

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 23, Issue 8, Python
www.hellskitchen.org/gdt

Member of
Hell's Kitchen
www.hellskitchen.org

The Duality of the Bitch Beard

By Matt Nicole

Facial hair comes in many different flavors these days. The ability to grow a full face of hair sets men apart from women^{*}, and a large number of men choose to flaunt this nifty faculty in a number of varying designs. From the ZZTop style goatees to half -pound “mutton chops,” most styles seem to transform their hosts in some way. If a guy has a neatly kept goatee, it indicates that he’s somewhat of a bad ass. If a man has a full, unkempt mane of facial hair, the conclusion could be drawn that he’s rugged and outdoor-sie.

For years and years, the “handle-bar moustache” was a popular look, and every once in a while the style enjoys resurgence in status. Everyone loves a good comeback. Every few decades a very popular facial hair- style becomes taboo. Take, for instance, Charlie Chaplin’s “Mustachette,” which had a very strong run. That little patch of mustache reaching only from one nostril to the other was quite the fashionable look for a while. Then a guy called Hitler came along and ruined it for everyone[&].

We are now at yet another of those oh so difficult

crossroads of history. For a few years the “bitch beard[#]” was well accepted. You’re familiar with this look, I’m sure. It can most easily be describes as a very thin line of facial hair, usually about a half centimeter in width, extending from above the ear down the jaw, around the chin and then up the other side. It looks as though the guy wearing it shaved his cheeks, then under his chin and missed the outline of his jaw[%]. There are a few deviations, such as adding a regular goatee or mustache⁺.

Much like in the case of the infamous “Mustachette,” the bitch beard has been black- listed by all the backstreet boy wanna-be’s”. Shit if I know how it happened, but now everyone who wants to look like they’re from the backstreet(not the band) is wearing this style of beard. This, of course, only nullifies its insinuations of manliness.

I now present to you the duality of the bitch beard. On one hand, it is one of the things that set men apart from women by being facial hair. On the other hand, anyone that has one is a pussy.

^{*} Most women, that is.

[&] Much in the same way that he characterized the symbol we all now know and love as the Nazi Swastika

[#] Not previously known and recognized as such.

[%] Which is why the bitch beard is so hideous on fat guys. You know, due to the overall lack of a distinctive jaw line.

⁺ For our purposes, all deviations of the bitch beard will be considered ‘a bitch beard,’ in general.

["] Not to be mistaken with Backstreet Boy™ Wannabe’s™ from MTV™ ‘s hit show Wannabe™.

Date: Sun, 20 Oct 2002 23:16:00 +0000
From: Denise A Phillips-Dickinson
<dapd@juno.com>
Subject: Letter to the Editors

Dear Editors:

Re: GDT, Volume 23, Issue 7, Jobless

Was it your intention to publish an issue that would be so derogatory towards women? I have been reading GDT for a couple years and until now have overlooked your main themes of (1) getting laid at RIT and (2) complaining about not getting laid at RIT. But you crossed the line with this issue. From the SSC “ad” to

the article on “Ass Theory” to the poem entitled, “Baggie Full of Rape Semen” you have wholly offended sense and sensibility. I’m disappointed, and I would think that most women in the RIT community would be pissed.

You state that Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is a magazine of satire, literature, poetry, and art. You have the potential to publish such a weekly - or you can publish a magazine that merely shocks, insults, and degradates.

Sincerely,
Denise Phillips

I’d like to start out by thanking you for your feedback and concerns. I really must say that I pre-

ferred your letter to the public lambasting and personal condemnations that I, and some of my fellow staff members, have been experiencing since the issue came out a week ago. While I don't necessarily agree with your opinions of our issue, I respect where you are coming from and appreciate the adult way that you approached the issue.

I've received comments along the lines of, 'As a woman, I can't believe you allowed that to print!', and 'As a member of the gender most likely to be raped, I can't believe you put your name on that issue,' and 'As a female, aren't you ashamed to be a part of that issue, that magazine, that organization? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?' I've gotten these comments from students and faculty alike, some of whom I didn't even know. To any such question, I can offer little more than a resounding "no." I'm not apologetic, nor am I ashamed.

Other female members on staff have received similar comments and flack, however, the male members on staff have almost entirely escaped criticism. I find this interesting, unfair, and sad.

Were we intent on degrading women in our last issue? Of course not. I am a woman, and one generally very sensitive of women's issues at that. What would be my motivation behind degrading myself along with the other several thousand women on this campus? To be perfectly honest, I was not offended by the content that we ran last week. While I can appreciate that some women were, for every woman that has complained, another has said that they were generally unaffected, and did, indeed, see reason, satire, or purpose behind the pieces that you mentioned.

Did Sean Stanley's poem make you feel uncomfortable? Okay, I can understand that. The graphic concept that a rape forensics investigation is invasive, cold, dehumanizing, and indeed, extension of trauma is hard to swallow, I'll admit. However, being uneasy with a topic is no reason discard the topic itself. Simply that a poem is out of one's range of comfort is not an indication of the worth of that piece of writing. There are a lot of things that make use uncomfortable. Does that mean that we should ignore those things and refuse to learn, question, and think about them? Of course not!

Did the fake "Swedish Space Corporation" ad

enrage you? Good! But while you're angry, don't stop there. Pick up almost any modern magazine, look at the advertisements there and be furious at them too. Take a look at some of the suggestive anime posters littering the Quarter Mile, slogans openly used by some on campus organizations, or at certain back issues of *Reporter* and be outraged at them too. In today's world, sex has permeated advertising and media from here to there to advertise everything from shoes to golf clubs, to major corporations. Women are exploited daily for little or no genuine reason, an unfortunate fact that last week's advertisement pointed out. Don't like it? Yeah, I don't either, which is the very fact that I was fine with the ad running. To me, it clearly demonstrated the ridiculous nature of a culture and a generation that will use a woman's body to sell anything one can imagine.

The provocative isn't always bad. Let's be honest with ourselves. We can be content to simply be angry for our bruised sensibilities, or we can sensibly learn to see beyond the shock value and gut reaction to that which we are exposed to, and allow ourselves a glance at the big picture.

For those of you deeply offended, I am sorry for that fact. I am not sorry for the issue itself, nor for the concepts brought forth in them. There were no malicious intentions or hurtful objectives driving its publication. The bits that you mention happen to be satire, literature, poetry, and art - that stun, incite, and awaken us from the drab scenery. We'll be sure to cover men in the near future.

-Ed.

Date: Fri, 18 Oct 2002 01:40:48 -0400 (EDT)
From: Michael Sauder <mas5033@rit.edu>
Subject: Gary's a prick, but Diana's a whore

I've never had any great urge to write to GDT before, but this school year almost every single issue has had something of interest in it. First, there was the issue with a "RIOT" picture on the front cover that looks conspicuously like the bumper sticker on the back of my Jeep. Considering that issue showed up a couple weeks after I had been at Gary's place, I had to wonder for a little bit. I considered suing, but decided that was too American a thing to do.¹

An issue or two later, I was shocked at the arrogance of the kid who actually believed he was the first one to come up with the "RIOT"

name. Just who did this pansy-assed kid think he was?! Our school name has been around for decades, and he thinks he's the first three year old to come up with the RIOT acronym? Get a life. Probably wrote the letter just to take a break from wanking off.

