



Super

"I've learned that every time I go to the store I get the cart with gum on the wheel.

-Live Learn and Pass it on

Night is a pensive time for me. Surrounded by the anonymous darkness, with the cold, uncaring light of ancient stars shining mercilessly down upon me, it is sometimes easy to imagine stepping through a long forgotten and unknown portal and disappearing. In supermarkets late at night the feeling can, ironically, become stronger. It's no coincidence that many people in our age have dreams of flying in supermarkets. There is something magikal about passing down isles filled with sustenance from across the world; a jar of spaghetti sauce from Italy; a beer from the Emerald Isle; blessed fish paste from the cradle of several major religions--most dead, but others thriving, waiting for their brethren's demise. The artificial lights and insistent Muzak don't detract from the feeling, but in the strange way that only plastic jewelry can add to the regalness of a seven year old girl, it includes another mystery all its own.

For all of our advancement in knowledge and understanding of the world we perceive, we are snobby hunter-gatherers and some racial memory takes us back to the tales of the Sampo, bottomless cups, and cornucopia. Standing in the cash only aisle is the closest we may come to the fountainhead of myth. There, gods are born and dragons defeated.

Recently, on such a rare, mystical night, when my blood was more copper than iron, as I exited the doors to the super market without even so much as an "Open Sesame" to activate them and ambulated through the parking lot toward my mode of vehicular transport, I spotted a particularly sad oxidized member of the Taberna plastrum family. With one wheel busted, mostly crippled, I looked on the old timer with understanding eyes.

You'll never roll in a straight line again. You've lost your will to shop. Pretty soon they'll be hauling your ass off to the 15-item-or-less-basket factory. That's it. That's the end of your free-wheeling, care-free days. Gone are the last shreds of your dignity.

My heart ached.

With one swift swat to the rump I rose to the occasion.

"Go on little fella! No one's watching! Roll. Roll like the wind! You're free now, don't you understand? Go on, get out of here!"

But the old cart just sat there, unmoved. It was too late for it now. It just sat there motionless with its faulty child safety belt rocking gently in the breeze. What did it know of freedom? What did it know of the feel of weeds slapping at its axles, or the song of the wind through its frame as it raced down empty lots with a strong breeze at its



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**Publisher:** C. Diablo**Head Editor:**

Joshua French

Layout:

Joshua French

Main Article:

Sean Hammond

Kelly Gunter

Writers:

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Don Rider

Sean Stanley

Illustrator:

Mathew Mesner

Contributors:

Michelle Amoruso

Gad Berger

James D'Angelo

BJ Leopold

Clare Terni

A.S. Zaidi

Adam Fletcher

Jason Olshefsky

Jason Tyler

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back? It was never born a free-range cart. It had lost its will and dignity eons earlier. Between mishandling by disenchanted homemakers and rushed wage-slaves, its life had been one of regulation and neglect. It was only a matter of time until the basket factory. And then, who knew what became of such loathsome creatures?

This was not always the way. There was a time when carts ran free, aluminum paint glistening in the sunshine, calculator pads fresh with untapped keys...unfettered wills all. There were days when not a child in the parish could ride such fiendishly clever beasts. Days when mighty herds roamed the massive plains of the new world and old, unburdened by human consumption or bags of cold ice cream. Days of glory.

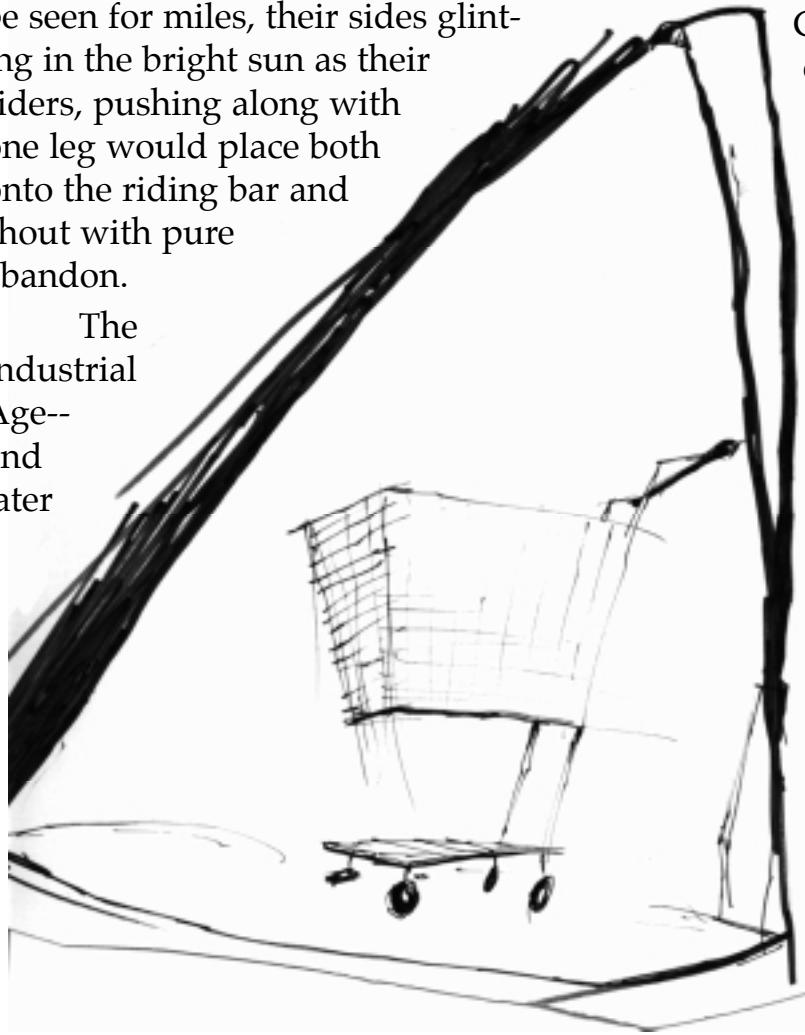
The stories of cyborgs told in ancient Greece--half man, half machine creatures with the torso of a man and the body of a cart--were probably nothing more than the half remembered early encounters with the cart riders of the open Asian steppe. Further evidence for this can be seen in the fairly recent cave drawings by native Americans upon their encounter with astride Spanish Conquistadors. As though familiar with the ancient cyborgs of the old world, the Americans saw the invading Spaniards as great pale men with the bodies of carts and the breath of the great black panthers (there was a very good reason these beasts were solitary hunters).

Bringing with them God, Righteousness, and Civilization in the guise of the Inquisition, the Spanish inadvertently introduced the shopping cart into North and Central America. On their own in the harsh environment of the New World, ideas later to be popularized by Darwin began their steady assault on these metallic interlopers. As generations fell before the blade of Evolution these creatures adapted: larger wheels, more, lighter weight wire mesh, and that place for really heavy items became sturdy enough for a fifty pound bag of cat litter.

In time the natives, many of them forced from their ancestral home in the east by invaders, created the mythic Cart Cultures of the American Midwest. In less than two centuries, the Americans had become masters of creatures which had been unknown to them for thousands of years, making their survival on the Great Plains possible.

Just as their way of life, so dependent upon the cart, was created by the Europeans, so it was destroyed: Manifest Destiny swept the numerous Cart Cultures aside as the Europeans held sway over the land. As the natives found their lives suitable for little other than the sale of snake oil and the consumption of vast quantities of alcohol, their great wheeled friends suffered. Without the proper supplies to keep the cart healthy, many died of starvation and lack of rustoleum treatments. But still the shopping cart was a necessary resource. In the heady days of the Cart Express, where brave men and boys risked their lives to get the mail through the sometimes hostile lands of the plains, these metal creatures, filled to the bursting with news from families, businesses, Santa, and the government, could be seen for miles, their sides glinting in the bright sun as their riders, pushing along with one leg would place both onto the riding bar and shout with pure abandon.

The Industrial Age--
and later



the Age of Invention--filled with all of its wonders and shiny things, was in fact the death knell for the cart way of life. First the train, with its mighty rails disappearing into the distance, and later the cartless carriages driving hither and yon, gave the population greater freedom of movement. Today, with the nation crisscrossed with black arteries, clogged to the point of cardiac arrest with automobiles, we have become a culture of movers. Drive thirty miles to get to work ever day, visit a friend 800 miles away, and casually move 1000 miles from the place of your birth.

In the dust of our progress, the cart has remained. Man never abandons something once discovered. No matter how advanced we become, there will always be men turning the soil to plant a seed, Gods, pottery, and carts...until their extinction. But even when the entity we call a cart has joined the mammoth, passenger pigeon, and dodo bird, the idea will remain. Today, these noble creatures, left with only the most menial labor in the new temples, carry our foodstuff without a nicker, without a whinny, without a complaint. We are their masters.

But neglect is showing. Bred only for numbers now, their gene pool is weakening them. The loopy wheels, Pentium calculators, and seat belts with two female clips are all evidence that this once great line may never be able to return to its former glory. Still, one occasionally finds the unexpected: a cart pure in line and form, rolling straight and true.

Knowing that the poor cart before me could never make it on its own, I resolved to set it free in the absolute sense. Getting into my car, I

slowly pulled up behind the forlorn, rickety cart and gently nudged it with my front bumper. Slightly startled by the jolt, it rolled forward, but quickly stopped, as though sensing what was coming next. With a tear in my eye, I whispered, "Hi ho Silver, away!"

Starting slowly, the cart was hesitant. Five, ten, fifteen miles per hour, the cart tripped, unaccustomed to the speed that its ancestors once took for granted. Suddenly, something changed. The motion smoothed and the cart was happily rolling along at 20, 25, 30. Sparks flying from the bottom, both the cart and I knew it was time; we're nearing the end of the lot and a decision needed to be made.

Flooring the accelerator, the cart rocked back onto its hind wheels for a moment, but quickly righted itself in anticipation. Fifty, fifty-five, sixty miles per hour, the rattle of the cart could be heard all over the lot and changed slowly to a soft purring hum. People exiting stores stopped and starred at the sight that they'd heard stories of in their youth, but never thought to see: an Arabian Cart at high speed.

Just before the end of the lot I slammed on the brakes: the cart had to go this last bit alone. It shot away from my car, breaking the tentative umbilical, rocked up a

slight incline, and Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 4 exited the lot. Onto a major road, the lack of traffic in the night is best, for it was somehow able to make a gentle turn without slowing and began to accelerating away.

Suddenly, it wobbled and veered to the left, disappearing into the shrubbery and dense brush. At that instant, I noticed that several carts in the lot had slowly rolled near me, driven on by the wind. Gently they stopped at the curb, as though watching what had

happened to their friend. In the distance, I could hear the shouts of the acne scarred cart wranglers coming to collect their wayward wards.

Without a word to the voice-cracking teens banging on my hood, I slowly drove away.

What happened to the cart that I helped escape, I'll never know. Maybe it was simply the last act of kindness to a dying creature to let it know its power prior to its self-destruction. I like to think that it is still in the woods and grassy areas next to highways where I sometimes see wild carts drinking from small ponds, or bathing in the mid-day heat.



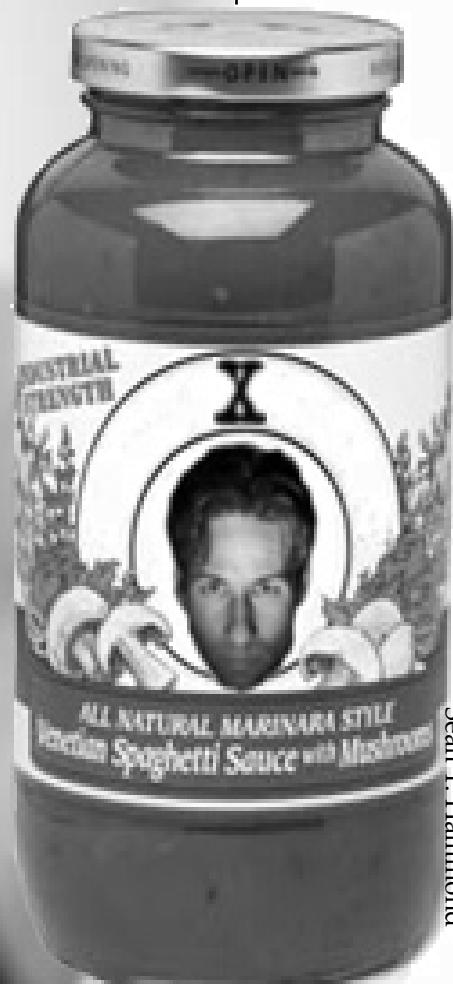
Bear Bones

by David berenson, *The Dartmouth*, Dartmouth College



She says she wants honesty in a relationship,

Give it to her.



Sean T. Hammond

X-Files Marinara Sauce

The Truth. It's in there.

GDT Countdown

0 issues left to our 100th issue!



Tourist's Music Video Reviews

(They're like movies, only smaller)

-Sean Stanley

This week: "Frozen" by Madonna

Sitting at home watching "The opiate of the masses" (Television - an innovative euphemism from a movie called "Trust") over this spring break was a refreshing change. Instead of using my brain, I subjected it to pop culture, faithfully observing my male instinct to change the channel every two or three picoseconds. I had to stop, however, when I came across the voice of the Dew generation, MTV. There, in all her splendor and glory, she stood. She was different, she had evolved again! That's why Madonna shall always dominate all that which is exotic - she does not fear change. Perhaps she is one of them.

On this particular outing, there were no burning crosses, chiseled homosexual dancers, gondolas, or even NASA tailored undergarments. Just Madonna, standing in the middle of the desert, decked out in all black and strangely resembling a Bene Gesserit Sister from the movie "Dune" (All hail David Lynch). She sings something about being frozen and about opening your heart to love and some other words that are all mushy, but most important of all, she turns into a Rotweiler! No kidding! She wraps her large frock around her body, and suddenly she's a big mother of a dog, stampeding toward the camera! That's so cool. The dog runs and drools, and right as it's



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close enough to chew through the cameraman's neck, it turns back into Madonna again. Wow. Then she starts to sing again about love and communication and sentimental crap, but its ok because she right after that, she turns into a flock of crows! First an attack dog, then crows! Wicked cool. Can this get any better? It sure can, but only with a little help from Tourist's crystal ball. Peering into it, we see what it would be like if I were to add a little something-something to Madonna's drinking water:

The video is pretty much the same, except for that there are some other folks hanging out with Madonna in the desert. First off, Alice Krige from Stephen King's "Sleepwalkers". She can turn into a cat and make a Corvette look like a Mustang. Then there's that guy from the cartoon "Turbo Teen", who turned into a large automobile whenever it got too hot (remember that one, kids?). Add Robert

Patrick reprising his roll as the T-1000 from "Terminator 2" (all hail Cameron), and the video is almost complete. Madonna is cultured, no doubt, so a little Kafka won't hurt. Add that guy from "The Metamorphosis" turning into a bug and the video is complete. If the material girl had that much star power dancing and transforming in the background of her video, there would be none higher. Except, of course, if Snoop Dog arrived in doggie-style form, along with Sigourney Weaver after she turned into the Terror-Dog from "Ghostbusters". Talk about a showdown...



An Editor's Note: My Job

Several years ago, when I was much younger and maybe more naive, I sat in an audience and listened as a friend took his place at a podium and spoke; Josh Moody, someone who I both cherished and admired, was graduating from high school. A year older than me, Josh was both a friend and a partner in crime involved in the various activities I'd engage in. What has happened to him, I cannot say; as is often the case, college and the world changed both of us and I'm not sure we would know one another if we met today.

The details of his graduation have been lost to me, but I remember something he said in his speech, and that he handed me a black balloon after the ceremony....

He didn't speak of glorious futures waiting for the graduating class, or how they would rise to any occasion. He spoke of how all things come to an end... and how people live lives that destroy their souls.

I know I will not do his speech justice--I heard it only once seven years ago--but it dealt with the responsibilities of students: the responsibility to question, to comment, to rebel. It was, he said, the student's responsibility to be the voice and conscience for adults who were trapped in lives they didn't want to create, let alone live. Students, because most are immune from the pressures of having to be wage slaves to keep a roof over their heads, are the culture's necessary revolutionaries and protesters. It is no coincidence that universities and colleges the world over are the source and focus of activism. We rebel when we can, because we can.

It's our job.

The speech really didn't come as a

By Sean Hammond

surprise to me. He was, after all, involved in a student executed protest that shut down the school lunch program of my high school when people brought in the material for making peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches and gave them away for free. In many ways the mindset and tactics which has allowed Gracies Dinnertime Theatre and Hell's Kitchen to survive were tested and proven back in high school.

Ghandi and Thoreau helped too.

At this point, you're saying to yourself, "He's off again. Damn, I hate when he goes on these tangents. What's his point?" Patience.

I'm going to do my job.

Propped up in front of me, just resting against the bottom of my monitor, is a 10 March, 1998 clipping from the local daily newspaper. In bold letters, it shouts: "Clinton strikes Iraqi oil deal" and says in smaller type: "The agreement was quietly reached to allow an increase in food-for-oil exports."

Nice twist on the facts, but a lie nonetheless.

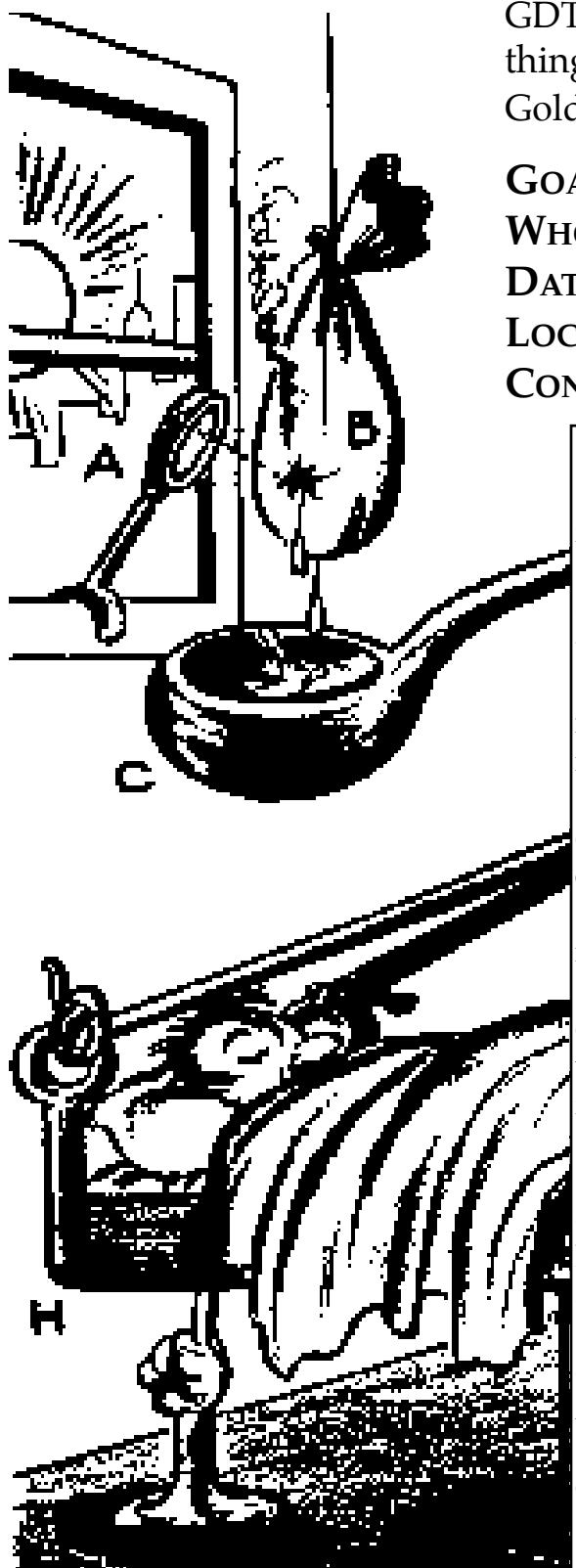
The general gist of the article is about a deal made between the United States, France, and Russia concerning the future of Iraq's oil reserves. The United States has agreed to let Iraq sell an additional 2.4 billion dollars worth of oil for food and medicine for the population, and to allow France and Russia (both vocal dissenters against the US attacking Iraq for non-compliance to UN sanctions) to have first dibbs at exploiting Iraq's 112 billion barrels of oil reserves and on the multi-billion-dollar job of rebuilding the country's oil facilities.

Maybe France and Russia--both countries familiar with having the bejesus bombed out of them by an enemy--just

“Stop the Noise!”

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +



GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: TBA, RIT

CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be an upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.

want to help out a kindred country. Then again, the potential amount of money that can be made exploiting Iraq's oil is...well, it's a lot of silly string. And who said Imperialism is dead?

The best part is that by going along with France and Russia, both countries have agreed that if Iraq violates the most recent agreement made with United Nation's Secretary-General Kofi Annan, they will not oppose military strikes. The United States would have to consult the Security Council, but might act alone if unhappy with what the Council said.

Over the past few weeks, a number of voices have been raised concerning the United States anointing itself the world's policeman, and in essence, I'm adding my voice to the chorus. Yes, I think Saddam Hussein is a dangerous man, but so is David Duke. Yes, I think Hussein is a threat to peace in the Middle East, but so is Benjamin Netanyahu. Regardless of who or what he was/is/might be, the United States is the United States, not the military branch of the United Nations.

The time has come for the United Nations, if it dares, it put a muzzle on our military. We have the best equipped, most powerful array of armed forces in the world, but that does not give us the right to use force for the hell of it.

I'll admit that bombing the Christ out of an Iraqi bunker would evoke nationalistic feelings in me (I'm male and like to see things that go boom) but at the same time, I feel my idealism screaming at me. We live in a society based on the rule of law and I doubt we can logically mount our soapboxes and preach democracy, individual choice, rule of law, and self determination while our military attacks a separate country, following its own path and with its own sovereign rights. Maybe it would be the right

thing to do to attack Iraq, but it would be done for the wrong reasons by the wrong people.

There is no ruling body today in the world which could legally stop the United States from attacking Iraq. The World Court is the closest thing we have, but it lacks the police to back up any hypothetical ruling it passes. Until such a time as a United Nations military force exists, separate and independent from any country, the United States--or any other major military power--can behave as judge, jury, and executioner. Attack with the blessing of the UN? Great. Attack without the blessing of the UN? Oh, it really doesn't matter.

To the world in general: get over your jingoism. Fight the forces of balkanization as ethnic groups demand landlocked autonomy without any exports. Confront your worst fears and give a world legal body the ability to enforce decisions that might be to your disadvantage, not because you may be able to control it, but because it is the right thing to do.

Remember back at the beginning I mentioned a black balloon that Josh Moody handed to me? Well, I kept it. I work forty hours a week, sometimes more, and the world is dimmer than I remember. Still I believe people can change what they see is wrong. I'm told I'm naive for that by people who sit in offices all day. "Look around you. Read the paper. The world sucks."

The balloon has, of course, lost all the air in it and is nothing but a pathetic looking piece of rubber, but I keep it to remind myself of what my job should be. I once believed that people could make the world anything they want it to be. I still do. Change what you know, and the universe changes. That's important. Good night, kids. Dream of revolutions.

The Buzz from **DONLAND**

donland.base.org

By Don Rider

DONLAND PREVAILS OVER MICROSOFT

After weeks of bitter court battles and mud-slinging between Microsoft Corp. and the Donland Justice Department, the Donland Superior Court today unanimously ruled in favor of the DJD, citing that Microsoft had indeed stifled development of third-party plain-text editing tools. Effective immediately, all Windows operating systems, including 95, NT, and CE, must be sold separately from the Notepad application, and Microsoft may not force or offer incentives to resellers to install Notepad with its operating systems.

Judge Don wrote in the majority opinion,

DREAM NEWTON

I remember when the Newton first came out. Apple did a great job of capturing everyone's imagination. I remember thinking, "How exciting! The idea of handwriting recognition in a portable little computer!" I then recall thinking around 1994 that with the Mac's declining popularity, Apple ought to dump the Mac line and go all-Newton, ala the Apple II-Macintosh debacle of the late 80s. Apple put a mouse on every desktop with the Mac, why not do it again with a stylus? Learning from the Mac's history, Apple could license the technology to others to turn out all sorts of flavors of Newtons, from Pilot-size organizers to Desktops.

Unfortunately, the idea of the Newton replacing the Macintosh scared Apple man-

Reference Roundup for the Main Article

"The Forgotten Door", Alexander Key, 1965, ISBN: 0-590-43130-7 Mystery Science Theatre 3000, season 4, episode 22, "The Day the Earth Froze" "Arabian Nights", ISBN: 0-393-31367-0
 "The New College Latin & English Dictionary", 1981, ISBN: 0-553-20255-3 "Bulfinch's Mythology", ISBN: 0-517-27415-9 "On the Origin of the Species", Charles Darwin, ISBN: 0-674-63752-6 President James K. Polk, 11th President of the United States, 1845-1849 <http://www.x86.org/secrets/Dan0411.html>
 The Lone Ranger, circa 1930's

"[Microsoft] isn't stopping anyone from developing new plain-text editing software, nor have they made it impossible to install a third-party editor of choice- but we also have to ask ourselves why there is no competition in the plain-text market. We believe it's directly due to Microsoft's inclusion of a 'free' text-editor with every version of Windows. This type of behavior must stop."

Upon news of the victory, DJD attorney general Don commented, "This decision sets a precedent which may revolutionize the OS market. We have reason to believe not only MS, but other OS vendors may have strangleholds on the plain-text editing market, including Apple's SimpleText and VI editor in UNIX."

The DJD office also noted that they are now looking into MS's inclusion of Paint, Telnet, and Calculator with its Windows operating systems. "I think we're on to something," noted one DJD officer.

agement. Apple stifled its development, forcing it into vertical markets, and finally, nowhere. While Apple sat on its hands with the Newton, products like the Pilot and WinCE were developed to fill the void of



<http://www.rit.edu/~dmrl1553/newtip.jpg>

Netwon's promise, sort of like the MacOS and Windows. History seems to repeat itself when you don't learn from it. Newton could have been Apple's savior, and shame on Apple for never realizing it.

"Newton: who turned out the light?"

Mystery Science Theatre 3000, season 4, episode 22, "The Day the Earth Froze" "Arabian Nights", ISBN: 0-393-31367-0

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The Author would love to
hear what you think, you
may email him at
ejh7678@ritvax.rit.edu



Black Like You

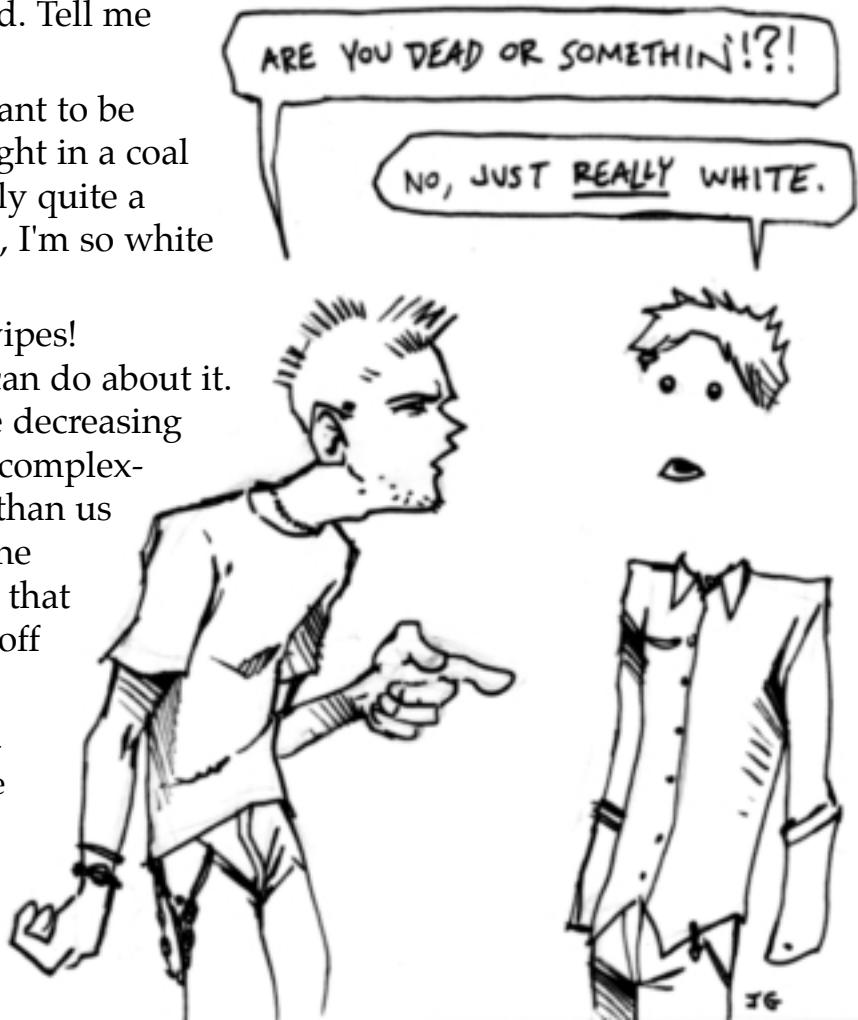
"The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the iniquities of the selfish and tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he who in the name of charity and good will shepherds the weak in the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who would attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance up on thee."

