



Jews

“And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, for if you hit a man with a ploughshare, he'll know he's been hit.”

In our short literary history we have attacked various Christian sects. In honor of our final issue of the year, political correctness, and giving everyone their fair share, we'd like to pick on the Jews for a while, but then again, who doesn't. And don't start snickering too loud Mohammed (and quit that twitching. Will someone stick a spoon in his mouth so he doesn't swallow his tongue?), you're next. As for the rest of you pale excuses for organized religions...we've got time.

I've one word for you: genocide. I admit, it's a scary thought. I'm not a Jew, though (I play one on TV...) my great grandmother was a certified Gypsy (tea-leaves, phony accent, the whole thing). Although this fact casts no light on a higher understanding of the Jewish plight, I just wanted it clear that some of my family (besides those who were accused of witchcraft) were used as charcoal briquettes. To try and obliterate a race based on arbitrary criteria is incredibly short-sited. Think of all the ideas that are lost when an entire people is obliterated (though this may be the intent. After all, wasn't the Cold War a dispute over two differing economic systems that could have easily erupted into global holocaust?). Think of those lost genes. No more big noses, no more crazy dreadlocked sideburns, no more dead chickens hanging in store windows (yes, it's genetic), and sorry kids...no more draydls. We may just keep those kippas though; they're damn cheaper than Rogaine, not to mention more stylish than the Lewis Rukyser hinged-hair look ("We've secretly replaced this man's hair with a hand knit doily. Let's see if they notice the difference...").

The Jews did their share of raping and pilaging...besides since the founding of Israel I mean. Turn back the clocks, to the days when the Jews first stumbled upon their Holy Land. Imagine the beauty of the whole scenario: thousands of stinky Israelites, after decades of wandering around behind Moses finally realized that (...he had a front side too) test versions of Dr. Scholls just didn't cut it, and decided They™ had had enough. Of course Israelites called where They™ stopped the Promised Land (They™ didn't have Dairy Queens then, the real land of milk and honey, well milk and sucrose, so no one really knew what They™ were missing); after years in the desert, just stopping for a while is Paradise. Unfortunately, the Promised Land was currently inhabited with scads of people living their humdrum lives on plots of land that they had thought were quite ordinary...and quite theirs.

So anyway, the sand sick Israelites wanted what They™ felt God had meant for them, which of course justified war. To make a long story short, the Israelites annihilated an entire people. The Amorites, while trying to defend their homes, were beaten back by the uncouth goat herders who had until recently been building shacks that would make Pythagoreus cry ("...at least if we had 21 people, then we could form an equilateral triangle..."). After the defeat of the Amorite army, the Israelites swept into their kingdom and proceeded to destroy the cities and kill the inhabitants. To quote the King James version of the Old Testament:

"Blah, blah, blah. Yadda yadda yadda."†

Good for them. Hooray! God's Chosen People finally killed themselves a homeland (a wounded homeland is a dangerous thing, you've got to kill it. If you don't believe me, just ask the Bosnians). Great. Just tell that to the people who were killed then, and later,

†"...and they [the Israelites] smote him, and his sons, and all his people, until there was none left him alive: and they possessed his land." -Numbers 21:35



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as the Jews spread their dinky little kingdom like literacy in Arkansas (From #50 to #49 in the country in a mere four years! Sorry Georgia.

.Let's elect that governor to the Presidency). In a way, it's ironic that the Semitic Promised Land became nothing more than a stop over for the great armies of the ancient world (Yup, just another sad rest area that ran out of toilet paper years ago). Hittites, Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, they all marched through the Israelite's lands, pushing them around, making fun of their little hats, and generally acting snooty.

