



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre



Member of
Hell's Kitchen



Please Recycle



Tourist's Movie Reviews

PRESENTS

Lame Horses

Written and Illustrated by Sean J. Stanley

People always knock drugs. Not the OTC kind, mind you, I'm talking about the high-octane, not-quite-a-neurotransmitter-but-pretends-to-be shit. The FUN ones. The late (and possibly one of the greatest) comedian Bill Hicks once said:

"But the point is drugs have done some good things. The musicians that have made great music over the years were real fucking high on drugs. The Beatles were so high they even let Ringo sing some tunes..."

Right on. The recording industry must be laughing its way to the bank when songs like Third Eye Blind's "Semi-Charmed Life" make it big on the pop charts. Now, I'm not that big of a fan, however I've got to respect a band who can write a song about blowjobs and crystal-meth addiction that can end up on "The greatest mix of the eighties AND nineties" radio station. "The station that picks you up and makes you feel good, all day long." "The station you can all agree on at work." We all know the ones I'm talking about. Those shitty "family-oriented" mix stations that we tune to sparingly at best, usually to listen to a Total Eighties Weekend or some other desperate marketing ploy. You would think that the directors of programming would raise an eyebrow or two when a song like "Semi-Charmed Life" invokes phrases like "bumped", "go down on", and has a verse that ends with "belly face down on the mattress." What glorious imagery! "Your best mix of eighties odes to cocaine along with the pangs of guilt associated with casual sex, and scintillating nineties tales of clandestine meth labs and precarious drugs-for-buggery arrangements (with forty minute, commercial free "rock-blocks" all day long)!" I will concede certain drugs like crack are probably best left untouched (except of course if you're anorexic and need something more efficient than ex-lax or diet fuel). Heroin is bad, you say? Sure, you'll get the occasional heroin-induced burglary or mugging, but for the most part, you won't find too many belligerent junkies starting bar brawls, wrecking cars, or getting each other pregnant, like most socially acceptable drunk people do. Junkies pretty much keep to themselves, alone in their squalorous apartments atop soggy mattresses, sans box spring and wasting away to Velvet Underground records.

Nobody seems to see the irony of the War on Drugs. The cartels certainly don't want to see the legalization of illicit substances. The DEA and Justice Department as a whole sure as hell don't. For every kilo keestered over the border by desperate Mexican nationals or college kids on spring break, the DEA gets a shiny new Blackhawk helicopter. The drug industry runs the entertainment industry, which in turn provides inspiration and escape for engineers who slave away in the basements of companies like Lockheed-Martin and Northrup Grumman designing new and better implements of destruction for the US Government. Just as the triangle-trade of the 18th century solidified the slave trade (and rum drinking) industries for White Puritan capitalists, the War on Drugs ain't going away soon.

Legalize? Fuck that! Sure, there are obvious advantages to someday going to the bulk food section of Safeway and filling up one of those hard-to-find-the-opening-of plastic bags with seven pounds of loose, dank nugs of Humboldt County Kind and turning your garage into a walk-in hookah, but seriously! You don't want that sort of proliferation into the mainstream. Real drug people know that there are just some folks that shouldn't do drugs:



- ♦ **Christians.**
- ♦ **Yuppies** (although small recreational quantities of cocaine are acceptable from time to time in this particular demographic).
- ♦ **Fratboys and Sorority girls** who have diluted themselves into liking their worthless, shallow, debutante lives and would lose it if their brains stopped for a moment to think about what they were doing (granted, there are always exceptions to these rules; however, to be safe, they should just stick to the mind-numbing effects of alcohol and roofies so that their work toward business administration degrees can go on without a hitch).

Conversely, there are some fields that would benefit from at least the medicalization of illicit substances. Most doctors and lawyers already do a fair share of marijuana, coke, and prescription opiates, but for some reason the other white-collar professions haven't caught on yet. Accountants and CFOs certainly could do with a little hash each morning instead of coffee to eliminate the banality of their endless and futile number-crunching existence. There would be less "hostile takeovers"

and more "mergers" if the CEO and board of directors of large companies passed fatties around during meetings. Instead of profit sharing, 401K, and other fringe benefits, companies should institute "bowl sharing" and "4:20KB" programs. Dilbertland could inspire people to work more if "Crazy Hat Day" and "Dress Down Fridays" were replaced with "Snort a Fat Line and Fuck the Shit Out of Your Secretary Day" or "Dose the Boss and Watch Him Play With the Copy Machine Day". Blue-collar jobs have always embraced drugs, more out of necessity than anything else. Which is why company drug screening is such a joke. Hell, you

have to be able to identify different strains of marijuana and own at least one Phish album to be considered for any job at a pizza joint these days, so why does the upper-crust in management even bother? Drug screening doesn't improve the workforce at all, it just increases the sale of pectin, cranberry juice, and Echinacea Root supplements.