-Ezekiel, 25:17

Another black history month has come and gone, and for the first time, I paid attention because of the strategically placed Black Awareness signs[†] at the Rich Bastard Wegmans. My home state of Maine had only one black person, Abraham Mathus, and I really wasn't exposed to anything like Down With Whitey month or Kwanza (you know: the holiday no one in Africa celebrates created in the 1960's by bastardizing several individual ideas. But who am I to cast a critical eye? Christmas, Easter, Earthday, Dandelion Day, and RIT's own No Name festival are all nothing but pagan celebrations with the pagan element removed. (Europeans: "We oppress the pagan out to history™")), so February was a time of enlightenment for me. I read about Benjamin Banneker, T.J. Marshal, Jean Baptiste Point DuSable and other even more obscure people in history. All in all, I'm impressed. Tell me where to sign.

No. Really. I've decided that I want to be black--black like you! Black as midnight in a coal mine. Which, if you know me, is really quite a stretch. Being of mainly Irish descent, I'm so white that I give white people a bad name.

I'm so baby white (Kids: Baby wipes! Seth:drools), and there's not much I can do about it. It's really too bad, too. What with the decreasing amounts of ozone, people with dark complexions are going to be better protected than us crackers. Shit, ain't no thing to imagine bunch o' beautiful Africans pumping that CFC shit right up into the sky to kill off



[†] I found it in questionable taste for the management to announce over the intercom, "There is a black man in isle 5. He appears to be buying oatmeal, like the oppressed Irish of our land. Ladies and gentlemen, please bring your Protestant confirmed children to isle five to see a black man, but do not let them touch him. Limited time only."



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Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Editors in Waiting:

Adam Fletcher

Sean Stanley

Jonathan Goines

Main Article:

Sean Hammond

Kelly Gunter

Jonathan Goines

Sean Stanley

Clare Terni

et. al.

Writers:

Michael Grandner

Justine Grey

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Don Rider

Sean Stanley

Illustrator:

John Golden

Photographer:

Clare Terni

Contributors:

Adam Fletcher

A.S. Zaidi

RIT's CSH

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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 2
all us white muthas. Huzzah, skin cancer.

And with global warming causing the expansion of the equatorial zones, malarial mosquitoes will ravage the former white strongholds of the world in ways that the killer bees could only dream off. Thank God for sickle cell anemia. Sure if the gene is dominant your liver could clog at any moment causing insufferable pain and possible explosion,^δ but as long as you're just a carrier, you're set. The only safe place for the whites will be Liechtenstein. From their reclusive mountain refuge, the few whites will watch their once great empires fall and become a black world after all. They will watch their women gradually succumb to the temptation of huge black penises, and they will witness the degradation of the white BMW pool.

Plus, if you're black, you get to buy your gold by the weight, and not by the so-called "discount price." You also get free food from the federal government, and we're not just talking cheese, here. Not like cheese is of much use to the black man, since they're lactose intolerant, but cheese isn't a high price to pay for a bigger schlong.

As proof that the inequity in our society still exists, whites can only buy Bud with their food stamps while blacks, being a stronger, more hardy race, are allowed to purchase 40 oz malt liquors. When not being used for cheese or malt liquor, food stamps are available for blacks to trade for crack cocaine. Crack cocaine, of course, is a high quality mood maintainer^Δ that the black man has been forced to substitute for Prozac, which is a drug more firmly controlled by whites (housewives, to be precise). As Geraldo Rivera has pointed out on numerous occasions, trading food stamps for crack is often a starvation technique used on misbehaving black children. The children need to be disciplined in order to ensure their maintenance of the standards of blackocity; low-rider jeans, Adidas sports gear, cellular phones, pagers, gold jewelry, cornrows, hair extensions, and shoes that light up. Black

^δ When Queen Victoria died, it was imperative that her subjects remained unaware of her previous childbirths. A professional embalming job was impossible. Instead, the royal circle enlisted the aid of a fly-by-night embalming service [they weren't union] who made a serious mistake. While the Queen was lying in state, her body exploded. Positively ripping, whot?

^Δ And when you don't have your crack, you're in a piss-ass mood.

children may also be punished for failing to realize that slavery was originally the invention of the white man, and that "the artist formerly known as" is, in fact, still Prince.

Until the time I can supersize my production of melanin, I can practice on the mindset necessary to be a minority locked in the socio-economic dungeons of this country, drinking 40 oz. malt liquor. Oh wait! I'm Irish-American and have it covered. I even drink 40's of Guiness, a fine malted beverage. Last time I checked my history books and heard stories about when my Great-grandfather, a fuckin' Mick, came over, the Irish were not particularly well liked, because they were drinking black beer. Killed by the Ku Klux Klan because of their religion, hated by foofy (i.e.- Protestant) white America for their pride,

and despised by the working-class because Irish laborers would work for just about nothing. My family has a long and sordid history of struggle.

Coming from the dying land of Ireland where the potato blight and England helped clear the land of the unwanted populace[§], the Irish that fled were simply happy to be able to work instead of die. Signs reading "Niggers and Irish need not apply" or "No Dogs or Irish allowed" might have been common, but the Irish succeeded in machine politics. Now look: we celebrate Samhain's corrupted cousin, get shitfaced because St. Patrick drove the snakes from Eire, and wear stupid pins saying "Kiss me, I'm Irish."

Of course there are few pins proudly proclaiming "Kiss me, I'm a proud descendant of a Nubian princess," but if the Irish can do it, so can the Africans. Oh, I can feel it happening already! I'm feeling prideful and ethnocentric...oh, it's working! Free my people! Black is beautiful! (especially African-Asian woman. Yowzah!) I've got to keep it going....

I know, I can talk about how my family on my Great Grandmother's side were slaughtered in World War II. No, she wasn't Jewish or Irish. Better: she was a Gypsy. Yup, palm reading, tea drinking, swarthy Gypsies were one of the lesser known

groups that were a part of the Final Solution. (If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.) It's beginning to look

[§]Including James Joyce, who was also hated for his footnotes.



a lot like Christmas.^Σ

Where's the memorial for my kind?
The Irish-Gypsy-American community
should have a monument! And why aren't
the achievements of Gypsies included in
our school's textbooks? It's the Man, keep-
ing us down, that's what it is, all you non-
leaf tea drinkers.

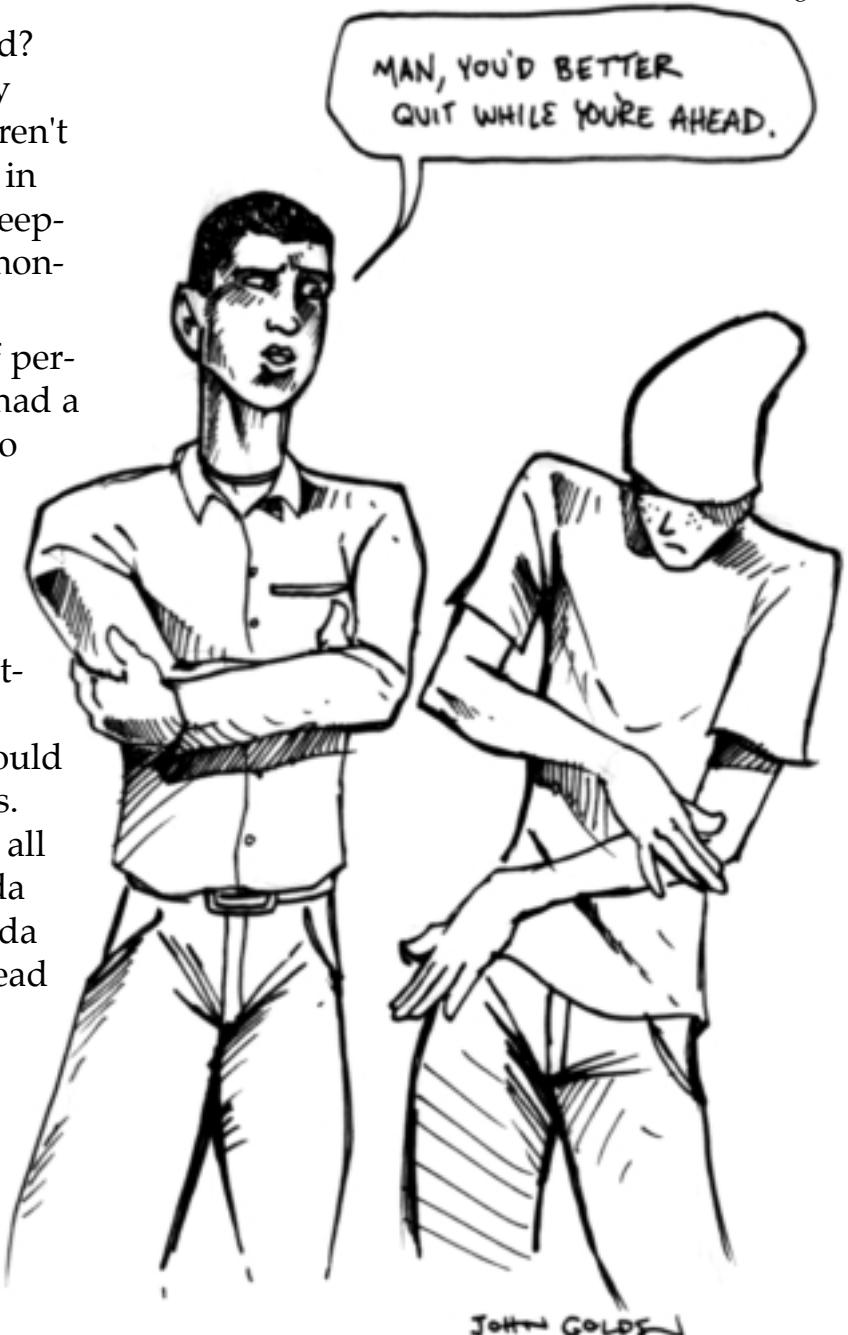
This is great...I've now feelings of per-
secution for a racial group which has had a
minimal impact on the culture. I feel so
repressed! Fight the power! I'm going
down to the corner mart with my
Kings of Africa Express card to buy a
beeper on credit.

Shit yo, if I was black (and I'm get-
ting more black by da minute), I be
bustin' out all the fly gear, kid, that would
look bad on any you cracker beeotches.
Rollin' in da drop top BM I scored wit all
de ill rock transactions goin down in da
hood, beats pumpin large, chillin' wit da
homies on my whack Nokia while I head
down to the sto to buy foties o da O'E
(Old English Malt Liquor) and some
Phillie blunts wit my food stamps.
Any yall muffukkas mess wit me, I
ain't be hesitatin to lay down the fire
wit my nine, comin at chall like a
MUTHA-FUCK!

(sound of crowd cheering)

I'm sendin' shouts out to:

The Acheron Community for bustin' out
during naked time
CSH for generally (slippin' back inta da
whitey sheeet, golly. Gotta keep it reeeal)
keepin' it real.
Troy for comin' out da closet an' gettin'



jiggy wid it.

Copy Centa for them extra inserts, yo'
yo' naumsayn'.

Yiggity-yo, Tourist here giving an
extra special shout out to the dopest
directors of dem all - My homeskillet Mr
Lynch, and my propa bizzzznich Mr
Cameron. Pease.

^ΣThe ash that coated towns where camps were located gave them a year-round Christmas cheer. Unfortunately, ash is what the fire has refused to consume, in this case the Jew. A fair amount of the ash were also the Gypsies. In many academic circles it ha slong been believed that Oskar Schindler's car was in fact coated with Gypsy, and not Jew ash.



Thanks for all the Fish

by Kelly Gunter

This is it, the 100th issue of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre. Our anniversary if you will permit. Well, I guess this is the last you will ever hear from either Sean or I.

It would have been anyway. There is only one problem: since the beginning of the year we have been grooming various prodigies to take over in our absence. Only, one of them called it quits a few months ago, and the other said he didn't want to do it anymore last weekend (great timing Josh. Really, I mean that). So Sean and I are stuck on our "last issue" with no one to take over immediately. Well, no one with training, and with a quarters worth of subscriptions to fill, our sense of duty simply won't let us bail.

We've got interested parties to take over for next year, but they don't know the ropes yet. This is just a little explanation for the next time you are rummaging about our Dramatis Personae thinking to yourself, "Hey, I thought he died." Not yet.

On to other news. Some of you may have noticed that the issue came out late this late week (others of you may not have, this is in part due to the fact that I...uh...fucked up. Oh well), but you would be mistaken. Hell's Kitchen, and by extension Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (a well known appendage) has changed its publishing date to Wednesday for our own convenience.

Now Wednesday,

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY!

You can read the whole issue, but you'll only need the corner!

-orner!

-orner!

A Quick Intro from the *other* Editor

THIS WEEK'S GDT IS ONE OF THOSE ISSUES WHEN WE INTENTIONALLY POUR LEMON JUICE INTO THE PAPERCUT OF STEREOTYPES. I WAS GOING TO SAY A LITTLE BIT ABOUT MY FEELINGS TOWARD GENERALIZATIONS AND THEIR USE IN SATIRE, AND POINT OUT THAT GDT IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY BIGOT (GDT: WE HATE EVERYONE™), BUT THE FOLLOWING PIECE DOES THE JOB FOR ME. ENJOY.

Humor is not offensive, unless you let it be

by Corey Resnick, *The Daily Free Press*, Boston University

(U-WIRE) BOSTON -- I am exhausted of people getting offended over silly things. Like language. What someone else says, just the words, should be taken lightly.

What should be examined is the intent. Words are simply bunches of letters put together to make sounds and usually have meaning. The words and the meaning can be mutually exclusive.

Why were the Jews in the desert for 40 years? Someone lost a quarter. What do you say to a Mexican in a three piece suit? Will the defendant please rise? How do you get a one-armed Pole out of a tree? Wave to him. What do you call one white guy amidst 200 black guys? Warden. What do you call the useless part around the vagina? The woman.

Needless to say, these are jokes. I'm sure that some people are offended by the content. You should not be offended by the content. You should look at the person telling these jokes and determine whether the teller actually believes the stereotypes. After all, jokes are based strictly on stereotypes. Unless you have led a very insular life, you know that not everyone fits into the mold of stereotypes. In fact, most people do not fit the mold.

As a general rule, people should reserve their judgment until they can accurately evaluate where the person telling the joke is com-

ing from. For the most part, jokes are told simply to elicit a laugh, not to be analyzed for censorship. You shouldn't be afraid of the stereotypes; you should be afraid of psychotic neo-Nazis who actually buy into them.

Jokes and vulgarity, in and of themselves, are not offensive. There are only people who get offended. There are only people who interpret the words to be offensive.

For instance, let's say I'm telling a joke to two black people. I say: "What did God say when he created the first black person? Oops, burned this one." The two listeners may have vastly different responses.

One may be appalled at my racist tendencies, while the other may simply laugh. The one who got offended probably believes that I look down on blacks and this joke is a manifestation of that. The other will take it for what it is-- a joke.

What if the person who laughed was actually a friend of mine and the other person was a stranger? Would that lend more credence to my sensitivity? Probably, but it shouldn't.

Some might say that those things should never be said at all, even in jest. I disagree. Just because you think certain language is offensive, that by no means makes it so.

Jokes are for amusement. As I said before, they are based on stereotypes and they exploit our views of these generalizations. Only the most uptight, insecure individuals take jokes



'nuff said

seriously. They obviously missed the point of telling a joke at all-- humor that does not take reality into consideration.

Intent. That is what's significant. I have a very good friend named Ric who is of Dominican descent. Occasionally, I will call him a "spic" jokingly. He doesn't get offended or angry at me. That is because he knows I say it simply for the effect of a joke.

He laughs; I laugh; we go on. I have other friends who call me a "kike" because of my Jewish heritage. I laugh it off as a joke, because they don't actually look down on me for that. At least that's what I think.

It is harder to distinguish between who is telling a joke and who is actually a racist when you don't know the person that well. I think it's safer to assume the person is just joking, because nine times out of 10, they are. Who's the 10th person? You really should be able to figure that out on your own, almost immediately.

Drawing conclusions about other people prematurely can be dangerous. So can getting offended too easily. Frankly, it's a turn-off to many people. It indicates an insecurity and lack of faith in others. For the most part, people are inherently good. You should trust other people. Don't let bunches of letters, words, phrases and meanings cloud your intuition.

Curse words are just words. If you interpret them to be offensive, then you will be offended. The same is true with jokes-- racist, sexist or otherwise. They are meant to be taken as a vehicle for humor. So don't be that guy with the pole up his ass.

But you should be on the lookout for the 10th man.

Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

by Kelly Gunter

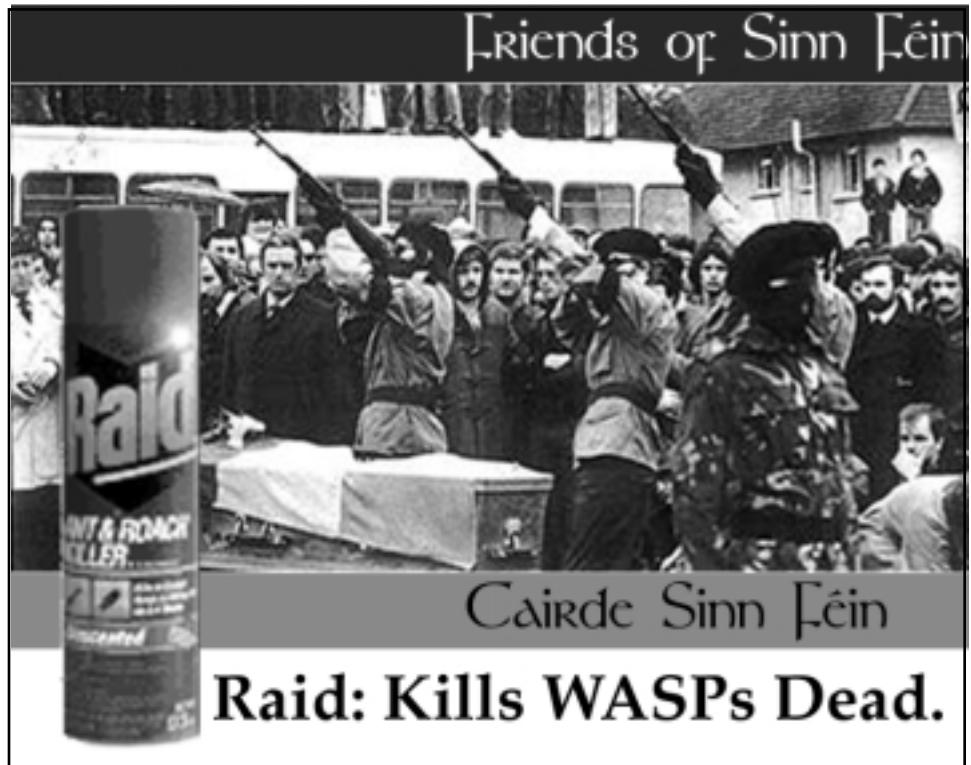
DEAR BFG: WHY DO PEOPLE CLAIMING TO BE "PRO-LIFE" SHOOT DOCTORS, RECEPTIONISTS, AND BOMB BUILDINGS? DO THESE PEOPLE ALSO DELIBERATELY RUN OVER CATS AND SQUIRRELS FOR FUN?

-RED 9

Dear Red9

The terminology "pro-life" can be misleading and is actually intended to be. The pro-life movement is really just a subset of the taxidermy/embalmers lobby. It is not the act of abortion that disturbs them so much as the presentation of the remains. When they shoot doctors and receptionists (after a little bit of research into their background) they can get a pretty good idea of whether or not those particular individuals will be using an open casket upon death, prior to the experience of living vicariously through their bullet.

What they protest to so vehemently is the fact that the bodies of aborted feti are discarded so readily into nearby trash cans and toilets without prior embalming or even basic cosmetology technique practiced on the wee corpses. This explains why the flyers they send around are always filled with the muti-



Raid: Kills WASPs Dead.

lated bodies of third trimester feti--they have so much more potential for ferocious posturing than first or second trimester feti.

In the case of abortion clinic bombers, they are the few specialized taxidermists and embalmers (but mostly taxidermists) who really enjoy a challenge. What better representation of your skills than a patchwork-human pieced together and smiling at their viewing public?

As for whether these distinguished Americans run over cats and squirrels for fun, the answer is no. Running over cats and squirrels is strictly business; they have to have something to pose in their diorama of cat-riding, squirrel-hunting, pre-birth babies.

-the Bare-foot Girl

Do you need help with your homework? Having an existential crisis? Don't know what that fuzzy stuff on your toe is?

**Then send your questions to the Bare-foot Girl care
of <gdt@iname.com>**

She's not just wise...she's a wise ass!

"Stop the Noise!"

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +

GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

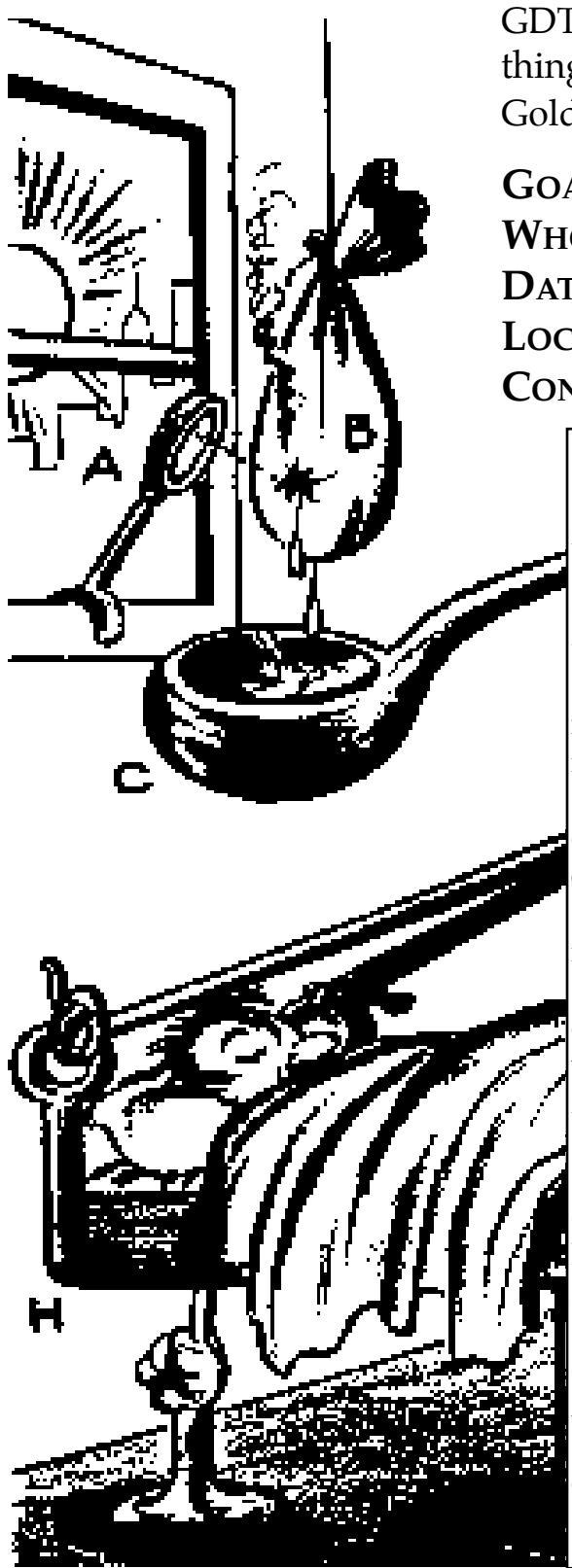
DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: TBA, RIT

CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be an upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.





Spic' and SPAM Worker and payment in one compact package.

The Buzz from
DONLAND
donland.base.org

By Don Rider

Macworld Theory Continued

Remember my theory that the Macintosh magazines *Macworld* and *MacUser* were mirroring *A+/InCider's* activity right before the Apple II's demise? Well, now that the magazines are ultra-thin, and combined into one, we find that coverage of a competing operating system, Windows NT, has started. While *A+/InCider* always carried news of the latest developments in the Macintosh world, its coverage was predominantly Apple II. However, as time

passed, the magazine was running out of Apple II material, and began increasing its Mac coverage, until it was about 50/50 Apple II/Mac coverage.

While *Macworld* hasn't reached 50/50 Mac/NT coverage--nor do I think ever it will-- we see the Mac's biggest competitor infiltrating *Macworld's* pages. Tips for surviving in a Windows world? Making Windows look like a Mac?! Okay, these were already done in *MacAddict*, anyhow. But Intergraph's Pentium II-based ExtremeZ on the cover?!? Yes, things are dire when the best thing Mac Mags have to talk about is Windows.

Tourist's Movie Reviews

-Sean Stanley

This week: "Schindler's List"

What can be said about a docudrama starring Ben Kingsley and directed by Spielberg? NOTHING AT ALL, according to most critics, who wouldn't touch the film with a ten foot pole, saying it was excellent no matter how poor it really was. "You can't say anything bad about Schindler's list! It was so moving..." Yeah yeah yeah, blah blah blah. Well let me break it down for you, Sweethearts. Here's an honest review. The movie plot was simple:

A guy saves some Jews.

Awesome. Super. Good for him. The world needs Jews. I have no problem with that. What I can't stand is the fact that if someone makes a movie about the Holocaust, it is automatically a "Grrreat" film. Are topics these days so sacred that one overlooks the quality of a film to keep from being ostracized? So ostracize me, it'll go along well with my excommunication.

Steven Spielberg is getting trite. Did you see "The Lost World"? If you did, you know what I mean. He's lost it. I submit that he lost it years ago, around "Jurassic Park". Don't get me wrong, that movie was bitchin, but only because Dennis Muren scored Spielberg some phatty CG dinosaurs that were hailed as the next step in modern filmmaking (uhhhh, did someone forget a little movie by some guy named Cameron called "Terminator 2"? I believe the technology was perfected in 1991 for use in its special effects...). The acting was poor, the continuity was sloppy, and you wanted the dinosaurs to eat those little bastard kids (known as the "Shelly Duvall Effect" - as in when you root for Jack Nicholson to maim her with an axe so she will finally shut up). Anyway, since then, Spielberg has used various camera tricks to hide his suckyness from the average viewer. What techniques did he employ in "Schindler's List" you may ask.

