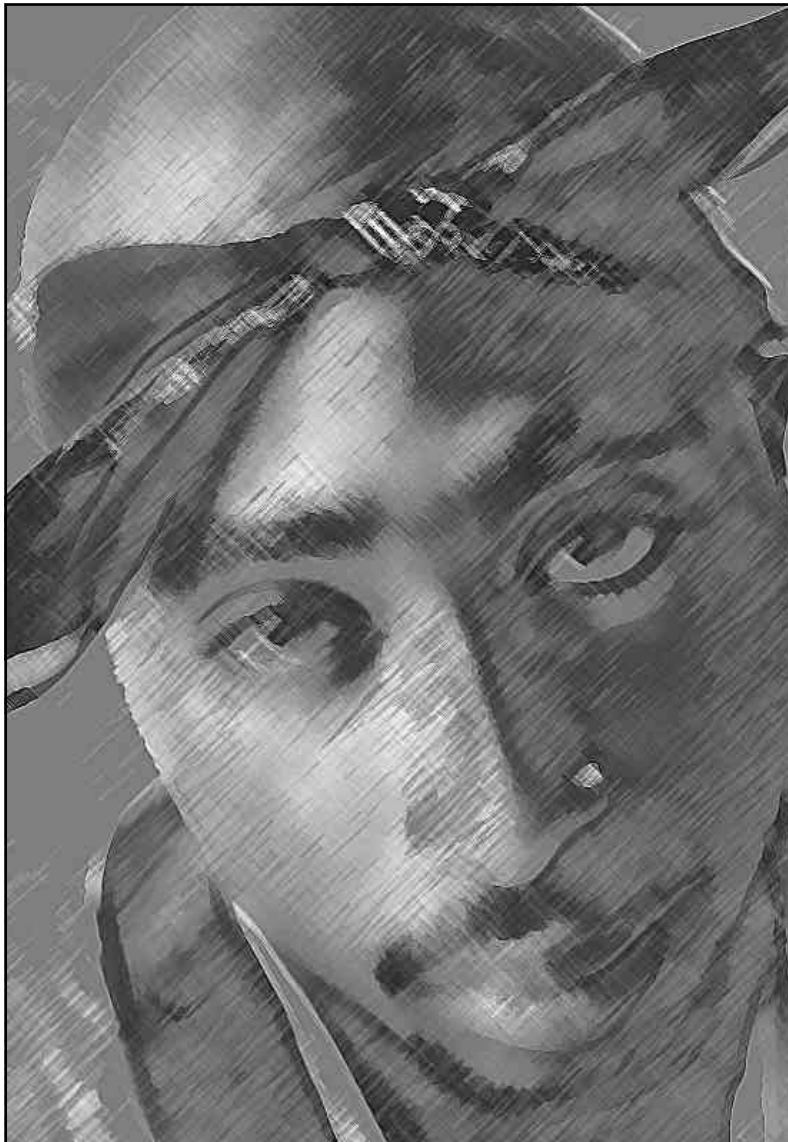




Gracies
Dinna'time
Theata'
(for all our dead homies)



We be mournin' ya 'til
we're joinin' ya.
1971 – 1996

The Magic Wondershow PRESENTS Gangsta Rap Hamlet

By Sean J. Stanley, Bard

Don't you hate when you have to make pleasant conversation with someone and you happen to ask them what sort of music they like and they give you this ubiquitous response:

"Oh, I like all kinds of music. I listen to pretty much everything....except for rap and country."

Why is it that most people are so obtuse that they fail to see the merits of a certain genre? I'll admit that I'm not rushing to the stores to pick up the latest Brooks & Dunn album or waiting in line to get my hands on the life and times of Ziggy Stardust...oops, I mean Chris Gains. I have, however, found merit in certain country tunes that inspire me to liquor up and say "fuck you" to anybody that has done me wrong in the past. I could offer any number of Johnny Cash, David Allen Coe, or Conway Twitty tunes that would do the trick, and anyone that has stayed for closing time at a karaoke bar knows that "Friends in Low Places" can turn even the most pathetic, drooling, shit-faced welfare junky sitting beside you into your best friend as your glass sways along with theirs in a precarious arc over your heads. Country music and rap have one thing in common, PAIN. Good country and good rap deal with angst. Some noteworthy scholars would argue that any good art must show insight into human suffering. (I don't know. That won't apply to most of Weird Al's songs.) It's interesting to see that when a country song tops the charts, chances are that there is a rap/hip-hop/R&B version floating around somewhere and vice-versa, case in point: "I Will Always Love You", performed with success by country music star Dolly Parton in the mid-eighties, and subsequently performed by self-titled diva Whitney Houston in the 90's for *The Bodyguard*. Such crossovers exist all the time between white people music (country) and black people music (rap/hip-hop/R&B). What? "Come on, Tourist, you're being racist!" Am I? Name a well known black country star. Name a respected white rapper (of course you'll say the Beasties, Eminem, and House of Pain, but do you really respect these guys? Lest I forget Vanilla Ice, Mack 10, and the Insane Clown Posse, rappers of who are held by the general populace holds in the highest regard.) I'm not making that statement to make a racial point, only that both genres garner success in discussing pain. In my humble opinion, rap and country music that does not deal with pain is shitty. Think about it. Country music can be divided into four subcategories:

Good country:

The bitch/bastard done me wrong or other such suffering

Bad country:

I love him/her
I love/hate a certain alcoholic beverage
I've made a song out of a popular catch phrase:
("I Guess You Had to be There", "Sometimes You're the Windshield, Sometimes You're the Bug" "Here's a Quarter, Call Someone Who Cares" and the like.)



The same treatment can be applied to rap:

Good rap:

There is something wrong with society
Let's have some fun (that doesn't involve killing people)

Bad rap:

I am a badass
I have sex with women
I have a gun and lots of money
I have found Jesus (but I am still a badass), i.e. DMX, Mase

If you'll notice the latter category of bad rap, you'll see that I'm describing the majority of modern rap artists. That's because most modern rap artists suck. They tend to spend all their time trying to usurp one another in material positions and "power", and the resulting drivel that winds up on the album reflects this self-serving bullshit. The good modern artists tend to be jolly, acting in the spirit of musical brotherhood, and concerned more about the content of their message, rather than the prestige that they attain from it. Notable examples of what I would consider "good" rappers (but what do I know?) – *The Roots*, who have worked wonders in reviving the beat box posses of the 1980's, *Busta Rhymes*, a walking cartoon character that uses cadence and inflection to make any string of words into good music, *Das EFX*, who sprinkle pop culture references throughout their lyrics, and *Coolio*, who can play around just as easily as he can turn the eye to the issues of urban life. I'm sure that there are more, but those are the few that spring to my mind right now.

Gangsta Rap? Well, the bad rap artists of the 90s/00s have simply bastardized gangsta rap to its most basal undertones. Name, rank, serial. Or, if you prefer, clever incorrectly spelled name (not because they're poking fun of societal norms, but because everyone else is doing it and it fits on a vanity license plate), type and caliber of weapon, model of currently owned Lexus or Acura, number of women in your entourage, amount of money you have. I submit to you the following commentary on the death of up and

coming 698lb gangsta rapper Christopher "Punisher" Rios (Biggie, part two) after his death from a massive coronary this past Monday:

"He was beloved, and admired, and accomplished, and rich," said his publicist, David Granoff. Known earlier in his career as Big Moon Dog, the entertainer was once an avid basketball player and boxer, but later said he took to eating until he couldn't tie his shoelaces..."

(from *The HipHop Archives*,

<http://www.hiphoparchives.com/>

Reporter-10/newshead.php3?suid=000234)

"and rich"??? That publicist has his priorities straight as far as impressing other gangsta rappers, however I'm not so sure that all those Benjamins will console his wife and three children.

They just don't get it, do they? We as an audience can't connect to something like that unless there is a context and a message behind it. Otherwise everyone and their grand pappy would be out there cutting albums. Maybe I'm in the wrong business because I could easily do that: "I gotz a huge wingg-wangg, uhhh", by Tourist-1. But I digress. We need to return to the roots of gangsta rap, back to the year 1989, when NWA offered for the parentally advised listening public, *Straight Outta Compton*. Met with huge success and public acclaim, as well as menacing attacks from suburban white people with children, interest groups, and the LAPD, this album was and still is the keystone and holy grail of gangsta rap. Why? Because there was a context for the message, there was a need for the message to be proliferated, and there was an intelligence behind the way it was presented. The maddest of all mad props must be bestowed upon Ice Cube. You gotta hand it to the guy, he's a pretty sharp dude. To Wit:

"Fuck tha police
Comin straight from the underground
Young nigga got it bad cuz I'm brown
And not the other color so police think
They have the authority to kill a minority

Fuck that shit, cuz I ain't tha one
For a punk muthafucka with a badge and a gun
To be beatin on, and throwin in jail

We could go toe to toe in the middle of a cell

Fuckin with me cuz I'm a teenager
With a little bit of gold and a pager
Searchin my car, lookin for the product
Thinkin every nigga is sellin narcotics"

(from "Fuck the Police")

Here's a guy that's had enough. It's a well known fact that paying selective attention to minorities (known professionally as "profiling" and highly illegal) is often standard operating procedure for police departments. This was certainly the case throughout the notoriously corrupt LAPD, under whose jurisdiction Ice Cube fell. Not surprising that only three years later, Los Angeles would be ravaged by riots as a result of such police corruption. The glory of being a gangsta is the hook for the music, but most fail to realize that it is a beautiful satire of what the police are really after when they profile someone. Pull over a black guy in an expensive car; let's see what we get. Granted, the misogynistic and egotistical overtones that are present in today's rap were apparent in his early offerings, however he was always able to maintain a sense of irony. Other early gangsta rap pioneers like Ice-T and Eazy-E managed to continue this sort of intelligent social commentary. Bumbling idiots like Snoop Dogg, and Dr. Dre were there early enough on the scene to get away with foul language tripe so that in retrospect, their music seems on point, but it's clear that they personified the self-serving aspect of gangsta rap that has taken hold today. If we're gonna like the music, we've got to feel the pain!!!

