



# PEPSI: The Choice of a Prudent Generation

By Sean J. Stanley (El Touristo), et al.

Verily! Fall session is in proper order and we return to the halls of academia...to find that our vending machines are not what they used to be. In fact, some of them aren't there at all.

"Blah blah blah, Pepsi sucks, blah blah blah, we were never asked, blah blah blah, we're being screwed, blah blah blah, this will give us cancer, blah blah blah"(See *Reporter* 9/17/99). Shut the hell up, *Reporter* . In the words of our great Congressional fund solicitor<sup>Ω</sup>, "...if you don't like it, vote with your feet." Damn skippy! If you would like to hear a publication that scorns the administration for making a shrewd deal, read something else. We at GDT are prepared to make an unequivocal defense of the whole policy. As far as we're concerned, the only regrettable consequence from this whole ordeal is that the removal of Nantucket Nectar and other non-high-fructose corn syrup products. You can take your invisible hand and shove it Adam Smith.

People love to bitch and moan about the apparent injustices in our \$25,000 a year daycare center<sup>Σ</sup>. Do yourself a favor and think about the fly-encrusted starving Rwandan boy, wallowing in his own filth and fending off numerous strains of the Ebola and Hanta virus' as you swipe your debit card and cause any number of life-sustaining products to drop from those nefarious Pepsi machines. The problem with this generation, as my father is fond of telling me, is that we fail to see the big picture. Perhaps it is a matter of perspective. I've been away from RIT for nearly two years, involved in various smuggling escapades off the coast of Angola (a story for another time). Upon my triumphant return to the hallowed expanses of the forbidden brick city, I noticed that a few things have changed. The air seemed cleaner, the water seemed cooler, there were various construction machines and quasi-industrial vehicles about the residence side, and oh yes, Pepsi had taken over the soft-drink business at RIT. But that's only part of the big picture.

Did I mention the hiney?

HOLY SHITBALLS! There are so many incredibly hot women on campus now. And I'm not the only one who has noticed. My contemporaries at CSH have all realized that there are *more* hotties around to pine for, move furniture for, fix computers for, and masturbate in the shower over. Even the fratboys are smiling from ear to ear, adjusting the volume on their meticulously selected Dave Matthews CD's, filling the pools, and rejoicing as they cast their nets out. Ain't it great, fellas? It's open season and the pond just keeps getting bigger. Best to stock up on Rohypnol. The verdict is in, and foreman, what



(L to R) An unnamed fellow who most likely plays golf, Alex Trebek, Dr. Strangelove, and Albert Simone hold an impromptu limbo contest in celebration of the Pepsi exclusivity agreement.

<sup>Ω</sup> - Despite what happened to Shea Gunther when he did it, you really should take a stroll around the stately Center for Integrated Manufacturing Studies sometime, if only to see what your tax dollars have paid for.

<sup>Σ</sup> - Mom and Dad made sure every electrical outlet had a plastic cover and the liquor cabinet was locked.

sayeth you?

"We find the defendant, The Rochester Institute of Technology, guilty of havin' some futher-muckin-tig-ass-biddies in da crib this year! Shee-yit."

Alas, it seems as nobody has put two and two together. If the Weather Channel can do it, why can't the the mathematics wizards at this school apply non-linear dynamics and realize that this is NO COINCIDENCE? I submit to you, faithful readers of GDT, that Pepsi's contract with RIT contained much more than exclusive rights and fatty kickbacks for the Trustees.

Somebody pressed the Hiney Button. Aw yeah.

Opponents of this idea maintain that there were more girls on campus last year, well

>FROM SECTION 5. GRANT OF OTHER RIGHTS -

"...PURSUANT TO ARTICLE J, SUBSECTIONS 2, 4, AND 7B OF THE DOCUMENT, COMPENSATION FOR EXCLUSIVITY SHALL ALSO INCLUDE THE ACTIVATION OF THE DOPPLER-PHASE-POSTERIOR-TRANSLOCATION DEVICE (DPPTD), REFERRED TO HEREINAFTER AS "THE HINEY BUTTON."

>FROM SECTION 23. DEFINITIONS -

"HINEY - THE TERM "HINEY" IN ALL ITS FORMS SHALL BE DEFINED AS ANY FORM OF ATTRACTIVE FEMALE. THIS INCLUDES, BUT IS NOT LIMITED TO THE FOLLOWING; "BOOTIE", "DISH", "PIECE-OF-TAIL (AND OR "ASS")", "CHICK", "HUNNIE", "HOTTIE", "TASTY BITCHES" (AND ALL "BITCH" VARIANTS SUCH AS "BIZ-NITCH", "BEY-OTCH", "BIZ-POCH"), "DAMN FINE WOMEN", AND "DAME".

"ATTRACTIVE - THE TERM "ATTRACTIVE" SHALL BE LOOSELY DEFINED AS ANY SUCH QUALITY THAT MERITS ADVANCES OF A SEXUAL NATURE BY ANOTHER ENTITY. THE TERM ATTRACTIVE MAY, IN ADDITION TO LEGITIMATE ATTRACTIVE SUPERLATIVES, ALSO INCLUDE THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTORS AND SUB-GROUPINGS; "SLUT", "WHORE", "SLOR", "HO", "HO-BAG", "CUM-GUZZLING GUTTER-WHORE", "HUSSY", "HARLOT", "TROLLOP"<sup>¥</sup>, "TRAMP", "PROSTITUTE", "PRO", "WOMAN OF ILL REPUTE", "SKANK", "SKEEZER", AND THE LESSER USED "HOOD-RAT-HOOD-RAT-HOOCHIE-MAMA"\*

\*THERE IS A SUBJECTIVE ALCOHOL-INDUCED CURVE FOR ANY "ATTRACTIVE" QUALITIES, IMPLIED OR NOT. THE INSTITUTION RECOGNIZES THIS FACT AND WILL ALLOW FOR A CERTAIN MARGIN OF ERROR.

We also uncovered a picture taken at the PepsiCo Headquarters in Purchase, N.Y. Shown on the previous page, we see RIT President Al Simone enjoying a Pepsi moment after the commemorative Hiney Button Depressing Ceremony.

As you can see, a picture paints a thousand words. Or in this case, a thousand extra pairs of snug-fitting Capri pants and halter tops spilling forth with their immeasurable bounty.

before the soft drink bidding war. What they fail to include in their argument is the caliber of women on campus. In the past, due to the lack of females, the term "hot" as it pertained to RIT simply meant "present." Thus, any woman regularly attending class would be deemed "hot." Similar to the previous state of American currency, RIT is experiencing an economic "bootie boom". A dollar was worth something back then; the term "hot" can be used legitimately as an adjective once more. Still don't believe me? Think I'm just another sexist windbag shamelessly objectifying women, do ya? Well read onward, Johnny-doubts-a-lot!

Our army of librarians did a little digging and were able to find an early draft of the contract. Careful scrutiny revealed the following:

Ask yourself this, my friends: What do you really want? Does your fire burn for Dr. Pepper<sup>ß</sup>, or would you rather park it on a bench at class change and see who's got hard nipples today?

Do the math. Quit your bitching. Nobody's listening, and the fact that you're shitting in the RIT toilets instead of cleaning them means you've won anyway.

