



I Don't Pee In Your Pool!

"It has been a great many years since our white brethren came across the big waters and a great many of them has not got civilized yet; therefor we wish to be indulged in our savage state of life until we can have the same time to get civilized.... There is some of our white brethren as much savage as the Indian."

-Shullushama of the Chickasaw

Hidey-ho, white-arinos! If you haven't been keeping up with your advent calendar, it's that time of year again. Yup, just when you've taken all the decorations down, packed away all the electric lights, and finally tucking away the limited edition Gustav Mint ash-globe^Ω from the last Genocide Day, it's back again. Well, time to hang all the cardboard cut-outs of smiling settlers firing blunderbusses at fleeing natives.

Oh, wait.... My mistake. It's not Genocide Day at all. It's Columbus Day. Hooray!

Kids:

*Christopher Columbus /
killed a lot of injuns /
In fourteen hundred and
ninety two...*

Instead of talking about obscure history, however, this year I'd like to take some current events and throw them back to you with a mooreeffoc^μ spin. So, no sailing saints, no banished Welsh princes, no navigating eunuchs, and certainly no Rock Chewing Vikings.[‡]

Before I really rip into it, I'd like to get overtly political for a moment (as opposed to the subtle politicality that is GDT's reason-d'être)



and talk about the United States government's treatment of Native American tribes.

In the 1970's the Supreme Court said what everyone already knew from practice: Indian Nations are sovereign to the extent that the United States government allows them to be sovereign.

Translation? If they've got it and we want it, it sucks to be them. And here we are, the nation that likes to think that we are the shining city on the hill, setting an example for all the nations of the world.

That having been said, I'd like to present a newspaper article from an alternate history that I asked the Cronos and Clotho Corps (subsidiaries of Hell Inc.) to dredge up from fall of 1838.

Bell's Kitchen

10 October, 106 BC

Washington, United States of America: British envoy John Peel today relayed a message to United States President Andrew Jackson to the effect that time is rapidly running out to avoid

^Ω "SPECIAL ASH-GLOBE recreates the carrion-seeded skies of 1941 Dusseldorf when shaken vigorously! Manufactured in the 1930's by the Schutzstaffel, this collector's item (limit 5,000), made from the highest quality lead glass and filled with the finest ashes of inferior races, is an heirloom that will bring joy for generations to come!"

^μ Mooreeffoc: queerness that results when familiar things are seen from a new angle. This is the major method employed by Mr. Pratchett. It's also "coffee room" spelled backward. Tee-hee.

[‡] See Columbus Day articles 1995, 1996, & 1997. It's an obligatory reference.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Editors:

Matt Weaver
Jeremiah Parry-Hill
Giles Francis Hall
Adam Fletcher

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Illustrators:

Matthew J. Weaver
Gil Merrit

Writers:

Eric Thomas
Sean Hammond
Kelly Gunter
Adam Fletcher
Howard Hao

Contributors:

Matthew J. Weaver
Jeremiah Parry-Hill
Giles Francis Hall

Cartoonists:

Gil Merritt
John Holt

Cover Artist:

Scott Peterson

Ozzy Osborne Look

Alike Contest Winner:

Sean Hammond

British and Prussian naval strikes by complying with demands to end an offensive against ethnic American separatists.

While top British, French, and Prussian officials declined to call it Jackson's last chance to avoid attack, British Prime Lord Melbourne warned that "time is all but gone" for a peaceful settlement in the Cherokee Nation. John Peel held new talks with Jackson today.

Divisions remained among the nations of Europe regarding the use of force, however. Spain and Lithuania, among others, are reluctant to proceed without a stronger legal basis for action.

At a meeting in Brussels today, the European leaders searched for an adequate legal basis for such strikes[§]. They decided that none was needed.

Hundreds of people have been killed, and upwards of 300,000 have been driven from their homes and forcefully relocated since Jackson launched a June 27 crackdown against the ethnic American tribe of Cherokee.

Jackson has defied European orders to withdraw substantial forces from the sovereign Cherokee nation, maintaining the troops are needed to prevent new attacks by "red savage terrorists" and allow white settlers to move in and get "the yellow metal that makes them craaa-zy."

Recalling the United States' "Manifest Destiny" and the Monroe Doctrine, Andrew Jackson stressed that "the Indian issue is the internal affair of the United States, and the threat to use force would constitute an act of war and a threat to our sovereignty."

Peel, who arrived from London where he met with officials of the major royal families of Europe, said today that movement toward authorizing the use of force by the allied British and Prussian military continues "in a sustained and intense manner. We're talking serious pain for the Yanks if they don't back down."

"Bad shit is going to go down no matter whether we act or not," he said shortly before the start of his fourth meeting with Jackson in five days. "Either we step in and do a dance on the Americans, or the Americans keep flaying the Cherokee."

The international demands Peel was presenting to Jackson included an immediate end to hostilities and a withdrawal of forces from the area of the Cherokee Nation.

In addition, Peel was expected to press for an international monitoring force to oversee compliance, and for the Americans to develop a

© 1998 Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre.

Shake your booty.
Shake your booty.
Shake it now!

[§] While the Belgian King suddenly burst out that "Belgium is not a road!" much to the confusion of the assembled dignitaries and the King himself. Cronos Corp has stated that this may have been an unfortunate effect of the temporal/probability slide, momentarily overlapping the King of Belgium in the 1830s and the King of Belgium in the 1930s. Such is life, or in this case, probability slides.

fuller appreciation for Pushkin, and acknowledge the fact they are not a major world power.

