



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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The Magic Wondershow

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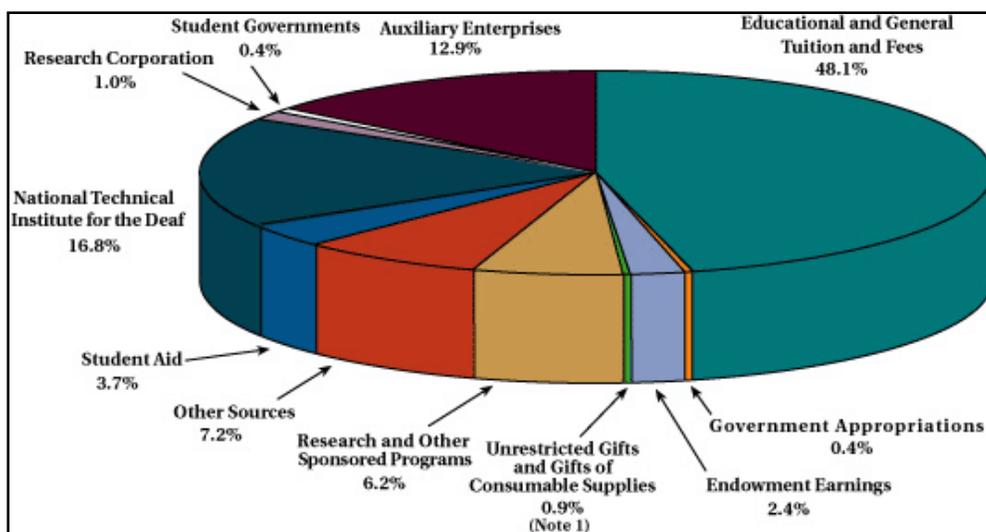
The Brick Fishtank

By: Sean J. Stanley

For several months, I've been pondering whether or not to investigate what could be yet another action against the student body to usurp freedom of choice on campus. What, pray tell, could they be up to now, you may ask. I don't know. Maybe it's nothing or maybe it's a multi-million dollar something, or maybe I'm just missing the fine print somewhere. Anyway, has anyone else besides me tried to call 1-800-COLLECT from phones on the campus PBX? You can't. You can dial every other 800 number out there save for this one. Why? Yet another exclusive contract? As I prepared to mount a journalistic assault upon the possibility of civil injustice, I came to my senses and said to myself: "Fuck it, dude. Let's go bowling." Here's why:

To simply say that RIT administration doesn't care about their students would be unfair and irresponsible. We'll leave obvious complaints to the various idealistic student organizations, publications, interest groups, and societies, et al. They think that they can incite change here and that is truly a noble thought. I used to think so. In fact, about six hours ago, I was similarly optimistic about the situation. After heaving a sigh of relief, pouring myself a strong Bloody Mary, and calming my mind for a moment, I find myself charged with the task of organizing the stuff I've found into something resembling *journalism*. For those faithful readers of the Wondershow, you may think that I would be unable to do such a thing. Normally, I'd be touting the use of tasseled pasties and German-import fisting porn footage in the latest Katie Holms film, spinning yarns about various adventures, or maybe poking irreverent fun at *The Reporter* and SG, but I figured that every once and a while I should put my writing skillz to some sort of good use. Yes, yes, we all wish that every day could be April Fool's Day, but when you write for such an illustrious publication as GDT, *every day is April Fool's Day*. That in mind, I shall endeavor to cut to the core of the issue at hand, and believe me, it has nothing to do with plurality, student rights, or campus democracy. To say that the school cares only for money would be a gross misunderstanding. It would be more apropos to say that the school is interested in *shit loads of money*. "Duh," you sneer at me. "Everyone here knows that." Let's look closer.

In a public/state school environment, regardless of its academic level (primary, secondary, or university),



the policies and practices of a school are usually dictated by the community in which it resides, the faithful administration, and to a lesser degree, the student body, which may or may not affect the climate of change at a particular school. No matter the size, the plurality between student and governing bodies is maintained through the federal and state funding of the school. This monetary dependency ensures that some semblance of democracy is maintained. Upset the community or the students (bite the hand

RIT Budget 1997-1998 or Where My Benjamins Is At?

<http://www.rit.edu/~930www/Proj/Publications/1998annualreport/president/budget.html>

that feeds you, so to speak), and you might find yourself in a political pickle. As I recall, there were some state school students that were rather despondent concerning the government's use of the school facilities for weapons research during the Vietnam War. When one discusses the nature of a private institute such as RIT, one must see the beast for what it is, the operant word being "private." Private institutions play by a completely different set of rules, rules which allow for as much benevolence or as much fascism as the top dogs of administration see fit to allow. RIT funding depends on several major things: tuition, educational fees and "Auxiliary Enterprises," not to mention significant endowments from certain folks that we'll talk about in a minute.

