



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

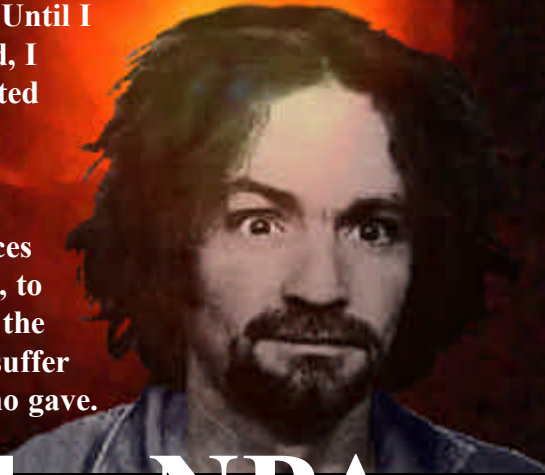
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www.hellskitchen.org/gdt



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As anyone in the know knows, throughout the country, and the world: the lawyers, courts, and government of the US lie and cannot be trusted. I am Abraxas, the son of God, the son of Darkness, and I stand behind ALL the courts of the world. Until I get my rights, no one has rights. I'm God's messenger from and in the truth, brother and son to all men. Until I get the same rights my fathers had, I will stand in Nixon's place, convicted as the false prophet.

There are many people who have already made a lot of sacrifices in order to turn the world around, to redeem their own at the NPA. So, the people who lie and have lied will suffer the sufferings of a lot of people who gave.



I am the NPA



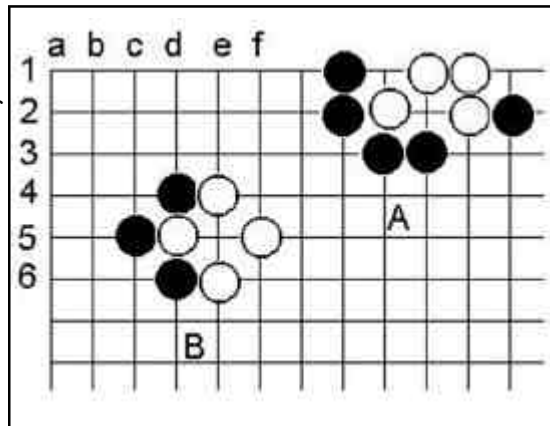
Become a member of the National Potato-Gun Association today, and receive this free "silver spud" keychain as our thank you gift for supporting America's right to shoot spuds anywhere, anytime, and at anyone.

Go, Lesson 1

by Tom O'Dachi

Go, Igo, Wei Qi, or any of several other names, stand for the same game, invented in China and gradually refined in Korea and Japan. It remains one of the great unsolved computer problems, and in the Orient is as popular as is chess in Europe. Currently, Go is played on a 19 by 19 grid with black and white pieces. We'll start with a basic introduction; after this the column will focus on problems and strategy.

Black goes first. A stone can be placed on any intersection on the board, so long as the stone is not immediately killed. Stones in the center of the board have four adjacent intersections, or liberties. On the edge of the board, stones have three liberties, and in the corner, they have two. If one or more stones of the same color are immediately adjacent (next to each other along a line), they become a group, and share liberties. When all of a stone's or group's liberties are taken by stones of the opposite color,



the group dies, and the dead stones are taken as prisoners. When a group has one liberty left, it is considered polite to announce the threat. The Japanese word for this is 'atari', like the old game system. It's sort of like chess's 'check'. A shows five different groups: three black, and two white.

In B, black has the option of killing the white stone at D5 by playing at E5. However, as far as we know now, white could just take back at D5, and the game could go on forever. To prevent this, the rules require white to put a stone somewhere else on the board before taking back at D5, allowing black a move to fill in at D5. If one stone will make a significant difference in the game, as often happens, white will try to create a threat to which black must reply, allowing white to retake the stone. This is called a 'Ko' fight.

The Go Club meets Tuesdays in room M1 of the SAU.

All are welcome.