I am a strong advocate of the occasional psychedelic drug experience and I'll explain why. Beyond the esoteric realms that all those new-age "entheogenic community" fucks use to rationalize their E and LSD habits, there is a certain area of the brain that is seldom tapped. Within lies a vast tome of splendid ideas that rarely see the light of day. Take for instance, a thought I was tossing about a few weeks ago under the influence of pot. We were all sitting around smoking, watching "The Muppet Movie" (you must adhere to at least one or two clichés where pot is concerned) when we saw Kermit the Frog riding a horse. This was the catalyst for a discussion of great length upon the majestic equine sport. Horse racing has always been a "gentleman's sport", although if you consult writers like Hunter S. Thompson, or attend the modern day racetrack, you will find that it is a



truly depraved spectacle and bears no semblance of anything that could be considered gentlemanly. Sleaze comes to mind when describing the bookies, gambling junkies, and booze-swilling denizens of your average day at the races. Houses are lost, addictions are fed, broken people literally sign their kneecaps (and sometimes their lives) away to ruthless loan sharks and gangster profiteers. Not to mention the treatment of the horses, or the emaciated riders that run five miles with trashbags under their sweatpants and eat enough Dexitrim to power an entire Robin Williams performance so they can weigh in under the limit. Still, in the midst of brutal capitalism and pain-mongers that encompass the track, the race itself is the most dignified aspect of the entire experience.

All those thoughts led to the discussion of an alternate form of racing. Something that would bring the race down to the level of the spectators. Something really fucked up. Here's what I came up with:

THE LAME HORSE DERBY

The race would begin with the horses,

injured relics from previous standard horse racing events, limping onto the course and into the gates. The winner of the race would be based not only on finish line performance, but also a point-scale system that would rate the effectiveness of the horse/rider combination. The lamer the horse, the more points awarded. A literal handicap system would ensure that a horse with a bruised ankle would be competing on an even playing field with a horse with say, a broken femur that protruded from the skin, unanaesthetized and gangrenous (additional points would be awarded for the number of days since the horse sustained the wound). There would be no trained jockey or experienced rider on the horse. The distasteful tradition of over priv, self-starved, pseudo-adolescent white guys would be brought to an unequivocal halt. Instead, the owners of the horse would make arrangements with US Customs and INS officials to have their riders imported from third world, starving countries like Somalia or Rwanda. The lightweight refugees would not only be racing for the championship title, but also for permanent US citizenship.

Added novelty would be the fact that most of the riders have never seen a horse, let alone been charged to race one in front of thousands of liquored-up reprobates. To remedy this, the riders would be lashed prone to the back of the horse with military-grade duct tape, their legs facing forward. A special control device would be placed into their free right hands. Simple in design, it would contain a bracket with two 500 CC syringes with tubes connected to the horse. The first syringe would contain a special mixture of adrenaline, norepinephrine, crystal-meth, cocaine, and PCP. This would be connected to a tube running directly into the horse's heart. It would have a bright green plunger and would be labeled "Go". The second syringe would contain nothing but air; it too connected to the horse, but at the carotid artery directly below the head. This one would have a bright red plunger and would be labeled "Stop". You can see what I'm getting at here. The fanfare (a single, unstable and guttural, note played by Kenny G as he is slowly lowered into a vat of strong hydrochloric acid) would sound and the horses would snort at their gates, charged for the day's race. The bell would sound, and the gates would fly open. Attendants with cattle prods would walk around the horses, shocking the riders until they figured out how to work the syringes. When the "Go" syringe is depressed, one of three things would occur. This would replace the standard Trifecta of "Win", "Place", and "Show". Now there would be "Massive Coronary", "Psycho-Wig Out", and "Run". The first two are self-explanatory. If the horse didn't have a heart attack, and if it didn't run amuck, goring and stomping on any loose attendants, it would run in the only direction it could, towards the finish line, thirty feet ahead. The mixture of the first syringe would be important. The owners would now hire anesthesiologists instead of horse trainers to ensure their victories. The goal would be to concoct a mixture that would start the horse off, despite the excruciating pain in its limbs and get it across the finish line as fast as possible, without initially killing it. Successful formulas would become closely guarded secrets in