Don't ever forget that.

¥ - Often too short for NASA.

ß - "Well...yeah. It does." -- most of the editing staff

"I can't believe we're having this conversation."

--Paraphrased from Peter Ferran, upon hearing criticism of GDT's decision to run an article by Sean "Tourist" Stanley. April, 1998

"I think it's ridiculous that this is even being brought up."

-- Paraphrased from Sean Stanley, upon hearing other editors' collective reservations about running "PEPSI: The Choice of a Prudent Generation." October, 1999

GDT, as with any publication, comes to a point from time to time where it has to re-examine itself and determine exactly what it is doing. Anyone in an editorial position has an unspoken obligation not only to their readers, but to journalistic ethics. Among our own ideals lies free expression, as hard to reconcile as that may be.

We came to a deadlock on the Pepsi article. One editor summed up his feelings in the following email:

...there are simply people I will not be able to look in the eye when the issue comes out. I feel very sketchy about it.

When you strip away all of the funny parts, this is actually exactly the type of opinion piece the Reporter runs. In fact, they did one particularly inane one Spring quarter about staring down women at the gym.

I know one can't take oneself or society too seriously, and I'm all for deconstructing sacred cows -- political correctness included. But this whole thing about "parking it on a bench and seeing who has hard nipples" recalls the assholes at Woodstock who blocked paths for all women except those who'd lift their tops.

The thing is, it's hard to tell that you're kidding.

- JPH

Our rule of thumb is that if an author can intelligently defend his or her work, we will run their piece. We have asked Tourist to do this, and he has:

Just in case I don't get in touch with you guys soon, I think that it is ridiculous that the issue would be bumped an entire week because we have become worried about the image GDT presents to the reading community. This has never before been a concern, and that's a good thing. In the years that I've written for GDT, I've developed a style and persona that more often than not deviates from the standard mindsets of most people.

I think that despite the sexist overtones of the Pepsi article, the subject is entertaining and refreshing relative to the other (and only) rhetoric out there. It would be a goddamn shame for GDT to bow to that sort of censorship to save face. Leave that to the Reporter. Besides, if you look at the other stuff I've written (and I've written far more offensive stuff than this), anyone who takes me seriously deserves to be mad at me because they are dumb. Needless to say, I'm more than willing to justify its validity. I ask that GDT run the article.

I don't think I'm being stubborn. I like writing for GDT because I never have to worry about shit like this. But I won't be childish about it either. If you decide not to run it, I'll keep my complaints to myself. I won't be happy about it, but life goes on.

- SJS

### Care to write for Gracies Dinnertime Theater?

GDT accepts submissions before noon on the Friday before publication. Essays, treatises, comic strips, lyrics, poems, sketches, works of short fiction, and more are all welcome.

If you have something meaningful to say, say it here. Submit via email to: [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)



# Tourist's Movie Reviews

PRESENTS

## *American Beauty*

Ah say goddamn, goddamn, goddamn! There is nothing that makes my nipples harder than a good Kevin Spacey flick and "American Beauty" is simply that. I had seen posters for it and caught the ass end of a trailer, but had not a clue concerning what the film was about at all when I saw it. Sandy, my film femme-fatale friend, took me to a Tuesday matinee and I left the theatre with a headache. But a good headache. The same kind of headache you get after reading quantum physics or cognitive science books. I'll call it the Hoffstadter-Hawking Headache (or "HHH"), which occurs whilst reading such titles as "Gödel, Escher, Bach," and/or "A Brief History of Time." HHHs also occur when viewing the last twenty minutes of any Stanley Kubrick film, the first twenty minutes of any David Lynch film, and when listening to the music of Philip Glass, Coil, or Franz Liszt. The direct cause of the HHH is directly related to how fucked-up the input is. I don't mean demented or depraved (although sometimes that is the case), but that the brain receives the information, takes a step back and says:

"Damn. That shit is fucked up."

Come on, you've got to admit that there are some normal, everyday things that are really fucked up. Take light for example. Light is FUCKED UP! Is it a wave? Is it a particle? Wait, it's BOTH! EPR experiments, Bose-Einstein Condensates, hot dogs. All fucked up. We encounter stuff like that all the time. We take in such a vast amount of stimuli that every once and a while, we experience a brain

fart. But not the "I forgot your name" kind of lapse; more like the feeling you get when the secret of the universe is hovering over your cranium after some good input, i.e. books, music, films. The info is there and the brain must do something with it. So it tries to process it while you're eating pie or a seven-layer burrito or whatever it is you do after a good mental workout. The brain spins and spins and spins until suddenly, the HHH! Ouch. Can't walk. Can't sleep, must ponder. American Beauty plays upon this phenomenon.

That was the feeling I got after leaving the movie theatre. Sure, the film had boobs and butts, drugs, masturbation, voyeurism, assault and battery, and blackmail, not to mention one of the greatest sex lines in history (I'll share it with you because its not too integral to the plot):

"Fuck me, your majesty!"

But it also had something else. The tagline, "Look Closer," was a subtle joke on the part of the filmmakers. You might think they meant the film or the characters in it. Maybe on the surface they did, but beneath the story lies a brilliant subtext that gives the brain hiccoughs and puts one at odds with him or herself. I'm at a strange place while writing this in that I don't want to give anything away, but I want to talk about it so much. Not a fan of spoilers, I shant become one myself. The bottom line is this:

Go see "American Beauty".

Get a HHH.

Discuss with your friends.

Reflect by yourself.

Watch Kevin Spacey get another Oscar next year (you heard it here first, sweethearts.)



# HOWARD'S HAPPY HOUR

By Howard Hao

*A Love Poem for the Nineties*

-for guys of the 90's everywhere

Staring at me with eyes of pure pouty pleasure  
 Oh, how I treasure your perfectly packaged ass  
 An adoring admiring public meticulously lingers  
 On your big bubbly bouncing breasts...  
 GODDAMN IT, I WANNA FUCK YOU

## *That Despicable Milkman*

Mommy, the Milkman is at the door again!  
 Please explain to me why I need to hate him.  
 He doesn't seem all that bad.  
 He doesn't seem to be any sort of cad.  
 You said once that he did a bad thing...  
 Doesn't the word Forgiveness have any meaning?  
 I am certain he isn't too deplorable;  
 Give him a chance, he may be adorable!  
 So let him be and you will plainly see,  
 That...hey! Why the hell does he LOOK LIKE ME?

## Hangman's Clip-n-Save

Culprit's Weight	Drop
14 stone (196 lbs)	8ft 0in
13.5 stone (189 lbs)	8ft 2in
13 stone (182 lbs)	8ft 4in
12.5 stone (175 lbs)	8ft 6in
12 stone (168 lbs)	8ft 8in
11.5 stone (161 lbs)	8ft 10in
11 stone (154 lbs)	9ft 0in
10.5 stone (147 lbs)	9ft 2in
10 stone (140 lbs)	9ft 4in
9.5 stone (133 lbs)	9ft 6in
9 stone (126 lbs)	9ft 8in
8.5 stone (119 lbs)	9ft 10in
8 stone (112 lbs)	10ft 0in



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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The least sensitive  
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 apparently.

