Gracies Dinnertime Theatre™

"GDT- Because dogs eat shit (and they're man's best friend?)."

Disclaimer: Because we could be liable for anyone who is impatient enough to actually kill themselves after reading this article, we say, "You've never given up on anything in your life! Now live damn it! LIVE!"

The other day, while watching Comedy Central, Bill Mahr said "People say 'Life is precious.' But why is life precious...?" I couldn't agree more. 90% of the American population sits on their collective asses watching TV. But if you were to break into their home and threaten to kill them, they'd either fight for their life or plead for mercy (depending on how lame they are). What are they fighting for? Did they have something they just had to accomplish...after Wheel of Fortune or Bay Watch? Or are they just deluding themselves?

Lets think about this logically and not let superfluous ethics get in the way: inflation occurs when there are more representations of the dollar than there is gold to back it up. The money then loses value. Isn't that exactly what has happened to our society. Again and again people complain that we as a society have been desensitized to violence. No wonder. There are just SO MANY damn people that they don't mean a thing; they have no value (other than workers or numbers on a screen). Face it, if you lived twenty miles from your nearest neighbor, would you hop in your car and buzz by for a drive-by-shooting? If people were rare, we would be ecstatic to meet another human. We wouldn't mumble "Hey, what's up" (all the time avoiding eye contact) and keep walking or simply ignore their presence.

The solution? We think the Greeks had the right idea. Really push the Hemlock tea on the population that had outlived its usefulness. Let's legalize suicide. Think about it. It makes sense. If someone wants to kill themselves, let them. Don't you think it's kind of arrogant to MAKE someone continue living? If you want to be religious about it, God will punish them. At a more practical level, there would be that much more room for people who really enjoy, not just existing, but living. We've even come up with advertisements promoting suicide:

"Life is for living"
"Death-because life is so uncertain"
"Bored with life? Go out with a bang!"
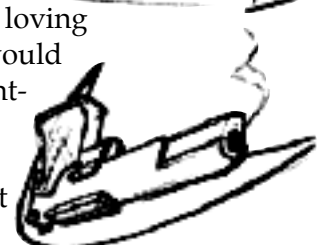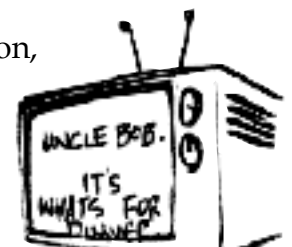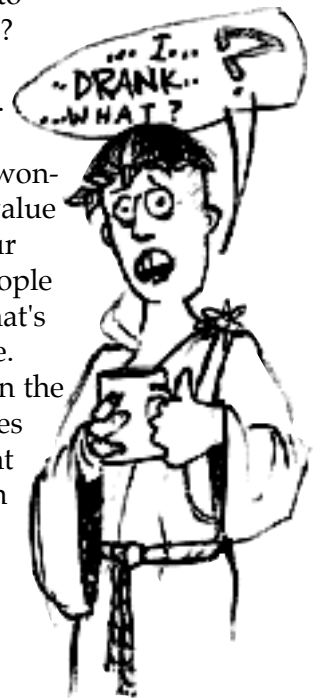"Life: what a beautiful choice" (Makes for a wonderful twist on the Pro-life position, huh?)
"Life: Love it or leave it."
"Death: the other white meat"(of course you'll have blue lips and sunken eyes too, but we don't have to advertise that.)

The list goes on. Imagine: A wall sized poster of Uncle Sam, that stern, yet strangely loving face (like "Uncle Bob" who touched you when you were 5 and said never to tell or he would cut off all your fingers and the kids would laugh at you because you were a freak), pointing out at you, yes YOU, and saying in no uncertain terms: "I want YOU to die!"

There could be world wide advertising campaign. Catchy tunes, trendy clothing. "Nike and the Population Decimation Board are proud sponsors of The Super Bowl. Put a bullet in your head: Just Do It."

Cost of living would drop, standard of living would rise, no one would have to work at jobs they didn't like. The world would be a much better place if everyone who didn't want to be here just left.

