



## Slack Week Definitions!

*"Stupid, worthless, no-good, goddamned, free-loading, son of a bitch, retarded, big-mouth, know it all, asshole, jerk!" - John Hughes, The Breakfast Club*

**Al Simony:** the practice of buying away one's sins (typically against Hawaiians).

**anime:** child porn produced in another country.

**Austin Nichols:** friend to all writers.

**Baas Roma:** a Gypsy sub-cult whose followers smuggle felines into shopping malls. (See Fig. 1)

**brutalism:** the architectural style under which the RIT campus was designed, usually designed to grab the eye and hurt it bad.

**Diablocentrism:** the foolish notion that celestial bodies revolve around Hell's Kitchen editors.

**deditus excideri:** to be addicted to falling out. (see also: **philodefestratia**).

**flivverdegibbets:** those which are of the Tao.



Figure 1. Baas Roma Emblem

**The General Tso Maneuver:** A Chinese restaurant server's practice of establishing a remote beachhead so as to gain the element of surprise over the customers when it's feeding time.



**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**

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© 1998 Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre.. Only the Church would steal; don't be like the Church. They're all going to Hell.

**Gib-erish:** a form of speech governed by obscure (or non-existent) rules of conjugation developed by those who have rejected all languages, including their milk tongue.

**hatemong:** the act of cultivating boorish ignorance in your fellow man for the purpose of writing a main article.

**HKSOP:** Hell's Kitchen Standard Operating Procedure. (see also: **footnoted in-jokes**).

**loquibiphulercum:** 1) a college student who wears a "fuck the system" shirt while calmly laying out \$24K per annum for an education 2) a youth who wears a "Rage Against The Machine" t-shirt while getting out of Dad's BMW ("Yeah, rage against that machine!" ...support recursive music; rage against Rage Against The Machine).

[L *loquor* to talk, *bifurcum* crotch]

**McFarewellMyConcubine:** music played in Chinese restaurants that sounds vaguely like the Braveheart soundtrack.

**mixmaster belong jesus christ:** [pidgin] helicopter.

**myrmidic praedasuriens:** the vulture-like zeal with which an Army recruiter asks whether you've dropped out of school yet and are ready to sign up to kill counter-profitable people.

**offinarum artes:**

1) to play Magic™ on a router. 2) to perform acts of technological wizardry with the help of power crystals. (See Fig. 3)

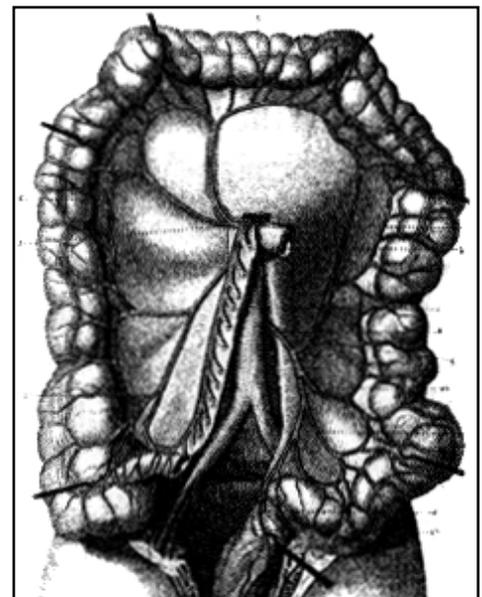


Figure 2. Radical colectomy

**orgo:** "Orgo, orgo! Not sleeping, just orgo!" (4 out of 4 Hell's Kitchen editors do not understand this).

**ornarecundus:** the desire to make people think we didn't just run off to a Chinese restaurant with a Latin dictionary to come up with some definitions.

**radical colectomy:** a popular turn-of-the-century surgical procedure concerned with removing the entire large intestine and prescribing laxatives shortly afterward. (See Fig. 2)

**Sean'ammond:** Cockney slang for a whiney molecular biologist who wishes to be Terry Pratchett. (e.g. "Gorblimey, 'e was a real Sean'ammond wot said CompSci majors are bitter twats, 'e was.")



