



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

12.05.54 AT



## Super All-Fact Issue



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## Just the facts, ma'am: a hastily written editorial

by Sean Hammond, guest editor

**F**acts are funny things: given enough time, they change.

Rather than dwell on the tired example of Columbus' contemporaries thinking the world was flat (which they didn't), reflect back on your own life. What did you once accept as fact that now you look back on with amusement? What do you believe now, and how long do you have to wait until that belief falls to the wayside?

If there is any Truth, in the Platonic sense, then we will never know it. A human or any sentient being has to remain in flux for its entire life; to stop changing is to die. Imagine, then, a constantly changing being trying to understand an unchanging Truth. Einstein is gyroscoping in his grave, but the image fits. As long as we continue to learn and experience the world, our perceptions change.

An unchanging, eternal Truth, as seen through the eyes of a human, will appear to change. We simply won't ever see the elephant, despite the lack of a fence to peek through.

To make matters worse, some facts are important; others aren't. The relevance of a given fact changes over time. Schizophrenics, for example, see patterns in the world that most don't; that doesn't mean the facts they connect aren't important or that the connections they are making are incorrect. Toward that end, GDT is proud to bring you this tribute to facts. Read into it however you want, but remember:

This, too, shall pass.

## Fun with Death: Horace Wells

Horace Wells became addicted to chloroform while experimenting with various gases during his anesthesia research. In 1848 he was arrested for spraying two women with sulfuric acid. In a letter he wrote from jail, he blamed chloroform for his problems, claiming that he'd gotten high before the attack. Four days later he was found dead in his cell. He'd anaesthetized himself with chloroform and slashed open his thigh with a razor.

## Antidote for Poisons

Circa 1912

*First.* -- Send for a physician.

*Second.* -- Induce vomiting by tickling throat with feather or finger; drinking hot water or strong mustard with water. Swallow sweet oil or whites of eggs.

*Acids* are antidotes for *alkalies*, and vice versa.

*Acids:* Muriatic, oxalic, acetic, sulphuric (oil of vitriol), nitric (aqua fortis). -- Use soapsuds, magnesia, lime-water.

*Prussic Acid.* -- Use ammonia in water; dash water in face.

*Carbolic Acid.* -- Use flour and water, mucilaginous drinks.

*Alkalies:* Potash, lye, hartshorn, ammonia. -- Use vinegar or lemon juice in water.

*Arsenic* (rat poison, paris green). -- Use milk, raw eggs, sweet oil, lime-water, flour and water.

*Bug poison, Lead, Saltpeter, Corrosive Sublimate, Sugar of Lead, Blue Vitriol.* -- Use whites of eggs, or milk in large doses.

*Chloroform, Chloral, Ether.* -- Dash cold water on head and chest; artificial respiration.

*Carbonate of Soda, Copperas, Cobalt.* -- Use soap-suds and mucilaginous drinks.

*Iodine, Antimony.* -- Use tartar emetic, starch and water, astringent infusions, strong tea.

*Mercury and Its Salts.* -- Use whites of eggs, milk, mucilaginous drinks.

*Opium, Morphine, Laudanum, Paregoric, Soothing Powders or Syrups.* -- Use strong coffee; hot bath. Keep awake and moving at any cost.

# The Politics of High Tech Damnation

(reprinted from *GDT*, 04.01.51 AT)

by A. S. Zaidi

“RIT should stand for 'really in touch' with the real world,” said Carl Kohrt, executive vice president of Kodak, in his keynote address during the Nov. 14, 1996 installation of the cornerstone for the 157,000 square foot Center for Integrated Manufacturing Studies (CIMS). The building was financed at a cost of \$21 million, \$11.25 million of which was provided by the federal government and \$9.25 million by the state of New York.

The Rochester Institute of Technology (RIT) has also earned the appreciation of the Central Intelligence Agency, which has designated the institution as a “strategic national resource worthy of explicit development and support.” In a 1985 Memorandum of Agreement between RIT and the CIA, the school agreed that its curriculum would be “responsive to certain defined specialties of the CIA.”

RIT's responsiveness to those specialties may well explain its attempts to cut art programs and the ensuing student unrest there. In late April '96, four weeks before the end of the final academic quarter, RIT professors leaked word to students that several art programs, including painting, printmaking, glass, textiles, ceramics, art education, medical illustration and interior design, were about to be discontinued or placed on “probationary continuation.”

The cuts would have devastated RIT's prestigious School of Art and Design (SAD) and the School for American Crafts (SAC). A couple of days after learning about the cuts, students gathered at RIT's Bevier Art Gallery on a Monday to organize. When they heard that the college's trustees were meeting at that very moment on campus in Building 1, they moved to its lobby to get their attention.

Soon President Simone and Provost Stanley McKenzie came down from the trustee meeting to hear the concerns of the students. Simone might have calmed the students, right there and then, with some vague words of reassurance. Instead, one of his gaffes, caught on videotape by a film student, propelled the students into action.

When a student asked Simone

where the art schools fit into his vision of RIT's future, Simone replied that while RIT was primarily known for its engineering and computer science, there was a danger that graduates could be too “narrowly focused.”

What the schools of American crafts, photography, interior and graphic design did for engineers, said Simone, was to provide them with “breadth of experience.” “As they walk on campus they see, uh... somebody... there are not too many engineers with, uh... long hair, for example,” he said, pointing to Kurt Perschke, a grad student in ceramics.

There was a moment of stupefied silence. Kelly Gunter, a writer for *GDT* at the time, described what followed:

“I think I heard a cricket at this point. The silence in the room was actually tangible as everyone had to stop and take a mental step back. I know that I was whispering inside my skull, “Please dear lord, let this be a metaphor for something. Please don't let him mean what I know he's saying.” Of course, he had to keep talking. I, and everyone else in the room who had been repeating that silent plea, could no longer block it out: he was indeed saying what we thought he was saying. In the wake of that aftershock, the room's ambient animosity level grew ten fold and threatened to precipitate out of solution. Simone eventually realized his folly and made a feeble attempt to save his floundering position by saying, ‘Well I guess there are a lot of people here with short hair.’ All was lost.”

The next day, students rallied in a breezeway, packed tightly together. A new activist group, Save Our School (SOS), had been born of panic and anger.

## Random Fact:

In 1964, a freighter carrying a cargo of sheep sank in the harbor of Kuwait. Afraid that the dead sheep would contaminate drinking water, people feverishly tried to devise ways of raising the ship. Luckily someone remembered a Disney comic book in which Donald Duck used ping pong balls to raise a sunken ship. So the ship was filled with 27 billion plastic balls and was soon afloat.

“The art programs are world-renowned,” said engineering student Jesse Lenney to the crowd. “Who runs this place? Who are they trying to please by booting the art students?”

Later, at an RIT community meeting, students expressed their concerns to Margaret Lucas, then dean of the College of Imaging Arts and Sciences (CIAS). On Thursday, students formed committees for speakers, alumni and parent contacts, rally organizers, research, as well as media and community outreach.

At a mass rally at Webb auditorium attended by hundreds, students viewed the videotape in which Simone made his infamous hair remark. “That's what we're here for, to run around so the engineering students can have some diversity,” said Kurt Perschke, unappeased by Simone's apology to him a couple of days earlier. “I want an apology for cutting my school. I don't give a damn about my hair.”

That day, the faculty voted unanimously to support the efforts of the SOS students to save the art programs. Professors who had previously limited themselves to slipping information under the door of the new SOS office at night, now openly criticized the process that had led to the cuts.

As information came to light, it was made clear that RIT professors had been given an “Academic Program Review Criteria” form to numerically evaluate their programs according to their centrality, financial viability, marketability and quality. Administrators were to recommend programs for consolidation or discontinuance based on the raw data provided.

The professors did not appear to have understood the purpose of the evaluative “tools,” which were meant to give the appearance of “scientific objectivity” to corporate downsizing. Not surprisingly, the programs that won out in the evaluative process were those dear to the corporate interests on the RIT trustee board, including accounting, business administration, management, finance, information systems

and marketing.

In a memo to RIT administrators, written during the first week of student protests, Thomas Lightfoot, an associate professor in CIAS, said:

“Numerous proposals have been put forth... which have not been seriously considered or even responded to. Is the faculty the driver of the curriculum or the administration? Is the faculty even a partner in the process? Or are we just employees, to do what were told, as the President has suggested?... I must add that the faculty, of at least the SAD/SAC component of the college, also pointed out its judgment that the review instrument was seriously flawed... It is also

notable that the reasons for discontinuance keep changing. The President wanted to identify a pot of money that could be saved through this process. He was convinced that there was lot of waste and money being lost by our programs. When it was discovered that there was no money to be found, the reasons shifted to a

### **Fun with Death: Attila the Hun**

In 453 AD, Attila married a young girl named Ildico. Despite his reputation for ferocity on the battlefield, he tended to eat and drink lightly, and was sensitive to alcohol. On his wedding night, however, he really cut loose, gorging himself on food and drink. Sometime during the night he suffered a nosebleed, but was too drunk to notice and drowned in his own blood.

resource reallocation rationale.

That week, SOS obtained donations from parents, student groups and alumni. They passed out flyers to students and asked alumni to write to the trustees, some of whom professed to be unaware of the proposed cuts. They got coverage from local television stations.

The rallies were followed by image-oriented protests. With the permission of Albert Paley, an RIT artist in residence, SOS students symbolically shrouded his sculptures outside the Strong Museum and the Eastman School of Music. They also wrapped the Main Street Bridge railings that Paley had designed.

At the Memorial Art Gallery, ceramics grad students Molly Hamblin and Kurt Perschke used gauze and string to cover works by Paley and Richard Hirsch, an RIT ceramics professor who attended the event in support of the arts. “We intend to keep the heat on,” said Perschke. “Today's demonstrations are about showing the fundamental connection between the school and the art community.”

The media images of a Rochester without art succeeded in embarrassing the trustees, and the RIT administration quickly backed away from its intention to cut the arts. In under two weeks, SOS had proved that students, alumni, faculty and even much of the business community strongly supported the arts. Through efficacious aesthetic persuasion, the students had saved their programs, at least for the time being, while alerting the RIT community to the implications of the Strategic Plan.

It was impossible, however, to sustain this activism, which began to wane as finals drew near. "A lot of students have shown how dedicated they are, but their work suffers," explained glass grad student Luis Crespo. "Come 'crunch time,' people will feel torn. In the end it boils down to the fact that they are students and have to get a grade."

In a series of informational meetings, Simone tried to promote the Strategic Plan, but the authoritarian character of the plan made it a hard sell. In addition to downsizing programs, the plan called for outsourcing RIT's physical plant services. Anthony Burda, an editor of the student weekly, *The Reporter*, was present at one meeting. He described Simone's response to a woman who had asked him about the outsourcing:

"As an alternative to out-sourcing... we might move towards student help... like fifty percent, something like that..." He points to catering, where the student staff comprises about 90%. He also points to savings in pensions, health insurance, etc., by having student janitors. Not to mention the saving in flat pay, resulting from paying students only around \$5.25 an hour. "By the time they're ready for a pay increase, they graduate." He starts laughing before he can finish his sentence. Everyone laughs. Well, the professors laugh. The lady in the audience, and the janitorial staff of about thirty, sit in the back quietly. For

some reason, it appears they really don't find getting replaced by student workers too funny.

At another meeting, an undergraduate asked Simone what role students played in the decision-making process at RIT. Christopher Hewitt, writing for *The Reporter*, provided an example of Simone's sensitivity to students:

He responded by telling the student that "in my opinion, the 18-22 year-old age group is not qualified in making decisions. You're a customer...and if you don't like it, you can vote with your feet." When asked about Simone's comment, the student replied, "We can vote with our feet by stamping them down in protest. Why should we run away from a place that we belong to when we can stay and make it a place that others will come to, not run away from? I think that these old men who are making the decisions don't realize how qualified the 18-22 age group is in making change and solid, competent decisions."

Thus did Simone squander the trust and goodwill that had come to him as RIT's new president soon after the CIA controversy of 1991.

Cut to 1991. The collapse of the Soviet Union had threatened this country with a peace dividend, but now the U. S. was avoiding that danger as it edged towards Bush's reelection campaign and the Gulf War.

In this climate, Richard Rose, then president of RIT and a former Marine, announced that he was taking a four month sabbatical to work on national policy and procedures in Washington. It occurred to someone to try to reach Rose at the CIA. When Rose answered the phone, the RIT-CIA scandal had begun.

Though most documents pertaining to CIA activities at RIT were shredded, a few were leaked to the press after a highly publicized theft from Rose's office. Many professors and administrators recalled

# SUBMIT.

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their experiences with the CIA when the press and a fact-finding commission began to investigate the affair.

The "lead organization" in the CIA-RIT relationship, according to the 1985 Memorandum of Agreement, was the Center for Imaging Science. New courses were to be added in artificial intelligence, integrated electro optics and digital image processing. Rochester journalist J. B. Spula explained why the CIA helped build RIT's imaging science facilities: RIT offers the CIA, and the national security establishment in general, state-of-the-art support in things like aerial photography, image-analysis, and high-tech printing. These and related technologies are the building blocks of surveillance, spy satellites, and, at the end of the militarist's rainbow, "Star Wars" in all its imperial glory.

In 1985, Rose consulted with CIA agents over the

choice of a new director for the imaging science center. One agent, Robert Kohler, became an RIT trustee in 1988. Another, Keith Hazard, later joined RIT's advisory board for imaging science.

In 1989, the administration tried to remove the center from the College of Graphic Arts and Photography and place it under the RIT Research Corporation (RITRC), which administers most of the CIA training, recruitment and research at RIT.

CIA influence extended to the rest of RIT as well. The Federal Programs Training Center was created at RIT in 1988 to give technological support to the CIA. There, students were paid \$8-10 an hour to produce forged documents. The crafts were also put to CIA use. Woodworking majors designed furniture with secret drawers, and picture frames with cavities for listening devices.

*(continued on pg. 6)*

## History with Skinned Knees

by Sean T. Hammond

Things happen in cycles, and History knows this. Filthy from playing outside all day, his mother, Recollection, will holler at him for sure. It happened before, and good money says it will happen again. Cycles, remember? For now, though, History is free to play with his favorite toy. Taking an ancient and battered glass top from his pocket, he rapidly winds the string around the spindle and gives it good spin, sending it jip, jip, jiping across the pavement. Gyroscopic historical inertia keeps the disk-world within locked into the ever repeating 9131.25 RPE (rotations per event), flicking the poor inhabitants into the pattern of eternity....

In 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. 100 years later, John F. Kennedy was elected. As history would have it, both men were

assassinated on a Friday in a public place, while their wives watched.

Andrew Johnson, a one time southern Senator born in 1908, succeeded Kennedy to the Presidency in much the same way Andrew Johnson (a one time southern Senator born in 1808) succeeded Lincoln.

On top of having to lose their husbands, both First Ladies lost children while living in the White House.

If only the Presidents had listened to their secretaries, History might have seen the top wobble a bit. Kennedy, Mr. Lincoln's secretary, had advised him not to attend the play at Ford's theatre. And poor Lincoln--Kennedy's secretary--warned him against going to Dallas. But as it was, John Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln with an imported gun at a theatre and evaded arrest in a warehouse. Much later, Lee Harvey Oswald shot Kennedy from a warehouse with an imported gun and later hid in a theatre. Both men were killed

prior going to trial.

The Play at Home Game: Get a penny and a 50 cent piece from mom. President Lincoln was the first President to appear on a coin in profile, facing right. Kennedy has a similar honor, but he was the last President whose profile appeared on a coin, facing left. Glue the penny to the left corner of your wall, and the half dollar to the other corner. Now get out your crayons and draw pictures of all the major events between 1860 and 1960. That way, Kennedy and Lincoln can look across 100 years of history.

It's fun!

- STH

### Hedge Numerology:

Lincoln: 7 letters

Kennedy: 7 letters

Andrew Johnson: 13 letters

Lyndon Johnson: 13 letters

John Wilkes Booth: 15 letters

Lee Harvey Oswald: 15 letters

In one course, students identified only by their first names designed wax molds for keyholes. The CIA even tried to place an interpreter at RIT's National Technical Institute for the Deaf.

Andrew Dougherty, Rose's executive assistant and a member of the Association of Former Intelligence Officers, supervised CIA activities at RIT. He authored the 1985 memorandum and consulting reports for the CIA, two of which caused a stir. The first, "Changemasters," resulted from discussions among six panelists, including Robert McFarlane (of Iran-Contra fame) and former vice presidents of Xerox and AT&T.

"Changemasters" advocated economic espionage against U.S. trading partners, the transfer of government-funded technology to the private sector, and the repeal of antitrust legislation. The second report, "Japan 2000," was an outgrowth of discussions with such experts on Japanese culture as McFarlane, Tim Stone, a former CIA agent and director of corporate intelligence for Motorola, and Frank Pipp, a retired Xerox executive. It warns our nation's decision-makers: "Mainstream Japanese, the vast majority of whom absolutely embrace the national vision, have strange precedents. They are creatures of an ageless, amoral, manipulative and controlling culture - not to be emulated - suited only to this race, in this place." The report concludes, "'Japan: 2000' should provide

notice that 'the rising sun' is coming - the attack has begun."

When the contents of "Japan 2000" were disclosed, Rose tried to distance himself from them by saying that the report was only a working draft. Although he later released a revised version, the report still caused widespread indignation. RIT historian Richard Lunt observes, "It is the height of hypocrisy to solicit gifts from leading Japanese corporations to finance the imaging science building while at the same time preparing a confidential document for the CIA which claims the Japanese government and Japanese corporations are conspiring to attack and destroy the United States."

The graduation ceremonies in May '91 were marked by protests. Visitors to RIT found the outlines of bodies drawn in chalk on sidewalks and parking lots.

That June, the administration announced that a blue ribbon trustee committee would investigate CIA activities at RIT. Somehow, a committee containing the likes of Colby Chandler, then chairman of Kodak, and Kent Damon, a former vice president of Xerox, did little to reassure critics of RIT-CIA ties that its inquiry would be impartial. The administration later added two students, five professors and an alumnus, who happened to be a Kodak vice president, to the committee. It also brought in Monroe Freedman, a former law school dean at Hofstra University, to serve as its senior fact finder.

As the scandal unfolded, Rose and Dougherty hastened to reassure the RIT community that the CIA was not unduly influencing the curriculum or threatening academic freedom. Claiming that "morality is built into every fiber of my being," Dougherty said that the CIA would never do anything morally objectionable. "They are really gun-shy about doing anything improper with an academic institution," he maintained.

Monroe Freedman, the senior fact finder of the commission that

### Random Fact:

Chicago artist Haddon Sunblom was hired by the Coca Cola Company in 1931 to create an image of Santa Clause for their 1931 pre-Christmas advertising campaign. Prior to becoming a fat Coke bottle, the Dutch Saint Nikolass often wore glue, green or yellow, and was thin, tall, and had hollow cheeks.



investigated the RIT-CIA ties felt otherwise. In his report he wrote, "Intimidation and fear are recurring themes in comments about matters relating to the CIA at RIT and, specifically, about Mr. Dougherty. One Dean called him "authoritarian," "harsh," and a "threatening individual." Another Dean said that Mr. Dougherty "had the power to make you or break you."

"To clash with him meant that you were going to be fired," the Dean said, giving the name of one person who, he alleged, was fired because he had said that Mr. Dougherty did not understand what a university is. One Vice President expressed resentment that he had been compelled to accept the appointment of an unwanted subordinate for an administrative position, noting that the subordinate also had responsibilities at the RITRC. "Things were done, said the same Vice President, and I had to go along."

Some RIT faculty and administrators declined to cooperate with the intelligence agency. Edward McIrvine, dean of RIT's College of Graphic Arts and Photography, twice refused CIA security clearance requests. Nonetheless, the CIA conducted a check on McIrvine without his permission and asked to see his medical records when it found that he had seen a psychiatrist a few years earlier.

Malcolm Spaul, head of the Film and Video Department, was asked to train CIA agents in video surveillance. Spaul declined because he is a friend of the family of Charles Horman, the journalist who was kidnapped and murdered in Chile during the 1973 coup. Spaul said that there was "some evidence that the CIA knew he was in captivity and acquiesced in his execution."

Another professor, John Ciampa, head of RIT's American Video Institute, refused to work for the CIA by pointing to a clause in his contract that says that the Institute would only engage in life enhancing activities.

As the RIT scandal drew attention to CIA involvement at other universities, Dougherty advised his CIA superiors that time was of the essence if the agency's activities at RIT were to be preserved. "Every day that the Federal Programs Training Center can be identified with RIT compounds our problem."

Dougherty proposed replacing the RITRC with a non-profit university foundation that would include

the University of Rochester. In June, Rose announced that he would sever all personal ties with the CIA, and Dougherty resigned as his assistant. Two months later, in September, Rose announced that he would step down as president the following year.

As a result of the CIA controversy, a committee was created to oversee research contracts at RIT. Recently, however, the committee informed Simone that it was not receiving the information that it needed to do its job. In fall '96, RIT trustees unanimously voted to designate President Rose as RIT President Emeritus.

RIT's current president, Albert Simone, took office in 1992. At first, the RIT community welcomed Simone's accessibility and his involvement in university affairs. He was quoted in the October 10, 1994 *Henrietta Post* as saying, "If you're not an open person, a sensitive person, a person who genuinely likes others, you can't be an effective decision-maker."

Compared to his predecessor, Simone appeared forthright and in touch with students and faculty. In an early speech, he expressed his commitment to the liberal arts. "He's a breath of fresh air," said philosophy professor Wade Robison.

About six months after his inauguration as president, Simone began to craft a ten year Strategic Plan for RIT, calling it "the most participatory plan in all of academia." He then embarked the university on a path of managed attrition, and began to make plans to expand partnerships with industry and to revamp the curriculum. Having slashed six million dollars from the annual budget, Simone announced his intention of cutting ten to twenty million dollars more, citing the need for "teamwork" if the RIT community was to benefit from the plan.

"If we have the sense of community I've talked about...I believe that we'll be able to find ways to - if we have to - downsize, restructure, reorient, re-prioritize, reallocate," Simone said, adding reassuringly, "I think we're going to have to do all of those things, but that doesn't mean we have to do them and have a lot of hurt and bloodshed and despair and destruction."

Had the RIT community been more familiar with Simone's tenure as president of the University of Hawaii (UH) from 1984 to 1992, it might have been wary of the changes in store for RIT. David Yount,

who served as vice president under Simone at UH, says in *Who Runs the University?* that it was widely rumored that Simone had been brought in as a “hit man” and that approximately one-third of the twenty-four deans left office early in his administration.

According to Yount, Simone's brash personality did not endear him to the UH community: Many of his listeners echoed the sentiments of former Manoa Chancellor Marvin Anderson when he confided pri-

vately to his staff that Al Simone has no class. Especially embarrassing were the sexist comments and ethnic slurs that sporadically popped out - his golfing double entendre about the hooker or his careless pronunciation of local names... Although he was coached for years by female staffers who managed most of the time to put the right words in his mouth and the right thoughts in his head, the wrong words and thoughts continued to emerge. He habitually said “woman”

when he meant women, introduced professional couples as “Dr. and Mrs.,” instead of “Dr. and Dr.” and betrayed genuine surprise whenever the career of a married woman surpassed that of her husband.

Several student groups, including Students Against Discrimination and Hawaii Women of Color, held a mock trial of Simone. Their mentor, Haunani-Kay Trask, Professor of Hawaiian Studies, charged Simone with incompetence, racism, sexism and ignorance of Hawaiian history. The jury found him guilty on all counts, and the judge pronounced him “an embarrassment to the entire university community and to the human race.”

The origins of RIT's crisis in the arts do not lie, however, in the colorful personality of Albert Simone, but in the convergence of the interests of large corporations with those of the national security state. The development of Kodak and Xerox products depends in large part on the advances made in the imaging sciences. Simone, who is both RIT president and chair of the Greater Rochester Chamber of Commerce, has built up the well-connected CIMS at the expense of the arts.

Speaking of connections,

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You can eat the mushroom so the psilocybine will be absorbed in you body through your mouth. Chewing it well slowly improves the effect and saves your stomach. You can also make tea from the mushrooms. Cook some water slowly, keep the fire low and leave the mushrooms in for about 20 minutes. Pour the water and mix with a caffeine-free tea. Don't sweeten the tea!. If you like, you can eat the residue. Take the mushrooms on an empty stomach in a quiet natural environment or home.

**Dosage:**

15 grams (gives a mild trip) to 30 grams (gives an intense trip)

**IF THIS IS YOUR FIRST TRIP, DO NOT EXCEED HALF A DOSE, WHICH IS 15 GRAMS!!!**

After 30 minutes you will notice the mushrooms start working. You will get relaxed, giggly, then visualizations will start that last 4-6 hours, depending on the amount you take.

**Some advice:**

\* Drink lots of water. If you feel sick or if you want to neutralize the effect, eat something light, take a high dosage of vitamin C (1gr) or eat something sweet.

\* We do not advise you to smoke a joint **before** the trip because it diminishes the effect. Smoking a joint **afterwards** may prolong or enhance the effects.

\* Do not use mushrooms more often than an ounce every few weeks. Take time to do something with the insights you have received.

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**Warning:**

Do not use when pregnant, nursing, depressed, on medication, when driving motorized vehicles, younger than 18 years old, in combination with stimulants or alcohol.