I was pleased then to see the response, where I was again indirectly in your publication when Andrew² stated that he had seen my bumper sticker at Racquet Club.³ I'm an anonymous kind of guy. As long as anonymous credit is given, I'm happy. Of course, I don't take credit for actually coming up with the RIOT name. But at least I'm getting credit for having it before tighty-whitey boy.⁴

Gary's anti-IT comments have not gone unnoticed. But they're somewhat amusing,⁵ so I never complained. But what has finally prompted me to write this mindless drivel is the letter by the "Nietzsche-loving IT Major" Diana Hiatt.⁶ In the very first paragraph she tries to question Gary's assumption that all IT majors are illiterate idiots.

Now, I hate to fight an IT chick, because Simone knows we need more chicks in IT. And I don't normally attack individuals, but... HELLO!!! Did she actually read what she wrote? I counted no fewer than seven obvious spelling and grammatical mistakes, and a whole boatload of sentences of questionable construction.⁷

I will give credit where credit is due, and congratulate her on the proper use of "than" and "then," a common mistake. On the other hand, my late night scanning of her letter doesn't show any spot where she would use "then," so it may be that she just got lucky in her consistent use of "than."

I'll also credit Diana with being an exemplary American patriot. She spends the bulk of her letter blaming everyone else for her problems in IT, and that is a very American thing to do.

She seems to be under the arrogant impression that only IT students are special and have

to deal with groups in classes. Well, if I look at the classes I've taken in Computer Science, Physics, Astronomy, Theater, and Liberal Arts, with the exception of calculus and half of the Liberal Arts classes, nearly all of my classes required group work of some sort or another. Obviously group work is not limited to just IT. If Diana is still having trouble with her groups by her third year here, then perhaps she needs to take a closer look at how she personally is interacting with them, or re-evaluate her expectations of group participation. I'm sorry, but this is RIT - very few classmates reach their third year here by being a slacker.

As for not getting any respect in her field because all her hard work appears so easy - she thinks this is unique to IT? This is true for any field. A mathematician can solve complex equations in minutes. A mechanic can change a tire even quicker. A carpenter can drive a 3" framing nail in two strikes. And an IT professional can install Linux flawlessly. We all make it look easy - it's our job to make it look easy. If we can't, we obviously don't know our shit.

As a disclaimer, I should mention that I'm a fifth year IT major - an original IT major at that, I didn't transfer from a "harder" major. In fact, I almost moved "up" into Computer Science or Software Engineering. I'm also an NTID student, which means I don't know how to write worth shit, that it'll take me seven years just to finish my AAS, and it takes me five times to pass Tech Calc I. Oh, and I'm not defending Gary. I don't like him either, but for completely different reasons.⁸

Good day, my dear Diana. I'm sorry we'll never date - I'm seriously in need of getting laid.⁹

Mike "Machine"¹⁰ Sauder

The fifth year "I'll graduate sometime this decade" IT major.

1 I'm not the most patriotic person around.

2 Is Andrew Jewish? I've always thought he looked like an excellent Jewish dude.

3 When is RIT ever going to tear down RC? I think after I graduate I'll move into an abandoned RC apartment for the summer.

4 As fate would have it, through the various mutations of fonts on my computer, the dots in my bumper sticker file4a have been replaced with red lips. Which is fateful because on the day I checked, I was mourning the rejection of a date.

4a Last Modified September 25, 1999, so suck that kid.

5 And sometimes somewhat true.

6 Just what did Nietzsche have to do with that whole letter anyways? Am I forgetting some comment made about Nietzsche in a previous issue?

7 Note that I'm not making any claims to my own writing ability. It may be better or it may be worse, but I'm not the one setting myself up on a podium of rightness.

8 He keeps taking my girl, for one.

9 After all, being an IT student, we wouldn't want me to develop the ITCH.

10 That's "Sex Machine", to all my freshmen dorm pals.

Re: Gary Hoffman is an Elitist Prick

By Gary Hoffmann

Dear Diana Hiatt, the Nietzsche-loving IT major,

Firstly, madam, let me begin by saying I also know this Gary Hoffman, and he *is* an Elitist Prick, but I don't really understand why you seem to have such a vehement argument with him. He didn't write any of the articles *GDT* has published that suggest IT majors are barely capable of forming a coherent sentence or looking at an author's name to make sure they've spelled it correctly. Those articles were all written by me, Gary Hoffmann. And I am neither an Elitist Prick nor a bigot. I'll happily admit that I'm an Elitist Bastard, or even a Pretentious Asshole. And there have been times I've been called a Stubborn Motherless Son of a Syphilitic Cocksucker (thanks, Steve) and the Anti-Christ (thanks, Mom), but, madam, I am *not* an Elitist Prick.

Secondly, let me point out that I never stated that I think *all* IT majors are illiterate idiots. I never used the universal, "all." I merely stated the general case, and chose to leave out the recognition of exceptions because it would have broken up the continuity of my articles. I simply assumed the intelligent IT students who study the late Twentieth Century revival of the Dada movement in West Cleveland or whatever would naturally be able to conclude that they themselves were, in fact, not stupid. Nor did I ever give any indication that I think what IT students do is necessarily easy or simple-minded. I fully realize that, when done correctly (emphasis on the conditional statement), Information Technology is a difficult task and is quite important. I know a number of IT students who are on the brilliant side (of what, I'll let you figure out), and I have only the utmost respect for them and what they do. I never implied otherwise. And, given the sheer quantity of IT students on this campus and the fact that I've met a relatively small number of them, I'm perfectly willing to assume there are quite a

few exceptions to the rule that I haven't yet encountered, possibly as many as seven. I also *never* stated, explicitly or implicitly, that I know everything, or even all that much there is to know about IT.

But even you admit that the majority of IT students fall into the category of "Has the Thinking Capacity of a Frat Boy" – the reason for this is, I think, fairly obvious – so there doesn't seem to be much disagreement between our positions. I sympathize fully with the fact that you're often forced to work on group projects with other IT students, and I think your interest in philosophy, poetry, etc. is laudable. I recall you were one of the better students in Modern Poetry when we took it, yes? The only issue seems to be a simple misunderstanding, which I can clear up right now. Not all IT majors are idiots. We shouldn't let the vast majority of cretinous slovens that elect to call themselves college students give a bad name to the few in the program who care about their work and are good at it and, in some cases, are extraordinarily good at it.

Perhaps I should clarify further. I rather detest those IT majors who joined the program because they simply couldn't decide what they wanted to do, weren't good at anything else, and had no interest in anything except making money. They only came to college to fulfill some perceived obligation to society or their parents or whatever, and I imagine most of them won't end up taking jobs in IT fields, anyway. The IT majors who had even a modicum of interest in the subject when they joined the program are, to my mind, the only ones who deserve to be in the program. They're the ones who will actually be getting jobs in the field, and for them I'm thankful. But they're rather few and far between, aren't they?

Let me finish, madam, by reiterating that you seem to support most of my sentiments rather than refute them. Thank you, then, for validating my perceptions with a viewpoint more intimately familiar with the department. Thank you also for proving there

are exceptions, yourself included, who are unfortunately often forced into the position of having to carry along the incompetent students they're surrounded by.