Figure 3. **officinarum artes**

**sesquiplaga:** one blow plus one-half of a blow.

**vodka enema:** ritualistic frat hazing device.

**vomalblum:** to issue forth semi-digested Klan Kracker Kracks™.

**vomere debeers:** the act of vomiting diamonds onto Disney characters, or reasonable facsimiles of same icons.

**XTLA:** extended three-letter acronym (thanks, Carithers!).

# pulling a blank *by Sean Hammond*



This week:

## The Ticket

**B** is for Baffled. What's this on my car?  
**A** is Annoyed. They've just gone too far.  
**S** is for Stunned. A "yellow paint" lane?  
**T** is the Ticket. They don't have my name...  
**A** is now Anger. What does that mean?  
**R** is for Riled. Those jack-booted weens.  
**D** is the Damage. This fucks up my day.  
**S** is for Stupid if they think I will pay.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND BALTIMORE COUNTY  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

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MAKE <b>FORD</b>		
AUTO <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	MC <input type="checkbox"/>	TRUCK <input type="checkbox"/>
OTHER <input type="checkbox"/>		

OFFICER'S REMARKS  
**VEHICLE PARKED AT YELLOW CURB AT INTERSECTION**

I SOLEMNLY AFFIRM UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT THE CONTENTS OF FOREGOING DOCUMENT ARE TRUE AND CORRECT TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE, INFORMATION, AND BELIEF.

OFFICER: **J. Thompson** ID: **390**

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COSTS \$			
DISPOSITION			
TRIAL JUDGE'S SIGNATURE		JUDGE NO.	

### Howard's Alternative Haikus

by Howard Hao

#### Vexation

I hate the hot Summer  
 And those annoying  
 Insect bites.

#### Incomparable Feeling

Such as the glory  
 And satisfaction  
 Of a job well done.

*More Howard poems on page 9...*

## Meetings Have Moved!

Our moms won't let us play upstairs!

Come to the second floor of NRH (CSH, the north east end) in the little painted lounge.

2pm on Saturdays.

Drugs and underage girls most appreciated.



# Shirk'n'Shout

This Week: Enlighten Me, Baby. I'm Ready.

By Eric Thomas

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## Go Away, I'm Becoming A Better Person

---

I have always held a special place in my heart for those certain students who are determined to make their ideas heard, regardless of how unoriginal the ideas are. They do a great job of convincing me that no one does any thinking anymore.

Our idealism has been reduced from naïve thinking to a shoddy impression of the television's moral standards. I see my peers forming bizarre checklists of empty ideas that will make them Good People.

Charity is good, volunteer work is good. Selfishness is bad. Education is good. Racism is bad. And so forth.

...this situation, which always makes me feel like I have an exceptionally powerful bowel movement on the way, and my anus has been sewed shut.

First, some background.

It's the third day of classes. I'm sitting in my usual position - the rear right corner of the room - and keeping an eye on everyone. It's a hobby.

A student enters. He's dressed as Casual Man: a very clean white shirt tucked into a pair of very clean fatigue shorts, a pair of battered Birkenstock sandals, and a conspicuous absence of socks. He's moving to his own rhythm, bopping to an internal beat, arms swinging, head bobbing. He reminds me of a character from an Asian rendition of

Actual beliefs don't really matter anymore - just what you tell everyone else you believe.

Ask that girl in my English class exactly which charity is worthy of her time and money, and you'll see what I mean.

"I don't know. All I know is that we should give our time and money to charity, because that is the Right Thing To Do. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a \$100,000 education to attend to."

That churns my stomach almost as much as...

"Fat Albert."

He selects a front row corner seat, and begins an elaborate ritual of settling himself. He jerks his head violently at the professor, puts on a big open-mouthed grin, and gives a "Hey."

Class begins. We're discussing Ion, a Plato dialogue in which Socrates assaults a professional reciter of Homeric poetry. Through the course of the dialogue, Socrates proves to Ion that he is an empty shell of a man, incapable of thought or imagination. Socrates presents his argument in a complimentary fashion, so as to lead the thick-headed Ion to believe he's being praised. The tone of the entire dialogue is heavily sarcastic. Each of Socrates' pleasantries is a guarded criticism, and Ion is too dense to

pick up on it.

All of this is painfully evident in the text - it's a basic introduction to the character of Socrates - and is also covered in twenty minutes of lecture immediately following a plot synopsis. The professor compares Socrates favorably to TV's 'Columbo.'