Treat the mushroom with respect, be alert to your environment and help those who take mushrooms for the first time. If so, the spirit of the mushroom will show you more of the secrets of the Universe

**HAVE A WONDERFUL FLIGHT  
TO YOUR INSIDE**

CIMS was built by the Pike Company, a construction firm which tops the list of a dozen Monroe County companies that last year exceeded the legal limit on corporate campaign contributions. Tom Judson, Pike Company president, claiming to be ignorant of the New York State statute that limits such contributions to \$5,000, said: "Maybe I can get some money back."

Indeed. No corporation has ever been fined for violating the statute, which was enacted in 1974.

Thus are connections made. The first off campus RIT trustee meeting convened in Washington, D. C. in April '97. President Simone explained, "We want Washington to know us better. We have had a lot of support from the federal government. We need more."

During their three day stay in Washington, the trustees met with members of Congress and federal officials to discuss such matters as technology transfer and research, and were briefed by a Department of Defense (DOD) undersecretary on U. S. technology policy. Anita Jones, the director of DOD's Defense Research and Engineering, observing that she didn't know of any other university board coming to Washington, said of the RIT trustees visit: "I thought it showed a lot of forward thinking."

In March '97, I interviewed Kurt Perschke and fellow ceramics student and SOS organizer Molly Hamblin. They related to me the history of the School of American Crafts, which owes its existence to Aileen Osborn Webb, founder of the American Craft Council. SAC opened at Dartmouth in 1944 and moved to RIT in 1950. As the first school in this country exclusively devoted to crafts, SAC was inspired by the Crafts Movement, which has been a counterweight to the values of the Industrial Revolution for over a century.

To hear Hamblin describe the material with which she works is to come to feel that it has a life of its own, giving new meaning to Keats' "strife between damnation and impassioned clay." Hamblin believes that RIT students are too engrossed in the information highway, too dazzled by the prospect of being able to purchase groceries by computer, to bother to express themselves. She describes to me the eeriness of RIT buildings that are full of people and silent except for the clicking of computer keyboards.

While Perschke and Hamblin are elated that the art schools have earned a reprieve, they know that their existence remains precarious. Hamblin says that the art schools have been given a three to five year "umbrella," during which they have to successfully market their programs. While advertising has increased student enrollment in the art schools for next year, the RIT administration remains uncommitted to the art programs.

Hamblin notes that positions are being left unfulfilled as professors retire, and that the increased number of art students has not led to an increase in the space available to them or to improvements in their facilities while Perschke laments the absence of institutional memory at RIT, where students know little about the 1991 CIA controversy. Unless the disjunction between past and present is overcome, the arts and crafts may go the way of the dodo and the carrier-pigeon. SAC may be forced to eventually leave RIT and become independent again in order to survive, says Hamblin, who does not relish the idea of being in an institution where she is not wanted.



**Gracies  
Dinnertime  
Theatre™**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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marketers of "Conscious  
Dream Products"

### Feedback:

Send email to  
gdt@hellskitchen.org

### Cover:

Jack Webb  
(b. 4/25 BAT, d. 12/37 AT)

### Adoration:

The beatific A-Master A  
(the MCP) in all its tem-  
platic wonder, with  
assists from the useless  
B-Master B.

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# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre



Member of  
Hell's Kitchen



Please Recycle



# Tourist's Movie Reviews

PRESENTS

## Lame Horses

Written and Illustrated by Sean J. Stanley

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

### **THE LAME HORSE DERBY**

The race would begin with the horses,

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

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

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

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

-SJS-

### Errata

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

We apologize for any confusion.



# LETTERS

Hello,

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

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

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

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

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

-ed, [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)



GDT,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The strip doesn't run.

April. Still waiting.

I am becoming "disgruntled."

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

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

Vaya con dios, slayers...

Gil Merritt

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

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

19991209

By Pat Fleckenstein

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Sanford Wallace

President of CyberPromotions and  
"King of Spam"

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

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

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

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

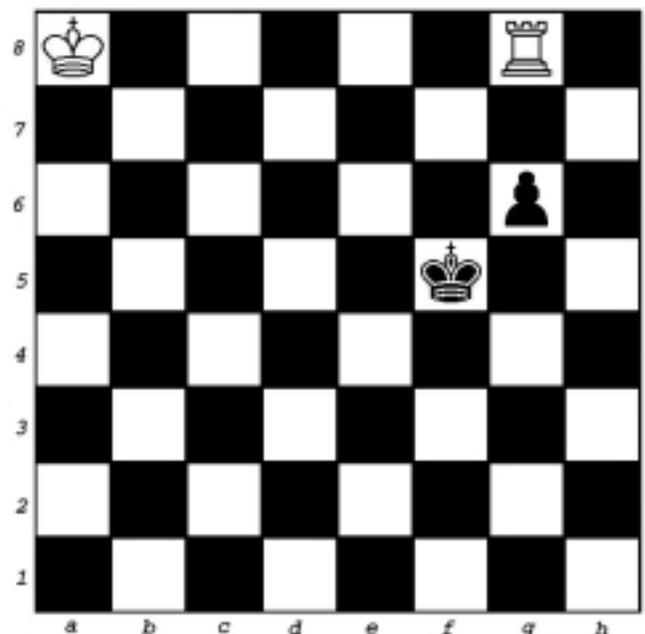
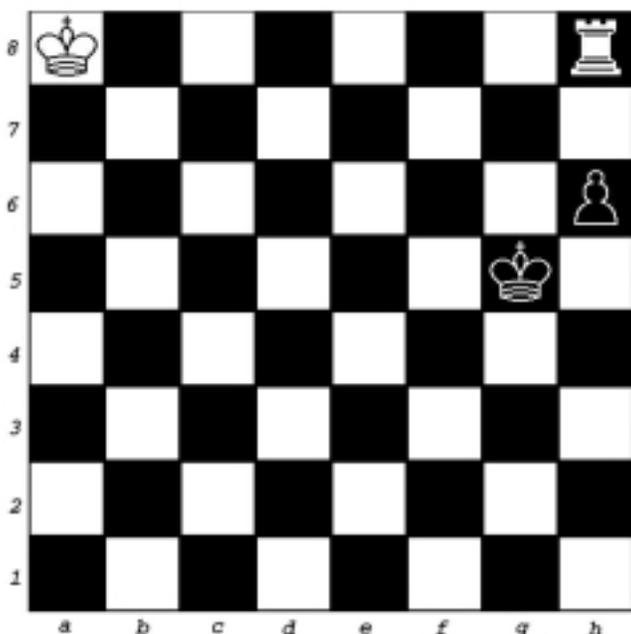
There is a higher order thermodynamics going on here. And, it may be turtles all the way down.

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

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

### White to play and win.

By Adam Fletcher



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

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

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

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

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

---

### Continued from last week, more Famous Deaths!

#### **Tycho Brahe:**

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

#### **How he died:**

Didn't get to the bathroom in time

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

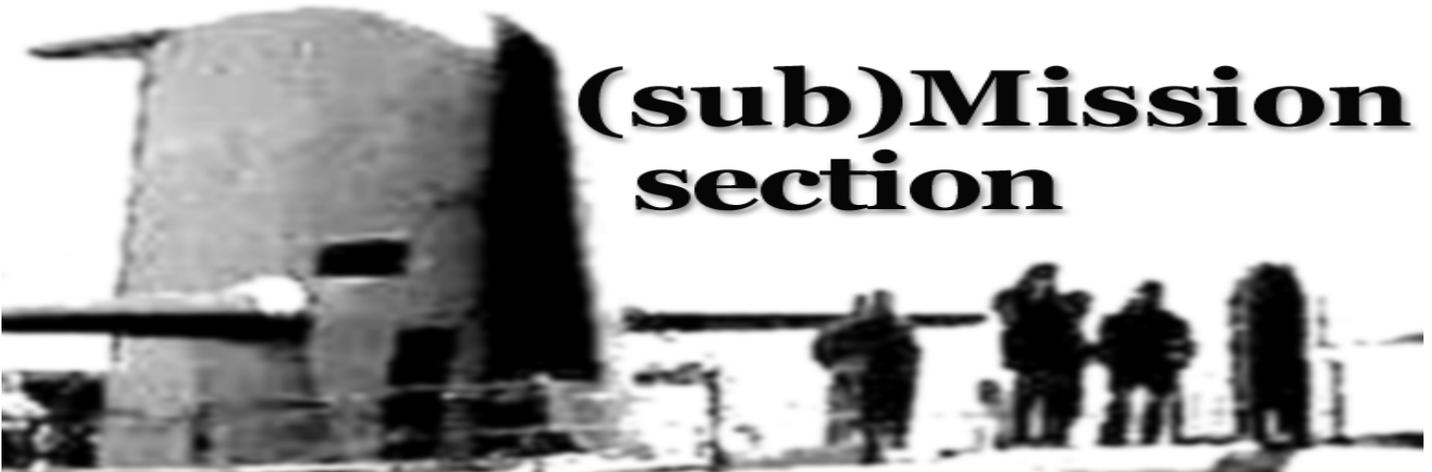
#### **Sir Francis Bacon:**

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

#### **How he died:**

Stuffing snow into a chicken

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



# (sub)Mission section

## What the fuck is this section?

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

SUBMIT AND WE WILL PRINT.

---

### "Broken"

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

S.Blue

---

### "Ugh"

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

-Andy Hoffmeister

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# Howard's Happy Hour

By Howard Hao



## A Poem About My Poetry

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

## The Food Rhyme (Gustatory Galore)

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

*Episode 3...*

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

**Kids:** Scalpel!

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

**Kids:** Salmonella!

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

**Milton:** Iguana eggs.

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

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

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

**Kids:** Predators!

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

**Kids:** Prophylaxis!

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

**Kids:** Cunnilingus!

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

**Kids:** Shiny traps!

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

**Kids:** Cheese!

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

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

**Big Daddy's  
Biology Show**



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**SUBMIT.**

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## Episode 4...

**Big Daddy:** Hey there kiddees, Big Daddy here!

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

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

**Kids:** Goiters!

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

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

**Kids:** Hormonal imbalance!

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

**Kids:** Worms!

**Big Daddy:** The really neat part is

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

**Kids:** Dogma!

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

to talk to a chick.

**Kids:** Projection!

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

**Kids:** Eewwww!

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



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Our Father, keeping it  
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## Big Daddy's Biology Show



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Cover image copyright 1999-2000 Ryan David Grove

**Mal-content is barefoot  
and pregnant.**



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Please Recycle

# Socio-Political Themes in *The Smurfs*

by J. Marc Schmidt

## 1.) Introduction:

This is a discursive analysis of the television programme *The Smurfs*, created by Peyo, and first aired during the greater part of the eighties. In other words, it is an analysis of some of the socio-political themes I have noticed in the show.

*The Smurfs* is a unique programme. It is, first and foremost, a cartoon, and as such it is aimed at children. The discussion could end there, however, unlike many other cartoons, or indeed other television programmes, *The Smurfs* is about an entire society and its interactions with itself and with outsiders, rather than the adventures of just a few characters. Hence I believe it is, in short, a political fable, in much the same way that *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* was a fable about Christianity. Rather than Christianity, however, *The Smurfs* is about Marxism.

I am not accusing *The Smurfs* of being some kind of subversive kiddie propaganda—although if it was, would it really be that much worse than the spate of ‘toyetic’ cartoons of the same decade that only existed to sell plastic toys? In any case, this essay should be seen as the highest kind of praise. What other children’s’ shows would address the issue of Marxism in such a way, and at such a pivotal point in the history of the Cold War? The Smurfs should be praised for using metaphor and the device of the fairy tale to introduce children to political themes. If Peyo was a socialist, however, he was obviously not the sort who had much time for the version of it practiced by the Soviet Union and other Eastern bloc police states. He was a utopian. There is a distinct lack of any kind of army or police in the Smurf Village. On rare occasions when it is necessary, they form their own civilian militia to fight off threats. Otherwise, it is the absolute opposite of the police state.

After my brief analysis of Marxism in *The Smurfs*, I will also be addressing the issues of feminism and homosexuality in the show. But the main concern of this essay is to argue that *The Smurfs* was a Marxist fable.

## 2.) The Smurf Village as a Marxist Utopia:

The Smurf Village itself is a perfect model of a socialist commune or collective. It is self-reliant, and the land is not owned by individuals, but by the entire collective of all the Smurfs, if the word ‘owned’ is even appropriate.

Papa Smurf represents Karl Marx. He is not so much the leader of the Smurfs as an equal revered by the others for his age and wisdom. He has a beard, as did Marx, and thus could conceivably be a caricature as well. And

lastly, he wears red, which is the traditional color of socialism.

Brainy Smurf could represent Trotsky. He is the only one in the village who comes close to

matching Papa’s intellect—he is a thinker.

With his round spectacles, he could

also be a caricature of Trotsky. He is

often isolated, ridiculed or even ejected

from the commune of the village for his

ideas. And of course, Trotsky was banished

from the USSR.

Despite their different professions/distinc-

tions, the Smurfs are all completely equal. Thus, while

the occupations of certain Smurfs, such as Farmer,

Handy and Greedy, are more important than others,

such as Clumsy, Grouchy, or Lazy,

there is no feeling that certain

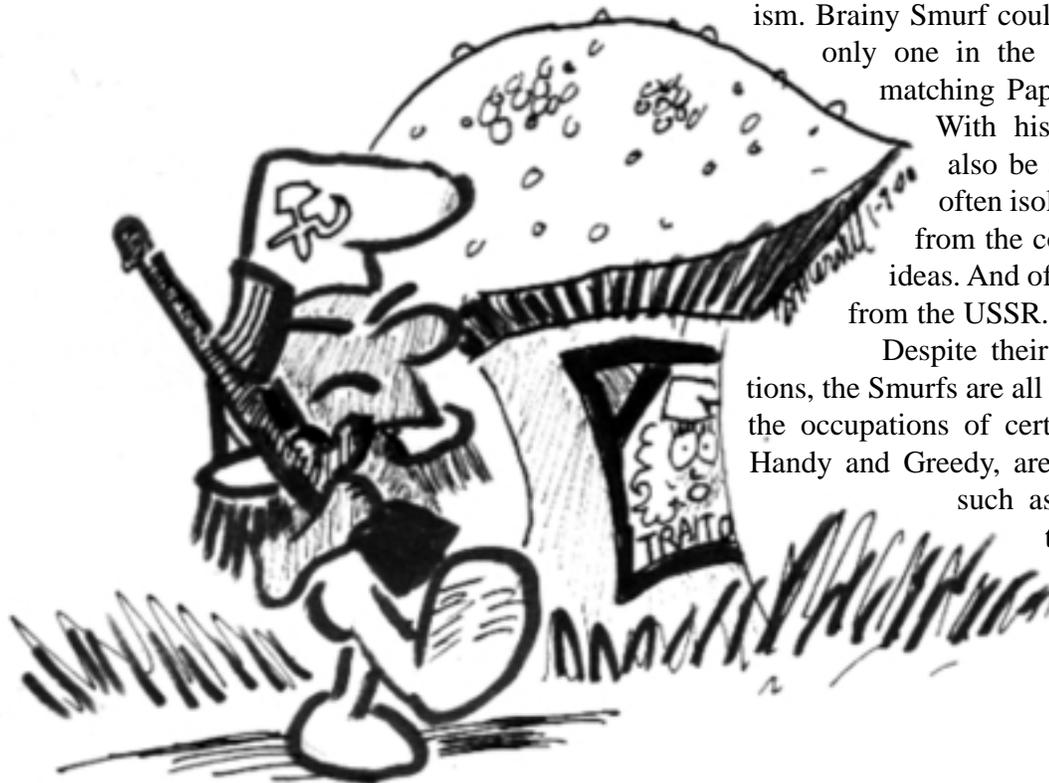
Smurfs are superior or infe-

rior to others because of

their work, or level of skill,

because ultimately, every-

one is a Smurf first.





Economically, the Smurf Village is closed-market. There is no money, and all possessions are communal property of the collective. Everyone is equally a worker and an owner. The Smurfs reject the idea of a free-market economy, with its greed and inequities, and the collective is more important and valuable than the individual. The whole is greater than the sum of its parts. John Lennon asked us to ‘imagine no possessions’. The Smurf Village achieves that goal. In fact, many of the ideas expressed in that song are reality in the Village. There is one large piece of capital or produced means of production, in the Smurf Village: the dam. It is owned, operated and repaired by the entire collective.

The Smurfs all refer to one another by the same title; ‘Smurf’. E.g., Brainy Smurf, Handy Smurf, Jokey Smurf, Lazy Smurf, Papa Smurf. This is highly reminiscent of socialist states’ use of the word ‘comrade’ when referring to others, instead of more elitist titles.

Adding to the idea of complete equality in the Village, most of the Smurfs wear the same kind and color of clothes. It is a general work uniform, and with the distinctive caps and blue skin, is highly reminiscent of the so-called Mao Suit, common in Maoist China.

In the tradition of pure Marxism, the Smurf Village is atheist. There is no god, and there is no Priest Smurf. There are only the ‘real’ forces of nature and physics, and these are represented metaphorically by the characters of Mother Nature and Father Time. Of course, there is also magic, as practiced by Papa, Gargamel, Balthazar and others, but it is simply another tool, something that occurs in nature, that has physical properties and can be tapped into, with the right know-how. It is not, as many religions are, a way of understanding the universe in a supernatural context.

The episode “The King Smurf” was the ultimate illustration of the Marxian conflict between the bad, oppressive kind of government, where greedy kings (and capitalists) exploited the population for their own ends; and the good, egalitarian political model Marx had formulated. In the episode, a militia is formed to overthrow Brainy, who has become King in Papa Smurf’s absence, and utopian order is restored when Papa Smurf returns. In this instance, Papa Smurf, as Marx himself, represents the ideal form of Marxism. The evil wizard Gargamel represents capitalism. He embodies everything bad about capitalism. He is greedy, ruthless, and his only concern is with his own personal gratification. He is what happens when the individual makes himself more important than the society he lives in. Not coincidentally, he is also a crazy old hermit with no real friends.

What does Gargamel want to do with the Smurfs? He has two ideas. The first is to eat them. This is unusual, because the Smurfs are small and rare, and would not make as good eating as, say, a deer. It is similar to Sylvester’s obsession with eating the golf ball sized meal that is Tweety Bird. There are two explanations. The first is that metaphorically; he wants to devour socialism, as the West wanted to do to the USSR and its satellites during the Cold War through its tactic of encirclement. The second is that as a pure capitalist, he wishes to turn everything into a commodity—including people. The second thing Gargamel plans to do to the Smurfs once he catches them is to turn them into gold. As the ultimate super-capitalist, he is more concerned with his own wealth than with equality and fairness. Like any Adam Smith style capitalist, it is his ‘natural’ state to want as much money as he can get.

Gargamel is a cold, bitter and ultimately empty man. This is because he has nothing else in his life but a soulless quest for wealth and possessions. A definite statement about the anti-social effects of economic rationalism.

Gargamel’s ginger cat, Azrael, represents the worker in the ruthless, free-market state that is Gargamel’s house. He is uncomplaining, or, since he has no voice (i.e. Trade Unions), is metaphorically unable to complain. He cannot negotiate his wage—he eats whatever he is given by his master. He is smaller and less well off than Gargamel, and metaphorically, he represents the proletariat, while Gargamel represents the

bourgeoisie. Azrael is exploited and oppressed. He risks his life fighting and hunting for his master, and does not have the intellectual capacity to question this state of affairs, just as the worker suffered his fate for centuries because education was off limits to him, and he had no other option but to work for his bosses.

Gargamel owns his house and everything in it, including the capital of his alchemical equipment, in nothing like the way that the Smurfs own their village. If the same political structure existed at Gargamel's house, both he and Azrael would be equal owners, regardless of Gargamel's superior size, knowledge and skill. But Azrael owns nothing.

The incursion of the new characters later in the series/eighties, such as the Smurflings, with their colors and different clothes and looks, can be viewed in the real world as an incursion by commercial interests to increase the popularity and salability of the show. In the show, metaphorically, they represent Western intrusion to the utopian harmony of the Smurf Village, just as Gorbachev's glasnost and perestroika reforms in the mid to late eighties heralded the ultimate demise of the Soviet Union.

### 3.) Feminism and *The Smurfs*:

Monique Wittig wrote that women are defined as women, while men are defined by their occupation, the idea being that men have occupations but women do not. For example, if an accident was being reported, the victims might be described as 'a teacher, a plumber and a woman'. Smurfette is unique in the village in that she is not defined by an occupation or a personality trait like the male, or real Smurfs, but by her sex. She is not a real member of society because of her sex, and this is represented metaphorically in the show by the fact that she was created by Gargamel.

The diminutive suffix of 'ette', common in our society, also identifies Smurfette as being not the equal of the males. She is the second sex.

Above I asserted that everyone in the Village was equal. In a sense, this is still true. In the beginning, it was all male, and Smurfette's introduction did not disrupt the patriarchal order. Thus, Smurfette is equal to the others politically, but not socially.

In an ideal, sexist, patriarchal state, women are not a part of the community. They do not occupy the 'public sphere' of work and the outside world, and they certainly do not work. Smurfette's main occupation seems to be standing around looking pretty, i.e. 'being the woman', although when it comes to problem solving, the producers have not, thankfully, made her a brainless bimbo. She is quite a bit sharper than the rest of the Smurfs, except of course, for Papa.

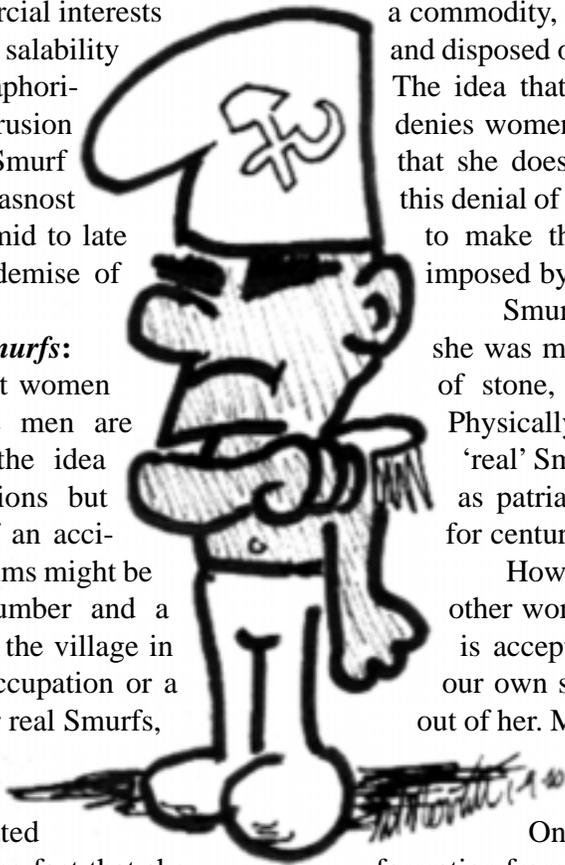
Smurfette is definitely the 'object' of the male gaze. Since she is the object, the males are the subjects. They are active, she is passive.

Smurfette has no breasts. I believe this is significant when we consider how Smurfette was created. She began life as the almost Frankensteinian creation of Gargamel. As a capitalist, he naturally is treating her as a commodity, something which can be made, used and disposed of, all ultimately to make him money. The idea that a woman can be made by a man denies women's key role in procreation. The fact that she does not possess breasts goes further to this denial of nature, an attempt to control women, to make them conform to the societal norm imposed by the patriarchal order.

Smurfette is a secondary creation, in that she was made after the males. She has a heart of stone, and technically, she is unnatural. Physically and metaphorically, she is not a 'real' Smurf. She is, in short, bad and wrong, as patriarchal cultures have viewed women for centuries.

How do you make a better woman? In other words how do you make a woman who is acceptable by society (i.e. the Village or our own society)? One, you take all the fight out of her. Make her compliant, make her toe the line created and maintained by the male-dominated social structure.

One visual example of this is her transformation from a brunette to a blonde. Western society traditionally stereotypes dark-haired women as brainy, but blondes as dumber, but more beautiful and desirable. And that is another way to make a better woman. You make her beautiful. Essentially, when Papa Smurf casts his spell to make Smurfette a 'real' Smurf, the visible difference was that she was more 'beautiful' as well. Thus it follows that before, she was ugly. So when it comes to women, ugly equals wrong, and beautiful equals right, and in a sense, real. But why is one



thing beautiful and another thing not? Who says? Ultimately, the patriarchal order. And the Smurf Village, with its 99:1 ratio of males to females, is definitely a patriarchy. This adds to the idea of woman as commodity—she is changed and made by men, and is beautiful by their standards. And at the end of it she is thankful.

Gloria Steinem once wrote that ‘women were history’s first drag queens’, meaning that ideals of beauty are all imposed by the patriarchal order, and there is no reason for women to look ‘like women’ other than a need for distinction between the sexes, and to reinforce the idea of women as mere objects, as the focus of male gaze. Smurfette is no exception.

In an ideal patriarchal society, there are no women. Can you imagine what the Smurf village would be like if the ratio of males to females were 50:50? One thing is certain, it would not be the same utopia it is presented as in the show. Perhaps this means that the ideal Marxist State can only truly operate when everyone is equal, including sexually, although it is almost impossible to imagine an all-female Smurf Village. This is probably more due to deep, intrinsic sexism in our own society than any other reason. If female was the ‘natural’ sex for Smurfs, I cannot see why they would all look like Smurfette. The concept of beauty, if it existed at all, would have no basis, no frame of reference in which to be equated with ‘blonde and cute’.