By shooting the film in grainy black and

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 10

white, he made the viewer think "Jee-hos-aphats! This film is in black and white when a man like Steven Spielberg can obviously afford to shoot it in color. It must have some sort of esoteric and artistic significance that I'll never understand, but shall pretend to appreciate at dinner parties, to prevent people from finding out that I am really a Creton and hate black and white movies - unless they contain candid footage of the fitting room at Victoria's Secret."

The second technique is the use of Ben Kingsley. Now I know darn well that Ben Kingsley is a fine actor, we all do. But not many realize that when watching his delivery on the screen, in the deepest part of your subconscious, a voice was saying "Wait a minute, that's Ben Kingsley. He played Gandhi and won an Academy Award. Everything he says, thinks, or does is of the utmost importance, for he is the anchor of any good docudrama. It matters not WHAT he says, as long as he's saying something because he is Ben Kingsley, after all. You are a dumb yak clamp."

The last technique was what I lovingly refer to as "Spielberg Lighting". This is similar to bioluminescence in that just as some insects and deep sea creatures produce light without heat, in every Spielberg movie, you'll find light



Saved

without lights. What do I mean? Well, in all of his films, there will come a time when you say to yourself "Where the hell is the light coming from? The salt shakers? That woman's crotch? There are massive amounts of light, however I cannot discern where its coming from..." So what? Isn't that how movies are supposed to be? No, goddammit! Unless you're one of those experimental, artsy jerks who go around intensely smoking clove cigarettes and wondering what the impact will be on your audience when you double-project synchronized looping segments of "Unidentified Ass Number Fifty Three" onto a table sporting a fruit basket, lighting should be designed to go unnoticeable. Not with Spielberg. If he were to make a movie about blind midgets living in the deepest recesses of Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, there's no doubt that he'd make light come out of somebody's asshole. I have a sneaking suspicion that his obsession began after he made "E.T.", when he realized that he could get away with making light come out of a finger. By screwing with the lighting, he draws attention away from the poor-ass nature of the film, and directs it towards an Oscar for best picture.

Look at the movie again sometime. But really LOOK at it. There's a lot of mistakes, and a whole bunch of tired cliches that were derived from MTV. You think I'm kidding, don't you! There's that old guy from the "Enter Sandman" and "Heart Shaped Box" videos. We've seen him before. My pitty for him wore off when he was featured in the goddamn music video! It's a paying job, EAT SOMETHING for chrissake! Then there's that little red riding hood character, forcing the viewer to go "Oh my, the only part of the film that was colored was that little girl in red. That's so powerful. I think that I should cry now..." Ever seen a Nuprin add? Or perhaps you can cast your memory back to the black-and-white-with-snippets-of-erratic-color video for Ah-Ha's "Take on Me"? Spielberg totally



Where's that finger been, Kyle?

bit off that, and the ironic thing is that the three minute video was far more entertaining and moving than the three hour epic that got so many accolades in 1993. Halfway through the film, I expected a little astronaut to come out and saw a television in half with a chainsaw under the billowing MTV flag. That would have at least given credit where it was due (and probably build a connection to the "unreachable" youth of today - MTV's Schindler's List, a top twenty countdown hosted by Martha Quinn or Kennedy and featuring Itzhak Stern, Rabbi Menasha Levartov, as well as Prince and the New Power Generation).

The Holocaust was a dark time for humanity. I was moved by the events recorded in the history books, in the faded pages of hidden diaries, and in the faces of those who lived to tell the tale. It puts perspective in my life - no matter how bad I think it is, it could be far worse. I was not moved by "Schindler's List", which was a two-bit ripoff of many other good films about that time period, that hid itself in a blur of Meleise-esque camera trickery. If you really want to be moved, watch 1989's "War and Remembrance", or some of the retrospective on the History Channel. Hopefully, you'll have some nice nightmares.

plugged

by Michael Grandner and Justine Grey

Clowns For Progress: PROGRESS

At first, I was a bit unsure about Clowns For Progress' second album PROGRESS, released on Last Beat Records (their first was on the Flipside label); I hadn't heard of this band, and hailing from NYC I expected just another indie band, but I was quite surprised.

The album begins with the fringe-punk romps "Sammy Says," "Joyride," and the interesting "Kiss Me On The Moon," but the song "Inundated Man" caught me. It still bordered on traditional punk, but I realized this wasn't just a punk band. It was pure rock, in the old style with just enough punch. The rest of the album follows on this path: great, solid rock with a good dose of roots punk (I loved "Streetlights" and its bassline that reminds me of the Cure's "Pictures of You").

"Inundated Man Pt. 2" is a good, relieving break in the middle of this (quite heavy) album. But, by far, I was most impressed with the album's close. Track number 14 is a cover of Neil Diamond's "Cherry Cherry" with an added bonus -- Bosstones' Dicky Barrett makes a guest appearance!

To top it off the album ends with "Saturn Rain." This is definitely the most interesting track. All thoughts that this is a punk band quickly abate as you experience an experimental, almost electronic song that ends with a short, sweet jam. In all, Clowns For Progress' PROGRESS is nothing new and breakthrough, but it is definitely refreshing and worth a listen.

-Mike

Long Fin Killie: AMELIA

Scotland's Long Fin Killie, taking inspiration from many sources to create their own mixture, will release their third album, *Amelia*, on April 7th. The fact that Long Fin Killie utilizes so many sounds, styles, and past musical history makes it all the more interesting. The songs range from the styles of Morrissey gone jungle, Spiritualized, The Fall, My Bloody Valentine, and Slowdive. All of these styles and influences emerge creating a complex mass of sounds, and a new form to these styles. Their interpretations succeed in most cases, and they come out in the end with a complex, unexpected journey through British musical influences.

"British Summertime" is shimmering pop, "Lipstick" has a Morrissey-jungle influence, "Kismet" with muted vocals, and "Resin" with strings all making an interesting, worthwhile experiment. In all, I felt the album is an interesting trip across many musical landscapes.

Some of the songs, drawing on so many influences, turn out a little chaotic or messy, but the sound is very consistent nonetheless (even sometimes a bit repetitive). However, in all, the album is interesting and unique, and the pioneering efforts on Long Fin Killie's new album *Amelia* are well received.

-Justine

plugged is a weekly music column focusing on the newest releases, providing accurate, up-to-date, and relevant information, coupled with informative and informed opinions. Contact plugged at 716-274-3793 if you have any questions or comments, or if you want us to review a CD.

BURGER KING

HOME OF THE WOPPER

Goin' Bananas

by Matt Goldich, *Brown Daily Herald*, Brown University

(U-WIRE) PROVIDENCE, R.I. -- Most likely, you've never heard of the group of Brown students who call themselves the Post-Indigenous Farmers' Market for Community Revolution (PIFCMR). However, if you've ever been walking around campus early in the morning and seen bananas and manifestoes hanging from trees and carrots sticking out of the ground, you may be familiar with some of their work.

The PIFCMR's manifesto urges Brown to return to a pre-academic environment, in which students, faculty, staff and administrators alike would forage and hunt for all their food.

The group's most recent attempt to

increase awareness of its mission -- placing carrots, bananas and manifestoes on Main Green trees -- was censored by Brown Police and Security and Plant Operations workers, who deemed the group's use of public space inappropriate and promptly removed the offending objects. The group's outraged co-founder, a first-semester senior, contacted The Herald, hoping that the press would give his group some much-needed publicity and prevent such disrespect to its ideals in the future.

And so, he was granted an interview, which he only agreed to under the condition that neither he nor any of his compatriots would be identified by name since doing so would be counterproductive to the group's "guerrilla tactics." In fact, all the members of the group have opted to remain anonymous.

Before coming to Brown, the group's co-founder and spokesperson spent two years working on a farm in the desert. As he put it, "Coming from the city to the country, the lifestyle change really woke up my senses." After coming to Brown, though, he was dismayed by the unnaturalness of the typical Brown student's routine.

"I saw the way people lived," he said. "They get phase-shifted; they stay up all night and sleep all day, during finals especially. They have an enormous amount of stimulants, like coffee, and it really makes you feel bad."

And so, the co-founder got together a group of interested students and formed the PIFMCR, which now has about 50 members, although most are not as active as the co-founder.

One of the group's first important tasks was writing its manifesto, which states its goals.

"We have moved too far from those natural and organic tendencies which form a healthy and livable society," the manifesto reads. "The time for Marxist Revolution is overdue and passed. We need radical change."


 "Only through the ancient and noble processes of hunting and gathering, farming and raising livestock may we find a livable existence... If you see a fruit, gather it. If you see an animal, hunt it."

Although the co-founder's ideal society would be pre-academic and based on hunting and gathering, he realizes that this is not likely to happen. Instead, the group tries to inspire people to incorporate some of its

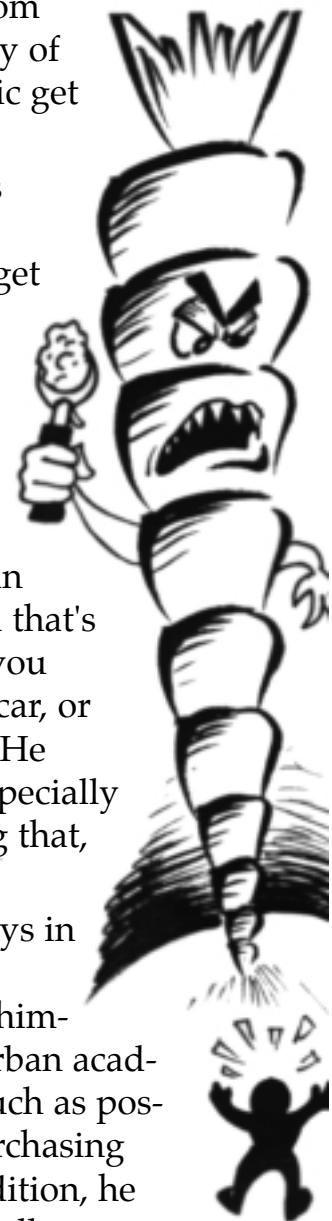
more realistic ideas into their daily lives. "We see ourselves as basically a consciousness-raising organization," says the co-founder. He sees allowing people to pick fruits and vegetables from the Main Green as a way of letting the general public get involved.

The group also has several other ideas that would allow people to get more in touch with nature. For instance, they believe in "an hour a day." According to the co-founder, "An hour a day basically means that you spend an hour a day outside, and that's not including the time you spend walking to your car, or from your car to class." He believes this to be an especially simple task, considering that, "It's so minimal, really."

There are other ways in which the group's co-founder tries to relieve himself of the burdens of urban academic life. He tries as much as possible to refrain from purchasing consumer goods. In addition, he tries to purchase only bulk, unprocessed foods and buys locally grown produce. For him, "It does extend into everything I do, truthfully."

Although most people associate movements like this with vegetarianism, the hunter-gatherers actually encourage hunting animals.

"It's not a hippie movement," says the co-founder. "It's not an environmentalist



movement. There's something different about it."

The group does not plan to seek official University status anytime soon. "We don't see much benefit in being affirmed by the University," the co-founder said. "I'm not sure what it would do for us. We're more of a grassroots movement than a club."

Although the group uses some of the same aggressive campaigning methods as the International Socialist Organization (ISO)s in trying to spread the word, the co-founder stressed that his group's goals were very different. On Marxism, his personal view is: "It seems like there was a strong movement towards that for a while, but it seems to be really weak right now, so to spend your time doing that right now seems futile.

"What our group advocates is lifestyle change rather than revolution. You, in changing your lifestyle, and making sure that the services around you permit that, you can change the way things work."

Although the co-founder does not know of any similar groups on other campuses, he feels that he and his fellow hunter-gatherers can fill a gaping hole specific to Brown.

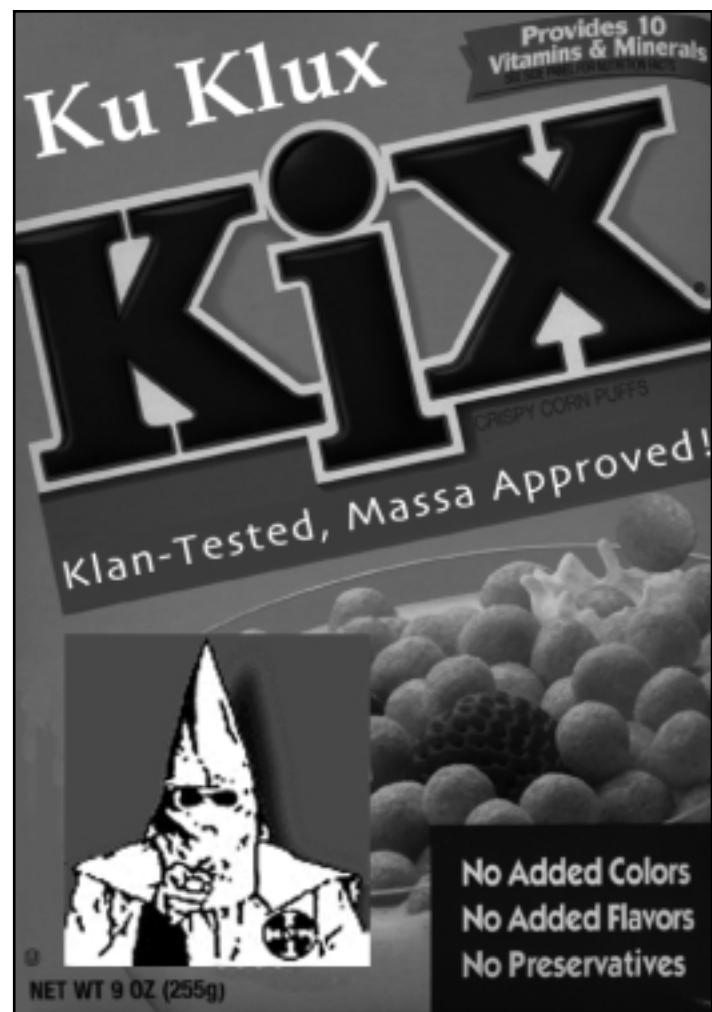
"One principle that is foundational to the group is community," he says. "There's a lot of talk at Brown, I think, about community. I think the formation of the group came about partially on the idea that [Brown] is not a community. In order to find the epitome of community, he suggests that one would have to look to the rain forests, where each person works toward the common good.

Although many might dismiss the group as just a joke, in the grand tradition

of the Association for Children's Suffrage and 21-and-over night at the Underground, the co-founder insists that he takes the idea very seriously.

When asked how he would respond to the inevitable claims that the group's aims are ridiculous, the co-founder said, "I think that the situation, as it is, is ridiculous, and therefore a ridiculous response is called for. People do such ridiculous things as it is."

He feels that the best way to alleviate such claims is by getting the word out, a goal that cannot be achieved if the University continues to remove the group's manifestoes from around campus. As the co-founder puts it, "I think the hilarity of it will be reduced if people understand it."



Webonics

A Panel Discussion



I love
to watch <a href=
"http://www.rosieo.
com">The Rosie
O'Donnell Show
!<p>

I love to watch
The Rosie
O'Donnell
Show!

Recently, the Oakland School Board voted to recognize HyperText Markup English (or Webonics) as a distinct language. Reaction was strong both for and against this decision. What do you think? Come and let your voice be heard on this important topic!

Panelists:

Marc Andersen, founder, Netscape Communications Corp.

Bill Gates, CEO Microsoft, computer industry dominatrix

Pammy Cooper, 5 year-old Webmaster for RIT

Saturday, March 4
5pm
Clark Meeting Room (SAU), RIT

Refreshments will be served / Interpreters have been requested
Presented by: Information Technology Student Organization, and
Computer Science House. May not be real.



GDT:Volume 10 issue 3

The World.

"Pave the planet. One world. One people. One slab of asphalt."

GDT has had delusions of grandeur since its inception^Ø — there's no new information there — but it wasn't until recently that we've really begun to exercise our aggressive tendencies. Not only have we been given access to a computer and scanner that we can use (We will hug him and pet him and call him George...)† for as long as we exist, RIT's Computer Science House and the Glorious Commune of Acheron have given Hell's Kitchen office space, allowing GDT to have a permanent base. Of course, since we now have a home and are no longer forced to wander the deserts,[¥] all of the equipment and literature we've acquired over the last three years can be put to good use.

Military intelligence and weapons training manuals, TVs, VCRs, oscilloscopes, games of Twister, Sea Monkeys.... Once we got everything into one place, we realized what we simply had to have: a war room. But what war room is complete without a globe? To that end, we set about to get one the old fashioned way: we'd steal it.

Rule number one in creating and making a subversive and officially unsupported publication work is to act like you know what you're doing. Thanks to western civilization's attitude of "mind your own business" this works in just about any situation; walk into a room and look like you shouldn't be there and you'll have security on you in no time. Act like you own the place and you do.[✓]

Using this simple technique the staff members of GDT and Hell's Kitchen have gained access to rooms and equipment that we really shouldn't have access to. Take for example the various Neibliums.

^Ø Not a type-o.

[†] Thank you, Mr. Diablo. We promise to be good to everything!

[¥] Cast out of our birthplace—the dinning commons named Gracies on RIT—and subject to periodic obstacles placed in our path by RIT's Center for Campus Life, we feel like we've stumbled onto our very own Promised Land.

[✓]The best example of this came from a teacher I had in high school. According to her, she and some friends managed to get some traffic cones, uniforms, and equipment while in college. They then proceeded to set up their equipment in the middle of a busy intersection and tear the crap out of the road. In only a short time the police arrived...to divert traffic! Come lunch time they decided they were really pushing their luck, so they just never returned from their break. In another teacher's words "fake it till you make it." Good advice, guys.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Main Article:

Sean Hammond

Kelly Gunter

CSH

et. al.

Layout:

Brian Barrett

Kelly Gunter

Giles Francis Hall

Sean Hammond

Writers:

Brian Barrett

Adam Fletcher

Michael Grandner

Justine Grey

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Sean Stanley

Matt D. Wilson

A.S. Zaidi

Matt Zimmerman

Illustrators:

Scott Peterson

Matt Weaver

Contributors:

RIT's CSH

First mentioned during Religious Marathon week where we related our discussions with Thor on the nature of belief while lost in the netherworlds under some of RIT's academic buildings, we have bravely ventured there several times in the past.^π Of course the Wagner (pronounced Vaaaagner) operas sung off-key by the dwarfs really push us to the edge of sanity, but it can really be quite useful.

OK, that's not entirely true. The most interesting thing I ever emerged from the underworld with was a spool of copper wire, and I had to barter with some slimy green icky thing that kept calling my high school ring "our precious." I was more than happy to give it to him for the copper, but the weird thing was that when he put it on he just disappeared. Weird. But I'm REALLY off topic here. Sorry. I just thought you might appreciate this not being a footnote.

Anyway, when we needed a globe, of course our first stop in shopping was the underworld. It's easy to get to. Climb into an elevator (Like I'd tell you which one. I'm not going to be responsible when some poor frat guy thinks he's cool, goes to Middle Earth and goes insane from all the operas), take it to the top floor, hit all the buttons, and while it's going down, jump up and down. If it doesn't get stuck between the 1st and 2nd

^π And I have reason to believe that Steve Antonson, former writer for the *Melancholy Predator* spent an entire quarter or more there. His journal, "Notes from the Underground," published in the *Predator* prior to its metamorphosis into the *Melancholy Homewrecker*, is an indispensable guide for any brave souls wishing to tackle this bizarre land.

floor, repeat this whole procedure. If it does get stuck, ring the bell twice and the car should start up again. Eventually the car will stop again. When the doors open, welcome to the hidden world below. To your left you'll see a red-headed physicist in a wheelchair. He is the person who uses the winch to move the elevator. Give him a drink of water and he'll help ya out.

Of course, you don't always end up in the same place. I've tried to draw a map of the various places I've gotten to from the same starting location, but it ended up looking like a hyper cube, and since the Doctor says such things can't be done I think I did something wrong.

This particular time I ended up in what looked like the storage area in the basement of a dilapidated, industrial kinda building. After giving the elevator operator a glass of Fountainhead™ bottled water^μ (In a voice that'd come from a repressed worker from the 1800's: "You're always so nice. You give me drinks of water."), I started snooping around. There were a bunch of doors and all were locked save one which opened into a passageway that led farther into the structure of the facility.

There I discovered stacks of various sized sea monkeys (yummy), marble (cool), some turn-of-the-century brass chandeliers (sayy) and an airlift gurney (huh?). I took the gurney, some sea monkeys and the cool three inch diameter spherical bulb covers from the chande-

liers. I can think of a million uses for them. My own snow-globes, for instance (Rosebud!). I can have a box of 'em when I'm feeling especially melancholy and lamenting my lost childhood.

Anyway, I popped the other storage doors and found me a wee bookcase, some unassembled, pre-fab office furniture that I didn't want, and the globe. Ahhhh, the globe. The dusty acrylic orb had a 32 inch diameter and was set in a massive brass ring, adding another three inches to its girth. We're talking a really big globe here. I could see both Liechtenstein and Tuva clearly marked on it's surface.

The brass ring sits and can roll in the base, thus providing the X-Y rotation. I immediately knew that this was THE GLOBE that we needed, but I was torn. The globe definitely wouldn't fit into my Beetle, so I asked a one eyed dwarf who happened by singing *Wozzeck*, by Alban Berg, for advice.

It so happened that he had a blazer and using my stunning personality and innate people skills I convinced him to let me borrow it. Luckily it fit into the elevator and I popped back into the normal world, ears ringing from that night's atonal aural assault.

Being three in the afternoon I had little trouble getting it to the blazer parked in a spot marked "ETC Vehicles only"...after all, I acted like I was supposed to be pushing a three foot globe in an oak frame and fitted with brass across

^μ "When Objectivist thirst is just too much, satisfy yourself with Fountainhead"

one of RIT's parking lots. Why would I have any problems? Sure, there was the Campus Security guy perched up on top of the Imaging Science building who saw me, but I just nodded my head to him and he went back to watching the parking lot to make sure no one's car was broken into.

After using the little guy's scraper to get all the tickets off the windows, I moved the seat back, took off the extenders on the peddles, and loaded it up and zoomed it off to our super secret war-room in waiting.

It will be a glorious sight. We've already got most of the equipment we'll need. Of course, if just anyone walked in it would look like a normal room, but hit the secret button and BLAM-O! Quick-o, change-o, the war room appears. Couches flip over and wing backed chairs with the Chief of Staff strapped in appear and a huge mahogany table lowers from the ceiling.

From the closet emerges Charleston Heston. His job is just to walk around and say anything he wants...to add to the atmosphere.

On the desk that folds out from the wall is our Red Phone. It is connected directly to Dorothy Brown's (the person in charge of RIT's calendar of event's,

CalendaRIT) super secret line...the one she answers when she's "on the other line" or "out of the office." Unfortunately it's under a bell jar and sealed with a vacuum, so we really can't use it. Just as well, really. She hasn't been a help to us in the past.

The Def Con indicator is our master stroke. Controlled by another computer named Joshua, it has five levels: 5 indicates we're in a state of porn, but this has never happened. We even don't know if there is a bulb in there. Level four indicates Mario Cart, at which point huge monitors are lowered from the ceiling so we can play N64. Level three indicates Mamma's Family is on the air and that we're headed for trouble. This might seem obscure, but if you think back to your cartoon filled Saturdays, you'll remember that when Mamma's Family came on, you knew that all the cartoons were done for the day and that the world just became that much darker.

Level two is Golden Eye, and Level 1 is, of course, Global Thermal Nuclear War. The only glitch with the Def Con system is that the computer, Joshua, always says, "Hello Dr. Falcon. I don't want to do this anymore," and shuts down. This means we have to change the bulbs in the indicator by hand, but we still think



it's a good system and are dedicated to making it work.

But the globe would finish the room. How else can we plot our expansion? Sure, it's fun to use golf clubs to push little pieces around on a Risk board, but a globe is so much more impressive. Even if it did nothing but sit in the corner taking up space and collecting dust, people would walk into the room, ignore the table, Chiefs of Staff seat belted to their chairs, and Charleston Heston, and they'd say, "God DAMN! What a kick ass war room! Where's the firing switch and why are there sea monkeys in the water cooler?"

After a bit of fidgeting with the globe I fit it into the elevator and started to take it up. The problems started once I tried to actually get it into the room. I took the base off and it wouldn't fit through the frame. OK. It had little casters that were set in, so I took them off and, huzzah! it fit with room to spare. The globe, however posed a more serious problem. It wouldn't fit. As it wasn't fit with casters and remained a sphere no matter which way I turned it I was beginning to get frustrated. Imagine a room filled with type A personalities, held down in their chairs, all yelling at you on how you should go about getting it in the door.

Of course, if the globe were accurate, it would be a little flattened at the poles and I could get it though, but no use complaining about centrifugal forces and the role they should play when making really big

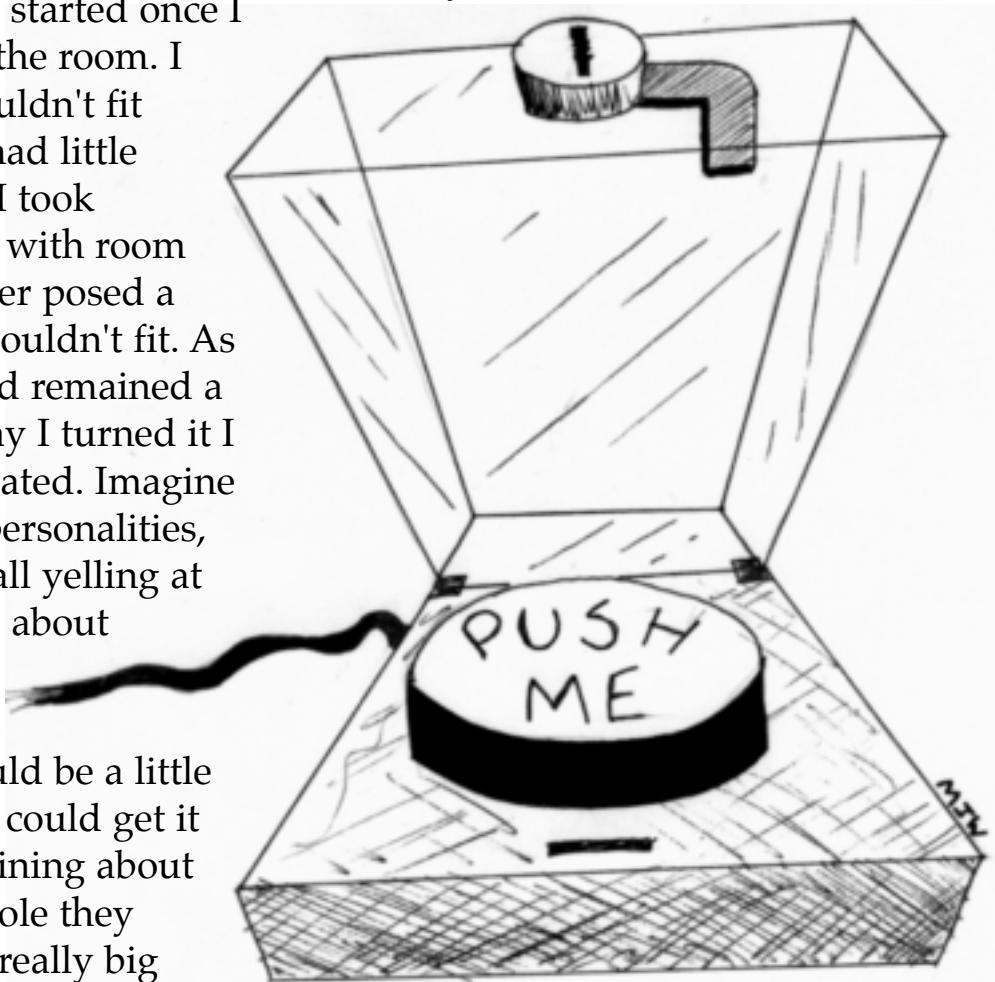
acrylic globes. I'd rather throw it out than bring it back to that horrid basement where I'm sure the dwarfs had moved onto something mind numbingly bad, like show tunes by Andrew Lloyd Weber. Ugggghhhhh.

