



Buckminsterfullerene - The Meat-Ass Cat Story

Through the night the tires hummed on the highway and the sickly illumination from the headlights disappeared in the distance. Alternating between elation and exhaustion, Kelly and I were traveling north to Maine in a car that had somehow become Dr. Who's TARDIS, packed beyond its capacity with all manner of bric-a-brac, books, and baubles. I feared that one of the bumps in the highway might upset the delicate balance and set into motion a chain-reaction. Starting with a low, subsonic flutter—like the flapping of thousands of butterfly wings underwater—everything would unfold like an exploding clown car: balloon animals fleeing with elephantine noises to the four winds and red noses popping through chinks and arcing through the air as if on a mission until the car's capacity is met with a slight onrushing sound of air and the poor occupants, crushed against windows the thickness of diving bell ports, burst like so many beautiful roses.[§]

Amongst the maze of material threatening our lives was a cat. Not much over two feet long and crawling in and about my feet, this creature of fur and purr thought it was a very good, a very good idea indeed, to hunker down between the clutch and the brake, and occasionally rest his large posterior against the gas pedal to help us along in our journey. Like the Kraken rising from unknown depths, the cat made his way onto my lap somewhere between Albany and the border of New York and Vermont (not that the Kraken gets onto my lap often while going to Maine, although you never can be sure just what will pop into existence in my car. What I meant was to compare the emergence of the cat from under my seat to the Kraken surfacing from the... oh, just forget it). Convinced that the hands on the wheel of the car were there for his (the cat, not a cephalopod) benefit, he began to force them to lavish attention upon him. Facing the on-rushing road and his destiny, his fundament was subsequently aimed more or less toward my face.

Sniff—

"Jesus, Bucket! What did you do under my chair? Kelly, get this fucking meat-ass cat outta my face. He smells like old ham!"

<musical interlude>

Come 'n listen to my story 'bout a cat with a head

Such a stinky butt it smelled like he was dead.

Found it out one day when we were going for a ride,

Stuck his ass in my face, I very nearly died.

From the smell, you see. Bologna! Old hamburger!

Ah, Bucket. A loud, purring cat when things went feline-wise. Bucket, but he was rarely called that to his mug. Depending on the situation, his more technologically oriented groupies (hereafter referred to as monkeys) referred to him as Buckminsterfullerene, Buckminster, and Bucky Ball. Others, ironically, tend towards the more obscure, such as Bucket from Pawtucket and, more recently, Meat-ass.

[§] Come on, you know you've imagined this kind of disaster occurring, probably some sort of wishful thinking involving Snuff-TV. Well, we'll visit this idea again. I promise.



**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PUBLISHER: C. Diablo

EDITORS:

**Matthew Weaver
Jeremiah Parry-**

Hill

**Giles Francis Hall
Adam Fletcher**

LAYOUT:

**Adam Fletcher
Jeremiah Parry-**

Hill

WRITERS:

**Sean Hammond
Kelly Gunter
Howard Hao
Pat Fleckenstein
Sean Stanley
Adam Fletcher**

ILLUSTRATIONS:

John Golden

COVER ART:

Scott Peterson

THIS ISSUE:

Rushed

His original nom de plume, Bucket, came from his tenure under the questionable protection of a Miss Heather Danielson, a one time GDT member and all time Eeyore. With Heather, Bucket's life can best be described as surreal. Imagine yourself as a four footed, fuzzy-as-all-get-out creature whose protector moves fairly often and every change of address means another serious visit to "Trip-Out-City". At some point in the dim past, a vet had wisely counseled Heather that every time she had to transport her kitties, they should be drugged first. Of course, if you've got a degree, you know what you're talking about, so Heather would set old Bucky Boy up.

Imagine, if you will, that you are a large, gray, long-haired feline, just enjoying your day. You find yourself enthralled by shafts of light playing along the hardwood floor, the sound of running water in the distance, and—oh yes—the sensation of your protector shoving what appears to be a very small wind-up mouse up your prat. Highly delusional and lacking motor control, you're whisked to a new home. When that happens to us, we call it alien abduction and have a tendency to freak out to a greater or lesser degree. Bucket tended toward the "greater" end of the spectrum.

The most infamous wig-out story that Bucket tells his buddies, after particularly long nights involving dubious quantities of catnip, old socks, and purple Manic Panic™, deals with the time he woke up in a new apartment after a pleasant day and a half in "La-La-Land" and...well, Bucket tells it better.

"So like you know how it feels when you first wake up after being drugged for a long trip, right? You know, your ass kind of feels all screwed up and it feels groovy just to move your head back and forth and back and forth.... Anyways, I'm thinking to myself that like all in all life is pretty cool, right? When all of a sudden I realize that like nothing around me is mine. So I'm sitting around wondering where the hell all my stuff went, I mean I couldn't even smell myself *anywhere!* I was still under the influence of the drugs so I couldn't like claim anything, and on top of all that, the bitch was no where to be found. I mean you can't find good Feeders these days, am I right? And then like these lumbering clods came up to me. You want more story Monkey-boy, make with the head-scratching, and how's about another sock of catnip over here?"

"Now, not only were these jerks not mine, but they

Copyright 1998 Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

"Never doubt the power of a few dedicated individuals in a basement to change the world while you watch TV upstairs all weekend long. Indeed, that is all that ever has."

-Not Margaret Mead

were like acting like a pair of dolts, sayin' 'Hey there, kitty. Here kitty, kitty, kitty.' Does anyone ever really buy that crap? Damn it! We were Gods to the Egyptians for chrissake. We don't have to take that. I'm done talking to you. Go away, I'm going to ignore you now."

Well, to finish the story, Bucket found a hole in the wall of the bathroom of the apartment and promptly deposited himself into it for a month. In the end, a desperate Heather had firemen tear the wall a second ass and set Bucket, desperately trying to void his own colon,^μ free.

He was scared when he went in there. Imagine how he felt when big men in yellow rain slickers wielding fire axes whispering, "Here kitty, kitty, kitty," came for him.

Without food or water, Bucket wasted away to resemble a Jewish kitty circa WWII, or a feline Gandhi. Apparently, this starvation diet damaged his nervous system; to this day Bucket can't quite keep his balance and tends to fall over backward in confusion while beg- I mean demanding- treats. He's also been known to run headlong into faucets when he jumps up to drink from running water.

All in all, Bucket has special needs. Deciding that Heather was...well,

bored with him, Bucket came to be a ward of ours. Despite his needy nature (a side benefit of having grown up under the watchful eye of an emotionally crippled woman) and tendency to try to sleep on your face, Bucket and his special needs were a joy to have around. For a time this

was fine, but as summer wound down and the grass settled into a healthy brown, the times they were a-changing. I was moving down to Baltimore to continue my education, and Kelly lived in a house full of birds.^œ We thought through our options and decided that sending the little bugger to live with my family in Maine was the best one.

So there we found ourselves, sealed in an automobile with a cat whose ass smelled like, for lack of a better descriptor, meat. The imagination can only

begin to fathom the true horror one feels when one is stuck in a vehicle with an emotionally needy cat whose ass smells, um, well, delicious.

Hollering at Bucket for the state of his hinder, all I could think was that I had left an all beef patty with special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, and onions on a sesame-seed bun under my car seat and that Bucket, investigating with his investigating feet, had found it



The cat in question.

^μ But he couldn't because he had no food or water in his system with which to void said colon.

^œ Three of the winged kind and two of the thumbed kind.

and decided that there could not be a finer thing in the whole world to perfume his posterior with. Bucket, the poor soul, was so embarrassed by the whole thing that he banished himself into the mysteries of the back of the car, much to my relief.

Soon we arrived in Maine, dropped off the contents of the car, and introduced my family (Henry Byron, Susan Francis, Matthew Casey, Oscar Meyer, and Lady Valentine; a father, mother, brother, cat, and dog, respectively) to Bucket. Still smelling of meat, Bucket hid himself in my mother's closet (thereafter referred to as Pawtucket by my mother for reasons best understood only by her) and we didn't see him for the rest of our stay.‡

The smell of his tochus bothered us for some time, however. So, upon our return to Rochester, we fired up the Hell's Kitchen super computer (a Vic-20 networked to an Amiga through a 9600 baud modem. We're state of the art, I tell ya) and contacted Hell, Inc. After dealing with the customary signs and countersigns, we were finally able to

enter all the available information. Enigmatically, our contact at Cronos Corp would only say, "It was that pound and a half of ham he ate."

For weeks this meant absolutely nothing to us. We thought that, for the first time, Hell Inc. had failed us. After that weird post card they sent us in October, we didn't know what to think.

But in the end they came through in what has been known as the SHI§ among temporal mechanics (Okay try it now! Now! Okay Now! Oh, it was one of the Johnson brats, try it now.) and researchers: Subsequent Ham Incident. What we forgot to consider when interpreting the answer from Cronos Corp. was that their time is not ours. They're busy flitting in and out of time, sending squirrels into the past and rats into the future. All in all it's a very busy lifestyle. Not taking into account our lack of

craftiness, the answer to our question dealt with what was going to happen and failed to consider that we had not read ahead in the syllabus.

Suffice it to say that, once he recovered from his embarrassment and began



‡ The boy is not entirely truthful when he states this last bit, for there were a couple of occasions that I was fortunate to see Bucket again before we left. Every night Buckminster would enter my sleeping quarters and lie upon my head until I couldn't breath anymore and would wake up screaming. Next night he would be back for more. No wonder They™ say that cats steal children's breath.

§ Kelly: SHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
 Sean [concerned]: What?
 Kelly: SHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
 Sean: Oh. Well, that's a footnote.

to journey out from Pawtucket, Bucket ate a pound and a half of ham, under questionable circumstances. Somehow, the effects of eating that massive amount of meat made its effect felt backward in time. Thus his ass smelled of ham BEFORE he actually ate it. I could lie and say we understand the intricacies of non-linear time mechanics, but I won't. Anyway, our Hell Inc. contacts assure us

that the trauma produced on the digestive tract by a pound and a half of ham could surely produce the same effect on anyone, let alone a 15 pound cat.

Warning: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre does not endorse eating a pound and a half of ham under any circumstances. If accidental ingestion occurs, flush repeatedly with water and contact a physician immediately.



Howard's Happy Hour

By Howard Hao

"But silence, like darkness, can be an act of kindness; it, too, is a language."

-- Hanif Kureishi, "Intimacy"

Inspiration

A delightful, warm feeling;
A sense of security;
A knowing of pride;
A shiver through your heart,
That gives you strength,
And keeps you focused...
Makes you want to win!

Retreat

Sometimes the weight of the world
Collides with one's psyche,
Crushing ideas and upsetting stomachs.
Smothering in a sea of depression
And trashy newspaper articles...
In such a dire time, one needs
A means of escape. To a place
of solitude, of comfort, of concord.
Not exactly to the domain of Dream,
But to a place where one can
Consciously reflect.
And within these closed-up, secret
Worlds nestled in the very din of
Modern everyday life, one finally
explores a spiritual healing.

Partner in Crime

- for Lloyd Samplawski

He just up and Gone ta Texas.
Then ta Philly. What am I gonna
Do without that tubby bitch?

Post-Halloween Syndrome

Dentists everywhere
Dance and shout in glee
As children sow cavities.

The Painted Face

Trickles slowly away with
The tears of the mime
As he silently weeps.

19981117

by Pat Fleckenstein

Hi. My name is Pat. When you first meet me face-to-face, one of the things that you'll notice right off the top is that I am male. You'll notice it before you even have time to think about it. That's the scary part. What inferences will you make about me in the first thirty nanoseconds that you know my sex? What inferences did I make about you when I learned your sex?

As far back as age four, I can remember frustration with being a member of my sex. I was never really caught by any desire to be a different sex. I am sure that I would have had corresponding frustrations in either, both, or neither sex. And, at age four, even if I had wanted such a thing, I didn't think that Santa Claus could have handled it. No, what I really objected to is that I was automatically lumped into this big category of attitudes and behaviours that weren't really mine. I didn't want to be a Norman Rockwell icon of a boy—frog-in-pocket, slingshot-in-hand, gangly dufus. I wanted to be me. I still do (albeit, a different "me").

As I grew older, the frustrations piled up. I had no interest (in fact, an anti-interest) in defending myself with force. I had very little interest in baseball. I enjoyed reading about math in the encyclopedia. I was an idealist and a romantic at heart. And, I was troubled greatly by the whole way that fifth grade boys and girls interacted. What sense did it make to mock those you were trying to impress? What sense did it make for those to be impressed with your mocking?

Puberty only made matters worse. Since then, I've been bombarded with "men are such pigs", "all men think about is sex", "she's got a hell of an ass", "men don't love like women do", "Women are from Venus", "women aren't good at math", "men don't cry", and countless others. Women and men both sustain these deplorable generalizations. Many men use these myths as chest-thumping symbols of virility. I just don't get

it. Can anyone seriously think the benefits of these sweeping judgements could possibly outweigh their cost? Or, is it part of the all-too-human quirk to drag things down to us instead of lifting ourselves up to them?

Sex-based roles are a huge part of our society. And, by and large, sex-based roles are completely arbitrary. How odd is it when you hear of a female doctor or a male nurse? How odd is it when you hear of a working wife and home-making husband? If I pointed across a restaurant to a man and woman at a table and said "Hey, that's my lawyer over there..." at whom would you think I was pointing?

Why? Why? Why? It's the way we were raised. It's the way our parents were raised. It's the way their parents were raised. We're making big improvements, but... It's been 15 years since *Mr. Mom*. It's been 25 years since *The Doris Day Show*. It's been 68 years since the nineteenth amendment gave women the right to vote. And still, it's ingrained in our every breath.

On occasion, I wear a skirt in protest of some of the most arbitrary sex-based roles. I have had high school guys yelling taunts at me to impress their peers (apparently with decent effect). I have had people concerned for my soul. I have had many discussions with people that the skirt was in no way a statement about my sexuality (that's a different statement altogether).

I've had all kinds of experiences in that skirt (*wink, wink, nudge, nudge* (just kidding)). The only one that struck to my heart was a two-year old in a mall saying "Mommy, why is that man wearing a dress?" I felt a flood of social responsibility and irresponsibility. How was she going to answer him? Was she going to tell him that men in skirts are evil? Was she going to tell him about freedom of expression? Was she going to tell him that he was to be the ultimate master of his destiny? Was she going to tell him that Jesus doesn't like it when I do that? But all of that social-responsibility paranoia faded into: How is it that a two-year old already understands that "that just isn't something

that men do”?

So, I've complained at length now about the arbitrariness of sex-based roles. There are thousands of arbitrary limitations out there that we place on ourselves and each other, but I see the sex-based ones pop up every day. Every time I see them, they scare me. They scare me in and of themselves, but they scare me mostly because I have no way

to tell how many of them I missed. I have no idea what inferences I made about you when I learned your sex. All I can say is that I am and sorry and that I will try to overcome that first impression. The biggest wrench we can throw into this machinery of stereotypes is openness. Spread the word, your word. Let me see who you are shine through the caricature I have of you.

Good Girls Play

Good Chess

by Adam Fletcher

A shout out to my peeps: The two kids that showed up to the chess club a few weeks ago (I'm sorry about the trash talk, it was uncalled for. I'm an asshole.), and to Derek "Ram-Man" Ramsey for submitting the correction to last issue's column.

“The line is:

1...Ng1

2. Rd4

2...Kf3?? loses because of

3. Rh4!! Kg3

4. Rxh2 Kxh2 followed by white queening a pawn and winning.

A correct line for black would be:

1...Ng1

2. Rd4 Kg3

3. Rd3+ Kf2

4. Rd2+ Ne2+!

5. Kc2 h1/Q”

Thanks Derek. Anyway, this week's article is a lesson, not a problem. It's a lesson in how to send me money so that I can go on a date with Judit Polgar, the world's highest rated female chess play-



Grandmaster Judit Polgar: a better person than you.
<http://people.delphi.com/daveh47/Judit03.jpg>

er (which means she is also the world's most attractive female chess player). So, I'm announcing the Send Adam On A Date With Judit Polgar fund. Send money, chess problems and digital clocks to:

The Send Adam On A Date With Judit Polgar Fund
 c/o Hell's Kitchen
 472 French Road
 Rochester, NY
 14618



TOURIST'S MOVIE REVIEWS

PRESENTS

"THE BIG CHILL"

Howdy sweethearts. Sorry you've been without my services for a while, wow, almost a month now. I apologize. I've been rather busy. I bought a gun. Anyway, as you may or may not know, one of the greatest ensemble drama films ever produced has been recently released in theatres once again. This year marks the 15th anniversary of "The Big Chill", a fantastic film about the coming of age that occurs twenty years after the normal coming-of-age-film takes place. You wanna see what your parents were doing in the 80's? Go catch it before it leaves the big screen. Starring Kevin Kline, Mary Kay Place, Glenn Close, Tom Berenger, William Hurt, Jeff Goldblum, Meg Tilly, and JoBeth Williams, the quality of the cast is only perhaps matched by the quality of the soundtrack. Those of you older folk who purchased the cassette tape back when it first came out KNOW that you can't be without it (most of these cassettes were worn out long before the dawn of grunge). The plot is exactly like Steven King's "It". Several

friends come together after a long time apart to take stock of their lives over the course of a magical weekend, except they do a lot of drugs, have a lot of sex, and aren't trying to stop a deranged spider-like creature that lurks in the sewers and takes the form of a monstrous clown to lure small children to their doom. When viewing the film, feel free to stand up and dance to all the unsurpassed Motown classics. It's ok. The other audience members will understand. Also, take special note of JoBeth Williams, who smokes a big joint in the film. Strangely enough, she smokes a big joint in front of her daughter in "Poltergeist", and smokes another big joint before she offs an abusive womanizer in "Switch". It seems that her film career ended with her drug career. How peculiar. Anyway, the best way to see this film is on the big screen with a tight-knit group of your friends, then go back to a quiet living room, curl up with a bottle of high-octane alcohol, and do some heavy bonding. That way, when you're having your own "Big Chill" twenty years down the road, you'll have something memorable to bring up. Thumbs up.