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## Dass a NO!

by Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond

*"First you forget names, then you forget faces, then you forget to pull your zipper up....then you forget to pull your zipper down." -Leo Rosenburg*

I'm sure there are people out there who excel at standing in lines; it's not one of the things that I'm particularly adept at. Striking easy poses that exude stoic strength and infinite patience, these superb individuals chat with those near them, tell humorous anecdotes, give succinct advice, and quickly make friends who will send them Christmas cards. Me? I never know what to do. My misanthropic tendencies get the best of me and I start imagining my line-mates being turned into pillars of salt. When God's Wrath™ fails to manifest itself, I can't help it if they happen to hear a wistful, "Father, why have you forsaken me?"\*

So there I was, shortly after the United States Postal Service introduced the 33¢ stamp, unfortunate enough to be standing in a ridiculously long line. It stretched through velvet ropes and spilled out the door onto the sidewalk where it puddled sullenly. Nearly everyone was there to buy 1¢ stamps, but of the three counters available, one was open.

To pass the time I imagined licking the salty goodness of the smitten infidels (once they had received their rightful punishment) while I headed for the front of the line. Maybe I'd even break the hands off some of the more friendly people and use them to grit the path of my home in the winter.

All I wanted was a money order to pay my rent. But it really doesn't matter if I wanted a money order or a 1¢ stamp. Maybe I wanted to mail some important documents, like my tax forms or the latest sweepstakes from Publisher's Clearing House. The point of this unnecessary build up is...well, have you ever suddenly found that you were experiencing a singularly unpleasant smell?

My nostrils flared and I panicked. Was that me?

"Please, God. You let me down on the pillars of salt thing, but this time, don't let that be me."

Trying to be casual, I looked about and caught the eye of the elderly gentleman in front of me. Maybe in his younger days he was one of the gold medalists in line waiting, because he gave a self-satisfied little grin and a dainty wave. Then he shifted a tad. The smell of aged urine struck me like a soggy diaper across the face.

Scanning his fragile figure, I couldn't help but notice a dark splotch about the crotch of his pants.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! Not only did I have to be standing in a line, but I had to be behind grandfather Olaf, the Yak Man. I'd be damned if I'd give up my place in the queue, though. Gritting my teeth and breathing through my mouth, I followed this example of humanity at its best up to the front, then breathed deeply once he had left the scene.

The entire time I was in this guy's exhaust, instead of daydreams of table salt, I just kept asking myself, "What is this guy thinking?"

Well, I don't know what he was thinking, o my brothers, but I sure know what I think. It is high

---

\* (something Old, something New)

time that we, as reasonable, clean smelling adults, put an end to the irrational behavior of our elderly. From what the scientists at Moirae Corp. (a subsidiary of Hell Inc.) tell us, a sudden increase in irrational and child-like behavior occurs to many people over the age of sixty-five. Their research indicates that as individuals grow older, they slowly claw their way out from under the stone of Pavlovian conditioning placed upon them by their parents. Eventually, they realize that their maternal and paternal influences are no longer around to tell them what is right and what is wrong.

Contrary to what idealists might think, humans choose not to act in certain ways for fear of being caught, coupled with rational self-interest. Conscience be damned. Don't believe me? Three words: Brazilian. Soccer. Team.£

For the elderly, once the system of punishments and rewards has been broken down, they find themselves at the ripe old age of seventy-four without the restrictions they have been working around their whole lives. They're at the top of the pig-pile as far as rules and regulations go, thanks in part to the reinforcement of such tired concepts as "respect your elders." No one is around who will tell them to eat their vegetables, stop picking their noses, stop playing with themselves in public, etc. Of course, societal rules are still there; most elderly people don't go on rampages, killing their neighbors and eating their entrails with a superb Chianti. This doesn't stop

some of the more daring from committing petty theft by lifting tubes of Fixodent from local stores. What clerk is going to press charges against a 70 year old woman who dribbles when she drinks?

They think they've got it made.

Now that we've caught on to their little game, the forward looking geni at GDT have realized that the present annoyance we are facing will turn into a major epidemic as more and more baby-boomers finally find themselves not only over the hill, but stranded in the shadowy valley beyond. Steps must be taken now, and everyone must be prepared to pitch in for the coming cultural re-education. Give them a taste of what they had to go through as children: sitting in the corner, getting spanked, and not being able to play with their iron lungs until they've cleaned up their messes thoroughly. You get the idea. We all must join together as a nation to guide our wayward elders.

I think the first step should be to disband the AARP, and other such "social clubs" and "national lobbying foundations."

So the next time you find yourself standing in line behind a kindly old fellow who smells like a tired old urinal cake, yank off his slacks, proffer the offensive material to his impaired nostrils and say sternly (yet loudly), "Dass a NO!" Really rub his nose in it, then chain him up outside.

He'll learn. Oh yes. They'll all learn.

---

£ - Okay, here are a few more: Airplane. Mountain. Jorge. YummmmÇ.

Ç - (old Furbish proverb)

# SUBMIT.

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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre,

I would welcome a thoughtful analysis which explores the implications of corporate influence on higher education, as related to the RIT/Pepsi contract. For example, students at Penn State, Stanford, and the University of Wisconsin have united to protest the Pepsi monopoly, and Pepsi Corporation's investments in Burma, a brutal military dictatorship, were completely halted by international student activism\*.

If providing a thoughtful analysis was the intent of the article, "PEPSI: The Choice of a Prudent Generation," it missed the mark by a long shot. And if this article was intended to be satirical, that also didn't work. It's unclear what Sean Stanley was trying to satirize: RIT/Pepsi, men who speak about women in degrading terms, or women themselves? Though I wouldn't expect the editorial staff to censor articles that have unpopular opinions, rejecting or improving pieces that are not clearly written is the job of editors.

Furthermore, I am appalled by Sean J. Stanley's statement, "despite the sexist overtones," in his remarks defending his article. Dismissing the sexism doesn't make it any less offensive.

I'm not the only one who didn't see any humor in this piece; several students have told me that the article makes them feel even more unsafe at RIT, with its comments about Rohypnol and guys sitting on benches watching the women go by. In a society where 1 in 4 women, and 1 in 7 men, are sexually assaulted in their lifetime, it's just not funny.

I noted the logo of the The Independent Press Association (IPA) on the cover of your publication. According to the IPA's mission statement from its website (<http://www.indypress.org/mission/mission.htm>), the IPA "works to promote and support independent publications committed to social justice and a free press." I don't include sexism in my definition of "social justice."

Sincerely,

Julie A. White

Coordinator, RIT Women's Center

Ms. White,

*We, too, would welcome a thoughtful analysis of corporate influence on higher education. In fact, we have run at least one of which I am aware ("The Politics of High-Tech Damnation," 4.1.50 AT). Submissions may be emailed to [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org) before noon each Friday.*

*It may be hard to accept that Sean Stanley's tongue was implanted firmly in his cheek while writing. We do allow that the piece needed another rewrite for clarity. This is an editorial error for which we apologize.*

*It has been our honor to be the Independent Press Association's Publication of the Month for October, 1998. We are confident that they would agree that satirizing sexism does not constitute sexism any more than ridiculing a racist is a racist act.*

*Sexism is a social wrong, and as such is a prime target for satire. Having it pointed out should make people feel uncomfortable. Indeed, it should make the offenders uncomfortable enough to rethink what they're doing, and the victims uncomfortable enough to take the necessary steps to protect themselves. This behavior existed before Tourist wrote about it; the sole difference after reading it is that the victims are armed with the knowledge of what is happening on a daily basis.*

- JLPH

To the Editors:

While reading the latest edition of Hell's Kitchen, I was dismayed to read the opening article entitled "Pepsi: the Choice of a Prudent Generation." The author has been misled, so I would like to shed some light on the real underlying clause in the Pepsi contract; I call it the Mountain Dew clause.