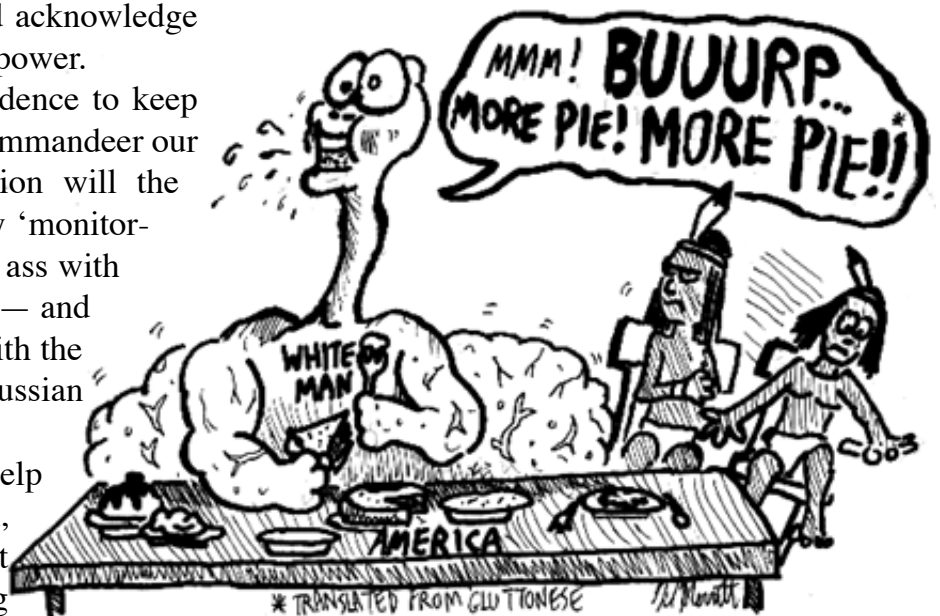
“We fought a war of independence to keep foreign troops from being able to commandeer our homes and resources. In no fashion will the United States of America allow any ‘monitoring force’ on its soil. We wiped our ass with King George III—twice I might add— and have little fear of doing the same with the bitch [Queen Victoria] and her Prussian lackies.”

In a move meant to end help bring an end to American aggression, the Cherokee Nation announced that they would stop reading and writing effective immediately, a move that will add to the pressure on Jackson to reciprocate. There were no immediate reports of new gunfire, name-calling, or book reading.

Jackson has refused to openly declare a cease-fire, even though there has been no major fighting in the Cherokee nation during the past week and the Cherokee have been largely killed, raped, marched into the desert West, and generally routed. He considers the Cherokee “savages, terrorists, funny looking bandits, and on prime land that our good white folk want” and that any cease-fire on his part would legitimize them as human.

Citing the Cherokee crisis and European threats of intervention, the United States government today put into effect a harsh decree tightening control over other Indian nations.

The decree broadens government authority and envisions punishment for Indians, institutions and individuals who act too uppity, smart, or are in



the wrong place at the wrong time.

Dismissing any talk of a rift within Europe, Peel said he thinks Europe will agree on an activation order “in the next few days” that would authorize an attack.

“And even if there is a rift within Europe, it wouldn’t amount to much anyway. Every royal family is related to every other family. It’s not like the Prussians are going to start a major war some day.”

Jackson’s spokesman, General Winfield Scott, babbled Thursday that European threats were a “rapist act” and went against the Monroe Doctrine...which no nation ever signed, but didn’t challenge because they just didn’t care.

The Europeans are warning that they envision not just one strike against the United States but a series of gradually escalating naval attacks.

“By God, we’ll give them the licking we should have [in 1812]”, Queen Victoria of the British Empire is reported to have said.



GDT Challenge (aka. You Think ‘Em Up, We Write ‘Em Down)

We are so cocky, we think we can write about anything.

Email us a topic and we will write a column about it.

If we can’t, we send you a T-Shirt.

gdt@iname.com





HOWARD'S HAPPY HOUR

By Howard Hao

The Play

(for Josh Vincentz)

Donned with angelic white robes
 They pranced around the stage.
 Then the feminist actresses cried:
 "Behold our ovaries
 For them you have not!
 Behold our breasts
 With life-sustaining milk
 And compare them with your own!"
 Upon which they burst
 Into satanic laughter at the
 Unsuspecting audience below.

A Taste of Music

Relaxation abound...
 Unwinding to the resonation
 And chants of Peter Gabriel,
 U2, The Police, Jimi;
 The magic of Simon & Garfunkel,
 The Fab Four, the King;
 And the smooth tunes of Williams,
 Coltrane, and Mozart.

Rochester Drivers

The worst damned drivers
 On the face of this planet!
 And I come from NYC!

"...art is a private language for sophisticates to congratulate themselves on their superiority to the rest of the world."

- Calvin, Bill Watterson's "Calvin & Hobbes"

Hunger

The sharp, biting pain
 Of your stomach
 Wrinkling inside.

The Yuppieville II

The Yuppies, with their new
 Five cars still in the driveway,
 Lease yet another vehicle.





Shirk'n'Shout

Hungry Freaks by Eric Thomas, LLC.

Doc Martens. Torn fishnet stockings. Cutoff shorts. A torn T-shirt. She had close-cropped, platinum blonde hair, a face too white to be natural, bright red lipstick, and tiny curls penciled on to her temples with eyeliner. She was a Goth poster child.

"Actually, I'm meeting my boyfriend."

"Oh, yeah? Is he a creature of the night, too?"

I could tell she was enjoying the attention to her fashion sense.

"In so many words. I met him at a vampire role-playing party."

Groan.

"Oh? Did he convert you, or whatever?"

"No, I asked him to join a little love session I was having with my girlfriend."

Wow, a sexually liberated Goth! This was getting interesting. Most gothic teenagers I had met (a gothic adult is just too terrible to imagine) had basically been regular people, plus make-up and a starved libido. Most of them hang out at the mall in Marilyn Manson t-shirts, pathetically asking innocent mallgoers for cigarettes. Take away the music and the fashion sense, but keep the level of social maturity, and you've got your average AD&D player. (No offense to AD&D players is intended.)

