



## Strange Bedfellows

*"I've been reading Margaret Mead again..."*

The University of Rochester's weekly newspaper of 24 September featured a most unusual bonus. Nestled between the pulpy sheets of sports scores and insightful reporting about the nature of "binge drinking" was a blazing full-colour fold out ad for Lifestyles condoms. The "front cover" showed a young couple on a large, beautifully detailed Harley. These were clearly dangerous characters- the young man sporting a tight zip-front shirt and insect-style sunglasses, and the woman in a green and white striped dress that threatened to recede from both the top and bottom, not unlike an unfortunate case of male pattern baldness. Emblazoned across her upper thigh and his crotch was the slogan "2 for the road."

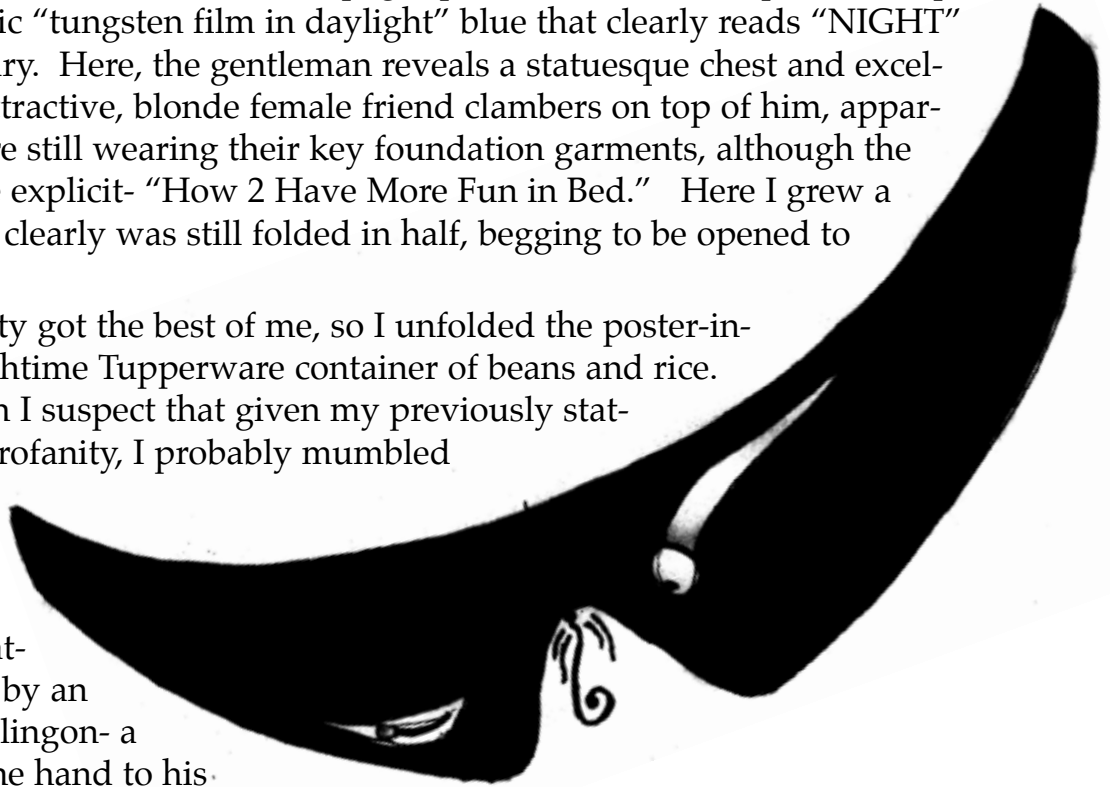
"Huh," I thought. "What a weird ad for Ray-Bans. I mean, she's not even wearing sunglasses."

Opening the 9x12 sheet revealed a two page spread of another couple in bed, photographed in the classic "tungsten film in daylight" blue that clearly reads "NIGHT" in our visual vocabulary. Here, the gentleman reveals a statuesque chest and excellent dentition as his attractive, blonde female friend clambers on top of him, apparently giggling. They're still wearing their key foundation garments, although the caption is a little more explicit- "How 2 Have More Fun in Bed." Here I grew a little worried. The ad clearly was still folded in half, begging to be opened to its full size.

Of course curiosity got the best of me, so I unfolded the poster-in-disguise over my lunchtime Tupperware container of beans and rice. Words failed, although I suspect that given my previously stated tendency toward profanity, I probably mumbled

"GEEE-zus."

The full-sized<sup>£</sup> sepia-toned ad illustrated a naked man beset by an attack of the Cosmo Klingon- a buxom lass pressed one hand to his chest as the other clutched his neck. Meanwhile, his hand appeared to be supporting her knee at about waist level while the other gripped the small of her back. She remained clothed in the "dental floss and isosceles triangle" style underwear and small tank top. God only knows (well, you probably know, too) what's going on here. He's nuzzling her face, resulting in a sort of pig-nosed expression that reveals itself after a couple of moments of careful study. She's showing off her new, nude



<sup>£</sup>Given the young man's physique, "full-sized" can be read dripping with as much innuendo as you desire.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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© 1998 Gracies Dinnertime Theatre.

Owned and Operated by the  
Local 31337, a Hell Union.

lip gloss. The slogan for this act, carefully placed so as not obstruct a view of the action, urges the viewer to “Get In 2 It!”

“Get Into What?” I thought. “Help me understand how this is a condom ad?”

True to my Puritanical American upbringing, I closed the poster, only to discover the actual goods, in terms of condoms, on the back. Printed in white on black, the drawings of various condom styles explained that “With All Our Shapes, It’s Easy to Put 2 and 2 Together.” It was very reminiscent of movie credits. In the fine print, Lifestyles explains its market philosophy, “Lifestyles never forgets that good sex adds up to two people with smiles on their faces.”