Next week, as promised:
Tourist's Practical Guide to Hell



LINUX



The choice of the GNU generation!

This file has not been converted to a PDF do to technical difficulties.



Please email
gdt@hellskitchen.org to help
expedite the creation of this
file.

Putting the X back into Christ's Mass

"Jesus, will you shut up!"

Sage advice from little Bobby on Big Daddy's Biology Show

Though much of the East coast of the United States is dreaming of a white Christmas in loo* of the unseasonable weather they've been experiencing, the holiday spirit is definitely in the air. As early as mid-October, businesses tentatively began placing holiday bric-a-brac in remote corners, as though sensing that consumers could openly rebel at the sight of a set of three-foot-tall plastic reindeer meant to be placed on one's lawn. Once the carcasses of Turkeys Present disappear into landfills, any inhibition that might have held businesses back disappears. Meme infections reach epidemic proportions as "Jingle Bells" spreads from one host to another, using the insidious vectors of whistling and humming^α. No matter where you turn, the duality of Red and Green^β (the animal and the vegetable^χ) confront us and demand that we buy. "Drive the economy!," whispers aisle after aisle of merchandise trapped behind plastic and cardboard...sealed for our protection.^δ

Inevitably, the voices of the dissenters can barely be heard against the maddening cacophony of carols on the radio. "Christmas has become too commercial," They™ say, with genuine concern in their voice, ready to go tharn if the headlights



of consumerism should swing around the corner and pin them out in the open without their credit card. "We've forgotten that Christmas is about the birth of Christ."

Give me a fucking break.^ε

Christmas hasn't been about Jesus since AD 335 when Pope Julius I decided the Christian churches, crawling out from under the toppling colossus of the disintegrating Roman Empire, would celebrate

* Yes, we mean loo. X-Mas is in the shitter!

^α Both of which have speed and direction.

^β Sworn enemies since the Blue-Yellow wars of ought-eight!

^χ Both of which have speed and direction. And get it on with the lamb.

^δ Like bagging a 12point caroler up at your uncle's hunting lodge.

^ε Break me off a piece of that Christ Kat Bar™



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PUBLISHER: C. Diablo

EDITORS:

Matthew Weaver
Jeremiah Parry-Hill
Giles Francis Hall
Adam Fletcher

LAYOUT:

Adam Fletcher
Jeremiah Parry-Hill

WRITERS:

Sean Hammond
Kelly Gunter
Howard Hao
Pat Fleckenstein
Eric Thomas
Adam Fletcher

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Gil Merritt

CONTRIBUTORS:

Jeremiah Parry-Hill
Kelly Gunter
Mike Laursen
Gil Merritt

*All material copyright 1998
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre and
the respective authors.*

Deadline for submissions is
2pm on the Saturday before
publication. Submissions
should be emailed to:
gdt@hellskitchen.org

Or mailed to:
**Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
c/o Hell's Kitchen
472 French Road
Rochester, NY 14618**

the birth of their god. Instead, Christmas represents the Christians' greatest marketing scheme in history, paralleled only by DeBeer's "Diamonds or Eternal Damnation" brainwashing.

Prior to AD 335, mainstream Christians didn't celebrate the birth of Jesus.^φ In fact, the date of his actual birth is unknown. Assuming the accounts of his birth in the Gospel are accurate^γ, Jesus could not have been born in the winter. The Gospel of Luke talks about shepherds out in the fields watching over their flocks when they had the be-jeebers scared out of them by an angel telling them the King of Israel had been born in Bethlehem.^η As far as historical records indicate, the flocks in the area of Jerusalem to Bethlehem were reserved for temple sacrifices at the Jewish Passover and the sexual gratification of the shepherds. The sheep were brought out to the fields in late February or early March and sodomized, since the lambs had to be loosened up 30 days before the Passover meal. From November to February, the sheep were not out in the fields, but in the barn nursing their torn anuses. Thus, no shepherds would have heard the word in December over the "baa-ing" of a virgin sheep being violated.[†]

We get the magic date of December 25th from a convergence of several traditions and bad mathematics. For humans who exist with the world rather than in it, December 22nd is significant in the northern hemisphere; it represents the shortest day of the year. On the 22nd there is the least amount of sunlight in the year and the chill of winter surrounds the homes of people who wonder if they stored enough food to last until the spring. Predictably, several traditions arose around this idea, all of them symbolically welcoming back the returning sun.

In the Roman Empire, around the time Christians were fighting a political guerrilla war for supremacy, there were two main celebrations in December, both falling on the winter solstice: Saturnalia, in honor of Saturn, the god

^φ They didn't even care. Poor, poor Jesus. No presents for the Jes-Man.

^γ Jupiter, Mars and Kevin Bacon came together in a triple conjunction the like of which was not be seen until Salior Moon.

^η "Do you see what I see?" "A bunch of shepherds, freezing in the snow, hiding in their sheep..."

[†] Virgin sheep are kosher sheep.

of the harvest, and a celebration of Mithra^φ, a sun god from the Holy Land introduced into the Roman Empire by mystery religion loving Roman soldiers.

By AD 335, errors in the Roman calendar had caused the solstice celebrations to be held on the 25th of December. At the same time the Christians, realizing that their religion wasn't very sexy when compared to pagan traditions, decided it needed some holidays. Assuming Jesus was born and died on the same day of the month, fixed at the 25th of March (capitalizing on the return of spring and the symbolism of rebirth and resurrection), a nine month pregnancy would put Jesus' birth in December.

What a happy coincidence that there just happened to be other celebrations held in the same month and, wow, on the 25th. Neat.

This policy of shifting made-up holidays around on the calendar became the Christian's greatest weapon of subverting pagan traditions and Christian heresies (next to killing them, that is).^κ Spreading North through the activities of the missionaries,^λ the Christians carried Christmas to the Germanic tribes where it recombined with local traditions. There, evergreens were a powerful symbol used in the Solstice, as they were one of the few plants which stayed green and promised the return of the sun. Holly



was also used, and it became a powerful Christian symbol, the red berries representing the blood shed by Jesus at his crucifixion and the green being the promise of a bountiful marijuana crop in the spring.^μ

So Christmas was celebrated, but it didn't have quite the right spin yet. Enter a fourth century Turkish saint named Nicholas (c245-350AD). Depicted as a tall, dignified, and austere man, St. Nicholas was best known for his kindness to children,^ν but is also the patron saint of pawnbrokers.

Ok, kids. Can you see where I'm going with this?^ο

^φ Who also served as a template which Christians used to make their god more appealing, as Mithraism, was out-competing Christianity. If you can't beat them, steal their ideas (See "Gracies Dinnertime Theatre")

^κ Ayuh, them city folk come through here regular, jes' slaughtern' the kids an' messin' up the calendar.

^λ All the cool kids were missionaries.

^μ The green was also a reminder of the gangrene one gets after being stabbed by a Roman spear.

^ν Lewis Carroll type kindness. Catholic priest type kindness. Michael Collins type kindness.

^ο Uh... no.



on the symbolism of the Magi giving Jesus ridiculously expensive gifts that he couldn't possibly appreciate.^θ Besides, it makes more sense for the patron saint of pawnbrokers to leave material gifts rather than transient sucrose and oranges.

The final transformation needed to make Christmas what we see today started with Wal-Mart and "A Visit from St. Nicholas" by Clement C. Moore. When Sinter Klaas emigrated to the United States, his name was Americanized^ρ, but he

His feast day, held on the 6th of December, came to be celebrated throughout Europe until the 16th century. Thereafter, the Dutch still held him close to their hearts. By that time, St. Nicholas, AKA Sinter Klaas, and his sidekick Black Peter, would gallop from housetop to housetop on the 6th of December. Children would leave their stupid wooden shoes next to the fire and make sure a snack was left for Sinter Klaas' housetop hopping horse Dick. The saint and his sidekick would then kick into action. While the saint left candy for the wee ones, Black Peter left gifts. Though candy was good, gifts are better, and gifts came to be the dominant practice of the tradition. This tradition shifted dates from the 6th to the 25th^π and took

still looked the same: a skinny whippet of a man who seemed perfectly adapted to chimneys. Still, he was an ethnic figure and hadn't permeated the culture yet. The poem "A Visit from St. Nicholas" and the illustrations by Thomas Nast brought Santa to the masses. Oi.

Soon, the early marketing boys (read: "memetic engineers" or "wetware programmers", whichever you prefer) began to see potential in using this guy. The Coca-Cola Company, best known for its cocaine laden drinks, hired Haddon Sundblom (AKA Mr. Smith) to devise a way of using Santa to peddle their drinks. What Mr. Sundblom created in 1931 was a fat git in red and white, wearing suspenders and possessed of a friendly face.

^π Except in Germany, where they sing stupid drinking songs in Foreign.

^θ 4 out 5 doctors don't recommend smoking frankincense until the toddler stage.

^ρ "Name?"

"Ivan Zovanovitch."

"Here you go Mr., ah, Smith."

So I don't want to hear any of this crap about Christmas becoming too commercial. Christmas has always been about commercialism, whether it's a religion that's being sold to pagans, soda being pushed on a populace, or businesses wondering if they can get away with starting to hang Christmas decorations around September in hopes of selling more. If anything, I think Christmas has become too Christian. Let's get rid of all this savior-being-born-on-this-holy-day crap that we both know isn't true. Don't get me wrong: I love Christmas. I just think it'd be better off without this Jesus guy. Some Jew gets nailed to a tree two thousand years ago and I need to celebrate his birth? Hell, I think it's enough that I have to use a calendar system based on his birth. Every time I write a date I'm forced to celebrate his birth. That's enough.

Bring on Xmas: the generic gift giving holiday. Justified by the solstice symbolism of the sun's rebirth, we can give as many gifts as we want. Happy birthday Sol! I'd even be willing to let businesses start pushing their Xmas w4r3z just after the summer solstice.

Santa would have to be revamped, however. He's just too jolly for a pawnbroker. I envision a return to the more traditional looking Santa, but imagine him with a furry clerks uniform making him look like a plush Bob Cratchet.[†] Instead of sitting on his lap and telling him what you wanted in malls, you'd enter his office. There, seated across from the Man with the Means, you'd wheel and deal for that NoFriendo game system you've been itching for.

Mr. Claus would look deep into your soul for a few minutes, his ice blue eyes looking like frigid Norwegian girls, and he would then write down a figure on a slip of paper and solemnly pass it to you. If you didn't like what would be required of you, you could negotiate to get the value down.

"I have to be nice for 283 days out of the year? Mr. Claus, this is unreasonable. I might be able to manage 180..."

"Too few. I suppose I could go down to 250 days if you left a whole plate of cookies out for me and my boy Pete."

The shadows of the office move of their own accord, taking on a shape for a moment, then returning to their prior state of lifelessness. A dry chuckle fills the room.

"It's a part of his way of psyching me out," you tell yourself, "be strong."

"250 days of niceness plus a plate of cookies? I'm sure your reindeer must get hungry. If there were a stack of carrots there I could see 200 days."

"Hmmm. Well, Santa gets awful thirsty delivering all those gifts—"

"225 days of niceness, a plate of cookies, stack of carrots, and a glass of Wild Turkey 101."

"Make that Johnny Walker Black Label and you've got a deal."

"Done."

"Ho, ho, ho. Just sign at the X, kiddy, and you'll have yourself a very merry Xmas."

[†] Or a Dostoevsky character.

12071998

Pat Fleckenstein

I was driving home from work today and heard a story on NPR about a preacher in Louisiana who runs an unlicensed boarding home for orphaned children. To make a long story short, concerned relatives are unable to contact children in this home, but officials are powerless to do anything unless there are substantiated reports of specific abuses. I was caught. I still hold onto the “innocent until proven guilty” precept, but that precept keeps laws punitive where prevention would be much more useful.

I fought with this dilemma for a few moments and ran cortex-first into my favorite Nietzsche line: “Happy is the man with only one virtue for many have gone out onto the battlefields of virtues and lost.” So, I surrendered this skirmish and moved on.

I hit quantum mechanics next. I immediately saw a parallel between the legal system and quantum mechanics. The “innocent until proven guilty” concept was dripping “superposition”. If Schrodinger’s cat is both alive and dead until the box is opened, then the defendant is both guilty and not-guilty until the jury’s decision is made.

It may seem that the legal system would fall under classical physics. Someone is murdered. Evidence is collected. A suspect is detained. The case is formed. The jury is chosen. The case

is presented. The jury returns a verdict. One could easily think that, at the time of the murder, the suspect is either guilty or not-guilty. But, legal guilt is a far more slippery fellow.

Before a murder is discovered, the soon-to-be-defendant’s wave function is in a known state of not-guilt. Once the murder is discovered, the wave function begins to progress. As the evidence is collected, the case is formed, the jury is chosen, and the case is presented, the wave function continues to evolve. Through that whole time, the legal fate of the defendant is a superposition of probabilities of being found guilty and probabilities of being found not-guilty.

At the moment the jury’s decision is made, the defendant’s wave function collapses. Now, the defendant is either guilty or not-guilty. The “liablon” has hit the detecting device.

Then, the analogy breaks down a bit because an electron can’t file an appeal to a higher Stern-Gerlach device or ask that the second slit be stricken from the record. But, if you keep the wave function propagating until the whole legal system has reached a verdict, the analogy is pretty robust.

The code of Hammurabi (“an eye for an eye”) implies that justice is conserved. But, unfortunately, guilt is not conserved. If two people are suspected of the same murder, there is no guarantee that one being found guilty implies that the other will be found not-guilty. This



Judge Wapner, father of receipts

makes the prospect of transmitting information instantaneously through entangled legal superpositions even murkier than it is with their quantum counterparts.

So, what good is this correlation? It would be nice if we could map the findings of quantum mechanics into the legal system. Maybe we could produce small pockets of world peace in the lab with carefully coordinated judicial superconductors. Maybe we

could measure the bureaucratic mass of legal black holes by observing the guilt radiation at the event horizon. Maybe we could quantify the curvature of justice in semantic neighborhoods of F. Lee Bailey. I don't know.

It may be more useful to map the findings of the legal system into quantum mechanics. After all, law has been practiced for thousands of years. Quantum mechanics has been practiced for thousands of weeks. Quantum mechanics is often seen as non-intuitive, strange, bizarre, and difficult because the "objects" in quantum mechanics are significantly different than the "objects" we



Murray Gell-Mann, father of quarks

are used to seeing in daily life. But, this is misplaced frustration. The objects in quantum mechanics don't behave much like oranges and ocelots, but they do behave a great deal like social and legal constructs. The guilt/not-guilt analogy above is only scratching the surface.

Consider how intuitively one understand the Heisenberg uncertainty principle after one has spent 4.28 hours trying to wrest a three keystroke

shortcut from a customer service hotline. Consider how intuitively one understands the Many Worlds interpretation of quantum mechanics in light of the O.J. trials. Consider how intuitively one understands the particle/wave duality of light after Bill Clinton said, "I did not have sexual relations with that woman."

The mysteries of quantum mechanics are nothing new. We were just comparing neutrons to croutons. Instead, we should be comparing quarks to courts. Croutons are, mathematically, much simpler than juries. But, it's a price we'll have to pay.

alter, pat





Howard's Happy Hour

By Howard Hao

"A remender, statim vivus fierem per un baser."

(As a cure, I would be revived by a kiss)

Carl Orff, *"Carmina Burana: Cour D'Amours: Dies, nox, et omnia"*

Childhood Memories

Afternoon delights as the
 Warm amber sun penetrates
 Subcutaneous tissue, extending
 Its dendrils into the deepest
 Parts of the body. Laughter
 And silly songs that are
 All but forgotten the next
 Minute. Days when you were
 King or Queen, invincible and
 Powerful, commanding your
 Legion under blue blanket
 Castles. Boxes became cars,
 Cages, the universe. Tireless
 Squabbles with playmates,
 Cooties and dirty, muddy hands.
 Times of insect collections,
 Mud pies, and playing house
 Treasured forever.

Sage Advice

-For Elmer

Away to the philosopher I sought
 To solve my dilemma, this fire
 So he hummed in a pleasant tune
 And strummed his melancholy lyre:
 The hurt, the disdain
 Stings like blows to cranium
 You stand alone, insane
 Pondering what made it wrong
 Reflecting on what is not to be
 Wondering must you suffer
 Before finally becoming free
 Yet perseverance is vital
 And to finally win her
 You have to keep trying
 And trying to make it occur

Those crazy Russians.

By Adam Fletcher

"Stripunsky". What a good, healthy Slavic name. Clearly the name of a chess player who will open up a can of whupass on players without Russian names.

A "poisoned pawn" is a pawn that looks like it's hanging (undefended), but really costs tempo, attack or, in this case, the game. The pawn may look tasty, but bad acid can, too.

Manhattan Chess Club 1997

Stripunsky vs. Cooke

1. e4 e6 2. d4 d5 3. Nc3 Bb4 4. e5 c5 5. a3 Bxc3+ 6. bxc3 Ne7 7. Qg4 Qc7
The French Defense, Winawer Variation.
 8. Bd3 cxd4 9. Ne2 dxc3
 10. Qxg7 Rg8

11. Qxh7 MCO-13 lists this in a footnote (b, Pg. 211)

11. ... Qxe5? Book is Nbc6. Take the pawn on e5 and...

12. Bf4 Qf6 Get your queen chased around the board.

13. h4 Nbc6 Nbc6 is too little to late.