Acorn Brown

a song expanded by Kelly Gunter

I'm a little acorn brown sitting on the cold, cold ground. Everybody steps on me, that is why I'm cracked you see.
I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

I called myself on the telephone, just to see if I was home.
I asked myself out on a date. Got me ready by half past eight.
I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

I took myself to the movie grand, just to hold my little old hand.
I put my arm around my waste, gave a squeeze, and slapped my face
I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

I asked myself to marry me. I said that I'd be happy.
I told myself that it was my fate, then got drunk, and came too late.
I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

I threw the pastor through the door, then I puked till I was sore.
I told myself that on this date I was really quite irate.
I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

I told myself just to go away, there was nothing left to say.
I got a lawyer to take my case, then he took away my place.
I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

They threw me in a padded cell and that's when my spirits fell.
I'd have to spend the rest of life alone with my not-quite-wife.
I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

I'm a little acorn brown sitting on the cold, cold ground.
Everybody steps on me, that is why I'm cracked you see.
I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

After Dinner Mints:

-by Sean Hammond

If you were to squish a man's and woman's bodies into the same tube of a giant centrifuge and run it on high for...a while, the woman's cells would be on the bottom half of the tube and the man's on top. It's because women have two X chromosomes and men only have one.

Random Fact:

In June 1980, Edwin E. Robinson was standing under a tree when it was hit by lightning. When he revived twenty minutes later, he found that his hearing aid had been burned out, but he no longer needed it. though nearly blind, he no longer needed glasses, and his head, bald for 35 years, began to grow hair again.

CHAMELEON
w/
AK-47

-Brian Revoir

Microscopic Moral Mythology
"All Life is Precious." -Part I

I remember getting into an argument with some guy because he couldn't understand my views on life and death. And I know I'm gonna burst a few bubbles here, but you guys really can't have one without the other. Life revolves around death, just as death first requires life.

So he stood there in all of his moral supremacy sprouting his holier than thou (or rather holier than me) attitude. He spoke so highly of how he scrutinizes the ground before each step so as not to crush any unsuspecting insects. He didn't seem to pay much attention to the ground as we walked through the park, but I granted him this leniency.

"So, what about the smaller insects, the microscopic parasites in your skin, hair and mouth? Do you even think of all the bacteria you're killing when ever you wash your hands? I t shows signs of life. Do you ever consider your effects on microbes that may both help and hinder?"

And of course he couldn't be held responsible for those deaths because he could not see them.

"But you know they're there, don't you?"

And this of course is irrelevant in it's nature.

We sat there, on the edge of a grove of trees, with the soft, persistent hum of the lady mosquito foraging for the life blood sustenance with which to raise her children. Slap!

"Hah! I got you, you little bastard!"

"OK, so let me get this straight. Killing something is wrong under every circumstance for every living creature unless you either can't see the victims or they annoy you."

"That's not fair!"

"But that's how you live isn't it?"

I've heard a lot of people saying that actions are harder than words. I disagree. Actions are pretty damn easy. The tough part is coordinating the two to make sense together.

-by Kelly Gunter

GDT HELPFUL HINT:

KILLING PEOPLE NEVER SOLVES ANYTHING, BUT IT KEEPS PEOPLE OUT OF YOUR HAIR WHILE YOU THINK OF WHAT TO DO NEXT.

GDT Fan Club

Back Issues, tee shirts, the GDT action figure, and other neat stuff!

If your on the RIT campus, just e-mail:

sth8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

Else write to:

GDT
438 Clay Rd. Apt. C.
Rochester, NY 14623

Please include a self addressed, stamped envelope and a scrap of paper saying something to the effect of ""Hey! I want to join the GDT Fan Club 'cause I know it will make me really cool." It won't, but we won't crush all of your dreams.

R·I·T Rochester Institute of Technology
Identification Card

Galt
John

Member
GDT

Student

1010101010

After Dinner Mints:

based on information given to GDT by researchers at Hell Inc.®

TO AVOID BEING BROUGHT UP ON VARIOUS COMPUTER RELATED CRIMINAL CHARGES, I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED BY OUR CONTACT AT HELL INC. TO MAKE THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT: THIS ARTICLE IS FALSE. THE COMPUTER PROGRAMS, AT EASE AND RESEDIT, DO NOT EXIST. THE COMPUTER FAMILY, MACINTOSH, DOES NOT EXIST. THE TECHNIQUES EXPLAINED DO NOT WORK. IN FACT, THE WRITER OF THIS ARTICLE DOES NOT EXIST, NOR DO YOU, THE READER. THIS ENTIRE ARTICLE IS A CROCK OF LIES AND BALDERDASH.