“Which two people?” I thought. “I saw six in that ad. Must be the two naked guys.”

In keeping with the attitude of the bitter American woman I have assimilated as part of a massive study of the culture, I allowed that part of my personality to express itself in the form of a joke pointed out to another female friend. “Look, which two people do YOU think had big smiles on their faces?”

“Oh, the naked guys, definitely,” she replied.

I lied. I DID get the point of the ad. The problem is that my condom experience is probably fundamentally unlike any of the three depicted by LifeStyles.

Here begins the chorus of male voices proclaiming one of two things:

a. “You’re frigid.”

b. “You’ve never done it with the right person.”

All of this is well and good in terms of reflecting some of the salient issues of sexual satisfaction facing young people today. However, I actually find prophylactics wildly amusing, an aspect not portrayed by the LifeStyles ad. Aside from ACT-UP’s “Safe Sex is Hot Sex” campaign, which featured various couples in artistic photographs demonstrating the joys of safer intercourse, the best condom ad I’ve seen featured a cartoon drawing of a man at a piano. The caption read: “She laughed when I sat down at the piano. Then she saw the size of my hands.”

Clearly, this ad perpetuates the myth that large hands indicate other large extremities. It also implies that piano-play-

©After seeing Elton John in all of those funny hats and Billy Joel’s mad keyboard skills in the “We Didn’t Start the Fire” video, however, this seems to be more of a truism.

ing men are ridiculous<sup>c</sup> and that they are simply the lust objects of women. On the other hand, it's funny. An aura of humor surrounding condoms needs to be maintained in order to empower people to even visit the "Family Planning" section at CVS. Here are a couple of anecdotes to support the need for humor in prophylactics:

September, 1996. My roommate/best friend and I venture to Freddy's Discount Drug Store, which she has identified as "the cheapest place to get 'em." She leads your wide-eyed author past the hair care products on our date with destiny.<sup>§</sup> I grow fearful as we approach the aisle, which is somehow strategically located within view of every single checkout counter. I repeat my mantra: "Hey, I'm getting some. I like him and he likes me and we're getting some. This is good. I have no reason to be ashamed. Hey, I'm getting some. I like him..."<sup>¥</sup> but it does little to calm my jangling nerves. My loyal roomie directs me to the WALL O' CONDOMS, conveniently located next to the packaged Phillies Blunts.<sup>a</sup>

My choices are immediately limited by the fact that I can't reach to the top of the display, which towers at least a foot above my outstretched arm. Clearly, these are prophylactics intended for incredibly tall men, or midgets with stilts. "Uhhhhh," I manage to utter.

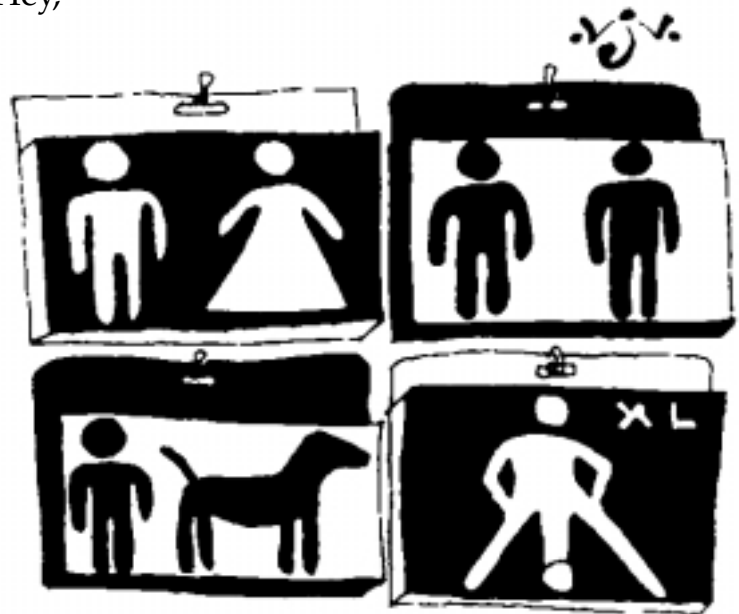
Lucy (name changed to protect the all-knowing, whose true name we

must never utter<sup>œ</sup>) begins to dispense advice, a wise decision given my apparent stupor. "You should get the lubricated kind, unless you've got a problem with what they put on them. That CAN be a problem, you know? It smells kind of weird. These are good. These are okay, but the first ones are better. Do NOT get ribbed. One word: friction."

"Isn't that the point?"

"Not in the way that I mean it."

"Oh." (nervous laughter, which gives way to peals of genuine laughter over the fact that the two of us in our long hair, flannel, wire-rimmed glasses, and Birkenstocks, are involved in what seems to be a very intense discussion over the merits of various varieties of condoms. I had been having sex for exactly



<sup>§</sup> "Can't I just smell the Wild Apple shampoo? PLEEEASE?"

<sup>¥</sup> Yeah, so it was a little LONG to be a mantra. Suffice to say I was repeating it by way of self-affirmation.

