



Kids for Fun and Profit

Learn from your parents' mistakes - use birth control!

THIS IS A TEST.

THIS IS A TEST OF YOUR SHORT TERM POP-CULTURE MEMORY.

THIS IS ONLY A TEST....

Who is Louise Woodward?

Kids: Baby Killer![†]

Seth: Drools.

Wow. Good job. With the all superficial, transient news that is passed off on Americans, I'm impressed that you could remember. For those troglodytes out there going, "Huh?" let me fire those synapses. A few months ago the moon-faced Limy Louise Woodward, alias *au pair*,^Δ was tried for murder.

Not to dredge up old news, but lets dredge up old news and put it under the specially polarized lights of GDT.[∂] In case you didn't hear, the baby's parents were both

[†] Kids care of *Melancholy Homewrecker's* "Big Daddy's Biology Show." Gosh you kids are smart.

^Δ Louise Woodward belongs to the once infamous Babyrattler Gang. In the early twenties the Babyrattlers were best known for smuggling large quantities of hooch across state lines in millions of sanitary baby bottles protectively wrapped in individual Woobies. Elliot Ness and his Untouchables were primed to turn their attention to the Babyrattlers just after they brought in Al Capone for tax evasion, but alas it was to late, because prohibition was revoked and the motherly Babyrattler Gang, with such notables as Joey the Diaper, the Passifier, and Tickle Me Elmo, got off scott free. Over the years, the gang declined in their infamy (huh?) and slowly became a legitimate racket peddling their babysitting knowhow across the globe. It's only in Asia that they have had a return to glory, selling difficult children into whatever market needs pre-pubescent, succulent, sexed up, Asian children. For the life of me, I can't think of what you'd use them for, but recently the chicken market has ordered more than their usual half dozen.

(We're sure this picture would have been stunningly funny.)

[∂] Unbeknownst to most physicists, the "Dark Matter" that has been theorized is nothing but subatomic particles of absurdity. Of course they haven't been detected because when an absurdity particle collides with a detector, an unbelievable reading is given. The scientists look at the data and say, "That's absurd," and chalks up the weird readings to experimental error. Anyway, after three years of work, using a mint Commodore 64, an old oscilloscope, a pair of Ray-Ban sunglasses, and an Energizer nine-volt battery (we tried other batteries, but only Energizers work. We think it has something to do with that rabbit and the unusually high concentration of absurdity around it), GDT has discovered that absurdity is polarized. By donning the modified Ray-Bans and watching CNN Headline News, normally serious news is filtered out and only the absurdity comes through. Quite refreshing, really. The only problem is the splitting headaches you get from keeping the nine-volt pressed up against your tongue for too long.

Continued on page 2 of GDT...



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medical doctors; one at Brigham & Womens', the other at the Children's Hospital, yet they failed to notice their son's broken wrist and 6.4cm skull fracture for at least two weeks. I suppose that it's understandable. Both parents had the Puritan work ethic. It was revealed in court that the parents were too occupied in the morning to change the baby's diapers before the *au pair* arrived, so he lay in his crib, unchanged, bones broken, while the parents rushed off to work where they were paid good money to care for other peoples' children. When they got home, they were too tired, etc....

I could go on and on, but instead, I'm more interested in why these people had a baby in the first place. They certainly didn't want to spend time with it, that's for sure.

Of course we, as biologic entities, are driven to reproduce. "It's not my fault, officer! My damn selfish genes made me do it!" This has a kernel of truth to it, but I thought parents were genetically hard wired to care for and protect their offspring. It's that whole big-eyed, small-chinned, full-lipped, symmetric-face look that makes college geeks jack off over Anime photos, and makes Daddies say, "Uh, I've got to use the bathroom," after seeing his daughter in a swim suit. Something must have gone wrong with the culture to be able to override our desire to cuddle and protect babies.^f As an example, the crane has a circuit in her lower brain that triggers a reflexive egg-nudging action at the sight of a sufficiently egg-shaped object rolling on the ground. She will nudge the egg back into the nest, or go crazy trying. Really. If you nail an egg shaped piece of wood to the floor, that stupid bird will get so frustrated that it will conscientiously pluck all its feathers out in a great preening frenzy. If she left her eggs with an *au pair* and they were