the racing community, often times stolen and sabotaged before races. Once moving forward, the rider would be confronted with the problem of how to stop a frenzied beast weighing upwards of five hundred pounds and hopped up on enough stimulants to kill a large platoon of Marines. The answer to that problem lies in depressing the plunger on the "Stop" syringe and injecting 500 CCs of air into the horse's brain, causing an instant embolism and thus stopping the horse. The rider who manages to stop the horse BEYOND the finish line, BEFORE the wall of wrought iron horizontal spikes, and WITHOUT the horse falling over and crushing him (remember the military-grade duct tape) is declared the winner. A green card and all necessary paperwork are given to him and two family members of his choosing. The remaining riders are both mopped up and incinerated, or deported back to their respective third world countries. Their names are put on a list and they are ineligible to ride again for thirty days. A champagne toast and ESPN post-game interview would bring the festivities to a close. All in all, I think that this would be a fitting counterpart to the wretched hive of scum and villainy (just like Mos Eisely) that exist in racetracks today.

Some say that you can do your best thinking on the toilet. I agree, but I think that it helps to have dropped two tabs of Jerry Garcia and smoked a bowl or two of Northern Lights first. Either way, as long as your thinking, this writer has no complaints. Until next time, sweethearts...

-SJS-

Errata

The article "History with Skinned Knees" appearing in Volume 15, Issue 1 mistakenly said that Andrew Johnson was President Kennedy's Vice. The sentence in question should have read, "Lyndon Johnson, a one time southern Senator born in 1908, succeeded Kennedy to the Presidency in much the same way Andrew Johnson (a some time southern Senator born in 1808) succeeded Lincoln.

We apologize for any confusion.



LETTERS

Hello,

Close to the end of the main article in your "Super All-Fact Issue," you note Kurt Perschke's lamentations about the absence of institutional memory at RIT. As a student who's stayed here longer than most (both as an undergraduate in the School of Photography and now a graduate student in the Center for Imaging Science), I am often frustrated by newer students' ignorance and lack of concern about past controversies. I feel that much of this has to do with the decidedly inferior quality of the *Reporter*, which should be providing some sort of cohesion with the past rather than trying to break records for most spelling errors per paragraph. I admit, when I was new here, I was just as apathetic. That apathy might have been different, though, if there were more examples of good journalism about RIT around.

That's why I think your last issue was so great. I now feel that I can hand that issue to new students, saying, "this is what has happened in the past. This is what the administration here is about. Take heed." I imagine a GDT student handbook,

sneaked in the pages of the "Student's Rights and Responsibilities." It will describe, with examples, which of those "Rights" students lost when they stood in the way of the "First In Class" plan or the "Strategic Plan". Not only will it talk about issues dealing with the CIA on campus or the threats to SAC/SAD but describe how Simone, et. al. violated institute policies in removing the Cannabis coalition from campus, how Leigh Anne Francis had to stage a protest to force the creation of a full time staff member position of the Women's Center, how the RIT Gay Alliance (formerly ASF) is unable to post posters or chalk the quarter mile without near immediate removal and desecration by Physical Plant and students, and how often incidents of racially motivated and sexually motivated violence actually occur.

Anyway, keep up the good work,
Kirk D. Knobelspiesse

Thanks, Kirk. Positive feedback is much harder to come by then negative, and it feels good to know people read us and like us. Either way, we encourage people to email us their opinions.

-ed, gdt@hellskitchen.org



GDT,

I'm sure you've all read about our "disgruntled" selves with our individual "especial (hey, they bought a Thesaurus!) disdains" for the Reporter in its thumb-up-its-ass-feel-good 90th anniversary issue. I'm also positive you caught the part about how our rants "seem only to amuse the authors."¹ Are you guys planning to retaliate with an article? If so, here's my contribution: a few key moments in the glorious history of our dear spell-checking friends, none of which seem suitable for a pat-yourself-on-the-back-a-thon.