Best regards,

Gary Hoffmann

The Imaging Science major who is largely ambivalent towards the whole Existentialist move-

ment, although admittedly the German Existentialists were considerably more tolerable than the French Existentialists, because they weren't French.

*This diatribe is in response to a letter **Gracies DinnertimeTheatre** received and printed in Vol. 23, Issue7, Jobless, which can be downloaded for your enjoyment and perusal at:*

<http://hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/Volume23/07.Jobless.pdf>

The Farm

By Sean J. Stanley

The dog belonged to George. He abandoned it when he abandoned her, arriving late one Thursday, drunk, belligerent. Having nearly nothing when he had insinuated himself into her life, packing his bag took all of five minutes. He spent exactly one minute in the bathroom taking a shit, and the remaining three minutes were spent screaming incoherently in her face. He came close to hitting her a few times, and probably would have if his buddy in the junker Mazda pickup hadn't rolled up honking. Ten minutes was all that it took. Joan knew this, because when he finally left, she had only missed one segment of the late-late show. An interview with a rising film director.

For a while, she didn't notice that the dog was even around. Almost. Occasionally, it would poke its head into the living room for a moment, before retreating to its innocuous sanctuary under the kitchen table. In those moments, she felt general indifference, with a twinge here and there of contempt. She'd grudgingly load a plastic automatic feeder with dog food every other week. It drank out of the toilet, and George had installed a dog door in the kitchen, so it could let itself out when it had to mess.

Her job at the nursing home was enough to keep her mind occupied with negativity. The elderly were one thing, but this home catered to every derelict imaginable. Alzheimer's patients wandered the halls looking for mothers or spouses. They were burned, they were invalid, some were rehab patients in for six weeks of physical therapy; it was a tiny menagerie of human effluvia, tucked neatly into the cheerful suburban landscape. A man with no legs and half a jaw sat in a wheelchair and begged the visitors for cigarettes and pocket change, a holdover from his days on the street before his legs froze and his sister brought him here. Here, where he yelled and screamed and threw his shit at

Joan and the others. Here, where Joan had worked for fifteen years without a raise, without the camaraderie that comes with a steady job. Most of the girls were Haitian or Latino, speaking little English and lasting no more than a year before burnout or INS forced them to leave. Her only constants were her inept, magnanimous superiors who went to great lengths to assure her that she was barely qualified and needed no accolades.

One evening, as Bob Barker encouraged Eunice to spin the wheel once again, Joan wondered if he had sex with the blonde that replaced Dian Parkinson. He probably did. Probably did her really hard from behind. She liked that sometimes. This singular pseudo-masochistic thought was interrupted by something in the corner of her eye. There, on the hobbled coffee table, amidst the crumbs of fossilized food, a tiny black spot moved ever so slightly. A closer look revealed a dainty monster. It was a tick. She only caught notice of it because it contrasted greatly against the backdrop of a used paper plate. She watched its progress as it moved across one of the translucent oil-stained areas that caught the drippings of a long-since-devoured microwave lasagna. The sound from the television faded. Joan felt herself sliding off the sofa, her legs stretching under the coffee table, until she had come to rest in front of the plate, her eyes level with the creature.

She had seen ticks before, but never inside like this, never this close. She wondered where it came from. The grass in the backyard was well over two feet tall now. George had mowed it from time to time, but in the months since his departure, Joan had let it grow over. She stuck her finger on the paper plate and immediately, the tick changed its course. When she moved her finger, it moved with her. She opened her mouth slightly and breathed on it. It spun around, but contin-

ued toward her finger. Joan remembered how her father had removed ticks from her head as a child, using a match to burn it, and rusty pliers to remove the sizzled carapace. The ones she had seen were always dead. Not like this one. When it began to climb up her finger, she was startled at first, but a strange fascination gripped her. It moved up, past her chewed and cracked fingernail, and over her knuckle. The dog walked into the room, sullen eyes darting back and forth, searching. It often expected attention, and she gave it none, a sort of catharsis for George and all who came before him. She looked in its eyes for a moment, and suddenly, without even thinking, she flicked the tick onto the dog's head.

The dog didn't seem to notice, its gray-ing fur providing ample contrast for viewing the tick's activities. Joan sat transfixed, as it crawled slowly across the dog's head, resting beside its ear. Before she could see anything else, the dog lost interest in Joan and turned away, sprinting into the kitchen once again. The tick had a sort of gothic mystique, which she had been privy to as she watched it hunt for a surface capillary. But, like the vampire films of the silent era, the curtain fell and she was denied viewing the vile penetration and subsequent draining of the hapless victim.

She didn't think much of it until four days later, when the dog emerged from the kitchen with a large growth beside its ear. It was the tick, fully engorged, and dangling off the dog. Joan ran to her medicine cabinet and grabbed the eyeglass repair kit with the built in magnifying glass. She trained it on the tick. It's legs were still moving, and around it, she saw what looked like tiny white spots.

Eggs.

In a week or so, there were fifteen or so ticks covering the dog's head, running down its neck. She began each morning by scooping a large quantity of gourmet dog food into the bowl. The dog's health was important. She stole a box of latex gloves from work, and ran her fingers through the dog's fur each morning

as it ate, searching for stray ticks that hadn't yet gorged themselves to death.

She gently picked them up and deposited them on other parts of the dog. The dog took a keener interest in her as a result. It no longer hid under the table, rather, followed her around the house. It would bark eagerly as her key turned in the door each night. And each night, like clockwork, she'd feed it a treat and train her gooseneck reading lamp on its body, monitoring the progress of her little arachnid farm.

In another two weeks, the blistered back of the dog began to smell. Malignant, writhing, lesions began to form on the parts of skin that bore dead ticks as she watched,

entranced. Infections and clotted blood made the odor almost putrid. She no longer pet it with her bare hand, laying down newspaper in front of the sofa so her latex-clad hand could stroke its muzzle while she watched TV. She purchased a dog-shaped automotive air freshener, and attached it to the dog's faded red pet collar. It whimpered occasionally, but was in good spirits most of the time. It loved when she scratched behind its ears.

She woke up one morning and found the dog lying peacefully at the foot of her bed. Joan threw back the covers in disgust. She ran into the bathroom, stripped off her clothes and sat on the toilet, checking for ticks. She scratched her body, twitching as she positioned the hand mirror to check her back and her neck. Near scalding water erupted from the shower-head as she drowned her head in the special shampoo she had purchased a few days earlier. Guaranteed to kill ticks and their eggs. As she dried off, she noticed that two ticks had lodged themselves between her toes and were feeding, even after the barrage of hot water. She took her eyebrow tweezers and carefully removed them.

The dog was scratching itself. It knew something was not right. Using its hind paw, it was able to dislodge several of the vagabond parasites from the area around its ears and forehead. But Joan was ready for

that. With her tweezers, she gingerly picked up each tick and placed them in one of the half-pint mason jars selected for their small size and flowery decoration. In what little capacity she had for irony, she thought that these jars were wholly appropriate. Using the magnifying glass, she examined them closely, discarding the gorged ones, or the ones with damaged mandibles. Luckily, the ones that had snuck between her toes were still intact. When the dog had gone to sleep, she upended the jar against the fur on the dog's spine, shaking the jar to make sure it was empty. She sat there for an hour and pet the dog's forehead, her attention shifting from time to time between a re-run of *Friends* and the ticks burrowing themselves into wet skin once again.