^f Except in the case when a single mother lands a husband. Males are hardwired to want to pass on their genes, so any child already existing is a threat to their deoxywhatchamacallits. Kill the bastard (no, really) and there are more available resources for an updated child carrying the new husband's genes. Don't like the sound of that? Then why are there more incidents of step father's beating the living beejesus (as opposed to the deceased beejesus that falls off of you and comprises about 95% of your household dust) out of them and killing their wife's children? This doesn't mean that every man will commit infanticide...it just means they're generally bastards.

cracked when she got back, you bet she'd notice. And would there be birdy hell to pay. I suppose we can't expect such silliness from a human, however. We're a very busy species.

"But wait," you cry out, indignant and frankly a little tired of our pretentiousness. "People have children because they love children." Maybe, but if you love your children, you sacrifice some of your career or social life to spend time with your kids (or if you have no work or social life, you don't stay out boozing all night). Take a bus sometime — watch how parents treat their children. If they're yelling at and threatening their kids on the bus, pulling their arms into unnatural angles, grabbing hair, or cleaning their faces with spit, imagine what happens at home. Love is a beautiful thing to see...and I don't see love when a parent is dragging a crying child to the daycare center where they're afraid of being laughed at. Then you've got the parents who toss the newborn into a plastic bag and throw him out with the garbage (we're horrified by this, but it's just a home-style abortion. The only difference is the hospital burns their babies instead of throwing them out. Which would you say is more earth friendly? Tough call. Between filling landfills and polluting the air, I'd say the two just about break even). Love is in the air. I can smell it.

Money is the fuel driving our culture. It is the cause and the end of everything we do, so it's no surprise that economics plays such a major role in childrearing. In

The New Generation, Bertrand Russell wrote

THE PLACE OF THE FATHER IN THE MODERN SUBURBAN FAMILY IS A SMALL ONE — PARTICULARLY IF HE PLAYS GOLF, WHICH HE USUALLY DOES [OR IN THE URBAN CASE, IF HE SKIPS TOWN WHEN THE KIDS ARE STILL INFANTS AND LEAVES THE MOTHER TRYING TO ATTRACT MEN TO HELP SUPPORT HER].[‡] IT IS A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO SEE WHAT HE IS PURCHASING WHEN HE PAYS FOR HIS CHILDREN, AND BUT FOR TRADITION IT MAY BE DOUBTED WHETHER HE WOULD CONSIDER CHILDREN A GOOD BARGAIN.

Contrary to the tax on children that GDT proposed last year, the socialists[≈] (Hey! That's "Democrats" to you, buddy.) have set it up so the more puppies you squirt out, the more money you get from Uncle Sam (and you get a bonus if you don't work). At the same time, the government is spending money trying to reduce urban crowding and child abandonment (how far are we from FBI Norplant™ sorties into inner-city housing developments? "Roger, Red Squirrel. We've got a breeder on our flank. Requesting authorization to engage. Over"). It's a two-edged sword: "Have kids? You need money." "You need money? Have kids." Once you've got them, you can abandon them: it's your name on the check, that money is for you. Go out, buy a big screen TV or a few magic 8-balls—you deserve it. Just make sure you pick up some Doritos

(This picture probably caused mild incontinence in rats. Best that you never got to see it.)

[‡] See^f

[≈] Bertrand Russell was a socialist while it was fashionable. He came to his senses.

and Pepsi on the way home so the kids have dinner.

The underprivileged are egregious because they're more of a financial drain, but it's unfair of me to pick on just them. Foofie parents (like those in the Louise Woodward case) act the same, but they can hire nannies. Fly to France for the weekend or simply work all day, too tired to read a story when you get home. Where does it end? Nannies, VCRs,[¥] baby gyms, child therapists, \$3200 a week soccer camps, finishing school, \$28,000 a year universities that babysit your children — anything so the parents don't have to get their hands dirty. Then when the parents are old and decrepit, the kids will toss them into a nursing home and sell the house. Can't really blame them.

