.<sup>†</sup>

Ah, yes. Hand guns. Those slim, black slug throwers created solely to exterminate one's peers. Proponents of high velocity lead insist that hand guns are needed for protection...from other people with hand guns. Can you say, "circular logic?" Nevertheless, do-nothing local sheriffs from America's heartland are pushing the unconstitutionality of the Brady Bill. Why should good, hard-working, neurotic Americans have to wait two weeks to own a hand cannon while the local yokels do background checks? It's our Constitutional right to bear arms!

As Megalopolis<sup>¥</sup> falls into ruin, the suburbs are flourishing. Refugees are fleeing from their houses to "safe zones" set up by the UN. Each year, usually in mid-summer, something amazing happens in these areas of respite: Renaissance Festivals.

With cries of "Huzzah!" and "Thou naughty varlet!" thousands of people across the country willingly pay economically unwarranted fees (While managing to put off visiting the "Fish of Lake Ontario" exhibit in Buffalo. Unfortunately, the only things to see are Zebra Mussels.) to see community actors act like asses, eat fatty, ill-cooked food, buy criminally-priced leather mugs, get insulted by "the rat catcher," and watch mock sword fights. Now there's an arm with style. Swords haven't been used as a realistic weapon for hundreds of years. Difficult to conceal, taking years to master, and ironically, illegal in the United States, fewer people are killed by swords in this fair nation than by stampeding chickens.<sup>Δ</sup>

While the NRA continues to push for the repeal of handgun waiting periods, NASA (the National Association for Sword Advancement) has been working behind the scenes. By lobbying Congress, they are on the verge of solving all of America's problems.

By this time next year, all hand guns will be illegal. That's right. No more Saturday Night Specials. No more .22's. No more hollow-tipped, armor-piercing, uranium-depleted, teflon-coated, high-velocity slugs just itching to disintegrate some jack-booted thug's head. Most pickup trucks will get weapon-rack overhauls, designed now to hold scabbards instead of shotguns. Of course, there will be a period of transition where many will cling to their guns (Oh, it hurts), but with the government's proposed "Swords for Guns" program, it is expected that all over the country, gangs will be packing over three feet of sharpened steel. Imagine Akeem, wearing his size 40 jeans, feeling safe in the knowledge that he is concealing a rapier in its billowing folds, and his buddy Jacques (with his size 24 corduroys) by his side resting rather nervously, thinking about his sawed-off scimitar, all the time repeating, "Hey, Ak, what'rewegonnadotoday, huh? huh? What'rewegonnado?"

Then, the real magic begins. Crime-infested cities will transform into year-round Renaissance festivals. Good-bye, "Brown trout exhibit" and "Mississippi Snail Tank," adieu; no



<sup>†</sup> The bottoms of aquariums in inner cities look just like the bottoms of the wading pools in malls, covered with small, flattened metal slugs.

<sup>¥</sup> Nine out of ten geographers can't be wrong.

<sup>Δ</sup> The most recent chicken stampede occurred in Pispot, New Mexico. Over 17 chickens broke free from Farmer Regis's pen and swept into downtown Pispot. Causing over 14 million dollars in property damage and resulting in the deaths of two elderly men who were caught in the flock while they were attempting to cross the street, the President is expected to declare Pispot a natural disaster zone. Local authorities are still baffled as to what caused the stampede.

Pispot has no aquariums.



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**This week's fog index is:**

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glory lies behind the back of such. Thousands of 'burbanites will flock to areas where "tourism" is a word that has no comparable translation into Ebonics. Local officials could charge exorbitant admission fees to enter their district of the city. There, families could stroll about eating fatty food by products, being insulted by the "fat man in a rocker," buying genuine rat-leather mugs, and watching real swashbuckling as rival gangs fight over turf.

Of course, their inexperience in sword play ("Tag! You're it!") will result in long, pitched battles, often ending when everyone is either exhausted from swinging steel about, or has broken his blade. This, fortunately, will lead to the re-creation of whole economies. Using abandoned cars, and forcing kidnapped Japanese exchange-students/sword-masters to disclose family secrets, gangs will begin their own blacksmithing, forging new swords and rediscovering the art of folding metal to create a blade capable of cutting through a shotgun barrel.