And now, the moment of crisis. "Okay. Questions?"

I've seen it happen a thousand times. After two years of languishing in a Computer Science department rife with mediocre minds, I thought I was accustomed to its crippling effects. I was not prepared, however, for how the magnitude of this infuriating display of the ignorance of my peers would be blown to gross proportions in the Comparative Literature department.

One of the major reasons I made the switch from CompSci to CompLit in the first place was that the CompSci people at my fine university rather discourage independent thought. I was unhappy with this arrangement. I felt that a program of broader scope and more intelligent focus would better suit me. "At least," I thought, "the CompLit people will be more interesting than these bores."

But the bizarre nature of my new department (which encompasses both Plato and Spider-Man, D.H. Lawrence and Jellyroll Morton) seems to have a less-than-desirable effect on many of its students. It begins when they realize that more is expected of their brains than ever before. Instead of rising to the challenge, they become intimidated by their professors and their coursework. They rely not on their own cerebral resources, but rather on a unique sort of doublethink - an ability to plagiarize the ideas of a writer or a professor and accept them as original, without any conscious knowledge of the plagiarism.

Which brings us back to this feeble discussion.

The room is silent for a minute. The professor prods us.

"Why does Socrates see fit to utterly debase poor Ion? Why is that his business?"

We all realize that we're each supposed to prove our minds worthy in this situation. It's a silent competition.

A girl sitting next to me tries her hand.

"Well, I think that Socrates was being pretty sarcastic the entire time he was talking to Ion. It's sort of like... a... well, I can't remember the word for it, but it's when somebody gives you a compliment, but it's not really a compliment, it's more like they're insulting you. I think it's called a 'downturn compliment,' or something. But that's what it's like."

She's done? That's all she's going to say?

Another girl joins her.

"Yeah, I think that's right. Like when at the end, Socrates asks him if he's divine, or if he's a cheater. I think he's being sarcastic there."

The professor is taking all of this surprisingly well.

"Yes, that's true. But \_why\_ does Socrates do this? Why does he tear this guy to pieces?"

The late entry - that shuffling, jiving student - speaks up.

"You know at the beginning, when Socrates tells Ion that he likes his clothes?"

"Yes. Sets the tone for the rest of the dialogue. Socrates, in his tattered clothing and without shoes, tells Ion he admires the rhapsody's finery, even though Socrates puts so much emphasis on the virtue of poverty."

"Right. Well, after that, Ion says he's

the best reciter in the world, and then I think Socrates got mad that Ion wasn't polite when he got the compliment and so Socrates just made fun of him for that."

I am writhing in my seat, and I can see that the professor is doing the same.

Perhaps he is struggling with the same question that I am: is it nobler to parrot a teacher's lecture for sure-fire analysis, or to think things through oneself and completely miss the point?

Either way, they're all stupid.

### What I Learned In Just Twenty Minutes of Television And Ten Minutes of Radio:

- 1) Throwing Sundae Parties with a certain brand of ice cream will make me successful in my career, athletics, and my social life
- 2) A certain candidate for Massachusetts Attorney General is backed by the Massachusetts State Police Force
- 3) The other candidate for Massachusetts Attorney General is backed by the Massachusetts State Police Force
- 4) My local franchise of a nation-wide chain of pharmacies cares about my personal well being
- 5) The New Rock Revolution is led by Bush, the Dave Matthews Band, Hole, and Fastball
- 6) I can buy a collar that will end my problems with fleas and ticks
- 7) Lawyers are bad
- 8) Other lawyers are good, and will get me free money if I have been injured on the job
- 9) One candidate for the United States Senate really is a liberal
- 10) If I miss the season premiere of a certain popular television show, I will be cast off into the fires of Hell, where I will spend eternity in the utmost suffering