If you love children, then by all means have *one*. Better yet, get them from someone who doesn't want theirs. On the otherhand, if you just want to make money by having kids, follow my simple formula:

1.) Charge money for someone to impregnate the mother (if you are the mother and you are a butt-ugly-girl and your breath smells like ass, pay someone to impregnate you. Don't worry, you'll make it back. No, it's not prostitution. You're doing it for love...love of money). If you can, get the guy to marry the mother.

2.) When the kid is born, divorce the

[¥] The hoopla raised by people over the need for TV ratings is directly connected to people's use of TV as a baby sitter...or *au pair*, as the case may be. If there were no ratings, parents would be forced to pay attention to what their children are watching, if not their children. Kudos to NBC for not giving a shit.

father. Get the house, the car, child support and alimony. Then sell the house.

3.) Now you're homeless and you can collect welfare and unemployment. Sell the food stamps to someone who needs food.

4) Sell the baby into the sex slave market in Greenland.

As a typical American, you're probably more familiar with the Asian Sex Market™, so here's some advice: put the kid in a barrel and feed him green oatmeal through a hole until he's 18. Then sell him to a circus as a green hunchbacked midget (not to be confused with the fleshy monopods being circulated on the black-market pinata circuit). With all those rolls of flesh, you may have to put baby powder on them to help cut down on the chaffing as they move, but think of the number of people they can service at once. Hurray!

If you're driven biologically to reproduce, try masturbation. I knew a guy who got his cat off with a pencil when she was in heat, just to shut her up and keep her from clawing the couch to shit. If masturbation doesn't work, I'll give you the guy's address... see what he can do for you.

If you find Mistakes in GDT, please consider that they are not mistakes and you just don't know what we're talking about OR the universe is wrong and we are simply pointing out the errors.

Tourist's Movie Reviews:

-Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK - ARE YOU BORED?

Are you bored? Do you have a spare 34 hour time block to kill? Do you want to be seriously fucked up for the rest of your days? Well, ladies and gentlemen, do I have the

opportune solution for you. Get a bunch of friends together, along with a projection screen TV, 40 dollars worth of doughnuts, 7 pizzas, about ten gallons of black coffee, and watch back to back episodes of David Lynch's (aka

Holy God of "What the fuck was that?") *Twin Peaks*. That's what I did this weekend, and boy am I glad that I did! Acid? Mushrooms? Peyote? Naaahhhhhh. That's some lightweight shit compared to the experience that unfolds when you combine the vision of a beautifully demented writer/director with a passive journey into the world of sleep deprivation. Fans know exactly what I'm talking about. Others may scoff at the TV series, which aired in the early 90's and recently on Bravo, but I must give it the Tourist Seal of Approval™. If you decide to do this, however, there are several helpful points that you may want to be aware of.

1. TIME HAS NO MEANING. I mean that. The hours will fly by like you're in the

womb again, and the last episode is as shocking as being born, so boil some water.

2. REMEMBER ASS? I mentioned it in my *Copland* review a while back. If you don't make sure that you are master of your bodily funk (34 hours without shower, remember) the funk will take over. You'll be sitting on the couch, and your funk will go get doughnuts and coffee for your friend's funk. Most of us are not as adept as George Clinton at wrangling the funk (they don't call him the

funkmaster for nothing - last year, when he came to Rochester, he wore nothing but some Levi's and a Lion King bedsheet. His armpit stains resembled the Valdez oil spill, yet I smelled nothing, and I was in the front row!) so be sure to use some Dial.

3. YOU WON'T GET IT. That's normal. In order to assume proper David Lynch movie watching position, lean forward on your seat. Look intently at the screen and contort your face to resemble the expression it gets when you think, "Mercy Christmas! Was I just sodomized by a leper." Now keep that expression on your face and scream in fear and confusion when appropriate.

4. SLEEP DEPRIVATION CAUSES HALLUCI-



Are you bored?

