



Simply Having a Wonderful Christmas Time

*"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 it's 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).



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

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).^{*}

[†] Cheers.

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^{*} 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

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Unlike the Sumarians, the more uncouth civilizations just getting the hang of agriculture just wanted to have a nice tall one, and didn'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 Flloyd ("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 Flloyd) and ended up occupying all of their otherwise 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 Selfosophy 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 Carthagians 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 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 degrees^Δ and blathering on about arc's 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

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.^d 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, 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

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!

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

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

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 it's subtly nuances. Ultimately this game often loses it's purer nature in the banal pageantry of modern day Catholicism.

The game is played like this:

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 occa-

sion:

- 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.

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.

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

^Δ 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 it's 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 it's nature. Sure, the system's sloppy, but it works for now.

[∂] "Now, if you don't have that shipment a' fish you promised, my boy 'll h've to break you legs. Nothing per-s'n'l. Jus' Bizness."



Editor's Note: Pig-fucker Deluxe

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 5

Disclaimer: In the past, editorial comments on the activity of RIT's official news-mag has been the domain of me, Sean Hammond. A bitter, short man with coal for a heart, I would rail against Reporter, questioning why it consistently wins national awards when faculty, staff, and students all complain about it's content. Notice the past tense: I was banned by my counterpart from senselessly attacking the Reporter. Imagine my surprise when Kelly Gunter coquettishly said, "I want to write an editorial about one of Reporter's editorials." Well I'll be damned. In short, I didn't write this editorial, but I do agree.

This editorial is actually a rebuttal of sorts. Sean has been banned from writing more meaningless editorials about the *Reporter Magazine* for his habit of writing something up every other week, but the rest of us are free to write as we please. It is not often my interest to even think of the *Reporter*, but I saw a bit of drivel that was supposed to pass for an editorial and got annoyed at the presumptuousness of the head editor, Ms. Harsch.

The October 24th issue of the *Reporter* was apparently controversial; some students threw 3,000 of their copies in the trash. I wasn't really paying attention...I've got better things to do. In the next week's *Reporter* editorial, dealt with in their usual stylistic manner, the words "Censorship by Students?" somehow were plastered all over the page. Mind you, I didn't find out about this until a few days after the issue. I was visiting a teacher and spotted the issue in question on their desk open to the editorial. It intrigued me for a moment, so I decided to see what all the fuss was about and read it.

The editorial spouts off all of brilliantly

-Kelly Gunter
patriotic crap about "THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS" and first amendment rights, and it really it brought a tear to my eye.

Really.

It went on to accuse those students who threw out the *Reporter* issues of not believing in those fore mentioned rights and most importantly "guilty of censorship." I'm sorry Ms. Harsch, but I'm going to have to ask you to get down off your high horse. I could much more easily prove that the three branches of the government are a farce than you could prove these students are guilty of censorship. I'm afraid, my dear, that you don't even have the slightest clue of what you are saying.

First, and most importantly, what you must know to make a statement like that is what exactly censorship is. According to Steve's Big Book of Everything[†] censorship is the work of a censor, and a censor is one who works in an official capacity to suppress information on political, moral, military, or other grounds. A censor works in an official capacity. *Reporter* is censored when Al Simone (President of RIT) leans down from on high and says, "No, don't print that." What the students did to your publication was not censorship, because they do not work in an official capacity.

The second point I'd like to make is that the students you accused of said action in no way oppressed your freedom of press. You were able to print what you liked, and you did. The publication you created is what allegedly hit those newsstands. Freedom of the press ensures that you will be able to write what you want and print it. After you place your issues in the public domain they become public property to be dealt with in any manner your reading public sees fit to behave towards it. You have no rights to dic-

[†]Webster's Encyclopedic Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language

tate to others how your publication should be treated once you relinquish your control over it.

The next important issue I believe this raises, which your article failed to mention, is free speech. Free speech protects some actions, such as flag burning, as well as protecting one's freedom of speech. The students who threw the *Reporter Magazines* away were merely exercising their right. It was their choice of action, and with it they made a statement, and should not be condemned for such an action.

For several years now *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* has been printing questionable articles—writing more than worthy of a little outrage. I have no idea how many times our issues have seen the inside of a trash can. Our fifth issue of volume one nearly got obliterated by one guy on a mission. In those days we paid for everything out of our pockets, granted we were not too pleased, but we also understood why he did it and could not con-

demn his actions. In fact, we replied to his hate mail and encouraged him to continue to express his rights...once he was better informed of the issues at hand. As a subtle statement, Hell's Kitchen learned from our experiences and includes a recycle symbol on the cover as a means of reminding any right-minded citizen wishing to wipe our filthy rag off the face of the planet that they should at least do something worthwhile with our worthless rag. If one of our readers finds it necessary to destroy one of our issues on some basis, we concede, for it is not our place to complain (at least not in this arena). Once an issue leaves our hands, it is out of our hands. Your behavior, Ms. Harsch, would seem more commendable were you able to do the same.

I suggest if you can not emotionally concede such points, your journal should avoid making any articles which are remotely controversial, lest the consequences offend your own person.

Tourist's Movie Reviews:

-Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK: COP LAND

I just saw the latest Sylvester Stallone movie, "Cop Land." I liked it a lot. Not because it was a good plot, or that Sly was acting again, although that was a nice change. No, I liked this film for one reason - ass. Hold up! Let me explain. Have you ever been driving along and caught of an odor so putrid you had to exclaim "Man, this place smells like ass!?" Or have you been into someone's room and it was so messy and unkempt that you had to say "Jesus, your room looks like ass, dude.?" That's what I'm talking about. The stars of "Copland" were the embodiment of ass. Either the makeup guy never showed up, or they hired Stan Winston's special makeup effects crew and said "Stan, you've done a lot of work in the



Sylvester Stallone offering Robert De Niro a curiously strong mint.

past, 'Alien,' 'Jurassic Park,' 'Terminator 2,' we like it. Is there a way that you can make Sylvester Stallone, Ray Liotta, Harvey Keitel, and Robert Patrick look like ass?"

Stan must have said yes.

The movie starts, and you see that most

of the characters look as if they've been collectively hit by an amtrack train...daily. The industry standard of three-day growth on the lead males was extended to twelve or thirteen day-growth (and I bet if you look real hard, you can see small insects playing 'smear the queer' in Robert Patrick's stubble). Cathy Moriarty plays a trampy housewife to one of the cops, and when she opens the door to speak with Sly, I had two reactions:

1. How many times did they beat her across the face with a shovel?
2. Did they add the implied "Booty Rot" smell in post production?

Smell was a major factor. There is no such thing as smell-o-rama at Movies Ten, but still! I wanted to leave the theatre, grab some Altoids from CVS, and throw their curiously strong goodness at Harvey Keitels mouth! You know a film smells bad when the word "Fuck" smells like cheap whiskey, cigarettes, and day old cheese steak sub. As an audience member in a regular theatre, I shouldn't know what Sly had for dinner two nights ago! Robert De Nero was in the film as well. He didn't really have to have anything altered, except for some extra hair coming out of his mole. There are films that try to emulate real life, this was one of them. Corruption in the New York Police force, a small town sheriff caught in the middle of a conspiracy, the mob owning an entire police



Beasties: Circa Brass Monkey

precinct, I can believe all that. What I found hard to believe is the total lack of personal hygiene in the film! Cops have access to soap! They could probably score a few bottles of Listerene if they tried. I don't think that internal affairs would object to a cop using a razor from time to time! I like that movies are getting back to their naturalistic roots, but there can be too much realism. People go to movies to escape reality, not to wipe it off their shirt collars every time some wino-cop calls Stallone a "Deaf Fuck."

All in all, it was a good film. If you liked the video for the Beastie Boys' "Sabotage," you'll dig "Cop Land." Hey! Wait a sec. What if we could get the Beasties for the sequel? "Copland 2: Return of the Brass Monkey."

GDT is looking for an illustrator!

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Join RIT's only weekly humor publication and illustrate for a group that isn't the Reporter.



The Religious Wrong

-Sean Hammond

"...in the beginning when the world was young there were a great many thoughts but no such thing as a truth. Man made the truths himself and each truth was a composite of a great many vague thoughts. All about in the world were the truths and they were all beautiful.... There was the truth of virginity and the truth of passion, the truth of wealth and of poverty, of thrift and of profligacy, of carelessness and abandon. Hundreds and hundreds were the truths and they were all beautiful.

"And then the people came along. Each as he appeared snatched up one of the truths and some who were quite strong snatched up a dozen of them.

"It was the truths that made the people grotesques.... The moment one of the people took one of the truths to himself, called it his truth, and tried to live his life by it, he became a grotesque and the truth he embraced became a falsehood."

-Paraphrased from *Winesburg, Ohio*,
Sherwood Anderson

In the past The Religious Wrong has highlighted frightening quotations from various members of "the Religious Right," such as Pat Buchanan and Ralph Reed. This week I want to make a quick comment on what has occurred in a small high school in Kentucky.

Fourteen year old Michael Carneal calmly inserted ear plugs into his ears, pulled out a .22 caliber handgun that he had stolen on Thanksgiving, and opened fire on a group of students who regularly held prayer meetings prior to the start of classes for the day. When he stopped, Michael had killed three: Kayce Steger,

Jessica James, and Nicole Hadley.

Nicole's death is significant for she was a close friend of his, was his first target, and was the only one he took the time to aim at, killing her with a slug in the brain. Obvious I'm not privy to all the facts, but I can't help but wonder about what motivated Brutus. Did he help kill Caesar to stop his ambitions or to save Cæsar from corruption? Did Judas betray Jesus for the thirty pieces of silver, or because Jesus had to be killed for our sins? Where is the line between caring enough to save, and caring enough to kill...and which shows more love?

Suffice it to say I'm saddened by what he did. I disapprove of Christians in general, but I have no plans to go out and lay them low. I'll let their Savior do that when the time comes. What bothers me is that if he did it to stop them, he became no better than they are. Violent suppression is violent suppression, be it disemboweling a witch with a rusty saw, stoning a Palestinian in the name of nationalism, or murdering misled high schoolers with lead.

All grotesques.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre wants You

GDT is looking for new staff writers and contributors from MCC, RIT, UofR, Rochester, and elsewhere. We accept nearly everything, be it artwork, photos, submissions, or weekly columns (we especially like weekly columns).

We're really in need of a new illustrator. No experience necessary. All that is required is a firm understanding that we'd need illustrations each week.

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The Misadventures of Carol Clusterfuck

"I have a malformed public duty gland and a natural deficiency in moral fiber and am therefore excused from saving universes."

Have you ever gotten up in the morning, picked up your usual mid-morning meal, and wondered what would have happened to you if you had eaten an extra pickle with breakfast? Consider this extra special holiday issue of GDT to exist half in the world where you wished you had chosen to wear a more befitting shirt for your pants, and half where you wished you had put those self-same pants on in the right direction. Enjoy *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* as if looking down the wrong pant leg, and then again as if looking down the other wrong pant leg. This week we give you two head articles for the price of none. There will be a brief intermission after the first article in which the the Vienna Boys Choir will sing "Adolf the Red Faced Nazi" and then the second article will begin.

Remember, Dickens is dead. This must be understood...

Charles Dickens is dead. This must be understood if anything wonderful is to come of this story. Hawthorne is dead too, thank god. Come to think of it, there are a lot of dead authors: Ayn Rand, Frank Herbert, Shakespeare, Dr. Seus, Theodore Dostrovski, Camus, Jean Paul Sarte and a whole handful of others. H. Jackson Brown Jr. isn't dead, but he really should be for what he brought into the world. And while we're on the topic of people who should be dead, let's talk about Scrooge.

Jim The-Hammer Scrooge (a traditional Balinese name. Incidentally when translated into German it means "Mentos") was one of those genuinely nice people who are cursed with a name that caused Eskimos to burst, for it translated in eskimali to "Mentos." Due to this unfortunate translation he developed an over-compensation complex which caused him to try to make the world a better place to live through the altruism of pimping. Every time Scrooge's altruistic spirit serves another satisfied customer the world suddenly contains an extra one armed midget with jaws of steel, burped from the bowels of hell. These midgets come into existence angry, maladjusted, and with a predisposition to licking knee-



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caps. Instead of hand, these one armed bastards have an adamantium dradle; they evolved that way in order to ward off vicious predators[†] from their native dimension.

How many licks does it take to get to the center of a human beings knee? This is a question often asked in clever midget bastard mini-school. The entire midget economy has been working to solve this very conundrum. Clever midget philosophers work round the incense clock to solve it. The major barrier the midgets have to overcome in quickly and decisively licking through patellae is their own tongue. This is referred to in the native midget lingo as the “salivatory barrier,” which incidentally sounds a lot like “!Men!tos.” Their tongues resemble stubby rubber gloves, minus the digits, and smell like them too. In prehistoric midget times, the early clever midget bastard race began as gastropods,^Δ recklessly flinging their tongues about in order to move and show love to their companions.

Unbeknownst to Jim The-Hammer Scrooge, his best efforts to improve the conditions of the world were being counter-acted by these vicious balls of dradle-tipped clever midget terror. In an attempt to show Scrooge the folly of his ways, three spirits came to warn him of the impending microcypse....

The spirit of the past tried his damndest to reach through Scrooge's warm exterior, but his autism posed a serious problem. Beyond his drooling and continual rocking motion his only means of communication was through a small chess set.

“What do you want of me?”

Queen's rook to pawn three.

“What?”

King's Bishop takes pawn.

“Look this doesn't make any sense.”

Queen to King's pawn two.

“Well, I'm going now, okay?” Scrooge wandered off and found himself staring into the eyes of an ass...

“Where are we, Spirit?” asked Scrooge as he struggled to remain upon the back of the donkey he rode upon by fighting back the groping arms of the horde of scantily clad men and women. Astride the same animal rode the Spirit of Today, seem-

[†] Which, coincidentally, are gargantuan super jews with huge torahs.

^Δ “Do you eat with that mouth?” “Yeah, I eat with it too!”[∂]

[∂] This is due to the fact that eat and shit are the same word in the clever midget bastard language.

ingly unaffected by the seeking hands of the people around him. The already drunk Spirit somehow managed to drink from a whiskey bottle, despite the swaying of the donkey.

"Sure'in ya don't know the place?" asked the Spirit of the Present in a thick Irish accent.

Scrooge looked about him. All he could see were carbon copy houses erected in the Ticky-tacky style of the late baby-boom era. The only difference was the colour of the home, how many midgets surrounded it, and the amount of Christmas lighting outside.

"I've never been here in my life," answered Scrooge.

"Ah don't blame ya. Tell ya the truth, I've never been here meself. But don't ya worry, me ass knows the way," he said patting the donkey on the head.

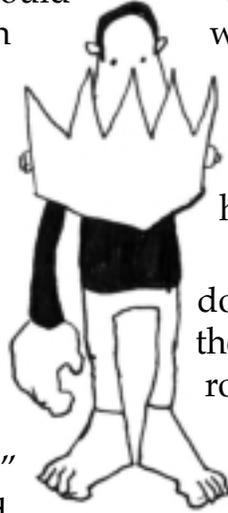
The Spirit found this amusing, and in his laughing, threatened to topple the donkey, but the Gropers surrounding Scrooge helped right the Spirit and steady him. As soon as he had stopped laughing, he turned and handed the bottle to Scrooge.

"Have a hoot."

Soon they approached an unremarkable house. The donkey stopped and merely stood.

"Ah, here we are then."

The Spirit of Today left his mount shakily. Many of his Gropers rushed to his aid that he wouldn't fall. Even as they held him up, he



called, "I'm alright! I'm alright!"

"What the heck is that!" he shrieked as he suddenly found his knees moist and tingling, "Get it off man! Get it off!" When the clever midget bastard was extracted from his knee, the Spirit continued on.

Slowly, the Spirit wove his way to the window with Scrooge following close behind.

"Oh yeah. This is where the Cratchits live. Come look at what will happen today."

Scrooge drew close to the dark window and suddenly light burst forth from the room. Instead of a dark nighttime room, Scrooge watched the Christmas Lunch that would happen later that day.

A woman Scrooge assumed to be Mrs. Cratchit was busy at the microwave, feverishly trying to crisp midgets,^β then having to rotate the remains.

Soon Bob Cratchit stumbled into the room burdened under the weight of many midgets. Bob's back was covered with tongue burn. Just behind Bob, a group of midgets carried a large child, and the poor midgets wove from side to side under the enormous weight. They carry him off to another room from which a high-pitched squealing noise is heard.

"Who is that child?" Scrooge asked with a snicker.

The Spirit looked through the window while taking another drink. "That's Gigantic Tim. Bit roomy ain't he?"

"What's the problem with him?"

"Oh, some dradle game these midgets play, very religious these midgets. Clever group though. He'll get over it."

The child was beyond belief. His sounds were incredible for a child of only seven.

^β With the patented clever midget bastard microwave crisping bag.

**If you find Mistakes
in GDT, please consider that
they are not mistakes and you
just don't know what we're
talking about OR the universe
is wrong and we are simply
pointing out the errors.**

"Spirit, no more, I beg of you," Scrooge gasped.

Suddenly the light from the window vanished and a cold wind began to blow.

"Oh oh," murmured the Spirit as the smile disappeared from his face.

"Well, ha, my time here is done," said the Spirit as he hurried to his donkey. Coming down the road was a figure dressed all in black. "Got to go. Previous engagement ya know." The Spirit's band quickly went down a side street and were gone.

The figure approaching was a woman. She wore a long black dress, and walked with quick, deliberate steps. Her jaw and cheek bones shone painfully through her taught skin. Her black hair was all worn back in a tight bun, making her bony face more accentuated. Around her neck hung a cross and on her chest was an A.A. button. She somehow exuded an anti-midget field around her.

The Spirit of the Future was an Alcoholics Anonymous councilor.

More than that, Scrooge got the impressing that she watched the Church Channel for inspiration.

"Are you the...the Spirit of the Future?"

"I am the Spirit of the Future and I show people their horrible ends that they may find their Lord Jesus. Who are you?"

"Well, I'm Scrooge and I'm a altruist pimp."

The Spirit nodded her head. "Very good. The first step is admitting you have a problem."

Scrooge's perplexed mood destroyed, he turned toward the window. "Why don't you show me what will happen to Bob Cratchit."

The window grew bright. What Scrooge saw shocked him. His niece and Bob Cratchit were passionately mauling midgets in the kitchen.

"An all-out assault?" Scrooge asked the Spirit. "When will this start?"

"Oh, it's already been going on for a few years in your time. I will pray for human kind."

"What about Gigantic Tim. What happens to Tim, I mean they were killing him, or doing something."

The scene changed. A skinny teen stood in the doorway, rolling his eyes as his father spoke to him.

"He's skinny now."

Inside, the now Thin frame of Tim hollered at his father.

"Yeah, their mine. So what. It's my life."

"You are not to keep these dradles under this roof."

"Go to hell," Tim said as he left the room. As a second thought, he walked back in, flicked his father off, said, "they're not dradles, they're war trophies!" then walked out. Tim had become quite the midget commando once his youth and innocence were lost.

"Whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger" the Spirit hissed. "Do you see what your good ways have done?"

"I don't see that I can change anything. How could I have started this? All I see is a woman who regularly watches 'Breaking Bricks For God' and places her hand on the television to pray." Scrooge grabbed her cross and was suddenly in his own bed, his pillow in hand.

Sighing, he settled back down and went to sleep peacefully dreaming of the many days of altruistic pimping ahead.

It's probably just as well for Dickens that he's dead.

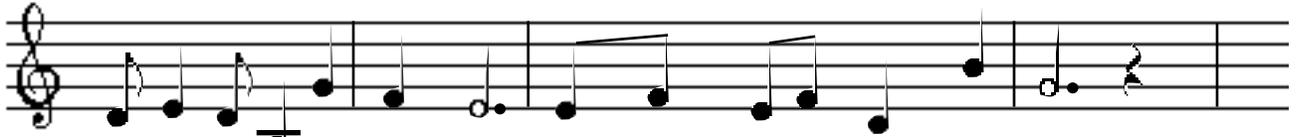
Intermission:

As you all stream out to go to the bathroom or buy overpriced Sour-Patch Kids at the candy stand, we should have a holiday sing along:

A d o l f t h e R e d - F a c e d N a z i



A- dolf the Red-Faced Na-zi used to spend his time sketch-ing



and if you e-ver saw them you would run a-round retch-ing.



All of the o-ther ar-tists used to laugh and call him names. (*Like dum-kopf!*)



They never let poor A-dolf join in their ex-press-o games.



Then one star-ry win-ter night A- dolf turned to say:



Brown shirts with your boots so bright, let's burn the Reich-stad to-night.



And all the Na-zi's loved him. And they shout-ed out in greed:



"A- dolf the Red- faced Na-zi, you'll go down in in-fam-y." (*Like Attil-a!*)



The Misadventures of Carol Clusterfuck

"I have a malformed public duty gland and a natural deficiency in moral fiber and am therefore excused from saving universes."

Charles Dickens is dead. This must be understood if anything wonderful is to come of this story. Hawthorne is dead too, thank god. Come to think of it, there are a lot of dead authors: Ayn Rand, Frank Herbert, Shakespeare, Dr. Seus, Theodore Dostrovski, Camus, Jean Paul Sarte and a whole handful of others. H. Jackson Brown Jr isn't dead, but he really should be for what he brought into the world, but more on that later. First, let's talk about Michael Ebenezer.

Michael was one of those unfortunates whose name gives Fate a firm handshake of recognition and makes a deal. Inheritance isn't all pentose sugars and drawing squares; names are just as powerful as any sub-cellular squidgy bits. What you call someone determines what they are.

Writers, maybe more than anyone else, understand this. They are the word smiths and engineers of ideas that fashion realities. Anyone who has been thoroughly wrapped up in a book understands that the worlds between those pages are real.

Beyond that, words have power. They capture and, ultimately, *are* exactly what they describe. Like catalysts in some sunny pool, they interact with one another and form more complex ideas in self-reinforcing reactions. There are certain words and phrases which have a natural affinity for each other. They fit together so naturally, so easily, that it is difficult to think of them separately. Ancient Chinese...secret. Superfluous...third nipple. Ebenezer...Scrooge.

Words have power. Ten's of thousands of years ago when Man sat around fires, hud-

dling against the Death that crept in the night, they took their first steps towards communication: giving their thoughts substance, reality.

That's the key.

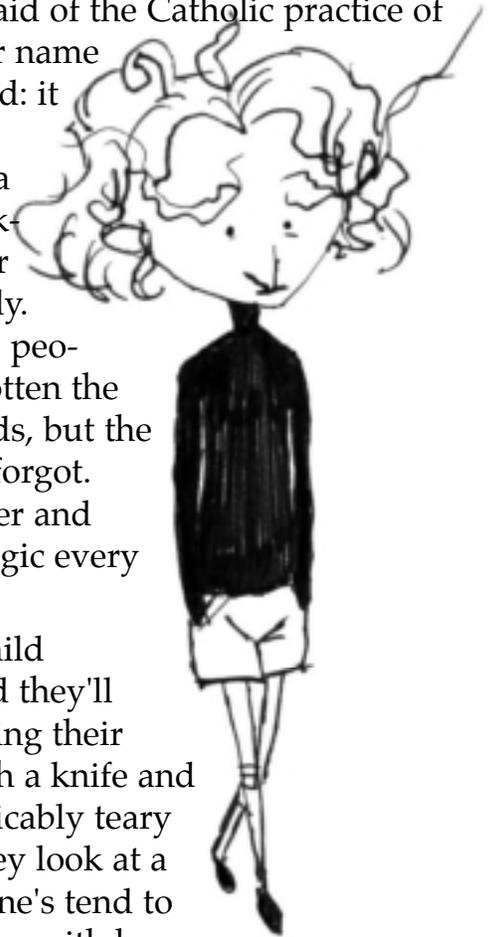
Words not only reflect reality, they create it. The people living in the Middle Ages understood this and began using middle names to make sure no one could easily find out their full nomen and control them. The same can be said of the Catholic practice of taking another name once confirmed: it

was an act of trust to share a potential weakness with your God and family.

In recent ages, people have forgotten the power in words, but the word's never forgot. They remember and work their magic every day.

Name a child Alexander and they'll grow up untying their shoe laces with a knife and getting inexplicably teary eyed when they look at a globe. Catherine's tend to have obsessions with horses and are very popular with the boys. Guido's forge money, and calling a child Damien is just asking for trouble.

So Michael Ebenezer, given a name that if it were a hereditary heart disease, would



make any life insurance company laugh nervously, was treated the way he was in spite of the facts. A small, lanky boy with curly hair that tended to make him look like something seen in the darkest dreams of Robert Oppenheimer, Michael got the butt end of everything. In kindergarten his parents were constantly told that he didn't share well with the other children, even though he gave his own toys to his peers. In elementary school he was punished as a bully who stole lunch money, though he looked like a poster child for rickets because he gave his own lunch money to a rotund boy whose parents never gave him enough money to satisfy his enormous appetite.

All his life people heard his name, subliminally ignored the "Michael," heard "Ebenezer Scrooge," and their underworked synapses connected his name to catalytically active phrases like "cheap...skate," and "tight...wad." Being from a long line of Ebenezer's he was independently wealthy, which didn't help matters.

So he compensated. As he grew older, he volunteered to help in the community. He never counted his change. He bought expensive, lavish gifts for people he barely knew. He donated millions to the UN. He even went so far as to sign his name "Michael E." (which made people inexplicably start hum-

ming the theme to "Beverly Hill's Cop." Not much of an improvement, but at least they weren't always checking to see if their wallet was still there). Despite all this, he couldn't escape his name. He'd give \$50 to a homeless woman selling pencils and win a \$100 gift certificate at Borders for being their 5,437,982nd customer. He'd give \$1,000,000 to a charity and his stock would split 17 times making him more cash than there's room to write here. And so the cycle kept spiraling upward and upward as he feebly worked to escape his name.

Now, philosophers have pondered the nature of good and evil for thousands of years without approaching the truth...and if they did get near, they promptly turned around and quickly walked away, dedicating their lives to living on top of a mountain, eating yak cheese, and trying to forget that the sound of one hand clapping was "cla." Ironically, most first year Chemistry students are closer to understanding Good and Evil than any theologian.

Contrary to most ethics courses, Good and Evil are not relative measures, but are like light in they are both a wave and a particle. The particles of this ultimate duality are subject to osmotic pressure. Unfortunately, once they enter through the ozone layer they are altered in such a way they they can not

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dif-
fuse back out into the ether. When the world has a high relative concentration of Goodness, Evil flows in to balance things out. So for every good deed done, that much more evil enters the world. The converse is also true: a bad deed done raises the level of goodness.

The best documented case of this balancing is the World Wars. At the latter half of the 19th century people were so enthusiastic about mass production that Evil seeped in, eventually causing WWI. To offset the horrors of the world's first industrialized war, Goodness poured in and resulted in the Roaring 20's. With all those flappers going around bobbing their hair and spreading free-love, the the inertia of the Goodness overcompensated. There was so much love, hope, and a general sense of wellbeing that a gargantuan amount of Evil was required, causing both the Great Depression and WWII.

That's how cool the '20's were.

The problem is that even with the relative levels of Good and Evil balancing one-another out, the absolute levels of both have been increasing for millennia, causing greater acts of Depravity and Justice. It's generally accepted that Hitler was Bad. You can practically hear the capital letter when you talk about him. What about Pol Pot? Hitler caused the death of over 20 million. Pol Pot only caused the death of a few million. He's not *as* Bad. Do you see? Things are buzzing at a higher level, and everything we do raises the ante.

So with the publication of books like "Life's Little Instruction Book," and "A Father's Book of Wisdom," by H. Jackson Brown Jr. (I told you we'd get back to him, Trusting Reader), the world becomes worse and worse. Better if he had written a treaty of the theoreti-

cal application of Quantum Bubbles. Imagine Michael Ebenezer, driving cars with stickers with bits of wisdom like "Practice Random Acts of Kindness," and the the damage he could do...all because he was trying to escape his name. It was intolerable! Violating some ancient and unspoken agreement Those That Watched stepped up and Acted....

As Michael lay on his futon, there was a sound at his window. A light tapping. Cheerily he got up and put on his bunny-slippers just as the room was filled with a great gusting wind. Once it died down, he saw what looked like a mass of spiderwebs and dust hovering above him, furiously writing. It was a Ghost.

Now, Michael was an enlightened New Age-er, attending Solstice ceremonies and contributing millions each year to various Pagan groups around the country, so the appearance of this wintry apparition did not fill his heart with dread. Then again, little filled his heart with dread.

Michael was an annoyingly optimistic person.

He expectantly waited for his visitor to

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speaking, but when it did nothing but write for several moments, Michael felt compelled to clear his throat.

"Uh-hum?"

The Ghost appeared to reach the end of a sentence and looked down. "MICHAEL," he said in a voice that could clear rust off a bumper, "DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"

"I haven't the foggiest."

"Oh," said the now confused Ghost in a more normal voice. "You are Michael Ebenezer, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"WELL, I'M CHARLES DICKENS."

"Nice to meet you."

Michael extended his hand and the Ghost looked as though he had just been offered a shoe with a duck in it. After a moment, he reached down and shook hands.

"There really seems to have been some mistake here. You're supposed to recognize me at this point and be all quaky and scared as I use my Voice. Hmm. But you are Michael Ebenezer at 1516 East Street, right?"

"You've got the right guy. Care to sit down?"

"Sit! I'd love it. You have no idea how hard it is floating around all the time and using the Voice. You don't mind me not using the Voice do you? I can if you really want the effect—"

"Actually, said Michael hastily, "I'd rather if you didn't. It is a bit grating."

"So, you're not going to say I'm a carrot or anything?"

"Ah, no. But I would like to know why you're here."

"Oh, that! Well, since you are the right person, I'm supposed to tell you that you've got to CHANGE YOUR—Oh! Sorry. Habit.

Change your Charitable ways."

"What!"

"Yup. No more charity for you. Best thing you could do would be to go buy some cheese and lock your self in the attic. Don't even think about applause."

"I don't understand. I thought it was, well, good to be good."

"Exactly. And to show you the error of your ways, three Spirits will visit you tonight."

"Including you?"

"Ah... Four Spirits."

"I should have bought more tea today."

"You have tea? Could I have some Earl Grey?"

But even as he spoke Charles Dickens slowly faded until only his voice remained.

"Bugger! It's been years since I had a good cup of Earl Grey..."

Almost immediately the room was filled with a flash of light. Once his retina's had recovered Michael saw a small child rocking back and forth.

"Are you one of the Spirits sent to show me the errors of my ways?"

The boy rocked back and forth in front of a chess board. Slowly he moved a pawn.

"Wow," said Ebenezer, feeling a bit uncomfortable when nothing was said. "I haven't seen a chess set like that since I was a kid."

More rocking. A knight was moved.

For the next hour The Spirit of the Past tried his damndest to reach through Scrooge's warm exterior, but his autism posed a serious problem. Beyond his drooling and continual rocking motion his only means of communication was through the small chess set.

"What do you want of me?"

Queen's rook to pawn three.

"What?"

King's Bishop takes pawn.

"Look this doesn't make any sense."

Queen to King's pawn two.

"I'm starting to get a bit upset, here. Who are you, anyway? The Spirit of Bobby Fisher?"

King's rook to bishop's pawn three.

"Well, I'm going now, okay?" Michael wandered into the next room and found himself staring into the eyes of an ass.

"Where are we, Spirit?" asked Michael, suddenly outside, his bunnies up to their plastic pink noses in snow. He was unceremoniously scooped up and thrown onto the back of a donkey by a horde of scantily clad men and women. Astride the same animal rode the Spirit of Today, seemingly unaffected by the seeking hands of the people around him. The already drunk Spirit somehow managed to drink from a whiskey bottle, despite the swaying of the donkey.

"Sure'in ya don't know the place?" asked the Spirit of the Present in a thick Irish accent.

Michael looked about him. All he could see were carbon copy houses erected in the Ticky-tacky style of the late baby-boom era. The only difference was the colour of the home, and the amount of Christmas lighting outside.

"I've never been here in my life," answered Michael.

"Ah don't blame ya. Tell ya the truth, I've never been here meself. But don't ya worry, me ass knows the way," he said patting the donkey on the head.

The Spirit found this amusing, and in his laughing, threatened to topple the donkey,

himself, and Michael, but the Gropers surrounding Michael helped right the Spirit and steady him. As soon as he had stopped laughing, he turned and handed the bottle to Michael.

"Have a hoot."

Soon they approached an unremarkable house and the donkey stopped and stood in that final and unmoving way that donkey's and camels have. After a few minutes of cursing and half hearted pushing by the Spirit's revelers, the Spirit reached a conclusion:

"Ah, here we are then."

The Spirit of Today left his mount shakily. Many of his Gropers rushed to his aid that he wouldn't fall. Even as they held him up, he called, "I'm alright! I'm alright!"

Slowly, the Spirit wove his way to the window with Michael following close behind.

"This is where the Cratchits live."

"You mean the people I'm going to give that free Christmas dinner to?"

"Mmm, hmm. They didn't ask for it though, did they?"

"Well, no. But it's Christmas. You're supposed to help those less fortunate."

"Even if they don't want your help?"

Michael stayed silent and drew close to the dark window. Light burst from the room revealing the Christmas lunch that would happen later that day.

In a cramped kitchen a woman Michael assumed to be Mrs. Cratchit was busy at the microwave, slaving away at punching buttons, then having to rotate the food. In the corner a little girl sat in a high-chair industriously sucking on her fist. Soon Bob Cratchit stumbled into the room carrying a huge child. The child was more hunched over Bob's shoulders that being carried, and the

poor man wove from side to side under the enormous weight.

“Who is that child?” Michael asked with a snicker.

The Spirit looked through the window while taking another drink. “That’s Gigantic Tim. Bit roomy ain’t he?”

“What’s the problem with him.”

“Oh, some glandular thing. He’ll get over it.”

The child was beyond belief. His sheer bulk was incredible for a child of only seven. More of a fleshy gastropod than a child, Michael was soon laughing at the spectacle through the window along with the Spirit. All his years of understanding and charity were horrified at what he was doing, but he couldn’t help it; it was a shock reaction to the horror that was Gigantic Tim. When the dinner was served, Michael began to laugh even harder when he saw the child’s plate mounded with food.

“Spirit, no more, I beg of you,” Michael gasped.

Suddenly the light from the window vanished and a cold wind began to blow.

“Oh oh,” murmured the Spirit as the smile disappeared from his face.

“Well, ha, my time here is done,” he said hurrying to his donkey. Coming down the road was a figure dressed all in black. “Got to go. Previous engagement ya know.” The Spirit’s band quickly went down a side street and were gone, save a lone triple, doing things to one another the Michael had only heard about. Sensing something was wrong, they stopped and looked up at the approaching figure. Hastily, they ran after the rest of their troop.