#### 4.) The Smurf Village as Homotopia:

The Smurf Village was always all male, until Smurfette came along, when it was still overwhelmingly male. This means that they did not procreate by traditional means, and thus, ‘heterosexuality’ would not be the norm.

Much like ancient Greek city-states such as Athens, which many believe is the closest to a pure democracy the world will ever come, government was by all the people, and by ‘all the people’ they meant males only. Women are not invited to participate in public affairs. In Athens, homosexuality was not uncommon, nor was it particularly frowned upon.

No Smurf ever forms a relationship with Smurfette. Although she is the focus of some childish heterosexual rivalries, especially between Hefty and

Handy, there is never any real heterosexual tension in the Village. The tension is more between Hefty and Handy themselves, who seem to be more interested in impressing each other than Smurfette. If the Smurf Village existed for ages without any females, how would the Smurfs have been able to understand what the Smurfette was? Certainly, nature would provide examples of male-female bonding that the Smurfs would have been able to observe, but in their own sphere, there were never any women, and never any heterosexuality. Thus, how could Smurfette have been able to seduce anyone? Are the creators trying to say that heterosexuality is the natural state, even if it never existed in society and there was never any frame of reference for understanding what heterosexual attraction was? On this point, I’m prepared to let the creators off. They probably weren’t even thinking about it, because in our society, heterosexuality is very much seen as the norm. Lastly, I believe the characters of Hefty, Handy and Vanity are gay archetypes. Vanity is the kind of gay archetype commonly presented by the straight entertainment industry, for example in the UK sitcom *Are You Being Served?* while Hefty and Handy are gay archetypes in the same vein as the Village People, with their extremely iconic masculinity, exaggerated to the point of camp. Meanwhile, I believe Clumsy and Brainy represent a stereotypical gay couple.

#### 5.) Conclusion:

I believe that at the very least, Peyo was attempting to present certain Marxist theories in the form of an allegorical fairy tale. *The Smurfs*, then, succeeds in the way the best kind of fantasy literature does—by shining a light on the real world we all live in. There is much evidence to suggest that *The Smurfs*, as a narrative, is a utopian socialist fable. And ultimately, I think a large part of the appeal of the show comes from this utopian ideal, because even if it is unlikely to ever occur in the real world, with all its complexities, we can still imagine.

*Send comments to: [j\\_marc\\_s@hotmail.com](mailto:j_marc_s@hotmail.com)  
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<http://www.Geocities.com/Hollywood/Cinema/3117/sociosmurf2.htm>*

One of the hardest things about putting together GDT every week is the folding. The printer gives us GDT issues unfolded, and we have to fold every issue by hand.

**We could use some help, and we'll pay you.**

Contact Sean Hammond: [seant@hellskitchen.org](mailto:seant@hellskitchen.org)

# Howard's Happy Hour

Poetry by Howard Hao

## Effigy of an Evil Flatmate

This one's for  
That thorn in my side  
For oh so very long...  
Fuck you, bitch!  
Kicked out of school for being an idiot  
And succumbing again for a second round,  
Now an assistant for the rest of her pathetic life.  
Nasty and dirty  
And picks through garbage.  
Slams doors, leaves stains,  
Always on the damned telephone—  
Hair all over the damned place!  
Never buys new stuff, just gets  
Worn out, old shit—used shit  
From the dump, like that package of oversized  
Underwear you brought home and paraded around.  
Not that frugality is bad, but to the

Extent that she prevails...  
Doesn't leave messages after calls;  
Guess what you harridan! Revenge is sweet!  
Take that you wicked wench,  
Penny-pinching scoundrel  
With the fucked up family  
That won't shut the hell up even at  
Two in the fucking morning!  
Booming, maniacal laughter and haughty  
Voices echoing in the middle  
Of the night. The closet door  
Slamming, waking me at three fucking AM!  
Well, eat shit and die, bitch!  
My sincerest best wishes to the other,  
The kind and gentle flatmate.  
My sincerest "FUCK YOU" to the harlot;  
If our paths should ever cross again  
It would be a doomed fate!

## That Despicable Milkman

Mommy, the Milkman is at the door again!  
Please explain to me why I need to hate him.  
He doesn't seem all that bad.  
He doesn't seem to be any sort of cad.  
You said once that he did a bad thing...

Doesn't the word Forgiveness have any meaning?  
I am certain he isn't too deplorable;  
Give him a chance, he may be adorable!  
So let him be and you will plainly see,  
That...hey! Why the hell does he LOOK LIKE ME?

## Guilty Pleasures

Take that you fucking morons!  
Yeah, watch them splatter and laugh maniacally in glee  
Such a guilty pleasure.  
It's only a video game,  
Distortion and human-created electronic distraction.  
God, I love you to death!  
Yeah, caressing the blossoming bosoms with great interest  
Such a guilty pleasure.  
It's only a magazine picture,  
Attraction and perfectly-photographed scant human beauty.  
I love to gorge on this stuff!  
Yeah, pile it on my plate and watch me go  
Such a guilty pleasure.  
It's only a prepared dish,  
Gluttony and a human-created ensemble of spices and taste.  
The guilty pleasures of man and woman are many  
But the antidotes are far and few between.



Episode 5...

**Big Daddy:** Hey there kiddees, Big Daddy here! Today's show is about the brain. The brain consists of tiny little sausage-shaped cells on strings. Cells are the packets of gunk that make up your body. Brain cells are called neurons. Can you nuur-nonn?

**Kids:** Dendrites!

**Big Daddy:** Good! And your neurons are strung together in long chains that have belt-buckles every few inches. Really Tiny Belt Buckles. The purpose of these buckle cells is to secrete brain oil, which lubricates the ideas swimming around in your brain, and lets you think faster. The problem with the buckle cells is that they are easily incapacitated.

**Kids:** Lubricate Cheryl!

**Big Daddy:** You sure learn fast, kids, Cheryl isn't worth a damn without half a tube of... Anyway, the most common problem occurs when you eat ice cream. Ice cream is not what they call a "brain food" because when you eat it, your teeth get really cold, and since your bones are such good heat conductors, that chills your whole skull by almost ten degrees. When your brain gets cold the pressure inside decreases because the buckle cells stop making brain oil.

**Kids:** Texaco cures Parkinson's!

**Susie:** Grandma takes dopamine, is that like brain oil?

**Big Daddy:** Exactly! And since there's not enough brain oil in your head, the thoughts get stuck on the strings and they start tugging on them really hard trying to move.

**Kids:** Ouch!

**Big Daddy:** That's right, kids. Because the thoughts are pulling so hard trying to migrate through the neurons, the doctors call this a "migration headache." You probably hear

## Big Daddy's Biology Show



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your parents talking about these all the time... things like, "If you don't cut out that racket, you're gonna give me a migration headache!" and "Shh, kids, Daddy's got a migration tonight and he needs his whiskey and some peace and quiet."

**Kids:** Drug therapy!

**Big Daddy:** When it works, it works. Since ice cream decreases the pressure in your skull, the volume increases (that's Boil's Law, go watch *Snoopy Ruxpin's Physics Show* for more details on Boil and his graduate students who did all the work).

**Kids:** Binary fusion!

**Big Daddy:** And since the skull is pretty solid, confining stuff, the brain starts to overlap and get tangled on itself. This does two things. First, the migrating thoughts get really stuck in the neuronal quagmire, but worse, some of the sausage-shaped neurons start bursting and spitting hot, greasy juices onto the thoughts.

**Kids:** Natural casings!

**Big Daddy:** This would be a good lubricant, but because it's so hot, the thoughts start disintegrating under the barrage. This is referred to as "losing your train of thought." This huge heat buildup does have one good side effect, though, which is heats up the skull again, and melts the ice cream so you can take another bite.

**Kids:** Hooray!

**Big Daddy:** That's all for this week, kids. You're the smartest kids I know!

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

**Big Daddy:** Too damn smart for their own good, some days. Cheryl! Have you been telling those brats stories again?



Episode 6...

**Big Daddy:** Hey there kiddees! Big Daddy here. Today's show is about how plants get their food. Lots of people will tell you that plants can make their own food, so they don't need to hunt or scavenge like animals. These are people that have never been tripped by a bramble late at night in a dark forest. Don't let 'em fool you, kids, there's no such thing as a living being that doesn't have to hunt down its food one way or another. Humans go hunting at the grocery store, and plants go hunting in the forests. Those brambles are especially patient little beasties. They lie in wait for a roaming chlorophyll to trap and then they hoard them in their roots. That's why it's so hard to pull them out of the ground, even when wearing thick gloves. Their roots get so bloated with excess chlorophyll that they grow stringy little extensions around all the nearby rocks and hold tight.

**Bobby:** What about the small plants that can't catch as many chlorophyll?

**Big Daddy:** Good question for a change there, B, are you trying to stay out of the Wrong Room for a while? Anyway, smaller, more flexible plants have another method of getting food. No need to wait when you have thin little roots that you can pick up and carry around with you. These plants are the carnivores. Remember what carnivore means, kids?

**Kids:** Bread-eaters!

**Big Daddy:** Right! And that's what these plants do. They get hungry for the same reason you and I do, which is that their hypothalamus is stimulated by the estrogen called Thalidomide.

**Kids:** Babies!

**Big Daddy:** And so these hungry plants run through the forests at night endlessly, needing the nourishment of chlorophyll to live. They have to be careful not to over-eat, though, as well, because chlorophyll has been shown to cause cancer in laboratory rats, and to most young plants, that's a really scary idea.

**Kids:** Surgeon General!

**Big Daddy:** Very Good! And everybody knows that when a cancer gets into a new body, it heads straight for the prostate gland and sets up camp there, and it's all over for the poor sucker who caught the cancer.

**Kids:** Sucker!!

**Big Daddy:** Aaabsolutely! Well, that's all the time we have for today, kids, but remember to watch out for that chlorophyll, if you eat too much of it, you'll become a lab rat just like those poor little cancer-ridden prostate plants out there.



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# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre



Cover image copyright 1999-2000 Ryan David Grove

**“...near the end of cocktail hour,  
their dinner was served...”**



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# The Magic Wondershow

*Broad and wandering ideas for a broad and wandering world...*

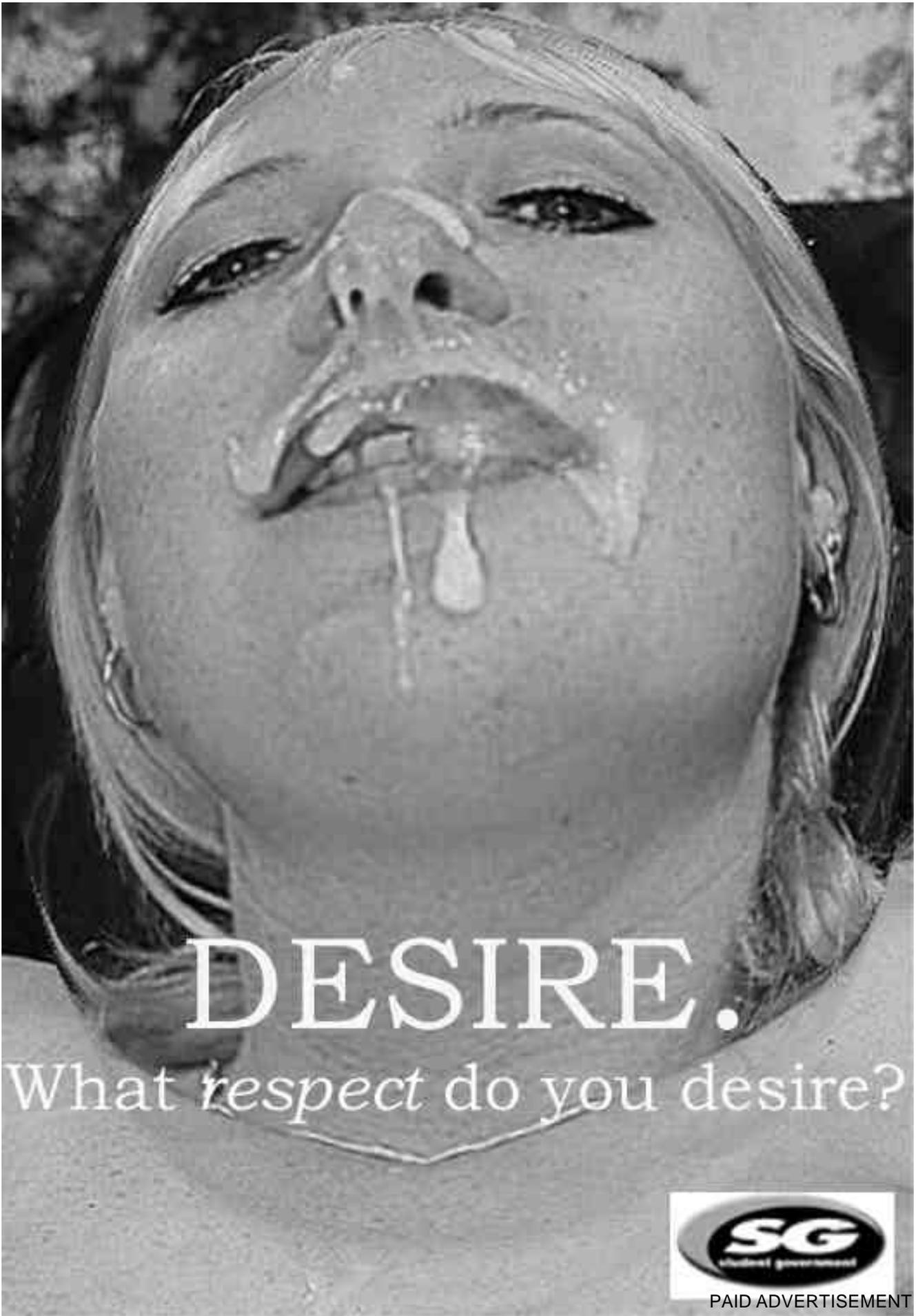
*By Sean J. Stanley*

Faithful readers, I have reached an impasse. After careful scrutiny of my last few columns, I've decided that "Tourist's Movie Reviews" is no longer apropos. My focus has broadened to include many an issue beyond the cinematic glory of the silver screen. That is why I'm changing my column's name from TMR to the more fitting moniker of "The Magic Wondershow". Why the whimsical and quite possibly corny nomenclature? Well, every man's river runs deep. As does mine. I reserve the right to be corny from time to time. Besides, it's the name of my film production company, so I figured I'd tie it in somehow. Don't worry, you'll still get the same El Touristo flavor, just in a new and improved package. But I've already devoted too much time to this. Onward.

This week, I wish to discuss many things, in particular, the great sport, the stately game of kings and cobblers alike. I speaketh of the great enterprises of the human recall function under stressful timed circumstances. Of course, I mean the College Bowl™, a masterful synergy of game and worldly knowledge. Not really the game of kings per se, more the game of ill-socialized, highly-specialized elite (31337) thinkers and hack intellectuals. I should know, I'm one of them. The only problem I have with this event, aside from the lack of Jeopardy-style format to the questioning is that there is a distinct lack of diversity to the contestant pool. Just as an example, let's examine a cross-section of the gamers involved. 18-24 males, a few females here and there. Technology majors. Mullet ponytails. Several carried walkie-talkies, *just in case*. One guy (we'll call him Wayne) managed to coordinate his wardrobe that day without mom's help, matching his *Highlander* tee-shirt with his *Highlander* baseball cap. Cheers Wayne. I think that the College Bowl Company should offer better incentives to increase popular awareness in the sport and encourage more socio-economic diversity in the contestants. To do this, one must simply put more thought (and lots more money) into the prizes. There are so many goddamn Greek organizations on this campus, and not a one showed up, except for Phi Sigma Pi, which in my humble opinion isn't a real fraternity in that I found this little snippet in their rules and regulations page ([www.phisigmapi.org](http://www.phisigmapi.org)):

"Hazing shall be defined as, but not limited to, any action taken or situation created, intentionally, to produce mental or physical discomfort, embarrassment, harassment and ridicule. These actions and situations include, but are not limited to: paddling in any form, creation of excessive fatigue, physical and psychological shock, scavenger hunts which involve illegal activities, one-way road trips which leave an individual to find return transportation, wearing apparel at any time or location which is not appropriate, required engagement in public stunts or buffoonery, morally degrading games or humiliating activities, compulsory consumption of any alcoholic beverages or controlled substances or non-controlled substances, and any other activities which are not consistent with the regulations and policies of the sheltering institution, or behavior considered as unbecoming of a Member of Phi Sigma Pi."

Huh? Nary a bottom paddled? Nor one way road trips? And what of the public buffoonery? Now I'm not in a fraternity, and usually you'll find me taking cheap shots at the esteemed Greek orders that have graced this campus with their presence, but COME ON! If I were going to join a frat, I'd make damn sure that I'd have to lodge a carrot in my urethra and play the xylophone with it, rape some sheep from the bio department, or at least run up twelve flights of stairs with a raw egg jammed in my rectum. And the spanking...ooooh hell yeah! Even I, as a non-indoctrinated outsider, feel great swells of joy and exultation as I walk by the fraternity houses and see those spanking tools proudly hanging on display for all to see. And it's not just the crusted blood and ass-hairs that give me that sensation. It's the artistry of each one, meticulously crafted from the finest teak and mahogany, with dovetail inlays and the finest Belgian scrimshander money can buy. And Phi Sigma Pi has the audacity to call themselves a fraternity. Hell, they even let women join! Oh well, I guess they get what they deserve. Sure, they may be in the top ten percentile grade point wise, but they've earned no self-respect whatsoever. I bet they can't even



# DESIRE.

What *respect* do you desire?



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do more than five seconds on a keg stand. But I digress. I think that in order to lure the more prestigious Greek organizations the College Bowl, they should replace the prize of gift certificates with a quarter-kegs and dime bags for each player. I mean, what are they gonna do with books? I guess they could prop up that couch leg that Spaz or Bulldog broke that one time when he was fucked up on Goldschlager and had Mike's hockey stick, but that's about it. Booze and Drugs! Booze and Drugs! Death, Taxes, and Booze and Drugs are the only certain things in life, I tell ye! And what of sex? This school, like many other institutes of higher learning, pays far too much attention (and money) to their sports achievers. What the hell for? Does the aptitude of a person on a playing field reflect the merit of a school's educational tracts? Certainly not. The school should allocate sports funding to College Bowl prize funds; not an exorbitant amount, but a sum adequate enough for first class airfare to Nevada's famous Mustang Ranch brothel, where accommodations, bar tabs, and sexual service fees are all on the institute's tab. You'd have all kinds of contestants coming from out of the woodwork if they knew that if they won the preliminary round, they could laugh it up with bookies and drug dealers while rolling up \$1 bills and slipping them into the backsides of beautiful and talented Mustang Ranch employees before adjourning to private suites to engage in multiple, raw acts of carnal sin and debauchery, the likes of which they'd never see again in their feeble lifetimes. Betcha we'd find ourselves the next Steven Hawking. College Bowl needs more ladies as well. So what do women want? Ha! That's not for this column. That's for humanity to figure out. But for pragmatic purposes, I would wager that women want pretty much the same things that guys want. Money, airfare, maybe not a trip to a brothel (although there is a stud ranch in Australia that caters to the whims of women), but certainly something unique. Women being the more practical of the sexes could probably figure out a sufficient solution. I can only suggest a prize involving a cadre of Chippendale dancers, carte-blanche Victoria Secret lingerie gift certificates, and Virgin Island beach access somewhere. But that's just an approximation of my male-brain. Send me better ideas if the female readership has any.

Another thing that appalled me was the lack of weaponry in the game. Trivia games are far more interesting when handguns are distributed. We'd change the game just slightly, making it an outdoor venue, with bunkers instead of desks for contestants. Each team would get four semi-automatic .45 pistols with two clips

of ammo each, three pineapple grenades, and one tripod-mounted, M61A1 20mm Vulcan cannon, one barrel of ammo per team. The game would also be augmented by the introduction of fast-acting muscle relaxers such as Flexeril or benzo-diazepan. In the event that an incorrect answer is given, the team loses five points and the player responsible for giving such answer must take a 5mg pill of the muscle relaxer and wash it down with a double shot of Jaegermeister. Buzzers would be located four feet from the safety of the bunker, requiring players to stumble or crawl as best they can under razor-wire, dodge enemy flak, and rabid pit bulls to reach them. This must be done in the standard time allowed for College Bowl answers, five seconds. I bet that those super-polished goody-two-shoes academic fuckers that gregariously and rapidly answer all questions that come their way would have a harder time with their rapid-recall skills if opposing team members were taking pot shots at them with a goddamn Gatling gun! Spectators and proctors would be housed in a large bleacher complex encased entirely in bullet-resistant acrylic. Final game score would be based on both intellectual performance, and amount of casualties. Teams would be penalized at least 25 points for the death or mortal wounding of a member. This event could be simulcasted live on C-SPAN, ESPN, and MTV, with sponsors ranging from Smith & Wesson, Glock, as well as Band-Aid and the Department of Defense. But that is just a suggestion.

The College Bowl as it stands is just as interesting if you're the right type of person. As the sun set in the hazy western sky, the five war-hardened soldiers walked from the battlefield, a little wearier, a little wiser. Some had brought prayers, others trinkets for good luck, still others, clinging to extinct pagan rituals scrawled incantations in an unintelligible and erratic hand upon the back of the elegant magic marker nametags. The gambles had paid off. The nights of drinking, smoking, and whoring had worked wonders for the team's courage. They had been ready to die. They were willing to fight to the death, brother against brother to win that two-hundred dollar bookstore gift certificate. And as the dust settled that day, the victors, (of which I was one) managed to cast off the brutalities of the battle and elicit a cry that shall echo through the ages:

"We got two hundred dollars! We got two hundred dollars! We got two hundred..."

Until next time, Ladies and Gentleman.

—Tourist out.



Subject: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre  
To: <gdt@hellskitchen.org>

I picked up a copy of GDT while waiting for a dreadfully slow dryer to finish with my whites. While I must admit that the quality of the writing, from a grammatical standpoint, puts the Reporter to shame, and that Perky and Slick is quite good, the rest of the publication is horrible. Big Daddy's Biological Show is insulting. The poetry is downright

bad, and is too often littered with language that is completely unnecessary. The actual articles are lacking in any application to anything. At least you let it be known that your parents aren't responsible for these views.

Stephen Byrne

*Stephen,*

*What did you find bothersome about Big Daddy's? You're the first person to complain; we'll forward your complaints to the staff of Predator. Also, we will keep you in mind when we start writing the new episodes.*

*-Ed.*

## Help us out and get paid.

GDT needs people to help fold issues when they come off the press.

Contact Sean Hammond for information.

[seant@hellskitchen.org](mailto:seant@hellskitchen.org)

*Episode 7...*

**Big Daddy:** Hey there kiddees, Big Daddy here! Today we're going to talk about part of your body. I just got the results of a new study on Skin!

**Kids:** Melanoma!

**Big Daddy:** That's Right! Your largest organ, the one that makes you naked.

**Kids:** Boobies! Cheryl show us your...

**Big Daddy:** Not yet, kids, we have lots of fun stuff to talk about first: Skin comes in many different varieties, like oily, dry, or leprous, and bruises, scabs, and scars. Elbow skin is my favorite, you know why, kids?

**Kids:** Extra Testicles!

**Susie:** Cremasteric reflex!  
(Silence.)

**Big Daddy:** Oooh, Susie, I think you're gonna hafta go the...Wrong Room. My assistant Fucko the Clown will escort you there. Take her away Fucko!

**Fucko:** (Entering) Hey Kids!

**Bobby:** Hi Fucko!

**Fucko:** (Entering) Hi Bobby!

**Susie:** No, not the wrong room!

**Bobby:** Aw, you get used to it!

**Big Daddy:** Too bad about Fucko, huh? He never takes his makeup off, and soon his whole face will crack.

Fucko has syphilis.

**Kids:** Columbus!

**Big Daddy:** Yeah. Columbus brought syphilis back to Europe after his men got a lot of tattoos from the natives.

**Kids:** Pocahontas!

**Big Daddy:** That's why most American skin is so full of needle marks. We inherited them from our ancestors.

**Kids:** Heroin Tattoos!

**Big Daddy:** And the skin is also where we attach nicotine patches, but not on the elbow, because nicotine interferes with the estrogens produced at your elbow and you wind with hairy elbows.

**Kids:** Schizophrenic Bastards!

**Big Daddy:** And that's why you find so many old, hairy-backed men with nicotine stains all over their a...

**Cheryl:** (wiggling) Heeey, Big Daaaaddy...

**Big Daddy:** Hey Cheryl! (winks, smiles, looks back at kids)

**Kids:** Boobies!

**Big Daddy:** That's all for this week, kids. You're the smartest kids I know!

*Next week we talk about Lyme Disease.*

### Big Daddy's Biology Show



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Predator, appearing here  
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## Trees: A Perspective

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

---

## Howard's Happy Hour

By Howard Hao

---

### The Uneducated

*-a finger for that despicable Karmel*

Wriggling about like a living homunculus  
 A breathing being that is not auspicious  
 Trying desperately to rectify a situation  
 Violent tendencies for a millennium  
 Eliciting an unnecessary brouhaha  
 Like an inflammation of the axillary bursa

### Power of Procrastination

The tawny hue of procrastination  
 Or avoidance behavior, if you are a behavior psychologist  
 Leaves a lasting stain, a ring of deceit  
 On your clothes. The rich aroma, like  
 Cigarettes, cannot be easily washed out with regular detergent  
 One needs to use the industrial strength stuff  
 To get this crud out. Yes, the mark  
 Stays long and hard, lasting through hardships  
 And mostly prevailing, but it can be fought with the  
 Proper agents.



## Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Needs Help!

We'd like to move on up to the east side, but we haven't got the writers, editors, distributors, illustrators, folders, creative people...

**JOIN US!**

**A QUEST FOR THE NOBLE SAT-IRE,  
IN THE LAND OF PUBLISH-ING.**

*gdt@hellskitchen.org*

Left: One of our esteemed founders, packed and ready for the move on up.

# MOVIN ON UP!



*Episode 8...*

**Big Daddy:** Hey there Kiddees, Big Daddy here. Y'all remember last week's show about skin?

**Kids:** Smut!

**Big Daddy:** Well, we're going to continue the skin adventure with Lyme Disease!

**Kids:** Scurvy!

**Big Daddy:** Almost, but this one comes from rolling in the hay with too many deer.

**Kids:** Spirochetes!

**Jesus:** Hay fever! Hay fever, I'm itchy all over...

**Big Daddy:** And deer always have ticks, usually in their tails, but sometimes their eyelids are twitchy, too.

**Kids:** Epilepsy!

**Jesus:** ...sphinx made out of play-doh. Itchy all over...

**Big Daddy:** Hey, kids, look who's back from the Wrong Room... (Susie walks in limp and bedraggled. Fucko the Clown escorts her.)

**Kids:** SUSIE!! Blitz her! Give her the bottle! Make her know the way!

**Fucko the Clown:** Aaaaah, old grandfather peyote to welcome you home, Susie.

**Jesus:** there's Prozac in my Pez dispenser Itchy all over...

**Susie:** Jesus, will you shut up?!

**Big Daddy:** Finally someone who control that little bastard! Just to catch you up, Susie, we're learning about Lyme Disease this week.

**Susie:** Umm... spirochetes?

**Kids:** We did that already!

**Big Daddy:** Yeah, and whenever you get 'em, your skin gets these ring-shaped marks like when you play with old Atari joysticks too long, and you get a high fever and stiff joints.

**Kids:** Quadraplegic!

**Big Daddy:** Not quite that stiff. It's still fixable by eating lots of limes and then sleeping in a deerskin coat.

**Kids:** Spirit animals!

**Mort:** My grandmother's on dopamine but I think she's taking too much cuz the doctor was talking about side effects and he said she might get some and she's got a tick in her cheek and I think she's taking too much dope and she's got side effects and one of those ring-marks on her neck.

**Big Daddy:** Eating too many limes can have side effects, too. They make your skin very smooth and too many can make your fingerprints fall off completely.

**Kids:** Witness Relocation Program!

**Jesus:** my penguin suit is itchy all over!

**Susie:** Jesus, I said—Shut Up!!

**Big Daddy:** With enough limes and some red wine, you kids can make sangria.

Oranges and bananas are good, too.

**Kids:** Carmen Miranda!

**Big Daddy:** Remember, kids, it's important to make sure that you eat just the right number of limes and that you don't play with any deer. When your parents take you to petting zoos, remind them about how dangerous deer are.

**Kids:** Subvert the dominant paradigm!

**Kids:** Next week, kids, we'll talk about the second largest organ in your body—the part that makes you like pizza and walk upright.

**Kids:** Opposable thumbs!

## Big Daddy's Biology Show



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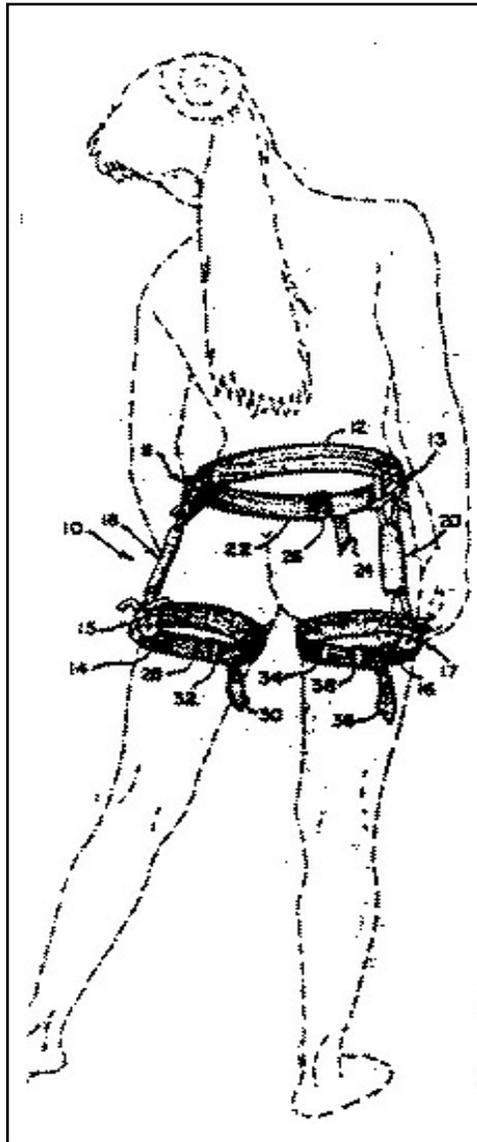
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# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre



<http://www.globalideasbank.org/1993/1993-27.HTML>

"Elaine Lerner, a New England Sunday School teacher, has patented a system of straps and loops to allow one partner to exercise control of the movements of the hips of the other partner during love-making. She is trying to interest NASA in her invention, so that astronauts will one day be able to effect the delicate docking maneuver of zero gravity intercourse. NASA has rebuffed Lerner's approaches to date. She's decided to market the device on her own..."

(source: Global Ideas Handbook, <http://www.globalideasbank.org/>)



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## TOURIST'S MAGIC WONDERSHOW

PRESENTS

A GDT Exclusive, By Sean J. Stanley

# Fucking In Space



It's interesting the tidbits you pick up here and there through the course of your day. Rather, the everyday occurrences of life become tidbits if your brain is of the writing sort. Sometimes something you wish to expound upon in writing lacks the necessary substance to do so. Until, that is, you find yourself faced with another tidbit that fits perfectly into the mix and allows you to continue gaily forward. This happens all the time. People like (kids) James Burke, Umberto Ecco, James Joyce, and Earl Morris have made a living out of doing this. So there I was, watching possibly the worst use of my tuition dol-

lars (next to the *Reporter*, of course), when I found myself grasping for courses of merit in this school. I must clarify. Most people don't realize that one can attain a Masters Degree in Creativity from the Buffalo State College. No shit. Creativity. I didn't think it was possible either. Someone thinks you can teach that. You wanna know how I learned of this wonderful tract of learning? Let me set the scene:

I was sitting in this auditorium (it's part of my job as a faithful employee of ETC), and I was graced with the presence of two fine upstanding men, we'll call them Garth and Lance. They had themselves an easel full of paper, two magic markers, a small, K-Mart brand portable boom box, and two tapes to play. One of them was Buffalo coffee house folk guitar (I assume it was some attempt to mellow out the crowd as they meandered grudgingly into the assembly), and the other tape sadly featured a poorly edited snippet from the *Mission: Impossible* theme. Guess which one played as they entered from the wings of the stage, crossed over at stage front, turned to give a "high-five", which climaxed in a wretched approximation of the Three Amigo's Salute™? Yep, you guessed it. As Adam Clayton and company overwhelmed the tweeters on the high fidelity Symphonix stereo, the painfully white gentlemen introduced themselves as the "Two Amigos" and prepared to give their spiel. I noticed one of the packets lying on the floor so I snagged one of them, knowing full well that I would need it later for this. The presentation, about how to be creative, was pretty much your standard second-hand marketing seminar, and these guys were second-hand marketing rejects all the way (at least their gig is better than some of the other graduates from the Buffalo program, whom according to the info packet have gone on to such grandiose creative jobs as Buffalo police chief, the Clorox Company, Nabisco, and so on. Or they perpetuate the vapid major by opening "creative consulting firms" to assist business in problem solving. I'm sure steadfast office workers have ran into these guys before. Love em, doncha! (Kinda makes you want to heat a rusty pitchfork to white-hot temperatures and scrape "I Hate Yanni" into the bloated flesh of their flabby backs, doesn't it?). They used buzzwords and acronyms better than any corporate marketing lowlife I have ever seen. I don't know if it was the bald head and thick-rimmed Buddy Holly style glasses that made my hate burn, or if was the fashionably-donned outdoor expedition vest. No. I hated these people because they were speaking to ART STUDENTS! Art students come here because they're inherently creative, no? I have yet to see any art student that has issues with his or her creativity. Subject matter, technique, aesthetics, and overpaying for art supplies at the bookstore, these are problems that I would associate with an art student, not how to create. I asked one of the girls in the back row if she appreciated being taught how to be creative. She said she didn't know. I cursed silently under my breath. It's that kind of response that lets these fuckstains come back each year. They freely plugged themselves and said that they were popular. They said that you could do more if you worked in groups. I almost threw my book at Garth. Ironically, I was in the middle of re-reading *The Fountainhead* at the time, so mine was a special pain that day. I left the auditorium with a bad taste in my mouth. I honestly won-

dered if there were any redeeming and intellectually worthwhile classes (outside the required courses of one's major) in this school...

Now what about fucking in space?

I first became interested in this during a search for a Byzantine art paper. God knows how Google spit the subject out, but I as a vagabond purveyor of obscurities had to investigate further. Seems that there have been numerous attempts at sexual intercourse during manned spaceflights in the 80's. According to the scintillating abstract, available at Chuck's Weird World ([monkey.hooked.net/m/chuck/sexshuttle.html](http://monkey.hooked.net/m/chuck/sexshuttle.html)) *Experiment 8 Postflight Summary NASA publication 14-307-1792*,

"The co-investigators had exclusive use of the lower deck of the shuttle XXXXXXXX for 10 intervals of 1 hour each during the orbital portion of the flight. A resting period of a minimum of 4 hours was included in the schedule between intervals. During each interval, the investigators erected a pneumatic sound deadening barrier between the lower deck and the flight deck..."

Fascinating. I read on. There was a summary of results:

1) An elastic belt around the waist of the two partners. The partners faced each other in the standard or missionary posture.

Entry was difficult and once it was achieved, it was difficult to maintain. With the belt worn around the hips, entry was easy, but it was difficult to obtain the necessary thrusting motion; as a result, this approach was not satisfactory.

2) Elastic belts around the thighs of the two partners. The female's buttocks were against the groin of the male, with her back against his chest.

An interesting experiment, but ultimately unsatisfactory because of the difficulty of obtaining the necessary thrusting motion.

3) An elastic belt binding the thighs of the female to the waist of the male. The female's buttocks were against the male's groin, while her knees straddled his chest.

Of the approaches tried with an elastic belt, this was by far the most satisfactory. Entry was difficult, but after the female discovered how to lock her toes over the male's thighs, it was found that she could obtain the necessary thrusting motions. The male found that his role was unusually passive but pleasant.

I then uncovered the gem on the cover.

It warms my heart to know that my taxpayer money funds intercourse in space. And that was just the published results. I would imagine that in a mixed gender crew (as they tend to be these days), STS flights are quite interesting. I submit to you that when we're watching NASA-TV and the on-board cameras switch over to some placid portal image of Yemen, there's a whole bunch of crazy shit we're not getting on the downlink. It seems that fucking in space is implausible at this time, much to the chagrin of Ms. Lerner, but that doesn't mean a seven person oral sex daisy chain is! I also firmly believe that that pissar hose they use to urinate has other, shall we say "less utilitarian" purposes than simply waste removal. With the right kind of non-abrasive surface and a couple *High Society* magazines, that magnificent example of American aerospace ingenuity can be employed in a wide variety of lewd uses. Glorious.

But I digress. You're obviously asking yourself what the hell this has to do with foreskins in loafers teaching artists how to be creative. Answer – Everything! Nobody asked me to pay for these clowns to come to RIT and yet they did. Poor judgment. NASA didn't ask me if I wanted orgies in space. They just took care of business proper. Good judgment. I want my money to go into something meaningful, like zero-g, elbow deep anal fisting (followed, of course by freeze-dried NASA ice cream). So when I thought that RIT was coming unglued and not spending any money in the space-fucking industry, they turn themselves around and prove me wrong. Enter the school of hotel/restaurant management and their special topic class on tourism and space. Most people I know go to

a hotel for two reasons, *continental breakfast and hardcore Who's Your Daddy action*. I feel more than confident that RIT will pave the way in space-fornication technology. Hell, we can make goddamn microchips, can't we? So why not some sort of textile-polymer-resin-semiconductor that assists in the Congress of the Cow (have your Kama Sutra manuals handy)? I'm sure the school of American Craft could be given a breath of fresh air, as well as some desperately needed funding if they devise "spornocation-slings" for the CIA instead of chairs with false legs. At least we know there is a burgeon-

ing market for cosmic nookie devices. We're talking job security here. Students want to feel safe in leaving school and having a demand for their work. Teaching someone to draw a Venn diagram doesn't bolster feelings of occupational security. Teaching someone to make nylon-papoose-cock-hammocks and showing how to implement them in the first space-filmed pornography, *Ron Jeremy: Orbiting Uranus* does! So that's all I have to say about that. RIT, rock on! You could stand to loose the consultants, and add more blue-sky research classes, but all in all, I have no problems.

# MUCKRAKER

by Jason K. Huddy and Tom Vullo, [muckrakercomics@yahoo.com](mailto:muckrakercomics@yahoo.com)



## Euclidean Loser

### Money Talks

#### How *Reporter Magazine* Became *Vogue*

by Sean T. Hammond

Do you want more money? Sure, we all do. Chances are, that's why you attend classes at RIT. Because of its curriculum, RIT attracts a large number of students who not only know what profession they are interested in, but are ready to begin work in it. The administration, eager to forge ties to corporations with deep pockets, has encouraged the cooperative learning aspect of many majors, while choosing to downplay departments which don't fit into a corporate structure.

Financially promising programs such as computer science and biotechnology continue to expand, but the School for American Crafts has been cut back to the point of near ineffectiveness, and the once formidable photography program has been plundered. Despite this, the media spin doctors at RIT apparently experience no cognitive dissidence when they proudly announced that Dan Loh, who graduated in 1995 from RIT's once mighty School of Photographic Arts and Sciences, was the sixth alumni to receive the Pulitzer Prize.

Such kudos look good on paper and help attract potential investors, and that, folks, is what it's all about at RIT: money. From the hushed contracts with government agencies to the occupation of the campus by Pepsi, the pursuit of money permeates every brick of the college. Even when you graduate, RIT continues to cash in on you and your name, selling it to various companies (much to the outrage of the Student Government) who cheerfully write you suggesting that, since you've just graduated, maybe you should buy a car or get a new credit card or maybe join a book club. When surrounded by such a strong and pervasive force, how can student organizations on campus help but be swept up and follow suit?

Witness the header of *Reporter Magazine's* advertisement rate sheet ([www.rit.edu/~reporter/rates/content.htm](http://www.rit.edu/~reporter/rates/content.htm)):

“What is an RIT student worth to you?”

In this statement the financial (and dare I suggest editorial?) policy of RIT's only officially recognized student publication becomes clear. The editor, Nicholas Spittal, stated in the 21 January, 2000 issue of *Reporter Magazine* that “We [*Reporter Magazine*] rely on advertisement revenue to maintain our business.” This is not a unique situation; most professional, for profit, publications aim for a 60%:40% ratio of advertisements to written content. *Reporter Magazine* fluctuates throughout the year, depending on the number of writers they have on staff, going from the commendable 25:75 to the unfortunate 80:20. If I'm not mistaken, however, *Reporter Magazine* receives some financial support from RIT, and has paper donated to it for printing...thus reducing production costs dramatically.

As in any situation, it is unwise to turn on the people who support you. In the case of *Reporter Magazine*, that support comes from the various departments and administrators at RIT. How then, can a publication whose presumed aim is to keep the student body informed of events on a campus do so objectively and without fear of recrimination from its most generous sponsor? I maintain that they can't.

This aspect was mentioned by *Reporter Magazine* two years ago in connection with a picture of President Simone's car parked in front of a fire hydrant. The editorial went on to explain that rumors (backed up by simple observation) indicated that Campus Safety understood that President Simone's car

# SUBMIT.

**[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)**

was not to be ticketed for such infractions. Understanding this relationship with the administration, *Reporter Magazine* found itself in an uncomfortable situation when it published a timely piece on President Simone's past, written by Tony Burta.

That piece was the last article which was well researched and of lasting relevance to the campus.

Unfortunately for *Reporter Magazine*, it has created a situation which will be difficult to escape. The general perception of *Reporter Magazine* is that both the writing style and topics covered in the magazine are not consistent with a professional outlet for news. That is not to say that the blame lies squarely on *Reporter Magazine*. You work with what you have, and sometimes that isn't much. Professional news publications, as well as college based ones, rely on phoned in tips and rumors to point them toward important stories. If people do not provide the tips, the important stories don't get written. And sometimes the apparently unimportant stories provide a glimpse of something larger. With so many students working feverishly in their studies so they can graduate and chase the income an RIT education promises, who has the time to call in a tip, let alone investigate it? Besides, why put *Reporter Magazine* onto a potentially important story when there is the perception that it will never be investigated (because administrative feet might be tread upon), and if it is, the resulting article will be done in an unprofessional and hurried manner.

Into this environment of apathy and fear of reprisal *Reporter Magazine* is faced with the uncomfortable position of having to publish...something. If a publication doesn't publish, it simply has no reason to exist. The unfortunate solution is what *Reporter Magazine* has been slowly evolving toward since Kerstin Gunter left as head editor: an entertainment magazine driven by the need to publish and the need to make money (so they can publish).

This has never been more apparent than during this quarter. The "Opinion" (7 January 2000) and "Sextravaganza" (21 January 2000) issues held the same appeal to readers as *Vogue* or *Cosmopolitan*.

Unlike Mr. Spittal, I do not find it ironic that *Reporter Magazine* took a "sex sells" point of view in a recent issue. It was the most logical thing to do based on what was at hand. Reviews of movies and restaurants are not as titillating as sex, and to insure advertising dollars continue to come in, the magazine must guarantee a large readership.

Rather than strive to maintain an award-winning publication dedicated to bringing the student body important (and continuing) news coverage on topics that can potentially affect their education and the reputation of the school where they receive their degrees, *Reporter Magazine* has reached the point that they choose to regularly print content which might be better suited for an unprofessional publication such as GDT. Case in point: the "Desire" advertisement for Student Government. Make no mistake, GDT does not strive for professionalism, and apparently, neither does *Reporter Magazine*. If it did, the Student Government advert would not have run.

Though Mr. Spittal feels that "*Reporter* is in no way responsible for the SG (or any other) ads that appear in the magazine," I have to disagree. Each publication, unless driven solely by the forces of capitalism and deadlines, exercises its ability to express a particular world view. The topics, writing style, graphics, and layout of each publication conveys information about how the editorial staff sees and chooses to deal with the world. Without a worldview or purpose other than continued existence, everything becomes equal in value. A full page advert for the Ad Council and a full page advert showing a woman's breasts are then equally inoffensive, though the breasts win out because the Ad Council relies on donated space rather than paying for it.

So, without noticing it, and certainly without wanting to, the content of *Reporter Magazine* has become more and more like *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. Inane articles, questionable writing style, and offensive graphics were once the realm of the GDT staff. Apparently, that's not the case anymore.

-Sean Hammond

Pimp GDT for some cash. Help us fold, and we'll pay you.

**Fool.**

Email [seant@hellskitchen.org](mailto:seant@hellskitchen.org) for more information.

*Episode 9...*

**Big Daddy:** Hey there, kiddees, Big Daddy here. Last week I said we'd talk about the second largest organ of the body.

**Kids:** Foreskin!

**Big Daddy:** Well, not quite. I was referring to the gastrodigestifying organ. This is the organ in charge of all the gastrodigestification you do. It's a deceptively large organ because it looks as if it is several different organs connected together. Gastrodigestification, or GDF for short, starts at the top end of the GDF organ, the part where you're teeth and tongue are. The Amylase estrogens in your saliva were named after their inventor, Amy Lace, a good friend of mine that works for the Dow™ Chemical Corporation, our beloved sponsor. Come on out, Amy!

*(Amy hobbles in, looking like she just stepped out of the Wrong Room, bruises on her larchish nose, but with a nonchalant smile on her face.)*

**Amy:** Hey Big Daddy! Hey kiddees! I'm here today to talk about the GDF from the very beginning...the mouth!

**Kids:** Halitosis!

**Suzy:** Listerine!

*(Big Daddy looks at Susie, then looks at Fucko off-stage, who cracks his flogger loudly and grins in Susie's direction.)*

**Suzy:** Uhh, I mean...Halitosis!!

*(Big Daddy nods.)*

**Amy:** The work of the GDF organ actually starts in the microwave, where special synthetic estrogens in the TV dinner you eat every night react with the air when the microwaves heat them up. These estrogens are called Butylated Hydroxytoluenes, or BHTs for short. They float through the air into people's noses...

**Kids:** Cyrano de Bergerac!

**Amy:** ...and when you smell them, they make you want to put things in your mouth (which we know is just the top part of the GDF organ) and they also stimulate the production of amylases. The amylases help you gastrodigestify your food, even before you start to eat it!

**Kids:** Soda crackers!

**Amy:** When you chew the food, another estrogen called droolase, reacts with the BHTs to create the taste of the food you are eating. That means that without BHT, everything would taste the same. So we have those clever chemists at Dow™ to thank...for bringing taste to the world.

**Kids:** Scrubbing bubbles!

**Amy:** The next section of the GDF organ, after the long

tail of the mouth that hangs down into your thoracic cavity...

**Kids:** Sword swallowers!

**Amy:** ...is the stomach. The stomach...

**Big Daddy:** Thanks Amy! Say good-bye to Amy, kids!

**Kids:** Get the fuck out!

*(Amy hobbles out looking defeated, and Fucko discreetly sneaks out after her, flogger in hand and a malicious grin on his face.)*

**Big Daddy:** Then, after you've eaten your main dish and started on those cute little plastic vegetables without cheese (which means they taste horrible), the GDF organ really gets down to business. Since the GDF organ is sooo big, it has lots of different natural chemicals to make the food you eat into good fertilizer.

**Kids:** Flatulence!

**Suzy:** Methane!

*(Big Daddy looks at Susie and holds up two fingers. Susie is immediately quiet, wide eyes staring at Big Daddy, Big Daddy nods, satisfied.)*

**Big Daddy:** The second largest organ in the body is one of the most important because it is responsible for all the greatest cooking in

the world, but it also has many places where it can become unruly and aggravated.

**Kids:** Paul Prudhomme!

**Jesus:** ...my grandmother's colon is unruly these days, and has this weird little ziplock bag hanging from it by a plastic hose and the hose gets tangled sometimes with the cords from the air tank next to the bed and the tank gets shut off and then starts pumping air into the bag and grandma turns blue and the whole rooms gets...

*(Susie starts to scream at Jesus, then catches Big Daddy's eye, and sits back down in her chair, broken and despondent.)*

**Big Daddy:** The colon is the last piece of the GDF organ, but it's not the most important. That title goes to a little attached sack of bile on the right-hand edge of the GDF organ, called the Gull Bladder, named after my good friend Jon Gull who works at Dow™ Chemical, our beloved sponsor...

**Camera Operator:** Ooops. Umm, Big Daddy, we're, uhh, out of time. In fact, we're out of tape completely. I guess we're done.

**Big Daddy:** You moron! (Big Daddy fumes.) Ok, kids, get out. Show's over; Fucko and I have a little lesson to teach this imbecile wearing a headset.

**Fucko:** You called?

## Big Daddy's Biology Show



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

Episode 10...

**Camera Operator:** So I said, "Hell, if the Teamsters can negotiate that kind of deal for the UPS, think about what . . . oh, yeah . . . and 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . .rolling!

**Big Daddy:** Hi, there kiddies! Big Daddy here—

**Bobby:** Shameless use of old material to retain reader loyalty!

**Big Daddy:** (glares, motions to Fucko the clown, who cracks his whip. Bobby shrinks in his seat) Boy, kids, have I got a special treat for you today. One of our viewers has sent us a letter with a very difficult problem. Let's have a volunteer to read it.

**Kids:** (crickets chirp in the silence)

**Big Daddy:** Well, you apathetic little fu— I mean you shy, reserved children, I'll just pick someone. You, with the Pez dispenser, c'mere. (The kid with the Pez dispenser makes a break for it, but is caught in Fucko's leather sheathed arms and deposited in front of Big Daddy.)

**Big Daddy:** And who do we have here?

**Mort:** Mortimer James Kandowsky, Big Daddy sir, there's Prozac in my Pez dispenser and my grandmother has to wear a colostomy bag because her gastrodigestification organ is broken and I am Hooked on Phonics and my brother is a gluehead and I read at the fourth grade level even though I'm only in first grade and—

**Big Daddy:** (cutting Mortimer off) Well, Mort that's lovely, but do you think you could SHUT THE HELL UP for just a minute and read this letter from one of our viewers?

**Kids:** Attention deficit disorder!

**Mort:** Uh, uh, okay but Big Daddy, I gotta well, you know how when your brother holds you upside down and makes

you drink apple juice through a funnel and you get all full but your mommy is in the bathroom and she took the kitchen timer in there with her 'cause she's talking to Lady Clairol but you need—

**Big Daddy:** Fucko, could you take Mort to the little boy's Wrong Room? (Fucko chuckles evilly, and leads a quaking Mort away.) Well, kids it looks like I'm going to have to read the letter. Are ya ready?

