



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

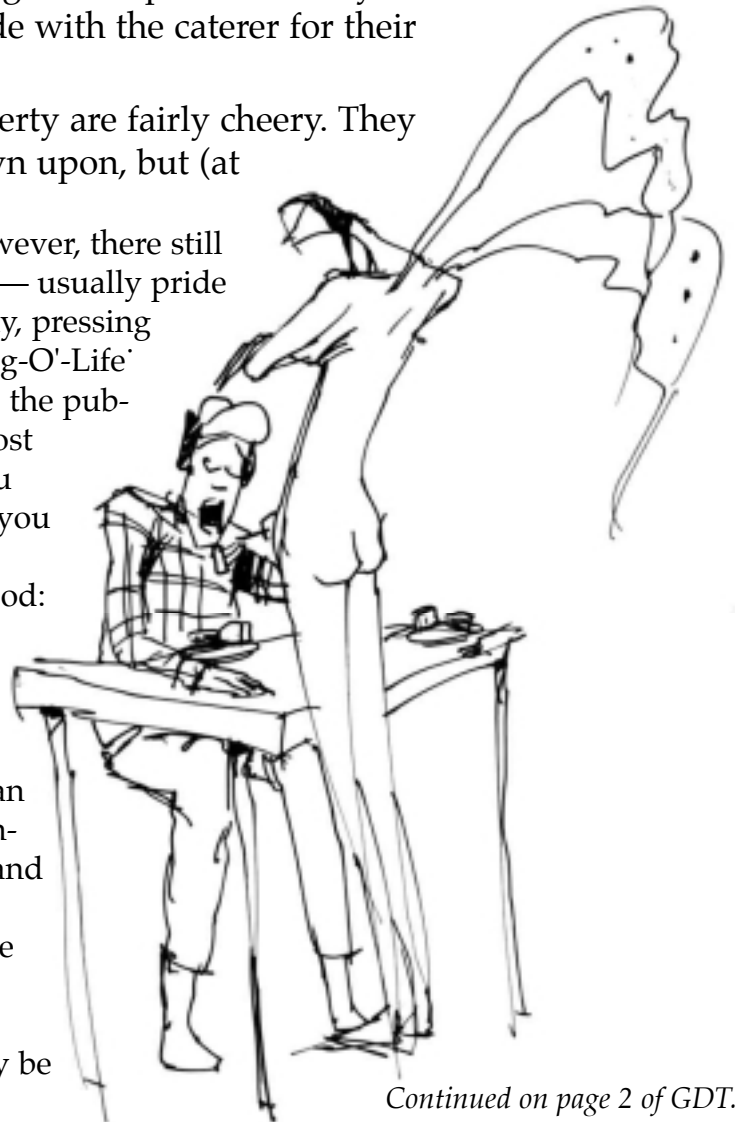
Money is a funny thing. The Bible says that love of money is the source of evil (actually it's the love of evil that's the source of money. Ironic, ain't it?), but as far as I can see, the lack of money is the source of much of people's dissatisfaction. Those with heaps of cash are rarely seen worrying 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.

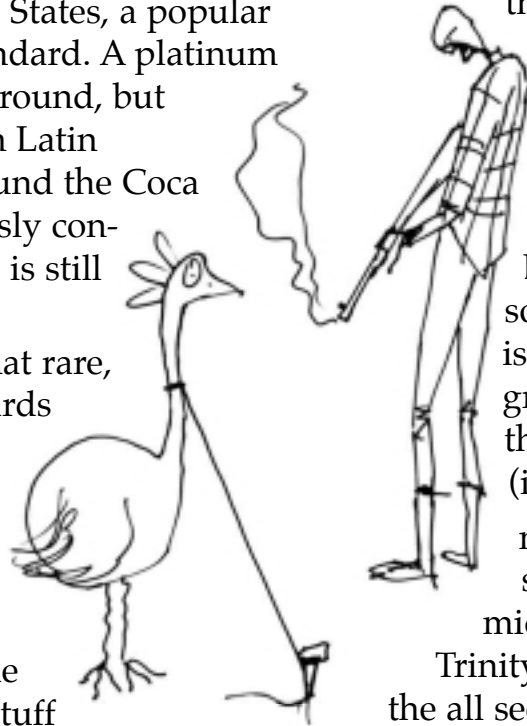
[∂] The quintessential comedy duo of the 1800's.

[¥] 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.

