

Toopid People

"The amount of common sense is fixed, but the population keeps going up."

"Come out, come out where ever you are!"

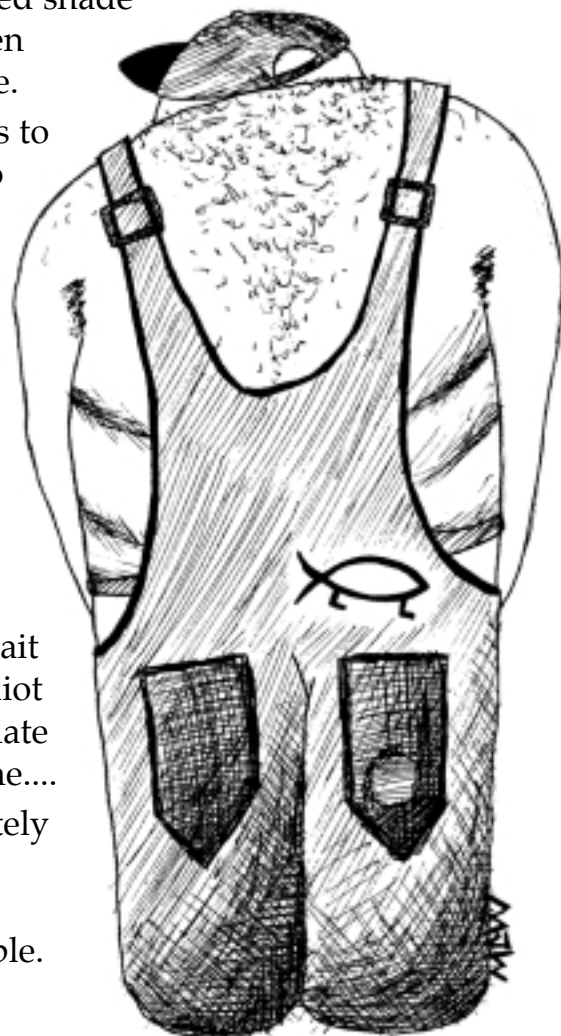
An obese man wearing Osh Kosh B'Gosh coveralls and flip-flops making ridiculous "flip-SLAP" sounds, because of his limp, exits through the screen door—literally through the screen door. He evidently had forgotten that the screen door even existed and blundered his way into it, ripping it from the edges and bending the lightweight metal. Warped and under stress it wasn't designed for, the screen leapt from the sliding glass door frame like a spring with a satisfying "PWOANNNGGGG!" landing unceremoniously ten meters[†] away and sending a large cloud of dust into the stagnant early afternoon air. After a moment of disorientation, the screen killer, with a voice more like the low growl of a creature on the island of Dr. Moreau—a growl that rippled through one's ears and caused images of banjos and unitooths to flit through one's subconscious—says, "I'm sorry, he can't come out to play. He says He won't come out until *you* decide to play fair. You've got to tell Athena and the Lady to go home first."

In the second floor window of what, for lack of a better word, is the house from which the behemoth of a man emerged, an aged and sun stained shade shifted and for the briefest of moments, He could be seen peering out with a troubled look on His once proud face.

In a fit of contrariness, the petitioner raised his fists to the heavens and whatever personifications still dared to abide within them and vociferated, "Evolution! You can't hide in there forever! You'll have to come out sometime."

"Yes," He replied at a near whisper, "but by that time you will all have died." Slowly He withdrew from the window, deeper into the semi-darkness of the room to wait. Patience was something He had plenty of, for He'd caught Her eons ago with Her guard down. After years of drying, pulverizing, and bottling, there was more than enough of Her to wait out Mankind's cleverness. He sometimes thought He could even out wait the Lady's fascination with these strangely intelligent idiot bipeds, but He never allowed Himself to fully contemplate the idea, lest the Lady find out and spite Him for all time....

Evolution is no longer in action, His role of ultimately forcing the world to make sense and be as one with the Gods of Enthalpy in a sea of Entropy has been usurped under the guise of equal opportunities for unequal people.



[†]Jimmy Carter would be proud. Take that, Free Masons.

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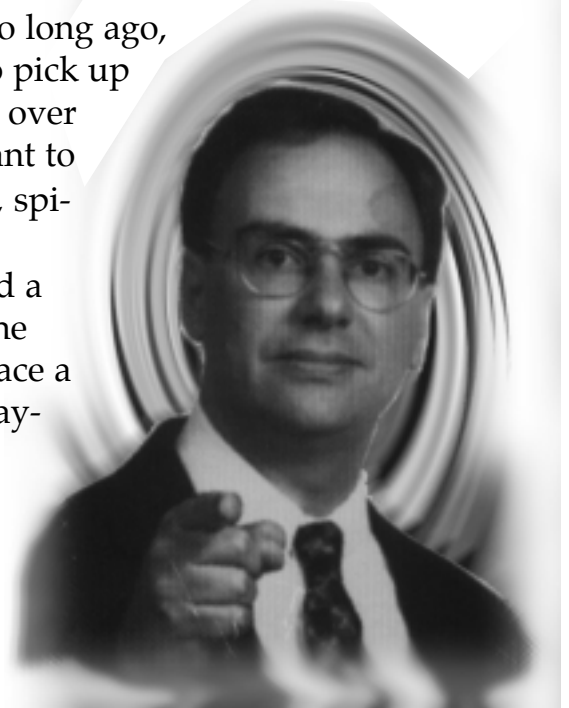
Despite the noble sentiment that we're all brothers, it's fairly clear that we are not all created equal. In a just society, everyone is equal under the law and should be given the same opportunities (the operative word being equal. No special benefits anywhere. Yes, I know the argument behind affirmative action, but forcing businesses to meet their quota of blacks is demeaning. Forcing bigots to hire people they don't like won't help remove racism. Re-education camps and furnaces for the helpless cases maybe, but not affirmative action). But when knives need little labels saying "Caution. May be sharp" in order to ensure that the playing field is level for all people to understand how knives operate, then something's wrong with the game.