Throw in some blurred gender roles, though, and you're guaranteed to freak everyone out, even other Goths (who will pretend not to care).

Freaking everyone out is, of course, the

goal. Palm it off as self-expression, if it makes you feel better. I, personally, can't help wondering why so many of these outcasts are expressing themselves with the same wardrobe. Or why they became outcasts in the first place - was it the talent for writing pretentious poetry, or the competitive spirit that drove them to become to the gothiest Goths they could be?

Where did Goths come from? Why are they here? What can be their purpose in this Great Society™?

The boyfriend approached us, giving me a menacing look. Picture Robert Smith with five times the make-up, forty extra pounds, and baggy black jeans. I could tell who was leading who around by the testicles. Robert Deluxe was definitely unhappy to see me, but knew he couldn't say anything without risking a bitch-slap from his Meisterfrau.

"Well, I've gotta get out of here. See you in class."

I pointed a suave finger, in the tradition of the great Telly Savalas.

"Not if I see you first, baby."

Sir Robert gave me a look that, if Goths really had the immortal power of the vampire, surely would have turned me to dust.

I learned an important lesson that day. I learned that despite the professed sexual liberation and the counter-culture aspirations, gothic children live by the same rules as the rest of us.

Normal Rule: Have as much sex as possible.

Gothic Rule: Have as much sex as possible, but make it spooky.

Normal Rule: Do not let others horn in on your racket.

Gothic Rule: If others horn in on your racket, put an ancient curse on them.

Normal Rule: Don't talk about your bodily functions, because others don't want to hear about them.

Gothic Rule: Don't talk about your bodily functions, because others shouldn't know that you have any. You're immortal,

remember?

Normal Rule: Take a stand on issues that concern and interest you.

Gothic Rule: Take a stand on issues that concern and interest you, and no one else.

Normal Rule: Develop your own vocabulary.

Gothic Rule: Develop your own vocabulary, using words like "Yoggsoggoth" and "Mythrir".

Normal Rule: Watch movies, and comment on them.

Gothic Rule: Watch "The Crow," and take notes.

It's comforting to know that those common rules exist. It's nice to see that no matter how much someone screams at us that they're different, no matter how loudly they preach, they've got the same American boundaries as the rest of us.

Take the Deadheads, for example. Before Jerry Garcia's death in August of 1995 (an event that basically smashed the Dead scene into tiny Day-Glo pieces), the Heads had their own world view, parallel to any other. They had their protagonist (the Heads themselves), the antagonist ("straight" society, or "Babylon"), their gods (Jah, Mother Earth), and their rhetoric (quit your job, Jah will provide).

Their chief weapon against Babylon was an altered sense of time. Their lives were punctuated not by the routines of school and career, but by musical and hallucinogenic interludes. They ran on a different schedule, which separated them from

straight life.

The truth has been realized by more than one Deadhead in fleeting moments of lucidity. The important thing about the Dead scene was that it was a small-scale model of the rest of American society. That's why so many elder Deadheads were proud to be "American Hippies," and not a bunch of stupid European or East Asian Hippies.



The younger ones were a bit misguided. They didn't understand who they were rebelling against. They figured that it must be America, because that was the first target that came to mind. It's easy to rebel against a country, because the country

makes the laws, and the laws prevent you from doing what you want to do (i.e. drugs).

America provided the endless road for the Deadheads to travel upon. America provided the spirit of freedom, and the pursuit of

individuality. America provided the drug culture roots of the Grateful Dead - Ken Kesey, the Acid Tests. All the Deadheads provided were the buses.

They showed up in numbers and proportions that did not present a cross-section of ideal American life; they showed up in numbers and proportions that presented a cross-section of the Real American Life. They were young and white, from middle class backgrounds. They were the ones that could afford the meager expenses of cheap transportation and food. They were the ones without roots - without families to feed, without bills to pay.

They went on tour, and they grew old. Some raised children on tour. Most had no friends outside the tour, in Babylon.

And, when Jerry died?

"They all went on Phish tour," answers a Housemate.

True, many did. But not nearly all of

There was a time when I was actually rooting for the Deadheads and the Goths. Wouldn't it be funny if the Goths really were vampires and the Heads actually staged a revolution? Life would be interesting, anyway. Picture a bunch of white-faced, black-cloaked teenagers twirling in the streets to bluegrass music at midnight.

It was all for fun, though. After a while, that idealism collapses. Mainstream society doesn't look so bad anymore. Those nomads and misfits have to get jobs. Throw them in the Deviant Processing Machine and press the 'Assimilate' button.

The tragic part is that these miscreants never get a chance to explore the distractions that they've occupied themselves with. If I could build my own Deviant Processing Machine, it would be the social equivalent of the Total Perspective Vortex™. Where the

them. Most of the older Heads were left without homes. They tried to adapt to the smarter, more frenetic Phish scene, but failed when the music and the people just got *_too_* weird.

"Well, some of them went on Furthur tour, too," says the Housemate.

They lived their lives by the Babylon's rules, whether they will admit it or not. The big difference is that they based their nomadic lives on the style and movement of one group of musicians. Their entire culture grew up around a single band. And in that altered sense of time, where the only landmarks are tour stops and drug trips, they failed to consider their future. Or perhaps they refused to see their future. So they collapsed. Their experiment in counterculture failed. One summer, they were talking about a societal revolution. The next summer, they were dropped back from whence they came - into the Great White Middle Class.

Perspective Vortex shows you the entire universe and your place in it (extrapolated from a piece of fairy cake), my Processing Machine would show you, in shocking Technicolor detail, your complete social surroundings (extrapolated from a Junior Prom invitation). Toss a Hippie in the machine, and he'll see himself in the middle of a tie-dyed blob labeled 'Heads,' which is in the middle of a gray blob labeled 'America.' Toss a Goth in, and he'll see the same thing, except he'll be in a black blob labeled 'Goths' (in fancy crimson lettering, incidentally).