Over the past two years, RIT has unknowingly accepted a larger percentage of impotent male students. This has not only been affecting social relations but overall self-esteem on campus. The solution: the Mountain Dew Excuse. It is a well-known rumor that intense consumption of Mountain Dew lowers sperm count and sexual performance in men. Hearing this, RIT decided to cash in on this rumor and give the growing number of impotent male students a break. I had my librarians go over the Pepsi Contract. The Mountain

*(continued on next page)*

\* More information can be found at these websites:

<http://adbusters.org/magazine/22/studentactivism.html>; and [http://www.linkmag.com/Link/oct\\_nov\\_98/981030strange.html](http://www.linkmag.com/Link/oct_nov_98/981030strange.html).

Dew clause was stated as such:

FROM SECTION 5: THE MOUNTAIN DEW  
EXCUSE

Compensation for exclusivity shall also include the use of the Mountain Dew Excuse for persons inflicted with impotence or abnormally small penis size.

Impotence shall include but is not limited to the following descriptions: those who can't get it up, erectile dysfunction, Bob Dole Syndrome, and shooting blanks.

The term abnormally small penis size shall include but is not limited to the following descriptions: hung like a field mouse, hung like a light switch, Mr. Paperclip, sock stuffer, and Mr. Pinky.

There shall be no allowance for the shrinkage due to cold water excuse.

It's sad and depressing ladies, but true. So do your part and stock up on Viagra, or transfer to a college where the men can pull their own weight, so to speak. Remember it's not the size that counts...Well, okay, it is the size that counts, but take heart in the fact that at RIT when a male speaks to you, it's not his penis talking, because there is no way they make mouths that small.

On a final note, I would like to sympathize with the author of "Pepsi: the Choice of a Prudent Generation." Perhaps his misinformation was due to an overdose of Mountain Dew.

- an anonymous reader at chickmail.com

Dear hell's kitchen,

ok, I've tried very hard to NOT be offended by the so-called "Pepsi" article in this week's hell's kitchen (which is really about, as the author so whimsically puts it, "hiney"). I picked up the issue really happy to see a new hell's kitchen, since I've found it amusing since my first year at RIT. then what do I see but a thoroughly disgusting piece about the abundance of hot ass this year on campus. to make matters worse, I have a lovely and subtle "GODDAMN IT I WANNA FUCK YOU" poem on the back cover.

boys, boys, boys, have you nothing better to do with your time than salivate over us? because I'm telling you that we ain't salivating over you, and just because there are more chicks on campus, DOESN'T mean you're gonna get any. ok, ok, I knew not to take the author seriously as soon as I saw the letters C, S, and H, but frankly it wasn't funny. if he had to write like that, he could at least have attempted to make the thing funny. come on, break out the date rape drugs? PLEASE! let me make clear the ways I was disgusted:

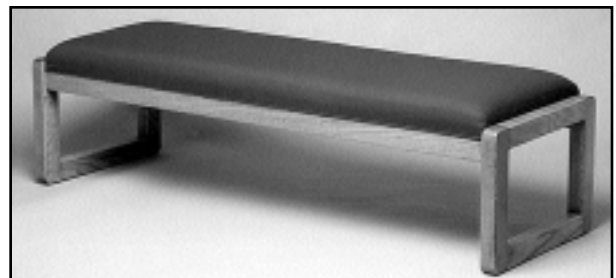
1) the "author" first basically tells all women on campus previous to this year's crop that they are nasty ho dogs and the only reason boys looked at them was because their hands were getting tired.

2) alright kids, we women already know you are scrutinizing us out there on the quarter mile worse than horses at an auction, but must you POINT IT OUT?? it's already pretty uncomfortable to walk from the academic buildings to the SAU, knowing those guys who do nothing but sit on benches all day are checking you out, but now I gotta worry about it being too cold so I don't get nippy for the eye candy of the peanut gallery?

3) thanks to the "author" for perpetuating the belief that women are objects. I have one thing that does make me happy though...I think a direct result of the "hard nipples" comment, will be lots more women covering up with large bulky sweatshirts from a hard-up student body. ah, revenge is sweet.

now I know that hell's kitchen makes an effort to stay away from political correctness, and I respect that. but do you see my point? I may be harping on the wrong people, and if so I'm sorry. but I can't help but be grossed out by that article. it's hard enough for women to get by the stereotypes and roles placed on them by society, without this 'piece of ass' shit being shoved in our faces all the time. I guess if nothing else I am now fully aware of how the boys on campus really feel when they're being "nice" and fixing my messed up windows 98.

a disgruntled rit chick,  
Jackie Martin



**How to Read the Barcode on IDs at Rochester Institute of Technology**

(derived from "How to Read the Barcode on ID Badges at Ruston High School")

Reprinted here by permission of the author, Jonathan North Washington (Ruston, LA).

The barcodes on the ID Badges at Ruston High School are encrypted in what is called Numeric Code 39. It is simple to read if you know how. You will discover that, once you have read the barcode, it is your Social Security Number. It is illegal to use Individuals' Social Security Numbers on publicly used identification cards, badges, etc. (Social Security Act §205 [42 U.S.C. 405(c)(2)(C)(i)-(viii)]).

The Barcode is made up of a starter digit (\*), a data set (your Social Security Number), and a finish digit (\* again). Below is a sample barcode:



The narrow bars are 0s, the wide bars are 1s, and

**Everyone's Front Door is Unlocked: the Social Security Paradox**

By Jeremiah Parry-Hill

On 13 October 52AT, out of concern for RIT's use of Social Security numbers as identification numbers, I sent the following message (edited here for brevity) to RITSTAFF, the email distribution list for RIT faculty and staff:

*Dear RIT Community Members,*

*...I have investigated the Social Security Act and would like to reiterate one of its clauses:*

*"Social security account numbers and related records that are obtained or maintained by authorized per-*

each wide space is transcribed as "-". The barcode given would be transcribed as:

0-011010-00101-00111-00000-10110-10001-10000-01110-01001-0100-0110

Now the code must be broken down into five-digit sections as follows:

0-0110 10-001 01-001 11-000 00-101 10-100  
01-100 00-011 10-010 01-010 0-0110

Each five-digit section is a code in the list that follows.

