



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

PUBLISHER: C. Diablo

EDITORS:

Matthew Weaver
 Jeremiah Parry-Hill
 Giles Francis Hall
 Adam Fletcher

LAYOUT:

Jeremiah Parry-Hill
 Matthew J Weaver

WRITERS:

Howard Hao
 Jeremiah Parry-Hill
 Sean Stanley

CONTRIBUTORS:

Jeremiah Parry-Hill
 Matthew J Weaver

CARTOONISTS:

John Holt
 Gil Merritt

All material copyright 1998
 Gracies Dinnertime Theatre and
 the respective authors.

Send submissions to:
gdt@hellskitchen.org

Or :

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
c/o Hell's Kitchen
472 French Road
Rochester, NY 14618

"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

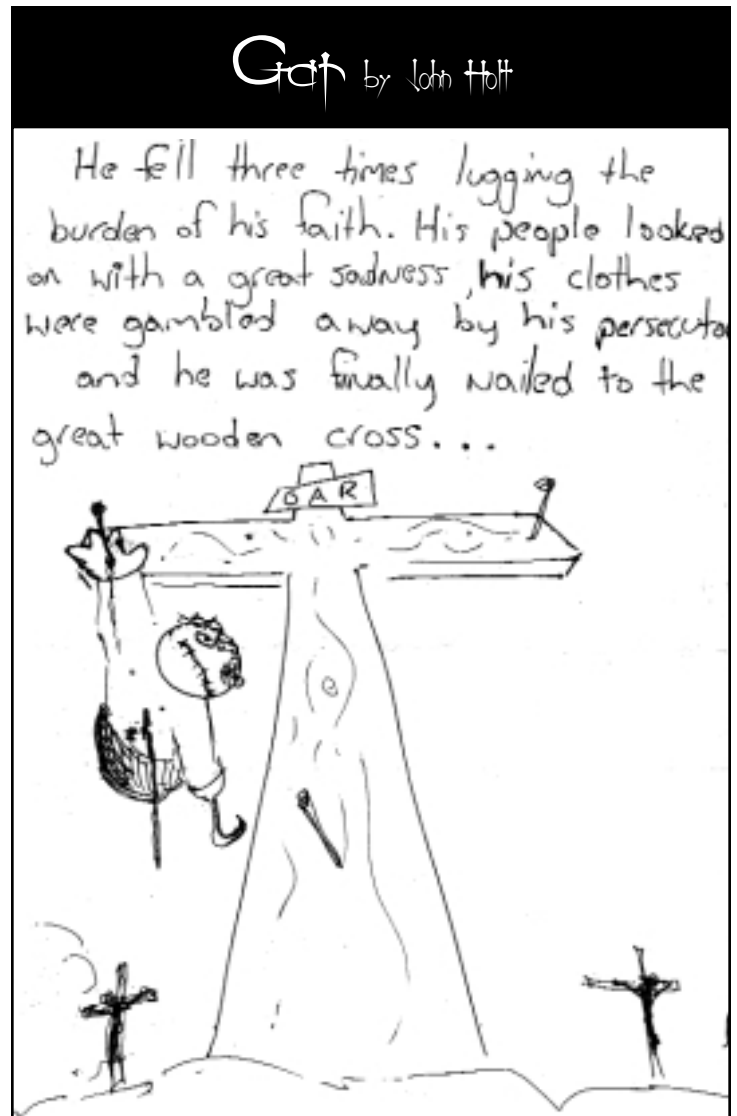
“I got a question. If you guys know so much about women, how come you're here at like the Gas 'n' Sip on a Saturday night completely alone drinking beers with no women anywhere?”

“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.

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."