*"Michael Douglas is a Hollywood veteran."*

*-overheard*



DEAR MONICA,

MY HEART FILLS WITH SADNESS TO HEAR OF YOUR ORDEAL WITH THE PRESIDENT, AND THE WAY THAT THE MEDIA HAS SLANTED YOUR STORY IN A DOZEN DIFFERENT WAYS. ALAS, I TOO AM A MEMBER OF THAT EVER-PRESENT PRESS MONSTER. I CAN ONLY COMPENSATE FOR THAT BY OFFERING YOU A BIT OF SAGE BUSINESS ADVICE, INSTEAD OF REPORTING THE ISSUE ANY FARTHER.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE RECENTLY RELEASED KENNETH STARR REPORT, I FEEL THAT YOU SHOULD CHANGE YOUR PHILOSOPHY TOWARDS THE WHOLE INCIDENT. INSTEAD OF SHYING AWAY FROM THE PUBLIC EYE AND "GETTING YOUR LIFE BACK", YOU SHOULD DO WHAT ALL GOOD AMERICANS DO IN TIMES OF PUBLIC TURMOIL - CAPITALIZE! HOW, YOU MAY ASK? BY SELLING YOUR STORY TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER? HEAVENS NO. THAT WOULD BRING IN ONLY A FEW THOUSAND OR SO, AND MAKE YOU EVEN MORE DESPICABLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE. I SUGGEST THE FOLLOWING COURSE OF ACTION.

ACCORDING TO YOUR DEPOSITION IN THE STARR REPORT, PRESIDENT CLINTON INSERTED A CIGAR INTO YOUR VAGINA. SINCE THE BARRAGE OF MEDIA COVERAGE INTO THE INCIDENT, NOT ONE PERSON IN THE INDEPENDENT COUNCIL OR THE PRESS COMMUNITY HAS ASKED WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CIGAR. DID HE PLACE IT BACK IN THE CONTAINER? DID HE SMOKE IT AFTER HE EJACULATED? DID HE PRESENT IT TO AN AMBASSADOR OR TOP OFFICIAL IN THE SOVIET UNION? DID YOU TAKE IT FOR A KEEPSAKE? WHY AM I ASKING THIS? DOLLAR SIGNS, SWEET-HEART. PLAIN AND SIMPLE.

CUBAN CIGARS CAN SELL FOR HUNDREDS, DEPENDING ON THE BRAND AND TYPE, SIMPLY BECAUSE THE ELITE WHO SMOKE THEM WANT THEIR CIGARS ROLLED ON THE INNER THIGHS OF CUBAN VIRGIN WOMEN. CAN YOU SEE WHAT I'M GETTING AT HERE? WHAT KIND OF GUY WOULD WANT A CIGAR ROLLED ON THE INNER THIGHS OF CUBAN VIRGIN WOMEN IF THEY CAN HAVE A CIGAR COATED IN THE SWEET NECTAR OF MONICA LEWINSKY'S "NETHER-REGION"? NO DOUBT, THE SOCIAL ELITE WOULD PAY TOP DOLLAR FOR A MONICA BLUNT, OR A LEWINSKY ESPECIAL. ALL YOU'D HAVE TO DO IS PUT UP THE CASH FOR A CHEAP BOX OF CIGARS (DOESN'T MATTER THE BRAND), STICK THEM IN FOR A BIT, PUT EM' BACK IN THE BOX, AND CALL IT A WORK DAY. SELL THEM FOR \$200 A POP, TIE IN WITH A NATIONWIDE PLAYBOY AD CAMPAIGN, AND YOU'RE SET. YOU COULD MAKE A COOL MILLION IN A MATTER OF WEEKS AND SKIP OUT OF THE US AND LIVE A FRUITFUL LIFE IN A THIRD WORLD, NON-ENGLISH SPEAKING COUNTRY.

THIS IS JUST A SUGGESTION, AND IN NO WAY A PERSONAL ATTACK ON YOUR CHARACTER. I WISH YOU GOOD LUCK IN THE FUTURE, AND IF POSSIBLE, A 10% CUT OF THE PROFITS. THANK YOU AND HAVE A NICE DAY.

SINCERELY,  
TOURIST

# Gar

By John Hat



More Howard! Continued from page 4

## The Mist of Season

Engulfs all  
 Fiery, bitter winds churning,  
 Cascading the leaves around.  
 Sultry, bare trees;  
 A spicy aroma lingering,  
 Infiltrating, penetrating nostrils.  
 At once breaths condense  
 And vanish without a trace  
 Into the golden void.