May 1993: The Reporter prints a cartoon by Ed Cox entitled "Brick Diving," featuring a kid atop one of the various dormitories, doomedly contemplating a leap. The time of the humorless, jokeless 'toon's publication is exactly one year after the suicide of CSH's Eugene "Fang" Rosenstein, who jumped off the seventh floor balcony of Nathaniel Rochester Hall. Readers are outraged, but then-editor-in-chief Tim McManus proves them all unintelligent imbeciles in his editorial.

"I counted the number of floors in the building in the cartoon, and there were only six as opposed to the seven of NRH... The dialogue in the word balloon is not the same as was in the suicide note."²

QED, it had nothing to do with the suicide. Duh.

January 1994: To answer the Reporter's irritating perpetual banshee whine of, "Oh, you think you can do better?" Perky and Slick appear for a second run.

October 1994: Reporter Cartoonists Gil Merritt, Kevin Sierwacki and Jeremy Sniatecki are given a notice that all cartoons must now be in a single-panel format, even Perky and Slick. "It's part of the New Way!" mutters then-editor-in-chief

Josh Somebody. I catch him in between draws of reefer and somehow petition to do P&S in the regular God-given four-panel format while avoiding a lot of "fuck you's".

March 1995: The Reporter's "Man On The Street" article discusses "Who should be the next Pez dispenser?"² It makes the goddamned cover.

Then-Student-Governor Ralph Gaboury is elected to be a PEZ dispenser by one of his friends on the Reporter staff. Perky and Slick, Reporter mainstays for three years, AREN'T. The following week I do a strip about Slick being violently upset

about this, going so far as to bash Gaboury... pretty heavy-handedly too. The strip doesn't run in the next week's Reporter.

As well as bash Gaboury ("being a PEZ head would allow him to grant more EXPRESSION!") the strip also attacks the pathetic clique the Reporter has become; a pajama party giggling under the facade of journalism. However, new editor Nathan Armone likes the strip too, and he wants to run it. Ergo, I don't do any more P&S until the PEZ strip runs.

The strip doesn't run.

April. Still waiting.

I am becoming "disgruntled."

Around the eighth week of the quarter I begin doing what will be the final P&S strips for the Reporter, confident that Ralph Gaboury has no sense of humor and the PEZ strip has been destroyed at his hands.

September 1995: Returning to RIT after the summer, I offer to do new P&S for the season. The meandering staff groggily responds "...Eh. We'll run 'em if we got room for 'em. You might wanna check back..." I leave the Reporter offices and never return, awash with an "especial disdain."

Vaya con dios, slayers...

Gil Merritt

1. RIT's Reporter magazine, 11/5/1999, page 13

2. Citations are unavailable. The offending issues were not to be found in the Reporter's back issue archive.

19991209

By Pat Fleckenstein

I have two things to write about today. At this point, they're totally unconnected in my conscious mind, but hopefully a few paragraphs from now they'll coalesce into two sides of the same coin (or the same side of two coins).

I've been getting more and more frustrated the past couple of months (and some of it is probably just residual tension from being physically distanced from my fiancée, but that's a whole other rant) with the percentage of e-mail that I get which contains no original content. I should have kept statistics on this for a few weeks before writing about it. But, I trust that you've had similar experiences and would put your numbers somewhere in the same ballpark that I have. Here's my ballpark....

I get about 380 messages a week. Of those, 7 are from a mailing list that I only bother reading if I'm entirely bored. Another 4 are from mailing lists that have totally original content each week. Another 2 are from mailing lists that are original synopses of technology news (though with lots of excerpts of the news items themselves). On average, 3 are from my aforementioned, remote love. Of the remaining 364 messages, about 70% are spam; 5% are recycled, "inspirational" chain-letter-ish things; 5% are somewhat verbose, original takes on a news item, web page, or personal thought; and the other 20% are either a single URL referencing a page not authored by the sender, a single sentence (or fragment thereof) and a single URL referencing a page not authored by the sender, or an ASCII dump of a web page not authored by the sender.

I can't say with any certainty that I am receiving less original content today than I was five years ago. But, I can tell you without an ounce of doubt that I am getting more than ten times as

much unoriginal e-mail as I was getting five years ago. Doesn't anyone write any more? I mean, I hope they're thinking. I hope that there isn't some neural pathway burned between the retinas and the "forward" key. I hope that web browsers aren't just sending along any URL that occupies the reader's attention for more than 4.28 seconds. The guesstimated statistics above give me 9.2% of 380 messages that required some thinking and/or writing skills on the part of the sender. Ummm.... help?