- |   |                              |   |        |
|---|------------------------------|---|--------|
| 0 | 00-110                       | 5 | 10-100 |
| 1 | 10-001                       | 6 | 01-100 |
| 2 | 01-001                       | 7 | 00-011 |
| 3 | 11-000                       | 8 | 10-010 |
| 4 | 00-101                       | 9 | 01-010 |
| * | 0-0110 (start and end digit) |   |        |

*[Ed.: Of course, at RIT, one may forego this entire process, since your social security number is displayed under the barcode for all to see. Keen, eh?]*

*sons pursuant to any provision of law enacted on or after October 1, 1990, shall be confidential, and no authorized person shall disclose any such social security account number or related record."*

*At present, we disclose these numbers on the face of every RIT identification card and, perhaps more seriously, in every class roster distributed to faculty (and subsequently left in plain sight on desks at the heads of classrooms across campus). The list of examples does not end there, but I am confident that we are all aware of the widespread use of these numbers.*

*Clearly, correcting the problem is a costly proposition. I would advocate fixing the most flagrant issues (identification cards and class rosters) first. Perhaps the social security number can be encrypted by some means known only to those*

*who must administrate them. I put the question of how to protect the students to those in authority...*

*Thank you for your time.*

*Jeremiah Parry-Hill*

I have received several enlightening responses to the letter above. I have included them here:

*From: Julie A. White, WRC*

*I have heard some concerns about this as well, in terms of protecting people from stalkers.*

*From: Franz Foltz, CLA*

*You're exactly correct. Everybody uses them but by the law everyone is breaking the law. Their only use is for tax and employment purposes with the federal government. Almost every university uses them as student IDs, many states illegally use them on driver licenses, not to mention that phone companies, newspapers, cable companies, and even credit cards use them. You can locate most peoples' complete or at least partial SocSec numbers on the web. Very few people seem concerned and no one enforces it.*

*From: Allen Vogel, CIAS*

*Your concern is a valid one. Not many people care whether their numbers are known or not. It is not too late for any one at RIT to do something about it if that person is truly concerned. All one must do is ask the record-keeping authority for an identification number that is other than one's SS number. One will be provided. Although it disturbs the bookkeepers a bit, you will be able to get an RIT identification number that begins with 999 and has the same number of digits as a SS number. I know of this because I have a 999 number as do students who have no SS number of their own i.e. foreign students.*

*In California, a registered driver brought suit against the state to have his SS number removed*

*from his driver's license--he won. The SS number has become a universal registration number in this country, it was never intended as such. When you register for anything; hospitalization, school, whatever, ask for an ID number specific to that registration. It causes some administrative problems but you can usually get one.*

*From: Stan McKenzie, Provost*

*... I have been working on the Social Security identification number. Last summer in response to several voiced concerns, I brought the Social Security Issue to Dr. Simone's attention; we have been working on a solution with Dan Vilenski (the Registrar) and the other Vice Presidents. Legal Counsel tells us that we are not in fact in violation of the SS Act, as determined by case law, but many people remain unhappy about the current situation. We conducted a survey of other technical universities, and nearly all use SS numbers as student identifiers; few, however, print the number on the Student ID cards.*

*Most of our campus systems will work fine without the ID number showing on the card (but rather encoded in the magnetic strip and the bar code), and the few systems (such as Campus Safety) which do need an additional visible identifier to distinguish among students with the same name can get by with only the last four digits showing on the card. That is our current plan, as approved by the Vice Presidents and Deans, but we have not yet implemented it until Dan Vilenski does one final feasibility check. I would expect this to be implemented on all new cards, as well as replacement cards, by Winter Quarter.*

*Stan McKenzie*

*Provost and Vice President for Academic Affairs*

*From: Ron Stappenbeck, ISC*

*I read your recent electronic mail message concerning Social Security numbers. My response is not meant to disagree with the contents of your message, but rather to possibly help you under-*

stand that your Social Security number is not and likely never will be a secret. You certainly should not consider it a secret in any process that is important to you. I have identified a few examples of the use of your Social Security number that you will become familiar with in your future if you are not already.

In reality the Social Security Number has become a relatively public number. It is used for your medical insurance so every doctor or dentist you visit has it and any hospital you have visited has it on file for all employees there to see. It is known by every life insurance company you have a policy with or whenever you are a beneficiary to a policy. It is known by every bank you have an account or loan with. Every company with which you have any sort of pension fund has your Social Security number. Any place you have a charge account with has your number. Your stockbroker has your number. The credit bureaus have your number.

I'm not sure how long the list of those places that have it is, but the list is far longer than you want for any number that you wish to remain a secret.

For RIT or you to imply to our students, faculty, and staff that getting the Social Security number off of the front of the ID card will make that number a secret is not accurate (I am not opposed to removing it from the ID card).

Instead, I feel it is important that all of us understand that this Social Security number, which at one time was conceived as being a private number, has now become somewhat of a universal ID number for United States Citizens.

The fact that everyone enjoys the same level of risk is a terrible excuse for complacency. Call it idealism, but seeing a system that is clearly broken does not inspire me to shrug my shoulders and deal with it.

My number and many of yours have been compromised, but it is not too late for future generations. We need not be a culture built around a single number. The detriments of the SSN far outweigh the convenience it offers.

- JLPH



## Hate-crime legislation will not deter criminals

By Carrie May Poniewaz

The Daily Cardinal (U. Wisconsin)

10/20/1999

(U-WIRE) MADISON, Wisc. -- Any violent crime committed out of hatred for the victim's race, ethnicity, gender or sexual orientation is an absolute atrocity. The same crime committed with any other motive is no less atrocious.

The federal Hate-Crimes Prevention Law tells a different story: It increases penalties for crimes motivated by hate for the victim's race, religion, color or national origin. Last Friday, President Clinton urged Congress to add gender, sexual orientation and disability to that list.

"Hundreds of Americans have been killed or injured simply because of who they are--because of their race, their faith, because they're gay," Clinton said. Hundreds of Americans have also been killed or injured simply because the perpetrator hated the individual. People are killed or injured for a plethora of reasons every year. The motive of the crime, no matter what it is, does not change the crime.

Clinton argues that hate-crime prevention laws can provide some sort of protection against violence for certain groups that do not enjoy full tolerance and equality in America. If adding the threat of a couple more years on to a sentence will deter someone from murdering or injuring another person, why not add these couple years for every motive?

The answer is because this law is just a way for legislators to look like they are listening to the people and doing something to improve domestic relations.

"If we are trying to make peace in Kosovo and Bosnia, what are we trying to do? Trying to get people over their ethnic and religious hatreds," Clinton said. This is, inarguably, a philanthropic ambition, but the Hate-Crimes Prevention Act is not the right tool for the job. People who commit crimes demonstrate they have little to no regard for the law. Even if they did, it is doubtful they would consider this law and then "get over" their hatreds.

In support of the new additions to the hate-crimes law, Matt Coles of the American Civil Liberties Union said, "We have to change those perceptions. The real way to do that is by making it a part of the social consensus that gays should be treated with

respect. We need to teach that value."

Exactly. We need to teach that value, not legislate it. The way to make people get over their hatreds is to educate them before they have a chance to act out of ignorance.

The California hate-crimes law requires someone convicted of a hate crime to complete a "racial or ethnic sensitivity" course if he or she manages to get probation. These and similar courses should be required in all schools, for all ages, races, national origins, genders, sexual orientations, abilities and disabilities before any crime occurs.

This issue is not something that should only come up because a gay man was bludgeoned to death or a black man got dragged behind a car.