The figure approaching was a fearful site, even to Michael’s non-judgmental nature. It was a woman wearing a long black dress,

better fashioned for times when “Show us his head!” was a favorite cheer of crowds at spectator sports. She walked quickly, each step sharp and deliberate. Her jaw and cheek bones shone painfully in the orange glow of the city’s night. Her black hair was all worn back in a tight bun, making her bony face more accentuated. Around her neck hung a cross and on her chest was an A.A. button.

The Spirit of the Future was an alcoholics Anonymous councilor.

More than that, Michael got the impression that she watched the Church Channel for inspiration.

“Are you the...the Spirit of the Future?”

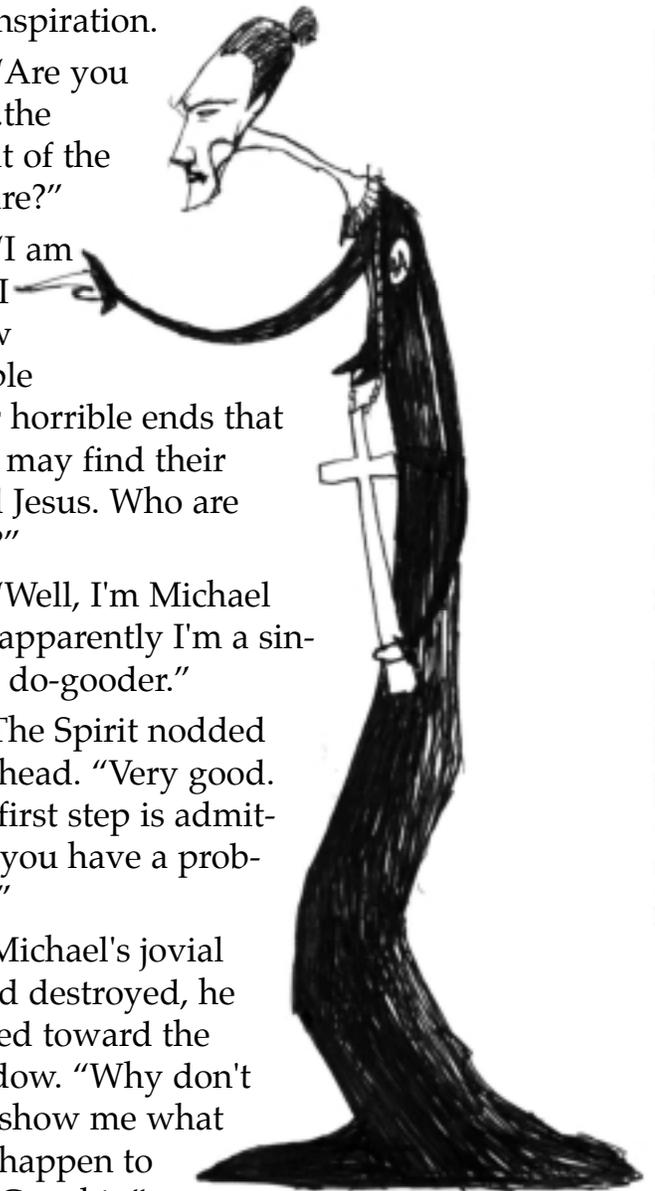
“I am and I show people their horrible ends that they may find their Lord Jesus. Who are you?”

“Well, I’m Michael and apparently I’m a sinning do-gooder.”

The Spirit nodded Her head. “Very good. The first step is admitting you have a problem.”

Michael’s jovial mood destroyed, he turned toward the window. “Why don’t you show me what will happen to Bob Cratchit.”

The window grew bright. What Michael



saw shocked him. His niece and Bob Cratchit were passionately kissing and mauling one another in the kitchen.

"Does your wife know?" Michael's niece managed to say.

"No. How could she."

"An affair?" Michael asked the Spirit. "When will this start?"

"Oh, it's already been going on for a few years in your time. I will pray for them."

His niece slowly bent down, to pick up some change she had dropped, undoubtedly.

"Ah," said Michael feeling unusually warm considering he was standing in the snow, "what about Gigantic Tim. What happens to Tim."

Thankfully the scene changed, showing a skinny teen standing in the doorway, rolling his eyes as his father spoke to him.

"He's skinny now."

"Yes, the Lord healed his glands."

Inside, the now Thin frame of Tim hollered at his father.

"Yeah, their my pamphlets. So what. It's

my life."

"You are not going to join the Peace Corp, you Moolie!"

"Go to hell. I leave for Guam tonight," Tim said as he left the room.

"Satan is in that boy," the Spirit hissed. "Do you see what your Good ways have done?"

"I don't see that I can change anything. All my life I've tried to do things to help people, and you're telling me that for every good thing I do, a bad thing happens to balance some cosmic balance sheet. I'm sorry, but that's stupid. I don't know who's in charge, but all I see is a woman who regularly watches 'Breaking Bricks For God' and places her hand on the television to pray." Michael grabbed her cross and was suddenly in his own bed, pillow in hand.

Sighing, he settled back down and went to sleep. The next morning he closed several manufacturing plants he owned, bought Exxon, and sent the Cratchit's a rat in third class mail.

Merry Christmas.

Dear Santa, GDT'd like The Complete Works of Terry Pratchett (including The books he hasn't written yet), James Burke on a chain 7 of 9, The chance To meet Harlan Ellison before he dies, The chance To meet Frank Herbert, Ayn Rand, Theodore Sturgeon, and a bunch of other dead authors, businesses

sappy?), for faeries To stop stealing my chapstick, a working Time/Probability machine, To meet Carissimus Diabls, photo CD of The Big Bang, more writers and people To do layout for Christmas please. Thank you.
-GDT

To support Hell's Kitchen so IT can pay writers, for all The seperated friends family, and loves To know That The people They care about are ok (aren't we

GDT Countdown
9 issues left to
our 100th issue!





Un-Civil War

"The country is in a terrible state. People are starving and giving up, the economy is falling to pieces, nobody is producing any longer. We don't know what to do about it. You do. You know how to make things work. Okay, we're ready to give in. We want you to tell us what to do."

"I told you what to do."

"What?"

"Get out of the way." -Atlas Shrugged, Ayn Rand

WASHINGTON, 30 DECEMBER, 1997 (UPI) U.S. PARK POLICE SAY THEY ARRESTED 20 PROTESTERS IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE (TUESDAY) AND CHARGED THEM WITH DEMONSTRATING WITHOUT A PERMIT. TWO OF THE DEMONSTRATORS WHO Poured A RED LIQUID ON THE SIDEWALK WERE CHARGED WITH DEFACTING PUBLIC PROPERTY. A POLICE SPOKESMAN WAS UNABLE TO SAY WHY THEY WERE PROTESTING.

The last time I checked the Bill of Rights, the Facists hadn't yet managed to erase the fact that "Congress shall make no law...abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble...", yet why is it that protesters require a permit in Washington D.C.?[†] In the same part of the nation where Lady Freedom stares down on the denizens of D.C., it worries me to think that people haven't burst out into fearful laughter in the face of such contradictions.

Revolution may or may not be in the air, but if we're going to do it right, we gotta find the proper forms baby! We'll probably need to fill out seven different forms in triplicate and submit them to the responsible authorities at least two years in advance of our approaching uncivil war.[‡] I really think I need to start petitioning now if I want my revolution to begin before I find myself too old to clip my own toe nails. Oh, here we go: Form 9825EZ..." Application for Permit to Revolt." The estimated amount of time required to finish the paperwork is 4.25 hours, and will take up to 25 years to process. Okay, everybody meet me back here when we retire.

Why would I want to start a revolution do you ask? Well, I don't...not off hand. You see, the disturbing thing about revolutions is that those who want most to start a revolution are the last ones who should be allowed to lead them. On top of that, the results of revolutions are almost always indistinguishable from their causes. Revolutionaries will lay down their lives, a



[†] I suppose the law makers thought it would be too much to expect them to wear collars and clean up their own poop too, so I left those aspects out.

[‡] War is never civil. Perhaps this may not have seemed to have been the case for the landed gentry of the middle ages, for whom it was considered impolite to kill. However for all others concerned, war has never been a civil affair. Unlike Dungeons and Dragons, the Gathering, and Final Fantasy, melees have never been what could be called an ordered exchange with each participant awaiting their own turn to strike and be stricken.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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new layer of paint, build some monuments, but their way of thinking hasn't changed. Replace the Czar with Stalin, and what has changed? Revolutions must be fought on the individual level and make people want to change the way they think. Do that, and the rest will follow. Unfortunately, I couldn't get anything like that through legislation; if I could, I would spend the rest of my days, dirty and homeless in D.C., laughing hysterically upon gazing up to the Capital's Rotunda until I go blind.

Please understand that I'm not one of those mid-western, gun-toting, chain-smoking, boot-wearing, roast-beef-eating types intent on fenagaling large tracts of land from the federal government, proudly committing tax fraud while making immature little speeches about the rights of the people^ð to shoot judges. They're not really revolutionaries: they just don't want to pay taxes. They want the infrastructure and any other governmental programs they use to support itself, they just don't want to have to pay for any of it. They are just like any other red-blooded American whiner.

A lot of patriotic types are just happy enough to wrap themselves in their favorite slogan to protect them from the changing times. "America, love it or leave it!" As though this invocation of wisdom were so laden with power that it explained all of the available options. Just like any human being, this country has its faults, but it also has a great deal that is right about it. I don't have to love everything about it in order to believe in it. If I didn't care for the country, I wouldn't find myself contemplating revolution; I would simply pack up my silly string and hitch a ride on the first available air whale. The world is a big place with plenty of governments that could match my ideal. The closest to my ideal is this nation, however. Unlike the thinking of such slogan brandishers, this country was not meant to stagnate. Our constitution was supposed to grow, flourish, and change, not get twisted up in partisan squabbling.

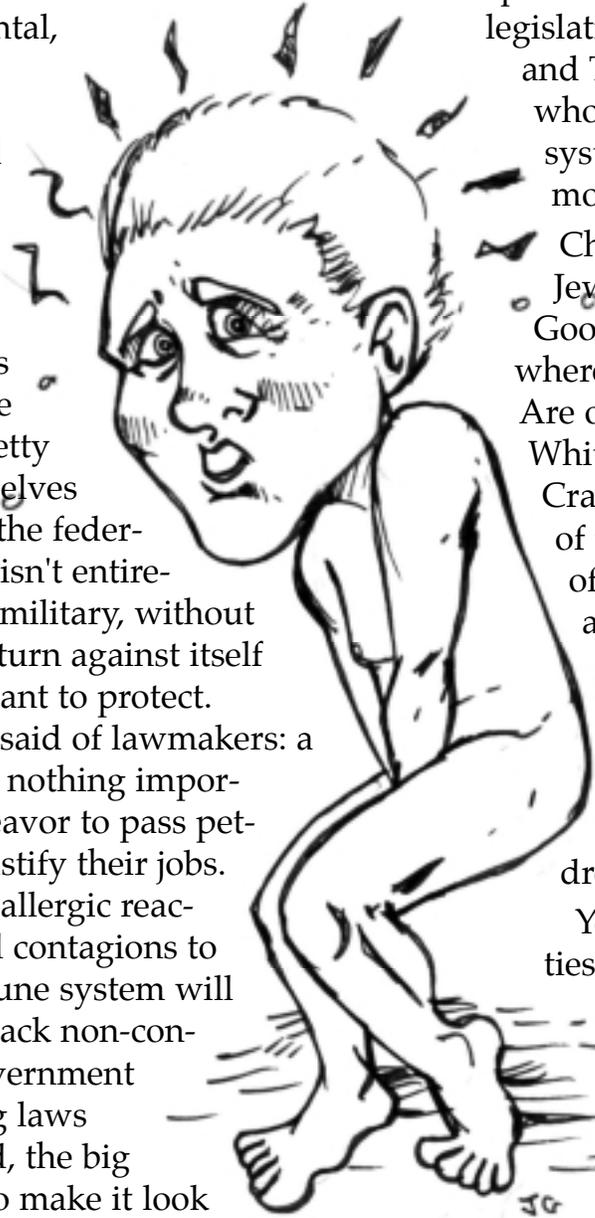
Pardon my French, but who in le merd cares anymore whether Clinton had anything to do with Whitewater or if he has "distinguishing features" on his genitalia besides the special persecutor Mr. Star? For lack of the use of filibusters, the House is happy to hold investigative hearings, who's sole purpose is to make one (or more) of the other guys on the other team look

^ð Well, okay. Maybe I do a bit of the immature speeches.... But at least I don't have my own soap box yet. Maybe if I'm good this year Santa will bring me one.

worse. Closer to home, I'm sick of watching commercials heralding Alfonse Tomato as an environmental, women's, and education advocate when I know damn well that he would sell his illiterate daughter to mining concerns if she were found to be rich in minerally goodness. The varied branches of government seem to be spending more time in petty bickering amongst themselves than in actually running the federal government. Maybe it isn't entirely their fault. A standing military, without enemies, will eventually turn against itself and the people it was meant to protect. Perhaps the same can be said of lawmakers: a body of lawmakers, with nothing important to address, will endeavor to pass pettier and pettier laws to justify their jobs. Laws today are a lot like allergic reactions. Given a lack of real contagions to fight off, the body's immune system will turn against itself and attack non-contagions. As far as our government is concerned all of the big laws have already been passed, the big kids in the capital have to make it look like their still earning their wages.

Continuing with the military paradigm,

If you find Mistakes in GDT, please consider that they are not mistakes and you just don't know what we're talking about OR the universe is wrong and we are simply pointing out the errors.



the two major parties of this nation only add to the problem of infighting and revenge legislation by creating a feeling of Us and Them. Who was the nitwit who thought up the two party system in the first place? As with most problems, I blame the Christians^Δ I'd like to say the Jews, but at least they believe in Good, Evil, and Not Applicable, whereas for Christianity you either Are or Are Not. Right or Wrong. White or Black. Cheese and Crackers. And in the special case of the Southern Baptists, capable of singing in key or not. We've already been given a preview for how this little excursion into the two party religious system is going to end, Armageddon, lots of war, and the occasional death or hundred billion.

Yes, I know: there are other parties. The Bull Moose Party, Libertarians, Communists, Nazi's, the Reform Party, bla, bla, bla. But there are two main parties, and that's the point. Remember what I said about revolutions rarely

changing the way people think? The Revolutionary War helped the establishment of a fairly unique governmental system for the time, but they kept the idea of the Whigs and Tories. All they did was change the names, the goals are the same. Given, no one said, "Hey, this God vs Devil idea is pretty good, why not try it in the American political

^Δ In all honesty, I should probably blame the Zoroastrians. If memory serves correctly, they were the first to come up with the concept of a Absolute Goodness and an Enemy. They still have a lot more grey than the Christians do, however.

system?" These things have a habit of just sort of happening, but there is nothing in the General Rule Book of Life™ which states we are not allowed to try to change it.

Change, however, is never easy. Things build up like hair clogs in the drain, I mean inertia, and our government has a lot of mass and has been moving along for some time now. The professional

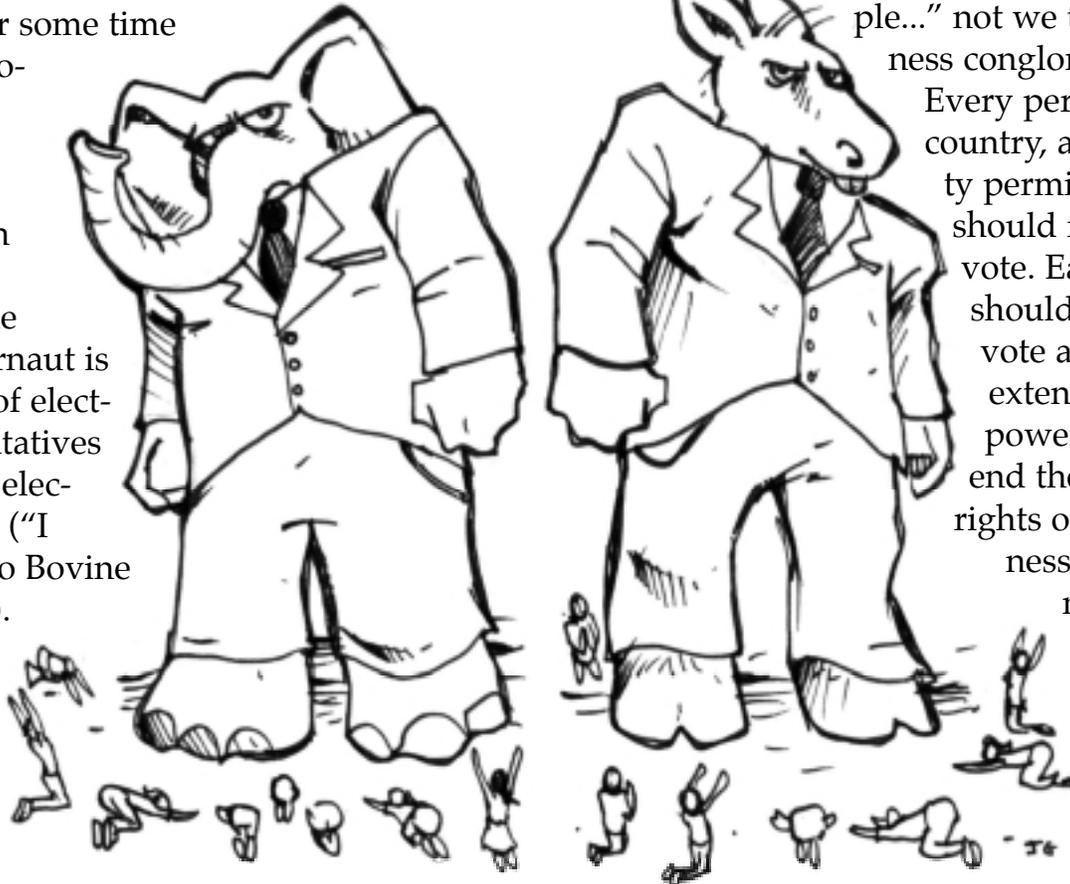
Draino is some time in the coming. Powering the entire juggernaut is our system of electing representatives through the electoral college ("I want to go to Bovine University"). In theory, we vote the person into office whom we feel is most likely to do our particular bidding. I can't speak for everyone, but I can speak for myself and, in this case, several of my close relations that when it comes to election time we are not voting so much to put someone into office as we are voting to keep someone out of it. When was the last time you actually voted for someone and didn't just decide upon the lesser of two evils? I know that it could mean I am just too young and idealistic, but I really feel as if I should be voting for someone for a change.

It seems like everyone who makes it through the political system alive is either an idiot, an asshole, or an actor. The general public

has taken the back seat to the political engines who can find more of what they are after by allowing themselves to be wooed by the lobbyists. Even though the lobby groups are wooing the political system, in the end the ones who get screwed are the people who make up this nation. The constitution says, "We the people..." not we the big business conglomerates.

Every person in this country, age and sanity permitting, should receive a vote. Each business should receive one vote and the extent of their powers should end there. The rights of big businesses should not extend farther than the rights of the people who make them up.

It doesn't take a genius to look at the political system at hand today and say that it isn't working in an efficient manner. I want a change. However with the rules of the system as they are now, making that change within the system seems an impossible dream. For now, I suppose Thoreau had the right idea with "Civil Disobedience." I will play the game for now, but as soon as it seems that the government is no longer what it aspired to be, with no hope of redemption, I will do my damndest to—oops. Time for my medicine. See you next week!



Tourist's Movie Reviews:

-Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK: TITANIC

Rare is it today that a film actually takes you out of your seat and into another world. When one manages to do so for three hours straight, you know you've got something good. Let me just start by saying that James Cameron is the daddy of all that which is mack. As a filmmaker, I must say that I idolize this man. It seems that he cannot make a bad film. Go ahead, try to say that one of his movies sucked (except for Piranha 2: The Spawning, I yield on that one). He really outdid himself on this one though. There was



Fish bait...

action, romance, lust, gunplay, class discrimination, secret motives, breasts, diamonds, hats, and big coats.

When I saw the film, I had the unfortunate experience of sitting behind a bevy of pre and present-menopausal women. They wouldn't shut up. The dumb bitches had a comment for every goddamn moment in the film, from "Hey, I wonder if they shot this on the actual Titanic...", to "Oooh, I bet they're going to hit an iceberg because the captain is going too fast." So you know I took a bit of personal pleasure when the crying began. Being an emotionally bereft American male DOES have its perks from time to time. And man did they cry. Gallons and gallons, more even then the time that they all went out to see "Steel Magnolia's" together after Janet's divorce. Leaving the theatre, I smiled at them and said "I heard that Cameron actually drowned Leonardo DiCaprio to make it look real. Yeah, then he served the corpse to the gaffers..." Just kidding. But it did feel good to leave the theatre so moved by a film for a change.

I only had a *few* suggestions.

If I had Cameron's ear for a few minutes, after orgasming and praising him for every film he's ever done (especially ALIENS, because you really can't get much better than that) I'd whisper a few friendly observations. First, where the hell was Steve

McQueen, or George Kennedy, or Lee Marvin? Is this not the mother of all disaster films??? That has been a recent trend - disaster movies without those guys, or at least Ernest Borgnine. Second, I would have added a special scene in which Kathy Lee Gifford mistakes the Titanic for a Carnival Cruise, hops aboard and is later seen rotting in a life preserver, her bloated and frozen corpse being consumed by the scavengers of the sea in painstaking detail (we can only hope that that's in the Directors Cut).

I would have also added extra steamy footage of the sloppy-teenage-sex-in-a-model-t-in-a-cargo-hold scene, cut to the Doors' "Break on Through." Sure it's an anachronism, but Jim Morrison and Jim Cameron CANNOT go wrong!

Finally, there'd be a scene involving a drunken Issiac (your bartender with afro) welching on a cockfight bet in the third-class section. He beats the shit out of Billy Zane. Other than

those minute changes, I'd leave it alone, because you can't alter perfection, and Grand Master Cameron has done it again. Oh yeah, let me just ruin the end a little and say that the fuckin' boat sinks. Sorry, I had to.



... and quite a catch.

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VANDALS DECAPITATE MERMAID

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK—THE STATUE OF THE LITTLE MERMAID (NOT DISNEY'S BITCH™. I MEAN THE REAL ONE), BASED ON THE FAIRY TALE BY DANISH AUTHOR HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, WAS VANDALIZED TUESDAY, 6 JANUARY.

ACTING ON AN TWO ANONYOUS PRE-DAWN TIPS, MICHAEL POULSEN, A FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHER, WAS TOLD TO GO AND SEE WHAT HAD BEEN DONE TO THE STATUE. UPON ARRIVING HE FOUND THE STATUE HAD BEEN DECAPITATED. HE TAPED TWO YOUNG MEN WHO



Every step was like walking on knives, but she would laugh, just being with the Prince.

OF FINDING THE STATUE'S HEAD.

SINCE ITS ERECTION IN 1913, IT HAS BEEN DAUBED WITH PAINT SEVERAL TIMES BUT HAS ONLY HAD ITS HEAD REMOVED ONCE BEFORE, IN 1964.

THE POLICE ARE STILL LOOKING FOR THE BASTARDS THAT DID IT.

TAUNTED HIM FROM A DISTANCE, SAYING HE WAS TOO LATE, BEFORE THEY ROLLER-SKATED AWAY, LAUGHING.

POLICE DIVERS FOUND TWO HACKSAW BLADES IN THE HARBOR NEAR THE STATUE AND CONTINUE TO HUNT IN THE HOPE



Editor's Note: Soul

Contrary to popular belief, much of what GDT runs is in some way based in fact. The more bizzare something sounds, the more facts it probably has in. The quicky about the Little Mermaid statue is one of those very real pieces we run.

I just need to say that the Little Mermaid is one of the most moving stories I know. Mentally, I group it with Cyrano Debergirac (for obvious reasons). And although the statue does not evoke in me the same raw emotional response as Winged Victory, I think it 's so terrably that she had her head cut off. This bothers me more than when Disney made that horrible movie....

GDT
Countdown
 8 issues left to
 our 100th
 issue!





Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL,
IN CAP'N CRUNCH CEREAL, THE
CRUNCHBERRIES ARE CALLED
CRUNCHBERRIES, BUT WHAT ARE THOSE
LITTLE YELLOW THINGS CALLED?

-JASON OLSHEFSKY

Dear Jayce,

I'm glad you asked. The story behind those little yellow blobs is a long and interesting one; it's a story about life, love, and the exploitation of a little known working class. It actually describes a fascinating cycle of nature.

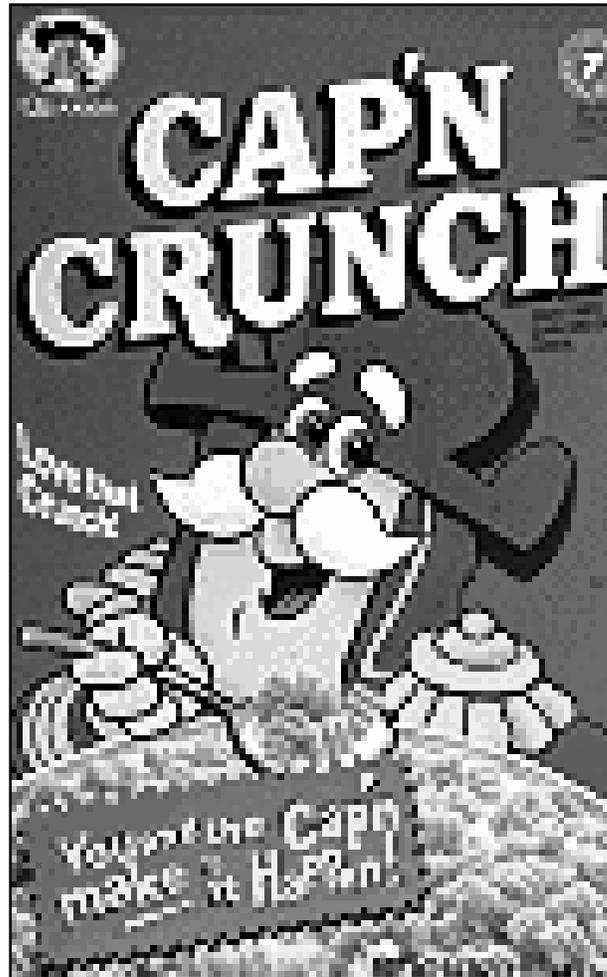
I'll start describing the cycle at the point when you go to the store and buy a box full of these delectable little edibles. You take them home with you. And on some bright and beautiful morning you spend a few fleeting moments shoveling these crunchy confections, generously embellished with lactose, down your sorry gullet. For the blue and red berries, this marks the end of their life-cycles, but for the little yellow crunchies life is just beginning.

They spend a remarkably educational

eighteen hours touring your digestive tract. When those little tykes, for they are crunchberries in an immature stage of life, are finally flushed from your system (these days truly flushed from your system) they emerge stronger, harder, and more importantly deeply imbedded within feces. At this point our story diverges in two directions: the historical migration of the yellow (brownish) crunchberries, and the new modern day equivalent of that same journey.

Unless you come from some enlightened European country or a third world nation, this next little bit does not apply to you anymore. In the olden days, when man heard the call of nature it was taken just there, to nature. Men crapped behind trees, over rocks, on the sides of churches, and in the subway, basically anywhere that was convenient. Outhouses and latrines are really not that far from the early beginnings of behavioral bowel movements such

that they may be treated in the historical manner. In those days the little hardened yellow crunchberries, once excreted, would be picked up by roving gangs of earthworms, carried to a nice location, and piled up to await the time of "change". No one is clear on why the worms did this, but some have suggested



that much like rats, mice, and pediphiles they like to horde materials they find pleasing to the senses.

These days matters are much stranger. Modern man likes to pack his shit in large metal boxes called septic tanks and modern earthworms are having a tougher time of extracting those pre-pubescent pellets. These days earthworms are nothing better than an unskilled and exploited work force,[†] being forced to break into these impenetrable steely fortresses and retrieve these smelly larvae to carry them, sometimes hundreds of miles, all the way to the nearest Captain Crunch Factory. These poor, exhausted worms are literally working for dirt. But they feel compelled to do the labor now, if only for their children's sake. You see, today's soil is so filled with DDT, weed killer, acid rain and any other type of chemical warfare you can think of, that it is actually unpalatable for the poor worms now. So in these times that try worms entrails they must turn to Captain Crunch and the mighty corporation of Quaker as their only supplier of medium grade fertilizer.

Now we enter the factory floor part of the cycle. After the worms drop off their booty and get payed, all of the little stinky balls are assembled in one room. They are allowed to sit for a couple of weeks while the "change" occurs. The

[†]They did on one occasion attempt to form a union and strike for better working conditions, but it rained and they were all flushed out to the surface. After that they were fighting a losing battle, they had the company birds unleashed on them and everything was over in a matter of minutes. It was a massacre.

They lost a lot of good worms in that misadventure, but their plan never would have worked, they had to many scabs.

"change" is when the little yellow crunchberries begin to take their true form. They develop into little male crunchberries (blue) and little female crunchberries (pink). Once the yellows have changed color, the factory workers take a handful of each and toss them into a box. The box is then sealed, and allowed to be shipped via third class mail to arrive at any of the country wide distribution spots. During this long and arduous journey the crunchberries reach sexual maturity, and begin a three day long period of frenzied orgy (these circumstances can only be fostered through the third class mailing process). After three more weeks of being lost in the mail, the crunchberries have given birth, often to quintuplets, and have reared the young undifferentiated berries to a ripe age to begin the rest of their magical life journey. I hope this brings a new perspective to breakfast cereal. And thanks for the question.

Incidentally, when the box refers to the cereal settling in the mail, this occurs when the cereal was shipped too quickly and did not have ample time to fornicate.

-the Bare-foot Girl

**Questions for the
BFG? Send them to
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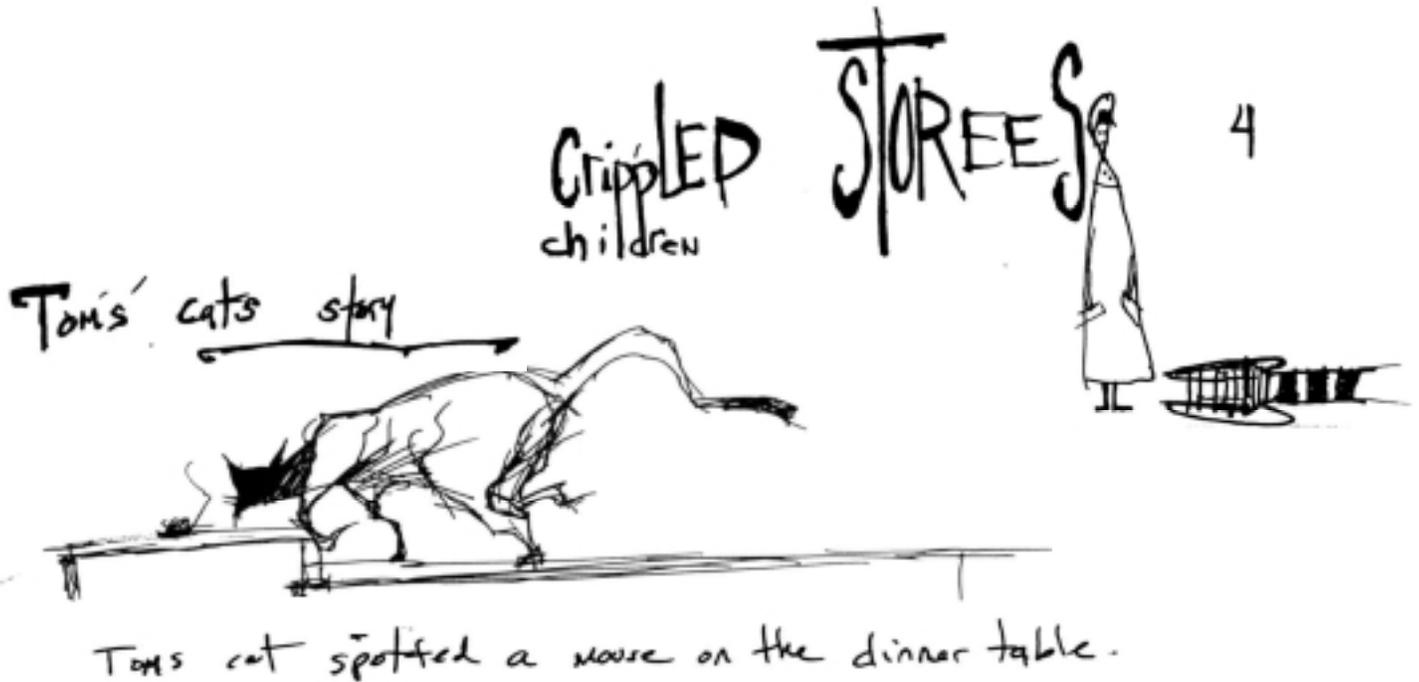
-Don Rider

CURIOSLY STRONG:

Those who know me know I always have a tin of Curiously Strong Altoids Peppermints on hand. There's two new developments in

the world of Altoids to take note of: First, the new Wintergreen flavor: It rocks! I love Wintergreen LifeSavers, and I was pleasantly surprised by the appearance of the new blue tin of Wintergreen Altoids in the supermarket. Second, the Big Tin: a much larger version of the famous Altoids tin filled with almost 6 times as many Altoids! I was the lucky recipient of two "Big Tins" of Altoids this past holiday season, and now possess

more Altoids that I will probably ever need to consume.



MM © 98



Kids for Fun and Profit

Learn from your parents' mistakes - use birth control!

THIS IS A TEST.

THIS IS A TEST OF YOUR SHORT TERM POP-CULTURE MEMORY.

THIS IS ONLY A TEST....

Who is Louise Woodward?

Kids: Baby Killer![†]

Seth: Drools.

Wow. Good job. With the all superficial, transient news that is passed off on Americans, I'm impressed that you could remember. For those troglodytes out there going, "Huh?" let me fire those synapses. A few months ago the moon-faced Limy Louise Woodward, alias *au pair*,^Δ was tried for murder.

Not to dredge up old news, but lets dredge up old news and put it under the specially polarized lights of GDT.[∂] In case you didn't hear, the baby's parents were both

[†] Kids care of *Melancholy Homewrecker's* "Big Daddy's Biology Show." Gosh you kids are smart.

^Δ Louise Woodward belongs to the once infamous Babyrattler Gang. In the early twenties the Babyrattlers were best known for smuggling large quantities of hooch across state lines in millions of sanitary baby bottles protectively wrapped in individual Woobies. Elliot Ness and his Untouchables were primed to turn their attention to the Babyrattlers just after they brought in Al Capone for tax evasion, but alas it was to late, because prohibition was revoked and the motherly Babyrattler Gang, with such notables as Joey the Diaper, the Passifier, and Tickle Me Elmo, got off scott free. Over the years, the gang declined in their infamy (huh?) and slowly became a legitimate racket peddling their babysitting knowhow across the globe. It's only in Asia that they have had a return to glory, selling difficult children into whatever market needs pre-pubescent, succulent, sexed up, Asian children. For the life of me, I can't think of what you'd use them for, but recently the chicken market has ordered more than their usual half dozen.