Tuition covers most of the grunt work (i.e. teaching), but the "Auxiliary Enterprises" and endowments seem to cover the niceties we all enjoy here. I'm leaving out the federally sponsored NTID because that's an entirely different issue that someone else can tackle. I can only hope for the sake of the students enrolled in the NTID that the funding set aside for them actually gets there and doesn't pad the budgets of other, shall we say "economically advantageous" scholastic programs here. So why Dr. Albert Simone? To clean house after the Richard Rose/CIA escapade? Maybe. But we know better than that, don't we? His seven year tenure as President of the University of Hawaii is considered to be "...a period of unprecedented growth for the University" according to David Yount's book *Who Runs the University? The Politics of Higher Education in Hawaii, 1985-1992*. Yount served as Vice President for Research and Graduate Education during that time and apparently had the inside scoop. I will admit that I have not read this book, and am citing excerpts from his web page. However, after more scrutiny of the matter, it seems that the university was courted by more than a few industry leaders during that time. Word on the street is that the students cared for Dr. Simone about as much as the RIT student body seems to. Bottom line, Simone is a mover and a shaker and people seem to respond to his schtick (whatever that may be). In an environment such as this, a "brick fishtank", if you will, you may either vote with your feet or vote with your billfold (and leaving the school doesn't count unless your billfold contains seven figures or more). RIT decidedly favors the latter community as the governing body. Do we all know

what a trustee is? Allow me to clarify:

Main Entry: **1**trust-ee

Pronunciation: "tr&s-'tE

Function: *noun*

Date: 1647

2 a : a natural or legal person to whom property is legally committed to be administered for the benefit of a beneficiary (as a person or a charitable organization) b : one (as a corporate director) occupying a position of trust and performing functions comparable to those of a trustee.

Everybody got that? In modern day terminology, that equates to anybody with control over a personal or corporate fatty checkbook. To wit, an excerpt from Dr. Simone's *Welcome Message from the 1998 Annual Appreciation Report*:

"Here are some of the major areas we will focus on in the coming year:

First-in-class initiative. RIT will be the preferred choice for industry partnerships. We want industry to come to RIT first to solve problems related to research and development, training, production and distribution."

<http://www.rit.edu/~930www/Proj/Publications/1998annualreport/welcome.html>

Read: Modest-sized, well-endowed (he he he) technical school seeks investors and high rollers to come over and feed the fishtank. Watch your large-sum contributions return to you tenfold in the form of technology patents, tax-shelters, and an endless supply of well-trained Morlocks who are eager to slave away at desks and terminals for years without real compensation for their efforts on your behalf. Serious inquiries only; fax proposal and seating preference at *The Grill at Waterstreet* to 716-475-2394.

So exactly who has taken RIT up on this offer? Let's examine the roster for the Board of Trustees. I'm just gonna go down the list and make a few comments on the more notable members, beginning with:

Scott E. Alexander — *Vice President, Bessemer Trust Company*. I can assure you that this individual doesn't care if your laundry machines get the job done. Wonder what his priorities are? Take a look at Bessemer Trust Co, a private bank that caters to the wealthy who have at least \$5 mil to do business with the bank, is the biggest of a dozen of banks that have succeeded in luring new customers. All told, there are 2,500 so-called family offices now existing.¹

Burton S. August; LHD '95 — *Retired Vice President and Present Director, Monro Muffler Brake, Inc.*

When you take care of items such as the following on a day-to-day basis, the need for beverage variety seems pretty moot. Highballs and Cognac across the boards:

“Monro Muffler Brake Inc plans to purchase Speedy Muffler King Inc's (Toronto) US operations. The deal is worth \$52 mil. The deal includes 192 company-owned and 13 franchised units, located mostly in the Northeast. Following the deal, Monro will have around 550 units.”²

Bruce B. Bates — *Chairman Emeritus, Board of Trustees, Rochester Institute of Technology; Senior Vice President, Smith Barney Inc.*

For some reason, most people in my generation remember that pasty-ass white British dude pontificating in pristine King's English that “We make money the old-fashioned way. We earn it...” They don't seem to recall the financial giant whose commercial that was. To give you an idea of what these guys are really into, check this out:

“Poland's Turow power plant has mandated Salomon Smith Barney and Warburg Dillon Read to manage the books on an expected \$250m Eurobond. Based in the southwestern Polish city of Bogatynia, Turow power plant is a 1,500MW lignite fired gener-

ation facility.”³

I'm sure that when they're not managing the New Jersey Turnpike Authority's 1.9 billion dollar bond offering, they're busy overseas, working with the US shadow government and the Illuminati to set up friendly dictators and submerged manganese processing platforms in the Atlantic Ocean basin.

Richard T. Bourns, Colby H. Chandler, Walter A. Fallon, Lawrence J. Matteson Michael P. Morley — *Various chairman and vice-presidentships of one department or another for Eastman Kodak.*

These guys seem to be stacking the deck with themselves. After laying off thousands of workers in 97, by third quarter 99 they reported record earnings. Shrewd, cold, business like. (*New York Times (National Edition)*, vCXLVII, n51,011, 971219, p. C1)

Ann L. Burr — *President, Time Warner Communications.*

Huzzah! Sneaky culprit! I knew I'd find you somewhere. We should all thank Time Warner for bringing the dream of an authoritarian police-state right into our living rooms via the warm, subversive glow of anesthetizing cable TV signals. As I dug farther into this monster, I discovered an unlikely bedfellow—none other than AT&T. Seems as if Time Warner was starting to encroach on the former Ma Bell, and she didn't like it. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em, and as a result (I suspect; without solid proof of course) RIT students have a singular choice for a collect-call long distance carrier:

“As part of a larger cross-promotional agreement, Time Warner Inc will offer free pay-per-view movie coupons to those customers who choose to enroll in AT&T Corp's combined local and long-distance calling program. In the initial stages, AT&T Corp will send a free calling card to selected Time Warner customers and then market the calling program to the customers who

1. American Banker, vCLX, n147, 950802, p. 8

2. Rubber & Plastics News, vxxvi, n18, 970421, p. 4

3. Euroweek, n644, 000317, p. 14

call to activate the card. Those consumers who sign up for the program will receive the pay-per-view coupons.”⁴

Thomas Curley — *President and Publisher, USA Today*

Anyone ever wondered why we get free McNews all over campus in lieu of the Wall Street Journal or New York Times?