Whenever something this heinous occurs, people come out of the woodwork screaming for more laws. But those people need to realize that violence is already illegal. If we make stiffer penalties, we should not pick and choose which motives get them. Hate, regardless of whether it is used as a motive, is rooted in thought. The First Amendment of the Constitution is designed to protect people from punishment for their thoughts. Make no mistake, though: It does not protect against punishment for violent crimes.

When people vomit their hate while doing something legal, their projectile is protected. These people should be treated for their sickness before it causes them to commit a punishable crime.

Hate in itself is not and cannot be made illegal, constitutionally, under the First Amendment. Yet this is essentially what the federal Hate-Crimes Protection Act does.

If hate-crimes laws are not eliminated, they should include all groups of people.

This means Congress will have to add to the list people who have insurance policies, people who have jealous lovers, people who happen to be around someone who is violently angry and, as Clinton said when he likened hate crimes to racial and ethnic violence in a long list of countries, "on and on and on."

*Carrie May Poniewaz is a senior majoring in journalism. Her column runs Wednesdays in The Daily Cardinal, U. Wisconsin (Madison).*

19990120

: : : : : : :

by Pat Fleckenstein

Oi. It's been over half a year 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 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. And, 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\*?

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



## Howard's Happy Hour By Howard Hao

### Trees: A Perspective

Beautiful trees  
 The trees stand their own  
 The mightiest tree stands tall  
 See how it stands and bares its  
 strength even against the harsh elements The  
 great tree stands tall unscathed by the  
 atrocities that lay waste to other surrounding  
 victims But the tree prevails Of  
 course The thick cork cambium sloughs  
 off with each passing hour But the tree  
 prevails Strong and bold audacious  
 in its own right even  
 under perilous  
 circumstances  
 Still  
 the  
 tree  
 stands  
 Still  
 the  
 tree  
 stands



**A Poem About My Poetry**

My poetry isn't always rhyming  
 Why bother? Poetry need not to.  
 It may be short,  
 Or it may tend to blather on and on about absolutely nothing  
 Of incredible interest in particular whatsoever.  
 It's not like the teenage angst,  
     Fuck-everything-in-the-goddamn-world-  
     Cos-I-feel-like-shit-and-hate-my-life  
 Crap. No way!  
 It's not like the extreme and bizzaro,  
     Mocha-jive-hippity-hoppity-  
     Joo-joo-eyeball-bongo-thumping  
 Bullshit that no one can ever decipher. Heck no!  
 It's not chock full of  
     Literary references or connotations or  
     Profound metaphorical discussions  
 Cos-I-feel-like-shit-and-hate-my-life  
 Crap. No way!  
 It's not like the extreme and bizzaro,  
     Mocha-jive-hippity-hoppity-  
     Joo-joo-eyeball-bongo-thumping  
 Bullshit that no one can ever decipher. Heck no!  
 It's not chock full of  
     Literary references or connotations or  
     Profound metaphorical discussions  
 That take a lifetime to master. Never!  
 My poetry is about reflections,  
     About thoughts,  
         About takes on matters,  
         About perception,  
         About humorous material,  
         About anything I feel like writing about.  
 And that's the beauty of it. So take that to the grave!  
 It may be concise,  
 Yet also be so labyrinthine and intricate that it takes one a few  
 Reflective moments in solitude to fully treasure the underlying  
 Definitions, the ironies, the hypocrisy, and hidden symbolism.  
 There are no facts here...only opinions  
 In a form  
 That may easily be spread  
 Across the masses. Look for only pure literary entertainment.

- Howard Hao



**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**

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The Good Doctor Z.  
 gives an object lesson on  
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## Cart Wranglers

by Sean T. Hammond and Kelly Gunter

Rollin', rollin', rollin'  
 Keep those cart wheels rollin'  
 Keep those cart wheels rollin'  
 Inside!

As I drove into the parking lot of a local Übermart, something in my peripheral vision made me stop in awe. There, delicately tending a herd of young carts, were those proud and romanticized figures from urban mythology: the cart wranglers.

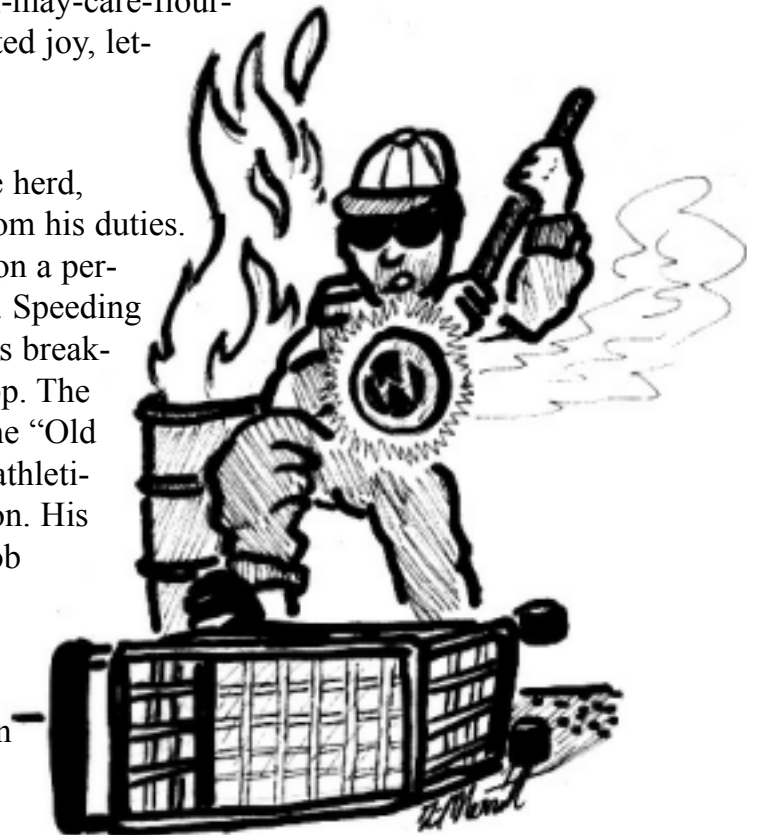
They were dressed just as Hollywood films have always portrayed them: in electric orange vests, ball caps to keep off the rays of the merciless sun during those long rides through the parking lot, spurs clinking across the blacktop, and a newly polished Remington worn protectively over the shoulder to deter the occasional rustler or wino. These noble fellows of old were guiding a herd of what looked to be 30 or 40 carts back to the store from their corrals in the lot. One strapping young lad at the front led the way. Another, older and more seasoned in the ways of wheels and gritted chrome followed behind to make sure no malingers were allowed to wander from the herd. These men held their heads high as they made their way between the rows of neatly parked cars, eschewing the blind backing of soccer moms in SUVs, their silhouettes dramatically backlit by the hot red of hastily illuminated brake lights.

Suddenly, amidst a pair of brightly coloured Beetles emerged a young lad of no more than seven or eight. Clutching the harness of a rapidly accelerating cart that was obviously from Arabian stock, the boy raced behind and in one final devil-may-care-flourish, leapt into the stirrups with a cry of pure exulted joy, letting the cart carry him where it may.

“Yeee-HAW!”

