

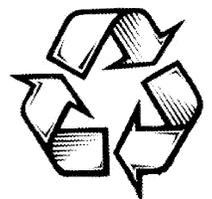
# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 15, Issue 6  
[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.

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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
```

```
unsigned int CSStab0[11]={5,0,1,2,3,4,0,1,2,3,4};
```

```
unsigned char CSStab1[256]=
{
```

```
0x33,0x73,0x3b,0x26,0x63,0x23,0x6b,0x76,0x3e,0x7e,0x36,0x2b,0
x6e,0x2e,0x66,0x7b,
```

```
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
xca,0x8a,0xc2,0x1f,
```

```
0xd9,0x99,0xd1,0x00,0x49,0x09,0x41,0x90,0xd8,0x98,0xd0,0x01,0
x48,0x08,0x40,0x91,
```

```
0x3d,0x7d,0x35,0x24,0x6d,0x2d,0x65,0x74,0x3c,0x7c,0x34,0x25,0
x6c,0x2c,0x64,0x75,
```

```
0xdd,0x9d,0xd5,0x04,0x4d,0x0d,0x45,0x94,0xdc,0x9c,0xd4,0x05,0
x4c,0x0c,0x44,0x95,
```

```
0x59,0x19,0x51,0x80,0xc9,0x89,0xc1,0x10,0x58,0x18,0x50,0x81,0
xc8,0x88,0xc0,0x11,
```

```
0xd7,0x97,0xdf,0x02,0x47,0x07,0x4f,0x92,0xda,0x9a,0xd2,0x0f,0
x4a,0x0a,0x42,0x9f,
```

```
0x53,0x13,0x5b,0x86,0xc3,0x83,0xcb,0x16,0x5e,0x1e,0x56,0x8b,0
xce,0x8e,0xc6,0x1b,
```

```
0xb3,0xf3,0xbb,0xa6,0xe3,0xa3,0xeb,0xf6,0xbe,0xfe,0xb6,0xab,0
xee,0xae,0xe6,0xfb,
```

```
0x37,0x77,0x3f,0x22,0x67,0x27,0x6f,0x72,0x3a,0x7a,0x32,0x2f,0
x6a,0x2a,0x62,0x7f,
```

```
0xb9,0xf9,0xb1,0xa0,0xe9,0xa9,0xe1,0xf0,0xb8,0xf8,0xb0,0xa1,0
xe8,0xa8,0xe0,0xf1,
```

```
0x5d,0x1d,0x55,0x84,0xcd,0x8d,0xc5,0x14,0x5c,0x1c,0x54,0x85,0
xcc,0x8c,0xc4,0x15,
```

```
0xbd,0xfd,0xb5,0xa4,0xed,0xad,0xe5,0xf4,0xbc,0xfc,0xb4,0xa5,0
xec,0xac,0xe4,0xf5,
```

```
0x39,0x79,0x31,0x20,0x69,0x29,0x61,0x70,0x38,0x78,0x30,0x21,0
x68,0x28,0x60,0x71,
```

```
0xb7,0xf7,0xbf,0xa2,0xe7,0xa7,0xef,0xf2,0xba,0xfa,0xb2,0xaf,0
xea,0xaa,0xe2,0xff
};
```

```
unsigned char CSStab2[256]=
{
```

```
0x00,0x01,0x02,0x03,0x04,0x05,0x06,0x07,0x09,0x08,0x0b,0x0a,0
x0d,0x0c,0x0f,0x0e,
```

```
0x12,0x13,0x10,0x11,0x16,0x17,0x14,0x15,0x1b,0x1a,0x19,0x18,0
x1f,0x1e,0x1d,0x1c,
```

```
1 peeji
```

```
-----
CSSScrambleT.txt
```

```
0x24,0x25,0x26,0x27,0x20,0x21,0x22,0x23,0x2d,0x2c,0x2f,0x2e,0
x29,0x28,0x2b,0x2a,
```

```
0x36,0x37,0x34,0x35,0x32,0x33,0x30,0x31,0x3f,0x3e,0x3d,0x3c,0
x3b,0x3a,0x39,0x38,
```

```
0x49,0x48,0x4b,0x4a,0x4d,0x4c,0x4f,0x4e,0x40,0x41,0x42,0x43,0
x44,0x45,0x46,0x47,
```

```
0x5b,0x5a,0x59,0x58,0x5f,0x5e,0x5d,0x5c,0x52,0x53,0x50,0x51,0
x56,0x57,0x54,0x55,
```

```
0x6d,0x6c,0x6f,0x6e,0x69,0x68,0x6b,0x6a,0x64,0x65,0x66,0x67,0
x60,0x61,0x62,0x63,
```