Which brings me to Hamlet—the ultimate ode to torturous pain and suffering. Baz Luhrman had the right idea—bring Shakespearian drama into the light of mainstream modern America, without cheesy choreographed dance sequences and a brooding, knife-wielding Richard Beymar. 1996's *William Shakespeare's Romeo + Juliet* was one of the best interpretations of the bard's play. Master thespians and theater teachers round the world may not think so, but every adolescent who was spared the pain of skimming the Cliff's Notes prior to an exam knows that the modernizing hooks in the film worked well. So why not other plays? Yes, it's been done, but not for the right people. *A Thousand Acres* was a modern inter-

pretation of *King Lear*, but the target demographic was women 34–56, certainly not the group that NEEDS Shakespeare. Same thing with *Richard the Third* and *Looking for Richard*, both excellent films, however billed as art films and only attended by hack intellectuals and snobbish Merchant Ivory junkies. Not for the kids. What we need for edjumacation today is something for the masses. Something that the MTV generation will understand. Why? Because the MTV generation gets to vote. The MTV generation will be filling important positions in government bureaucracy and economic infrastructure. I don't know about you, but I think that the wisdom of Shakespeare would not be a bad cultural influence for these motivated, self-starters. So here we go. Magic Wondershow Entertainment proudly presents:

GANGSTA RAP HAMLET

Dramatis Personae—(in order of appearance)

Bernardo and Francisco (the sentinels): DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince

Horatio: Dr. Dre' (henceforth known as Dre'tio)

Marcellus: Ving Rhames (Ok, well he's not a rapper, but there's only one Marcellus in my book, goddamit!)

The King's Ghost: Biggie Smalls

Prince Hamlet: Busta Rhymes

Claudius, King of Denmark: Puff Daddy (because he's capitalizing on the death of the king)

Queen Gertrude: Queen Latifah

Polonius: Ice Cube

Laertes: Snoop Doggy Dogg

Ophelia: Laryn Hill

Voltemand and Cornelius: Nate Dogg, featuring Warren G.

Reynaldo: B-Real

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (are dead): Bone Thugz N Harmony

Yorick: 2Pac

Fortinbras: Master P (riding his gold No Limit tank)



Here are a few possibilities for some scenes:

Hamlet: Listen up, niggaz. To be, or not to be, that's tha shit I'm dealin wit. Can't decide. Get my street cred in da brain wit *life*, Or to strap on tha gat, hand on the Glock, And by stepping to em: to die, to chill no more...

Hamlet: Check it, yo. Fuck. Yorick, I knew him Dre'tio, That funny motherfucker from around the way; clever little beyotch, doin' piggyback style: My mind runs wild. Those lips wif the stank bref. Who's jokin' now, fool? Rhymes? Layin' down the lines? Goofy shit that crack up the crew? Nobody here to pay respects?

Ya ya ya, ya ya.

Ya ya ya.

Get to my bitch and tell her I've got an itch. Make her laugh at that: Hey Dre'tio tell me one thing.

Dre': Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks. Lick on deez nutz and suck the dick.

Hamlet: You think Alexander comes spying on the scene?

Dre': How a nigga so young could bust a cap?

Hamlet: True dat.

Dre': Word is bond, my Lord.

Hamlet: Word is bond.

King: Throw me bottle of da OE. Hamlet, this dank nug is thine, Fire that shit up. Give 'em the fotie.

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Hamlet: (*dressed as a cowboy*). I gots that head nod shit that'll make you snap your neck. Come: another hit; what say you?

Laertes: A toke, a toke, pass that shit!

King: Fuck bein a broke nigga.

Queen: He's fat, and scant of breath. I'm ready to break my foot off in your anal. Ready to bring you pain, yo, comin' up wit the Play-Dough Style you stole

Hamlet: No doubt.

King: Yo Bitch, don't drink that fotie!

Queen: Fuck you, scrub-ass nigga.

She drinks.

King: It is the poison n' shit. It is too late.

Hamlet: Whoo-ha.