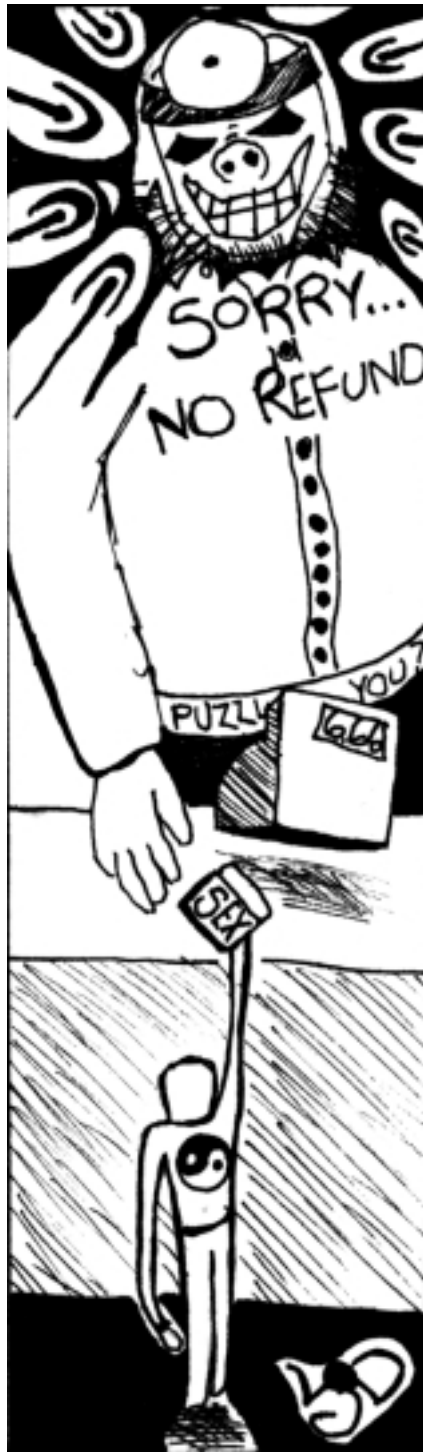
<sup>a</sup> Many chain drug stores have stocked condoms next to cigars for years. Perhaps the President isn't as perverted as Ken Starr would like you to think...he was just flashing back to that aisle in Washington Drug.

<sup>œ</sup>"Michael Collins!"

three days at this point.)

Various members of our studio audience might be wondering where my boyfriend was during this exchange. As it was a Saturday, I believe he was involved in cooking some fantastically involved and tasty dinner, perhaps selecting wine and making cookies as well. He may have been out buying flowers or even doing (\*gasp\*) WORK, in the form of reading about various apocalyptic religions. Suffice to say that I was the practical one.<sup>Σ</sup>

From this story, you can safely assume that much of what I learned about the nature of sex, I learned from other women. Lucy represented someone who embodied the sanest approach to relationships that I'd seen, namely, a healthy reserve and firm determination to remain her own person, despite her boyfriend's overbearing nature.<sup>†</sup> She also emphasized repeatedly that no matter how much you liked someone, you STILL had to look out for yourself, especially as a woman. This translated into the idea that women had just as much of a right to buy condoms without consulting men as men had to buy them without consulting women. Obviously, in a normal, caring, and mutually supportive relationship,



fuzzy clutch of fog, and so it was with great effort that I hoisted myself and my somewhat dressy clothes<sup>ø</sup> off of the bench where

the partners involved would both decide what form of protection to use, and alternate turns in purchasing it. How many people's first sexual relationships are actually "normal, caring, and mutually supportive?" At least purchasing condoms can be amusing.

The second anecdote is somewhat more recent, and involves that question that undoubtedly plagues many independent female condom shoppers: "How big is big?" Here, readers who are faint of heart or under the age of 18 may want to just go back to reading the Starr report online.

Picture a busy square in a major Northeastern city. I'd just been to the Salty Dog for an splendid afternoon snack of clams and beer, and was killing time before catching the commuter rail back to the 'burbs. Suddenly, much in the same way that one remembers the household's need for toilet paper, I remembered the necessity of obtaining prophylactics.

Unfortunately, the Bass Ale had gripped my brain in a

<sup>Σ</sup> Numerous people pointed out the gender role reversal that occurred in this relationship- he did look pretty good in a skirt.

<sup>†</sup>He was later fed to the wolves as a result of a terrible miscommunication with Seneca Park Zoo.

<sup>ø</sup> Prior to the tasty snack, I'd been visiting graduate schools. The pigeons and tourists were more interesting.

I'd been observing the fattest pigeons I've ever seen as they interacted with the largest tourists I've ever seen.

I knew I'd seen a CVS earlier in the day- it was merely a matter of finding it again. In fact, there were three in the immediate area, but due to the complexity of the streets and alleys, I could have wandered for hours and not come upon any of them. Eventually, I did locate one near a subway stop.<sup>π</sup>

Somehow, the smallest CVS in the world also had the largest selection of stuff crammed into it. Halloween candy exploded from every available aisle end, sale priced summer merchandise frolicked among the back-to-school items. Finally, after fearing that I would actually have to go to the counter and ask ("What kind would you like?" "Uh, what kind do you have?") I located the FAMILY PLANNING AISLE. "Exactly," I thought. "I'm planning not to have a family."

As I reached my goal, the train rushed by below, setting the packages slightly asway. They were clearly tormenting me. I tried to remember what I'd bought the last time. I thought of the piano man, but they were out of Trojans. Advertising had failed, and it looked as though I'd have to decide on my own. Another woman dressed in a pinstriped skirt and blazer quickly scanned the rack and plucked a package of "Sheik" with the nonchalance of someone selecting a bar of soap.<sup>β</sup> I briefly thought of describing the problem and soliciting advice, invoking the alleged "universal spirit of womanhood," but she seemed pretty busy.

Waggling saliciously nearby was a package of Lifestyles "Large."

"Oh, crap," I thought. "What if I don't get the right SIZE?" I picked up the package and scanned it, hoping that some sort of dimensions would be given. I wondered if the selection of too-small condoms would be an unfortunate insult to my beloved's manhood. The box information was fairly self-evident: "Longer and wider for added pleasure."

Duh.

