



## 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 herdsmen, birch, birch, birch.

Hoard- Past tense of whore.

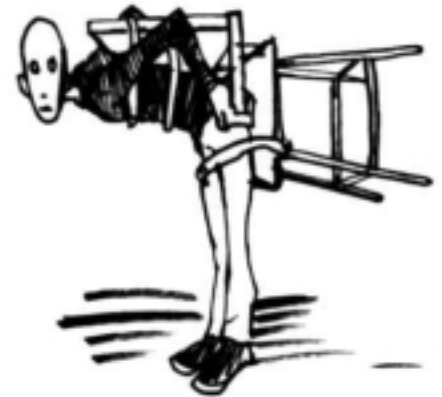
Kathisomania - Uncontrollable compulsion to sit.

Knolvolk - Tuber People.

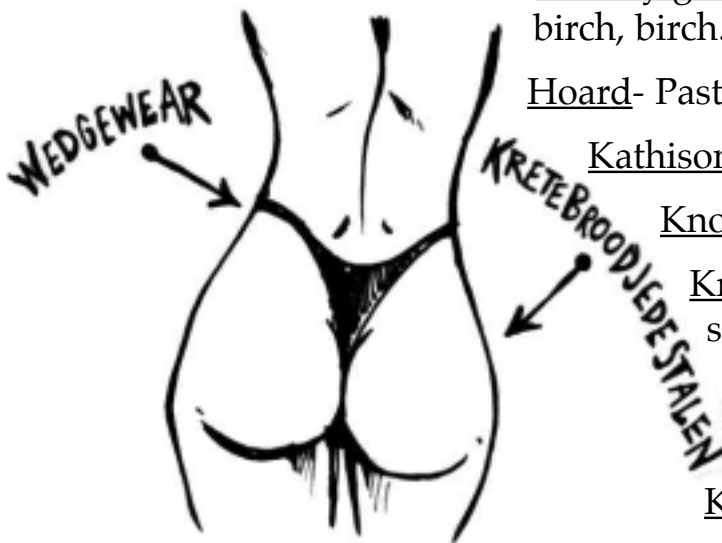
Krautvolkfrissconditusknolphobia - The fear of spicy tubers eating German people.

Krautvolkissconditusknolphobia - The fear of German people eating spicy tubers.

Kretebroodjedestalen - Buns of steel.



KATHISOMANIA



Continued on page 2 of GDT...

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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.<sup>†</sup> 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

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<sup>†</sup> \*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.

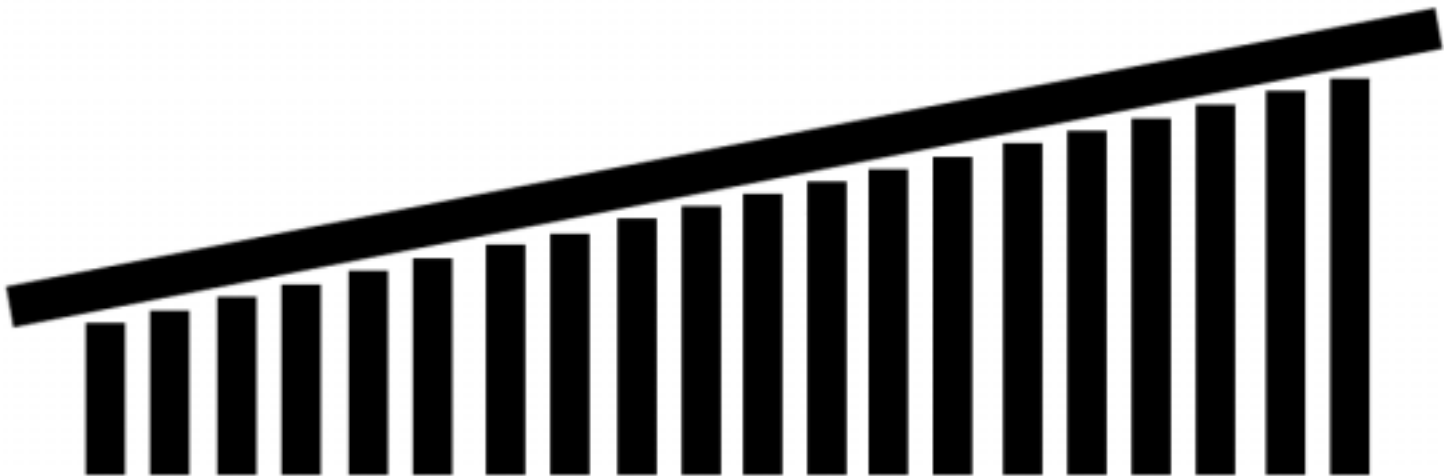
By this time I was having nightmares about the issues. In them, they looked like *Raygun* but had the content of *Reporter*. I woke up screaming.

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.

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# 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.