After a month or so, the dog could barely walk. She suspected that it was anemic. It would move several feet, and then lose the strength in its legs, flopping helplessly on its belly. It would lie there for a few moments, gather its strength, and then try to move again. Ticks were everywhere, on its paws, on its tail; she even noted a few emerging from its anus.

Friday, confronting yet another weekend of solitude, Joan gathered some munchies and parked herself in front of the television. The dog was acting strange, even for the state it was in. From where she left it in the corner, it had moved only an inch or so since the previous evening. It wasn't dead, as she could see it breathing, but it made no other movement. Its eyes, unable to blink due to the ticks, seemed transfixed on the doorway to the kitchen. As the latest reality television show premiered for the sad masses, the dog moved a total of six inches across the floor. The next two sitcoms were mediocre at best, and Joan thought that she might enjoy a video. There were plenty to choose from. Russell Crowe, Tom Cruise, and Antonio Banderas all had videos out according to her monthly Blockbuster coupon update. It was starting to rain outside, so she gathered her keys, took an umbrella from under a pile of dirty newspapers and left.

When she returned over an hour later, action hunk video installment in hand, the dog had moved about six feet from the corner, and was wheezing softly. She was too engrossed in explosive schlock to notice the dog's trajectory across the floor, nor did she contemplate its motives for moving. To her, it was part of the experiment. She was as detached about it as she was about the bloody streaks it made on the carpet as

it dragged itself, a mess of crushed ticks, body hair, and pus. By the end of the film, the dog was resting on the median between the carpet and the fading kitchen linoleum. It didn't respond when she called it. The next morning, it had reached the middle of the kitchen, but it wasn't moving toward its food. She would have picked it up and helped it to the bowl, but she didn't want to get any blood on her sleeves, which were unprotected by the gloves.

Later, as Joan was leaving for work, she saw that the dog was pulling, no— dragging itself, through the dog door. It had been a while since it had messed, so she was glad to see that it wasn't going to do so on her floor. Blood was one thing, but doody was something completely different.

Her Sunday shift ended around eight, and when she returned, Joan was surprised to see that a police patrol car was waiting outside. A fierce looking woman in her thirties leered at her.

"Is this your dog?"

"No."

"Who's dog is it?"

"I don't know."

Joan had never been a good liar, and the presence of a dog door and food made it hard for her to deny it. The little girl next door had apparently heard the dog howling. It had gotten stuck under the fence between the houses, its body gaunt enough to fit through halfway, thanks to the ticks. The girl's mother saw the dog's condition and called the animal shelter, which, in turn, called the police. Joan told them that she knew she hadn't taken care of the dog. The police took the dog and she was booked on charges of criminal animal neglect, a Class A misdemeanor.

They let her go home that night, but returned a few days later. Several of her coworkers had discovered bloated ticks on some of the elderly patients and tick-filled mason jars hidden in a corner of the supply closet.

What's the Frequency?

Local Music: Just because it's not on the radio, doesn't mean it's not good.

By Bryan Hammer

"There's nothing to listen to on the radio." You've probably said this yourself, and wondered whatever happened to the days of "good" music. In the next decade or so when the popular music of today becomes tomorrow's classic rock, will today's rockstars enjoy the continued respect that bands like Led Zeppelin and the Beatles do today? If you go by the standards that commercial radio has set to date, this era of music is destined to be easily forgotten. So what're we to do about it? Where's today's quality music?

I believe the answer is in the local scene. When it comes to finding good music, switching to a college radio station or going to a bar to see a live band can be your saving grace. It is, however, a waiting game. You may see a dozen local bands before you find one that you can connect with. Live local music has a honesty that you won't find anywhere else. The bands that play at your local bar aren't there for the money; believe me, sometimes they may be playing for nothing. They are there to win over the sensibilities of the fans, to share a story, and to express themselves. These shows are intimate, and you can usually go talk to the band afterwards, which adds to the experience. Getting to know a local band is exciting. You won't have to wait very long before they play a gig near you, like you do for big name bands. Having a conversation with a musician who is hungry and eager to share his music is a great experience. These bands are competitive and

passionate, and they believe in music. It is a great atmosphere for any music lover.

College radio offers such a wide range of musical tastes usually you have to listen to find out when a particular DJ is on the air that plays the music you enjoy. With any amount of effort though chances are you'll find something you can connect with.

This has become my antidote to the mundane, mind numbing routine of commercial radio. Even here at RIT the opportunities to see local music are never in short supply. The Music Association runs open mic nights and "Tuesday's at the Clock," among other events that promote music for music's sake. "Big Tree Concert Series," (formerly known as 12 Corners Coffeehouse, is also another event series put on by the Music Association, bringing songwriters and groups to various venues on the RIT campus. 89.7 WITR radio features many different styles of music, and even offers students the opportunity to get their own radio show. Both organizations are located in the basement of the SAU, and are worth checking out. Besides RIT, there are numerous venues outside RIT that offer great local music like Milestones, Penny Arcade, and Water Street Music Hall. *Freetime* magazine has a good listing of the schedules of all the local venues. The answers music lovers are looking for are out there, but like most good music, it has to be found.

Send all comments, questions, love letters, and hate mail to GDTWTF@hotmail.com.

SUBMIT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Epiphanesque, part 5 – Mondschein

By Gary Hoffmann

A pickup truck passed by, easily overtaking my eighty miles per hour. It was the sort of truck you'd expect to see a gun rack in – rusty, paint peeling, muffler dying, older than I am – or maybe a Confederate flag bumper sticker. Instead there was just an old, grey bearded man with a smoky sort of look around his eyes.

Once as I was wandering through Manhattan on a cold day I saw an old man sitting by the water, staring out at the ocean. His clothes looked almost as old as him, but were in good condition. He was wearing a thick, black woolen coat against the chill of the November air and a worn fedora. His arthritic hand picked up a black pawn from a chessboard in front of him, placing it deliberately, precisely. I guess he was playing against the wind, or the darkened ashes of some distant memory, for the chair across from his was empty of any tangible opponent. I sat silently down and took up the game in the stead of whatever ghost he hoped either to banish or bring back to life. He never looked up from the board, but as we played he told me about himself. He was Ukrainian and remembered far too clearly both the fall of the Nazis and the rise of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. He'd lost a wife and a daughter to gulags before he was finally able to escape to the U.S. His wife had never lost a game of chess to him. As he placed me in checkmate, he finally looked up. His eyes had the same smoky look I saw in the grey bearded man's eyes as he drove past, that look of having seen too much death.

Driving, my window was down. It was another cold day, but in September a year later from when I'd met the Ukrainian. The sky was clear and almost as blue as the endless heaven hanging stoically above Colorado, although it had rained all the previous day. The smell of thunder was still thick and sensual in the air, an aroma like after a mountaintop orgy of Greek gods. It was a smell that had a life of its own, an undulating existence that attached itself to your senses like some writhing invertebrate. It was a day made for driving twice the speed limit on back roads in the middle of nowhere, tasting of the surrounding serenity at the same time you destroy it. Judith sat next to me, but we hadn't spoken in over an hour. She just smiled softly while watching trees and birds pass by in a terrible hurry and feeling the wind's Zephyrus fingers pull playfully at the strands of her dark hair. Sunlight danced across her skin, clearly picking out each freckle on her nose and cheeks, caressing it and turning it into something more beautiful than it had been. It wasn't that the

tranquility we drove through somehow elevated her to some fantastic level of beauty, but rather it grounded her more purely in reality, the divine taken a human form. Talking would have been sacrilege.