Eventually, I decided on the standard of college health services everywhere- the blue box of LifeStyles. There was something sublimely comforting in its familiarity- it sort of glowed there under the unusually low lighting of the store. I could almost hear its gentle affirmations that it was, indeed, the right choice.

Allow me to point out that at NO time did the phrases "How 2 Have More Fun in Bed" or "Get In 2 It" appear in my head. What was there consisted mainly of "How Big Is Big?" and "How Not 2 Get Pregnant" as well as the ACT-UP standard "How Not 2 Get Sick." The overarching sentiment was "How 2 Get Out of Here." After the cashier seemed genuinely interested in my having a good weekend, I departed, stuffing the white plastic bag and its unfortunate cargo deep into the recesses of a military surplus shoulder bag.<sup>f</sup>

If the LifeStyles ads were at all informative, I wouldn't have needed Lucy's instruction, nor would I have spent a quarter of an hour deep in adrenalized contemplation of the rack in a foreign CVS. The unfor-

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<sup>π</sup> The orange line at State St., for those of you playing along.

<sup>β</sup> Not like I can nonchalantly select a bar of soap, either- I have to smell them all and make sure I'm not allergic to anything in them. It's all about bad genetic material.

<sup>f</sup> IT'S NOT A PURSE. Okay? Let's just get that straight RIGHT NOW.

tunate fact of the matter is that the LifeStyles ad run by the Campus Times was simultaneously uninformative AND suggested that sex was some sort of recreational sport akin to Ultimate Frisbee and wearing Calvin Klein underwear.<sup>Ω</sup> Yeah! Let's go out onto the AstroTurf over in Fauver Stadium and rut like bunnies!

I don't think so. While I deeply appreciate Lucy's advice on life and her affirmation of the strong-willed and independent attitude I was raised with, women should not have to fall back on a form of folklore when purchasing prophylactics. We might as well have been in a sweat lodge, beating drums to the tune of "The Yellow Rose of San Antonio" and chanting the virtues of latex while preparing to fling ourselves into an icy spring. I would much rather have been able to laugh with her at the ridiculousness of a discount drug store offering all of these varieties instead of laughing at myself for not knowing a damn thing about any of them.

Perhaps our gentle readers subscribe to the belief held by a number of cowed road crew folks and several of my professors that I eat men for breakfast and pick my gory sharp teeth with the frail bones of fallen sorority sisters. This is far from the case- I just think that women, who don't have the equipment that condoms fit onto but can be made violently ill by this same equipment, should be able to make informed choices

about protection. OSHA requires that all employees who work around hazardous inhalants wear dust masks- not just those workers directly involved with sanding fiberglass, for instance. LifeStyles falls over itself trying to run away from the shame of condom purchasing and use by printing what amounts to soft-core pornography. The soft core porn approach further obfuscates condoms- and it's not like those dumb little drawings help any, either. (The big mystery is how, exactly, the "extra pleasure" model, which widens to titanic proportions at the head, provides extra pleasure. We asked a few men. They didn't know either.)

Not even humour redeems the Campus Times ad. The only sticking point for the information presented is that you can look at a poster-size sepia toned photograph of a man and a woman "getting in 2 it." There are any of a myriad number of porno flicks that could provide you with the same experience, and they let you laugh at sex at the same time.<sup>μ</sup> Plus, if you find pornography somewhat revolting, you can draw comfort from the fact that there are a lot of people in the same boat.

In short, I wish the Campus Times, hard up for money and feeling in need of educating young people already world-weary from years of Sex Ed. had just run the piano-playing man ad. Then at least we all could have had a good laugh.

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<sup>Ω</sup> Try to get into one of those dental-floss-and-isosceles-triangle pairs of underwear when you're late to a 5am crew call after you've been up until 2am drinking. Go on, I dare you.

<sup>μ</sup> See Tourist's review of porn, last spring (Volume 9, Issue 6)

SITTING ALONE ON THE SHORT BUS?

PARENTS TELLING YOU TO STOP SLOUCHING? DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS?

WRITE FOR GRACIE'S DINNERTIME THEATRE!

GDT@INAME.COM

## Chess: It's time you played.

By Adam Fletcher

My friend and I have this theory that if you play chess, you go to Heaven. If you don't, you go to Hell. We don't have the strongest evidence for this, but it's as believable as Catholicism.

Learning the rules of the game is the first step. Ask your friends to teach you, or pick up a book. Simon & Schuster publishes a number of good books on beginning chess. Look for books by Pandolfini in particular.

After that, you just have to play, and play a lot. A good place to do this is on the Free Internet Chess Server ([www.freechess.org](http://www.freechess.org)). You'll find plenty of competition, and it's free. Another place is at your local chess club; the RIT Chess Club meets every Thursday at 8pm by the Fireside

Lounge (listen for the sound of the clocks, and you will find the chess). The US Chess Federation has a listing of chess clubs by area - check out [www.uschess.org](http://www.uschess.org) for more information.

After playing for a while, you might be interested in studying ways to improve your game. Previously I mentioned Silman's Reassess Your Chess, as well as My System: 21st Century Edition - both are great books for the growing player (every player I know is a growing player). A good reference for openings is Modern Chess Openings 13 (MCO-13) - but it's only a reference. I suggest The Ideas Behind the Chess Openings by Reuben Fine to complement MCO.

Don't be afraid to start playing. Don't fear losing. Everyone started sometime, and they sucked when they did. The best way to get good at chess is to play.

It's time to start your day/  
There's Harkonnens on the way/  
They're looking for you/  
So make that prophecy true...

*...The best part of waking up  
is Melange in your cup!*

Mornings can be hard, especially when you're waging a holy war from the desert. So when the sleeper just has to awaken, make sure to brew only genuine **Water of Life**™. Made from only the best hand picked **Arrakian**™ sandworms, we guarantee...