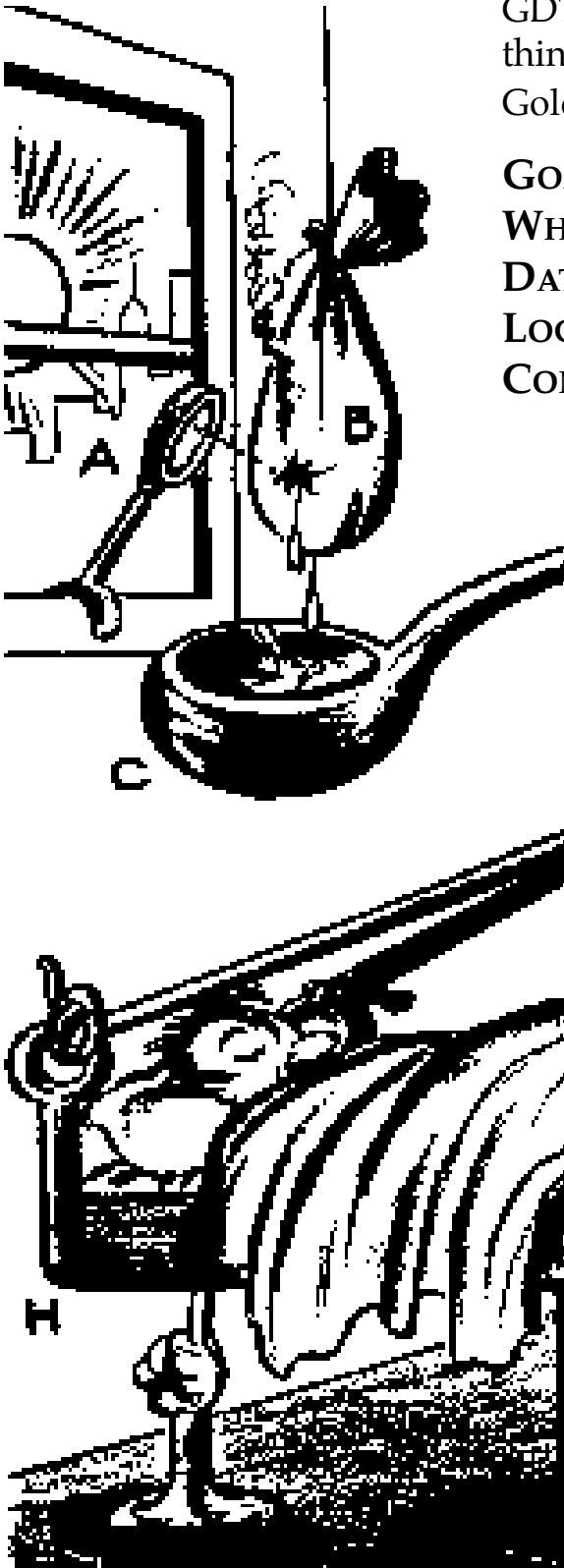
**GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.**

**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.
- 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.

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.

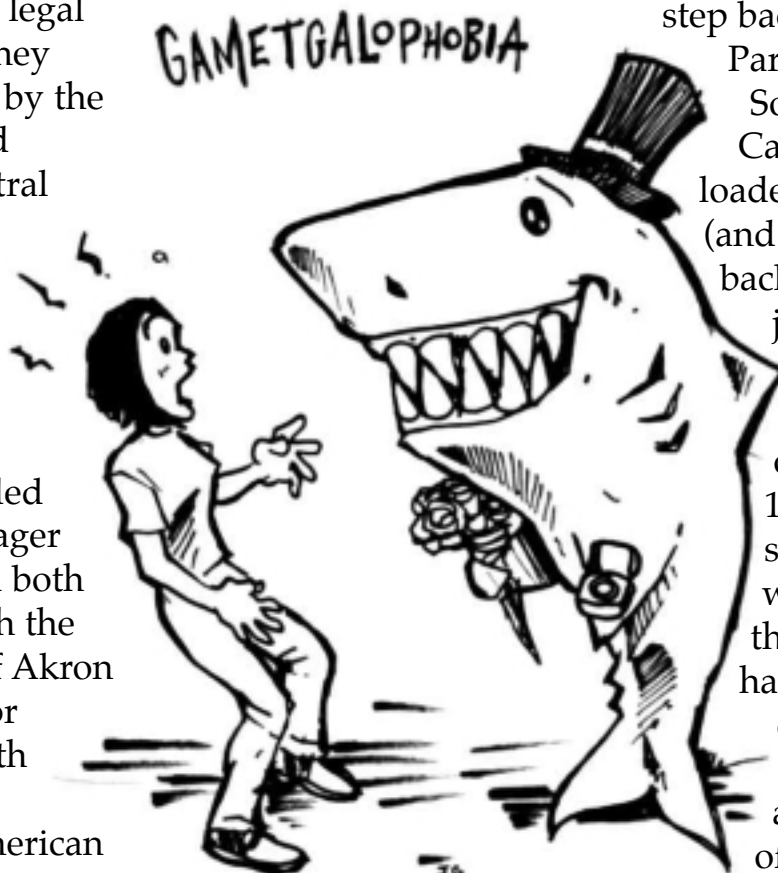
With the election of President Clinton in 1992, there have been

some small steps forward. But the rise of the Right in congress

has put the right to choose under legisla-

tive 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!