But then, there won't be any shotguns, will there? They'll have to use a new unit of measure: Hiiyah- the SI unit of sword damage potential.

### Attention U of R Readers!

Recently I called up one of our University of Rochester staff writers to inform her that there wouldn't be a staff meeting due to conflicts brought up by the editor's involvement with the RIT Player's production of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Much to my chagrin, I was told by her roommate that she was off, "Doing something for RIT."

Immediately, I felt bad because this meant she was waiting to be picked up. I explained that I was a part of the "thing for RIT" and that, if she wouldn't mind, I would like to speak with Michelle, so please go get her thank-you-very-much.

As I waited, I realized the importance of what I had heard. Despite our attempts to make students on the U of R feel that Hell's Kitchen is not a publication run by RIT students, we are still seen as interlopers. Granted, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, the first seed crystal of Hell's Kitchen, began as publication put out by RIT students. That has changed. Of the fifteen staff members that currently make up GDT, seven of them are non-RIT students. Still we are an "RIT thing."

Of course, it does not help that the U of R has established publications as The Norm. When GDT first began to print articles on the RIT campus, we did so in a vacuum. There were no other publications competing for that particular niche. In a short time, we did very well, and have even begun to compete with RIT's official newsmag, the Reporter. Quite well, I might add, if their pleas for writers to come and work for them is any indication.

I knew the situation would be different when trying to expand to the U of R. We only had one person from the U of R on the staff at that point, and would not be in a humor vacuum. Conditions would be very much be in the favor of

the home team, aka The Norm. Although the combined yearly output of the publications that make up Hell's Kitchen buries that of The Norm (Hell's Kitchen produces approximately 350 pages of original material per year verses The Norm's 90), we do not seem to have won the support, trust, or readership that we had hoped to.

To help prove that Hell's Kitchen is committed to the University of Rochester, we hope to increase our printed presence on the campus, and actively recruit writers (attention Normites: feel free to contact us. We'd love to start working together). Because the U of R was on break while RIT was still holding classes, readers have missed some issues. With a prize of \$75 going to the winner of the Literary Scavenger Hunt, we thought those literate enough to appreciate Hell's Kitchen would like the chance to have a level playing field. To that end, we are reprinting all of the questions asked thus far.

I hope that we hear from any readers from the University of Rochester. If nothing else, drop us a line letting us know that our issues are being read and not just thrown into the trash. And if we are being thrown into the trash, at least care enough to recycle. We do.

-Sean Hammond, co-editor Gracies Dinnertime Theatre/Hell's Whip

## Literary Scavenger Hunt Special:

GDT's second, and possibly last contest (though probably not). For the next few weeks we will be printing a series of quotations from various literary sources. Some will be very well known, others less so. Each quote will have a point value associated with it, based on the difficulty of the question, in addition to periodic "Bonus Questions." The winner of the contest will be the person who gets the most points. The prize will be \$75 dollars, and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo," the most diabolical coffee in the world (and the official drink of Hell Inc.). The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 7. All answers must be sent to GDT by February 25<sup>th</sup>, 1997. GDT bids you good luck.

### Questions to Date:

1. (1 points) "A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly.

Ask me a riddle and I reply:

'Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie.'"

Name the author and the character speaking.

2. (2 points) "A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Name the author and the book title.

3. (3 points) "When you find your self alone, isolated in a world totally without time, face to face with yourself, all the masks that you hide behind- those to preserve your own illusions, those that project them before others- finally fall, sometimes brutally."

Name the author and the book title.

4. (1 point) "Out on the lawn there arose such a clatter  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter."

Name the author and story.

5. (2 points) "At one time most of my friends could hear the bell, but as years passed, it fell silent for all of them. Even Sarah found one Christmas that she could no longer hear its sweet sound. Though I've grown old, the bell still rings for me as it does for all those who truly believe."

Name the author and book.

6. (3 points) "Did you ever notice, the only one in A Christmas Carol with any character is Scrooge? Marley is a whiner who fucked over the world and the hadn't the spine to pay his dues quietly; Belle, Scrooge's ex-girl-friend, deserted him when he needed her most; Bob Cratchit is a gutless toady without enough get-up-and-go to assert himself; and the less said about that little treacle-mouth, Tiny Tim, the better."