Maurice F. Holmes, John A. Lopiano, C. Peter McColough — *Xerox sumthin-or-other, probably presidents or vice presidents or vice vice presidents, certainly no Joe Wilson that's for damn sure!*

5,200 jobs??? You would think that with such a tight budget, the powers that be at Xerox would want to conserve expenditures. Then again, when the power yacht isn't netting a loss as much as it should, one must pad the ledger somewhere.

B. Thomas Golisano — *Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Paychex, Inc.*

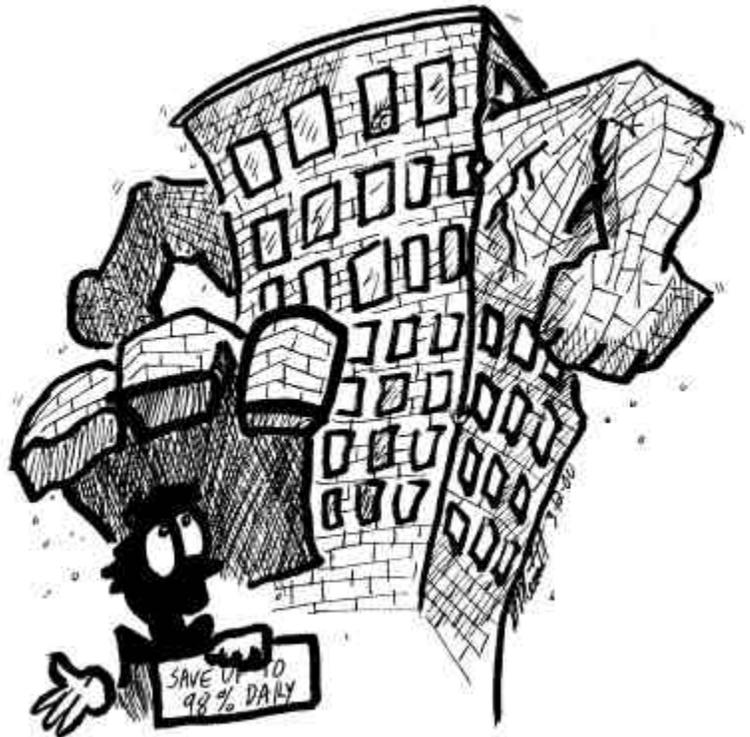
In his own words during his vie for the New York Governor's seat:

“Our [New York State's] annual budget has climbed \$8 billion more, from \$63 billion to \$71 billion. That amounts to almost \$500 in new taxes for every person in the state...”

You think this Independent Party co-founder and billionaire cares if the School of American Craft draws the same crowd it used to as long as he can write off his charitable contribution?

Thomas C. Wilmot — *President, Wilmorite, Inc.*

As far as I can tell, you really don't want to fuck with this guy. Wilmorite's vast real estate holdings stretch from places like Eastview Mall all the way to Florida. In cahoots with Casino America, Wilmorite seems to be cleaning the floor with their offshore gambling facilities. According to a Lexis-Nexis abstract, *Pompano Park*, a harness racing track located in



Pompano Beach, Florida, was recently acquired by Pompano Commons, a limited liability company formed by Casino America and Wilmorite, Inc. The plan as of 1998 was to develop 140 acres adjacent to Pompano Park into a gambling/entertainment facility. There's also wind of a casino coming to this area sometime soon. But that's not the half of it. Checking the legal databases, I found that Wilmorite, Inc has had several lawsuits brought against them. Most of them occur when Wilmorite plans to build a new mall anywhere near an existing mall. Merchants, city officials, and real estate moguls alike tend to race to the courts attempting to get preventative injunctions against the building of such an edifice. Wilmot tends to enter such proceedings with a cadre of top-notch lawyers and the cases are usually thrown out.

For example, in an instance when a mother was suing him for damages related to her kid getting into a fight in a Wilmonite mall arcade, the following occurred:

“Defendants Wilmorite and Genesee countered with a third party action against the young man's mother. They seek contribution and indemnification from her on the theory that any dam-

ages suffered by her son were the result of her negligence in leaving him unsupervised. They allege that she had or ought to have had knowledge because plaintiff exhibits ‘propensities and tendencies of rejection of normal contact with other persons and of violent physical outbursts rendering him unfit and unsafe to be left alone [without] the control and supervision of his mother or persons of suitable age, training and experience in the problems and behaviors of mentally handicapped individuals.’”⁵

In 1997, the cousins of Thomas Wilmont filed a \$300 million lawsuit over alleged mismanagement of Wilmorite holdings.⁶ I couldn’t find any information about the outcome of this nasty little family feud, but I can only assume that Tommy didn’t take no shit. I’m telling you right now, as long as his dollar makes RIT look better to other corporations, and that the board is representing his interests, he could give a tinker’s cuss about the lack of diversity among the students of the school.