<http://www.mikedunn.com/lynch/tp/tp041.jpg>



http://www.mikedunn.com/lynch/hp/hp210.jpg

"The Tourist Seal of Approval"™

NATIONS. That is also normal. And couple that with *Twin Peaks* stimuli, and you have a recipe that would kick Timothy Leary's ass. At one point in time, I saw Tallulah Bankhead swing down on a large, knotted rope, naked and quaffing a bottle of Old Grand Dad, screaming at the top of her lungs "HAVE YOU GOT A CHESTER-FIELD, DAAAAAAHHHLING?????" All I had was a bag of Cool Ranch Doritos, but that was good enough. She took them and climbed back into the coffee machine where she belonged. All was good.

5. FINGER SNAPPING IS RESERVED FOR

ONLY CERTAIN PARTS. Yes, I know that a lot of the music has snaps in it, but audience members should only snap when Coop (Special Agent Dale Cooper) is doing something really cool, or Audrey Horne (little prick tease that she is) is doing something really naughty with her tongue. All other snapping is considered extraneous and rude.

6. DO NOT DRIVE OR OPERATE HEAVY MACHINERY AFTER VIEWING THE FINAL EPISODE. Pregnant women should consult a physician about partaking in such a viewing marathon, for it has been know to produce strange birth defects and problem discharge. (Just covering my ass, don't want no nasty law suits!) That's about all. Have fun, eat and drink, be merry.

Lynch has made many movies, and all of them will mess you up. But when you watch all the *Twin Peaks* at once, you realize that it is no TV show. Try a 34 hour epic clusterfuck cinema experience that will blow your mind, and make you look at the world with a Batman-villain's-secret-hideout camera angle. Slanted, and all kinds of crazy-whack!

GDT is looking for a Layout Editor

Experience with QuarkXPress a plus, but not necessary. Must be able to meet weekly deadlines. Great opportunity to apply your skills or add to your repertoire.

Email gdt@iname.com or call 235-7666



"Stop the Noise!"

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +

GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

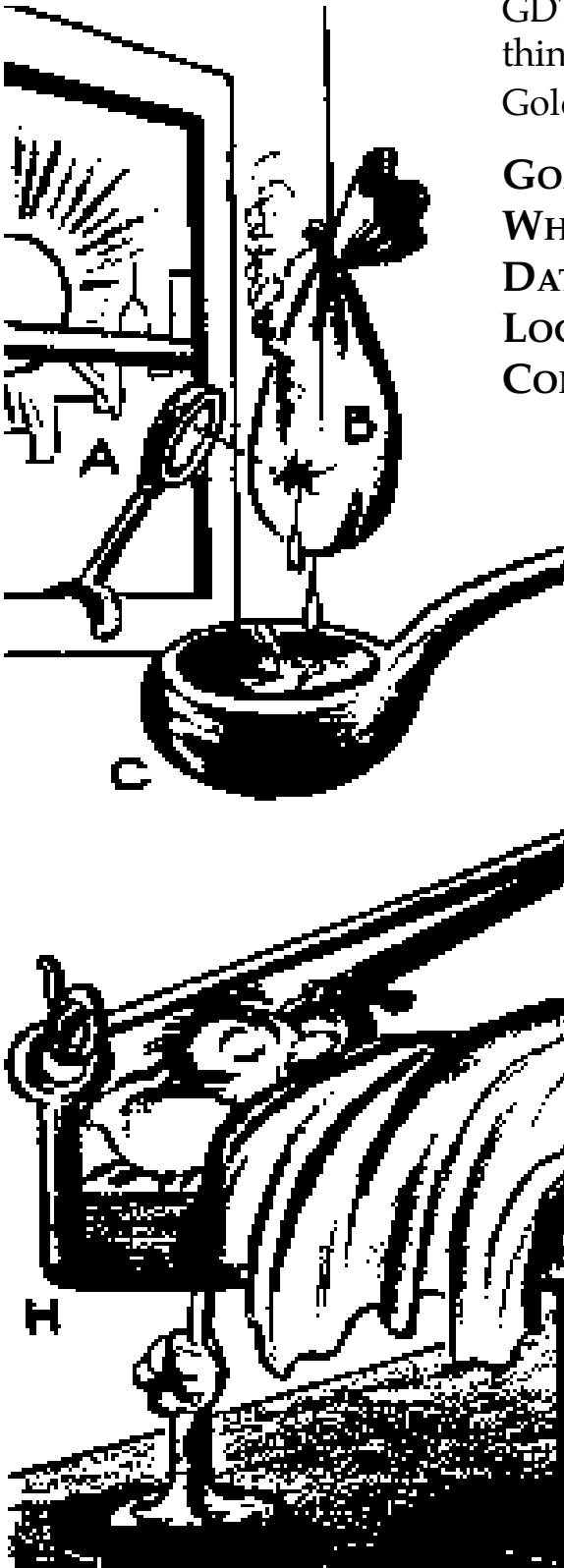
GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: TBA, RIT

CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666



RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be a upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.