Schedule vs. Schedule

by Andrew Gill

Over a year ago, it came to the attention of many administrators, including President Simone, that the retention rate of the Institute had fallen significantly within recent years. During the first week of the crisis, a task force was set up in the Prime Minister's office to deal with the refugee situation ("the War Room").¹ The task force was also charged with the responsibility of setting a reasonable goal for the Institute's retention rate in the future. This gathering of 200 delegates from 50 nations in the capital of Honiara came at time of increased violence in a conflict that has been largely ignored by the international community and left at least 60 people dead and up to 20,000 displaced since October 1998.² The Institute's Provost and Vice President for Academic Affairs, Dr. Stanley McKenzie, believes that early intervention is a foremost strategy that needs to be set into action. He also said the European Union is prepared to airlift as many as 100,000 refugees out of the region with "several thousand" going to the United States as part of a temporary relief effort.³ "It's my opinion that

this report is flawed in its findings," said Dr. James Scudder. Some of these articles concerned alleged eyewitness reports of human rights violations by members of the Yugoslav army and Serbian police and paramilitaries in Kosovo.⁴

Another concern harbored by those who oppose the semester system is that of restructuring certain curriculums. The government has lessened its totalitarian controls in social welfare, job allocation, ideological control of university curricula, freedom of travel, and strict resident registration.⁵

The results of the student polls of attrition were not in the least bit an accurate representation of the reasons behind student attrition. America has criticized us for suppressing students; in handling its internal student strikes and unrest, didn't America mobilize police and troops, arrest people, and shed blood?⁶ MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD! GO ONLINE NOW AND VOTE ABOUT THIS ISSUE! There is widespread fear that violence could explode in the territory after the ballot's result is announced, especially if the vote is close and the losing camp refuses to accept defeat.⁷

1. <http://www.unhcr.ch/evaluate/kosovo/ch3.htm>

2. http://web.amnesty.org/_80256817005c4453.nsf/747054d7fd43f9328025693e00500113/76907ed086c662b7802568e4005cae5e?OpenDocument&Highlight=2,hostages

3. <http://www.nando.net/Kosovo/story/general/0,2773,34747-55941-410034-0-herald,00.html>

4. <http://www.web.amnesty.org/ai.nsf/index/EUR700342000>

5. http://204.202.137.117/sections/world/DailyNews/chat_shentong.html

6. <http://www.nmis.org/gate/chronology/Deng.html>

7. <http://www.guardianunlimited.co.uk/indonesia/Story/0,2763,200836,00.html>

All other material:

http://www.reportermag.com/2000/10/06/Features/halves_and_quarters/index.html

House of Fun

by Rich DeTommaso

As I sat there, drinking a tall glass of purified, filtered, designer water, I realized that there must be more to life. I wasn't put here to drink water with someone's name on it. I wasn't put here for anyone but me. What do I want to do with myself? Why am I here? Why am I whoring out my life to three-piece suits?

I can see them now, Brooks Brothers from head to toe, something resembling a dead cat on top of their fat heads. Moustaches, a must. Never trust *anyone* with a moustache. A moustache is like a mask, hiding what lies deep within. I can still see them, laughing their asses off, knowing that somewhere, someone is drinking their urine. Not too much, just a smidge, but urine nevertheless.

And how do these fat heads feel? Do they feel as if they've accomplished something? My whole life: drinking urine, eating rat shit (burger form, of course). Never get a milkshake from a diner. Or potato skins, either. Second and third hand potatoes that aren't passable for another side of baked potato. Sure the baking kills most of the bad stuff, but what remains?

What do I do with my free time? Reading the scripted 'news,' watching life unfold in front of my tel-

evision set, being massaged by my thousand dollar reclining chair with the mini fridge in the arm.

When I'm not jerking off at work, I sit behind my desk, flipping through the reports that come my way. My bosses say I'm not a team player. Again, the grade school report card comments: "Not working up to potential."

The truth is, in any given day, I work for about an hour. This is real work. Not the shit that you do to take up the space between the time you arrive and your lunch break. The number crunching, using god-awful formulas named after some wanker who was stillborn, going on with his short, meaningless life cooped up in some lab. Testing, retesting. Is that what Dr. Whoever wanted with his life?

If that's what life is, then what's the point?

The date: Today, even if you're reading this the 40th time.

The setting: The Amazon basin.

No bottled water, no massage chair, no formulas...

Total freedom to do what *I* want, not what the bosses want. I have been given the freedom to express myself. What you will read is my life, written by me, unedited, uncensored and completely true. This is me.