## Battle Royale

6.32 AM  
 And 1.1 degree Celsius  
 Outside; chilly.  
 I see ahead, blocking my path  
 Three masters of flight:  
 Orangy-raspberry splashed  
 Wildflower explosion  
 Whose nomenclature I have  
 Yet to learn.  
 Two obvious males debating  
 Ignoring their lone, drab  
 Counterpart.  
 As I near the commotion,  
 The female flees the  
 Scene; instinct--  
 A sudden innate urge  
 Induced by external stimuli.  
 The unwary males continue their  
 Dance of death;  
 A cyclone of orange, grey,  
 And ebony flashes  
 Like photo-negative fireworks  
 Lighting up a negative night sky.  
 Flapping; a fury of curses, feathers!  
 One bird dive-bombs,  
 Pecking with his marigold  
 Beak; razor-sharp weapon of war.  
 The other retaliates with a swift  
 Kick; counterattack!  
 But birds,  
 The female has already gone!  
 The fighting lingers for a  
 Moment; male stubbornness at play.  
 Wisdom sets in...  
 The two humbly attack insects  
 In the blowing emerald sea.



# Tourist's Movie Reviews

PRESENTS

## X Ronin E

I'm telling you, film trailers and previews are getting worse and worse as the years go by. Leave it to the wonderful folks at film distribution companies to either show you too much, leaving you with nothing to see in the theater, or too little,

slanted in such a way that the plot of the preview is entirely different than the plot of the film (see "Trainspotting"). "Ronin" was more like the first type. In the previews, you see Robert DeNiro being all Robert DeNiro in a film - gruff, manicured, smarter, and more important than all the other cast members. And they make the word "Ronin" sound so profound (it is a term that refers to masterless Samurai warriors who become mercenaries and thieves) in the previews, when they mention the word once or twice in the film. Granted, they introduce the term with a profound story, and oh-so-powerful subtext, and even little miniature warriors set up on a mock battlefield. Naturally, the film is meant to be an allegory for the ancient Ronin experience; Cold War intelligence operatives chase after a briefcase for money. What's inside the briefcase, you may ask. I can't tell you that. I can tell you that they picked the right actors. Just about every person in the supporting cast has secret ties to various governments from previous films they've been in. Starting with Jean Reno (Krieger from "Mission Impossible", Victor the Cleaner from "La Femme Nikita", and lest we not forget Leon

from "The Professional") as a French agent, Sean Bean (Trevelyan from "Goldeneye", Sean Miller from "Patriot Games") as a weapons expert, Stellan Skarsgård (Captain Tupolev from "The Hunt for Red October") as a KGB agent, Jonathan Pryce (Elliot Carver from "Tomorrow Never Dies") as a IRA terrorist, and Michael Lonsdale (Hugh Drax from "Moonraker") as a retired French agent. Wow. At least they got people with credentials. Most of them have done a Bond move somewhere along the line.

Unfortunately, this didn't seem to help the film much, which despite innovative car-chase scenes and a high order of cloak-and-dagger routines, became more and more bothersome as it went on. I can only offer suggestions as to how it could have been made better:

1. There was no big, burly, exceedingly large-in-yo-face-yet-teddy-bear-cuddly black guy, such as Ving Rhames playing an expert of some kind. Filmmakers today are forgetting the need for "token black guy" in a film. Speaking of which, why not have the briefcase from "Pulp Fiction" as the coveted object? Then you could bring back Vincent and Jules, and put them in France so they can order Quarter Pounders with Cheese.

2. Too much coffee. Not that you can have too much, but come on! This is supposed to be a high-tech thriller, not some advertisement for espresso bars on the Riviera, or that little coffee shop in Paris, remember? With that waiter, oh what was his name.....JEAN-LUC!!