In secret Steich trials, 9 out of 10 Fremens can't tell the difference between Melange Decaf and Melange Regular.

Remember: If it isn't from the finest Makers, it isn't **Arrakian**™.

Ask your Reverend Mother for only the finest in spice Melange:

**Water Of Life**™





# Shirk'n'Shout

**This Week: The Miniskirt Waddle**

Words And Music by Eric Thomas

**“She give a little flirt, give herself a little cuddle \ But there's no place here for the miniskirt waddle” -Elvis Costello, “(I Don't Want To Go To) Chelsea”**

The girls in this class have an irritating habit of calling the professor “sir.”  
They can do this because the professor is young, and they are cute.

Now, consider this: A freshman photography student seeks aide from a familiar lab supervisor. The supervisor, a sophomore, helps the freshman cut his negatives. After the work is done, the freshman continues the job of printing the negatives while the supervisor idly cuts the dead ends of the film into one million tiny pieces. The freshman pauses to look at her, his eyes shining. “Sexually frustrated?” he asks. Later that same day, she commented on the experience: “No, he's not a player. He's just a funny flirt.”

*“Sexually frustrated.” Why must we fling that goddamn phrase around?*

*Well, two reasons. First of all, it's a common stratagem in the great Game of Teenage Courtship. You're not allowed to ignore the question, because that would make you a prude. Thus, you're afforded two options - the negative or the affirmative. The negative implies sexual satisfaction, and, coupled with bachelorhood, guarantees an open sexual perspective. The positive indicates sexual starvation, which, presumably, will be relieved by whichever craven flirt is asking the question. On one hand, you're a nymphomaniac, and on the other, you're fresh meat.*

*The other reason is that it's thrilling for*

*young (mentally young, I mean) men to be openly sexual around girls. Especially if the girls don't slap you for it. This is true for only the most juvenile and sexually inexperienced young flirts.*

*Despite these facts, our lab monitor enjoys the company of the freshman. Why? “Rapid exchange of insults is a sign of intelligence and wit,” she says.*

*This couldn't be farther from the truth. Appropriating canned witticisms from popular (television) culture is the mark of a truly mediocre mind. Combine that unoriginality with a misguided sexual appetite, and you get the common Virgin Player (i.e. one who is both a virgin and a player - our sad freshman).*

*Perhaps I should clarify that use of the word 'virgin.' Don't get me wrong. I have no problem with abstention from sex. However, I also see unfulfilling sex based on transient desires as a detriment to identity and self-respect. In the middle ground is true emotional and sexual satisfaction. I see anyone who has never experienced this satisfaction as a virgin.*

*Basically, it all comes down to honesty. The Player is being dishonest with his mark: he uses the pop culture vocabulary to hide a sentiment that can be reduced to, “Do you fuck?” In our example, the lab supervisor is*

dishonest with herself, by allowing herself to ignore the crass undertone of the Player's statement. In short, the Player presents an ideal image of "intelligence and wit," which

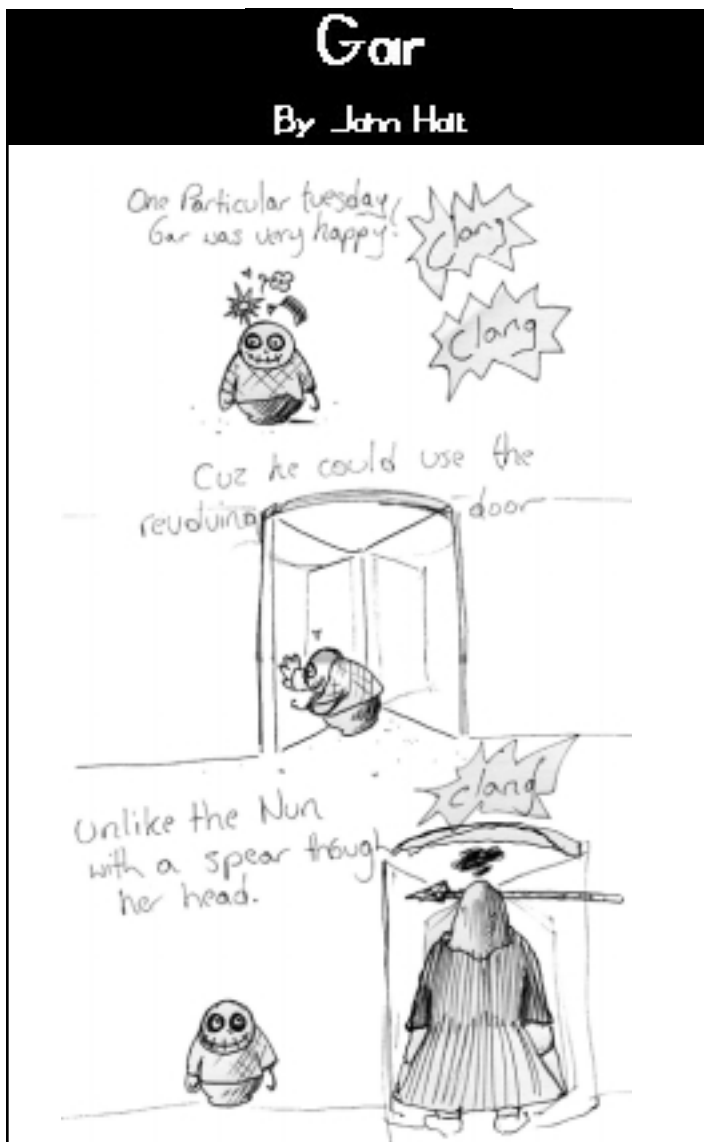
has no basis in his actual personality or intellectual ability. The Playee sucks that up at its face value. That's the Game of Teenage Courtship.

