



Mal-Marts

"Black holes are where God is dividing by zero."

Whether or not there are millions of years of hunting and gathering hardwired into my psyche, I am not born to shop. I abhor entering malls and department stores. Of course this leads to the unfortunate situation where I put off shopping so long I must spend hours in the store just getting the basics to survive. You know: milk, toilet paper, the newest Terry Pratchett book, the usual.

When I'm shopping, I move like I'm in a race. There have been instances where the ultra-pure, air-conditioned atmosphere of a mall or shopping center, coupled with my quick walking, have dried my peepers out, leaving me sitting on the floor, rubbing my eyes and cursing.

It's not so bad when I have a group to shop with; we divvy up the list and get through the store in record time. It's a beautiful sight to see. The 4x100 relay team representing GDT zips through a store, leaving perplexed old ladies trying to determine why they're missing groceries and their false teeth are in backward.

"Pass the Baguette. Go! Go! Go!"

Regardless of how quickly you can get everything you need, you eventually have to get into line. The lines are the great equalizers. Everyone young, old, speedy, ugly they all stand in lines that never move.

Now at this point, you're probably thinking that we are going to say something about the seven items or less isle and how idiots with two shopping carts mounded with nothing but "Alpo" pick these lines and insist that they have only one product. Well, you're wrong. That sort of thing has been beaten to death[†], and it really isn't as annoying as the fact that all lines move at the same speed. Actually, those "seven items or less" isles move slower than any other lane. I think it's because the cashiers of these particular circles of hell think to themselves, "Hey, this is the cheesy lane. No reason to work at normal speed. What's the rush?"

The really interesting thing is that you can get into line with only 3 others ahead of you, and once you reach the shelves, there's suddenly 5 people in front of you. A bit disconcerting, but perfectly logical. Allow me to elucidate:

At about the same time that laser scanners began to be installed in grocery stores around the country, another technological marvel was slipped in as well. Thanks to the same research that brought you Silly-Putty, stores now possess the ability to fold space in check-out lines. The up side is that the customer sees only five to seven people in any line at any given time when in reality there can be 20 people folded into their devious little Mal-mart Mobius strips; you can't see those cockled little buggers until you've reached the fold yourself, and by then, it's too late.

That's why isles have shelves on either side. Though functional, the shelves are nothing more than attractive walls keeping customers from exiting the folded space crosswise. In trial stores when the technology was first being developed, prospective customers that entered the lines in their 20's and then traveled sideways in the fold could exit white haired and toothless. There were even some that never exited.^Δ Tricky business, folding checkout lines. Sometimes, the whole system crashes, throwing customers as far as 20 feet into the stacks of Spiderman Toothpaste marked down 20% and causing minor earthquakes as the building suddenly expands to accommodate the new space.

There are accidents of this kind all the time in southern California. The high temperatures simply overheat the complex systems involved. In Mexico, however, standards are lower and failures can level entire villas.

Another bonus, brought to you by the minds at NAFTA.

[†]Not that GDT is against a good beating.

^ΔRecently NASA and the FDA sponsored an expedition into the folded space of various checkout lines to try and discover exactly what happened to the missing shoppers. Within the rift, whole shanty towns were discovered. Living only on candy bars and packs of gum mistakenly knocked off the shelves into the gulf, these diabetic refugees had been warped receiving news of the outside world through such noted periodicals as "The Weekly World News."

In the end, both NASA and the FDA agreed that a rescue attempt would be infeasible due to the tremendous cost involved in reintegrating those poor souls back into society.



Editorial

Last Sunday afternoon some of our staff members passed out issues to students before They™ entered Grace Watson Dining Hall (Sept. 8th), RIT. But that day something happened that has never happened before: one boy took one, read it from cover to cover, and returned it saying that he did not understand it. One of my counterparts contended that he must not understand sarcasm and some of the other rudimentary basics of humor. I disagreed with him, thinking that perhaps whatever was read and the ideas behind it just did not make sense to him. I do not truly know the answer to this question, mine is just a hypothesis, but if I was correct I would like to give an answer to your question, if you're reading this week's issue, which you probably aren't.

Hell's Kitchen and its member publications were created as a forum for student's ideas, thoughts, creations, and musings, a forum to express oneself as one feels a right to. The opportunity we provide did not exist on this campus prior to our creation a little over a year ago. Certainly now the Reporter has its "Opinions" section, but that was started when we were well through with our second volume. We accept work from any and all as long as the author can defend the work's validity.