3. The word Glock. I find that films that use the word Glock are much better

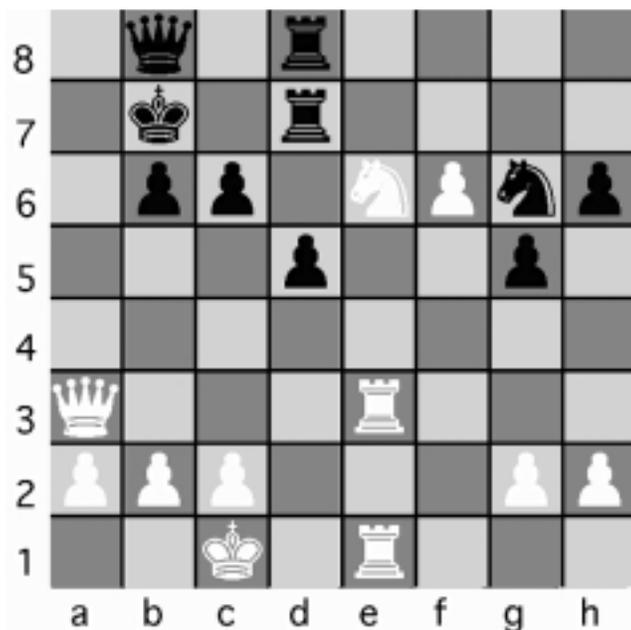
films than those that don't. Don't believe me? Just watch Die Hard 2, which uses the word Glock, and then watch Die Hard 3, which does not. DeNiro has a chance to spout off about gun preference and how he just "loves my Glock", but says Colt .45 instead. Ladies and Gentleman, I have seen Billy Dee Williams, and Robert DeNiro is no Billy Dee Williams!

4. Where was the fucking? Excuse me, I believe I went to an "R" rated film. Not even a bloody, exposed breast from a car wreck. Hello, sex sells? I think that's written somewhere, like maybe THE BIBLE! Thou shalt use Sex and Violence in thine films, for they shalt selletth thine films to thine mass audiences...

5. Ritual Suicide. When the whole

"Ronin" mystique is revealed, they talk about how all the Ronin warriors committed ritual suicide after the battle was won. So I was kinda expecting at least one of the characters to slice himself open and remove his or her intestines at the end of the film. Hell, I would have been content just to see it if it came at the credits, like "Yeah, the movie is over, but here's Jean Reno disemboweling himself for your viewing pleasure. Thank you, come again." I would have cheered.

In conclusion, go see "Ronin" if you like to say the word Ronin around your friends, then comment on how the movie got the definition of Ronin wrong. If you are an anime freak, a wargamer, or a member of any other socially-inept underground sexless subculture that lives for movies with "Ronin" somewhere in the title, you will no



**GM Benjamin vs. GM Gurevich  
Long Beach, CA. 1989**

**Chess: GM Joel Benjamin is the GQ.**

by Adam Fletcher

A while back, Joel was featured on the cover of Chess Life magazine. Joel had just won some tournament (the US Open, I think), and was trying to look all smooth on the cover. He failed miserably.

But Joel comes through in this game, whether he's the GQ or not. Check out the sweetness from this 1989 Long Beach, CA. (the LBC y'all) game versus GM Dmitry Gurevich.

White to play and wup some ass:

1. Nc5+ bxc5 (if 1. ... Kc7 then 2. Na6 check winning the queen, and if 1. ... Kc8 NxR and white's up two pawns for the exchange)

2. Rb3+ Kc7 winning exchange of a queen for a rook and knight - in other words, all of the lines had to thought of and best was the liquidation of a a rook, a knight and queen put white up a pawn. Silly Grandmasters.

There were errors in my last column! Woe is me! In the last line, the correct moves were 1. Qa6 or Qc6 1. ... Rxh2+ 2. Kg1 Qxg3+ 3. Kf1 Qf2 mate

**RIT's Chess Club meets every Thursday at 8pm outside of the Fireside Lounge in the SAU.**

# Sir Snack *Chocolate Cuperoni's*

By Brian Barrett

Today we will be making something to satisfy the craving for sweets and salty treats. It's also a great practical joke to play on your vegetarian friends.

## Supplies:

- A double boiler
- A muffin tin
- Muffin papers

## Ingredients:

- 12 oz. of milk chocolate
- 24 slices of pepperoni
- 4 Tablespoons of Butter

Simply melt the chocolate and the butter in the double boiler and then pour in each muffin pod just enough chocolate to coat the bottom. Place a stack of 3 slices of pepperoni in each. Allow to cool for a few minutes. Cover with remaining chocolate. Chill and serve. Yields 8 Cuperoni's.

## Variations:

1) Replace pepperoni with other ready-to-eat salted meats (such as cappacola or beef jerky.)

2) Sprinkle crushed raw Ramen™ noodles or Chex™ cereal or Bacos™ on top for crunch.