The Exploits of RJ & Physics Girl

Apparently life in the dorms has worn itself a bit thin. In distributing GDT throughout the residence halls, we noticed a few things:

1. All of the elevators have been refurbished with decorative satin-steel wall plates. There might be water damage to the ceilings, chunks of wood missing from the floor, and the cable sounds like it's fraying as it goes, but damnit if the walls aren't shiny! Yet another RIT innovation.
2. Every stairwell has a distinct odor. Fish smells like relish, NRH like the green stickers that cause kidney failure, and the upper Gleason stairwells like urinal cakes. There must be a connection somewhere.
3. As if Monday night didn't bring wrestling to a large enough bunch of idiots, and China's latest

Playboy pictorial didn't bring a larger crowd of idiots, fear not: Backyard wrestling has been introduced in RIT's residence hall lounge. That's right, now there's a HUGE bunch of idiots wrestling on mattress pads in their lounge. On Wednesday night of all times. Thankfully we didn't quite remember which floor we were on.

4. There's a guy in Gleason (we think it was Gleason) who can play Metallica songs on his guitar ... but seriously folks, who can't? A round of applause for you, sir. For the boys in Fish who asked: IT'S MOVIE TIME!

If you don't find yourself amidst our musings, apparently you didn't impress us with your poise, audacity or stupidity. Or perhaps walking up and down all those stairs did a number on our feeble brains.

RJ & Physics Girl (rj_wilco@hotmail.com)

The Moby Concert

by Phil Light

...OK, let me start this off by doing my best *Reporter* impression...

Last night, Friday, October 13th, the moon was full and the student body was out in droves. They came to see Moby, and they were not disappointed. The opening act was Hybrid, and they were just swell too. But then, out came Moby, and many fans kindled their glowsticks. He started by playing...

Pretend you're a fourth grade teacher, and one of your little cherubs just handed this in. "Thank you Jimmy, good work!" You would put a nice big smiley face or perhaps a shiny star, and put a checkmark in your big black grade book. Seems like a good course of action, I'll be sure to do it when I get my copy.

Now my own (original and unadulterated) thoughts on the Moby concert.

First, I was impressed by his instrumental skill—be it guitar, bongos, or synthesizer. While he's definitely not the world's best vocalist, he played with speed, intensity, and passion. When there was real singing to be done, he turned it over to the "voluptuous" Diane. I'd be willing to bet that that woman could really belt out some tunes if you let her...of

course, when I'm criticizing his singing, that only applies to the clean vocals, when he was stuck down in the low registers. I'm thinking of songs like "Run On" in particular. On the other hand, his voice was ideally suited to "The Sky is Broken," my favorite piece of the night. So that's really my only criticism with the performance itself.

His playlist was well tuned. The first twenty minutes or so was steady, driving, music for anyone to dance to. (Now we get to the real point of my little writings here, but I'll get to that later) After a while, participants got tired, so he indulged us with some slow, acoustic stuff to let everyone settle down. This was much appreciated by yours truly, because I was getting hella tired, and wanted a drink. The second half of the show, he continued pumping us up and then letting everyone rest. So I thought his singing was a mixed bag, but song selection was impeccable, and his talent undeniable.

The real impetus for me to write, in fact, was not Moby at all, but you, comrades. We sux. When it comes to engineering, we're domineering, but our fanning consists mainly of standing. He's playing; we're content with swaying. We stood there, placid, flaccid, while the band acted like they were on acid.*

* They weren't, as far as I know. Moby keeps himself drug-free, but the point I'm making has to do with intensity.

Come on, people! That was a concert, not the third hour of a Liberal Arts lecture! We had all our midterms this past week, so we had nothing to worry about. The grades are already on the books, so for better or worse, it was time to cut loose. I think I might have seen a few weirdos cutting the cheese, but only about 5 people in that whole gym were concerned with cutting any rugs. It's appalling, really. No wonder big acts aren't lining up to come to RIT—I've seen dentist's offices with more activity.

Now those of you who were down in front of the stage, it's not really your fault, there wasn't any room

to move down there. Jumping in place and clapping hands was about the best anyone could do. I'm really seeking to be speaking to the weaklings in the bleachers. If you wanted to sit in place and read a book, I have a few toilets I could recommend.

So come on kids, join in; no one's a weirdo if everyone does it. Quit worrying if you're blocking the guy's view behind you, get up and stomp! Jump about recklessly! Flail your arms if you will, no one will criticize you. Feel the music, join with your peers. It's ok to become impassioned; life is not about the seeing, but doing. Involve yourselves.