(We're sure this picture would have been stunningly funny.)

[∂] Unbeknownst to most physicists, the "Dark Matter" that has been theorized is nothing but subatomic particles of absurdity. Of course they haven't been detected because when an absurdity particle collides with a detector, an unbelievable reading is given. The scientists look at the data and say, "That's absurd," and chalks up the weird readings to experimental error. Anyway, after three years of work, using a mint Commodore 64, an old oscilloscope, a pair of Ray-Ban sunglasses, and an Energizer nine-volt battery (we tried other batteries, but only Energizers work. We think it has something to do with that rabbit and the unusually high concentration of absurdity around it), GDT has discovered that absurdity is polarized. By donning the modified Ray-Bans and watching CNN Headline News, normally serious news is filtered out and only the absurdity comes through. Quite refreshing, really. The only problem is the splitting headaches you get from keeping the nine-volt pressed up against your tongue for too long.

Continued on page 2 of GDT...



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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medical doctors; one at Brigham & Womens', the other at the Children's Hospital, yet they failed to notice their son's broken wrist and 6.4cm skull fracture for at least two weeks. I suppose that it's understandable. Both parents had the Puritan work ethic. It was revealed in court that the parents were too occupied in the morning to change the baby's diapers before the *au pair* arrived, so he lay in his crib, unchanged, bones broken, while the parents rushed off to work where they were paid good money to care for other peoples' children. When they got home, they were too tired, etc....

I could go on and on, but instead, I'm more interested in why these people had a baby in the first place. They certainly didn't want to spend time with it, that's for sure.

Of course we, as biologic entities, are driven to reproduce. "It's not my fault, officer! My damn selfish genes made me do it!" This has a kernel of truth to it, but I thought parents were genetically hard wired to care for and protect their offspring. It's that whole big-eyed, small-chinned, full-lipped, symmetric-face look that makes college geeks jack off over Anime photos, and makes Daddies say, "Uh, I've got to use the bathroom," after seeing his daughter in a swim suit. Something must have gone wrong with the culture to be able to override our desire to cuddle and protect babies.^f As an example, the crane has a circuit in her lower brain that triggers a reflexive egg-nudging action at the sight of a sufficiently egg-shaped object rolling on the ground. She will nudge the egg back into the nest, or go crazy trying. Really. If you nail an egg shaped piece of wood to the floor, that stupid bird will get so frustrated that it will conscientiously pluck all its feathers out in a great preening frenzy. If she left her eggs with an *au pair* and they were

^f Except in the case when a single mother lands a husband. Males are hardwired to want to pass on their genes, so any child already existing is a threat to their deoxywhatchamacallits. Kill the bastard (no, really) and there are more available resources for an updated child carrying the new husband's genes. Don't like the sound of that? Then why are there more incidents of step father's beating the living beejesus (as opposed to the deceased beejesus that falls off of you and comprises about 95% of your household dust) out of them and killing their wife's children? This doesn't mean that every man will commit infanticide...it just means they're generally bastards.

cracked when she got back, you bet she'd notice. And would there be birdy hell to pay. I suppose we can't expect such silliness from a human, however. We're a very busy species.

"But wait," you cry out, indignant and frankly a little tired of our pretentiousness. "People have children because they love children." Maybe, but if you love your children, you sacrifice some of your career or social life to spend time with your kids (or if you have no work or social life, you don't stay out boozing all night). Take a bus sometime — watch how parents treat their children. If they're yelling at and threatening their kids on the bus, pulling their arms into unnatural angles, grabbing hair, or cleaning their faces with spit, imagine what happens at home. Love is a beautiful thing to see...and I don't see love when a parent is dragging a crying child to the daycare center where they're afraid of being laughed at. Then you've got the parents who toss the newborn into a plastic bag and throw him out with the garbage (we're horrified by this, but it's just a home-style abortion. The only difference is the hospital burns their babies instead of throwing them out. Which would you say is more earth friendly? Tough call. Between filling landfills and polluting the air, I'd say the two just about break even). Love is in the air. I can smell it.

Money is the fuel driving our culture. It is the cause and the end of everything we do, so it's no surprise that economics plays such a major role in childrearing. In

The New Generation, Bertrand Russell wrote

THE PLACE OF THE FATHER IN THE MODERN SUBURBAN FAMILY IS A SMALL ONE — PARTICULARLY IF HE PLAYS GOLF, WHICH HE USUALLY DOES [OR IN THE URBAN CASE, IF HE SKIPS TOWN WHEN THE KIDS ARE STILL INFANTS AND LEAVES THE MOTHER TRYING TO ATTRACT MEN TO HELP SUPPORT HER].[‡] IT IS A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO SEE WHAT HE IS PURCHASING WHEN HE PAYS FOR HIS CHILDREN, AND BUT FOR TRADITION IT MAY BE DOUBTED WHETHER HE WOULD CONSIDER CHILDREN A GOOD BARGAIN.

Contrary to the tax on children that GDT proposed last year, the socialists[≈] (Hey! That's "Democrats" to you, buddy.) have set it up so the more puppies you squirt out, the more money you get from Uncle Sam (and you get a bonus if you don't work). At the same time, the government is spending money trying to reduce urban crowding and child abandonment (how far are we from FBI Norplant™ sorties into inner-city housing developments? "Roger, Red Squirrel. We've got a breeder on our flank. Requesting authorization to engage. Over"). It's a two-edged sword: "Have kids? You need money." "You need money? Have kids." Once you've got them, you can abandon them: it's your name on the check, that money is for you. Go out, buy a big screen TV or a few magic 8-balls—you deserve it. Just make sure you pick up some Doritos

(This picture probably caused mild incontinence in rats. Best that you never got to see it.)

[‡] See^f

[≈] Bertrand Russell was a socialist while it was fashionable. He came to his senses.

and Pepsi on the way home so the kids have dinner.

The underprivileged are egregious because they're more of a financial drain, but it's unfair of me to pick on just them. Foofie parents (like those in the Louise Woodward case) act the same, but they can hire nannies. Fly to France for the weekend or simply work all day, too tired to read a story when you get home. Where does it end? Nannies, VCRs,[¥] baby gyms, child therapists, \$3200 a week soccer camps, finishing school, \$28,000 a year universities that babysit your children — anything so the parents don't have to get their hands dirty. Then when the parents are old and decrepit, the kids will toss them into a nursing home and sell the house. Can't really blame them.

If you love children, then by all means have *one*. Better yet, get them from someone who doesn't want theirs. On the otherhand, if you just want to make money by having kids, follow my simple formula:

1.) Charge money for someone to impregnate the mother (if you are the mother and you are a butt-ugly-girl and your breath smells like ass, pay someone to impregnate you. Don't worry, you'll make it back. No, it's not prostitution. You're doing it for love...love of money). If you can, get the guy to marry the mother.

2.) When the kid is born, divorce the

[¥] The hoopla raised by people over the need for TV ratings is directly connected to people's use of TV as a baby sitter...or *au pair*, as the case may be. If there were no ratings, parents would be forced to pay attention to what their children are watching, if not their children. Kudos to NBC for not giving a shit.

father. Get the house, the car, child support and alimony. Then sell the house.

3.) Now you're homeless and you can collect welfare and unemployment. Sell the food stamps to someone who needs food.

4) Sell the baby into the sex slave market in Greenland.

As a typical American, you're probably more familiar with the Asian Sex Market™, so here's some advice: put the kid in a barrel and feed him green oatmeal through a hole until he's 18. Then sell him to a circus as a green hunchbacked midget (not to be confused with the fleshy monopods being circulated on the black-market pinata circuit). With all those rolls of flesh, you may have to put baby powder on them to help cut down on the chaffing as they move, but think of the number of people they can service at once. Hurray!

If you're driven biologically to reproduce, try masturbation. I knew a guy who got his cat off with a pencil when she was in heat, just to shut her up and keep her from clawing the couch to shit. If masturbation doesn't work, I'll give you the guy's address... see what he can do for you.

If you find Mistakes in GDT, please consider that they are not mistakes and you just don't know what we're talking about OR the universe is wrong and we are simply pointing out the errors.

Tourist's Movie Reviews:

-Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK - ARE YOU BORED?

Are you bored? Do you have a spare 34 hour time block to kill? Do you want to be seriously fucked up for the rest of your days? Well, ladies and gentlemen, do I have the

opportune solution for you. Get a bunch of friends together, along with a projection screen TV, 40 dollars worth of doughnuts, 7 pizzas, about ten gallons of black coffee, and watch back to back episodes of David Lynch's (aka

Holy God of "What the fuck was that?") *Twin Peaks*. That's what I did this weekend, and boy am I glad that I did! Acid? Mushrooms? Peyote? Naaahhhhhh. That's some lightweight shit compared to the experience that unfolds when you combine the vision of a beautifully demented writer/director with a passive journey into the world of sleep deprivation. Fans know exactly what I'm talking about. Others may scoff at the TV series, which aired in the early 90's and recently on Bravo, but I must give it the Tourist Seal of Approval™. If you decide to do this, however, there are several helpful points that you may want to be aware of.

1. TIME HAS NO MEANING. I mean that. The hours will fly by like you're in the

womb again, and the last episode is as shocking as being born, so boil some water.

2. REMEMBER ASS? I mentioned it in my *Copland* review a while back. If you don't make sure that you are master of your bodily funk (34 hours without shower, remember) the funk will take over. You'll be sitting on the couch, and your funk will go get doughnuts and coffee for your friend's funk. Most of us are not as adept as George Clinton at wrangling the funk (they don't call him the

funkmaster for nothing - last year, when he came to Rochester, he wore nothing but some Levi's and a Lion King bedsheet. His armpit stains resembled the Valdez oil spill, yet I smelled nothing, and I was in the front row!) so be sure to use some Dial.

3. YOU WON'T GET IT. That's normal. In order to assume proper David Lynch movie watching position, lean forward on your seat. Look intently at the screen and contort your face to resemble the expression it gets when you think, "Mercy Christmas! Was I just sodomized by a leper." Now keep that expression on your face and scream in fear and confusion when appropriate.

4. SLEEP DEPRIVATION CAUSES HALLUCI-



Are you bored?

<http://www.mikedunn.com/lynch/tp/tp041.jpg>



http://www.mikedunn.com/lynch/hp/hp210.jpg

"The Tourist Seal of Approval"™

NATIONS. That is also normal. And couple that with *Twin Peaks* stimuli, and you have a recipe that would kick Timothy Leary's ass. At one point in time, I saw Tallulah Bankhead swing down on a large, knotted rope, naked and quaffing a bottle of Old Grand Dad, screaming at the top of her lungs "HAVE YOU GOT A CHESTER-FIELD, DAAAAAAHHHLING?????" All I had was a bag of Cool Ranch Doritos, but that was good enough. She took them and climbed back into the coffee machine where she belonged. All was good.

5. FINGER SNAPPING IS RESERVED FOR

ONLY CERTAIN PARTS. Yes, I know that a lot of the music has snaps in it, but audience members should only snap when Coop (Special Agent Dale Cooper) is doing something really cool, or Audrey Horne (little prick tease that she is) is doing something really naughty with her tongue. All other snapping is considered extraneous and rude.

6. DO NOT DRIVE OR OPERATE HEAVY MACHINERY AFTER VIEWING THE FINAL EPISODE. Pregnant women should consult a physician about partaking in such a viewing marathon, for it has been know to produce strange birth defects and problem discharge. (Just covering my ass, don't want no nasty law suits!) That's about all. Have fun, eat and drink, be merry.

Lynch has made many movies, and all of them will mess you up. But when you watch all the *Twin Peaks* at once, you realize that it is no TV show. Try a 34 hour epic clusterfuck cinema experience that will blow your mind, and make you look at the world with a Batman-villain's-secret-hideout camera angle. Slanted, and all kinds of crazy-whack!

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"Stop the Noise!"

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +

GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

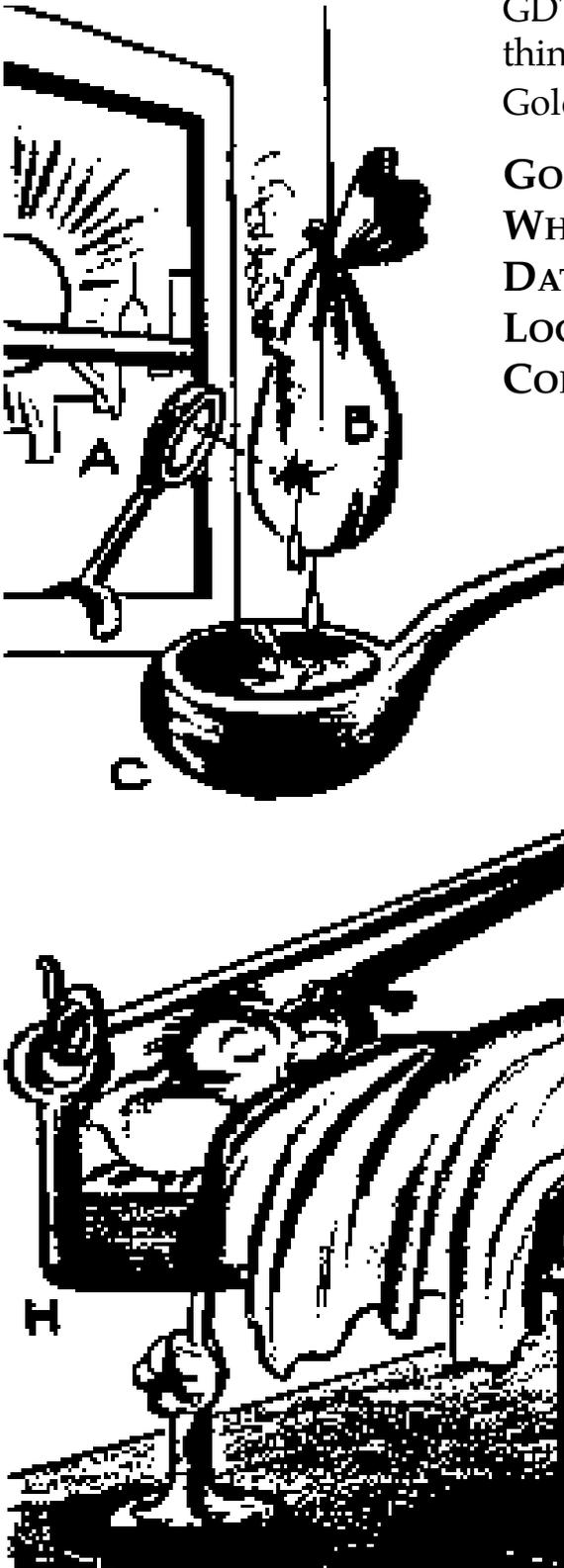
GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: TBA, RIT

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RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be a upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.

The Enunciator

“The News and Views They Can't Make Fit”

The People's Challenge

- James D'Angelo

This year we will be holding elections. This is nothing new or exciting, we hold election every year. The difference is that the people we elect this year will be responsible for leading America into the new millennium. We have two choices: allow corporate and wealthy America and religious fundamentalists to continue to control the agenda for this country, or we can put this country back on the road to social and economic justice by electing candidates who are willing to work for the people.

In the December 22 issue of *The Nation*, Richard Rorty proposes a plan by which various progressive groups would unite behind a simple “People's Charter.” This would give progressives something that they have been lacking — a clear-cut agenda. The Contract With (wealthy and corporate) America succeeded because it gave the right a clear-cut agenda, that the corporate media managed to obfuscate to seem appealing to the working class.

To do this Rorty states we need to make this agenda appeal to those people who are struggling to live on the national average income of \$32,000 a year. He proposes that the charter have three components, two of which I agree with.

The first is true campaign finance reform. This is one issue that will unite all people as both parties are guilty of taking

money from interests that are hostile to the American people. The idea of candidates only being able to appear on television during free time donated by the networks in exchange for the network's broadcast rights, would be a good start for this. This would not only “level the playing field” for elections but may also allow groups to spend more money on getting out the vote.

It is on the second point I disagree on. Rorty proposes that this “People's Charter” support universal health insurance. This is an issue that has been tried on several occasions in this country and has been defeated every time. Instead, I propose that we base the minimum wage off the consumer price index, an idea that is called a “living wage.” This would do two distinct tasks. First it would increase wages across the board, improving the standard of living for all working men and women. The second thing it would do is provide the best form of “welfare reform” possible. By giving people jobs that will pay the bills it will get and keep them on the road to self-sufficiency.

The final point is some form of equalization of opportunity in schools, and I don't think Rorty is talking about vouchers. Unfortunately, Rorty does not propose any specific plan for this. That would be something that the groups' would have to work out themselves.

But an agenda is not enough. These ideas need to be put into action, that is where the idea of “The People's Challenge” comes in.

This “Challenge” would be made by

the leadership of the groups that decide to make up and sign the Charter. It would consist of three components:

The first is selection of candidates. After the May primaries, the "People's Charter" groups would find out what candidates support the agenda contained in the Charter. They would then see which of these candidates are incumbents who are threatened by right-wing candidates and those that are running against venerable conservatives, these two types of candidates would be the ones that get the most support, other candidates would get support, but not to the same extent. It's the idea of protect what we have and try to take out weak links.

The second is a two-fisted attack. The first component is to educate voters on these issues in the Charter and how it affects them personally. Focusing on the massive inequalities in the country; how despite our economy is rising that we possess the greatest maldistribution of wealth in the industrialized world, that at minimum wage a person is still 20% below the poverty line, and other issues of that nature. The second stage is to present the Charter to these voters, let them look at it, discuss it, and maybe even ammend it. It is a "People's Charter", so shouldn't the people have a say in it?

The final component is to register and involve voters in the process of electing these candidates. This is another advantage the right has; they can mobilize more quickly. While in New

Hampshire, I watched that as election day drew closer and the conservative candidates were in further jeopardy that the two groups that make up the core of the right, the NRA and the Christian Coalition, began to pump out a steady stream of ads. It worked. We progressives need to do the same thing, this "People's Charter" would allow such an opportunity, as the groups that make it up could possibly pool both money and human resources.

I admit this idea would be extremely difficult to implement, but I feel that it is something that must be done!

Visit www.rit.edu/~jld2705/enunciator/enunciator_home.html for more material from The Enunciator. Or contact us at jld2705@grace.isc.rit.edu

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GDT
Countdown
7 issues left to
our 100th
issue!



Editor's Note: Art of Forgetting

- Sean Hammond



Colleges and Universities have short memories. The obvious exceptions are the ancient (by American standards, where 100 years is an unfathomable stretch of time) Ivy League Schools. There, tradition takes the place of active remembering.

I've jokingly said to friends that goldfish have been bred to have memories just long enough to recall a single lap around their spherical universe. Those cursed with the skill of memory would live mind bogglingly boring lives and eventually kill themselves.

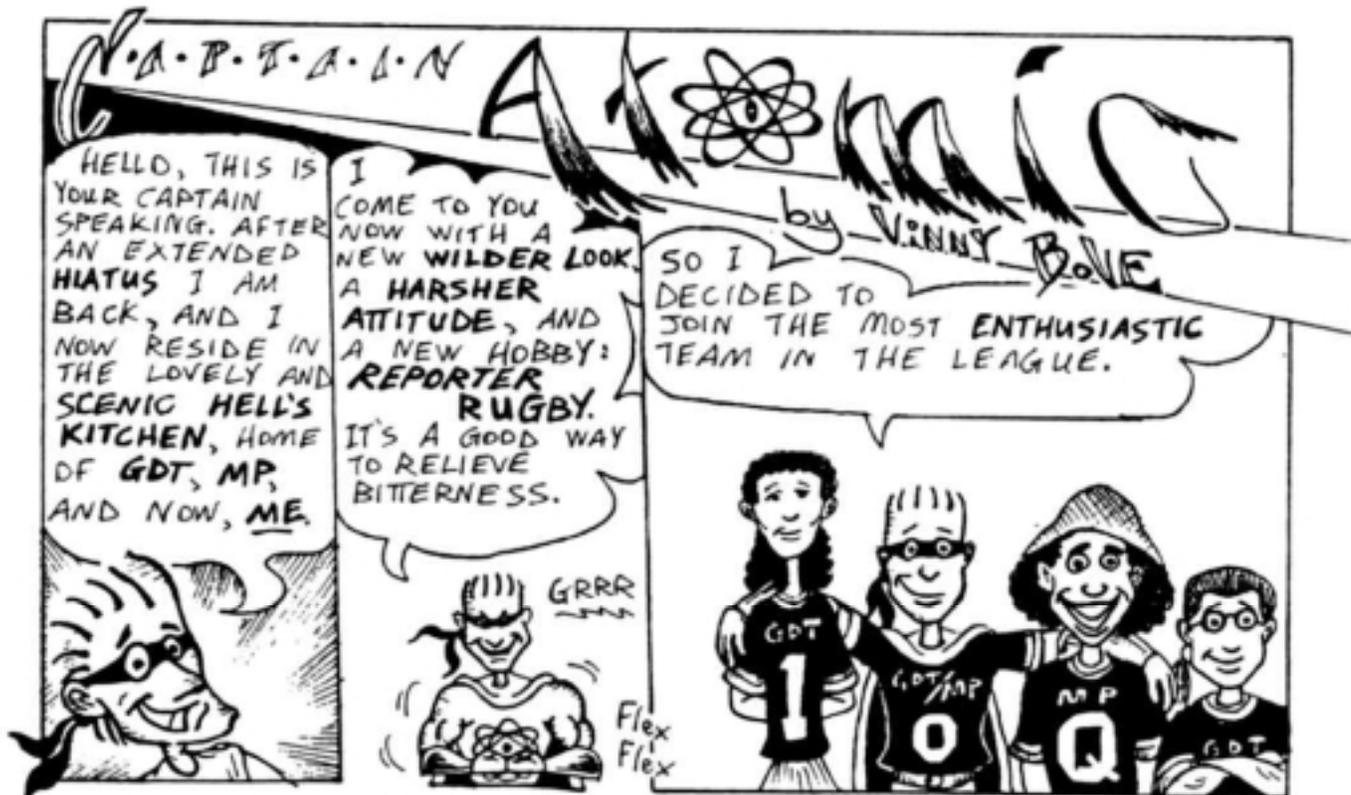
This explains why many goldfish only survive a few days once brought home. They were adapted for aquariums

larger than what they were given.

For the survivors, their life is one filled with fascination and wonder. Every sight is the first. Every exploration of the sunken ship or Atlantian castle is unprecedented. To them, everything is new.

Colleges and Universities have memories of four years.

Students come and go, but there is little continuity. No continuation of what was. Physical objects remain to testify of the passing of ideas and dreams, but nothing essential stays. The potential sources of history, the faculty and staff, for the most part, actively choose not to get involved. Student activities are just that: student activities. With lives of their own, I suppose it's their right. And to be



"Captain Atomic." From Melancholy Predator Volume 2, Issue 7

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frank, most students do not care of what was before them. Meanwhile, students come. Students go.

Who knows about Eisenhower College? You know, the one that apparently exploded and rained all of its books onto RIT, where they are now held captive in Wallace Memorial Library. Ask Jamie Campbell to tell you about Eisenhower College and why he wears the gown he does at graduation ceremonies.

What about WRIT? *Techmalia*? God only knows what else has been forgotten and recreated time and again.

The things important now will be forgotten in four years. The award winning photography program at RIT was slain and is now nothing but words on someone's resume and overlooked pictures in ill-treated library books. The School of American Crafts and the student protests will have cold, silent kilns as their monuments.

The School of American what?

There are those who

disbelieve. An example then: In 1991-1992, RIT's *Reporter Magazine* ran several articles critical toward the CIA's involvement with RIT and with then President Rose.

President who?

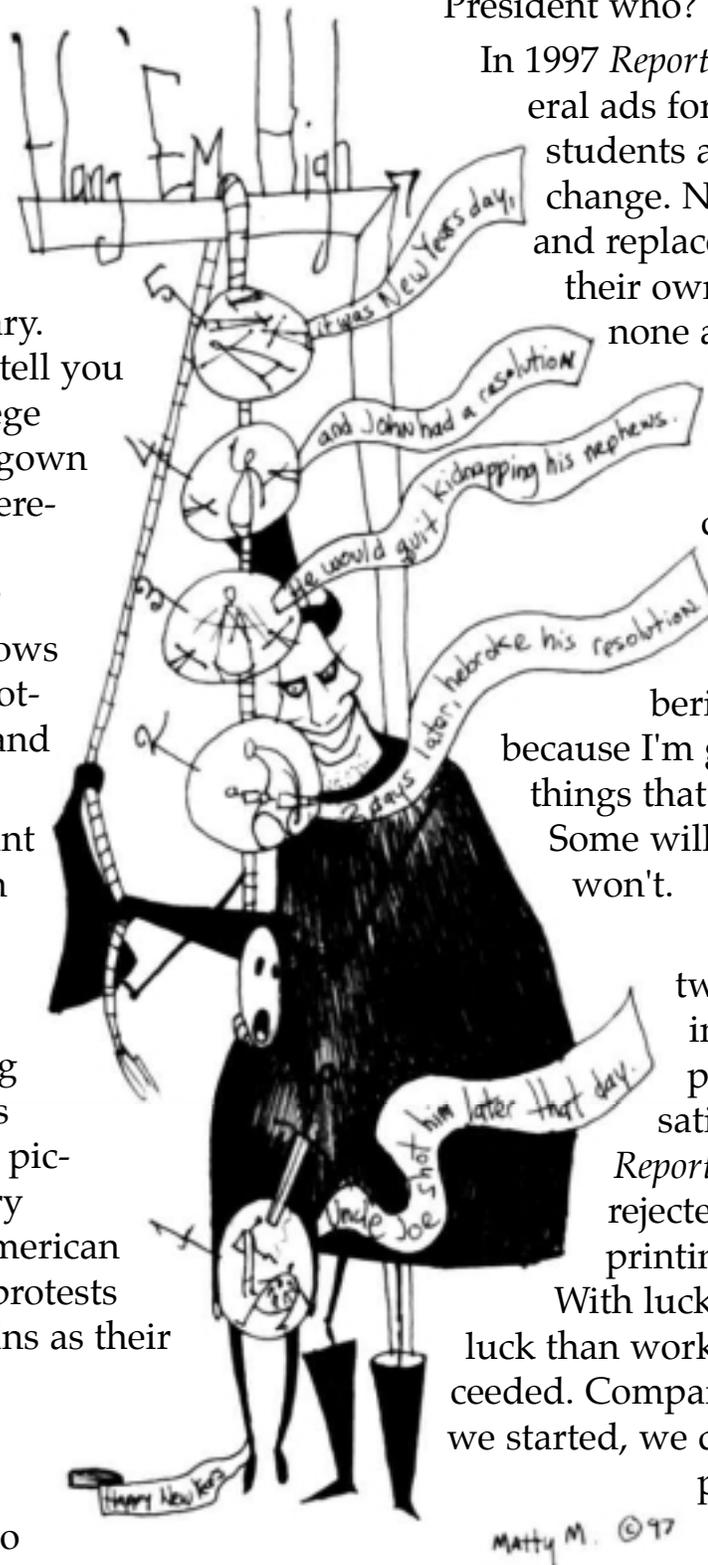
In 1997 *Reporter Magazine* ran several ads for the CIA to recruit students at RIT. Times change. New people take over and replace old agendas with their own, or worse, with none at all. The College's forget. Groups come. Groups go.

I have a point, dear friend. Stay with me a bit longer. I had to talk about remembering and forgetting because I'm going to say some things that I've said before. Some will remember, most won't.

In 1995 I talked two friends into trying to start a new, purely opinionated satire column for *Reporter Magazine*. It was rejected, so we began printing by ourselves.

With luck and work (more luck than work, I think), we succeeded. Compared to how humbly we started, we downright prospered.

Eventually the



creator of a now gone comic, "Captain Atomic," was told by *Reporter Magazine* that there was no market for comics. So he offered his services to GDT. We sent him off to play with our sister publication, the *Melancholy Predator* (the kind-of father to *Melancholy Homewrecker*) because they needed the staff. Now, it appears that because readers complained that they didn't "get" "Hang 'Em High," it has been banish from *Reporter* and is now with us.

I am well aware that there are detractors of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* and *Hell's Kitchen* (there is a difference, you pithecanthracoid); those who would rather we didn't exist. I maintain that the fact we do exist is the most eloquent argument that we are necessary.

Send us you rejected, your cast out, your lost. We are a group founded by outcasts and our operating philosophy is based on our experiences: anyone can print anything if they can defend their work to the editors.

And if GDT were never founded, hundreds of articles, both serious and satirical never would have been written. "Captain Atomic" would have died due to missing market, the *Melancholy Predator*, *Melancholy Homewrecker*, *10:1 Cereal Delusions*, *Cereal*, and the *Iconoclast* never would have come into being. We're not being vain: simply pointing out what we've done. We are "the other" weekly publication on three colleges (yes, GDT focuses mainly on RIT, but that's only because 90% of the staff is from RIT. You can change that), founded on a rejected idea, staffed mainly by the creators of what were called second best.

So join us. Show your support for a second source of entertainment. If you don't like what we do, then join us and change it.

In time, we'll either disappear or new blood will take over and forget why things started. People come. People go. But I'll remember.

Vatican Denies Pope Ill

-Sean Hammond & Mark Nowak

VATICAN CITY — On 11 January, 1998, Pope John Paul II started to fall forward and had to be helped by an assistant as he prepared to lead a ceremony in the Crystal Chamber.

Given play on television channels, Vatican spokesmen called accusations of illness "absurd."

The 77-year old Pope has walked with difficulty since having hip surgery a few years ago. "He hobbles. Sometimes he uses his staff," said Vatican spokesmen.

Attempting radical therapy, Podling essence failed to revitalize the aging Pope. "It always worked with Gelfling," remarked an anonymous source close to the Pope.

Gelfling are believed to have been driven to

extinction during the Inquisition.

Asked how he was feeling, the Pope hissed, "Mine! It's mine! I am still the Emperor."



The Pope making a public appearance.



Definitions

"Always whisper the names of diseases."

This week we present our once a volume cop-out known under more politically correct eyes as the definitions issue. This volume we explore the wonders of phobias (done that), manias (been there), and spicy German tubers (huh?). Swedish chef eat your hjårta out!

Agoranecroailurophobia - Fear of crowds or open spaces in dead cats

Cacodemonomania - Inordinate obsession with demonic possession. "I can't wait! I can't wait! I can't wait!"

Callicrinolezooacinorum - The art of using animal semen as pomade.

Conditusknolissfreude - The joy of eating spicy tubers.

Coprolalomania - Obsession with foul speech.

Cremnophobia - Fear of precipices

Erythrophobia - Fear of blushing and the color red.

foofie - Undefined. Intangible quality of being. Example: "My foofie grandparents bought tickets to go to the moon prior to the Challenger explosion."

Gametgalophobia - fear of marrying sharks

Girl Power - Girl Voltage * Current

Gizmachi - Japanese gizmo

Glazomania - Inordinate fascination with list making.

Heliomania - Uncontrollable craving for the sun.

Heurdy gurdy, bork, bork, bork- Mud herdsman, birch, birch, birch.

Hoard- Past tense of whore.

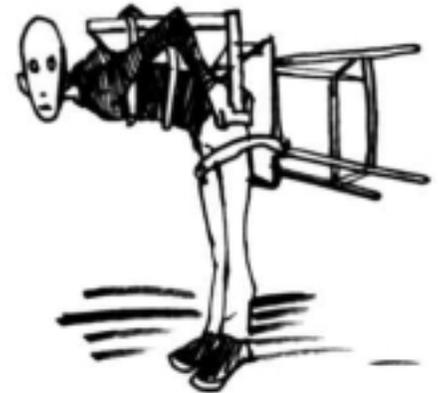
Kathisomania - Uncontrollable compulsion to sit.

Knolvolk - Tuber People.

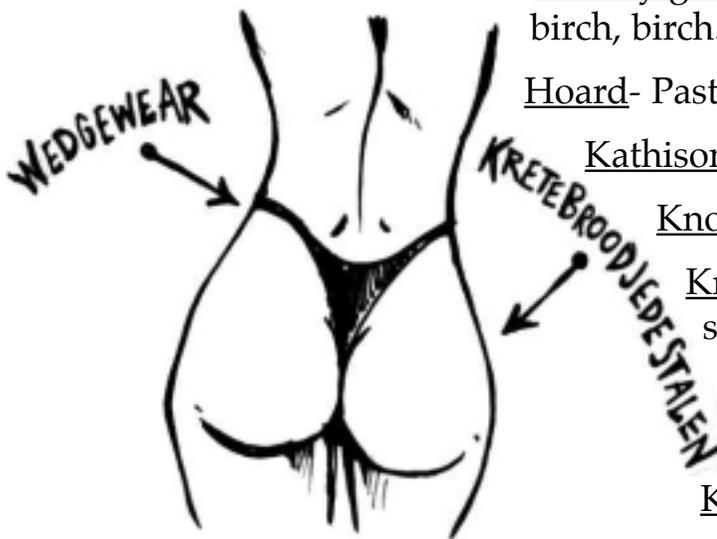
Krautvolkfrissconditusknolphobia - The fear of spicy tubers eating German people.

Krautvolkissconditusknolphobia - The fear of German people eating spicy tubers.

Kretebroodjedestalen - Buns of steel.



KATHISOMANIA



Continued on page 2 of GDT...

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Sean Stanley

Kretebroodjedestalin - Buns of Stalin.

Meisjedecondituskrautphobia - The fear of German Spice Girls.

Mythomania - Exaggeration and lying, irresistible impulse toward

Necrocoitoailuroacromania - Obsession with having sex using dead cats in high places.

Nuhuh- Negative affirmation. Adds power to any argument, especially when used with "the hand."

Paramania - Deriving joy from complaints.

Siderodromophobia - Irrational fear of trains.

Wedgewear- underwear that gives you wedgies. Also, "Thong."

Wesley out- to turn a character into an omniscient/omnipotent being to release the actor from their from their contract. Usually employed in speculative fiction television series and bad soap operas. Examples: Wesley Crusher and Kess.





Editor's Note: Got Delayed Three-days

- Sean Hammond

Whether you care or not (and by the amount of mail we don't receive, I'd guess the notes have the lead), GDT is neurotic about keeping to its print schedule. In the three years we've been doing this, GDT (and by extension, the Rochester branch of Hell's Kitchen) has been late a total of three times— including last week. When we started doing this, one of the founding principles was that we print weekly, on time, no matter what. Well, we blew it. Last week, issues didn't start to trickle out until Tuesday.[†] As I write this, I sit in a room with somewhere around 300 issues waiting to go to RIT's Science Building and the University of Rochester.

Anyway, I wanted to share just what an amazingly screwy week it was. It was as though we were at the nexus of all the multi-verse's crappy feelings and ill-will.