The young cart wrangler at the front of the herd, remembering his months of training, broke off from his duties. In one smooth motion he turned and accelerated on a perfectly gauged intercept course for the eager child. Speeding alongside the big metal beast, he gently slowed its break-neck pace to a safe canter, and eventually to a stop. The young wrangler was obviously being trained in the “Old Ways”; with his gazelle-like grace and powerful athleticism, one could hardly come to another conclusion. His wizened teacher nodded curtly in approval of a job expertly executed.

“Whhhhhoa, there son! You want to careful `round this here breed,” said the man in a slow drawl as the boy looked up in awe. “He ain’t been `pletely broken and is likely t’ cause some problems. I’ll take him from `ere, wot? Bob’s yer



uncle.”

As the wrangler led the cart toward the rest of the herd, it was clear there were going to be problems. The two front wheels wobbled from side to side, causing the cart to move in an erratic fashion; it was obviously spooked. Just as they neared the docile herd, a strong wind came up and the spirited Arabian collided with the line of chrome creatures.

This extra incentive separated a number of the more spirited youngsters from the front, and they began recklessly racing away with the wind.

“Stampede!”

Forgetting the Arabian cart that had started this unfortunate line of dominoes, the two wranglers raced after the fleeing shapes, a virtual ballet of sound and motion. It was a race against time now, as several of the carts were headed for parked cars. Their handle bars glinted malevolently in the sun at the thought of that imminent question, “Hey...where’d that dent come from?”. At the last moment, it seemed disaster was unavoidable. Time stood still as the old wrangler came to a halt. Grasping a length of coiled rope in his strong, calloused hands, he lassoed the lead cart, just as it was about to greedily thrust its angry chrome into the supple side of a newly waxed Freudian Lexus. As *The Man* (TM) dug in, the cart’s forward momentum caused it to flip onto its side just before the unsuspecting automobile. The other miscreants, following close behind, found little other recourse than to crash into their downed leader and come to an ignoble end.

After righting downed carts here and tight-

ening wobbly wheels there, the wranglers were about to head back toward the rest of the herd when they noticed something was amiss. Cart rustlers from a neighboring plaza were prowling among the submissive carts they had left behind.

Expertly overwriting brands with cans of spray paint, it was obvious that these boys had been around a parking lot or two. They had already gotten three carts, including the Arabian, by the time our two protagonists returned, Remington’s a-blazing. A couple of beefy bagboys<sup>1</sup> emerged from the front entrance of the store and joined in the chase.

“Send’um back to Radio Shack, boys! Yeeeeha!”, one cried out.

Fleeing before the onslaught, the rustlers escaped with only three carts as their prize.

“Hold up, men. No use followin’ them now, it’ll be dark soon. We’ll get ‘um in time.”

As I entered the store to make my purchases, those gallant, minimum wage walkers of the great blackened tar fields were still making their way toward the store.

Hours later, after having survived the trials and travails of shopping without a credit card, debit card, shoppers club card, or checkbook,<sup>2</sup> I saw the peaceful cart wranglers sitting around their campfire. Strains of music from harmonicas and Jew’s harps floated across the sodium-vapour lit landscape, and between mouthfuls of chewing tobacco and 100 proof, yarns were being spun about “the one that got away”. My heart ached at the sight as I recalled my childhood dreams. Oh well...I’m too old for that line of work now.



<sup>1</sup> The triple-Bs as we call them in the bidness.

<sup>2</sup> “You want to pay in cash? Hey!? When did they change the twenty dollar bill?”

# Episode 1

by the staff of the *Predator*

**Big Daddy:** Hey there, kiddees! Big Daddy here. Today we're going to talk about plants. We eat many different kinds of plants, some of them for fun, and some because Mom and Dad don't let us watch the TV if we don't clean our plates. There are two different kinds of plants. They are fruits and vegetables. It can be difficult for boys and girls to tell them apart, so we're going to play a game to learn the difference. Bobby, can you name a plant you eat?

**Bobby:** Umm...hamburgers?

**Big Daddy:** Oh, I'm sorry Bobby, we put catsup on hamburgers. They can't possibly be plants. You're going to have to go to the Wrong Room.

**Bobby:** Nooooo!

**Big Daddy:** How 'bout you Morty?

**Morty:** Ohh, no I don't want to answer please, uh...cauliflower?

**Big Daddy:** Good one, Morty! Cauliflower is a vegetable. Everyone remember: cauliflower is a v-e-g-e-t-a-b-l-e.

**Kids:** V-e-g-e-t-a-b-l-e!

**Big Daddy:** How 'bout the little lady in the red sweater. What's your name? Suzy? Can you name a plant that you eat?

**Suzy:** Grapes, Big Daddy?

**Big Daddy:** How clever, Suzy! Grapes are a fruit, and

## Big Daddy's Biology Show



© 1997 Melancholy Predator, appearing here courtesy of Hell's Kitchen

when they are fermented they are a juice!

**Kids:** Juice!

**Big Daddy:** Good! Now we're going to talk about how to tell the difference between a fruit and a vegetable. We already know that cauliflower is...what?

**Kids:** V-e-g-e-t-a-b-l-e!

**Big Daddy:** Good! And grapes are fruit. The difference between fruits and vegetables is that fruits taste good by themselves, and to make a vegetable taste good, you

need to add cheese. So, kids, that means cauliflower tastes crappy without cheese...that's true, right?

**Kids:** Crappy!

**Big Daddy:** Right! And that also means that grapes would taste crappy if you ate them with cheese. Right?

**Kids:** Crappy!

**Big Daddy:** Wonderful, kids! I think you've got it. OH, hi Bobby, welcome back. We've just learned how to tell fruits from vegetables, but you still don't know how to tell plants from animals, so we're going to do a special program on next week's show just for you.

**Kids:** Just For You!

**Big Daddy:** Thanks, kids! You're the smartest kids I know! (Waving)

**Kids:** Hooray!

**Camera Operator:** And...we're...out.

**Big Daddy:** Hey, Bob, you want some ice for that eye? Looks pretty nasty. Cheryl! Get this stupid kid some ice!

More Big Daddy on page 5 of GDT...