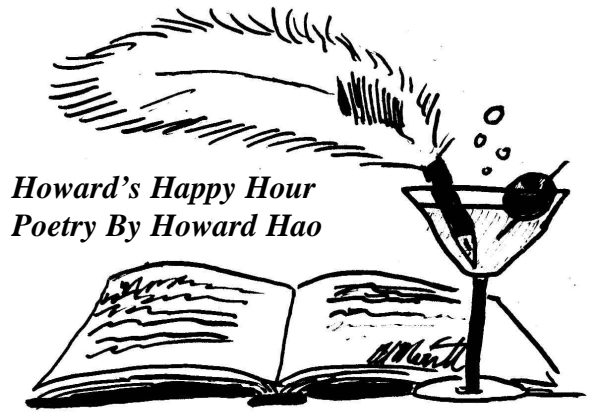
These are just a few examples of what could be. I think if Hype Williams or John Singleton directed it, with good art design and costumes by Tommy Hilfiger, you could make a pretty competent rendition of the play. Something that everyone could understand. But that's just me. I could be wrong. Tourist1 out.

The Rebellious Youthful Behavior

No...I don't need
 To follow in the shadowy
 Footsteps and inseams of
 Charred bodies taught by
 Posh and "well-mannered"
 Harlots. Nor do I need
 To understand the vitality
 Of the strange perversions
 Of classical behaviors.
 I am my own person.
 I am my own being.
 And I can make my own
 Decisions. Why bother
 Trying to impress with
 Boring and meddlesome
 Antics of a lost art?
 Bastards.

Back to Basics

To enter is divine
 To listen, even better
 To entertain and to be entertained
 By the rich harmonies of Nature.
 Life's own compositions
 Are intriguing in their own right
 In their own splendors
 And must be preserved as such.



Favored Definition of Competition

Leaving traces of tears and claw marks from day one,
 Things are done to our minds that cannot be easily undone.
 To crush all the competitors is what is instilled
 Into our feeble minds, feeding the growing will.
 Unfortunately, there is no such thing as easy persuasion.
 There is also no such thing as an easy imitation.
 After all, imitation is the highest form of flattery.
 But how is this possible in all this cacophony?
 Torrent fires burn with hatred and a fiery passion.
 Stomp the others out of existence with distractions.
 For it is he who makes the most that survives the game.
 Exactly who are we trying to fool? This is inane;
 Take out all the players and you're the sole survivor
 No more competitors in a world dependent on vim and vigor.



Join IASPYAPEC!

By Randall Good

We humans are a social species. We prefer groups to solitude, so it is not surprising that we have created many different groups with which to identify ourselves and others like us. There are stereotypes, races, ethnic groups, comrades, co-workers, classmates, families, tribes, and other what-have-yous.

There are also an alarmingly large number of social organizations out there which, defying universal logic, have found reasons to band together and EXIST.

There are a lot of worthwhile groups out there (the American Civil Liberties Union comes to mind). But, it seems to me, there are a lot of groups which seem to exist only to isolate narrow-minded people from each other. Too many groups are defined by very specific parameters. Here are a few examples:

Brothers United In Literary Text (BUILT): A book club for gay, male African Americans. Has literature really become this separatist?

Bike & Brunch: A Jewish singles bicycling club. Talk about choosy singles.

Women's Mountain Bike & Tea Society (WOMBATS): I guess the mountain bike and Gatorade women have to take their party elsewhere.

International Guild of Gay Webmasters: Oh sure, sexual preference and typing code have EVERYTHING to do with each other.

Christifideles Pizza and Theology Society (CPATS): If you think about it, pizza is about as good a lure as any for this Catholic club.

Sons of God Motorcycle Club: "Hell's Angels" always did seem like a contradiction in terms.

Most of these speak for themselves, but let me just say that I'm very curious as to how some of these interests get combined into a new super-hobby which must be advertised and enjoyed by a new club.

There are many organizations out there which don't even need to exist, like: **Towing Operators Working to Eliminate Drunk Driving (TOWED)**

(what a cute acronym!). Maybe I'm just too cynical, but the **National Association for Self-Esteem** should probably try a new approach towards achieving its goal. Groups tend to crush individuality, right? What about the **International Listening Association**, which focuses on the impact that listening has on human activity, a topic which boggles the mind if you actually pay attention at their meetings. I may be totally wrong, you know. After all, I scoffed at a group called **Bird Strike Committee, USA**, but it turns out that they prevent birds from causing airline accidents. Who knew?

There's also a tendency for these organizations to "acroname" themselves. I can understand why. It must be a real pain in the ass to have to always type **English Cocker Spaniel Club of Southern California** in your newsletter. But couldn't they find a more exciting or entertaining way to shorten their name other than going as "ECSCSC"? It would be incredibly awkward to drop that name at a party to impress your English Cocker Spaniel-loving friends. What about Cali Cock-Lovers? Say it in an English accent to denote which type of cock you love. What if you were at a bar and bought some beautiful woman a drink and then told her that you belonged to EUSIDIC? She would probably slap you, because that heavy acronym contains no hint of standing for **The European Association of Information Services**.

