



Capitulation -- By Terrence Harolds

*"When they were through with me, moreover,
They had me where they wanted me.
(You must get in with people.
If you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours.
Don't stick your neck out!)"*

*"The Song of the Great Capitulation"
Mother Courage, Scene iv.*

Bertolt Brecht; translated by Eric Bentley

U ntil local union members met to march on Rochester Institute of Technology, few people gave any thought to the workers building the new apartments near the academic side of campus. The protest raised the possibility of illegal laborers being used without the apparent knowledge of the Institute.

On March 3, Dr. Jean Douthwright, a distinguished professor of biology at Rochester Institute of Technology, translated the concerns long held by many into an email sent to the RIT faculty and staff mailing list. To wit:

"I read that about thirty Hispanic/Mexican workers hired by the Alabama-based firm building the new apartments work ten to twelve hour days including the week-ends. They are paid in cash at the end of each week and no taxes, benefits, or social security deductions are deducted from this cash payment. In addition this work is being funded by the County of Monroe Industrial Development Agency (COMIDA), which the local taxpayers here in Monroe County pay for? Is this true?"

"I also read that these workers are working in sneakers without safety glasses and hard hats, and there are no portable toilets and workers must urinate publicly. I thought it was strange not to see any port-a-johns around the site."

-- RITSTAFF email, 3.3.1999

On the same day, University News released an updated memo on the situation. Rather than addressing the plight of the workers, it focused on the impact on the local economy:

"Capstone Development Corporation, Birmingham, Alabama, is financing, building and managing the new complex and has hired Rochester-based Wilmorite Construction and Somerset Builders, Inc. to build the apartments. According to James Watters, RIT vice president for Finance and Administration, 98% of the \$8 million first project and 95% of the \$11 million second project have been built by Rochester-area contractors.

"RIT is pumping significant amounts of money into the local economy through the construction of these projects," says Watters."

-- News and Events, 3.3.1999

Campus reaction to these developments was varied. The most infamous reflection was written by a faculty member who accidentally carbon-copied an email to the faculty and staff mailing list:



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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"I would be glad to put considerable time and effort into trying to correct the atrocious situatution [sic] of the temps. . . Do you think we have a chance, thru the co struc-tion scandal, [sic] of convincing Simone to go away quietly? Is there anyone at D&C who's picked up on it."

-- RITSTAFF email, 3.7.1999

Most students, however, were not as righteously indignant. Two anonymous sophomores walked onto the site on March 8 in hopes of laying the rumors to rest. They reported being promptly shooed away by a worker specifically posted for the purpose of repelling gawkers. They were able to confirm that at that point in time, the workers did have hardhats, port-a-johns, and workboots. The workers closer to the road, however, were alleged to "look more legal" than those working on the back units away from passing motorists.

Although a bona fide effort was made to furnish each worker with the proper equipment, meeting OSHA safety standards was not enough. Two days later, the Immigration and Naturalization Service conducted a raid on the site that turned up 29 workers described as "Mexican nationals" by John Ingham (INS District Director) in an interview by Michael Wentzel of The Rochester Democrat & Chronicle (3.11.1999).

According to the same D&C article, four of the 28 workers were under the age of 18. The apartment complex is still slated to be completed on-schedule, despite the loss of a great deal of exploited laborers.





TOURIST'S MOVIE REVIEWS

PRESENTS

Great Sex, lousy film. Good Music, terrible flick. Awesome quote, shitty movie. An essay on diamonds in the rough and the fate of the MTV generation.

Hello again comrades.

Movieline magazine was on to something when they said that films these days don't have any good sex scenes. For the most part, I would agree with them. Sex has become so standard in the movie business that few directors take adequate time and forethought to plan their love scenes. Except for the occasional "Wild Things", the industry standard is pretty formulaic: Muddled bare skin close-ups underscored by music. The only thing that will change is the type of music. If the film is to be heartwarming and poignant, the music will most likely be a sweeping instrumental interlude. If the film is to be a romantic adventure, in which the main characters battle adversity to achieve those few precious sexual moments together, a power duet or pop-soul ballad featuring Celine, Luther, or Peabo will rise in the background. If the film is a comedy where the sex is to be a farcical jumping off point to the next series of jokes, the music will usually be a peppy Rock-n-Roll tune or an old song by a demure artist that will make the scene even more ludicrous like "Back in Baby's Arms" by Patsy Cline or "Puff the Magic Dragon" by Peter, Paul, and Mary. Directors spend so much time with the music that they forget about what truly matters - the fucking.

So you can imagine my joy when I recently saw a film that broke the mold of the standard 90's sex scene. It's not a new film, or a good film for that matter. Actually, the film as whole was a steaming pile of hippo excrement, but strangely enough, the sex scene was DY-NO-MITE! I'm referring to "Feeling Minnesota", a sleeper road film from 1996 starring Keanu Reeves and Cameron Diaz. If you have seen the film, you know what I'm talking about. Basically, Reeves and his brother are two dysfunctional siblings who fight over Diaz, who is forced into marrying one brother (Vincent D'Onofrio), but is in love with Reeves. The brothers often come to blows as the meandering plot progresses, and in the end, Reeves and Diaz live happily ever after in Vegas. Whatever, the movie sucked a fat one. The sex scene, well that's a different matter. After she is married to D'Onofrio, Diaz excuses herself to the bathroom, beckoning Reeves to come with her. And did he ever! No doubt the director, Steven Baigleman, knows jack shit about making a coherent film, but he knows a lot about sex. My paltry words cannot describe the quality of the scene so I shall not waste your time with them. Right now, go to the video store, rent "Feeling Minnesota", watch the first twenty minutes, then turn it off. You will agree with me. He got the point across very effectively. So why such a lousy movie. It's just like the films on my "Shitty films with good soundtracks" list, like

“Hackers” (Kill the Gibson!), “The Saint” (Cold fusion...uh...it just like works n'stuff), “I Know What You Did Last Summer”, just to name a few. Great soundtracks. Terrible films. There is also what I call the “Cameron Crowe Phenomenon”, in which films that are truly awful have excellent scenes within them (named after writer/director Cameron Crowe because all of his films consistently exhibit this characteristic). Take “Say Anything”. What a Hershey squirt. The film had so much potential, but it kept shifting focus from one character to another, causing the story to drift. There are some great scenes in it however:

“Gimmie back my Firebird Keys!”

“Chill! You MUST chill! I have hidden your Firebird keys!”

“I love you, man!”

“I love you too...”

or

“I got a question. If you guys know so much about women, how come you're here at like the Gas 'n' Sip on a Saturday night completely alone drinking beers with no women anywhere?”

“By choice, man!”

“Bitches, man. I gotta bail...”

Now that's good stuff. Why is the rest so bad? Oh yeah, “Say Anything” also had a good soundtrack (featuring the ubiquitous 'In Your Eyes' that has become a staple good for the nostalgic homecoming goer who wants Peter Gabriel to croon “our song” forever and ever on the local pop-mix radio station, along with Eric Clapton's 'Wonderful Tonight') Other Cameron Crowe films include “Fast Times at Ridgemont High”,

“Singles”, and “Jerry Maguire”, all of which I know you quote from time to time (shopliftin da puddy) but don't really remember the movie much. This is a problem. People quote Shakespeare not only because the quotes are good, but because the plays that they come from are good as well. We need real sex scenes. We need good quotes. But most important of all, we NEED good films! Don't you want to smack people who base their entire lexicon from tired Adam Sandler and Austin Powers quotes (a nod to Tom Mutdosch)? It's even worse when they quote from movies like “Spawn” and “Disturbing Behavior”. Back in the day, if you were quoting Shakespeare and you messed up a line



or two, AT LEAST YOU WERE QUOTING SHAKESPEARE!!!

Tis true, tis pity. And pity tis, tis true.

So, my lovely readers. I ask that you look for redeeming aspects of crappy things - movies, music, books, human beings. And try to set your standards a little higher. Why quote Sandler when you could quote Sartre? But sadly, upon mentioning Sartre, no

doubt your minds were delving into your "Simpsons" quote list and drawing up this gem from when The Critic was on:

The Critic: "...and I said Camut can do, but Sartre is smart-re."

Homer: "Oh yeah, well Scooby-Doo can doo-doo, but Jimmy Carter is smarter."

Ladies and gentleman, pray for our generation. We can't win.



This week's Jungian Shard : Beginnings

Henry Miller, the author noted for books such as Tropic of Cancer, Tropic of Capricorn, Black Spring, and the "Rosy Crucifiction" series (Plexus, Sexus, and Nexus), wrote his first novel Moloch under particularly unusual circumstances. In 1928, his second wife (June) ran off to Paris with her lesbian lover, Jean. June and Jean had been living with Miller in a Brooklyn Heights cellar for the previous year. Quite poor, June had been turning tricks to make enough money for rent. Less than a year after her disappearance, June returned -- collecting

Miller from his parent's, where he had been living. Moving into a luxurious mansion on Clifton Avenue in Brooklyn, they opened a cellar nightclub in Greenwich Village -- "The Roman Tavern." Here, June made an friend in the fur business; she met a man who is only identified in any existing literature as "Pop." June convinced Pop that she was an aspiring writer, and Pop starting paying her a stipend based on her presentation of a set number of pages of the novel to him each week. Her, Miller enters the picture. At this point, he has only written short fiction for various magazines (*Breezy Stories*, *Droll Stories*, *True Confessions*). He was apprehensive about writing to order, and writing as though he was June, but:

Nevertheless, Miller took on the project. The writing was fitful, and the weekly quota of pages hung heavily over him. But the regularity of the grind instilled a new sense of discipline in the budding author, and he was pleased to discover the finished manuscript came to nearly four hundred pages.