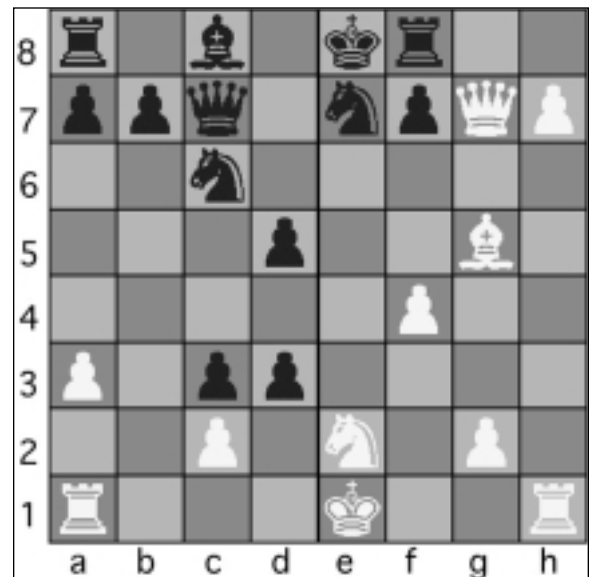
14. Bg5 Qe5 15. f4 Qc7 White gains tempo with an attack.

16. h5 e5 17. h6

Rf8 18. Qg7 Preventing 18. ... f6

18. ... e4 19. h7 exd3 [diagrammed] Who needs bishops when you can promote?

20. Qxf8+ Kxf8 21. h8=Q+ Ng8 22. Qxg8+ Kxg8
 Who needs queens when you have...



23. Bf6 Bishops and rooks who can punish the insolent. Black resigns.

Teaching us: Don't eat all the free material, unless you're sure it's free; don't play chess against Russians, and mate is more important than material.

Intrepid Vorbei

Part 2: Reflections

By Eric Thomas

To Americans, tequila is an outlaw. It is reminiscent of a sad life, of saloons and poker games, gunfights and double-crosses, of dust and tumbleweeds. It is a fearsome drink, dangerous and foreign.

To Intrepid, tequila was the only liquor left in the house, but the outlaw beverage was appropriate for his situation. He sat in his living room, sunk into a large yellow armchair, with a highball glass filled with iced tequila in one hand and a cigarette burning between two yellowed fingertips of the other. The bottle and his pack of cigarettes lay on the cluttered coffee table, beside his slippered feet. A glass ashtray, stolen by Phil from an all-night diner, rested on his belly.

He hadn't cried at the hospital. He had run to the men's room and dry-heaved at the toilet for a while, but he hadn't cried. He hadn't cried while talking to the police, even when they had declared him a suspect and searched his car. He hadn't cried when a young doctor had told him that Chastity was comatose and in critical condition. He hadn't even cried during the ride to the hospital, when Vanno had asked him who the girl was, and he had tried to explain his relationship with Chastity without using the past tense.

At the time, he had considered lying to Vanno, saying that he had never seen Chastity before. Finally, though, he had told Vanno that the girl was from out of town, and he knew her through a mutual friend. That was all he could manage without breaking down.

So maybe he could try to hide it. If the housemates asked where he had gone tonight, he would tell them he had gone to the diner. If they asked where the tequila had gone, he would say he had given it to a friend.

No, that was ridiculous. This was going to be in the papers and on the local news. He would get phone calls, reporters at the house, police investigation, everything. He could not possibly keep it a secret.

So, what, then? Try to endure that dark celebrity status on campus until the whole thing blew over? Sit tight and answer questions, and hope his life didn't turn into a circus? He had no desire to be the centerpiece of a media feeding frenzy. He imagined a thousand students casually condemning him over undercooked pasta at the dining halls, and a thousand others saying, "No, no, Vorbei's just an accomplice to Chastity's suicide." The whole idea made Intrepid feel ill.

And that was the big issue. Whatever had happened to Chastity, he was a suspect. She was in a coma, and therefore unable to clear him of any suspicion. Furthermore, who knew if she would? Did she even remember what had happened? Could she say for sure that he hadn't been involved? There was no way to tell.

The fact that Intrepid had not actually been involved gave little comfort. He could see things from the police's point of view. This girl, who lives in Pennsylvania and goes to school in Ohio, shows up in New England, severely beaten and near death from blood loss. By astronomical coincidence, she is discovered, in the dead of night, by her only contact in the area. The contact, a romantically unattached male student, claims to know nothing of the incident. Not likely.

What did he have on his side? Well, there was Vanno. He wouldn't have gone to Yellow Lot at all if the punk Italian hadn't needed a ride. And Vanno was the one who had first spotted Chastity in the woods.

He had the postcard, too. She wasn't supposed to arrive until the first of

December. How could he have attacked her, if he wasn't expecting her until the following day?

He was dealing with purely circumstantial evidence, because he had nothing else to go on. He needed more information. He could go back to the woods, but that would further implicate him - returning to the scene of the crime, and all that. Or was that Hollywood bullshit? Intrepid shook himself. The tequila was clouding his thoughts; he was getting frantic. His head felt heavy and his eyes hurt. He shook another cigarette out of the crumpled pack, lit it with the butt of his last, and stamped the old one out in the ashtray on his belly.

He had to keep reminding himself that he had not done anything wrong. He had found Chastity in the woods, and they had taken her to the hospital. The doctors at the hospital would take care of her health, and the police would handle an investigation. Intrepid's place in the whole scheme was that of a concerned friend, and nothing more.

Intrepid swung his feet off the coffee table, knocking the tequila bottle over in the process. He jumped to save it from spilling, and the ashtray fell from his belly and onto the floor, clunking loudly and raising a cloud of black and gray dust.

Looking back to the fallen bottle, he found that it was capped, and the coffee table was safe. He fell back into the armchair. At least his cigarette was intact.

Intrepid looked over at the bottle of tequila, still lying prone on the coffee table. He looked down to the floor, at the pattern of squashed cigarette butts lying on a thin carpet of ash. He thought of Chastity, and of the blood, and of her swollen lips, and the men's underwear, and the nasty spot of brown filth stuck to her back. He could still see her, could still hear her telling him, so softly, that she might not be in such good shape. He remembered the way that her broken mouth had shaped his nickname, slurring the R and the P. He looked back at the tequila, and then at the ashtray, and then thought of Chastity. Tequila, ashtray, Chastity. Tequila, ashtray, Chastity.

Intrepid began to cry.

* * *

"Shit."

"What?"

"Nothing. I have to get up."

"No, don't get up."

"Honey, I have to teach a class."

"No, you don't. You have to stay here with me."

"I'm late. I'm getting up."



“You’re totally staying here with me.” Duke, eyes closed and tangled in a comforter, rolled over and threw his arm around Lucy.

“Darling, I don’t want to get fired.” Lucy disengaged herself from Duke’s sleepy hold and pulled herself out of bed. They did this every morning.

She opened the door to the room that she and Duke shared, and wandered, still asleep, through the living room and into the kitchen. The sun shone through the front windows, catching particles of dust on their way to the ancient linoleum floor. She took a pint glass from the drying rack, filled it with filtered tap water, and slowly sipped it as she stared out the window above the sink.

When the water was done, she started back to her bedroom to begin the morning routine. She stopped when she reached the living room. Intrepid was asleep, fully clothed and curled on the armchair in a tight, fetal ball. One of his hands was pressed against his forehead, and the other was buried under his body. His mouth hung open against the yellow cushion.

Lucy padded softly across the cold hardwood floor and tugged on his slipper.

“Trip?” Intrepid did not move. “Trip? Time to get up. The world’s on fire.” Intrepid stirred, then slowly lifted his head. He opened his swollen eyes and focused on Lucy. “What’s going on?” His voice rasped. “You fell asleep in the chair. Are you going to class today?” “I need to get to Paris.” “Okay, Trip. Paris is this way.” She helped him to his feet and led him by the arm to his bedroom. He collapsed on to his bed and immediately fell back asleep. Lucy slid his doors closed and went to get ready for her class.

* * *

When Intrepid awoke, nine and half-hour later, there was a large painting of a

nude woman hanging above his bed. The woman was fluorescent green and incredibly disproportioned - her hips were four times the size of her shoulders. She was holding a massive samurai sword. Behind her, statuettes of Hindu gods rested on a wooden table.

“Do you like it?”

Felix Shanks was sitting at Intrepid’s computer. He appeared to be looking at pornography on the Internet.

“It’s freaking me out. What time is it?”

“It’s quarter past five. You’ve been sleeping all day. Lucy said you passed out in a chair last night. Care to talk about it?”

“Not yet. I need some water.”

Felix stroked his full, black beard and regarded Intrepid with a cool gaze. He had a manner that was one part psychoanalyst, one part revolutionary, and one part European farmhand. His character was complemented by his image - he wore thick, round eyeglasses, a long overcoat (always buttoned, even indoors), and a brown cap. The hat tamed his dark, wavy hair, and always reminded Intrepid of Dostoevsky. He was a painter and a writer, smoked nonfiltered cigarettes, and thought of himself as Intrepid’s spiritual and intellectual counselor.

Intrepid got out of bed and found that his slippers were missing.

“Where are my shoes?”

“I took them off for you. They’re in the kitchen,” Felix replied, as if that were the most natural place in the world for them to be.

“Thanks.”

After fetching slippers and water, Intrepid went back to living room. Felix was on the couch, hunched over a battered copy of Turgenev’s *Fathers and Sons* and smoking a cigarette. Intrepid sat beside him and sipped his water. He found his pack of cigarettes on the coffee table,

realized it was empty, and took one of Felix's.

"Got a light?"

Felix looked up from his book and fixed Intrepid with a long stare.

"I'll give you a light, and you tell me why all of campus is talking about you." He produced an untarnished silver Zippo lighter from his pocket and offered it to Intrepid.

Intrepid's heart sank. It had already started. He lit his cigarette.

"Campus is talking about me because I found a dying girl in the woods last night. Where did you find out about it?"

"I heard it from a friend, but Vanno's been telling everybody. What an asshole, right?"

"Whatever. If I were him, I'd probably be telling everybody I knew, too."

"So what did this girl look like? Word is you know her. That true?"

"I don't really want to talk about it just yet, Felix."

"Well, fine. I've got some information for you, though. You might find it useful. I'm assuming you don't know the girl's current condition, right?"

"She was in a coma last night. That's all I know."

"Well, Vanno called the hospital this morning. She's still in a coma. So she's going to be no help in solving this crime." Felix had shifted into Scotland Yard mode.

"What crime? Who says there was any crime?" Intrepid knew he could not escape that easily, but it was worth a try.

"Come on, Intrepid, don't play idiot with me. The girl was bleeding to death, from some serious wounds. We have to assume foul play was involved. So anyway, I'm also assuming that you'd like to get to the bottom of this."

"I don't know about that, man. I don't know if I want to be involved at all."

"Shut the fuck up. Of course you do. She's your friend."

"Where do you get this stuff from?"

Felix ignored him. "Even if you don't, I do, and you're going to help me figure it out."

"Why me?"

"Because you were there, you mother-fucking idiot! Not only that, but you know the girl! You're the star witness, pal!"

Intrepid did want to find out what had happened to Chastity, and he knew that if anyone could solve the mystery, it would be Felix. The boy had connections on campus, and a lot of people respected him.

"Okay, okay. So what's this information you have for me?"

"I'll tell you about that in a bit. First, we've got to get you out of here before the circus starts. Your phone's going to be ringing off the hook in a couple of hours, once the paper finds out who you are."

"Where are we going?"

"To the parking lot. There's a few things I need to show you there. Then, to Vanno's room. We need to talk to him. You're going to be the good cop, and I'm going to be the bad cop."

"We're going to interrogate him? What the hell is the point to that? He's not even involved."

"Yes, he is." Felix stared at him intently, and his face suddenly became grim. "I know you think Vanno's too dumb to have anything to do with this, but he knows more than he's letting on. To tell you the truth, I'm a little bit afraid to talk to him by myself, because he might react badly to what we're going to talk to him about."

Four hours later, Intrepid was on his way back to the hospital. This time, though, he got to ride in the ambulance.

Next... Vanno's Move



Intrepid Vorbei
Part III: Musings

By Eric Thomas

*[the following is an entry from Intrepid's journal,
written two days after his encounter with Chastity]*

rap music: iambic tetrameter
today's reading was written by a deformed dwarf

Dear Fortunes,

I got beat up yesterday. Vanno did it. I mean he beat me up. I don't think he did it. He is hiding something, though. We might have figured it out, too, if Felix hadn't asked him about the mob. Fucking Felix.

if the world played by the rules, then i could order my life without you

vanno has mob ties
chastity was a surprise
i'll cry if she dies

dreams -

on an airplane to chicago, arguing with Duke about the purpose of americanism, he uses the word `blake' to mean `cool' - "yeah, that's pretty blake" - and he thinks that the best part of american thought is that we've defined everything for ourselves, even the unknown - we have a patented response for every question and we seem to have uncovered every last secret of the universe - i tell him that's wrong, that's our biggest weakness - it leads to stagnant thought - the conversation ends when a stewardess settles the argument and we're both satisfied - i can't remember what she said.

standing with felix on the border of a millionaire's lawn - we can see, if we peer over his brick wall, his pool and his chauffeur (for some reason standing alone by the pool) - we can hear the millionaire's daughter having a party - a dozen rich little girls, giggling and smiling and all of them dressed in expensive sweaters - eventually we can see them in the kitchen, circled around a well-stocked bar, taking shots of hard liquor - we stare in the windows, the two of us dressed for winter even though it's hot outside, and one by one they turn to stare back, in surprise and horror, and they stay that way for a while, just staring at us, until one of them starts laughing at us - they start talking about us in pubescent tones, about how weird we are, and how we probably don't shower and how our clothes probably came from the salvation army - then they turn back to their liquor like we're not even there.

Duke once told me a story about a gunfight. It ended unhappily. Afterward, he gave me a hug.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PUBLISHER: C. Diablo

EDITORS:

Matthew Weaver
 Jeremiah Parry-Hill
 Giles Francis Hall
 Adam Fletcher

LAYOUT:

Adam Fletcher
 Matthew Weaver

WRITERS:

Eric Thomas
 Sean Hammond
 Howard Hao
 Adam Fletcher
 Jared R.R. Spiegel

CARTOONISTS:

Gil Merritt
 John Holt

ILLUSTRATORS:

Matthew Weaver
 John Holt
 Gil Merritt

CORRECTION:

Last issue we accidentally misattributed the *Reporter* as crediting Gretchen Gast for writing *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; it was *RIT News and Events*. Our apologies.

All material copyright 1998 Gracies Dinnertime Theatre and the respective authors.

Deadline for submissions is 2pm on the Saturday before publication. Submissions should be emailed to:

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Or mailed to:

**Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
 c/o Hell's Kitchen
 472 French Road
 Rochester, NY 14618**

Felix once told me a story about poisonous cereal. It was supposed to be a metaphor for social change in Mississippi. I didn't get it.

Lucy likes to tell stories about driving, concerts, and her friends from home. She's motivated, but stateless (i'm not sure what that means, but i know it's true). It confuses me.

Phil once told me a story about getting arrested. He seemed careless and disinterested - I wish he would be more excited.

Hazel doesn't seem to know any stories - she just burps a lot, and she knows a lot about food: what goes with what and types of cheese - she works at a student-run co-op sub shop - she has a lot of the same observations on life as many others.

Chastity once told me a story - i don't remember too much of it - i was too in love with her at the time to pay attention to her words (that doesn't make any sense - people should be in love with other people's words - at the time i wasn't seeing her at all so i guess i was too involved in absorbing the sight of her face to last me a few months) but i remember it was about one of her many lovers and his habits in bed - he always wore socks while they were having sex, completely naked except for his socks, and he wanted her to wear a belt, too, but she never did because it was too bizarre - i remember being surprised that anything was too bizarre for her, and i also remember being vaguely jealous of this sock-wearing guy - i think i imagined myself doing everything right with her, making everything work - this was before my experience with Susan, so i had no idea what sex was all about, but i knew i could be Chastity's Sir Lancelot if i tried hard enough.

we came so close so many times - i think what got in the way in the beginning was my insecurity with the physical side of things, and after Susan came and went and that insecurity went away, it was more Chastity's integrity - by that time our friendship was cemented as a friendship and nothing more (how fine those lines are!) and Chastity didn't want to put that at risk - or maybe she just doesn't love me or doesn't think about it that way.

chastity and me

sometimes we cannot agree on what's best for me

i cannot complain
although it causes me
pain
i think god hates me

old plan:
finish semester, try not
to fail out of school,
read more books

new plan:
get depression leave
from school, dedicate
time to figuring out
what happened to
Chastity

something about
Duke and Lucy: i think
they're having problems
with their relationship -
i can't put my finger on
what it might be - maybe just tension at living together for the first time - i'm not getting involved.

Duke reminds me of John Wayne, and not just because of his first name - he's an American, through and through (i think that's what my dream was about) - i have to refrain from calling him the Duke - i don't know about Lucy - there's something anonymous about her.

i should stay away from coffee shops for a while - too much caffeine and Coltrane, not to mention daily doses of falafel - start eating meat again, get used to McDonald's hamburgers, get away from that slightly pretentious culture, hang out with the riff-raff.

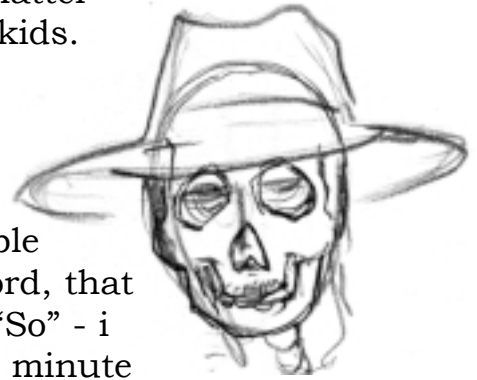
this area of the country is so strange - so many people taking their liberalism for granted - you don't see anti-imperialist/maoist rallies in upstate New York (at least, i don't think you do) - so many record stores - yeah, it's a college town, but this entire region thinks that way - it wouldn't be surprising, if it were a big city - it's like you could take every person in the valley and move them to Boston, and they could be a five-percent subculture there - like the guy who walks around dressed like a woman, but is so obviously a man - no make-up or anything - this place is so right-brained - the kids who grow up here develop a warped sense of culture - it's like they absorb whatever chaff we college kids are into, but turn it into a prom



queen popularity contest type thing - i guess that no matter where you put them, high school kids are high school kids.

so, so, so.