There was a time, not so long ago, when a man who decided to pick up his child and lift the cute tot over his head, as though supplicant to the Gods,[▲] into the inviting, spiraling arms of a ceiling fan would not have been allotted a large cash settlement from the company for its failure to place a warning sticker on the fan saying "Warning, sticking children's heads into moving blades is not nice and may result in toddler dismemberment. Do not sharpen blades," and would probably have been stoned or squashed underneath the middle school's censored book collection.

Today, however, it is expected that the stupid and the careless should come out ahead. Buy a cup of hot coffee and spill it on your crotch. Oh, boy, oh boy! You can sue for an ungodly amount of money. Fall off a ladder cause you placed it on loose gravel? Eat a moldy chicken finger? Bathe your gremlin squeaky clean (bright light! bright light!)? It's not your fault, and there are millions in cash prizes awaiting you.

Of course, the statement "stupid people shouldn't breed" is funny and may have some merit, but as my mother always said,

[▲]You've got to capitalize "Gods" because they think they're an ethnic group.



"Show Me The Money!"

"The world needs it's politicians and sanitation engineers." Besides, the truly stupid people don't do things that end up endangering themselves. They tend to live out quiet, banjo filled lives...at least until their single tooth falls out and they can't chew their only source of carbon: Slim-Jims™; they just gum it. If you gum a Slim-Jim long enough, it disintegrates into thick, gelatinous bolus...and gives you mouth cancer.∞

No, it is not the stupid people. It's the moderately intelligent ones and the ignorant. Case in point: when I was 11 I learned, quite by accident, of the Miller Urey Experiment. Biologists can skip to the next paragraph while I explain. Miller was one of those crazy scientists who believe that life EVOLVED, and set up an experiment to test whether the hypothetical conditions on earth several billion years ago could give rise to organic compounds. To make a very interesting experiment short and dry, he filled a big jar with various gasses and water, hooked it up to some electricity to simulate lightning and let it loose. Several days later he cracked that bad boy open and found adenine, one of the most common biological components and one of the bases of DNA, had been formed.

Cool, I thought to myself. Armed with the various parts left over from years of tinkering with electrical equip-

∞Makes mouths happy.

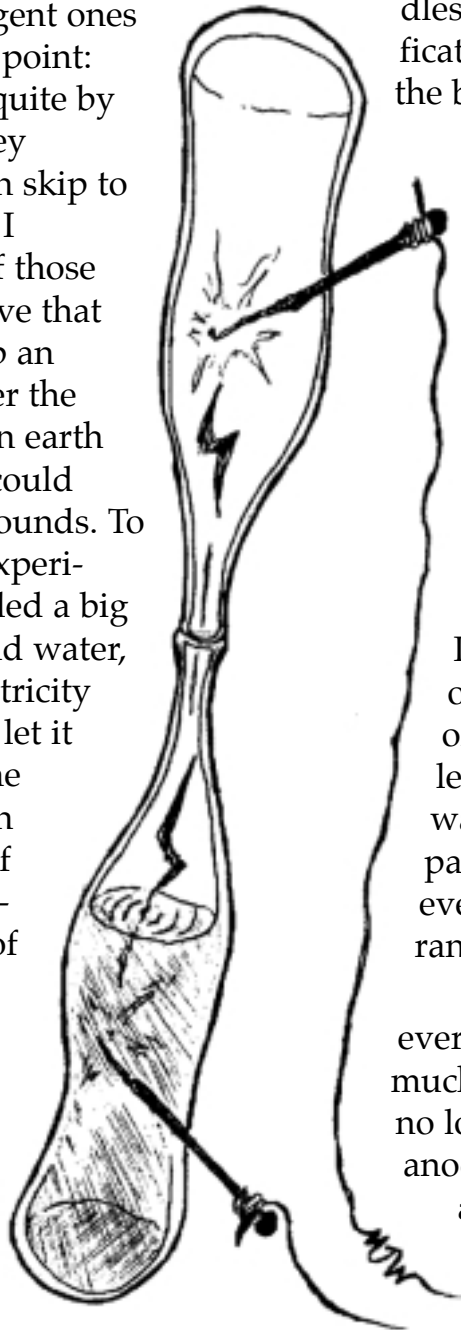
ment, I set about to build my own. Of course I had no way to test for organic compounds, but it sounded like a cool thing to do. It was better than trying to make friends.

So after a few days I'd done it. Two Sprite™ bottles attached to one another by the stems, a copper hose running from the top to the bottom and wrapped in fish tank hosing to act as a condenser. To simulate lightning, I had inserted two knitting needles through the sides, but with a modification: one was actually in the water at the bottom while the other was a few inches above. As for an atmosphere, I couldn't really simulate an ammonia rich sky, but I did my best by mixing vinegar and baking soda and letting the heavier CO2 flow into the bottles prior to sealing it all up with epoxy and tar. That done, I filled an old crock pot with water to act as a water bath, suspended the assembly in the water, and began heating.