Name the author.

7. (1 point) What was Winnie-the-Pooh's original name and where did he get his current name?

8. (2 points) "Get your facts first, and then you can distort 'em as much as you please."

Name the author

## GDT Literary Scavenger Hunt Rules and Regulations:

This contest is open to everyone, with the exception of the two head editors of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*.

Send answers to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu), or send replies to: GDT, 472 French Rd, Rochester, NY 14618

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 6, you may find them on our web site:

<http://www.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/extras/contest.html>

9. (3 points) "Is it an inspiring sight to see a man commit a heroic gesture, and then learn that he goes to the vaudeville shows for relaxation? Or see a man who's painted a magnificent canvas- and learn that he spends his time sleeping with every slut he meets?"

Name the author and character speaking.

10. (1 point) "Each house may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member."

Name the Document.

11. (2 points) "Oook?"

Name the Author, Character speaking, and any book that it is found in.

12. (3 points) "He sat up. She was young, and so beautiful he all but cried out from the pain of seeing her. There was recognition, shocked, confusing. He loved this woman as if he had always known her--as indeed he always had. She was mother, daughter, lover, the betrayed woman within us all. She was the one in whose lap we lie when we are babies and when we die.

"When a boy on a battlefield calls for his mother, it is she who comes. She is why we make love so often. No matter how deeply we penetrate the bodies of our lovers we never reach her.

"Our eternal striving for her has brought the whole human race out of our loins."

Name the Author and Book

13. (1 point) "Would you, could you, with a goat?"

Give the Book's original copyright year.

14. (2 points) "I'd have liked to have you for a sweetheart, or a wife, or my mother or my sister -- anything that a woman can be to a man."

**Name the Author and Book.**

15. (3 points) "It was because I heard father and mother," he explained in a low voice, "talking about what I was to be when I became a man." He was extraordinarily agitated now. "I don't want ever to be a man," he said with passion. "I want always to be a little boy and to have fun. So I ran away to Kensington Gardens and lived for a long long time among the fairies."

**Name the Book's original title.**

16. (1 point) If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.

**Name the speaker.**

17. (2 points) As she started up the rungs on the side of the engine, a reporter thought of a question he had not asked.

"Miss Taggart," he called after her, "who is John Galt?"

She turned, hanging onto a metal bar with one hand, suspended for an instant above the heads of the crowd.

"We are!"

**What was Miss Taggart about to do?**

18. (3 points) **What was the working title of the book referenced in question seventeen?**

**Bonus Questions:**

•(1/2 point) Name the relationship between the author of the story quoted in question number four and the person it was written for.

•(1/2 point) What is another name for the author who said the quote for question number eight?

•(1/2 point) What book in particular is Captain Hook said to keep?

**Ask the Bare-Foot Girl:**

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR BFG:

HOW MUCH WOOD COULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK, IF A WOODCHUCK COULD CHUCK WOOD?

Dear Sir,

A woodchuck could chuck as much wood as a woodchuck would chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood. In short, seven logs. Next question...?

-BFG

DEAR BFG:

IT'S ISTANBUL, NOW CONSTANTINOPLE. NOW IT'S ISTANBUL, NOW CONSTANTINOPLE. BEEN A LONG TIME GONE, CONSTANTINOPLE. WHY DID CONSTANTINOPLE GET THE WORKS?

Dear Other Sir,

That's nobody's business but the Turks. Besides, nobody ever seems to lament the passing of Byzantium.

-BFG

*To the reading public at large.: I can appreciate that you are sending questions into me, but would you mind not sending ones in which the answer is already*

**Do you have a question for the Bare-Foot Girl? Send them to her care of [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu)**



# Martyr Logue

-Troy Liston

*Welcome to the Martyrlogue, a travel guide of sorts to shrines, relic sites, and places of general morbid*

*religious interest throughout Europe and the Americas.*

This week we look at **St Pancras (Feast Day: May 12)**. Pancras is the patron of Children, Oaths and Treaties.