Koodos to the Romans for finally burning the Temple down and scattering the Jews around the globe. If it weren't for that single event, the Jews wouldn't have such a persecution complex. Seriously, what other group takes such pride in being picked on for thousands of years? Certainly not the blacks; they've only had a few hundred years practice. Besides, persecution has allowed the Jews to maintain their sense of identity. The Amish have their silly beards, the Brits have "The Big Book of British Smiles", ...the Jews have their persecution. Sure, the Roman's were assholes to burn the Temple down in the first place, but as assholes go, the Roman's rocked. The Romans excelled at being assholes when subjugating people. And as far as holding a grudge for no particular reason, they were better than McCarthy. When the Roman's finally beat up Hannibal's friends, they went so far as to salt the ground of Carthage, making it a desert. Anyway, by scattering the Jews, that started a precedent for Jew bashing. Later, the Catholic Church did a really good job of generally being mean to the Jews. Even the Christians, who excelled in spilling blood in the name of the Prince of Peace, couldn't compare to the Nazi's.

Enter Hitler and his goose stepping blackshirts, doing the two step all over the throats of Europe. Forget that Hitler pulled Germany out of the worst depression the globe had ever seen. He's just remembered as a Megalo-maniac with a pear shaped body and a piece of felt just over his upper lip. Oh yeah, and the Holocaust.

The Final Solution wasn't all that smart (or all that final, or even really a solution at all. I guess it could be called Hitler's Temporary Stopgap^Σ). At least when the Romans burned the library at Alexandria, they used the books to heat bath water. All the Jews, Gypsies, Queers, Blacks, mentally ill, and anyone else they weren't particularly keen on just became a waste of gas, bullets, or air pollution.[¥] Oh. almost forgot the lamp shades and handbags, but to be honest these Semite-skin bags never really did much for the state of worldly fashion at the time, and thus can be ignored.

It's kind of funny how a bunch of goat herders with delusions of grandeur escaped from Egypt, got sunburned, wiped out a race, and centuries later, Aryans with delusions of grandeur tried to wipe them out.

I guess you could say what goes around, comes around.

^Σ Yeah it's a redundant, but so is "Final Solution".

[¥]Yes. All global warming can be blamed on the Nazi death furnaces.

Do you think yellow journalism has gotten a bad rap?

Are you a disgruntled ex-writer for *the Reporter*?

Would you like to start a *new* news publication for distribution on the Rochester Institute of Technology?

Well, we'd like to help. Join the growing Hell's Kitchen family of publications. We're looking for writers, photographers, and illustrators.

If you are interested, contact C. Diablo through diablo@csh.rit.edu or bjl4009@ritvax.rit.edu for details.

Well, it's the end of another year. This year has been a special one for us here at Hell's Kitchen. It saw the growth and expansion of *GDT*, the formation of the *Melancholy Predator* (much like Botticelli's "Venus"), and brief lifespan of *10:1 Cereal Delusions*. Who would have thought last year that a column idea rejected by the *Reporter* would grow to be the nucleus of a group of publications read across the country and around the world? And ohhhh, do we have plans.

But it is the end of the year, and after over 30 issues (approximately 200 pages of fresh material. God, and to think we started with a single one sided page last year), we are all a little tired. Hopefully, after graduation and a summer of having to deal with people in the wide world, we'll be back with even more to share.

In the meantime, we'd like to thank all of our fans, both new and old. We'd also like to discuss something that was recently brought to our attention. When we used the *Reporter's* logo last week, that was what would be termed as "copyright infringement." Well, I suppose we could cover in the corner of our publication begging ^{the merciful} *Reporter's* pardon, but fuck that.

Two weeks ago when we lent them use of our Euclidean Losers (aka. the staff of *10:1 Cereal Delusions*), first they changed our title, then they didn't even give credit to the authors (3 May, 1996 issue of the *Reporter*). Bad move guys. I guess we made one copyright infringement for each author that had been neglected, and, technically speaking, plagiarized. The only thing that stopped us from trying to nail the *Reporter* for plagiarism was we discovered that an apology was already being written for publication the next week (10 May, 1996 issue of the *Reporter*), even if it was in small-ass print.

Oh, had we forgotten to say we're sorry? Must have slipped our minds.
See you next year.

-Editors, GDT

~~LIVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON~~

pastel dandelion's nirvana

anagrams are so much fun!