*Visit [www.rit.edu/~jld2705/enunciator/enunciator\\_home.html](http://www.rit.edu/~jld2705/enunciator/enunciator_home.html) for more material from The Enunciator. Or contact us at [jld2705@grace.isc.rit.edu](mailto:jld2705@grace.isc.rit.edu)*

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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?

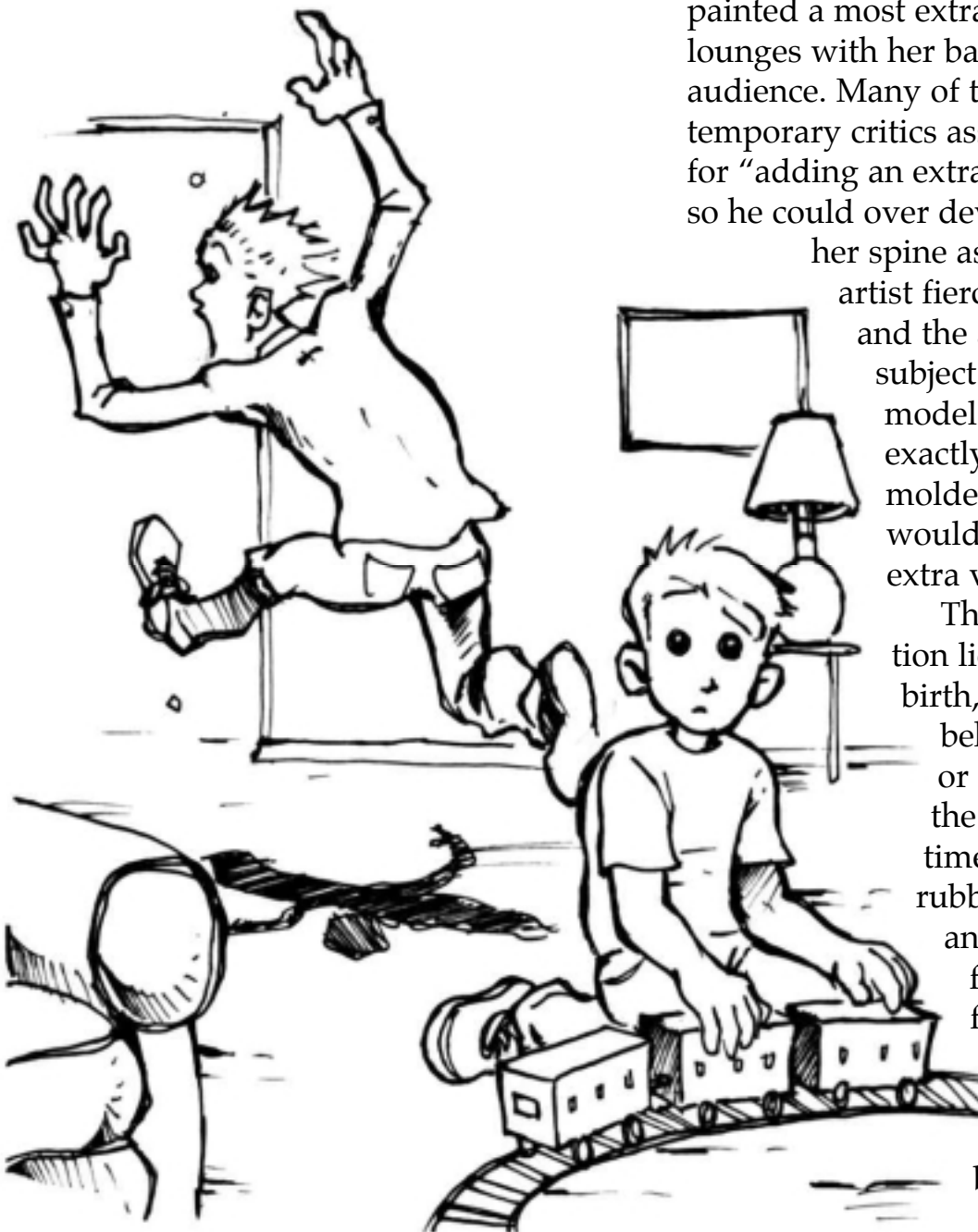
- HUMAN BEING OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN

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.**