The moment of truth came, and I attached what was left of an old fluorescent light to the needles. Wonders of wonders! It worked. Little sparks leapt from the needles and the water was starting to simmer. Knowing my parents would never approve, I moved everything into the basement where it ran for a few more days.

Finally, I wandered down to see if everything was still working and saw much to my dismay that the needles were no longer sparking. Acting as a sacrificial anode, the needle in the water had already disintegrated, leaving only a jagged piece of metal just above the surface of the water.

"Well that's easy enough to fix,"



I said and slightly tipped the apparatus so the needle contacted the water once more....

Now, as far as I can guess, in the course of several days, the electricity had been splitting the water into molecular hydrogen and oxygen (At some level I knew what should have happened, but hadn't thought the experiment through). So there I was, mucking around with a sealed vessel containing hydrogen, oxygen, and electricity.

As soon as the water hit the needle, there was a spark and I saw the most amazing thing in my life. Descriptions of Saint Elmo's fire had always fascinated me, but I'd never seen anything like it until then. A sky blue light emanated from the needle and fluidly moved away as though it had a mission. It crawled up the sides of the vessels, rolling back on itself and constantly changing shape. By this time I'd taken a step back, but couldn't tear my eyes off of what was happening.

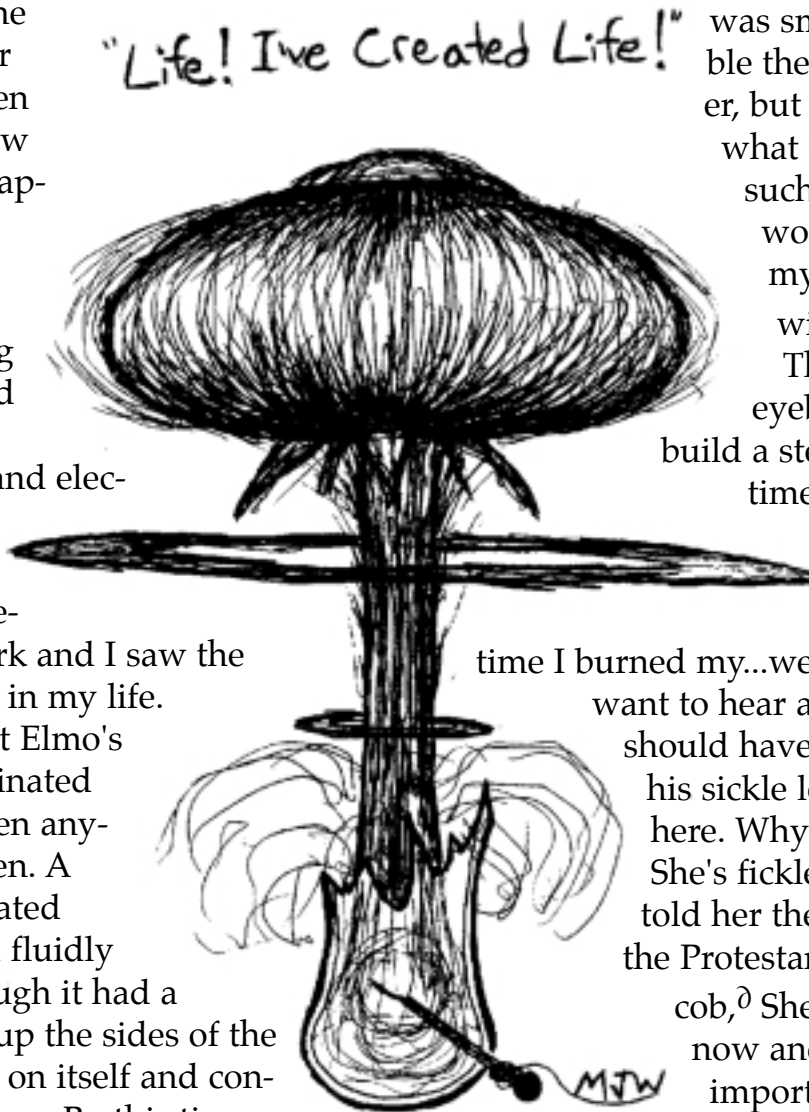
When the cerulean blue cloud reached the top chamber, it suddenly grew larger, as though angry at not finding a way to escape. It turned from blue to orange and the entire apparatus suddenly compressed from the vacuum created inside. After a moment of stillness that seemed to last for eternity, the entire apparatus exploded, sending bits of plastic, wires, and tubing flying in fractured arcs across the cellar and

dousing me with oddly smelling water.

"Holy shit," I said, awestruck and dripping in what had been my primordial sea.

The point? Well, I was smart enough to cobble the damn thing together, but failed to think about what the consequences of such an experiment would be. Then again, my life has been filled with events like that.^Ω The time I burned my eyebrows off trying to build a steam engine, the time I burned my leg hair off when my homemade cannon misfired, the time I burned my...well, you don't really want to hear about that. Evolution should have come for me with his sickle long ago, but I'm still here. Why? Mainly Luck. She's fickle, but ever since I told her the joke about the Jew, the Protestant, and the corn cob,[∂] She's helped me out now and then. But more importantly, I'm alive simply because of the level of sophistication we've achieved.