While on the topic of reduction, let us reduce the entire Photo Lab episode to its core: (White room, one door. A woman stands alone, clad in a simple white tunic. She stares blankly at the bare walls. She wears a bracelet on each wrist. The bracelet on her right wrist, which is made of silver, is engraved with a large letter 'A.' The bracelet on her left, made of gold, bears the letters 'FB.')

(The door opens, and a man enters. He is dressed in a similar white tunic. On the

middle finger of each hand, he wears a bronze ring. The right ring carries the letter 'I,' the left carries the letter 'W.')

Man: "I see that you wear an Available bracelet. Do you also carry a Flirtatious Banter bracelet?" (The woman displays her left wrist.) Man: "Come here, and I will flirt with you." (The woman approaches the man.) Man: "Please notice my Intelligence ring, and my Wit ring." (Woman admires both rings.) Woman: "Proceed." Man: "Do you fuck?"



...and then there is the girl who can ignore the discussion on slavery in literature to enjoy the presence of the boys on her left and right. The one with his backwards cap, his urban label shirt, his blank notebook page, his cargo pants; the other with his stylish haircut, his thick sweater, his gorgeous penmanship, his cargo pants. They're quite obviously chasing her, and making every effort to appear nonchalant. She hands them things to chew on, little teasers to whet their appetites: her bare feet, a grin, an indulgent flip of her long, blonde hair. Their cultivated sideburns stand on end.

Those are the innocents. Misguided, perhaps, and sometimes misinformed, but the innocents nonetheless. The math students, the photo kids, the sun-dried hippie and her two admirers... they're cubs at play. So adorable, it almost brings a tear to the eye. Because no one's being hurt. Yet.

So next we have the house party. While the music plays, the beer is poured, and people dance in the basement, the infirm are taken to the first floor. The first floor is almost empty. A small mixed group socializes at the pool table in a common area. A short queue paces in the hall, waiting for the bathroom to open up. In a smaller living room, a heavily made-up girl in tight pants lolls her head against the back of a fading red couch. One of the brothers, trying to look as responsible as possible, strokes her knee and talks to her in a low voice. Her hair

brushes his face. A young pledge sits in an armchair that is losing its stuffing. He babbles about hazing and pledge rituals. The bartender passes the room, then doubles back. He strides briskly to the armchair, grabs the pledge by the arm, and hauls him to his feet. He turns out the lights and closes the door as he leaves, muttering to the pledge:

“I think it's best if we leave the two of them alone.”

Still, no one's getting hurt. We don't think so, anyway.

Because then we have the two guys in the elevator. They're recovering after a night of barhopping, still wearing their party uniforms.

“So she asked me back to her room...”  
“You throw it in 'er?”

“Yeah, but it was too much whiskey and too much wine. It had to be an act of God, because I love my girlfriend, you know? She's coming up this weekend, too. My girlfriend, I mean.”

Okay, now people are getting hurt.

And then two different guys in a different elevator. Both are wearing backpacks.

“Hit eleven, man. I'm gonna go get my dick sucked.”

“Who's on eleven?”

“Jenna.”

“She'll suck yer dick?”

“Yeah.”

We have the college sophomore and the high school freshman. Or the guy in the sweat pants creeping around the girls' bathrooms and peering into the shower stalls. Or the well-dressed player who “fucks the shit out of” and “screws the brains out of.” Or the drugged sorority girl losing her virginity

to a half-drunk, half-stoned fratboy on a rotting mattress in a condemned basement. Or a thousand other twisted passions, misplaced desires, and dark urges suppressed until tragic explosion.

We definitely have people getting hurt.

## SCOTT PETERSON! COME HOME!

IF YOU KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND SCOTT OR ANOTHER ILLUSTRATOR, PLEASE CONTACT [DIABLO@CSH.RIT.EDU](mailto:DIABLO@CSH.RIT.EDU)

MEETINGS ARE AT 2PM IN THE 2ND FLOOR LOUNGE OF NRH (CSH'S PAINTED LOUNGE)

DID I TELL YOU ABOUT BEN FRANKLIN'S COIN?



# HOWARD'S HAPPY HOUR

By Howard Hao

## Tales of an Invertebrate

The perilous struggle for  
Domination over Life.

Droning erratically towards light,  
Towards blessed, blessed freedom.  
I observe the minute insect  
Barely two millimeters in length,  
With vim and hope,  
Attempt vainly to escape  
The forestalling nature  
Of the lucent plexiglass airplane window.  
Vesicle of primeval consciousness  
Vibrating against the intricate  
Lattice of imperceptible scratches.  
Of course, I could elect to  
End the misery with one fell swoop.  
But, rather, I do not  
And allow the rebel tempt its own fate.  
A fighter for the freedom  
That will never be experienced  
But only to discover  
The tenacious grasp  
Of the polyester jungle below.

## Sleep Deprivation

How bad it feels  
Not to sleep!  
But such is the life  
Of a college student!

## Friends

They get you outta trouble  
And loan you money.  
Take care of 'em.

## Headache

A million voices erupting  
Like an atomic detonation  
Within your head

## The Yuppieville

Here, late-working parents  
Buy Happy Meals daily  
For their misguided children.