Chess: It's time to change Gods

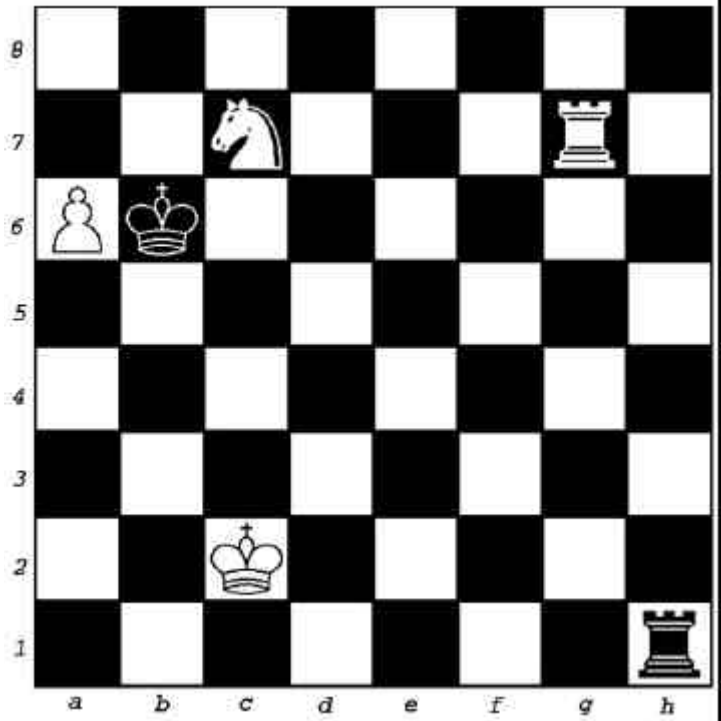
by Adam Fletcher

HOLY LIVING MOTHER OF GOD KASPAROV IS LOSING TO KRAMNIK JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY.

The world chess championship is going on as you read this. Garry Kasparov ("God" in chess circles) is matched against Vladimir Kramnik ("Vlad the Impaler" in chess circles). Garry has been world champion for a long time, ever since he beat up the previous god, Anatoly Karpov (but let's be honest, he wasn't really the best, he got the title because Fischer didn't feel like playing that week). Kramnik, at 25 and rated 2751, is number two in the world and a solid positional Grandmaster.

Before the match began, it was widely believed that Kasparov would clean up, smoke a cigarette and call it a day, but that is not what is happening over the board. As of Monday, in the 16 game match (highest points wins, a draw in points is a win for the current world champion), Kramnik is ahead 3-2, a full point after five games, a point he earned because Kaspy spazzed out and dropped a piece in the second round.

I'm not going to pretend to be able analyze GM play, so I'm going to talk about when they played like a 1500 player who had smoked too much crack. If you are following the match, you know I am talking about game four. The diagram shows the position after **58. ... Rh1**, a serious blunder on Black's (Kasparov's) part. For shame Garry, but even more for shame is that Kramnik didn't play the winning move. Take a look at



Kramnik vs Kasparov, Round 4, WCC 2000
White to play and win.

the diagram and see if you can find it. Take a nice look—if you play chess you should be able to see the mate threats and the forced win for white. Kramnik couldn't see it, and it's obvious to me, a 1400 player. As my friend Rory pointed out, "Kaspy proolly said, 'Good game, thanks. HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA GOD YOU ARE DUMB!!!!11111!!!!' "

For more info, check out www.braingames.net or www.kasparovchess.com

The RIT Chess Club meets Wednesdays, from 7 until they kick us out, in room M1 of the SAU.

Cult Corner



by Sean Hammond

hat's with all the heretics?" a voice from the front row shouts. "This is supposed to be *Cult Corner*, so make with the cults!" Fine.

Welcome to the wonderful world of the Oneida Community, perhaps one of the coolest utopian communities started in the United States. Cults and other societal subcultures (like zines for example) almost always develop around charismatic individuals. That being said, let's take a quick look at John Humphrey Noyse.

Born in 1811 at Brattleboro, Vermont, Noyse was one of eight children. On his maternal side, he was related to President Rutherford B. Hayes, while his father was a successful businessman and United States Congressman. Growing up in Putney, Vermont, Noyse was remembered as being shy around girls (remember this when he starts promoting "free love" later on. It's fun to psychoanalyze!), but taking leadership roles amongst his friends. After attending Dartmouth College, Noyse started as an apprentice in a law firm, but quickly gave it up and returned home in the 1830s.