Let's say that when my Miller Urey Experiment exploded, the copper tube had gone through my skull and given me a lobotomy (Kids: Phineas Gage!). 100 years ago I would have been a very dead little



^Ω Implying "I dumb."

[∂] So a Jew walks into a bar, he's got a corn cob under one arm and some unleavened bread under the other. The Protestant says,...

boy, but today, I would have been rushed to the hospital where doctors would have worked over me until I was a very healthy emotionally crippled little boy (Kids: Phineas Gage!). Maybe doctors should have, in addition to all the insurance paperwork, a questionnaire finding out if you were hurt by someone else (good), an act of God (better), or if it was your own damn fault (sorry, no dice. Please go bleed somewhere else. What were you thinking? Trying to make a parachute out of trash bags....)

It has been said that Luck favors the stupid (see above mention of the corn joke) and a thorough investigation into the past of Mankind, which would take all of a couple of minutes, should unearth enough evidence to prove the theory sufficiently (all stories of the dodo aside). The manifestation of Luck has so conspired, in the recent past, to unbalance the ratio of stupid people, that the manifestation of Evolution has been out

sourced and gone home to live with His parents to whine.

As long as we're clever and lucky, we've got Evolution beat. He can't get us directly. Sure, He's trying to sneak around us by making bacteria and viruses become resistant to all our very clever medicines, but He can't get us just yet. We're the smartest idiots He's ever come up against. He's got Time on His side, so don't be surprised when he shows up one day with a six-pack and says, "Have a soda. It's full of aluminum goodness. Hey, we're missing ABC's TGIF line-up!"

Will we recognize this long lost acquaintance after so many years? Will we invite Him into our homes to eat our microwaved dinners, watch our TV and play Mah-Jong with our DNA? Or will we see Evolution as the bum He is, whose occupation we've replaced as easily as the elevator operator?

GD Tee-Shirts are back!

For only a \$10 donation you can have your very own *Flukemunschelfen* on a small, medium, large or extra-large tee-shirt. Help support future issues of GDT and Hell's Kitchen! You can order your shirt by mailing gdt@iname.com or calling 716.235.7666... please specify your desired size. The deadline for all orders is **May 6th**, so get 'em in!



Support the Arts



A word from GDT's meddling little trollop... Inside Jokes

by Sean Hammond

One of the most common complaints that GDT receives is that there are too many inside jokes. For better or for worse, this probably comes more from the misconceptions of what GDT is than it does from our inability to make any sense. Probably.

Simply because we are in the shape of a magazine doesn't mean that we set out to be like one. Quite to the contrary, GDT is meant to be an on-going saga for the dedicated reader. Unlike a magazine which produces separate and unrelated features each issue, GDT strives to intricately tie itself into its past. We want people to think of us as a friend with whom they have shared many jokes, stories, and good times. Every so often we'll throw in a, "Remember when..." comment in the hopes that people will think back and get a chuckle from our unexpected tangent to an old piece.

As early as our second issue (12 March 1995), we felt the need to explain some terms that the three founders of the groups used amongst themselves to quickly convey information. Since then, we've told readers each week what we were thinking about, what frightened us, and reminisced about a past that we hope they have shared with us at some point.

Take this week's issue (Volume 10, issue 7, April 29 1998) for example. The footnote, "You need to capitalize God because He thinks He's an ethnic group," though silly on

its own, is actually a mention to an issue we printed in the fall called "O' Canada" (Volume 8, issue 2, September 14 1997) where we mentioned the balkanization of countries based on ethnic differences. Looking for someone to blame the general ethnic unrest in the world on, we fingered the Pandora Group, which was first talked about in "Universe" (Volume 4 issue 8 May 5 1996) as the group responsible for covering up the archeological discoveries of fossilized squirrels found with flashlights shoved into their mouths. When discussing time traveling squirrels, the concept of non-linear time and multiple realities cropped up, tying it back to "Incest" (Volume 3, issue 7 February 4 1996), where we attempted to give helpful advice to people on how they could be their own nephew by blood relation. Turns out that the facilities of the Cronus Corp, a subsidiary of Hell Inc., were the only way one could convince one's father to impregnate his daughter prior to one's birth. Hell Inc. and its multifaceted subsidiaries is mentioned in dozens of issues, but first made its appearance in *Ethiopian-Flypaper-Boy. Volume 1, issue 1 February 19 1995.*

James Burke would be proud.

So, the next time you run into a footnote or a seemingly off-the-wall comment in GDT that you think has nothing to do with anything, remember that it's probably a tip of the hat to our past and a little extra for our dedicated friends who have read us for years and for those to come, who will.





Students round up No-shoe population on RIT

by Kelly Gunter (via Ouija board) and Sean Hammond

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK -- In an unprecedented move by student "purist groups" on RIT, no-shoed computer geeks have been systematically rounded up by individuals referred to only as Orange Shirts over the past weeks.

Bludgeoned and drug away when caught on RIT's Quarter Mile, a paved walkway connecting the academic and residential portions of the campus, the Voids, as they are referred to, are being shipped to relocation centers.

"I am wary to interfere in what is essentially a student concern," said RIT's President Simone. "Besides, these same people really don't have any writing skills and some have attacked various reporters covering events on the campus."

In the camps, unsubstantiated reports

indicate the callused soles of the Voids are being grated off for use as grit on the paths to various buildings on campus.