Hmmm... it's still looking like two sides of two coins, but the other thing I wanted to talk about stemmed from a bit that I heard on NPR sometime this past April or so. One of the interviewees on a talk show used the phrase "the greying of society". I'm told that this phrase usually refers to the fact that senior citizens are one of the fastest growing sections of the population. But, that wasn't the sense that this interviewee was using the phrase. The interviewee was using it in a way that meant a great deal more to me. By "greying", the interviewee meant, "blurring the black and white". Specifically, the interviewee was referring to the blurring of sex-based roles in American society since World War II. So, what comes to mind for me immediately? Entropy.

Cha-ching... there it is... the same side of two coins. The information content of the e-mail I receive... the blurring of sex-based roles.... it's almost too easy. What can we gain by turning Information Theory loose on every day life?

So, the reason that I didn't write about this "greying" in April was that I wanted to study up on my information theory, entropy, and demographics. I wanted to have some cold, hard, rational numbers that show the actual change in entropy of sex-based roles over the last sixty years. Well, I did my homework on information theory and entropy, but I never did my demographics



Sanford Wallace

President of CyberPromotions and
"King of Spam"

<http://www.news.com/NewsMakers/Wallace/wallace.html>

research. And, the truth is that I still haven't done it. So, sue me (if you don't, someone else will... heck, make it a class action suit).

Anyhow, I have this mental image of white molecules on one side of beaker and black molecules on the other as the thermodynamic, gedanken-equivalent of sex-based roles in 1940. The divider has been removed from the beaker. The random bumping and jostling of molecules has resulted in a greyish liquid. The number of states of grey so vastly outnumbers the states of black and white that hell will probably freeze over (xref: the junk mail about the hell being endothermic or exothermic) long before all the Christina Riccis become Barbara Billingsleys.

It strikes me that genetic research and cultural trends are at odds in this issue. Genetic research aims to decrease the inherent entropy in an individual by mapping adenine to income and cytosine to susceptibility. The cultural trends, in the meantime, seek to break the XY's lock on orthodoxy. Genetic researchers are motoring along generating mountains of information about each gene in the human body. At the same time, society is pulling out all of the stops, trying to ensure that the entropy of an Y chromosome always increases.

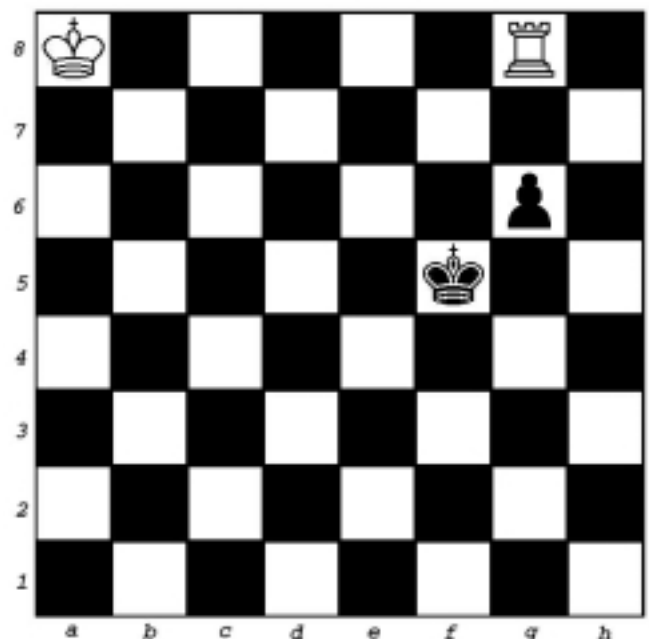
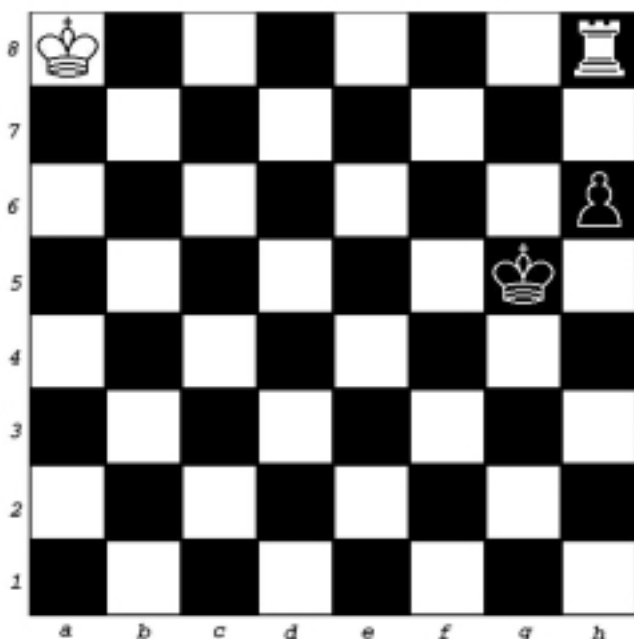
There is a higher order thermodynamics going on here. And, it may be turtles all the way down.