If perchance the Lieutenant Colonel of the Army Corps of Engineers informs RIT building contractors that they must cease and desist construction on protected wetlands near the SIMS building, resulting in costly fines and other penalties, what is the administration to do? Cease building when RIT needs new parking lots and apartments? Certainly not. I would imagine that a call for action would be put forth, shaking the coffer if you will, and once again invoke the long arm of the almighty trustee to do battle with the long arm of the United States government. As this is a developing issue, one can only speculate. This leaves a lot of thinking to be done. The other two areas that Simone wished to work on that year were *diversity* and *curricular flexibility* (whatever that means), both secondary to corporate sponsorship. Is this good business? Hells yeah! Is this bad for students? That depends. Would you rather exist as some of the “more accommodating” universities do and sacrifice equipment and resources for a stronger voice in the politics

of the school? Or do you prefer existing as we do – limited jurisdiction over serious campus policy in return for ample endowment and hands-on experience with technology that is unequivocally the state of the art? Me neither, and that is why this article basks in sardonic bliss. The absolutely perfect irony of this piece is that it was made entirely possible by those endowments (hey, they made the rules). The databases I searched via my ResNet Ethernet system cost thousands of dollars for subscriptions and licensing. As the legal proceedings from one case were loading in my first-search Netscape window, I was searching the Internet for company profiles and corporate earnings in another. This will be submitted to my editor electronically and will be published using RIT funds. Talk about shitting where you eat! And yet I continue. Honestly, I think the administration is right on the ball. Really people, Pepsi is just another form of colored water, drinking isn’t good for your GPA, *USA Today* will prevent members of the TV-less elite intelligencia from missing pop-culture references, a collect call is still a collect call, and a field house wouldn’t hurt. I can endure fascism at its best if I can score time on millions of dollars worth of nonlinear editing gear.

Still, I can’t help but return to the “brick fish-tank” analogy I mentioned earlier because it fits so wonderfully into the schema of this school. Imagine that this school is the fishtank. We the students are the fish, here of our own volition. Al Simone and company owns the fishtank and are in charge of feeding the fish, and keeping the tank looking respectable. Every once and a while, a trustee will come to visit the fish-tank, maybe replacing the bottom gravel with something more colorful or perhaps placing another (million-dollar) ornate ceramic castle amid the fake plastic foliage so that the fish can swim in and out of them. It gives them a sense of accomplishment and permanence, knowing that the castle has their name eternally etched into it for all to see. The trustees have their own fish tanks at home where they keep their piranhas (companies). Sometimes the piranhas require feeding of a more substantial nature than Tetra flakes. The trustees merely scoop us goldfish out of the RIT tank (graduation) and take them home in little plastic baggies (co-op) to their tanks (hello “career”). Yet there

5. Associated Press, Rochester

6. 90 N.Y.2d 576, 687 N.E.2d 1284, 665 N.Y.S.2d 1 (1997). October 21, 1997

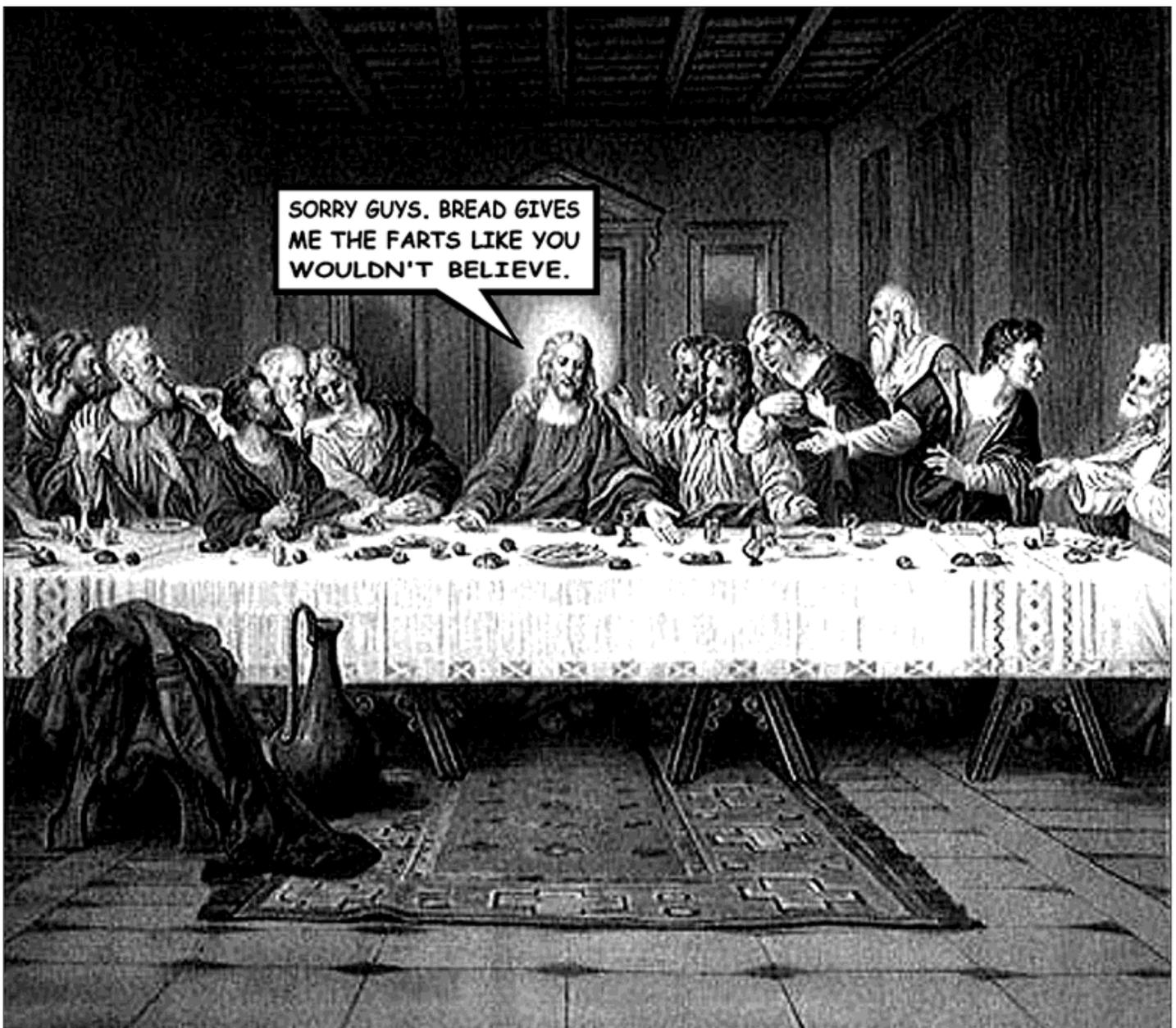
is something puzzling. On a few occasions, Al Simone has come down to the fish tank in the morning, only to find that there are less fish in it. He slaps his forehead and wonders where they all went. He appoints a special committee to unravel the mystery. I guess you know where it goes from there.