"Sure our tactics may be severe," said an Orange Shirt who wished to remain anonymous, "but we feel we're doing the right thing. I mean, look at these people. Can't write a feature article, know how to program in C, spend time reading rather than partying, and the less said about the feet, the better.

"We're aiming for purity here."

When we attempted to contact RIT's best known no-shoed graduate student, Kelly Gunter, it was discovered that she had dropped dead.

The Orange Shirts refused to comment on her death.

Big Voodoo Daddy provides listeners with a Swing primer

by Spencer Foxworth Pulse Columnist

(U-WIRE) MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA -- In case you're one of the 2 billion or so people who saw "Swingers": Yes, Big Bad Voodoo Daddy is that band.

The group's self-titled major-label debut on Coolsville is their third full-length recording, having released '95's "Whatchu' Want for Christmas?" and a '93 eponymous debut on Hep Cat. Daddy's newest album is basically a posh little primer of what '40s swing can sound like if it's played by eight pinstriped guys during the turn of the millennium: DDD-crystalline, clean-cut and sexy -- and terse enough for radio play. And fun, baby -- slick-assed, swingin', big-band-lite fun.

It's about damn time. If the '90s pop cultural conundrum of post-grunge, post-modernism, post-Me Generation has taught us anything, it's that having fun isn't supposed to come without a price: "If you're smiling, you're missing something."

Sure, Big Bad Voodoo Daddy plays music that was cutting-edge cool 50 years ago. Sure, they're at the forefront of a scene that was co-opted from a '40s scene that was co-opted from urban African-American juke joints. And they don't truly do anything new

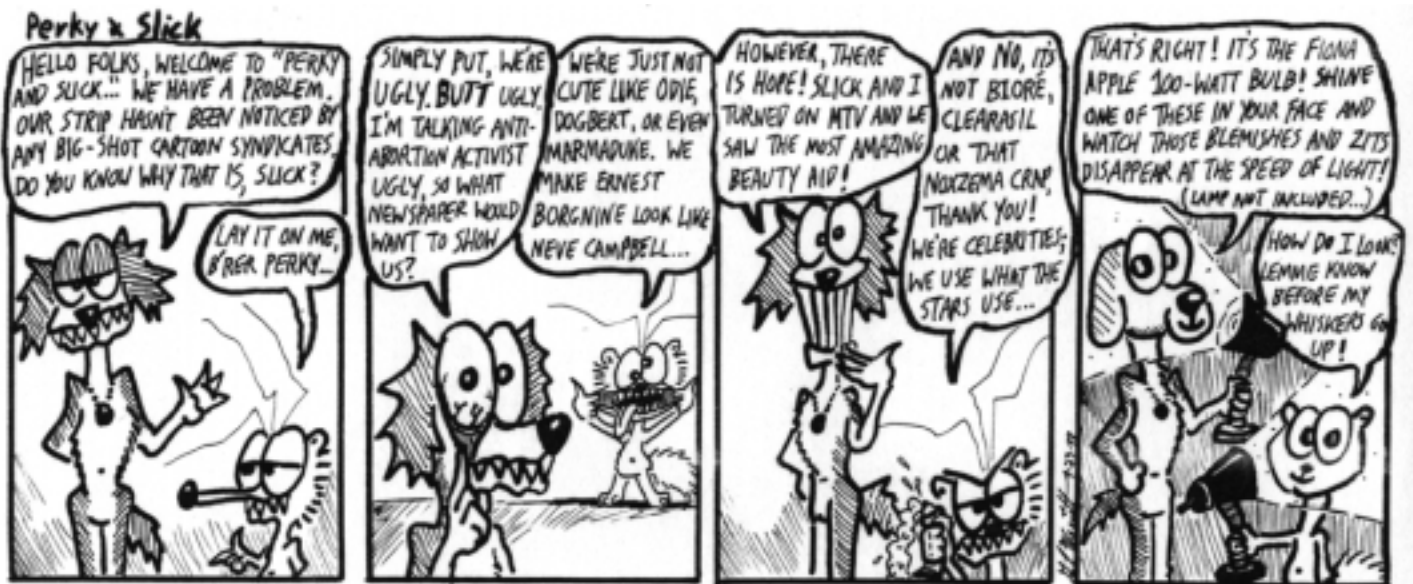
with the music, except maybe play it impressively tight and record it better than any first-generation swing band ever could have.

On the other hand, deconstructing Big Bad Voodoo Daddy like this just isn't fair to the band unless you're a jazz purist or scholar. For those of us who are neither, Big Bad Voodoo Daddy is really about how much fun you're having, on or off the dance floor.

"Big Bad Voodoo Daddy" is imagery music from the get-go, establishing a nightclub mood and scenery in the first five seconds of "The Boogie Bumper" with the clink of martini glasses and early-evening lounge chatter. And it's this sort of party where one really should be listening to music like this, if you weren't plopped in front of your stereo. It's also (presumably) a tribute to Hollywood's Derby club, where Big Bad Voodoo Daddy was established and a healthy portion of the swing revival began.

Thematically, the songs of "Big Bad Voodoo Daddy" are straightforward, simplistic and, at first impression, nonpolitical. Chances are you'll never hear a Big Bad Voodoo Daddy cover of the Clash's "Guns of Brixton." That's cool -- there are plenty of

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other bands working at one edge or another of this genre that will take care of politics.