For ten years researchers from various organizations searched the U.S. for a pristine stream, to no avail. Every brook, creek, river, stream, trickle, and rivulet they checked was already polluted – some worse than others, of course, but none left untouched. It's said it's possible to develop film in the Genesee River, or to catch fish in the Mississippi that are no longer fish as much as they are mobile tumors. Even in the remotest wilds of Montana it's impossible to locate a single stream that won't increase your chances of getting cancer if you drink from it, even if only a little. But after driving all day from an early start, with the sun already beginning to set, the moon already beginning to rise, and the air cooling as it prepared to send the world to sleep, Judith and I did what the researchers could not.

We sat by the bank for a long time, our bare feet sometimes immersed in the frigid water and sometimes hidden beneath a large blanket we'd brought from the car, our bare shoulders sometimes exposed to the moonlight and sometimes hidden beneath the lazily meandering stream, our bare skin sometimes subject to a lonely insect crawling across but mostly subject to each other's eyes crawling avariciously over every inch of surface. Splendor doesn't begin to describe her naked body in the moonlight. I watched as she emerged from the stream into the night air; she put even the most graceful Nereid to shame. The wind sighed, like a lover blowing in her ear, causing her to shiver slightly and return to the blanket. We sat for a long time, still in silence, afraid to destroy the innocence of the place. Perhaps we'd simply forgotten how to speak.

As we sat, the reflection of the moon rose and fell on her brown irises in the space of a single instant. And when she closed her eyes, eyes the same color brown as a hundred year old oak table littered with coffee stains and teardrops, time froze, and we no longer had to fear the destruction of innocence. And as I leaned over to kiss her, infinity collapsed to the size of two pairs of lips pressed together, and we arrived at the place we'd been searching for all day, that we'd been searching for all our lives. And as even the forest and the stars averted their gaze to ensure our privacy, we arrived at a place where guilt never existed.

Don't Send in the Clowns

By Hanna and Kjöen Thomas

Dawn lightly touched a wooded glade, slowly leaching colour into the world. Birds chattered to one another in that half-light, and one, a small chickadee, stopped and watched shapes moving through the disappearing mists. If not for their black clothing, the shapes could be ghosts, moving in utter silence. Weighed down by some burden not visible to the chickadee, one figure looked up and winked, his unnaturally white face standing out in stark contrast to his unnaturally black beret.¹

From the north came a sound, not unlike that of a duck being pulled backwards through an accordion,² followed by a rapid succession of honks and unhealthy slapping noises. The black-clad figure in the lead crouched, holding his left arm out to the side, bent, fist up, and the rest followed his command, waiting. The leader began to gesture orders to his cohorts while a flock of sparrows ascended into the crisp morning air, frightened by the ongoing brouhaha in the north. Watching the fleeing birds, the chickadee was vaguely disturbed. Turning his attention back to the field he was unable to see the silent figures; only a single beret, discarded on the ground, remained. Genuinely worried, the little bird leapt from its branch and flew south, thinking that although his kind didn't really take such flights, perhaps it was time for a change of species.

"Quheeh-Hhhooh!"

That strange noise came again, masked by a tinkling of bells and punctuated with a few honks and beeps. Slowly, warily, a second group entered the clearing. With the sun up and light pouring into the glade, the new group is a veritable kaleidoscope of colours. Their fatigues, taken with the fact that each of them made humorous little beeps and bipples as they walked, would make it incredibly difficult for their unit to remain hidden from Helen Keller let alone their devious enemy.

Seeing the beret, the unit slowly, though noisily and with at least one prat-fall, made its way to the spot. Dinky Boodle, obviously nervous, kept fighting the urge to play with his nose, only to have his hand start

to inch up again a few moments later. Kneeling to pick up the discarded hat, the sergeant sighed. The enemy excelled at embarrassing his men by leaving some token of their passing.

"Just letting you know that we knew you were coming," the hat said with a smile. Or maybe it didn't say anything. Maybe it was all in the way it acted: silent and suggestive of something else, just like the damned enemy. Either way, the clown detachment failed to execute an ambush yet again. The war was already several months old, and they hadn't had one successful engagement.

Standing up and shouldering his weapon, the sergeant began to berate the hapless outfit, while the ends of his large, floppy, red combat boots fluttered in the wind with each of his agitated strides. The bliss-filled chirps they emitted upon each over-exaggerated impact with the matted grass of the field seemed a poor counterpoint to his obvious frustration with the situation.

"God Damn! You are the sorriest bunch of clowns I have ever had the misfortune of commanding!"

The sergeant tugged off his red, blue and yellow camouflage helmet and heaved it to the ground with such force that a small spray of water was emitted from the haggard potted plant at its crown. The rotund sergeant turned and surveyed his downcast platoon with disgusted eyes, but a large, red grin.

Out of the corner of his eye, Private Minky Bleep saw a movement. Turning to look, he caught sight of one of the enemy on the edge of the trees, hopping a bit and looking remarkably like a swan.

"Look Sarge! There's one acting like a bird."

"Oh, that ain't g—"

While the sergeant was speaking, Dinky realized that the special red shiny spot on Sarge's nose was not, in fact, the glinting of the light...well, at least not the natural light. At the same time, the sergeant's nose

¹ And what is an unnaturally black beret, you ask? Pray you never have the opportunity to find out. I said pray!

² Is there any right way to pull a duck through an accordion?

made a very strange noise; a noise no clown's nose should ever make, especially not in front of an audience. It was, in fact, the kind of noise a cute squeeze toy would make if you could accelerate it to over mach one and bring it to a sudden stop against a small pointed piece of lead.

Unable to contain his clownal urges any longer, Dinky's hand leapt to his nose and beat out a synco-pated rhythm of beeps while calling, "Woo, woo, woo!"

Pandemonium began to stretch His mighty arms to encompass the entire clearing. Rubber chickens flew in every direction as the confused group tried desperately to survive the onslaught of their darkly attired foes. Clown after clown fell before the assailing of unseen weapons. In desperation many of the squad attempted to surrender before the deadly snipers in almost every tree picked them off.

After collecting the weapons from their prisoners, the victors motioned with what the POW's could only assume were weapons, and the clowns began to march. Above the ensuing honks, squeaks and beeps, a single voice was heard.

"Don't worry kid, it'll be ok. I've been captured plenty of times. There ain't a camp yet built that could hold me, you'll see."

Twelve hours later, the unit, exhausted from their long march, returned to their base. Meeting their captain upon entering the camp, he asked only, "Captured by the mimes?"

"Yes, sir. They put us into an invisible box again, but we just ran away when they weren't looking. We tried to rescue Bucko, but he said we'd never get over the walls. We had to leave him there, sir."

"Did you at least mark your location this time so we can go back and show them what we think of their hospitality?"

"Yes, sir, I have it all right here," he replied while handing a soggy roll of paper to his captain.