“So,” by Peter Gabriel. I heard once that Peter Gabriel tried to make that his best work ever, and people didn’t appreciate it, so he got depressed - his next record, that he made in the depths of depression, was better than “So” - i don’t know if that’s true, but it’s entirely possible - the minute you stop looking for your creativity, you find it.



i remember when Chastity moved to Pennsylvania - her parents had just gotten divorced, and she went with her dad - she’s always been really close to her dad, which i think is weird - most girls i know don’t have such great relationships with their fathers - it’s even weirder when you consider Chastity’s open attitude toward sex and drugs - she tells her father about most of her partying and so forth - i think he had a lot to do with the fact that she quit drinking - her mother’s just too evil and calculating to care about her at all - when she had to move i was obviously depressed, especially because things were starting to develop between us again (once out of a total of about fifty times) and i thought my chances were ruined forever - it was that kind of depressed that is somehow satisfying, though - like nothing’s really that bad, but at least you have some reason to pity yourself - that was one of the few times that my parents actually acknowledged the fact that Chastity and I are good friends - i think they’re in denial because we’ve been friends for so long, but she’s not my girlfriend - they’re probably afraid that i’m gay.

i was pretty fucked up last night - the events of two nights ago really did a number on my sanity - somehow the business with vanna let me forget about it for a while - it hit me again, though, and i got into that mood where i want to get in my car and drive to miami - i don’t know why i have this fascination with miami - i think it has to do with the high crime rate, large homosexual population, and the great beaches - anyway, i started thinking about things, and i decided that i wasn’t so bad off after all - i really don’t think chastity is going to die - she lost a lot of blood and has a stiff concussion, and some internal injuries, but i think she’ll make it - she seems too persistent to die - that makes no sense at all, of course, but for some reason, i feel very strongly that she’ll pull through - besides, now i have a great excuse to fuck off for the rest of the semester - i’ve always wanted to play inSane, too - some crazy Hamlet fantasy, i guess.

speaking of Hamlet, i think i’m going to give up on the whole Engineering major thing. i’ll switch to english or philosophy or something - engineering just isn’t doing it for me

anymore - i know that writing’s not really my forte, but i’ve read some of the english students’ papers, and i know i can do better



than they can - at least i can spell - i don't need to write for a career, of course, i could teach, or something - i'll figure it out later - for right now, i need to be studying something i actually like, and they don't offer courses in poor nutrition.

the other thing that occurred to me was that i really want a relationship with Chastity - i almost always have, of course, even when i was with Susan - Susan wasn't so much of a real relationship anyway - we had a lot of sex, but there was no real emotional connection - i was too naïve, and she was too mature - a few times i actually fantasized about Chastity while i was in bed with Susan - i think that now we're in a better position to get involved than ever - the few times i've talked to her this semester, we've been really good together - she sounded really happy to talk to me, and really happy about life in general, and told me she wanted to come visit me (my house is quite a long way from Toledo) - i almost think she might finally be falling for me in a serious way - if i play my cards right in the next few months we might be able to go somewhere - maybe i'll see if someone can take over my lease, and i'll move to ohio or pennsylvania or wherever, get a job out there, maybe take a class or two - it would be good to get away from this area for a while - i don't think i'll be able to go to ass lot ever again - i wouldn't mind living by myself, either - i think i have issues with sharing my space - so why not move? it makes sense, especially if i'm not going to be around for the rest of the semester - maybe i could skip next semester, too - i doubt the parents would think too highly of that idea, but if i act insane, they'll allow it - we'll see.

the next step is to look into vanno's story a bit more - if felix is right about him, and he knows more about Chastity's situation than he's saying, then he's the key to this whole thing - it shouldn't be too hard to get him to talk, too, if felix stays out of it - i may figure this shit out yet. i'll talk to the cops tomorrow (i've done an excellent job of avoiding their phone calls and visits over the past two days), go to the hospital and visit Chastity, maybe bring a book to read to her or something (just like the italian stallion, baby), go to talk to vanno again - felix said he felt guilty about beating me up, maybe i can play on his pity and get him to give out some information.

either way, i'm on top of things - this could turn out to be one of my luckiest breaks ever.

now, a little bit of codeine (better living through chemistry - thanks, doctor!) and a little drink to kickstart things, and i'm going to bed. good night, Fortunes.





Howard's Happy Hour

By Howard Hao

"Q-fucking-Boom!"
-Hell's Kitchen staff

The Goal of Life?

Ah, to be young!
There really is no comparison;
Days and nights filled with delights,
Laughter, and enjoyment
Perhaps never to be experienced again.
A time to be free from worries
And the pressures of life.
Yet so many misuse their opportunities
Of these fine moments...

The Christmas Phenomenon

Once again this "magical"
Commercialized month or so
Has come and gone. One can
Only wonder about how much
Preparation and advertisement
Goes into selling a single
Day of the year. And about
How many people actually
Follow up on this business.
Stores filled with raged
Folk, long lines, and once
Virgin shelves now a horrible
Display of violence, short
Of a train wreck. Heat and
Tension rise as customers
Eye each other, muttering and
Swearing under their breaths
While they stalk Furbies. Yet
They try to make up for this
Nonsense by donating their entire
Seventeen cents to the bell-
Armed Salvation Army volunteers
And saying with false cheer:
"Merry Christmas!" Yes, I am
Cynical, but I remember a time
When Christmas was still fun...
I still love the holiday
But not the Transformation.

Noise Pollution

Such as the cacophony of
Scratching car engines
Left idle for eternity
And the cadence of road
Appliances at play
Rolling thunder of ominous
Thoughts out loud
Vile, decrepit waves of
Unintelligible hodgepodge
The annoying and insidious
Hiss of static from blank
Televisions, untuned
Radio stations, blathering
Idiots with nothing
Better to do with
Their time

Canon Elph LT

For those who have seen
This miracle of photography
It is indeed a spectacle
To behold. Minute yet as
Precise as its larger
Cousins; it may be even
More advanced.

Feline

A swift, silent hunter. Sleek and accurate,
But a shadow, making no sounds as she
Pounces. Deadly. Yet curls up next to you
the following moment—the queen of her own
kingdom, with You her loyal servant.

With all due respect

-- %%jrrs

Here's a nice situation. Certain instances of "physics" tells me that if I went ahead and slammed my head into a wall repeatedly, eventually all of those nice little bits which make up the wall and my head would interleave just right so that me good ole noggin' would pass right through the otherwise entirely solid-seeming wall.

Well, how about this one then; go do it. Hmm... seems that in all probability my head will simply be oatmeal before I transcend that plane. So, in short, this is probably a bad way to go about getting my head through a wall.

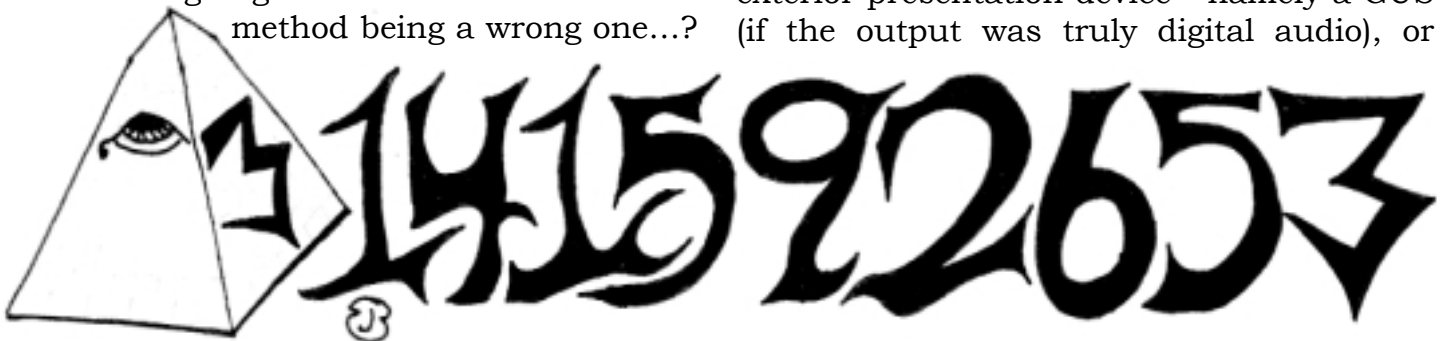
Now take a look at pi. Oh yes!, we as humans have tremendous power and wit, so we can use our PCs to calculate pi out to decimal places the amount of which nobody has ever dreamed (or at the very least, had previously scoffed as eighpossible). I can sure remember hearing about the nice supercomputer running whichever OS was the preferred OS of the person telling me about this nice supercomputer and its ability to calculate pi so very well, how it has been doing it for years, and they're still only 42,482.47 billion decimal places in... blah blah blah... Now I'm reminded of a story someone once told me about a man who wanted to get his head to go through a wall, so he kept on smashing one into the other - all the while preaching that victory was a certainty.

Perhaps the answer is in the way we're going about it - the current method being a wrong one...?

I look at pi and I see 3.blahblahblah... Now, the three is obviously a reference to the Masons - it's common knowledge that all Masons are pyramidal fetishists. So, they're simply pulling a Washington D.C. here, saying "Ha, we're the Masons and we made this," nothing more. If you disagree that the Masons made pi and you're about to argue that it was Socrates or Plato or whoever who first put pi into the light, rest assured that they were Masons too. But I'm straying... So, the three in front means nothing at all; now the problem is what to do with all the crap which comes afterwards. The answer is in units, or betterly, what are we to consider those numbers to be relative to? Zero? That's no good. Actually the only clue I have concerning this aspect is that there surely is a power of two in there somewhere. But on to better things...

Take a chunk of raw PCicular data, let's say some audio - we'll use our friend who makes more than 86,400 appearances on the Earth per day, the good ole 909 open hihat. Now, I take him and play him.. Txx. Sounds nice, eh? Now, I load him up in improces, (or dp2 if you're so inclined)... Doesn't sound as nice now, eh? Granted, the data is still the same, but it reacts a bit differently in the RAM of my GUS than in the RAM of my video card. I hope you're still with me, but if you're not, check this out ::

I've found the True Name of GOD. The problem is that the only way I can communicate the True Name of GOD to you is by writing some nice software which generates the True Name of GOD, outputs the True Name of GOD to some nice binary; which would then be run through some sort of exterior presentation device - namely a GUS (if the output was truly digital audio), or



some video card (if the output was truly digital video)... then again, I see no reason why the True Name of GOD should be limited to only video or audio out (which is to suggest that getting a GUS is a good step to take in the direction of aural analimitation), we could use a printer, or one of those nice new "Force Feedback" joysticks hooked up to a planchette and spell it out that way... see, the only trick here is the finding of the right peripheral to use. For the sake of demonstration, if I did output the True Name of

GOD as an 8-bit; 61,740Hz .xi, that wouldn't do you much good if you didn't have FT2 to listen to it in (or at the very least, Impulse Tracker... although the better alternative is to use some 'convert.exe' by Jesus Vilella - unless you can't get it to do what you want ...). Naturally, by now my point has presented itself to yourself and you yourself surely understand why we're going to end up with an rather oatmaelic head if we ourselves continue along in this fashion;- the raping of pi.

Chess: Passed Pawns

By Adam Fletcher

A *passed pawn* is a pawn that cannot ever be attacked or blocked by an enemy pawn (see diagram). The pawn on g4 is passed because there are no black pawns on the h or f files that will ever be able to attack it, and there is no black pawn on the g file to block the white pawn on g4. The pawn on a6 is an *outside passed pawn* because it is on an outside file (a or h) and there are no black pawns on a or h. Connected passed pawns are two or more pawns that form a chain and are passed (see black's pawns on c5 and d6 in diagram).

Passed pawns, particularly outside or connected passed pawns, are usually powerful forces in the endgame. As the next diagram shows, white has an advantage in this rook and pawn endgame because white has connected passed pawns despite black's material advantage.

If a player has an outside passed pawn (or even better, two outside passed pawns), the player should work to ensure that pawns promotion, perhaps by luring away the opponent's king or other attacking pieces.

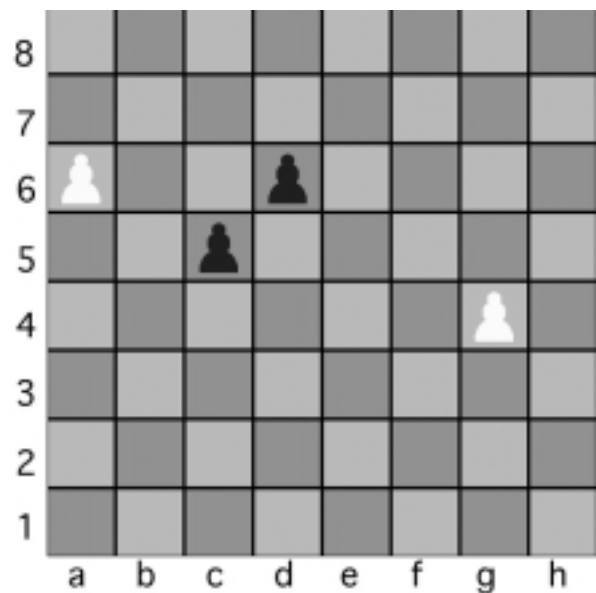


Diagram 1

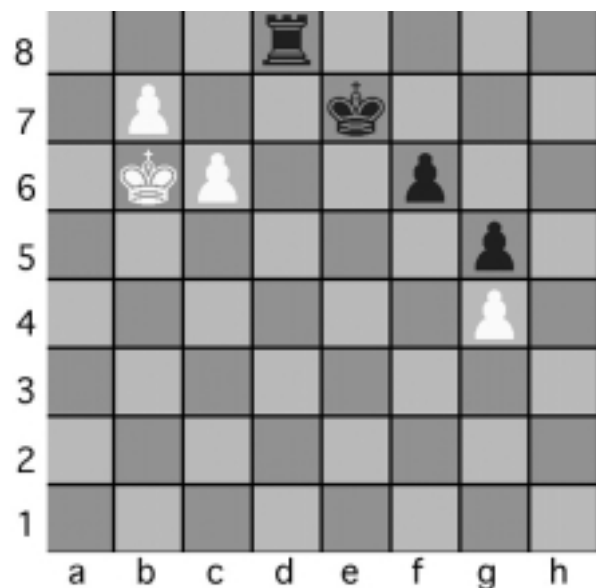


Diagram 2

United Airlines offers miles for community service with Colin Powell's 'Promise'

by Shruti Daté

*Reprinted with permission from
The Hatchet - 12/07/98
(George Washington U.)*

(U-WIRE) WASHINGTON, D.C. — Gen. Colin Powell's brainchild, America's Promise: The Alliance for Youth, and United Airlines announced a partnership to promote volunteerism Thursday morning in the Marvin Center ballroom.

The initiative, VolunteerMiles, will award 10,000 student volunteers a total of 100 million frequent flyer miles annually for their services. The initiative also links America's Promise with one of its first corporate partners.

"America's Promise is a national not-for-profit organization ... dedicated to mobilizing the nation to ensure our children and youth have access to the fundamental resources they need to become successful adults," according to the organization's literature.

The program aims to "recover our sense of community, and feel that we are once again a nation of caring neighbors," Powell said.

America's Promise attempts to alleviate problems that plague the lives of young people, such as high dropout rates, illiteracy, drug addiction, teen pregnancy, juvenile crime and gang violence, Powell said.

To help young people achieve success, the program offers five fundamental resources: a mentoring relationship with a caring adult, safe places and structured non-school activities, a healthy start, marketable skills through effective education and an opportunity to give back to society.

To earn VolunteerMiles, full-time students at four-year colleges and universities in the United States must enroll in United College Plus, which provides them with the airline's Mileage Plus benefits to travel. For every 50 hours of volunteerism, students will receive 5,000 Mileage Plus miles from United.

Students may earn service hours through work with up to two of the following six nonprofit organizations: Habitat for Humanity, the Special Olympics, the Make-a-Wish Foundation, One-to-One: The National Mentoring Partnership, the "I Have a Dream" Foundation and Best Buddies International.

Powell said the necessity of the program was evident recently when he read an article about two young brothers in jail for committing a series of violent crimes.

"I looked at the pictures of them (in The Washington Post) when they were boys; they looked just like me when I was young," he said.

"Why weren't we there to help them?" he asked. "I am certain if we were there, their lives could have been turned around."

American citizens and corporations alike must return to building our community, he said.

Powell said United Airlines is acting in its own self-interest by investing in the future and showing it cares about more than just profits.

"This type of incentive program seeks to recognize and reward cooperative service," said Gerald Greenwald, United Airlines chairman and chief executive officer, in a press release. "It is good for the bottom line and good for the soul."

President Stephen Joel Trachtenberg said he expects GW students will take

this opportunity to give back to the community because they already "give their time and energy to their neighbors."

He cited the more than 500 GW students who provide their services through the University's Neighbors Project, run through the Office of Community Service.

Eric Douglas, a sophomore Neighbors Project volunteer who also

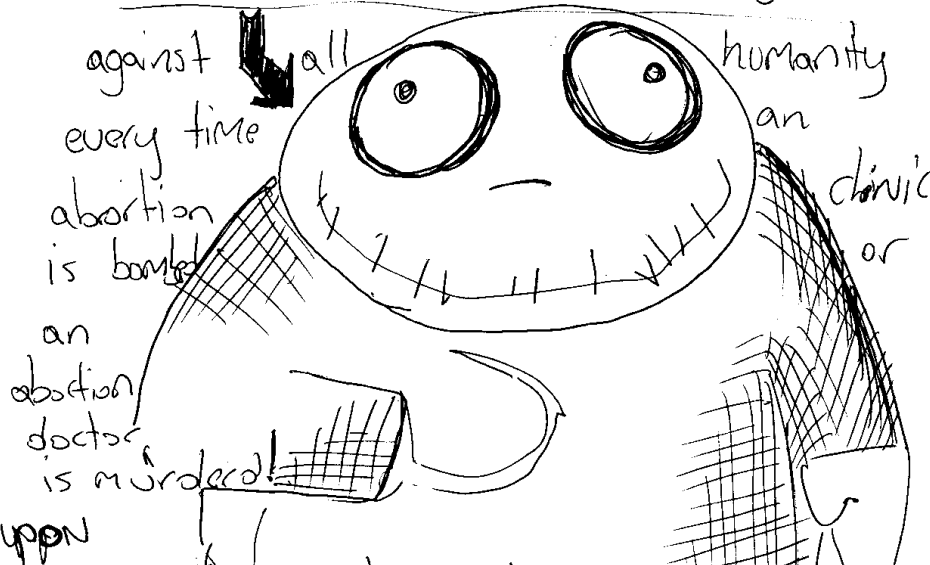
addressed the audience, said he hopes GW students will reach out to the community because service creates positive social change.