We like to express various parts of the human experience, what it is to live, what it is to be human. This can be done in many different media and the two different publications portray this well. Gracies Dinnertime Theatre likes to take on the more humorous aspects of life, playing on irony and satire and more importantly, real life, to form its source material. The Melancholy Predator will often take on the world from a more esoteric and poetic stance. In the end, the two publications amount to much the same thing: we are made up of people doing exactly what it is that we do. We are an amalgamation of personages just living, and that is why Hell's Kitchen exists.

As for myself, ever since I was a child I've been making people around me nervous because I often spontaneously burst into laughter for no apparent reason, but there was always a reason. GDT offers me a canvas on which to draw all of the amusements I have held since I was a child to explain these unexplainable outbursts. For me, the world has always been absurd, ironic, satiric, and bewildering. I just reflect what has always been around me, and how it seems to my senses.

When I was young, my parents told me I used to wake up every morning singing. I still do.

-Kelly Gunter

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Last Week's Results

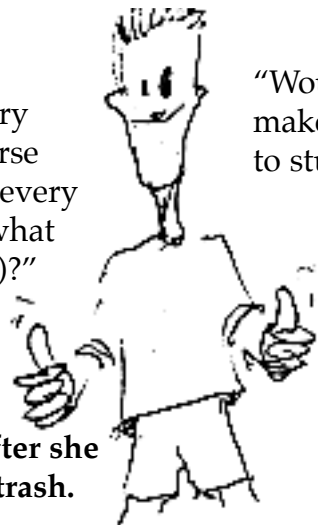
"Would you rather have a condition where every statement you spoke was accompanied by a curse word (such as "curses!"), or a condition where every statement that you spoke was the opposite of what you meant (such as "I have no such condition")?"

53.3% Curses!

33.3% I have no such condition

13.2% Lame-o responses

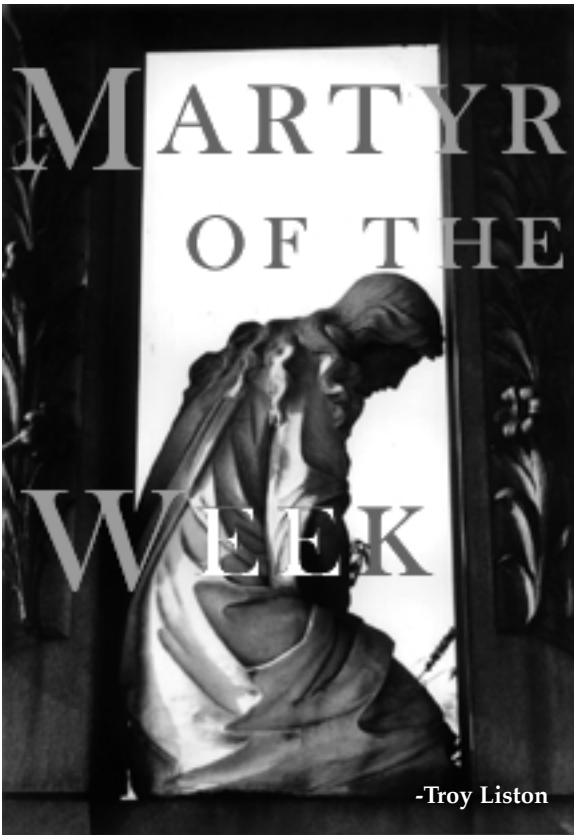
Favorite response: "I'm an EM Major," said after she threw last week's issue in the non-recyclable trash.



This Week's Survey

"Would you rather lose the ability to make the 'r' sound or gain the ability to stutter?"

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-Troy Liston

The **Martyr of the Week** for **September 15-21** is **St Januarius**, also known as Gennaro (**Sept 19**). Januarius was the Bishop of Benevento in the early 4th century. During the Diocletian persecution he was thrown into a furnace and subjected to lions, neither of which harmed him. Like most other fire-proof, animal friendly saints before him, he had no such rapport with the steely blade that cleft his neck.

Some of the faithful collected his relics, which centuries later ended up in Naples. Among these relics were a few vials of blood that on occasion liquefy. This "boiling" of the blood occurs on various holy days throughout the year (except in times of oppression or strife) and has a great and loyal following to this day. If, during the ceremony, the blood is not being cooperative, a group of women known as the aunts of St Gennaro shout "Boil! Boil! Boil, damn you!" Who said going to church wasn't fun! Fittingly, St Januarius is the patron saint of blood banks.

Another saint of note this week is **St Robert Bellarmine (Sept 17)**. As head of the Vatican Library he was one of those who disputed Galileo and his findings, eventually leading to the great astronomers run-in with the Grand Inquisition. Bellarmine wrote that to say the Earth revolved around the sun "is as erroneous as to claim that Jesus was not born of a Virgin." Well, if you're basing your argument on something as concrete as that then you have nothing to worry about...right?