The Enunciator

"The News and Views They Can't Make Fit"

The People's Challenge

- James D'Angelo

This year we will be holding elections. This is nothing new or exciting, we hold election every year. The difference is that the people we elect this year will be responsible for leading America into the new millennium. We have two choices: allow corporate and wealthy America and religious fundamentalists to continue to control the agenda for this country, or we can put this country back on the road to social and economic justice by electing candidates who are willing to work for the people.

In the December 22 issue of *The Nation*, Richard Rorty proposes a plan by which various progressive groups would unite behind a simple "People's Charter." This would give progressives something that they have been lacking — a clear-cut agenda. The Contract With (wealthy and corporate) America succeeded because it gave the right a clear-cut agenda, that the corporate media managed to obfuscate to seem appealing to the working class.

To do this Rorty states we need to make this agenda appeal to those people who are struggling to live on the national average income of \$32,000 a year. He proposes that the charter have three components, two of which I agree with.

The first is true campaign finance reform. This is one issue that will unite all people as both parties are guilty of taking

money from interests that are hostile to the American people. The idea of candidates only being able to appear on television during free time donated by the networks in exchange for the network's broadcast rights, would be a good start for this. This would not only "level the playing field" for elections but may also allow groups to spend more money on getting out the vote.

It is on the second point I disagree on. Rorty proposes that this "People's Charter" support universal health insurance. This is an issue that has been tried on several occasions in this country and has been defeated every time. Instead, I propose that we base the minimum wage off the consumer price index, an idea that is called a "living wage." This would do two distinct tasks. First it would increase wages across the board, improving the standard of living for all working men and women. The second thing it would do is provide the best form of "welfare reform" possible. By giving people jobs that will pay the bills it will get and keep them on the road to self-sufficiency.

The final point is some form of equalization of opportunity in schools, and I don't think Rorty is talking about vouchers. Unfortunately, Rorty does not propose any specific plan for this. That would be something that the groups' would have to work out themselves.

But an agenda is not enough. These ideas need to be put into action, that is where the idea of "The People's Challenge" comes in.

This "Challenge" would be made by

the leadership of the groups that decide to make up and sign the Charter. It would consist of three components:

The first is selection of candidates. After the May primaries, the "People's Charter" groups would find out what candidates support the agenda contained in the Charter. They would then see which of these candidates are incumbents who are threatened by right-wing candidates and those that are running against venerable conservatives, these two types of candidates would be the ones that get the most support, other candidates would get support, but not to the same extent. It's the idea of protect what we have and try to take out weak links.

The second is a two-fisted attack. The first component is to educate voters on these issues in the Charter and how it affects them personally. Focusing on the massive inequalities in the country; how despite our economy is rising that we possess the greatest maldistribution of wealth in the industrialized world, that at minimum wage a person is still 20% below the poverty line, and other issues of that nature. The second stage is to present the Charter to these voters, let them look at it, discuss it, and maybe even ammend it. It is a "People's Charter", so shouldn't the people have a say in it?

The final component is to register and involve voters in the process of electing these candidates. This is another advantage the right has; they can mobilize more quickly. While in New

Hampshire, I watched that as election day drew closer and the conservative candidates were in further jeopardy that the two groups that make up the core of the right, the NRA and the Christian Coalition, began to pump out a steady stream of ads. It worked. We progressives need to do the same thing, this "People's Charter" would allow such an opportunity, as the groups that make it up could possibly pool both money and human resources.

I admit this idea would be extremely difficult to implement, but I feel that it is something that must be done!