I've learned that when you are at a family picnic, don't ever say that you don't like what you are eating because the person ~~sitting next to you might have prepared it.~~ in front of you, spread eagle, might be embarrassed.

-Age 18

lie

I've learned that you should say a prayer at least once a day for someone you don't like because it helps you ~~both.~~ in seducing unwary girl scouts.

-Age 43

Letters

Date: Mon, 13 May 1996

Thanks for including the comment about how distasteful the *Reporter* was in their choice to print "Dick Tease" in the same article as *Take Back The Night* in this [3 May, 1996] weeks issue. I could tell that you had a take on that when I saw you at your apartment 2 weekends ago, but BJ and I were not feeling well enough to stick around for your meeting. As you can see my letter to the *Reporter* in response to that opinion column was not printed. It was nice to see that a similar view was published (and in a much better publication).

-Stephanie L. Knapp

Random Fact:

In colonial America, there were so few literate people, if you committed murder you could be set free by proving you could read.

Martyr of the week

-by Troy Liston

Come closer, enter and know what strange fates do befall the chosen among us. The **Martyr of the Week for May 19-25 is St. Andrew Bobola (May 21)**. St. Andrew was a Polish Jesuit in the 17th century who spent his years trying to reconcile the Orthodox Church and the Holy See (Papal

Authority). Being involved in negotiations to resolve the schism apparently created enemies for our saint, and they sought their revenge at Janov near Pinsk. Andrew was accosted by a broguish band of Cossacks; they beat and tortured him, partially flayed his skin from his body and, when he continued to call out the names of the blessed mother and her sandal-clad son, removed his tongue through the back of his head. His nickname among schismatics was *Duszochwat* (robber of souls).

Other martyrs of note this week include **St. Pudentiana (May 19)** (one of those Roman maiden martyrs, except that the Church announced in 1969 that she was fictitious (her name means "she who ought to be ashamed of herself" in Latin)), **St. Ethelbert (May 20)** (was visiting a neighboring kingdom to seek the hand of a princess in marriage when he was deviously killed (it involved hidden trap doors!) and his land annexed) and **St. Julia (May 22)**. A maiden of Carthage who was sold into slavery by the Vandal conquerors, Julia was crucified in Corsica when she refused to partake in the pagan festival being celebrated. While not a martyr, the patron saint of scholars (**St. Bede**) happens to have his feast day on **May 25**-the graduation/commencement day for RIT this year. Coincidence? I think not. It's the first sign that the Art School is secretly being replaced, not merely eliminated, with a seminary or perhaps full-fledged Oral Roberts satellite college. You heard it here first.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre welcomes comments. Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to diablo@csh.rit.edu or GDT c/o 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester, New York, 14623
GDT reserves the right to reprint any letter without editing for clarity.

Anger

Mount: Fury

Likes: Radical extremism, Antagonism, and Provocation

Dislikes: Indifference, Sloth, and Apathy

Strength: The advantage of surprise

Charisma: A foul weather friend

Wisdom: Of impetus

Speed: He will materialize when needed.

Habitat: When he has not been summoned, he lives in a land of metamorphosizing volcanic upheaval.

Description: All he is interested in is being fed. He will often ride into the devastation left behind his companions Fear, Antagonism, Hate, Prejudice, and Provocation and will further brutalize their prior victims. Anger is the original indefatigable tracker. He can wait until eternity has passed just to collect one more victim to engage in his life blood: the fight. He is merciless, cruel, and often carries a small teddy bear.



**We're looking
for fresh Blood!**
All types accepted,
A, B, even O...

GDT is looking for people interested in joining the staff as writers/ photographers/ illustrators in the fall.

If you would like more details, please contact GDT at the above addresses.