"Community service is a tool to open people's eyes to challenge and question why we believe things we believe," Douglas said.

Gdt by John Holt

ABORT!

This creature's mother was unable to get an abortion due to government Regulations! A great disservice is brought



viewing this abomination you should be inspired to stab women thoroughly about the uterus, regardless of any presence of pregnant signals! Get out there and kill! Don't let this happen again!

BROUGHT TO YOU BY The Mandatory Abortion League

SUBMIT!

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Cult Corner

by the most pious Sean T. Hammond



It was bound to happen. Surrounded by books on religions, the occult, and various mythology, how could I not do a weekly column on mischievous little cults, heretics, and heresies? And where would any heretic be without the Inquisition? (nothing like starting off with a bang, or in this case, a scream)

Started by Pope Gregory IX in 1231 when he issued the famous decree *Excommunicamus*, it ordered that repentant heretics were to be imprisoned for life and those which refused to recant their heresy were to be turned over to secular authorities for execution. It also ordered that the graves of heretics were to be dug up, their bones burned, and their homes destroyed.

Not wanting to be as mamby-pamby as Gregory, Pope Innocent IV strengthened the Inquisition with his bull *Ad Extirpanda*, allowing the use of torture to gain confessions and touted burning at the stake as the best method of execution. It also provided for the confiscation of heretic's property, and the property of their heirs.

This, of course, led to abuse of power where rich landowners were often accused of heresy, tortured until they confessed, and then had their lands seized by the Church. This pattern remained intact right up through the Salem Witch Trials here in the 'States where the vast majority of those accused of practicing the Dark Arts owned most of the land.

The Inquisition lost a great deal of power in Europe and by the 1400s was mostly limited to southern France. It was revitalized in Spain by Tomas de Torquemada in the mid 1400's, much to the dismay of many Native Americans unfortunate enough to be living in Central and South America. The Spanish Inquisition was suppressed by Napoleon I's conquest of Spain in 1808, but unable to keep a good group down, it came back...only to be permanently shut down in 1834.

The Vatican's modern version of the Inquisition is called the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. Rather than dedicated to using humans as firewood and keeping grave diggers employed, its main duty is to condemn Catholic theologians and professors for heretical tendencies. The most recent example of their work that I know of was the "silencing" of the Dominican priest Matthew Fox of Holy Names College in Oakland, California in 1988.



A typical GDT meeting



This week's Jungian Shard : Effective Life Strategies

Dinoflagellates are a set of alga, simple single-celled aquatic plants. Dinoflagellates are unique in that they produce chlorophyll, but also have a pair of flagella -- powered filaments that the dinoflagellate can whirl for locomotion. Evolved to their present form about 450 million years ago, they represent some of the most basic & ancient life on earth. In 1988, a fish pathologist at North Carolina State University named Edward Noga had several severe fish die-offs in his research aquariums. With the help of a graduate student, Noga discovered that a particular species of dinoflagellate was living in very high concentrations in all the affected tanks. This dinoflagellate was identified and studied by JoAnn Burkholder (an aquatic botanist), and its link to the fish kills was explained:

With no fish present, the creature simply sat in the sediment, encrusted in a hard, scaly, eggshell-like cyst. But when one or more fish began lingering overhead to feed, the creature shed its cyst, often within minutes... Quickly it filled the water with a lethal neurotoxin that paralyzed the fish, causing slow suffocation. In the face of impending death, the stunned fish leaned against the side of the aquarium, thrashing about as they struggled to get to the top.

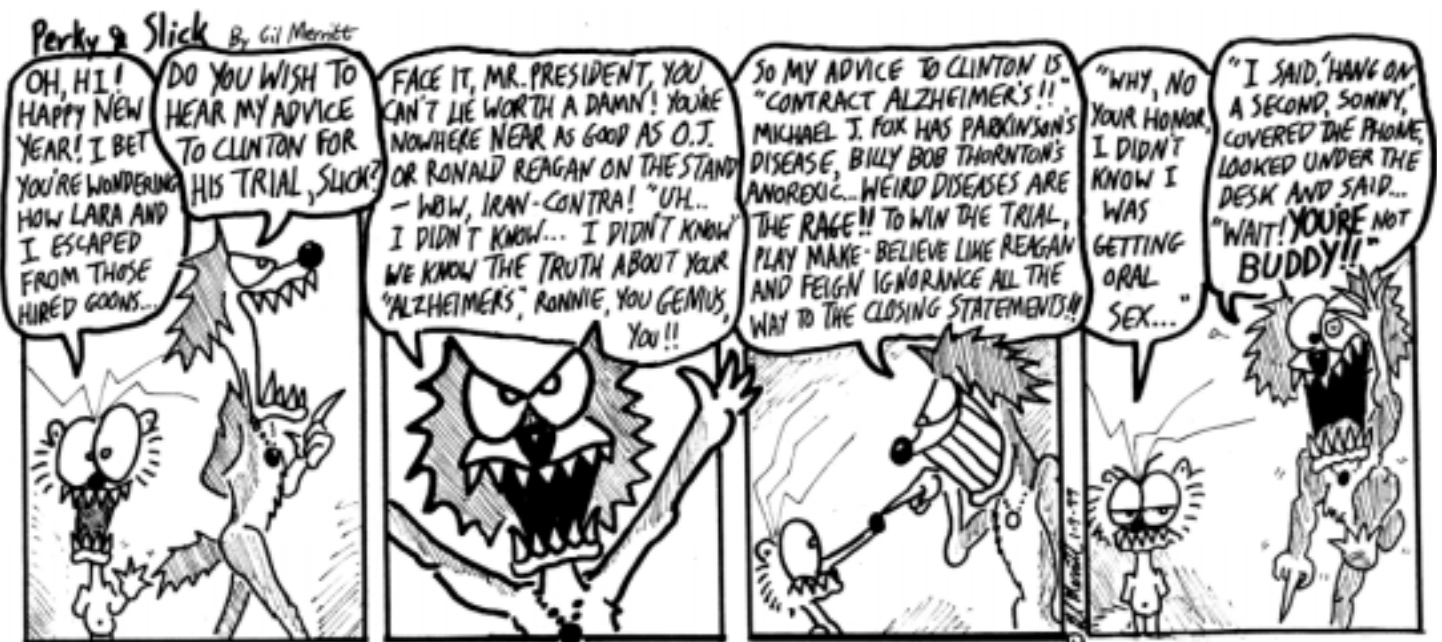
The reason for this behavior was also identified:

Unlike most dinoflagellates, which move in a leisurely, winding sort of way, these made a bee-line for their target--flecks of fish tissue stripped off by the toxin. They used a tongue-like absorption tube called a peduncle to attach themselves.

The dinoflagellate was a predator, a single celled warrior slaughtering fish for food with a highly effective toxin. So strong, an accidental micro-dosage of the toxin affected one of the researchers significantly:

Thoughts began rolling through his mind at a terrific pace; but when he reached to pull himself up, his hand seemed to take forever to move. Sensing trouble, Glasgow decided to leave the chamber, but his steps turned into something of a moon walk. "I don't know if it was really slow, or if I was thinking fast," he recalls, "but something was drastically wrong." Glasgow recovered 15 minutes later and now remembers the experience as more euphoric than frightening.

"Killer Algae," Patrick Huyghe. Discover Magazine, April 1993.



Dickshunary

Manifest Destiny: An editors right not to run a piece.

shareful (from Luke's Mom's English): having gregarious inclinations

witch's nipple: a unit of measurement equal to .04 microns.

Canadian: a person who vacations in Cuba.



Free and Accepted Masonometry

plapp: to deposit in resignation.

recepticon: a slutty Transformer.

Koyaanisqasti: pretentious art people trying to save the world. See also *Hopi Native Americans*

spackling: an artistic outlet for frustrated contractors.

Varadero Beach: popular hangout for Canadians.

fish heading for the piddle: To let the man getcha' (and do what he done...)

shit belong fire: pidgin for ashes.



Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PUBLISHER: C. Diablo

EDITORS:

Matthew Weaver
Jeremiah Parry-Hill
Giles Francis Hall
Adam Fletcher

LAYOUT:

Adam Fletcher

WRITERS:

Sean Hammond

CARTOONISTS:

John Holt
Gil Merritt

ILLUSTRATOR:

Gil Merritt

CONTRIBUTORS:

Jared Spiegel

INSPIRATION:

David Byrne
Philip Glass
Judith Polgar

*All material copyright 1998
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre and
the respective authors.*

Deadline for submissions is
2pm on the Saturday before
publication. Submissions
should be emailed to:
gdt@hellskitchen.org

Or mailed to:
**Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
c/o Hell's Kitchen
472 French Road
Rochester, NY 14618**

wham wham and zoo zoos: candy stolen from children
or University Presidents.

talk to the canoe driver: to chow box in Venice.

obstetric zomotherapy: using raw meat or meat juices
as an aide in childbirth.

fipolomist: one who wears funny shoes.

bemioskhishda: snowfall of this region as it pertains to
people of foreign regions.

Free and Accepted Masonometry: (also *Scotch Rite trian-
gle geometry*): using bricks and Macs to calculate pi.

puterfaction: 1. the process of putrefying. 2. *slang* The
rate of decay for computer equipment ("What's this
machine's 'puterfaction?")

olefactorigor: a bad-smelling ulceration of the nasal
membrane, not to be confused with Skeletor's henchman
of the same name.

Rambouillet: one of a breed developed by Meriano, yield-
ing meats and wool sutiable for Obstretic Zomotherapy.

Philately: [literal] - the love of untaxed goods.
[common usage] - stamp collecting.
[GDT] - a quiet, desperate cry for help.

Finna: to intend to ("I finna whoop your ass!")

Sweatpants: the hallmark of general despair and ulti-
mate apathy.

Caligulmaphism: a desire to be the head of the Empire of
Sex.

Castular Inspection: an official siege undertaken by the
Shire of New Amsterdamm upon a home in order to deter-
mine its worthiness for classification as a castle (see ISO-
0002 Fortifications Specs, keeping in mind that these
specs were drawn up during the Schism and may there-
fore conflict with other similarly-numbered ISOs).

Cult Corner



by Sean T. Hammond

Something's in the air. Could it be? Yes! It's a flying heretic. This week we look at Simon Magus (Simon the Magician). A contemporary of Jesus's disciples, Simon had it all: chosen by God, mass hypnotism, levitation, magic potions, *and* he hung out with whores. He also got some press in the *Acts of the Apostles*, *The Apocrypha*, and several other early Church writings. To top things off, he was regarded by the early Church Fathers as **the** first heretic and the Father of Heresies.

How cool is that?

According to early writers for the Church, Simon taught a form of Gnosticism in which the

True God's first emanation was Ennoia (Thought). From Her flowed the host of angels, which created the material universe and acted as a bridge between the material and spiritual worlds. But some of the angels, tempted by their own creation, lusted after Ennoia and rebelled against God. They captured Ennoia and forced her to incarnate as a woman. Once in the material realm, Ennoia kept reincarnating as women throughout the ages...one of which was Helen of Troy. The rebellious angels, exerting their power in the world, were also the God of the Old Testament.

Simon himself was an incarnation sent by the True God to find Ennoia. In time, the idea of Simon searching for Ennoia to lead her back to God was equated with the parable of the lost sheep mentioned in the *Gospel According to Matthew* (18:10-14). Apparently Simon found Ennoia, incarnated as a woman identified as Helen or Helena, working it in a brothel located in the Phoenician port city of Tyre.

By following Simon's teachings, his followers were promised that they would be able to escape from the material world upon their death and rejoin the True God.

Though the Christian writings are vague in their details, the Simonians are credited with engaging in sexual excesses...but who doesn't? Following the formula "all earth is earth, it matters little where one sows as long as one sows," the followers of Simon and Helen apparently used semen and menses as some form of sexual sacrament. Little else is known except that the Simonians practiced forms of magic, made potions (specifically love potions), and kept Paredri (familiar) and Oniropompi (dream-senders). In their homes, they had images of Simon and Helen depicted as Jupiter and Minerva, respectively.

When first mentioned in the *Acts of the Apostles* (8:9-24), Simon was in the town of Samaria, located in present-day northwest Jordan. There, he and his followers met Philip who was out spreading the Word of Jesus like the flu. The Simonians were so impressed with the miracles they saw that they all agreed to be baptized and become Christians, including Simon. After his conversion he began to follow Philip everywhere.

When the apostles John and Peter heard of Simon's conversion, they journeyed to

God by John Holt



Samaria. There, they began to lay hand on the newly converted people, healing them and giving them the Holy Spirit. Simon showed his true intentions when he approached the apostles and offered them money if they would teach him how to give the Spirit to people.

This didn't go over well with Peter who said, "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God." Whether the boy was right or not, in the Middle Ages the buying and selling of church officials would be a heresy apply named "simony."



Poor Simon. Poor, poor Simon.

After Samaria, Peter and Simon parted ways, but legend says that Simon journeyed to Rome. Living there from 42 to 67 AD, Simon Magus won the favor of the Roman Emperor Nero. By 67 AD, Peter was in Rome, and started talking trash about Simon, calling him a sorcerer and charlatan. Simon and Peter were brought before Emperor Nero where Simon claimed to be sent by God, while Peter retorted with, "Nu-uh." Finally Simon decided to prove his divine nature by ascending to heaven.

As he began to rise into the sky, Peter began to pray. According to the legend, this caused the demons holding up Simon to let go. Upon smacking the pavement, Simon broke into four pieces, much to the dismay of Nero. Peter was imprisoned and later killed.

Scholars generally agree that Simon Magus, also known by the Latin name Simon Faustus (Simon the Fortunate) is the prototype for Faust. The earliest written source on Faust, the *Letter to Virdung*, has Faust identify himself as Faustus Iunior and Magus Secundus, implying Simon was Faustus Senior and Magus Primus.





Some Thoughts On 1999 For The Useless And Stupid

By Gil Merritt

Well folks, it's 1999! Time to die!

I hate to bring you down like that, but it's no secret that come 2000 a great catastrophe could strike. It's a threat of global proportions that may forever change the way we live our lives. Millions of people are stockpiling years' worth of supplies in hope of surviving this danger. It is, of course, the imminent presidency of Hulk Hogan.

Yes, I agree that seeing Elizabeth Dole and Al Gore get blasted with a folding chair during the debates would indeed be hilarious, but before you vote for him, remember that Hulk's name is a trademark of Marvel Comics. Giving Stan Lee the copyright to the Presidency would suck on wheels.

And speaking of things that suck, we can't enjoy *Space:1999* anymore, because the sad and sickening fraud that underlies the show is all too clear. The age has arrived and we have neither laser rifles nor alien beasts; just a meager handful of cloned sheep. Never before has our nation, weaned on honesty and integrity, been rattled to the center of its foundation by so hollow and soulless a lie. Okay, there was that worldwide book burning by millions of George Orwell fans, irate that Big Brother or somebody didn't show up about a dozen or so years back...

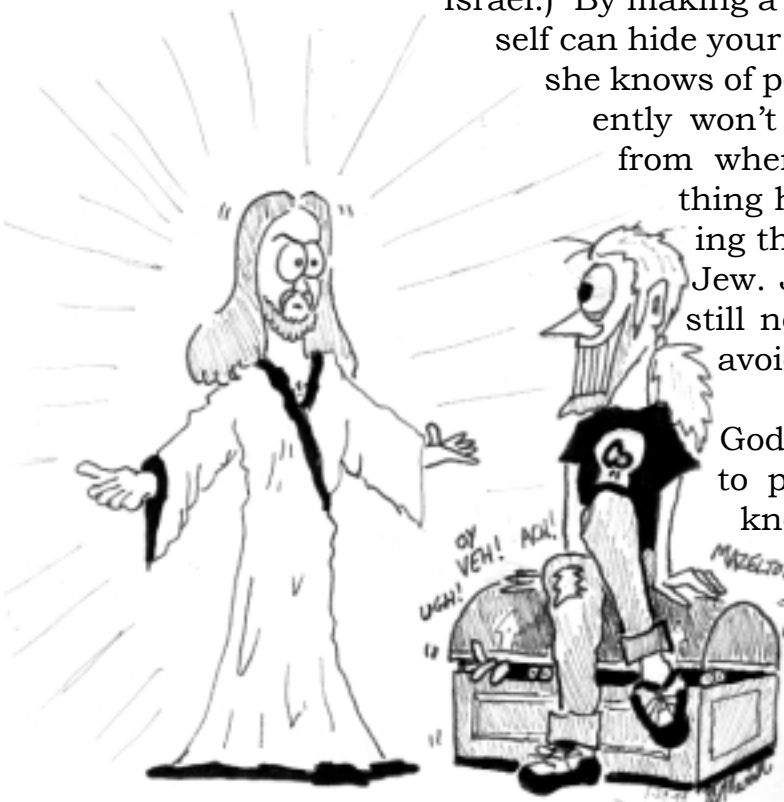
Sorry for being silly. The truth is, we have a lot to worry about. First of all, where are we going to hide all the Jews?

