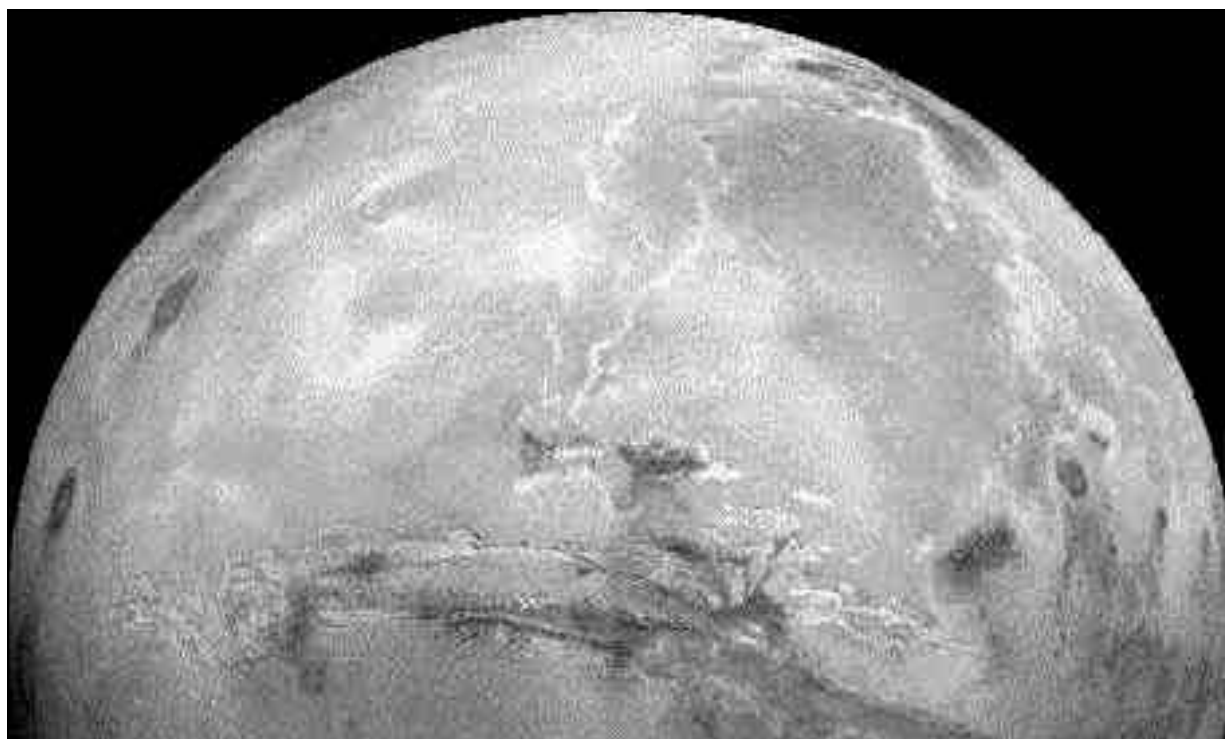




Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Please Recycle

The Magic Wondershow

By Sean J. Stanley

Ho kiddies. After a break for a bit, I'm back in full force. If you'll permit me, I shall delve into my sordid past and brush off the ol' movie review skills. Ok, so I saw some good movies that one and all should go see, *Magnolia*, *Boys Don't Cry*, blah blah blah Oscar nominations blah blah blah. Everyone talks about those. Let me tell you 'bout a bad movie – *Mission to Mars*, quite possibly one of the worst films I've ever seen in my entire life. I



should start by saying that Brian DePalma should not direct movies that have “Mission” in the title. *Mission: Impossible* was a dismal flop featuring Jim Phelps as a bad guy. Jim Phelps wasn't a bad guy. In either of the two series. “Hey Brian. Even though *Mission: Impossible* has always featured a team of elite specialists working together, we really need to get rid of all of them so that Tom Cruise can have his own private action film. Can we kill them?”

Brian DePalma: “Sure, whatever. I'm the shit 'cause I directed *Scarface*.”

Fuck him.

The road to hell is paved with good intentions and I think that DePalma's good-natured amalgamation of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, *Marooned*, *The Right Stuff*, and *Apollo 13* was a personal vouch for manned spaceflight. I certainly sympathize. Among my many lofty aspirations, I seek to pioneer commercial spaceflight and establish a fleet of asteroid hopping nickel refineries. I will enter the upper echelon of industrial magnates. Carnegie, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Burns, Zwiebel? Peons! I shall corner the astrosteel manufacturing industry and surpass the affluence of Jesus Christ our Risen Saviour Himself. Jesus may be seated at the right hand of the Father and get to judge all of humanity and all that but seriously? His glory is restricted to Earth and Heaven. Since previous manned space probes have shown that there have yet to be signs of angels, bright lights, peaceful music, or large gates, it is clear that there quite the disparity between space and the heavens. They are not the same, as you would be led to believe by most Christians. Naturally, space offers a level playing field for us would-be megalomaniacs and must be exploited. Sure, He can turn water into wine, but so can I with a food replicator! Remember the Weyland-Yutani Joint Stock Corporation? That was the nasty mega-conglomerate