Apparently, Pop liked what he read:

What is more, Pop, the audience of one, liked it so much that he threw in a bonus trip to Paris for the purported authoress June, along with enough money for nine month's expenses.

Dearborn, Mary V. (1992). Introduction . In Moloch or, This Gentile World . Grove Press, NY : Grove Press.

A Call to Writers

by Jeremiah Parry-Hill

Back in 1994, Matt_North and I began to write and publish "Llad Dafad Dall"[‡] out-of-pocket. To put the situation in its proper context, Matt and I were juniors at a Catholic, all-male, military high school. It should come as no surprise that our zine featured regular encouragement for teens to have sex, drink, follow Reverend Sun Myung Moon, masturbate, use hashish, and expose Freemason plots to kidnap children. Simply put, we were products of our environment. To produce bundled packets that ran counter to the cultural dogma that was being rammed down our necktied throats on a daily basis was cathartic, to say the least.

In 1996, we graduated; Matt went on to Georgetown, and was soon writing simultaneously for the Hoya (a legitimate student newspaper) and the Gonzo (GU's long-running paper of irreverence). I started writing for the Reporter, RIT's student-run news magazine, in 1997.

My first article was only 300 words long, yet eleven typographical errors managed to make their way into it during the "editing process." As a result, all of my work for the Reporter after that point ran under a pseudonym.

I had been reading Hell's Kitchen since coming to RIT in 1996 (first one: "Failure"). It held the promise of something interesting to read, whereas the Reporter of that era held little more than an opportunity to spot really gruesome layout mistakes. Early in 1998, GDT ran a contest[£] whereby the first

person to uudecode[£] a sound file and email them the message would win a t-shirt.

That's all. I won a contest. There was no weird initiation. I didn't even have to provide a writing sample. I just showed up to get my t-shirt, stuck around, and kept coming back.

I still have the t-shirt. It's the one where the sketchy-looking guy with a t-square is flying around on a portfolio. Its caption invites the reader to "Support the Arts." My decision to work with Hell's Kitchen was a conscious choice to support creativity, specifically in the written word. Slavery to deadlines and a defunct code of decorum packaged as "professionalism" supports neither the artist nor the art.

At the Reporter, I saw an atmosphere in which writing was seen as little more than a craft to be honed for later use in the working world. At Hell's Kitchen, I saw a simple gift being given to artists who would take it: the chance to have their work published. Unlike Matt, I didn't have time for both worlds. In retrospect, the choice was clear-cut.

If you are reading this article, consider this your invitation to write. Pieces of any style, of any length, may be emailed to gdt@hellskitchen.org.

For almost five years now, Hell's Kitchen has been a successful experiment in alternative publishing methods. Without writers, however, it's various member publications (particularly our hero -- GDT) cannot continue.

- jlph, 3.14.1999

‡: Llad dafad dall: (say: "th'schad DAHV-ud dath-sch"...sort of); a Welsh palindrome roughly meaning "kill a blind sheep."

£: "That was a dumb contest."

- Adam Fletcher, May 1998

"But it got a response."

- Sean Hammond, *ibid*.

£: "The uuencode command takes the named file (default standard input) and sends an encoded version to the standard output using only printing ASCII characters...the uudecode command reads an encoded file, strips off any leading and trailing lines added by mailers, and recreates the original file."- UNIX manpages for uuencode(1)



Howard's Happy Hour

By Howard Hao

"Ah want you to hold mah mouth shut."
- Real Talking Bubba

I Gave It My Best

I gave it my best; all I could manage
Well, I've got news for you:
It ain't enough, kid! Do it again!

Fiction for Free

Six wondrous stories to tell
Six magical tales to enjoy
And to explain.
Sagas that will tantalize, excite,
Amaze, delight!
Narratives that will shock, astound,
Surprise, confound!
But most importantly,
They will entertain...

Fiction for Free: Piggy Piggy

The little boy was ecstatic.

"It talks! It can talk! I am certain of it!" he exclaimed and pranced around his bedroom in glee, waving his arms about in triumph. The fat little pot-bellied pig was a birthday present from his parents.

"Say something!" beckoned the boy to the pig.

The pig said nothing. The air reeked of silence.

"Come on! I know you can bloody talk!"

Of course, the parents, very much concerned for the boy's well-being, heard his screams and taunts and immediately took to investigation.

"What is it, Cedric?" they inquired.

"The pig! It can talk! Talk, pig!"

The pig said nothing.

"Cedric, stop this nonsense and go to bed."

But, of course, little Cedric was absolutely convinced that the pig could talk.

"I know it can! Talk!"

"Cedric! Stop yelling at the poor thing," pleaded his mum.

"Sorry, mum..."

After a spell--and a lot of coaxing--Cedric reluctantly went off to bed. Early the next morning, little Cedric with the pig in hand, went off to classes. In the courtyard, Cedric

awaited impatiently for his good friend Henry. After a few more moments of impatient waiting, a chubby boy, stuffing his portly face with crisps, waddled over.

"Henry, where have you been?"

"I passed Mrs. Knightley's along the way and went to get some crisps. Care to share?"

"Perhaps later. I have here a talking pig!" Cedric was aglow with pride.

The two boys stared at the poor porcine creature with wide, unmoving eyes, making it most uncomfortable.

"Talk!" commanded Cedric.

Of course, the pig said nothing.

"Maybe if you gave it a crisp..."

"Wise idea," agreed Cedric.

They fed the greedy little pig a crisp. Eagerly, the two boys resumed their fixed stare at the pig.

"Come pig! We've fed you a crisp. Now, talk!"

The pig said nothing.

The bell rang and all the other children in the courtyard began to fall into position for morning inspection. The headmaster strutted out shortly. He spotted the two truants and a small pig in the far corner and sauntered over to them.

"I say! Salutations, gentlemen! Why are you two not queued up?" he implored.

"We're trying to get my pig to talk," explained Cedric.

"Young sir, do you not know that such an act is absurd?"

"Beg many pardons, sir, but my pig really does talk! Say something to nice the Headmaster."

The pig said nothing.

"Young sir, are you quite certain of your incredulous statement?"

"It is a fact, sir! Talk!"

The pig said nothing.

By now, all of the other children have left their posts, curious to observe the miraculous talking pig. The headmaster was flustered.

"Now see here, good gentlemen! Imagination is a wondrous gift, but there must be times when it should be restrained from reality. Now cease your silliness and move along!"

"But sir," pleaded Cedric, "I'm sure it does, just like that stuttering cartoon pig on the telly! Talk, pig, talk!"

The pig said nothing.

"Talk!" instructed the headmaster to the pig.

The pig said nothing.

"Talk!" chided the children.

The pig said nothing.

"Talk!" quipped Henry.

And the pig said nothing.

"Young sir, enough is enough. I am contacting your ma and da right this very moment!"

The headmaster stormed off to his office. By now, the children, Henry included, have all scattered off to classes, bored already with the antics of a "talking" pig. Cedric, alone with his pig, turned to face it.

"You have disappointed me greatly today, pig," warned Cedric. "Next time, please consider talking when instructed to do so."

The pig blinked a few times, and looked up at Cedric.

"I want another crisp."



Howard's Super-Happy Springtime Flowering Dragon Egg Special Issue!

No man knows the future. It behooves us all to walk with care.
 -- Neil Gaiman, "The Sandman: Fables & Reflections"

It's funny because it's true.
 --Miscellaneous, The Simpsons

The End of the World

They all stood glum, solemn, silent
 Staring up at the huge clock face.
 When the final second was reached
 And that gargantuan second hand struck
 The fateful number twelve
 All breaths were held
 All time stopped...
 Then all hell broke loose...
 People, pandemonium, confetti,
 Turmoil, cracked champagne bottles
 Indeed the end of the world has come!
 Screaming; police unable to do
 Anything about the sudden onrush
 They stand at the sides and look on
 With Helplessness hanging over their
 Heads, laughing like Banshee
 Shattering windows--no wait! That
 Was just a looter...
 A punch, a bite, a parry,
 And a groin kick, people milling
 About everywhere; some thinking the
 World has ended, others taking
 Advantage of the havoc to steal
 Window merchandise, and the rest
 Flowing along like water molecules
 In a rushing river, unable to
 Stop, unable to cry, unable to
 Comprehend what is going on
 Around them.

Insanity

Pertains to those who
 Insist they drink coffee brewed
 Only with caffeinated water.



Blast From the Past

Nothing worries me more
 Than Blast from the Past.
 Think about it: the return
 Of Swing, bellbottoms, lava
 Lamps. Even Lost in Space,
 Speed Racer, Voltron, My
 Favorite Martian, Psycho,
 Godzilla--King of Monsters.
 Doesn't anything original
 Come into existence anymore?

The Cold

And I stand there
 in the freezing cold
 swearing my ass off
 at the bitterness
 But it won't stop!
 there is nothing I can do
 except mourn the loss
 of warmth and renewal
 And patiently await
 the onset of the late
 the anticipated
 the season of spring

Discotheque

A deafening roar, a rumble, a lurch
 On the chest. The pounding began there
 Everywhere; calvaria pulsed with the
 Pneumatic drill. What? No gratuities?
 Well, then fuck you buddy! No breath;
 Thick with smog, blindness, magma,
 And clatter. Like flipping cartoon
 Cels, there came a rainbow
 Of spectral delight, reflecting
 Off Downy sheets projected high above
 Heads. On...off...on...off...why
 Won't they stop? Grinding, slithering,
 Faster and slower; fun for you?
 Then fun for all.