There are other groups which have names that are so clever that I couldn't care less what they stand for. Never mind that it's a Christian missionary group which has a complete lack of respect for the ideals of other cultures, **Mission: Himpossible** is the club to join! Based on their name, they seem to have a very ironic view on their work as missionaries. Another cool group I would like to join is **Pissed Off Women**. I wonder if they'll let me join.

Finally, there are groups that I can't believe exist at all. Wait. I actually have no trouble at all believing it because I'm reaching the end of this article and right now anything seems possible:

Funeral Car Addicts Anonymous (FCAA): For the millions of hearse connoisseurs out there. I know, you thought that you were the only one.

San Diego Spanking List: For males or females in the San Diego area that are involved, or want to be

involved in a spanking relationship. Ouch!

Society of Crystal Skulls: Organization devoted to research and education in the specific area of crystal skulls. What sort of animal has a crystal skull?

International Gay Rodeo Association: The link to their website states that one of the events involves putting panties on a goat. Whoa Billy!

I am going to start an organization called **International Association for Straight, Pagan, Yemen-Americans for the Preservation of Exported Cauliflower.** We'll call ourselves IASPYAPEC for short. Wait. I don't meet all of the qualifications. Damn it. (sigh)

MUCKRAKER

By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com
<http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>

Meanwhile, At The
**LONELY
HEARTS
VIDEO
DATING
SERVICE**



Euclidean Loser

by Sean T. Hammond

I recently ran into an old acquaintance at the RITPlayers' production of *American Clock* by Arthur Miller, where he asked if I'd be willing to make coffee for the crew to get wound up on after the final performance. It's important to understand that we're not talking about just any coffee. The coffee in question served as inspiration and energy for GDT all throughout the time Kelly Gunter and I ran GDT with iron fists (or feet...as the case may be). Cult-of-personality be damned! It was the coffee that kept GDT together.

For years I've kept the recipe under wraps, mainly because it took close to a year to work out all the kinks and figure out how to correctly scale it up to volumes large enough to sell (employing various techniques I wished I had never learned in stygian Industrial Microbiology). The first batch I ever made took four hours to make, but ingenuity and a little luck springing from laziness has resulted in a recipe that guarantees a damn good cup o' joe in about 30 minutes. In a fit of uncharacteristic love for my fellows, I present you with a protocol for making the fabled, mysterious, pos-div-ilicious...

(virgin) Cafe Diablo

Materials:

- 1.420L ddH₂O
- 200mL Brown sugar
- 200mL freshly ground coffee
- 3 whole cloves
- 1 stick of cinnamon
- 4.0g chamomile tea
- 28.35g unsweetened chocolate
- 2.5mL vanilla extract
- 1 large tea-ball
- 1 press pot
- 1 percolator

Procedure:

1.) Add 1.420L of ddH₂O to a percolator and heat to just below boiling.

2.) Transfer 470mL of the warm water to the press-pot and add 28.35g of unsweetened chocolate. Stir the chocolate and water until the chocolate dissolves. Author's Note: this step is the secret to making this coffee quickly and well. The chocolate adds a thick, nasty slurry of yuck if simply added to the water. By filtering the dissolved chocolate first, the nasty bits remain in the press-pot while the liquid with all the goodies goes into the coffee.

3.) Strain the chocolate using the press-pot and pour the chocolate suspension into the percolator.

4.) Add 200mL of brown sugar to the liquid in the percolator. Stir until it is dissolved.

5.) Put 4.0g of chamomile tea, 3 whole cloves, and 1 cinnamon stick into the tea-ball. Suspend the tea

ball in the liquid in the percolator.

6.) Add 200mL of freshly ground coffee to the coffee basket used with the percolator.

7.) Boil the water for ~20 minutes, or until the percolator shuts itself off (depending on which comes first). The coffee should have a vaguely burnt smell to it.

8.) Add 2.5mL of vanilla extract and stir.

9.) Allow the brew to sit for ~10 minutes before serving.

10.) For best results, serve with whipped cream.

The author, GDT, and Hell's Kitchen can not be held responsible if you fuck up your coffee machine making this, nor will they be held responsible for the consumer's sudden realization that chamomile tea and cafeine make for interesting times.

Chessy–Wessy–Woo–Woos

By Adam Fletcher

“Do you want the whole big cake, or the little spoonful of ice cream?”

“Nuthin.”

–Ken McBride, Rochester Chess Center teacher, speaking to a young player who took a pawn and not his opponent’s hung queen.

Children, today we are going to learn fundamentals. I’m going assume you know how to move the pieces and that’s about it. I’m going to teach you about the point value of pieces and how to count exchanges.

After you finish reading you will know what’s a whole cake and what’s a spoonful of ice cream.