```
0x7f,0x7e,0x7d,0x7c,0x7b,0x7a,0x79,0x78,0x76,0x77,0x74,0x75,0
x72,0x73,0x70,0x71,
```

```
0x92,0x93,0x90,0x91,0x96,0x97,0x94,0x95,0x9b,0x9a,0x99,0x98,0
x9f,0x9e,0x9d,0x9c,
```

```
0x80,0x81,0x82,0x83,0x84,0x85,0x86,0x87,0x89,0x88,0x8b,0x8a,0
x8d,0x8c,0x8f,0x8e,
```

```
0xb6,0xb7,0xb4,0xb5,0xb2,0xb3,0xb0,0xb1,0xbf,0xbe,0xbd,0xbc,0
xbb,0xba,0xb9,0xb8,
```

```
0xa4,0xa5,0xa6,0xa7,0xa0,0xa1,0xa2,0xa3,0xad,0xac,0xaf,0xae,0
xa9,0xa8,0xab,0xaa,
```

```
0xdb,0xda,0xd9,0xd8,0xdf,0xde,0xdd,0xdc,0xd2,0xd3,0xd0,0xd1,0
xd6,0xd7,0xd4,0xd5,
```

```
0xc9,0xc8,0xcb,0xca,0xcd,0xcc,0xcf,0xce,0xc0,0xc1,0xc2,0xc3,0
xc4,0xc5,0xc6,0xc7,
```

```
0xff,0xfe,0xfd,0xfc,0xfb,0xfa,0xf9,0xf8,0xf6,0xf7,0xf4,0xf5,0
xf2,0xf3,0xf0,0xf1,
```

```
0xed,0xec,0xef,0xee,0xe9,0xe8,0xeb,0xea,0xe4,0xe5,0xe6,0xe7,0
xe0,0xe1,0xe2,0xe3
};
```

```
unsigned char CSStab3[512]=
{
```

```
0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0
x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,
```

```
2 peeji
```

```
-----
CSSScrambleT.txt
```

```
0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0
x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,
```

0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,

3 peeji

-----  
CSSScrambleT.txt

0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,

0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,

0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,

0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff,0x00,0x24,0x49,0x6d,0x92,0xb6,0xdb,0xff

};

unsigned char CSStab4[256]=  
{

0x00,0x80,0x40,0xc0,0x20,0xa0,0x60,0xe0,0x10,0x90,0x50,0xd0,0x30,0xb0,0x70,0xf0,

0x08,0x88,0x48,0xc8,0x28,0xa8,0x68,0xe8,0x18,0x98,0x58,0xd8,0x38,0xb8,0x78,0xf8,

0x04,0x84,0x44,0xc4,0x24,0xa4,0x64,0xe4,0x14,0x94,0x54,0xd4,0x34,0xb4,0x74,0xf4,

0x0c,0x8c,0x4c,0xcc,0x2c,0xac,0x6c,0xec,0x1c,0x9c,0x5c,0xdc,0x3c,0xbc,0x7c,0xfc,

0x02,0x82,0x42,0xc2,0x22,0xa2,0x62,0xe2,0x12,0x92,0x52,0xd2,0x32,0xb2,0x72,0xf2,

0x0a,0x8a,0x4a,0xca,0x2a,0xaa,0x6a,0xea,0x1a,0x9a,0x5a,0xda,0x3a,0xba,0x7a,0xfa,

0x06,0x86,0x46,0xc6,0x26,0xa6,0x66,0xe6,0x16,0x96,0x56,0xd6,0x36,0xb6,0x76,0xf6,

0x0e,0x8e,0x4e,0xce,0x2e,0xae,0x6e,0xee,0x1e,0x9e,0x5e,0xde,0x3e,0xbe,0x7e,0xfe,

0x01,0x81,0x41,0xc1,0x21,0xa1,0x61,0xe1,0x11,0x91,0x51,0xd1,0x31,0xb1,0x71,0xf1,

0x09,0x89,0x49,0xc9,0x29,0xa9,0x69,0xe9,0x19,0x99,0x59,0xd9,0x39,0xb9,0x79,0xf9,

0x05,0x85,0x45,0xc5,0x25,0xa5,0x65,0xe5,0x15,0x95,0x55,0xd5,0x35,0xb5,0x75,0xf5,

0x0d,0x8d,0x4d,0xcd,0x2d,0xad,0x6d,0xed,0x1d,0x9d,0x5d,0xdd,0x3d,0xbd,0x7d,0xfd,

0x03,0x83,0x43,0xc3,0x23,0xa3,0x63,0xe3,0x13,0x93,0x53,0xd3,0x33,0xb3,0x73,0xf3,

0x0b,0x8b,0x4b,0xcb,0x2b,0xab,0x6b,0xeb,0x1b,0x9b,0x5b,0xdb,0x3b,0xbb,0x7b,0xfb,

0x07,0x87,0x47,0xc7,0x27,0xa7,0x67,0xe7,0x17,0x97,0x57,0xd7,0x37,0xb7,0x77,0xf7,

0x0f,0x8f,0x4f,0xcf,0x2f,0xaf,0x6f,0xef,0x1f,0x9f,0x5f,0xdf,0x3f,0xbf,0x7f,0xff

4 peeji

-----  
CSSScrambleT.txt

};

unsigned char CSStab5[256]=  
{

0xff,0x7f,0xbf,0x3f,0xdf,0x5f,0x9f,0x1f,0xef,0x6f,0xaf,0x2f,0xc7,0x4f,0x8f,0x0f,

0xf7,0x77,0xb7,0x37,0xd7,0x57,0x97,0x17,0xe7,0x67,0xa7,0x27,0xc7,0x47,0x87,0x07,

0xfb,0x7b,0xbb,0x3b,0xdb,0x5b,0x9b,0x1b,0xeb,0x6b,0xab,0x2b,0xcb,0x4b,0x8b,0x0b,

0xf3,0x73,0xb3,0x33,0xd3,0x53,0x93,0x13,0xe3,0x63,0xa3,0x23,0xc3,0x43,0x83,0x03,

0xfd,0x7d,0xbd,0x3d,0xdd,0x5d,0x9d,0x1d,0xed,0x6d,0xad,0x2d,0xcd,0x4d,0x8d,0x0d,

0xf5,0x75,0xb5,0x35,0xd5,0x55,0x95,0x15,0xe5,0x65,0xa5,0x25,0xc5,0x45,0x85,0x05,

0xf9,0x79,0xb9,0x39,0xd9,0x59,0x99,0x19,0xe9,0x69,0xa9,0x29,0xc9,0x49,0x89,0x09,

0xf1,0x71,0xb1,0x31,0xd1,0x51,0x91,0x11,0xe1,0x61,0xa1,0x21,0xc1,0x41,0x81,0x01,

0xfe,0x7e,0xbe,0x3e,0xde,0x5e,0x9e,0x1e,0xee,0x6e,0xae,0x2e,0