# Tourist's Movie Reviews

PRESENTS

## *What Dreams May Come*

Dammit. I feel like I'm becoming one of those critics who pans everything he sees because it doesn't compare to "Citizen Kane" or "The Battleship Potemkin", or some other esoteric title that only critics fully understand. Believe me, that is not my goal. I

love films and I can't tell you how great it feels when you exit a theatre and tell your companions that you'd pay to see it again. Getting your money's worth for a change. I don't know, maybe I'm being too cynical, but I would have rather gone to see "Wet Dreams, My Come" instead of "What Dreams May Come". The film had a message, and the message was basically this:

Death sends you to a fish tank. You get to decorate the fish tank anyway you want. But beware, some parts of the fish tank suck. Don't go to those parts. But if you do, make sure that the exorcist (Max Von Sydow) goes along with you.

That's about the whole message right there. The film briefly touches on love and how it's all powerful and consuming and whatnot, but who cares? Film audiences did not line up for that. Film audiences lined up for the prime real estate that death has to offer. A visit to the other side is what sells tickets. If we wanted a love story, we'd go see "Hope Floats" (which I think would have done much better if it had been called "Poop Floats") I admit, I was eager to see the latest incarnation. I love death movies. Thanatology is a pseudo-hobby of mine. So knowing what "The Crow", "Flatliners", "Ghost", "Brainstorm", "Hellraiser", "Beetlejuice", "Always",

"Hideaway", "The Frighteners", "Casper", "Wings of Desire", "City of Angels", "Heaven Can Wait", "Jacob's Ladder", "Defending Your Life", "Spawn", and many more had to offer, I needed to see what the industry could come up with next. Damn. Don't these people ever dream? You would think that after the long line of death-type films listed above, they'd have an afterlife in a movie that didn't have gravity. Or perhaps no human-shaped bodies. Or maybe no disparity between "Heaven" and "Hell", no set rules for a change. In "What Dreams...", Robin Williams is told right off the bat that time has no meaning in death land. So why does he take a linear approach to the troubles he's experiencing? Why not treat time as nonexistent? Start the film with him already dead, and end it with him dying, or even better, take the entire film and hack it into pieces, then re-edit it for each release print. No two "What Dreams..." films or stories are the same in any theatre. At least five times in the film, someone tells him that time is meaningless - except of course in Hell, which is comprised of flaming shipwrecks and mud, and upside-down cathedral ceilings. You see, in Hell, he has three minutes to convince his dead wife that she is dead and can now join her dead family in the death fish tank where they frolic about in an endless American Express Traveler's Cheques commercial. His wife killed herself and was stuck in hell, so Robin had to fish her out. In watching the film, you'll notice that anytime the writer couldn't figure out what a character was supposed to say, he wrote:

"\_\_\_\_\_ 's eyes fill with tears. One falls down his/her cheek."

That happens at least ten goddamn times. Why not have them cry milk duds, or Junior Mints? It's supposed to be the afterlife fish tank

where ANYTHING is possible. No naked people? No monster-trucks? No waterslides? No cockfights? Really, what kind of afterlife can anyone have without a good cockfight? Most of you will agree with me when I say that Hell is not a bunch of flaming shipwrecks. Maybe if Kathy Lee Gifford is on board, but please! That was the best they could do? I think we can do better than that. I invite you, the faithful readers of TMR, to help me set Cuba Gooding Jr.'s ass straight. All you have to do is finish the following sentence for me, without mentioning fire or brimstone:

"Cuba Gooding Jr.! Hell is not flaming shipwrecks, dammit! Hell is..."

Example?

"Cuba Gooding Jr.! Hell is not flaming shipwrecks, dammit! Hell is going to Wendy's late at night with a group of your friends and you have to pee so you go to the bathroom. Meanwhile, all your friends have ordered their food and are eating when you come out and order a Big Bacon Classic meal (upsized) for yourself. Fifteen minutes later, they give you the food and you sit down with your friends, who are just about finished. To your dismay, they have forgotten the bacon on your Big Bacon Classic burger. You can't eat it until this is remedied. You return to the line and explain the problem. They give you a new burger. You sit down and prepare to eat, when you see that there is no mayo on this burger. So you have to go back in line. By this time, your friends are itching to leave, and you are still hungry as ever. Each time you get a new burger, there is something else wrong with it. Your discerning palate will not stand for anything

less than a perfect Big Bacon Classic, and you cannot leave until you get one. But you never do. Eternity is spent in the Wendy's turnstiles, hungry as a son-of-a-bitch, deserted by your friends, and existing for the promise of perfection in a \$3.00 food experience. That is hell, Cuba Gooding Jr.

Or, as stated by my comrades Doc, Rory, and Fletcher:

"Cuba Gooding Jr.! Hell is not flaming shipwrecks, dammit! Hell is spending a nice day at the beach, and upon returning to your condo for some food and a shower, you proceed to empty your pockets of your keys, a few

coins, some paper, and a few grains of sand. But those few grains become more and more sand, overflowing your pockets! The sand pours forth in a terrible deluge of silicon - and suddenly, you're back on the beach again, and you have to walk all the way back to your condo again. Oh,



<http://martin.carthage.edu/departments/english/dante/frames/Dore2Image.html>

and there are bagpipes playing! That is hell, Cuba Gooding Jr."

You get the idea.

I'll take all the answers and compile them into TOURIST'S PRACTICAL GUIDE TO HELL, a supplement that will appear in a future issue. I'm sure that there will be some interesting results. Send all responses to [tourist@csh.rit.edu](mailto:tourist@csh.rit.edu), or to GDT at [gdt@iname.com](mailto:gdt@iname.com). I'll be looking forward to them, and as you write, remember that if you are going to Hell sometime in the near future, be sure to check out the Kitchen. That's where the fun stuff is...

# How to Get Chicks: A Short Guide by Someone Who Doesn't Get Chicks

By Big Bad Bruce

The most important point to remember is that Girls Love Sensitive Guys. That's right. A way to any girl's heart is through the Sensitivity Gland (an organ conspicuously absent in the male physiognomy). If you can achieve a real understanding of this gland's operation and it's effects on the female behavior pattern, you can become a bona fide Chick Magnet™.