organization that sought to use the creatures from *Aliens* as biological weapons. That's what I want. I will start that company. I'll even add Weyland to my name. My heart is bursting with pride knowing that somewhere in the distant future, Weyland-Yutourist is busy harvesting nickel and other alloys for the glorious astrosteel monopoly, but at the same time fulfilling a dark and sinister goal of total world domination through the use of hazardous off-world species, white slavery, and an army of eugenically created six-armed Lyle Alzado clones that are addicted to crack (or the latest cost-effective CIA ghetto stimulant) and attack their enemies dressed in full drag-queen regalia. But I digress. Spaceflight will happen on its own, with or without the assistance of the film industry. You didn't see everyone rushing to go to space when *Armageddon* (JuRRY BruKHimeRRR) came out. This film is filled to the brim with such tired clichés such as:

Q. Where are astronauts when they're not in space?

A. Flying jet planes, drinking in pilot bars, and driving Corvettes are all good answers, but not the one I'm looking for. The correct answer is that they are all attending a barbecue cookout at another astronaut's house and talking about the upcoming mission.

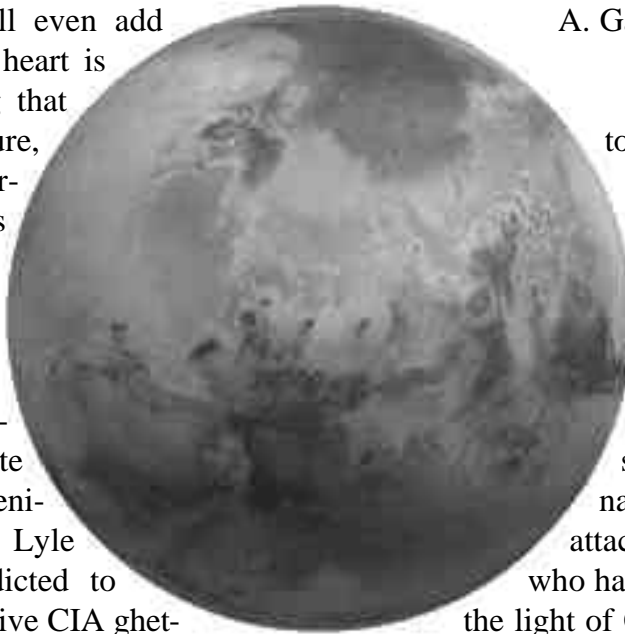
Q. Which astronaut is forced to train for the mission and then is somehow prevented from going on said mission, which is doomed and requires his

technical expertise to save the crew?

A. Gary Sinise.

Q. Does the film feature token black guy?

A. Yes, Don Cheadle, who reprises his role as token black guy from such films as *Boogie Nights* and *The Rat Pack*. He spends the latter half of the film dressed like some sort of deranged aboriginal tribesman, growing pot, and attacking the civilized white men who have come to save him (bringing the light of Christ's salvation into his heathen life). Well actually, he was stranded on Mars and was forced to set up a greenhouse to make oxygen for himself, etc, etc. What is wrong with white America? They wonder why black people complain about the entertainment industry, then produce a travesty like this film. Ok, they give a black guy the command of the ship, but then what? He crashes the motherfucker! When the second team of astronauts found him, he looked like an extra from *Mandingo* and it looked as if he had a pretty good crop of Ganja going. He attacked them at first (they assumed that he was just experiencing mental anguish over the lost of his crew, but I maintain that he mistook them for the Feds or some dudes out to Bogart his stash). He finally calmed down. I half expected him to kill one of them and then assert the fact that Mars was *his* territory by masturbating on them, or flinging poo, then gradually accepting them into his tribe and picking lice off their bodies and eating them. This lack of respect for my African American brother makes me really think that the film



was *really* about a black astronaut slave who escaped to Mars on the underground space-railroad and NASA sent a team of elite white bounty hunters to bring him back. They did.

Q. Is there some sort of alien force buried on Mars that will kill people who don't understand it but when the humans understand the force they can unlock its mysteries?

A. Yes, see also *The Abyss*, *Sphere*, or *Total Recall*.

As you can see, this tour-de-force epic had it all. Humans are from Mars. We have a mission, we have to explore, we're going up there, etc, etc. Yet it lacks many things. Such as gratuitous dismem-

berment. Granted there was some brief dismemberment, but it wasn't enough to carry the film, like the dismemberment in *Starship Troopers*. Also, the helmet-taking-off-in-space scene was far less enthralling than those found in *2001* and *Event Horizon* (another bad creation). This is a film that can't be helped with editing, digital effects, or even doing drugs before entering the theatre. I suggest you save your money till it comes to the dollar theatre, get loaded, and play *MST 3000* with your friends (as I suggest for all bad films).