It started innocently enough: our illustrator for that week, Matt Messner, never got illustrations to us. At the time we didn't know it, but Matt simply didn't check his email and thus never received the draft of our issue. Pain in the ass, but it happens; it just means he wouldn't get paid that week and we'd have a little extra cash.

The next bit of trouble was when we didn't hear from the Melancholy Homewrecker. This will probably only be interesting to those of you who wondered how Hell's Kitchen works: when each member is done with their issue, they electronically send it to Hell's Kitchen. Well, we called the editrix of the Melancholy Homewrecker and discovered that she *had* sent the file. It just never arrived. It disappeared into that mysterious electronic

purgatory of lost messages. She had to stick it onto disk and bring it over the Hell House. Fine. Small matter taken care of, but it really was an omen of things to come.

I procrastinate. Ask Kelly.

"Hey Kelly."

"Hmmm?"

"Do I procrastinate?"

"Do you procrastinate? Yes. If you didn't procrastinate you wouldn't be writing this now."

See?

I was tired on Wednesday and just wanted to go to bed. On Thursday, I arrived home from work around 10pm after a 13 hour day and started on layout for GDT. Thankfully Josh French had already finished the Hell's Kitchen cover, else my night might have been worse. Bleary-eyed and exhausted, I finished layout at 4:30am. Stretching, I connected to the Internet and began uploading all of the associated Hell's Kitchen files for later download. I stumbled up the stairs, set my alarm for 6:30am, and passed out.

Unfortunately, my alarm never went off.

Waking by myself at 7, I got up, got out of bed, ran a comb across my head, and boogied down to the computer to make sure everything had uploaded correctly during my nap. Apparently, as soon as I had turned my back on the computer to go to bed a few hours before, RIT's system kicked me off. So I immediately logged back on and tried again. And was dumped. And connected. And was dumped.

Ok. Time was definitely an issue at this point. We get our work done at the University of Rochester's Copy Center. There, Carol and

[†] *This whole diatribe simply does not apply to Monroe Community College; because we have no help from MCC, the issues do not appear there until Wednesday when I get off of work. <recruit>If there are people from MCC that would like to help out, don't hesitate to get in touch with us.</recruit>

the rest of the staff do their best for us. Really. They're great. There was one time when 700 issues just disappeared, and they stopped work on all other orders to redo us. Anyway, they like 2 days to get the job done, but I hoped they would be able to finish it in one, as they aren't open on the weekend.

Frazzled, I quickly found four disks. Two became PC disks (huzzah!) and I was able to fit the Homewrecker and the Hell's Kitchen cover pages onto them. The GDT file posed some problems, however. It was 2.1 meg and even compressed would not fit onto a single floppy. Doing the only thing I could think of, I segmented to file onto two disks using CompactPro (for those following along at home, CompactPro is a Macintosh compression program). Done, I went to get the money for printing that week and discovered Tom (actually, it's Tom's Head. We keep the Hell's Kitchen petty cash in the same kind of gum-ball machine MST3K uses for Tom Servo's head. Little trivia for ya) was a little light that week. I grabbed cash from my room, rushed out to my car, came back in, put on shoes, and I was gone.

Once I got to work, I dumped my stuff at my desk and quaboppled to the graduate room. There, they have the most neurotic Macintosh I've ever seen. Macs are supposed to be fairly sturdy as far as their operating system, but this bastard had so many weird, conflicting extensions and control panels on it that half the time it wouldn't even get past the Happy Macô pict. Luckily, it had just been reconfigured by a minimalist, so it had the bare bones system software and worked fine. The plan was to desegment GDT and upload it onto the 'net so I could download it to a PC and print it out. I inserted the disk that had the last segment of the GDT file (because CompactPro likes to start with the last bit), and double clicked.

The computer didn't have CompactPro installed. Sigh. I hopped on the 'net and did a

quick search for downloadable versions of CompactPro. Without paying too much attention, I downloaded the first one (the only one) I found.

It was in Dutch.

I couldn't read a thing. That's ok, though: I'd used the software enough to know where to click without being able to read it. Things are going fine until, oops! Disk error. The entire file was fucked.

It just turned 9am at this point. My day could only improve.

In a silent fury, I returned to my desk and began to print the Homewrecker and the HK cover from disk. While they were coming off, I called Josh.

Josh is one of the brave souls who is planning on taking over GDT once Kelly and I disappear into the sunset to work on various other projects and books that we've put on hold. Well, Josh knew the drill as far as uploading files: things like this had happened before, just not on this scale. He tried, and tried, and tried. And around 11:30 it was finally uploaded. Immediately I printed it off and dashed for the copy center. Ignoring the front desk, I went straight to the people who do the jobs and asked them if they could do half the job by 4:30 that day.

Come to find out, the copier they use, a brand new Xerox Docutech™, was acting up. Their other copier was being cleaned and they were backed up in orders. They might be able to get it for us on Tuesday. It was at this point that I understood that the multiverse was out to get GDT. Paranoid schizophrenia be damned! Too much was going wrong to be coincidence. Well, I've never been one to sit by and let powers larger than me push me around (I'm short. When you're short, you get used to pushing big things when they push you. Everything is big).

I called Josh again and explained to situ-

ation. Luckily, he had done some research into area copy places and found one that would do the job for the same cost as the UofR. We agreed to meet at an entrance at 1:30pm. By 2:15, when he still hadn't showed up, I went back to work. Come to find out, Josh's car wouldn't start. In fact, it's still sitting in the driveway and I have a feeling that once all the issues go out, it will start as though the thought of not starting had never entered its ferric head. Josh wandered around until he found me and by 2:30 he was on his way to the new copy place, originals in hand, cash in pocket, and proof of what the UofR charged us, uh, in other hand. He drove with his knees.

Once he got there, it was disclosed he would have to make new originals. Unlike UofR, the new place needed the originals to be on legal size paper. Once Josh had done this, the owner nervously asked when we needed the order done by. As soon as Josh walked in the door, his copier broke down. The originals were left there with the hope

they'd be done by 5pm the next day (Saturday). Well, 5pm came and went. No issues. The copy machine was erratic and needed repair. To their credit, they said they'd work on the order on Sunday in an attempt to get the job done. Sunday came. Sunday went. No issues. Try Monday.

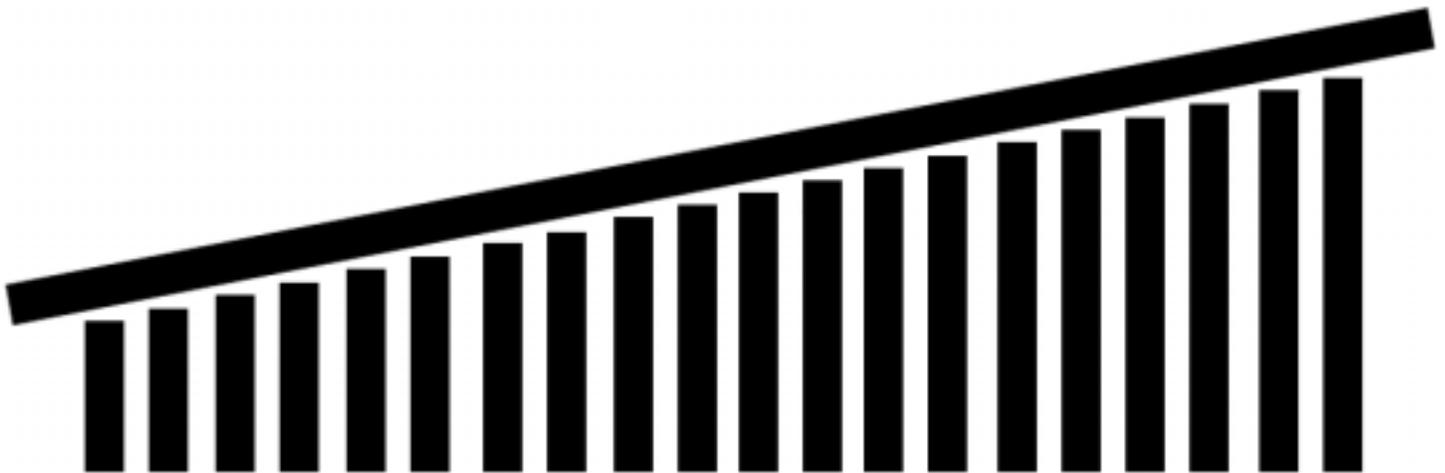
By this time I was having nightmares about the issues. In them, they looked like *Raygun* but had the content of *Reporter*. I woke up screaming.

Monday came and at 4pm we were told that the copier was simply not going to be able to finish. They gave us a complete refund, but it was too late to get them to the UofR copy center that day. The first thing the next day I dropped off the originals at the UofR and everything was set. Half were picked up Tuesday afternoon, the rest Wednesday.

That was our week. And we're doing it again, even as I write this. Enjoy.

GDT :

an equal opportunity employer



We employ dwarves too!

Rochester, Radiation, and Repression

-by A. S. Zaidi

"I feel a sense of closure," said Energy Secretary Hazel O'Leary as she announced a recent settlement awarding \$4.8 million to the families of 12 patients injected with radioactive substances in experiments sponsored by the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission (AEC). The legal agreement absolves the federal government of blame. In the October 24, 1996 Times-Union, Gerald Mousso, whose uncle was injected with plutonium at the University of Rochester (UR) in 1946, comments: "I guess the government really won. All the culprits that planned and executed this thing got away with it."

Altogether, about 16,000 people were subjects in radiation experiments that Congressman Edward Markey of Massachusetts calls "a gruesome testament to the nuclear naivete and paranoia" of the Cold War. Eleven of the eighteen plutonium injection experiments on human subjects in the 1940s were done at UR. Among other things, the experiments led to the momentous discovery that humans excrete plutonium more slowly than rats. In other UR experiments during that decade, six patients had uranium salts injected into their kidneys to determine how it would affect their renal function; and five other patients were injected with polonium, another radioactive substance, to see how it was metabolized and excreted.

In one of her Pulitzer Prize-winning articles on the plutonium experiments, Eileen Welsome explains: "Plutonium emits from its nucleus an extremely high-energy alpha particle, which is composed of two protons and two neutrons... The energy is called ionizing radiation, a process in which

negatively charged electrons are separated from their neutral atoms... Once an electron is knocked out of orbit, it careens great distances, breaking the intricate latticework of chemical bonds in the body and producing new chemical reactions, especially in cell nuclei... The first alpha particle or the hundred-millionth could be the one that causes the crucial mutation that leads to cancer. Thus any amount of plutonium, however small, can potentially cause cancer... Cell culture experiments suggest that exposure to alpha particles can lead to chromosomal instability that could affect future generations."

Most of the plutonium in human bodies comes, of course, not from university experiments but from deliberate releases of the substance into the air. Atmospheric atom bomb tests ended in 1962. However, thousands of pounds of plutonium radionucleotides had been released by then. John Gofman, an expert on the dangers of radiation, estimates that close to a million lung-cancer deaths will result from plutonium fallout, and that the resultant disruption of genes and chromosomes will cause such diseases as heart disease and schizophrenia.

As for the plutonium medical experiments, the UR administration denies responsibility for them because they were, in the words of UR Medical Center spokesperson Robert Loeb, "government-created and government-funded." This attribution of sole responsibility to the government ignores the "circulation of elite's" between government, corporations, and universities, particularly at UR which was built in the shadow of Kodak and the national security state. Loeb claims that UR

"Stop the Noise!"

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +

GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

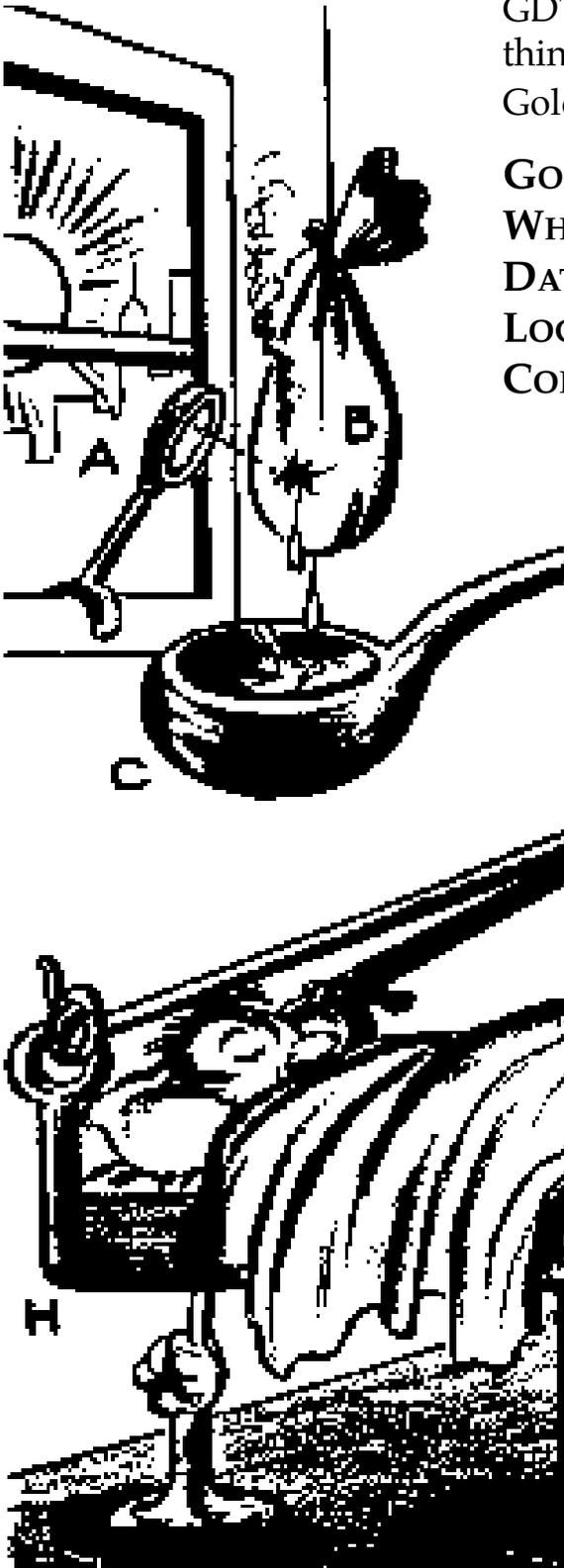
GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: TBA, RIT

CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666



RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
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- There will be a upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.

neither knew of nor approved the plutonium experiments, which he describes as a “covert extracurricular activity.” This notion, that UR doctors acted without the approval of administrators, contradicts what is known about the experiments.

As William Neumann, a former UR Radiation Biology Department chair, recalls in a 1975 UR Medical Center publication titled *To Each His Farthest Star*, the AEC experiments came to UR in 1943 when Dr. Albert K. Chapman, the vice president of Eastman Kodak, introduced Dr. Stafford Warren, the UR chief of radiology who later devised the single plutonium injection experiments, to high-ranking military officers in the Manhattan District, the program later known as the Manhattan Project. The officers questioned Dr. Warren on his experience with radiation, after which “...Dr. Chapman left, after advising Dr. Warren to do whatever the officers requested. Then, according to Dr. Warren, s account, the officers took him to a private room where after locking the door, closing the transom, and examining a closet, they asked him if he would consider working on a medical program of great importance to the government but which involved the utmost secrecy. Following consultation with [UR] President Valentine and Dean Whipple on March 2, 1943, Dr. Warren accepted an appointment as civilian consultant to the Manhattan District.”

UR officials maintain that because the radiation experiments were conducted long ago, they are not representative of research at UR. In an interview, former UR President Robert Sproull relegated the experiments to a past where unpleasantness just tended to happen: “Things were done then during the war that would not be done at all now. You

don’t use the word nigger, now at all. But if you uncovered something 50 years old and somebody used the word nigger, it would sound as if he was a terrible person. So it was done in a different society, a different world, really.”

Despite Sproull’s assurances about the difference between then and now, UR has always valued profitable research over human well-being. According to the Occupational Safety and Health Reporter, “In 1967, researchers at the University of Rochester examined the uptake and retention of lead in red blood cells of three subjects who were fed lead, and compared excretion rates of lead between subjects who were given lead by mouth and those given it intravenously.” Last spring, UR sophomore Nicole Wan died in a university medical experiment, despite warnings from the Food and Drug Administration, just months prior to Wan’s death, that UR’s failure to follow proper experiment procedures placed human subjects at risk. Around the same time, UR’s involvement in the Westfall Health Facility, where a comatose woman was raped and impregnated, became public knowledge. Lately, controversy has erupted at UR over the presence of Dr. Ron Wood, a researcher whose experiments involve feeding crack to monkeys. Wood left NYU a few years ago, after the U.S. Department of Agriculture fined the university for 378 violations of the Animal Welfare Act which took place at Wood,s laboratory.

These scandals accompany UR’s move toward profitable research and corporatized medicine. Just a few years ago, President Clinton touted Rochester as a model for national health insurance. Today, this model is a fading memory. Powerful

corporate interests are corrupting medicine and education at UR and elsewhere in Rochester.

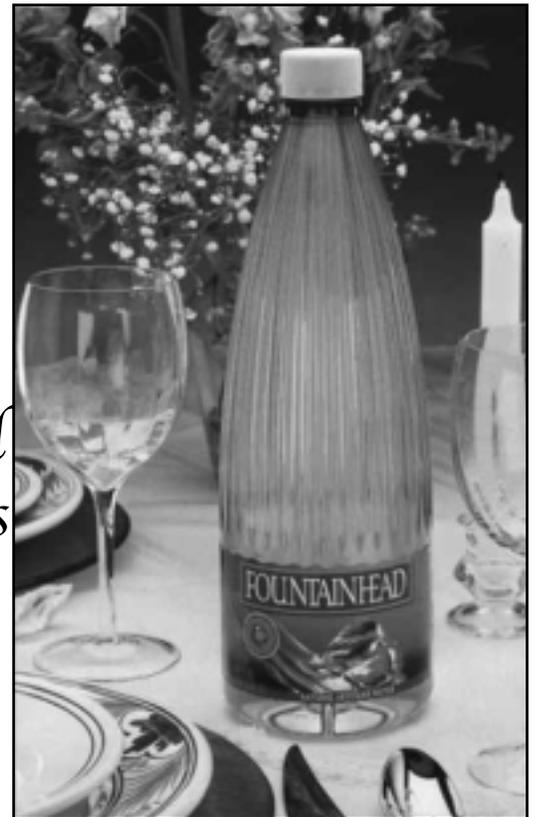
In his 1991 speech at UR announcing the shifting of Pentagon money from federal laboratories to universities, Allen Bromley, science advisor to George Bush, warned of the dangers that would befall “a nation that draws too sharp a distinction between its scholars and its warriors.” The distinction is lost on UR’s corporate trustees who can not even distinguish their

own business interests from the needs of the university.

The plutonium experiments and other medical scandals have provoked little discussion or soul-searching at UR, where institutional silence and repression continue to prevail over the voices of memory. What the university needs is not the closure that Hazel O’Leary and UR officials want, but a thawing of the glacial numbness and amnesia that afflicts its professors, doctors, and students alike.

“He has an amazing judgement. Amazing for him. He bought the best...” -Ayn Rand

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The Enunciator

"The News and Views They Can't Make Fit"

25 Years and counting—but which way?

-by James D'Angelo

On Thursday, January 22nd, this country celebrates one of the most famous Supreme Court Decisions in the history of the Court. For it was 25 years ago that the Supreme Court determined that a woman has the right to choose to abort her unborn child. The decision ushered a new era in the rights of women, and created one of the most divisive issues of this century. Those who oppose the right to choose, along with their allies on the Religious Right have made several assaults on this right to choose in the courts and all have been blunted. An article in Rochester New York's *City* magazine recounts these legal assaults and how they have been stopped by the high court; *Planned Parenthood of Central Missouri vs. Danforth*, a 1976 decision, nullified the need for spousal consent, the 1979 *Bellotti vs. Barid* decision voided the need for a teenager to get consent from both parents, and in both the 1983 case of *City of Akron vs. Akron Center for Reproductive Health* and the 1986 *Thornburgh vs. American*

College of Obstetricians, the court stuck down various other restrictions.

But while the right to choose is there—the accessibility isn't. Kathy Quinn Thomas of the Rochester NY chapter of NOW (National Organization for Women), says that the anti-abortion movement is wearing away at the right to choose "by sandpaper, a little here, a little there. One area these forces have won victories is in the area of financing abortions. The *City* article reports how in 1977 the Supreme Court upheld bans on the use of public funds for "medically unnecessary" abortions. During the 1980's, when the Religious Right hit its peak, was when the attacks got more powerful. The 1980 *Harris vs. McRae* decision upheld the Hyde amendment, denying public funds for all abortions except those case of rape or incest, 1989 brought the *Webster vs. Reproductive Health Services* case, denying public facilities the right to perform abortions. 1989 brought a great

step backwards, in *Planned*

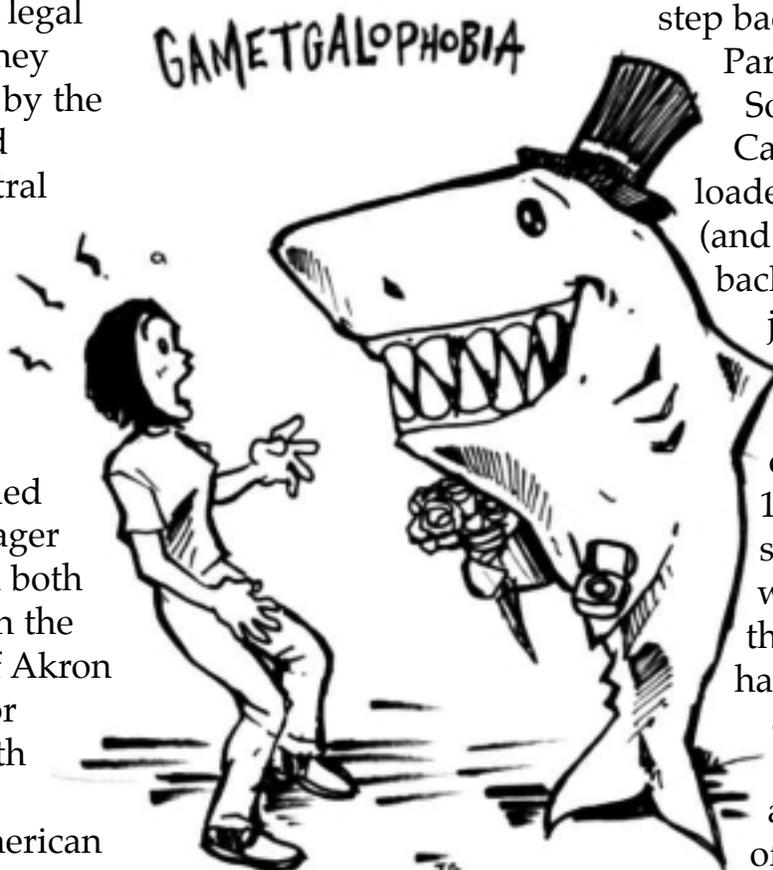
Parenthood of Southeastern PA vs.

Casey, the court, now loaded with Republican

(and Religious Right backed) anti-choice

judges, upheld a 24 hour waiting period.

With the election of President Clinton in 1992, there have been some small steps forward. But the rise of the Right in congress has put the right to choose under legislative attack. In 1997 alone a ban on the use of public funding to



international family planning services that provide abortions, a ban on even privately funded abortions on military bases, bans allowing employees to chose health care plans that provide for coverage of abortions and an extension of the Hyde Amendment, to include Medicaid managed care plans. It looks like the words of the rap group Diggable Planets may be truer than we think" they want to make it a privilege, not a right, accessible only to the rich."

Another obstacle to the right to chose is lack of access. The campaign of intimidation waged by the anti-choice movement has left 84% of US counties without identifiable providers, according to the Alan Guttmacher institute and only in first term.

Alternatives exist, the drug RU-486 which has a US patent--thanks to the Population Council, a non-profit group, is one. The Group simply cannot find a company to produce it. And a new procedure that allows for an abortion to be done while in child is nothing more than a mass of cells the size of a match head. Of course the anti-abortionists, who believe that life begins at the moment of conception even oppose this procedure. Of course to many it's life

changes at the moment of birth. If the mother is of sufficient income, the child becomes a new life, but if the mother is poor or unwed, the child becomes, in many cases a "welfare leech." I would have a bit more credence for the anti-abortion movement if they would work harder for such things as more accessible child care, better health services for poor mothers, and even a minimum wage that would allow a person to stay above the poverty line.

Roe vs. Wade will never be overturned, at least not in one fell swoop. It will be chipped away at until nothing is left. Unless the forces of choice can mass together and perhaps unite with other groups to repel it!

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Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL,

I HAVE A NECK THAT EXCEEDS FOUR AND THREE QUARTER INCHES IN LENGTH. WHEN I LOOK AT THOSE AROUND ME, HOWEVER, THE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE I SEE HAVE DIMINISHED NECK LENGTHS, OR NO NECK AT ALL. WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

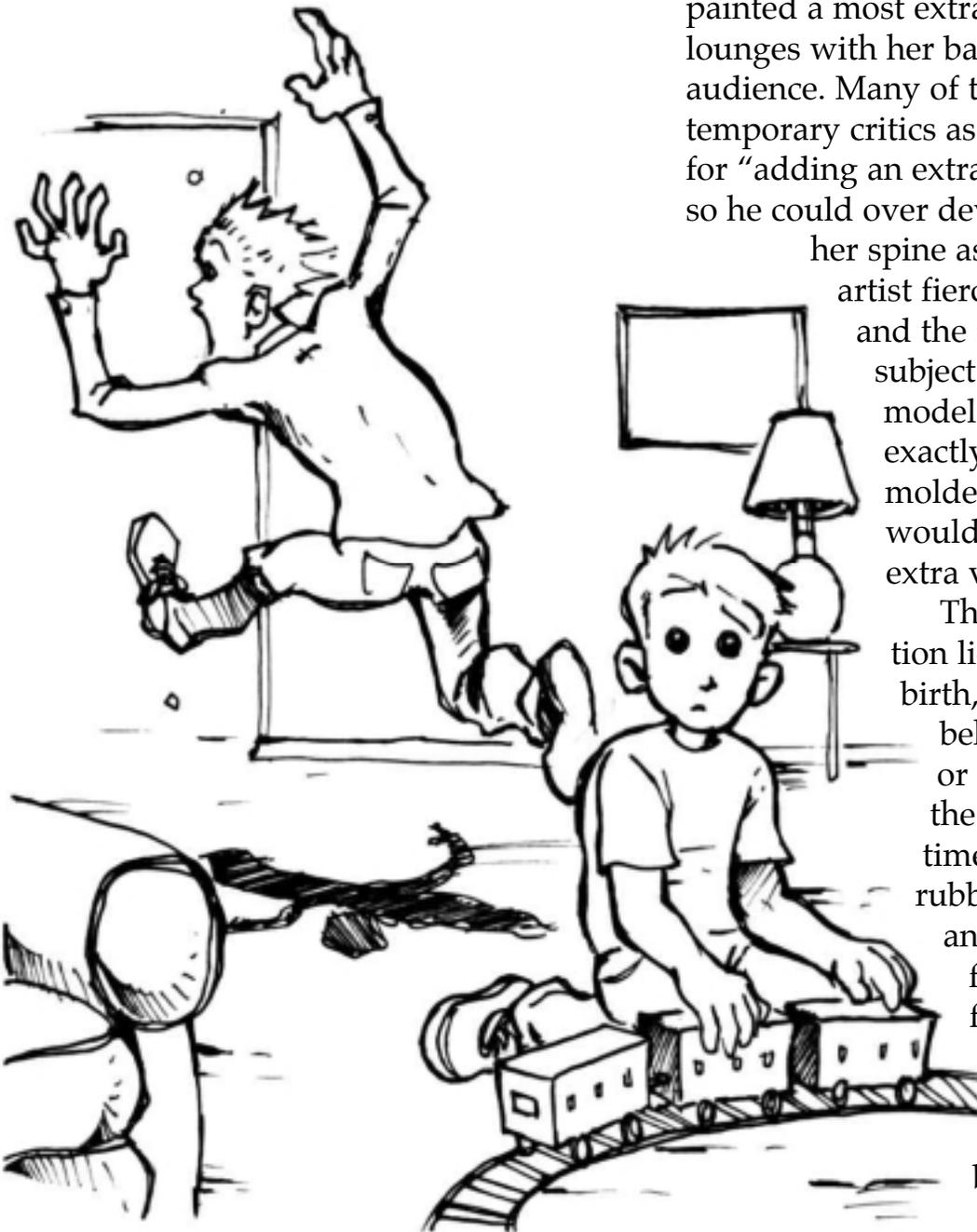
- HUMAN BEING OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN

Dear human being of unknown origin,

I'm glad you asked me that question. For a thorough answer to this question, I must look to art history. In the Renaissance there was an artist who had painted a most extraordinary nude. She lounges with her back to her appreciating audience. Many of this master painter's contemporary critics assailed the poor painter for "adding an extra vertebra" to the model so he could over develop the curvature of her spine as she sat in repose. The artist fiercely defended his work and the artistic rendering of his subject. The fact was that the model actually appeared exactly as her figure had been molded. She indeed had what would be termed by most, an extra vertebra. But how?

The answer to this question lies in the miracle of birth, or rather the quirky behaviors of the midwife, or medical staff present at the time of birth. At the time of birth, infants are rubbery and malleable (for anyone interested in flat foreheads, oblong skulls, feet tiny enough to fit into a thimble, and freaky Akhenaton physical features, it is best to mold your chil-

SIDERODROMOPHOBIA



dren when still young and pliable, not only for the play-do™ factor involved, but for the fact that they won't remember it when they get older). They have a sort of rubbery cohesion at work, bits of them attach strangely to other bits.

Take the umbilical cord for instance. It has a strange stringy connection to a particular vertebra. When doctors detach the umbilical cord, they ultimately give the cord a minute little tug as they tie it in a knot prior to the procedure of cutting. This tug, while infinitesimal by our standards today is just enough to pull that soft little bone out of position and somewhere into the abdomen. Now if the doctor performing the cutting procedure is of that strange and rare type who always needs the help of another person's finger to hold the knot in place before its perfect execution, then the minute amount of pressure applied by the assisting finger is just enough force to poke that vertebra right back into position. Thus a long necked person is born. Otherwise the dislodged bone floats around the body aimlessly until its component parts are broken down and used for other necessary functions of the body.

In the case of a no-neck person, often what occurs is that shortly after birth the child while finding themselves in a gassy position is burped a little over-enthusiastically by some proud parent. Those little love taps on the back, performed to dislodge sticky bubbles of air from the throat and esophagus, when continually hitting the exact same place on the child end up displacing yet another soft vertebra.

In a special case of infant morphing, a distinguished African tribe well known for wearing spectacular gold bands around their throats and stretching their necks to

outrageous proportions, often soaks the infant child's throat in vinegar for up to a week after birth. The vinegar, once absorbed through the skin, eventually makes it's way to the youthful bone tissue and makes the bones themselves more responsive to future acts of stretching and bending. The only severe side effect of this treatment is that the young mother must show extra care in supporting both the head and the neck, or else the neck is liable to continue bending all the way back, and then continue on in any manner gravity pleases. On the up side, the infant child could beat the world's record for longest neck if you just hung them upside down by their legs for a twenty-four hour period (for a more dramatic effect, swing them side to side like a pendulum. NOTE: after an hour or so of such vigorous activity you may have to go in search of some object on which to stand if you want to continue with the festivities).

-the Bare-foot Girl

GDT
Countdown
6 issues left to
our
100th



No Soup For You!

-by James D'Angelo

While home over Christmas break, I received a shocking bit of news. As many had predicted, "Seinfeld" was going to end its run on NBC.

The show seemed to have no premise to it. The adventures of a stand-up comic, a woman who was more than slightly neurotic, an overweight, blasé character who never seemed to be able to hold down a job for more than a few months at a time, and a world-class moocher, all going through the trials and tribulations of life in New York City. Many people said the show was about "nothing."

But it was about something, you can't make a show about nothing. "Seinfeld" took a comic look at simple events of everyday life in a big city; riding the subway, going to the mall, interviewing for a job, writing for a table at a restaurant. It also looked at some of our culture's taboos; masturbation, homosexuality, bulimia, and cast a humorous light on them, and as Jerry Seinfeld himself said, "Not that there's anything wrong with that!" The show was a "situation comedy" distilled to its purest form.

The characters were as much fun as the situations. Kramer, with his never-ending tics and gestures. Elaine, seeming to stumble through life in a way that seemed organized. George, the likable loser, with his squabbling parents and never ending search for the two things that all men really want, a woman and a good job. Jerry, with his apartment full of uneaten cereal, an unriden bike, and a computer that has never been turned on. Each half-hour con-

cerned these four different people, and an occasional appearance by an annoying postman, all dealing with a problem that somehow touches all of them.

The show also took a look at New York City itself, with its own distinct feel, sound and attitude! The show was full of references to places, many of them real, among them the infamous "Soup Nazi." The characters helped with the New York Marathon, went to New York Yankees and New Jersey Devils games (never did much with football or basketball, though). This was a violation of a TV convention that states you shouldn't put so many references about a city in a show, at least not a sitcom!

The show did spawn imitators. Make the characters younger and you have "Friends." Move the show to another coast and you had "Ellen" (formerly "These Friends of Mine"). It added phrases to our language; "Master of your domain," "No soup for you," and various kinds of "Talkers" ("Close Talkers," "Low Talkers," etc.). It made a group of virtually unknown actors household names, and made you laugh and then thin afterward.

I'm going to miss "Seinfeld," this may be one show that can never be equalled!

If you find Mistakes in GDT, please consider that they are not mistakes and you just don't know what we're talking about OR the universe is wrong and we are simply pointing out the errors.



Time for Change

"The whole country was lighted by a searing light with the intensity many times that of the mid-day sun ... Thirty seconds after the explosion came, the air blast pressing hard against people and things, to be followed almost immediately by a strong sustained awesome roar which warned of doomsday and made us feel that we puny things were blasphemous to dare tamper with forces heretofore reserved to the Almighty."