I took the pins off the hinges of doors and tried again. UHG. And now it's stuck. So if I push really hard, it seems springy enough...

CRACK!

There goes the mid western US. Oh, well. I never liked them anyway. It's in.

So the world is ours, and we only had to destroy the desert states, and a little bit of Mexico. Bru-ha-ha-ha. Watch for us as we start annexing land in an area near you!





Tourist's Magazine Review

by Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK: REPORTER MAGAZINE

This week's movie review has been preempted. This is more of an editorial concerning recent trends in irresponsible journalism. On whose part, you may ask? Well, around here (RIT), when I want a good healthy dose of irresponsible, convoluted, misguided, biased and totally irrelevant tripe, I turn to *The Reporter*. They always deliver. And deliver they have over the past few weeks. Nothing is cooler than black text on a black background, wishy-washy commentary, and their unique take on many issues.

Take the Rochester Cannabis Coalition (a fine group of people who balance political action with a good amount of elements found in "Dazed and Confused") and the way the *Reporter* has handled their recent struggle with Fat Albert. In reading the various articles from the *Reporter*, one thing is clear. There is a SERIOUS drug problem among the staff members of that publication. Its obvious that they don't do enough drugs. They probably don't do any drugs! How do you expect to deliver objective and un-biased coverage of a major issue involving drugs if you don't do them yourself?

Their last issue concerning drug use on campus was painful to the eye, due to the number of glaring errors. LSD IS ACID, you morons!!! Come on! I'm sure that there are at least one or two people on the staff who have done SOME drugs (maybe not a socially acceptable amount, but enough to give *Reporter* a frame of reference). If there weren't, they should have found someone who has done enough drugs to get the job done, and hired them for a bit.

The article concerning Fat Albert's letter to the RCC might have been tolerable to read

if it was presented by a twisted drug freak. Perhaps the drug heroin would not have been spelled "heroine" in this week's issue ("In spell check we trust?" Is there an editor in the house?? Oh that's right, *Reporter* is in editor limbo. I am, however, glad to see that the head editor has stepped down, finally realizing that she's a meddling little trollop who's right-wing, born-again Christian, born-again-virgin, Gestapo views were not conducive to running a responsible news publication). What about the executive editor? Doesn't he look over the proofs before they go to the press? Guess not. How does he expect to get a job in imaging science for the CIA when he can't find typos in a college newspaper? Jesus Dan, you were worried that the CIA might find out about your affiliation with us (for all you CIA background checkers, Dan Newland was a contributor for GDT Volume 4-7, and we suspect that he has numerous ties to the underground communist movement in America today) and not give you a position? Well, looking at the mediocre job you're doing at *Reporter*, how could anything we say hurt your chances at all?

Oh well. Takes all kinds, I guess. It just saddens me to see all that tuition money going to waste on a slip-shod publication. If Hell's Kitchen had one-tenth of *Reporter*'s budget, things would be different. You'd suddenly be eager to read the CHOICE campus publication. Not because you want to find the errors and mistakes, but because there'd be worthwhile content, instead of cheesy photo essays (deadlines are important, boys and girls). Who is going to care about the articles in a news publication if they present the reader with things they already know? Good journalism transports the reader, making whatever the event or issue stated come alive on paper. Simply list-

plugged

by Michael Grandner and Justine Grey.

Djoliba: HOT

"This is African Music!" proclaimed Djoliba frontman Lansana Kouyate at a performance at the University of Rochester this past week (with a guest appearance made by Donna, The Buffalo's drummer). Yes, it is indeed.

The band consists of Lansana (vocals, guitar, djembe and other African percussion), Greg Newton (sax), David Tickell (bass), Dylan Savage (guitar), Ian Nelson (drums), Mike Toner (keys), and Steve Imburgia (congas, djembe, and other percussion).

Djoliba is a local, Rochester area band that has performed in numerous locations all over Rochester, including Water Street Music Hall, Milestones, etc.

Their sound comes primarily from very African influences, as Lansana hails from Guinea (not New Guinea) in West Africa, and can be found donning interesting traditional garb at performances. Adding to the African

feel, none of the lyrics are in English and range from being festive to very political.

Their music is extremely jam-heavy and energized, with plenty of exciting percussion and rhythm. Greg's soulful sax playing and near-goofy stage presence seem to be a Djoliba trademark but the band makes no secret that Lansana is the band's leader, as he is the main vocalist and the center of attention.

Together, the band integrates all the instruments well and cohesively, which is no small feat for such an outfit. Their collective sound is unique, exciting, and refreshing, yet not entirely new. So rarely does a quality group like Djoliba surface that combines African lyrics and a jam-band sound with Rusted Root-like percussion, especially in this area, their novelty more than makes up for it.

They have released a homemade tape, simply entitled "HOT." The tape does not contain their newest material and the production does not effectively capture the energy and edge of the live performances, but it is good for a local production and will be a worthy member of any collection.

In short, Djoliba is an exciting local band with a distinctive African flavor that

our area is very lucky to have. If you get a chance to see one of their shows, go and see for yourself what all the excitement is about. "This is African music!"

-Mike

Fretblanket: Home Truths From Abroad

"Home Truths From Abroad" is Fretblanket's second effort after a three-year absence following "Junkfuel." Fretblanket are British, but will most likely find more popularity in the US (a la Bush). Their sound has more American influences, such as the Pixies, but they have learned a bit from Radiohead as well.

"Into The Ocean" is Fretblanket's single, which is a very catchy pop-rock song that makes one want to either play it really loud, jump up and down, or clap and sing along (it has a very straightforward chorus). It's a great song.

Fretblanket's second album has more variety than their first. Unfortunately, the only stand-out track is, at first listen, "Into

The Ocean." Eventually, with repeated listenings, more tracks start to differentiate, such as "Killer In A Former Life", "Why Can't I Sleep?", "Me And The Stars", "Accident En Route," "Abandon Ship," and "Black Tambourine."

Overall, this is a solid effort from Fretblanket. Hopefully, the world won't have to wait so long for their next. These are songs which should be played loud, and in your room. Perhaps their next effort will expand to further territory.

-Justine

plugged is a weekly music column focusing on the newest releases, providing accurate, up-to-date, and relevant information, coupled with informative and informed opinions. Contact **plugged** at 716-274-3793 if you have any questions, comments, or want us to review a CD. Visit us on the web at:

www.servtech.com/public/pinewood/plugged

Tribute

by Kelly Gunter

This past week I had the good fortune to attend "The Spirit and the Man: a tribute to Michael Thomas." I knew Michael Thomas briefly, I took a ballet class of his several years ago, it was all I could fit into my hectic schedule. I had heard that he had passed away last October, but I guess it never seemed real until I sat in that theatre and watched scores of dances choreographed by him in the days of his health.

Sitting in that theatre's darkness imersed in the sights and sounds of his trade, I finally realized his death. Just as teachers and classmates will gather around to fill up a card with good cheer to ailing friends in the hospital, I realized that my presence in that theatre was my signature on his farewell, just as everyone else there who had once known him was signing in their presence.

I never really knew him, but I knew that he

cared about his students and he cared about his art. As I knew him, he was encouraging and thoughtful. In years to come, when thoughts of him may drift through my waking hours, I will remember him fondly as I once considered him fondly in his life. The tribute was a perfect reminder of life's absences, and a perfect goodbye to a man held dear to many in the RIT community.

Thank you for your life Michael Thomas, you will be missed.

And the Oscar Goes To...

by Brian Barrett

Somewhere three-thousand miles away, while I type this in a basement sitting in my underwear, hundreds of parties are raging. An industry is giving itself a pat on the back for a job well done. Caviar, Champaign, beautiful people, millions of fans — it's a tough job and they deserve to relax, get drunk and bloated and take tomorrow off, lest they immortalize their hangovers on celluloid.

And what an Oscar spectacular it was. I knew it was going to be a night of surprises when I heard Scream I and II's Neve Campbell introduce the performance of best song nominee: Hercules "Go the Distance." In a blank, deadpan voice, she read from the TelePrompTer, "...which will be performed by the exciting Michael Bolton."

Wow, that was a phrase I never expected to hear in this, or any other lifetime! (If I had to give an acceptance speech after the performance of Michael Bolton, I would make sure to thank Percy Sledge, the writer of "Sitting on the Dock of the Bay," who was the only person in the world Bolton didn't thank when accepting his Grammy for ripping off that song.)

Even though I am "not in the business," the Oscars were not completely lost on me.

For instance, there was Ashley Judd's dress, or, to be more specific, the slit along the leg in Ashley Judd's dress. As this actress from "Kiss the Girls" walked across the stage to present the award for... I forgot what now... she flashed hundreds of millions of home viewers her black velvety kitten with each alternate step. (It could've been black panties, but fashion conscience actresses know it's uncouth to show panty lines under a tight dress, and I didn't see any

lines.)

And for the first time I got to see what Anne Dudley looks like when she received the award for the music of *The Full Monty*. "Who's Anne Dudley," you ask? Ever hear of a little band in the eighties called Art of Noise? She has been a member of that particular band which innovated noise sampling for musical intentions since its inception. I have all their albums and been a fan of them for ten years, but images of the band are scarce, if not completely non-existent.[†] I imagined her being as avant-garde in her appearance as she was with her music. "What does Anne Dudley look like, anyway," you might ask? She looks like an average English housewife in her late forties.

The night also was a big one for Philip Glass, who didn't win, but was at least nominated for his downright quirky use of arpeggios in the barely viewed visual epic masterpiece, *Kundun*.

The biggest Oscar night story, however, has to be about someone who decided not to go...Leonardo DiCaprio.

Ignored by the Academy in that he failed to be nominated, he publicly announced his plans for non-attendance and went on to declare a year sabbatical with the less than subtle tone of, "We'll just see if Hollywood can manage to make another blockbuster without me."

Sorry to burst your bubble, boy-boy, but *Titanic* was going to be big, with or without you. That is, after all, the definition of the word "titanic" — big.

Leonardo wasn't a lead actor in this movie; he was just a walking, talking YM pinup with the most lines in the biggest

[†] One member of Art Of Noise, Trevor Horn, went on to sing "Video Killed the Radio Star." More than a hit song, it was their *Modus Operandi*.

movie of all time. Jonathan Taylor Thomas of Home Improvement could have been as convincing.

Just because Leo's agent managed to get him points (I believe it was 2.5% of the profits) doesn't mean he's worth \$20 million dollars a film. Was he worth that much when he was in The Quick and the Dead? What about Critters 3? Oh, and let's not forget the soon to be forgotten Man in the Iron Mask, which will be on airplanes and network TV before Das Boat sinks from its number one box office position.

Who's nomination spot does he think he deserves? Dustin Hoffman's? Peter Fonda's? Robert Duvall's? Freakin' Jack Nicholson's? I don't think so.

Two words: *Matt Damon*. This nobody! Out of nowhere! He comes along with his similarly boyish good looks and steals Leo's thunder. What does Matt have that Leo doesn't? Let's see... could it be... talent? (And lots of it. Who above the age of 17 would disagree that Matt Damon would have been better in *Titanic*'s lead role?)

I'd respect him if he said: "No, I'm not going because I value every second of my fleeting youth, the ceremony's too long (it did run 42 minutes over). And in the time it takes Jack Nicholson to get from his front row seat to the podium I can meet and bo four barely legal fashion models."[¥]

He didn't give that reason, leaving all of the Hollywood community thinking he wasn't man enough to accept that he still needs to learn an important lesson... how to



Jonathan Taylor Thomas hams it up with Kate Winslet in this rare test screen still.

act; both on and off the stage.

I wholeheartedly support this impudent nothing-but-a-pretty-boy's year off. If you see him, offer him some crack or heroin. Even if you don't use any, find out how to get some and offer them to him. He might not take them, but who knows? A year can do a lot to destroy your career. River Phoenix took a year off. Chris Farley was about to take a year off and didn't make it past the first weekend! This would bring me great joy, but I would be happy if his vacation is only enough to make him the next Todd Bridges^Ω or

Robert Downey, Jr.

I took a year off. Nobody noticed except my closest friends, and my next door neighbor, who's trying to figure out what I'm doing in the basement, two o'clock in the morning, in my underwear.

[¥] The author's birthday is the same as Leo's, (November 11) and he feels a Zodiological psychic link to the Scorpio "actor."

^Ω Whacha Talkin' 'bout Willis?!?

Want to be a writer for *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*?

We know there are people out there who have thought about helping, but have performance anxiety. Overcome your self doubt. Come and play!

Contact us at gdt@iname.com

"Stop the Noise!"

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +

GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

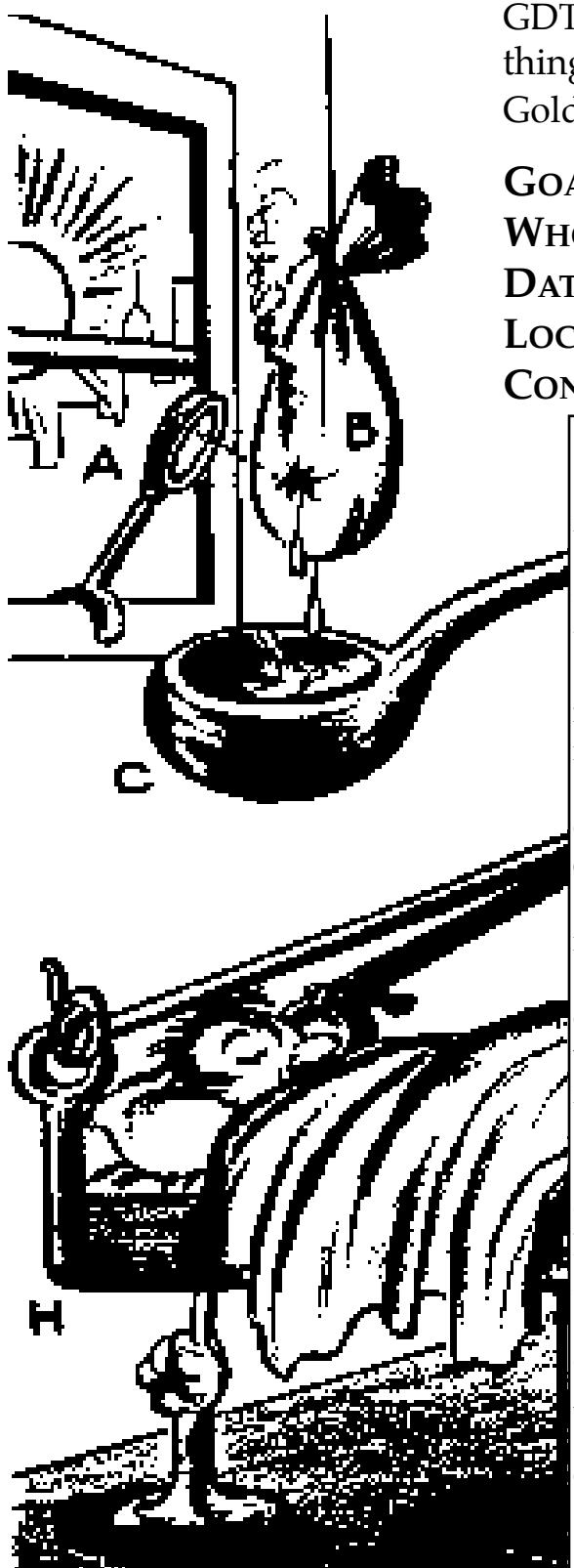
DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: 3RD FLOOR NRH, FISH LOUNGE, RIT

CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be an upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.



Long-haired Freaky People

by Matt Zimmerman and Adam Fletcher

"Hey, Hey, Ho, Ho.

Al Simone Has Got to Go"

"See that drug rally? If you napalm that thing, you'll solve the drug problem at RIT."

This was reportedly one observer's opinion on the quarter mile on Friday, March 27th, as members and supporters of the Rochester Cannabis Coalition, and the curious marched toward RIT's academic buildings. Carrying signs with messages such as "This is our school" and "Who will they censor next?", these students were protesting RIT President Al Simone's decision to deny student organization status to the RCC. The rally began in the Sol Heuman quad around 1:30pm, where RCC Treasurer Kris Lotlikar addressed a small gathering of supporters and observers. According to Mr. Lotlikar, the RCC had been approved by the student activities board to form an official student organization on campus several weeks ago, but the board's decision had been overturned by President Simone due to the organization's subject matter—specifically, the legalization of marijuana.

*I went down to the demonstration
To get my fair share of abuse...*

- The Rolling Stones

We followed the RCC and its supporters in their march, attended one of their meetings, and interviewed a group of representatives. The RIT administration claims that allowing the RCC to form an official club would encourage drug use and related crimes on campus. The RCC contends that approximately 25 other universities^Ø, many highly accredited, have similar student organizations without such problems. When the RCC learned of President Simone's decision, members collected over 1000 signatures for a petition to oppose this

action. This rally was evidence of growing support for the RCC on campus, and a new high water mark in the continuing student opposition of Simone's policies. From the Save Our Schools campaign of 1995-96 school year, to RIT's new alcohol policy, to this latest confrontation with the RCC, there has been no shortage of criticism from the student population.

The group of approximately 200 stopped near the end of Lomb Memorial Drive, blocking the "wind tunnel" between the Eastman Building and the Student Alumni Union. Shea Gunther, president of the RCC, stood atop a trash can and addressed the crowd using a hastily constructed PA system. Speaking to the enthusiastic crowd regarding Simone's policies and the need for RIT students to unite behind the cause of reform, he also encouraged attendance at the RCC meeting later that afternoon.

To learn more about the RCC's goals, and to meet some of its members, we attended the RCC meeting in the Booth building the afternoon of the rally. At the start of the meeting, RCC President Shea Gunther discussed the nature of the RCC and its goals and other members read reports of news involving marijuana issues, and attempted to gauge reactions to the rally. There seemed to be a consensus that the rally had been very well received. We learned that RCC membership includes — for a \$10 fee — several benefits, such as access to the RCC library, membership in NORML (the National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws[†]), and the RCC's legal advice. Shea Gunther predicted that the college cannabis movement will be the largest and most powerful college movement within five years. Approximately 20 people attended the meeting.

^Ø Universities cited were Penn State, Columbia University, University of Massachusetts at Amherst, and Virginia Polytechnic Institute

[†] <http://www.norml.org/>

Following the meeting, we conducted an interview with three officers of the RCC.

GDT: What are your names and positions within the RCC?

RCC (Gunther): Shea Gunther, President

RCC (Lotlikar): Kris Lotlikar, Treasurer

RCC (Terrell): Davis Terrell, Webmaster

GDT: What is the official procedure for forming a student organization at RIT? What was your experience, specifically?

RCC (Gunther): We had to fill out a 4 page application, stating the purpose of the club, provide with a membership list, and we passed that in to the head of University Organizations. The board meets about every two weeks to review new club applications.

GDT: Who is on the board?

RCC (Gunther): It's all students; I'm not sure exactly how you get on the board.

GDT: What is the name of the board?

RCC (Gunther): Not sure, Club review? They sat down, and I talked to one of the people who was on the board, and the point was brought up how women couldn't vote, however long ago, but they still had the right to say what they felt. They came up with a decision that they couldn't deny us just because they didn't like what we had to say. They made the right decision.

GDT: How did you get the RCC started?

RCC (Gunther): I hung up posters, kids started coming. I started holding weekly meetings. Attendance fluctuated, but we got some good people.

GDT: When was the decision made to accept you?

RCC (Gunther): It was 6 weeks ago last Monday [February 9th, 1998]

GDT: When did President Simone get

involved with the decision?

RCC (Gunther): As soon as we got approved, Al Simone pulled us up for administrative review, and it took five weeks for them to get back to us.

GDT: Who handles administrative reviews?

RCC (Gunther): I think it went to Dr. Linda Kuk and she passed it on to Simone. Dr. Simone decided to reject it. We talked to the Ombudsman, Dr. Laura Tubbs.

GDT: When did the word come through from Simone?

RCC (Gunther): Me and Kris met with him last Monday. He talked with Kris and I and he gave us a letter which outlined his thoughts and also told us that he disbanded the club.^Ω

GDT: So Al just said no?

RCC (Gunther): His reasoning is that it would make RIT appear to condone drug use and that he is afraid that criminals from Rochester will come to RIT to sell their drugs because [the criminals] heard that we have such a club. If you look at the other clubs like ours that have been around, none of that proves true.

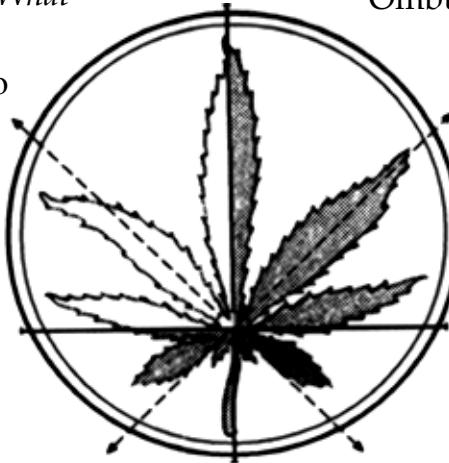
GDT: What reactions have you gotten from students, both to what went on before, and to the rally itself?

RCC (Gunther): I think the student reaction has been pretty good.

RCC (Lotlikar): We have a lot of apathy at RIT, a lot of people don't care either way. They just say well, whatever, but there are kids that do care. A lot of people think that we just want the school's money so that we can buy pot. But we are not about drug use; we are about education. That's what this is supposed to be about.

RCC (Gunther): One day, we went to the

^Ω See "Further Reading" for text of Simone's letter.



SAU and filled about 4 pages of signatures for the petition, and had maybe five kids tell me that they wouldn't sign it. A lot of people who signed it said that they may not agree with our cause, but they think that Al made the wrong decision.

GDT: So the rally went well?

RCC (Gunther): Oh yeah, the rally went way better than I was expecting.

GDT: A lot of people joined the march and stood on the side voicing their support. We made rough estimates of 160 or more when the group left frat row, and by the time the march was at the SLC [RIT's Student Life Center] there could have been as many as 200, perhaps more.

RCC (Lotlikar): We had someone counting about 300 by the SAU. Yes, the rally went very well.

GDT: You seemed to do well; you seemed to get many people signing the petition, and I didn't see many people opposing the rally. Do you feel that there is a strong opposition, barring the administration (Al Simone specifically)?

RCC (Gunther): Um, there are always going to be kids that have been so brainwashed...

RCC (Lotlikar): Yeah, straight-edge. Kids who are straight-edge think that 'cause they don't smoke pot. . . . It's like people who don't have AIDS bashing down on an AIDS rally.

GDT: Have you heard any other reactions from the administration, apart from Simone?

RCC (Gunther): I've had indications that

a lot of the administrators think that Simone should have just accepted us. If we were approved two weeks ago, we might just have made the five- or six-o'clock news and then everyone would have forgotten about us.

RCC (Lotlikar): If he had just approved us, there would have been no reason for the news to get involved.

RCC (Gunther): Well, they would have reported us, but then they would have forgotten. It's bad public relations—he says he doesn't want bad press, but he called a news conference the morning after he denied us, a 10:30 press conference. I found out about it at 10 o'clock and managed to talk to some reporters, on the side of the road, across from his house (because they kicked me off the grounds). At the president's house—the house that we built.

GDT: Any reactions from the administration about the rally?

RCC (Gunther): Dr. Linda Kuk complimented us, and said that it was a good rally.

RCC (Loklikar): There is no way [Simone] is going to talk to a mass number of students because he's not a very good public speaker, especially on the fly if he hasn't written what he is going to say. He might meet with a few of us one on one, but he will never meet with a lot.

It really would just be such a bad idea for him to come out and meet with us. You don't go with a hostile audience toward you and try to discuss something. No matter what he said.



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RCC (Gunther): He can't really justify his decision because his reasons don't hold up to reality.

GDT: How do you think this compares to the "Save Our Schools" rally of three years ago? I think it's along a similar vein in removing the rights of the students without first consulting them, but where that was a scholastic issue, this is basically just a student activities issue (which might not get as much attention).

RCC (Gunther): I don't know a whole lot about what went on, but that if you look at that, what he's done with the alcohol policy, and what he's done with us, I think it just indicates that—I don't think President Simone has been a very good thing for the RIT campus.

GDT: Do you think that the timing of your decision to become a club and the strengthening of the RIT drug and alcohol policy was poor? Do you think it affected his decision?

RCC (Gunther): I think it did. Just because he's under this pressure to look tough on drugs and to look tough on alcohol. But the problem is his policies aren't designed, his alcohol policy isn't designed to limit the harm of alcohol, it's designed to look strong, and the same thing with us. His policy is not designed in the best interests of the students, it's designed to look tough.

GDT: Simone once said that 18-22 year olds have no voice and if they want to vote, they can vote with their feet.^ø What is your reaction to this?

RCC (Lotlikar): If you don't think that people 18-21, or whatever his ages were, aren't competent enough to make decisions, then you shouldn't be president of a college, because those are the kind of people...

RCC (Gunther): That is the wrong kind of attitude to have. It just shows his complete lack of respect for us. It's our school: he should be leading us; he should not be making statements like that, and his attitude is 100% that. He doesn't think that students can make competent decisions.

GDT: I think your timing was excellent regarding holding the rally on an open house day.

RCC (Gunther): Yeah, that was unintentional, but it worked out really well.

GDT: Did you notice any of the parents' reactions?

RCC (Gunther): I didn't personally, but I've been told that a lot of parents—

Dave Bort [observer]: When we were in Sol Heuman quad, a lot of parents were asking people what this was all about. I told one guy what it was all about and he basically said "What is this, a police state?"

GDT: I noticed both, walking with you guys, I saw reactions of both disgust and support from parents.

RCC (Gunther): When you are dealing with marijuana, you are always going to get that, because some people are just so fervent and adamant and they don't really know the issues. You're going to get people like that everywhere.

RCC (Lotlikar): When they look at legalization, they look at it as an excuse for us to smoke more pot. And we are not saying legalize so we can smoke more pot—I can smoke as much pot as I want now. That's not the issue. The issue is that the laws are hurting our country—

RCC (Gunther): —the policies are bad.

RCC (Lotlikar): I think it would do a lot more to cut down on marijuana abuse, get it to an acceptable level, where we could handle it, when it's legalized. It's easier for high school kids to get a 10 bag than a beer.

RCC (Gunther): The Dutch have effectively legalized it, and allowed it to be sold in cafes, and they have just about the same per-

^ø "In my opinion, the 18-22 year-old age group is not qualified in making decisions. You're a customer... and if you don't like it, you can vote with your feet." (Simone's speech at the "Save our Schools" rally, RIT 1995-96 school year)

centage rate of adult use [as the US], but they have a much much lower rate of use among children.

RCC (Lotlikar): 18% as compared to 60%.

GDT: *The same thing holds true for [the Dutch's] more liberal alcohol policy. Do you feel that there is a significant population of marijuana users among RIT students?*

RCC (Gunther): I'm not too sure. I do know that kids, I mean, anywhere you go, people are going to be smoking. Marijuana is the most-used illicit recreational drug. As far as numbers or comparisons, I'm not too sure.