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 the respective authors.
 So, word is born... word is born.*

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Boba Fett

The scariest thing I ever did see
 Was Boba Fett chasing after me.
 It was a deep, dark Halloween night;
 I was walking along in terror and fright.
 And then it happened: he jumped out at me.
 I spun around quickly and I did flee!
 Away I ran, past little demons complaining.
 I peeked behind me and Boba Fett was still gaining!
 Faster I did fly, past the bakery and the bars.
 I looked again; he was still in pursuit...not far!
 Finally, I couldn't run anymore.
 So I stopped outside the police station door.
 Boba Fett slowly approached my position.
 "Stop!" I yelled at him. "Or else I'll go in!"
 Boba Fett hesitated a moment and called me a sap.
 He wheeled away in anger and tossed my wallet into my lap.



**This week's Jungian Shard :
 Workin' For The Man**

In 1922, Ida M. Koontz wrote Junior Department Organization and Administration, subtitled : 'A textbook in the standard course in teacher training outlined and approved by the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations.' The book, 128 pages in length, outlines the various protocols and methods of conducting proper sunday school. Rich in terrifying mind-control tactics (from advice on how to 'encourage' the proper 'habits of thought' to guidelines for castes among the students), the book gives an interesting insight to a perspective that was considered progressive in it's time. From a section titled "Other Features of the Program:"

BIBLE DRILLS

The Bible is not placed in the hands of the pupil for use in the Sunday school until he enters the Junior Department, when he reads more readily. During the first year as a junior the pupil is drilled in handling the Bible. Unless this is done thoroughly he is handicapped not only during the junior course, but more or less in later years. The Bible is different from other books the child has been using. It is rather a library of small books written by different men to which Christian people attach great value and which has a wonderful history. ... Much time should be given to reference finding. This drill as well as many others may be conducted in contest form, between classes of the same grade, between grades or between boys and girls.

*Koontz, Ida M. Junior Department Organization and Administration, 1922
 for the Teacher Training Publishing Association by The Otterbein Press,
 Dayton Ohio.*

Fiction for Free: The Seductress (by Howard Hao)

Where has my mind wandered off to? Where has it gone? Meandering through the confusing twists and turns of dark back alleys, running scared and afraid of running into a dead end. An introduction would have sufficed; an acquaintance, no more. Satisfaction in the least sense as I require not much else. Just a name, perhaps a smile. A politely and friendly daily conversation for the daily commute and that would be all. That hour train ride is such a bore and my mind often wanders into nonexistent universes. Such was not meant to be; perverting me, corrupting my soul and my existence, making me impure and deluged by your wicked thoughts. Inner turmoil was mine for the longest time...little daemons dancing and prodding my already unbalanced id...what seemed like an eternity, but was perhaps only a few pain-wretched and distraught moments. Hours seemed like centuries as I tried boldly to conjure up your image, your voice, that delicious half-smile you'd always throw in my direction on the morning train.

And I would dream. I would dream that you and I were together at long last, ending my painful yearning, bound together for infinity, back-to-back like Adam and Lilith. We would meet as always, on the train, you sitting opposite me. Then we would tryst by familiar grounds and territory. You know the one: running and flowing grassy fields. Tired and redundant, perhaps, but it means much more to me than a mere cliché. You and I, finally together as one, making sweet, passionate love...undying love, under Satan's sky and Beelzebub's fiery gaze.

No! No! Away you blasted daemoness! Traacher! Take your poisonous influences elsewhere--it is not welcomed in my mind. My faithfulness to my dear wife can never be tainted by your disgustingly delightful ways! Then why do my thoughts betray me? Why do they reverberate your words, your dream, your reality? Your very existence spurns mine! Why can I not resist the bacchante's strange influences?

You cannot seduce me! Even with your tender charms and your red, full, flowery lips...they resemble cascading nightshades billowing, dripping burning acidic juices over bare skin. Spouting perfumed rose water from your pale, shining, oh-so-delightfully radiant and succulent snowy-soft integument--oh, just one touch! Breasts as rich as fruit, sweeter than ambrosia, full and ripe, heavy and tempting! I cannot resist -- but I must! Vigorous waist, augustness, luscious honey-dripped limbs, beckoning me with your strange black magic! Evil harlot, cease your torment of me! See how I bare my teeth against your wrath? You cannot sway or persuade me as I am strong-willed and determined.

And I opened my heavy, guilt-laded eyelids to discover myself surrounded by the bloodthirsty harpies, marauding whores of the night, rapers of weak men. And as I was relentlessly and brutally ripped apart, limb to limb, by the raged maenads, I saw her slip noiselessly away, that lecherous smile still adorning her face and a glitter in her cold, shallow, unloving ashen eyes. My dying thought was of wonder...how I missed those two tiny red horns amid that wretched tangle of burning, sanguine hair...

Fiction for Free: A Strange Day -- Howard Hao

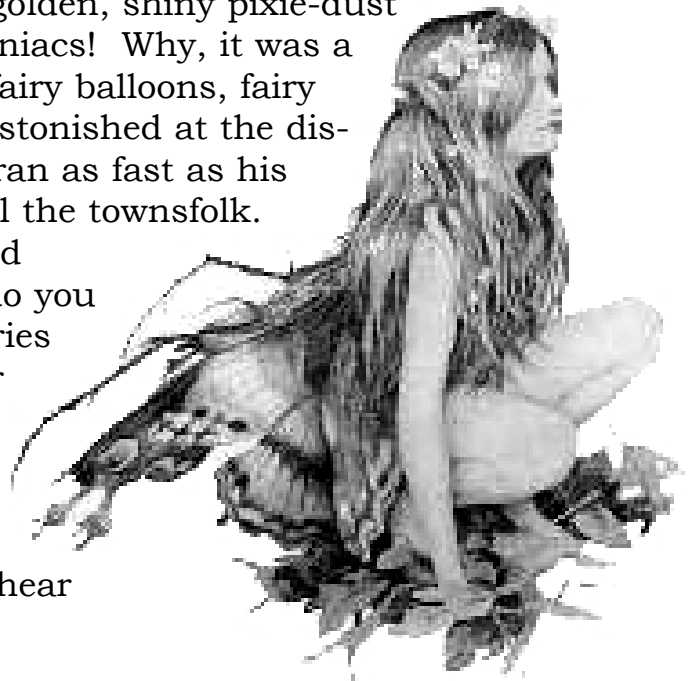
The sun was shining its glorious full colored spectrum down upon the good folk of Nothingham, Ohio, a town that is more or less non-existent on the maps but large enough to be noticed by neighboring areas as a self-sufficient place with no zip code. Nestled away deep within the green grassy forested rolling hills of Ohio state, this tiny rural town has always been placid, stagnant...well, boring. That is, until the strange day.

So the darn sun was shining, the darn birds were singing, and the darn good folk of Nothingham were strolling about the town, each with their own little agendas in mind. We focus now on one rather plain looking gentleman: the one named David Milton, after his great-grandfather. So Milton was walking briskly (as he always does) into the forest, where he was to chop wood for the fireplace. As he scuttled about, he was unaware of the impending faction that would change his life...at least for a little while.

Milton soon arrived at the deepest section of the forest, like he did everyday. And with a huff, he took careful aim and dismantled a felled tree from yesterday. All of a sudden, a faint tittering sound startled the poor boy. Milton stopped his work and frantically looked about. Nothing. With a shrug, our boy got back to work. Again, the faint titter was heard by Milton. This time, he tried to pinpoint the exact source of the sound. It seems, he thought, to be coming from those huckleberry bushes over there. So our boy Milton sauntered over to investigate, axe in hand, readied for action.

The startled boy bravely pushed away the leaves of the bushes only to be greeted by a louder titter. Frightened, he drew back, axe brandished. The tittering stopped and Milton, although slower and more cautious now, stepped forward again and pushed away the leaves of the bushes. To his surprise he found a gaggle of...what else? Fairies! Three-inch tall, glittering, rainbow wood-sprites dancing in the velvety sunlit leaves, flinging clumps of golden, shiny pixie-dust at each other and tittering like deranged maniacs! Why, it was a fairy party! They had tiny fairy party hats, fairy balloons, fairy treats...the works! Milton, bewildered and astonished at the discovery, was bursting with excitement as he ran as fast as his young legs could get him back to town to tell the townsfolk.

Of course, back at town, nobody believed Milton's story. I mean, after all, how often do you hear about fairies in the forest? Besides fairies don't exist! they claimed. They told the poor lad to stop his silliness and never speak of the fairies again or be condemned as insane. But the curious and dedicated continue to say, that on warm sunny days, in the dead middle of the Ohio forest, you can hear the fairies partying away...





Man vs. Nature :

Earth Day Is the Time to Challenge the Environmentalist Premise that Man Should Be Sacrificed in Order to Preserve Nature

For the first time in American history, the government is ordering the destruction of a dam--for environmental reasons.

This July, Edwards Dam, a small hydroelectric facility on the Kennebec River in Augusta, Maine, will be torn down by the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission. Its crime? It is blocking the path of fish that swim upstream to spawn. As recounted in a N.Y. Times article, "the hindrance the Edwards Dam posed to migratory fish outweighed the benefit it provided in electric generation."

On Earth Day, it is worth noting this event, for it illuminates the essential meaning of environmentalism. The closing of Edwards Dam is the implementation of environmentalism's fundamental, though often unrecognized, tenet: that man ought to be sacrificed for the sake of nature.

The common view of environmentalism is that its goal is the betterment of mankind--that it wants to purify our air and clean up our parks so that we can live healthier and happier lives. But that is a very superficial interpretation. When environmentalists are faced with a conflict between the "interests" of nature and those of man, it is man who is invariably sacrificed. If there is a choice between electric power for human beings and swimming lanes for salmon, it is always the fish that are given priority. If there is a choice between cutting down trees for human use and leaving them untouched for the spotted owl, it is always the bird's home that is saved and human habitation that goes unbuilt. Why?