Entropy is a specific measure of how unexpected something is. For example, the letter 'e' in English text is of much lower entropy than the letter 'q'. In the white-molecule black-molecule example above, finding or not finding a black molecule in a given spot becomes less and less expectable as the liquid greys (to verb a noun).

I see the current societal trends as pushing toward more unexpectedness. We are fighting hard against becoming a *Gattaca*-esque society. Sex-based roles are the firmest example that comes to mind. There isn't a real unity amongst those genetically pre-disposed to contract diabetes to blur the lines of dextrose distinction. But, certainly, as genetic research uncovers more and more of the encoding of intelligence, beauty, obesity, etc. I envision huge societal movements to obscure those correlations. It may only be a matter of time before the genetic research surpasses the societal adaptability and we slip into a Gattacan culture. Until then, though, while the entropy of "living of life with the genes you've got" is still increasing, seize the day. (Wheee... my attempt to bring more coherence into this piece has resulted instead in an

White to play and win.

By Adam Fletcher



attempt to distort my own rant into a bit of kindling of heart-fires. Oh, well, add it to the class action suit.)

All of this societal railing against the genetic research (conscious or not), parallels the struggle of spam against the development of better mail filters. Spam is evolving all of the time. Most of its mutations are minor, but the set of all of those mutations makes spam-filtering an ornery task (part and parcel of spammers' Darwinism, to be sure). The natural entropy of my inbox today is 0.220 as compared to about 0.095 from four or five years ago. Mail filters are trying to catch up in time to push that entropy up a bit more, but it's looking doubtful that the mail filters will keep up. So, until then, though, while the entropy of "receiving e-mail" is still increasing, seize the day! Oh, sorry. Umm... wait... ummm... in this one, I'd actually advocate letting the entropy decrease. So, I suppose I'm back to two sides of the same coin instead of the same side of two coins.

Oi, but I have a great idea for spammers. I cannot decide if I should disclose it here so that no one can ever patent it, or if I should just hope that no one ever comes up with it. Sure, in the ideal case, I'd patent this as-yet-undisclosed concept so

that no one could ever employ it. But, I'm not gonna drop the cash to patent it at the moment. The next-to ideal case is that some floundering spamming company patents it, won't license it to their competitors, and never manage to have a business model that will actually get them much of a customer base. I'm thinking that just disclosing the concept and making it public domain would actually end up being worse. Anyhow, if you're a spammer, try not to read between the lines of the last few paragraphs, please.

So, where am I? Information theory has a bunch of powerful tools for analyzing the transmission of data over noisy channels. Well, I've got a few noisy channels in mind that could use some analysis. Maybe what I need in all of this is an E-mail Genome Project. If I had thousands of scientists around the world analyzing the e-mail that I receive, maybe someone will find an effective way to highlight the real information amidst the sea of chaff. Maybe someone will find an effective way to correlate the various mutations of the same strain of spam with Rosie the Riveter's payscale increases. Or maybe my inbox will just discover a cure for cancer or something. Who knows? Certainly not I (yet).

Continued from last week, more Famous Deaths!

Tycho Brahe:

An important Danish astronomer of the 16th century. His ground breaking research allowed Sir Isaac Newton to come up with the theory of gravity.

How he died:

Didn't get to the bathroom in time

In the 16th century, it was considered an insult to leave a banquet table before the meal was over. Brahe, known to drink excessively, had a bladder condition -- but failed to relieve himself before the banquet started. He made matters worse by drinking too much at dinner, and was too polite to ask to be excused. His bladder finally burst, killing him slowly and painfully over the next 11 days.

