



Upping the Ante

By Robert Mac Kay and Sean T. Hammond

*"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind
exceedingly fine." -English Proverb*

From the apartment next door, I can hear the shrill voice of someone I've affectionately dubbed "Loud Bitch". She's one of those individuals who feel the need to SHRIEK everything. Dogs cower and bats spin out of control when this woman opens her mouth.

"...and Judy told Jeff what I said and I could have just DIED!"

Feeling a warm trickle from one of my ears, I go to the bathroom and dab at the blood. I don't remember being so critical of people when I was younger. Then again, I don't remember being surrounded by insufferable twits back then. Looking in the mirror, I can plainly see streaks of white through my otherwise dark hair. Even my facial hair has begun to turn. Between my premature greying and my curmudgeonry, I suppose in just a few short years I'll be a wrinkled prune of a man babbling fiercely at my house full of cats:

"...and Judy told Jeff what I said and I could have just DIED!"

Loud Bitch is only one of the bothersome facets of my life. At the top of my list are some rotten little scuts that have moved in downstairs. In total, I think there are four of them, all college age, but not in school. From what I can tell, they're just kind of hanging out. I suppose they're living off of an allowance from home, or maybe dipping into their trust fund. These four have managed to earn my wrath for the deafening volume at which they insist on playing their music. Books fall from my shelves, cups and glasses resonate along with certain notes(1), and my stuff just generally pulsates. Though I've asked them to tone it down repeatedly, it hasn't done any good.

One particularly bad time, when I just couldn't deal with it anymore, I got up onto my couch wearing a flight jacket, goggles, and a white scarf. In the corner of the room I had placed a fan, making the scarf flutter like an excited albino. Lowering the goggles over my eyes, I leapt from my perch and landed squarely on the floor, fighting the urge to bend my knees and soften the blow.

I was praying to God that I'd just go right through the floor and land in the middle of their apartment in a cloud of splinters, dust, and lead based paint. Once there, I'd become an unholy dervish of death, a veritable Von Richthofen of spite, striking fear into my enemy as I smote them in my fury, forcing them to eat paint chips only fit for children.

NOTES (1)

Linux Programmer's Manual

NOTES(1)

NAME

notes - a progression of musical tones.

SYNOPSIS

DESCRIPTION

During one particularly memorable evening, they were listening to some typical piece-heavy base and vulgarity-and for whatever reason, all the glasses in the kitchen began to resonate. There I was in the middle of a jittering apartment, with haunting, celestial noises emerging from behind closed cupboards. After maybe a minute, the phenomena stopped and I was left with my internal organs rubbing against one another. This just made me more bitter, of course.



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PUBLISHER: C. Diablo

EDITORS:

Matthew Weaver
Jeremiah Parry-Hill
Giles Francis Hall
Adam Fletcher

LAYOUT:

Adam Fletcher
Jeremiah Parry-Hill

WRITERS:

Sean Hammond
Robert MacKay
Howard Hao

CARTOONIST:

John Holt

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should be emailed to:
gdt@hellskitchen.org

Or mailed to:
**Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
c/o Hell's Kitchen
472 French Road
Rochester, NY 14618**

Instead, it was all talk and no trousers, and I only made a satisfactory THUMP. The music stopped, and one punk ass actually dared come upstairs and asked why his ceiling looked like it was coming down.

Thinking, “because you were saved by the God of Building Codes from my righteous wrath!” I asked them to please turn their music down. A few minutes later it was back. I think the bastard turned it up to eleven just to spite me.

After that it’s just been one rude encounter after another. Though I was annoyed and really wished to exact some kind of revenge, I bided my time. They were loud, and I was annoyed, but I’ve learned that the universe provides. I simply had to wait for an idea.