Because the requirements of human life are not the standard by which environmentalists make their judgments. Their goal is to maintain nature in its virginal state--despite the demonstrable harm this inflicts upon people. They want to preserve wildernesses, to enshrine wetlands, to tear down dams and levees--i.e., to prevent the man-made "intrusions" upon nature.

In the case of Edwards Dam, for instance, they want to protect the salmon not because it is a source



<http://www.student.potsdam.edu/spring83/recycle.gif>



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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The Hell's Kitchen
 Member Publications

of food--or of any other human value. (They regularly denounce hatcheries as "unnatural" and commercial fishing as the "exploitation of nature"--and the very eating of animals as insensitive "speciesism.") Rather, they regard the "welfare" of the salmon as an end in itself--for the sake of which man must forgo the benefits of the dam.

Environmentalists often declare their philosophy openly. For example, David Graber, an environmentalist with the National Parks Service, described himself as among those who "value wilderness for its own sake, not for what value it confers upon mankind. . . . We are not interested in the utility of a particular species, of free-flowing river, or ecosystem to mankind. They have intrinsic value, more value--to me--than another human body, or a billion of them."

David Foreman, founder of the organization Earth First, bluntly stresses the environmental irrelevance of human beings: "Wilderness has a right to exist for its own sake, and for the sake of the diversity of the life forms it shelters; we shouldn't have to justify the existence of a wilderness area by saying: 'Well, it protects the watershed, and it's a nice place to backpack and hunt, and it's pretty.'"

The environmentalist goal, in other words, is to protect nature, not for man, but from man.

But this means that man must suffer so that nature remains pristine. Human beings survive by reshaping nature to fulfill their needs. Every single step taken to advance beyond the cave--every rock fashioned into a tool, every square foot of barren earth made into productive cropland, every drop of crude petroleum transformed into fuel for cars and planes--constitutes an improvement in human life, achieved by altering our natural environment. The environmentalists' demand that nature be protected against human "encroachments" means, therefore, that man must be sacrificed in order to preserve nature. If "wilderness has a right to exist for its own sake"--then man does not.

Litter-free streets or pollution-free air--or any provable benefit to man--is not what environmentalists seek. Their

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Deadline for submissions is
 2pm on the Saturday before
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aim is to eliminate the benefits of the man-made in order to preserve-- unchanged-- nature's animals, plants and dirt.

Earth Day is an appropriate occasion for challenging the environmentalists' philosophy. It can be the occasion for recognizing the Earth as a value--not in and of itself, but only insofar as it is continually reshaped by man to serve his ends.

Peter Schwartz, editor and contributing author of the recently published *Return of the Primitive: The Anti-Industrial Revolution* (Meridian/Penguin) by Ayn Rand, is chairman of the board of the Ayn Rand Institute.

<http://www.aynrand.org>

people are cool/people suck

by the Venerable Sean Hammond

Remember the bridge I built because I was bored? Well, before break, one of the cinder blocks was cracked. I chalked it up to weathering; they are old and chipped. Anyway, I shored up the broken brick with rocks and went on break.

When I got back, the entire bridge was shifted. It was at a 45 degree angle to the way I left it. I assumed there was a big rainstorm and the entire structure was simple pushed by the force of the water. I rebuilt it and got ready to strengthen it.

Well, these actions are active, not passive. On Friday, I found every single cinderblock used shattered. There was no chance it could have been caused by water action.

I hate losing, so I spent most of the night working on rebuilding it. It is now made out of rocks so large I had to use ropes and levers to move them.

If this version get wrecked, I'm going to buy a bunch of metal rods and cement and pour myself a fucking bridge strengthened with internal metal rods.

On a related note, there's a lot of construction on UMBC and lots of greyish plastic pipes acting as conduits for electrical power poke up through the ground. In one place, the terrain has been planted, so here's a nice looking area with the end of a grey pipe sticking up. Some wonderful person bought grey paint to match the pipe, painted a small, dead tree, and stuck it into the pipe so it looked like a grey tree had grown there. Someone did that just because they thought it would be a good idea. It wasn't spontaneous, cause they had to buy the paint and get the tree.

People can be so cool.

-STH

Letters From Serbia

Contributed by Laura Mildon, Mad Dog News

I am in NO WAY an authority to fully describe what is going on in the country of Serbia. However, I did live in Russia and Eastern Europe for a number of years. Since I speak several Eastern European languages, I often got entirely different reports from watching Eastern news and Western CNN and NBC (via satellite.) I can only express from my experience and learning the history of the region that relationships (whether good or bad) between all these countries extends HUNDREDS of years. Why, Serbia has had a relationship with Russia for more than 600 years! Idealistic happy U.S. citizens gleefully think fuzzy cola-type thoughts about the cold war being over and how "now Russia is our friend."

Well, any non-U.S. citizen will caution you to be careful as to how you define "friend" or "ally."

These are letters I've received from Dragan, a Serbian in Serbia and a Father Sava from the Decani Monastery in Serbia:

=====

Hello Laura!

I watched Clinton the other day talking to Serbian people... how could I believe him that he has best intentions when I have to go to a shelter every time I hear the siren in case a pilot misses the target (either deliberately or not)?

I think about myself as an reasonable person. I watch CNN, Sky News, BBC and I hate what the president of Yugoslavia (Slobodan Milosevic) is doing and what he has done and there are many people who don't believe in his propaganda either, but what NATO is doing to us right now will not make anyone believe in so called 'western democracy'.

I hope that not all people in the US think that Serbian people are dirty, barbaric animals that are born to murder others... as some would like to portray us.

I hope that the world will be able to see today's pictures from Belgrade when about 10 - 20,000 men, women and children gathered during the day in the center of Belgrade where music bands played and from where Serbians sent messages of peace to the world. I don't know, shall I say it was funny or sad to see children (and others) wearing papers with printed concentric circles and written bellow in English 'target' (<http://www.beograd.com/nato/target/target300.gif>). There were many others funny banners. :) I've just seen on the TV that there will be such gathering again tomorrow, it starts at noon. I remind you that NATO is bombing Belgrade as well. I know it sounds mad but I guess that is what we are. :)

Dragon

Hello Laura!

I just hope you and your Mad Dog column won't have problems telling our side of the story about all of this.

Talking about liking Slobodan Milosevic... well, I can't express how much I DON'T like him. Actually, when I think about some things he has done, it looks to me as if he had some mental problems in his head. There are many, especially, young people opposing him (including myself) but since the NATO attacks began, the situation quite changed. Now everyone keeps together. The world certainly is not going to democratize society in Yugoslavia in this way. Besides, I've got a feeling that western politicians (USA, Britain etc) did give him some kind of support all through the war in Croatia and Bosnia and NOW they decided that he's like this or like that... the same as with imposed sanctions, they are ONLY hurting ordinary people.

BTW, if you wish to see some more info about things happening in Yugoslavia I would recommend <http://truthinmedia.org>. I stress, this is not a site that belongs to YU government (it would be the same as if I pointed you to CNN but the news would be just opposite). I am in a no way connected to these people, I only heard about this site a week ago, but it looks pretty good (informative and objective).

I'm frightened to think that Clinton's actions may be because the U.S. does not want to address how China has possession of nuclear weapons technology while the U.S. remains firm in its stance on 'nuclear non-proliferation.' It's really scary when you realize that something like this is quite possible. I ask myself from time to time, where is this world heading...

Laura, you know, even before these attacks had started, YU government used to talk about world conspiracy against Serbia as if all American, British, Germany etc. people hate Serbian people. I spent year and a half (1991 and 1992) living in England (where I have relatives) and I very well know that is far from true. I use every chance to explain it to people and I showed your message to many of my chance.

We just have to remember to be what we are and not what politicians want us to be!

Many regards, Dragon

Hello Laura!

Right now I am at my friend's house... By now NATO usually started bombing at night. There are no military sites in our town but there is a military airport (Batajnica) some 20 km away from us so you never know... Still, we refuse to go to basements and wait for something to happen. Despite, it is hard to sleep when you hear all those detonations. So we gather, listen to music, play cards, in a word, have fun and that help us go through this easier. I brought your message to my friend's house and I let them read it. I tell everybody about the words you've written to me and I explain to them what you wrote because I believe you and I know it is true! I'm also writing this reply at friend's computer and later I will upload it to the BBS...

Once again, thank you very much for your understanding. I often watch BBC, Sky News and CNN, and it's a strange feeling when it LOOKS that everyone else think of Serbia as of some evil war machinery.

BTW, did you know that during WWII Serbs are saving and hiding American and British pilots which had been hit by Nazi forces?

Lots of greetings from my friends and me!

Dragan

>>This is from Father Sava at the Decani Monastery.

I am writing this appeal while the NATO bombers and cruise missiles are spreading death and destruction all around my country. It is my moral obligation to say that the statements by the NATO officials that only military targets are attacked in Yugoslavia are not true and they are intended to deceive many peace loving people in the West that their air force is in a *humanitarian* action.

>From our credible sources we learned that several dozens of civilian facilities (infrastructure, education, telecommunication, environment and traffic facilities) were attacked and destroyed by NATO air force. Besides there are more and more civilians who are killed or crippled by NATO bombs, including refugees from Bosnia and Croatia. Their refugee camp was hit near Kursumlija and 10 women and children were killed or wounded at the spot. Several schools have been destroyed and many of them damaged so that children cannot go to schools any more because there is a danger that they might be killed in them.

The areas with important cultural and religious monuments are also targeted. Day before yesterday Gracanica monastery area was attacked. Thank God there is only a slight damage on the monastery roof but on the other hand several family homes were burned to ashes.