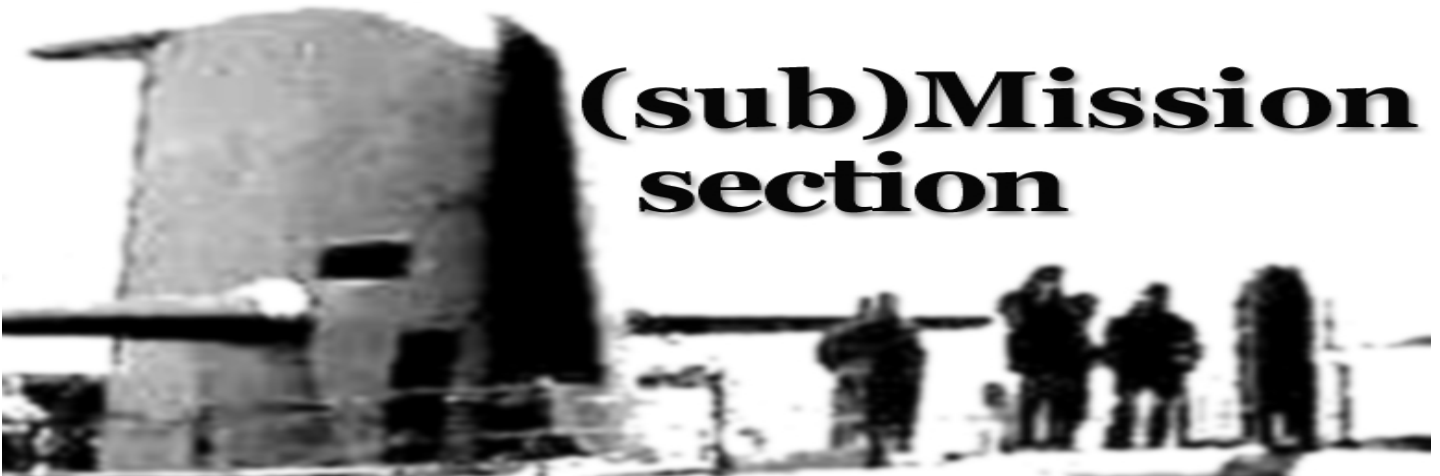
Sir Francis Bacon:

One of the most influential minds of the late 16th century. A statesman, a philosopher, a writer, and a scientist, he was even rumored to have written some of Shakespeare's plays.

How he died:

Stuffing snow into a chicken

One afternoon in 1625, Bacon was watching a snowstorm and was struck by the wondrous notion that maybe snow could be used to preserve meat in the same way that salt was used. Determined to find out, he purchased a chicken from a nearby village, killed it, and then, standing outside in the snow, attempted to stuff the chicken full of snow to freeze it. The chicken never froze, but Bacon did.



(sub)Mission section

What the fuck is this section?

Well, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre endeavors to print all material it receives as part of its ongoing mission to be an alternate outlet for news and opinions.

SUBMIT AND WE WILL PRINT.

"Broken"

Please be gentle with me
my heart is made of broken glass
Broken glass, a piece of string
bits of unwanted shining things...

S.Blue

"Ugh"

the kinda shit where you wish you had a bidet, or your ass was like a dog's and kinda turned inside out when you shit. and you wonder why baby wipes aren't more popular in your bathroom. and you wonder how bad the surface cleaner someone left on the back of the toilet would burn if you used it. you're already raw from 4 hours before, and you keep telling yourself you need more bulk. and you grit your teeth and dig in, wondering how bad it's gonna hurt when you walk. and you pray that you'll have enough time till the next one to heal. but the worst part is knowing, going in... the anticipation of a raw ass.

-Andy Hoffmeister

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Howard's Happy Hour

By Howard Hao

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
 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.

The Food Rhyme
 (Gustatory Galore)

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!



Episode 3...

Big Daddy: (running on stage zipping up his fly) Hey there kiddees, Big Daddy here. Is everybody ready for biology fun?

Kids: Scalpel!

Big Daddy: No, not that kind of fun, you've been good this week, so we're going to talk about breakfast! More to the point, we're going to talk about eggs.

Kids: Salmonella!

Big Daddy: Right! Now who can tell me what kind of eggs have sarspa-er salpo-er salmonella in them? How about you, Milton?

Milton: Iguana eggs.

Big Daddy: Milton, you're not only a moron, but you're going to have to go to...

Cheryl: Psst...boss, he's right. Iguana eggs do have salmonella in them.