Visit www.rit.edu/~jld2705/enunciator/enunciator_home.html for more material from The Enunciator. Or contact us at jld2705@grace.isc.rit.edu

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GDT
Countdown
7 issues left to
our 100th
issue!



Editor's Note: Art of Forgetting

- Sean Hammond



Colleges and Universities have short memories. The obvious exceptions are the ancient (by American standards, where 100 years is an unfathomable stretch of time) Ivy League Schools. There, tradition takes the place of active remembering.

I've jokingly said to friends that goldfish have been bred to have memories just long enough to recall a single lap around their spherical universe. Those cursed with the skill of memory would live mind bogglingly boring lives and eventually kill themselves.

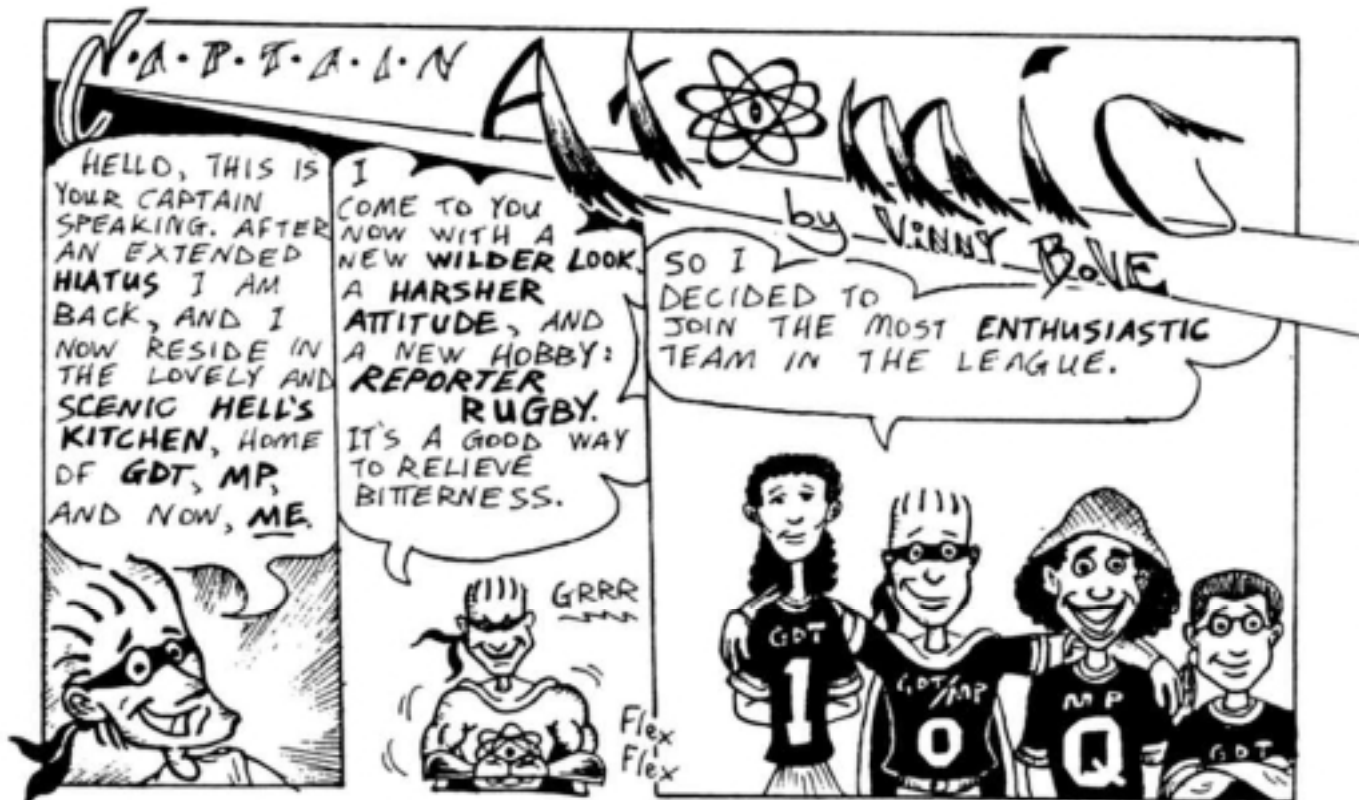
This explains why many goldfish only survive a few days once brought home. They were adapted for aquariums

larger than what they were given.