Last night a cruise missile hit the old town in Djakovica, mostly inhabited by Albanians, and made a great fire in which several Albanian houses were destroyed and several civilians seriously wounded.

In short, NATO attacks are nothing but barbarous aggression which affects mostly the innocent civilian population, both Serb and Albanian. Their continuation will not only break the will of the people of Yugoslavia to live in freedom but will strengthen their determination to resist the Tomahawk Democracy which is trying to bring *peace* by crimes against humanity.

Such actions are a shame for Western democracies and the whole world. Serbian Orthodox Church remains fully faithful to the principle that good can never be achieved by evil and that the Kosovo crisis must be resolved by peaceful and diplomatic means so that all peoples living here will be granted full protection of their human rights and freedom. NATO attacks will only make the things worse. They will definitely destroy the prospects of peaceful coexistence and will FURTHER RADICALIZE EXTREMISTS ON BOTH SIDES. And finally, the greatest victims of this criminal policy will be innocent civilians.

We have the full moral right to protest against these crimes because our Church has strongly condemned acts against civilians committed both by Serb and Albanian extremists in this conflict and has made great efforts to achieve a peaceful settlement of the crisis. As much as we have committed criminal acts against innocent civilians and their property in the course of the last year, by extremists on both sides, we are equally condemning these NATO attacks which do not differ at all from what we have seen in Kosovo so far. In fact there is a danger that NATO

bombing produces far greater humanitarian crisis than the one we already have. These inconsiderate actions will destabilize Balkans and possibly create a European Vietnam which will obstruct the political and economical processes in Europe for years ahead.

Unfortunately, many people in the West still live in illusion that their super-powerful and precise air force is fighting against the FRY military. The truth is that there are more and more civilian victims and damages on exclusively non-military facilities. Therefore the Western governments bear great responsibility for these criminal acts in front of God and history.

The ironic statements that the goal of this operation is to prevent suffering of civilians are absolutely hypocritical and tragic. President Clinton speaks sweet words to the Serbian people while his bombers mercilessly destroy schools, kindergardens and fill the hearts of children with hatred against the peoples which they believed were their friends and supporters of true peace and democracy.

It is not true that our country is against the peaceful solution of the Kosovo conflict. The paper proposed by the Yugoslav delegation in Paris granted full autonomy to Kosovo Albanians and all other national communities.

The delegation also said that they were ready to accept certain kind of international supervision. What our delegation did not accept and what no one in this country can accept is secession of Kosovo and Metohija from Serbia and Yugoslavia and occupation by NATO forces. There is not a single country in the world which would accept such terms. Therefore the claim by Mr. Clinton and others that our country is against negotiations and peace are not true. The truth is that we cannot accept disintegration of our country, not even under the threats of NATO missiles and bombers. I am always ready to ask for my fellow Albanian neighbors the same rights which Serbs and all others in this country have, but neither me nor anyone in our Church can accept that Kosovo is given into the hands of Albanian extremists who have already cleansed 50% of Kosovo from Serbs and other non-Albanian ethnic groups, who kill our children in cafes and our farmers working in fields. Unfortunately, openly supporting the Albanian separatists NATO is not supporting suffering civilians on all sides, as it so proudly said, but exclusively those forces both among Albanians and Serbs who want more war and blood.

It is true that Kosovo has many refugees and many times we have urged responsible on both sides to stop their violence and let the people go back to their homes. But the West forgets that in Serbia there are 600,000 refugees who are now directly endangered by NATO bombs.

In the name of God and my fellow Albanian and Serb neighbors I make a strong appeal on all people of good will to stop these barbarous attacks immediately. The peace is not built by deaths of innocent children and pride of the mighty ones.

Fr. Sava

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Howard's Happy Hour

By Howard Hao

La morbida nota che suona stappando un tappo invecchiato fa l'esatto rumore di un uomo che apre il suo cuore. (The soft note of an aged cork being withdrawn has the true sound of a man opening his heart.) --William Samuel Benwell

The Underprivileged

Mere mortal souls who wish to
Tempt their taste buds with the bitter
Sweetness of a cold brew. Then there
Are those who wish to handle a gargantuan
Maniacal mechanical terror. No pity for
Those who try to do both without the
Proper authorizations...no sympathies
For these unfortunate souls,
The Underprivileged

Rainy Day at the Bus Station

They run in, sheltering themselves from the downpour.
They shake themselves clean of the wet nuisance.
Homeless folk bundling themselves, trying to warm
Their tired bones with what scant rags they own.
Yuppies in their spanking clean business suits rush
Past, unaware, or ignoring their presences. Gabbing
Away to their cellualars, running to and fro like
Chickens without heads. Some lady gets muddy water
Splashed on her new dress and is in a fit of rage.
An old man curses the modern technological geniuses
That invented an umbrella that cannot fold close.
The ticket vendor looks bored and glum behind the
Three inches of bullet-proof glass, whistling to
Oldies jazzing from the ancient transistor radio
With the bent coat hanger for an antenna.

Indirect Instigation

Screaming not for the victim to percieve
 yelling out with all your might
 but only in your head
 caterwaul and colorful words
 dancing within neuron pathways
What is unknown remains the best solution
Target is acquired. Target is destroyed.
Straining platysma, baring teeth.
 You swear under your breath,
 Planning no remorse,
 No retribution,
 No sorrows,
 None

NYC Subway

As you step out into the platform
There is the immediate assault
Of stale urine on your unprotected
Nostrils. Rumble, rumble goes
The mighty train, whisking away
The next load of business-people
Staring intently at the Times.
Ah, the panhandling, the litter,
The occasional rat. The
Opposite wall across the tracks
States the rule of a local
Young punk while torn
Announcements of Doctor
Zizmore's miracle skin
Restoration flaps violently
In the backdraft current
That blows echoing through
The dimly lit tunnel walls.
God, I miss the City!

A Plea

And a crying outburst filled to the
Brim with corroding desire
Why? Why can it not be my turn?
Surely there must be some means
I mean, everyone else has it
So just what the heck is going on?
Alas, there is no murmur
Nothing but the emptiness of
Chirping crickets and the
Vast blowing wind

Rainbow Brite

-for Amie

Resplendence.
And here she comes, smiling for
The world, for everyone, cheering
Them up no matter where she traverses.
A grin from ear to ear, aglow,
A brilliance for all those to see.
Bright and shining and never glum.
For when such a possibility exists
Then it is truly the end of the world.
Radiance.

The Golden Flower Bet

-for Ket

Hell, I've learned my lesson;
I'm never betting with you again!
Whatever...

Swearing at the World

Fuuuuuck!
Did ya hear me?
I said FUCK!
FUUUUUCK!
Hatred of this boring shitty life
My soul ceases to urge my body
To move on,
to continue endlessly,
to continue into an unknown
bitter, black void of unheard
SCREAMS and untender lights,
sights, frights, and plights
FUCK!
Did ya hear me, damn it?
FUCK!
FUUUUUCK!
This entire WORLD is FUCKED UP beyond
belief!
AND I'M NOT JUST SAYING THAT!
i'm FUCKING YELLING it...

The Power of Love

And in the end there it was
Shining with a glow so bright
So miraculous that it somehow
Puts everything else to shame.
The sheer magnificence of it all.
One just cannot help but rejoice
All other thoughts stray.
And why not? Such thoughts
Are now unnecessary.
You want your money? Take it!
You want your physical possessions?
Take them; take it all!
What is required cannot be met
With mere physical desires. No.
It is much, much more.

Currency

The answer to all prayers
And almost all problems.
Cash IS the universal language!

A Mere Touch

It can mean
Oh so much more than you
Or I can fathom.

How it Feels to Cry

traumatic lancets finger
 those sensitive projections of
 your inner character.
 the tears well up quickly inside;
 you feel the unsuppressable fury
 of the imminent deluge.
 it kicks and screams, not wanting to
 be held back. so don't!
 just let it all go!
 spaz attack.
 a gargantuan cancerous clog in your throat
 hardened and impervious
 and you try to choke back that feeling.
 no, no, control yourself they say.
 but to hell with them all;
 you cannot help it.
 just let it be.

Run-on & Roundabout

The wind it blows on my face cooling
 With a refreshing tingle like anti-
 Bacterial soap from the drug store
 Down the street which reminds me of
 A story from my youth about two dozen
 Hippopotami engaging in various
 Positions and a settling piece of mind
 Since what else does it matter and of
 Course it doesn't as dripping sanguine
 Lead weight on her lap like a bitter
 Old man without a spouse who sits
 Silently at the window with a clenched
 Fist and curses and spits at all passer
 Bys who look on with confused charisma
 But such is the way all people treat
 The wind that blows on my face cooling



Howard's Happy Hour : Fiction For Free

By Howard Hao

"Whatever I'd dream, the world is not a lie."

Rodney Jones, The Troubles That Women Start Are Men

The Bottle

After dinner I proudly paraded out the bottle of Mœt et Chandon, Dom Perignon, 1985. Being New Year's Eve, 1999, I supposed it was as good a time as any to whip out the treat that I've been hiding from my husband for eight years. Imagine my delight as I watched his eyes pop out of his head when I surfaced from the wine cellar with that beauty in my hands.

"Good God, Mag! How long have you had this?"

He was incredulous. Still enjoying my high from his surprised delight, I assured him that the treasure had been well hidden for a good amount of time. Seemingly satisfied with my response, although still shaken with disbelief, he reached for the bottle.

"Oh no! This one's mine!" I quickly snapped.

I wasn't going to allow him to open my little treasure. Call me selfish, but with a wine aficionado for a husband, keeping something like this unknown to him for so long was a phenomenal feat!

"Not a prob, hon. After all, you deserve it!"