-Bank Examiner auditing one of the new reserves

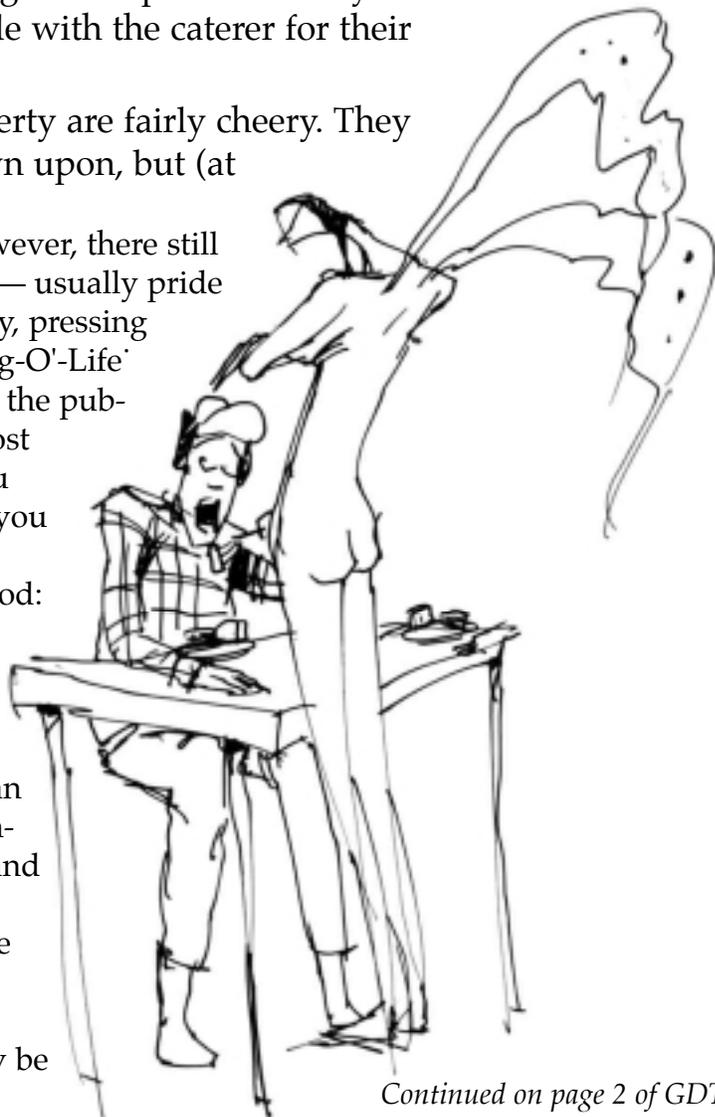
Money is a funny thing. The Bible says that love of money is the source of evil (actually it's the love of evil that's the source of money. Ironic, ain't it?), but as far as I can see, the lack of money is the source of much of people's dissatisfaction. Those with heaps of cash are rarely seen worrying about how they are going to meet their next student loan payment or, at an even more basic level, whether they can afford caviar. But they never have to worry about whether they will have enough money to buy food.[†] After all, food is what other people eat. The closest they have had to a bad night's sleep is when they wonder whether all the arrangements have been made with the caterer for their daughter's debutante ball.

Conversely, those who are living in poverty are fairly cheery. They may live in squalor, they may be looked down upon, but (at

[†] Of course, that's what food stamps are for. However, there still exist people out there who, for whatever reason — usually pride — are unwilling to reach out, however tentatively, pressing their slender, cold fingers into the Great Grab-Bag-O'-Life that is the American Welfare System proffered to the public by thousands of reverent do-gooders, who most commonly resemble high school bullies ("Do you want this? You're gonna have to reach for it. Oh you can reach farther than that.).

In a way, welfare is very similar to faerie food: faerie lore indicates that if you ever encounter a fae or enter their Realm, you should never eat their food. Besides the obvious fact that it taste like piss, it binds you to their world forever. Using a more familiar example, Persephone ate an undisclosed number of seeds from the pomegranate after being spirited away by Pluto to Hades and is forced to return to His dark realm every year, causing grief in her mother Demeter, who lets the land die (winter).

Welfare seems all too similar; if you accept their help, offered in genuine good will, you may be bound to them for the rest of your life.



Continued on page 2 of GDT...

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least outside of urban areas) they, their wife, and their 48 children are hardened, proud people who, when faced with the thought of where their next meal is coming from, go out into the yard and kill a 12-gauge or load their chicken and go hunting.^Δ

It is in the Middle Class that misery from money is most evident. Evolving from the traders and merchants of the Middle Ages, today's middle class is (pardon me if I sound like Engels and/or Marx),[∂] little more than a glorified serf. Capitalism is a feudal system, with the Lords (CEOs) at the top of the pyramid and all his vassals under him...and in the some instances, this last statement is to be taken literally when referring you attractive vassals. I'm not saying this is good or bad; I'm just tellin ya the way I see it.

Anyway, money itself is a curious thing, if you think about it. Barter is easy to understand: I think that my horse is worth 1614 tomatoes, so we make a fair trade. But money is neat. Believed to have been invented somewhere on the Anatolian Plateau in what is now modern Turkey, someone said, "Hey! That metal is really rare. I'll trade you 1614 rabid, headless roosters[¥] for it." Eventually, people started weighing the pieces of metal, and standards were made. A seven klog piece of gold was worth the same as a horse. That's all fine and good, but all those klogs got heavy.

Eventually, someone with thick walls and a lot of friends with weapons said, "I'll just keep all your gold here and give you these light pieces of copper that say what they're worth. If they don't believe you, tell'um to come see me and my boys. If you don't believe me, me and my boys will come and see you." In that moment, banking and the Mafia were born.

So, thanks to those long forgotten clever chaps, we carry around discs of metal or paper, which isn't inherently worth anything. Yet, we all agree that a given pile of metal of differ-

^ΔHelpful Hint(tm): Inbreeding often causes insanity among the ruling classes, and disorientation among the less well to do. Besides, that chicken has been in the family for years and is responsible for 7 confirmed kill.

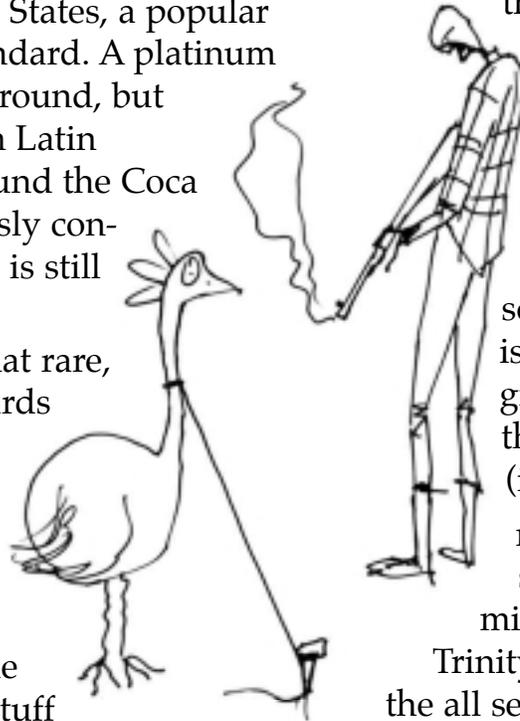
[∂] The quintessential comedy duo of the 1800's.

[¥] Tomatoes are a gift of the new world, and thus not available for sale in the early agrarian markets of Turkey. Thus we assumed something of equivalent value to the tomato.

ing size and composition represents one dollar of gold...almost. Our economic system — and as far as I know, every modern economic system[√] is based on the gold standard. Periodically, there are those who call for a change. Here in the United States, a popular alternative is the silver standard. A platinum standard has been tossed around, but rejected. In some regions in Latin America they still kick around the Coca standard. Few areas seriously consider salt anymore, so gold is still king.

But gold isn't really that rare, and has no built in safeguards to control ones accumulation of it. Not so with plutonium. Isolated in 1940 by the bright boys working on the atomic bomb, plutonium²³⁹ is some of the rarest and most powerful stuff on earth. Why shouldn't it be our basis for cash?

Starting in 2005, the Treasury Department and the Department of Defense



will issue several thousand “dollars” worth of the new plutonium based currency. As a special treat in this first, highly historic issuing, they plan on doing away with the whole concept of money and issue the real stuff:

thousands of kilograms of weapons grade plutonium.

Referred to as Pluti after the Greek God Plutus, son of Demeter (Hey! This is starting to feel like a show by James Burke. Kick Ass!), and the personification of wealth, the first issuing will have the standard graven images on both sides of the small, and oddly warm coins (if your money is warm, that means it loves you[≈]). On one side will be the familiar “pyramid with an eye”, symbolizing Trinity, Little Boy, and Fat Man where the all seeing eye is the unused fourth bomb produced. The glory about the eye is the atomic fireball itself. Of course the inscription NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM remains, because that's exactly what the Trinity project

[√] The obvious exception to this are the societies not yet addicted to the strobing effects of television sets. One example are the Yapese people of the Caroline Islands in the Pacific. There, huge stone donut shaped discs are used as a kind of currency. Villages will exchange these massive disks for services with one another and erect them around the village to display their wealth and power. Once, while one of these behemoth was being transported across a lagoon for payment, it toppled into the sea. The poor people struggled to retrieve the stone, but conditions prevented it. In a stroke of genius, some brainiac suggested that, just because the stone was in the sea didn't mean it wasn't the village's. They could still own the stone and have that prestige even though no one saw it. In effect, they invented banking. It is unknown whether other stone discs were deposited into the First Yapese Harbor, but the interest earned off the first stone alone is allowing the villagers to live at ease.

[≈] The Magic Penny Song:

Love is something if you give it away, give it away, give it away. Love is something if you give it away, you end up having more.

It's just like a magic penny, hold it tight and you won't have any. Lend it, spend it, and you'll have so many. You'll blow up half of this world.

Love is something if you give it away, give it away, give it away. Love is something if you give it away, you end up having more.

brought about: a new world order. On the flip side will be the scientists and leaders who brought us the power of the atom: Albert Einstein (1 plutus), Otto Hahn and Fritz Strassman (2 pluti), General Leslie Groves (5 pluti), Enrico Fermi (10 pluti featuring a backdrop of the University of Chicago's squash court), Emperor Hirohito (25 pluti) and of course Robert Oppenheimer (50 pluti-the largest denomination), just to name a few.

Weighing approximately 100g, the Eini, as we're sure it will be called, is the smallest unit. The largest, the Oppenheimer, is also the rarest. Featuring a unique departure from the rest of the coins in that it lacks the pyramid on the back, it has the gaunt, tortured face of Robert Oppenheimer on one side and a depiction of the many armed Siva on the other. In addition to the NOVUS ORDO inscription, the side having Oppenheimer's likeness will proudly read PERDITOR MUNDORUM. Unfortunately, the Oppenheimer is over 5kg and tends make big holes when exposed to most anything.

Given the inherent danger and physical properties of pluti, the mass of any given denomination will decrease over time, thereby decreasing its value. Similar to Twinkies' and soda, pluti will have a discrete "Best if used by" stamped onto their surface allowing the holder to know how long they have to use their currency. It will be a society spending as much pluti as quickly possible. Our standard of living will dwarf that of other countries. And all thanks to radiation...thanks Madam Curie.

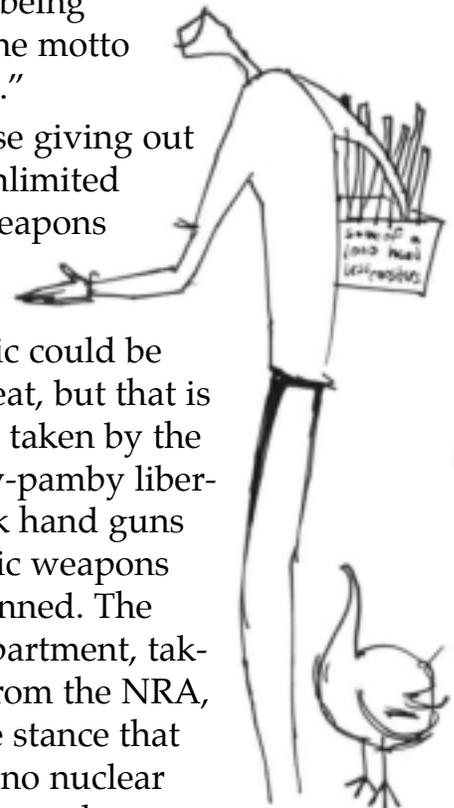
To deal with the unfortunate quality that the money tends to explode when more than 50 pluti are in one place, banks will become like nuclear reactors. There, within their lead lined walls where surveillance cameras watch all who come and go (the

eye!), bank tellers will don their lead lined clothing, put on their radiation badge, and count out their customers' money, knowing that a miscount could result is a pile of change that has reached critical mass and ruined their last chances for a promotion.

And talk about having your money work for you! Interest on your money will be determined by how much energy your monies can supply while they're used for fuel to super-heat water and run turbines. Actually this will result in a loop hole for the banks/reactors to squeeze a few more pluti out of you and your pile: since they will undoubtedly become the cheapest source of energy around, you will, in effect, be giving the bank back part of your interest each month with your electric bill payment.

Already Nike has begun designing clothing specially adapted for use with radioactive currency. Lined with a thin, comfortable layer of lead, the company plans on promoting the attire not only as an aid in exercise, but being safe, under the motto "Just In Case."

Of course giving out a virtually unlimited amount of weapons grade plutonium to the general public could be seen as a threat, but that is a stance only taken by the same mamby-pamby liberals who think hand guns and automatic weapons should be banned. The Treasury Department, taking council from the NRA, has taken the stance that there will be no nuclear threat if everyone has



weapon grade plutonium. I concur. Once everyone has the ability to blow up a chunk of firmament and it's occupants, society will start taking care of the bad apples in the barrel. The whole world will become a better, safer place. Besides, using a nuclear weapon on an enemy under the plutonium money system would be like making bullets out of gold today. It would be absurd to think about wasting all that wealth!

Removal of large scale nuclear threats does not mean that unwitting individuals won't become threats to themselves and others. Example: I tend to hoard change. It's a habit I picked up from my father. He would come home after being away on a construction job for months, and have a suitcase full of the jingly-gangly stuff. I remember helping him and my mother roll over \$100 in loose change one time. Over time my family has gotten increasingly more advanced in its change hoarding in that they now use a large water-cooler container.◇ Hoarding change could become a criminal offense when dealing with pluti. I can just imagine the headlines as coin collectors and little old ladies unwittingly reach super critical mass with their coins and level whole city blocks....

INT. APARTMENT ROOM DAY

An old woman sits counting change at a small desk in front of an open window. She's softly humming to herself. All over the interior of the room are an immense number of cats. Meowing, sitting, eating, they dominate the room. Outside, the day is brilliantly clear. The sky so empty that one gets a sense of what infinity means. As the woman continues counting all other sounds fade out. This is emphasized by

shots of cats meowing without any noise. Closeup of the woman's hand as it reaches for the 50th pluti. Cut to shot out of focus and slow motion. Woman's hand enters the scene slowly. The only sound is the woman humming, real time. The sun catches the metal and it glints brightly in the camera. Fast zoom away from hand out window and away from building accompanied by a rushing noise and humming. The city scape is that of a large urban area. Chicago, New York, London. The camera stops five miles away and the humming of the old woman continues. The humming stops suddenly and after only a short pause, the woman is heard to speak for the first time.

WOMAN(faintly concerned)

Oh dear...

The spot where the apartment building is five miles distant erupts in a nuclear fireball. Allow the full mushroom cloud to form before cutting to—

EXT. CITY STREET

—scean of people down on the street. The light from the blast brightens their day, but they are far enough away not to be incinerated. After a slight pause as the rumble passes and people stop to look up, as though hearing thunder and looking for rain clouds, they continue on their way. All this time the sound of the explosion has been fading and is replaced by a news bulletin.

TYPICAL ANNOUNCER VOICE

Coming up on CNN Headline News: Another blast rocks Manhattan as a coin collector reaches critical mass, reports on how Ben Netan-yahoo and Mabus Hussein are *both* the Third Antichrist, and Socks the Cat mistakenly eaten by Vietnamese immigrants.

◇ This was fine until my younger brother peed into it. After a few weeks we finally noticed the unusual smell coming from the change bottle. Of course all the coins had to be washed, but the bonus was that the urine has stripped the silver off of most of the coins. Whenever we paid with those greenish, ancient looking coins, we received curious looks. God, my family is fun.



Ed. Note: I'm so Wired

-by Kelly Gunter

Editor's Note: I'm so wired.

The word is out and the news is in. Hell's Kitchen has been wired up. That's right, we've been U-Wired. Hell's Kitchen is now part of a network of college newspapers from around the nation, with access to all news and opinion articles from any available member publications. This means that Hell's Kitchen will be read across the land, from Princeton to U. Wisconsin and even USA Today. On a more profound level, it also means that students from RIT can actually read pertinent news articles that are cohesive, well-written, and researched. Best of all, these articles are written by students, they may not be from RIT, but we can't have everything on our wish list now can we?

This means that if you write for us, some newspaper editor in Omaha may read your stuff. You may get offers. Sexual if nothing else.

Additional love note: To the anonymous creature who stashed \$20 in the Hell folder....You have our highest regard. You gave us 90 issues and a phone call. Thanks.

Quote of the Week:

"THE ECONOMY IS SOLID. WHATEVER HE'S DOING IS WORKING. LET HIM HAVE AS MANY SECRETARIES AND INTERNS AS HE WANTS."

- Samuel Tasker, 19, commenting of the President in a politics and mass media course at the UofR.

Tourist's Movie Reviews:

-Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK - "I DON'T THINK THAT YOU WERE URINATING..."

As I pause my VCR for a brief stay after a 24 hour binger, let me just say one thing. I LOVE PORN! I LOOOOO-VVVVVEEEE PORN! There is nothing more satisfying than a six hour non-stop, wall to wall, top to bottom, sexextravaganza. None of that wining and dining shit, no messy relationship communication problems, no pesky run-ins with angry pimps or local law enforcement. Just you in the comfort of your own home, one hand on the fast forward button, the other...well, depending on the company, the other could be in a number of places. Some say that porn is degrading, dehumanizing, and sad. IT'S FUCKING PORN!!! You think that double-penetration, double jelly dong, greased fists of love, anal ripcord bead, all American ball slappin action is healthy???

Certainly not. What are you stupid?

The stars are emotionally scarred drug addicts with bad teeth, and the frequent viewers of porn are depraved lunatics that treat sex as a detached function of the id. And by Jove, I'm one of em! Who cares how it hurts you, as long as it fills the void, right? Porn is arousing, amusing, and guilt free! I think that all children, beginning in kindergarten, should be forced to watch some of the classic porn films of our times. An eight-year-old with extensive knowledge of Ron Jeremy's filmography will most definitely go far in life.

Trust me.

And now, for those who may not be versed in porno appreciation, I give you

TOURIST'S GUIDE TO WATCHING PORN:

1. Physical attributes of porn stars are pretty standard. There's the porno hair, which comes in three styles - Ron Jeremy-white-guy-afro-style, Peter North-hyper-perfect-bouffant-style, and TTBoy/Yanni-long-hair-style.

Porno teeth are like the Royal Family's teeth after a hockey season. Porno fingernails must be at least three inches long (to accommodate the nose candy addiction). Know your porno star by the attribute that is most prominent.

2. Fast forward etiquette. When watching alone, fast forward at your leisure, but when in a large group, fast forward only after giving notice and inquiring as to if anyone would like to continue at normal speed. It is acceptable to exclaim "prepare to fast-forward....fast-forward....fast-forwarding, sir..." before fastforwarding begins. (Note: You may experience what is known as the "Sewing machine effect" while fast-forwarding through penetration scenes. This is normal.)

3. When a person excuses him or herself to use the restroom, DO NOT under any circumstances inquire as to their true motives. It is a porno *faux pas* to say "You're going to spank it, aren't you? Ha Ha!" This is not appreciated in any way, and makes it uncomfortable for people to properly "relieve" themselves. When someone gets up, smile knowingly, and don't come into contact with their hands when they get back.

4. Porno stars CAN NOT act! Don't react as if it's some grand revelation. Porn watchers are there for the gooey moments,



<http://www.df.rochester.edu/~jazzman/pic18.jpg>

**Base sensationalism to get readers?
What are you talking about?**

not for adequate demonstrations of Stanislavsky's Method. Suspend disbelief at the FBI warning, if you please. It is ok, however, to make fun of the cheezy dialog and horrible segues with your own witty quips and remarks a la MST3K.

5. Porno Tracking. It is preferable to have a VCR from the early 1980's (the golden age of porn), because you can adjust the tracking to 'porno tracking' rather easily. Where normal videotapes do not usually need much adjustment, porno tapes require the tracking to go all the way to one side or another. On new VCR's you may have to fool the VCR by recording a small segment of "Family Matters" or "Toy Story" prior to the feature presentation. This helps to overcome obnoxious calibra-

tion problems that arise with automatic tracking features on new VCRs.

6. Porno Music. Say it with me: "Huaka-Joe" (pronounced 'wok-uh-jowe'), this or variations like "Huaka-Chicka" ('wok-a-chih-ke), or "Ber-ner, Chik-A-Boo-Bwow" ('buh-nuhr-chih-kuh-kwoo-buh-wouh) should be repeated over and over in unison with the others present when the music begins. After about 1983, the music went from the wonderful sex-o-rama style described above to cheezy synthesizer music. I recommend playing classical music and turning down the sound on your TV. My favorites are Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue", Bach's "Tocatta and Fugue in D minor", and anything off the John Tesh Project.

7. It is ok for sexually secure males to comment on the abnormally large genitals of the leading male stars. "That's a meaty hog on that guy."

"Yes, I agree, that is quite the massive schlong..."

Females may also comment on how skanky the women leads are, as well as pointing out any and all plastic surgery that may have taken place.

8. Above all, have fun, learn, enjoy!

If anyone gives you attitude about your motives or morals, tell them that Tourist said to eat a fat one! That'll shut them up. Remember, this is a free country, and it's your choice to frustrate yourself with your friends. In future editions, I'll provide you with the follow up to this article, "Advanced Shower Masturbation Techniques," as well as "Ron Jerney: He kinda looks Captain Lou Albano, but what's growing in his back hair can sustain a small colony of Haitian Boat People."

The Religious Wrong:

Out of context and into your life

"AND IF THE LESBIANS WHO DON'T HAVE BABIES, IF THEY CAN GET THEIR SISTERS TO BE LESS THAN THE FULFILLED WOMEN THEY COULD BE, WILLING TO FORFEIT THAT, THEN OF COURSE THEY'VE BROUGHT THEM DOWN TO THEIR LEVEL... THERE'S SUCH AN INCREDIBLE MILITANCY ON THE PART OF LESBIAN WOMEN TO GET HETEROSEXUAL WOMEN TO ABORT THEIR BABIES."

- Pat Robertson, *700 Club*,
26 June, 1990

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"Stop the Noise!"

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +

GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

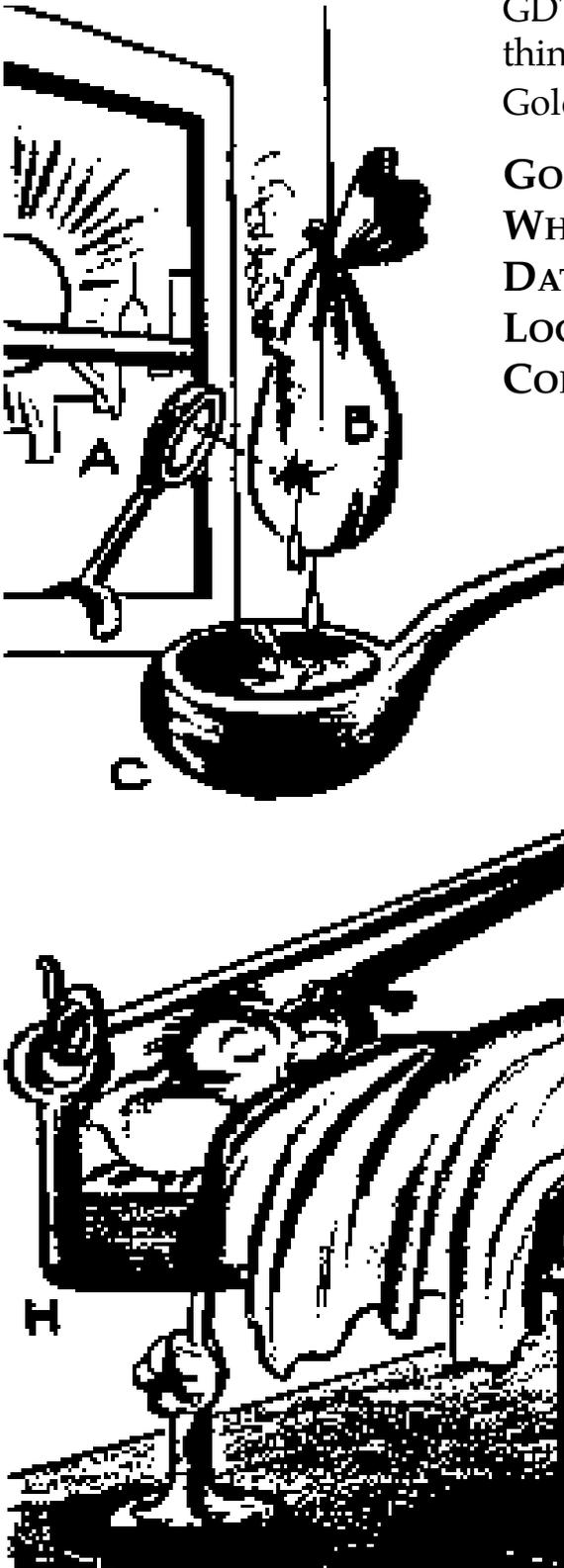
GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: TBA, RIT

CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666



RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be a upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.

The Enunciator

"The News and Views They Can't Make Fit"

Real Girl Power!

-by James D'Angelo

The corporate giants that control much of the music industry are basking in the glow of their latest triumph, as Spice Mania shows no signs of slowing down. The Spice Girls, England's prefab ladies "fresh'in' in your drinks, Gov'nar" ran the table at the American Music Awards, capturing all awards they were nominated for and their movie is behind only "Titanic" in the box office take for this week.

The idea of corporations creating artists is nothing new; it has been around as long as recorded music itself. Labels scour the country—and indeed now the world—looking for new talent and new sounds. My father tells a story of seeing an obscure musician in a bar near Philadelphia PA, the musician would later become one of the leading voices of the "Folk-Rock" movement of the 1970's.

I have no problem with this.

What I have a problem with is that the corporate giants that control the music industry seem to be trying to hold the Spice Girls up as the face of women in music. I don't buy into that at all. I don't play that game. The Spice Girls are riding a trend that started with the debut of MtV. If you can't be talented, you can get by on good looks alone. MtV has allowed musicians, both male and female, with limited musical talents but gifted with movie-star faces and bodies, to become superstars. Not that looks and talent aren't mutually exclusive, but I have seen many untalented

musicians that look good on TV become stars.

The true face of women in music to me is to be found at the opposite end of the musical spectrum, in a group of musicians that is reviving a tradition that seemed to be killed off with the age of MtV. I'm talking about a new generation of female singer-songwriters. This contemporary brigade is led by the venerable Indigo Girls, who have been putting out introspective and powerful music for the last decade. Tori Amos and Fiona Apple follow in the blues-based tradition of Janis Joplin, utilizing powerful voices to convey poetic lyrics. Musicians like Tracy Chapman and Erkah Badu follow in the tradition of legendary musicians like Billie Holiday, and Eta James. And what list of these musicians would be complete with mentioning the ultimate anti-Spice Girl, Ani DiFranco? This Buffalo, NY native has thumbed her nose totally at the corporate music industry by releasing all of her music on her own label. These musicians command a loyal and fiercely devoted group of fans. A testament to these musicians popularity is the fact that the Lilith Fair, with its all-female line up of acts was one of the top grossing tours of the summer.

The music industry may be trying to feed the public pretty faces, but I want more. And I know how to find it!

Visit www.rit.edu/~jld2705/enunciator/enunciator_home.html for more material from The Enunciator. Or email jld2705@grace.isc.rit.edu

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Even stupidity is bigger, better in Texas

-by Kari Holt, Daily Texan, 27 Jan, 98

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 11

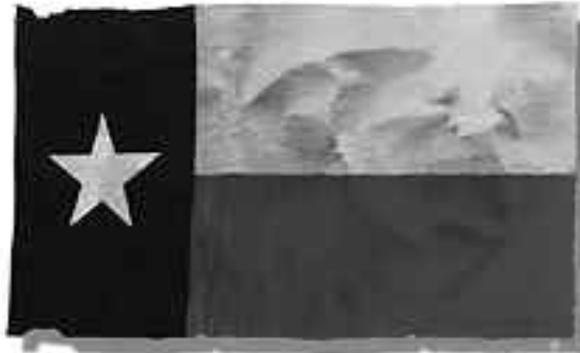
(U-WIRE) AUSTIN, TEXAS — When you live in Texas for a while and then move away you really miss it a lot. There's no explanation. It just happens. But if you move back, you quickly remember why you left in the first place. The following three examples are reasons why people sometimes shake their heads when you proudly state you are from Texas. Truly, there are more ridiculous happenings of late than can hardly be discussed in a mere 650-word column, but here's a shot at it.

For one thing, who ever heard of anything as ludicrous as a "beef defamation lawsuit." Yesiree, we have reached a new low in political correctness. Seems that a beef defamation lawsuit could also be called a "Let's Repeal the First Amendment lawsuit" but that's a whole column in and of itself.

Poor Oprah. That'll teach her to speak her mind. Better to keep quiet when it comes to talking about food safety, especially when it deals with cattle from Texas. There can't be

many things worse than spending five weeks in Amarillo fighting cowboys who've been emasculated by their sputtering bovine profits.

Listen up, Oprah: It's not enough that you bring grace and intelligence to daytime TV, nor is it enough that you donate hundreds of thousands of



dollars to put kids through college. You be nice to the cattle, or it's all gone.

To further illustrate the insanity overcoming Texas is a juicy story from New Braunfels. It seems there's someone who has made it her mission to keep all HEB stores free from dirty words. The unfortunate thing is that she has managed to coerce local police officials to help her trounce the First Amendment. So she didn't like a kid's Marilyn Manson shirt that stated, "I am the god of f---

Did she confront his mother? Did she politely ask him to turn his shirt inside out? No. Instead, this woman called a police officer over, who promptly cuffed the boy, hauled him outside of the store and took a poll on whether the shirt was offensive.

Wait, now what century is it? What country is this? The boy's lucky his mamma called the ACLU, or the people of New Braunfels might have had 'em a good old-fashioned witch burnin'. Poor kid. He ought to have pointed at the old lady, called her beehive hairdo a phallic symbol and had her arrested too. Oh, but we forget; police harass young people, not upstanding older individuals.

And the grand finale of recent stupidity is a funny little tale that happened right here in our own backyard. One of our fine UTPD officers went a little haywire when he saw a fake foot protruding from the back of a van.

It seems that anyone remotely conscious would find it hard to believe that a van door would shut per-

fectly on a human leg, leaving the foot hanging out. But as the officer spotted the foot he drew his gun and apprehended the van's driver. Don't forget that this all happened in Round Rock. Sound a little confusing? Maybe that's why UTPD is conducting an investigation.

So what's the moral here folks? Be very, very careful. Texas is a great state. It's warm in January, there are beautiful flowers in the spring and it houses at least one very fine institution of higher education, but watch out. There are crazies everywhere. If you think you might have a distaste for beef, a mind of your own or a sense of humor, you better get out while you can. Pretty soon we'll find road blocks set up and if your car isn't equipped with a "Texas Native" bumper sticker and/or one that proudly states, "Eat Beef," you'll be in big trouble.

And don't even start in on the Cowboys. There's probably an anti-football defamation law on the books.

The Inquisition.

-By James D'Angelo

RECENTLY I ATTENDED A LECTURE BY A MAN WHO CLAIMS THAT "UFO'S" / "FLYING SAUCERS" ARE REAL. ONE OF THE THINGS HE MENTIONED WAS ABDUCTIONS. WELL, I GOT TO THINKING WHAT IF I WERE ABDUCTED BY ALIENS AND INSTEAD OF BEING TESTED, I WAS INTERROGATED. HERE ARE A FEW QUESTIONS I THINK ANY ALIEN WOULD ASK AND WHAT MY ANSWERS WOULD BE....



You humans seem to have different appearances. Can you explain this?

I do not know. Perhaps because we are so dispersed across this planet, our appearances differ to allow us to survive in different locations.

Why do certain people see this as such a problem?

Some people on this world cannot accept such differences, and they seek out others who share this idea. This also extends to other differences, not just appearance. You have divided your planet into territories, even though from here there do not appear to be any divisions.

Why?

We humans, like many of the other animals I'm sure you have observed, are territorial

creatures. We divide land into territory that we claim as ours. Many disputes have been fought over this issue.

That is what worries us about you humans; you have created the power to totally destroy each other and this whole planet.

People have asked that question for centuries. For

some reason we feel more secure sometimes knowing we can destroy each other if we wish.

You humans also misuse resources, including your own people.

Some of our people feel that they have the right to misuse resources and people to pursue personal goals. They do not realize the harm that such actions do until it is too late. But there are those among us who see this as wrong and work to stop this from happening; those who wish to continue to exploit sometimes harass, discredit and in some cases kill those who fight this.

We worry about your kind. You have the potential to do great things, yet much of your effort is devoted to tribal conflicts and exploitation.

Do worry, as there is much to worry about. But there is also hope, as people see the evil before them, many become motivated to do good as well.

Children have innate ability to communicate

-By Rob Duboff Chicago Maroon
(U. Chicago) 01/28/98

(U-WIRE) CHICAGO — University of Chicago researchers in psychology have found that children may have an innate ability to form sentences without imitating the language of their parents. Susan Goldin-Meadow, professor in the departments of psychology and education and the College, and Carolyn Mylandor, a project researcher in psychology, published a study in the January 15 edition of the journal *Nature* entitled "Spontaneous Sign Systems Created by Deaf Children in Two Cultures."

The researchers studied two sets of four children in the United States and Taiwan. The children had no training in standard sign language, but they were able to develop their own form of communicating with their parents using gestures to form complex sentences.

The researchers found over 10,000 individual gestures used by the children. The gesture systems were similar to each other, but did not resemble English or Mandarin Chinese.

The language used by the children uses what linguists call an ergative structure. In this structure, the object is placed before the verb. Neither English nor Mandarin Chinese use an ergative structure.

One difference between the samples in the two countries is that the Taiwanese parents were able to communicate partly in the children's language, while the American parents were not. One conclusion is that the Taiwanese parents influ-

enced the children's language. However, the gestures of the Taiwanese children were very similar to those of the American children, possibly proving that the Taiwanese parents learned the language from their children.

"Given the salient differences between Chinese and American cultures, the structural similarities in the children's gesture systems are striking," explained Goldin-Meadow. "These structural properties — consistent marking of semantic elements by deletion and ordering, and linking of propositions within a single sentence — are developmentally robust in humans."

The fact that American parents were not able to use their children's language proves that the children learned the language independently of their parents.

Some experts believe that self-developed gestures may make it easier for children to learn American Sign Language (ASL). Like the home-taught gestures, ASL bears little resemblance to English. Mandarin Sign Language is a little more similar to its spoken equivalent. However, the optimal age to begin formal training in ASL is three years old.

Goldin-Meadow has done research in the communication skills of deaf children for over 20 years. She videotapes the children gesturing with their parents. She only uses children without formal ASL training because they are the least exposed to formal language.

She is also a faculty associate of the recently created Robert R. McCormick Tribune Initiative on Early Child Development and Policy.