And Big Bad Voodoo Daddy does just fine singing cut-up songs about being frustrated in love ("Maddest Kind of Love"), alcohol-induced love ("You & Me & the Bottle Makes 3 Tonight (Baby)"), giddily stupid love ("Jump with My Baby"), and sleazing through a nightclub with a highball's worth of swank attitude (take your pick).

Half a century's worth of hindsight serves them well, too: The world has had years to metabolize Glenn Miller, Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway (Daddy does "Minnie the Moocher"). Even the greenest swing neophyte should instantly recognize Miller's "In the Mood" popping up like a revitalized ghost on the album's first track, "The Boogie Bumper."

Scattering references to Miller and Benny Goodman ("Swing, Swing, Swing" is mimic-

ked on "Jumpin' Jack") works a bit like a musical road map, but it's a potential problem, actually. The band has a niggling habit of repeating classic swing themes over and over again, without trying too hard to shake the dust from them.

Lead singer Scotty Morris' velvety voice could stand a bit of abuse -- he never really cuts loose, even when his band does -- and stretching a few more songs past the three-and-a-half minute mark could make room for some much-needed jazzery (c'mon, guys -- FM hasn't picked up on the swing revival quite yet).

Maybe next time. "Big Bad Voodoo Daddy" really isn't anything more than an updated swing primer, succinct and jittery; if that's the aim, the band's succeeded. And hey: Big Bad Voodoo Daddy has given all you jet-set lounge lizards another musical excuse to break out your fedoras and bright red lipstick. Yeah, baby.

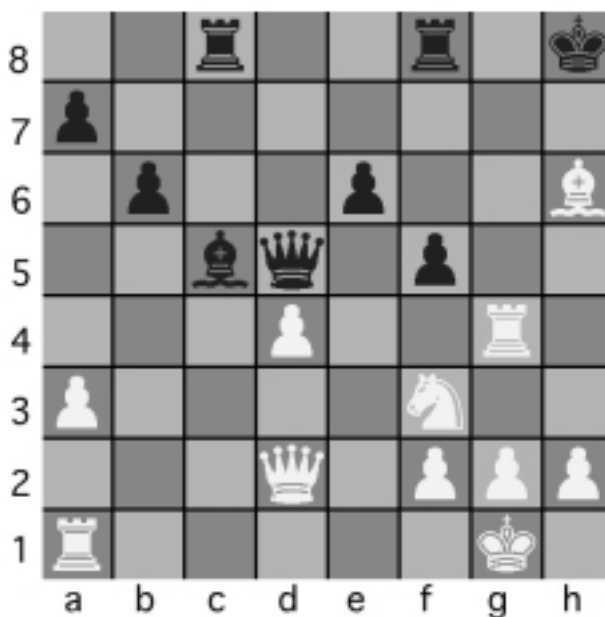
White to Play and Win!

by Adam Fletcher

W Chess vs. Innovation II
24th ACM Computer Chess
Champion
Cape May, NJ, 1994

1. Qg5! Instead of playing to win the rook with Bg7+, after 2. Qh6+ so black must play 1. ... Kg8 2. Bxf8+ Kf7 white plays for the win. If 1. Bg7+ Kh7 loses for black and white just chases black's king around the board. 1. ... Rc7 because of white's 2. Qg7 mate threat. 1. ... Qd7 accomplishes the same thing. 2. Bg7+ Kh7 if black plays 2. ... Kg8 white continues with 3. Bf6+ Kf7 4. Qg6 mate.

3. Qg6+ Kg8
4. Be5+ Rg7 The rook block is worthless.
5. Qxg7 mate.



They don't fight, they fuck

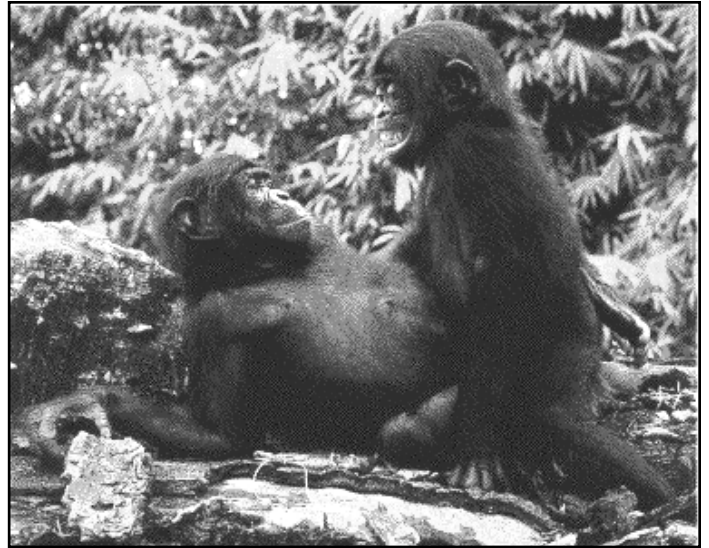
by Gad Berger

So when was the last time you sat down at dinner, and instead of fighting over who got the last meatball, your whole family dropped to the floor and engaged in oral sex? It certainly sounds...fun doesn't it? Maybe you should ask the bonobo chimpanzee about this. The bonobo, also known as the pygmy chimp, lives in the humid forests of Zaire, just south of the Zaire River. Instead of displaying outright anger and hurting one another in the group, they settle disputes with sex.