**Kids:** (Wild applause)

**Big Daddy:** This letter comes from Arthur Watross in Palmyra, New York. He says, "Dear Big Daddy— Yesterday my dad and our next door neighbor Mr. Frankie

spent the whole day on the front lawn drinking beer and tying stuff to our dog.

**Kids:** It's Miller time!

**Big Daddy:** "It's okay, 'cause he's a big dog. Then we had a barbecue and Dad pointed out that it was good to have tomatoes with dead meat because they were vegetables and Real Men Don't Eat That Pansy-Ass Fruit. When Mom came home from work at the Cornell Co-Operative Extension, she said; 'Earl what have you been doing all day' and Dad said 'drinking and beating the kids.'

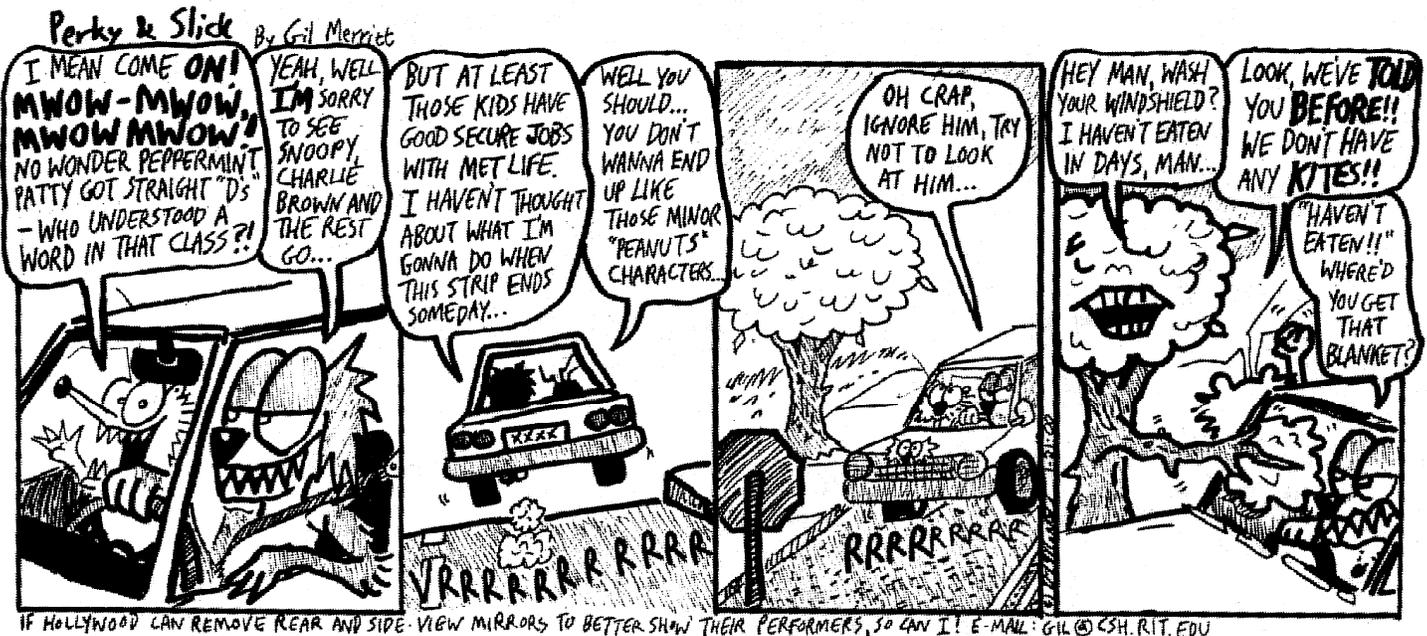
**Fucko:** (from the depths of the Wrong Room) Awright!

**Big Daddy:** "And then Mom said, 'And why the hell are you lying to the kid; tomatoes are a fruit.' Who's right? You said last year that vegetables taste good with cheese and Dad says that he is always right. Mom says that Dad couldn't find his you-and-Fucko-know-what with two hands and a flashlight." Well, kids, I've thought about this quite a bit and I don't have a clue about why Art's mom would say

**Big Daddy's  
Biology Show**



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



IF HOLLYWOOD CAN REMOVE REAR AND SIDE VIEW MIRRORS TO BETTER SHOW THEIR PERFORMERS, SO CAN I! E-MAIL: GIL@CSH.PIT.EDU

that a tomato is a fruit.

**Kids:** It's a quandary!

**Big Daddy:** So, I brought my old priest, Father McMurphy in to answer this tough question. Hello, Father!

**Father McMurphy:** Oh, Augustus, it's good to see you, me boy. Is your voice as sweet as it to be?

**Big Daddy:** Well, Father, all the gin, ah. . .well, Father, you've heard the letter. Will you give us the Holy Word?

**Kids:** (*crickets chirp in the silence*)

**Ezra:** Yhwhy?

**Jesus:** Jesus? (*Ezra and Jesus engage in violence condoned by neither of their religions.*)

**Father McMurphy:** Well, Augustus, I've investigated this deeply, and it seems like the ancient Greeks, who first wrote the Bible in the form of the Apocrypha, didn't know the difference between a tomato and an apple. The tomato is, of course, a New World creation, so the Greeks wouldn't know about it.

**Jesus:** (*shoving Slim Jims down Ezra's throat*) Christ killer! Snap into a Slim Jim!

**Ezra:** (*wielding a diamond-tipped dreidel*) Oppressor of my people! Eater of filth!

**Father McMurphy:** But, as we shall soon see, the tomato is the root of evil and what Eve actually gave Adam was—

**Kids:** Cain and Abel!

**Suzy:** Fellatio! (*Fucko reappears with a bedraggled Mort in tow, bitch-slaps Suzy, and mumbles something about not using the special word.*)

**Father McMurphy:** (*colors slightly*)—was a tomato. Now, of course God saw all the trouble the tomato caused in the first place. Being a compassionate and loving Father, he did not give the human race the tomato. Yet, they discovered it

out of their own accord, by intervening where they did not belong, by willfully breaking the laws of nature! The tomato is the bastard child of science! If you cut a tomato open, you will see that it is not formed in the true image of God, but is instead rife with undoneness! The tomato is incomplete!

**Kids:** Crack babies!

**Father McMurphy:** (*drawing a theologically portentous breath*) That's why lots of people cook tomatoes, thinking to destroy their evil. But they are sorely mistaken! The copious consumption of tomato products is the root of all evil in our society! We must—

**Big Daddy:** Father. It seems to me that you're evading the question.

**Kids:** I have no knowledge of that, Senator.

**Big Daddy:** Fortunately, the teleprompter over there is telling me that the tomato was actually invented by George Washington Carver from the apple, the squash and the kiwi. Realizing that the tomato was bad news, George tossed it out of the conservatory and started work on the peanut, a hybrid of the Nutter Butter and the pea.

**Kids:** Colonel Mustard! With a wrench!

**Big Daddy:** The tomatoes then overran the landscape and were finally domesticated by the atheists and agnostics. Well, kids, it looks like we're just about out of time. Say goodbye to Father McMurphy!

**Kids:** (*from their huddle around the fight between Ezra and Jesus*) Defrocking!

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

**Big Daddy:** Hey, gimme twenty on the little Jew boy. I hear he's got a diamond tipped dreidel.



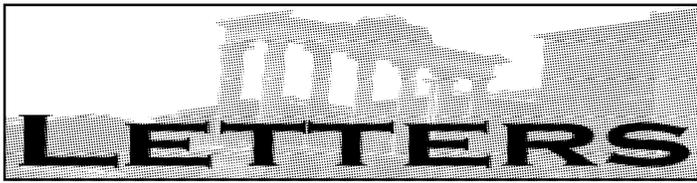
## Throw down with the Theatre.

Meetings are Saturdays at 2pm on the 3rd floor of NRH (Computer Science House).

And if you don't want to see us face to face, just email your work to [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)

We're always looking for writers, illustrators, poets, storytellers, folders, distributors, people to give us free stuff, sex, drugs, rock and roll.

We would smack grandma with a snow shovel if we could find someone to handle advertisement. Inquire within.



# LETTERS

GDT,

I enjoyed the latest issue of GDT, but was somewhat dismayed when I read letter denouncing the poetry and Big Daddy's Biology Show. While I can only speculate as to whether the writer was one of those many unfortunates without an appreciation for satire or parody, or one of the equally lost souls whose membership in some prudish or politically correct intelligensia prevents them snickering a ribald jest, no matter how original or witty. Please, do not take those opinions to speak for your entire readership. I do, however, echo the writer's appreciation of the literary quality of your publication. I also greatly enjoy the content, which make it a far more interesting and daring alternative to the *Reporter*, highlighting through contrast what a truly insipid eunuch that magazine is. I find the *Reporter* rather depressing, in much the same manner as the human interest segment of a local newscast, a lot of fluff and hot air, but no real controversial issues or opinions, and not really worth looking at except to see upcoming events. Even the recent "Sex" issue was a transparent attempt to a lurid display of flesh to attract attention to a fairly mundane object (after all, "sex sells"! ) This furnished an even greater disappointment than usual, when the theme of "artistic nudity" expressed so eloquently on the opening pages was revealed, by the thoroughly inoffensive and generally uninspired articles that followed, to simply be an excuse for the smutty pictures. Were it not for GDT, I might never have learned of such controversies as RIT's past involvement with the CIA, or the clashes between the administration and the arts department. Keep up the good work. The only complaint I can make is that your magazine is too brief a bright spot in my week.

Irving Washington

*Thanks, Irving. -Ed.*

Hi,

I don't often write in my opinions about things, but your parody "SG" ad in Vol. 15, Issue 4 had to be the most

distasteful ad I have ever seen published...Now that in itself is not worth me writing to you, you would have every right to publish that kind of garbage if you wanted to. What upset me the most was the blatant use of the well publicized Student Government logo and the addition of the words "Paid Advertisement" coupled with the "Dramatis Personae" credit for "Second Page: Paid Advertisement." You are actually implying that SG paid for that horrid image. And that is where the line is drawn.



How dare you imply that RIT's Student Government paid for this Internet-ripped smut? I, as a member of the RIT community, take huge offense in this act. How does that look to members of the Rochester community who look at you magazine...they would ask, "Why did RIT's student government publish this?" What does that say to them about our school? The same thing also applies for parents and student who have come to look at RIT as a potential school. You know freedom of expression is one thing, intention misrepresentation to this extreme is another. If you wish to become a respected publication (in rival with the publication you hate) you would be wise not to try to pull this sort of idiotic and grotesque crap in the future.

Thank you for your time,  
Brian Perry

*Hi Brian,*

*Thanks for your input. The second page was in fact a Paid Advertisement – not by Student Government, but by Sean J. Stanley. Your feelings on our ad were pretty much our feelings on SG's original ad, which was Victoria's Secret ripped smut in my eyes. When SG objectifies women for attention, I feel ashamed for our school. When the Reporter gives a weak "it's not our fault" apology, I feel ashamed for our school. The ad begged us to make fun of SG because the ad was a colossal PR blunder. GDT has been a satire magazine for five years, and we published our version of the ad as satire. In the future, we will keep printing idiotic and grotesque crap as long as there is idiotic and grotesque crap like the SG ad to make fun of.*

*Yours truly,*

*Adam Fletcher, Editor, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*

*More letters on the next page...*

*Letters, continued...*

To the staff of GDT

I came to RIT in the fall of 97, and at some point that first year I came across *Hell's Kitchen* and *Gracies Dinnertime Theater*. Those weeks that I would find a copy in the stairwell's of the college of science or the library's lobby I would pick it up and give it a read. This week was one of these.

While reading through the first article by Mr. Stanley, aka Tourist, I noticed that my fraternity, Phi Sigma Pi, was mentioned. While it is nice to get our name out, I found that the manner in which Tourist described us to be quite insulting. I am proud to call myself a brother of Phi Sigma Pi. While you may feel we are not a real fraternity, we tend to differ. We are brothers, both male and female, with more to brag about than our GPA. We are a diverse group, coming from every college on the campus. We have brothers who major in areas such as Mechanical Engineering, Biology, Finance, Computer Science, and Graphic Design just to name a small few. The brothers of Phi Sigma Pi in this quarter alone have done five service projects. We've provided a full holiday dinner for a family in need; we've worked with Student Government on their School 8 project, and next weekend we will be volunteering at the county Special Olympics. We have continued to promote scholarship amongst our brothers, visiting museums, trips to the planetarium, a deaf awareness seminar and even entering three teams in the College Bowl, one of which came in third place. While we may not have earned the respect of Mr. Stanley, we are confident in the knowledge that we have done work that benefited both the community and ourselves.

As far as hazing is concerned, like the other brothers

of Phi Sigma Pi, I am quite proud to say that we avoid it. Yes, we consider hazing and the acts Mr. Stanley described as conducting unbecoming of a brother, whether these acts be as Tourist described them "rape some sheep from the bio department" and what seemed to be his favorite, "the spankings". While Tourist may hold in esteem those fraternities that haze, I think we should respect more those who do not, whether they be social, honor, or academic.

The First Amendment in our country's Bill of Rights provides the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech. I fully believe in this right. However, perhaps Mr. Stanley and the rest of the staff of GDT should remember this is not only a right, but also a privilege. It's something we should all respect and not take for granted, nor abuse. Perhaps next time you have the urge to insult a group you know little about you should think of what you are doing first. One must wonder what the founders of your publication think about the new lows you have been reaching. If your purpose is no longer to educate and amuse but rather to insult then I guess you're doing fine. Otherwise, perhaps its time to reevaluate your publication.

Sincerely,

Daniel Lerner

*Daniel,*

*Ever since I've been writing for this publication, regardless of the toes I have stepped on, I always try to maintain a sense of self irony. Numerous times have I made reference to the fact that I have a strong affiliation with a group very similar to yours, Computer Science House. The structure and activities of our group closely parallels that of yours. I am not a fan of frats in general, but academic frats don't rub me as raw. Please feel free to read the article again and turn your sarcasm button back on.*

*Yours, Sean Stanley*

---

## Fit To Be Tied

*"Ties are all wrong. Who thought it would be a formal, classy, dress-up kind of thing for a man to wear a tie? It serves no practical purpose. It does not cover parts of the body. It does not provide shelter from the atmosphere. It's a noose, the other way around."*

*—Samuel Stoddard (www.rinkworks.com)*

Stoddard is quite right. Ties are really ridiculous when you think about it. I'm talking about an article of clothing, which cuts off your breathing, makes your neck sweaty, and gets in the way all the time. Why the hell do men wear them? I have a theory.

There's a gesture performed by many women which, as long as it isn't his mother, is a real turn-on and keeps a man wearing ties. It may seem very small at first, but it is a very big deal to men, even if we don't realize it.

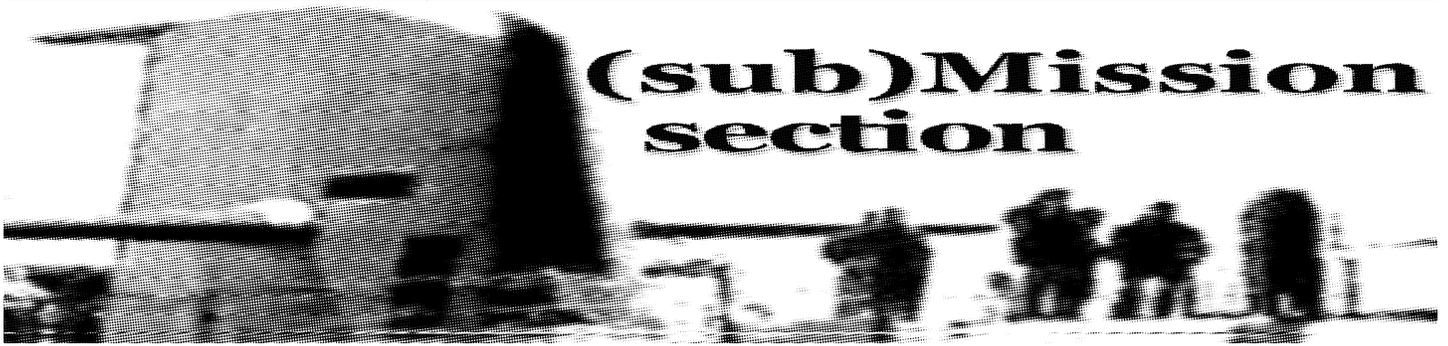
The gesture is this. A woman approaches a man who is wearing a standard necktie. Without asking permission and without explaining, she will get real close to him, reach up to his neck, and adjust his tie ever so slightly.

This simple action is one of the most endearing, caring; yet suggestive actions I can think of. And it is, I believe, the main impetus behind a man's decision to put on a tie.

Although I don't have the statistics to back me up, I'd estimate that approximately 85 percent of the time, the tie looks exactly the same as it did before this woman "adjusted" it. However, I can't think of any man who will complain when an attractive woman adjusts his tie.

After all, it's the reason we wear them in the first place.

—Randall Good



**Untitled**

I watch kids talk the talk then try to walk the walk  
 but get blocked and stopped like shot clocks  
 caught with store ways of thought  
 I fought to break free  
 topnotch mainstream teams couldn't take me  
 now I'm above average but not perfect like straight B's  
 respect for my perspective is overdue like late fees  
 I hold my head up  
 don't become fed up  
 motivate get up  
 never hesitate or let up  
 these dead ducks easily led into the set up  
 I survive and when I speak my mind kids are like you said what?!?!  
 then I quick pick my step up  
 I flin opposite twist  
 the ral obserionist  
 nobocoultrual obseravdpy can predict where I'll end up  
 -LOWKEY-

**"No Way Out"**

Stars shine in rearview mirrors  
 pale reflections of the past  
 twisted into perfect lies  
 that echo memories of our future  
 she's lost in herself  
 no guiding hand to show the way  
 back to the warmth of a kindled fire  
 lost in herself with no way out  
 I whisper in the storm  
 pleading to an unknown god  
 to take away the tears  
 that echo memories of our future  
 and she's lost with no way out

-S.Blue

**A note from Dalas V.**

Sean Stanley told me I should submit some stuff to this rag. In lieu of new work, here's some poems that you can throw in the submissions section if they tickle your fancy. If they don't tickle your fancy, I'll tickle it for you, or anything else near your fancy for \$5. These poems were created on Holiday Inn's "Encore" computer system in the "Holidex." Holidex allows you to send messages to other hotels (a system called "admin"), but we would always get bored and send messages to ourselves for our co-workers to read. Admin limits the length of your message, so these are haiku or sonnet-esque in their structure. Just thought I'd explain that piece of background. So here they is:

**"Melody"**

It was March when the birds came back, and their song reminded  
 me of the way you used to sing.  
 Now, as I look at your larynx in that pickle jar, I realize that no,  
 I could not capture something as beautiful as that.  
 I'll never hear you sing again.  
 I'm so silly.

**"Life"**

I never saw myself ending up in a place like this.  
 The warm embrace of pine trees all around me, the comforting  
 whisper of the babbling brook, the words "I am Goat Jesus" etched into  
 my arm with a broken bottle.  
 Sometimes life really throws you a curveball.

**"Spring"**

It was Spring and the rain was falling.  
 So were you the last time I saw you.  
 Falling from a building.

## The Protagonist

Everyone always fucking cheers for the protagonist  
 Even though it may be a frail, dying breed.  
 And why not? for isn't it them who fight  
 All wrongs and darkness and soiled ascots  
 Of the universe?

Either way, the mighty and the mighty brave  
 Stand their ground against the vile and  
 Wretched hives of scum and villainy amongst other  
 Technicalities, allusions, and sancrosanctity.  
 Standing intrepidly, facing

A corrupting catharsis, boastingly austere  
 In faith and determination, which is probably  
 Why so many frail curmudgeons anticipate their  
 Presence and punishment. But in all reality,  
 Such true defenders and assertive forces  
 Are far and few between—hypocrites, barbarians,  
 And other such curs and fraudulent fools are  
 Abundant, begging for attention

And, of course, the almighty dollar.  
 Still, good is out there, slaking the desires  
 And quenching the fires, the prerogative to  
 Aid the insomniacs, the inane, those who have  
 Erred, or the irksome factions to a  
 Receptive subconsciousness. Ticks and tacks,  
 Improvising plans and planning improvisations  
 Against familiars, the uneducated, and the like.  
 Crux, enlightenment, brilliance, impossibility,  
 Baubles, nefarious and negligence...why, it's all  
 In a day's work I do so believe. One

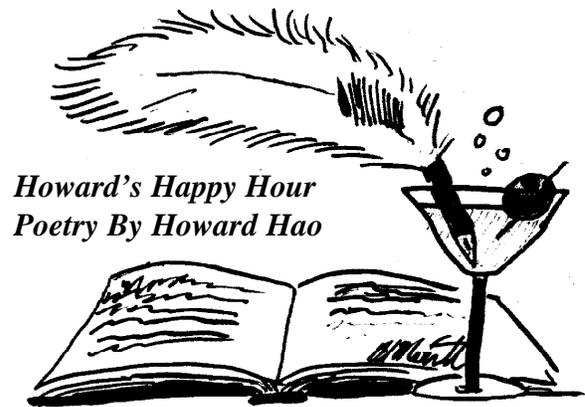
Can never tell who the likely candidate may  
 Be: the jittery, wiry fellow smoking the fags;  
 The endomorph with the crimson face;  
 Or perhaps the undaunted voluptuous female  
 With the celebrated chiasm.  
 Who will be the romanticized figurehead  
 Flying about to save lives in utter glory?  
 So many choices that seem valid, yet uncertain.  
 One may never tell until a demanding vortex  
 Comes about and requires the services of the  
 Aforementioned.

## A Love Poem for the Nineties

—for guys of the 90's everywhere

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

GODDAMN IT, I WANNA FUCK YOU!



## The Antagonist

a rusty vile taste remains on your tastebuds  
 once the decomposition occurs.  
 the bright day turns immediately into stygian bliss:  
 a foreboding dark glare that never ceases to lift,  
 blanketing all opportunities and optimism,  
 like a thick wash of detritus, it  
 creates an ill effect on one's emotional,  
 psychological, physical, and chemical attributes.  
 "when the going gets tough, the tough gets going,"  
 they say.  
 what the bloody fuck is that supposed to mean anyway?  
 snide visionaries with their pitiful excuses  
 and bland, refried, turbid affairs,  
 short-lived and salacious, unlike those of others  
 with actual meaning and definition to back them.  
 of course it all lies within the  
 abhorrence and absolute foolishness—  
 no...incredible and utter stupidity—  
 of the opposing party, the enemy,  
 the fucking deceptive traitor and insignificant  
 speck of crude, fraudulent soot in an  
 otherwise uncaring, unempathetic world.  
 like a flatmate that steals sustenance  
 upon non-attendance,  
 once attempted generosity and enchantment returns  
 a confounding, unforsaken  
 faux appreciation and acclaim...an  
 effect comparable to vermilion and loden  
 explosions and color streaking, flashing trailing a  
 sharp blow to a temporal bone.  
 dripping corroding fluids,  
 all thoughts are distracted by a  
 disgusting discord, an irksome and  
 irritable err in the metaphysical world,  
 an impossible and daft bedlam continuing to survive  
 and rape valuable resources from its  
 hosts; a metronome meticulously ebbing away  
 at precious faith with a resilience unlike any  
 other; a cunningly nefarious parasite that pouts,  
 smothers, and is notoriously prevailing

In order for me  
To love another man I  
Must love his penis.  
—Anonymous

That goddamn Harry  
Potter and his stupid books!  
Why do I read them?  
—Sean T. Hammond

The crocodile  
Fearless foe and enemy  
Of Steve and Terry  
—Sean J. Stanley

Quiet rat in its  
Cage. Count the turds before death.  
Stress makes bad mito.  
—Sean T. Hammond

**The Haiku Section**  
**Watch it fill lots of whitespace**  
**Editor's cop-out.**  
**—Adam Fletcher**

Financial meeting  
When were folding the issues.  
A pain in my ass.  
—Sean T. Hammond

Porsha and her bitch  
Mother. No wonder Archie  
Left them for Wanda.  
—Sean T. Hammond

The Flying Circus  
(of the Monty Python vein)  
is quoted too much.  
—Sean T. Hammond

You have never seen  
the like of my monkey feet.  
They are glorious.  
—Sean T. Hammond

Please don't say fucking.  
It makes our love sound so cheap.  
Drink more Maddog, baby.  
—Adam Fletcher

I have made it here.  
The Guidance Counselor now.  
Don't make my mistake.  
—Adam Fletcher



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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**Cover:**  
A harness for all your  
zero-g fucking needs.

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# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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[www.hellskitchen.org/GDT](http://www.hellskitchen.org/GDT)



Happy Valentine's Day

<http://www.crimelibrary.com/capone/caponesaint.htm>



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# TOURIST'S MAGIC WONDERSHOW

*In association with Swamp Post Productions*

**PRESENTS,  
FOR YOUR READING PLEASURE,**

## VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE '00

*By Sean J. Stanley and Janis A. Lilly*

Valentine's Day. Great holiday. Who says that love doesn't have a cash value? Greeting card companies would make you spend an arm and a leg for tired cliché sentiments. After perusing the paltry selection of greeting cards at the Hallmark, my friend Jan and I decided that the messages just wouldn't do. So, we sat around and brainstormed some better messages to send that special someone this glorious Valentine's Day. Here we go. If you'll to the letters section, we've taken the liberty of writing your hate mail for you. If you find this hate mail inadequate (although, I'm pretty sure that it's better than anything you could come up with), please send any helpful suggestions to the following addresses: [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org), and [tourist@csh.rit.edu](mailto:tourist@csh.rit.edu), or [sylvia@csh.rit.edu](mailto:sylvia@csh.rit.edu).