Harvard beats Yale in race for 2-ply toilet paper

-By Asher Price, *Yale Daily News*, 01/27/98

(U-WIRE) NEW HAVEN, CONN. — There are times when a university must examine its own identity, searching for ways to maintain the highest quality of living standards.

The “two-ply issue” at Harvard was just one of these times.

Harvard upperclassmen, previously accustomed to sore rumps, returned from their winter breaks to find a pleasant surprise to temper the thought of January finals.

Following an order by Dean of Harvard College Harry R. Lewis, the Faculty Maintenance Operations issued returning students comfy two-ply toilet paper.

The tale behind the two-ply begins last fall, when a junior columnist for *The Harvard Crimson* lobbied for an improvement in this most basic criterion of living standards.

Geoffrey Upton '99 said he wrote his column to complain that the Student Council should concentrate on bettering the basics of student life, such as toilet paper, rather than the luxuries, such as cable television.

“I can speak for all students when I say it makes our bathrooms more user-friendly,” Upton said. “Harvard is a nicer place now that the toilet paper is softer.”

Upton wrote in his *Crimson* column: “You don't think Dean of College Henry R. Lewis '68 goes home to one-ply every night, do you?”

After Upton published his column in *The Crimson*, Ted Wright ran for the Student Council on the slogan “Cleaning up the [University Council] with two-ply toilet paper.”

Harvard certainly has received its share of media attention following the change. Television networks including CNN and newspapers across the country are covering the event.

“People in the national press are going nuts. There are more important things happening in the nation and in *The Crimson*,” Upton said.

On Jan. 9, *The Crimson* reported on the change from the Scott one-ply to the James River Multi-layer two-ply toilet paper. Though the James River is cheaper at \$31.31 per case as opposed to the Scott at \$34.44 a case, the Scott comes in thicker

rolls.

“A high-level committee called the Harvard College Toilet Paper Commission... met weekly all fall to consider this important issue,” Lewis wrote in an e-mail to students.

Yale currently uses one-ply Cormatic Ultima Tissue made by Clean Choice.

And Yalies are certainly in favor of a change to two-ply.

“My butt cheeks have been chafing for two-ply,” Marc Bush '01 said.

“One-ply is pretty crappy,” added Patrick Armstrong '01.

Harvard students are not, however, as quick to praise their new comfort.

“Most of us have no idea about the change and are neutral about it. There hasn't been a lot of publicity about this momentous shift,” said Dafna Hochman, a Harvard sophomore.

Last year the Yale College Council unsuccessfully petitioned the Yale Corporation for liquid soap, storage shelves and two-ply in the bathrooms.

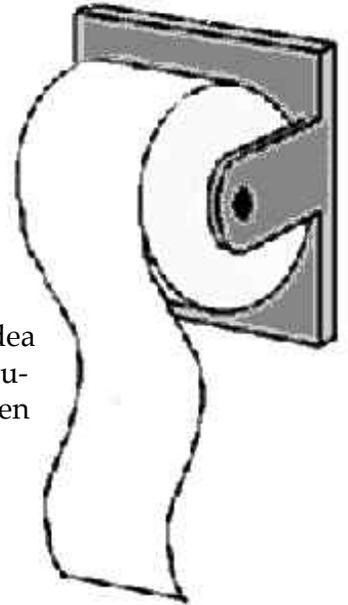
“I'm glad Harvard got it done, but from last year's experience with the administration, it's an impossibility. In a common sensical way, it is a luxury we don't need. It would be nice, but it is not a necessity,” said Jeremy Fain '99, projects committee chair.

YCC President Kimberly Taylor '99 was more optimistic about the prospects.

“We attempted to preempt Harvard in this matter in fall of last year,” Taylor said. “Perhaps we can begin [this semester] to refocus on improving the bathroom facilities.”

Yale administrators said they sympathize with the students' needs.

“Students have been asking for this for a while. Maybe we'll do it so we don't get outdone by Harvard, but I happen to think it's more important to get soap and paper towels in the bathrooms,” Dean of Student Affairs Betty Trachtenberg said.





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.

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 would still—"

[†]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.

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



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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“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 D.C., 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 Capital.

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 fellow 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.^Δ

In one fell swoop Fuc—I mean a terrorist—would effec-

^ΔIt would be the most peculiar rain Washington D.C 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!”

tively 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. State, Sec. Treasury, Sec. Defense, Sec. of Spice, Attorney General, Sec. Interior, Sec. Agriculture, Sec. Commerce, Sec. Labor, the Secretariat, Sec. Health and Human Services, Sec. Housing and Urban Development, Sec. Transportation, Sec. Energy, the Guy who works behind the Counter at the Gift Shop, Sec. 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.[√]

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 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 "

[√] I 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 ash^Δ).

"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 cost 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 they 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.

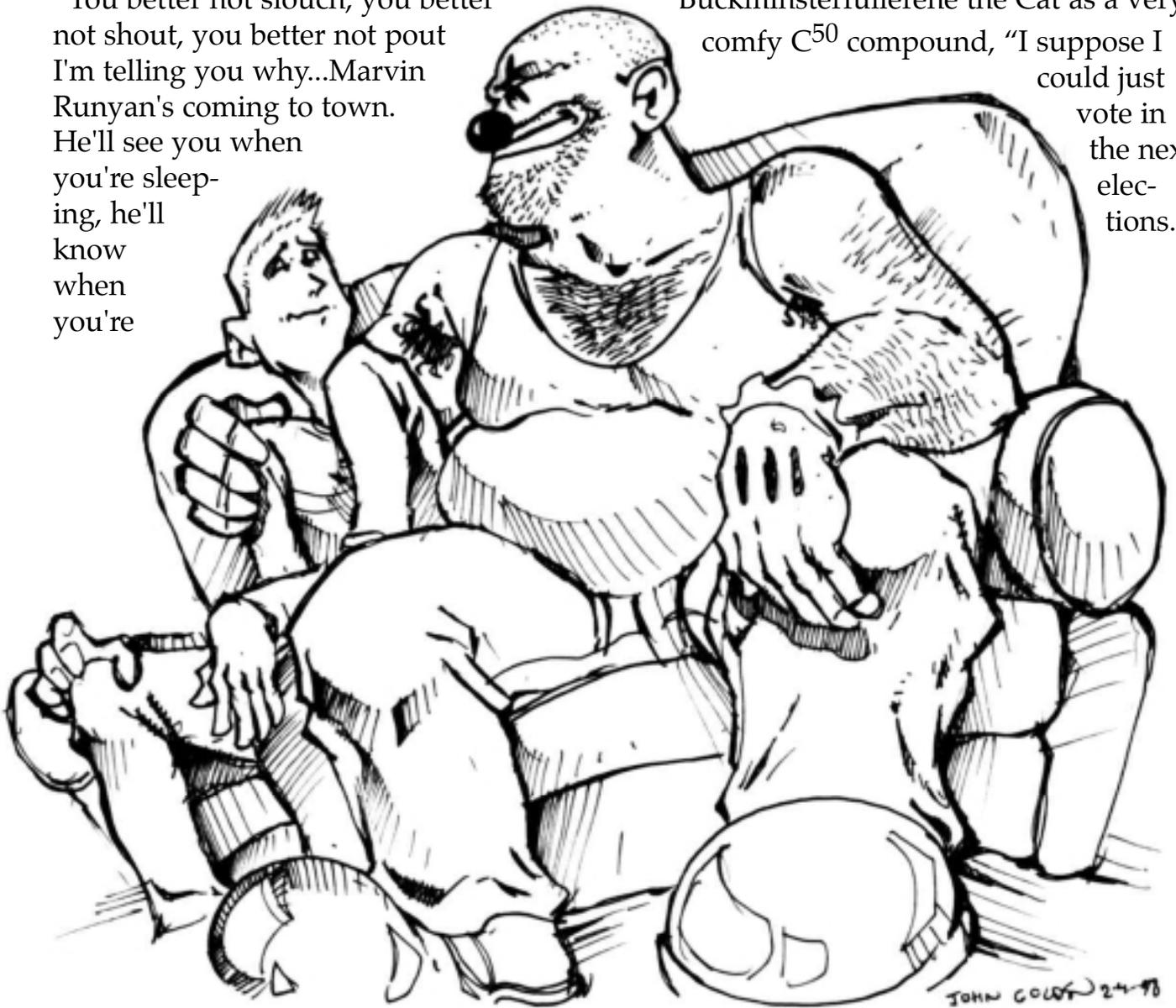
"You better not slouch, you better not shout, you better not pout I'm telling you why...Marvin Runyan's coming to town. He'll see you when you're sleeping, he'll know when you're

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."



GDT Countdown
4 issues left to our 100th
issue!



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 elimi-

nate competition in the text editor market.

"Microsoft is unlawfully taking advantage of its Windows monopoly to protect and extend that monopoly," 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.

"DRUG CONTROL OF PERSONALITY WILL BE WIDELY ACCEPTED WELL BEFORE 2000. IF A WIFE OR HUSBAND SEEMS TO BE UNUSUALLY GROUCHY...A SPOUSE WILL BE ABLE TO POP DOWN TO THE CORNER STORE, BUY SOME ANTI-GROUCH PILLS AND SLIP THEM INTO THE COFFEE."
-Olaf Helmer, Scientist, the Rand Corporation.
Quoted in *Time*, Feb 25, 1966



Depression isolates.



Prozac can help.

Tourist's Movie Reviews:

-Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK: "AS GOOD AS IT GETS"

AKA "JACK NICHOLSON IS A SCARY MOTHERFUCKER"

Heeeeeeeere's Melvin! Uncle Jack is looking good in his older age. Damn scary though. As the ten year anniversary of the first Batman movie approaches (remember that they made it in 1988, and released it in 89), I look at St.

Nicholson and realize that HE IS ONE OF THE SCARIEST MEN OF ALL TIME!!!

This is especially apparent in this film, because the principal photography consists mainly of close-up shots. On the big screen, when Jack flashes that staple grin at you, and his face is sixteen feet wide, you know that he truly is one frightening bastard. Can you imagine waking up one night, going to the bathroom and seeing Jack smiling at you in the bathtub? Or what if you encountered him in a dark alley. After voiding both bladder and colon, I personally would scream like a little bitch and look for things to throw.

Don't get me wrong, I'm sure that he's a pretty nice guy, but I'll bet that when he "steps out", he really steps out! Remember that incident a few years back, when he beat the bejesus out of some guy's windshield in Manhattan rush hour traffic? If I were the driver of that car, I would have swallowed my own tongue. Why? Cause Jack Nicholson is a SCARY MOTHERFUCKER, that's why!

"Honey, a peculiar thing happened on the way home from work today."

"Really? What, dear?"

"Well, I was driving down Seventh Ave,

http://pegasus.cc.ucf.edu/~cmf80227/Jack_Nicholson.jpg



Not only a members. Also a client

and out of nowhere, Jack Nicholson jumped on my hood and bashed in my windshield with a nine-iron."

"Jack Nicholson, you say?"

"Yes, Jack Nicholson."

"He's one scary motherfucker."

"Tell me about it. I voided both my bladder and colon, and then swallowed my own tongue."

Heres a little thought. America can use this to it's advantage. If human cloning takes off, as it should, I'm hoping that ole' Jack donates his genetic code to the US Government. Clone about fifty million Jack Nicholsons, and send them into Iraq. That'll teach em! Don't fuck with the United States. Why? Because we've got an army of Jack Nicholsons — pissed off, armed to the teeth, and if the genetic wizards prevail, with sixteen foot wide heads, THAT'S WHY!

"Saddam, we've got problems. Our ground troops are retreating."

"Why? Why, damn you!"

"They've encountered the US infantry, sir. They're terrified. Most of them have voided both their bladders and their colons, some of them have even swallowed their own tongues."

"Why? Scared of what?"

"Sir, the US infantry consists of several million Jack Nicholson clones, with sixteen foot wide heads, sir."

"Jack Nicholson? The scariest motherfucker on the planet?"

"That would be correct, sir."

"We're fucked."

A Reporter Sounds Off on the Media

By Ben Diamond

Yale Daily News (Yale U.) 02/03/98

(U-WIRE) NEW HAVEN, CONN. — I was in Sterling Memorial Library last semester when I bumped into one of my English professors. We had become friends, and he knew I wrote for the *Yale Daily News*. He was clearly surprised to see me there, and asked:

“What are you doing here in the library? You're a journalist!”

Later that evening, I decided the real meaning of my professor's remark was probably:

1. You will be lucky to get a B in my class. As a tenured professor, I spend every day in this library. I know you do not come here. I also know you haven't read your Chaucer.

2. The library is a place for quiet reflection and careful thought and study. Journalism is a fast-paced, deadline-driven business. Academics come to libraries to read and discuss books in search for noble ideas and evasive truths. Journalists, however, thrive on scandals, rumors, and third-person hearsay.

At first, I thought my professor was definitely wrong, on both counts. I thought I could pull off an A in his class, even if I wasn't exactly “caught up” with all my reading. I thought journalism was a noble, exciting profession. After all, had it not been for Woodward and Bernstein's persistent and thorough reporting during the Watergate scandal, Richard Nixon might have gotten away with the crimes of the century.

Well, as is usually the case, I was the naive one, and my professor — the wise, old bird that he is — was right.

I got a B in the class (there's never enough time during reading week). And, in the past two weeks, American journalism has

sunk to an abysmal, all-time low.

The recent coverage of President Bill Clinton's (LAW '73) alleged affair with a former White House intern has been so unprofessional that I am ashamed to call myself a journalist. Going down to Washington, D.C. last week confirmed my worst fears about this profession.

What is currently being reported as fact is often attributed to unnamed sources and third-hand reports. It is sloppy and vile work. Consider, for example, some of the following allegations and the sources news organizations have cited:

The Dallas Morning News reported last Monday that the President and Monica Lewinsky were seen in a compromising situation by a Secret Service agent. The story, which was picked up by the Associated Press, cited “a source familiar with the case” who had been interviewed by a member of Independent Prosecutor Kenneth Starr's staff. Only a few hours after its story was posted on the World Wide Web, the newspaper retracted it. Then, on Wednesday, the *Dallas Morning News* claimed that part of the story was still true, even though it had been retracted. The person who saw the President and Ms. Lewinsky “might not have been an active Secret Service agent;” the situation was “ambiguous,” not “compromising;” and “Mr. Starr's staff had not interviewed him,” according to the *New York Times*. Woops.

Last week, ABC News' Nightline aired a long piece in which they sighted “sources” that claimed Mr. Clinton and Ms. Lewinsky only engaged in oral sex, and that Mr. Clinton had said before that oral sex was not adultery. This claim was first made several years ago in *The American Spectator*, a popular conservative magazine. Nightline did not reveal the sources for its story.

cont page 10...

"Stop the Noise!"

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +

GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

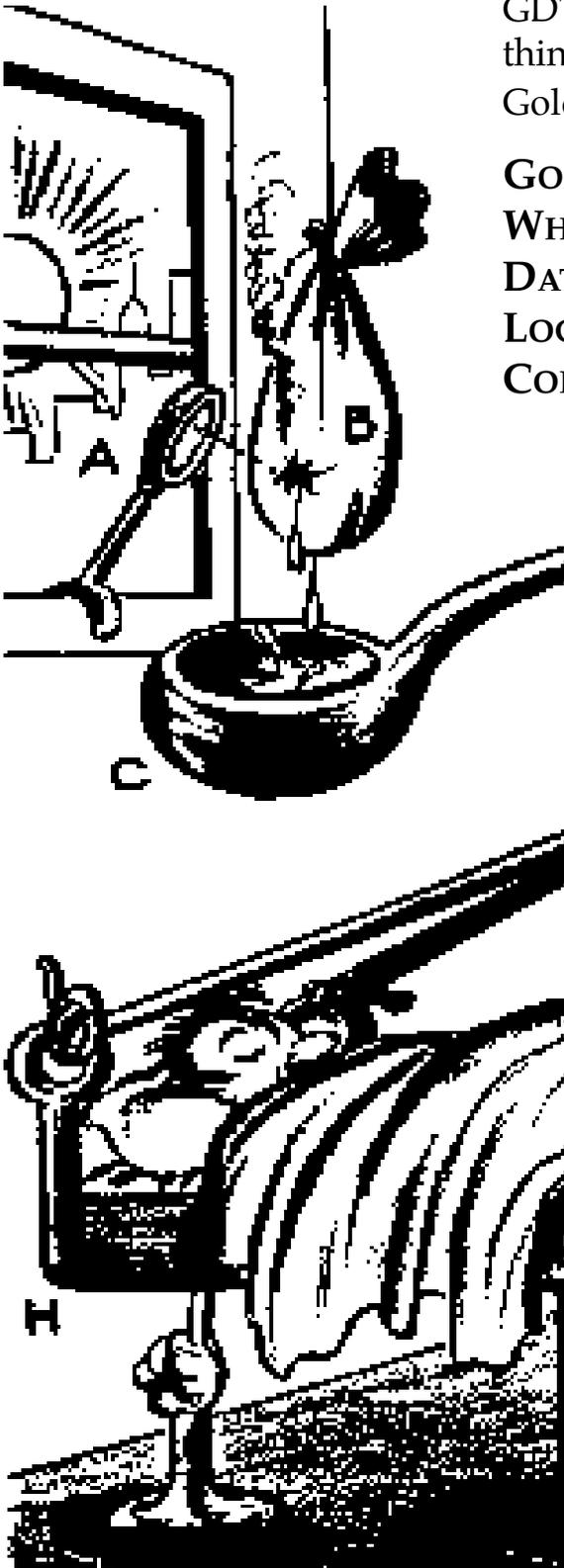
GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: TBA, RIT

CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666



RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be a upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.

Perhaps the most egregious reporting came the day the story first broke, when journalists speculated whether or not Bill Clinton would be impeached for perjury or have to resign as President. As James Naughton wrote in Sunday's *New York Times*: "Never mind that no one has been charged with any crime in this case, that perjury is hard to prove, that even if it were proved it might not be found in these circumstances to constitute high crimes and misdemeanors." Forget all that. The press was out, from day one, to hang the President and — for now at least — there's not stopping them.

What was going on down there in D.C.? I spent last Tuesday in a small press room on the third floor of the Capitol building waiting around for the State of the Union to begin. Once inside (which took some doing — who is the *Yale Daily News*, anyway?) I started talking with the reporters there from the Washington press corps. These were the old, seasoned, Capitol Hill veterans. Hunched over their laptop computers with cups of coffee, these were the guys who had seen it all.

"This is the greatest," a reporter from a Boston paper told me. "Normally, we have to be out for blood, but the President shot himself on this one."

Bear Bones by David Berenson, the Dartmouth, Dartmouth College



Indeed every member of the press I talked to was thrilled with the scandal. "Finally," they said, "something more interesting to write about than budget surpluses and health care."

I came back from D.C. earlier than I had planned. I felt like Lucien Chardon, the protagonist in Balzac's *Lost Illusions*, who discovered, much to his chagrin, that the Paris journalist of the 1830s had "a little weasel-face as palled as an underdone white of egg, with a pair of eyes, soft blue in colour, but appalling in their malice."

Journalism, I learned, at least the way it is practiced now, might not be the profession for me. I don't have the taste for blood. I have a problem with printing rumors from motivated sources which could bring down a President and imperil our nation. Nor am I eager to knock on the door of the woman whose daughter was killed in a car accident a few hours ago and ask for her "comment."

It's true, I don't spent a lot of time in Sterling with my copy of *The Canterbury Tales*.

Maybe it's time to start anew.

Either way, though, it is clear that as journalists, we certainly have room for improvement.

NASA recruiting Congressmen?

By Bob Bowers

Oklahoma Daily (U. Oklahoma) 02/04/98

(U-WIRE) NORMAN, OKLA. — Senator John Glenn, 72, wanted to be sent back to space to study the effects of space travel on old people. NASA complied. Ethical questions aside (why is NASA pandering to someone responsible for reviewing its budget? Why is the issue of old people in space a valid one?), this move is clearly a cheap public relations gimmick to revitalize waning public interest in America's space program. They're sending one of America's original heroes into the heavens for a last hurrah, and they know America will be watching.

Well I say phooey on all that! If NASA wants to mix politics and space missions, then they should do it right. This could be an effective public relations tool for NASA as well as Congress, especially if they add some scandal and excitement.

Americans love drama. More people tuned in to this year's State of the Union address than last year's. Not because they wanted to hear President Clinton pat himself on the back, but because they wanted to see if Clinton would say anything about "the scandal". This inadvertently brought the public's attention back to national politics (the Pope went where?).

If NASA were to, say, send Congress members into space — with some added spice, of course — people would begin to vote and maybe even to read again. Even in West Virginia!

Just imagine, a bipartisan committee could be sent into space with Glenn to study the effects of space travel on politics. On board would be Republicans Trent Lott, Jesse Helms and Alfonso D'Amato. For the Democrats, we'd have Dick Gephart to study the effects of whining and space travel. For the effects of space travel on libido, there'd be

Ted Kennedy.

Things would go wrong from the beginning. Lott does nothing but talk about Ole Miss. Glenn insists on watching Cocoon over and over. Gephart whines about the inequality of the NASA program, hence the lack of women and minorities on the mission.

"Shut up, girlie boy," Helms yells. "We couldn't bring women — Kennedy's on board!"

Suddenly, a comet passes. Lott stands up and tries to rally his Republican colleagues. "We must follow the comet!" he cries out passionately. "When we're one with the comet, we'll leave our earthly containers, rise above our human existence and the GOP will become relevant again!"

The GOP attempts to take control of the ship — but watch out for the stowaway! Oh no, it's William Weld, and he's come to kill Jesse Helms! D'Amato goes for the tackle, and Weld loses his head. No, he doesn't literally lose his head, silly readers. Weld's mask comes off as he's tackled. Turns out he's none other than Bob Kerry.

"I knew you weren't a real Republican," Lott says.

The ship chases the comet and the hijinks continue. There's a parallel universe where everyone sees Sonny Bono floating in space evolving from old Bono to '60s Bono to fetus Bono. Then our beloved Congressionauts throw a party when they arrive at Mir to discover the space station took control of itself and killed off all the Russians ("I'm sorry, Ivan. I can't let you do that").

And Glenn, showing the world that American senior citizens can master space as well as anyone, does a perfect job piloting the ship to safety. Well, almost perfect.

"Discovery ... this is Houston Control ... your turn signal is on."

The Religious Wrong: "Let the spirit of giving wash over you."

Out of context and into your life

"I WANT YOU TO JUST LET A WAVE OF INTOLERANCE WASH OVER YOU. I WANT YOU TO LET A WAVE OF HATRED WASH OVER YOU. YES, HATE IS GOOD... OUR GOAL IS A CHRISTIAN NATION. WE HAVE A BIBLICAL DUTY, WE ARE CALLED ON BY GOD TO CONQUER THIS COUNTRY. WE DON'T WANT EQUAL TIME. WE DON'T WANT PLURALISM."

—Randall Terry, *The News Sentinel*,

Ft. Wayne, Ind.
16 August, 1993

"YOU SAY, 'YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE NICE TO THE EPISCOPALIANS AND THE PRESBYTERIANS AND THE METHODISTS AND THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER THING'—NONSENSE! I DON'T HAVE TO BE NICE TO THE SPIRIT OF THE ANTI-CHRIST! I CAN LOVE THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE FALSE OPINIONS, BUT I DON'T HAVE TO BE NICE TO THEM."

—Pat Robertson, *700 Club*
14 January, 1991

He said she said:

"YOU COULD SAY THAT I EARNED MY PRESIDENTIAL KNEEPADS."

—Denniss Lytton, political science major at the University of California, Los Angeles, relating what Monica Lewinsky said to him...I guess about skateboarding.



by Matt Mesner



IgE: Yeah you know me

*"If you're allergic to cats, stay way from me—
and maybe I'll rub against your legs anyway."*

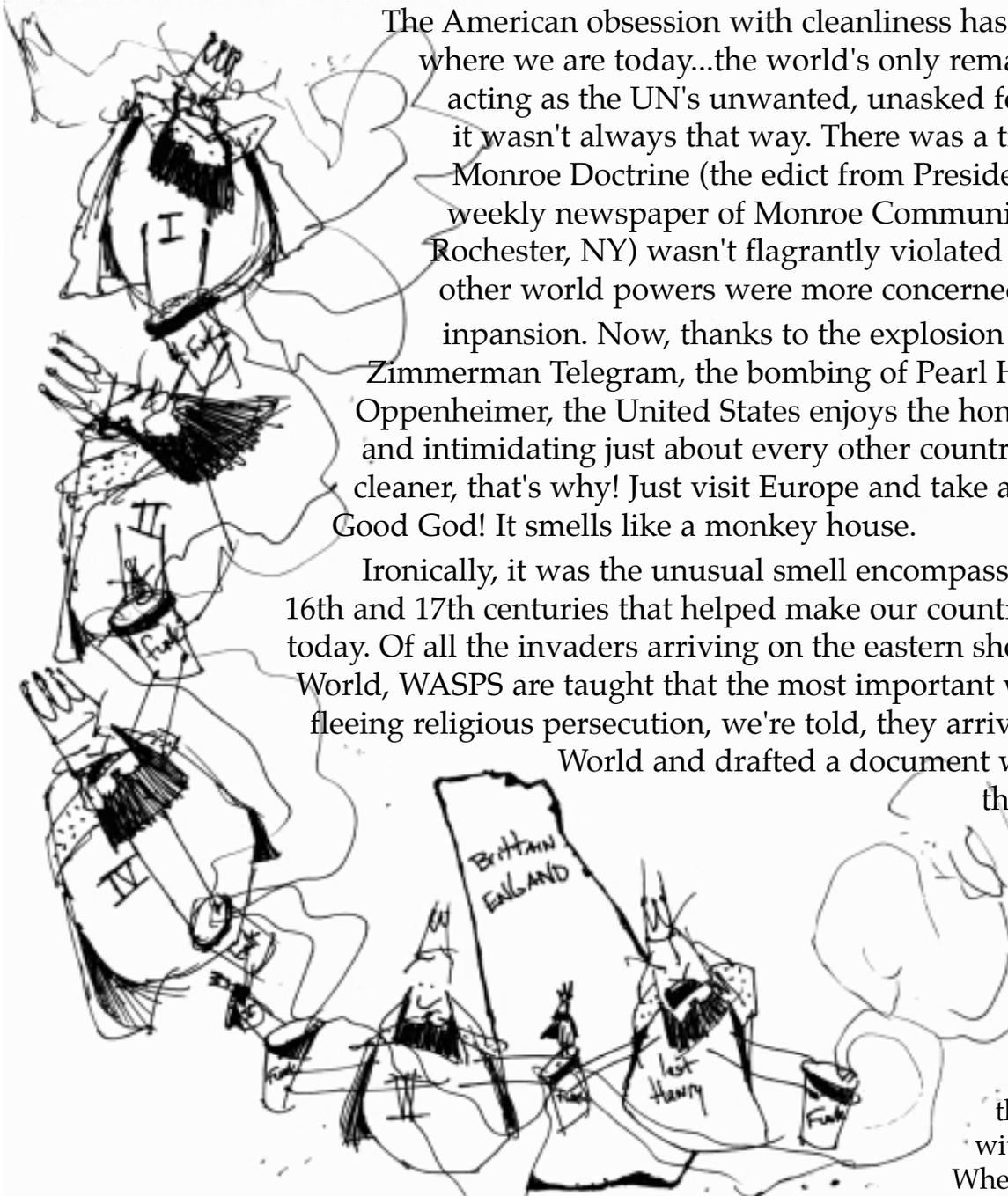
Cleanliness is next to godliness and since god is American, it only makes sense that Americans should be clean. To facilitate that end, Christian corporations[†] such as Proctor and Gamble, Johnson and Johnson, and Dow Chemical (in co-operation with and the fine makers of Norplant) have been producing what America wants, nay what America needs and what America has to have: soap. Antibacterial, moisturizing, deodorant, and glycerine soaps that come in a myriad of shapes, sizes, colours and flavours.

The American obsession with cleanliness has brought us to where we are today...the world's only remaining Superpower acting as the UN's unwanted, unasked for police force. But it wasn't always that way. There was a time when the Monroe Doctrine (the edict from President Monroe, not the weekly newspaper of Monroe Community College in Rochester, NY) wasn't flagrantly violated simply because other world powers were more concerned with their own inpansion. Now, thanks to the explosion of the Maine,[∂] the Zimmerman Telegram, the bombing of Pearl Harbor, and Robert Oppenheimer, the United States enjoys the honor of threatening and intimidating just about every other country. Why? We're cleaner, that's why! Just visit Europe and take a deep breath. Good God! It smells like a monkey house.

Ironically, it was the unusual smell encompassing Europe in the 16th and 17th centuries that helped make our country is what it is today. Of all the invaders arriving on the eastern shore of the New World, WASPS are taught that the most important were the Pilgrims; fleeing religious persecution, we're told, they arrived in the New World and drafted a document with lofty ideals that would later

[†] Since God is American, and any American who is worth mentioning is Christian, God is Christian. QED.

[∂] 1898: "Remember the Maine! To hell with Spain." 1998: Where's Maine?





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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influence the United States' present Constitution.

That's what we're told. The truth is more embarrassing than that.

Religious persecution was such a trendy concept in the 1500's that people just assumed that the Puritans were on the receiving end of the rather big sticks used at the time. Instead, these intrepid souls whose progeny would later make cleaning products that are 99 and $\frac{44}{100}$ % pure were attempting to escape something more insidious and crippling to the spirit than religious intolerance: the funk of the land.

Beginning in the 1000's, King Henry I the Foulter was such a ripe bastard that few could draw close enough to contest his rule. Upon his death and subsequent superfunkification, it was prophecised that the true King of England would reek to high heaven, thus identifying the proper heir. Over the next several hundred years the royal funk grew in power and intensity, eventually ruling the land while the various Kings were little more than figure-heads. By the time of King Henry the VIII, the Royal Funk ruled in his place while Henry was allowed to wallow away his days eating 20 pheasants in one sitting and changing his wives more often than his britches.

You don't threaten your source of power. Not if you want the Funk to support you.

Rebelling against the all pervasive smell that permeated hill and dale—and would sometimes knock on the peasant's doors and demand lodging for the night—the Puritans fled to the only place they could think of that was free: the New World. There, separated from the Funk by an ocean, they could begin their lives again.

But after living like Germans for three months on the open sea, the people were ashamed and bewildered to discover that they too had created a funk all their own. Not only was it readily detectable to their desensitized noses, it was trimming the sail and mopping the deck by the third week out. Determined to leave the legacies[¥] of Jolly old England behind, the first thing they did upon landing at Plymouth rock was to draft the Mayflower Compact. But the second thing they did was to beat the living bejesus out of the funk

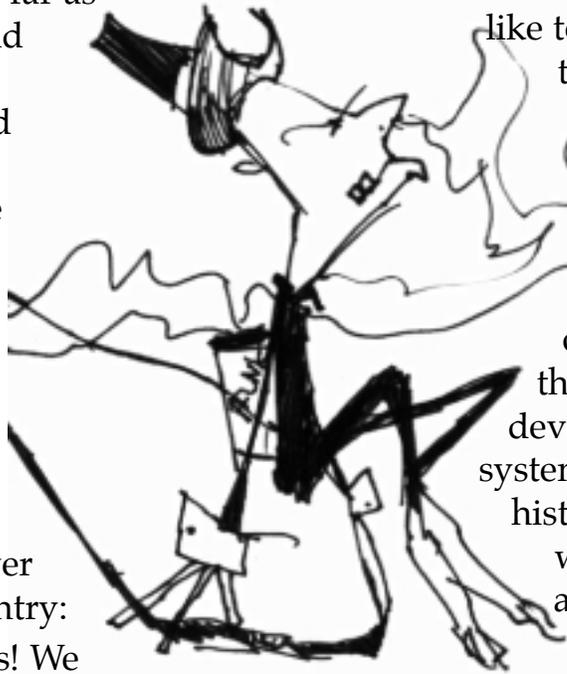
[¥]The funk and “The Big Book of British Teeth”, only rivaled in the states by “Come Meet the Family: a guide to rural Appilachia.”

by slamming it against the now famous Plymouth Rock.^Δ

After a good long bath the traumatized, but sweet smelling, settlers looked at the vast virgin landscape and felt something stir deep within them. For as far as the eye could see, the land was covered by ancient forests where strange and unknown animals ran. The air was clear and the water was pure.

John Carver, one of the first signers of the Mayflower Compact and particularly respected for his eloquent and subtle aromas, made an historic speech that forever set the course of our country:

“This place is a mess! We need to cut down these massive trees and make particle board! We need to invent asphalt and cover all the areas we would ever even think of walking on! And these people who have been crapping this place up all this time... we've been scouring a few of them with sand and they're still dirty. We need to exile them to places we'd never go!”



Although quite excitable, John Carver's words were heeded none the less.

What came next was described by Darwin as the survival of the cleanest. No one would court, or even bundle, with someone with poor personal hygiene (just like today. Sorry Seattle), and so their offspring would be cleaner and more finicky.[†] After generations of breeding out the dreaded, evil funk, the “Americans,” as they so liked to call themselves (second only to “Masters of Time, the Universe and Deodorants”), developed weakened immune systems and a nagging irritation to histamine, which the body creates when it comes in contact with almost anything.

In those pure, clean years, allergies were born.

Now, ours is an age where an American with a tapeworm is a pariah with a friend and allergies cripple people on a daily basis. Ironically, all these people who can't go a day without runny noses and puffy eyes could really do themselves a favor by occupying their immune system

^Δ Early on there was a tradition where people would kiss Plymouth Rock to receive good luck. The bludgeoned funk so covered the stone, however, that most would pass out before actually planting a kiss. Tired of losing teeth and unwilling to give up the tradition, the right-thinking Puritans uprooted the stone, drug it 70km north, and scuttled it in Boston Harbor.