Calculating exchanges when you know the piece values is as easy as addition and subtraction. You just add up the points you are giving to your opponenent and then you add up the points you are getting from your oppnentent. If you are getting more, the exchanges is better for you.

A Pawn is worth 1 point.

A Bishop or a Knight is worth 3 points.

A Rook is worth 5.

A Queen is worth 9.

A King is worth infinity; the whole game; the big mini mart; the shebang; the father son and the holy ghost. Everything. Don’t lose it. That’s bad; that’s when you lose the game.

The part about this being easy? Well, I was lying a little bit. What I didn’t tell you is that you may have lots of moves without captures that you must figure into your equations. Sometimes it may look like you get a Queen for nothing

Four problems, one board. The pieces can not pass the greyed squares. If it’s white to move, what should be played? If it’s black to play? Calculate using the point value of the pieces.

ing (9 points for 0 points), but if you add a bunch of moves in (probably moves involving checks), you end up without your King (in other words, 9 points for infinity points). The moral? Always listen for the sound of the grasshopper. Actually, it’s always be sure you are getting more than you are losing, or at least achieving equality.

Questions? adamf@csh.rit.edu

Notation Explained

Look to your left. No, your other left. That’s a chess board, and it’s set up correctly. The lower right hand square is white, as it should always be, and is at the coordinate h1, as it should always be. The squares are lettered horizontally, a through h, and numbered vertically, 1 through 8. Each square on the chess board can be identified by a letter/number pair, giving an absolute (always from white’s side) system to name squares.

When you notate a game, you write moves using the first letter of the piece, then the square it is going to. For Knights, however, you use N rather than K (K being for Kings). So moving a Bishop to a4 is written as Ba4. Pawn moves are often written without the P, just the letter of the destination square. (a4 is the move of a pawn to a4). Castling kingside is written as O-O, and queenside is O-O-O. If two pieces of the same type can go to the same square, the letter or number of the originating square is written after the piece, then the destination square (R5b5, or Raa8 for example).

Capturing is written by adding a x between the piece and the destination square (Bxh6, Bishop takes the piece on h6). Capturing *en passant* is written as axb3 e. p.

Promotion is written by suffixing the move with an equals sign then the letter of the piece to which the pawn promotes to (a8=Q, or a8=N).

Check is indicated with a + suffix, and checkmate with a #, or just checkmate. Resigns is written as “resigns.” The score is immediately written after the last move, in the form points - points, for example 1-0, or 1/2-1/2 for a draw.

All of these can be combined (axb8=N+, R5xh5# 1-0).

Whew. A little much, but if you do it a few times it’s really simple.

Episode 13...

Big Daddy: Hi, kids! Big Daddy here with another letter from one of the kids watching at home.

Kids: It's Howdy Doody time, it isn't worth a dime—*(Fucko cracks whip and leers, kids quiet down.)*

Big Daddy: Gordon Gano of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, writes, "Dear Big Daddy, me and some of the other kids in the band were sitting around talking about your show last week, and we were wondering about all of the green lakes in the world. Do those contribute to the green house effect of warming up the planet? Should we, you know, carry some bleach with us on tour and dump it into the green lakes we happen across? Sincerely, your biggest fan, Gordon."

Kids: *(Swaying, with cigarette lighters)* Do you like American music? I like American music...

Big Daddy: *(puzzled by the kids' reaction, but continues anyway)* Well, Gordon, that's a very interesting question. Scientists have been puzzled by the lake effect for years. Remember, though, what we learned about the beginning of life on the planet.

Suzy: Free-floating polypeptide chains—oops, I mean, chicken soup!

Kids: Hooray!

Big Daddy: I see Suzy has finally realized the power of the Dark Side. As she points out—

Bobby: But, Big Daddy, it really was amino acid chains and some lightning....

Fucko: *(interrupts)* Bobby *(vacuum cleaner noise)* I am your father *(vacuum cleaner noise)*.
(Bobby runs screaming from the room)

Big Daddy: Well, then, as Suzy pointed out, the world began as a big vat of soup. Later, as the cholesterol in the soup began to collect, continents congealed on the surface.

Kids: Gravy skin!

Big Daddy: Gosh, you kids are smart. So, the continents were like big gravy skins. But, it takes a long time for the gravy skin to harden all the way down to the bottom of the gravy boat, right? Now, even though the earth is very old, it is also a very big bowl of soup.

There are still some pockets of soup on the surface, and these are the lakes that Gordon is noticing. Obviously this soup has been sitting around since the beginning of time, so it's got some pretty funky stuff growing in it.

Kids: Leftover meatloaf!

Big Daddy: Now, these green lakes actually don't contribute to the green house effect, because they don't have phthaylocyanide in them. What makes lakes green is—

Suzy: Phytoplankton!

Big Daddy: Well, she hasn't completely reformed. Actually, kids, the lakes are green because of the chloroplastics in the critters that live in the lakes.