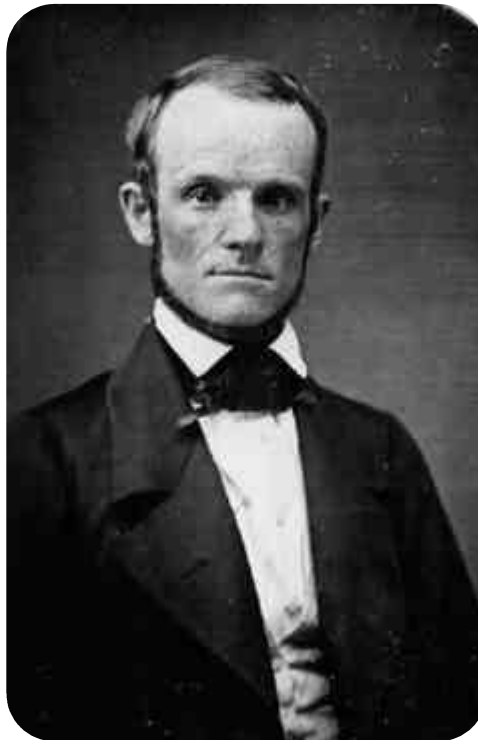
During this same time, the northeastern part of the United States was the scene of massive religious revivals. These turbulent times would give rise to various traveling freak-shows, including the Christian Scientists, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and...the Oneida Community.

In 1831, being a religious leader was the furthest thing from Noyse's mind. Apparently the event that changed Noyse's life was a four-day religious revival held in Putney. Noyse attended the meetings and left a changed man. Within a few weeks Noyse had enrolled at Andover, and then Yale, in theological seminary.

He was granted a license to preach in 1833, though he developed a reputation for being a radical. Finally, Noyse was summoned before the theological faculty for declaring that he was without sin. When Noyse refused to recant for his heresy, his preaching license was revoked.

Ah, sweet, sweet heresy.

By this time, Noyse was 23 years old and had no intention in stopping his preaching. "I have taken away their license to sin, and they keep on sinning. So, though they have taken away my license to preach, I shall keep on preaching." He taught a form of Perfectionism in which Christ had already returned to earth in 70 AD, so redemption from sin was already a done deal; that man could live a sinless life. With no one taking him seriously, Noyse returned home to Putney in 1836. There, things started to happen.



John Noyse: man with a plan.

First, his sisters Charlotte and Harriet converted, followed shortly by his brother George, then his mother. Slowly, converts trickled in, and by 1844 the adult membership was around two dozen. In the beginning, the members lived in separate houses and worked at normal jobs, but that would eventually change due to five deaths that scarred Noyse.

Marrying Harriet Holton in 1838, five of the six children they had were stillborn. Noyse was profoundly saddened, not only for the loss of his children, but for his wife. Unwilling to believe that it was a woman's lot in life to have to bear children who might live or die, Noyse thought long and hard. Unwilling to accept celibacy as the answer, Noyse developed what he called *coitus reservatus*, or male

continence. Don't get it? Well, Noyse says it fairly clearly:

...WE [ONEIDANS] INSIST THAT THIS WHOLE PROCESS, UP TO THE VERY MOMENT OF EMIS-SION, IS *VOLUNTARY*, ENTIRELY UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE MORAL FACULTY, AND *CAN BE STOPPED AT ANY POINT*.

IN OTHER WORDS, THE *MOTIONS* CAN BE CONTROLLED OR STOPPED AT WILL, AND IT IS ONLY



The community around 1860

THE *FINAL CRISIS OF EMISSION* THAT IS AUTOMATIC OR UNCONTROLLABLE.

Still don't get it? The men wouldn't ejaculate. There, I said it. Happy?

While Noyse was formulating this novel solution, his followers had begun to integrate their lives. Previously, members had lived in separate homes and worked at their jobs, but by 1844 the Putney Perfectionists had adopted economic communism. They shared their work, their food, living quarters, and their resources. The children attended a common school, and all the members would meet once a day for Bible study. Finally, in 1844, armed with Noyse's doctrine of male continence, the Perfectionists began the practice for which they would be best remembered: they started sharing their spouses. The phrase "free love" originated with Noyse, but would later be replaced with "complex marriage," as he didn't like the implications inherent in "free love."