Kelly Gunter, co-founder of *GDT* and math-contortionist extraordinaire once touched on something that sticks with me to this day. Goldfish are said to have a limited memory of two or three seconds. Thus it is content to swim about its tiny little tank

without realizing the mundane and insipid existence it must endure. Did you ever stop to think that when a goldfish winds up dead, floating in the bowl or dead on the floor beside the bowl, it was just a goldfish with a vast memory, doomed to know of its existence and the futility of it all. Rather than live out that life among many of its blissfully unaware siblings, it chooses to thrust itself outside the bowl, come what may. Perhaps that is the answer the administration is looking for.

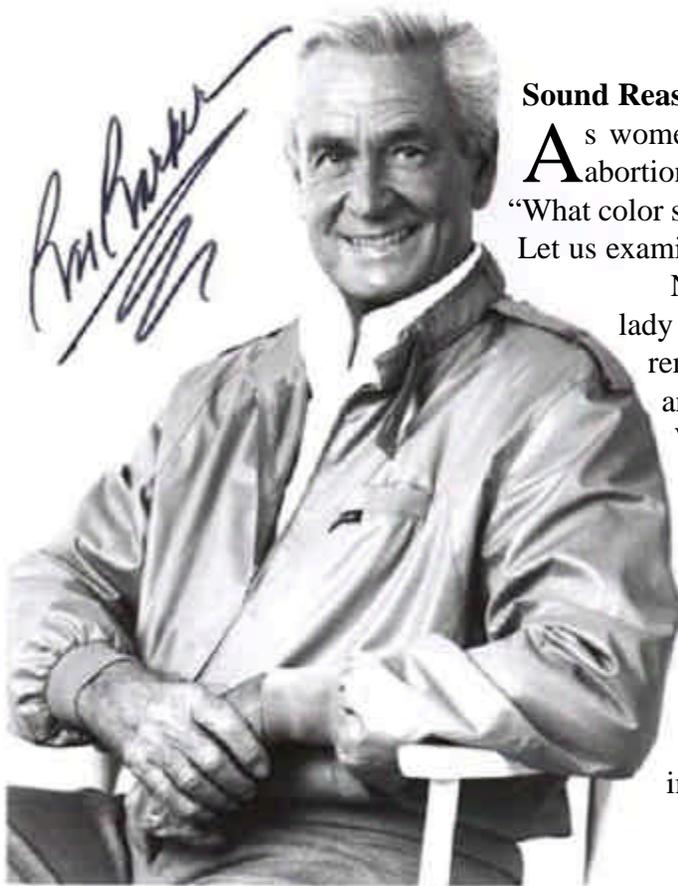
MUCKRAKER

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



Radical Feminism in the 21st century

By J. Austin



Sound Reasoning

As women waste time debating the meaningless social issues of abortion and gay rights, a truly important controversies such as “What color should birth control pills be?” goes completely unresolved. Let us examine this argument.

Not pink. Pink is just what the world wants to paint every lady as—subservient wenches. Similarly, a blue pill would just remind us how cheap and uncaring men really are. Tylenol and Advil have already laid claim to white and red colors. We are left with black, gray, green and brown.

Black would simply remind the unlucky lady of the bankruptcy that her unstable, alcoholic bastard of a first husband filed for in order to avoid paying child support. Unfortunately, gray pills would be easily confused with one’s lithium. Thus there exists ample evidence that all birth control pills should be either green or brown. Therefore, in the interest of population control and good fashion sense, talk to your gynecologist about this matter immediately.

Semblance of Converging Heresy

In other news, despite the lack of a self-regulating mechanism inherent in the female community, it is my belief

that women have an overwhelming and hidden desire to be miserable. Clear examples of this can be found in the works of John Steinbeck, Jules Verne, and Ernest Hemingway. It is unusual for men to be so observant. However, I attribute it to the fact that all three of these men were born hermaphrodites.

Most men claim to have sympathy for the struggle of the oppressed. Most men claim to have compassion for victims of rape and molestation. Truth is that most men would rather look at the latest pictorial up at playboy.com. Truth is that most men are gutless cowards and pigs.