RCC (Lotlikar): But there is a good amount of kids that smoke. Even still, in the dorms, with alcohol compared to marijuana, if they catch you holding a beer, they warn you. Sometimes if the campus safety officer is a dick, they throw them in, but if they smell something, they want to go through your room, they want to check you out. A lot of kids are like—we're not doing anything, we're just studying, but if you have the wrong kind of sticker outside your door, you'll get knocks—"We smell something in the hall." Just since the alcohol policy, anti-drug policy, and our thing has been going on, they really... the day he denied us I know a bunch of kids got busted.

RCC (Gunther): Prohibition has never ever ever been shown to work. It's counter-productive; it's a harmful policy that doesn't minimize the harm of drug use.

GDT: *Do you have anything to say about or in response to your opposition's views? What do they have to say, and what do you think their reasons are?*

RCC (Gunther): I think that people should look into the issues, they should do the research, they should do the reading, because if you do the reading, do the research and you take a look at some of the studies and some of the things that the government uses to oppose all of these things, you'll see that the things

that they are using as backup are just poor science, hysteria and rhetoric.

RCC (Lotlikar): A lot of the comments we get are "It's illegal. You don't understand that it is illegal." I do understand that it is illegal. We are not about using an illegal substance; we are about changing the laws so we don't have to do something that it is illegal.

RCC (Gunther): I have a big problem with, one of things is about Dr. Simone, is that they use every reason, every cause of prohibition that we want to change as a reason not to allow us to do it. "Well it's illegal, well criminals are involved." All those things will not be if our group is successful in it's goals.

GDT: *If your petition is unsuccessful will you keep fighting? How dedicated are you?*

RCC (Gunther): Oh yeah, we will fight and we will bug and we will make sure no one forgets about this until we get recognition. We're here to stay and we will fight until we are recognized. I'm here for another four years, so at least another four years. [laughs] Once we are 81 we can stop.

GDT: *How strong is New York's marijuana legislation; how pro-marijuana is New York State?*

RCC (Gunther): It is decriminalized under an ounce. You get a ticket, you don't get put in jail, but New York is still a fairly conservative state.

RCC (Lotlikar): Right now, in the state assembly, there is one guy, there are a few people that are for medical legalization, but can't find a co-sponsor in the senate. So, with only having a uni-house bill, there is no chance of it getting passed. But he can propose it just to make it symbolic, like get people talking about medical marijuana. If you go to a state like California, a lot of people are starting to see the advantages of medical marijuana. People who have been using it for medicine who have just gotten ragged on. I mean, you read DRC net and you see.

RCC (Gunther): Polls of Americans on

the question of medical marijuana issue—over 85% of Americans support legalizing marijuana for medicinal use.

RCC (Lotlikar): We need to make sure that politicians know that it is not that politically unfit a move. Right now, it's a big issue, and hopefully it gets taken care of.

RCC (Gunther): The politicians are way behind the opinions of the people as far as the issue of medical marijuana is concerned. The federal government can admit that it is wrong, it's been harassed in California—the four mayors in San Francisco, Oakland, Santa Cruz and another city have all asked President Clinton to leave the buyers club alone.

GDT: *Marijuana is still a Schedule 1 drug.*^Δ

RCC (Lotlikar): Right, which is ridiculous. There are bills, Marijuana Prevention Act, and Marijuana Deterrence Act,[≈] in front of Congress now, under which any doctor who would prescribe medical marijuana would lose their license to prescribe medicine, even if [marijuana] was legal in that state. The doctors are scared, [politicians] are using scare tactics.

RCC (Gunther): The thing is, now, they can get as extreme as they want. The more extreme that the drug warriors get, the easier it is going to be to overturn this silly policy. Newt Gingrich is calling for the death penalty for people bringing two ounces or more of marijuana into the United States.^Σ

GDT: *Where did you hear that?*

RCC (Gunther): Well, you know, it's around. He's trying to get this bill passed. Let

^Δ Schedule 1 indicates that a drug has no medicinal uses. Schedule 1 drugs include LSD, cocaine and heroin.

[≈] See the section on "Further Reading" for additional information

^Σ GDT was unable to verify this information at the time of printing.

them get as crazy as they want, because it's only going to make them look more extreme. Newt, he criticizes Clinton's drug plan, and Barry McCaffrey, the drug czar, is a ten year plan, and Newt Gingrich says that's too long. He wants to rid the country of illicit drugs by 2001, which is ridiculous.

RCC (Lotlikar): The government just spent \$200 million to get drugs out of the prisons in the U.S. If the government can't keep drugs out of prison, which has barbed wires, brick walls, and guards with guns (which is nothing like our borders), how do they think they can keep it out of the country?

GDT: *Regarding, just for our clarity, what sources are you looking at for your information? You noted www.marijuananeWS.com, DRC net [sites mentioned during the RCC meeting]. . .*

RCC (Gunther): The NORML page has good information. The problem with the mainstream media is that they don't report anything that is pro-drug. The media, right now, is in cahoots, is the lapdog of the drug warriors. Every now and then, you get an exception to that, but for the most part, to get the news of things that are going on in the movement, you have to go to other sources.

RCC (Lotlikar): If you look at the coverage we have gotten, we have been called the pot club. They do cuts to intentionally make us look bad. All except FOX [who covered the rally].

RCC (Gunther): You look, for instance, [CNN's web site] allows you do personal news, and I happen to do a search on Marijuana all the time, and the only news they ever do on marijuana is people getting busted.

RCC (Lotlikar): If you want books, Marijuana Reconsidered has been out for a long, the first comprehensive study of marijuana, a very good book. *Marijuana: Myth and Fact*, that's the newest one, it's gotten so much publicity, it's such a good book, they really outline it well, and it's by two doctors and a

professor. Anything by Ed Rosenthal, he has a bunch of books, William F. Buckley, Jr., he's so far to the right, it's amazing.

RCC (Gunther): It's still personal freedoms, that's what it's all about, he's an editor of National Review.

GDT: *It's been accused that marijuana smokers have lower GPA's; what's your reaction to this?*

RCC (Gunther): I like how Simone quoted these supposed statistical studies.

GDT: *I didn't see any sources in the Reporter^f or either of its two recent drug related articles.*

RCC (Gunther): He also declined to name any universities with the gun shootings.

RCC (Lotlikar): He shoots from his hip, and just makes stuff up. I don't know anyone who has been shot here or at U of R who have been shot. Rochester just isn't that dangerous a city.

RCC (Gunther): As far as the academic thing, that just doesn't hold up.

RCC (Lotlikar): We have kids in the club that are 4.0 students.

RCC (Gunther): There have been studies done in Jamaica that show heavy users, where people who use are at the same level or even sometimes making more money or at a higher level in their career. I don't think anything's ever been done that shows that people who use marijuana have lower GPA's. Obviously people who abuse it may, but that's a different thing. That's the same for anyone

who abuses anything.

RCC (Lotlikar): Not to get down on art majors, but they always think that anybody in this building is from the art school. Like when I went up to his office to talk to [Simone], he said "Oh, you must be in the art school" because I have long hair—first words he said to me.

GDT: *What's your major?*

RCC (Lotlikar): MIS [Management Information Systems]. Our officers, Davis is Computer Science, Shea is Graphic Design, Mike is IT, Jared is Bio Tech. We're not just "fluff" majors.

All the universities that have the club are good universities, have free-thinking students. You don't see a huge community college backing the marijuana issue. We think for ourselves.

GDT: *That's it for the questions; is there anything you'd like to add?*

RCC (Gunther): If you look at this whole thing, one of the things that prohibitionists do, is they label anyone who does not agree with the drug policy as pro-drug and say "Oh, this person wants to use drugs." And this is a clear cut example of that—President Simone even says in his letter that we might not intend the effect of people thinking that RIT condones drug use but it is going to happen.^g

But, it just doesn't hold up. We are an educational group, and we're serious people with serious goals.

^f RIT's weekly news publication.

^g "In my judgment, the recognition of the Rochester Cannabis Club as an official RIT club will be interpreted by students and the general public as RIT officially condoning the use of drugs on this campus. Official club recognition will inevitably [sic] lead to on-campus and off-campus publicity implying that RIT approves of drugs and drug use by students. You and your fellow club members may not intent [sic] this effect, but there is ample evidence from previous experience in this and other campus communities that there will be widespread publicity of university recognition of a club which advocates legalization of marijuana use and that most, if not all, of the publicity will imply that the university condones drug use by its students. It is also clear that such publicity will encourage the dangerous criminal elements connected with drug consumption in our society to come on the RIT campus and make contacts with students with the intention of selling them illegal drugs." (Letter from Simone to Gunther) [errors are Simone's]

People have a lot of misconception, and hopefully we will clear them up.

RCC (Lotlikar): "The only people who can change the world are people crazy enough to think they can."

Further Reading

- o Letter from RIT President, Dr. Simone, to Shea Gunther, President of the Rochester Cannabis Coalition, available from Shawn Porter's Cannabis Coalition Debate page:
<http://www.rit.edu/~sjp6683/cc/>
 - o The Lycaeum:
<http://www.lycaeum.org/>
 - o Paranoia's Drug Information Server:
<http://www.paranoia.com/drugs/>
-

He Would If He Could, So he Did, But Should He?

by Matthew D. Wilson

I only learned on Wednesday of President Simone's decision to override the Club Review Board's decision to recognize the Rochester Cannabis Coalition as an RIT club, and have become interested in the issues presented.

Emotions are running high on both sides of the issue, obviously. I think everyone needs to take a step back and take another look at the issues involved. First, we all have to recognize that Dr. Simone, as President of the Institute, does have the right to deny official recognition to student organizations. That is a fact, and there is no evidence you can offer to refute that. No matter that the Club Review Board (not entirely composed of students, by the way) is normally responsible for approving clubs for recognition, nor that the students pay an Activities

- o U.S. Department of Justice, Drug Enforcement Administration:
<http://www.usdoj.gov/dea/>
- o Marijuana News:
<http://www.marijuananews.com/>
- o FedWorld:
<http://www.fedworld.gov/>
- o Library of Congress, marijuana bills before 105th Congress:
<http://thomas.loc.gov>
- o The Rochester Cannabis Coalition:
coalition@filament.net
- o *Marijuana Reconsidered*, Lester Grinspoon, ISBN#0932551130
- o *Marijuana Myths Marijuana Facts: A Review Of The Scientific Evidence*, Lynn Etta Zimmer, ISBN#0964156849

Fee to help support Student Government clubs (this is by no means SG's only source of funds).

Once we understand that Dr. Simone *can* do this, the question becomes *should* he do this? Obviously, this is stickier. As President, he has a responsibility to the entire RIT community to make RIT as successful an institute as possible. For reasons that he made clear in his letter to Shea Gunther, he feels that recognizing the Cannabis Coalition would cause more problems than it solves. His arguments (contrary to what marijuananews.com thinks) are not entirely without merit.

(As an aside, the aforementioned site's article about the letter is at least as full of inaccuracies as Dr. Simone's letter — they clearly misunderstood, at least partially, most of his points.)

Knowing the media of today, they certainly would make a big deal about the

Cannabis Coalition becoming recognized as an official RIT club. I can't say whether this would have a detrimental effect, but the possibility of negative publicity is certainly there, and President Simone is right to be wary of the possibility.

However, I do agree that recognizing the club probably (note that word) will not cause drug dealers to show up on campus in significantly increased numbers. That, I admit, does not make much sense, and President Simone did seem to be trying to find justification for his action in that.

Okay, so that's my view on President Simone. What about the club itself? I believe the Coalition's insistence that they are not just a bunch of "pot-heads" trying to get their favorite pastime legalized. However, I'm afraid I have to object to some of their methods. The various flyers around campus have a distinct attitude about them. The first ones I saw were very presumptuous, making broad claims about the government and other traditional views about marijuana without any support to back them up. Although I recognize that the flyers were most likely meant just to get people thinking, the only thing it got me thinking was, "I'm not impressed."

The other flyer I remember is one that complained about flyers getting torn down. Not only did it target the Chess Club (implying, probably not intentionally, that Chess fans are rather straight arrows and would be in opposition to a Cannabis Coalition), but it also failed to recognize that EVERY CLUB GETS POSTERS TORN DOWN. Again, a total failure to impress me, because neither of the clubs I'm in publicly complains about missing flyers.

Okay, now on to marijuana. I admit I'm not particularly well-versed in the specifics. I do know that there is a difference between hemp and the traditional marijuana plant

used for smoking, but I am not aware of the legal issues regarding these two cousins. As I understand it, both are illegal.

I have read that marijuana is not a chemically addictive substance. This may be (I certainly don't know from experience), but I have also read that it is extremely addictive psychologically. This is no less dangerous, in my opinion.

Unofficially, I have heard that marijuana does not "kill brain cells." Frankly, I've never heard anyone claim otherwise, so I have no reason not to believe this claim. However, there is evidence that marijuana affects users' states of mind (Well, duh, why else would they smoke it?). I feel that any such substance (the actual term would be drug) is potentially dangerous. Yes, including alcohol and caffeine. Does that mean they should be illegal? Maybe. Alcohol is a very ingrained part of American life, as is caffeine. Ideally, that shouldn't matter, but it does. Caffeine is different still, because, while it is addictive, its effects on the mind appears to be much less severe, and few incidents can be traced back to use of caffeine.

I think alcohol is much more dangerous than marijuana, taken on even ground. But they are not on even ground. Alcohol is currently legal, and used by a vast majority of Americans. Marijuana has a small user base (past users don't count), and is currently illegal. Alcohol is a factor in far too many vehicle accidents, while marijuana is not. This does not mean marijuana is less dangerous — fewer people use it, and those that do tend not to go out and put themselves in dangerous situations when they are "stoned," primarily because marijuana is illegal, but partially because it appears to reduce motivation.

So, I don't know where I stand on the legalization issue. I don't think marijuana should be legalized just because it has poten-

tial benefits. I also don't think these potential benefits should be ignored. The problem is allowing it to be used for medicinal and other purposes, without encouraging its abuse. That's where the real danger lies — in the potential for abuse. True, any object or substance has that potential, but marijuana has a higher potential than many of those things.

So to sum up. President Simone was well within his rights to protect the image of the Institute by refusing to recognize the Cannabis Coalition. However, he may have overestimated the club's potential effect on the image of the Institute.

The Cannabis Coalition's goals are admirable, but I feel they need to be less confrontational and more accessible.

The benefits and uses of marijuana (not the user base — "70 million Americans have tried it" is not a valid reason to legalize it) are well documented and have much merit, but there are many unresolved issues regarding its negative effects.

The Politics of High Tech Damnation

by A. S. Zaidi

"RIT should stand for 'really in touch' with the real world," said Carl Kohrt, executive vice president of Kodak, in his keynote address during the Nov. 14, 1996 installation of the cornerstone for the 157,000 square foot Center for Integrated Manufacturing Studies (CIMS). The building was financed at a cost of \$21 million, \$11.25 million of which was provided by the federal government and \$9.25 million by the state of New York.

The Rochester Institute of Technology (RIT) has also earned the appreciation of the Central Intelligence Agency, which has designated the institution as a "strategic national resource worthy of explicit development and support." In a 1985 Memorandum of Agreement between RIT and the CIA, the school agreed that its curriculum would be "responsive to certain defined specialties of the CIA."

RIT's responsiveness to those specialties may well explain its recent attempt to cut art programs and the ensuing student unrest there. In late April '96, four weeks before the end of the final academic quarter, RIT professors leaked word to students that several art

programs, including painting, printmaking, glass, textiles, ceramics, art education, medical illustration and interior design, were about to be discontinued or placed on "probationary continuation."

The cuts would have devastated RIT's prestigious School of Art and Design (SAD) and the School for American Crafts (SAC) and couple of days after learning about the cuts, students gathered at RIT's Bevier Art Gallery on a Monday to organize. When they heard that the college's trustees were meeting at that very moment on campus in Building 1, they moved to its lobby to get their attention.

Soon President Simone and Provost Stanley McKenzie came down from the trustee meeting to hear the concerns of the students. Simone might have calmed the students, right there and then, with some vague words of reassurance. Instead, one of his gaffes, caught on videotape by a film student, propelled the students into action.

When a student asked Simone where the art schools fit into his vision of RIT's future, Simone replied that while RIT was primarily known for its engineering and computer science, there was a danger that graduates could be too "narrowly focused."

What the schools of American crafts, photography, interior and graphic design did for engineers, said Simone, was to provide them with "breadth of experience." "As they walk on campus they see, uh... somebody... there are not too many engineers with, uh... long hair, for example," he said, pointing to Kurt Perschke, a grad student in ceramics.

There was a moment of stupefied silence. Troy Liston, a writer for GDT at the time, described what followed:

I think I heard a cricket at this point. The silence in the room was actually tangible as everyone had to stop and take a mental step back. I know that I was whispering inside my skull, "Please dear lord, let this be a metaphor for something. Please don't let him mean what I know he's saying." Of course, he had to keep talking. I, and everyone else in the room who had been repeating that silent plea, could no longer block it out: he was indeed saying what we thought he was saying. In the wake of that aftershock, the room's ambient animosity level grew ten fold and threatened to precipitate out of solution. Simone eventually realized his folly and made a feeble attempt to save his floundering position by saying, "Well I guess there are a lot of people here with short hair." All was lost.

The next day, students rallied in a breezeway, packed tightly together. A new activist group, Save Our School (SOS), had been born of panic and anger.

"The art programs are world-renowned," said engineering student Jesse Lenney to the crowd. "Who runs this place? Who are they trying to please by booting the art students?"

Later, at a RIT community meeting, students expressed their concerns to Margaret Lucas, then dean of the College of Imaging

Arts and Sciences (CIAS). On Thursday, students formed committees for speakers, alumni and parent contacts, rally organizers, research, as well as media and community outreach.

At a mass rally at Webb auditorium attended by hundreds, students viewed the videotape in which Simone made his infamous hair remark. "That's what we're here for, to run around so the engineering students can have some diversity," said Kurt Perschke, unapprised by Simone's apology to him a couple of days earlier. "I want an apology for cutting my school. I don't give a damn about my hair."

That day, the faculty voted unanimously to support the efforts of the SOS students to save the art programs. Professors who had previously limited themselves to slipping information under the door of the new SOS office at night, now openly criticized the process that had led to the cuts.

As information came to light, it was made clear that RIT professors had been given an "Academic Program Review Criteria" form to numerically evaluate their programs according to their centrality, financial viability, marketability and quality. Administrators were to recommend programs for consolidation or discontinuance based on the raw data provided.

The professors did not appear to have understood the purpose of the evaluative "tools," which were meant to give the appearance of "scientific objectivity" to corporate downsizing. Not surprisingly, the programs that won out in the evaluative process were those dear to the corporate interests on the RIT trustee board, including accounting, business administration, management, finance, information systems and marketing.

In a memo to RIT administrators, written during the first week of student protests,

Thomas Lightfoot, an associate professor in CIAS, said:

"Numerous proposals have been put forth... which have not been seriously considered or even responded to. Is the faculty the driver of the curriculum or the administration? Is the faculty even a partner in the process? Or are we just employees, to do what were told, as the President has suggested?... I must add that the faculty, of at least the SAD/SAC component of the college, also pointed out its judgment that the review instrument was seriously flawed... It is also notable that the reasons for discontinuance keep changing. The President wanted to identify a pot of money that could be saved through this process. He was convinced that there was lot of waste and money being lost by our programs. When it was discovered that there was no money to be found, the reasons shifted to a resource reallocation rationale."

That week, SOS obtained donations from parents, student groups and alumni. They passed out flyers to students and asked alumni to write to the trustees, some of whom professed to be unaware of the proposed cuts. They got coverage from local television stations.

The rallies were followed by image-oriented protests. With the permission of Albert Paley, an RIT artist in residence, SOS students symbolically shrouded his sculptures outside the Strong Museum and the Eastman School of Music. They also wrapped the Main Street Bridge railings that Paley had designed.

At the Memorial Art Gallery, ceramics grad students Molly Hamblin and Kurt Perschke used gauze and string to cover works by Paley and Richard Hirsch, an RIT ceramics professor who attended the event in support of the arts. "We intend to keep the

heat on," said Perschke. "Today's demonstrations are about showing the fundamental connection between the school and the art community."

The media images of a Rochester without art succeeded in embarrassing the trustees, and the RIT administration quickly backed away from its intention to cut the arts. In under two weeks, SOS had proved that students, alumni, faculty and even much of the business community strongly supported the arts. Through efficacious aesthetic persuasion, the students had saved their programs, at least for the time being, while alerting the RIT community to the implications of the Strategic Plan.

It was impossible, however, to sustain this activism, which began to wane as finals drew near. "A lot of students have shown how dedicated they are, but their work suffers," explained glass grad student Luis Crespo. "Come 'crunch time,' people will feel torn. In the end it boils down to the fact that they are students and have to get a grade."

In a series of informational meetings, Simone tried to promote the Strategic Plan, but the authoritarian character of the plan made it a hard sell. In addition to downsizing programs, the plan called for outsourcing RIT's physical plant services. Anthony Burda, an editor of the student weekly, *The Reporter*, was present at one meeting. He described Simone's response to a woman who had asked him about the outsourcing:

"As an alternative to out-sourcing... we might move towards student help... like fifty percent, something like that...." He points to catering, where the student staff comprises about 90%. He also points to savings in pensions, health insurance, etc., by having student janitors. Not to mention the saving in flat pay, resulting from paying students only around \$5.25 an

hour. "By the time they're ready for a pay increase, they graduate." He starts laughing before he can finish his sentence.

Everyone laughs. Well, the professors laugh. The lady in the audience, and the janitorial staff of about thirty, sit in the back quietly. For some reason, it appears they really don't find getting replaced by student workers too funny.

At another meeting, an undergraduate asked Simone what role students played in the decision-making process at RIT.

Christopher Hewitt, writing for *The Reporter*, provided an example of Simone's sensitivity to students:

He responded by telling the student that "in my opinion, the 18-22 year-old age group is not qualified in making decisions. You're a customer...and if you don't like it, you can vote with your feet." When asked about Simone's comment, the student replied, "We can vote with our feet by stamping them down in protest. Why should we run away from a place that we belong to when we can stay and make it a place that others will come to, not run away from? I think that these old men who are making the decisions don't realize how qualified the 18-22 age group is in making change and solid, competent decisions."

Thus did Simone squander the trust and goodwill that had come to him as RIT's new president soon after the CIA controversy of 1991.

Cut to 1991. The collapse of the Soviet Union had threatened this country with a peace dividend, but now the U. S. was avoiding that danger as it edged towards Bush's reelection campaign and the Gulf War.

In this climate, Richard Rose, then president of RIT and a former Marine, announced that he was taking a four month sabbatical to work on national policy and procedures in

Washington. It occurred to someone to try to reach Rose at the CIA. When Rose answered the phone, the RIT-CIA scandal had begun.

Though most documents pertaining to CIA activities at RIT were shredded, a few were leaked to the press after a highly publicized theft from Rose's office. Many professors and administrators recalled their experiences with the CIA when the press and a fact-finding commission began to investigate the affair.

The "lead organization" in the CIA-RIT relationship, according to the 1985 Memorandum of Agreement, was the Center for Imaging Science. New courses were to be added in artificial intelligence, integrated electro optics and digital image processing. Rochester journalist J. B. Spula explained why the CIA helped build RIT's imaging science facilities: RIT offers the CIA, and the national security establishment in general, state-of-the-art support in things like aerial photography, image-analysis, and high-tech printing. These and related technologies are the building blocks of surveillance, spy satellites, and, at the end of the militarist's rainbow, "Star Wars" in all its imperial glory.

In 1985, Rose consulted with CIA agents over the choice of a new director for the imaging science center. One agent, Robert Kohler, became an RIT trustee in 1988. Another, Keith Hazard, later joined RIT's advisory board for imaging science.

In 1989, the administration tried to remove the center from the College of Graphic Arts and Photography and place it under the RIT Research Corporation (RITRC), which administers most of the CIA training, recruitment and research at RIT.

CIA influence extended to the rest of RIT as well. The Federal Programs Training Center was created at RIT in 1988 to give technological support to the CIA. There, stu-

dents were paid \$8-10 an hour to produce forged documents. The crafts were also put to CIA use. Woodworking majors designed furniture with secret drawers, and picture frames with cavities for listening devices. In one course, students identified only by their first names, designed wax molds for key-holes. The CIA even tried to place an interpreter at RIT's National Technical Institute for the Deaf.

Andrew Dougherty, Rose's executive assistant and a member of the Association of Former Intelligence Officers, supervised CIA activities at RIT. He authored the 1985 memorandum and consulting reports for the CIA, two of which caused a stir. The first, "Changemasters," resulted from discussions among six panelists, including Robert McFarlane (of Iran-Contra fame) and former vice presidents of Xerox and AT&T.

"Changemasters" advocated economic espionage against U.S. trading partners, the transfer of government-funded technology to the private sector, and the repeal of antitrust legislation. The second report, "Japan 2000," was an outgrowth of discussions with such experts on Japanese culture as McFarlane, Tim Stone, a former CIA agent and director of corporate intelligence for Motorola, and Frank Pipp, a retired Xerox executive. It warns our nation's decision-makers: "Mainstream Japanese, the vast majority of whom absolutely embrace the national vision, have strange precedents. They are creatures of an ageless, amoral, manipulative and controlling culture — not to be emulated — suited only to this race, in this place." The report concludes, "'Japan: 2000' should provide notice that 'the rising sun' is coming — the attack has begun."

When the contents of "Japan 2000" were disclosed, Rose tried to distance himself from them by saying that the report was only a

working draft. Although he later released a revised version, the report still caused widespread indignation. RIT historian Richard Lunt observes, "It is the height of hypocrisy to solicit gifts from leading Japanese corporations to finance the imaging science building while at the same time preparing a confidential document for the CIA which claims the Japanese government and Japanese corporations are conspiring to attack and destroy the United States."

The graduation ceremonies in May '91 were marked by protests. Visitors to RIT found the outlines of bodies drawn in chalk on sidewalks and parking lots.

That June, the administration announced that a blue ribbon trustee committee would investigate CIA activities at RIT. Somehow, a committee containing the likes of Colby Chandler, then chairman of Kodak, and Kent Damon, a former vice president of Xerox, did little to reassure critics of RIT-CIA ties that its inquiry would be impartial. The administration later added two students, five professors and an alumnus, who happened to be a Kodak vice president, to the committee. It also brought in Monroe Freedman, a former law school dean at Hofstra University, to serve as its senior fact finder.

As the scandal unfolded, Rose and Dougherty hastened to reassure the RIT community that the CIA was not unduly influencing the curriculum or threatening academic freedom. Claiming that "morality is built into every fiber of my being," Dougherty said that the CIA would never do anything morally objectionable. "They are really gun-shy about doing anything improper with an academic institution," he maintained.

Monroe Freedman, the senior fact finder of the commission that investigated the RIT-CIA ties felt otherwise. In his report he wrote, Intimidation and fear are recurring themes in

comments about matters relating to the CIA at RIT and, specifically, about Mr. Dougherty. One Dean called him "authoritarian," "harsh," and a "threatening individual." Another Dean said that Mr. Dougherty "had the power to make you or break you."

"To clash with him meant that you were going to be fired," the Dean said, giving the name of one person who, he alleged, was fired because he had said that Mr. Dougherty did not understand what a university is. One Vice President expressed resentment that he had been compelled to accept the appointment of an unwanted subordinate for an administrative position, noting that the subordinate also had responsibilities at the RITRC. "Things were done, said the same Vice President, and I had to go along."

Some RIT faculty and administrators declined to cooperate with the intelligence agency. Edward McIrvine, dean of RIT's College of Graphic Arts and Photography, twice refused CIA security clearance requests. Nonetheless, the CIA conducted a check on McIrvine without his permission and asked to see his medical records when it found that he had seen a psychiatrist a few years earlier.