The shocking part is that both blobs appear nestled within that beloved Big Gray Blob, America. As much as the Goths and the Heads would like to believe that they're outside the protective pseudopodia of the American blob, the truth is that they couldn't exist anywhere else.

I yearn for the affection and tenderness that can only be felt between a drill sergeant and his privates.

UCSD professor fired in Kenya, alleges political motives behind his dismissal

By Annette E. De La Llana, UCSD Guardian (U. California-San Diego)

(U-WIRE) BERKELEY, Calif. -- For the second time in four months, UCSD Professor David Western was fired from his position as director of Kenya's wildlife preserves.

UCSD Biology Professor David Woodruff said the reasons behind the termination appear to be political intrigue.

"Western was fired for political reasons that had nothing to do with his successful management of Kenyan wildlife service," said Woodruff, who is a friend and colleague of Western.

Woodruff said that Western resisted efforts by the Kenyan government to start mining and building hotels on land that was reserved for herds of elephants, lions, giraffes, zebras and other animals and plant life.

Woodruff also said that in order get someone who would permit the mining and building on the preserve lands, Kenyan President Daniel arap Moi released Western from his position and appointed Richard Leakey, a renowned anthropologist. Leakey at one time held this position, but Moi fired him for embezzlement in 1994.

According to Woodruff, after Western replaced Leakey, he restored the money that Leakey had embezzled by obtaining donations from the World Bank.

Woodruff said that Leakey, angered over his termination, sought help in family friend and Moi associate Charles Njonjo. Woodruff also said Njonjo influenced events leading to Western's firing and Leakey's replacement of him. However, traveling in another country, Moi was unaware of this action. Upon returning, Moi had Western reinstated.

Four months later, the Kenyan president fired Western and reappointed Leakey as part of an apparent plan to develop the preserves.

"[Western] was caught in the middle of the corruption of Kenyan politics," Woodruff

said. "He is a quiet field ecologist. He is an unlikely person to be directing men in government, leading 2000 men in uniform. He knows elephants inside and out. He's devoted his whole life to elephant conservation," Woodruff said.

Western is widely known for his efforts to ban trade on the ivory of elephants, an issue now supported by over 80 governments. Western is an adjunct professor of biology here at UCSD, teaching every spring quarter.

"[Western] took this job because saving Kenya's wildlife fell to him," Woodruff said. "No one else could do it. His whole personality is colored by his desire to do the right thing for Kenya and its wildlife."

Upon his appointment to the directorial position, Leakey told the Reuters news service (Sept. 25) that he was happy to be in his former job again.

"I believe that I have an obligation to my country Kenya, and in the hopes that I can indeed be helpful at this time, I have accepted the position of [Kenyan Wildlife Services director]," Leakey said.

According to Reuters, Kenya's wildlife parks are facing numerous problems. Due to recent robberies and attacks on tourists, ethnic violence conflicts, and strange weather conditions caused by El Niño, the park has been severely impacted.

This year the park will be posting an operating deficit of more than \$8 million (U.S.), compared to \$3 million (U.S.) in 1994, when Leakey last held the job.

"Kenya's wildlife management is in grave difficulty at the moment," Leakey said. "Poaching for meat, ivory, and other products is on the increase and the [organization] charged with the task of taking care of our wilderness areas is completely broke and cannot do its work."

Leakey also told Reuters that the wildlife service will do more to ensure tourist safety in the areas. He said that he and the service must cut its prices, improve its roads, and work on customer relations in order to attract more tourists to the area.

The Guardian was not able to reach Western or his wife, Shirley Strum, for comment. The only available means of communication was through e-mails between Woodruff and Strum. Woodruff gave the e-mails to the Guardian and said that Strum intended for them to be released publicly.

Strum stated that the Kenyan government tapped their phone lines and removed communications equipment from their home.