Anyone who uses Macintosh computers in any sort of public lab has undoubtedly run into a protection program called At Ease. Now, I understand the desire for administrators to secure software, but At Ease is a nuisance. It severely limits what you can do with the computer. What's the use of having a powerful computer that is intentionally limited? It's like having a sports car with flat tires; sure, you can drive it, but your not going anywhere in a hurry. But, I digress.

There are ways to...disable At Ease. When the program is first installed, the administrator and /or staff can include a password option to shut down At Ease and let the user access the Finder. It is, in some cases, possible to find out what the password is, however.

The real secret is to use a program that allows one to view the resource fork of files (I'm not here to tell you what a resource fork is. That's for programmers. This is a hackers guide). My personal favorite is ResEdit. Now, you can do some serious damage with ResEdit if you're not careful, but in this case, all you'll be doing is reading files.

Now in order to use ResEdit, the computer in question must allow you to open files that are not necessarily within the At Ease folders. This is different on each computer. If you can't do it...you're screwed (Hell Inc. is working on a way around that problem).
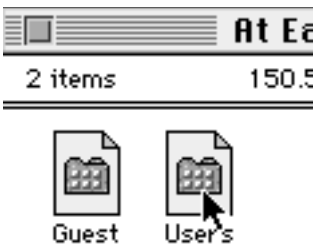

Figure 1: The file you're looking for.

The file that you want to open up and examine is simply called "Users." It's buried deeply in the System folder. From the File menu of ResEdit, open the "System Folder", then the "At Ease Items" folder, then the folder "At Ease Users." It's in the "At Ease Users" folder that there should be a file called "Users." (see Figure 1)

Open that puppy up and have a look.

You should get a message basically telling you that the file is locked and you can't make changes. That's ok, since all your going to do is read the information anyway.

Once open, an icon with a bunch of 1's and 0's called "User" should be visible. Open that up. Now you should have some choices. There should be a bunch of user names listed. It's up to you to find the one that represents the one with a password. Probably named "Staff" or something like that.

Anyway, when you open that up, and should see a bunch of numbers and digits (Figure 2). In the center column is information is hexidecimal form (again, no explanation). The right column represents the text of what is coded for in the center.
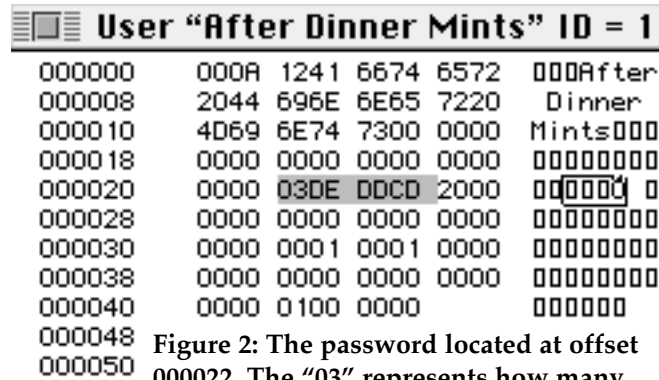
	Hexidecimal	
A	F8	D8
B	FB	DB
C	FA	DA
D	FD	DD
E	FC	DC
F	FF	DF
G	FE	DE
H	F1	D1
I	F0	D0
J	F3	D3
K	F2	D2
L	F5	D5
M	F4	D4
N	F7	D7
O	F6	D6
P	E9	C9
Q	E8	C8
R	EB	CB
S	EA	CA
T	ED	CD
U	EC	CC
V	EF	CF
W	EE	CE
X	E1	C1
Y	E0	C0
Z	E3	C3
1	A8	
2	AB	
3	AA	
4	AD	
5	AC	
6	AF	
7	AE	
8	A1	
9	A0	
0	A9	

Table 1: Hexidecimal conversions

About halfway down the center column, at offset (for all you computer geeks) 000022, a series of numbers and letters will appear. This is the coded password. The first series of numbers tell you how many characters long the password is. The rest of the password can be decoded using the hexidecimal table I've included here (Table 1). In the example given, the password is "GDT." Use the key to make sure you understand how it works.

Figure 2: The password located at offset 000022. The "03" represents how many characters long the password is.

That's it. Once you have the password, you can turn At Ease off. I'd advise not mucking about too much, or the administrators will know and put stricter limits on what you can do through At Ease.

And remember, all of this is a lie. Really.