For the survivors, their life is one filled with fascination and wonder. Every sight is the first. Every exploration of the sunken ship or Atlantian castle is unprecedented. To them, everything is new.

Colleges and Universities have memories of four years.

Students come and go, but there is little continuity. No continuation of what was. Physical objects remain to testify of the passing of ideas and dreams, but nothing essential stays. The potential sources of history, the faculty and staff, for the most part, actively choose not to get involved. Student activities are just that: student activities. With lives of their own, I suppose it's their right. And to be



"Captain Atomic." From *Melancholy Predator Volume 2, Issue 7*

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frank, most students do not care of what was before them. Meanwhile, students come. Students go.

Who knows about Eisenhower College? You know, the one that apparently exploded and rained all of its books onto RIT, where they are now held captive in Wallace Memorial Library. Ask Jamie Campbell to tell you about Eisenhower College and why he wears the gown he does at graduation ceremonies.

What about WRIT? *Techmalia*? God only knows what else has been forgotten and recreated time and again.

The things important now will be forgotten in four years. The award winning photography program at RIT was slain and is now nothing but words on someone's resume and overlooked pictures in ill-treated library books. The School of American Crafts and the student protests will have cold, silent kilns as their monuments.

The School of American what?

There are those who

disbelieve. An example then: In 1991-1992, RIT's *Reporter Magazine* ran several articles critical toward the CIA's involvement with RIT and with then President Rose.

President who?

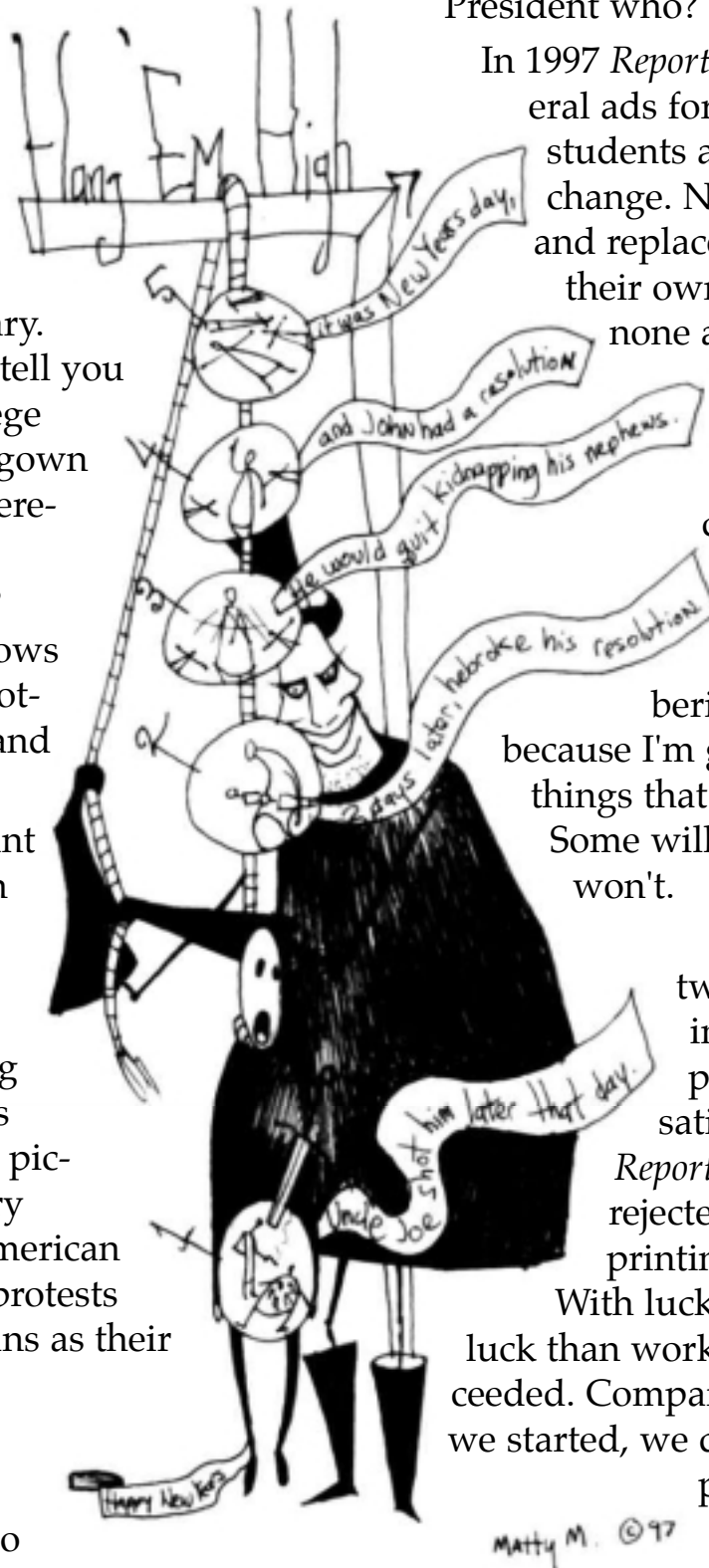
In 1997 *Reporter Magazine* ran several ads for the CIA to recruit students at RIT. Times change. New people take over and replace old agendas with their own, or worse, with none at all. The College's forget. Groups come. Groups go.