St. Pancras was a 14 year old Syrian orphan who was martyred in Rome in 304. Pope Vitalian sent relics of our saint from the cemetery of Calepodius in Rometo, England. St. Augustine of Canterbury dedicated the first Church in England to St. Pancras, and subsequent churches throughout England are similarly named for him. You can visit the remains of the original church in Canterbury or stop at the St. Pancras railway station in London, built on the site of a now-demolished church.

TRAVEL: TO CANTERBURY, ENGLAND OR LONDON, ENGLAND. CANTERBURY IS LOCATED IN SOUTHEASTERN ENGLAND IN KENT. IT IS EASILY ACCESSIBLE FROM LONDON. THE ST. PANCRAS STATION IS LOCATED NEAR BOTH WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND BUCKINGHAM PALACE IN LONDON.

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## Culture Kampf

-Michelle Amosuso

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THIS WEEK WE ARE GOING TO RETURN TO SCENIC PAUPA, NEW GUINEA TO LOOK AT THE GEBUSI. THEIR MAIN METHODS OF SUBSISTENCE INCLUDE GARDENING, FORAGING, AND FISHING. AS OF 1982, ABOUT 450 GEBUSI REMAINED.

The men and women prefer to sleep separately in communal longhouses, even after marriage. It's quite similar to an episode of the Brady Bunch I saw over winter break. Mike and the boys stayed in one tent while Alice, Carol, and the girls remained in a separate tent a few feet away. The only difference is that the Gebusi don't have air mattresses or a picnic basket filled with Kentucky Fried Chicken. But what they do have would make every Brady jealous.

**Favorite Snacks:** Protein-filled grubs, bird eggs, and nuts all supplement the otherwise starchy diet of the Gebusi.

### Favorite Recipe:

*1 Convicted sorcerer*

*Greens and sago to taste*

Butcher sorcerer. Place in oven with greens and sago until medium-rare. Eat everything, with the exception of the intestines, which are to be discarded.

**Best Thing to do on a Saturday Night:** Male initiation ceremonies which occur between the ages of 17 to 23 provide hours of entertainment. In this rite of passage, boys must be orally inseminated by the older males in order to receive the essential male life force. Manhood can only be attained through this ritualistic semen consumption (this type of ritual should be familiar to all you fraternity brothers).

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## Яфв Кговшмфэф Яфмуыф

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

-Christopher Lane

By some strange confluence of fate, Christopher Lane, a RIT photo student who decided to study abroad for a year, arrived on Byzantium's last shore, Bulgaria. He now studies at the American University in Bulgaria (AUBG), teaches English, broadcasts an Alternative music radio show, takes the occasional weekend adventure, and hangs out with the wrong crowd as much as possible. Feel free to email him at [CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG](mailto:CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG)

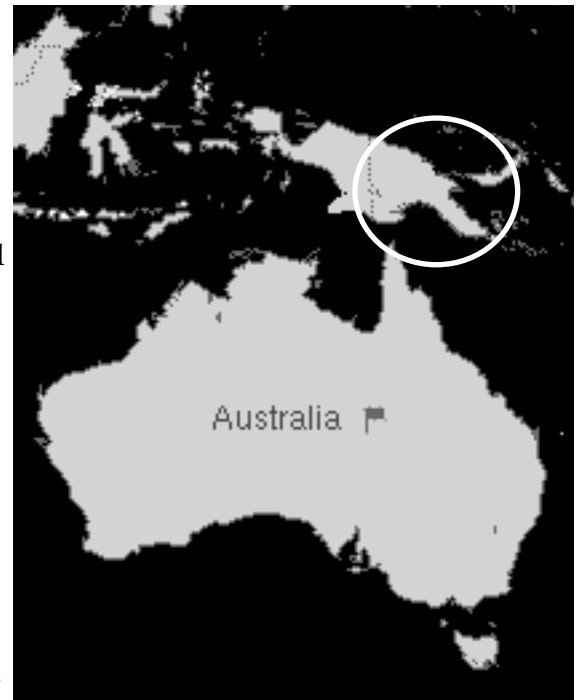
OCTOBER 10TH, 1996

At the end of the day I was getting itchy to get out of town. My flight left Sofia at 11:20 AM. I planned to take the 6 AM train to Sofia, which would land me there by 9:30, with enough time to take a city bus to the airport. Milano was almost in sight.