How cool is that? Think about it: you're driving your friend home from school. He wants to listen to a radio station, but you are quite content with the one you are listening to. Each of you start the button battle on the radio and it starts getting ugly, a classic fight. Eventually one of you gets really aggressive and hurts the other. At this point you both realize that you won't get anything accomplished, so the obvious approach is to enjoy a nice sloppy compensation of road head.

In the bonobo world, disputes are settled much like the hypothetical situation above. Basically, it all comes down to "I'll give you a kiss, if you give me a banana." This keeps the group from excessive fighting or getting too aggressive with each other and hurting other bonobos in the group.

At this point you might say to yourself, "Wow! These bonobos fuck like rabbits. I think I'd like to be reincarnated as a bonobo." Well, that's great if you aren't getting any right now, but let's look at their society. Unlike our society, an egalitarian society, most of the other chimpanzees are patriarchal. The bonobos, however, live under a matriarchal society. For those who don't understand, it's the woman in the family who wears the pants.



...not war

Hmm, that's pretty interesting. For all you macho guys out there who can't handle a woman being on top, I guess the bonobo life isn't for you. What's even more interesting is that bonobos are classified as the closest link to humans. Does this mean that our society will evolve to a matriarchal society? Who knows, but I do like the prospect of having my women on top.

Controversial Art Funds Discussed By Panelists

by Ronaldy Koo, Harvard Crimson (Harvard U.)

(U-WIRE) CAMBRIDGE, MASS. -- A panel of artists, professors and journalists discussed censorship and the arts last night in Harvard Hall as part of a series of events to recognize Queer Harvard Month.

The debate focused on a current Supreme Court case concerning the constitutionality of indecency restrictions on grants issued by the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA).

"As artists, we have to create vision," said panelist Abe Rybeck, an actor at Theater Offensive. Rybeck explained that a very small portion of the funding available for the arts is designated for work that steps beyond

current paradigms.

"If you're producing art like Piss Christ, you're not expecting the government will fund it," said Shattuck Professor of Law David W. Kennedy, referring to a photograph by Andres Serrano of a crucifix immersed in urine.

Acceptance of such art is difficult to obtain because of how the media present issues of artistic aesthetics, according to Alisa Solomon, a staff writer at the Village Voice.

"Journalists live by the principal 'good quotes high up,'" she said.

Solomon explained that such details as word choice and the way quotes are used in news reports can have a dramatic effect on the slant of articles, citing examples in which news publications identified artist Karen Finley by a performance in which she smears her body with chocolate because of its sensational nature.

Nan Hunter, a professor at City University of New York (CUNY) Law School, explained how the Supreme Court

case emerged from the denial of NEA grants to four performance artists, including Finley, in 1990 due to the content of their work.

The denials were issued under a congressional law enacted in 1990 requiring artists to maintain certain "standards of decency" to qualify for NEA funding. The law was challenged by the four artists and the National Association of Artists Organizations, and was ruled unconstitutional in district and circuit courts.

The case, known as *Finley v. National Endowment for the Arts*, was presented on March 31 to the Supreme Court and is currently pending.

The panel was moderated by Ann Pellegrini, associate professor of English and American Literature and Language.

Rybeck expressed hope that the bias against art currently deemed obscene by conservatives soon would subside.

"The horribly mean-spirited system, the one we're trying to make it in now, it has a lot of characteristics of a fad," Rybeck said. "To me it raises the question, 'what's next?'"

We have a Winner!

two-hundred to be given away for the best Rube Goldberg machine and only one contestant. Much to her credit, Kari's machine ran flawlessly on its second try, but still we have become accustomed to pathetic interest in our contests.

While keeping this in mind, we thought that no one would be crazy enough to decode our uu-encoded sound file for a mere t-shirt. Well, as so often occurs we were quite mistaken. One entry for a two hundred dollar prize and multiple entries for a ten dollar t-shirt, go figure. We are including the messages we received from Jeremiah Parry-Hill our contest winner.

.....
THU, 23 APR 1998

07:09:14

ATTACHED, PLEASE FIND AS CLOSE AS I CAME
-- A HALF-ASSED UUE. NOT QUITE WORTH A
T-SHIRT, BUT I GIVE UP. CAN I MAYBE GET A
NICE GDT SOCK?

- JEREMIAH

When GDT's last contest was held, we found ourselves standing around with

two-hundred to be given away for the best Rube Goldberg machine and only one contestant. Much to her credit, Kari's machine ran flawlessly on its second try, but still we have become accustomed to pathetic interest in our contests.

07:09:23

I'M NOT SURE, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND SAYING "I'M A BEAR."
OTHER POSSIBILITIES INCLUDE "YOGA FIRE",
"BUILD A FIRE", "I'M A PIRATE", "OVER
THERE", AND "I'M RETIRED".

- JEREMIAH

Continued on page12...

07:09:32

DID I ALREADY GUESS "I'M ON FIRE?"

- JEREMIAH

07:09:37

OKAY, I'VE DECIDED. IT -IS- A CHIPMUNK MUMBLING "I'M A BEAR". I CAN'T BE TOO CERTAIN, BECAUSE THE OCR DIDN'T WORK AS WELL AS I'D HOPED, BUT THAT'S MY GUESS.

- JEREMIAH

11:14:21

I'M FAIRLY SURE THAT HELL'S KITCHEN KINDLY FORWARDED MY ENTRY, BUT JUST IN CASE, IT UUDECODES TO (AND I COULD BE WRONG HERE), "I'M A BEAR".

- JEREMIAH

.....