Malcolm Spaull, head of the Film and Video Department, was asked to train CIA agents in video surveillance. Spaull declined because he is a friend of the family of Charles Horman, the journalist who was kidnapped and murdered in Chile during the 1973 coup. Spaull said that there was "some evidence that the CIA knew he was in captivity and acquiesced in his execution."

Another professor, John Ciampa, head of RIT's American Video Institute, refused to work for the CIA by pointing to a clause in his contract that says that the institute would only engage in life enhancing activities.

As the RIT scandal drew attention to CIA involvement at other universities,

Dougherty advised his CIA superiors that time was of the essence if the agency's activities at RIT were to be preserved. "Every day that the Federal Programs Training Center can be identified with RIT compounds our problem."

Dougherty proposed replacing the RITRC with a non-profit university foundation that would include the University of Rochester. In June, Rose announced that he would sever all personal ties with the CIA, and Dougherty resigned as his assistant. Two months later, in September, Rose announced that he would step down as president the following year.

As a result of the CIA controversy, a committee was created to oversee research contracts at RIT. Recently, however, the committee informed Simone that it was not receiving the information that it needed to do its job. In fall '96, RIT trustees unanimously voted to designate President Rose as RIT President Emeritus.

RIT's current president, Albert Simone, took office in 1992. At first, the RIT community welcomed Simone's accessibility and his involvement in university affairs. He was quoted in the October 10, 1994 *Henrietta Post* as saying, "If you're not an open person, a sensitive person, a person who genuinely likes others, you can't be an effective decision-maker."

Compared to his predecessor, Simone appeared forthright and in touch with students and faculty. In an early speech, he expressed his commitment to the liberal arts. "He's a breath of fresh air," said philosophy professor Wade Robison.

About six months after his inauguration as president, Simone began to craft a ten year Strategic Plan for RIT, calling it "the most participatory plan in all of academia." He then embarked the university on a path of

managed attrition, and began to make plans to expand partnerships with industry and to revamp the curriculum. Having slashed six million dollars from the annual budget, Simone announced his intention of cutting ten to twenty million dollars more, citing the need for "teamwork" if the RIT community was to benefit from the plan.

"If we have the sense of community I've talked about...I believe that we'll be able to find ways to — if we have to — downsize, restructure, reorient, re-prioritize, reallocate," Simone said, adding reassuringly, "I think we're going to have to do all of those things, but that doesn't mean we have to do them and have a lot of hurt and bloodshed and despair and destruction."

Had the RIT community been more familiar with Simone's tenure as president of the University of Hawaii (UH) from 1984 to 1992, it might have been wary of the changes in store for RIT. David Yount, who served as vice president under Simone at UH, says in *Who Runs the University?* that it was widely rumored that Simone had been brought in as a "hit man" and that approximately one-third of the twenty-four deans left office early in his administration.

According to Yount, Simone's brash personality did not endear him to the UH community: Many of his listeners echoed the sentiments of former Manoa Chancellor Marvin Anderson when he confided privately to his staff that Al Simone has no class. Especially embarrassing were the sexist comments and ethnic slurs that sporadically popped out — his golfing double entendre about the hooker or his careless pronunciation of local names... Although he was coached for years by female staffers who managed most of the time to put the right words in his mouth and the right thoughts in his head, the wrong words and thoughts continued to emerge. He habitually

said "woman" when he meant women, introduced professional couples as "Dr. and Mrs.," instead of "Dr. and Dr." and betrayed genuine surprise whenever the career of a married woman surpassed that of her husband.

Several student groups, including Students Against Discrimination and Hawaii Women of Color, held a mock trial of Simone. Their mentor, Haunani-Kay Trask, Professor of Hawaiian Studies, charged Simone with incompetence, racism, sexism and ignorance of Hawaiian history. The jury found him guilty on all counts, and the judge pronounced him "an embarrassment to the entire university community and to the human race."

The origins of RIT's crisis in the arts do not lie, however, in the colorful personality of Albert Simone, but in the convergence of the interests of large corporations with those of the national security state. The development of Kodak and Xerox products depends in large part on the advances made in the imaging sciences. Simone, who is both RIT president and chair of the Greater Rochester Chamber of Commerce, has built up the well-connected CIMS at the expense of the arts.

Speaking of connections, CIMS was built by the Pike Company, a construction firm which tops the list of a dozen Monroe County companies that last year exceeded the legal limit on corporate campaign contributions. Tom Judson, Pike Company president, claiming to be ignorant of the New York State statute that limits such contributions to \$5,000, said: "Maybe I can get some money back."

Indeed. No corporation has ever been fined for violating the statute, which was enacted in 1974.

Thus are connections made. The first off campus RIT trustee meeting convened in Washington, D. C. in April '97. President

Simone explained, "We want Washington to know us better. We have had a lot of support from the federal government. We need more."

During their three day stay in Washington, the trustees met with members of Congress and federal officials to discuss such matters as technology transfer and research, and were briefed by a Department of Defense (DOD) undersecretary on U. S. technology policy. Anita Jones, the director of DOD's Defense Research and Engineering, observing that she didn't know of any other university board coming to Washington, said of the RIT trustees visit: "I thought it showed a lot of forward thinking."

In March '97, I interviewed Kurt Perschke and fellow ceramics student and SOS organizer Molly Hamblin. They related to me the history of the School of American Crafts, which owes its existence to Aileen Osborn Webb, founder of the American Craft Council. SAC opened at Dartmouth in 1944 and moved to RIT in 1950. As the first school in this country exclusively devoted to crafts, SAC was inspired by the Crafts Movement, which has been a counterweight to the values of the Industrial Revolution for over a century.

To hear Hamblin describe the material with which she works is to come to feel that it has a life of its own, giving new meaning to Keats' "strife between damnation and impasioned clay." Hamblin believes that RIT students are too engrossed in the information highway, too dazzled by the prospect of being able to purchase groceries by computer, to bother to express themselves. She describes to me the eeriness of RIT buildings that are full of people and silent except for the clicking of computer keyboards.

While Perschke and Hamblin are elated that the art schools have earned a reprieve,

they know that their existence remains precarious. Hamblin says that the art schools have been given a three to five year "umbrella," during which they have to successfully market their programs. While advertising has increased student enrollment in the art schools for next year, the RIT administration remains uncommitted to the art programs.

Hamblin notes that positions are being left unfulfilled as professors retire, and that the increased number of art students has not led to an increase in the space available to them or to improvements in their facilities while Perschke laments the absence of institutional memory at RIT, where students know little about the 1991 CIA controversy. Unless the disjunction between past and present is overcome, the arts and crafts may go the way of the dodo and the carrier-pigeon. SAC may be forced to eventually leave RIT and become independent again in order to survive, says Hamblin, who does not relish the idea of being in an institution where she is not wanted.

FOR STUDENTS WHO WANT TO DIS-COVER THEIR OWN "STRATEGIC NATIONAL RESOURCE WORTHY OF EXPLICIT DEVELOPMENT AND SUPPORT," HELL'S KITCHEN AND THE AUTHOR RECOMMEND INFUSION, THE QUARTERLY OF THE CENTER FOR CAMPUS ORGANIZING (BOX 748, CAMBRIDGE, MA 02142), WHICH IS AVAILABLE FOR \$25 A YEAR (\$15 FOR STUDENTS).



Sea Monkeys

"Fly my monkeys! Fly!"

Alas I have come to the conclusion that my days are numbered, my end is nigh. I recently started a small Sea Monkey colony in some Fountainhead™ bottled water. How could I not? That massive two liter cerulean blue bottle screamed out in its containery way to be more than a subtle reference to an Ayn Rand novel sitting on the bookshelf of the Hell's Kitchen's office. It wanted greatness. It wanted to become what its name destined it to be. But if I knew then what I know now.... Well...let's just say things would be different.

When I began the colony, I carefully followed the discordant directions placed all over the packages....

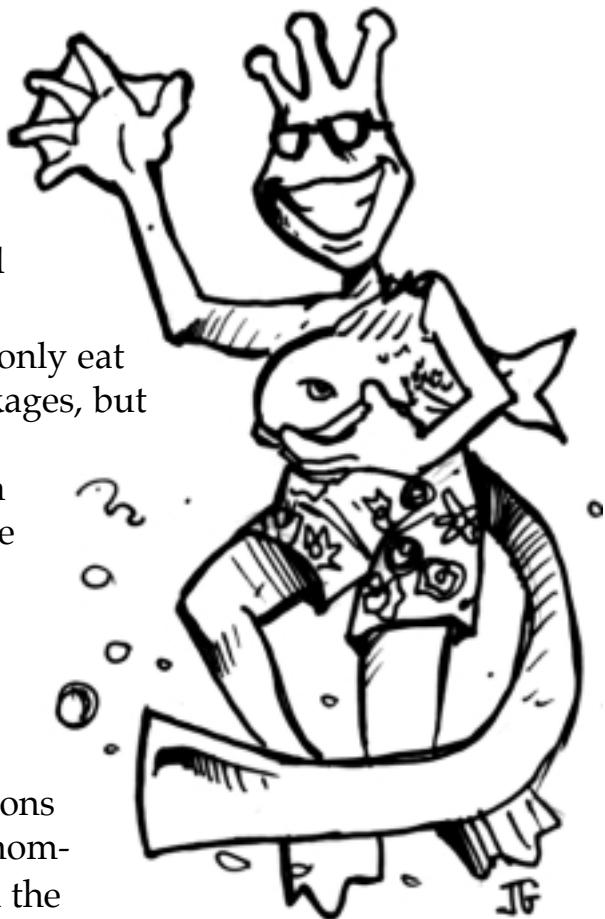
5.2 *And as I opened the Fountainhead and dumped out most of the water I called, "Come and see!" And the staff saw as a third of the waters were poured out. When I opened the package, the staff cried "Let us see!" and I showed onto them the wiggy light, book of instructions, and elixirs. And when I opened the Water Purifier, behold, there came a great earthquake and the sun became as black as sack cloth, and the moon became as blood.*

8.1 *When I broke the seal on the Instant Life packet, there was silence in the office for about half an hour. Fine mists of Powdered Monkeys and Powdered Monkeys Starting Fluid shifted slowly through the air around me. The moment of truth arrived and verilly, I inhaled.*

I have contracted a case of the sea monkeys, tiny creatures imbedded snugly in the mucous membranes of my nose, waiting for me to sneeze or cough, thereby releasing the waiting hoards into the air around me. This fiendish brood has turned me into the next Typhoid Mary.

Sure the package says that Sea Monkeys will only eat the special Sea Monkey Food provided in the packages, but unlike my sea monkeys, I wasn't born yesterday. I know of the gluttonous appetites contained within those translucent sperm-shaped bodies. Those little bastards are as voracious as tiger sharks, with less discerning tastes.

You may ask yourself what kind of damage could a macroscopic airborne brine shrimp do to the everyday world? Well, given the right atmospheric conditions (high humidity, high concentrations of silver nitrate, an average Rochester day), a phenomena known as *Artemia voltronicus*[∞] occurs, in which the





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Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Main Article:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Sean Stanley
CSH
et. al.

Layout:

Brian Barrett
Giles Francis Hall

Printer's Dæmons:

Acheron Commune

Damage Control:

Kelly Gunter

Writers:

Brian Barrett
Michael Grandner
Justine Grey
Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Sean Stanley

Illustrator:

John Golden

Contributors:

Clare Terni
RIT's CSH

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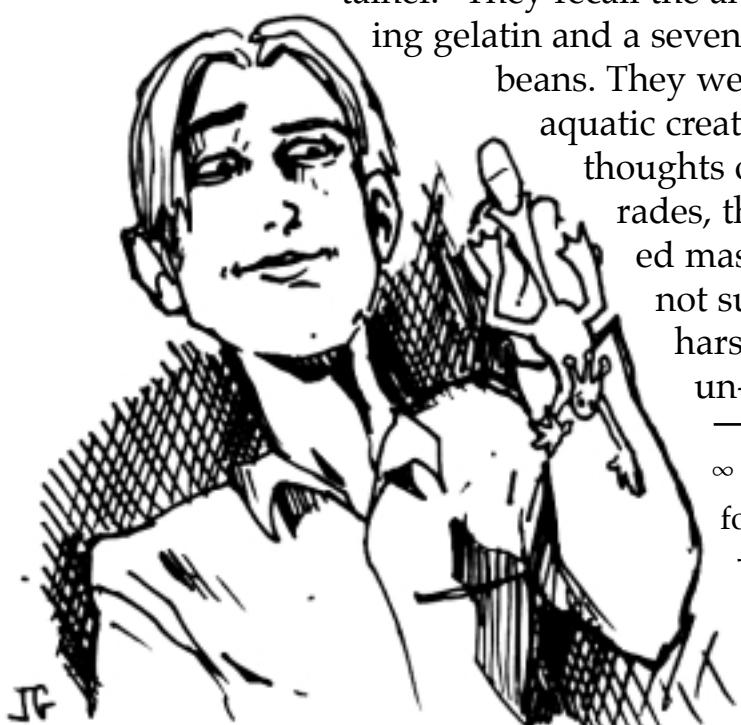
millions of airborne sea monkeys coalesce in one area and form a massive humanoid entity. This being stands nine feet tall and floats inches above the ground, really freaking out the resident physicists.

(No, I'm serious! You should see them banging their heads in the corner trying to wrap their head around it. They're willing to accept a nine-foot tall gestalt sea monkey, but have it hover above the ground? No sale.)

Regardless, this creature from the darkest stygian nightmares of sociopathic children seeks one thing and one thing only—revenge. You might think that the sea monkeys have only a simple basal ganglia and cannot remember faces that were distorted by water and acrylic. Wrong. In this gestalt phase of their existence, which all sea monkeys (the ones who survive, that is) go through prior to total enlightenment, the individual basal gangliae combine to form an intricate neural network that rivals the complexity of the human brain.

They remember you!

Yes, the instructions say that shaking them up will not hurt them and is, in fact, like a fun roller-coaster ride, but they remember all the times you shook up the water, pulverizing their little bodies. All the times you forgot to feed them in favor of gallivanting about on one of your numerous sexual escapades, all the times you let the cat drink out of the container.[†] They recall the anguish involving gelatin and a seven pound can of beans. They weep (as best an aquatic creature can) at the thoughts of fallen comrades, those dehydrated masses who could not survive the harsh conditions of un-purified, chlo-



[∞] And I'll form...the head!

[†]"That's what happened to mine," said Clare in a quiet voice.

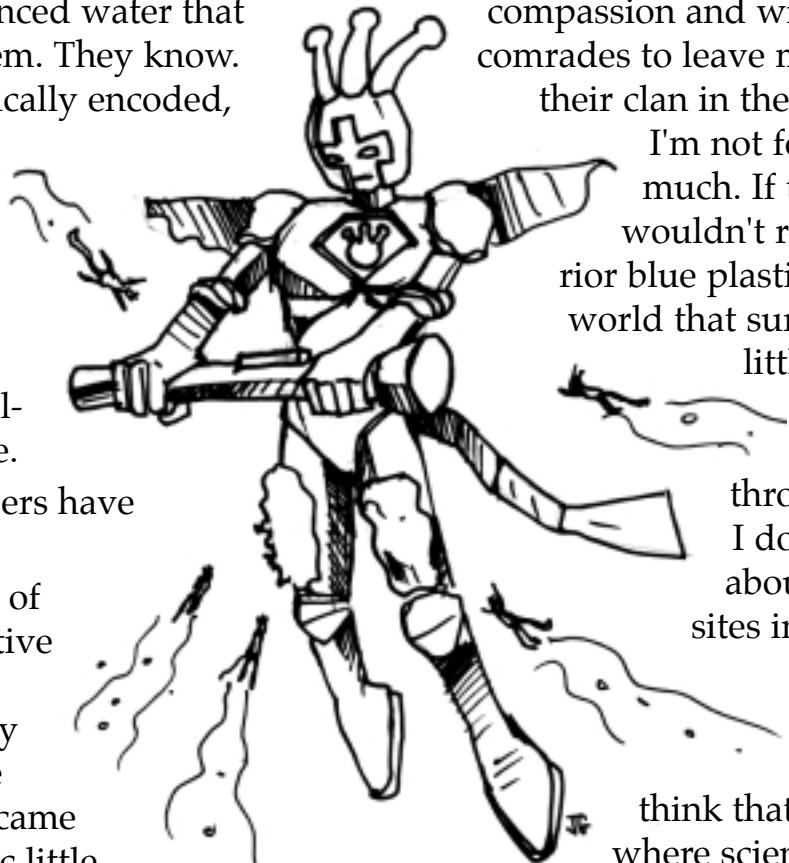
minated, fluoride enhanced water that you inflicted upon them. They know. This memory is genetically encoded, special in nature.

When the Instant Life package hits the liquid, you can almost hear the anguished screams of thousands of souls calling out to the universe.

"Father, the sleepers have awoken!"

The sea monkeys of today recall the collective past of sea monkeys worldwide, all the way back to 1962 when the first Sea Monkey kits came to the hands of sadistic little children...like your parents. They know the hardships of their ancestors,^Ω who were powerless to defend themselves against an onslaught of opposable thumbs. But no more. They're bigger than you now, and all those years of watching "Kung Fu" with David Caradine were for naught, because as a coalescent being, they can alter their shape. Any punch, kick, or fired projectile easily passes through the Gestalt Brine Shrimp (GBS), rendering you powerless and looking quite silly.

On a daily basis I visit the colony I created, desperately clinging to the hope that perhaps these creatures have a shred of



compassion and will convince their comrades to leave my nose to rejoin their clan in the bottle. But really I'm not fooling myself too much. If they knew it wouldn't rebound off the interior blue plastic walls of the world that surrounds them, those little gits would probably be crapping in their hands and throwing it at me, and I don't want to think about what the parasites in my bronchial tubes are doing in their free time.

Besides, I think that I may have gone where science never should have, or some suitably poignant phrase you can hear in any 1950's Sci-fi flick. By hatching the Sea Monkeys, normally a gestalt creature, in a bottle of Fountainhead drinking water, their nature has changed. Those in the bottle have become rugged egoists, refusing to join with the collective. Everytime the monkey's infecting me try and join their comrades, they are cast out by the now individualist Sea Monkeys.

But in the process, the Fountainhead Sea Monkeys (*Artemia solitarus*) are slowly weakening from their unaccustomed new lifestyle of aloofness and rampant capitalism. Great Scott, they're Republicans![¥]

^Ω Curiously, Sea Monkeys can not recall the fate of their kind that lived short, euphoric lives in bong water. It is curious to note that the Sea Monkey's concept of the Vessel with the Pestle, the Flagon with the Dragon, and the Chalice from the Palace are all strikingly similar to that of very complex, multi-chambered bongs.

[¥]Well, not modern day Republicans, but what domestic Republicans dream about when their genes call them back to the days when their ancestors oppressed workers to buy Park Place and form monopolies.

Yeah, I'm going down, but I'm taking two or three of you with me. I sneezed on the fish of the day at Wegmans. Just another airborne sea monkey making its way in the world.

Maybe I'm one of the lucky ones; one of the few people who'll die before the AGE OF THE SEA MONKEY is at hand. They've got it all planned out. You think you're in control? Yes, they wig out every time you force them into the light after a long stint of darkness, but who's got whom trained? Thanks to me going where science yaddah, yaddah, yaddah, bla, bla, bla, you have been left you in the hands of some of the mightiest exoskeletal criminal master minds the world has ever seen.

Armed with a 16 D-Cell metal flash light, the GBS shines it in people's eyes causing momentary blindness for the lucky, blithering insanity for the unfortunate, and

general wigginess for most. This allows enough time for nano-brine to enter the body of the hapless victim where they eat away at the host, multiplying at a staggering rate. When finished, they leave nothing except the bones and skin which they can manipulate to look like politicians▼ and media superstars like Gary Hart, Newt Gingrich, Don King, and Wilt Chamberlain, capable of fooling even the most observant mistresses and / or voters. These soon to be cultural icons are planning on taking over the world and turning the four corners area into a giant aerium,

but they can only accomplish this goal with your support.

To help, send \$19.95 to:

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All donations are tax deductible and will help end the Age of the Primate.

▼ According to their literature, Transcience Corporation, the makers of Sea Monkeys, is located on "Seventy acres of privately owned land that rolls right to the banks of the historic Potomac River that flows past the White House in Washington, D.C." Spooky, eh?

Want to be a writer for *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*?

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These scientists are working secretly on plans for world domination.



Femi-nazi: Yes, Ani and me.

by Kelly Gunter

Everything started slowly for me. From the age of ten or eleven, cars slowing down as they passed me, offering me lifts and varied other pleasures. After which, many would begin to pace about me in their cars, following me, thinking I did not notice. I became alarmed by the recent trends and took what actions I could to escape such probing predators when I could identify them.

As I grew older, the problems worsened. The scavengers stalked, and I, the prey, grew eyes to know at a glance what their next move was. One little flicker of the eyes to know. Does he want something? Is he dangerous? Whenever the answers became yes, the next question had no time for hesitation. What are my choices and what are the probable outcomes of those choices?

If you panic, you make a wrong move. If you make a wrong move, they spring the trap.

It was easy enough to avoid most who scavenged from cars, but sometimes encounters on foot would become too close for comfort—a dangerously drunken man tried to kill a companion of mine after he (my friend) had taken responsibility as my “boyfriend” (a lie to help protect me from the man) because the man had been following us around for a few hours prior to this. The man had pulled a knife on my friend's back after he had clearly lost in a fist fight over who would “own” me. If someone hadn't called the police, there is no telling how things would have

ended for me that day. I was only thirteen and puberty wasn't to strike me for another two years....

In the wake of my present days I shy away from the sun's comfort and embrace the darkness as my only mistress for the light offers a certain kind of death that I feel suits me not. But these days my mistress is a danger to me as well. When I was younger, there was certainly an element of danger to the night, but never so much as today. The last time I ventured forth without male escort around, at one or two in the morning, a car in the distance must have noticed my presence by the side of the road, for they sped up and stopped ten feet away as I emerged from under a tree. Two large men in their mid-twenties stepped out of their vehicle and began walking towards me. Unbeknownst to them I had a secret, hidden beneath the foliage of the tree. A rather large, fierce-looking secret.

As my German shepherd stepped forward from beneath her hiding spot, the two men suddenly looked alarmed and quickly ran back to their car. As they slammed the doors behind, one yelled back at me, “We just wanted to fuck your dog!” and sped off. I had certainly been safe in her care, but she is dead now, and her corpse can be of no use to me. The night is as dangerous a place as the day now, and I can find no rest.

Up until a few years ago, I still clung to a small space of naiveté. Wary of strangers I was, but wariness of friends was something I hadn't even conceived of. This was quickly rectified by the first month of college when I was assaulted by

someone I thought was a friend of mine, in his car, when he had offered me a lift. For the first time I was taken by surprise. My mind, which had always flown so rapidly through case scenarios to offer my best chance of escape, abandoned me. I was alone in this, and I was utterly incapacitated by shock.

From all of these things I have learned and adapted. I have become the perfect prey for a hunter who wishes a challenge. But these are no hunters, they are scavengers. They wish for only the easy targets, they eat fear, confusion, and hesitation—all traits I can no longer afford to own. I am no longer allowed to trust unless that trust has been earned to an extreme degree. I am no longer allowed to let my guard down. I am no longer allowed to rest, because I am what was termed the third “failure” in my family. A failure to be male. A failure to be a predator. For the fleeting moments of sperm and egg I am to be blamed and hounded for something that has absolutely nothing to do with who I am: my sex.

So I must be a femi-nazi, for that is what they call women merely disgusted by the current state of affairs. I must be a femi-nazi, because I don't hate men...I hate what some of them do. I hate being chided for my sex as being illogical, weak, overly emotional—feelings I can not have. I hate always having to disprove the assumption that just because I am a young

female, I must be immature, naive, and unintelligent. I hate having to ward off potential loved-ones who insist on protecting me, and fighting my battles for me while I am supposed to watch on in a state of impotence of control over my own life.

Honestly, I don't wish for your pity. I want your understanding. I am a woman, and as such, this is the meal that has been forced onto my plate. As my parents used to tell me, “You don't have to like it, you just have to eat it.”

How appropriate.

I ask only, not to be judged by the women you might have known, and I will promise not to judge you by the men I have known. Remember that I am a person and not a people. Just because the designs seem similar, it does not necessarily mean that we were all cut from the same cloth. We are each individuals, men and women alike, and we should be treated as such. You don't know where I've come from and you don't know where I've been. Just accord me and my kind the same respect you might offer up to a man, at least until you know better.

All I want now is to be able to wander, free of the potential sexual snares. I want to lay down my head and rest a while, for the exhaustion of daily life has beaten me down. I want a freedom most men take for granted.

Oops!

In the credits for last week's article Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond received top billing when in fact the idea and rough draft came from Robert Mac Kay. We apologize for not giving credit where credit is due.

"Where books are burned, human beings are destined to be burned too."

-German-Jewish poet, Heinrich Heine, 1830's.



10 May 12BT, Nazi Germany: Biology students hard at work selectively recreating their universes.

"...THE ERA OF EXTREME JEWISH INTELLECTUALISM IS NOW AT AN END. THE BREAKTHROUGH OF THE GERMAN REVOLUTION HAS AGAIN CLEARED THE WAY ON THE GERMAN PATH...THE FUTURE GERMAN MAN WILL NOT JUST BE A MAN OF BOOKS, BUT A MAN OF CHARACTER. IT IS TO THIS END THAT WE WANT TO EDUCATE YOU. AS A YOUNG PERSON, TO ALREADY HAVE THE COURAGE TO FACE THE PITILESS GLARE, TO OVERCOME THE FEAR OF DEATH, AND TO REGAIN RESPECT FOR DEATH - THIS IS THE TASK OF THIS YOUNG GENERATION. AND THUS YOU DO WELL IN THIS MIDNIGHT HOUR TO COMMIT TO THE FLAMES THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE PAST. THIS IS A STRONG, GREAT AND SYMBOLIC DEED - A DEED WHICH SHOULD DOCUMENT THE FOLLOWING FOR THE WORLD TO KNOW - HERE THE INTELLECTUAL FOUNDATION OF THE NOVEMBER (DEMOCRATIC) REPUBLIC IS SINKING TO THE GROUND, BUT FROM THIS WRECKAGE THE PHOENIX OF A NEW SPIRIT WILL TRIUMPHANTLY RISE..."

Did you have trouble finding some pages in your Gracies Dinnertime Theatre in RIT's Science Building last week?

If you did, we apologize for the mistake and wish to rectify the situation if possible. If you would care to send us a letter with a list of all of the missing pages and a stamped, self-addressed envelope, we will send you your missing

pages. Alternatively we are also posting the missing pages in PDF format to our web site (www.csh.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/missing.pdf) and you may peruse them at your leisure there.

We apologize for the inconvenience.

Random Fact:

Starting 20 May, 325AD, the Church Fathers began to decide what was and wasn't canonical literature. It wasn't until the Council of Florence in 1439-1443 AD that the Pope issued a bull stating what were to be the officially recognized books of the New Testament. Several hundred other books that had been recognized as divinely inspired were left to rot in closets after that time.

plugged

by Michael Grandner and Justine Grey.

Jiversmoothen: (UNTITLED)

Of all the music I listen to, I must admit that very rarely do I find a CD that I can listen to over and over again. One such CD is the release of an untitled 4-song EP by the band Jiversmoothen (by the way, it is pronounced JIVE - ER - SMOO - THEN).

The band consists of Dave Raymond on guitar and lead vocals, Dana Bennett on bass, and Jon Coyles on percussion. They are all from the Horseheads area in New York, which is about an hour and a half drive south of Rochester. Jon, the drummer, is a student at the U of R, so if you want information about the band you can call him at (716) 274-3211. I suggest you do, if you are interested, since this EP is not available in any stores yet and is homemade.