Big Daddy: Ummm, you're going to get a prize! Well done. Let's remember last week's talk about evolution...chicken eggs have salmonella as well. Salmonella actually comes from chicken eggs directly, iguanas get it because they are one of the jungle chicken's major predators.

Kids: Predators!

Big Daddy: That's right, the wily lizards hunt in packs by setting traps for the unsuspecting jungle chickens. The chickens are looking for private places to lay eggs, but when they see the cleverly constructed piles of kiwi fruit, shiny beads, and string, they are snared, and are forced to lay their eggs without any protection.

Kids: Prophylaxis!

Big Daddy: Good! And once the chicken is done laying its eggs, the iguana pack struts up and starts hen-pecking the poor thing, lashing it with their detachable tails, and forcing it to watch as its own eggs are swallowed whole.

Kids: Cunnilingus!

Big Daddy: Since iguanas are not able to have babies of their own, they are forced to steal from the chickens. Special chemicals inside the iguana, known to experts as estrogen, are used to convert the baby chicken into a baby lizard, and they also grow extra salmonella to feed the baby lizard as it develops. Neat, huh?

Kids: Shiny traps!

Big Daddy: The chicken is then set free by the iguanas, only to be caught the next day by a person like us, who makes a deal with the chicken to trade its eggs for chickenfeed, and then converts them with a different set of chemicals, into the omelettes that we eat for breakfast.

Kids: Cheese!

Milton: My iguana laid a dozen eggs yesterday. It's a girl-lizard. The boy lizard doesn't lay eggs. We don't have any chickens.

Big Daddy: Who asked ya, kid? But since you bring it up, there is a certain strain of imported iguana that can sometimes have this egg-like secretion, but in fact they are highly poisonous, so kids, you shouldn't touch anything that looks like an iguana egg unless you are sure the iguana has recently trapped a chicken. Well, that's all the time we have for this week. See you next week!

Big Daddy's Biology Show



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Episode 4...

Big Daddy: Hey there kiddees, Big Daddy here!

Camera Operator: Hang on a sec, there, Big, we got to get rolling first. 2...1...

Big Daddy: Hey there kiddees, Big Daddy here! Today we're going to talk about one of the most interesting diseases known to anybody. We've got a special show for you today about your favorite gland and mine, the thyroid.

Kids: Goiters!

Big Daddy: Exactly! But before we get right into the neck of the subject, let's remember about glands. Glands are the little bulbous organs

in your body that do all sorts of things. Some make you smell bad, some make you grow tall, some make the chicks dig you as soon as they come close enough to sniff you, and others make those really gross sticky substances we call yecch. Today's gland is the thyroid. The thyroid lives just inside your Adam's Apple and it spits out a couple of different estrogens that control how your body works. We all remember what estrogens are, don't we, kids?

Kids: Hormonal imbalance!

Big Daddy: Right, and the thyroid gland produces two different estrogens. One of them controls how much food you eat, and the other controls how much the chicks dig you, that's why they call it the Adam's Apple, because Adam had all the chicks in the world coming to him, and Apple represents food.

Kids: Worms!

Big Daddy: The really neat part is

that the two estrogens work in opposite ways. The more of the Apple estrogen you have, the more food you eat, but the more Adam estrogen you have, the less the chicks want you. Adam himself only had a very small amount of the estrogen we named after him years later. That's why only one of his women left him, and she was a real bitch anyway, so it was no loss, or so the story goes.

Kids: Dogma!

Big Daddy: Well, when a guy's thyroid has too much free time, like when the guy works for a radio show, then it starts to produce this extra slimy version of the Adam estrogen, which gets caught in his throat every time he tries

to talk to a chick.

Kids: Projection!

Big Daddy: Right, and after a while he starts to get this rounded growth sticking out of his neck, known as a goiter. This, of course, is the ultimate chick repeller. No chick in her right mind would go out with a guy who had an enormous pulsing blob in his neck, right?

Kids: Eewwww!

Big Daddy: So the poor guy is forced to go after the chicks who are either blind, or stupid, or really desperate and don't mind guys with goiters. Needless to say, there aren't that many chicks like that outside of the local hospitals, so the guy eventually ends up haunting the hospital's lower levels with his neck in a sling, waiting, yearning for the perfect mate. Tragic. Well, that's all for today. Goodbye, kids! You're the smartest kids I know! (Waving)



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