Unrolling the map cautiously, he admired the obviously circuitous route taken by his men; swirling circles and zigzags—complete with little pictures of what could only be marks for collisions—covered most of the paper. What made it even more impressive

was that it was drawn on a world map obviously from a child's textbook. If reliable, the troop of clowns had marched from Tuva, though Southeast Asia, Australia, swam the Indian Ocean, and visited most of the other continents in under 12 hours. Watching the men pass by, the captain noted that they *were* all wet, and many of them had sand in their shoes—presumably from their hike across the Gobi—so who was he to argue?

"Good job, soldier. I'll take this to the General."

In a nearby circus tent, several generals and their attaches were in conference, discussing the war. The captain briefly appeared at the door to deliver the freshly drawn map.

"General Winkle, sir, the unit captured this morning has returned and drawn a map."

"Ah, I see the mimes have relocated to Tuva. Very good, captain." Turning back to the others, the four daisies on General Winkle's uniform caught the light in the way that only plastic flowers can, and acted as a reminder to the rest of the generals as to who was in charge.

"The war is not going well, gentlemen. Since open hostilities began several months ago with that unfortunate cream pieing of the mime's Archduke, we have not won a single engagement. Today's fubar is a typical example of what happens whenever we go head-to-head against the enemy. Have we gotten the latest intelligence report yet?"

Looking toward his aide, the general was once again struck with a mild sense of unease. He was never able to pinpoint exactly what it was about Corporal Honkin' Harry Hufflepants that bothered him. As he gazed at the young corporal, dressed all in black, save the red nose made all the brighter when seen against his white skin, the general shrugged it off.

In response to the general's query, Corporal Hufflepants shook his head.

"Very well," the general continued. "Our luck is about to change. Recently, a defector has agreed to instruct a special division of our troops on how to match the enemy on the battlefield. While his ways are not ours, we must learn from this man, or all is lost. With any luck, he will not only allow us to counter the

enemy, but will help us uncover the spy which we have in our midst.”

That night, under the cover of darkness, a tiny neon pink hummer, not more than three feet long, arrived in the camp. Out of its miniscule door a driver, guard, translator and a mime wearing a bright yellow beret and red nose somehow exited in a humorous fashion. As they made their way toward the tent set aside for the new men, the mime came to a halt. Sticking his arms out to stop the others, he slowly crouched down and chose a small stone from the ground. Lightly tossing the pebble in one hand as though to get a sense of its weight, he made a under-armed throwing motion with his empty hand toward the tent, and the night was suddenly split with an explosion and blinding light.

“Mime trap,” said the translator after speaking with the mime. “Very sneaky one. Only set off by another mime. We must identify this mole as soon as possible.”

As the sun was rising the entire camp was assembled. To one side stood the mime and his interpreter, making many of the gathered clowns visibly uncomfortable. For most, this was the closest they’d ever been to a mime without being either shot at or captured. The General, his bright blue boots flashing and honking in the early light, marched back and forth.

“Men, starting today, the war changes. We have been given the privilege of being trained as special forces because of our repeated intimate contact with the enemy. No other force has been captured and escaped as often as we have, and headquarters thinks that means something.”

Eyeing his men, he continued, “This is ‘Jacque’, until recently of the Third Sidewalk Division of the mime infantry. In the coming weeks and months, he will train you to act, think, and fight like a mime. We will win this war, gentlemen, and ‘Jacque’ will help us achieve that victory.”

While still moderately silent, several nervous beeps and honks were heard from the direction of Private Dinky. Otherwise the troops took the news rather well.

“There is, however, the added problem of the spy we have in our midst. Despite our best efforts we

have been unable to identify who this is, while the mimes have had no difficulty in returning our infiltrators in little cardboard boxes.”

The general momentarily thought of their most recent failure, a well-trained soldier named Michael Bigbottom. His disguise had been perfect: dressed all in black, including his oversized shoes and nose, his cover had been blown in less than twenty seconds...immediately after he squirted his superior officer in the face with a flower. Twenty-four hours later UPS delivered a 15x15x15 inch box, COD, from which Bigbottom emerged and made his report.

The brains in intelligence still didn’t know what gave him away.

“To that end, you have all been assembled so that ‘Jacque’ can begin by showing us how to find this damned mole.”

‘Jacque’ stepped forward with his translator to his right. As with all mimes, the clowns found it difficult to tell them apart; they all looked the same, really. But ‘Jacque’ did have a nose, so that made him seem much friendlier, and...well, clown-like. He stood silently for a time, then turned toward the interpreter and said nothing for a while longer, although he seemed to gesticulate wildly.

“Mimes and clowns are different,” began the translator, seemingly without provocation as ‘Jacque’ had not so much as uttered a peep. “Each has a different nature. I for example, have turned away from the ways of mimes and though I too wear a nose, there is something I can never do.”

Slowly, ‘Jacque’ reached up and firmly squeezed his nose, but no noise was heard. Clearly unsettling the troops, ‘Jacque’, through the interpreter, continued.

“This is a sample of what I will teach you. A true mime is physically incapable of making sounds. I can not make you mimes, but you will learn silence, grace, and above all, the limitations of your enemies! First, we shall find this mime among you.”

Slowly, working down the lines of troops, each clown honked his nose. Honk after honk split the morning, in the case of Private Dinky, several honks and a nervous whizzing noise were heard. Everything went well and the troops began to suspect that ‘Jacque’

wouldn't succeed until 'Jacque' reached Corporal Hufflepants, a black mark in a line of garish display. Upon squeezing his strikingly red nose, nothing was heard. Breaking formation in typical clown fashion, the men slowly circled Hufflepants. General Winkle pushed his way through the troops and said to Hufflepants, "Quit clowning around Hufflepants. Honk that nose, soldier!"

Again Hufflepants squeezed his rosy round proboscis, to no avail. By this time, beads of sweat could be seen on his forehead. 'Jacque', silent and tightlipped as ever, looked up and down Hufflepants' lanky, black clad frame and indicated, "Perhaps he should honk another's nose."

With a shaking hand, Hufflepants reached out and squeezed the General's nose. Again, silence—that bane of respectable clowns everywhere—cut the morning air like a rubber mallet in flight. In shock, the General honked his own nose, resulting in a very satisfying "*horchka*."

Moving quickly, 'Jacque' reached out and ripped Hufflepants' nose off. The assembled clowns gasped as one, for there, where there *had* been a clown, was suddenly a mime!

"Seize that mime!" shouted the General. Several burly clowns with curly green hair and pointy hats drug the silently screaming mime away.

"To think he was my own aid," said the General to 'Jacque'. "Unbelievable."

From the tent where Hufflepants (if that really was his name) was being interrogated, a man emerged.

"Anything, Corporal Runningbob?"

"No, sir, General, sir. He's not speaking; we can't get a word out of him."

"Allow me to speak with him, mime to mime, sir" interjected 'Jacque'. "But bring me some clothes first. It doesn't matter what kind. Oh, and some lip-stick."

After the garments and cosmetic had arrived, 'Jacque' began to enter the tent followed by his interpreter, but 'Jacque' stopped him, apparently indicating that this was a matter between mimes, and entered

alone. Several minutes passed in utter silence, and 'Jacque' finally emerged.

"I've gotten all the information I can out of him. Your men can take him now."

What emerged from the tent was surely the saddest looking clown any of them had ever seen. To break Hufflepants, 'Jacque' had first dressed him in a delicate chiffon green and orange flower print jumpsuit and matching daisy flower hat, when that had proved insufficient to break the poor man's spirit, he had drawn a large, red smile onto the mime's horrified face.