*Frenchman: "Hey, you got your pepperoni in my chocolate!"*

*Italian: "You got your chocolate on my pepperoni!"*

*Announcer: "Two great tastes that were never meant to be together."*

But I say they were! The two flavors are perfect counterpoint to each other. If you don't believe me, next time you order a pepperoni pizza, snag a couple of the toppings off and eat them with a bit of a Hershey's bar. It's not quite the same as the recipe above, because cooked pepperoni is crunchy and greasy. But try it, and you'll say:

*If you have a quick secret recipe you can Email it to: [gdt@iname.com](mailto:gdt@iname.com) with "Sir Snack" as the subject. Sir Snack will make and eat any submission, as long as it's not fatally poisonous, and, if taste-tester approved, we will print it in future issues.*

## Cereal



**is looking for submissions of fiction and short stories**

**CEREAL@INAME.COM**



## Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

by Kelly Gunter

DATE: THU, 24 SEP 1998 13:58:46 -0400

FROM: PAT

TO: GDT@INAME.COM

SUBJECT: DEAR BAREFOOT GIRL....

DEAR BAREFOOT GIRL,

IN A RECENT COLUMN, SOMEONE REQUESTED PICTURES OF ``YOUR PRETTY FEET''™. IN YOUR RESPONSE, YOU SPAKE SEVERAL EGREGIOUS MISTRUTHS. FIRST AND FOREMOST, YOU IMPLIED THAT ``YOUR PRETTY FEET''™ WAS A FLAWED PREMISE. AS ONE WHO HAS SEEN YOUR FEET, I ASSURE YOU THAT IT WAS NOT. THE OTHER MISTRUTH IS THAT YOU VASTLY UNDERSOLD THE EXPANSIVENESS, PERVASIVENESS, AND PERVERSENESS OF THE NET WITH THE SUGGESTION THAT PICTURES OF ``YOUR PRETTY FEET''™ WOULD FEED ``EVERY FOOT FETISH WITHIN A ONE HUNDRED MILE RADIUS''. INDEED, THIS IS VERY TRUE. BUT IT IS ONLY A SMALL, SMALL PORTION OF THE WHOLE, 12,450-MILE TRUTH.

I WAS GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU POINTED OUT THE ADVANTAGES OF REAL LIVE FEET OVER FEET PIX. BUT, ENOUGH REHASHING THE PAST. WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. ON TO MY QUESTION... [\*DRUMROLL, FANFARE, REALLY SUAVE SHADOW-STEVENSTYPE ANNOUNCEMENT\*].

IS THE SPIRIT OF COMPETITION FOSTERED BY CAPITALISM ENOUGH TO STRETCH IT BEYOND ITS OBVIOUS SHORTCOMINGS? IS THERE NOT SOME BETTER WAY TO MOTIVATE ADVANCES AND UTILITY WHILE FOSTERING COOPERATION INSTEAD OF INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY?

HUMBLY YOURS, PAT

Dear Pat,

Who me? Speak mistruths? You must have the wrong girl or, at the very least, the

wrong column. You see, since the culmination of this column back in 1995 the truth and I have had a very "special" relationship, take that however you want. I don't bother my pretty little head over it and in return for this social nicety, it doesn't bother to correct me.

Since you've been reading GDT, is this the first time you've found something I've written in this column to be questionable? Come now, this isn't right. In my illustrious past I have claimed that the main tenent of Quakerism lies in the vast consumption of oatmeal, all the love in the world has gone to a small island in the South Pacific, the best way to ensure midgets can give live birth is by feeding them massive quantities of crack, and that turtles have retractable necks like tape measures. Not to mention the time I talked about my penis and chest hair.

Now I want you to take a Zen moment to reflect on whether the assumption of truth has any baring on the way I answer questions.

Ready? Good. The last time I checked the title of this little segment was, "Ask the Bare-foot Girl", not "Let the Bare-foot Girl Tell you the Truth" or even "Let the Bare-foot Girl Lull You Into a False Sense of Security." In fact, none of the ads for the Bare-foot Girl have ever indicated that I need include any amount of truth to any of the statements I make what-so-ever.