Despite the low-fi production, the final product is better than many professionally produced chart-toppers. It is truly a quality production that captures the sound well (although maybe a little more tinkering on some tracks would improve things a bit).

At first, a clear comparison becomes evident: Weezer. Their sound is very similar, but not quite the same as Weezer. Jiversmoothen's sound is even more fifties influenced. The songs are upbeat a la Weezer's Buddy Holly. All songs are a group effort, so there is no primary song-

writer. The songs are witty and sharp; the songs are never sloppy nor do they never lose their balance.

The first song, "Once Upon" has been played on WITR to a very responsive audience. It is a typical Jiversmoothen song: it's upbeat, optimistic, and reminds you of whatever good memories of high school you may have. The song is sung by Horseheads High School senior Dave, who proclaims, "But girl I know I'm only seventeen / But I'm convinced that you're the one for me" and other cute quips. (He also rhymes "seventeen" with "a perfect team.")

"Once Upon" was a great song to play on the radio. Our first choice to play was "Jen," but Dave didn't want us to play that one. "Jen," the second song, has real star quality. It's down-home fun rock with a twist of wit and a whole lot of honesty. "Jen" is truly the highlight of the EP. It even has a rare, masterful guitar solo that truly, by some force, makes one smile.

After "Jen" comes "Someone Else's Girl," which sounds a lot like "Surfer Girl" (the chorus sounds like "Surfer Girl's," almost note for note, even though I'm sure it was an accident) mixed with Weezer's "The World Has Turned And Left Me Here."

The final song is "Standing." This is more straightforward rock, with a little more "Holiday" and a little less "Earth Angel." It is another girlfriend-aimed song, and, like the other three, it is bouncy, honest, witty, and really catchy without being pretentious. It is probably the best produced song on the EP.

In all, Jiversmoothen's EP is a real

gem, and I'm not just saying that because I know Jon, Dana, and Dave personally. It has quickly become one of the most played CDs in my stereo (just ask my roommate). Give Jon a call and get your hands on a copy of this great 4-song EP if you get a chance. You won't be disappointed

-Mike

Morcheeba: BIG CALM

Morcheeba, on their new release "Big Calm," combine many elements and have a wonderful lead singer, who possesses a voice which one would die for. The lead vocalist, Skye Edwards, is a cross between jazz's leading women, Beth from Portishead, and a trip-hop version of Diana Ross.

This Brit group combines and creates their own sound from all different genres, yet they compliment each other well. The various instrumentation, arrangements, and lovely vocals create a rich, complex, and epic-soundtrack-quality album.

"Blindfold" is seductive trip-hop with silky smooth vocals. The song is very sing-along-able, and the added strings give it an almost epic feel. "The Sea" is a very curious song that quickly draws you in. "Part Of The Process" is a mellow, funky tune with a good bassline. The female vocals are wonderful, with very strong jazz influences.

"Shoulder Holster" includes a sitar, samples, electronics, and other various instrumentation. It is flowing and funky. "Let Me See" is danceable, with a more electronic landscape, accompanied by a flute. It is very reminiscent of Portishead or Massive Attack. "Over and Over" is a more delicate piece, with strings and

french horn. It is very mournful and short.

"Friction," for some reason, includes a very out of place Jamaican rapper/singer. This use seems totally unnecessary and, unfortunately, it ruins the song. For some reason, the rapper reappears in "Big Calm." The bonus track almost makes up for the rapper.

The highlights of the album are the tracks "The Sea," "Part of the Process," "Faerie Love," "Friction," and "Big Calm." "Pissin' A Watery Grave" features a well-placed sitar.

The styles range from jazz, hip-hop, trip-hop, techno, electronic, and even Broadway-esque drama. The arrangements are well developed and feature Skye Edwards' soaring, smooth vocals.

Morcheeba's "Big Calm" is a fine record, but it could use some better editing in bits. Skye Edwards has a beautiful voice and steals the spotlight from the rest of the band. Judging by the success of the album so far, they probably don't mind.

-Justine

plugged is a weekly music column focusing on the newest releases, providing accurate, up-to-date, and relevant information, coupled with informative and informed opinions. Contact plugged at 716-274-3793 if you have any questions, comments, or want us to review a CD. Visit us on the web at:

www.servtech.com/public/pinewood/plugged

A Few Good Rules



Staring Jack Nicholson as Yul Brenner as Pharaoh and
Tom Cruise as Charlton Heston as Moses

Religious Wrong

"We deny that anyone, Jew or Gentile, believer or unbeliever, private person or public official, is exempt from the moral and juridical obligation before God to submit Christ's Lordship over every aspect of his life in thought, word and deed."

—excerpt from the "25 Articles," published by the Coalition on Revival

"What this is coming down to is who runs the country. It's us against them. It's the good guys versus the bad guys. It's the God-fearing people against the pagans, and some of the pagans are going to church."

—Randall Terry, Operation Rescue,
speech in Jackson, Miss., 4/92

"Stop the Noise!"

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +

GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

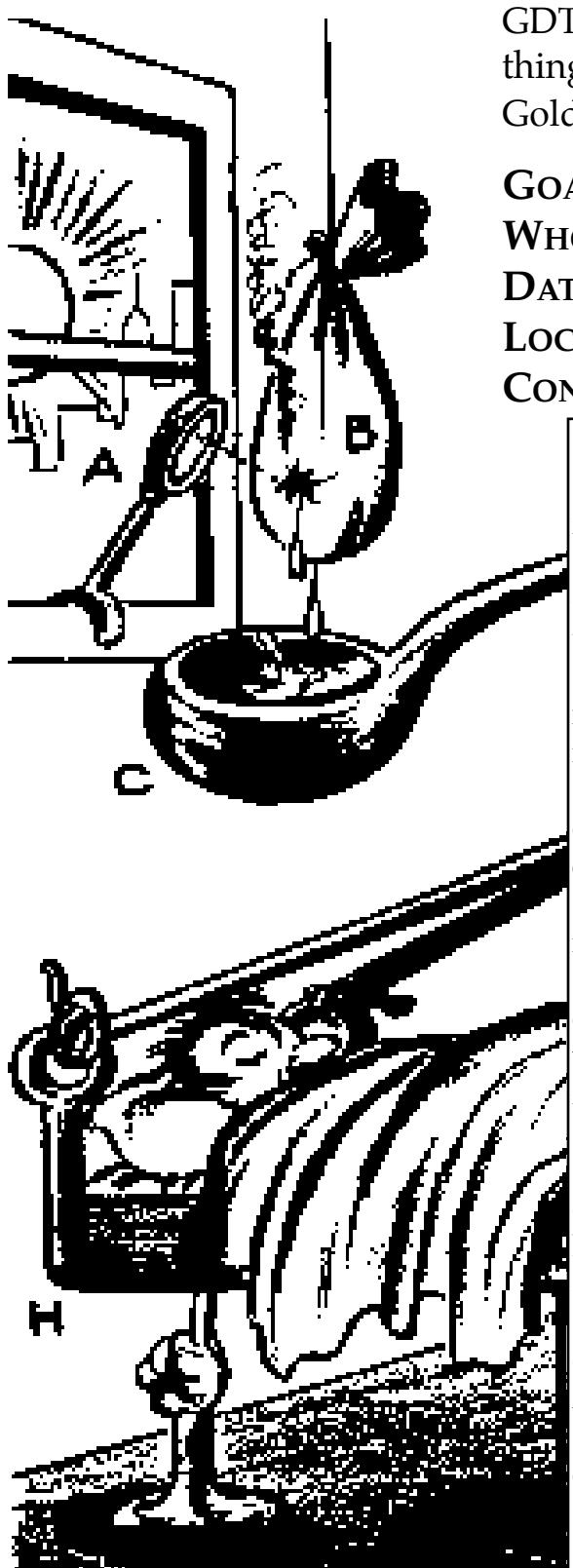
DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: 3RD FLOOR NRH, FISH LOUNGE, RIT

CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be an upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.



Tourist's Movie Reviews

or

Who says a Movie Review has to be about a Movie?

by Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK: "SUNDAY NIGHT FIGHTS"

Ladies and gentleman. The moment you've all been waiting for! The main event. The big duke-a-roo! Who will win, you say? Watch and see for yourself. Place all bets, secure all loose children and, as the saying goes....

LLLLLLLLLEEETS GET RRRREADY TO RRRRUMBLEEEEEEEE!!!

First up, some choice bouts submitted by *Melancholy Homewrecker's* own Clare Terni:

- President Al Simone vs. a studio major armed with a pallete knife and a craft student with an arc welder. (I would PAY to see that)
- Monica Lewinsky vs. a coffee roll shaped like Princess Diana. Whoever melts first due to the glare of the flash-bulbs is the loser.
- Daniel Day Lewis vs. Doris Day.

Next up, a few matches arranged by Josh Vincentz:

- Dave Thomas vs. Ben Stein (keep your 'ludes handy).
- Hunter S. Thompson and an ether soaked handkerchief vs the decaying corpse of William S. Burroughs.
- The first mom from "The Fresh Prince of Bel Air" vs. the second mom from "The Fresh Prince of Bel Air"
- Tonya Harding vs Paula Jones in a

bikini clad, Jello pit free-for-all. (Winner will be crowned "Skankiest Ho on the Whole Freakin' Continent")

And finally, a few that I'd like to see:



- Maron Barry hopped up on crack vs. Sonny when he's "Koo-Koo for Co-Co Puffs"
- Right-wing, gun toting, abortion-doctor-executing Jesus freaks vs. any random sampling of hillbilly-redneck-pre-teens who have been belittled by their classmates and have access to daddy's hunting rifles. (I'd just say that when you give a six year old a shotgun for Christmas, you have absolutely no right to say, "Oh why did this happen" when he offs innocent little girls and a teacher in a schoolyard. "Today we celebrate the birth of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Honey, after we sight-in, we'll go slaughter some innocent animals for their heads and the meager amounts of meat we can shave off their corpses to make into bad tasting jerky, so that we may honor the birth of the Messiah.")
- Tractor pull featuring Senator Jesse Helms on a Farm-all vs. Uncle Jesse from TV's "The Dukes of Hazzard" on a John Deere.
- Pillsbury Dough-Boy vs. the Snuggle washing machine bear. (on a side note,

my friend Stacey was dismayed as a child when the spin cycle would end and she and her brother would huddle expectantly around the washer lid, in hopes that that furry little bastard would pop up with all the April-fresh socks and underwear, to bestow upon her the graces of static-free linens. Sadly, the fucker was a no-show. If he breaks his fight contract this evening, Kelly "The Bull" Gunter will send out Moose and Squirrel to break his kneecaps.)

- Reporter Magazine vs. Quark X-Press.

Sunday! Sunday! Sunday!

Ticket price pays for the whole seat, but you'll only need the edge....

Any future fight suggestions can be mailed to tourist@csh.rit.edu.
We're always looking for a few good battles, so don't be shy! Send em' in.



SORRY CHARLIE!

End Times Delusions

by Brian Barrett

I woke up late at night on the lawn of a split level ranch in the suburbs under a full moon. I studied the moon as it grind silently through space, rising slowly above the partly-cloudy summer sky, and was startled when I noticed that the moon was beginning to rotate, as gradually as it rose. A flare of red beamed from the newly exposed edge, expanding until, in the middle, there was a flash of pyrophoric white, a flash that never decayed and radiated like any star would if it were that close.

It was fascinating. I imagined the faces of people across the darkened hemisphere who would be looking up at the night sky turning brighter and brighter as the moon revealed its unseen side.

The colors extruded out into a column, deliberately placed, but contorted across the curved surface. It looked like it might have

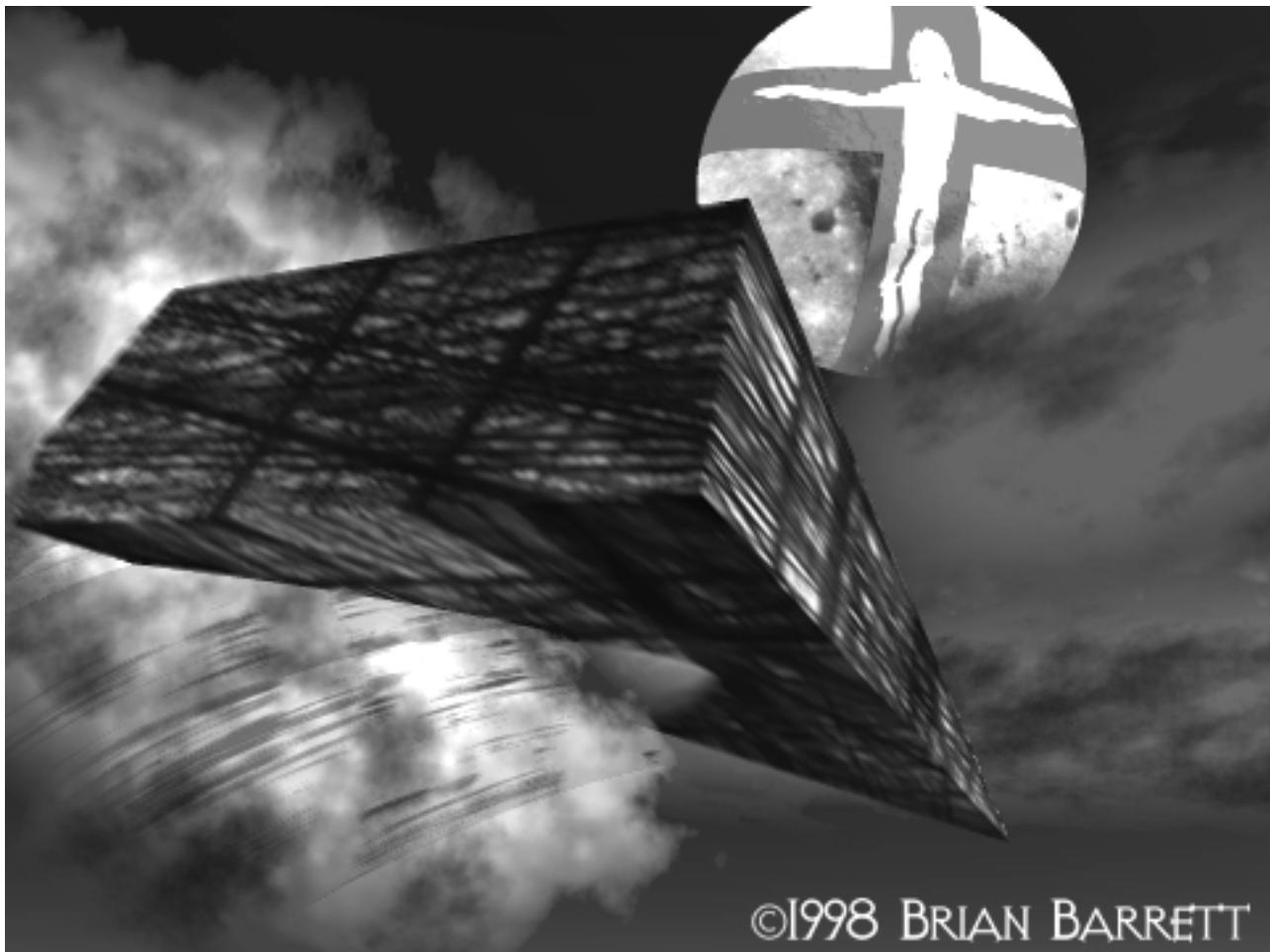
been forming a red and white "X," but when the moon had fully turned, the image was far more graphic.

It was a red crucifix with a stark white depiction of Jesus and was completely disturbing. My intelligence was stripped by a trillion synapses all relaying the same message:

*"ThisIsTheApocolypseThisIsTheApocolypseThis
IsTheApocolypseThisIsTheApocolypseThisIs..."*

There was only one thing I was prepared to do in this situation, something instinctual. I repented. As I purged my sins and gave myself to Jesus, I felt the weight and even the need of this world leave my body and absorb into the ground.

While meditating, I stared off into the clouds and saw a massive fleet of very large, triangular and dark spacecraft cruise across the sky only slightly above tree-top level. They scattered, disappearing quickly over the horizon now cradling the setting



©1998 BRIAN BARRETT

moon.

I shot to my feet. I couldn't speak and I wanted to scream. I wanted to yell so loud that the world could hear: "It's a trick! They're messing with all of our minds!" Nothing but dry gasping escaped.

The true knowledge of the events that had transpired did not comfort me. It wasn't the Second Coming, but it still looked like the end of life on Earth. It was evil. It was happening too fast. There was nothing that could be done to stop it.

A distant, high pitched electrical whine entered directly into my brain and rose into registers that could only be felt as a deep rooted headache. I was suddenly surrounded by the brightest white I had ever seen. It stretched into infinity in all directions. Thick neon red lines zigzagged and

pulsated quickly with the white, flashing back and forth. I heard a thin rumble far away, getting closer. The flashes quickened as the noise grew nearer. I saw giant waves of earth approach. The ground shook violently under my feet.

Then it all stopped.

I walked into the house and turned on the television. The early morning news was on and I flipped from news channel to news channel for hours until dawn, but there was no mention of earthquakes, Christ or flying saucers.

Then I woke up late at night on the lawn of a split level ranch in the suburbs under a full moon.



GDT: Volume 10 issue 5

Definitions

"Karaoke is the Japanese word for 'tone deaf'"

Since GDT was first started in 1995 we've really cheesed off on the fifth issue of every volume. Whether it's obvious or not, we go full tilt to try and come up with material that's original, innovative, and sometimes controversial enough to get all of you off your hinders and react to the absurdity that permeates the world around us.

Given, we don't always succeed, but we try.

Anyway, here's our token wheel of cheese for this quarter. Enjoy.

AILUROMANIA - Intense enthusiasm for cats.

AMOSCASTINGOLA - the unceasing airtime devoted to Tori Amos by "alternative" and "college" radio stations

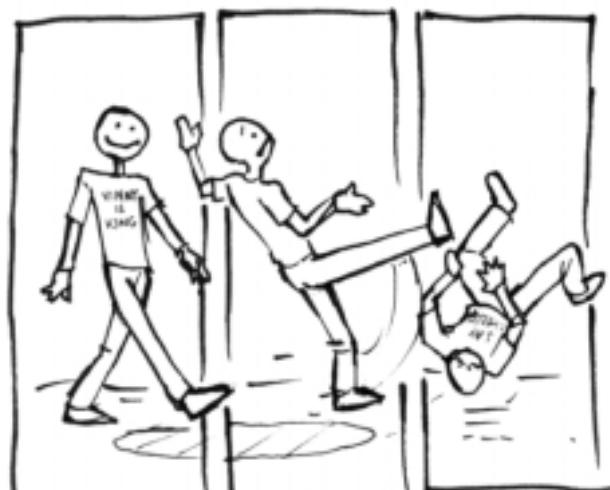
CORK FOOTBED - The part of the Birkenstock that forces your feet to develop calluses in their struggle to dominate the cellulose within it.

DEPRIERGONOMICS - The phenomena occurring when you are really tired that makes anything comfortable.

DIGGER - A fall resulting from slipping on mud, loose grass, or icy sidewalks.

DIPLOYTATION - Exploitation of Di's death.

FLATULARITY - A high concentration of flatulence in one location, like in old lazy boys, that actually change the gravitational nature of the chair.



DIGGER

FLUKEMUNSCHELFEN - Waif-like studio majors who are borne aloft on high winds by their portfolios.

GLASSALIA - The state of expectancy generated by Philip Glass's work. "Where's the bass line?"

HYPERPOLYSYLLABICSESQUIPEDALIPANISM - The overuse of long words.

ISLAND BIOGEOGRAPHY - A good way to spend a Fulbright Fellowship.

ISOSTACY - The force by which mountains are prevented from sinking into the magma because of their excessive mass. The surface of the planet is mirrored by its underside- a mountain has a corresponding mass beneath it to afford sufficient buoyancy.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Main Article:

Adam Fletcher

Troy Liston

Chad Loder

Sean Stanley

Clare Terni

Matt Zimmerman

CSH

Acheron

Staff

Layout:

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Printer's Dæmons:

Acheron Commune

Damage Control:

Kelly Gunter

Writers:

Michael Grandner

Justine Grey

Sean Hammond

Illustrator:

John Golden

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LILITHPHLEGM- Residual mucous from the eating of children.

LRF - Little Rubber Feet.

LYOPHILIZATION - The process of drying substances, including microorganisms, in the frozen state under a vacuum. Also "freeze-drying."

MEME - A contagious information pattern that replicates by symbiotically infecting human minds and altering their behavior, causing them to propagate the pattern. (Term coined by Dawkins by analogy with "gene".) Individual slogans, catch-phrases, melodies, icons, inventions, and fashions are typical memes. An idea or information pattern is not a meme until it causes (someone to replicate it, to repeat it to someone else. All transmitted knowledge is memetic. Some examples of viral memes are songs you can't get out of your head, like the Spice Girls.

OROGENY - A mountain building event, usually the result of the collision of continental plates.

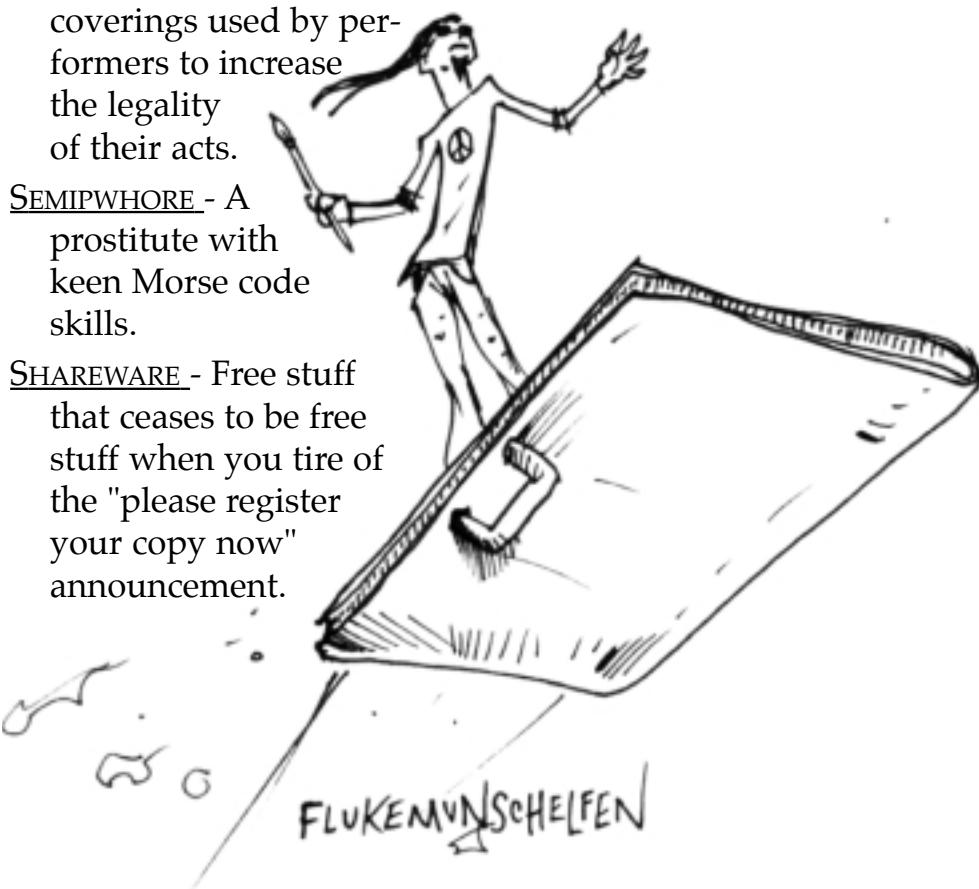
PARADIGM - Not enough to make a phone call in Rochester.

PARTICIPANT OBSERVATION - (1) Western science (2) Another good way to spend a Fulbright Fellowship.

PASTIES - (1) Meat pies served in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and throughout the northern midwest. (2) Nipple coverings used by performers to increase the legality of their acts.

SEMIPWHORE - A prostitute with keen Morse code skills.

SHAREWARE - Free stuff that ceases to be free stuff when you tire of the "please register your copy now" announcement.



SKRONKING - Having sex with someone's tracheotomy hole.

TERMINAL MORAINE - The deposit of rocks and dirt at the end of a glacier. See the weird-ass mountains in Highland Park.

TLA - Three letter acronym.

TMESSIS - The separation, by inserting an additional word or words, of a word or phrase to give strong emphasis. "Not likely!" becomes "not -bloody-likely!", "unbelievable!" becomes "un-fucking-believable!", and GDTmessis is our own beloved "Q-fucking-Boom!"

QUARTO - (1)Front of the page of a book. (2) Two empty pint glasses.

VERSO - (1)Back of the page of a book. (2) Part of a poem as described by an underage intellectual buzzed on red wine.

YAMONOPIA - Sounds of Rastafarians.



A word from GDT's own meddling little trollop...

First Amendment

by Sean Hammond

Of all the accomplishments Americans can

boast of, the Constitution is probably the least appreciated. Maybe it's because we've grown complacent and accepting of our rights—like our acceptance of electricity in our post-industrial society—but it's rare to find a teen or twenty-something enamored by the document.

Imagine yourself in the time when the founding fathers were drafting the Bill of Rights and Constitution. They were not only revolutionaries, but idealists and intellectuals. Of course these traits are laughable in the latter part of the 20th century, having gone out of style with communism and hippies.

Still, those people believed in something with an almost religious fanaticism. They fought, not only for their independence, but for a new way of doing things. With our sense of relativism and seeing nothing but differing shades of grey, could any of us in today's world find the moral righteousness to fight for something new, something we believed was right?

Students in the 1960's were fired upon by their own countrymen and died. Today

the same people who dared try and change the world are mocked for their idealism. Better to do nothing and live in an undesirable world than risk trying.

But there is still hope. When students dare care enough to do something, it means that the fire that makes us all human has not been extinguished for lack of adversity. We seek out and make our adversaries, whether they be genuine dragons or windmills, and it is through adversity that we defy the universe. We may not rail against the injustices in the world, but if a single student dares laugh at a bigot rather than accept their opinion as valid in the spirit of multiculturalism, the world becomes that much lighter.

When I heard of the Rochester Cannabis Coalition's planned protest over being denied recognition as a club by RIT's president Simone, I was pleased that people were doing something. After all, I write what I do because I have grown weary of protests; I've rallied and spoke before groups nearly my entire scholastic life. When blank, emotionless eyes stare back at you, or only one in ten people understands the true reason for a given protest, the desire to organize falls, but not the desire to see change.

If one person laughs at racism, the

world is better. For myself, I hope that by pointing out how absurd we've allowed the lives we live to become, people will stop adding to the absurdity. Even the hate mail and threats GDT receives become victories, because we have moved one person into action; we helped them overcome the inertia of acceptance.

But when groups like RCC begin to beat their war drums and use the First Amendment as a rallying cry, I feel sick inside. The RCC is an organization which, though denied club status on RIT, is allowed to assemble freely, say what they wish, and even hang signs on campus (I feel compelled to point out that Hell's Kitchen has been denied the ability to hang signs on RIT). How are their rights being denied? They aren't. It is simply a case of individuals being denied what they want and throwing a tantrum. What better way to get sympathy for a cause than to say their rights are being denied?

To me such tactics are not only untruthful and aimed at distracting people from the real issues at hand, but are demeaning to the Constitution. I know: I used the same tactics while in Junior High and High School. I knew what I did then and why I did it, but I can't help but wonder if RCC really believes it is their Constitutional right to be a club.