Totally true: inside the 1998 year-end issue of *Esquire* is an engaging little article about Pat Robertson's Y2K conference (yes, Pat Robertson held a Y2K conference) and at this conference was a Christian woman who sympathized with the um, plight of the Jews. "How are we going to get them back to Israel before Christ reappears in the um, United States?" She suggested a method similar to the "Underground Railroad or Alaskan Pipeline" (yes, that famous pipeline stretching from Alaska across the States to

Israel.) By making a spare bedroom in your house, you yourself can hide your very own Jew. According to this woman, she knows of people who are doing this so Jesus apparently won't keel over in disgust when He returns from wherever He's been. Just keep the whole thing hush-hush, because anyone caught hiding them will be struck down along with their Jew. Jesus may have loved everyone, but He still needs to know which places on Earth to avoid.

I'm just awestruck over the fact that God's own followers are presumably trying to put one over on His Son! What, Jesus knows about the pot in your 13-year-old's sock drawer but He gets all confused when people drag lumber and tools into the house? God instantly pegs Cain as a murderer[§] but He can't

[§] Okay, there were only four people around at the time, and it probably didn't take a lot of omnipotence to realize that the one who WASN'T crying was guilty...





**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PUBLISHER: C. Diablo

EDITORS:

Matthew Weaver
Jeremiah Parry-Hill
Giles Francis Hall
Adam Fletcher

LAYOUT:

Adam Fletcher
Jeremiah Parry-Hill

WRITERS:

Gil Merritt
Sean Hammond
Howard Hao
Pat Fleckenstein

ILLUSTRATOR:

Gil Merritt

CARTOONISTS:

Gil Merritt
John Holt

*All material copyright 1998
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre and
the respective authors.*

Deadline for submissions is
2pm on the Saturday before
publication. Submissions
should be emailed to:
gdt@hellskitchen.org

Or mailed to:
**Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
c/o Hell's Kitchen
472 French Road
Rochester, NY 14618**

detect the can of matzo ball soup at the bottom of the shopping bag you so carefully hid under the Doritos and Wonder Bread? Hello!

[POUND POUND POUND] "MY PEOPLE, WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?"

"Uhh...nothing, God!!!"

Second, there's the legendary Third Incarnation of the Antichrist hanging over our heads. Well, not OUR heads, just yours. See, we here at Hell's Kitchen don't fear Satan's arrival on Earth, thank you. We're concerned about far more pressing matters, like when C'Thulhu rises from the sea to hand humanity its ass. I mean, C'Thulhu's got like 400 hit points, for cryin' out loud. Still, I wish we'd find this Third Antichrist already so Nostradamus' ardent followers would shut the hell up.

Well, somebody else can find him. I saw "The Omen" enough times to know that putting two and two together with demonic secret identities only gets your head chopped off by big honking panes of glass. Studies show that those best suited for decapitation by runaway inanimate objects are people who are useless and stupid. Enter Jerry Falwell. As expected with the useless and stupid, the Rev' admitted that he doesn't know who the Antichrist will be. Gee Jer', you keep up with the Trinity Broadcasting Network, don't you? Then you KNOW it's got to be a celebrity!

Watch as much TBN as I have[£] and you'll learn that their conception of the Devil is that of a very arrogant and direct sumbitch, obsessed with drawing attention to his activities on Earth. Satan is more fascinated with getting young people to behave irresponsibly than enticing powerful people to establish him a counterfeit empire. Why? Apparently the TBN needed their eternal adversary to get whapped easily. Ergo, you can burn a heavy metal album but you can't fight City Hall.^µ This is why Metallica are agents of Satan but Bill Gates and Michael Eisner aren't. Which is weird; who hasn't wanted to burn Windows or set Mickey ablaze?

At least Nostradamus' fans are a little more accurate in their hunt. Their eyes glued to cable TV, they scope out every CNN Madman Of The Week, mentally comparing each one to Napoleon and Hitler...geez, between them and the TBN, we've got like twelve Antichrists running around. That's enough to make a basketball Dream Team. "Hussein would take center

£: Hey, it's funnier than Comedy Central.

µ: However, you can teem it to overflowing with homophobic shitheels.

court, with Qaddafi and Marilyn Manson on offense; bin Laden would cover D..."

Until recently, my choice for the Antichrist was Puff Daddy. C'mon, he drags Sting kicking and screaming into a half-assed "tribute song," mumbles the damn thing as opposed to actually rapping (and as proven by Teletubbies, gibberish is Satanic)...and thanks God for his fame and success?! "Thank you God, for making sure that The Notorious B.I.G. was shot through the heart, otherwise I'd still be running coffee for Snoop Doggy Dogg..."

But don't worry all you Puffy fans, because I'm wrong. Falwell dropped another unexpected bombshell about the Antichrist, and he will be "male and Jewish." That's not fair! I don't care if he is the Deceiver Of All Mankind, I STILL LIKE Gilbert Gottfried! But then again, it could be WCW champion Goldberg (Okay, then YOU explain that undefeated streak of his!) or even better, Jerry "Jailbait Was Fun, Now Howzabout Some Multiple Adultery" Seinfeld...

Wait a minute! Does that mean the Antichrist is currently being stashed in a spare bedroom by sneaky Christians, ignorant of his true identity, yet still trying to smuggle him to Israel? Gah! How are they gonna explain THAT one to The Man Upstairs?

"WHY DIDN'T YOU WATCH 'THE OMEN' WITH EVERYBODY ELSE?"

Feh. Apocalypse, Shmocalypse. Dinosaurs were on Earth for 200 million years, and we've been around for what, half of that?

However, the year 2000 is almost here and as a culture we still have a lot to do before the 21st Century arrives. Look at what we've accomplished in almost 1000 years... scratch that, look at what we've done in just over 100! The factory! The computer! The bigger firearms! The mil-



lions of species rendered extinct! Impressive!

So with one year left, this is our final checklist of Things For Mankind To Do, so we can start with a fresh slate on January 1st. Be warned, for some of these accomplishments are sort of out there, in as much they may suggest that a big hairy Apocalypse is on the way. But for now, forget about the Y2K bug and concentrate on these:

1) Capturing the Loch Ness Monster. We don't have to capture Bigfoot, because everybody's seen him. And forget about the Abominable Snowman, since his life was claimed in an X-Treme Sports Event when

some multi-neon colored schmuck accidentally beheaded him while biking down Mount Everest. ESPN2 did air the tragedy, and don't worry, there was a silly sound effect played at the impact.

2) Putting a man on Mars. Maybe John Glenn. That way, we'd give a shit.

3) Creating a Satanic country-western band. I don't mean "rockabilly," I mean Merle friggin' Haggard and the Dixie Chicks crooning "Lucifer, O Lucifer" to a goat's head live on stage at the Grand Ole Opry. Look, I'm not actually going to BUY this type of music. It's just vitally important that we have all musical genres covered.

4) Gathering every man, woman and child on earth together regardless of race, creed or religion and lining up as one united, loving consciousness so we can gag and bind Bob Saget and, one at a time, kick him in the testicles.

5) Coercing Mike Wallace of 60 Minutes to interrupt his news report so he can jump up on his chair and rip off his suit to reveal a Wonder Woman costume and sing and dance to the theme "Wonder Wo-MAAAAAAN!!!" Wait, I'm sorry, I got that one out of my system a long time ago...^ß

What am I going to do before 2000? Oh the usual... find a job, work on getting Perky and Slick syndicated, dream of having my very own B-movie on the rack in a video store, and also wonder and contemplate the next step of evolution. Are we truly the final step? What life form is going to transcend man? What will we evolve into? Yeah, it's sacrilegious, but it sure beats the hell out of wondering how we're all going to DIE...

ß: No, you REALLY don't want to know.



Them Signs

"Sensible Salting Require
Sensible Driving"

States nocturnally lustrous
Bloodless and lime alloy
Road signs posted at specific
Strategic locations.

What a laugh; what salt?

Winter Snowstorm

I'm certain we've all had just
About enough of the winter snow.
The slippery driving, the crummy
Walking conditions—it is quite
A mess!

Howard's Happy Hour

By Howard Hao

Wine Tasting

Inexperience shows profoundly
As the Master experiences hints
Of mint, berries, chocolate even
Whereas I note only fermented
Grapes and the pungent odor
Of fermentation and wood. One
Thing we both agree on...
It's a great red wine.

Contraband

Not exactly illegal
But not exactly Kosher
Is the contraband
Looted and contained
Within these very walls

19990120

Pat Fleckenstein

Oi. It's been over a month since I've written here. It's not like I'm short on topics for which I wish to proselytize. All of my writing efforts this month have been directed toward my long-distance love. But, I shall try to hammer out one of the other topics today with whatever portion of my muse is leftover. If I thought for a second that you were compelled to read this, I'd probably back off now. But, since I believe in your ability to choose for yourself, it's your own damn fault if you get the whole way to the end and feel you've wasted your time.

I was going to write about "value" today-- economic value, social value, etc. But, I think I'm going to move it up a level from there. I want to spew for a bit about emergent properties of large systems. "Value" is one such property. It will make a good starting point.

I recently read a Jewish folktale that speaks to this "problem" rather well. Two brothers were in travel. They were off to deliver a cask of wine to a wedding. On the road, one of the brothers became thirsty. He fished around in his pockets and found a single gold coin. He offered it to his brother in exchange for a cup of wine. The brother obliged. But, now, the brother was thirsty as well. He fished around in his pockets and found only the single gold coin his brother had just given him. He offered it to his brother in exchange for a cup of wine. By the time they reached the wedding, the cask was half empty, the brothers were both very drunk, and they still only had one gold coin between them.

That story underlines my big problem with "economic value". Every time I try to define some system where someone could actually make money that other people

aren't losing, I fall into a constructivist quagmire. These two drunken brothers are a micro-economy. If we added a third person into the mix, the end-result would not be much different. Everything is zero-sum. Any time one person receives the gold coin, it is necessary that someone else relinquished the gold coin. Adding a fourth person does nothing to change the situation. In fact, adding any number of people or any number of gold coins does not change the situation in my mind at all.

I have even tried various models where alliances are allowed or prices wouldn't have to be the same for each customer. I still can't get around the fact that there's a fixed amount of money. The only way to generate more money is for some money-making authority (or counterfeiter) to decree that there is more money. But, how do they have that authority? Is "economic value" that flimsy a concept that some group can come along and say "there's more of it now" and *poof*?

"The apparent intelligence and sentience of humans is a measure of the disorder of the system..."

Things get even more flaky when it comes to the stock market. There, the "economic value" of something is solely what one is willing to pay for it. There, people trade things back and forth. The transactions are largely transfers from one person to another with commissions being doled out to the brokers. Now, it's clear to me that if I have 1000 red jellybeans and you have 1000 green jellybeans, if you and I trade a bunch of jellybeans back and forth through brokers who eat 10% of each transaction, either you or I or both are going to end the year with significantly fewer than 1000 jellybeans. How can this be beneficial to society? How can this be worth it? I have no idea.

Here's another place that I run into this constructivist quagmire---consciousness. Which synapse breaks the camel's back? I can't imagine that a single brain

cell is sentient. I can't imagine that adding a second brain cell improves the matter tremendously. I can't imagine that adding a single brain cell to a cluster of any number of brain cells would cross some boundary into sentience. How does it all happen?

Another place I run into this constructivist quagmire is when I'm trying to think about how mirrors work. I mean, if you think about it as photons hitting a surface of atoms, what do you get? You get these photons being absorbed by electrons in the atoms. You get these electrons bumped up to a higher energy state where they're a bit unstable. You get these electrons bumping back down to lower energy states and emitting photons. But, somehow, on the macroscopic level, the angle of incidence still equals the angle of reflection. What's up with that, Pike?

In the case of the mirror, the answer is simple, right? The answer is that I can't think of light as a particle. I have to think of light as a wave. I have to think of that photon probabilistically hitting all of the atoms along the mirror's surface and probabilistically reflecting off of that surface and all of these things conspire to make the light reflect off at basically the same color at basically the same angle. Sure, that's easy enough to say. But, the whole wave-particle duality doesn't always sit well with my

classical brain. This is especially true when, in my more lucid moments, I realize that it isn't so much a wave of light, but a wave of probability that is bouncing off of the "surface".

And, maybe that's the economic answer as well. Maybe there are complex integrations of all of the possible paths economic photons could take through the system. And, maybe economic value's apparent growth is simply some measurement that masks all of those paths. And, maybe intelligence is just some measurement that masks complex integrations over all of the possible paths that neural photons could take through the system. But, most quantities that I'm familiar with in physics are conserved. The only one that jumps to mind which isn't is entropy. And, that says a lot about intelligence and economic value to me. The apparent intelligence and sentience of humans is a measure of the disorder of the system. The total value of the economy is akin to a measure of the disorder of a system. Maybe I can't think of intelligence or economic value as a particle. Maybe I have to think of it as a wave---a wave of probability.

Coming soon... a grand unified theory base upon $h = p \log(p)$. Wheee....
until again,
pat



Cult Corner

by Sean T. Hammond



hip me. Beat me. Make me bleed. This week, we take a look at those zany flagellants. Though the various flagellant movements never cooked up any really interesting heresies, any group of people that whipped the be-jeebers out of themselves in a sadomasochistic ecstasy is worth a peek.

Flagellation, in general, was condoned by the Church as a form of monastic discipline, either to be self-inflicted, or with the help of a friend. Today, most people prefer a little help from a friend.

A-hum.

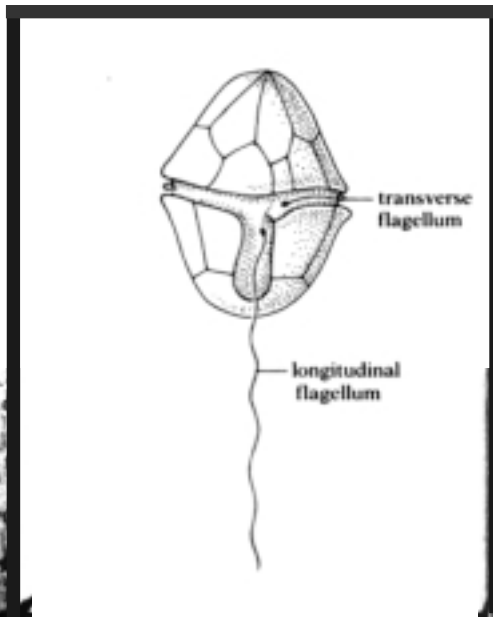
Anyway, starting in the mid-13th century, social stress triggered periodic bouts of group flagellation. Just after the Italian plague of 1259, the Umbrian hermit Raniero Fosani began to organize large groups of flagellants. Called the *diciplinati*, their belief was that God was angry with humanity and had decided to wipe them out. The Virgin Mary begged God to reconsider, and he

agreed, but only if mankind abandoned their adulterous, blasphemous, usurious, blah, blah, etc. ways.

Led from town to town by a priest, the *diciplinati* would stand in the streets or in the square in front of the local church, flogging themselves for hours. With each town visited, more and more people would join. Some estimates say there were as many as 10,000 flagellants in Italy by 1260.

The movement was prohibited by the Church in 1261 and quickly disappeared in Italy, but some practitioners had moved north into Germany. Between 1347 and 1349, when hundreds of thousands were dying of the plague, the flagellant movement blossomed. Wearing white robes with a red cross on the front and back, the flagellants were led from town to town by renegade priests, monks, and self-appointed leaders, all believing Jesus' return was imminent.

The leaders of flagellant processions took on the role of priests whether they were ordained or not. They'd hear confessions, give penances, and absolve sins. When these sore-backed



Ow! Quit it! Ow! Quit it!

rovers would reach a town, they would gather in front of the church, strip to their waists, and sing hymns while they whipped themselves. Their leader would walk among them, thrashing himself, and stopping to beat his followers every-now and then, saying, "Arise, by the honor of pure martyrdom."

The spectacle of the beatings and the hymns was such a crowd pleaser that the Church began to worry, feeling that the people were substituting the normal sacraments for flagellation. Another decree was issued in 1349 by Pope Clement VI forbidding public displays of flagellation.

A revival in the early 1400's finally led to the condemnation of the practice by the Council of Constance (1414-1418).

Difficult to enforce, flagellation persisted in Europe for centuries. Like the Inquisition, the last stronghold was Spain, where it was banned in the 18th century.

In this country an offshoot of the Spanish tradition of flagellation established itself in what is now New Mexico and part of southern Colorado where it combined with Native American traditions. Called the Hermanos Penitentes, the group continued to exist into the 20th century, despite condemnation by the Catholic authorities.

Until next time:

*"If love isn't forever,
and it's not the weather,
hand me my leather."*

-*"Leather,"* Tori Amos

Gap by John Hoff

Miss-Adventures

unbeknownst to many of our readers, gar spent the better part of his teens earning money as a prostitute,



though no true income gain was made, as his only john was a fetishist, into many wild things... such as

bouls



and oral castration



Consider a bequest to Hell's Kitchen.

When planning one's estate, careful consideration must be given to those oh-so important tax-emept bequests. Why donate your hard earned money to causes that don't give back?

Tired of thank you notes from groups like "The Jimmy Fund" and "Red Cross"? Donate to the Kitchen and know your dollars are working for the good of the people.

For more information, contact:
Hell's Kitchen
472 French Road
Rochester, NY14618

"Hell's Kitchen: It won't cure cancer or help retarded kids, but it's better than nothing."

This file has not been converted to a PDF do to technical difficulties.



Please email
gdt@hellskitchen.org to help
expedite the creation of this
file.



Upping the Ante

By Robert Mac Kay and Sean T. Hammond

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine." -English Proverb

From the apartment next door, I can hear the shrill voice of someone I've affectionately dubbed "Loud Bitch". She's one of those individuals who feel the need to SHRIEK everything. Dogs cower and bats spin out of control when this woman opens her mouth.

"...and Judy told Jeff what I said and I could have just DIED!"

Feeling a warm trickle from one of my ears, I go to the bathroom and dab at the blood. I don't remember being so critical of people when I was younger. Then again, I don't remember being surrounded by insufferable twits back then. Looking in the mirror, I can plainly see streaks of white through my otherwise dark hair. Even my facial hair has begun to turn. Between my premature greying and my curmudgeonry, I suppose in just a few short years I'll be a wrinkled prune of a man babbling fiercely at my house full of cats:

"...and Judy told Jeff what I said and I could have just DIED!"