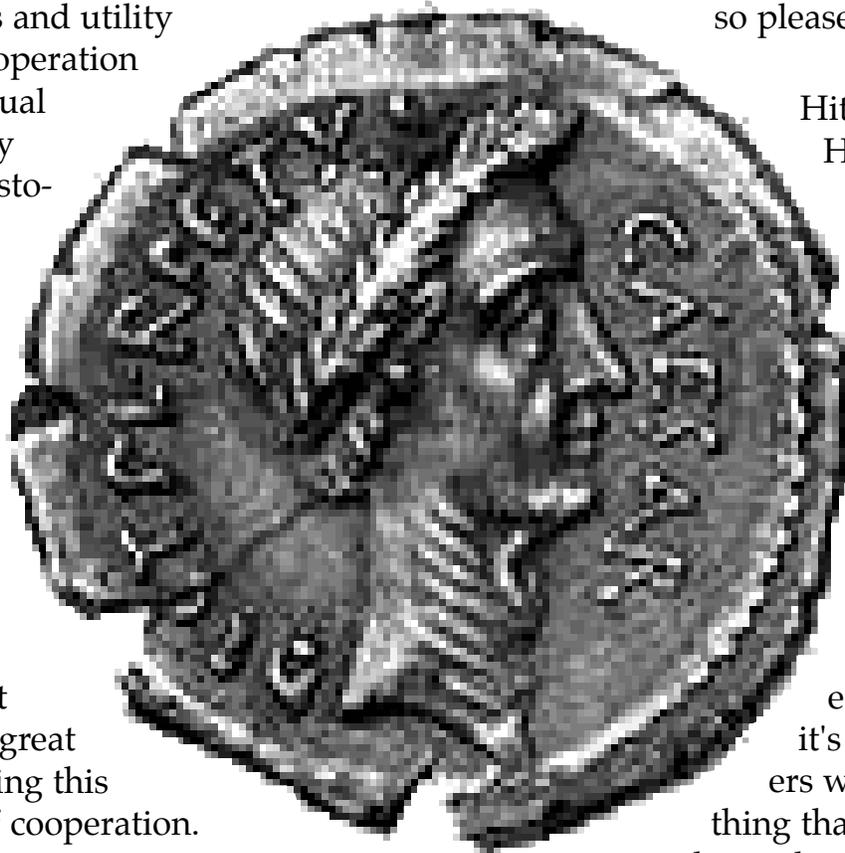
So, now that we are all up to speed I will tell you what I do in this column. I don't necessarily answer truthfully. As Jane Martin wrote, "The truth like incites people to fuck with you." I don't necessarily answer quaintly, properly, or even lucidly. What I do is answer as colorfully as I can.

All that aside, it is time to devote a little time to this question of yours. Ayn Rand is probably rolling in her grave after that.

Okay, maybe not. She's probably just pondering the many virtues of Ronald Reagan. Of course, there is a better way to motivate advances and utility while fostering cooperation instead of intellectual property. It's really quite simple, as history has shown any number of variations on the theme to crop up just about anywhere in the world. You may have heard of it: it's called fear.

The Romans were masters of it, known throughout their world as the great assimilators, pushing this beautiful model of cooperation.

"I was wondering if you might be willing to tell me how you work out this load and stress thing for the foundation?... Oh, really? I understand. In that case, I have a few seats at the Coliseum if you'd like them. Or maybe I should give them to your



family? I hear the lions are really voracious this time of year. ...You're kidding. I'm so glad to hear that, Caesar will be so pleased!"

Stalin, Lenin, Hitler, Mussolini, Hirohito, Reagan (there's that name again), heck, all the really big world leaders are doing it. Remember McCarthy? Those were the days. What's good for world politics has got to be good for the economy. I mean, it's not as if our leaders would ever do anything that would be construed as unbecoming leadership for our nation?

Remember, four legs good, two legs baaahdd!

Never Humbly,  
the Bare-foot Girl

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ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΜΑ

Corn Beef Hash

By Aliester Crowley

In V. V. V. V. is the Great Work Perfect  
Therefore none is that pertaineth not V. V. V.  
V.

In any may he manifest; and this one hath he  
chosen to manifest; and this one hath  
given His ring as a Seal of Authority, to

the Work of A ∴ A ∴ through the col-  
leagues of FRATER PERDURABO

But this concerns themselves and their  
adminstration; it concernth none below  
the grade of Exempt Adept, and such an  
one only by command.

Also, since below the Abyss Reason is Lord,  
let men seek by experiment, and not by  
Questionings.