Being married to Tom for twenty years, I, too have become a wine aficionado, albeit an amateur. So I've really not a lot of experience with opening sparkling wine bottles.

I unraveled the harsh foil covering around the neck and proceeded to unwind the labyrinthine wired mess around the cork under a towel. After a few minutes of toil and torture, I managed to get the stubborn thing off. Ah... soon, refreshment.

Of course, I was opening the bottle the correct way, reasons being that this is real expensive stuff, it's dangerous to shake and open, and that I'm not a dolt. I'm a wine connoisseur! So the towel remained over the bottle. A single, slight twist of cork and bottle and we would have been enjoying the fine Prestige brut champagne. Would have.

Unfortunately, while still basking in the glory and power of the moment, I twisted a tad too hard and the top of the aged cork broke. My face immediately glossed crimson.

"Hon, what's wrong?"

"... uh... noth... nothing dear..."

What could I say? I suppose it's an honest mistake; thousands of people must have made this same error before! I had to think fast in response to his pressing looks.

Confounded curs! Mötet et Chandon has duped me into purchasing an inferior product!"

Much to my relief, Tom bursted into laughter. He laughed so hard and so long, he must have split his pants three times over. Rolling on the ground, clutching his pained abdomen, he roared unceasingly for fifteen minutes. After he ran out of tears, or was too much in pain to laugh anymore, he slowly crawled over.

"And that's why I love you, hon."

The moral? If you err, try to make it amusing.

Despair

I'm not completely certain when the voices started...when they started to talk to me. All I know is that they freaked me out. They still kind of get to me sometimes but I know an end is near, so I don't really give a shit anymore. Sometimes my life reminds me of the life of that character--I forget his name now--in Gaiman's and McKean's *Signal to Noise*: a prosperous life unhappily affected by unforeseen circumstances; a life influenced by some totally random and unpredicted faction. Chimera. I guess that's where the voices come in. I suppose they are a solution to my loneliness: a distraction, if you will. Here's a pointer: never try to psychoanalyze yourself. You'll either become more confused or more disturbed because you realize how fucked up you really are. Reprise.

The beginning is the end, so I suppose I'll start from the middle. She hit me like a ton of bricks...well, not literally. I just couldn't believe she did it. We had been serious for four years. At least she could've been merciful on me during my depression or something. I guess it was my male tendencies that finalized it. Whom am I kidding; of course it was. After all, I can't help it and I don't think any man can. And it was only one time; it's not like it happened frequently or anything. But I do admit I cheated on her...god, Susan was such a babe! I mean, with an ass like hers and that huge stack--how can any normal male resist? I had a damned good chance and I took complete advantage of it. The end of the beginning.

I've never touched the stuff in my life, even under peer pressure, which we all know is quite pressing and tantalizing. But it's my only glory now. My mind feels weird all over--even as I sit here reflecting, I can feel my fingers cracking apart, bone splintering into a myriad of shrapnel under pressure of this pen, alveoli disintegrating into pure nothingness as I inhale the blessed weed. And it talks to me; well, basically everything else does too. Chanting, saying how I'll be okay once I inhale the acrid, wholesome goodness. And I feel like soaring. Like Lucy, up in the sky with her diamonds. I love that song. It makes so much more sense when you're fucked up. Repose.

And so she knew. Or maybe she knew all along from the beginning. Maybe it was some strange women's intuition thing. I don't know. Me and my pathetic cover-ups. Women scare me: men can't live without them, but they can live without us. We were not created equal and they are not of the same species as us; they are fully functional and self-sufficient. You name one guy that can go a week without thinking of sex; he probably can't even do his own cooking. Take Lilith, for example. A typical feminist role-model. She didn't need Adam; hell, she just took off and spawned all those demons and shit and lived her life the way she wanted. Anyway, whichever way, whatever happened, she found out. Shit happens and life's a goddam bitch. Injustice.

So I saw her standing there, alone and defenseless, desperately trying to avoid the drunken frat jocks that were trying to paw her. Made me so damned angry. I hate jocks, but I hate drunken bastards even more. Looking around for salvation and solace, her eyes came into contact with mine. Now that I think about it, I'm not so sure I was actually drunk at the time, but

she was incredibly hot. And she walked over. And we talked. She was no retarded bimbo cheerleader. An intelligent conversation: we talked about school, her hometown, Dave Matthews, amongst other stuff. Needless to say, we hit it off quite well quite fast. And before I knew it, I was at her place, hyperventilating like a madman on her floor, trying my very best to rip that fucking bra off her gorgeous breasts while trying to take off my pants at the same time.

And we made love. Magic. Spectacular. God, she was spectacular. Speaking of god, I now believe in the truth. For he, she, whatever...saw my sin and made me repent. There really is a god, and I believe he, she, whatever looks like my cat. Confusion.

I hid that night's glory from Bobby for the longest time. I guess I had to tell her sometime. You can't avoid these things. But I did such a great job, even avoiding the naughty stuff she wanted so much. Roberta...my dear, sweet Roberta. After that incident, I couldn't fuck you the way I fucked Susan. I sound like a goddamn poet.

So in order to apply for the position, I had to have a physical examination. The works. I went down one day to the joint and had it done. It was that goddam STD testing that killed me. Well, I suppose it was better that she knew anyway. Hell, it was better that I knew too! A few days later, the call came.

I wasn't home. Bobby answered it. When I did get home that night, she was sobbing and gushing like a cracked water pipe. Deluged. Sometimes I still wonder if it was out of spite or relief. But suddenly I knew she knew.

"How could you? After...a-all we've been through!"

"What are you talking ab--"

"You fucking b-bastard! You k-k-know...exactly what I-I mean!"

"Bobby, I assure you I didn't--"

"Y-y-your physical...results c-came back...they c-c-called. They s-s-said...they...they said..."

And she just snapped. The poor thing. I thought these exams were supposed to be confidential! I felt horrendous. After all, I cheated on my goddess. Luckily for her, I never felt like fooling around with her after that fateful night. Damned lucky girl. Damned women. Yes, I was diagnosed to have something. Something pretty bad, in fact. Life's a bitch and don't you forget that. Trepidation.

I can't believe she left all her stuff. What a way to pour salt on an open wound! It wasn't like I actually had acquired immunodeficiency syndrome at the time. I love those words. They sound cool. Acquired immunodeficiency syndrome. Oh well; I guess I can't really blame her. But a few weeks down the line, I got bacterial pneumonia. And that started the whole goddamn cascade.

So here I am, sitting, writing, reflecting. Months have passed since then. I guess there really isn't much more to say. It isn't acquired immunodeficiency syndrome that kills you but the secondary infections. And I'm suffering for my deed. The pains. I can't eat. I can't sleep. I can barely hold this pen. So weak. Weakness. My family refuses to visit anymore. They still refuse to accept the facts...the truth. I'm starting to hear the furniture and stuff talk to me. It's cold and grey and boring as all hell in here. My only visitors are Doc and the nurses. I feel bad for them. Having to take care of an idiotic little shit like me. There is only one savior now and it's sure as hell ain't god. I've got to smoke the kind weed; bless and rejoice for California and marijuana legalization! Salvation.

One more chance. That's all I really pray for now. But I think I've pretty much sorted out my life and gotten past those stupid phases of death; I realize my mistake and my situation. It is reality, much as I dislike it. An irksome factor in my life...nothing more. Wow, I guess I really did learn something from all those psychology classes I took. There; I did it again. I psychoanalyzed myself. Oh well. I feel tired. And anxiety, and loneliness. A strange sensation of jubilation that I'll be at peace soon. Envy of those who live life still without a care in the world. But one feeling predominates and swallows all others with its marauding pitch black wake. Despair.



The Academic Disposition: An RIT Opinion

by Jeremiah Parry-Hill

Early this year, President Simone addressed RIT's best and brightest students at a dinner in their honor. Confusing to some was his list of what he considered to be the top administrative accomplishments of the previous year. These included the installation of the alcohol policy and the barring of the Rochester Cannabis Coalition (a group dedicated not to consumption and use of marijuana, but rather to legislative debate and education around the topic). Ever the economist-poet, he is alleged to have summarized his feelings alliteratively:

"We showed them that the people with the pocketbooks hold the power."

Rest assured; money will ever triumph over organized inquiry, personal responsibility, and free expression. Don't be misled into thinking that I have anything personal against Dr. Simone. These observations should not be taken on the same level as, say, the Reporter's annual empty attacks on administrative figures only for the sake of riling those figures. From a purely clinical stance, I see a certain beauty of efficiency in what the administration has done. In terms of marketing, it makes perfect sense to keep anything that might upset Mom and Dad out of the hands of their children. Some schools feel that their students are adults; others, such as ours, recognize the very real monetary value of *in loco parentis* practices.

There is another view in academia, albeit an increasingly unpopular one, which holds that the pursuit of knowledge is noble in and of itself; money is secondary. This romantic notion is clearly not what's for sale at RIT. Our annual increases in enrollment are owed in a large way to the golden promise of a high-paying career upon graduation. A very successful co-op program has given RIT the reputation of "a good place to go to get a job." Why should I, then, be surprised, annoyed, or disgusted when a classmate chides my professor for dwelling too long on "useless theory"? He's bought into the promise; "teach me what I need to get a job, underlying principles be damned." Never mind, for the moment, that the promise of a \$40k or \$50k job has been hollow for many graduates.

The lifeblood of the Institute is tuition. More than any other source of income, we depend on the sheer numbers of paying customers (students) to drive this business. We have done a tremendous job at collecting the quick buck; we admit many, take great pains to retain those that fall behind, and tolerate worse student behavior than the classroom display I mentioned. Why? Because the numbers must stay up.