[†] Over the centuries two distinct subspecies of Americans arose. The Red Blooded Americans (*Homo sapien americanum ineptus*) normally can tell stories of how one of their ancestors arrived at Ellis Island, sailed past Alcatraz, or snuck across the Rio Grande while the Blue Blooded Americans (*Homo sapien americanum caeruleus*), think that everyone's parents drive Opals, can include the name J.P Morgan in their strange, circular, family trees, and don't pay attention to stock notices that arrive in the mail. There is some contention between ethnographers and biologists as to whether the two subspecies actually represent distinctly new species. Though they fail to interbreed in the wild due to differences in mating rituals, their similarities indicate intraspecies variation, though the two groups could diverge at some point in the future.

with a mild parasite.[∂]

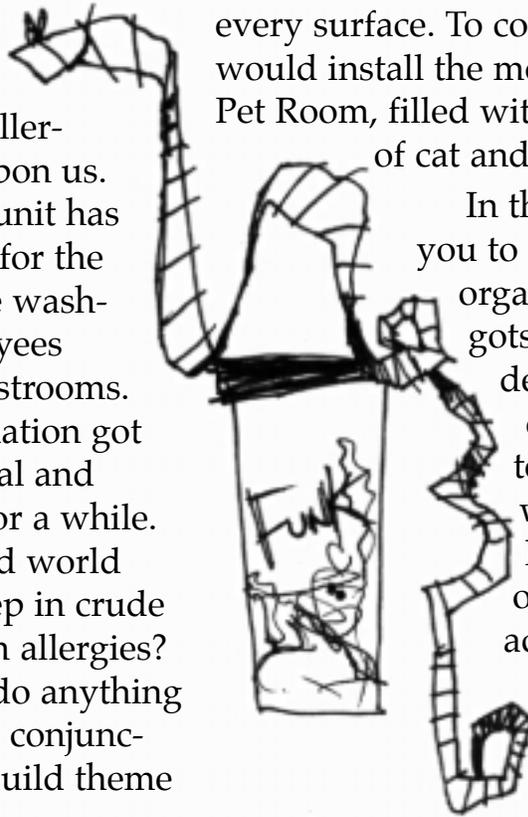
Still, were stuck with our Puritanistic heritage like an historic case of the clap. It continues to permeate our culture, from congressional calls for family values to our obsessive need for cleanliness. So many things these days are labeled with cleanly looking "hypo-allergenic" labels for all those lazy blokes out there unwilling to live through a little mild discomfort that I'm waiting for the discrete signs on Sour Patch Kids saying they had ben ultra-pasteurized. Well I say to hell with it. Bring on the allergens! Oh, wait. Not the cats. I'm allergic to cats, but bring on everything else. Oh wait! Not goldenrod. I just can't deal with goldenrod pollen. NOW bring on the allergens. Give me something that will make my face swell like a puffer fish and stuffed with as much of the same toxic goodness.

I say that the age of hyper-allergenic products should now be upon us. The disintegration of the family unit has already happened; now it's time for the downfall of cleanliness. No more washing behind ears. No more employees washing hands before leaving restrooms. Enterics unite! It's time we as a nation got down off of our sanitized pedestal and mucked about in our own filth for a while. Why should poor Indians of third world nations have all the fun knee deep in crude oil, contracting deadly-petroleum allergies? We're the United States. We can do anything better. The good old U.S. of A, in conjunction with Disney Corp., should build theme

parks for all those cute little tykes who want to scour the insides of Texaco's petroleum pits. Complete with animatronic dolls singing, "It's an OPEC World After All," Epcot could finally show us the future, coated in lead based, white paint, made in the US, sold abroad, and bought at a discount from China.

Disney's Oil World could feature the Lover's Pipeline, Consumer Waste Village, and special off limit areas for adults. Like the rooms of Chuck E. Cheese barred to the adult public, the Flake Room would be nothing more exotic than a warehouse filled with the remnants of human skin, being heartily consumed and excreted by the resident dust mites. In these rooms the little 'uns could roll about on the soft, hazy, misty stuff that seems to fill the room, and cling to every surface. To compete, Warner Brothers would install the more generic, but effective Pet Room, filled with a lower grade quality of cat and dog dander.

In the meantime, we urge you to embrace the trend of organic remedies. Use maggots to remove unwanted, dead flesh, get workmen's compensation by protecting your pet hookworm, and fill your toilet with candiru. If any of you are tired of runny, achy eyes...swallow a tape worm. You'll feel better in the morning, we promise.



[∂] Think of allergic reactions as the response of a bored immune system. Since humans evolved in an environment with parasites, distinct antibodies were created to fight them off. In our cleanly society, chances of having a parasitic infection are slim, but those antibodies are still kicking around with nothing to do. So, like bored children, the antibodies not doing anything eventually gang up on things like, oh, cat dander. So in this case, idle antibodies are the devil's plaything.



Editor's Note: Hell's Kitchen & USA Today

By Sean Hammond

Back in late January when Hell's Kitchen joined Uwire, we didn't expect too much. Everyday Uwire sorts through the hundreds of articles it receives and sends out the top 15 news and opinion/editorial pieces to its members. One of Uwire's partners, USA Today, then posts those articles to its web site. Since the content of the various parts of Hell's Kitchen are more creative than newsworthy, we knew that eventually we would be the misfits of Uwire. Our content simply doesn't fit into what they are looking for.

But this past week Don Rider's piece "Donland Sues Microsoft" was chosen by Uwire as one of the best 15 opinion/editorial articles, and was subsequently reproduced by USA Today on its web site.

That's right! Hell's Kitchen managed to get something into a respected, national media provider.

Kick ass!

If you'd like to see for yourself, feel free to visit

WWW.USATODAY.COM/UWIRE/CO020907.HTM

Now, on with the show.

The Buzz from **DONLAND** donland.base.org

By Don Rider

DONLAND DEVELOPER BEHIND GATES PIE GAG

As tension escalates over the Microsoft-Donland lawsuit, a software developer in Donland has claimed responsibility for the recent whipped cream pie attack on Microsoft's CEO Bill Gates in Brussels this past week. The clandestine developer claims he hired professional Belgian pie-thrower Noel Godin to throw several pies in the face of Gates during the return trip from Switzerland. "I wish I could have been there to see the look on his face when those pies

hit him," the developer said in a phone interview, following up with a squeal of laughter and a snort.

The Donland government denies any involvement in the matter. Microsoft had no comment, but did note that Gates usually prefers Key Lime.



<http://gallery.uunet.be/Wouter.Goderis/>

GDT Countdown

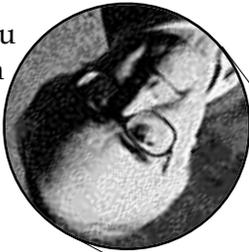
3 issues left to our 100th issue!



History for Dyalexica

by Sean Hammond

Brought to you
by our man in
the...ah, air,
James
Burke™ †

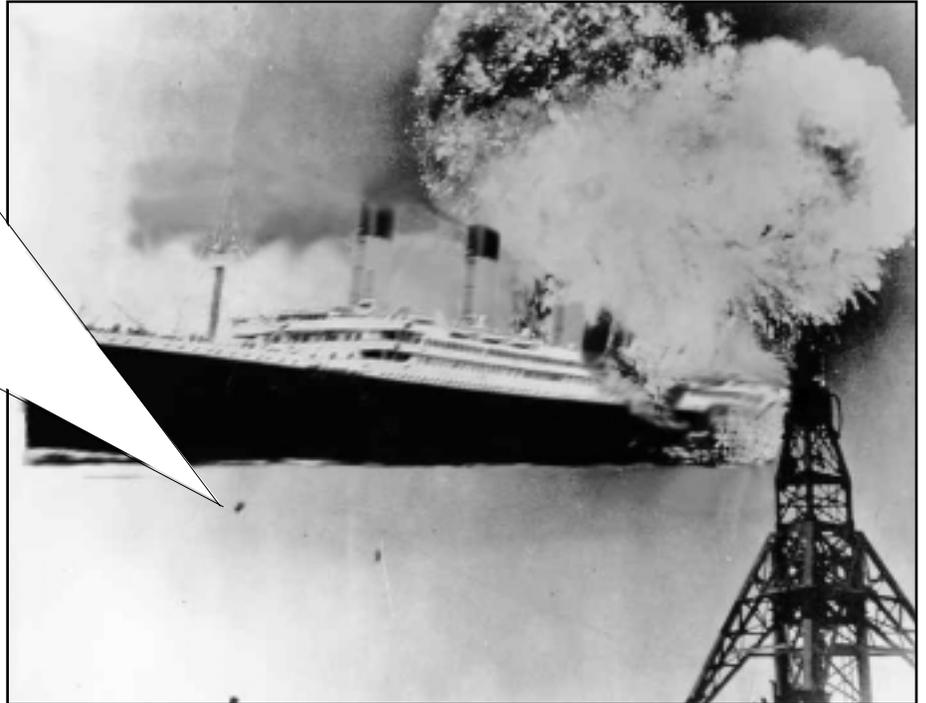


The ship is sailing majestically towards us like some kind of big, waterproof boat. Riding as though it was mighty...mighty proud of the place it was playing in the worlds aviation.

The ship is no doubt bustling with activity. As we can see, orders are shouted to the crew. The passengers are probably lining the portholes looking down at the field ahead of them, getting their first glimpse of the mooring mast.

It's practically standing still now. They've dropped anchors out of the nose of the ship, and, uh, it's been taken hold of down on the field by a number of men. It's starting to rain again. The rain had, uh, slacked up a little bit....

The back motors of the ship are just holding it, uh, just enough to keep it from — it's burst into flame! Get this shot! Get this shot! It's



fire, and it's crashing! It's crashing terrible! Oh my—get out of the way, please! It's burning, bursting into flames, and and it's falling on the mooring mast. And all the folks—this is terrible! This is one of the worst catastrophes in the world. Oh, flames going, oh, four- to five-hundred feet in the sky!

And it's a terrific crash, ladies and gentlemen! The smoke and the flames now, and the frame is crashing down into the ground, not quite to the mooring mast. Oh, the humanity....

† James Burke™ is copyright © 1965-1998 BBC-TV and the Discovery Channel.

Bear Bones

by David Berenson, *the Dartmouth*, Dartmouth College



Tourist's Movie Reviews:

-Sean Stanley

This week: "The Boxer"

I have not seen "The Boxer." I don't intend to see it. Daniel Day Lewis in a role where he struggles for his humanity, hope, life, etc????? Naaaahh. Daniel Day Lewis would never make a film like that, now would he? I hate movies!! They suck! Hollywood sucks! I suck for reviewing movies! You suck for reading my reviews! Don't you have a free will of your own? Can't you make the decision to watch the film yourself, without the prodding of pompous, inane critics like myself? Guess not.

I'm sorry. Everything I have said above is a result of my lack of heroin. Hold on while I tie off. My roommates cooking some good black tar right now....gotta spike up.....just waiting for the needle to register.....aahhhhhhhhhhh.

I love movies. I know I'll love the Boxer, and I know you'll love it too. Life is good. Just gonna crank up the Velvet Underground and void for a while.

But seriously folks, I picked "The Boxer" this week because its a useful segue to a feature I want to have from time to time in TMR. I call it "Tourist's Sunday Night Fights", and the way it works is simple. I know you've all played the versus game in one form or another, and I invite you to play along with me. I'll begin this week, and I'll do all the work(pretend like we're in bed, you'll love it). I shall present fights that I would like to see sometime in the near future.

So you're in the civic center, surrounded by bookies, groupies, rednecks, violence junkies, and members of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. The sodium arc lamps above you illuminate the big ring, the main

event, the land of the muscle showdown. Leaning back in your duct taped folding chair, you see the contenders take the corners. The midget from Twin Peaks emerges from the crowd, produces a wireless microphone, and in his signature backwards-speak addresses the crowd -

"Lehts geet redy to roooooooooock..."

The crowd roars as the contest begins. Headlining this evening's fight we have the following:

FIGHT 1: Issac Hays & Issac Hanson vs Jim Henson and Chris Issak.

FIGHT 2:

Encyclopedia Britannica Boy (remember him?) vs Jim Cooke (the Sam Adams guy).

FIGHT 3:

An Olympic Games Commentator vs An Oldies station DJ.

(The opponents sit at a table in the middle of the ring, boom mic headsets on, connected to loudspeakers. Shovels and cans of mace are distributed to the audience and the winner is the one who is beaten senseless FIRST)

FIGHT 4:

Morrisey with a razorblade vs Robert Smith with a shotgun.

(Attacking your opponent is optional in this fight)

FIGHT 5:

Paula Cole and Kareem Abdul Jabbar vs Paula Abdul and Nat King Cole.

FIGHT 6:

The fans at an Indigo Girls concert vs The fans at an Ani DiFranco concert.

FIGHT 7:

Jim Morrison with his peyote bag and Mister Rogers with his colostomy bag vs Van Morrison with his enema bag and Susan Sontag with her douche bag.

WHO WILL WIN??? NOBODY KNOWS!!! HAVE A SAFE EVENING AND PLEASE REFRAIN FROM THROWING THE FOLDING CHAIRS!

And here's where I need your help. Sure, I could come up with this shit all day long (this used to be a game to preserve sanity in extremely boring scenarios), but that's no fun. We live in the "interactive" age, with strange things like "E-Mail." Use it for Christ's sake! I want you to get really loaded on your free-radical of choice and

Warm Thoughts By Gad Berger

Back in my homeland of Venezuela, hiding under loose rocks and dirt sediment in the Amazon river, there lives a tiny little creature called the candiru fish. This fish is actually a parasitic catfish and it probably isn't much of your concern to learn anything about this cute little fish, but it may come in handy someday.

Normally this fish follows streams of warm water that flow from the gills of other, larger fish. When it finds a fish, it swims up into its gills and attaches itself with spines that protrude from its own gills. This causes the fish to bleed, and in turn gives the candiru a continuous, nutritious blood stream.

Now, remember the good old days when you would visit your friend Tommy and you'd both play around in his little plastic kiddie pool? Do you remember the time when you were just sitting there, Tommy started smiling at you, and the water felt a little bit warmer? Well, in this type of situation, the candiru definitely would come looking for you. You may think to yourself, now how's a catfish going to attach itself to me? Here's where it gets fun.

Stretching a total of about 40 - 60 millimeters long, and having a width of about 2.5 - 6 millimeters, the candiru can fit through the one opening that's most unpleasant. That's right boys and girls, your urethral opening. As you pee, the candiru starts to follow the pleasantly warm stream up to its source and begins chomping

mail me with the fights you'd like to see. I'll add the best ones to the next "Tourist's Sunday Night Fights". Come on, it'll be swell.

Send them to TOURIST@CSH.RIT.EDU and I'll take care of the rest. Thanks ahead of time, and dare to keep kids off black tar heroin!

OOPS!
IN LAST WEEK'S GDT (VOLUME 9, ISSUE 7) THE TEXT TO THE RIGHT OF JACK "SCARY MOTHERFUCKER" NICHOLSON" WAS OBSCURED. WE'RE NOT SURE HOW IT HAPPENED, SINCE WE PROOF READ THE ISSUE PRIOR TO GOING TO PRINT, BUT WE APOLOGIZE.

through the first opening it finds with its upper front teeth. Once it crawls its way up to its desired living ground, it ejects its spines and latches on to your honker with a power grip that that far surpasses the one that Suzy Mitchell gave you in 9th grade. Now for women, like I said, choose an opening.

The thought of just having a fish hanging around your tweeter isn't pretty, but how about removal of the fish? Of course you can't just rip the fish out, or burn it out, you have to have surgery. If you're rolling around in pain somewhere in the Amazon river, chances are that surgery might mean amputation. Basically, blockage of the urethral canal can be fatal.

The only other two methods of removal that I know of are the Xaquá plant, and the buitach apple. I don't know much about these two, but I do know that they kill and actually dissolve the fish.

So, now that you know about the candiru, you might want to go to the Amazon river and try to catch a few. You could post a "Beware of Candiru" sign, rather than the lame "Please leave the 'P' out of our 'ool'" one in front of your pool. At least you know you'll be laughing when Tommy starts jumping around, screaming and holding himself like he really has to pee.

The Enunciator

"The News and Views They Can't Make Fit"

By James D'Angelo

Is Marijuana NORML?

THIS YEAR THE ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY HAS SEEN AN INCREDIBLE SPATE OF CLUBS AND STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS FORM AND ORGANIZE, BUT NONE HAVE GENERATED MORE CONTROVERSY—OR PRODUCED MORE FLYERS—THAN THE ROCHESTER CANNIBAS COALITION. THE GROUP HAS A SIMPLE GOAL: TO END CRIMINAL SANCTIONS AGAINST MARIJUANA USERS AND PRODUCERS. I HAD AN OPPORTUNITY, AFTER MANY DELAYS AND RESCHEDULINGS, TO SIT DOWN AND TALK TO THE GROUP'S PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER SHEA GUNTHER. THE RESULTS FOLLOW.

The Enunciator: Let's start with the basic question, why?

Shea Gunther: Why marijuana should be legal?

TE: Why did you decide to get into this? Why and when did you get this idea into your head?

SG: Basically, it was last year. I started looking at the issue, checking out sources, facts on the internet, some books, and I found that everything I'd been taught about marijuana and drugs in particular has been a lie.

TE: You don't have to answer this, but did you use marijuana in high school?

SG: I tried it a couple of times, never really used it a lot.

TE: One person, so what. What gave you the idea to take this to the rest of the RIT

population?

SG: I guess it was because I see a problem, a big problem, and I just want to do my part in trying to solve that problem. I figured the best way to do that was to get people organized and work towards the same I want to.

TE: One of the things that, in my opinion, attracted attention to your group, was when you counter attacked an anti-marijuana display in the SAU[Student Alumni Union].

SG: That display pretty much used all the hype; "marijuana causes brain damage", "marijuana makes you lazy", "marijuana causes lung damage", and so on and so forth. And we confronted them—the SAISD[a substance group concentrating on the deaf population at RIT]—with the facts, and we were told that they respected us for our opinion, but that the display was staying up. So we did posterage just letting people know that what was in the display was not right.

TE: I heard on the news, and you told me later, that you actually had problems getting you club organized.

SG: We didn't have problems getting organized. The school attempted to deny us recognition before we even applied for recognition, and we let them know that we weren't gonna let them shut us down like that.

TE: Were you thinking of having to bring in the ACLU or someone like that?

SG: We had the backing of the ACLU and the National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws(NORML), as well as some other private lawyers backing us up. I mean we had a rock-solid case, the school



was right in backing down so quickly.

TE: The other question I have is that do you fear that with marijuana legalization that you may see a domino effect?

SG: I would actually hope so. The way we deal with drugs now is counter-productive, and doesn't accomplish anything. We criminalize a large portion of our population because they chose to use a recreational drug besides that which the government says you should use: alcohol and tobacco. The whole drug situation has been hyped up. Drugs are not a major problem in the United States, drug prohibition is, and drugs are just an excuse that politicians use to blame anything bad on.

TE: Would you not say though, that legalizing marijuana and other drugs would in a sense be a concession to the drug kingpins?

SG: NO! The drug kingpins don't want drugs legalized at all, they'd lose all their profits. You legalize drugs, you end all the criminal syndicates involved in drugs. The big drug people, they don't want it legalized, that's the worst thing that could happen to their business. Italy has actually legalized drugs in an effort to battle the mafia because they were making a lot of money off drugs.

TE: OK, you always mention that the media has a war on drugs, but I've noticed that in the past 5-6 years that many branches of the media, specifically the music industry, have embraced the idea[of legalization]. Do you see maybe a double standard there?

SG: No, I don't think that at all. The media as a whole has been the lapdog of the drug warriors. They report things unchecked, they don't get alternate sources, they don't check the other viewpoint. As far as the

music industry... I don't think it's been an industry-wide thing. Some bands have expressed their support for drugs like marijuana.

TE: I know of two, Cypress Hill, which was a "rap" group and the other is the Dave Matthews Band.

SG: Dave Matthews is very informed on the issue; he's been big into the hemp issue, industrial hemp, and just because someone has waken up to the fact that marijuana isn't such a bad thing, I don't think it is a conspiracy.

TE: I didn't mean to imply it was a conspiracy.

SG: Well it's definitely not an industry wide thing.

TE: This is a personal question. What is the difference between hemp and cannabis? Actually that's probably a question that a lot of people want to know.

SG: Well hemp is cannabis. Cannabis comes in many different forms, as far as plant wise. The plant people use to grow marijuana as a drug has a high content of THC and other cannabinoids. Industrial hemp actually cannot be used as a drug, it's just the plant form without cannabinoids, or very low concentrations. And it's an incredible thing, it can be used to make over 30,000 products. . .

TE: The main thing I see it used for is clothing, and I'm assuming that. . .

SG: Nope. Paper, it's going to replace tree paper. It's going to replace fossil fuels, it's going to replace plastics. You can use it as biomass to convert it into a fuel.

TE: You mentioned cannabinoids. Are those the chemicals that make marijuana a drug as opposed to a plant?

SG: The cannabinoids. THC, CBD, CBN, I'm not exactly how many there are, but

they're what causes the...

TE: High...

SG: Yeah.

TE: I'm just curious.

(Writer's note: According to Mr. Gunther the brain has receptors that respond to cannabis. This is why it is non-addictive and non-fatal)

TE: When you say legalization, do you mean total legalization? Unrestricted?

SG: There should be no criminal sanctions against adults purchasing marijuana. We should deal with underage marijuana use the same way we deal with underage drinking.

TE: In your opinion, what should the legal age be for marijuana use.

SG: 18.

TE: Same as cigarettes?

SG: Yeah.

TE: I know there's a tax on tobacco, and on alcoholic beverages. Do you think there should be some sort of marijuana tax?

SG: Marijuana's a different thing to try to tax than alcohol or tobacco, just the fact that it's easy to produce it. What I think will happen is that commercial hemp products will be taxed, but citizens will be free to grow and use it at a local level as well. Sorta like vegetable gardens.

TE: I've also heard that marijuana has medicinal properties?

SG: Yeah. Marijuana is an incredible medicine. It's been used as a medicine by mankind for thousands of years. Right now it can be used to fight AIDS Wasting Syndrome, which is a condition caused by AIDS and the drugs used to fight AIDS. It causes people to lose all appetite and they actually waste away.

TE: Ugh!

SG: Marijuana is actually an appetite

increaser, and it allows AIDS patients to...

TE: Eat.

SG: Yes. It's a great anti-nausea medicine. People who have chemotherapy, go through some AIDS treatments, can use marijuana to fight nausea. Marijuana can also be used to fight glaucoma, it has been used to reduce the size of tumors. It can be used as a muscle relaxant for people who have diseases like MS. It's used in some countries for childbirth pains, headaches, migraines.

TE: Interesting. So when does the group meet.

SG: Fridays, 4:20PM in the Ritz[basement of RIT's Student Alumni Union] we meet at 4:30 now.

TE: Thank you for your time.

The Religious Wrong:

Out of Context and into your Life

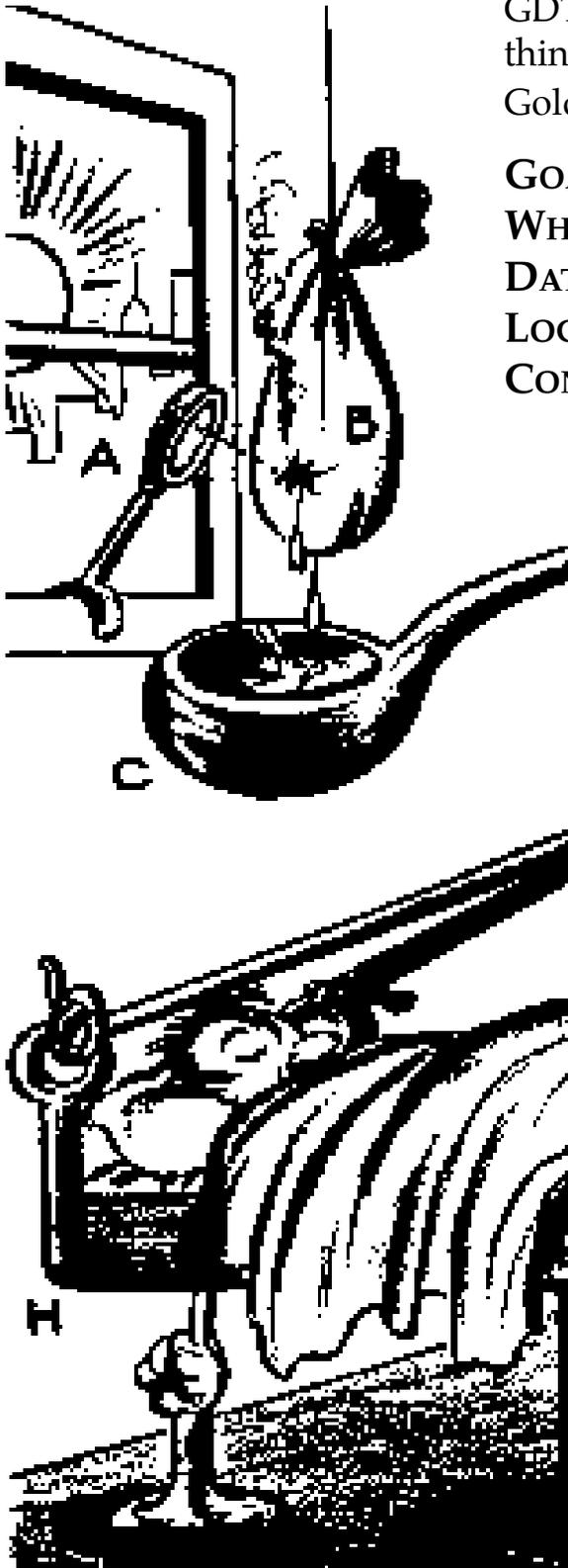
The ACLU, NOW, People for the American Way, Americans United for Separation of Church and State, the Gau-Lesbian Caucus, the National Education Association, the Communist Party U.S.A., the National Council of Churches, and all of their left-wing allies have lost. The strategy against the American radical left should be the same as General Douglas MacArthur employed against the Japanese in the Pacific... bypass their strongholds, then surround them, isolate them, bombard them, then blast the individuals out of their power bunkers with hand-to-hand combat. The battle for Iwo Jima was not pleasant, but our troops won it. The battle to regain the soul of America won't be pleasant either, but we will win it!

—Pat Robertson, Pat Robertson's Perspectives, April/May 1992

"Stop the Noise!"

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +



GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: TBA, RIT

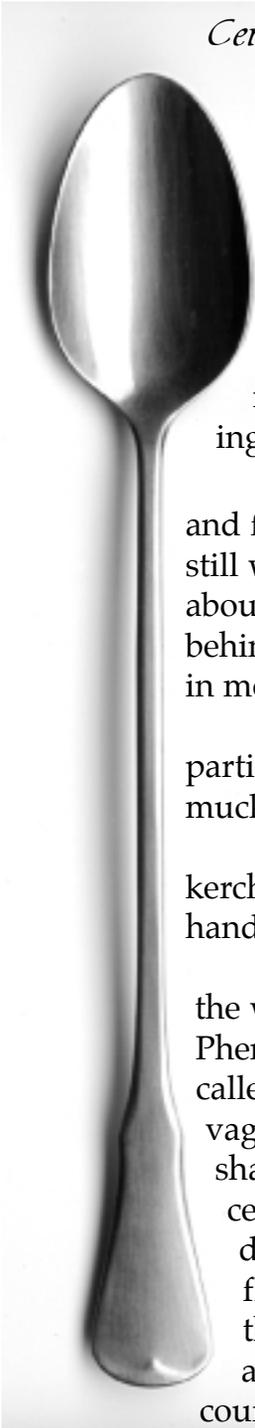
CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be an upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.

Flatland Phenomenon

By Edward Heffernan



Jed really did not want to be out in this swamp in the middle of the night looking for a flying saucer. The moon overhead bled out only a nail clipping's worth of light, and Jed cursed himself for the dozenth time for not bringing a flashlight bigger than the one on his little keychain. Around him, the night air of the swamp was thick and cloying. His feet repeatedly stepped into things squishy and unidentifiable, while his ears were filled with the chirping of crickets and the occasional nocturnal bird.

In front of him, stumbling along with as much grace as he was, was the source and focus of his misery, a rather short and chubby man bearing the name Virgil. Jed still was not sure how Virgil had maneuvered him into coming out here. Something about the way his face puffed up, and how his eyes went slightly out of focus behind his inch thick glasses when he grew excited about something. Jed had given in more out of exasperation than any real interest in what they were seeking.

"Let me get this straight again," Jed said, as they wormed their way through a particularly thick thatch of palmetto bushes. "We are walking up to our ankles in muck, out in the middle of nowhere, to see a flying saucer leave a crop circle?"

Virgil paused a moment, and mopped his face with a somewhat soiled handkerchief. "No, I told you in the car, we are here to see a flatland phenomenon" The handkerchief had left a smudge on Virgil's face.

Virgil turned and resumed his trekking, and Jed sighed and followed him. On the way over, Virgil had been babbling about what he called 'The Flatland Phenomenon.' Apparently in the previous century, a writer had created a story called *Flatland*. From what Jed could make from Virgil's long winded and somewhat vague description, the story was about a bunch of two dimensional geometric shapes that lived in a flat world. Being two dimensional, the shapes had no concept of up or down, only the ability to move left and right and so on. Well, one day a sphere decided to pass through flatland. Now, to the horrified citizens of flatland whom had no concept of third dimensional space, it seemed to them that a single tiny dot had appeared out of nowhere, and began to grow bigger and bigger, and then smaller and smaller, until it finally vanished all together. Of course this was simply the circumference of the sphere passing through the flat world, but to the squares and ovals and triangles living in flatland, it was an inexplicable mystery.

Ahead of Jed, Virgil made a grunt of surprise.

"Did you see that? Was that a rat? That was the biggest fucking rat I've ever seen. Shine your light over there, tell me how big that rat is." Drool came out of Virgil mouth when he got excited, and Jed waved his light around the swamp more out of a defense to escape a fine spray of spittle than to search for a rat. But luck was with him, and his light caught the reflection of a possum giving them a baleful look. It soon scurried back into the trees.

"It was just a possum." Jed explained.

Virgil shot one more suspicious look after the little quasi-mammal, and then continued trudging on. Jed soon became bored with the monotonous of the dark swamp, and spoke to Virgil

some more.

"OK, yeah, you told me about flatland, but what does that have to do with flying saucers?"

"I never said anything about flying saucers," Virgil said over his shoulder. "I said crop circles. You're the one who linked together crop circles and flying saucers."

"My mistake," Jed muttered.

Suddenly they broke out of the thin expanse of trees into a wide open clearing. The starlight from above provided a little more light, and Jed was able to clearly see the wide bed of peat moss spread out before them. In the summer months it

would be thick with water and uncrossable without an airboat. But the cool winter days had dried it out, leaving a wide circle of dry moss, springy underfoot. Virgil seemed satisfied, and sat down. From a fanny pack he pulled out a bottle of water, and took a long pull. Jed looked on enviously, but when Virgil pulled the bottle from his mouth, and a thin umbilical cord of drool linked the bottle and his mouth, all thoughts of asking for a sip evaporated from Jed's mind.

"Crop circles," Jed muttered. "With no crops in sight."

Virgil heard him and spoke up. "Well, of course not. We are not here to see a crop circle, but to see what makes them. Crop circles are evidence of flatland phenomena. I think they happen fairly often, but only when they leave some evidence of their passing to people realize that they had been there."

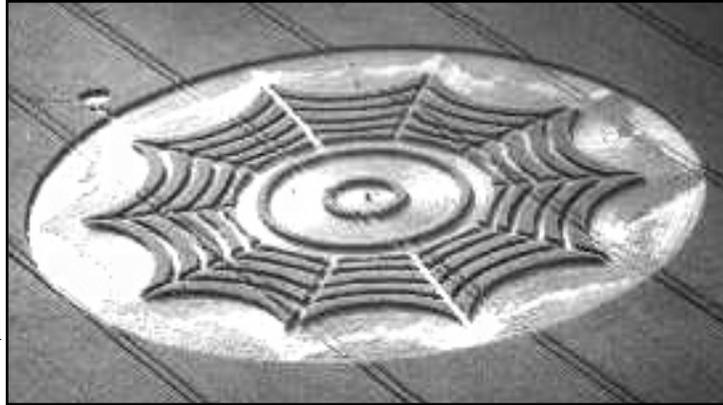
"But crop circles are fake," Jed protested. "I saw it on the discovery channel. Some old guy made them with a board and a piece of rope. People have been copying him ever since."

"Or maybe," Virgil said in bright tones

"That old man copied the real thing"

Jed shook his head and flicked away a mole cricket that had been climbing on his shoe. "Well, just explain again how these crop circles fit in with you 'flatland phenomena'."

Virgil turned and spoke to Jed in tones usually reserved for the mentally retarded. "OK, I told you before, but I'll make it a little simpler. Remember in flatland, the sphere



passed through their world, and they simply did not know what to make of it. Well, I think that is what is happening here. Crop circles are evidence of something passing through our planet, perhaps even our universe.

Those strange geometric designs left on the ground are only a shadow of something that exists with more dimensions to it than we can comprehend. In fact, I even tried to model it on a computer, expanding the image left in crop circles to a form we would be able to comprehend."

This actually caught Jed's attention. "Yeah? What did it look like?" Virgil's face clouded up. "I couldn't get the program to run" he muttered.

Jed suppressed a snicker. "Alright, so if these crop circles happen fairly often, why don't they happen more often?" he pressed.

"Oh, I don't know. You need people to be able to see something. My theory is that electrical current may disrupt a crop circle from forming. With a power lines running under foot and overhead nearly every place there are people, its not surprising they don't form."

"Ah" Jed said. "And how do you know one is going to form out here?" Virgil's face took on the inner glow of pure narcissism. "Calculations" he said simply.

Jed decided not to press the subject, and sat in silence. About forty five minutes passed slowly, and Jed was starting to get pissed. He

had flicked off about a half a dozen bugs, and was afraid he might have missed one or two. He was about to tell Virgil he was leaving, When the squat man took in a sudden hiss of breath.

“Look” Virgil whispered in hushed tones.

Jed looked out across the open expanse of peat moss and saw nothing. But then he followed Virgil's pointed finger up, and felt his heart skip a beat. Because the stars were moving. He gazed at them in wonder, for they seemed to weave back and forth into one particular spot in the sky, like some strange cosmic ballet. After a moment he realized that the stars themselves were not moving, but their light was being reflected and distorted through something. Something coming down from the sky.

A breeze began to briskly move through the swamp, and Jed felt the hair on his arms stand on end. He still could not make out what he was looking at. He could only make out its shape through the distorted stars, and the way those kept shifting and swarming led him to believe that perhaps the object was constantly changing shape. Next to him Virgil began to babble.

“See it? See it? Didn't I tell you! Fuck! I did not bring a camera. It doesn't matter, people would just think it was doctored anyway. Look at that thing! What do you think it is? Its coming down.” Virgil's Eyes grew wide. “I'm going to go see it up close.”

Jed was about to protest, to say that maybe that was not such a good idea, but before he could start, Virgil sprinted off to the center of the clearing, his footsteps noiseless on the springy peatmoss, his arms waving wildly to the (Jed hated the cliché) unidentifiable object coming down from the sky. What

happened Next, Jed saw very clearly. The odd phenomenon drifted down and enveloped Virgil. For a single clear moment, Virgil was seen distorted, arms stretched in odd directions, legs stretched longer than was naturally possible. Then Jed covered his mouth in horror as Virgil began to sink into the ground. The last expression on Virgil's face was one of surprise, and then he was gone.

Jed stood there, unmoving, for perhaps ten minutes. His brain tried to grasp what he had seen, but failed. He wondered if anyone would come looking for Virgil, and what he would tell them if he was asked. He didn't think too long.

“Swamp gas” he muttered, then headed back to his car.