Next week – How to Violate the Telecomm Act of 1996.

—Tourist out.



SUBMIT.

g d t @ h e l l s k i t c h e n . o r g

THE PENIS MONOLOGUES

By Randall Good

Having seen Eve Ensler's *The Vagina Monologues*, a collection of first-hand accounts of women speaking about their vaginas, I was inspired to tour the country, just as Ensler did, to ask men of all ages and demographics about their penises. I was after stories, secrets, mysteries, and personal opinions. Unfortunately, I only got as far as the Inner Loop, but got some pretty intelligent responses. What follows is a collection of quotes from my forthcoming book, *The Penis Monologues*.

"This one time I woke up with morning wood. And, y'know, I jerked off. And then I went back to sleep for another 4 hours. I slept until 3 in the afternoon that day. That was yesterday, actually." —age 22

"My baby loves my penis. She treats it REAL good. She and I even made a deal to shave each other. It kind of itches now, but it feels so smooth and sexy and my baby loves to give me head now. She just gave my penis a name last week. She calls it 'Thunder'. She says: 'Fuck me with your Thunder!' And when we really get fucking she calls that 'thunderfucking'. Yeah, my baby treats me real good." —age 29

"You wanna talk about penises? I saw this video on the Internet of this girl giving a blowjob to a horse. Now that horse had a big fuckin' penis. I wish my penis was that big. And the cum! My God, that horse came bucketloads. The girl threw up when she tried to swallow it all!" —age 26

"This one time I was fucking my four year old niece. I remember looking at my penis and I never remembered it being that big. Maybe it just seemed that way because her pussy was so small." —age 50

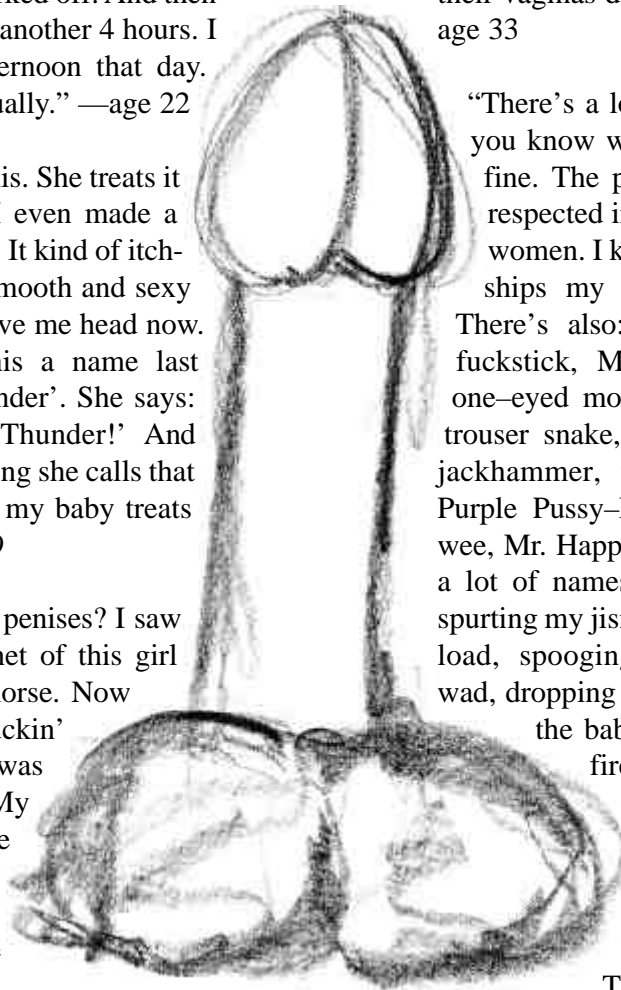
"Yeah, I heard about that *Vagina*

Monologues thing. I didn't really get it. All those women complaining about their vaginas and then turning around and screaming about how you have to 'love the vagina'. Make up your mind, bitch! You don't hear men complaining about their penises. We love our penises. We even name them. Mine's named 'Jorge'. Then only thing I hate is when you catch the tip of your penis in your zipper. That fucking sucks. And when it's hot and your penis gets sweaty and sticks to your leg. That sucks, too. Yeah, I don't know why all those women are complaining. At least their vaginas don't stick to their legs." —age 33

"There's a lot of words for penis. And you know what? Any of them are just fine. The penis is really revered and respected in our society, especially by women. I know because my wife worships my cock. There's one word. There's also: dick, johnson, member, fuckstick, Mr. Torpedo, crotchrocket, one-eyed monster, man-pole, log, rod, trouser snake, boner, dong, pud, wood, jackhammer, tool, lovetoy, Great Big Purple Pussy-Eater, thing, thingie, pee-wee, Mr. Happy, and phallus. And there's a lot of names for cuming: ejaculating, spurting my jism, dropping my hot steamy load, spooging, blasting, blowing my wad, dropping the pearly drip, splattering the baby batter, hosing down the fire, opening the floodgates, drowning the beaver, and 'having an orgasm'." —age 42