Keep in mind that this was the 1840s. When word got out about what the Perfectionists were doing, the townspeople were unhappy. Eventually, Noyse was indicted on adultery by a grand jury in October 1847. Released on bail for \$2000, Noyse promptly packed up his things and led his followers to New York...to protect

them from mob violence, of course. He never stood trial on the charge.

Thanks to the practice of free love, the popular press was giving Noyse a great deal of free publicity. In 1847, there were several scattered Perfectionist groups. One of these groups owned a large tract of land along Oneida Creek in upstate New York. Arriving in Oneida, Noyse and his little band began to clear the land, work as farmers, and buy nearby acreage. By 1848 the group owned almost 600 acres and had 87 members living in the community. By 1849, the population had more than doubled.

Living in the home of the man who donated the land to the group and the Indian cabins that were abandoned once the whites forced their previous inhabitants onto a new reservation, the group's first major project was the construction of a communal home. Starting as a wooden building, it acquired the name Mansion House. To keep up with a population that kept expanding, the wooden home was eventually replaced by a brick structure onto which various wings were added.

Designed by Noyse, every factor in construction stressed the concept of the group versus that of the individual: a communal dining room, library, concert hall, etc. Things deemed "anti-group" were banned, such as



East side of the Oneida Mansion

tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol, on the grounds that they were habit forming, and therefore detrimental to the group. In one case, even individual dolls that the children played with were deemed “anti-group” once the children began playing with them too much, and were destroyed.

Maybe the Oneida Community can best be summarized by their obsession with change. They’d change everything: the number of meals in a day, when food was served, and work schedules. They even had a tendency to rearrange their rooms on a regular basis. Their local newspaper, the Circular, had this to say in its 25 April 1864 issue:

“IT IS A POINT OF BELIEF WITH US THAT WHEN ONE KEEPS CONSTANTLY IN A RUT, HE IS ESPECIALLY EXPOSED TO ATTACKS OF EVIL. THE DEVIL KNOWS JUST WHERE TO FIND HIM! BUT INSPIRATION WILL CONTINUALLY LEAD US INTO NEW CHANNELS BY WHICH WE SHALL DODGE THE ADVERSITY.”

It was this concept of change that led to some of the Community’s advanced attitude toward women. Though Noyse refused to recognize that women were the equal of men, the work that men and women did was the same. The concept of woman’s work simply didn’t exist. Maybe as a result, the fashion sense of the community diverged from mainstream society’s. In 1848, Noyse wrote that, “Woman’s dress is a standing lie. It proclaims that she is not a two-legged animal, but something like a churn, standing on castors.”

Acting on his comment, three women modified their dresses, raising the hem to their knees and using the extra material to make pantalettes that went to the ankle. The Community quickly adopted the garb, and it was worn by all women. Shortly afterward the women began to bob their hair, feeling that long hair was an impediment to working. Women in society at large wouldn’t start bobbing hair until 1922 when the dancer Irene Castle would introduce the look.

Continuing to act upon their concept of change, the Community began a program which they called “stirpiculture” in 1869. Derived from the Latin word for lineage, it was as good a word as they could find. Today, we know it by a term coined in 1883 by Francis Galton: “eugenics.” Noyse made the goal of the program clear when he wrote:

“WHY SHOULD NOT BEAUTY AND NOBLE GRACE OF PERSON AND EVERY OTHER DESIRABLE QUALITY OF MEN AND WOMEN, INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL, BE PROPAGATED AND INTENSIFIED BEYOND ALL FORMER PRECEDENT BY THE APPLICATION OF THE SAME SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES OF BREEDING THAT PRODUCE SUCH DESIRABLE RESULTS IN THE CASE OF SHEEP, CATTLE, AND HORSES?”

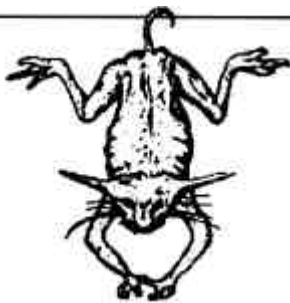
Only certain people in the community were allowed to become biological parents, though, in keeping with their communal outlook, everyone would help in raising the children. Though the selection criteria are unknown, there were 53 women and 38 men who took part the first year. As time went on, more people were chosen to participate. Records indicate that around 80% of those that took part actually achieved a pregnancy. In ten years 62 children were born. Of these, four were stillborn.