Failure

Mount: *He's got one, but he doesn't know what it's named, because every time he gets close to it, it wallops him in the chest.*

Friends: *Apathy*

Foes: *Prometheus*

Strength: *none*

Charisma: *3. He's even a failure at becoming a complete failure*

Special Skills: *Hind sight*

Favorite Quote: *"If at first I don't succeed... ah, shit, what's the use?"*

Description: *He looks like a "Disco Daddy," polyester everything. His cloths are so clinging that they fit themselves perfectly into the indents on his chest (which incidentally are upside down to drain out his luck). If Failure had a car it would be a Yugo.*



GDT Challenge

Go ahead. Challenge us. If you can come up with an idea that you want us to write about in any of our columns or first pages, we guarantee that we can write it in two weeks and print it before the end of the quarter. If we can't, you win a free Cold Water Only™ tee-shirt of your choice.

Random Fact:

President John Adams once lost his way and had to ask a passing stranger how to get to the White House.

The Universe & Me: a d-i-m guide

"Letting Dead Dogs Die"

-Kelly Gunter

I still catch myself looking out the family room window into the dog run to wonder if I should let her in. I guess old habits die hard. It is actually a month from the day she died.

I often muse to myself over such times thinking about all those people who take such times to proclaim, "Ah, yeah. That

guy/girl/acquaintance/pet/annoying waiter was the best." They™ remember back to all the good times, only the good times. I could try to do as They™ and open up the flood gates of fuzzy reminiscing, but for the life of me all I can think to say is that she was a bitch in the truest sense of the word (the pun was obvious, but exceedingly appropriate).

If she had been human she would have been a beautiful, bitchy blockhead with all of the trimmings: insatiable jealousy, a viscous temper, breath you could starch your clothing with, the need to dominate and become the center of attention for all situations, and the quite embarrassing habit of trying to kill any and all persons who tried to enter or exit our house through a particular portal. In other words, she was a pain in the ass.

Strangely enough, even neglecting the fact that she'd saved my life on more than one occasion simply by default (no matter what they do, large German

shepherds seem to have that effect on people), I actually liked her. I think perhaps it might have been her unendearing qualities that I loved most; when she wouldn't listen to anything else and the only way to make her come running back were the words "Hey Stupid!", the way I taught her how to squeeze herself underneath the bed until all you could see was her nose protruding from beneath it, and the fact that every time we played hide and seek together she was daft enough to try to find me with her eyes instead of her extraordinary sense of smell, and blind enough not to be able to see a wall six inches in front of her face. I suppose that one of the reasons I love her the most is because she allowed me to draw a parallel between her whimper-and-kick-filled dreams and those of my father, not three feet away prone in front of the television in the same circumstance. My family said, "She's chasing rabbits." And now I say the same about my father whenever I see him.

She had a terrible personality and I loved her not despite it, but partly for it. What is so wrong with admitting that someone of the recently deceased population also happens to be jerk? There really should be more commemorative monuments out there that say, "Dad-What an asshole. God bless his bedeviled soul." Hell, every time someone proclaims that I'm evil I still turn a bright crimson. I guess the novelty never wears off on that statement.

"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

The Land of Faerie has, in the minds of many, become a sort of lesser Heaven. Filled with wise, beautiful creatures, modern man yearns to be invited within. What is ignored time and time again is the close, perhaps essential link between our two worlds.

Though the inhabitants of Faerie most certainly determine how their realm

appears, it is as though they lack imagination. Waterfalls, dark woods, breezy steppe, wild rides under a full moon- all these, and more, are within Faerie, but it is borrowed.

Even the faeries have patterned themselves after the creatures they find most interesting with our realm. Mainly, Man. Faerie lore is littered with tales of faeries being attracted to the artists, poets, and musicians of our tribe. He who can embellish upon the arts from Faerie is treated as a Lord by the revelers from that shadowy land. It may not be a coincidence that many prodigies from our race have died young. Perhaps Mozart is still composing for those in Faerie.

While man excels in Creating, it is the faeries who are horribly beautiful. We complement each other well....

Unfortunately, Man's creative impulse has inadvertently led to his turning away from the Beauty which Faerie offers. Now, beauty is a slim, fine tuned machine, and the faeries languish in a land which diminishes as humans stop creating things of Faerie. All too soon, the last doorway to that shadowy land will close and our people will truly be alone.

Our world and that of Faerie is symbiotic. Without our Creativity, the Faeries may be trapped in eternal sameness and eventually fade to nothing, like an echo in the distance. Without their Beauty, man will damn himself to a world of asphalt and steel. Of efficiency and the God of the Clock.

Next week: some helpful hints on how to avoid faux pas when visiting Faerie.



Fey Denizen

-Sean T. Hammond