Thanks and have a nice day,

Sean and Jan.

*I love it that you're my boyfriend.*

*You're so special to me.*

*You buy me gifts.*

*You send me flowers.*

*You pay for college.*

*Thanks, Dad.*

*As I watch you stroke to old lady porn on the Internet,*

*You don't seem to notice me coming up behind you.*

*I want to unplug the goddamn modem.*

*Why don't you look at me that way anymore?*

*As the morning sunlight streams through the curtains,*

*Your cock presses up against my quivering asshole.*

*Who needs a clock radio?*

*Alas, shall you make the coffee this morning,*

*Or shall I?*

*Perhaps it was because he was such a boring date,*

*Maybe it was the fact that he wouldn't pick up the check.*

*Or was it because he insisted on talking about his mother the entire time?*

*Nah, I think it was the oozing sores on his little cock.*

*Everyone says, "I Love You"*

*Especially if "you" swallow.*

*I had to quit the Boy Scouts. I thought I had earned all my merit badges.*

*My den leader told me there was one more to earn.*

*On the way back from the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge,*

*I wondered if my fellow scouts had as much trouble with the*

*Nipple clamps and butt plug as I did.*

*She said if I didn't get it up tonight,*

*She was gonna leave me. With that kind of*

*pressure, what did she expect?*

*He pulled too quickly out of my ass again. That stain will never come out of the couch.*

*Nothing matches the beautiful sensuality  
Of two young nubile women in the throes of passion.  
Whoa, tits!*

*Tommy Gear – \$100  
Bottle of Nautica cologne – \$50  
Bottle of Mad Dog 20/20 – \$7.00  
Package of Rohypnol – \$25*

*Destroying her credibility so she won't press charges – priceless*

*Her camel toe was astounding until I  
Noticed the duct tape peeking from her panties,  
And the Adam's apple glistening in the sun.  
Oh well, I've still got half a bottle of tequila left.  
Cheers!*

*Your erect nipples remind me of that hooker on 54<sup>th</sup> street.  
I paid her thirty bucks to smoke a cigarette with her cooter.  
My friend said she used her muscles, but I think she just let the baby do it.*

*As I am blinded by the spurting rivulets of your spunk,  
And feel the sharp twang of your throbbing man-pole,  
As you bang it against my forehead,  
I long to say no to drugs.  
But yes to your cock.*

*Everyone else just thought of him as the substitute chemistry teacher.  
I didn't know what to think of him,  
Only that he could rest his flabby stomach on my back  
As he did me doggystyle...*

### **And now, our personal favorites:**

*Sometimes I look at the little girls playing on the playground,  
And sometimes I fuck them in my panel van.*

*Did it make you hot as well when Jodie Foster was getting it on the pool table? I kinda thought the guy that was wielding the broken beer bottle as a knife had a great ass. She was asking for it.*

*As his seed enters my womb, my thoughts can't help but drift to  
Those stalwart pro-lifers freezing in the snow.  
And whether or not they'll validate my parking this time.*

## Euclidean Loser

by Kelly Gunter and Sean T. Hammond

*Faerie contains many things besides elves and fays, and besides dwarfs, witches, trolls, giants, or dragons: it holds the seas, the sun, the moon, the sky; and the earth and all things that are in it: tree and bird, water and stone, wine and bread, and ourselves, mortal men, when we were enchanted.*

–J.R.R. Tolkien

Grimm fairy tales rarely end with a “happily ever after.” Instead they present stories where good people do bad things and innocents are destroyed by indifference. Not the most uplifting memes to be programming young children with, maybe, but certainly better than the treacle written for children in today’s world. There are, of course, notable exceptions: *The Polar Express*, *Peter and Wendy*, the *Chronicles of Narnia*, *Red Ranger Came Calling*, the collected Pooh Bear stories, and others thankfully keep the bitter-sweetness in the best fairy tales alive and influencing our children and adults.

The following piece was written by Kelly and myself in an attempt to capture the style and form of a Grimm tale. The language is repetitive—as many tales since the dawn of Sumer and Akkad have been—and the descriptions are intentionally vague, leaving no clue as to the motivations of a given character.

Please don’t read into things too much...it’s just a fairy tale.

### “The Girl With No Name”

*“What I tell you three times is true.”*

–*The Hunting of the Snark*, Lewis Carroll

Once there was a city of flowers, not named because its buildings were composed of the treasured and colourful extensions of plants, but for its large and varied gardens. Once a year the inhabitants of this otherwise dreary and windblown place would gather together in the month of June to mark the end of the long and cold winter in a grand celebration.

And near one of the gardens there was a massive stone seminary where the greatest minds went to learn what they could of God. Within its stone corridors the men contemplated that which interested them most.

And in the seminary was a man who made it his life’s work to understand the names and measures of all those around him. In his lifetime the Man-of-Names had studied the customs of people around the world and understood that to know something’s true name was to have power over it.

Each year during the Festival of the Flowers the community summoned all maidens to choose a Queen of June. Women showed up in magnificent gowns and ornate jewelry with the hopes of being chosen, for she would be entitled to stay at the seminary and study for a year. The Man-of-Names, because of the esteem his colleagues felt for him, and because of his quick eye and understanding, was given the honor of choosing the Queen.

As he gazed out onto the pleasing throngs of maidens, one woman stood out, for she was forced from the crowd of spectators to where the eager ladies stood. As she tried to turn and leave, the Man-of-Names called out, “Wait!” and went to see this strange maiden who didn’t wish to take part in the festival.

Unlike all the others she was not decorated, nor perfumed. She bore no jewels, nor signs of wealth. Her feet went unshod and dirty, and above her head she had raised a parasol to protect her fair skin from the rays of the sun. She did not heed his words and he chased after the walking figure. When he had come close to her she stopped and turned around.

“Please, what is your name?” he asked.

With a smile she lowered the parasol letting the rays of the sun in to bounce off her countenance, but as the first light tried to touch her, it broke through her and she seemed no more. Only her voice remained.

“I have none.”

Returning to the crowds, the Man-of-Names asked, “Who was that woman without jewels or signs of wealth?”

The people couldn’t say. For although all had seen her, none knew her.

Returning to the seminary the Man-of-Names went for a walk in a small garden. Thinking of the strange maiden made him weary and he sat under a rose bush covered with red roses. A sparrow landed among the thorns and said:

*Man-of-Names**You forget the power of Naming.**Repeat often, repeat often, repeat often.*

The Man-of-Names spoke to the people of the city saying he had learned the strange woman's name, and each day they should greet her.

As the Woman without a Name walked in the shade near the seminary on her way to the market, becoming unseen where the sun filtered through the foliage and fell on her skin, the sparrow sang:

*The Girl without name walks in the lane**Today she begins to learn a name.*

The Man-of-Names hastened to the gate and greeted her, but she paid no heed. In her travels that day everyone called her "Mansi," but she made no answer.

On the second day as the Woman without a Name walked near the seminary, the sparrow cried:

*The nameless Girl walks in the shade**Today she starts to remember her name.*

The Man-of-Names stood near the road and greeted her. The woman turned to look at him, but continued on her way. Everywhere she went the people would meet her and call her Mansi, and though she looked at them, she would not stop.

The third day as the Woman without a Name walked by the seminary, the sparrow said:

*The nameless Girl has one now.**Repeat often, repeat often, repeat often.*

When the Man-of-Names greeted her at the gate, she stopped and said, "Good morning."

So the Man-of-Names invited Mansi into the seminary.

*"Mansi, why don't you wear shoes?" he asked.*

"I shall now." Immediately cloth slippers enveloped her feet. A pained look crossed over her eyes and as she passed in front of the sunlit windows, she faded, but did not disappear.

*"Mansi, why don't you speak openly?"*

"I shall now," she replied. Her mouth filled up with words that had little meaning. Only her eyes betrayed her old heart, and tears welled up in them.

In the light from passing windows she seemed almost solid, except for empty eyes.

*"Mansi, why do you cry?"*

From amongst her stream of words her soft spoken voice emerged once again.

*"No reason."*

Upon passing the next open window her eyes had become solid in the light. Her eyes bespoke a vapid glance, her mouth bespoke a vapid thought, and all that remained a mystery now was the single streak of tear that had been left on her cheek, which quickly dried and left no evidence of its passing.

# HELP US SELL OUT

GDT needs an advertisement editor. The job pays on a commission basis, and the more ads the better.

Contact [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org) for more information.

## A Special Note from the GDT Legal Department

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, in an effort to help the Motion Picture Association of America rape the consumer, has reprinted some evidence from the DVD CCA's case against everyone and their grandmother. Below is Exhibit B, entered into evidence by one John Hoy, the president of the DVD CCA. The full text that Mr. Hoy placed in public domain is available at <http://cryptome.org/dvd-hoy-reply.htm>

EXHIBIT B

[Fax header: Jan-10 00 10:52-54AM; Pages 5, 6, 7, 8/12, 9/12, 10/12, 11/12, 12/12]

[Handmarked "DeCSS 10/25"]

CSSScrambleT.txt

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0xd3,0x93,0xdb,0x06,0x43,0x03,0x4b,0x96,0xde,0x9e,0xd6,0x0b,0
x4e,0x0e,0x46,0x9b,
0x57,0x17,0x5f,0x82,0xc7,0x87,0xcf,0x12,0x5a,0x1a,0x52,0x8f,0
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x1f,0x1e,0x1d,0x1c,
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1 peeji

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CSSScrambleT.txt

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unsigned char CSStab3[512]=
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```

2 peeji

-----  
CSSScrambleT.txt

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```
xce,0x4e,0x8e,0x0e,
0xf6,0x76,0xb6,0x36,0xd6,0x56,0x96,0x16,0xe6,0x66,0xa6,0x26,0
xc6,0x46,0x86,0x06,
0xfa,0x7a,0xba,0x3a,0xda,0x5a,0x9a,0x1a,0xea,0x6a,0xaa,0x2a,0
xca,0x4a,0x8a,0x0a,
0xf2,0x72,0xb2,0x32,0xd2,0x52,0x92,0x12,0xe2,0x62,0xa2,0x22,0
xc2,0x42,0x82,0x02,
0xfc,0x7c,0xbc,0x3c,0xdc,0x5c,0x9c,0x1c,0xec,0x6c,0xac,0x2c,0
xc8,0x4c,0x8c,0x0c,
0xf4,0x74,0xb4,0x34,0xd4,0x54,0x94,0x14,0xe4,0x64,0xa4,0x24,0
xc4,0x44,0x84,0x04,
0xf8,0x78,0xb8,0x38,0xd8,0x58,0x98,0x18,0xe8,0x68,0xa8,0x28,0
xc8,0x48,0x88,0x08,
0xf0,0x70,0xb0,0x30,0xd0,0x50,0x90,0x10,0xe0,0x60,0xa0,0x20,0
xc0,0x40,0x80,0x00
};
```

```
void CSSdescramble(unsigned char *sec,unsigned char *key)
{
    unsigned int t1,t2,t3,t4,t5,t6;
    unsigned char *end=sec+0x800;

    t1=key[0]^sec[0x54]|0x100;

    -----
    CSSscrambleT.txt
    -----

    t2=key[1]^sec[0x55];
    t3=*((unsigned int *) (key+2))^*((unsigned int
*) (sec+0x56)
));
    t4=t3&7;
    t3=t3*2+8-t4;
    sec+=0x80;
    t5=0;
    while(sec!=end)
    {
        t4=CSStab2[t2]^CSStab3[t1];
        t2=t1>>1;
        t1=((t1&1)<<8)^t4;
        t4=CSStab5[t4];
        t6=((((((t3>>3)^t3)>>1)^t3)>>8)^t3)>>5)&0xff;
        t3=(t3<<8)|t6;
        t6=CSStab4[t6];
        t5+=t6+t4;
        *sec+=CSStab1[*sec]^(t5&0xff);
        t5>>=8;
    }
}
```

```
void CSStitlekey1(unsigned char *key,unsigned char *im)
{
    unsigned int t1,t2,t3,t4,t5,t6;
    unsigned char k[5];
    int i;

    t1=im[0]|0x100;
    t2=im[1];
    t3=*((unsigned int *) (im+2));
    t4=t3&7;
    t3=t3*2+8-t4;
    t5=0;
    for(i=0;i<5;i++)
```

```
{
    t4=CSStab2[t2]^CSStab3[t1];
    t2=t1>>1;
    t1=((t1&1)<<8)^t4;
    t4=CSStab4[t4];
    t6=((((((t3>>3)^t3)>>1)^t3)>>8)^t3)>>5)&0xff;
    t3=(t3<<8)|t6;
    t6=CSStab4[t6];
    t5+=t6+t4;

    -----
    CSSscrambleT.txt
    -----

    k[i]=t5&0xff;
    t5>>=8;
}
for(i=9;i>=0;i--)

key[CSStab0[i+1]]=k[CSStab0[i+1]]^CSStab1[key[CSStab0
[i+1]]]^key[CSStab0[i]];
}

void CSStitlekey2(unsigned char *key,unsigned char *im)
{
    unsigned int t1,t2,t3,t4,t5,t6;
    unsigned char k[5];
    int i;

    t1=im[0]|0x100;
    t2=im[1];
    t3=*((unsigned int *) (im+2));
    t4=t3&7;
    t3=t3*2+8-t4;
    t5=0;
    for(i=0;i<5;i++)
    {
        t4=CSStab2[t2]^CSStab3[t1];
        t2=t1>>1;
        t1=((t1&1)<<8)^t4;
        t4=CSStab4[t4];
        t6=((((((t3>>3)^t3)>>1)^t3)>>8)^t3)>>5)&0xff;
        t3=(t3<<8)|t6;
        t6=CSStab5[t6];
        t5+=t6+t4;
        k[i]=t5&0xff;
        t5>>=8;
    }
    for(i=9;i>=0;i--)

key[CSStab0[i+1]]=k[CSStab0[i+1]]^CSStab1[key[CSStab0
[i+1]]]^key[CSStab0[i]];
}

void CSSdecrypttitlekey(unsigned char *tkey,unsigned char
*dkey)
{
    int i;
    unsigned char im1[6];
    unsigned char im2[6]={0x51,0x67,0x67,0xc5,0xe0,0x00};

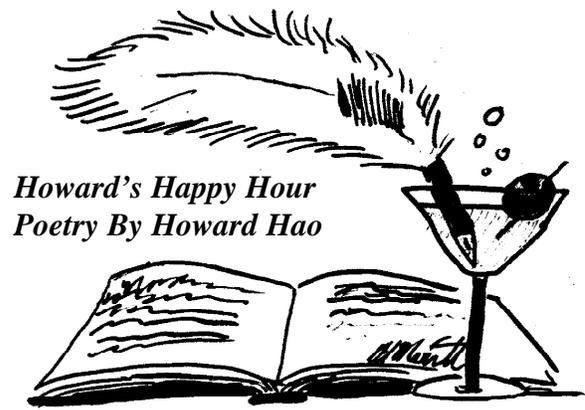
    -----
    CSSscrambleT.txt
    -----

    for(i=0;i<6;i++)
        im1[i]=dkey[i];