"You know what sucks? Trying to take a piss when you're dick is hard as a fucking rock. I hate that shit." —age 17

"When I was a kid, my dad caught me jerking off and he really didn't say anything. I didn't really want him to either. But the next day he handed me a big stack of porno magazines. There was all differ-



ent kinds of porno in that stack. He said that he wanted to present me with a variety so I could decide for myself what I was into. He didn't try to force any fetishes on me. What a dad! There was Playboy, Hustler, and even some gay magazines and some bestiality and bondage stuff. When I was masturbating to a picture of this leather-clad girl getting two cocks in the ass, a fist in her pussy, and two cocks in her mouth, I knew at that moment that I was a man. My dad was the greatest." — age 36

days. All kinds. I don't even remember their names. Men, women, goats, whatever. I'm not ashamed. I'll fuck anything that moves! I was a sex machine and thanks to this Viagra, I still am. Yeah, baby! Give it up!" —age 88

"Any bad memories about my penis? Hell, no! Not me. Why?" —age 39

"I've done all kinds of fucking in my

MUCKRAKER

By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com
<http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>



Episode 17...

Big Daddy: Hi there, kiddies! Today we've got a very special show for you, all about how electricity works in your body. What do you kids know about electricity?

Kids: Absolutely nothing!

Big Daddy: Wow, you kids are modest. Now, we know that electricity is what started life in the primordial soup, because lightening is electricity. In order to learn more about electricity, we need to know some electrical terms. Can you kids say "watts"?

Kids: Racial strife!

Big Daddy: Great! Now, how about "ohms"?

Kids: Homies!

Big Daddy: Okay, it looks like you kids are well on your way to becoming union electricians.

Kids: Teamsters!

Big Daddy: Now, you're probably wondering what electricity is doing in your body. You know how sometimes when Mom and Dad let you stay up to watch those cop shows or maybe those medical dramas?

Kids: If it bleeds, it leads!

Big Daddy: Well, sometimes people on those shows almost die. In fact, their hearts stop, which in the days before modern medicine—

Kids: Doctor Dana Scully!

Big Daddy: —meant that they were toast. Of course, if lots of people die on a show, the unions start to get upset, because less people are employed. The hospital has to bring them back to life, right?

Kids: Cliffhangers!

Big Daddy: The doctor in charge wheels out two plastic irons, rubs them together, and then yells what, kids?

Kids: Why did we agree to do a live episode?

Big Daddy: Well, sometimes they say that, too, but it gets edited out. What they say is "CLEAR," so everybody gets their hands off the dead guy. Then the doctor zaps him with the irons, which are part of a thing called an infibulator. Can you kids say "infibulator"?

Kids: Indigestion!

Big Daddy: The dead guy's cells realize that, just like the stuff floating around in the great primordial soup, it's time to wake up. The infibulator just gives the cells the hint about what they should do anyway, because your body uses little electric charges all of the time.

Kids: Remnant species! Vestigial organs!

Big Daddy: That's right! The charges inside your cells are left over from when the first cells started with that lightening bolt. Since every cell in the world was created from matter in the original chicken soup, the electricity is still floating around in them. In fact, the cells, especially the nerves, need electricity in order to do their jobs.

Kids: Codependent relationships!

Big Daddy: You might wonder why the cells don't run out of electricity.

Kids: Nothing outlasts the Energizer!

Big Daddy: The cells use something called the NaK pump—

Kids: Japanese corporate takeover!

Big Daddy: Not exactly, kids. What did you little bast—I mean bright young people, have before the show today, anyway?

Kids: Crack cocaine!

Big Daddy: Fucko, can't you control these little creeps? We're on a tight schedule, here. (*Fucko the Clown looks up, startled, from the small mirror he balances on his prosthetic clown stomach.*)

Fucko: Uh, I'll be right there, Big Daddy! (*mumbles*) I told you kids to save that stuff for later!

Big Daddy: Okay, kids. Now just shut up so I can tell you how to break your mom's microwave.

Kids: Hooray!

Big Daddy: Your cells pump sodium and potassium in and out of themselves to make little proton ghettos. In one part, there are all sodiums, and in another part there are all potassiums. This creates an area of positive charge and one of negative charge. Now, we all know that what happens when you get a positive and negative charge.

Kids: A balanced budget in '96!

Big Daddy: Uh, well, actually you get lightning. Or a static charge. Lightning is the arc that happens when the separate parts of the electricity jump at each other. Can you kids say arc? Oh, wait, forget it. It's only got three letters anyway. The arc is a very interesting thing, though. See, a famous man named Nikola Tesla realized what was going on in his cells and wanted to see it happen outside of his body.