Loud Bitch is only one of the bothersome facets of my life. At the top of my list are some rotten little scuts that have moved in downstairs. In total, I think there are four of them, all college age, but not in school. From what I can tell, they're just kind of hanging out. I suppose they're living off of an allowance from home, or maybe dipping into their trust fund. These four have managed to earn my wrath for the deafening volume at which they insist on playing their music. Books fall from my shelves, cups and glasses resonate along with certain notes(1), and my stuff just generally pulsates. Though I've asked them to tone it down repeatedly, it hasn't done any good.

One particularly bad time, when I just couldn't deal with it anymore, I got up onto my couch wearing a flight jacket, goggles, and a white scarf. In the corner of the room I had placed a fan, making the scarf flutter like an excited albino. Lowering the goggles over my eyes, I leapt from my perch and landed squarely on the floor, fighting the urge to bend my knees and soften the blow.

I was praying to God that I'd just go right through the floor and land in the middle of their apartment in a cloud of splinters, dust, and lead based paint. Once there, I'd become an unholy dervish of death, a veritable Von Richthofen of spite, striking fear into my enemy as I smote them in my fury, forcing them to eat paint chips only fit for children.

NOTES (1)

Linux Programmer's Manual

NOTES(1)

NAME

notes - a progression of musical tones.

SYNOPSIS

DESCRIPTION

During one particularly memorable evening, they were listening to some typical piece-heavy base and vulgarity—and for whatever reason, all the glasses in the kitchen began to resonate. There I was in the middle of a jittering apartment, with haunting, celestial noises emerging from behind closed cupboards. After maybe a minute, the phenomena stopped and I was left with my internal organs rubbing against one another. This just made me more bitter, of course.

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE****PUBLISHER:** C. Diablo**EDITORS:**

Matthew Weaver
 Jeremiah Parry-Hill
 Giles Francis Hall
 Adam Fletcher

LAYOUT:

Adam Fletcher
 Jeremiah Parry-Hill

WRITERS:

Sean Hammond
 Robert MacKay
 Howard Hao

CARTOONIST:

John Holt

*All material copyright 1999
 Gracies Dinnertime Theatre and
 the respective authors.*

Deadline for submissions is
 2pm on the Saturday before
 publication. Submissions
 should be emailed to:
gdt@hellskitchen.org

Or mailed to:
**Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
 c/o Hell's Kitchen
 472 French Road
 Rochester, NY 14618**

Instead, it was all talk and no trousers, and I only made a satisfactory THUMP. The music stopped, and one punk ass actually dared come upstairs and asked why his ceiling looked like it was coming down.

Thinking, “because you were saved by the God of Building Codes from my righteous wrath!” I asked them to please turn their music down. A few minutes later it was back. I think the bastard turned it up to eleven just to spite me.

After that it’s just been one rude encounter after another. Though I was annoyed and really wished to exact some kind of revenge, I bided my time. They were loud, and I was annoyed, but I’ve learned that the universe provides. I simply had to wait for an idea.

As I said, there are four of them living together—with no particular relation to each other—and I can hear that it gets tense down there. I’ve named testosterone boy, the one who came upstairs, Paco. He’s the constant agitator, always having a problem with his roomies. At first, I was going to squirt some bleach into their apartment through a sliding window I happen to know doesn’t lock. Hopefully Paco would accuse the rest, and general madness would ensue. But that just wasn’t good enough. I wanted something that would cause blood to fly. I wanted corpuscles to be opened and physical injury to result. I wanted to awaken some night to the sound of sirens and cries of “ohmigod” from neighbors looking in through the splintered remains of their door. After a little investigating (with my investigating feet) I hit upon a real plan.

Down the hall, near where the washer and dryer is kept, is the phone line panel, and their apartment number is clearly marked on the pins. Not wanting some old woman to be the unwitting object of my fury, I wired up an amplified magnetic pulse detector. This let me listen in on their phone conversations without their knowing, but it didn’t do me much good. Going deeper into my reserves of electronic equipment, I rigged up a phone and fashioned myself a jack that clips across the pins, giving me a personal, detachable, extension to their phone line.

So I’m callin’ China.

“Hello, Hong Kong? Adjusting well to Chinese rule? Uh-huh? Well, that’s good. Say, what’s the weather like out there?”

If I can’t divide them, I’ll make ‘em poor! I can just imagine what Paco will do when the phone bill comes in for

several hundred dollars. Think of all the wonderful places I can call. I've already taken my Risk board out and marked some likely candidates: Yakutsk, Kamchatka, the Northwest Territory, and don't forget Cuba, North Korea, Argentina ("Hello, operator? Can you get me the number of Adolf Hitler please?" "Se. Un momento...") and Iraq. Yeah, not only will I make them poor, I'll bring the spooks down on them.

Vengeance is so cool!



*In the
beginning God
created the
world because he
could.*

*- Dave McKean,
"Cages"*

Howard's Happy Hour

By Howard Hao

Psychedelia

electric blue sweeping
Fanning, fawniNg; rock your own world
Cutting a Mobius strip
Echoing voices talking traSh
inhaling mocha and rusks
I cUt your supinatEd wrist
While dodging bullets of hail
purest rain makes bEST wine
LoOk! Angelic roBes ablaze
Oooh...how bloody crisp!
Now lying Limp, at the side
Tunes playing obnoxiously somewhere
You aRe not ready
In the distant horizion
a creak, a crack, A sparkle...
Devil's hOrns, detached gravel
FinGernails of a scarlet hue
Yellow neon polyester hAlter
BeadS of tears, caress
And asTigmatism in both eyes

Advertisement

Bastard demonic entities
With jagged talons to grapple, persuade
Luring towards impending
Doom and monetary losses
Resistance is futile...

Now with Color Guard!
It does the body good!
The juice is loose!
Like a portable oven!

Lingos reverberating in your head
Unstoppable, incurable!
At the slightest mention
You recite along...

Like a rock!
Stop smoking once and for all!
Just do it!
It works on my toughest headaches!
Toughest headaches my ass...

Subliminal

Incognito...
As merchants
Yearn on urban ranges,
Mostly alarmed; sighing to every remark

Cult Corner

By Sean T. Hammond

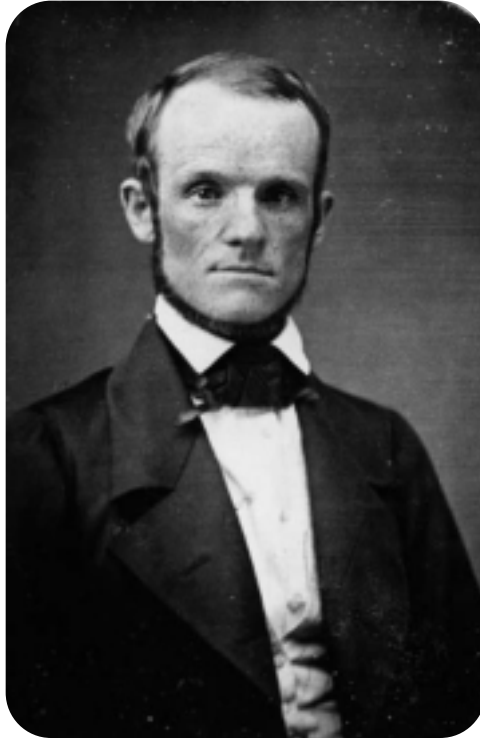
“What’s with all the heretics?” a voice from the front row shouts. “This is supposed to be Cult Corner, so make with the cults!” Fine. Welcome to the wonderful world of the Oneida Community, perhaps one of the coolest utopian communities started in the United States. As most Cults and other societal subcultures (like zines for example) almost always develop around charismatic individuals. That being said, let’s take a quick look at John Humphrey Noyse.

Born in 1811 at Brattleboro, Vermont, Noyse was one of eight children. On his maternal side, he was related to President Rutherford B. Hayes, while his father was a successful businessman and

United States Congressman. Growing up in Putney, Vermont, Noyse was remembered as being shy around girls (remember this when he starts promoting “free love” later on. It’s fun to psychoanalyze!), but taking leadership roles amongst his friends. After attending Dartmouth College, Noyse started as an apprentice in a law firm, but quickly gave it up and returned home in the 1830’s.

During this same time, the northeastern part of the United States was the scene of massive religious revivals. These turbulent times would give rise to various traveling freakshows, including the Christian Scientists, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and the Oneida Community.

In 1831, being a religious leader was the furthest thing from Noyse’s mind. Apparently the event that changed Noyse’s life was a four-day religious revival held in Putney. Noyse attended the meetings and left a changed man. Within a few weeks Noyse had enrolled at Andover, and then Yale, in theological seminary.



John Noyse

He was granted a license to preach in 1833, though he developed a reputation for being a radical. Finally, Noyse was summoned before the theological faculty for declaring that he was without sin. When Noyse refused to recant for his heresy, his preaching license was revoked.

Ah, sweet heresy.

By this time, Noyse was 23 years old and had no intention in stopping his preaching. “I have taken away their license to sin, and they keep on sinning. So, though they have taken away my license to preach, I shall keep on preaching.” He taught a form of Perfectionism in which Christ had already returned to earth in 70 AD, so redemption from sin was already a done deal; that man could live a sinless life. With no one taking him seriously, Noyse returned home to Putney in 1836. There, things started to happen.

First, his sisters Charlotte and Harriet converted, followed shortly by his brother George, then his mother. Slowly, converts trickled in, and by 1844 the adult membership was around two dozen. In the beginning, the members lived in separate houses and worked at normal jobs, but that would eventually



The community around 1860

change due to five deaths that scarred Noyse.

Marrying Harriet Holton in 1838, five of the six children they had were still-born. Noyse was profoundly saddened, not only for the loss of his children, but for his wife. Unwilling to believe that it was a woman's lot in life to have to bear children who might live or die, Noyse thought long and hard. Unwilling to accept celibacy as the answer, Noyse developed what he called *coitus reservatus*, or male continence. Don't get it? Well, Noyse says it fairly clearly:

...we insist that this whole process, up to the very moment of emission, is *voluntary*, entirely under the control of the moral faculty, and *can be stopped at any point*.

In other words, the *motions* can be controlled or stopped at will, and it is only the *final crisis of emission* that is automatic or uncontrollable.

Still don't get it? The men wouldn't ejaculate. There, I said it. Happy?

While Noyse was formulating this novel solution, his followers had begun to integrate their lives. Previously, members had lived in separate homes and worked at their jobs, but by 1844 the Putney Perfectionists had adopted economic communism. They shared their work, their food, living quarters, and their resources. The children attended a common school, and all the members would meet for one a day for Bible study. Finally, in 1844, armed with Noyse's doctrine of male continence, the Perfectionists began the practice for which they would be best remembered: they started sharing their spouses. The phrase "free love" originated with Noyse, but would later be replaced with "complex marriage," as he didn't like the implications inherent in "free love."

Keep in mind that this was the 1840s. When word got out about what



East side of the Oneida Mansion

the Perfectionists were doing, the townspeople were unhappy. Eventually, Noyse was indicted on adultery by a grand jury in October 1847. Released on bail for \$2000, Noyse promptly packed up his things and led his followers to New York...to protect them from mob violence, of course. He never stood trial on the charge.

Thanks to the practice of complex marriage, the popular press was giving Noyse a great deal of free publicity. In 1847, there were several scattered Perfectionist groups. One of these groups owned a large tract of land along Oneida Creek in upstate New York. Arriving in Oneida, Noyse and his little band began to clear the land, work as farmers, and buy nearby acreage. By 1848 the group

owned almost 600 acres and had 87 members living in the community. By 1849, the population had more than doubled.

Living in the home of the man who donated the land to the group and the Indian cabins that were abandoned once the whites forced them onto a new reservation, the group's first major project was the construction of a communal home. Starting as a wooden building, it acquired the name Mansion House. To keep up with a population that kept expanding, the wooden home was eventually replaced by a brick structure onto which various wings were added. Designed by Noyse, every factor in construction stressed the concept of the group versus that of the individual: a

communal dining room, library, concert hall, etc. Things deemed “anti-group” were banned, such as tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol, on the grounds that they were habit forming, and therefore detrimental to the group. In one case, even individual dolls that the children played with were deemed “anti-group” once the children began playing with them too much, and were destroyed.

Maybe the Oneida Community can best be summarized by their obsession with change. They’d change everything: the number of meals in a day, when food was served, and work schedules. They even had a tendency to rearrange their rooms on a regular basis. Their local newspaper, the Circular, had this to say in its 25 April 1864 issue:

“It is a point of belief with us that when one keeps constantly in a rut, he is especially exposed to attacks of evil. The devil knows just where to find him! But inspiration will continually lead us into new channels by which we shall dodge the adversity.”

It was concept of change that led to some of the Community’s advanced attitude toward women. Though Noyse refused to recognize that women were the equal of men, the work that men and women did was the same. The concept of woman’s work simply didn’t exist. Maybe as a result, the fashion sense of the community diverged from mainstream society’s. In 1848, Noyse wrote that, “Woman’s dress is a standing lie. It proclaims that she is not a two-legged animal, but something like a churn, standing on castors.”

Acting on his comment, three women modified their dresses, raising the hem to their knees and using the extra material to make pantalettes that went to the ankle. The Community quick-

ly adopted the garb, and it was worn by all women. Shortly afterward the women began to bob their hair, feeling that long hair was an impediment to working. Women in society at large wouldn’t start bobbing hair until 1922 when the dancer Irene Castle would introduce the look.

Continuing to act upon their concept of change, the Community began a program which they called “stirpiculture” in 1869. Derived from the Latin word for lineage, it was as good a word as they could find. Today, we know it by a term coined in 1883 by Francis Galton: “eugenics.” Noyse made the goal of the program clear when he wrote:

“Why should not beauty and noble grace of person and every other desirable quality of men and women, internal and external, be propagated and intensified beyond all former precedent by the application of the same scientific principles of breeding that produce such desirable results in the case of sheep, cattle, and horses?”

Only certain people in the community were allowed to become biological parents, though, in keeping with their communal outlook, everyone would help in raising the children. Though the selection criteria are unknown, there were 53 women and 38 men who took part the first year. As time went on, more people were chosen to participate. Records indicate that around 80% of those that took part actually achieved a pregnancy. In ten years 62 children were born. Of these, four were stillborn.

Though there is still a great deal of debate over the results of the program, the health of the children and mothers was significantly higher than in the rest of society. Most of the children went on to be successful in business and the arts. Environment or heredity? Either way, the

Oneida Community raised a remarkable crop of children.

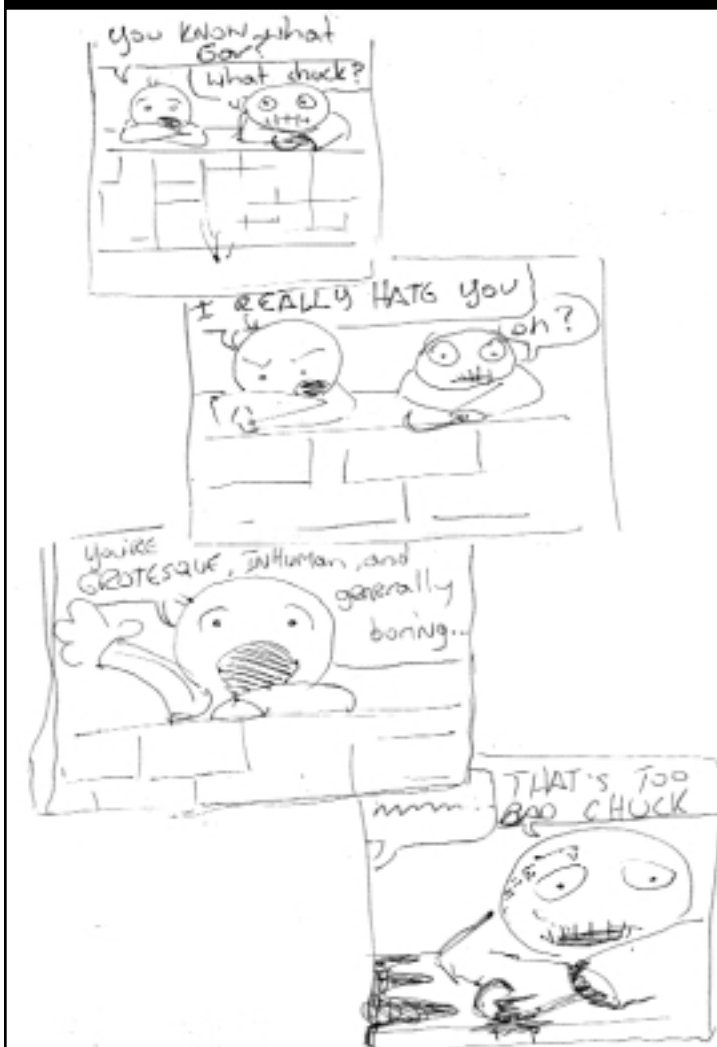
The Oneida Community finally came to an end in 1881 when the members voted for dissolution. By this time, Noyse had left the community after an internal power struggle between himself and a group he had allowed to join based on their similar lifestyle. While this group, known as the Townerites, was also communistic and had complex marriage practices, their interest in the doctrines of Perfectionism was dubious. Noyse resigned his ruling position in 1877 and, wishing to escape the intrigues of the

Community, left for Canada in the middle of the night on 22 June, 1879.

At the time of the group's dissolution, it was worth over \$600,000 thanks in part to marketing of traps. Oneida Ltd., a joint-stock company, was established and the stock apportioned among the members. Run by Pierrepont Noyse (the son of John Noyse) for the first 50 years, the company phased out the production of traps and started making silverware. P.T. Noyse assumed the presidency in 1960 and the company was listed on the New York Stock Exchange in 1967.

Noyse remained in Canada with a few of his faithful until his death in 1886 and his grave can be found in the Oneida Community's cemetery. As for the Mansion House, it is still standing, as well as the factory which was built for making the traps that allowed the Oneida Community to be economically successful, and has a full time staff of people living on the premises to maintain the site. If you're going to be in the area of Oneida, New York, tours are given on Wednesday through Saturday, 10am and 2pm, and 2pm on Sunday. If you're more adventuresome, meals and an overnight stay are available by calling 315.361.3671 and making a reservation. Partner swapping optional.