Abuse of Communications and Technology

Now is not the time for manifestos on female pride, parades, or protests. Now is the time for action. We believe there should be more feminine-hygiene product commercials on television. All day products for purely MAN-orientated goods such as beef jerky and video games dominate the airwaves. Only at night can ads for male exotic dancers and pantyhose been seen! Why, the last strong woman on a commercial (Virginia Slims) was banned forever by a paranoid federal government. Has the age of radical thought died?

It is time for women to overtake network TV. There are far too many sports. Where is the truly and important programming? How about a program about how to properly clean and polish my concealed weapon?

It is painful to admit that the radical television has died. Shall we stand back and simply mourn the lost of documentaries on “The Secret Sex Life of Bob Barker”? Never. It is simply not in the spirit of Mrs. George Washington and Mrs. Samuel J. Adams. These were women! These were women so strong and independent that they stole the first names of their husbands.

Infancy and Mediocrity Abound!

A subclass is being born in our society. They are neither Soccer Mom nor Cheerleader. They are not Sex Kittens or radical lesbian feminist 9th grade English teachers. These new woman are the creations of radical feminism in the 21st century. They aim to give rise to dynamic social foundations that never before have graced

the pages of bizarre magazines about our sex lives.

We are damned as idiotic women are glorified by mass media. Hillary Clinton, a female too stupid to catch her husband and blackmail him for political gain, is vying for the position of Senator in New York State. Toni Morrison has been accused of plagiarizing Seuss. Even Aunt Jamima has filed sexual harassment charges against the Keebler elves. When will this madness end?

Social Awareness, Economic Reform, and Meaningless Chatter

Radicals are not embarrassed by either the left, right, forwards, or backwards. Political change can

only come when truly independent feminists come together and speak of only one thought. Our responsibility is to change the world by not conforming to its values. Our mission is simple. We aim to infiltrate the military and postal service using peaceful methods such as petitions, hunger strikes, and letter bombs.

Our commission is not to elevate women, as much as it to injure men. While social awareness and economic reform swell, brute violence will prevail. Our objective is radical feminism, and luckily it is already the 21st century. We are angry, bitter women and we will enact revenge. Look for us on campus.

Elian Paris Bound

By Staff Reporter Nevin Galewood

PARIS, France—In a move which baffled hundreds of protesters in Havana and Miami who claimed to be doing “the right thing,” Cuban refugee Elian Gonzales has stated that he will soon expatriate himself to Paris.

“I’ve had enough of this bullshit,” Elian said through his translator. “I want to go to Paris and draw pictures of rabbits.”

Following the example of heroes Pablo Picasso, Luis Bunuel, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Charlie Parker, six-year-old Elian hopes to find his place among artistic contemporaries in the Bohemian community of Paris.

Elian has been drawing pictures of rabbits for two years using crayon, colored pencil, washable marker, and even finger paint. There is also talk that he is penning an autobiography entitled *Six Years in the Life...* However, there is speculation that the book is being ghostwritten.

“Fame is a hideous bitch,” commented Elian, who has cast off his cumbersome last name and now signs all of his rabbit pictures as simply “Elian.” “When I came to America, I was thrilled that I was allowed to draw pictures of any rabbit I wanted to, without Castro telling me which rabbits were comrades and which were capitalist swine.

“But now when I try to concentrate on my work,

I’m totally distracted by the protesters outside. They say they’re trying to help me, but all they do is yell and make noise.”

Elian is referring to the hundreds of Cuban-Americans who have decided to take their protests to Elian’s front lawn. There, they have commenced to make speeches through bullhorns and play scratchy recordings of Cuba’s national anthem.

When asked how he planned to gain permission and transportation to Paris, Elian responded that he had enlisted the help of his imaginary friend, Harvey. Harvey, who according to Elian is “a really big rabbit,” has assured Elian that when he is ready to leave, he need only repeat the words “take me to Paris” over and over again until he’s there.

Cuban-American protesters have previously stated that if returned to his father, Elian would become a “pawn in Castro’s hands, a trophy he will display in his latest victory over imperialism.” When Elian announced his decision to abandon his family entirely and live the free life in Paris, protesters were outraged: “We have been fighting for him for months now, and he’s just going to go to Europe on us? No way!”

When questioned about “the irony of it all,” protesters on both sides of the issue had no comment.

Episode 23...

Big Daddy: Hi, kiddies! (*urp*) We were going to discuss hangovers, since I have one. But, I figured that it wouldn't really be educational for most of you, except perhaps for.... uh, what was your name...

Jacques: ;Je m'appel Jacques!

Big Daddy: So instead, I thought we'd go to the really huge pile of mail besides my credit card bills, and answer another one of your stupid little, I mean, very insightful little kid questions. Today, we have a letter from Daniel Watson, who writes:

Donald: Dear Big Daddy, For Christmas, I asked the Santa Claus at the big WalMart that went in where a whole block of our town used to be for the 16-foot ball python that they have at the zoo. Now, I know that Santa Claus isn't real—

Kids: Traitor! Let us manipulate our parents for another year at least!

Donald: but I thought that if you acted like he was real and put out cookies to bribe him just in case, then your parents would get you whatever you wanted. Especially if you only asked for one thing, even if it was really expensive. So when I didn't get a ball python, I asked my mommy why Santa didn't deliver the goods.

Kids: Second rate WalMart Santas don't deliver! Stop the evil empire!

Donald: And mom said that Santa knew that snakes

carried people diseases and could make kids like me sick. I think she just made that up so that I wouldn't start yelling and break the tree like last year when I didn't get a Tickle-Me Elmo.