Kids: Shazam!

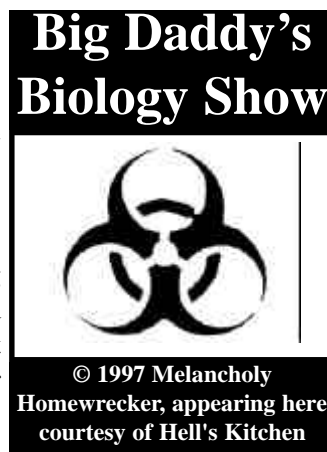
Big Daddy: So, he invented a thing called the Tesla coil. Electricity is pretty lazy stuff, and it wants to take the shortest path all of the time. That's why it makes arcs—because it wants to get where it's going faster.

Kids: Yuppies!

Big Daddy: Inside the Tesla coil, there are a whole bunch of wires that conduct electricity. The electricity wants to get from one part of the coil to another without waiting in line. This is like when you beat up the dorky kids ahead of you so that you get the school lunches with the good deserts.

Kids: Pop Tarts! Chocolate cake! Low nutrition, high fat!

Big Daddy: You can see a Tesla coil in action if you put a CD in your microwave for a few seconds. The charge from the microwave will get stuck inside of the metal on the CD



and will jump back and forth a few times, making arcs between the grooves. We recommend those free AOL CDs or maybe a Spice Girls CD.

Kids: Down with corporate media!

Big Daddy: If you happen to have a relative who works in a physics department, ask if you can bring the Tesla coil with you the next time you go to see your elderly relatives

with Pacemakers. I don't want to ruin the surprise, but imagine what would happen when you combined the arcs in the Tesla coil with the ones in the old folks' cells and the arcs that the Pacemakers make. WOW. That's all we've got time for today, and remember—Big Daddy says, uh, don't try it at home. Whatever.

Chess

By Molly Saweikis, President, RIT Chess Club

This week, Molly Saweikis comments on her game played against B. Small at the Rochester Chess Center. This game was played as part of the Winter League tournament.

1. e4 c6 2. d4 d5 3. Nc3 dxe4 4. Nxe4

Knights rule in the center of the board.

4. ... Nd7 Prepares for Ngf6 so that if white plays Nxf6 black can recapture without damaging his pawn structure.

5. Nf3 Ngf6 Black develops a knight and challenges my knight's center position.

6. Qd3 Protects the knight. Bd3 may have been better as it develops the bishop, and bringing the queen out early is not generally sound, however Bd3 blocks the protection of the d4 pawn.

6. ... e6 7. Be2 develops the bishop and prepares for castling.

7. ... Nxe4 removes white's knight from the center of the board and releases tension

8. Qxe4 Bd6 9. O-O Castling here may be premature, however it is better to castle too early than too late.

9. ... Qc7 Black brings more pieces to assist in a kingside attack.

10. c4 Aiming for c5 to chase black's bishop away from the b8-h2 diagonal.

10. ... Nf6 Chases white's queen out of the center and heads the knight towards g4.

11. Qd3 I wanted to play 11. Qe3 to keep black's e-pawn pinned but after 11. ...Ng4 black obtains his desired knight placement with tempo and I cannot defend the h-pawn.

11. ... c5 This is premature. Black should have pushed b6 first to prepare for it and open lines for his bishop on the a8-h1 diagonal. Black also needs to consider castling soon.

12. dxc5 Bxc5 13. Rd1 This was a mistake. After 13. ...Ng4 I am forced to move my rook back to f1 to defend 15.Nxf2 fork or Bxf2+.

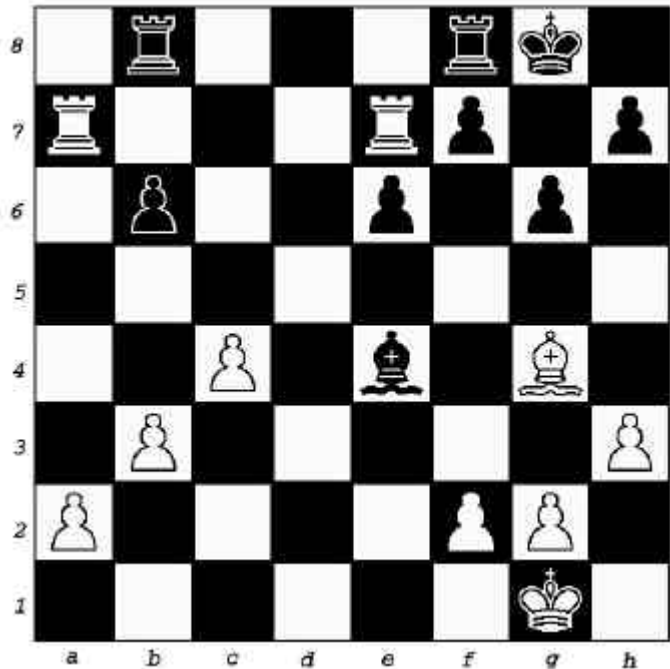
13. ... Ng4 14. Rf1 and white has lost two tempi.