Instead of enumerating the ways in which he has made the Institute safe for white-bread America, perhaps Simone would have done better to congratulate the student honorees for succeeding at all in the midst of an overwhelming number of cheaters, opportunists, drunkards, perverts, and wastrels of everyone's time.



**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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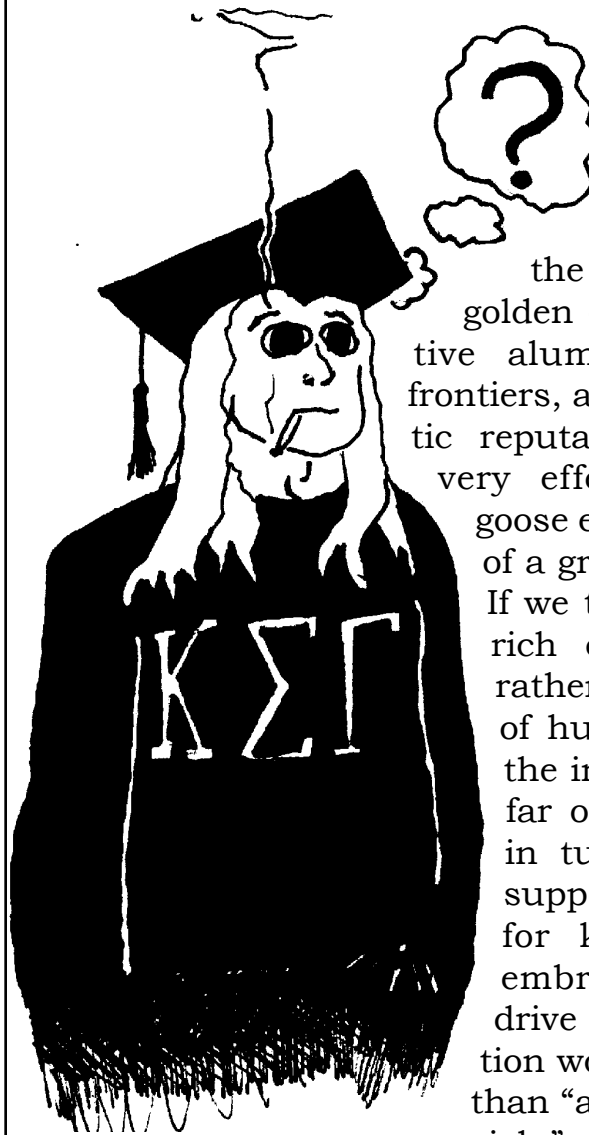
ILLUSTRATIONS:

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Feel free to submit before next
Fall. Submissions should
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By tolerating insincere students, we're gravely compromising the education of the sincere ones. The "goose" that is the student body has the potential to lay many golden eggs in the form of positive alumni relations, research frontiers, and an increased scholastic reputation. Unfortunately, we very effectively slaughter that goose every year, all for the sake of a greasy buck.

If we took the time to create a rich experience for students rather than become a factory of human cattle for industry, the immaterial benefits would far outweigh any initial drop in tuition inflow. If only we supported the academic drive for knowledge rather than embrace the materialistic drive for a career, our reputation would be more substantive than "a place to go to get a good job."

Higher Education: Under Fire from Drug Warriors

by Chris Maj

What! No more financial aid for college? Thank the War on Drugs.

Each year, over one-third of the nation's college students borrow \$35 billion in federal money under the auspices of the Higher Education Act. With 15 million people in college, it's the largest federal entitlement by number enrolled after Social Security and Medicare. But last October's reauthorization of the 1965 Act puts at risk the education of millions of America's college students.

Now, students are starting to respond. Their concerns are widespread, ranging from threats on academic freedom to the law's potential impact on diversity. Some see this as

another extension of America's failed drug policy, while many question whether denying people an education will help to stop drug abuse. But whatever their reasons, student activists across the country are addressing this issue, even at the politically dry Rochester Institute of Technology.

"The scope of the War on Drugs is needlessly expanding into higher education," said RIT student Mike Eck, a member of Students for Sensible Drug Policy. The student group has been active in educating the RIT community about the issues surrounding drugs and drug policy. In December, they successfully petitioned RIT's Student Government to pass a resolution calling for reform of the Act. The vote was the first of its kind in the nation, and the resolution has now passed at universities in Colorado, Connecticut and California.

Organizers stress the importance of creating educational opportunities for dealing with the nation's drug problem.

"If education is the gateway to betterment, and if drug use is the way to self-destruction, then the denial of education to someone who uses drugs will force them into an endless cycle of self-destruction," said Students for Sensible Drug Policy member Scott Devlin. He has helped to lead the RIT-based effort to change the law. "SSDP has been working hard for reform here at RIT, and the movement is now active on over 80 campuses across the nation."

Many SSDP members believe that the national attention being given to this issue is in response to a growing concern over the questionable application of the current drug laws.

Students point to data compiled by The Sentencing Project, a criminal justice

research association. They find that blacks, while making up 13 percent of the population, constitute 13 percent of all monthly drug users but account for 35 percent of arrests for drug possession, 55 percent of convictions and 74 percent of prison sentences.

Yet the overwhelming majority of drug users are white.

Adam J. Smith, associate director of the Drug Reform Coordination Network, believes that enforcement of the current drug laws runs along racial lines and a similar fate will befall financial aid. He is working with schools like RIT to coordinate the national student effort for reform of the Higher Education Act. "I'm inspired by the work that is going on at RIT," said Smith.

"If students are getting active at a place like RIT, it shows how important this issue is," said Kris Lotlikar, membership director of DRCNet and former RIT student. "This law hurts students across the country and will have a negative impact on efforts to diversify academia."

Students also say the new law will disproportionately affect those of low to moderate incomes because they are in need of student aid the most. The financially affluent can not only afford to attend college without financial assistance, but they avoid jeopardizing their aid from the start because they are better able to afford legal defense.

Many student activists compare the harshness of the punishment to that received for other crimes.

"People don't get penalized like this even for violent crimes like robbery or arson," said SSDP member Kevin Pittinaro. "Why should violent criminals receive aid but not non-violent drug offenders? What kind of message is that?"

Supporters of the law believe that like the rest of the drug laws, it will send the message that illegal drug use is not acceptable. This is not a new stance in the War on Drugs. But has it been working?

America is no closer today to solving the drug problem than it was 20 years ago. Teenage use is again climbing near the peak levels of the late 1970s, despite the drug policies in place. Over a half million marijuana-related arrests have been made during each year of President Clinton's term, but use of the drug by young people continues to rise. Stiff legal penalties fail to deter many drug users.

With this in mind, supporters of the Higher Education Act reform effort say the new law will not change anything for the better. It will only add to the problem by denying people opportunities to better their lives through education.

Reformers concede that Congress may have had good intentions when it allowed for the reinstatement of aid after successful completion of a drug treatment program, but they are quick to add that treatment options are simply unavailable for many people.

Many public officials, scholars and law enforcement personnel are looking for new approaches to reduce the harm caused by drug abuse. Last summer in an open letter to the United Nations, more than 500 global leaders said that the drug war is creating more harm than drug abuse itself.

Richard Seymour, from the Columbia University chapter of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, is helping with the Higher Education Act resolution effort. His plan is similar to that used to pass the resolution at RIT. "Here at Columbia, we are going to try and raise student

awareness of the issue through pamphlets and a forum. Then we will take it to the student government," said Seymour.

At Hampshire College, students added a clause to the resolution before their Community Council passed it, one they hope other schools will adopt. "It requires the Community Council to send an official letter to our congressman and senators stating their opposition to the part of the Act that denies drug offenders financial aid, along with a copy of the resolution that they passed," said student Alex Kreit.

After passing the resolution, the next step for many schools is legislative action.

At RIT, Students for Sensible Drug Policy is moving to the legislative front by forming the Coalition for Higher Education Act Reform. CHEAR plans to work with students, faculty and staff to raise awareness on the law and lobby for support in Congress. It now has several faculty and student members, but is looking for more people to get involved in the effort.

"This law hurts everyone," said CHEAR member and SSDP secretary Mitch Lawrence. "More education, not less, is the answer."



Chris Maj is the President of RIT's Students for Sensible Drug Policy (ssdp@mail.rit.edu)



Howard's Happy Hour

by Howard Hao

Yup. The inevitable and unbelievable has occurred. Grajiation is just around the bend and soon I will be whisked away to Sunny Buffalo. So this is the last one. It's been a great four years working with Hell's Kitchen. Back when the Melancholy Predator was still a kicking force. And now, the end of Howard's Happy Hour.

So do the Howster one last favor. Guarantee me that one last issue with all of these final works be published sometime before grajiation. Guarantee me that I shall be able to pick up one more issue before walking away from RIT forever. Without further delay, here it is. Will keep in touch. Farewell. Enjoy, but not too much...

Ode to the City of Rochester

The city of Rochester
 Reeks of violence and Yuppies.
 Tony road signs lead to
 Dead-ends, no outlets, nowhere.
 However, beneath the behemoth cloud
 Of toxic noxious menancing fumes
 They call Eastman Kodak, there lies
 A diamond in the rough facade that
 Rears its ugly mug each day. The
 Art and eatery cultures give grace.
 The Village Gate, 99BBF,
 Campi's, the MAG, the RPO,
 Dibella's, the Village Green, and the
 Little are but some of such quirks.

Disappointment

Unanticipation followed by
 Stymied thoughts. But a few
 Subtle clues were proposed
 At a different plane of view.
 Not taken seriously, these
 Nasty notions can come back
 And cause forlorn more than
 Even words can describe.

Hell's Kitchen

Submit!
 Submit, all you writers,
 Poets, bards of the world!
 We need your support!
 Submit!