Kids: Supply and demand economy! Black market trade!

Big Daddy: Well, Danny, for once a grownup besides me might just be right. Amazingly enough, it is true that some pets carry people diseases. In your mom's case, she was probably just too cheap to want to pay the Gypsies for the one kid a month—

Kids: They're giving them away in China!

Big Daddy: —to feed it.

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: Different kinds of animals carry people diseases, but sometimes animals carry their own kind of disease, like cat leukemia.

Kids: Bob Barker reminds you to help control the pet population and have your pets spayed or neutered.

Big Daddy: Of course, there are diseases from animals that make people sick, like the chicken flu.

Kids: Perdue Oven Stuffer Roasters!

Big Daddy: And then there are disease that are pets, like tapeworms and head lice.

Kids: Don't share your hairbrush! Little Tommy went home early!

Big Daddy: Diseases that are pets are often parasites, which means they suck stuff out of your body instead

**Big Daddy's
Biology Show**



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



of producing it for themselves.

Kids: Elderly parents in nursing homes!

Big Daddy: But I think that what your mom was talking about was a disease called salmonella. Can you kids say salmonella?

Kids: Cookie dough!

Big Daddy: Well, salmonella is a disease that you can get from a whole bunch of different places. You can get it from undercooked chicken—

Kids: Avian influenza!

Fucko: (*cracking a whip in the back of the studio*) We said that already, ya little runts!

Big Daddy: —but it's most often from salmon, which is why they call it salmonella. Another kind of disease that you can get from food is ptomaine poisoning, so named because you often get it from your Aunt Loraine's potato salad at picnics when the mayonnaise goes bad. You can get salmonella from other things, too, even without eating them. You might have noticed that snakes and iguanas and turtles ALL eat things that people could eat if they really wanted to, like vegetables without cheese.

Kids: Crappy!

Big Daddy: They also eat small children, which you COULD eat if you really wanted to.

Seth: (*drools*)

Kids: The conch, Piggy, the conch!

Big Daddy: Now, since these animals are busy eating gross people food, they're probably picking up diseases, like from your Aunt Loraine's potato salad. But, since they're reptiles, they don't get sick themselves.

Kids: Cold-blooded? Better eat your Wheaties!

Big Daddy: You might wonder WHY your ball python doesn't get sick from eating that little kid who was covered with dirt from being inside the Gypsies' bag for a long time. Well, it's because the only thing that matters to a reptile about its food is how warm it is. This is why snakes eat nice, warm light bulbs sometimes by mistake.

Kids: RG&E, so much more than light!

Big Daddy: If a reptile eats warm food, it doesn't get sick because its body warms up and cooks the food while the reptile is eating. If a reptile eats cold food, it gets cold itself and eventually stops moving.

Suzy: High pokilotherm metabolic efficiency! (*Suzy realizes none of the other kids have said anything, sits down quickly. Fucko removes the 16-foot ball python from a feed sack at the back of the studio.*)

Mort: But, but, Big Daddy, you haven't explained what a reptile is yet an' an' an' there's prob'ly lots a dumb kids out there who don't know that a reptile is a kind of floor covering like my mom's linoleum an' an'... (*The python is rapidly advancing towards Suzy, having been resting on a warm stagelight for the past hour.*)

Big Daddy: WELL, Mort, that's a very interesting question, but I see that Fucko is frantically signaling me in Swahili Sign Language that it's time to end the show, so we'll have to answer it next week. Keep those letters and donations coming kids, you kids are the smartest kids I know!

A New Low

By Randall Good

If ever there was a time to burn all of your Backstreet Boys CDs, it is now.

According to Reuters, administration officials at the University of Toronto have been "torturing" protesting student engaged in a sit-in at the president's office by blasting Backstreet Boys tunes around the clock.

I suppose that we should be shocked that at pop music's new niche; however, I'm not surprised at all. Deep down inside, we all knew it would come to this.

I mean, it's the Backstreet Boys, for crying out loud (I'm sure the protesters were).

This case of audio torture is nothing new. Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Were Made for Walking" was blasted overnight to prevent Branch Davidians from sleeping in the FBI's siege at Waco. When that method failed, they resorted to playing audiotapes of rabbits being slaughtered. Now we've sunk even lower in the practice of audio torture—Backstreet Boys. The looming question is: can we stoop even lower than this?

So, there you have it, BB fans. Fire hoses, tear gas, police dogs...and now Backstreet Boys. I hope you're proud.

Episode 24...

Big Daddy: Hey there, kiddies!

Kids: Hi, you child molesting sonofabitch!

Big Daddy: That's not very nice kids, you know that Fucko is the one that always...

Kids: Ow! Quit it! Ow! Quit it! Ow! Quit it!

Big Daddy: Yes, that's it exactly. Actually, it was Fucko that I wanted to talk to you about. You see, he won't be joining us this week—

Mort: Yippie!

Kids: Parole violation!

Big Daddy: —due to rickets. No, really, Fucko and I spent an evening at Hooters together—

Kids: We're just helping each other out!

Big Daddy: —enjoying the quality seafood at their fine establishment.* Unfortunately, Fucko ate a whole bucket of clams. Now, normally clams don't hurt you, but since it's that special time of year—

Kids: H and R Block is on your side!

Big Daddy: —Fucko became very ill. At first I thought it was the combination of a pitcher of beer and all of the oogling of things that kept moving—

Kids: Could you step out of the car please, sir?