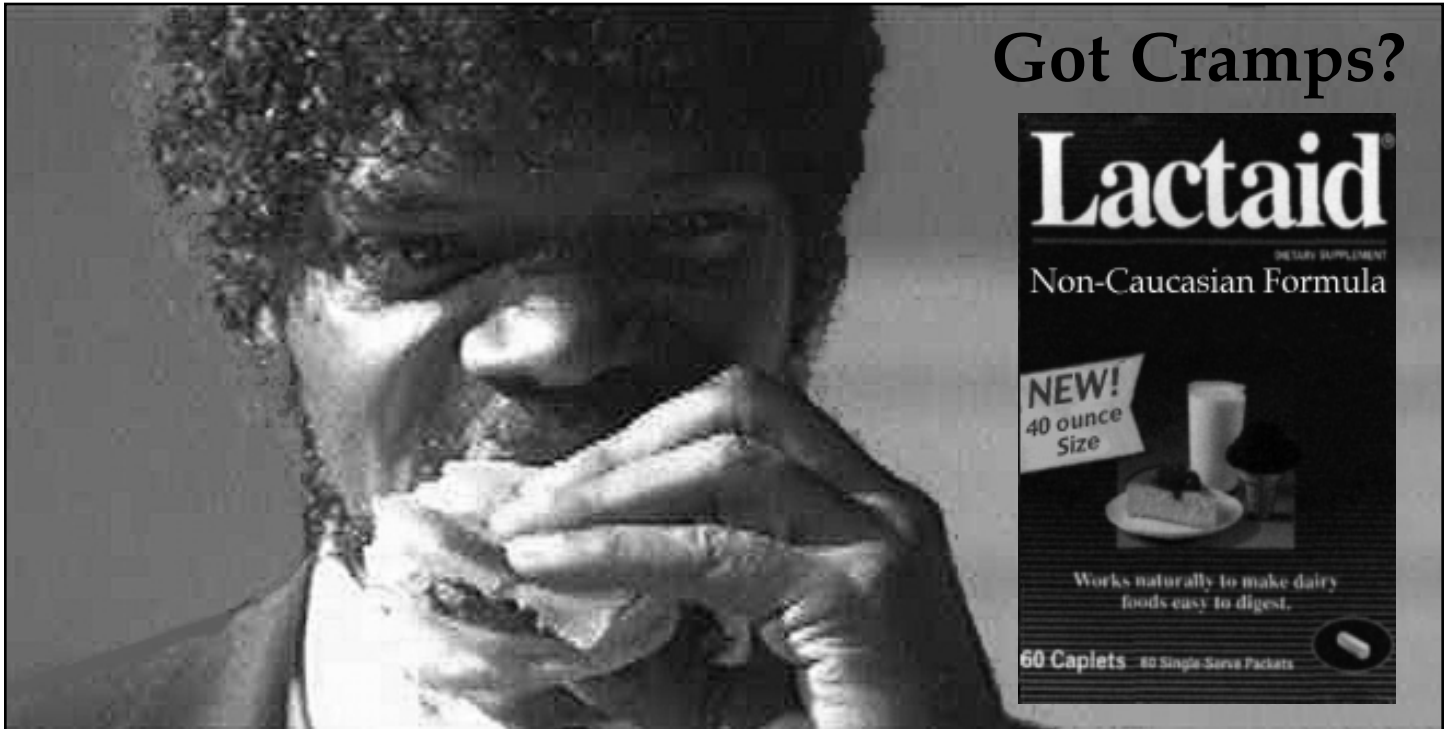
"People are heartsick, including the rangers who were summarily removed from our house, and the technicians who ripped out the equipment," Strum stated. "Leakey was given three months of security coverage after

he left. Njonjo decided [Western] deserved not even one day. That's the level it will sink to."

Additionally, Strum wrote that the Kenyan government started a smear campaign in an attempt to ruin Western's reputation. Kenyan papers published pictures of Strum's house in California, implying that Western and his wife had used illegal funding to finance the house. The house belonged to Strum's parents.

"The main goal is to discredit and thwart [Western] at every turn and demonstrate to the world that he is a liar and has failed," Strum stated. "The truth is that he nearly successfully accomplished an impossible job under truly impossible conditions.

"So many people have said that too much has been built to be reversed," she added. "Those are the people who will now have to fight. Let's hope they have the strength and the courage."



I love dairy. Unfortunately for many Africans, the path of the dairy loving man is beset on all sides by the inequities of hypolactasia. Cursed is he who, after eating dairy, suffers cramps, bloating, and diarrhea. But the white man eats dairy as though with a great vengeance and furious anger.

You will know it is the white man's dairy when it lays its vengeance upon you....

An Open Letter To The Sex Fiends At Hell's Kitchen

I was reading through GDT last week, and something struck me as a bit odd. I began perusing the black and white masterpiece, and I wasn't two sentences into the first article when I realized that it was another article about sex. This, of course, enticed me to read on to find out what fascinating quirk about sex the writer chose to dwell upon, and found myself reading the article with in actual sense of interest. After all, being a male in this world I am forever cursed to want to find out the latest way to break into the female psyche, even though we all know that it isn't possible.

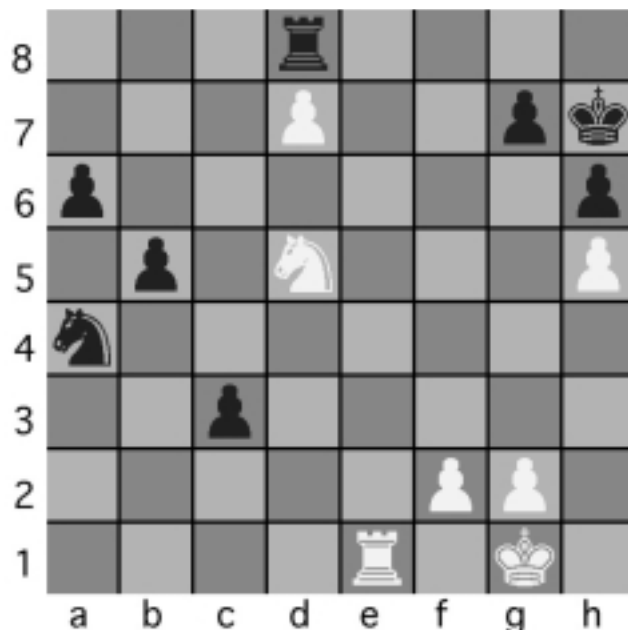
I finished the article and felt that I had accomplished something, even though I probably could have learned more reading the side panel of a cereal box. I turned to the next

page and began reading the article on it, and what's that one about: sex! Looking at the next, big surprise: sex! When did GDT become an episode of Friends? Then I realized that it's GDT and it's always been this way, sex with an occasional interlude of chess or movies (same thing). Don't misunderstand me, I read every word in that publication, because it was all about sex. My point? If it hasn't been said in the last 30 seconds: people like sex. Movies, music, advertisements, presidents, it's all about sex in one way or another. We all watch ER because we think George Clooney is hot, and Titanic? C'mon, Leo definitely is the master of all styles. Whether or not we admit it, people are inspired, driven, motivated, and destroyed all by sex. Blast evolution and her wiley ways! You see, here

Chess: The 7th rank is a MUTHAFUCK.

By Adam Fletcher

This position illustrates a 7th rank invasion as well as common promoting theme. In the endgame, pawns frequently become the most important pieces because of their promoting potential. Here, both players seek to promote their advanced pawns and the game has become a race to the 8th rank. White, with a more advanced pawn and better tempo, plays:



1. Re7!

Pins the black pawn on g7 and defends the white pawn on d7. There's a mate threat here; see if you can find it before reading the rest of the line.