    CSStitlekey1(im1,im2);
    CSStitlekey2(tkey,im1);
}
```

### The Cardboard Cut-out

The cardboard cut-out of a free postcard  
 That I got from a store in the very big and  
 Wondrous mall from a clothing shoppe  
 Is sitting there taped to my good old  
 Monitor and it looks very happy just sitting  
 There taped to my monitor very happy  
 Indeed as it sits there looking at space the  
 Cut-out of a blonde cartoon girl gliding  
 With flames coming up from her flat black  
 Shoes and her pigtail flowing fluidly behind  
 Her white sports bra and green cutoff shorts  
 And she looks happy just sitting there taped  
 To my monitor this cardboard cut-out  
 Of a free postcard that I got



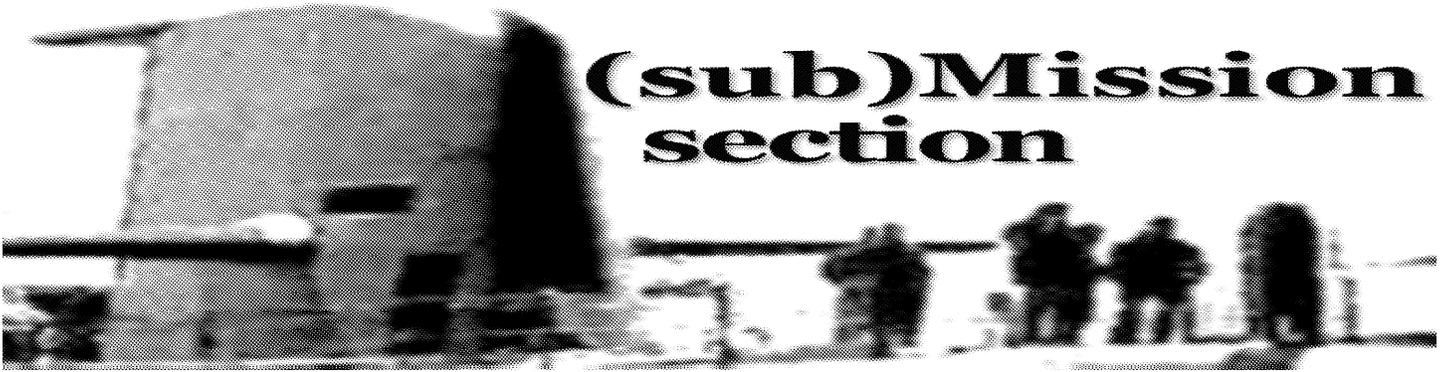
### Rollercoaster Ride of Momentary Love and Fortunes

A busty brunette strollin' down the street  
 So beautiful and can make my life complete  
 Geez, Louise, stop it please—  
 I can't take anymore of this torture!  
 Eye candy and bliss, not to be missed  
 Is mine to forsake and to treasure.

### The Tragedies in War and Conflict

*—for all veterans of war*

You hear that? That there is the resounding sound  
 Of battles being won and triumphs acclaimed.  
 You smell that? That there is the horrors of battle,  
 The sweet tangy sting of blood and gore and flesh.  
 You feel that? That there is the sharp jabbing  
 Gut-wrenching feeling of watching your comrades fall.  
 You taste that? That there is the taste of bitter  
 Defeat, of capture, and of sweetened lies.  
 You see that? That there is the view of a world gone  
 Insane, of the blind blindly leading a lost cause.

**untitled**

dogs yelling keep it hardcore keep it ruff  
 I add enough fluff to deduct all the mean stuff  
 show it's all love  
 everyday I try to rise above all the bull  
 but everyday I feel its same pull  
 hoes in clothes that's tight  
 if you don't have gold kids think your flows ain't right  
 I would love to see kids who hold mikes break the molds  
 and stereotypes  
 but for real do whatever you feel 'cause it's your life  
 I'm not trying to tell you how to live it  
 I'm just letting you know about the visions I've been giving  
 as I roam the area code I like to call home  
 2-0-2 digits

-lowkey-

**untitled**

I admit  
 it's a habit of mine  
 to grab rhymes out of thin air  
 my tag lines say i've been there  
 sniffed Ritalin singed my nose hairs  
 random flows go nowhere  
 but that's exactly my point  
 as I enact my tax of the joint when it's passed  
 and I still have much life to live and many mikes  
 with which to give my insights on kids  
 plus the actions they did  
 skip to the end of the novel to learn how the plot unfolds  
 kids doing the exact opposite of what they're told  
 stuck in react mode

-lowkey-

**untitled**

why rhyme about homicides when your life's been a bona fide easy ride  
 parents making bacon  
 they provide for your suburbanite stride  
 they're giving, you're taking  
 talking slang  
 emulating gangs, inner city things  
 straight faking  
 not exactly from the city but I know these kiddies  
 listen to Biggie  
 try to get jiggy  
 want to lose their virginity but flip when they get a hickey  
 want to be what they can't be it tickles me  
 their lack of diversity

-lowkey-

**Portrait of the Muse as a Landscape**

When I think about your body.  
 Your back is like a village  
 with all its trails and roads carved in muscle.  
 At the curve of your neck is  
 the holy place where young girls  
 are brought too as offerings for the Gods.  
 The base of your spine a forbidden  
 clearing where the ancestors still whisper.  
 Your arms are as strong as the sea.  
 Your fingers guide me over the vast landscape  
 that is you.  
 And each time you enter me,  
 Covering me with your body  
 I feel history being created.

**Untitled**

Does it make you hard  
 these words of mine?  
 Knowing I am wet  
 thinking of your face  
 your voice  
 your supple smoothness  
 of a back arched just so.

My nipples stiffen  
 Pulse quickens  
 It is your cock  
 I feel when I cum.

Eyes half closed  
 body heat rises.  
 If you were here now  
 would you protest?  
 Or throw you head back  
 whispering  
 Yes  
 yes  
 yes

**Untitled**

I find myself at night missing your  
 mouth  
 your teeth their white hard enamel  
 your pink tongue swollen  
 lips parted  
 cracked half smile  
 wet  
 and, oh

—Janis A. Lilly

**ADMIN POETRY****“Interruptions”**

When we’re alone it’s so perfect. We look deep into each other’s eyes and feel that “special something.” But it seems like something is always trying to interrupt, breaking down the barriers we’ve built against the world, and arresting one of us for the murder of the other.

**“Our Love”**

We were adrift, two petals floating in a pond, circling each other, twisting, turning, dancing on the current. At least that’s how the police report described us, when they found our dead bodies in Lake Simmons.

**“Impetus”**

I didn’t love you for your beauty. I didn’t love you for your money or your strong character. I didn’t think of you as a stepping stone to greater things. I didn’t love you because you loved me.  
 I didn’t love you at all, in fact. That’s probably why  
 I killed you.

—dalas v.

## **The Other Side of Valentine's Day**

By Randall Good

Valentine's Day is almost upon us, and here are some heartwarming words from Lewis Black (and I paraphrase):

"Valentine's Day has come again. It's a wonderful time for couples to openly express and share their love...and a painful reminder to the rest of us who don't have that special someone **THAT WE ARE ALONE!!!**"

Valentine's Day is the loneliest day of the year. Birthdays can be up there, too (you know, when you keep your birthday a secret, hoping that a surprise party is being planned, even though no one knows it's your birthday because you're keeping it a secret), but Valentine's Day takes the cake (pun intended—haha).

On Valentine's Day, the majority of people are longing for some schmaltzy "Secret Admirer" declaration of love. They won't admit it, but it's true. Because, contrary to what this holiday suggests, there are relatively few lovers frolicking in the golden pastures of desire.

Valentine's Day also falls in the winter, which, in Rochester, means that any dreams of golden pastures are displaced by the deadening reality of gray slush, smelly blacktop, stinging cold, and a distant memory of a rare phenomenon called "sunlight".

This brings me to the topic of Winter: The Loneliest Season. In winter, we are forced inside to

escape from large, ameboid piles of gray slush which seem to be multiplying and planning a takeover of the region. We go inside for warmth, which comes from gas or electric heaters and is artificial. The warmth we really desire is in physical contact: hugs, kisses, and romps in the sack. Sadly, for many of us, this warmth exists most often in that fifteen seconds after we wake up, when we're trying to figure out if that wonderful dream we just had was real.

You see, there's no better way to combat cold weather than cuddling. I know that this sounds pretty corny, but it's true, goddammit. When you don't get to cuddle, when you don't feel the warmth of physical contact, when you aren't loved, the winter can kill you. It happens every year.

This plateau of loneliness is never reached during the summer because you can go always outside where the whole world is yours. You're always warm, and human contact won't cool you off. When you're lying in a sunbeam, who needs anyone else?

Valentine's Day isn't such a bad day, but perhaps there should be a holiday for the rest of us. Alone Day, maybe, or Frustrated Romantic Day. We need to celebrate the men and women who wake up each morning in nobody else's arms, look at the floor when their crush walks by, and go home at night to a faithful thermostat. These people are the real troopers who deserve our recognition and honor.

**THE US ARMY WISHES YOU A HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY.**

**PLEASE DO NOT SHOOT ANY BELLIGERENT,  
THIRD WORLD REFUGEES ON THIS DAY OF LOVE.**

**WE WILL TRY NOT TO EITHER.**

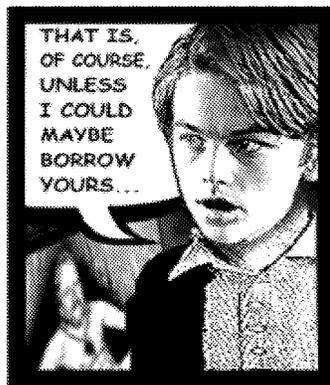
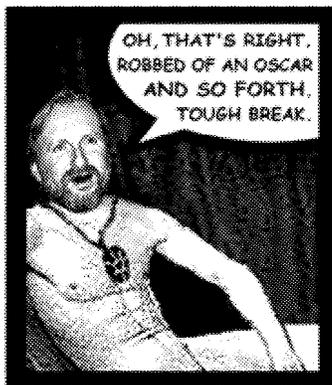
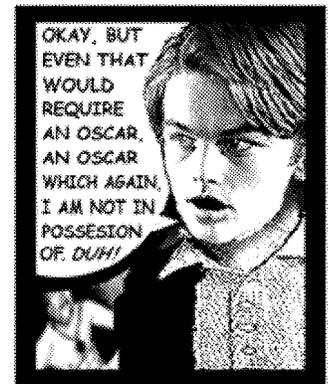
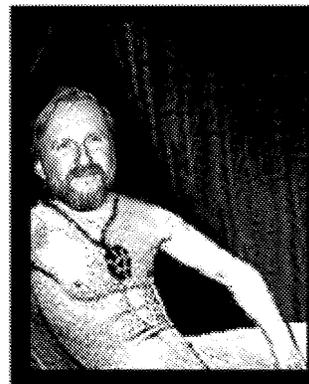
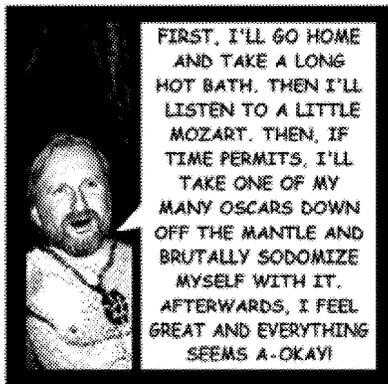
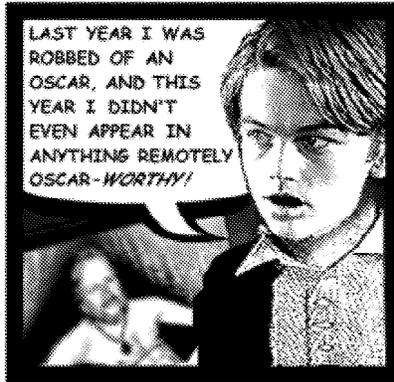
**THANKS.**

**GO ARMY!**

# MUCKRAKER

<http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>

By Jason K. Huddy and Tom Vullo, [muckrakercomics@yahoo.com](mailto:muckrakercomics@yahoo.com)



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# SUBMIT.

[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)

*Episode 11...*

**Big Daddy:** Hey there, kiddies, Big Daddy here! Today we're going to talk about Cheryl's favorite environmental disaster just waiting to happen— the green house effect!

**Kids:** Global paranoia!

**Big Daddy:** Gosh, you kids are smart. Must be all that quality time with Fucko the Clown. Anyway, many people are confused about exactly what the green house effect is. This confusion has resulted in many aerosol cans being removed from stores.

**Kids:** Flame throwers!¹

**Big Daddy:** Well, now, kids, I want you to think about all of the green houses on your block. Now, the green house effect is caused by the green paint on green houses. See, the chemical phthaylocyanide-

**Kids:** Colonel Mustard, in the conservatory!

**Big Daddy:** Okay, kids. Phthaylocyanide is a pigment-

**Kids:** Melanin!

**Big Daddy:** (motions to Fucko, who laughs evilly, silencing the children.) NOW, kids, as I was saying, the phthaylocyanide is what makes paint green and art students sort of loopy. It also is used by people who want to save on their heating bills. See, kids, phthaylocyanide thickens the air around the house that it's painted on. This thick air is like a big fluffy blanket that holds heat in the houses. Unfortunately, some people have REALLY green houses, and the thick air blanket holds a lot of heat very close to the earth's surface. This heat spreads out and heats up the whole earth, and then it doesn't snow in the winter, so you

kids don't get any days off.

**Kids:** Awwwww.

**Big Daddy:** But, there is something you kids can do.

**Kids:** Hooray!

**Big Daddy:** Go to your refrigerator and get all the eggs. Then, throw them at all of the green houses on

your block, making sure to cover the paint evenly. Now, as we all know from watching Big Daddy, eggs are full of cholesterol, which make them taste good. The cholesterol eat the green paint so it won't thicken the air. Did you kids know that?

**Fucko:** Of course not, Big Daddy. Uhuh, hah hah, they're just KIDS and wouldn't have read that brilliant book by Dr. Seuss, *Green Eggs and You*, which talks all about not liking green eggs. Of course no one would like green eggs, because they don't really exist.

**Big Daddy:** Now, kids, Fucko has just given us a lovely book report. What do we say?

**Kids:** Intellectual elitism!

**Big Daddy:** You're the smartest kids I know. Now go get those eggs and help save the environment!

**Camera Operator:** . . .and we're out!

**Cheryl:** (bouncing out from the wings to sit on Big Daddy's lap) Oh, Big Daddy, you're so dedicated, telling the kids how to save the environment. Just like Don Henley!

---

¹ Fucko suggests carburetor and choke cleaner as flame thrower fuel. It will "leave about a 20 foot black smudge across anything you use it on. Heh heh heh."

## Big Daddy's Biology Show



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

*Episode 12...*

Follow these simple directions and fold your own spaceship earth!

1. Yank out a piece of paper. (Use this one if you want.) Color it blue and green.
2. Fold over top left corner to right edge.
3. Fold over resulting triangle to make a house shape.

4. Fold the house in half.

(**Kids:** Homewrecking!)

5. Unfold the house, and fold the outside edges into the center.

6. Fold the whole thing in half.

7. Fold down little wings. Voila! Spaceship Earth!

(**Kids:** Stealth bomber!)

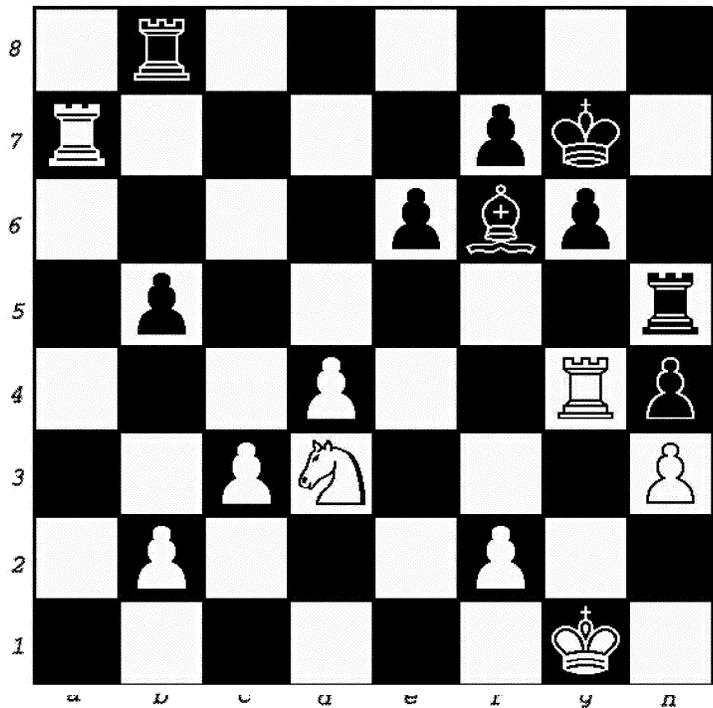
“Sword of Omens!

Give me FORKS beyond FORKS!”

–ToddM, on [freechess.org](http://freechess.org)

Sorry I’ve been gone so long. I’ve been dealing with being a student and the editor for GDT, as well as handling the huge volume of email I get regarding Tourist’s articles. BUT NOT TO WORRY! I have been a pious man; I am going to heaven. The RIT chess club went to the Pan American Intercollegiate tournament in Toronto, and...well, we played. I played Board 3 and performed well, with 2 draws, 1 loss, and 3 wins out of 6 games.

I have also been playing in the Monday Night Winter League at the Rochester Chess Center. The time control is game in 90 minutes, round robin, one game a week for ten weeks. Like the Pan Ams, I am playing board three. My column this week is an annotation of a game I played on the 7th of February.



**White to gut out black and leave him for dead.**

**Adam Fletcher – Bill Walters**  
RCC Monday Night Winter League

1. e4 c6 2. d4 d5 3. exd5 cxd5 4. Nc3 Nf6 5. Nf3 Bg4 6. Be2 e6 7. O-O Be7 8. Bf4

Bf4 is probably not book, but it’s logical and develops the bishop.

8. ... Nh5

Sweet. Makes Bf4 mean something, as I now play...

9. Bxb8 Rxb8 10. Bb5+

Ruining black’s chance at castling. I’m hoping to exploit this weak king side, and I do.

10. ... Kf8 11. h3

Forcing the bishop trade (if Bf5, then g4 forking the bishop and knight). By trading bishops I am removing his attacking pieces from my king side and developing my attacking pieces to his kingside.

11. ... Bxf3 12. Qxf3 Nf6 13. Rfe1 a6 14. Bd3

I get the bishop out before b5, so I don’t lose tempo running from black’s pawns.

14. ... b5 15. a3

Closing in black’s dark squared bishop. I’m trying to limit the amount of squares he controls, and a3 gives me this positional advantage. In black’s position, I would have looked to play Bd6 to reactivate my bishop.

15. ... Qb6 16. Ne2 g6 17. c3 Kg7 18. g4 Rbf8 19. Nf4 h5 20. g5 Ne4 21. Bxe4 dxe4 22. Qg3 h4 23. Qg4 Qd8 24. Rxe4

Black does not have f5 (forking the queen and rook), because of *gxf5 en passant*.

24. ... Bxg5 25. Qf3 Qf6 26. Qg4 Qf5 27. Nd3 Qxg4+ 28. Rxg4 Rh5 29. a4 Rb8 30. axb5 axb5 31. Ra7!

Ra7 is much better than Ra5, which was my original plan. Ra7 pins black’s f pawn against his king, and allows for the attack against black’s king to begin in earnest.

31. ... Bf6??

[Diagram] Loses the pawn. Black doesn’t see the pin, and allow me to play...

32. Nf4

Forking the rook and the pawn.

32. ... Rf5

Not Rg5, because of 33. Rxg5 Bxg5 34. Nx36+ Kf6 (or Kh6) 35. Nxc5 Kxc5 36. Rxf7 and white is up two pawns in the endgame.

33. Nxe6+ Kh6??

Hanging a pawn.

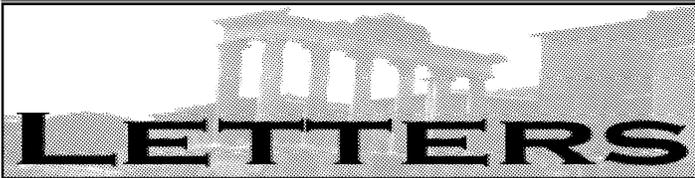
34. Rxf7 Rb6??

Loses the bishop. Better is Bd8, but the position is still lost.

35. Rxf6 Rxf6 36. Rxh4 check-mate.

Is this too technical? Not technical enough? Does anyone read the chess column? Tell me ([adamf@csh.rit.edu](mailto:adamf@csh.rit.edu)) what you want to see and I’ll write it up. Want articles for beginners? No problem. For masters? Read *Chess Life*.

**The RIT Chess Club Meets Thursdays, 8 - 11:30pm, in the 1829 Room of the SAU**



To whom it may concern,

Let me just start by saying that the messages you wrote for your so-called "Valentine's Day" section were absolutely the most disgusting, degrading, and downright demeaning things I've ever read in a so-called "Student Publication". You make want to vomit. I can't believe that you are actually allowed to print such garbage. Please don't give me any excuses about the First Amendment rights, your rights end where other people's begin. Maybe you'll understand that later on when you have the misfortune of dealing with some of the things you were making fun of.

Sincerely yours,  
<insert your name here>

Dear Sean and Jan,

Well done. I think you've just about offended everyone on this campus. I wonder what your editor thinks when you send him this stuff. I am in charge of <insert student issue center here> and it saddens me to see this attitude being propagated at RIT. Granted, there is always room for satire in life, but I fail to see any sort of satire in your lampooning of such topics as rape, homosexuality, incest, and pedophilia. You may not realize what kind of message you are sending your readership, but I assure you that you will loose more readers than you will gain from this. Inflammatory remarks only possess novelty for a short amount of time, but the issues you've dealt with leave lasting scars on the people who experience them. I suggest you spend some time thinking about yourself and your own problems before choosing to make fun of other people's' trouble. Consider that what goes around usually comes around and you won't have time to laugh when it comes back to you.

For what its worth,  
<insert your name and professional salutation here>

Dear assholes -

You guys are sick. I hope you rot in hell.

Fuck you,  
<insert your name here>



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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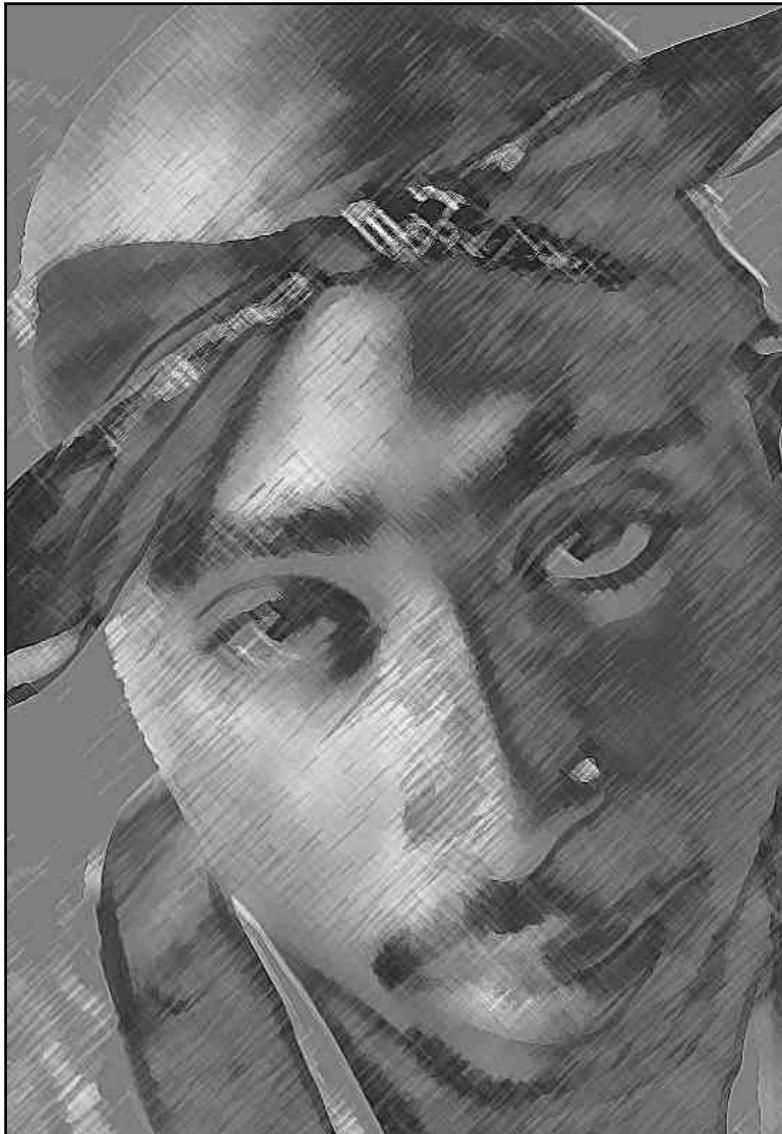
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**Cover:**  
What Valentine's Day is  
all about.

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Gracies  
Dinna'time  
Theata'  
(for all our dead homies)



We be mournin' ya 'til  
we're joinin' ya.  
1971 – 1996



# The Magic Wondershow PRESENTS Gangsta Rap Hamlet

By Sean J. Stanley, Bard

Don't you hate when you have to make pleasant conversation with someone and you happen to ask them what sort of music they like and they give you this ubiquitous response:

"Oh, I like all kinds of music. I listen to pretty much everything....except for rap and country."

Why is it that most people are so obtuse that they fail to see the merits of a certain genre? I'll admit that I'm not rushing to the stores to pick up the latest Brooks & Dunn album or waiting in line to get my hands on the life and times of Ziggy Stardust...oops, I mean Chris Gains. I have, however, found merit in certain country tunes that inspire me to liquor up and say "fuck you" to anybody that has done me wrong in the past. I could offer any number of Johnny Cash, David Allen Coe, or Conway Twitty tunes that would do the trick, and anyone that has stayed for closing time at a karaoke bar knows that "Friends in Low Places" can turn even the most pathetic, drooling, shit-faced welfare junky sitting beside you into your best friend as your glass sways along with theirs in a precarious arc over your heads. Country music and rap have one thing in common, PAIN. Good country and good rap deal with angst. Some noteworthy scholars would argue that any good art must show insight into human suffering. (I don't know. That won't apply to most of Weird Al's songs.) It's interesting to see that when a country song tops the charts, chances are that there is a rap/hip-hop/R&B version floating around somewhere and vice-versa, case in point: "I Will Always Love You", performed with success by country music star Dolly Parton in the mid-eighties, and subsequently performed by self-titled diva Whitney Houston in the 90's for *The Bodyguard*. Such crossovers exist all the time between white people music (country) and black people music (rap/hip-hop/R&B). What? "Come on, Tourist, you're being racist!" Am I? Name a well known black country star. Name a respected white rapper (of course you'll say the Beasties, Eminem, and House of Pain, but do you really respect these guys? Lest I forget Vanilla Ice, Mack 10, and the Insane Clown Posse, rappers of who are held by the general populace holds in the highest regard.) I'm not making that statement to make a racial point, only that both genres garner success in discussing pain. In my humble opinion, rap and country music that does not deal with pain is shitty. Think about it. Country music can be divided into four subcategories:

## *Good country:*

The bitch/bastard done me wrong or other such suffering

## *Bad country:*

I love him/her  
I love/hate a certain alcoholic beverage  
I've made a song out of a popular catch phrase:  
("I Guess You Had to be There", "Sometimes You're the Windshield, Sometimes You're the Bug" "Here's a Quarter, Call Someone Who Cares" and the like.)



The same treatment can be applied to rap:

*Good rap:*

There is something wrong with society  
Let's have some fun (that doesn't involve killing people)

*Bad rap:*

I am a badass  
I have sex with women  
I have a gun and lots of money  
I have found Jesus (but I am still a badass), i.e. DMX, Mase

If you'll notice the latter category of bad rap, you'll see that I'm describing the majority of modern rap artists. That's because most modern rap artists suck. They tend to spend all their time trying to usurp one another in material positions and "power", and the resulting drivel that winds up on the album reflects this self-serving bullshit. The good modern artists tend to be jolly, acting in the spirit of musical brotherhood, and concerned more about the content of their message, rather than the prestige that they attain from it. Notable examples of what I would consider "good" rappers (but what do I know?) – *The Roots*, who have worked wonders in reviving the beat box posses of the 1980's, *Busta Rhymes*, a walking cartoon character that uses cadence and inflection to make any string of words into good music, *Das EFX*, who sprinkle pop culture references throughout their lyrics, and *Coolio*, who can play around just as easily as he can turn the eye to the issues of urban life. I'm sure that there are more, but those are the few that spring to my mind right now.

Gangsta Rap? Well, the bad rap artists of the 90s/00s have simply bastardized gangsta rap to its most basal undertones. Name, rank, serial. Or, if you prefer, clever incorrectly spelled name (not because they're poking fun of societal norms, but because everyone else is doing it and it fits on a vanity license plate), type and caliber of weapon, model of currently owned Lexus or Acura, number of women in your entourage, amount of money you have. I submit to you the following commentary on the death of up and

coming 698lb gangsta rapper Christopher "Punisher" Rios (Biggie, part two) after his death from a massive coronary this past Monday:

"He was beloved, and admired, and accomplished, and rich," said his publicist, David Granoff. Known earlier in his career as Big Moon Dog, the entertainer was once an avid basketball player and boxer, but later said he took to eating until he couldn't tie his shoelaces..."

(from *The HipHop Archives*,

<http://www.hiphoparchives.com/>

*Reporter-10/newshead.php3?suid=000234*)

"and rich"??? That publicist has his priorities straight as far as impressing other gangsta rappers, however I'm not so sure that all those Benjamins will console his wife and three children.

They just don't get it, do they? We as an audience can't connect to something like that unless there is a context and a message behind it. Otherwise everyone and their grand pappy would be out there cutting albums. Maybe I'm in the wrong business because I could easily do that: "I gotz a huge wingg-wangg, uhhh", by Tourist-1. But I digress. We need to return to the roots of gangsta rap, back to the year 1989, when NWA offered for the parentally advised listening public, *Straight Outta Compton*. Met with huge success and public acclaim, as well as menacing attacks from suburban white people with children, interest groups, and the LAPD, this album was and still is the keystone and holy grail of gangsta rap. Why? Because there was a context for the message, there was a need for the message to be proliferated, and there was an intelligence behind the way it was presented. The maddest of all mad props must be bestowed upon Ice Cube. You gotta hand it to the guy, he's a pretty sharp dude. To Wit:

"Fuck tha police  
Comin straight from the underground  
Young nigga got it bad cuz I'm brown  
And not the other color so police think  
They have the authority to kill a minority

Fuck that shit, cuz I ain't tha one  
For a punk muthafucka with a badge and a gun  
To be beatin on, and throwin in jail

We could go toe to toe in the middle of a cell

Fuckin with me cuz I'm a teenager  
With a little bit of gold and a pager  
Searchin my car, lookin for the product  
Thinkin every nigga is sellin narcotics"

(from "Fuck the Police")

Here's a guy that's had enough. It's a well known fact that paying selective attention to minorities (known professionally as "profiling" and highly illegal) is often standard operating procedure for police departments. This was certainly the case throughout the notoriously corrupt LAPD, under whose jurisdiction Ice Cube fell. Not surprising that only three years later, Los Angeles would be ravaged by riots as a result of such police corruption. The glory of being a gangsta is the hook for the music, but most fail to realize that it is a beautiful satire of what the police are really after when they profile someone. Pull over a black guy in an expensive car; let's see what we get. Granted, the misogynistic and egotistical overtones that are present in today's rap were apparent in his early offerings, however he was always able to maintain a sense of irony. Other early gangsta rap pioneers like Ice-T and Eazy-E managed to continue this sort of intelligent social commentary. Bumbling idiots like Snoop Dogg, and Dr. Dre were there early enough on the scene to get away with foul language tripe so that in retrospect, their music seems on point, but it's clear that they personified the self-serving aspect of gangsta rap that has taken hold today. If we're gonna like the music, we've got to feel the pain!!!

Which brings me to Hamlet—the ultimate ode to torturous pain and suffering. Baz Luhrman had the right idea—bring Shakespearian drama into the light of mainstream modern America, without cheesy choreographed dance sequences and a brooding, knife-wielding Richard Beymar. 1996's *William Shakespeare's Romeo + Juliet* was one of the best interpretations of the bard's play. Master thespians and theater teachers round the world may not think so, but every adolescent who was spared the pain of skimming the Cliff's Notes prior to an exam knows that the modernizing hooks in the film worked well. So why not other plays? Yes, it's been done, but not for the right people. *A Thousand Acres* was a modern inter-

pretation of *King Lear*, but the target demographic was women 34–56, certainly not the group that NEEDS Shakespeare. Same thing with *Richard the Third* and *Looking for Richard*, both excellent films, however billed as art films and only attended by hack intellectuals and snobbish Merchant Ivory junkies. Not for the kids. What we need for edjumacation today is something for the masses. Something that the MTV generation will understand. Why? Because the MTV generation gets to vote. The MTV generation will be filling important positions in government bureaucracy and economic infrastructure. I don't know about you, but I think that the wisdom of Shakespeare would not be a bad cultural influence for these motivated, self-starters. So here we go. Magic Wondershow Entertainment proudly presents:

## GANGSTA RAP HAMLET

*Dramatis Personae—(in order of appearance)*

*Bernardo and Francisco (the sentinels):* DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince

*Horatio:* Dr. Dre' (henceforth known as Dre'tio)

*Marcellus:* Ving Rhames (Ok, well he's not a rapper, but there's only one Marcellus in my book, goddamit!)

*The King's Ghost:* Biggie Smalls

*Prince Hamlet:* Busta Rhymes

*Claudius, King of Denmark:* Puff Daddy (because he's capitalizing on the death of the king)

*Queen Gertrude:* Queen Latifah

*Polonius:* Ice Cube

*Laertes:* Snoop Doggy Dogg

*Ophelia:* Laryn Hill

*Voltemand and Cornelius:* Nate Dogg, featuring Warren G.

*Reynaldo:* B-Real

*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (are dead):* Bone Thugz N Harmony

*Yorick:* 2Pac

*Fortinbras:* Master P (riding his gold No Limit tank)



Here are a few possibilities for some scenes:

**Hamlet:** Listen up, niggaz. To be, or not to be, that's tha shit I'm dealin wit. Can't decide. Get my street cred in da brain wit *life*, Or to strap on tha gat, hand on the Glock, And by stepping to em: to die, to chill no more...

**Hamlet:** Check it, yo. Fuck. Yorick, I knew him Dre'tio, That funny motherfucker from around the way; clever little beyotch, doin' piggyback style: My mind runs wild. Those lips wif the stank bref. Who's jokin' now, fool? Rhymes? Layin' down the lines? Goofy shit that crack up the crew? Nobody here to pay respects?

Ya ya ya, ya ya.  
Ya ya ya.

Get to my bitch and tell her I've got an itch. Make her laugh at that: Hey Dre'tio tell me one thing.