Kids: Photocopiers!

Big Daddy: Close, kids, but not quite. The chloroplastics are little green beads that let some of the things in the lake make their own food from sunlight. This process is called photosynthesis. Now, some things in the lake have to make their own food, because their little bowl of chicken soup

has been cut off from the other bowls, and there weren't enough cholesterol to go around. So, the critters that photosynthesize become food for the other critters. Can you kids say photosynthesis?

Kids: Polyester!

Big Daddy: Gordon, you shouldn't put bleach into the green lakes that you find, because they don't contribute to the green house effect, and also because they are the last direct link to the primordial soup of the past. Leave pollution to big industry.

Kids: Kodak! *(Lights in the studio snap off; the cameras stop rolling.)*

Camera Man: Cut! Cut! Big Daddy, it looks like they've pulled the plug...

Big Daddy: *(hastily packing a suitcase)* Why the hell couldn't you kids just say something like Microsoft?

The characters represented in this week's Big Daddy are purely fictitious; any resemblance to actual persons or places is coincidental.



gdt@hellskitchen.org

Episode 14...

Big Daddy: Hi kiddies! Boy, have we got an exciting show for you today! In the parking lot last night, Fucko was nearly impaled by a mysterious part of the natural world.

Kids: Six-inch stilettos!

Big Daddy: This object is so strange, we've called in a guest expert on everything, James Burke!

Kids: (*singing*) Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells...

Big Daddy: Hello, Mr. Burke!

James Burke: Well, hello, Big Daddy. What a fine crop of young ones you've got here.

Big Daddy: Why, yes, Mr. Burke, I'd have to agree.

Fucko is really the backbone of the operation, though. When I think of the hours he spent reforming Bobby in the Wrong Room, I get all teary. (*sniffles. Burke offers him a tissue. He blows his nose in a series of honks, and continues.*) Well, Mr. Burke, could you tell us what this mysterious object that Fucko found in the parking lot is?

James Burke: (*examines the object*) Well, you see, humans are curious. You want to know what this is. Well, it's a horse chestnut. The horse chestnut was invented in 1758 when Sir Arthur Wallace...

Big Daddy: Thanks, Mr. Burke. It looks like it's time for you to go make a documentary. (*Fucko removes Burke, who protests momentarily.*)

Big Daddy: Well, now that Mr. Burke has provided us with that wonderful insight, it's time for us to figure out more about the horse chestnut.

Suzy: Socrates!

Bobby: Socrates drank hemlock and died!

Kids: Hooray!

Big Daddy: (*to Fucko*) Isn't it nice to see Bobby serving as such a role model for Suzy?

Fucko: Yes, Big Daddy, I, I mean we, have taught him well!

Big Daddy: Now, what do you kids know about chestnuts?

Kids: We three kings of Orient are; bearing gifts; we've traveled so far...

Big Daddy: Okay, kids, but what about chestnuts specifically?

Kids: Chestnuts roasting on an open fire, Jack Frost nipping at your nose...

Big Daddy: Exactly! That Christmas carol contains some very important information about chestnuts. Now, of course we want to eat the chestnuts, because part of our job here at the top of the food chain is to try to eat everything.

Kids: Anthrocentricism!

Big Daddy: The horse chestnut has lots of proteins, because it is part horse and part nut. What do vegetarians eat to make sure they get enough proteins?

Kids: Nuts and twigs!

Big Daddy: Wow, you kids are smart! Because of all of its proteins and its prickly outer covering, we can see that the horse chestnut is related to the puffer fish, and also that vegetarians would really like to eat it. They probably would ignore the little bit of horse that's in them, because they grow on trees and are prickly.

Kids: Masochism!

Big Daddy: All of those vegetarians need to be really careful, though, and so do you kids, because the puffer fish and horse chestnuts contain powerful poisons. Eating improperly prepared chestnuts or puffer fish can give you tetradoxin poisoning. Puffer fish and horse chestnuts are both remnants, like living fossils, of the time

when things in the big bowl of primordial soup were just starting to eat each other. The horse chestnut and the puffer fish both went all-out and grew spines. The tetradoxin is actually contained in the spines. Now, your mommy probably won't be making you puffer fish at home. She might want to make chestnuts, though, and it's very important that you follow the instructions in the song.

Kids: Black Sabbath!

Big Daddy: You just need to roast the chestnuts over an open fire, and make sure a window is open so that your nose is cold. You could also have the family dog do the roasting, since dogs noses are always cold.

Kids: ASPCA!

Big Daddy: So now you kids know all about horse chestnuts. See you next time!

Big Daddy's Biology Show



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Homewrecker, appearing here
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“One must wonder what the founders of your publication think about the new lows you have been reaching.”

