



**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.



**Gracies  
Dinnertime  
Theatre™**

## **DRAMATIS PERSONAE**

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### **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.

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

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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.

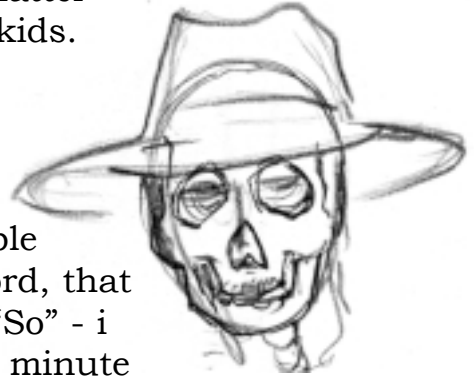
this area of the country is so strange - so many people taking their liberalism for granted - you don't see anti-imperialist/maoist rallies in upstate New York (at least, i don't think you do) - so many record stores - yeah, it's a college town, but this entire region thinks that way - it wouldn't be 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 vanno 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.

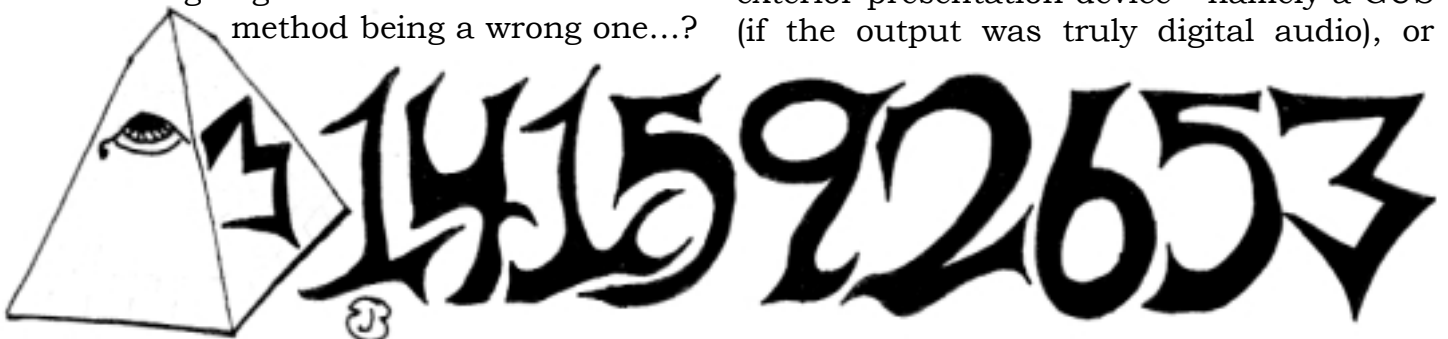
Now take a look at pi. Oh yes!, we as humans have tremendous power and wit, so we can use our PCs to calculate pi out to decimal places the amount of which nobody has ever dreamed (or at the very least, had previously scoffed as eighpossible). I can sure remember hearing about the nice supercomputer 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.

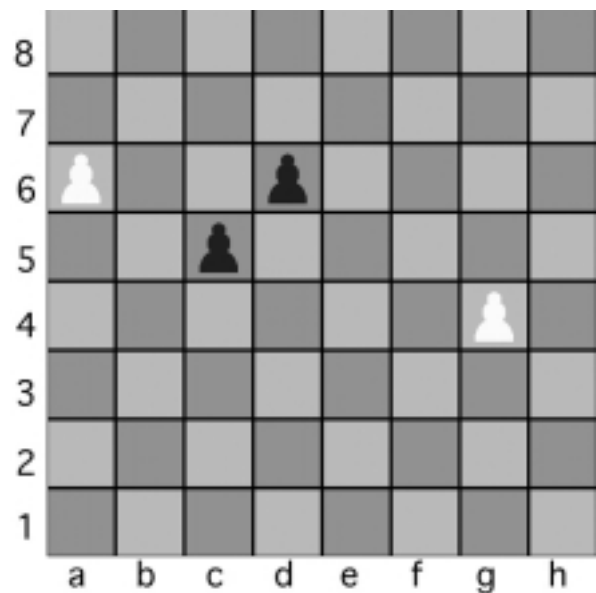


Diagram 1

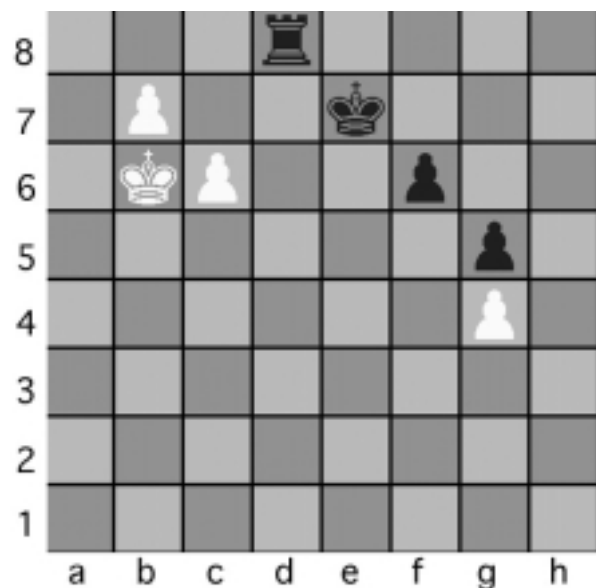


Diagram 2



**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](mailto: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.