# Howard's Happy Hour

The Food Rhyme  
(Gustatory Galore) by Howard Hao

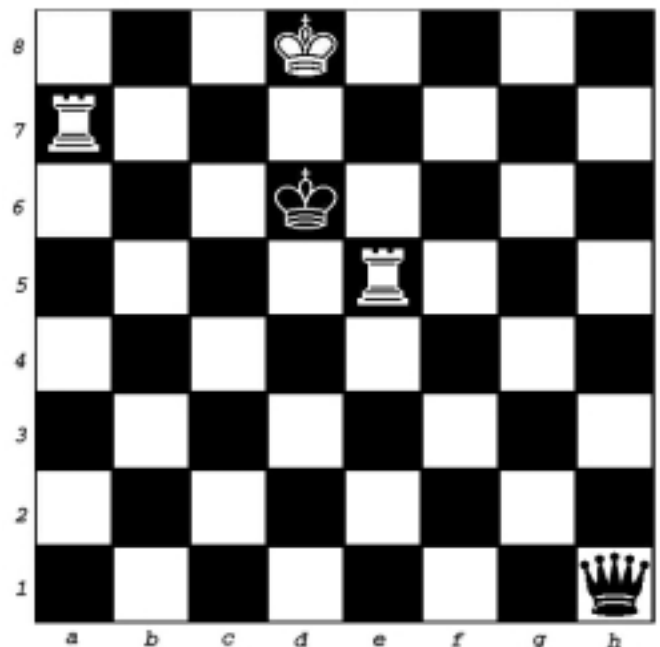
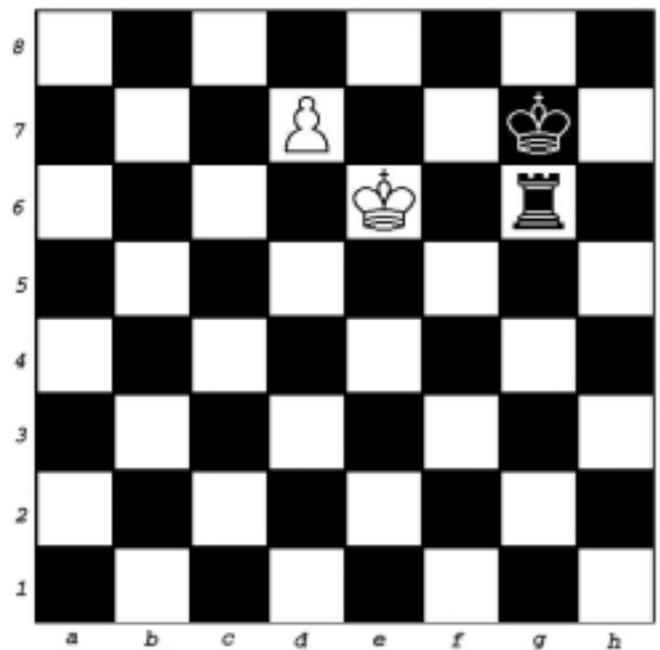
Cheesecake, escargot, kumquats  
 Red hots and hamburgs and halibut  
 Gyros and antipasto and shish-kebobs  
 Caviar, shark fin soup, roasted squab  
 Sirloin strips with a side of mashed  
 Other potato dishes: baked or hashed  
 Ginger on crisp fried flounder  
 Nuclear chili, New England clam chowder  
 Venison, rusks, quail, and fruit  
 Mocha in ice cream, biscotti  
 Vichyssoise, gumbo, and couscous  
 Flan, tempura, and hummus  
 Biscuits and crisps for the Brits  
 But for the Yanks, cookies and chips  
 A Buffalo sub, Chicago beef  
 New York City pizza, Philly cheese  
 Lobster, scallops, and fried clams  
 Deviled eggs, grits, grilled yams  
 Chicken fried steak and doughnuts  
 Croissants, lager, ale, and cold cuts  
 Wines: Merlot, Zinfandel, Chardonnay  
 Sauvignon blanc, a nice red Cabernet  
 Kimchee, pickles, basil, salt  
 Strawberry, vanilla, chocolate, malt  
 Artichoke hearts and cooked tofu  
 Collard greens and chicken stew  
 Calamari, terrapin, a big smoked ham  
 Cheese omelette, shrimp bisque, marzipan  
 Bird's nest soup and thick pork chops  
 Real bleu cheese, souvlaki, soda pop  
 Port wine, brie, gouda, swiss  
 Kale, celery: nice and crisp  
 Agave, uglifruit, and peaches  
 UHT milk, open-faced sandwiches  
 Jamaican beef patty, roasted chestnuts  
 Cherry danish, brownies with walnuts  
 Jams, jellies, preserves, watercress  
 Darjeeling, Irish and English breakfast  
 Cafe au lait, oolong, key lime  
 Minestrone with a hint of thyme  
 Baguettes, beignets, bagels, and more  
 So many dishes; gustatory galore!

## The Man to Oppress and Put Down

(White to Play and Win)

by Adam Fletcher

Black may have more material, but white wins in both cases. It is important to remember that nobody ever wins by resigning. Even if you are down material, look for opportunities such as these. Look for the next quarter.



# Big Daddy's Biology Show



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Predator, appearing here  
courtesy of Hell's Kitchen

## Episode 2

by the staff of the *Predator*

**Camera Operator:** 3...2...

**Big Daddy:** Hey baby, you know why they call me Big Daddy, don't ya?...

**Camera Operator:** 1...and...

**Big Daddy:** But I could get you in, I've got connections you never even dreamed...

**Camera Operator:** ...rolling!

**Big Daddy:** C'mon Cheryl, baby, - Ahem, Hey there Kiddees! Big Daddy here. You all remember last week we talked about plants. Well, this week, we're gonna talk about the plant's ancestors. That's right: Animals! In the beginning of time when there was nothing on Earth but pry-more-dee-all soup - Can you say pry-more-dee-all, kids?

**Kids:** Premonitory!

**Big Daddy:** Good! So anyway, there was pry-more-dee-all soup in all the oceans and lakes, just-a steamin' that good-home-cookin smell, and you know what soup means? That's right, chickens.

**Kids:** Salmonella!

**Big Daddy:** Good! But anyway, in this broth at the beginning of time there were absolutely no croutons. Which is the only plant in chicken soup, as we all know. So that means chickens were the first meal to ever roam the surface of this lovely planet. Thus, animals were around before plants. But how do we know that animals are the ancestors of plants, and how do we tell the difference between plants and animals? All that and a bag of chips, after these messages...

**Camera Operator:** (holding up two fingers, then one, then none) We're out.

**Big Daddy:** Cheryl, honey, grab me a bag

of chips from the machine downstairs will ya? (turns around) Hey Donna, baby, you know why they call me Big Daddy, don't ya?

**Camera Operator:** Okay, 3...2...1...

**Big Daddy:** (holding a bag of chips) Welcome back, kids!

**Kids:** Hi Big Daddy!

**Big Daddy:** We know that animals came before plants because of the Big Soup Rule. But that doesn't necessarily mean plants are descended from animals; they could have developed on their own. But they didn't. The steaming pry-more-dee-all soup eventually started cooling down, over a long, long time. Billions and Billions™ of years. So when this soup started cooling down, well, there weren't enough refrigerators to store it all, so some of the largest lakes were left out to sit. After only a short while, they started to get moldy. Great big honkin' truckloads of green and blue and black mold, the really hairy-lookin kind, y'know?

**Kids:** Hairy!

**Big Daddy:** Right! And since the mold that grows on soup is a plant, that means plants came directly from animals!

**Kids:** Hooray!

**Big Daddy:** Well, now we know the history of the world, but how do tell plants from animals? Chickens were the first animals, and they have feathers, so can we tell an animal by its feathers? Well, no, because as we learned last week, hamburgers are animals, too, and there's no feathers on a hamburger, or at least not a good hamburger. Kids, if you get a hamburger with feathers on it, make sure you show an adult right away! Well, that's all the time we have for today, kids! See you next week on this same channel!

**Camera Operator:** (holding up one finger) ... and we're out.

Bobby: Bu, but, Big Daddy, what about telling the difference between a plant, Big Daddy, what about plants?

**Big Daddy:** Don't push me, kid, or I'll send you back to the Wrong Room.

**Bobby:** (eyes wide) N-n-no-no, Big Daddy, I'm sorry, Big Daddy, please don't.

**Big Daddy:** Run along, now, Big Daddy has some adult things to tend to. Cheryl! Get you little butt in here!



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