Big Daddy: but as he began to develop a striking red rash—

Kids: Herpes!

Bobby: Conjunctivitis! Uh, oops, I mean HERPES!

Big Daddy: I began to realize, with the help of (Canadian bimbo name) that Fucko was the victim of dun-dun-DAH Paralytic Shellfish Poisoning.

Kids: PCP!

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: Now, since we learned so much about dolphins and tuna from our helpful sponsors Bumblebee Tuna.

(Big Daddy is overwhelmed by the sonorous Bumblebee tuna tune)

Bumblebee Tuna Ad: Bumb- Bum- Bum-Bumblebee Tuna- It won't make you sick!

Big Daddy: SHUT UP, already.

Jesus: ¡Mi papa! ¡Ayudame! ¡Mi papa sofre el "Paralytic Shellfish Poisoning"!

Big Daddy: I thought that I would call up the Hooters Hotline and ask about where they get their clams.

Kids: Unprotected sex!

Big Daddy: Unfortunately, they were unable to return our phone call, as their switchboard is overloaded with the calls of adolescent boys.

Kids: Prince Harry and the Spice Girls!

Big Daddy: So I had to rely on information from Suzanne, the Hooters waitress from British Columbia. I'll try to repeat her highly scientific speech for you exactly.

Kids: I'm only working here to put myself through college!

Big Daddy: She explained, eh, that about this time of yeah, they have a little problem w' the shellfish oot there.

Kids: Put it in low! Like for winter conditions, eh?

Big Daddy: The way Suzanne explained it, there's this thing called red tide—

Kids: Visit from Aunt Flo!

Bobby: Sean Connery?

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: —that's soom massive choonks of algae, eh, fool o' leetle beets o' deenoflagellates.

Kids: The Flinstones! Meet the Flinstones!

Big Daddy: An' these deenoflagellates are what cause yoo to get reely ill, eh? They're like leetle spermies, eh?

Jesus: ¡Mi papa vive en la Hooters!

Big Daddy: And since shellfish are filterfeeders, eh?

Kids: Brita!

Big Daddy: They eat the leetle red tide dinoflagellates, eh, an' then the filterfeeders like clams are sick an reely easy for the fishermen to catch, eh?

Kids: Clams are sessile organisms, you dolt!

Big Daddy: FUCKO! Oh, uh...

Kids: (*wild applause*)

Big Daddy: So, that's what she explained about red tide. These deenoflagellates—

Kids: Flatulence!

Big Daddy: —can cause a number of problems. Paralytic Shellfish Poisoning is just one of them. Now, you kids should know that Fucko will recover with in a few days,

Kids: Awwwwwww.

Seth: (*drools*).

Big Daddy: —provided he makes it through the 24-hour window in which he could go into respiratory arrest.

Big Daddy's Biology Show



© 1997 Melancholy

Homewrecker, appearing here
courtesy of Hell's Kitchen

Kids: Anaphylactic shock!

Bobby: Tetratoxin poisoning! Toxic shock syndrome! E.R.! I can say whatever the hell I want 'cause Fucko's not here! Hooray! (*Mort offers Bobby his Pez dispenser filled with Prozac.*)

Big Daddy: We should all remember Fucko in our prayers tonight—

Jesus: ¡Madre de Dios!

Big Daddy: and hope that he'll be okay.

Suzy: (*removing a can of pepper spray from her Spice*

Girls purse) Hey, everybody, let's take Big Daddy to the Wrong Room!

Kids: Hooray! (*Children rush the stage and carry a peppered Big Daddy off.*)

Big Daddy: Moooooommmmmmmmmmmmy!

* We'd like to thank Hooters for bettering the lives of adolescent boys everywhere. While we're at it, let's thank the Spice Girls, too.

Chess: The 2000 Marchand Tournament

By Adam Fletcher

Hello all! I am fresh off the tournament boards, having played in the annual Marchand tournament. The tournament, named in honor of the recently passed Dr. Marchand, is Rochester's largest chess event, with \$5000 in guaranteed prize money. The five games played, three on Saturday and two on Sunday, are up to two hours in length and arranged according to the Swiss pairing system. The over 160 players who attend the tournament were divided into four sections: Open, under 1800, under 1400 and under 1000. Unrated players could play in any section but could not win the full prize amount for each section.

Five RIT students played in the tournament. Komal Kamat, who was our guest columnist last week, played in the Open section, and had two wins. It's a good showing for a person rated at the bottom of their section (FIDE Master Alex Dunne played in the open,

as did a 2400 player, so the competition was fierce for the 1800 Komal). In the under 1400 section, Molly Saweikis played, as did I (three wins out of five), and Chuck Moulton. If you see Chuck, congratulate him on his 3rd place finish with four wins out five. Another winner was Tim Vail, who also won four out five in the under 1400 unrated section. If you see him thank him for bringing unrated 2nd place home for RIT. Also, Brian Minier from RIT played in the under 1400 section, but took ill Sunday and didn't get to play his last two games.

Big thanks are given to Ron Lorchman and the Rochester Chess Center, for organizing such a wonderful event. This was the first year Dr. Marchand wasn't able to play, and we missed him greatly. Ron asked us to think of Marchand when we got the winning save, and I knew Marchand was with me when my last opponent didn't exploit my lousy playing. Thanks.

The RIT Chess Club meets Thursdays, at 8pm, in the 1829 room of the SAU.

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Slushie Bubbles is a beverage without many points.