Students on the Move

By A.S. Zaidi

From October 31 to November 2, 1997, hundreds of students from around the nation gathered for the Democracy Teach-in Organizing Conference at the University of Chicago. Cosponsored by the Center for Campus Organizing (CCO), the Alliance for Democracy and the United States Student Association, the conference was held in preparation for the March 1-7, 1998 university teach-ins and the May 1, 1998 Day of Action to End Corporate Dominance.

Activists attended workshops such as "How to Investigate Your University," "Student Activist Radio," and "Using Campus and Community Media" in order to learn the nuts and bolts of campus organizing. In a plenary session, there was a roll call of universities, at which students described their campaigns. These included recycling, democratizing trustee boards, and research into military and corporate contracts with universities. University of Florida students have established a "War Department" to deal with their current crisis. At one point, a large contingent strode on to the stage, taking up its entire length. "At the University of Wisconsin we eat corporations for breakfast," said a young woman as she introduced her fellow activists.

Judging from the sit-ins and building takeovers, the upsurge in graduate student organizing, and the spate of publications on the academic labor crisis, it appears that our campuses are no longer the "hotbeds of social rest" that Abby Hoffman once decried. Its about time. Tenure and affirmative action are under fire, public education is being privatized, and higher education in general is increasingly subject to the exigencies of the military. Tuition at public colleges soared 256% from 1980 to 1995, while prices rose just 85%, thus jeopardizing access for the poor. Karen Arenson points out in the January 27, 1997 *New York Times*, that "affluent students were nearly four times as likely as the poorest to graduate

from college by age 24 in 1979, but nearly ten times as likely in 1994."

Corporate control has emerged as a defining issue of our times. Corporate ownership of our media, resources, and politicians has made it difficult to address concerns such as global warming, pollution, and human rights. In his address to conference participants, Richard Grossman noted that corporations have the laws and the violence of the state at their disposal. Activists who attempt to halt the destruction of the remnants of the redwood forests are often clubbed, pepper-sprayed and arrested for their efforts. Grossman predicts that this situation will continue until we reform laws that allow corporations to pollute, exploit, and do what they are constituted to do, i.e. maximize profits.

The first Democracy Teach-in organizing conference in August 96, which drew 55 activists, led to teach-ins at 45 campuses in October 96. This years organizing conference drew 250 activists and over 100 campuses are expected to participate in the March 98 teach-ins. The CCO has helped build momentum, creating e-mail discussion lists and an invaluable bimonthly, *Infusion*, which is available for \$25 (\$15 for students) from CCO, Box 748, Cambridge, MA 02142.

In so far as it claims to nurture the life of the mind and spirit, the university is surely an appropriate place to challenge corporate power. The contradictions between the ideals and realities of our society are most apparent there. In order to succeed, activists will need to foster a sense of empathy and shared struggle in places that, until now, have been characterized in large measure by competition and isolation.

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Tel: (608) 262-9036**



End Game

"Insofar as we conquer the demons who stir up war and disturb peace, we perform better service for our ruler than they who bear the sword."

-Origen, Against Celsus

THE END IS NIGH. READ YOUR REVELATIONS, YOUR NOSTRADAMUS, YOUR EDGAR CAYCE, YOUR HOPI PROPHECY, YOUR NEWSPAPER. THE WAR IS COMING AND THERE IS LITTLE THAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT.

BUT IF OUR BELIEFS ARE AS POWERFUL AS MYSTICS AND QUANTUM PHYSICISTS SAY, THEN PERHAPS THERE IS A BACK DOOR TO — IF NOT AVOID THE BATTLE — THEN AT LEAST MAKE IT SOMETHING WE'D TAKE THE KIDS TO WATCH. CHANGE WHAT WE KNOW, AND THE UNIVERSE CHANGES; CHANGE WHAT WE EXPECT, AND MAYBE THE OUTCOMES CAN BE DIFFERENT AS WELL...

The chill of the autumn air covered the field in a frigid embrace, permeating the brutally cut grass and arrogantly tall dandelions towering over the surrounding monocots. Toward the edge, near a stand of poplars washed out and faded by a light mist, an old bucket stood lonely vigil. Left behind by a forgetful child, its handle askew where the elements had breached its armor and given it cancer, the galvanized grigori sat in silent witness to the trees and grass. Within its pitted and fouled interior, water pooled, offering sanctuary to mosquitoes in the warmer months, and slime as the year progressed. Currently it was the final resting place of a field mouse that had fallen in while getting a drink. For a long time the panicked creature had scratched at the sides, desperately trying to get out of the silent vessel. But the water was too still, the sides too smooth, and now the creature softly floated in the stygian fluid.

It had rained in the night, and water still rolled along the barren tree branches in its winding course to the earth. With metronomic regularity came the plopping sound of water drops captured by the bucket; one more diversion before reaching the soil, the rock, the hidden river far under the land. On the verge of overflowing, the sodden and decomposing body of the rodent gently rested against the side of the bucket, finally on the verge of escaping in death that which had claimed it in life.

From the sky came the clamor of voices like thunder. Great horns brayed and a cacophony of sound assaulted the ground. As the noise grew louder, the bucket began to vibrate. The moist and lichen covered branch which the water filled bucket partially rested upon offered poor support and with little ceremony, the bucket fell onto its side sending the tuberculoidal water across the already sodden earth. Unaware of its freedom, the mouse stay where it lay.

As the bucket stopped its motion, the source of the commotion appeared above the trees from the east and descended to the field. Like men, but greater in size and stature, the beings could be nothing but the focus of any land-



<http://angel4u.com/gif/angelsm.gif>

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scape. Their very existence made everything around them fade from view, become pastel, less real.

Angels made their way across the open spaces and walked in the world of men unafraid.

If the bucket were sentient, it would have immediately felt kinship for these divinely inspired creatures. In the field before it were the Watchers—those cast from Heaven and bound to the Earth, cursed to always be among, but never of, the world. All about the field, despite what the senses revealed, the impression of eyes and wings in unfathomable numbers was overwhelming.

Legend had conditioned Man to expect leather winged demons with horns and cloven feet, but the Watchers were beautiful to the point of pain. Surely the Army of God would be so much more.

In the distance other angels could be seen in pursuit. Far to the east the Heavenly Host had routed the demons and were chasing them across the globe. The End Time had come and the rebellion would finally be finished. The demons regrouped in the field, their forces in disarray, confused. How best to deal with the coming onslaught?

As their attackers appeared over the trees, the over-riding impression was one of sameness. The Host were so similar to the demons that it became impossible to distinguish between the blessed and fallen. Only their movements betrayed them. The angels moved with fluid grace, assured of their victory, while the demons possessed a ferocity that comes only when one has nothing to lose.

When one is fighting for one's existence.

As the angels descended, Michael spoke to the legions of demons before him.

"Join me. Together we can end this destructive conflict."

As though choreographed, the demons whined, "I'll never join you!"

"It is your destiny."

"No!" they screamed and went on the offensive.

Bagels, pillows, and sillystring filled the autumn sky that was already whispering of winter. In reply, Michael and his followers opened with volleys of matzo, Nerf weapons, and oompah bands. Above the noise of accordions and banjos, the voice of the Serpent could be heard.

"Apple core!"

"Baltimore!"

"Who's my friend?"

To which the imps shouted as one voice, "HIM!" pointing to Gabriel, blowing his bass kazoo.

Flying true, the core of the fruit flew, smashing into the middle of the Angel of Jazz's forehead, sending his horn flying.

With a cry, the fallen ones rejoiced. Their morale renewed, they advanced on the enemy. Intensifying their onslaught by employing their arsenals of serendipity, random number generators, and lots and lots of hard mathematic computations, the angels fell back. With another cry, the demons closed. But from their



<http://members.aol.com/ZZZIMZZZUM/mangel1.jpg>

flank rose the cherubs. At the front Cupid, a morbidly obese infant with grey, unseeing eyes, began to unleash wave after wave of Conversation Heart tipped toothpicks into the ranks of the demons. The air was filled with flashes of Be Mine, Fax Me, and You're Cute and the demons roared out in frustration at being caught from behind. Other cherubs, ducking to avoid being struck by the randomly shot arrows of Cupid, carried sparklers and bubbles. The winged infants came from on high, bombing the demon's positions with circus peanuts and candycorn. The howls of the wretched reverberated across the land.

On the field, Cupid's weapons were

having their effect. Confused demons cast volleys of Immaculate Conception, pin-wheels, and gyros into the sky, against their enemies on the ground, against themselves. Many suddenly found themselves pregnant with a taste for dill pickles.

Rallying His forces, Lucifer began waving His flashlight in an attempt to make it work. Close behind, Azriel arrived to help his comrade-in-arms with new batteries.

"Work, damn you!" came His cry as He struck the case against His crippled leg. In that instant, the light bringer's million watt bulb burst into life, blinding all around

Him, causing several cherub squadrons to careen wildly off course, crashing into and incinerating nearby trees.

From the forest suddenly burst troops of satyrs and nymphs, led by Pan. Eyes rolling in carnal lust, minds rolling in carnal thought, he and his compatriots immediately leap to the aid of the fallen ones and begin to hump the legs of the androgynous Host of God.

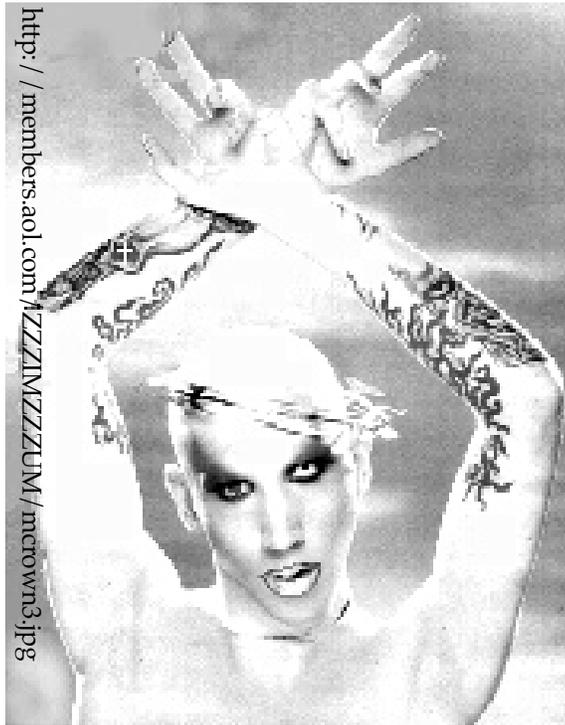
Disturbed by the desperate grunting and grinding of the hairy creatures, along with their all too Earthy fecal smell, the Host fell back into a trap laid by legions of Fae marines. Thousands of spring snakes and Chinese finger cuffs leapt into the sky, incapacitating scores of angels. Seeing his chance, Puck leapt into the fray, fixing the Chinese fingercuffs covering the field to the senseless

fingers of angels. Whole battalions of the Host had to be removed from the field of battle thanks to the bravery of Robin Goodfellow.

Not expecting Gaia's children to help the Rebels, the battle had suddenly turned. In a desperate attempt to restore morale and go on the offensive, the angel's grenadiers donned gas masks and launched volleys of allergens into the enemy ranks. The sound of sneezing and nose blowing was deafening, leveling oaks and making willows whisper, while sucking the air out of the lungs of those closest to the blast zone.

In retaliation Semyaza, extracting himself from the swarming pile of mortal women sent to distract him, called down plagues of blueberry candy canes and angel hair spaghetti. Caught unaware, Uriel and Thelesis were buried under torrents of pasta and sugary sweetness.

Unseen by the combatants, four horsemen had arrived from the compass points



http://members.aol.com/ZZZZZZZZUM/mcrowns3.jpg

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page and bound the field. Pestilence silently picked at acne on his face and absently swatted at flies while Famine busily scoured the field for the Conversation Hearts that had missed their mark.

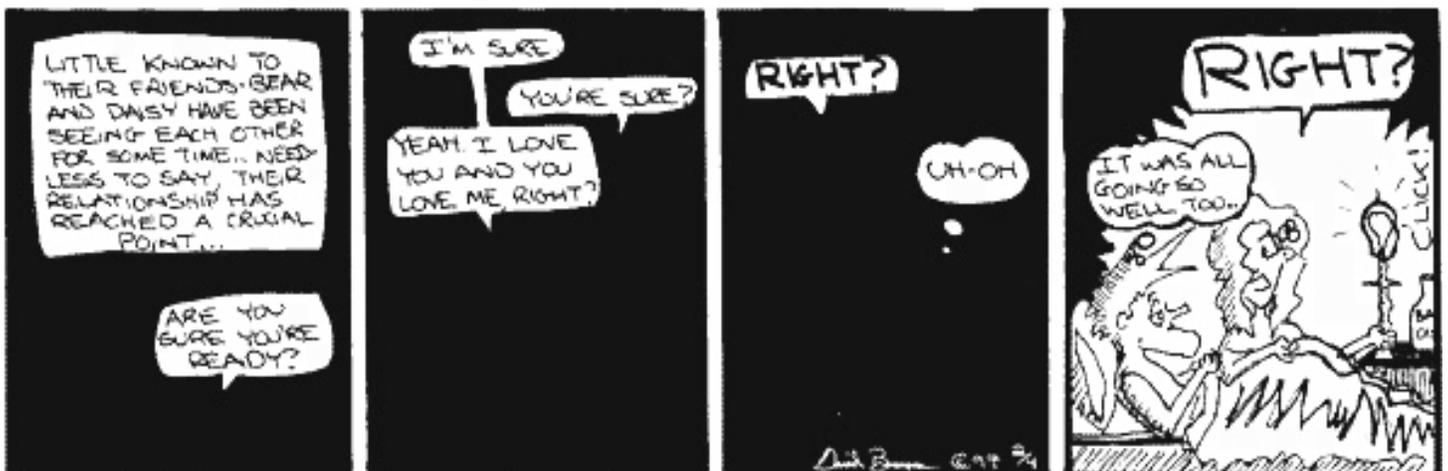
"Mmmm! Cookie good!"

War had brought Athena with him and the two were psychoanalyzing each other by saying the first words that came to mind, and Death was busy discussing the importance of diversifying one's portfolio when investing in the futures market with the translucent spirit of the dead mouse....

AND THE MORAL OF THIS LITTLE STORY? WELL, SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT IF MAN MADE GOD AND HIS HOST IN HIS OWN IMAGE, THEN MAYBE ITS NOT TO LATE TO CLOTHE THEM IN OUR EXPECTATIONS. EXPECT THE ABSURD AND WAR CAN BECOME ENJOYABLE. SWORDS TO PLOWSHARES IS BLASÉ. SWORDS TO WATERBALLOONS IS SO MUCH MORE FUN.

Bear Bones

by David Berenson, *The Dartmouth*, Dartmouth College





An Editor's Note: Hmmm

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 5

By Sean Hammond

I recently heard the cover of Ani DiFranco's newest album while driving and nearly caused an accident. For your entertainment, I present a little comparison.

In a coffee shop in a city
Which is every coffee shop
In every city
On a day which is every day
I pick up a magazine
Which is every magazine
And read a story then forgot it right away

They say goldfish got no memory
I guess their lives are much like mine
The little plastic castle
Is a surprise every time
It's hard to say if they are happy
When they don't seem much to mind

"Little Plastic Castle"

Ani DiFranco, released 17 Feb 1998

Evolution has allowed the domestic goldfish to remain sane by granting them with one of nature's shortest attention spans. It just so happens that the domestic goldfish has the capacity to remember exactly one lap around the bowl. Thus for the goldfish, life is continually new and amazing. During each lap, a goldfish more or less thinks, "This is new! This is new! Wow, this is new!" Those poor goldfish whose attention spans allow

them to realize they are merely swimming in circles simply close their gills and suffocate themselves to escape the boredom of their existence. Thus the fittest survive.

*"The Old-Folk's Home," 7 Jan 1996,
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*

I've jokingly said to friends that goldfish have been bred to have memories just long enough to recall a single lap around their spherical universe. Those cursed with the skill of memory would live mind bogglingly boring lives and eventually kill themselves.

This explains why many goldfish only survive a few days once brought home. They were adapted for aquariums larger than what they were given.

For the survivors, their life is one filled with fascination and wonder. Every sight is the first. Every exploration of the sunken ship or Atlantian castle is unprecedented. To them, everything is new.

*"Editor's Note: Art of Forgetting"
18 January, 1998
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*

GDT Countdown

2 issues left to our 100th issue!



Tourist's Movie Reviews

-Sean Stanley

This week: "Great Expectations"

The film "Great Expectations" is yet another attempt to modernize a classic that should have died years ago. There's a reason for things becoming unpopular as the years progress. Just look at "Birdman" cartoons during the Cartoon Network's "Toonami"—that sucks even more than it sucked back in the sixties.

I didn't expect much from this film as I sauntered into the theatre on Valentine's Day. I went to see it as sort of a tribute to how much love sucks and how dumb Valentine's Day is. But, as a "Everything I've ever done, I've done for you..." film (see also "Some Kind of Wonderful," "Miracle Beach," "Say Anything," and other cheezy 80's flicks) it was on the ball, with Gwyneth Paltrow as a fantastic bitch.

Man was she cold! Just what I needed for the dumbest fuckin' holiday of the year... next to Columbus Day of course.

Anyway, the thing that I noticed was its employment of the "can-i-paint-you-naked?" motif, which brings in the bucks by showing some skin, yet remaining "tasteful" enough for all audiences (see also "Titanic," "As Good As It Gets," and "Sirens"). This gave me a nice semi just as the film was getting a bit boring. Thumbs up.

What bothered me was that the film didn't employ the other well known motif of "can-I-make-your-penis-talk?" Let's face it. True love is not dying for that person, or



devotion beyond all rational thought. True love is not roses, or chocolate, or exotic underbriefs. True love is waking up and looking down to see your penis being manipulated like a little fleshy muppet, by someone *other* than yourself. You know the relationship is serious when you're sitting

there, and you have this dying urge to grab your significant other's tweeter and make it say any of the following:

"Ladies and Gentleman. I am the President of the United States. I am not a crook."

"Heeeellloooo! My name is Peter! Hello up there. I would like a salad!"

"It's so cute! Duhdho bubba, duhdho bubba" (similar to when addressing an infant child).

In the film, this proved to be the most obnoxious oversight. If instead of saying "I want you inside me...", Gwyneth had ripped the sheets off the bed and exposed Ethan's flaccid schlong, grabbed it, yanked it, and said,

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. Duhdho bubba," I would have been able to suspend my disbelief easier. Other than that, the film was nice. It was leaps and bounds better than that goddamn book that everyone was forced to read in the 9th grade. But it goes to show you that sex sells. If they ever make "Oliver Twist" into a Turkish prison sodomy film, you know that I'll be the first one at the door.

P.S. I've gotten a bunch of excellent matches for the next Sunday Night Fights. Keep em coming! Its nice to know you're wasting as much time as I have on that kind of shit.

The Buzz from
DONLAND
 donland.base.org

By Don Rider

**MICROSOFT RESPONDS TO DJD SUIT,
 OBJECTS TO DON AS 'EXTRA-SPECIAL MAS-
 TER' FEBRUARY**

Microsoft today responded to the Donland Justice Department's (DJD) lawsuit over the allegedly illegal bundling of Notepad with Windows 95. In a filing with the Donland Superior Court, Microsoft claimed that removal of Notepad from Windows 95 would render over 100 different Readme, log, and other text-based files "virtually unreadable."

The filing further noted, "There is no way to remove Notepad and enable plain-text reading functionality without also degrading other functionality of Windows 95 because the exact same code provides both types of

functionality." In a second filing, Microsoft objected to the appointment of Don as "extra-special master" in the lawsuit over evidence of an e-mail which shows that Don is biased against the Redmond, Washington based company.

The alleged e-mail, which was sent to a member of the DJD, read "Bill Gates is a ninny. Pass it on."

Microsoft's filing stated that "The position of 'extra-special master' is inappropriate for Don. His unnecessary name-calling of Mr. Gates was uncalled for and unprovoked, and we feel he is no longer 'extra-special.' We request that his title be changed to the more generic 'ordinary master.'"

"What in the world does all that mean?" asked one Donland developer. "It's just more of Microsoft's legalese to confuse the issue. And let's face it, Bill Gates is a ninny."

Don refused to comment on the "ninny" e-mail.

The Religious Wrong:

Out of Context and into your Life

It is interesting that termites don't build things, and the great builders of our nation almost to a man have been Christian, because Christians have the desire to build something. He is motivated by love of man and God, so he builds. The people who have come into [our] institutions [today] are primarily termites. They are into destroying institutions that have been built by Christians, whether it is universities, governments, our own traditions, that we have... the termites are in charge now, and that is not the way it ought to be, and the time has come for a godly fumigation."
 -Pat Robertson, New York, 8/18/86

The Plain Wrong:

In Context and Governing Your Life

State Representative A.J. Spano of Colorado proposed a bill to change the wording being used in the state's air quality scale to downplay the arising pollution problem in Denver.

The federal government's air quality level deemed "hazardous" was to be changed to "poor", "dangerous" to "acceptable", and "very unhealthful" was to become "fair". The final bill, which passed the House Transportation Committee in 1979, changed "unhealthful" to "good" and "moderate" was finalized as "very good."

-Colorado State Legislature,
 Colorado State, United States

“Stop the Noise!” Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +

GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

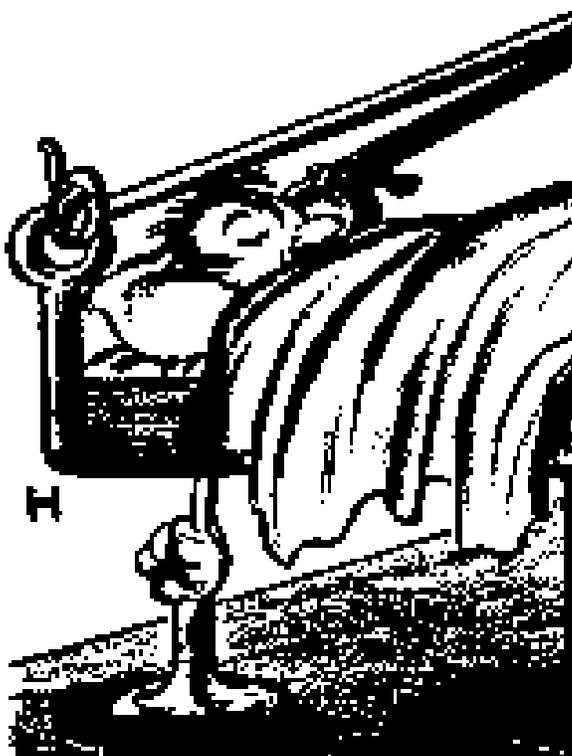
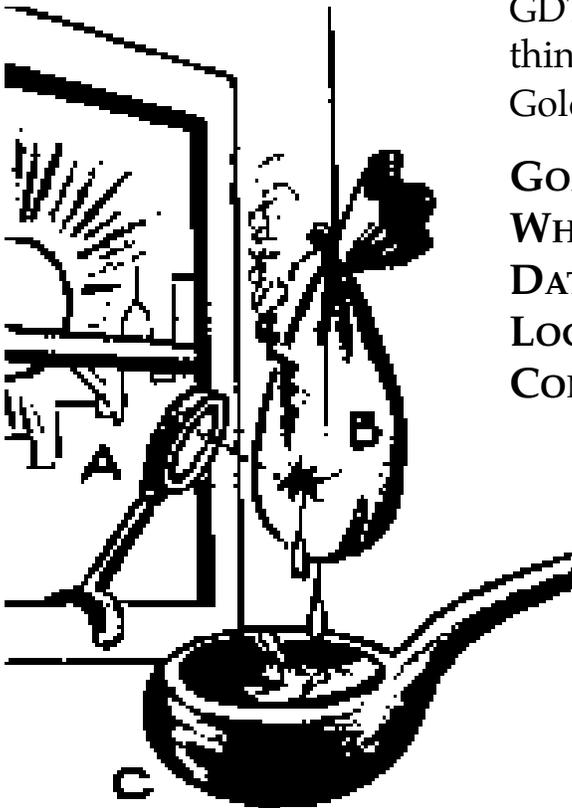
GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: TBA, RIT

CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666



RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be an upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.

Cereal presents...

Icons

By Edward Heffernan

The first thing he became aware of was the pain.

It was an all composing pain, seeping down to the very marrow of his bones, it was the ache of the dead. He felt a tube being forced between his lips, and a warm fluid seeped out of it. He sucked greedily on it like a newborn child. New found vigor flooded into his veins, and he tentatively opened his eyes.

The glare that shone through his cracked eyelids was too strong, and he

quickly shut them again, groaning. He heard a quiet voice speak into his ears.

"Wait a few moments more before you open your eyes," the voice said. "Do you know your name?"

The man thought a moment, and then he croaked in a raspy voice "James Taylor."

Yes, that is who he was.

"Very good" the voice spoke again, "now, can you tell me what 5 times twenty five is?"

"One hundred and twenty five." The answer came to Taylor automatically.

"Very good," The voice repeated. It sounded pleased. "You may open your

eyes now."

Taylor opened his eyes, and it felt like the lids were being weighed down by bricks. The light was there, but it was not as bright, and his eyes slowly adjusted as he gazed around the room. He was laying on a stainless steel table in a white tiled room. Around him stood four or five people, dressed in white operating gowns. Somewhere in the background, a machine hummed a steady tune. One of the doctors spoke into a small box in his hand.

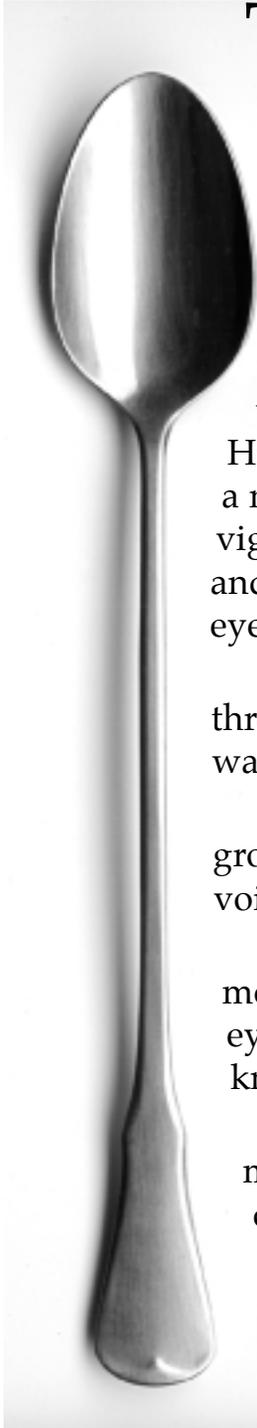
"Reanimation complete."

Taylor suddenly felt the table beneath him shudder, and it slowly whirled until he was in an upright position. He blinked in confusion as the doctors formed a semi-circle around him. Suddenly a door from across the room burst open and a circus stormed in.

At least, that was Taylor's first impression. Two spotlights on wheels were rolled in and clicked on, and an enormous camera mounted on what looked like a tiny ATV rumbled in, and the little impish man operating it pointed it at Taylor and gave him a thumbs up. Two blondes in strained bikini's with gravity defying bosoms grasped each of his arms, and smiled mightily with astonishingly white teeth into the camera. A dozen faceless attendants in bright smocks and bearing clipboards rushed about as though in some other worldly ballet. And from the center of this gaudy confusion sprang a slight man wearing a bedazzling suit of red sparkles and brandishing a gold microphone.

"And I present to you," the man cried with the highly polished exterior of an experienced showman. "Jaaames Taaayloor!"

The room broke into a polite applause while Taylor gawked in horror.



Suddenly he found a golden microphone shoved into his face and some dim part of his mind registered the fact that the microphone was spray-painted. He suddenly became aware that the man in the red suit was talking to him.

“And that is a fact! So tell me James, are you ready to pay for your sins?” Red Suit beamed at him expectantly.

“What? I don't, I mean..” Taylor blubbered in confusion.

Red suit spun around and gave the camera a hearty “Allll-riiight!” and the room once again cheered. One of the people brandishing clipboards yelled “cut!” and the little red light on the monstrous camera winked off. Red suit walked over to the camera man and spoke to him in quick tones.

“Ok, you know the routine. Keep my stuff, dub my voice with a bit of an echo. Edit the stiff, make him snarl a little, maybe have him cough up something about communism, or maybe a racial slur. You get the idea.”

Red suit pulled an odd color cigarette from somewhere within the folds of his gaudy suit, and lit it with a sigh of satisfaction. He then turned and gave Taylor a baleful look.

“Hey Stiff,” he said. “Welcome to the future.”

Taylor then felt the sharp prick of a needle on his arm, and the world went dark again.

.....

When he next awoke, he was laying on a thin but soft bunk, and he dimly heard chattering voices around him. He opened his eyes and sat up, expecting another rush

of aches and pains, but he felt none. His muscles moved like greased ball bearings and his eyes took in the room with sharp focus. He felt good. Confused, but good.

The first thing he saw was a bunk across the room, identical to his. Leisurely sprawled out upon it was a balding yet fit-looking black man who appeared to be in his early thirties. He was idly reading a magazine, and must have felt Taylor's gaze for he looked up from it. He grinned back at

Taylor, then shouted across the room, “Hey Vinnie! Fresh meat is awake!”

Taylor blinked and surveyed the rest of the room. It was long yet narrow, and filled with rows of identical bunks. About a dozen or so men were idly wandering about, chatting with their neighbors or playing cards, or simply just wasting time. The room had the look and feel of something more military than what would be found in a hospital. One of the men dispatched himself from a group and sauntered over to where Taylor was sitting. He gave Taylor a friendly smile and a slap on the back.

“Welcome back to the land of the living,” he said. “What year?”

“Excuse me?” Taylor asked. Confusion seemed to have become a part of his life, lately.

“What year did you die?” The man (Taylor assumed this was Vinnie) asked again, in a matter of fact tone of voice.

Taylor fell into his memories. That's right, he had died. He dimly remembered the hospital room, the distant drone of the priest reading last rites.

He didn't even know he was Catholic. He recalled his mother's sobs, her mascara

running down her face like little blue veins. Only his mother, he thought wryly, would make herself up for her sons death. And his father, the lawyer turned businessman, standing there stony and silent, confident that this was just another problem that his money could solve. His diseased body feeling more and more numb, and the welcoming grasp of death cloaking him like a velvet blanket before the violet cold of the cryogenics chamber entombed him in ice.

"Nineties," Taylor said. "Early nineties."

Vinnie's mouth opened into an 'O' of delight, and hey chortled out "Hey Paul, did you hear that? We've got ourselves a pre-millie here!"

The eyes of the man sitting across from Taylor widened, and he laughed along with Paul. "A pre-millie? My word, what dusty corner did they find your tank in?"

Taylor had just about enough of being left in the dark. "Would someone please simply tell me what is going on?" he pleaded.

The gleam in Vinnie's eyes turned from humor to pity. Pity and understanding. He sat down on the bunk next to Taylor and started to talk.

"Lets go over a little history here first. Way back in the eighties, people started to get the idea of immortality into their heads. But folks kept dying simply because medical science was not that very advanced. Well, after a while some cheery bloke gets the idea into his head of freezing people. Just stick them in a tank full of liquid nitrogen and wait until medical advancements reaches the point where they can be cured."

A lightbulb suddenly flashed inside of Taylor's head. "Wait a minute, you mean all

the people in this room here were.."

"Dead" Vinnie interrupted. "Yeah, at one point, we were all corpsicles. But let me finish our little history lesson here.

"Now, cryogenics is a rather expensive undertaking. Thus only the wealthy were able to be put under. And cryogenics was never really more than a fad, anyways. For about fifty years people were put under and stored away. Then people simply forgot about them."

Taylor nodded for the man to continue.

"Well, time passed. Quite a bit of it, as a matter of fact. Societies rose and societies fell, like the tides in the ocean. The cryogenics people were filed away and forgotten, as their mates died, their children, great grand children, and so on. Then the earth had some big final war, I mean a really big one. All of us here are kind of sketchy of the details, but apparently it scared the people of earth straight. Peace was made, paradise bloomed.

"There is no more crime, no more enemies, no more war."

Taylor thought about that for a moment. "Well, that sounds pretty good, with no more hate in the world."

"Ah.." Vinnie stated with a smile. "I did not say there was any more hate. After all, its basic human nature to hate. But herein lies a problem, who to hate? No one caused any more ill to their neighbors, countries were at peace. So who was left?"

Taylor shrugged.

"The past, that's who," Vinnie said with a flourish of his hands. "Oh, don't look so shocked, you're a pre-millie. So am I, I was bottled away in the early eighties. Think about it for a moment: what about

Nazis? You were brought up to hate Nazis, and everything they stood against. But there were no more Nazis living in your time, not real organized ones at anyrate. Well chap, that's us to these future people. We're the monster of the past."

"Wait a minute," Taylor protested. "I'm no monster, I never hurt anyone. Hell, I spent half my life wasting away on a hospital bed. I hardly even watched the news."

"Doesn't matter," Vinnie replied. "You are from that era. You are a representation of the people who had racism, homelessness, AIDS, large amounts of crime and murders, all sorts of undeclared war. You are an Icon, a focal point for these people to turn their hate energy upon."

Taylor was speechless. He suddenly found himself in a situation where an entire world hated him. He simply had no way of comprehending it.

"So what happens now?" he asked.

"Well, remember when you woke up and saw that sorry looking chap in that truly ugly red suit? That guy is Licon De'Larnec, and he heads the arena. The entire thing is televised across the world. The bloke is a weasel, and I cant say that any of us down here have any real love for him. But he is good, real good. Every week a new show is put on and televised, where the people of the past 'pay for their sins', and that's us chap. Either were in the arena stripped down like roman gladiators whipping each other asses, or debating modern people, or whatever catches the publics fancy at the time."

Taylor felt his Jaw drop open. "That's barbaric," he said.

It was Vinnie's turn to shrug now. "Is it? Is it really? Most people think like you

when they are first woken up. Even me. But look at the situation. To begin with, we are alive. Hell, I was eighty seven when I was put under, wasting away from colon cancer. Colon cancer, man. That means my asshole was eating me alive. But look at me now."

Vinnie flexed a massive bicep, which was tanned and oiled and solid as a rock.

"Yeah, I know, your thinking about how great you feel too. Medical science is a wonder these days. But most important, you're alive. Its not exactly a second chance, but you're alive. And you're helping world peace. Sure, people will scream at you, hate you, and blame you for any situation that might happen in their honest little lives. But everyone knows you."

The man in the bunk across from them called out "Hell, I got playing cards with my name on it."

Vinnie snorted and called back "Yeah, but so far your rookie card ain't worth shit. My action figures are selling off the shelf." Vinnie laughed as the other man scowled.

He then turned back to Taylor, eyes bright, a smile on his face. "What do you say, kid, give it a shot? Not much else to do around here."

Taylor did not think long. Half a life spent wasting away, when he could have been running or jumping or just screaming out in Joy. Sure, he would give it a shot. After all, he had nothing to lose.

"Lets get some commies." He said with a grin.

The Author would love to hear what you think, you may email him at ejh7678@ritvax.rit.edu