You guessed it, the chipmunk was mumbling, "I'm a bear!"

Congratulations Jeremiah!

As is customary with our contest winners, we invite you to spend a fun filled afternoon with our staff as we produce yet another issue and become entangled in a caffeine induced euphoria while sipping Cafe Diablo, a tightly guarded secret known only to the Kitchen staff.

-a very dead Kelly Gunter

Letters to GDT

"The right to be free in their persons, living quarters, papers, and effects against unwarranted searches and seizures."

-RIT STUDENTS BILL OF RIGHTS

Last Thursday, at around 2 o'clock, I was in the CIMS building. I was walking around the second floor, minding my own business, bothering no one. No one that is, except Barry, President Simone's right hand man. I never actually said anything to him, he was bothered simply by the fact that I was there.

When he saw me, he walked over to a parking officer. He said something to the officers and I saw the officer look over at me. He then turned on his walkie-talkie and spoke into it. About a minute later, I was asked to step outside by a Campus Safety officer. I asked her why, only to be told that I had just better step outside.

She did not really know what was going on, so she called her supervisor.

Ten minutes later, when he showed up, I told him that I had not done anything and asked why I was being detained. He agreed that as an RIT student, I did have the right to be in an RIT academic building, but he wanted to get both sides of the story. He went inside to talk to Barry.

By the time he came out, two other officers joined him. They told me that I was not allowed in the building. I asked them why. They said that I would disrupt the Board of Trustees meeting. I told them that I had no intention of doing that. I am not aware of any rule against that.

So, I walked into the building. I was told by campus safety officers not to go on the second floor and was followed by one of the officers throughout the first floor. After 5 minutes or so, the Campus Safety officer lost me and went on the second floor.

I informed one of the officers on the second floor that I needed to go speak to

John Klofas, the head of the Criminal Justice Department about an event the RCC wants to put on in the beginning of next year. He was upstairs at the Liberal Arts display that was set up for the trustees. "Not today" was the officer's reply.

I walked up the stairs and out into the balcony area of the second floor, overlooking the entrance and main lobby. I spotted one Campus Safety officer far down the hall and he saw me. I calmly walked towards him, got a drink of water, and then walked back the balcony area. I leaned against the railing and read *The Reporter*.

Campus Safety officers soon surrounded me. They told me that I had to leave the building. I disagreed, pointing out that I had done nothing wrong. They ignored me. One started using his body to push me towards the stairs in an effort to get me to leave the building. By this time, there were 5 officers around me. They said that I was causing a disturbance. I replied that I was being quiet and peaceful and that it was they who were causing the disturbance. I asked them if I was under arrest and told them that if I was, they should put handcuffs on me, read me my rights, and I would leave. They continued to push me.

One of the officers said something to the others and they started grabbing me. I asked if I was under arrest, to which they did not reply. They wrestled me to the ground and pinned me down. I had five officers on top of me. They put the handcuffs on my left hand first. I informed them that I had broken my left

arm badly a few years ago and that the handcuff was hurting my wrist. Soon I was handcuffed under the weight of five officers. In the time they had me on the ground, my knee got knocked around a bit. I went to the emergency room later on that night to get it checked out.

They lifted me up and started to drag me out of the building through the back entrance. They brought me outside, sat me down on the curb, and brought me to the Campus Safety office in a Student Government van.

On the way to the Campus Safety office, I asked if I was being arrested. One of the officers said that I was and that he was also going to try to arrange to have me kicked out of school.

I met with a person from the Judicial Affairs department. She handed me a letter that said that Campus Safety had reported to her that I had disrupted a Board of Trustees meeting and that I was under the influence of alcohol. Both were blatant lies. Campus Safety knew that I had not disrupted any meeting. And as far as the charge that I was under the influence of alcohol, I can only speculate. I believe that they lied to the Judicial Affairs department so that I would be suspended from school. I was told that I was not allowed on the RIT campus, including my apartment at Perkins. I will be arrested for trespassing if I am found on campus.

I have been cast out of RIT life. Luckily, I have some good friends who have been kind enough to let me sleep on their couch. I left campus with \$6 in my wallet and no way to use the debit I

ordinarily use for one or two meals a day. I did some gardening for a friend to earn some Ramen noodle and Chicken and Stars soup.

I have missed two very important classes so far, and before my judicial hearing, I will end up missing seven more. I have not been able to use school facilities to do work for these classes. I missed my indoor soccer team's playoff game on Sunday. I am paying rent for an apartment that I am not allowed into.

You never really appreciate your home until it is taken away. The hardest thing about this whole situation is not being able to go to my apartment. Before this incident, I took my bed and my shower for granted. Campus Safety never gave any reason why I was not allowed in the building. Yet this did not stop them from physically pushing me to the ground, throwing handcuffs on me, and then dragging me to their offices. Once there, I had my backpack searched and my wallet and keys taken from me.

I am being charged with two counts

of disorderly conduct by the Henrietta Police Department. Once again, Campus Safety lied, telling the Henrietta officer that I had disrupted the Board of Trustees meeting. Campus Safety wanted me to be arraigned and put in jail for the night. The Henrietta officer talked them out of that.

The school is charging me with five violations of the RIT Conduct Code. I face suspension from school and the loss of this quarter's credits. My judicial hearing is scheduled for Thursday at 11am.

All of this because I was in an RIT building.

-Shea Gunther

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^fReporter's Tab Ads, April 24 1998.