For my English class that evening, I showed the Bulgarians slides and asked them to talk about the images. Received all manner of comments. From the awed and mystical (on views of the Rocky Mountains) to disgusted and uncomfortable (on the famous photo of a Viet Cong's summary execution on the streets of Saigon). They loved it, going so far as to ask me to do another slide show for them. For homework, I told them to write an essay on Love due upon my return from amorous adventures. No doubt my excessively romantic mood dictated the subject. But they all seemed happy to write about it, especially the young

women....

By 1 AM I was fed, packed, and totally unable to sleep. Why not have a drink...get back by 5, grab my bags, and head train station ways? Put on my nice pants and took my happy feet over to "Grafitti" (the only big disco in town). A big cavernous place painted black with too many black lights, weird modern-art-neon-cavemen on the walls, and bad American pop on the sound system. On Thursdays, the AUBG kids get in free and it's the great hopping night of faux-sexy grinds and too much drinking. Skirting the line of booth-tables on one wall, I found BISER sitting alone, nursing his vodka and emanating that audaciously unconscious cool. "Krees!" He shouted as I sat down. "Where are you days?" he slurs, meaning 'where've you been lately, dude?.' The great hulking puppydog of a man with greasy Balkan black hair always in a ponytail is the town's resident young-Turk artist, com-



plete with his American girlfriend (my friend Kara, from Oregon), and his dawn to dusk drinking habits. He took me to his studio a few weeks back to show me his almost abstract portraits of women in Fauvist colors with frantic, swirling movements. He's good, maybe the most forceful and powerful painter I've ever personally met...apparently an artist waiting to explode from the unknown shadows of the Balkans.

Biser knocks down the last of his vodka, and we light cigarettes. "Kara go to Greece." he hollers at me. I shake my head, Da. "Kara beautiful woman, I love her, maybe she not loving me. Razbierash?" Yeah, yeah, I understand. I've had these conversations with Biser before, and experience shows that the only way to appreciate their nuances is to get as wacked as he is. At the bar, I buy a big double gin and a small vodka with a coke, Biser's usual. The girl behind the bar gets very upset that I don't have 10 leva to give

her so she can avoid breaking my bigger notes. She waves the money at me, "Decet! Decet!" Look lady, I just want a drink. All the Bulgarian bars keep a yellow squeeze bottle of factory lemon juice on the counter. I've taken a liking to the cheap Bulgarian gin with a huge squeeze of the lemon juice. Sitting down, I meet Biser's eyes and see that we're in this one for the better part of a hangover. I'll sleep it off on the plane, I think. "Nasdraveh!" We smack our glasses together and keep mumbling to each other about Kara, women, and paintings. Every few sentences, the big lug wacks me on the knee and says, "I love you Krees!" I've found over the years that for some reason men need to say this to each other when they get really hammered. I pat him on the shoulder and keep drinking.

*Continued next week...*

### ***Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Demands Tribute!***

**Send all your wenches, money, taxes, submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or**

**Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618**



-Sean T. Hammond

**DUE TO A PERSONAL CRISIS,  
"FEY" WILL NOT APPEAR  
THIS WEEK.**



### **Random Facts:**

- Attila the Hun was one of the most notorious villains in history By 450 AD his army had conquered all of Asia--from Mongolia to the edge of the Russian Empire--by destroying villages and pillaging the countryside.

In 453 AD, Attila married a young girl named Ildico. Despite his reputation for ferocity on the battlefield, he tended to eat and drink lightly during large banquets. On his wedding night, however, he really cut loose, gorging himself on food and drink. Sometime during the night he suffered a nosebleed, but was too drunk to notice. He drowned in his own blood and was found dead the next morning.

- It is rumored that the Vice President of RIT is in Croatia running an errand for the CIA. Personally, I hope he is negotiating to buy it.

- Jerome Irving "I'm going to live to be 100 unless I'm run down by a sugar-crazed taxi driver" Rodale was the man who started the health food craze. At the of 72 he appeared on the "Dick Cavett Show" in January 1971. Part way through the interview, he dropped dead in his chair. Cause of death: heart attack. The show was never aired.