Black plays:

1. ... c2 looking for 2. ... c1=Q.

2. Nf6+ The rook on e7 helps the knight win the game. It's important to note that the knight not only checks the king but blocks the g8 escape square.

2. ... Kh8

3. Re8+ Rxe8 Check, force the rook to take, and...

4. dxe8=Q mate.

The RIT Chess Club meets Thursdays at 8pm, outside of the Fireside Lounge.

Schlemmer, W. vs. Hermann, M.
Delmenhorst, 1988

is the part where I'm supposed to start blaming the usual evils such as the media (what the hell is The Media anyway?), the oppressive religious right (ORR), our parents, and anyone else that happens to come to mind at the time. Well, here's who I blame: me. I blame myself for looking twice at a McDonald's ad with a naked woman on it, for renting Butt Bongo Fiesta the day it came out (what a flick!), for searching the web for some good ol' porn, et cetera. When you get right down to it, we don't like sex because our Catholic High School teachers told us it was the vice of the devil, or because Calvin Kline tells us it's good, or because Peter Gabriel tells us to ("It is supper, it is eggs, it is inbetween your legs..."). We like it because we like it. Since this country is driven by supply and demand, we demand sex so that's what the collective They supply us with. And in convenient Ziploc™ packages too! It's amazing just how much sex permeates our society, but what in the hell does it all mean? Does anyone really know or care what, if anything, sex means below the surface? Hell, if you're like Joe College Guy you've joined the Youth Of America in their hatred of religion, standards, and, for the most part, emotions. For some reason, you're supposed to lose all of your emotions and feelings once you pass the age of 12 or so. You're supposed to believe that sex is an act of procreation, that love is "...biochemically no different than eating large amounts of chocolate..." (ah, Al, where are you now?). You have to accept the fact that if you want any sort of sexual relationship with someone, it's going to be for exactly 24 hours, no more. A teacher of mine once said, "Every generation thinks that they were the first people in the history of human-

ity to discover sex." Of course, hearing the sword coming out of the mouth of our female teacher made all of us giggle (hey, it was Junior High, what do you want? Alright, it was last week). But it's true, why does a father protect his daughter from the world? Because he used to be the world, and he knows what happens in it, so he makes sex out to be a sin tantamount to the betrayal of Christ. Sex in fact was the Last Temptation of Christ (see previous Peter Gabriel reference), according to the movie. Likewise, every person has the realization of why should sex be limited to male-female (similar to the realization that "That goes in there?!") And when we realize this, it's like we just tasted the forbidden fruit, even though it had been discovered centuries ago.

There's nothing that can be done to turn sex back into an act of love, especially since half the readers of this are rolling their eyes right now chanting, "Ack! Morality! Help help, I'm being oppressed!" But I can hope that there's at least one person left in this world that thinks sex actually has some meaning attached to it. Somewhere within the leather clad, dominating, co-depending, insecure, inadequate world there has to be a person left who doesn't see sex as an act unto itself. I guess I'll just have to keep depending on GDT to supply me with the latest information on sexual research, keep devouring the "How to Get Chicks..." articles and believe the myth that girls are looking for someone sensitive instead of someone with a 12 inch dong.

The right one's got to be out there somewhere, but if she exists, she's probably a lesbian anyway.

-Dave Klint

Suck Some Dick and Talk About It

Win a T-Shirt - come up with a simple verbal language for communicating while brushing your teeth and/or giving a blowjob (doing both would be very difficult but you'll get extra credit on the oral exam). Email your language to gdt@iname.com



Here we are again, for another year. We've got some great stuff planned for this time around. As you probably remember, last year we started writing music reviews of some of the coolest new CDs, in our opinion, which most of you would otherwise have never heard of. This year, we'll have two reviews each week, just like last year. You'll be able to hear this music at WITR 89.7, since we both have connections there. Also, our website, at <http://www.servtech.com/~pinewood/plugged> is completely reworked, giving you a much better and more attractive site. We are proud to be announcing the first plugged contest: tell us what you think about our column and get free CDs and other stuff. Want more info? Contact us. Our contact information is at the end of the column. Join us for another great year.

On to the reviews:

BAUHAUS - CRACKLE

Bauhaus has been resurrected! (yes, Bela Lugosi is still dead.) With the reforming and returning to touring, Beggar's Banquet has compiled a best-of compilation, Crackle, and reissued "Swing the Heartache".

Bauhaus originated in 1978 and disbanded in 1983. They continue to be influen-

tial and legendary. Crackle is a glimpse at their catalogue, and is an excellent introduction to this renowned group.

Bauhaus consists of Peter Murphy (vocals), Daniel Ash (guitar), David J (bass), and Kevin Haskins (drums and percussion). After the bands break up, Peter Murphy went on to have a solo career, while the other three members formed Tones On Tail and Love & Rockets. One way or another, these men have continued to influence the music you hear. Peter Murphy possesses an amazing voice that is illuminated by all of these songs. Daniel Ash and David J create evocative soundscapes, from a wall of noise to petite lines, to coaxing out the most unexpected noises. Bauhaus recorded four studio albums, two live albums, two videos, and five compilations. Although crackle consists of sixteen legendary songs and is a wonderful introduction, I would still recommend finding the original studio albums.

Crackle is a strong compilation in comparison to some of the best of's and failed tribute albums. There are 16 songs, including the original version of "Bela Lugosi's Dead," which was only released as a 12" single in 1979. Bauhaus have their own style that varies with each album, and each song. For example, they do a punk/industrial version of David Bowie's "Ziggy Stardust," then haunting ethereal tracks such as, "The Passion of Lovers," "She's In Parties," and "Hollow Hills." "Terror Couple Kill Colonel" captures the post-punk feel with a blast of noise and distortion. "Double Dare," "In The Flat Field," "Dark Entries," and "The Sanity Assassin" all contain early experimentation, a wall of noise, with guitar

Riddles... Riddles..

Would you like to participate in a riddling contest? GDT was thinking about holding a "Dark Tower" style riddling contest Winter or Spring quarter, if there's interest. Cash prize, elimination style riddling. If you'd like to see it happen, email gdt@iname.com

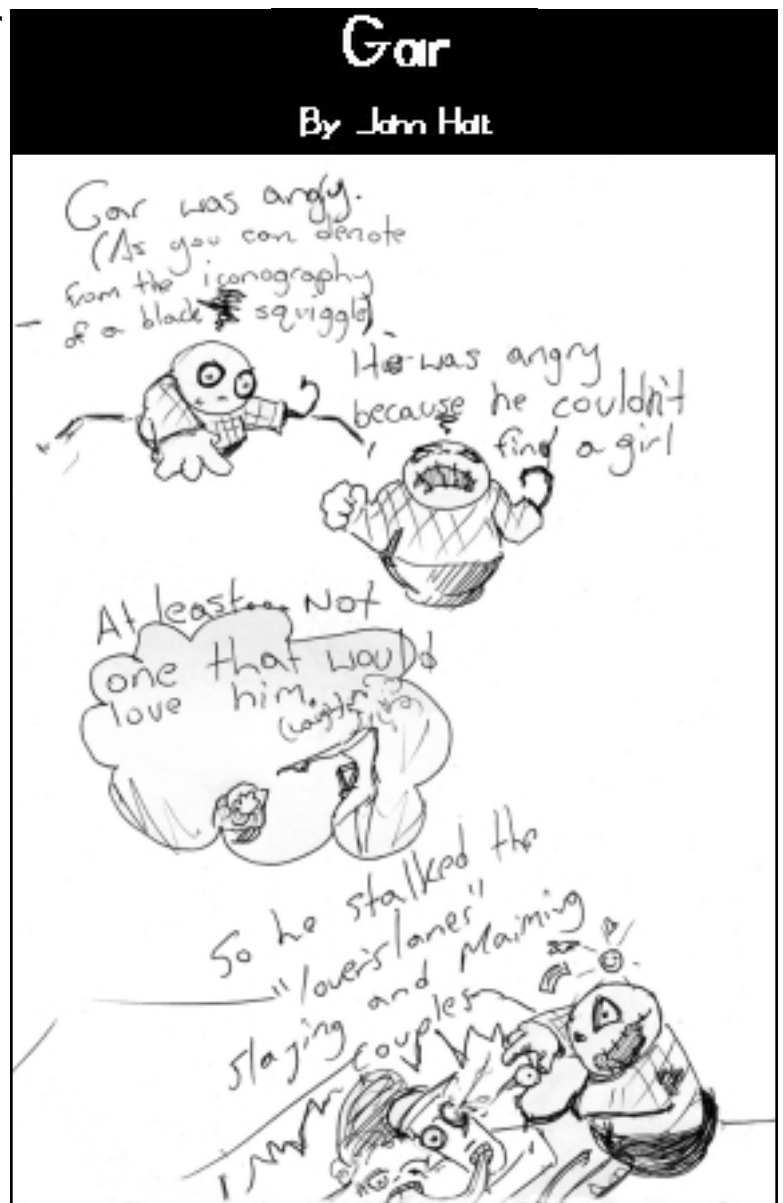
moans, loops, and various distortion. Peter Murphy can be said to still possess a very powerful and organ like vocals. His voice and their musicianship create a unique being that is Bauhaus. All sixteen tracks hold up well regardless of the fact that most were written over a decade ago.

Bauhaus still continues to have a vital, influential, and important role in music history. Some call them the “founding fathers of goth.” In fact, it can even be said that almost all goth bands, industrial bands, art-rock bands, and any other introspective, dressed-in-black bands borrow from or build upon what Bauhaus has accomplished in their short, defining history. Crackle is a fine glimpse into their collection of brilliant work. “Pure sensation, the beautiful downgrade, going to hell again.” Going to hell never sounded so good.

Reviewed by Justine

THE DAVID ARNOLD JAMES BOND PROJECT
- SHAKEN AND STIRRED

Is it true that only a devout James Bond fanatic would flip over another CD of reworked James Bond themes? Apparently, not. This album, Shaken and Stirred, seems quite apt. Not only have the traditional arrangements been tastefully shaken and stirred, but so has the music industry by this remarkable album. Although it has not enjoyed much success (at least on this continent), the industry is apparently abuzz about this jewel. It has launched the Propellerheads into worldwide fame, convinced Iggy Pop to croon, reminded the world that Chrissie Hynde still kicks ass, and provided (British band) Pulp fanatics (yes, fellow Americans, there are many over there) with a new track to listen to. The



original orchestrations and arrangements are used, but reworked, remixed, and added to. This album has reminded me that, with talent, electronica and orchestra can be mixed tastefully and with incredible results.

The album opens with “Diamonds Are Forever,” as performed by the British singer David McAlmont, who turns this classic into a drag queen gem worthy of the song title. This is the best track on the album. Then, Aimee Mann sings “Nobody Does It Better,” which mixes the rich, thick electronica with ... a sitar. After this song’s long and tiring ending, Leftfield takes the stage with their ambient techno rendition of “Spacemarch.”

“All Time High,” while not Pulp’s best work is still catchy and soaring. A lush, beautiful, “Moonraker,” as performed by Shara Nelson follows this. LTJ Bukem, unfortunately, provides the only letdown of the album with “The James Bond Theme,” ironically enough. The album quickly redeems itself, though. Chrissie Hynde (from the Pretenders) reworks Paul McCartney’s “Live and Let Die” with more class than the original and more power and edge than the classic Guns ‘n Roses cover. It is loud fast, hard-hitting and intense. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, she’s back.

Then, all becomes quiet. There is a quiet piano solo that rolls, like a wave when joined with the orchestra, into the classic “Thunderball,” as performed by Martin Fry. This ties with “Live and Let Die” as the second coolest song on the album. The orchestra and the rock band fuse seamlessly here. Natacha Atlas, who has achieved solo success and success with the band Transglobal Underground, gives “From Russia with Love” a distinctly Middle Eastern/North African flavor. The last two tracks on the album, while both incredibly cool, seem to define the album. The first is the Propellerheads’ orchestral remix of “From Her Majesty’s” Secret Service.” The second is Iggy Pop’s surprising “We Have All the Time In The World.” The first is an instrumental remix of the orchestra playing the famous

piece. This song seems to exemplify David Arnold’s intent in gathering these musicians and producing this album. It is the event in which a modern group interprets a classic song. In this case, however, the classic is an instrumental, orchestral piece and the reworker is a famous British Big Beats duo (slightly similar to the Chemical Brothers or Apollo 440). The result is a startling blend of electronica and orchestra, fused seamlessly together. Iggy Pop’s surprising performance of “We Have All the Time In The World” seems to exemplify another aspect of this album: he doesn’t scream, he sings. And he sings well. This album gives new voices to established musicians, and, likewise, to established classic songs. David Arnold should be commended for his effort. He produced and arranged almost every track on the album, even playing in some. His efforts and the efforts of the brilliant musicians he worked with on this album

Reviewed by Mike

Plugged is a weekly music column written by Mike Grandner (mg005g@uhura.cc.rochester.edu) and Justine Grey (jb0012f@uhura.cc.rochester.edu), bringing you informative, informed reviews of the best new music that you’ve probably never heard of. If you ever need info, want to suggest a CD, or want free stuff, just email one of us or call 716-274-3165.

A Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Poll:

Who will make you feel all warm and fuzzy?

- 1) **Pixie Boy**
- 2) **DJ Frankie Bones**
- 3) **Big Daddy and the Wrong Room™**

Submit answers to gdt@iname.com!

REMEMBER THE CRAZY GUY?

We STILL don’t know what it really means. We’re looking for translations and interpretations of the babble printed on page 14 of Volume 11 Issue 5 (30 September, 53 AT). Email your babble to gdt@iname.com and win a T-Shirt!

Hades' Tinder Box & Diner Ninjas

By Sean Hammond, Matthew J. Weaver and Jeremiah Parry-Hill

Sitting in the chair, my stomach growls. My demons awaken, demanding fulfillment. The waitress tells me the food will be here soon, but it is already far too late. Hunger burns like sulfur at my center. I lose myself in the hyper-perception brought by this holy fire. The color of blood begins to edge in from the perimeter of my vision.

With orange stealth, I silently slide to the floor, disappearing under the stains of the deflowered table cloth. From my new perspective the well-fed ankles flash like fleshy marble pillars. Rockports impede me; I bite ankles clad in blue nylon socks. I pass sneakers, briefly lose myself in the color. I can hear the humming now. It is incessant, driving. I feel the presence of my only friend. He is near, just past the barrier of myself. I cannot make out his speech.

I creep to the walls, targeting the lights first. One at a time, I shatter the bulbs. Carefully

compressed foil missiles are my projectiles; a straw is my blowgun. Darkness brings the aid to any hunt: confusion. I follow the meatiest scent. I weave as a weasel among table legs. My breath comes evenly. I've stopped blinking. My right leg is giving me trouble, shaking. I find no need



to see; everything is clear. With my awareness at full tilt, I reach over the back of the booth. I seize my prey by her loose and flabby jewels. I deliver the silent death. Her companions are still

lost in the sudden darkness, remaining oblivious. I grab my prize and feast quickly, without joy. The pickle's texture disturbs me. Lost in the heady ecstasy of the predator, I move on. I've passed through the ducts and I'm invisible long before police appear.

I return home, warm and pickle-sated. I perform the appropriate rituals. My friend is pleased, his love warms me.

This week's Jungian shard : Cultural Integrity in America

Chinese immigrants flocked to California in search of a "Mountain of Gold." Known collectively as the Gum Shan Hok (Guests of the Golden Mountain), the following is attributed to one of their leaders (circa 1864), given as advice to new arrivals:

"We are accustomed to an orderly society, but it seems as if the Americans are not bound by rules of conduct. It is best, if possible, to avoid any contact with them."

The American Past: Part 2, A Survey of American History Since 1865. Conlin, Joseph R. 1997, Harcourt Brace & Company

Cereal

Is looking for submissions of fiction and short stories
CEREAL@INAME.COM

Halloween Story Contest

Deadline for submissions:
23 October, 53AT



First place: \$80
Second place: \$20
Third place:
Our sympathies



The top stories will be published in a special issue of Hell's Kitchen on Saturday, the 31st of October.

Rules and regulations: Deadline for submissions is midnight, October 23rd, 53AT. Material may be sent to Hell's Kitchen, 472 French Rd., Rochester, NY 14618 or emailed to diablo@csh.rit.edu. Include your name, age, address, telephone number, and email (if applicable). Please limit yourself to around 7500 words, as we are poor and printing costs will kill us. Submissions without proper identification will not be accepted. Material cannot be returned. All material remains the intellectual property of the creator, but Hell's Kitchen and its member organization reserve the right to reproduce it. Winners will be determined by a panel of judges. The decision of the judges is final. This contest is open to all literate individuals of all ages. Winners will be informed on the 30th of October, 53AT. Questions? Call 234-3120 or email diablo@csh.rit.edu