14. ... Bd6 15. h3 I can't allow black's knight to stay on g4. Three pieces attacking h2 is not pleasant.

15. ... Ne5 16. Nxe5 Bxe5 17. Bg5 Bf4 Black should castle.

18. Bxf4 Qxf4 19. Rad1 Threatens Qd8 checkmate.

19. ... Qc7 Black would have better defended against the mate threat by castling. Castling would have protected his king and brought black's rook on a8 into play. Defending the threat with Qc7 does not develop the rook and ties black's queen down defending.



M. Saweikis – B. Small
RCC Winter League, 2000
White has a winner.

20. Rd2 b6 Black still needs to castle.

21. Rfd1 My battery on the d file is fearsome.

21. ... Ba6 um... castling would still be desirable here.

22. Qd7+ forces a queen trade and allows my rooks to invade black's seventh rank.

22. ... Qxd7 23. Rxd7 O-O Black finally castles but it is too late.

24. b3 Bc8 Black's attempt to chase me from the seventh rank are pitiful.

25. Rc7 Rb8 26. Rxa7 Yum.

26. ... Bb7 Thank you for allowing my other rook to the seventh rank.

27. Rd7 Bc6 28. Re7 Be4 29. Bg4! This is my favorite move of the game. Threatens 30. Bxe6. Black can't take back because 30. ... fxg6 leads to 31. Rxg7+ Kh8 32. Rxh7+ Kg8 33. Rag7 checkmate. g6 He doesn't see it. 28. ... g5 would have defended as the e4 bishop then protects h7 and stops mate.

30. Bxe6 g5 31. Bxf7+ Kh8 32. Rxe4 Rbd8 Black takes an open file.

33. Bd5 Cuts off black's potential threats.

33. ... b5 34. Ree7 Black resigns since he can only delay Rxh7 checkmate by sacrificing his rooks.

Episode 18...

Big Daddy: Hi there, kiddies! Now that Halloween is all over, I bet you kids have TONS of candy lying around the house, right?

Kids: Sugarlicious!

Big Daddy: And since the paranoia of the late eighties and early nineties has died down a little bit, I'm sure your parents are going to let you eat all of it up REALLY fast without checking for razor blades or arsenic. So, when your dad says he's checking your candy, look closely to make sure he's not just siphoning some off of your hard-earned reward.

Kids: Slush funds!

Big Daddy: Since we know that there isn't any bad stuff in candy anymore, 'cause with the trial of the Unabomber all of the weirdos got locked up, I thought we'd talk about what's left in candy.

Kids: High fructose corn syrup! Guar gum!

Big Daddy: We also had a letter from one of our viewers, which we can't exactly read to you little pitchers, but, because of view interest and because she's got a damn fine set of legs, we brought back one of our friends that we haven't seen in a while: Sheryl. Sheryl is a trained nutritionist and dental hygienist, when she's not boosting our ratings among the 40 to 55 year old male viewer bracket. So kids, why don't you give Sheryl a nice big welcome back!

Kids: Slut!

Disembodied Voice of Riff Raff: You've arrived on a very special night. You see, the master is having one of his, er, affairs.

(Sheryl appears, to the hysterical clapping of Bobby, Jesus, and Mort, while Suzy and the other girls in the audience appraise her freshly liposuctioned stomach and breast implants.)

Big Daddy: Hiya, Sheryl, why don't you sit down on my lap right here and tell us about all of the stuff in candy. *(Bobby, Mort, and Jesus leap out of their seats and rush to the front of the studio only to encounter Fucko, whip in hand and Tootsie Pop in jaw.)*

Mort: You know my Aunt Alice like the restaurant but not my grandmother's daughter with the colostomy bag had a really big chest and when she took me to the park to play all of the daddies would stare at her and she'd take out her comb and hairspray and gel her hair

up into that really big claw thing and then they would all walk away because they were afraid of the claw thing but it was just—

Kids: Tell us about the candy, Sheryl!

Sheryl: *(from a safe distance from Big Daddy)* Well, kids, the reason you like candy is because it's usually either gummy or chocolate. Sometimes you go to one of those houses where they just give you raisins, and then what should you do?

Kids: Egg 'em!

Sheryl: That's right, kids, because they're only trying to force conflicting dietary norms onto today's sugar-fed children. Today we're going to talk about chocolate, because it has two good things in it; sugar and caffeine.

Kids: Attention Deficit Disorder!

Sheryl: Sugar is a very simple molecule, because it has only three kinds of atoms in it. Can you kids say "molecule"?

Kids: Madonna!