Abomination.

As he was lead away, the clearly broken Hufflepants shed silent tears of loathing. Strangely, the General didn't feel at all uncomfortable looking at him now and wondered why. Smugly, 'Jacque' handed the general the mole's statement. "I think we can begin training now General."

The war had changed, the General reflected. The tables had been turned and everything had changed. Ever since they had recruited that defector... It had probably saved them from a miserable defeat. They had caught the mole, so their plans were not leaked beforehand, and they had learned to move more quietly. The sounds of loud beeps and honks that usually preceded their appearance had even changed; they had become more natural. Instead of a quack, you might hear the long high squeak of a branch settling in the wind. Yes, sir, this really was a different army. The General began hearing sounds from the assembled troops outside his tent.

"This is my nose! There are many like it, but this one is mine!"

Well, that was it, the new recruits must have arrived, and as always some things never changed.

"Left... Left... Left, Left, Left!"

"We'll see how they managed that one," he said to himself. Maybe he was getting too old for this kind of thing. War wasn't what it used to be after all. Slowly the General's hand raised to his shiny red nose, and he honked it in a happy, thoughtful way. Nah, he still had it where it counted.

The dark bushes quivered as a mime crouched under their cover. These clowns certainly had gotten trickier these past few months, he reflected. The mime troop knew that they had wandered into the middle of a large group of clowns, but they simply could not tell where they were. Pierre wistfully considered the good old days when clowns knew how to act like...well clowns. The way their rhythmical clinking and beeping reverberated for miles around. Sure, they still made noise, but it was different somehow. Now their beeps sounded like rustling in the undergrowth, the crying of new born birds, the wind in the trees... just different. Didn't they know there was an order to the world? Mimes were put on this earth to be silently industrious and clowns were here to make all the noise. Everyone knew that.

Another sound off to his right made the cowering mime jump. It reminded him of a raccoon foraging, or was it a clown? It was too hard to tell these days. This was crazy, what was he doing out here? Animal instinct overtook the hapless mime all at once and he bolted, full-speed from the brush.

When he came to, several minutes later, the first thing he became aware of was that he had a whopper of a headache. Then he realized that he had been unconscious.

Oh no! No! Anything but that!

He stretched out a quivering hand towards seemingly open air. His fingertips reached and reached until finally they hit the side.

A box.

How could they? How can they know how to? Not a box! Oh, my God! Oh, my God! I'm claustrophobic!

Pierre began to hyperventilate while he pounded on the box, screaming silently.

Luis, from Pierre's platoon, noticed the shell of a man from his hiding spot. He rushed over to where the man lay, only to find he was in a box. How the hell had those clowns set a box trap? Quickly he removed unseen equipment from his bag just as they began to hear the telltale engine sound of the clown biplanes. The clowns had boxed in most of his platoon and called for an air raid. Luis diligently raised the invis-

ble suction cup to the side of the box, sweat running down his forehead, burning his eyes. He could see Pierre's pale, screaming face just beyond.

Hurry the fuck up, his expressions seemed to say. They're coming for us!

Just as Luis had made the final pass with the cutting tool around the suction, the whine of aircraft became louder. Flying low over the field of battle, two neon, pink biplanes headed into the battle and released their dread cargo of key-lime pies. In the blink of an eye the air was filled with flying cream and the smell of lemon and lime. Without compassion the deadly pastries indiscriminately found their targets. There may have been screams, but the attack was over, and silence was all that was heard as the biplanes disappeared into the distance. The box was now open, but it was far too late to save Pierre and his companions.

It was too late for all of them.

**The Wallace Library:
Now with 50% Morecock.**

Another Proposal for a Medical Marijuana Ferry

By Chris Maj

Who among you is not totally stoked about the fast ferry project to link our own flower city¹ with Canada's largest settlement?² Unless you were living under the sea,³ you've no doubt heard the Good News⁴ about our forthcoming compassionate arrangement with our kind and friendly neighbors to the north. No, this isn't arms-for-hostages, hugs-for-drugs, or needlessly-wasted-lives-for-oil. It could however be the largest construction project in the world since the Chunnel and before the completion of the Simone Dome for More Comfortable Military Training Exercises.⁵

This is about Canada legalizing marijuana and you living at Cape Canaveral!

But before blast-off, you might need a dose of discussion on some recent goings-on in Canada, eh? Well, not too long after our speed-freak US Air Force Pilots bombed a bunch of innocent Canadian soldiers while in Afghanistan,⁶ the Canadian government started growing pot in abandoned mines underneath Manitoba for sick people with a doctor's prescription for marijuana. Well, there was a little changing of the guard with the Health Minister, so now slightly less than 1,000 Canadian patients who benefit from medical marijuana receive it legally, but the numbers are growing — along with the pot.

Skip to just last month, when a Canadian Senate Committee, after two years of deliberation, interviews, research, and hearings,⁷ decides to officially recommend that Canadian federal law should be changed and that marijuana be legalized for all purposes and its sale regulated by the government. It could suggest a distribution mechanism with similar controls as cigarettes⁸ and Labatt's Blue.

Over the past couple weeks there were more positive signs. First, Prime Minister Chretien,⁹ not yet a lame duck but getting there, pushes for the decriminalization of marijuana from the pulpit of a Throne Speech. Okay, it was his Justice Minister really pushing decrim, but Chretien is going to get a few things done before he leaves office, this being one of them.

Second, and perhaps more joyous, is that the first large-scale public marijuana manufacturing factory opened in Vancouver. Apparently, they are making hash butter for medical marijuana patients. Besides the Amsterdam-style coffee shops open there now, this latest bold move has been reported as "a direct challenge to the federal government of Canada."^{10 11}

Our neighbors in the Queen's America are, of course, occasionally yelled at by the producer of those smoke-a-joint-and-join-the-terrorists commercials, drug

1 Rochester

2 Toronto

3 Fucking the Little Mermaid.

4 It's in Revelations people! Ned said the four horsemen are: Dubbya, Dick Cheney, SecDef Donny Rumsfeld, and, you guessed it, Beastly Gates Himself. Better check the date on that, though, you Seventh-Day Adventists — my Mayan manual says 2012.

5 The casino ring around Niagara Falls — one of the Seven Natural Wonders of the World — is awaiting the Godfather's final approval, which was delayed initially by a sober Indian's misinterpretation of the new postal rate codes.^{5a} Due to this delay, the casino ring around the falls is not anticipated for completion before the Simone Dome.

5a "All stamps bearing the resemblance of historically significant figures in the abolition, suffrage, desegregation, and other freedom movements shall be replaced with American flags because who wants to think about all that terrible shit we did way back a few years ago now that we aren't wrong about anything." Source: USPS

6 Ensuring that, after 'liberation', Afghanistan produces more opium than any other nation in the world. The Taliban almost wiped out production completely. Sure, that meant throwing everyone involved in jail or killing them, but isn't fighting drugs worth it? They even got \$43 million of your tax dollars for their fine efforts.

7 While blinking at CSPAN, you might see the American version, when a bunch of suits sitting around some elliptical or delicious veneer judicial looking bench are facing off against other persons seated at some smaller, slightly less significant looking bench, and they're all drooling while waiting for their turn to use the microphone (and lie.)