As I said, there are four of them living together—with no particular relation to each other—and I can hear that it gets tense down there. I’ve named testosterone boy, the one who came upstairs, Paco. He’s the constant agitator, always having a problem with his roomies. At first, I was going to squirt some bleach into their apartment through a sliding window I happen to know doesn’t lock. Hopefully Paco would accuse the rest, and general madness would ensue. But that just wasn’t good enough. I wanted something that would cause blood to fly. I wanted corpuscles to be opened and physical injury to result. I wanted to awaken some night to the sound of sirens and cries of “ohmigod” from neighbors looking in through the splintered remains of their door. After a little investigating (with my investigating feet) I hit upon a real plan.

Down the hall, near where the washer and dryer is kept, is the phone line panel, and their apartment number is clearly marked on the pins. Not wanting some old woman to be the unwitting object of my fury, I wired up an amplified magnetic pulse detector. This let me listen in on their phone conversations without their knowing, but it didn’t do me much good. Going deeper into my reserves of electronic equipment, I rigged up a phone and fashioned myself a jack that clips across the pins, giving me a personal, detachable, extension to their phone line.

So I’m callin’ China.

“Hello, Hong Kong? Adjusting well to Chinese rule? Uh-huh? Well, that’s good. Say, what’s the weather like out there?”

If I can’t divide them, I’ll make ‘em poor! I can just imagine what Paco will do when the phone bill comes in for

several hundred dollars. Think of all the wonderful places I can call. I've already taken my Risk board out and marked some likely candidates: Yakutsk, Kamchatka, the Northwest Territory, and don't forget Cuba, North Korea, Argentina ("Hello, operator? Can you get me the number of Adolf Hitler please?" "Se. Un momento....") and Iraq. Yeah, not only will I make them poor, I'll bring the spooks down on them.

Vengeance is so cool!



Howard's Happy Hour

By Howard Hao

Psychedelia

electric blue sweeping
 Fanning, fawniNg; rock your own world
 Cutting a Mobius strip
 Echoing voices talking traSh
 inhaling mocha and rusks
 I cUt your supinatEd wrist
 While dodging bullets of hail
 purest rain makes bESt wine
 LoOk! Angelic roBes ablaze
 Oooh...how bloody crisp!
 Now lying Limp, at the side
 Tunes playing obnoxiously somewhere
 You aRe not ready
 In the distant horizion
 a creak, a crack, A sparkle...
 Devil's hOrns, detached gravel
 FinGernails of a scarlet hue
 Yellow neon polyester hAlter
 BeadS of tears, caress
 And asTigmatism in both eyes

*In the
 beginning God
 created the
 world because he
 could.
 - Dave McKean,
 "Cages"*

Advertisement

Bastard demonic entities
 With jagged talons to grapple, persuade
 Luring towards impending
 Doom and monetary losses
 Resistance is futile...

Now with Color Guard!
 It does the body good!
 The juice is loose!
 Like a portable oven!

Lingos reverberating in your head
 Unstoppable, incurable!
 At the slightest mention
 You recite along...

Like a rock!
 Stop smoking once and for all!
 Just do it!
 It works on my toughest headaches!
 Toughest headaches my ass...

Subliminal

Incognito...
 As merchants
 Yearn on urban ranges,
 Mostly alarmed; sighing to every remark

Cult Corner

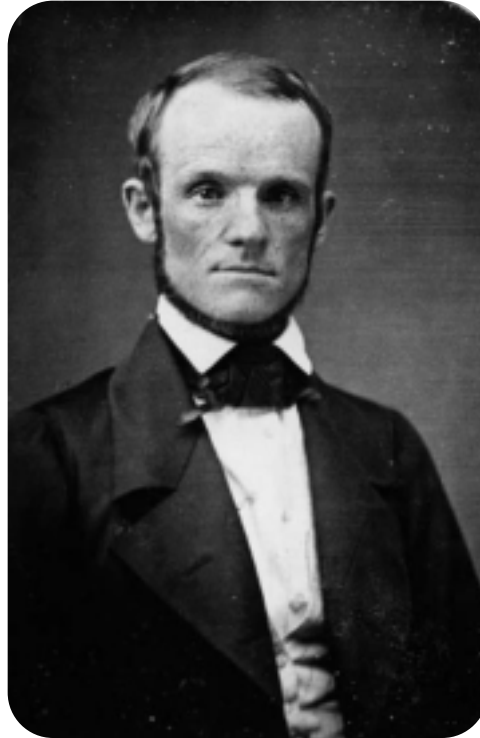
By Sean T. Hammond

“What’s with all the heretics?” a voice from the front row shouts. “This is supposed to be Cult Corner, so make with the cults!” Fine. Welcome to the wonderful world of the Oneida Community, perhaps one of the coolest utopian communities started in the United States. As most Cults and other societal subcultures (like zines for example) almost always develop around charismatic individuals. That being said, let’s take a quick look at John Humphrey Noyse.

Born in 1811 at Brattleboro, Vermont, Noyse was one of eight children. On his maternal side, he was related to President Rutherford B. Hayes, while his father was a successful businessman and United States Congressman. Growing up in Putney, Vermont, Noyse was remembered as being shy around girls (remember this when he starts promoting “free love” later on. It’s fun to psychoanalyze!), but taking leadership roles amongst his friends. After attending Dartmouth College, Noyse started as an apprentice in a law firm, but quickly gave it up and returned home in the 1830’s.

During this same time, the north-eastern part of the United States was the scene of massive religious revivals. These turbulent times would give rise to various traveling freakshows, including the Christian Scientists, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and the Oneida Community.

In 1831, being a religious leader was the furthest thing from Noyse’s mind. Apparently the event that changed Noyse’s life was a four-day religious revival held in Putney. Noyse attended the meetings and left a changed man. Within a few weeks Noyse had enrolled at Andover, and then Yale, in theological seminary.



John Noyse

He was granted a license to preach in 1833, though he developed a reputation for being a radical. Finally, Noyse was summoned before the theological faculty for declaring that he was without sin. When Noyse refused to recant for his heresy, his preaching license was revoked.

Ah, sweet heresy.

By this time, Noyse was 23 years old and had no intention in stopping his preaching. “I have taken away their license to sin, and they keep on sinning. So, though they have taken away my license to preach, I shall keep on preaching.” He taught a form of Perfectionism in which Christ had already returned to earth in 70 AD, so redemption from sin was already a done deal; that man could live a sinless life. With no one taking him seriously, Noyse returned home to Putney in 1836. There, things started to happen.

First, his sisters Charlotte and Harriet converted, followed shortly by his brother George, then his mother. Slowly, converts trickled in, and by 1844 the adult membership was around two dozen. In the beginning, the members lived in separate houses and worked at normal jobs, but that would eventually



The community around 1860

change due to five deaths that scarred Noyse.

Marrying Harriet Holton in 1838, five of the six children they had were still-born. Noyse was profoundly saddened, not only for the loss of his children, but for his wife. Unwilling to believe that it was a woman's lot in life to have to bear children who might live or die, Noyse thought long and hard. Unwilling to accept celibacy as the answer, Noyse developed what he called *coitus reservatus*, or male continence. Don't get it? Well, Noyse says it fairly clearly:

...we insist that this whole process, up to the very moment of emission, is *voluntary*, entirely under the control of the moral faculty, and *can be stopped at any point*.

In other words, the *motions* can be controlled or stopped at will, and it is only the *final crisis of emission* that is automatic or uncontrollable.

Still don't get it? The men wouldn't ejaculate. There, I said it. Happy?

While Noyse was formulating this novel solution, his followers had begun to integrate their lives. Previously, members had lived in separate homes and worked at their jobs, but by 1844 the Putney Perfectionists had adopted economic communism. They shared their work, their food, living quarters, and their resources. The children attended a common school, and all the members would meet for one a day for Bible study. Finally, in 1844, armed with Noyse's doctrine of male continence, the Perfectionists began the practice for which they would be best remembered: they started sharing their spouses. The phrase "free love" originated with Noyse, but would later be replaced with "complex marriage," as he didn't like the implications inherent in "free love."

Keep in mind that this was the 1840s. When word got out about what



East side of the Oneida Mansion

the Perfectionists were doing, the townspeople were unhappy. Eventually, Noyse was indicted on adultery by a grand jury in October 1847. Released on bail for \$2000, Noyse promptly packed up his things and led his followers to New York...to protect them from mob violence, of course. He never stood trial on the charge.

Thanks to the practice of complex marriage, the popular press was giving Noyse a great deal of free publicity. In 1847, there were several scattered Perfectionist groups. One of these groups owned a large tract of land along Oneida Creek in upstate New York. Arriving in Oneida, Noyse and his little band began to clear the land, work as farmers, and buy nearby acreage. By 1848 the group

owned almost 600 acres and had 87 members living in the community. By 1849, the population had more than doubled.

Living in the home of the man who donated the land to the group and the Indian cabins that were abandoned once the whites forced them onto a new reservation, the group's first major project was the construction of a communal home. Starting as a wooden building, it acquired the name Mansion House. To keep up with a population that kept expanding, the wooden home was eventually replaced by a brick structure onto which various wings were added. Designed by Noyse, every factor in construction stressed the concept of the group versus that of the individual: a

communal dining room, library, concert hall, etc. Things deemed “anti-group” were banned, such as tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol, on the grounds that they were habit forming, and therefore detrimental to the group. In one case, even individual dolls that the children played with were deemed “anti-group” once the children began playing with them too much, and were destroyed.

Maybe the Oneida Community can best be summarized by their obsession with change. They’d change everything: the number of meals in a day, when food was served, and work schedules. They even had a tendency to rearrange their rooms on a regular basis. Their local newspaper, the Circular, had this to say in its 25 April 1864 issue:

“It is a point of belief with us that when one keeps constantly in a rut, he is especially exposed to attacks of evil. The devil knows just where to find him! But inspiration will continually lead us into new channels by which we shall dodge the adversity.”

It was concept of change that led to some of the Community’s advanced attitude toward women. Though Noyse refused to recognize that women were the equal of men, the work that men and women did was the same. The concept of woman’s work simply didn’t exist. Maybe as a result, the fashion sense of the community diverged from mainstream society’s. In 1848, Noyse wrote that, “Woman’s dress is a standing lie. It proclaims that she is not a two-legged animal, but something like a churn, standing on castors.”

Acting on his comment, three women modified their dresses, raising the hem to their knees and using the extra material to make pantalettes that went to the ankle. The Community quick-

ly adopted the garb, and it was worn by all women. Shortly afterward the women began to bob their hair, feeling that long hair was an impediment to working. Women in society at large wouldn’t start bobbing hair until 1922 when the dancer Irene Castle would introduce the look.

Continuing to act upon their concept of change, the Community began a program which they called “stirpiculture” in 1869. Derived from the Latin word for lineage, it was as good a word as they could find. Today, we know it by a term coined in 1883 by Francis Galton: “eugenics.” Noyse made the goal of the program clear when he wrote:

“Why should not beauty and noble grace of person and every other desirable quality of men and women, internal and external, be propagated and intensified beyond all former precedent by the application of the same scientific principles of breeding that produce such desirable results in the case of sheep, cattle, and horses?”

Only certain people in the community were allowed to become biological parents, though, in keeping with their communal outlook, everyone would help in raising the children. Though the selection criteria are unknown, there were 53 women and 38 men who took part the first year. As time went on, more people were chosen to participate. Records indicate that around 80% of those that took part actually achieved a pregnancy. In ten years 62 children were born. Of these, four were stillborn.

Though there is still a great deal of debate over the results of the program, the health of the children and mothers was significantly higher than in the rest of society. Most of the children went on to be successful in business and the arts. Environment or heredity? Either way, the

Oneida Community raised a remarkable crop of children.

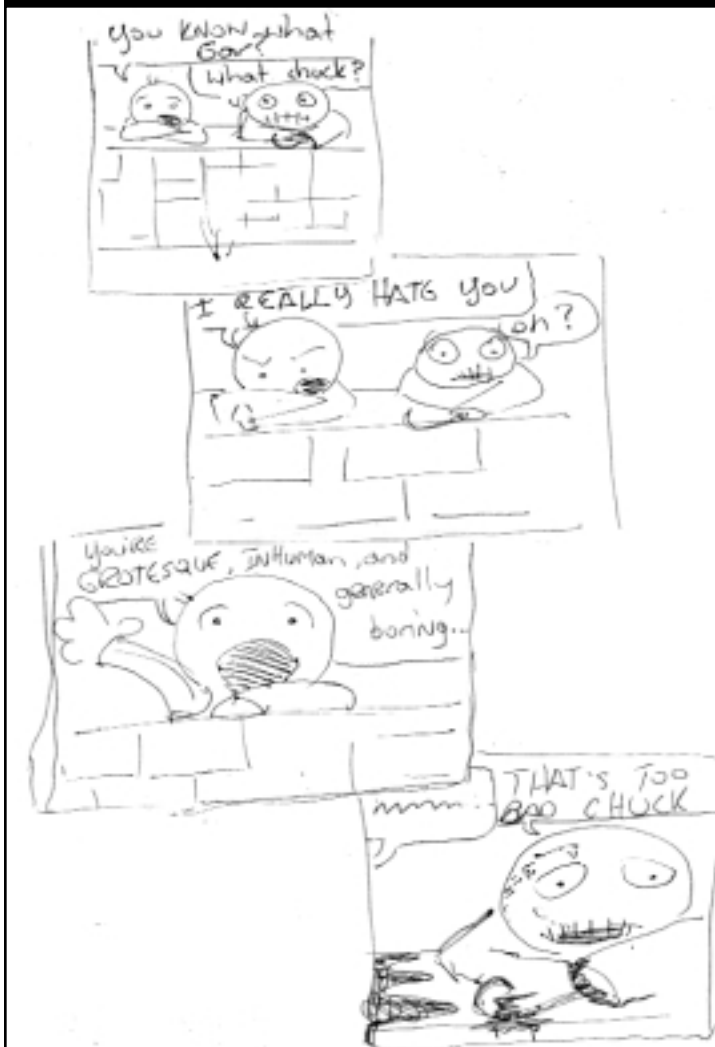
The Oneida Community finally came to an end in 1881 when the members voted for dissolution. By this time, Noyse had left the community after an internal power struggle between himself and a group he had allowed to join based on their similar lifestyle. While this group, known as the Townerites, was also communistic and had complex marriage practices, their interest in the doctrines of Perfectionism was dubious. Noyse resigned his ruling position in 1877 and, wishing to escape the intrigues of the

Community, left for Canada in the middle of the night on 22 June, 1879.

At the time of the group's dissolution, it was worth over \$600,000 thanks in part to marketing of traps. Oneida Ltd., a joint-stock company, was established and the stock apportioned among the members. Run by Pierrepont Noyse (the son of John Noyse) for the first 50 years, the company phased out the production of traps and started making silverware. P.T. Noyse assumed the presidency in 1960 and the company was listed on the New York Stock Exchange in 1967.

Noyse remained in Canada with a few of his faithful until his death in 1886 and his grave can be found in the Oneida Community's cemetery. As for the Mansion House, it is still standing, as well as the factory which was built for making the traps that allowed the Oneida Community to be economically successful, and has a full time staff of people living on the premises to maintain the site. If you're going to be in the area of Oneida, New York, tours are given on Wednesday through Saturday, 10am and 2pm, and 2pm on Sunday. If you're more adventuresome, meals and an overnight stay are available by calling 315.361.3671 and making a reservation. Partner swapping optional.

Gdt by John Holt



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gdt@hellskitchen.org