Sheryl: Okay, uh, well, let's just go on to caffeine. Now, caffeine does some pretty impressive stuff to your body. For one thing, it completely overrides your brain's need for oxygen, so you don't yawn as much when you've had a lot of it. *(See previous issues.)* The other amazing thing about caffeine is that it's structurally similar to the compound that gives your cells energy—

Bobby: Static electricity?

Mort: Chloroplastics?

Sheryl: Actually, the compound is called ATP.

Kids: THC!

Sheryl: Uh, well, ATP and caffeine both have rings of atoms, so caffeine can fool your cells into thinking that they have more energy than they actually do. Eventually, your body finds out that it's been running on fake energy for a long time, and you need to sleep even though you've been running around like an insane person for hours already.

Kids: Methadone withdrawal!

Sheryl: Now, caffeine is related to other "einnes" as well. Can you kids name some?

Bobby: Morphine!

Suzy: Nictotine!

Jesus: Benzedrine!

Kids: What's the frequency, Kenneth?

Big Daddy's Biology Show



© 1997 Melancholy

Homewrecker, appearing here
courtesy of Hell's Kitchen

Sheryl: You kids should be careful about having too much caffeine, because sometimes it leads to your using other "einnes." That's why you see a lot of people smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee. And what do we know about cigarettes, kids?

Kids: Joe Camel!

Big Daddy: Uh, Sheryl? I have a question.

Sheryl: Yes, Big Daddy?

Big Daddy: How did you learn all of this stuff? I mean, really, why do these kids need to know what their Halloween candy is going to do to them, other

than make them, uh, have to worship the porcelain god, if you know what I mean.

Sheryl: I learned about all of this while attending the highly accredited State University of Arkansas, Big Daddy. Perhaps you should consider returning to school and finishing your, uh, high school equivalency degree, I believe?

Big Daddy: WELL, kids, there you have it. Halloween candy leads to smoking and drug abuse. I think that's it for now, kiddies!

(S U B) M I S S I O N S

None.

gdt@hellskitchen.org



Glass Ceiling**By Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond**

In a surprising move by Congress today, the Choagnnut–Whombinski Bill has been passed through both of the great houses of the legislature and is now awaiting acceptance by the President, who has long been touting the bill as “...the next great step in the evolution, expansion, and development of inequality.” The strongest proponents in the inequality lobby have come from Allies Behind Equality and Reason Rallying Against Those Instructing Others in the Nation (otherwise known as ABERRATION). ABERRATION had been thought to lobby on the side of equal rights legislation. Approximately three years ago, however, the mission of the group seemed to have made a complete turn about and now endorses inequality and the establishment of a highly organized unequal infrastructure in the United States by the year 2015.

The Choagnnut–Whombinski Bill, lovingly referred to by the members of ABERRATION as the “Reinforced–Stainless–Steel–Ceiling–That–Won’t–Break–,–Not–Even–Dent–A–Little–,–When–Hit–With–A–Very–Bi–g–Sledge–Hammer,” has been the pet project of ABERRATION for the past three years, and is praised as the biggest win for inequality since slavery.

The Bill allows for the creation of a new federal agency called the “Department of Unequal Opportunity” (DUO), which will have local chapters in each of the fifty states, territories, and miscellaneous fiefdoms by the year 2005. The bill requires that all citizens receive “identity” cards describing everything from their sexual orientation, religious preferences, racial background, mental acuity, and substance abuse, to taste in music, clothing, and comestibles—all provided by DoubleClick.com. Although it will be several years before the full scale operation of this agency is in place, proto–agencies are already being set up in such forward thinking states as South Carolina, Mississippi, and Oregon,¹ who seemed to want to jump on the idea before it got away.

Will Dent and his brother Arthur of ABERRATION decided to share with us their vision behind the creation of the DUO:

Will: Well, like basically what we’re saying here is that equality is, you know, a sham.

Arthur: Yeah, that’s right.

Will: Whether you believe in it or not, statistics have been backing up the idea of the glass ceiling for years. So, in a way, I guess you could say that it believes in you. Ah, kind of like God—

Arthur: —or Crystal Light.

Will: Um, yeah. Anyway the idea is to put everyone into subdivisions that describe their very essence, you know? Cause like, if you think about it, if you have Tourette’s, no

one’s gonna make you CEO of a corporation.

Arthur: Yeah, cause then you’d have guys like Bill Gates shouting out things like, “screaming cock monkey!”

Will: And you know then he’d never make it through that trial thing. So, like, you know some guys are never gonna get a fair shake at it, right?

Will and Arthur, two self-described “whities”, abhor the inequality they see around them, but insist, “Well, what can ya do? Nothing. So why even try?” Their strength of conviction and strong moral characters have led them to this cross road in life, when most of their contemporaries are still in college.

Will: So say you’re a militant, in–the–closet, lesbian, Jewish grandmother with a lisp—

Arthur: That’s cool.