```
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
xcc,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 iml[6];
    unsigned char im2[6]={0x51,0x67,0x67,0xc5,0xe0,0x00};

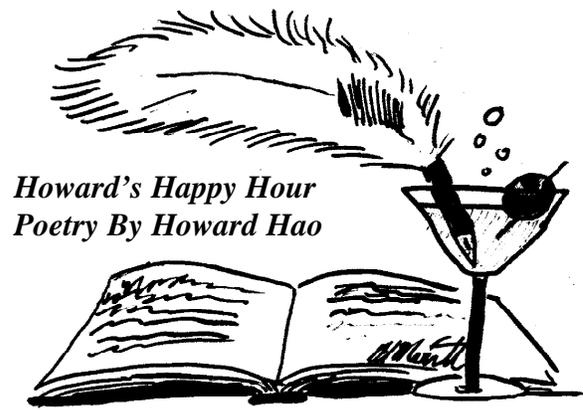
    -----
    CSSscrambleT.txt
    -----

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

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

## 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



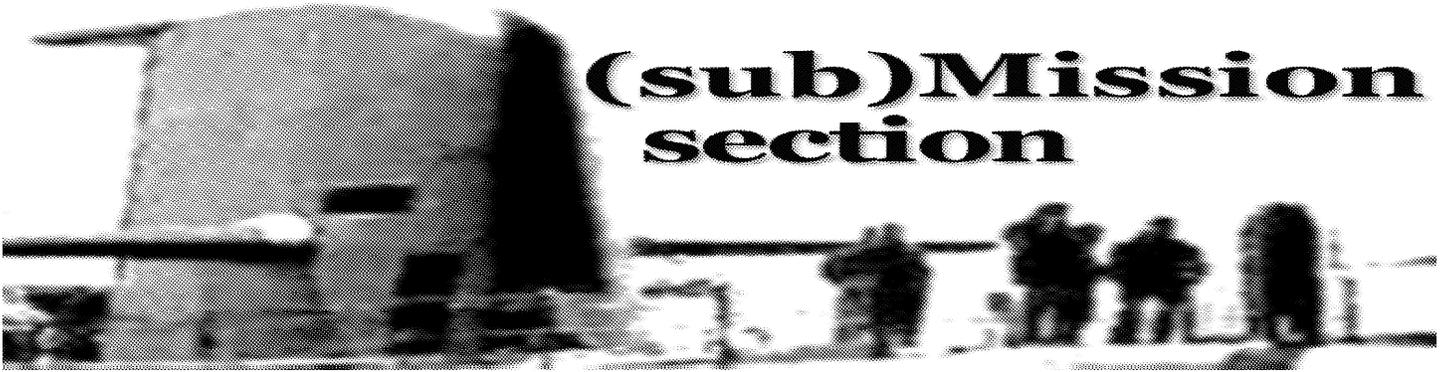
## Rollercoaster Ride of Momentary Love and Fortunes

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.