The Sensitivity Gland is behind some of the most curious and genuinely female characteristics that modern science has been able to isolate. For instance, most chicks believe (they seem to believe, anyway) that Violence Is Wrong. However, they get hot watching their man kick the shit out of some faggot. Hypocrisy? No. In this situation, the Sensitivity Gland releases special enzymes that temper the normal human desire for somebody else's blood with warm, "Violence Doesn't Solve Anything" feelings. Seems strange to us bloodthirsty males, doesn't it? Sure. But bitches are crazy, so bear with me.

So, to compensate for the Sensitivity Gland, you must adopt a caring attitude while practising cruelty. Trust me. Chicks dig it.

The second step to Getting Chicks is to engage in daring feats of stupidity. Girls are flattered by men who do dumb things to impress them, like diving from cliffs or playing baseball. (Playing baseball, incidentally, has the added perk of showcasing the male genitalia in a most attractive manner via very tight pants.) If you want to score the really hot bitches, you have to take some risks. Some examples of behaviors guaranteed to get the Juices of the Heavenly Pavilion flowing:

1.) Knifethrowing

2.) Team Sports

3.) Military Service

4.) Playing Guitar (see Sensitive Gland)

5.) Saving Dangerous Endangered Species from Extinction (see Sensitive Gland)



A third and very important strategy for scoring the hottest babes around is to, in the words of one Gracies Dinnertime Theatre editor, "push the heinie button." Yes, sexual prowess, real or imagined, is central to getting girls.

Unfortunately, you cannot simply push said button and wait for results. The bitches that you crave require (God knows why) some sort of "foreplay." This "foreplay" usually consists of kissing. Being a Good Kisser™ can be a ticket to all sorts of wild referral sex (whereby you get more chicks

than you bargained for because one of them liked your deep dicking).

A fourth element (a last resort, really) is to rely on the intoxicating effects of alcoholic beverages to weaken the bitches' resolve. Never underestimate the weakness and prurient desire of a drunk biddy - once the beer count has exceeded the number of fingers on both hands (digital amputees excluded), the inhibitions have taken a leave for the night, and you (our less-than-sexy protagonist) look like Ten Commandments-era Charlton Heston meets Goldfinger-era Sean Connery. Then, it's bonin' time. You've got the green light to make your move.

In conclusion: be sensitive, be stupid, fuck hard, and get her drunk.

You'll get the chicks.



## pulling a blank *by Sean Hammond*

I had a hard time writing my column this week. First I thought that it might be nice to tell you about my search for an apartment when I first came to Baltimore, but it really isn't all that interesting. Then I thought about talking about my run in with "The Schiller Club," a group of rabid students at UMBC who are supporters of Lyndon LaRouche. That article is coming, but it requires so much reading of the propaganda I've managed to collect that I have yet to be able to piece together a coherent presentation.

Instead, I find myself gazing out a window of my second floor apartment into a deserted lane dominated by a large maple. The occasional brazen city squirrel darts from place to place, looking like an animated slinky, but the humans are holed up in their homes...no doubt with the heat turned on for the first time in several months.

Even as I write this, I can hear the banging of pipes as heat courses through them in the apartment directly below me. Smiling, I look at my open windows and snuggle deeper into the sweater and blankets I have draped around me.

Though the leaves have yet to show any evidence of their inherent artistry, the promise of their coming death is there. For some, fall is depressing. Surrounded by a dying world, they pine for the return of spring. For me, fall is a time of magick and promise. Winter is a blankness of contemplation, spring gets in my shoes, and summer is a fever. Only fall feels like the most human part of the year.

There is a magick in the air. It permeates everything and can make you remember lost friends and loves with a painful intensity. I'm not at all surprised that the Celts felt that the boundaries between our world and the one of Faerie become thin in the fall. When the thin spiderwebs of the past are about one's face, how can one not feel under the influence of a hidden world?

It's when the air is still and the rest of the world is huddled in their homes on days like today that I feel as though I could go outside and dance with the dust devils, or visit hidden streams and be accepted by creatures that only have life when we believe. The draw of Faerie is strong on me in the fall, its denizens crowding close for my attention. The Muses inevitably descend like so many artistic Valkyries pleading, suggesting, demanding that I make real what they whisper, speak, or shriek.

So for the next few weeks, while I'm able to listen to the Fair Folk, I'll be telling you some stories. Some will deal directly with the Fae, others might seem unconnected. Trust me, dear reader, they all have a theme. You might feel the threads binding them together without ever understanding, but that is the nature of Faerie.

Until next time. I find that I absolutely have to go outside and enjoy the fruitful melancholy....



# Halloween Story Contest

Deadline for submissions:

23 October, 53AT

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First place: \$80

Second place: \$20

Third place:

Our sympathies



The top stories will be published in a special issue of Hell's Kitchen on Saturday, the 31st of October.

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Rules and regulations: Deadline for submissions is midnight, October 23rd, 53AT. Material may be sent to Hell's Kitchen, 472 French Rd., Rochester, NY 14618 or emailed to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu). Include your name, age, address, telephone number, and email (if applicable). Please limit yourself to around 7500 words, as we are poor and printing costs will kill us. Submissions without proper identification will not be accepted. Material cannot be returned. All material remains the intellectual property of the creator, but Hell's Kitchen and its member organization reserve the right to reproduce it. Winners will be determined by a panel of judges. The decision of the judges is final. This contest is open to all literate individuals of all ages. Winners will be informed on the 30th of October, 53AT. Questions? Call 234-3120 or email [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu)