



Well that's a bad idea.

"Hmmm. Maybe I should attack Russia...."

– the quintessential bad idea voiced by Antichrists I and II

All I had done was shown my sister how to change her spark plugs. Not a big deal, right? I mean, how hard can it be? Unscrew the old ones, don't mix up your leads, check the gaps on your new plugs, screw in the new ones to the right pressure... The most difficult thing about the whole maneuver is making sure you don't cross-thread the spark plugs. Besides that, the whole thing can be done in a scant five minutes without any hitches, or so I thought.

I was apparently wrong.

FORESHADOWING: Half of the readers (well, 49% of the readers to be exact) may not be able to get it. Lets see if you can by the time the punch line rolls around.

So, I'm showing my sister how to change her spark plugs when I find out that the third plug, the odd plug (you know, the spark plug that rides the short bus), had been cross-threaded, and that

there may be some internal damage involved.[‡] Checking the old plug after removing it confirms my suspicions: there is obvious damage on the plug itself. Hopefully the metal inside the engine was strong enough to take the stress. If not, there could be trouble. When screwing in the new plug, the worst is confirmed: there is thread damage inside the

cylinder head.

This is a new problem for me, so I take it seriously and call my father for wisdom on how to proceed. He tells me to get advice from the family mechanic (and, oddly enough, the family midwife), Eric, someone we know and trust. He's got a quality unheard of in the world of mechanics: he's honest.[≥]

[‡] Not to my sister, but to the engine

[≥] Honesty is the best way to choose a mechanic. Much better than "He's a beautiful Turkish guy, he *must* be a good mechanic"

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So I call up Eric's garage and someone else answers the phone. Let it be noted that if Eric had answered the phone, I wouldn't be telling this story. So in the spirit of inspiring literary endeavors, let the anonymous guy who answered the phone be applauded. I tell the guy on the other end of the line my story to date, and now everyone is all caught up.

"Now, what were you doing?"

"Changing the spark plugs."

"Well that's a bad idea."

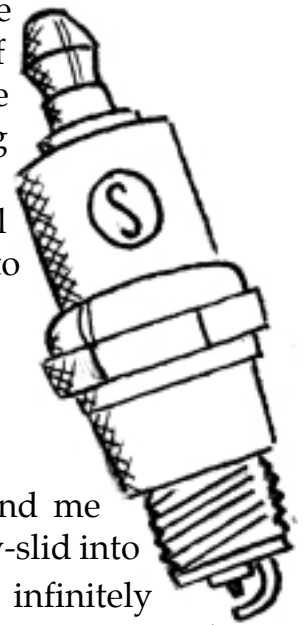
What?! The world seemed to dim around me and I wondered momentarily if I'd probability-slid into an alternate reality where SparkPlugs^ø were infinitely more complicated than light bulbs. From the concern and contempt in the person's voice, I could only assume that in this reality SparkPlugs were as dangerous as control rods in nuclear power plants. Any moment now my sister's car would begin to heat up and begin its own journey to the center of the earth.

"Well, you're going to need some plutonium, some butter, some leather, and a couple flux capacitors. This procedure should only be done by sexy Turkish mechanics with long black curling locks and heaving chests. Oh, and you need an OSHA confined space permit."

"Uh, I already took out three of them. I didn't think there would be a problem... but I didn't use any butter..."^π

"How many spark plugs did you take out? Three of four? No butter? God have mercy on your soul!" Click.

But then I realized that I hadn't probability-shifted. I was still a particle, not a wave, and I could guess why changing the plugs was a bad idea; not bad for the human race, but specifically a bad idea for me. Any guesses as to what he and I knew that you don't? It's time for the men to take a step back and the women to step forward; I think the women have something to tell you men. The answer to this one is: I'm a girl. The only time I sound like a man is first thing in the morning. Well, that and when I do my "Haim" impression, but speaking like an old Jewish man doesn't count. ^œ



© 1998 Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre.

Heute abend ist das spezielle
 Abendessen rohes Schweinefleisch.

Danke, durch anzutreiben.

^øCapital S, capital P because they're an ethnic group in this particular alternate reality.

^πSee Wegman's "National butter shortage" scandal.

^œKids! Dial a Jewish story! (716) 244-7710

As far as I can tell, no mechanic in his right mind would tell another guy that it was stupid for him to try to change his own spark plugs, because engines are part of the man's realm.^β A boy at birth innately knows the simpler workings of any engine just as any new born babe (and I mean babe) understands the inner workings of primping.[†] Am I right? At least that's the way it seems in the average neuro-pathways of a typical grease monkey.

I'm afraid, however, that this sort of thinking only gets you so far in my family, or at least with me...which is what matters right now. On any given day I can draw you a near perfect weld from an arc welder, but I'll be damned if I can figure out how to work a curling iron (it always ends up straightening my hair).[‡] That's not meant to imply that I'm a tomboy either, because I can't even claim that. In my welding days, the most impressive thing I constructed was a baby crib.

"Ah hah!" someone in the back row exclaims with Coca-Cola enthusiasm, "A feminine motif!"^Σ

Well, yeah, I guess, but the mobile above the kid's head was made of surgical scalpels,

dissecting needles and tongs. What does that say for my maternal instinct?~ Now be quiet back there.

So back to the topic at hand: cars and how they are the innate pissing ground of the male segment of the population, whether (and this is the really important part) they actually know anything about what they're talking about.[¥]

For the moment, let's pretend that I don't know anything about repairing rust damage, changing spark plugs, fluids, batteries, tires, air filters, oil filters, oil...

Ah, changing oil. I can't possibly know anything about that, can I? Much too messy. I'd get it all over my dainty hands, which should be cooking, and if not cooking, then giving some guy a hand job.

Or at least that's the impression a chemistry major was giving while he was busy berating my oil changing abilities in front of a group of equally un-car-savvy chemistry students.

Uh, the oil changing bit, not the hand job.

"No, you've got to change your oil every six weeks."

Six weeks? What are you, deranged? Are



^βUnless it's the kind of man who has turned his back on his birthright and lips.

[†]Most men don't know what an eyelash curler accident is like. The horror... The horror...

[‡]I've asked a lot of Turkish men about this, and they advise Pantene Pro-V™.

^ΣFresh, like a Summer's Eve™

~It says a lot, Kelly. You're twisted and shouldn't give birth.

[¥]Much like computers. Like the two kids that sit behind me in Data Analysis class bragging about their //P3 k0113C7i0N and how 31337 they are.

you so stupid as to believe everything mechanics tell you? Of course they tell you it needs to be changed every six weeks, it means they make more money.

“You notice your oil is black? Well, that means you’re burning it.”

And you, a chemistry major? How do you do it? I mean, it’s a simple equilibrium equation: chemicals-in equals chemicals-out. You don’t just end up with black schmutzy oil, you dink!^Ω Have you ever seen cars that had a blue-black smoke coming out of it? Now *that’s* burning oil. You might have recognized a rather distinctive smell associated with it, too. That’s burning oil as well. Not the dirty crap you pull out on your dipstick, you

nit. I guarantee you that a day after you get your oil changed, the engine oil will appear black, but it’s not because it’s been burning.^â I don’t understand why people have to pick areas to piss on when they’re clearly not an expert in them.

In case you’re wondering what happened with the sparkplugs, it became clear that the guy on the phone was going to be no help when he started to talk about having to tow the car and probably having to rebuild the engine. After thanking him for giving me inspiration for an article, I went outside and, in typical car repair fashion, began to force the new spark plug into its hole.[‡] If it ever comes out again, I’ll be surprised.

^ΩThem’s fightin’ words.

^âIt’s because of the long curly Turkish hairs caught in your engine. Please, don’t ask.

[‡]Hey, it’s only my sister’s car.

Think Different



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HOWARD'S HAPPY HOUR

By Howard Hao



The Grand Game of Life

And from the dark void
 She arose and became
 One with the world,
 Tasting the pure colors
 And fingering the majesty
 Of emotion.
 A discovery here, a curiosity there.
 In the waking, she experiences
 The joys, sadness, passions,
 And hope for futures yet untold
 And the cruelties of
 The current...
 Satisfaction, fornication,
 Decimation, proclamation.
 Little white lies whispered by the
 Earth, secrets told by her friends.
 From whence the deep sleep
 Overcame her
 She drifted slowly into a
 Brightly-lit fantastical world
 Of memories and good times
 Long past.

Inquiry

So I asked him:
 "What's this four mean?"
 To which he responded:
 "Ohhh...that's voodoo!
 The stuff won't come in
 For months...years even."

The Woman

Sensitive, sweet,
 Voluptuous, and proud of it.
 The soulmate of Man.

Sadness

As lances traumatize
 And lacerate your heart,
 It drops suddenly to the ground.

Missed Opportunity

Opportunity knocks but once
 And sometimes, is missed.
 Shit!

*We are always living in the final days. What have you got?
 A hundred years or much, much less until the end of your world.*

- Neil Gaiman, "Signal to Noise"



This week's Jungian Shard : Sacred Security

Peyote religion (a faith/practice centered around rituals based on consumption of the psychedelic cactus peyote) became very widespread among Native Americans in the late 1800s and early 1900s. As it became a reason for persecution, particular groups of Peyotists removed all the peyote near non-native settlements and cities – the activity described here by a resident of Pyote, a town in New Mexico:

"The old settlers in Pyote tell that there was peyote there 60 or 70 years ago [ca. 1900]. But the Indians came from the West [direction of the Mescalero reservation] and gathered all of it."

Peyote religion: A History. Stewart, Omer C. 1987, University of Oklahoma Press

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by Pat Fleckenstein

I am going to let loose the cannons and the canons for a bit here. I hope you can wade through the soapbox schlock enough to nod your head “yes” every now and again.

Here’s the deal. I’m frustrated. I’m frustrated with with our penchant, as humans, for impeding our own progress. What the hell do we get out of the deal? We do it all of the time. Sometimes, we get a little smidgen of safety. Sometimes, we get a little bit of cash. Sometimes, we get a little bit of an ego trip. Sometimes, we get a little bit of pleasure. But, we always, always, always get shortchanged.

The psychologist Maslow developed a hierarchical theory of human needs. While I think that most psychology is hopelessly mangled by the perspectives of the psychologist, I am fond of Maslow’s hierarchy. At the top of his hierarchy are “self-actualization needs”. If all of the lower levels are reasonably satisfied, the individual realizes the need to realize.

I’ve often wished Maslow had been a philosopher rather than a psychologist, because I find it a tragic oversight that his hierarchy runs out having only considered a single person. Well, to me, it is high time that we bust out of this hierarchy and get things rolling.

Take an hour. Sit. Calm yourself. Think. In that hour, get past all of the bullshit. In that hour, feel well-fed, feel safe, feel that you are loved, feel that you are respectable and respected, and feel like you’re doing what it is that you are meant to do. And think. Think about how much potential we all have together. Think about how different this country would have been if folk would have decided on their own, without the Civil War, without the Civil Rights riots, that slavery was not the best thing for us all. Think about how different this country will be if we all decide that

racism and sexism just aren’t for us. Think.

I’ve had many such hours. And, I’m a dreamer. I think we can do it. I’m not totally zoned out. I know it’s going to take time, lots of it. Or, it’s going to take an event of Earth-shattering proportions (hopefully one that leaves the Earth intact). And it’s going to take the efforts of many people more charismatic than I. But, there are no obstacles to it except us. Okay, maybe the whole speed-of-light thing or the whole disease thing could present some external obstacles. But, there’s a hell of a lot of stuff that physics and biology would allow. And, it’s a shame that we spend so much time in the bureaucracy of day-to-day life that we rarely get around to pushing the envelope (and I don’t mean the manilla one with the cool, string closure thingy either).

So, what are we doing that’s so limiting? For starters, I’ve been procrastinating on spewing this rant for months. It’s partly a fear of rejection thing. It’s partly a fear of success. It’s a slew of things on level four of Maslow’s hierarchy. It’s the kind of thing that I see lots of people do all of the time. When you ask someone about his or her dreams and then you ask what he or she did this afternoon, it can be a disheartening thing. Well, this cat’s out of the bag now, and he’s lookin’ a wee bit miffed.

What else? Our implementation of capitalism is hosed. I’m not an “each according to his need” communist, but I can’t grok how anyone can feel comfortable with the hoarding of money, power, and intellectual property that our capitalism fosters. I have to believe that there are better ways. I have to believe that if capitalism worked like it was supposed to work, that the mean yearly income and the median yearly income would be within a few cents. Aren’t there ways to support the American farmer without destroying tons of milk, corn, and wheat each year? I have to

believe that if we cooperated more often than sued each other, that we'd be repaid a kilofold. It's not that hard is it? I'm with Robert Fulghum on this one. We learned it in kindergarten. I've got some Tracy Chapman running through my head right now: "why do the people starve, there's enough food to feed the world?"

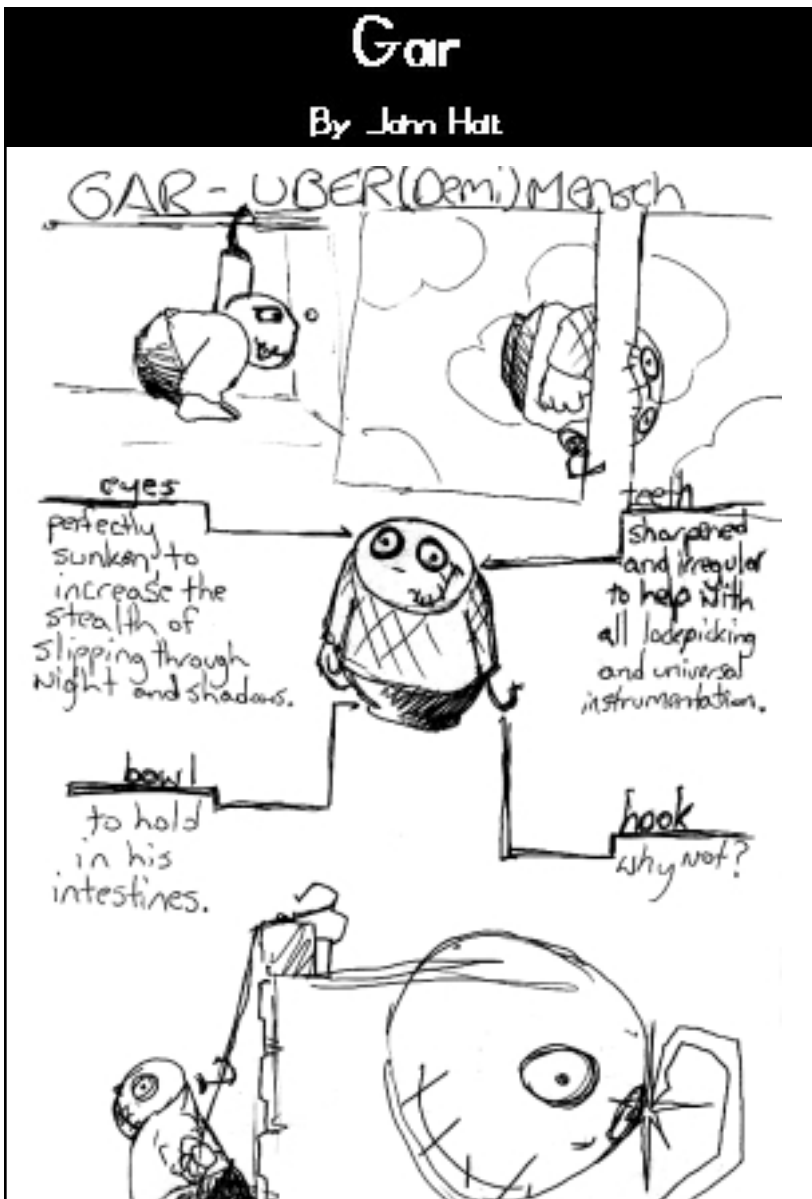
What else? War. How about it? Admittedly, I'm not a big history buff, but I've never read about any war that I thought was justifiable. I can't even fathom one. I am flabbergasted that there's still fighting going on in Northern Ireland. Somehow, the whole "benevolent God" with the "yep, kill the heathens" attitude is just beyond me. It amazes

me how many people were killed in World War II. What could those people have done that was more constructive than dying face down in a muddy trench or in a concentration camp? I gotta tell ya, I can think of one or two things more beneficial than that. The military employs a number of folk. But, isn't there something more useful they could be doing. And more Tracy: "why are the missiles called peace keepers, when they're aimed to kill."

What else? Representative democracy with career politicians and legislation with kitchen sinks tucked in the corners. When was the last time you voted and felt like you were picking a winner instead of the lesser of two evils? When was the last time your

Senator got to vote on an education spending bill that didn't have some article about abortion or pornography or land fills or tobacco attached? If it were my job to pick a new form of government, it'd be benevolent dictatorship. I refuse to believe that "absolute power corrupts absolutely" is universally applicable, but it would be the biggest snag in the deal. Fortunately for all of us, I'm not in charge of picking a new form of government. But, unfortunately for all of us, we've got some big wrenches in the gears of this one.

What else? A friend of mine committed suicide last week. As far as self-imposed limitations go, that one takes the cake. If you think opting out on your own life is doing any of the rest of us a favor, you're wrong. You're shortchanging us all. Hell, procrastination gets on my nerves. Seeing people (me included) doing nothing because a bunch of emotional baggage is between them and something, really gets on my nerves. Opting never to do anything again, aaarghghhh. There are a myriad of reasons people commit suicide.



But, the only one I can remotely hack is “terminally ill and in some heinous, physical pain.” I bet that in the next 10,000 people you pass on the street, you would find every one of them feels lonely at times. I bet you’d find that every one of them could be a great friend. I bet you’d find every one of them has parts of the past they’re ashamed to have had. If you’re on that edge, get the hell away from it. If you need someone to tell you that, find someone. If you’re having trouble there, freakin’ call me. And again, from the same Tracy Chapman song: “why, when there’s so many of us, are there people still alone?”

What’s the answer? I’m not entirely sure. I’d like to believe the Star Trek: First Contact future-history where we meet some Vulcans and poof! We get it in our collective noggins that our stupid power struggles with each other are dumb, that there’s a whole Universe out there that we can play in together, and that it’s time to just be something more. But, my tea leaves aren’t expecting the Vulcans at any predictable time in the near future. So, what can we do.

For starters, we can kick some of this

self-limiting stuff in the ass. Let’s be who we are and who we know we can be. Enough of this being who we were brought up to be. The whole nature vs. nurture debate can be wiped away with the simplest exercise of free-will. Drop the macho posturing. Kick the procrastination. Get in here and do something. I don’t care what it is. Somewhere in your hour of thought, you passed through your calling. Somewhere in you, there’s something you know you should be doing. Freakin’ do it. If it’s writing, write. If it’s preaching, preach. If it’s high-energy physics, collide, baby. Just do it. And, push me to do mine. Let’s kick the “self-actualization” level off of Maslow’s hierarchy and find out what’s next.

I’ve seen it in your eyes. There’s more to you than you’re letting on. Why are you holding it back? Do you think we don’t need you to be great? Well, I need you to be great. The future is ours. We get to build it with the present. Let’s get this present in gear.

I’ll step down from the pulpit now. I’ve got stuff to do.





Shirk'n'Shout

Just One of the Boys (With the Power to Kill You All)

by Todd MacGarvey and Eric Thomas

*"Even the cutest baby grows up to be an asshole."
-Thingy, "Cutest Baby"*

*"I don't want to kill you, I just want to kill your unborn children."
-The Todd*

This week, Eric's Bitch Session will be replaced by a history and advertisement for the Neo-Human Rights Activists. I, Eric the Bruce, have been appointed Propaganda-fuhrer for this radical, forward-thinking group of individuals (well, three individuals, at present), and I eagerly anticipate my service to this most glorious of human endeavors.

The group's visionary leader is one Todd MacGarvey - six feet and ten inches, five hundred pounds and rippling with muscle (by his own estimate). The Todd is a prophet, a demi-god, a born leader. Some argue that The Todd is an improved version of the Second Coming of Christ. He is a Renaissance Man: an artist, a philosopher, a bluesman, a poet, a forklift operator. Despite these remarkable abilities, he is an ordinary guy,

just like you or me; the only difference between His Eminency and us is that he is universally right, and we are so, so wrong (just ask him).

He has traveled extensively through the eateries, public houses, and fitness centers of his privileged birthplace, and witnessed the suffering and indignities of the citizens of this microcosm. For a period of ten years, he observed, he chronicled, he explored the nature of man's plight on Earth. After this grand voyage, he lay down for a brief respite, and then (after a shower and shave - ten years of observation leaves a man a mite ripe) he began to seek Enlightenment™. Observing a strict religious diet comprised of fifty percent beef and fifty percent raw pork loin, The Todd sat, unmoving, in front of a Stucky's drive-thru window for another ten years. He extrapolated his experiences in the restaurants of America, including lesser nations in his hypotheses, even ones without a decent breaded-chicken pizza. He pondered his ten-year voyage,



grappling with the Final Question: What is man's basic dilemma, and how can it be overcome?

Then, epiphany: All human suffering can ultimately be traced to the unlicensed and unregulated proliferation of people.

His ultimate goal became the elimination of sorrow and the gross inequalities that have plagued mankind since the beginning. He saw humans in bondage, chained by ignorance, oppressed by their own incompetence. (All value judgements, such as 'incompetence' and 'ignorance,' are made in comparison to the one true standard of sublime perfection - The Omnipotent Todd.)

Devoted to these ends, Our Glorious Leader picked up his thinking-mat, bade a very warm farewell to the staff of Stucky's, and proceeded to the sacred Meat Department of his local supermarket. There, he spoke with the locally renowned persons of faith from the many strata of the Meat Hierarchy. He communed first with the Lowly and Humble Meat Clerk. He learned the ways of the weighing and pricing of Ground Chuck (The "Meat of Christ"). Next, he lay down with the Fishmongering Temptress, and learned of carnal beef desire in the lobster tank.

Finally, after girding his loins in chicken gizzards, The Todd crawled to the feet of the Meat Manager - the most scrupulously faithful and pious figure in the industry. The Meat Manager spake unto The Todd, and said:

"O, young disciple, I see that your aim is true. Know the Meat! Feel the Meat! Be the Meat, for the Meat is You! Go forth, young Todd, into the Beefy Divine, Smite the wicked and unfaithful, cast them into a Meaty

Grind!"

So, after burning a bit of tripe at the Manager's shrine, The Todd returned to the wicked world, to formulate his Master Plan for a BetterPlanet.

The Todd's conclusions were thus:

I. "HUMANITY'S MOST SINISTER AND UNWHOLESOME ADVERSARY IS HUMANITY."

II. "I MUST SAVE THE HUMAN RACE FROM ITSELF."

III. "KILLING THEM ALL WOULD BE WRONG."

IV. "KILLING THEIR UNBORN CHILDREN WOULD NOT BE

WRONG."

V. "MASS STERILIZATION IS THE ANSWER."

VI. "PEOPLE BELIEVE THEY HAVE 'INALIENABLE RIGHTS.'"

VII. "THEY DON'T."

VIII. "A WAR MACHINE IS NECESSARY, FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF ENFORCING STERILIZATION."

IX. "THE WAR MACHINE MUST BE INEXPENSIVE TO POWER AND MAINTAIN."

X. "THE WAR MACHINE MUST BE POWERED BY MEAT."

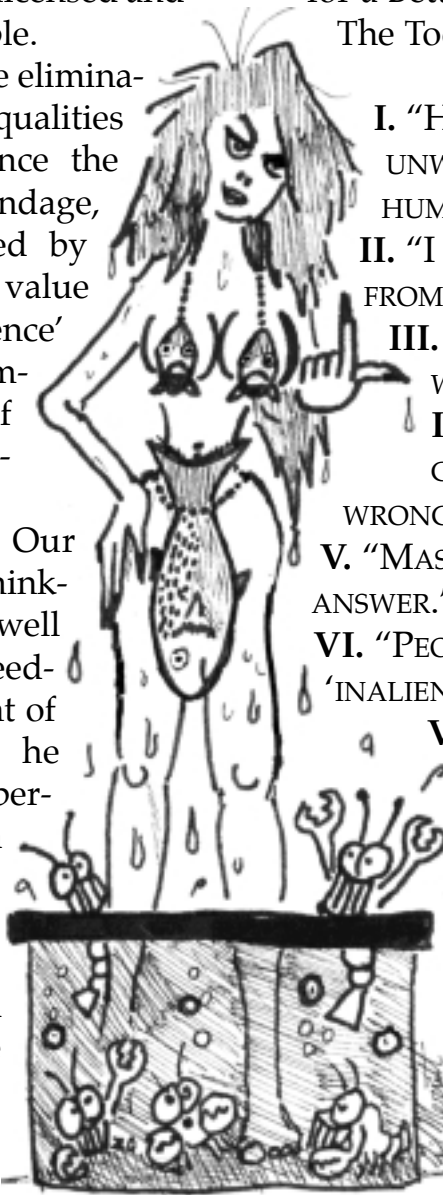
XI. "PEOPLE ARE MEAT."

XII. "THE MEAT/FUEL SHALL

BE HARVESTED FROM THE GROUND BODIES OF EXPIRED CITIZENS. MORE RAW MATERIALS FOR THE WAR MACHINE!"

The Todd created his regime in the service of humanity, and as such, christened it the Neo-Human Rights Activists. In an early broadcast, the Todd addressed the world:

"Hitler had the right idea. I am not Hitler, however. Think of me as the 'new' Hitler, the 'nice' Hitler. I am a 'cuddly' Hitler.



I 'like' people. Hitler was flawed - he was prejudiced. I am not. I wish to cleanse the Earth not of one type of person, but of all people. And remember - I don't want to kill you, I just want to kill your unborn children.

"None of this 'racial and ethnic cleansing' ballyhoo. You are all equal in my eyes. And when you die, your lifeless body will be reborn into more raw materials for my War Machine!"

The people responded. "What War Machine is this? What is it for?"

The Todd replied. "The War Machine ensures that everyone is treated equally. We must all be sterilized, each and every one of us, to end the plight of humanity. The War Machine is a combination fertility clinic, military unit, and Meat Processing and Packaging Plant. Its primary function is to render all of us infertile. If citizens resist 'treatment,' the War Machine 're-educates' them. Finally, when a citizen dies, the War Machine's crack squad of butchers processes the citizen into fuel."

"But who will maintain this War Machine?" the people cried. "Surely even you cannot handle this awesome responsibility yourself!"

"Of course I can," said The Todd. "I am impotent. Uh, I mean omnipotent. However, I choose not to. For this task, I appoint Adam the Wayne as Kriegsminister."

Adam the Wayne, a brilliant engineer and pioneer of Sexual Chess Thinking, a previously unexplored branch of the Hard Sciences, stepped up to the podium.

"Yes, uh, thank you, uh, Sexual Chess Thinking is an aureola, er, AREA, of mathematical metaphysics that I developed while playing speed chess naked. It concerns the study of that 90% of the brain that is normally dedicated to sexual fantasy and chess theory, which, of course, are sometimes one and the same, and using it for productive means. With this system, I plan to develop a glorious Meat-Powered War Machine, comprised of many divisions, sub-divisions, cleavage, et cetera. The benefits of Meat are infinite - you can eat it, you can sleep on it, you can use it for suh-suh-suh-sexual gruh-gruh-gratification. Thank you."

Thus, under the benevolent and divine leadership of The Todd, and with the guiding hand of Adam the Wayne, the Neo-Human Rights Activists were forged.

Certain ultra-right wing conservative fascist pig malcontents might call our ideas "crazy," "loony," or "stupid." But was Hitler a "loony?" Was Goebbels "stupid?" I think not. The Todd is leading us to a bright future. Soon, we will all be united in infertility, marching forth with full hearts, iron will, and barren loins. Then, we will see who is crazy.

-The Todd & Eric the Bruce, October, 1998



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pulling a blank

The sun is beginning to set and its dulled rays impart a fleeting warmth on my face as I gaze out the window. On the other side of the apartment, twilight has already begun to enforce its shadowed regime. Crossing to my kitchen window and looking into this darkening world, I can see three children playing behind a local strip mall with treasures reclaimed from the dumpsters.

Can you envision what I'm describing? That's the power of words. To say that the sun is setting adequately conveys what is happening in my world, but it doesn't carry anything that is really important. There's no sense of quality. The words I chose and the images I selectively recreate for you not only tell you what is happening, but try to impart an emotional impression.

Try to alter your world.

Dulled rays. Fleeting warmth. The world might exist outside of our senses, but we have to use those senses to experience it. To change the qualities we ascribe to those impressions of chemical and electrical changes taking place in our organs, alters the nature of the world we live in.

Look about the place where you happen to be as you're reading this and try to see past the familiarity of it. See the qualities that make up that space. Now selectively recreate that space in your life using only the qualities you want to see. The space is the same, but your perception of it is not. Your universe just changed.

The use of language and words is a magical thing. In our culture, however, few know what their names mean. They are separated from what they describe. To use an obvious example, Smith once described a per-

son's profession: Richard the Smith. It was a description, in the same way you could say Michael the Cripple. Most of those with the name Smith are no more familiar with an anvil. The name...the description of what they are, remains for whoever chooses to find meaning in the words, though.

Even in cases when a name has a meaning in our language, we ignore what it implies. Los Angeles is the city of angels. We all know this, but the implication of the name is striking. What if the messengers of God still attach meaning to our words? You could make that argument, since invoking the name of God is seen as important. If this is the case, then this city is not only populated with mortals, but with creatures living among man but not of man. Conversely, if words still have meaning, than anyone living there becomes a little divine.

This isn't the case, however, if it ever was. Our verbs and nouns slowly enter the vocative case and lose their meaning for us. And with the meaning gone, the magick has no power.

There are still those who remember the power of words, however. Sitting here, pecking at my keyboard, I feel embarrassed to be discussing such a topic; my grasp of language is practical at best. Those out there who truly know the meanings of words and use them correctly shape their worlds through the spells they weave with language.

They are the wordsmiths and magicians of reality, selectively recreating aspects of the word and making us see their vision through runes on paper.

But where do the qualities of object come from? Any student taking a philosophy course for the first time can recognize this as Plato's concept of "chairness." Imagine, however, that a chair is what it is because of its

name. What if the very word “chair” has the power to change qualities? By changing the name of an object, that object transforms and embodies all the qualities that are included in a name.

This is true to an extent. Call a rock a seat and the mind immediately sees its use as a place to rest. Call a lengthy tome a paper-weight or a doorstop, and it is no longer something to be read.

The language we use shapes the way we view and experience the universe, and the way we experience the universe shapes the way we use language. This is known as the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis in anthropology. It’s also known as glamour to the Fae.

So as you experience your worlds, all separate and overlapping, try changing them though the attributes you attach to things. Practice a little magick in your lives.



Tourist’s Movie Reviews

PRESENTS

Rush Hour

Here we go again with yet another buddy-cop action flick. The only difference is that this movie kicked some ass. As usual, the standard buddy-cop clichés were all present (the unlikely pair growing to trust and respect each other through shared hardships and quirky get-to-know-ya moments between action sequences, the “rogue duo” going against the orders of their superiors and saving the day, the hot one-liners, the bad guy being one of the top untouchable city officials, and the like) and the film moved smoothly across the predictable plot. But don’t think that I’m panning this film; I enjoyed it very much. It’s great to see a no-brainer every once in a while (see: *Starship Troopers*). The fight scenes were pure art, as with any Jackie Chan fight scenes — plenty of laughs were to be had through the farcical character portrayed by Chris Tucker (who can somehow make his eyes bug out of his skull and freak the shit out of you). It is a fun movie and a treat for all. I did, however have

a problem with Chris Penn, who was featured in the film as a (take a guess) wiseass hoodlum. Why is it that he cannot complete a film without having sideburns and a gun, mouthing off all the time. He’s got to be the most typecast individual, next to Christopher Walken. Even when he did an episode of “Chicago Hope”, he had a gun and was mouthing off. AHHHHHHHHHHH!! Fuck it. I’m not gonna waste my column to talk about how Chris Penn isn’t as successful as his brother because he did “All the Right Moves” and got that girl pregnant. Go see Rush Hour. It was good.

Now, here’s a rental tip from your friendly neighborhood Blockbuster Video Assistant Manager: If you’re having a date night, and you want to give the evening the perfect mood, PUT DOWN THAT COPY OF HOPE FLOATS!!! DON’T EVEN THINK ABOUT GETTING CITY OF ANGELS!!! Go right to the New Release wall and grab yourself a heaping helpin’ of “Wild Things”. This film has it all, chicks, dicks, drugs, money, murder, boats, and double-triple-quadruple-crossing left and right! There’s Denise Richards stark-ravin’ nekkid for the gents and for the ladies, a gratuitous and unnecessary

shot of Kevin Bacon's schlong. Bill Murray is in fine form as a dirty lawyer, and Matt Dillon is great as a sleazy guidance counselor. But you'll want to see the naked. Naked sells. Naked is good. Naked makes the world go round. Watch the film naked. Be free. At two hours past the antemeridian, cast off your constrictive "civilized" garments and experience the glory of naked time with the one you love.

Oh yeah, if you want to see Jack Nicholson chain-smoke unfiltered cigarettes

and beat up women, I recommend the following titles:

- *Chinatown*
- *Five Easy Pieces*
- *The Postman Always Rings Twice*

Up next week, **TMR - HALLOWEEN EDITION**. Till then, keep hands and feet inside the car at all times, secure all loose articles, and enjoy the rest of your stay here in the kitchen.

Chess: Passing on the left.

by Adam Fletcher

*People keep on talking 'bout passed pawns...
Said all them people keep on talking 'bout passed pawns...*

Put me on an outside file.

Put me on that open outside file.

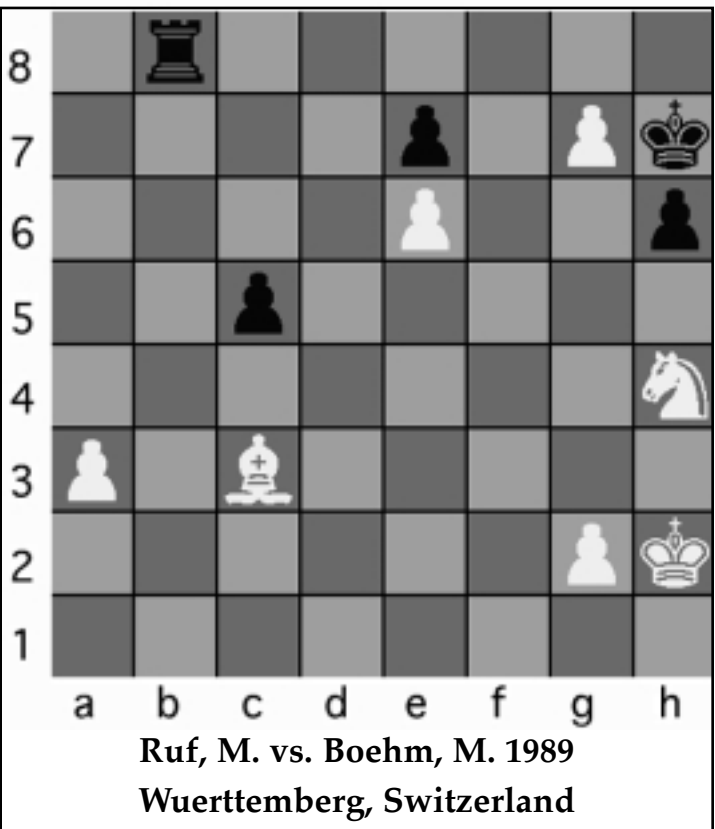
And my passed pawn will be queenin' in a short while.¹

1. **Nf5** White is sooooo in the clear in this game. The white pawn on the **a** file is crushing passed pawn that black can do nothing about, because the black rook is all tied up trying to stop white's other good pawn on g7.

White's two minor pieces are stronger than black's rook because they are busy doing shit. Black's rook doesn't have anyplace to go, and it doesn't even have a bottle of moonshine to comfort itself. All black's rook can do is watch and weep.

Baby, white's **a** pawn is going home to Loueasyanner.

1. ... **Re8** Defending a pawn that white really doesn't care about.



2. **a4 h5**
3. **a5 c4**
4. **a6 h4**
5. **a7 h3**
6. **Nxe7** black resigns to go sing the blues.

¹Much like the Kids In The Hall, I'm no bluesman. I'm just a privileged white kid from Massachusetts. I don't even have a baby with mojo in her backbone.

RIT's Chess Club meets every Thursday at 8pm outside of the Fireside Lounge. Follow the sound of clocks and you will find the chess.

Space Filler by Sean T. Hammond

While watching *The Fountainhead* on the American Movie Channel a few weeks ago, I was struck by how Patricia Neal, the actress playing Dominique Wilkens, reminded me of someone else. This doesn't necessarily mean that others would see a similarity, however. Friends have pointed out, sometimes while throttling me, that I'm simply not wired correctly. Maybe two people have the same shaped earlobes. To me they could be twins.

Anyway, there I was, trying to figure out who Patricia Neal reminded me of when it finally hit me: Kate Mulgrew, the actress that plays Katherine Janeway of *Star Trek: Voyager*. Even as I sit here looking at their pictures, I'm not sure what the similarity was I picked up on. They have some vague facial similarities, but let's face it. Patricia Neal is hot and Ms. Mulgrew just doesn't bring libidinal thoughts to the fore. I think what struck me is the similarities they have in their speech patterns.

In my search for images on the web, however, I came across some more interesting connections between these two actresses.



Patricia Neal's first major role was in the *Outer Limits* episode "Wolf 359." Decades later in *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, Wolf 359 was the area in space where the United Federation of Planets had its ass kicked by a Borg cube.

In more recent years, the entire plotline of *Star Trek: Voyager* is that Captain Janeway and her crew aboard *Voyager* were transported to the Delta Quadrant by an alien force. Trapped there, they're forced to begin their decades long journey home. Incidentally, the Borg are a major force in the Delta Quadrant, supplying *Voyager* with some of its more interesting storylines, as well as the libido firing, ex-Borg crew member, 7 of 9.

So there it is, for what it's worth. Maybe at some level I knew that Patricia Neal was in "Wolf 359." I'm fairly certain I didn't, however, and am willing to chalk it up to synchronicity.



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



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