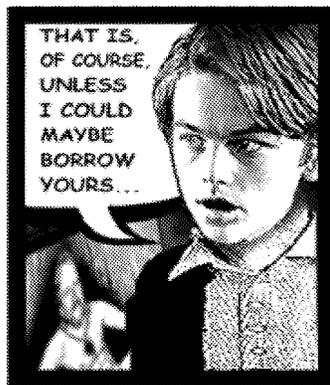
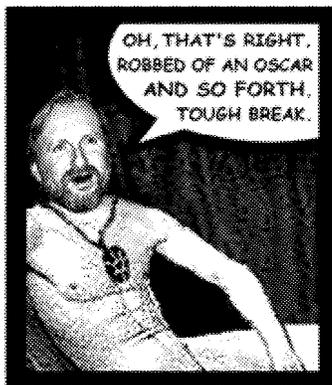
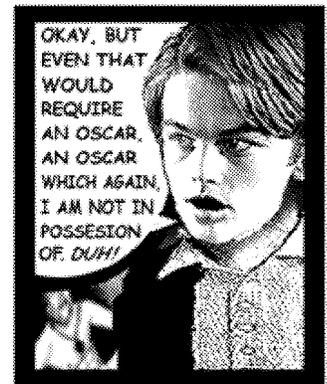
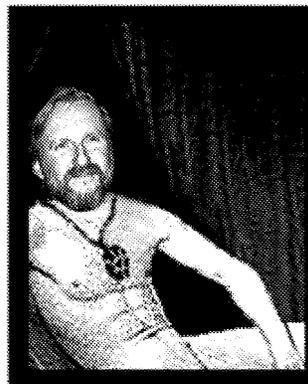
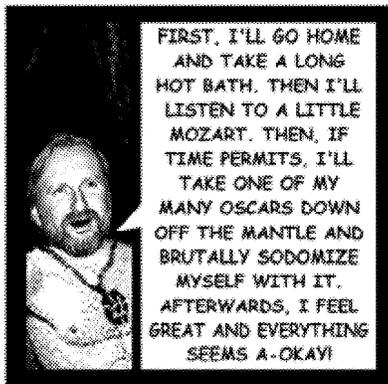
THANKS.

**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!)

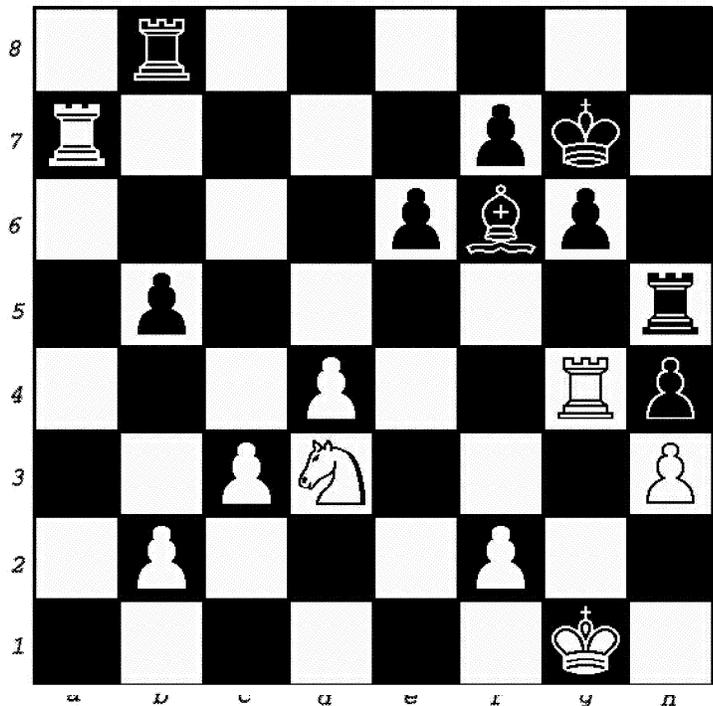
“Sword of Omens!

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.

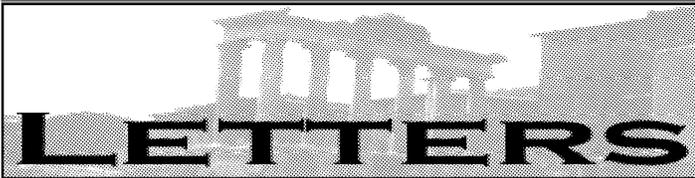
**34. Rxf7 Rb6??**

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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What Valentine's Day is  
all about.

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