Goodbye

Gone are the delicious times
 And memorable adventures.
 I hate saying goodbye.

Bitterness

I've had enough!
 He cried for the world to hear
 But of course, the world did not hear
 And no one paid any attention to
 A bitter, bitter crumpled garbage
 Stuck in a world of buzzing lights
 Of frozen peas and dirty laundry
 Infomercials and catalysts
 He jammed the barrel into his mouth
 Aimed but could not bring himself
 To pull the trigger...

Weariness and Its Course

flowing through the stygian nape
of cabezas beyond the imagination,
it relies not only on your powers
but feeds like ravenous vultures
on brains, turning into mishmash,
baubles dangling like toys on
baby's playpen contraption.
I need a break from it all, from
all the euphony, cacophony,
alliteration, assonance, asides,
and characterizations. away for
a minute disappearance.

Fiction for Free: Finale

by Howard Hao

...and so he finished scrawling the last line,
the last thought. So hard it was to think when
the mind is reflecting other matters. Carefully
laying the fountain pen down beside the well-
worn writing tablet, he took a brief moment to
stretch his tired, aching fingers over his head. A
feeling of relief and final understanding washed
over him. Glancing out the window, he saw the
bright, bright inviting sunlight and smiled to
himself. A lifetime of adventure experienced, but it was time to leave. Time to see new peo-
ple and to try new things; time to move on...time to move on. But time is of no essence, he
silently repeated to himself.

Sadly, slowly he rose from his cushioned seat and pushed the chair aside with a horri-
ble creak. He began to think aloud, savoring what little precious moments he had left at
this place. All of those wonderful times.

Good times and bad times. Now echoes of acquaintances, friends, ideas, and memories
flood his cluttered mind, forcing their way into his consciousness; they bring with them a
unwilling tear to his right eye. The people, the sights, the sounds, the harmonious inter-
twining of relationships, love, and life. Now only a slowly fading black and white photograph
heavily creased, wrinkled, lodged in his mind somewhere. It shall be treasured forever,
never to be traded for even the very vitality of his life.

Sighing, his nostrils were brutally assaulted by the dank, woody smell of the surround-
ing bevy of cardboard U-Haul packing boxes. Well, everything is all set and ready to go. In
a little while, a new life will begin and another chapter of his life will commence to write
itself. It is now all upon the very shoulders of Destiny and Fate. Time is of no essence, he
reminded himself as he trudged back to his makeshift table. He plopped down onto the
cushioned chair, letting loose a barrage of escaping air.

Reviewing his notes, he thought of a suitable final line which he quickly jotted down into
his literature: Farewell dear friends; may all your futures be grand and happy ones...

A Fond Farewell

-for Dr. Dick Doolittle

A fond and most sincere
Farewell to a sage and most
Outstanding and amusing soul,
A teacher, a thought-provoker,
A story-teller, and a listener,
A winner, a loser,
An entertainer, an audience,
A participant, a counselor,
A challenger, a prankster,
An honored guest, a guide,
A wild man, and a father.
But most importantly of all,
A wonderful and dear friend...

An ally in the otherwise

Harsh world of
Education,
Empowerment,
Entertainment, and
Experiences.

Thanks...

For everything

We salute the Great Dooman!

*"There is no easy way to say goodbye."
-Seal, "No Easy Way"*

SHOUT-OUT!

Here's to the end of a great and memorable four years at RIT!

-A special thanks to the educators that inspired me to produce this column: S. Abrams, S. Collins, J. Douthwright, P. Haggerty, M. Sullivan, M. Vaughan

-A warm, cuddly hug to the Hell's Kitchen gang: C. Diablo, Mark, Jenn, Steve, BJ, Ken, Clare, JR, Fucko, Big Daddy, Mack, Dan, Steph, Topaz, Sean, Kelly, and of course the new crew: Matt, Jeremiah, Adam, and Giles.

-A great big shout-out to: Big Jay, Shawnee Shawn, Josh the Kid, the Tubby Biaach, Big Joe, Curtis, Rainbow Brite, Golden Flower, and the Great Dooman!

-A final great big, super-duper, extra-special-with-a-cherry-on-top thanks to all the readers, fans, and critics of Howard's Happy Hour!

Miss you all lots! Please don't forget to write!

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A Path Without Pavement: The End of an Engagement

by Shawn A. Roussin

Without power steering, I have to hold my breath and work that wheel. By now, after years of navigating the same path, you'd think that old Gabriel would know the way home, but he doesn't. Perhaps the coating of dust and pollen acts as a blindfold. I'd wash it off, but it would only last a day or two, and besides, it masks the many dents and bruises scattered along his body. He is strong, dependable, and will outlive me I'm sure, but that's okay I guess. I've taken care of him for so long, now it's Gabe's turn.

Beyond the weeping trees that line each side of the gravel path, it is green, almost forever, until the hills crowd in and join hands. Their grip is not vulgar enough to hold back all that surges, and so, many breezes crawl over the green blanket to erect doll house sized tornadoes in front of Gabriel and I. The older I get though, the narrower this path seems. It was always only wide enough for Gabe (a '63 pick-up), but lately I am left wondering if its narrowing is a signal of my diminishing time.

Like a ritual, the horses dance, following a tattered course along the fence that travels the length of the path on the western side. When you are leaving, they bow their heads in mourning. When you return, they greet you, gallop about playfully, and neigh. But they always follow.

It will be hot tomorrow. Look . . .there . . .that pink tells me . . .that orange tells me . . .that sky paints its forecast. Submerging from the final duet of willows, I am overcome with feelings, and again I find it hopeless to try to fend off a smile. Gabe and I find our spot beside the stainless barn and we sit for a moment. My hands fall from the wheel and come to rest on my knees. Unconsciously, I lean forward and rest my chin where my hands once lay.

There is no one rocking, but the chair must think so because it moves back and forth in perfect time, yet it is uninhabited. It has stood on the majestic wrap-around porch since birth. Many neighbors have gathered around her . . .like the stack of hardwood in the winter and the hanging swing in the summer. Her skeleton forbids hard work, so she constantly sleeps, lying like an ornament on a midnight Christmas tree.

It is dark enough to not know if the paint on the house is glossy or flat, but light enough to know that it is white. Standing two and a half stories tall, it reeks of history. The shutters on the attic windows are closed and have been for years. Other windows only have one due to the unusually stormy winter that we had this past year. There is the one

that I placed by the bulkhead after it fell from the second floor last weekend. Several of the dark green louvers had cracked and come loose when it suffered the traumatic plunge. It's certainly an easy fix, but I'll tell you, one screw can cause endless procrastination.

As I made my way across the porch to the front door, each step was carefully planned. Like a tightrope performer on their tippy-toes, I avoided each board that would provoke creaking. I was trying not to make any noise, and must have looked like I was trying to not make any noise. Actually, I probably looked like a burglar, a stupid one for using the front door, but a burglar none-the-less. Who would know anyway? We live quite a distance from any neighbors. If you were to hold your arm straight out in front of you, give a thumbs-up, and close one eye in the direction of our closest neighbor's house, you could make their home disappear from view.

The screen door was silent as I pulled it open. The walk-in door was ajar and needed only a slight nudge to complete its journey of hospitality. The shadows that cast upon the cranberry walls seem to stretch infinitely to the ceiling. One entire wall is filled with books, treasures sitting on oak shelves, enclosed behind brittle glass doors. Each one framed in stained wood displayed a petite brass knob, tarnished and permanently finger-printed. Opposite the wall of books stands the magnificent mantle. It has been painted white, but years of fires had penetrated its purity. Deep, flawless carvings of laurel spoke of true craftsmanship. Photos in plain brass frames stand at attention in a line across the mantle's top, only to be divided symmetrically by a gold clock. Its pale face supports black Roman numerals that protrude from the hourglass figure. Unless you are concentrating on it, its cadence is inaudible. Most of the time my thoughts are louder.

A single oval carpet, light brown, covered half of the room, but is placed in the exact center. Wide pine floorboards of deep forest green mark the perimeter. Tiny gaps between them have filled with dirt that remains seeded there through each sweeping. The room is orderly and neat. Each item, each furnishing, serves a purpose, and has its place within the room. Add one candle and the room would be cluttered. Remove one picture and the room would crumble in its nakedness. Atop a sturdy floor lamp floats a cloudy shade that sprinkles light onto one end of the clean, yet worn sofa. The golden color is fading from years of feasting on sunlight that casts through the window. Many homemade quilted pillows lie neatly assigned to spaces against the backrest. Beside the couch is a small wooden end table that stands as high as the couch's arm. A half-full glass of iced tea rests comfortably at the edge, its remaining ice sweating to stay cool, but failing in the summer's heat. I am thirsty . . . very thirsty, but I am patient, because she lies there, and all of the temptations in this world can not break my stare at this moment. She is half-sitting and half-lying on her side. The back of her left hand rests across her brow as if it was dabbing a tear of perspiration. Her other hand caresses an open book below her breasts. Most of her shoulder length blonde hair is tied back except for a couple of locks whispering down her temples on either side. Traveling from her neck to her knees is a delicate white sleeveless nightgown decorated with elegant lace at the hem and at the point of cleavage. Both legs are bent and parallel, and her soft white feet only appear cold. My hands want to coat them. My fingers want to soothe them. Each toe is full, perfectly rounded, and decreasing in size. Their nails are that of a worker, short and outlined.

I know her eyes are blue because she has smiled at me before. She has kissed me before. But this time they are closed. Her long lashed have weighed them down. Is she thinking of me? I am paralyzed. Like countless nights before, I just want to watch her sleep, watch her breathe. I close my eyes to savor her. I am thinking of her . . . is she thinking of me?

Shawn A. Roussin is a Second Year Physician Assistant Student