—Daniel Lerner, *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, Volume 15, Issue 5

[A letter to a reader, from Kelly Gunter, co-founder of GDT.]

Some people might wonder, I suppose, if they have nothing more meaningful to do with their time. But seeing as the independent publication of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* was originally my idea, I haven't even wasted a first thought on the issue, let alone a second. My salutations must go out to Mr. Lerner— if for no other reason than he has forced me to rise off my slowly expanding backside and jump back into the writing arena to explain why his recent letter filled me with more horrific shuddering and confusion than a birthday clown's grand mal seizure in the midst of the balloon animal demonstration (with mildly fewer hissing noises and a smaller percentage of the spit spewing rubber).

A facial twitch began to bother me only after my eyes passed over the words,

“The First Amendment in our country's Bill of Rights provides the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech. I fully believe in this right. However, perhaps Mr. Stanley and the rest of the staff of GDT should remember this is not only a right, but also a privilege. It's something we should all respect and not take for granted, nor abuse.”

I suppose this is more of a rhetorical question, but how many times have you ever heard anyone express this opinion when they actually approved of or agreed with what was being said? There's no finger counting necessary for this one; just a handy little Arabic/Mayan invention known as zero. It is a sentiment reserved chiefly for the self-righteous, the self-aggrandizing, and of course the appalled. But what precise confabulation of words warranted such a response?

Mr. Stanley merely expressed the opinion that Phi Sigma Pi is not worthy to be called a “fraternity” because it did not feel obliged to perpetuate the fraternity stereotype of consuming copious quantities of alcohol while simultaneously terrorizing the “new blood” into a cult-like pasta-induced state of mindless submission.

<sarcasm> God, I mean, the nerve of him! </sarcasm>

So this leaves you with a choice of three possible meanings behind these statements:

a) Mr. Stanley is, in fact, a trained chimp pulling words out of a black ski mask in a vain attempt to fill the endless white space encountered by this second rate publication.

b) Mr. Stanley is trying to employ such techniques as sarcasm and irony to amuse a small minority.

c) Mr. Stanley intrinsically believes everything he writes through the misogynistic, shock-jockey, drug-induced stupor he miserably parades around as a life, and has nothing but malice for anyone who fails to follow in his delusional footsteps.

Continued on back cover..

SUBMIT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Your letter seemed to indicate you favored choice C. If this is indeed the case, why even bother to complain when Mr. Stanley perpetuates the case against himself by his very existence?

What I really wanted to address were some of the fallacies I found in the close of your letter. Specifically:

“One must wonder what the founders of your publication think about the new lows you have been reaching. If your purpose is no longer to educate and amuse but rather to insult then I guess you’re doing fine.”

This founder really wonders where it was you ever got the idea that *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* was a noble institution. How can I do anything but scoff at the “new lows” when I have such intrinsic knowledge of the old lows? Since the inception of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* we have indicated that NAFTA was merely a way for Taco Bell to import dead Mexicans as “processed meat”, Ethiopian children would make smashing fly paper, Hitler’s Final Solution was divine justice for the death toll the people of God accrued in the holy land just after their Exodus, promoted suicide on numerous occasions, and that a precisely placed crack pipe might lure the most discerning inner city resident into a bait and shoot situation. So if you think I should feel ashamed because Mr. Stanley—one of the few people at this school who decided to carry on this experiment in my absence—sarcastically illuminates the virtues of your fraternity, you would be quite mistaken.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre started out as a joke. It wasn’t until our fourth issue attracted hate mail that we finally knew we were on to something. What this all boils down to, Mr. Lerner, is what was written by the author of our first beloved hate mail: “...it’s always funny when people are ripping apart other people, until it’s you that’s getting ripped on.” The funniest part of the whole situation at the time was that the article he was all worked up about was “ripping” into me specifically.

There have never been any sacred cows at GDT. We plunder the apparent humor of our own lives as readily as that of others. We attack everything and everyone from as many angles as we can come up with, shredding the outer edges of our society and the world at large. This is by no means a noble pursuit, but humor by its very nature will always be ignoble from at least one perspective. Comedy can never be politically correct no matter how righteous and beautiful the spirit of its creator, which is probably why I love it so.

So, what does this founder think of the present state of GDT? I may not agree with Sean Stanley, his word choice, or creative style all the time, but there have been moments in which I’ve seen the lad create pure gems of imaginative genius. Hell, I don’t even agree with some of the stuff I’ve written, but sometimes it’s how you write it, or even why you write it. GDT was made to reflect the people who work on it, and that can be a few dedicated individuals or a host of collaborators. The beautiful thing is that if you don’t like it, you can come on in and change it, you always have that choice.

If by this time you still haven’t discerned my opinion on the matter, I quote a fellow mortal humorist when I say, “...eat a candybar out of my ass, I’m out of here!”

–*Kelly Gunter*



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What Valentine’s Day is all about.

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