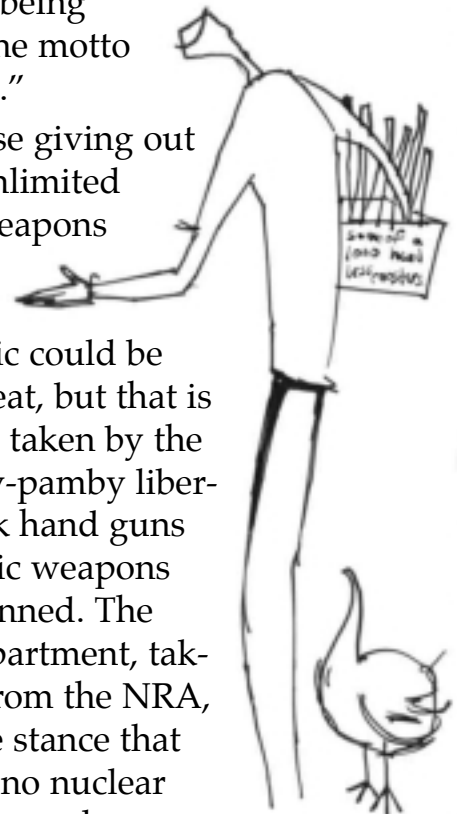
To deal with the unfortunate quality that the money tends to explode when more than 50 pluti are in one place, banks will become like nuclear reactors. There, within their lead lined walls where surveillance cameras watch all who come and go (the

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

—scen 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 Jermey: 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.

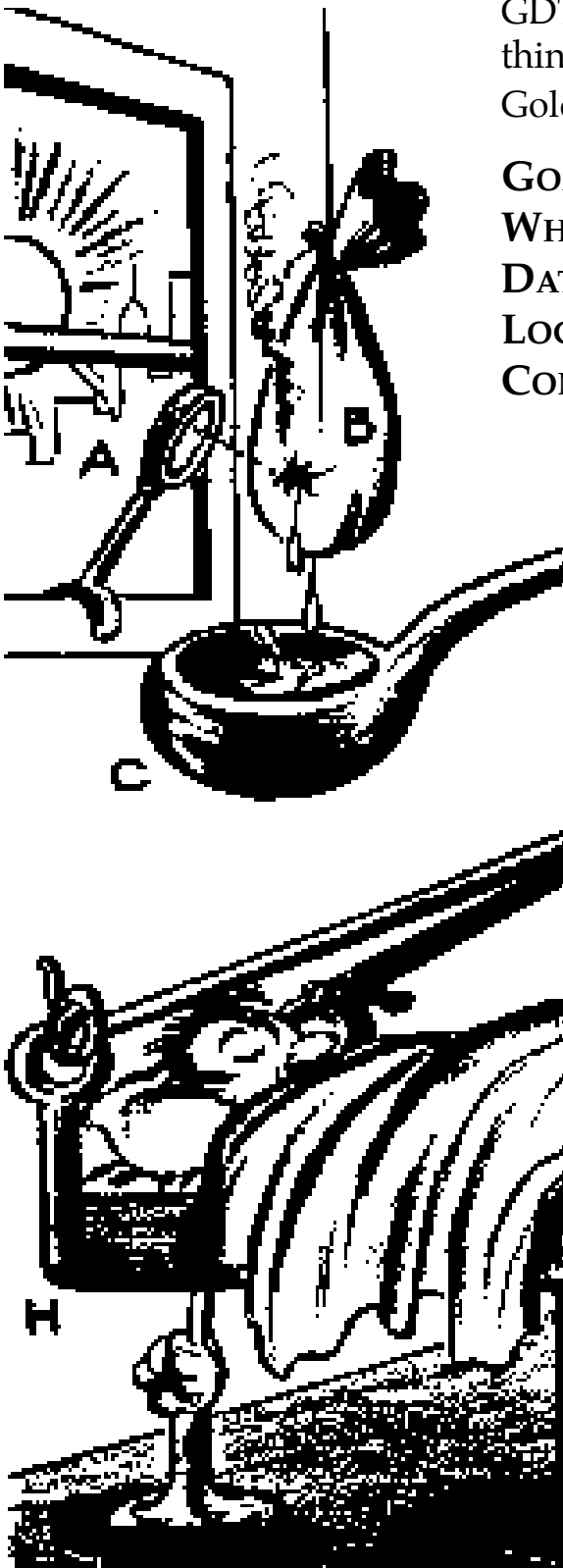
GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

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

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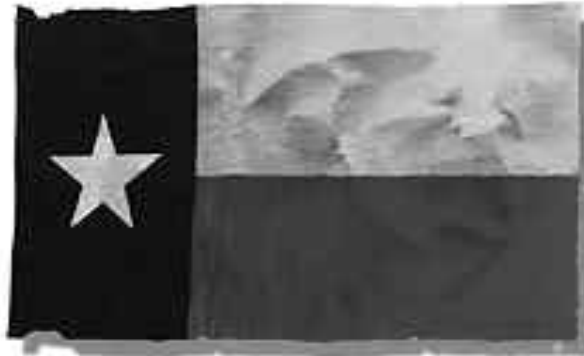
(U-WIRE) AUSTIN, TEXAS — When you live in Texas for a while and then move away you really miss it a lot. There's no explanation. It just happens. But if you move back, you quickly remember why you left in the first place. The following three examples are reasons why people sometimes shake their heads 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.