Will: —Who’s gonna pay you to be the Wheaties spokesman? Am I right?

Will: So like, I go to college and get a job, right? And my girl does the same thing? Whose gonna make more money? I will by about 15%.

Arthur: She’ll probably get 15% more nooners, too.

At this point in the interview, a striking young woman wearing a distracting straw–hat enters the room.

Lilies: I miss anything?

Arthur: Naw. Will is talking about how he’ll make more money than you at the same job.

Lilies: Yeah? And?

Will: Anyway, what if I don’t really want to work? She’s got to pay off both of our educations at an equal price, the mortgage, the kids, when she’s making less than I could. Add in the beer, and we’re looking at an impossible endeavor here. So the bitch—

Lilies: Hey!

Will: Sorry baaa–by—has more clout when she says, “Honey, if you started working, maybe we could get more done.” Who wants the hassle?

Lilies: For years I’ve been forced to watch as womyn’s bodies were exploited to help sell everything from beer to Palm Pilots. I even got to see my sister show her boobs at a protest. One day I just woke up and, well, I guess got spineless. I just can’t shake the feeling that maybe, as a woman, I should be embracing the glass ceiling rather than railing against it.

Will: Really, if you think about it, corporations have been going about their hiring practices all wrong; not really in denying the existence of the glass ceiling—

Arthur: That was obviously a good idea.

Lilies: But they really should have exploited things more than they have. Why pay a bevy of dull, over-white men full price when you could pay a cute gaggle of ragamuffin women and minorities \$20,000 less?

Will: Monetarily it makes sense for big corporations to hire

¹Mississippi only recently abolished slavery and Oregon tried to get all homosexuals to register as such.

more minorities and women than it does for them to hire their cookie cutter white male executives; they're worth less for the same amount of work. Coming from a thrifty family, I know value when I see it, and this is a steal.

Arthur: It's like buying the econo size. "I need a medium office staff, side 'a janitors, and two liters of secretaries. Oh, and could you throw a few of those Finance execs in there too?" Uh, huh.

Lilies: (*rolling her eyes*) The first step is, as any good AA meeting would tell you, admitting you have a problem. I think the leaders of state and the leaders of industry should stand together proudly and admit that, "Yeah, we don't pay the lesser races or those little bits of ass as much as we pay our boys, but let's face it, they're just not worth as much."

Arthur: I still maintain you'll have more opportunities for nooners.

Will bodily escorts Arthur into the hall where the words "serious interview" and "don't blow this, cock-knocker" are barely audible.

Lilies: Then we start the hard-core analysis to find out exactly what the difference in wages is. To make it more sporting we should split people into smaller sub-divisions based on sexual, racial, and stereotypical demographics; Caucasian men, Caucasian women, African men, African women, Asian men, ...and so forth. But to be fair to my Caucasian brethren (*pointing toward the hall*), not all of the guys are treated equally, so to rough up the playing field a little further I suggest: white trash male, white trash female. And because every race, religion, age, and sexual orientation contain their Jo-lene, Billy-Bob and Arthur, the "trash" needs to extend to all groups: Indian untouchable male, Indian untouchable female, again you get the picture.

A crestfallen Arthur enters the room and sits on a couch that could only have come from a Goodwill. Will sits next to him and Arthur immediately tries to stand up, but Will reseats his brother by yanking down on his pants.

Lilies: When the DUO study is complete, the ultimate in the liberalization of a conservative infrastructure begins.

Will: How can a university say to a woman, "I know you're going to make 85% of the salary of your fellow male graduates, we feel for ya, but buck up—at most you'll only be paying off those student loans for an average of 10 more years than they will."

Lilies: No, they can't say that! Well, okay, it's not as if they really care, but I say embrace your inequality! If my education is worth 85% that of my male counterparts, than I should bloody well be able to pay 85% of what they pay. The glass ceiling can be our friend if we just extend it a little farther. Every commodity would have these price differences.

Arthur: Yeah, like I went to Bangkok and I heard they were thinking about changing the currency to the as—OW!

Will sharply racks Arthur on the back of the skull with something looking like a cross between a hairbrush and a screwdriver. Arthur's eyes roll up into his head and he goes down hard. After asking if he's OK and learning that he suffers from narcolepsy, the interview continues.

Lilies: Of course you'd need to be able to back up your background. Everyone will be issued some sort of ID card, something they'd have to pick up at the DUO.

Will: It would suddenly become chic to be a hick. The homeless wouldn't have to beg for as much spare change, and Johnny Walker would only be a nickel!

Lilies: I can just hear the Republicans screaming in Congress after they read some of those riders more thoroughly, "That's not fair!", well kids, it's pretty much been statistically proven that life's not fair. Look at poor Arthur. And those three states first in line for their agencies, boy are they gonna be in for a shock.

Will: I personally have nothing against inequality per se as long as all of it is unequal.



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