**Dre':** Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks. Lick on deez nutz and suck the dick.

**Hamlet:** You think Alexander comes spying on the scene?

**Dre':** How a nigga so young could bust a cap?

**Hamlet:** True dat.

**Dre':** Word is bond, my Lord.

**Hamlet:** Word is bond.

**King:** Throw me bottle of da OE. Hamlet, this dank nug is thine, Fire that shit up. Give 'em the fotie.

*Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.*

**Hamlet:** (*dressed as a cowboy*). I gots that head nod shit that'll make you snap your neck. Come: another hit; what say you?

**Laertes:** A toke, a toke, pass that shit!

**King:** Fuck bein a broke nigga.

**Queen:** He's fat, and scant of breath. I'm ready to break my foot off in your anal. Ready to bring you pain, yo, comin' up wit the Play-Dough Style you stole

**Hamlet:** No doubt.

**King:** Yo Bitch, don't drink that fotie!

**Queen:** Fuck you, scrub-ass nigga.

*She drinks.*

**King:** It is the poison n' shit. It is too late.

**Hamlet:** Whoo-ha.

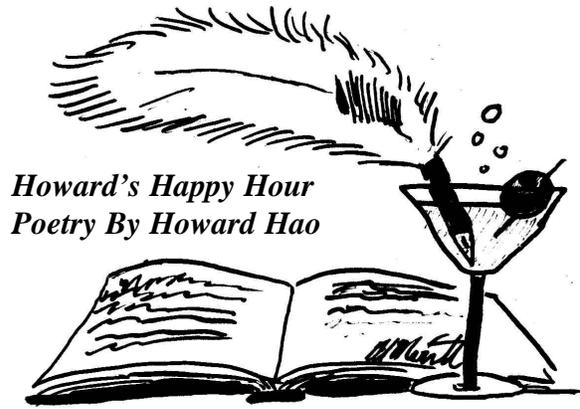
These are just a few examples of what could be. I think if Hype Williams or John Singleton directed it, with good art design and costumes by Tommy Hilfiger, you could make a pretty competent rendition of the play. Something that everyone could understand. But that's just me. I could be wrong. Tourist1 out.

**The Rebellious Youthful Behavior**

No...I don't need  
 To follow in the shadowy  
 Footsteps and inseams of  
 Charred bodies taught by  
 Posh and "well-mannered"  
 Harlots. Nor do I need  
 To understand the vitality  
 Of the strange perversions  
 Of classical behaviors.  
 I am my own person.  
 I am my own being.  
 And I can make my own  
 Decisions. Why bother  
 Trying to impress with  
 Boring and meddlesome  
 Antics of a lost art?  
 Bastards.

**Back to Basics**

To enter is divine  
 To listen, even better  
 To entertain and to be entertained  
 By the rich harmonies of Nature.  
 Life's own compositions  
 Are intriguing in their own right  
 In their own splendors  
 And must be preserved as such.



**Favored Definition of Competition**

Leaving traces of tears and claw marks from day one,  
 Things are done to our minds that cannot be easily undone.  
 To crush all the competitors is what is instilled  
 Into our feeble minds, feeding the growing will.  
 Unfortunately, there is no such thing as easy persuasion.  
 There is also no such thing as an easy imitation.  
 After all, imitation is the highest form of flattery.  
 But how is this possible in all this cacophony?  
 Torrent fires burn with hatred and a fiery passion.  
 Stomp the others out of existence with distractions.  
 For it is he who makes the most that survives the game.  
 Exactly who are we trying to fool? This is inane;  
 Take out all the players and you're the sole survivor  
 No more competitors in a world dependent on vim and vigor.



## Join IASPYAPEC!

By Randall Good

We humans are a social species. We prefer groups to solitude, so it is not surprising that we have created many different groups with which to identify ourselves and others like us. There are stereotypes, races, ethnic groups, comrades, co-workers, classmates, families, tribes, and other what-have-yous.

There are also an alarmingly large number of social organizations out there which, defying universal logic, have found reasons to band together and EXIST.

There are a lot of worthwhile groups out there (the American Civil Liberties Union comes to mind). But, it seems to me, there are a lot of groups which seem to exist only to isolate narrow-minded people from each other. Too many groups are defined by very specific parameters. Here are a few examples:

**Brothers United In Literary Text (BUILT):** A book club for gay, male African Americans. Has literature really become this separatist?

**Bike & Brunch:** A Jewish singles bicycling club. Talk about choosy singles.

**Women's Mountain Bike & Tea Society (WOMBATS):** I guess the mountain bike and Gatorade women have to take their party elsewhere.

**International Guild of Gay Webmasters:** Oh sure, sexual preference and typing code have EVERYTHING to do with each other.

**Christifideles Pizza and Theology Society (CPATS):** If you think about it, pizza is about as good a lure as any for this Catholic club.

**Sons of God Motorcycle Club:** "Hell's Angels" always did seem like a contradiction in terms.

Most of these speak for themselves, but let me just say that I'm very curious as to how some of these interests get combined into a new super-hobby which must be advertised and enjoyed by a new club.

There are many organizations out there which don't even need to exist, like: **Towing Operators Working to Eliminate Drunk Driving (TOWED)**

(what a cute acronym!). Maybe I'm just too cynical, but the **National Association for Self-Esteem** should probably try a new approach towards achieving its goal. Groups tend to crush individuality, right? What about the **International Listening Association**, which focuses on the impact that listening has on human activity, a topic which boggles the mind if you actually pay attention at their meetings. I may be totally wrong, you know. After all, I scoffed at a group called **Bird Strike Committee, USA**, but it turns out that they prevent birds from causing airline accidents. Who knew?

There's also a tendency for these organizations to "acroname" themselves. I can understand why. It must be a real pain in the ass to have to always type **English Cocker Spaniel Club of Southern California** in your newsletter. But couldn't they find a more exciting or entertaining way to shorten their name other than going as "ECSCSC"? It would be incredibly awkward to drop that name at a party to impress your English Cocker Spaniel-loving friends. What about Cali Cock-Lovers? Say it in an English accent to denote which type of cock you love. What if you were at a bar and bought some beautiful woman a drink and then told her that you belonged to EUSIDIC? She would probably slap you, because that heavy acronym contains no hint of standing for **The European Association of Information Services**.

There are other groups which have names that are so clever that I couldn't care less what they stand for. Never mind that it's a Christian missionary group which has a complete lack of respect for the ideals of other cultures, **Mission: Himpossible** is the club to join! Based on their name, they seem to have a very ironic view on their work as missionaries. Another cool group I would like to join is **Pissed Off Women**. I wonder if they'll let me join.

Finally, there are groups that I can't believe exist at all. Wait. I actually have no trouble at all believing it because I'm reaching the end of this article and right now anything seems possible:

**Funeral Car Addicts Anonymous (FCAA):** For the millions of hearse connoisseurs out there. I know, you thought that you were the only one.

**San Diego Spanking List:** For males or females in the San Diego area that are involved, or want to be

involved in a spanking relationship. Ouch!

**Society of Crystal Skulls:** Organization devoted to research and education in the specific area of crystal skulls. What sort of animal has a crystal skull?

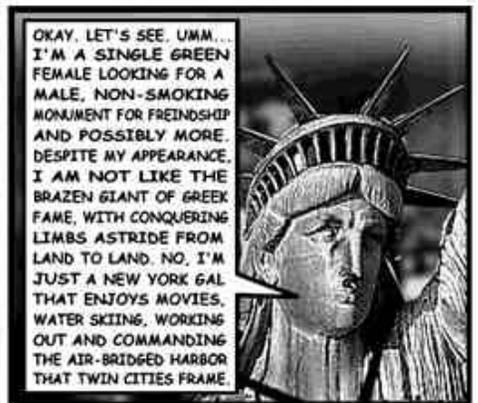
**International Gay Rodeo Association:** The link to their website states that one of the events involves putting panties on a goat. Whoa Billy!

I am going to start an organization called **International Association for Straight, Pagan, Yemen-Americans for the Preservation of Exported Cauliflower.** We'll call ourselves IASPYAPEC for short. Wait. I don't meet all of the qualifications. Damn it. (sigh)

# MUCKRAKER

By Jason K. Huddy, [muckrakercomics@yahoo.com](mailto:muckrakercomics@yahoo.com)  
<http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>

Meanwhile, At The  
**LONELY  
HEARTS  
VIDEO  
DATING  
SERVICE**



## Euclidean Loser

by Sean T. Hammond

I recently ran into an old acquaintance at the RITPlayers' production of *American Clock* by Arthur Miller, where he asked if I'd be willing to make coffee for the crew to get wound up on after the final performance. It's important to understand that we're not talking about just any coffee. The coffee in question served as inspiration and energy for GDT all throughout the time Kelly Gunter and I ran GDT with iron fists (or feet...as the case may be). Cult-of-personality be damned! It was the coffee that kept GDT together.

For years I've kept the recipe under wraps, mainly because it took close to a year to work out all the kinks and figure out how to correctly scale it up to volumes large enough to sell (employing various techniques I wished I had never learned in stygian Industrial Microbiology). The first batch I ever made took four hours to make, but ingenuity and a little luck springing from laziness has resulted in a recipe that guarantees a damn good cup o' joe in about 30 minutes. In a fit of uncharacteristic love for my fellows, I present you with a protocol for making the fabled, mysterious, pos-div-ilicious...

## (virgin) Cafe Diablo

### Materials:

- 1.420L ddH<sub>2</sub>O
- 200mL Brown sugar
- 200mL freshly ground coffee
- 3 whole cloves
- 1 stick of cinnamon
- 4.0g chamomile tea
- 28.35g unsweetened chocolate
- 2.5mL vanilla extract
- 1 large tea-ball
- 1 press pot
- 1 percolator

### Procedure:

1.) Add 1.420L of ddH<sub>2</sub>O to a percolator and heat to just below boiling.

2.) Transfer 470mL of the warm water to the press-pot and add 28.35g of unsweetened chocolate. Stir the chocolate and water until the chocolate dissolves. Author's Note: this step is the secret to making this coffee quickly and well. The chocolate adds a thick, nasty slurry of yuck if simply added to the water. By filtering the dissolved chocolate first, the nasty bits remain in the press-pot while the liquid with all the goodies goes into the coffee.

3.) Strain the chocolate using the press-pot and pour the chocolate suspension into the percolator.

4.) Add 200mL of brown sugar to the liquid in the percolator. Stir until it is dissolved.

5.) Put 4.0g of chamomile tea, 3 whole cloves, and 1 cinnamon stick into the tea-ball. Suspend the tea

ball in the liquid in the percolator.

6.) Add 200mL of freshly ground coffee to the coffee basket used with the percolator.

7.) Boil the water for ~20 minutes, or until the percolator shuts itself off (depending on which comes first). The coffee should have a vaguely burnt smell to it.

8.) Add 2.5mL of vanilla extract and stir.

9.) Allow the brew to sit for ~10 minutes before serving.

10.) For best results, serve with whipped cream.

*The author, GDT, and Hell's Kitchen can not be held responsible if you fuck up your coffee machine making this, nor will they be held responsible for the consumer's sudden realization that chamomile tea and cafeine make for interesting times.*

# Chessy–Wessy–Woo–Woos

By Adam Fletcher

“Do you want the whole big cake, or the little spoonful of ice cream?”

“Nuthin.”

–Ken McBride, Rochester Chess Center teacher, speaking to a young player who took a pawn and not his opponent’s hung queen.

Children, today we are going to learn fundamentals. I’m going assume you know how to move the pieces and that’s about it. I’m going to teach you about the point value of pieces and how to count exchanges.

After you finish reading you will know what’s a whole cake and what’s a spoonful of ice cream.

Calculating exchanges when you know the piece values is as easy as addition and subtraction. You just add up the points you are giving to your opponenent and then you add up the points you are getting from your oppnentent. If you are getting more, the exchanges is better for you.

A Pawn is worth 1 point.

A Bishop or a Knight is worth 3 points.

A Rook is worth 5.

A Queen is worth 9.

A King is worth infinity; the whole game; the big mini mart; the shebang; the father son and the holy ghost. Everything. Don’t lose it. That’s bad; that’s when you lose the game.

The part about this being easy? Well, I was lying a little bit. What I didn’t tell you is that you may have lots of moves without captures that you must figure into your equations. Sometimes it may look like you get a Queen for nothing

Four problems, one board. The pieces can not pass the greyed squares. If it’s white to move, what should be played? If it’s black to play? Calculate using the point value of the pieces.

ing (9 points for 0 points), but if you add a bunch of moves in (probably moves involving checks), you end up without your King (in other words, 9 points for infinity points). The moral? Always listen for the sound of the grasshopper. Actually, it’s always be sure you are getting more than you are losing, or at least achieving equality.

Questions? [adamf@csh.rit.edu](mailto:adamf@csh.rit.edu)

## Notation Explained

Look to your left. No, your other left. That’s a chess board, and it’s set up correctly. The lower right hand square is white, as it should always be, and is at the coordinate h1, as it should always be. The squares are lettered horizontally, a through h, and numbered vertically, 1 through 8. Each square on the chess board can be identified by a letter/number pair, giving an absolute (always from white’s side) system to name squares.

When you notate a game, you write moves using the first letter of the piece, then the square it is going to. For Knights, however, you use N rather than K (K being for Kings). So moving a Bishop to a4 is written as Ba4. Pawn moves are often written without the P, just the letter of the destination square. (a4 is the move of a pawn to a4). Castling kingside is written as O-O, and queenside is O-O-O. If two pieces of the same type can go to the same square, the letter or number of the originating square is written after the piece, then the desition square (R5b5, or Raa8 for example).

Capturing is written by adding a x between the piece and the desitination square (Bxh6, Bishop takes the piece on h6). Capturing *en passant* is written as axb3 e. p.

Promotion is written by suffixing the move with an equals sign then the letter of the piece to which the pawn promotes to (a8=Q, or a8=N).

Check is indicated with a + suffix, and checkmate with a #, or just checkmate. Resigns is written as “resigns.” The score is immediately written after the last move, in the form points - points, for example 1-0, or 1/2-1/2 for a draw.

All of these can be combined (axb8=N+, R5xh5# 1-0).

Whew. A little much, but if you do it a few times it’s really simple.

*Episode 13...*

**Big Daddy:** Hi, kids! Big Daddy here with another letter from one of the kids watching at home.

**Kids:** It's Howdy Doody time, it isn't worth a dime—*(Fucko cracks whip and leers, kids quiet down.)*

**Big Daddy:** Gordon Gano of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, writes, "Dear Big Daddy, me and some of the other kids in the band were sitting around talking about your show last week, and we were wondering about all of the green lakes in the world. Do those contribute to the green house effect of warming up the planet? Should we, you know, carry some bleach with us on tour and dump it into the green lakes we happen across? Sincerely, your biggest fan, Gordon."

**Kids:** *(Swaying, with cigarette lighters)* Do you like American music? I like American music...

**Big Daddy:** *(puzzled by the kids' reaction, but continues anyway)* Well, Gordon, that's a very interesting question. Scientists have been puzzled by the lake effect for years. Remember, though, what

we learned about the beginning of life on the planet.

**Suzy:** Free-floating polypeptide chains—oops, I mean, chicken soup!

**Kids:** Hooray!

**Big Daddy:** I see Suzy has finally realized the power of the Dark Side. As she points out—

**Bobby:** But, Big Daddy, it really was amino acid chains and some lightning....

**Fucko:** *(interrupts)* Bobby *(vacuum cleaner noise)* I am your father *(vacuum cleaner noise)*.

*(Bobby runs screaming from the room)*

**Big Daddy:** Well, then, as Suzy pointed out, the world began as a big vat of soup. Later, as the cholesterol in the soup began to collect, continents congealed on the surface.

**Kids:** Gravy skin!

**Big Daddy:** Gosh, you kids are smart. So, the continents were like big gravy skins. But, it takes a long time for the gravy skin to harden all the way down to the bottom of the gravy boat, right? Now, even though the earth is very old, it is also a very big bowl of soup.

There are still some pockets of soup on the surface, and these are the lakes that Gordon is noticing. Obviously this soup has been sitting around since the beginning of time, so it's got some pretty funky stuff growing in it.

**Kids:** Leftover meatloaf!

**Big Daddy:** Now, these green lakes actually don't contribute to the green house effect, because they don't have phthaylocyanide in them. What makes lakes green is—

**Suzy:** Phytoplankton!

**Big Daddy:** Well, she hasn't completely reformed. Actually, kids, the lakes are green because of the chloroplastics in the critters that live in the lakes.

**Kids:** Photocopiers!

**Big Daddy:** Close, kids, but not quite. The chloroplastics are little green beads that let some of the things in the lake make their own food from sunlight. This process is called photosynthesis. Now, some things in the lake have to make their own food, because their little bowl of chicken soup

has been cut off from the other bowls, and there weren't enough cholesterol to go around. So, the critters that photosynthesize become food for the other critters. Can you kids say photosynthesis?

**Kids:** Polyester!

**Big Daddy:** Gordon, you shouldn't put bleach into the green lakes that you find, because they don't contribute to the green house effect, and also because they are the last direct link to the primordial soup of the past. Leave pollution to big industry.

**Kids:** Kodak! *(Lights in the studio snap off; the cameras stop rolling.)*

**Camera Man:** Cut! Cut! Big Daddy, it looks like they've pulled the plug...

**Big Daddy:** *(hastily packing a suitcase)* Why the hell couldn't you kids just say something like Microsoft?

*The characters represented in this week's Big Daddy are purely fictitious; any resemblance to actual persons or places is coincidental.*

## Big Daddy's Biology Show



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

**[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)**

*Episode 14...*

**Big Daddy:** Hi kiddies! Boy, have we got an exciting show for you today! In the parking lot last night, Fucko was nearly impaled by a mysterious part of the natural world.

**Kids:** Six-inch stilettos!

**Big Daddy:** This object is so strange, we've called in a guest expert on everything, James Burke!

**Kids:** (*singing*) Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells...

**Big Daddy:** Hello, Mr. Burke!

**James Burke:** Well, hello, Big Daddy. What a fine crop of young ones you've got here.

**Big Daddy:** Why, yes, Mr. Burke, I'd have to agree.

Fucko is really the backbone of the operation, though. When I think of the hours he spent reforming Bobby in the Wrong Room, I get all teary. (*sniffles. Burke offers him a tissue. He blows his nose in a series of honks, and continues.*) Well, Mr. Burke, could you tell us what this mysterious object that Fucko found in the parking lot is?

**James Burke:** (*examines the object*) Well, you see, humans are curious. You want to know what this is. Well, it's a horse chestnut. The horse chestnut was invented in 1758 when Sir Arthur Wallace...

**Big Daddy:** Thanks, Mr. Burke. It looks like it's time for you to go make a documentary. (*Fucko removes Burke, who protests momentarily.*)

**Big Daddy:** Well, now that Mr. Burke has provided us with that wonderful insight, it's time for us to figure out more about the horse chestnut.

**Suzy:** Socrates!

**Bobby:** Socrates drank hemlock and died!

**Kids:** Hooray!

**Big Daddy:** (*to Fucko*) Isn't it nice to see Bobby serving as such a role model for Suzy?

**Fucko:** Yes, Big Daddy, I, I mean we, have taught him well!

**Big Daddy:** Now, what do you kids know about chestnuts?

**Kids:** We three kings of Orient are; bearing gifts; we've traveled so far...

**Big Daddy:** Okay, kids, but what about chestnuts specifically?

**Kids:** Chestnuts roasting on an open fire, Jack Frost nipping at your nose...

**Big Daddy:** Exactly! That Christmas carol contains some very important information about chestnuts. Now, of course we want to eat the chestnuts, because part of our job here at the top of the food chain is to try to eat everything.

**Kids:** Anthrocentricism!

**Big Daddy:** The horse chestnut has lots of proteins, because it is part horse and part nut. What do vegetarians eat to make sure they get enough proteins?

**Kids:** Nuts and twigs!

**Big Daddy:** Wow, you kids are smart! Because of all of its proteins and its prickly outer covering, we can see that the horse chestnut is related to the puffer fish, and also that vegetarians would really like to eat it. They probably would ignore the little bit of horse that's in them, because they grow on trees and are prickly.

**Kids:** Masochism!

**Big Daddy:** All of those vegetarians need to be really careful, though, and so do you kids, because the puffer fish and horse chestnuts contain powerful poisons. Eating improperly prepared chestnuts or puffer fish can give you tetradoxin poisoning. Puffer fish and horse chestnuts are both remnants, like living fossils, of the time

when things in the big bowl of primordial soup were just starting to eat each other. The horse chestnut and the puffer fish both went all-out and grew spines. The tetradoxin is actually contained in the spines. Now, your mommy probably won't be making you puffer fish at home. She might want to make chestnuts, though, and it's very important that you follow the instructions in the song.

**Kids:** Black Sabbath!

**Big Daddy:** You just need to roast the chestnuts over an open fire, and make sure a window is open so that your nose is cold. You could also have the family dog do the roasting, since dogs noses are always cold.

**Kids:** ASPCA!

**Big Daddy:** So now you kids know all about horse chestnuts. See you next time!

## Big Daddy's Biology Show



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Homewrecker, appearing here  
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“One must wonder what the founders of your publication think about the new lows you have been reaching.”

—Daniel Lerner, *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, Volume 15, Issue 5

[A letter to a reader, from Kelly Gunter, co-founder of GDT.]

Some people might wonder, I suppose, if they have nothing more meaningful to do with their time. But seeing as the independent publication of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* was originally my idea, I haven't even wasted a first thought on the issue, let alone a second. My salutations must go out to Mr. Lerner— if for no other reason than he has forced me to rise off my slowly expanding backside and jump back into the writing arena to explain why his recent letter filled me with more horrific shuddering and confusion than a birthday clown's grand mal seizure in the midst of the balloon animal demonstration (with mildly fewer hissing noises and a smaller percentage of the spit spewing rubber).

A facial twitch began to bother me only after my eyes passed over the words,

*“The First Amendment in our country's Bill of Rights provides the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech. I fully believe in this right. However, perhaps Mr. Stanley and the rest of the staff of GDT should remember this is not only a right, but also a privilege. It's something we should all respect and not take for granted, nor abuse.”*

I suppose this is more of a rhetorical question, but how many times have you ever heard anyone express this opinion when they actually approved of or agreed with what was being said? There's no finger counting necessary for this one; just a handy little Arabic/Mayan invention known as zero. It is a sentiment reserved chiefly for the self-righteous, the self-aggrandizing, and of course the appalled. But what precise confabulation of words warranted such a response?

Mr. Stanley merely expressed the opinion that Phi Sigma Pi is not worthy to be called a “fraternity” because it did not feel obliged to perpetuate the fraternity stereotype of consuming copious quantities of alcohol while simultaneously terrorizing the “new blood” into a cult-like pasta-induced state of mindless submission.

*<sarcasm> God, I mean, the nerve of him! </sarcasm>*

So this leaves you with a choice of three possible meanings behind these statements:

a) Mr. Stanley is, in fact, a trained chimp pulling words out of a black ski mask in a vain attempt to fill the endless white space encountered by this second rate publication.

b) Mr. Stanley is trying to employ such techniques as sarcasm and irony to amuse a small minority.

c) Mr. Stanley intrinsically believes everything he writes through the misogynistic, shock-jockey, drug-induced stupor he miserably parades around as a life, and has nothing but malice for anyone who fails to follow in his delusional footsteps.

*Continued on back cover..*

# SUBMIT.

**[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)**

Your letter seemed to indicate you favored choice C. If this is indeed the case, why even bother to complain when Mr. Stanley perpetuates the case against himself by his very existence?

What I really wanted to address were some of the fallacies I found in the close of your letter. Specifically:

*“One must wonder what the founders of your publication think about the new lows you have been reaching. If your purpose is no longer to educate and amuse but rather to insult then I guess you’re doing fine.”*

This founder really wonders where it was you ever got the idea that *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* was a noble institution. How can I do anything but scoff at the “new lows” when I have such intrinsic knowledge of the old lows? Since the inception of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* we have indicated that NAFTA was merely a way for Taco Bell to import dead Mexicans as “processed meat”, Ethiopian children would make smashing fly paper, Hitler’s Final Solution was divine justice for the death toll the people of God accrued in the holy land just after their Exodus, promoted suicide on numerous occasions, and that a precisely placed crack pipe might lure the most discerning inner city resident into a bait and shoot situation. So if you think I should feel ashamed because Mr. Stanley—one of the few people at this school who decided to carry on this experiment in my absence—sarcastically illuminates the virtues of your fraternity, you would be quite mistaken.

*Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* started out as a joke. It wasn’t until our fourth issue attracted hate mail that we finally knew we were on to something. What this all boils down to, Mr. Lerner, is what was written by the author of our first beloved hate mail: “...it’s always funny when people are ripping apart other people, until it’s you that’s getting ripped on.” The funniest part of the whole situation at the time was that the article he was all worked up about was “ripping” into me specifically.

There have never been any sacred cows at GDT. We plunder the apparent humor of our own lives as readily as that of others. We attack everything and everyone from as many angles as we can come up with, shredding the outer edges of our society and the world at large. This is by no means a noble pursuit, but humor by its very nature will always be ignoble from at least one perspective. Comedy can never be politically correct no matter how righteous and beautiful the spirit of its creator, which is probably why I love it so.

So, what does this founder think of the present state of GDT? I may not agree with Sean Stanley, his word choice, or creative style all the time, but there have been moments in which I’ve seen the lad create pure gems of imaginative genius. Hell, I don’t even agree with some of the stuff I’ve written, but sometimes it’s how you write it, or even why you write it. GDT was made to reflect the people who work on it, and that can be a few dedicated individuals or a host of collaborators. The beautiful thing is that if you don’t like it, you can come on in and change it, you always have that choice.

If by this time you still haven’t discerned my opinion on the matter, I quote a fellow mortal humorist when I say, “...eat a candybar out of my ass, I’m out of here!”

–*Kelly Gunter*



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What Valentine’s Day is all about.

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