I have a point, dear friend. Stay with me a bit longer. I had to talk about remembering and forgetting because I'm going to say some things that I've said before. Some will remember, most won't.

In 1995 I talked two friends into trying to start a new, purely opinionated satire column for *Reporter Magazine*. It was rejected, so we began printing by ourselves.

With luck and work (more luck than work, I think), we succeeded. Compared to how humbly we started, we downright prospered.

Eventually the



creator of a now gone comic, "Captain Atomic," was told by *Reporter Magazine* that there was no market for comics. So he offered his services to GDT. We sent him off to play with our sister publication, the *Melancholy Predator* (the kind-of father to *Melancholy Homewrecker*) because they needed the staff. Now, it appears that because readers complained that they didn't "get" "Hang 'Em High," it has been banish from *Reporter* and is now with us.

I am well aware that there are detractors of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* and *Hell's Kitchen* (there is a difference, you pithecanthracoid); those who would rather we didn't exist. I maintain that the fact we do exist is the most eloquent argument that we are necessary.

Send us you rejected, your cast out, your lost. We are a group founded by outcasts and our operating philosophy is based on our experiences: anyone can print anything if they can defend their work to the editors.

And if GDT were never founded, hundreds of articles, both serious and satirical never would have been written. "Captain Atomic" would have died due to missing market, the *Melancholy Predator*, *Melancholy Homewrecker*, *10:1 Cereal Delusions*, *Cereal*, and the *Iconoclast* never would have come into being. We're not being vain: simply pointing out what we've done. We are "the other" weekly publication on three colleges (yes, GDT focuses mainly on RIT, but that's only because 90% of the staff is from RIT. You can change that), founded on a rejected idea, staffed mainly by the creators of what were called second best.

So join us. Show your support for a second source of entertainment. If you don't like what we do, then join us and change it.

In time, we'll either disappear or new blood will take over and forget why things started. People come. People go. But I'll remember.

Vatican Denies Pope Ill

-Sean Hammond & Mark Nowak

VATICAN CITY — On 11 January, 1998, Pope John Paul II started to fall forward and had to be helped by an assistant as he prepared to lead a ceremony in the Crystal Chamber.

Given play on television channels, Vatican spokesmen called accusations of illness "absurd."

The 77-year old Pope has walked with difficulty since having hip surgery a few years ago. "He hobbles. Sometimes he uses his staff," said Vatican spokesmen.

Attempting radical therapy, Podling essence failed to revitalize the aging Pope. "It always worked with Gelfling," remarked an anonymous source close to the Pope.

Gelfling are believed to have been driven to

extinction during the Inquisition.

Asked how he was feeling, the Pope hissed, "Mine! It's mine! I am still the Emperor."



The Pope making a public appearance.