Though there is still a great deal of debate over the results of the program, the health of the children and mothers was significantly higher than in the rest of society. Most of the children went on to be successful in business and the arts. Environment or heredity? Either way, the Oneida Community raised a remarkable crop of children.

The Oneida Community finally came to an end in 1881 when the members voted for dissolution. By this time, Noyse had left the community after an internal power struggle between himself and a group he had allowed to join based on their similar lifestyle. While this group, known as the Townerites, was also communistic and had complex marriage practices, their interest in the doctrines of Perfectionism was dubious. Noyse resigned his ruling position in 1877 and, wishing to escape the intrigues of the Community, left for Canada in the middle of the night on 22 June, 1879.

At the time of the group’s dissolution, it was worth over \$600,000 thanks in part to marketing of animal traps. Oneida Ltd., a joint-stock company, was established and the stock apportioned among the members. Run by Pierrepont Noyse (the son of John Noyse) for the first 50 years, the company phased out the production of traps and started making silverware. P.T. Noyse assumed the presidency in 1960 and the company was listed on the New York Stock Exchange in 1967.

Noyse remained in Canada with a few of his faithful until his death in 1886 and his grave can be found in the Oneida Community’s cemetery. As for the Mansion House, it is still standing, as well as the factory which was built for making the traps that allowed the Oneida Community to be economically successful, and has a full time staff of people living on the premises to maintain the site. If you’re going to be in the area of Oneida, New York, tours are given Wednesday through Saturday, at 10am and 2pm, and 2pm on Sunday. If you’re more adventuresome, meals and an overnight stay are available by calling 1.315.361.3671 and making a reservation. Partner swapping optional.



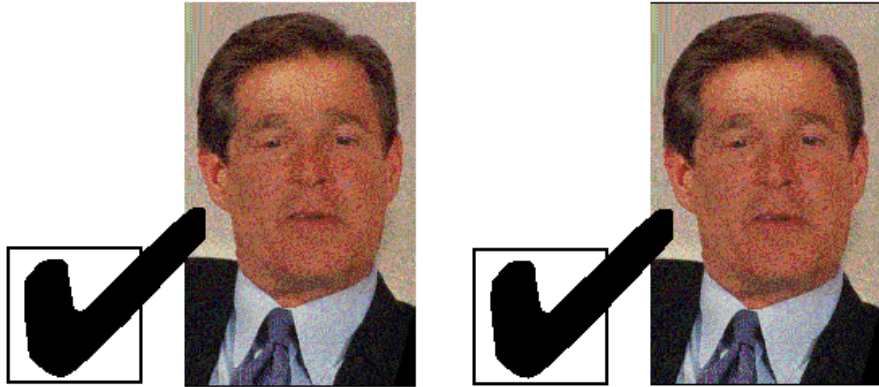
Halloween Story Contest!

1st Prize is \$50, 2nd \$25, 3rd \$0

Submit your stories to gdt@hellskitchen.org. Stories will be printed in a Halloween issue of GDT. Stories must be received by October 27.

Rules and regulations: Deadline for submissions is midnight, October 27th. Material may be emailed to gdt@hellskitchen.org. Include your name, age, address, telephone number, and email. Please limit yourself to around 7500 words. Submissions without proper identification will not be accepted. Material cannot be returned. All material remains the intellectual property of the creator, but *Hell's Kitchen* and its member organization reserve the right to reproduce it. Winners will be determined by a panel of judges. The decision of the judges is final. This contest is open to all literate individuals of all ages. Winners will be informed on the 30th of October.

WE DON'T CARE



WHO YOU VOTE FOR

We've already bought them.

	Bush	Gore
Father was a powerful Washington insider	✓	✓
Supports corporate-managed trade (NAFTA, WTO & IMF)	✓	✓
Opposes raising the minimum wage to match the cost of living	✓	✓
Favored repeal of Federal guarantee of assistance to poor children	✓	✓
Raised record amounts of cash from wealthy corporate donors	✓	✓
Same color and gender as every other President	✓	✓
In the richest 1% of the population	✓	✓
Mediocre golfer	✓	✓
Republican	✓	
Democrat		✓

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