8 Have you seen Canadian cigarettes lately? You can barely tell from the wrapper that they're cigarettes. The packaging consists solely of full-color pictures of charred lung chunks, pieces of heart failure, fetuses with butts — it all just makes it look like you are buying a disease. I don't even think they have normal American brands; instead, you can ask for a pack of "Children See, Children Do" or "This Is Your Lung Collapsing From Poisonous Tobacco Smoke" or "Oui, Oui, Je Sais Mort."

9 Similar to President Fox's job in Mexico.

10 Source: The Globe and Mail, <http://www.globeandmail.com>, a Canadian paper owned by a Bell corporate-person descendant that's still free on the web.

11 This summer in California, those who tried to stand up under the protection of their state laws allowing for the cultivation and use of medical marijuana were systematically arrested and raided by DEA agents operating under federal jurisdiction. Many state and local officials do little to stand up for their communities.

czar John Walters, and fingers are wagged by the DEA Chief Patient Beater Asa Hutchinson. Unfortunately, the situation is much more grim in Bolivar's America,¹² with escalating US involvement in the war in Colombia. This theatre features a pipeline owned by Dubbya's buddies; several narco-terrorist, communist, and paramilitary factions that the State Department would like us to believe are probably all united in their links to Al-Qaeda; permission from Congress to let the President do whatever he wants; huge untapped oil reserves; enormous amounts of coca and opium; peasant uprisings — the new president was himself a coca grower; proximity to a ground invasion of OPEC member Venezuela should Chavez not bow down to the next US-backed coup attempt; and add to that the fact it's in the Columbian jungle where there's been a civil war for just short of four decades.

We can invade Columbia, but a US invasion of Canada¹³ simply isn't worth it until Quebec secedes and prompts either a bloody Canadian civil war or the western provinces to start really partying, at which point joining the homeland with Alaska via a land bridge will captivate the AARP and other recreational vehicle enthusiasts, eager at the possibility of lower fares for ferries to Kamchatka and Japan. No dice.

Until then, Canada plays ball in the G8 and NATO, two long-standing alliances of industrial and military power, respectively, where the US can't lose any more friends. As long as Nelson Mandela is taking shots, we've got nothing to worry about, even with a pre-emptive strike policy. But if we keep pissing on the Security Council, those UN debates will spill over into every other major international alliance — with or without US involvement in the power structure. This continued strain on our relationships will take its toll, a bat could see that, although I would ask Mr. Owl questions on how many licks it will take.

These overseas affairs will increase the need for tighter US control of the western hemisphere and its resources. But even after ten years, when the powers that be appended the Monroe Doctrine with NAFTA and the inklings of the FTAA, the US still can't boss Canada around.¹⁴ They kicked our ass in the war of 1812 and the war of alcohol prohibition. Could the war on marijuana bode any better? It's becoming more obtuse to fight a war on drugs while fighting a war on terrorists, and there appears to be more nations leaving these never-ending US-led wars than joining them.¹⁵

I'm not suggesting it's a binary problem, but to keep Canada a member of the terrorist team, we might have to let them walk out of the drug match. Fortunately, with the new fast ferry now under construction in Australia, they will be able to take a boat ride out of here, too. Starting this August, before the PGA, you can ride along for just \$25 one-way,¹⁶ ten bucks cheaper than the bus!

Getting to Toronto is going to take much less time by boat than the current three or four hour tour over land, in large part because it's a straight line,¹⁷ and also because it will maintain speeds of nearly ninety clicks.¹⁸ The ferry will be able to hold 250 cars, some semis, and several SUVs, so you can leave Rochester and arrive at Toronto in style — or drive off the ferry. It's up to you.

To meet the requirements of international travel, Rochester is going to get millions of tax dollars for waterfront and port development.¹⁹ Colossal structures will be built, a new bridge will be completed, a cool old rotating bridge will be turned into a cool old covered rotating bridge, a chemical spill from a train derailment will continue to be covered up, and many more improvements will be visited on the region.

Perhaps the greatest improvement will be in the increased communication between the people of

12 Source: NarcoNews, <http://www.narconews.com>, an authentic online journal from the frontlines of the Drug War in Latin America, edited by Al Giordano and ruled innocent in a landmark free speech case brought on by Citibank, the world's largest laundromat.

13 4 out of 10 in the US now support annexing Canada, according to Leger Marketing of Montreal, as reported by the Associated Press.

14 The US can't boss Brazil around that much, either, but we are trying a lot more lately to fund insurgents. Since this time it's Lula.

15 Public support is also waning. Bush at 60% or so and falling, his lowest since the terrorist plane attacks, and because of that the US now actually does need UN approval, or at least French approval, for the pending invasion of Iraq.

16 Source: Demagogue and Comical, <http://www.democratandchronicle.com>, a local Gannett drone.

17 The solution is analogous to the problem #3 in Rocko Bonaparte's RIT Pedestrian Study of Volume 23, Issue 3. I beg the reader to consider this: if RIT would stop draining its beautiful wetlands for Evian and Ben & Jerry's, then a system of canals and moats would naturally arise, and given enough ice skates and zambonis, the terrible toll of pedestrian conflict would cease. Further, dear reader, such a solution would bring ass out of hibernation^{17a} in droves, forcing a re-examination of hypothesis #1 of The Fetzer-Hoffmann Conservation of Ass Theory of Volume 23, Issue 7.

17a Thank you Christie Yamaohmygoduchi for making Campbell's soup the finest soup for all aspiring Olympians, and for making that soup oh so warm on such a cold winter's day.

18 Metric system slang for kilometers per hour, which definitely beats the customary miles per hour equivalent, which is umph.

19 We should make voting illegal. The politicians feed us at the trough every election year, and it satisfies the wants, but not the needs. Who's a socialist now, bitch?

Rochester and Toronto. We will be able to share with Canada's largest city more news, tourists, culture, trade, ideas and perspectives than any other US city.

And one perspective we already share with Canada's citizens and their government is our broad public support for medical marijuana.²⁰ As proposed, there is

no reason why this fast ferry project cannot become the medical marijuana ferry for patients being persecuted here in the US to find relief, if only for a few days, from fear of arrest for taking their medicine. Canada is becoming a refuge for US medical marijuana activists, and the ferry can provide an opportunity for them to raise their voices — and stay here and vote.

20 A poll found that 80% of New York voters support allowing physicians "to prescribe marijuana for medical purposes to seriously and terminally ill patients, and to alleviate symptoms of diseases and side effects associated with treatments." Source: Zogby, April 1999, as reported in a pamphlet from the Marijuana Reform Party, <http://www.votemp.com>, of which the author is affiliated with but not responsible to in this article. But to cap off the plug: on November 5th, Vote for the Leaf!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Editors:

Ren Meinhart
Alex Moundalexis
Pete Lazarski

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Writers:

Bryan Hammer
Gary Hoffmann
Matt Nicole
Sean J. Stanley

Visuals:

Rocko Bonaparte
Nicole Killian

Contributors:

Chris Maj
Hanna and Kjöen Thomas

Printer Daemons:

Rob Busack
Dan Conley
Rich DeTommaso
Peter Gravelle
Mike Fisher
Melissa Hutson
Vera Ikon
Paul Martino
Jen Martorana
Irving Washington

Musical Inspiration:

Candid Daydream - Rochester Sessions