Gdt by John Holt



SUBMIT!

gdt@hellskitchen.org



Vigilante Consumer Advocates

"God is the greatest lover of all time."

-RIT Baptist Campus Ministry

The scene is set: a darkly lit room in an open warehouse. Many dirty, down-trodden souls are lingering about a long table, bustling in their workaday lives with the tools of their meager trade close at hand. At one end of the room, overlooking this measure of his world, a stern Canadian in a dark blue power-suit (see "Hostile Takeover") lingers over the handrail of the stairs leading to his office.

"You are spending too much time on one little component of the dehydrator!", he booms across the open space, shifting dust from the rafters to spiral slowly downward onto the unforgiving concrete ground.

"But sir, if we make them faster, the bolts will not be properly tightened! A small child or possibly a midget could fall in and..."

"I'm trying to make our product more cost effective, Mr. Einschmeichelner, something you would obviously know nothing about. The safety of workers is always secondary to profit!"

"Yes sir, I'm sorry sir, but how are we supposed to make quality freeze-dried astronaut ice cream with inferior tools?"

Power-suit Man's thin lips spread into a grim, toothy smile. "In space, there are no product complaints. God, I love government contracts."

Somewhere from deep within the bowels of the building is heard a light tapping, a thump, and then a cyclical scratching reminiscent of AM radio static or the walls in a Stasi safehouse. Then like a sudden downpour, horns and strings hurl notes throughout the sullen halls, drenching the rows of second-rate merchandise in a powerfully commanding melody and puddling about the feet of the melancholy operatives. The workers lift their heads slightly in a suspicious manner, expecting Ed McMahon to be lurking in the shadows somewhere, ready to spring out at any moment and lift them to the blue-collar Valhalla of the Publisher's Clearinghouse Grand Prize. They realize that this is but another ploy, management's little game of musical chairs, designed to make an example of the last peon to return to his chores. Each





**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PUBLISHER: C. Diablo

EDITORS:

Matthew Weaver
Jeremiah Parry-Hill
Giles Francis Hall
Adam Fletcher

LAYOUT:

Adam Fletcher
Jeremiah Parry-Hill
Matthew J Weaver

WRITERS:

Sean Hammond
Howard Hao
Sean Stanley
Jeremiah Parry-Hill

CONTRIBUTORS:

Matthew J Weaver

ILLUSTRATOR:

Gil Merritt

CARTOONISTS:

Gil Merritt
John Holt

*All material copyright 1998
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre and
the respective authors.*

Deadline for submissions is
2pm on the Saturday before
publication. Submissions
should be emailed to:
gdt@hellskitchen.org

Or mailed to:
**Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
c/o Hell's Kitchen
472 French Road
Rochester, NY 14618**

retires to his former duties as quickly and with as much intent as they might attack that family size Stouffer's Sirloin Steak later that evening. Then, as suddenly as it began, the chords skip back in time, continually reliving this perfect moment of song.

"Bollocks!"

All that is heard afterwards is a deep, rending, vinyl scratching kind of sound, and then silence. A few Kodak moments later (many Rockwellian heartwarming scenes), a loud clanking is heard, accompanied by a "Shit!" from high above their heads.

As if members of a synchronized stage troupe, all eyes peer upwards as one. Shrieks are heard from some of the men, deep-throated gasps from the women.

"Look, up in the girders! It's a bird! It's a paper airplane! Wait, no, it's a guy in a black leotard!"

And so it is. A small looking man in a black leotard, tights, and a cape with an electrifying reflective orange "N" across his chest puffs up proudly. Melodramatically he pulls his cape up around him, emits an El Seed-esque entrance solo, and then drops, twisting and flipping until he reaches the damp floor thirty feet beneath him with a graceful one-footed thunk.

The workers raise their murmuring to a quiet cheer.

Power-suit showing signs of fear for the first time in his weasly life, trembles in his voice, "No, it can't be, eh..."

"Ah, but it is." the dark marauder mockingly replies.

"But you're supposed to be in Topeka leading a symposium on the evils of a certain type of hard plastic used for making toys for children under the age of 6."

"Oho! You should know by now that wherever lies an unwatched plastic bag near the unwary hand of child or age impaired, I am there. When ever a young lad cries over a skinned knee after his improperly adjusted training wheels fell off, I will be close at hand. For every woman who burns her tongue on coffee that is too hot and every man who falls off the roof because he placed his ladder on cold manure, I am there. I am there for every man, woman, and child who has ever said, 'I am a consumer and I have been woefully wronged!' I will not rest until every consumer's ill has been cured and the causes are rotting six feet beneath the sod."

From the shadows, mumbling something about Nader being all talk and no trousers, his sidekick Vinyl Lad (a midget clad in a studded leather grope suit) emerges carrying a portable record player and a scratched 33 1/3 disk of "Flight of the Valkyries."

“And this is my sidekick, Vinyl Lad.”

“...always scraping me biscuits and cheese, never time for me Bo-peep. An here I am dealin’ wit your Oxford and Cambridge, acting all like a Doug McClure...bugger all, ye Sean’ammond...”
ß

Power-suit man’s cleft chin wrinkles cruelly as he digs into his watch-fob pocket and whips out a fistful of yen. He throws it to the ground and grins maniacally as it forms into a Currency Golem.

“You may have a gimp, Nader, but I have VENTURE CAPITAL! Venture, go buy him out!!”

Venture Capital twirls and spins menacingly as multinational currencies combine and build into a tornado of exploitative capitalism.

As Nader fiddles with some gadgets and shit on his belt, Adam Smith’s invisible hand nudges Vinyl Lad inexorably towards his fate.

“Barry Whiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiite!!” is all the helpless dwarf can manage to get out. Nader looks up too late; as Vinyl Lad is pulled into the maelstrom, Power-Suit

Man pulls the switch on his massive machine.

Realizing the urgency of the situation, Nader takes careful aim on the currency golem with his Nader-ang. “I think I can...just...about...” He lets fly with a mighty whoosh; the trusty missile of advocacy hits its target square and true, knocking both the golem and Vinyl Lad into the churning, throbbing non-UL-listed machine.

Little pieces of currency fly everywhere as Power-Suit Man looks on, mildly concerned. From within the water-stealing bowels of the apparatus, only a faint whimper of “bloody ‘ell” can be heard.

“Right then, Power-suit Man, that’s it!” screams Nader as they square off. The smug, blue-suited jerkwad simply whips out his cellphone of litigation. He has his attorneys on the line in mere seconds.

Nader sees it coming a mile away. He thrusts Advisory 0210199-B into Power-Suit Man’s hands. His mind already lusting over legal briefs and subpoenas, Power-Suit man reads, unthinkingly, Nader’s carefully-drafted consumer report



ß (cockney slang)

about the explosive tendencies of certain models of cellphone batteries. Just as the lawyers' cars are pulling up outside, the phone detonates, taking out the better part of Power-Suit Man's temple.

As if participants in a strictly choreographed ballet, a million pieces of grey matter glistening under the humming fluorescent light flee the confines of Power-Suit man's skull.

The humble crowd cheers as Ralph Nader man-handles Power Suit into a large red bag with fur trim. Ralph Nader, righter of wrongs, is here to save the world.

The lawyers bust in and, upon seeing the corpse, exchange their attack papers for copies of Power Suit Man's living will. Nader has evaded certain danger once again...from lawyers, at least. Bodily harm from his dwarf is another matter entirely.

As the mammoth dehydrator collapses around him, a shriveled prune of a gimp hobbles out, picking little pieces of yen out of his ears and his once-bobbling midriff.

"...actin like I'm the bloody Pittsford Steelers, rounding up ice-cream freezers. Can't even wear me own round the houses. Got 'ta wear THESE bleedin' things...I'm goddam Schindler's List I am, oi oi oi!

Nader simply chuckles patronizingly. "Oh Vinyl Lad..." He shakes his head and smiles. "As long as the forces of capitalism are loose in the world, you'll find me there, looking out for the rights of the consumer! And unions for everyone!!"

The age of vigilante consumer advocacy is close at hand. Ralph Nader, joined by other prominent consumer advocates-turned-vigilantes have recently broken ground on the new Hall of Manufacturing Elevation. When asked about the project, David Horowitz reportedly said, "There will be no place like HOME. It will be a place for the League members to go to discuss the latest evils of the day and to basically unwind after a long day of righteous consumer advocacy. We'll also have an early Bill Gates alarm^o for the next time that crazy little bugger tries to sneak into another meeting, and a saltwater pool for Aquaman.

^o When asked about why he is continually being caught sneaking into the League of Consumer Advocates meetings, the Microsoft CEO merely replied, "I'm the Black Fox!" After being queried as to the arcane meaning of such a statement, Paul Allen answered only, "No I'm the Black Fox!"

SUBMIT!

+1 (716) 234-3120
gdt@hellskitchen.org

The Beast is a bitch of a hangover.

In one of Robin Williams' standup acts he swings open the "hinge" on his head and invites the audience to step inside his mind. Not that I would be so presumptuous as to assume that you kind readers would like to step inside my mind, but it just might help for this weird little tirade. I was feeling a little bad for myself last night. I had been injected with my last cold shot of novocaine that morning. I had been becoming slowly numb to betrayals of trust, and this last one, was just that, the final time I will feel anything towards those that hurt me. This really doesn't relate to last night, except I wanted to give an idea of the frame of mind I was in, a little venge-

ful, a little naughty. Now lets get to it: I'm a journalism major. I'm a photographer. I'm a go-getter. I'm a damn good student. I have strong feminist tendencies. I wear jeans and boots. Last night I donned some black ass pants of sorostitute fame, chunky black shoes not intended for hiking through snow, and a tight green crochet tee. I was not comfortable. Lucky for me, peers on the floor offered their approval. One even went as far as to say, "you look hot. if I were a guy, I'd fuck you." "Perfect," I think sadly. I apply many many layers of makeup. Then we go to a fraternity. After passing through fuck boy security we are ushered up beer soaked stairs, handed cans o' The Beast, and pointed towards the dance floor where sweaty bodies pulsate under the strobe light. The air is thick with sex. Its a mystery to me how grinding became a popular and accepted form of dance. Nonetheless, I was wearing clothes from the Grope Me Outlet and isn't it just so much easier to play someone else for the night? The desire to fall, Kundera talks about this concept in The Unbearable Lightness of Being. That's how I felt. However against I was what I was doing and being, I was equally drawn to it because it's easier. So I grinded. Talk about having the humanity sucked out of you. For every pang of guilt for being such a wench, there was another can of beer, and another grimy penis telling you that you had the most beautiful name. Bastards. I make it through the night though, trying to ignore the fact that apparently my eyes (where people should be looking when they talk to me) are now located on my chest. I fall asleep whispering with the boy on the futon below me about Versailles and the Louvre, and I know I haven't changed no matter what shirt I'm wearing.



-Lee A. McMahon



TOURIST'S MOVIE REVIEWS

PRESENTS

Rushmore

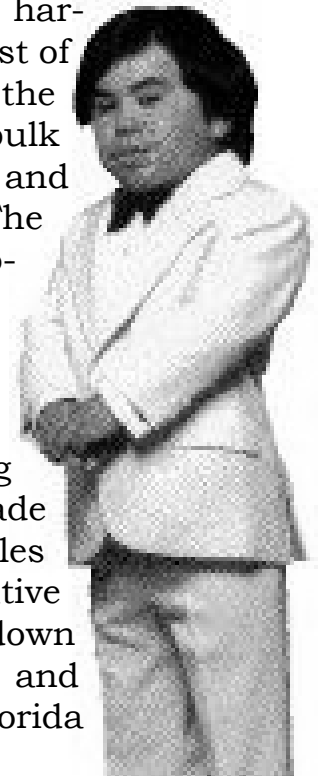
And The True Nature Of The Sunshine State

Greetings, sweethearts, from heaven's waiting room, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. Florida, save for a few exceptions such as Mauschwitz™ (aka Disneyworld), and Cape Canaveral, exists for one thing and one thing only. Old people. Old people with tract homes, Cadillacs, small dogs, and wads of cash. Now some of you may say that there are young people thriving in Florida, but that is merely an illusion. In order to see the true nature of Florida's demographic, one must examine the population as a whole. At the top of the food chain are the old people. All they do is drive. They drive to church or to temple, to funerals, to parties for the dead, or to the airport to go to parties for their grandchildren in other states. More often than not, the old people roll their Lincoln Townbarges to restaurants. Florida can be summed up in the following phrase:

Old people in large cars driving to and from restaurants.

Yes, there are younger people there, but they are only there to sustain the old peoples' need for dining establishments. True, some would say that Miami offers a wide variety of things to see and do for the younger generations, such as Cubans (the people, not the cigars) and cocaine. At first sight, the Latin dance clubs and the hard drug scene would make the idea of a septuagenarian ruling class in Florida a moot point. You must understand, however, that the restaurants the old people frequent need the Cuban refugees as cheap labor, and the cocaine for the harried restaurant managers who must cater to each and every request of the fogies. Sure, a good percent of the Cuban migrants and the Colombian snow go to other places in the United States, but the bulk of the shipments find their way up the noses of the master chefs and maitre'Ds that make the Florida hospitality infrastructure work. The other young people in Florida one might encounter are there to provide cellular phone service and expensive clothing to the coked-up restaurateurs.

Other individuals you may find are the occasional real-estate mogul, the modestly overstated police forces in the gated communities, and the various colorful characters all involved in making the scenery lively for the elderly. Take the bikini-clad rollerblade girls, the trophy wives riding shotgun in the mid-life-crisis-mobiles (Lamborghinis, Porsches, Boxters, etc.) of their pasty-white executive husbands, or the posse of Latino Volkswagen lowriders cruising down Ocean Drive in South Beach. They're not there because young and thriving people live in Florida, NO!!! They are shipped in by the Florida



Chamber of Commerce so that the old people observing the scene from ornate hotel restaurant terraces, shoveling massive portions of portabello mushroom soufflés into their denture-clad mouths, and regarding the service of the establishment with the utmost scrutiny have something to disapprove of. Land sakes, what would old people do if there was nothing to disapprove of??? There are only so many cases that Ben, Perry, and Mrs. Fletcher can solve before the elderly mind must turn to real disdain for the youth of today's generation. But I digress.

It is this den of decadent varicosity that I have immersed myself in for the past week. I've been trying to find investors for the aforementioned film. Things are looking pretty good. I've found myself a talented actress and a possible financial backer. I don't want to spoil my luck, so for now, I'll leave it at that. Anyway, as the effects of my second Long Island Iced Tea were taking effect, I had my business partner, Dave, drive me to the local Cinelabyrinth to see a film.

This week's film, "Rushmore", was the second effort by newcomer Wes

Anderson, who with his writing cohort (and Dennis Hopper lookalike) Owen Wilson brings another masterpiece to the screen, the first being "BottleRocket", another quirky misadventure. Rushmore is the tale of Max, a not-quite-Ferris-Bueller student at the Rushmore Academy private school. He becomes obsessed with one of the teachers at the academy and when his friend, Mr. Bloom, falls for the same woman, the young tike is on a collision course with wackiness. "Rushmore" was a subtle, funny film that featured, above all else, Bill Murray (Mr. Bloom) in a strikingly serious role. Serious to the point of ludicrous. And well done. If there is any reason to see it, it's for the following line between Max and Mr. Bloom during one of their first encounters:

"So, Mr. Bloom, I heard you were in Vietnam. Is that right?"

"That's right."

"Were you in the shit?"

"Yeah, I was in the shit..."

The film was a welcome change from the obnoxious tripe that's going around today. Look for the kid from that terrible Dennis the Menace remake from a few



years ago. He does a great job as Max's understudy. I enjoyed it immensely.

Wow, looking back at this review, I don't know if I should be a film critic or a

travel agent! Oh well, one must always attempt to broaden one's horizons. The renaissance aesthetic takes a lifetime to achieve. Until next we meet...



This week's Jungian Shard : Our Manifest Destiny

collected by Matthew J Weaver

As one might have learned in some middle-America junior high school history course, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark co-lead an expedition across the newly-purchased Louisiana territory to the Pacific Ocean. Cataloguing the natural wildlife & mapping the land as they proceeded, it took over two and a half years to complete the journey and return trip. They were both popular heroes upon their return, spending months after their return bouncing from occasion to occasion, party to party. Each man had detailed plans to become rich and (in Lewis's case) powerful from the fame of their accomplishments.

Lewis intended to publish his journals of the adventure, and hired engravers, typesetters, and a distributing publisher for the task. However, he postponed and postponed the editing and preparation of the journals for publication -- without reason. Additionally, he was appointed governor of the Louisiana territory and developed antagonistic relationships with his under-secretary and the federal government. Gradually, he slid deep into debt:

Lewis's half-brother, John Marks, did an inventory of Lewis's debts and assets. He had private debts amounting to \$4,196.12 and protested drafts [drawing on federal funds] totalling \$6,956.62. His credits and estate were worth \$5,700.00. He had a further credit of \$754.50 for Indian presents and gunpowder sold by Chouteau...

Lewis settled into a deep depression in the winter of 1808-09:

His drinking, apparently, was heavy. He was taking 'medicine' regularly, medicine laced with opium or morphine.

That year, Lewis was summoned to Washington over the various contested drafts he had written. He was a mess, personally:

Lewis was drinking heavily, using snuff frequently, taking his pills, talking wildly, telling lies.

During his trip to Washington, He died violently, apparently from suicide (self - inflicted gunshot and knife wounds), unable to live off fame of his past accomplishments.

Undaunted Courage, Stephen E. Ambrose. 1996, Touchstone, New York, NY.

LINUX

There must be no fear.

www.linux.org



This file has not been converted to a PDF do to technical difficulties.



Please email
gdt@hellskitchen.org to help
expedite the creation of this
file.