Check out the GDT web site at www.csh.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt

After Dinner Mints

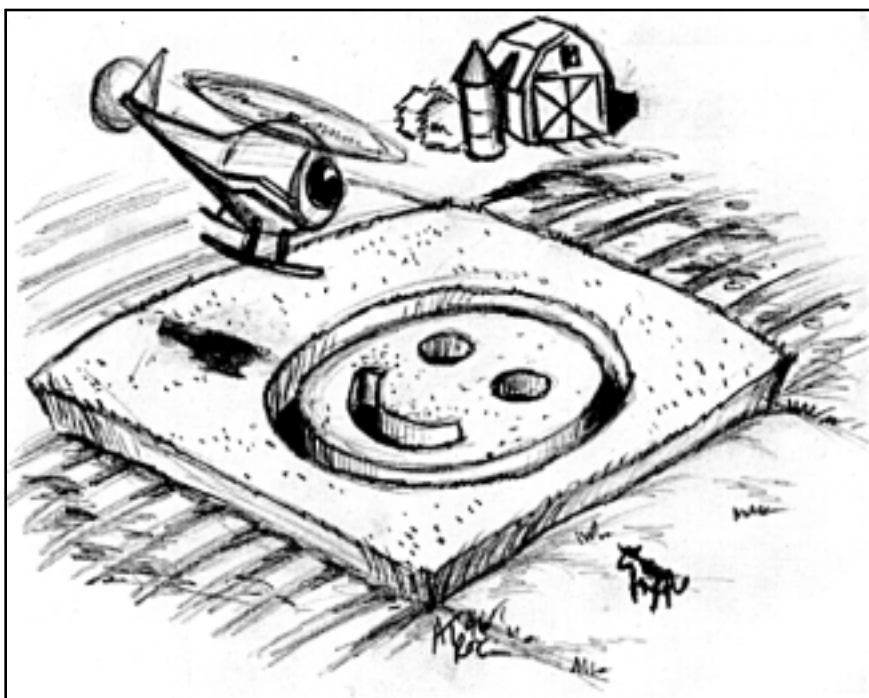
-by Kelly Gunter

For years I have been astonished that most stores, particularly department and grocery stores, seem to think that Christmas begins at the end of Halloween with a brief stop over for Thanksgiving. Stores advertise for holidays as if they were things that lasted longer than one day. It's like stretching Chanukah for half the year and Passover for the other half. From September on the year is a perpetual holiday; "Back to School" (you didn't know that was a holiday did you?), Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Valentines Day, Easter, Mother's Day... continuing *ad infinitum*, right?

There's one small problem with that though: the only real holiday of note between Mother's Day and "Back to School" is Ascension Day, and that won't cut it because it's only five days after Mother's Day. Even department stores can't feasibly justify advertising for "Back to School" in May or June when most lower grade schools haven't even finished yet. If they tried that they'd probably get attacked by a mob of angry kids armed with glue sticks. Independence Day and Flag Day just aren't strong enough to hold up the entire summer by themselves, what with the higher apathy level. The only reason people go all out for so many of those other holidays is because if people can't manage to let off some steam somehow they're all going to blow. In the summer, the holidays are lacking because most of the people have more time to rest so they don't need any stupid holidays cramping their style.

At this juncture in the holiday gap, the department and grocery store seasonal sections slip up; they end up showing you what life would be like if there were no holidays. In stead of another holiday, stores deck their halls with lawn jockies, bubbles, barbeque equipment, and the ever charismatic pink flamingo (tastefully hidden behind a few gnomes and a bird feeder).

After discovering what we would be putting up with without holidays I think I am far happier with large paper pumpkins, plastic Santas and purple marshmallow bunnies than the alternatives.



The reason you haven't been hearing much about crop circles recently: they no longer leave anything to the imagination

Are you one of those poor unfortunates who is graduating this year and fear you will never enter your beloved Hell's Kitchen ever again? Well, fear not! Hell's Kitchen publications are offering subscriptions. That's right, Hell's Kitchen (or any derivation of its publications you choose) can be delivered to your door on a weekly basis.

I know that earlier we had printed some sort of exorbitant number as the price of subscription, and to tell the truth, we screwed up the math. It won't be that expensive and it will be dependent on what parts of the publication you want delivered. The price of subscription will be determined on a quarterly basis, dependent upon length of publication and the price of stamps.

Just contact Hell's Kitchen and let them know which publications you are interested in receiving, and we'll send you a quarterly estimate of the price.