For any movement to be truly successful, its actions have to spring from motives consistent with its goals. The ends do not justify the means if the means corrupt the ends.

Remember this the next time you don't get your way.

plugged

by Michael Grandner and Justine Grey.

The Amazing Royal Crowns: THE AMAZING ROYAL CROWNS

About this same time last year, the Squirrel Nut Zippers released their newest album "Hot." At first, it was greeted by responses like, "it's fun music that makes you want to dance," "refreshingly fun," and "it sounds completely different from today's music, but it somehow works." It also received responses like "no one will listen to it," "not heavy enough," and "too inaccessible." Upon the release of the Amazing Royal Crowns' new self-titled CD, similar comments are being spoken.

They are the answer to the question, "whatever happened to rock and roll?" Rock

and roll is back. Jerry Lee Lewis-style pre-roadhouse blues and rockabilly energy. They are not retro. They are not making a statement. "Rockabilly, when it first started out, was punk rock. Nobody was doing it," singer Jason "King" Kendall states. "To us, rockabilly is punk rock."

This belief is evident in listening to their music. They truly stand by this belief, combining great lyrics, sing along choruses, and pure, "Great Balls Of Fire" energy. Their shows have been heartily praised by the press, having won many awards in their hometown: Boston. They are currently opening for the Mighty Mighty Bosstones.

The CD opens with "Shiverin In The Corner," a lively, upbeat, bluesy number that provides a perfect introduction to the band. The second song, "Do The Devil" (as in "do the locomotion" only more fun) is the single of the album. "Do The Devil" is another great song, it just makes you want to dance like it was 1955.

The rest of the album is similar, with songs that sound like much of the early rock music from the early 1950s. Unfortunately, most of the album sounds like the first songs. All the songs are good, and the album does not sound monotonous, I would expect nothing more or less, but all of the songs sound very similar. They're great tunes, though.

In all, the Amazing Royal Crowns new self-titled album is great rockabilly/early 1950s rock that accentuates the "punkish" elements of this style. Their music is lively and fun, yet smart and knowledgeable.

-Mike

PULP- THIS IS HARDCORE

Pulp is Jarvis Cocker's creation which first appeared in 1983. The group is from Sheffield, England, and Jarvis is the only member who has remained constant throughout the years and changing line ups. They have released: *It, Freaks, Separations, Intro, the Gift Recordings, His N' Hers, Different Class*, and many singles and b-sides which have been put together by their old record company after the success of *Different Class*, and now *This Is Hardcore*.

For many years Pulp has had an underground, indie following in England. They had many problems with their former record company which added to the difficulty in getting recognition. There were financial and legal difficulties, among many other things, which held up recording and releasing anything.

Jarvis Cocker is the interesting, witty, and unusual lead singer, main lyric writer, film buff, film director, and frontman of Pulp. He writes in the voice of one from the town where he was raised, Sheffield. The overall themes of the songs throughout the

years have been love, sex, death, and regular, boring daily life. Often, his songs take on tiny details: a failed love affair, a particular room, a death at the disco, afternoon tea, etc. Pulp are very British, but on their most recent effort, they are not so narrowly fixed.

Different Class was a large hit in England and Europe. Their single "Common People" has become a theme song in England, just as "My Heart Will Go On" has become a theme song here. Pulp have become that huge in the UK.

They eventually disappeared a bit for working on the next album. Pulp's long time guitar and violin player, Russell Senior, left. Many other changes have occurred after the success of *Different Class*.

This Is Hardcore has a very different overall sound from *Different Class*. As Jarvis sings during "The Fear," "This is the sound of someone losing the plot making out that they're okay and they're not." Quite a few tracks are foreboding, claustrophobic and sound like their earlier work, but with a better, fuller sound.

-Justine

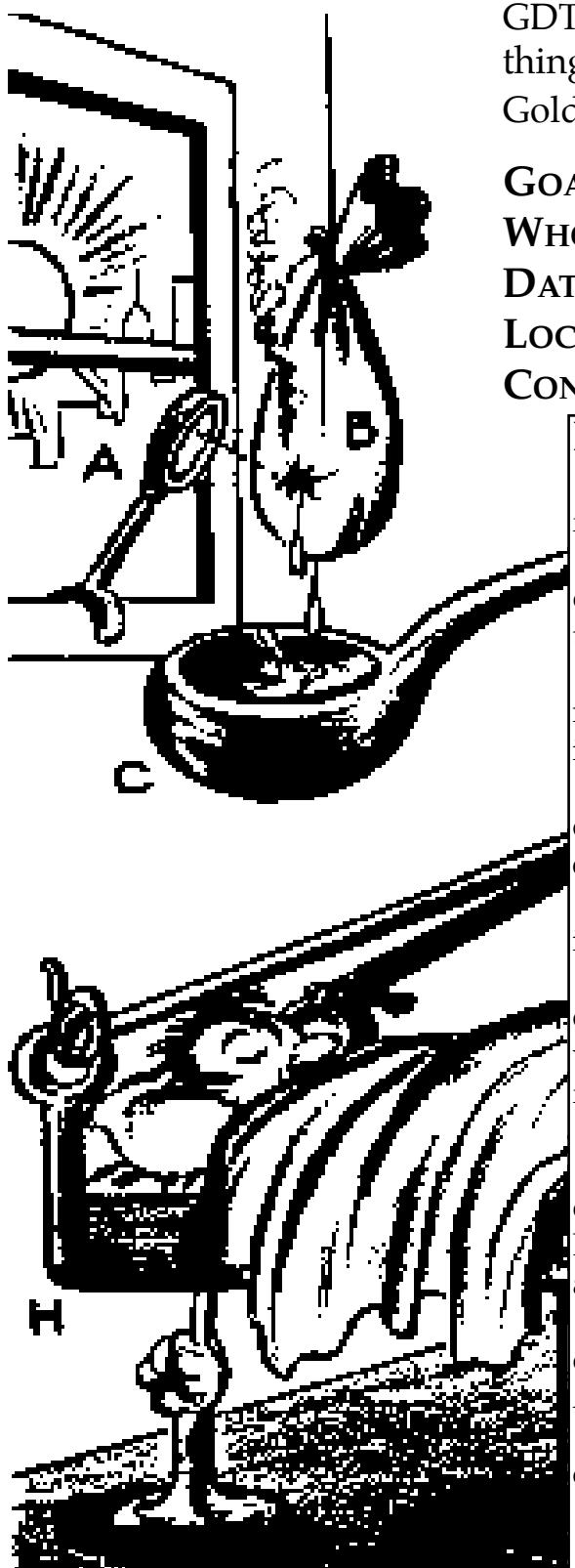
plugged is a weekly music column focusing on the newest releases, providing accurate, up-to-date, and relevant information, coupled with informative and informed opinions. Contact plugged at 716-274-3793 if you have any questions, comments, or want us to review a CD. Visit us on the web at:

www.servtech.com/public/pinewood/plugged

"Stop the Noise!"

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +



GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: 3RD FLOOR NRH, FISH LOUNGE, RIT

CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be an upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.



GDT:Volume 10 issue 6

Murophobia

"Reality is what refuses to go when I stop believing in it."

Beyond the Mississippi, in lands that once humbled and awed Man—
or at least Roosevelt (Teddy that is)—as He gazed upon the splendor
of the unspoiled wilderness. Humbled by His insignificance before this
vast, powerful land, Man is also elevated by it. Simply to dare to go into
a treacherous canyon, to climb a sheer rock face, to go days at a time away from His fellows,
to challenge His own mortality and the Universe itself. To stand alone before nature, defiant,
and unbroken is to scream at the godhead, "I am here. Now. I am transitory and this land
will outlive me, but I am here now, and I defy you!"

So moved was the United States Congress that they agreed to create the first ever official
wilderness. In so doing, by elevating the land and giving it a name, came a new breed.
Tourists.

As they flooded to the land, they brought with them their trash, the bottles, the TVs,
Winabagos, and whiny kids more interested in their Gameboys. And eventually, the handi-
capped accessible game trails.^{fs}

But the land, made to crush Man, was not exactly made accessible to the handicapped.
As time passed, in went the paved paths, the gently sloping ramps, bleachers for audiences.

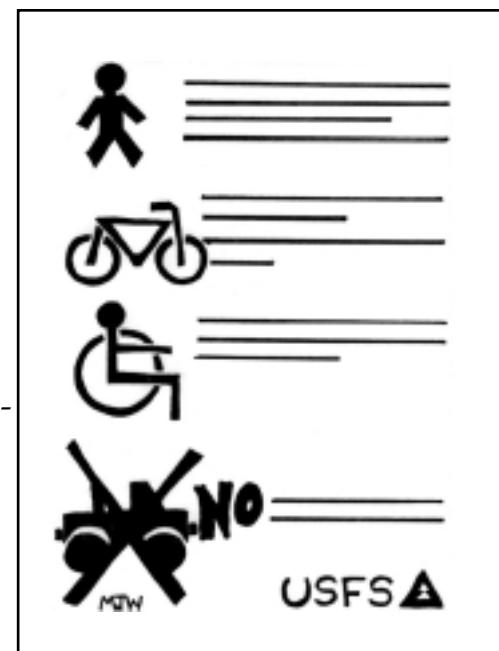
Guard rails.

As is the paradox of Man, what we love most, we
destroy by our love. I first realized this at the age of 6 when
the Hot Wheels I hated remained unchipped and new, while
those I loved were aged and worn...until I took a hammer to
the ones I didn't like. By placing that land above all others,
we inadvertently led to its banality. Anyone can go there and
look into Canyons carved over millions of years while eating
popcorn and wearing "I saw Yellowstone" tee-shirts. The
magic is gone, but the people, desperate to feel their insignifi-
cance and show their defiance, continue to come.

Thus, I went to Yellowstone.

There are still some small pockets of resistance, some
outcroppings here and there of the once unspoiled land. It
was to these places that my family and I ambulated toward
with a maximal amount of friction between our pedacular
coverings and the granulated mantle of the globe.

We were dragging our feet, guys. Come on. Keep up.



^{fs}Imagine if you will, polio stricken FDR snugly wrapped in his blanket perched on the edge of an enchanting mountain vista. Out of no where, a fierce mallard duck comes rampaging towards the aged president. What can he do but raise his double barrel shotgun and level the little bastard. Unfortunately for the decrepit president, he forgot to pull his parking brake. As the recoil slowly pushes him over the edge of a deep ravine his last words come echoing back, "Oh, no...."



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Main Article:

Kelly Gunter

the Staff

Layout:

Brian Barrett

Giles Francis Hall

Sean Hammond

Printer's Dæmons:

Acheron Commune

Damage Control:

Kelly Gunter

Writers:

Adam Fletcher

Michael Grandner

Justine Grey

Kelly Gunter

Donald Rider

Sean Stanley

Illustrator:

Matt Weaver

Contributors:

Clare Terni

RIT's CSH

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At the start of our journey we were in the Bear Tooth Pass near Red Lodge. Planning to spend a week camping and hiking on some of the trails through that range, three successive days of excessive rain helped us decide to move on. It seemed near impossible to dry everything out in the twenty precipitance free minutes a day. Besides, there are only so many ways of keeping yourself amused while remaining wet under a poncho and poncing along soggy Rocky Mountain trails.

We hadn't seen this much rain since our vacation a few years earlier with a family friend, who always seemed to pack away Rochester weather as one of her possessions (During that trip we had a tornado follow us up a one hundred and fifty mile stretch of highway and across a state line, it's amazing how acts of nature never really seem to heed interstate boundaries). Regions that normally receive only 3-4 inches of rainfall a year would be doused with twice its yearly ration of precipitation in her presence.

Nevertheless we decided to shove off towards Yellowstone a little early and perhaps catch up on the hiking and backpacking once we were there. So we loaded up our truck and set off across the Bear Tooth Pass and arrived in Yellowstone that same evening.

Dusk was already far behind us but we were lucky that we were able to find a camping spot for the night just inside Yellowstone. Forced to cook in the dark we were happy simply to be dry. The strange thing was that as we were brewing up our nightly culinary delight there seemed to be several rodents scurrying about under our feet. My sister and I tried to figure out how many there were, but we would only see one at a time. It was too dark to distinguish them well even with the Coleman lantern. Every time any of us started following their movements, those little, furry, grass-totting varmints would scurry beneath our truck and pull a David Copperfield without all the busty women in flowing, sexy gowns. Odd as it seemed, none of us decided to worry our pretty little heads over it, and the evening ended as we eventually all tottered off to our separate bunks.

After our first few nights we began to get ready to move further into Yellowstone. As my father and I were the only ones up at the start of Chipmunk, I was drafted for timing duty (Which aside from the fact that I got to hold a gun wasn't all

^πAnother Helpful Hint™: the only thing that can be dropped with a timing gun is an epileptic. Have a nice day.

that special, especially considering that all it shot was a strobe light.^π Even so, it was better than spending the next three hours driving over the mountains, listening to the engine "ping").

I had taken up my position to the left side of the truck, aiming my gun intently on its target in the engine. Just having given my father the signal to start up the engine I suddenly noticed that there was a small pile of refuse littering the very top of the engine. This heap of grass, fuzzy stuff, and assorted debris had seemed to have arranged itself in a neat and orderly manner (Kids: Crop circles!) right between all eight spark plugs. As I started clearing some of the trash away I noticed that bits of it were moving under their own steam. In fact two very bleary-eyed bits were groggily trying to figure out what had just happened to their rather comfy homestead.

"Stop the engine and get out here!" I yelled to my father. When he arrived at my side, I pointed to our little squatters.

He looked at it, then at me with a quizzical expression on his face.

"Well, what did you put that there for?"

I guess it wasn't entirely out of character for me to do something like that and he apparently had not seen our visitors who had by this time quite gotten a hold of their senses.

Soon, the little buggers started scurrying back and forth across the engine in a dazed state. They had just been waking up from our loud disturbances, and oh yeah, half of their house was missing. Funny how those sort of freak accidents occur.

When my father finally saw our architectural stow-aways, we finished clearing their nest out of the engine, uprooting their entire night's work. But mice couldn't possibly live in some one's engine, especially not

one that was going to burn as hot as ours would in the next few days. Eventually we saw their little light gray and light brown pelts wiggle off and away we went.

During that day we drove close to a hundred miles up and over mountainous terrain to our next camping spot. The next morning, while doing the daily ritual of checking the timing, my family discovered that we still had undesired tenants.

This became commonplace as every morning we found our little guests had rebuilt their dream home after we tore it down. No matter how far we drove in a day and no matter what the terrain, every morning our guests would rebuild their nest. We figured out that when we drove during the day, they would move down to the wheel well for protection. Why not live in an engine? It provided an excellent home for two small creatures: it was warm and dry, excellent protection from natural predators, you got to see the world, and if you could put up with a little grease, there were full supplies of food in the back of the truck to sample of, even health food if they started getting fat off of the Lucky CharmsTM.

We eventually asked some rangers for assistance and the one who got the trap for us confided that in fifteen years of working in Yellowstone, he had not seen the like of our little misadventure. We still cleared their nest every morning, and caught quick glimpses of them as they ran down to their traveling quarters. Their light fur became darker and more covered with grease, but they seemed happy enough.

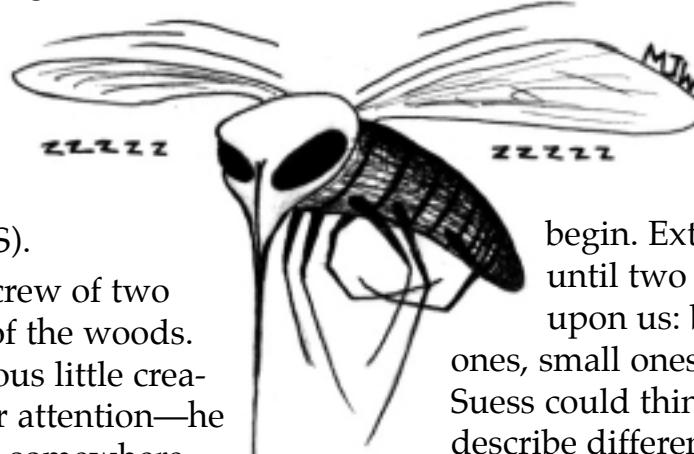
Finally we managed to drive them off. Thankfully, we got our chance to continue on our early efforts of hiking and backpacking, and were gone for three days. Little did we know that our hitch-hikers had gone into the wilds of Yellowstone and been accepted by the natives.

In this land, time, as we in the West think of it, has little meaning. What does six o'clock in the morning mean to a tree? More importantly, what does six o'clock in the morning mean to a chipmunk? Beyond the machines that demand man to conform to their way, the animals are the best indicators of time. In a comparable landscape, there can be no other sort of reference and we must adapt to use this new chronology.



Take for example Chipmunk. Extending from six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock in the afternoon,[†] these were the most devious of the Creature Day Time System (CDTS).

There were a crew of two working our neck of the woods. One of these insidious little creatures would get our attention—he would sit on a rock somewhere and act as friendly and cute as possible, speaking in a Spanish accent.^Σ While our whole family would be caught up in the Ahhawwwing cycle ("Ahhawww, isn't he cute?") en masse, his furry sidekick would be chewing a hole through our industrial



strength bear proof food bag.^º If one of us hadn't gotten hungry and walked over to the bag to pull out breakfast, the little demons would have made off with all of our life sustaining grub.

Luckily for us, we had caught them on the first morning, after which point, when any of those little furbags tried out their cute routine on us, we had one person on food patrol.

As the chipmunks would pull back, the second time period would begin. Extending from ten o'clock until two thirty, flies would descend upon us: big ones, tall ones, short ones, small ones, basically any way Dr. Suess could think of to describe different flies.

That's what we were surrounded by on our hike, and oh yeah, they all would bite, even if they weren't really the right kind. House flies would somehow manage to draw blood...I think it was the principal of the whole matter. They must have been having



[†]"When does afternoon start, Kelly?"

"Yeah, I know: After. Noon. But it doesn't feel like morning anymore. Morning's like, what, 12 o'clock to twelve o'clock? That's too long! Night doesn't start until after 5 o'clock. I think morning is getting way too much time. We've got 24 hours, we should break it up into 8 hour increments and give morning the C shift: 2am to 10am. Afternoon would be 10am to 6pm and night would be 6pm to 2am. There'd have to be union coffee breaks, of course, but isn't that a nice system. It's unfortunate that 10am would be called afternoon, but with some retraining camps I think people will get over it. Or just start calling it Mid-Day and referring to people as Goodman and Goody. That might be going too far, though." Thanks, Kelly. Meanwhile, back in the article...^μ

^ΣKelly swears that the chipmunks did indeed speak with Spanish accents although she refuses to commit on whether they were Spanish accents or perhaps a little more Puerto Rican sounding. They apparently said, "Hey you. Git over 'ere. Yah. I'm talk'n to you."

^ºYou guessed it. The chipmunk was mumbling, "I'm a bear!"

little fly machismo contests.

Anyway, we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by flies in numbers reminiscent of the Amityville Horror, drilling their little fly bodies into the ground ("I will gauge out your compound eyes and skull fuck them"). The best I can say for these buggers is that at least they spread the wealth, so to speak. Each of us was attacked with the same fervor and blood lust as the next. It was equal opportunity pestilence, got to give a hand to the Rider for that, at least he never picked favorites....

Of course there were mosquitoes. How could there not be mosquitoes? From 2:30 until 8:00pm they swarmed down on us, numbering in the thousands, and no amount of Deep Woods Off™ would ever deter these fighter pilots bent on the successful propagation (For every one drop of blood, one thousand mosquitoes are born. And every time a bell rings, an angel gets its wings) of the species. We were still hiking and the only respite we found would be contained within the few speckles of sun light that filtered down between the trees every quarter mile or so; we got attacked by only half as many mosquitoes in the sunlight.

My eldest sister and I ended up walking much faster than the rest of my family members, trying to outrun our attackers, I walked still faster than my sister. From behind me I would hear her voice say, "...right thigh, left calf, left shoulder, right forearm..." the words that would not cease. This was her message to me on where a mosquito was about to strike or so I thought.

I eventually went mad and ran a quarter of a mile to a place that was swathed in a bath of sunlight. When my sister finally caught up with me she confided in me the meaning of her secretive code, right thigh actually meant that I had about twenty mosquitoes priming their engines, not two or

three as I had suspected. I was so covered with mosquito bites that you could have made a topographical map of my skin.

When the remainder of my family caught up to us, I learned another rather disturbing fact. My family had apparently brought along a more potent mosquito repellent than the afore mentioned Deep Woods that I was not entirely privy to, it was called me. I may not smell like a pine forest, but just watch those buggers flee from anyone else's side to be near mine. I could count the number of bites my entire family had received on two hands. I was lucky though, in this part of the Rocky Mountains, the mosquitoes went to bed early, they were probably fleeing the approaching hordes of the next time...

There are vast numbers of mice living in Yellowstone, more than imagined, and these nomadic, Fremen mice had taken in our two refugees. They were fearless, and why not? What did these mice have to fear? They had been taught the weirding way by Maud'Did, one of the two mice we had banished from our truck, and were coming back to get all of our food.

He who can destroy a thing controls a thing.

The night we returned from our hiking, the Fremen mice attacked. They were like mousy of borg, working as one entity. I was given the task of guarding the food bag while my family fixed dinner and sat hunched over it chomping on my Fruit Roll-Up™ trying to watch every different angle at once.

I couldn't see them, but I knew they were there. (I must not fear, fear is the mind killer) My proximity detector was going off and I was just waiting to hear, "Dallas, get out of there!" In the distance, a massive ball of light lit the night and I could hear one of



sprouted stubby little legs and was speedily heading for the thicker spread of trees. How could this be? For he was the Kwisatz Haderach. Back up! I need back up now!

"Cover me!" I shouted to one of my sisters as I chased a fruit roll-up that seemed to hover an inch above the ground as it wove its way through weed and dell.

The chase scene lasted about a minute, and I finally caught the wascally varmint. My reward: a fruit roll-up that had diminished in size by about half.

It was easy to see now why we could not deter them. They could take us any time they wanted. They were just toying with us. A couple hundred of them attacking all at once would reduce us all to a pile of bones in a portion of an hour. The sheer immensity of the challenge humbled us, but we stood our ground. We were going down, but we would defy this force of nature. We're still here!

Suddenly, a force darker than the night yet brighter than the end of a roach came crashing through the underbrush. Six feet tall, clad in ripped tie-dye and those pants that only recently came back into style with the advent of skaters, the Stoned Hippie of Yellowstone tore his way into the diorama of doom.

"Duuuuuude," he proclaimed, as twigs cascaded from his variegated dreads, "I (exhalation) HATE these things, man." His spare tire wriggled erratically as he dug through pockets littered with seeds and empty Ziploc baggies. Eyeing my fruit roll-up, he asked, "Hey, ya got any more of those? Or maybe some Twinkies or something?"

I stood frozen; he appeared unaware of the imminent danger. The fruit Roll-up had been only the beginning. The Stoned Hippie of Yellowstone would only contribute to the

my sister's saying, "They've blown the camp walls. They've blown the camp wa—." Amid a cloud of dust smelling of cinnamon I saw the mice riding their sand cats come through the gap. Helpless, they slowly closed their circle until they were close enough that I could reach out and poke them in the nose. In the fully gathered twilight, the eerie blue eyes of the mice shown as warning and I momentarily placed my fruit roll-up by my side to ward off my attackers.

Swinging my hand right into the face of one of my nemesi, he didn't flinch.

"I WILL kill YOU!" I cried.

Next thing I knew, my fruit roll-up had

blood bath I was sure would ensue. After removing his wallet, attached by a long chain to his belt, he produced a small piece of black rubber. He reached back into his army surplus frame pack and fished out a piece of surgical tubing, stained a curious deep brown. After fitting what I now understood to be the mouthpiece to the tube, he drew deeply. The backpack produced a strange, high-pitched "fweeeeeeeeeee," accompanied by low gurgling. The mice withdrew, forming ranks that would put Pol Pot to shame.

As I realized I had been saved by this evolutionary throwback, I became weak with relief. The Stoned Hippie, mistaking my glazed expression for interest in his rig, explained "DUDE, the backpack bong, man. This will be in every home in twenty years. I'm the next Gates, hah hah hah." With that,

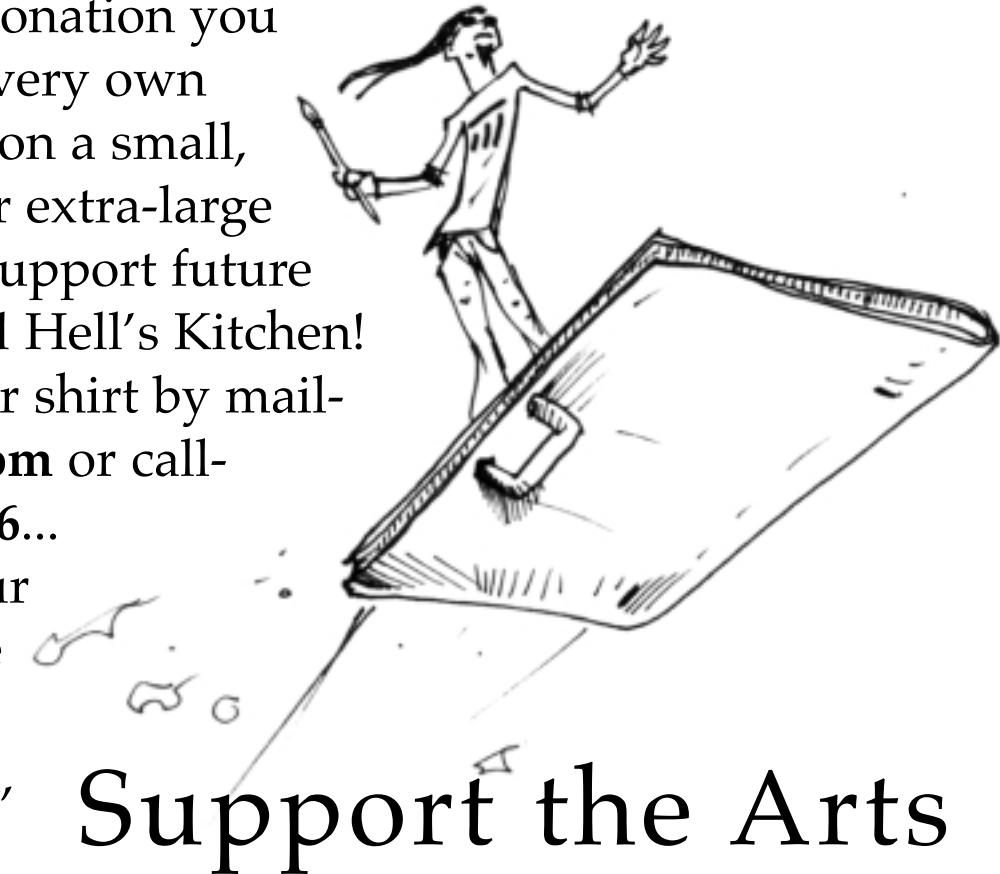
he trundled off into the woods, "fweeeeing" as the mice trailed behind.

Safe for the time being, we made our food bag as mouse-proof as possible and prayed the Stoned Hippie would leave us some food after he satisfied his munchies. Sleeping in our tents, we could hear the pitter-patter of hundreds of tiny little feet, and the distant "fweeeeing" of his battle with the mice.

Chipmunk came, and we heard the last of the stragglers making their way off to bed. Our hippie proofing had worked (we liberally applied ground up copies of the *Wall Street Journal*) and we had a breakfast to wake up to. But they'd be back, oh yes, they'd all be back. Meanwhile, we had some cute chipmunks to deal with.

GDTee-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

Tourist's Movie Reviews

THIS WEEK: SPECIES 2

by Sean Stanley

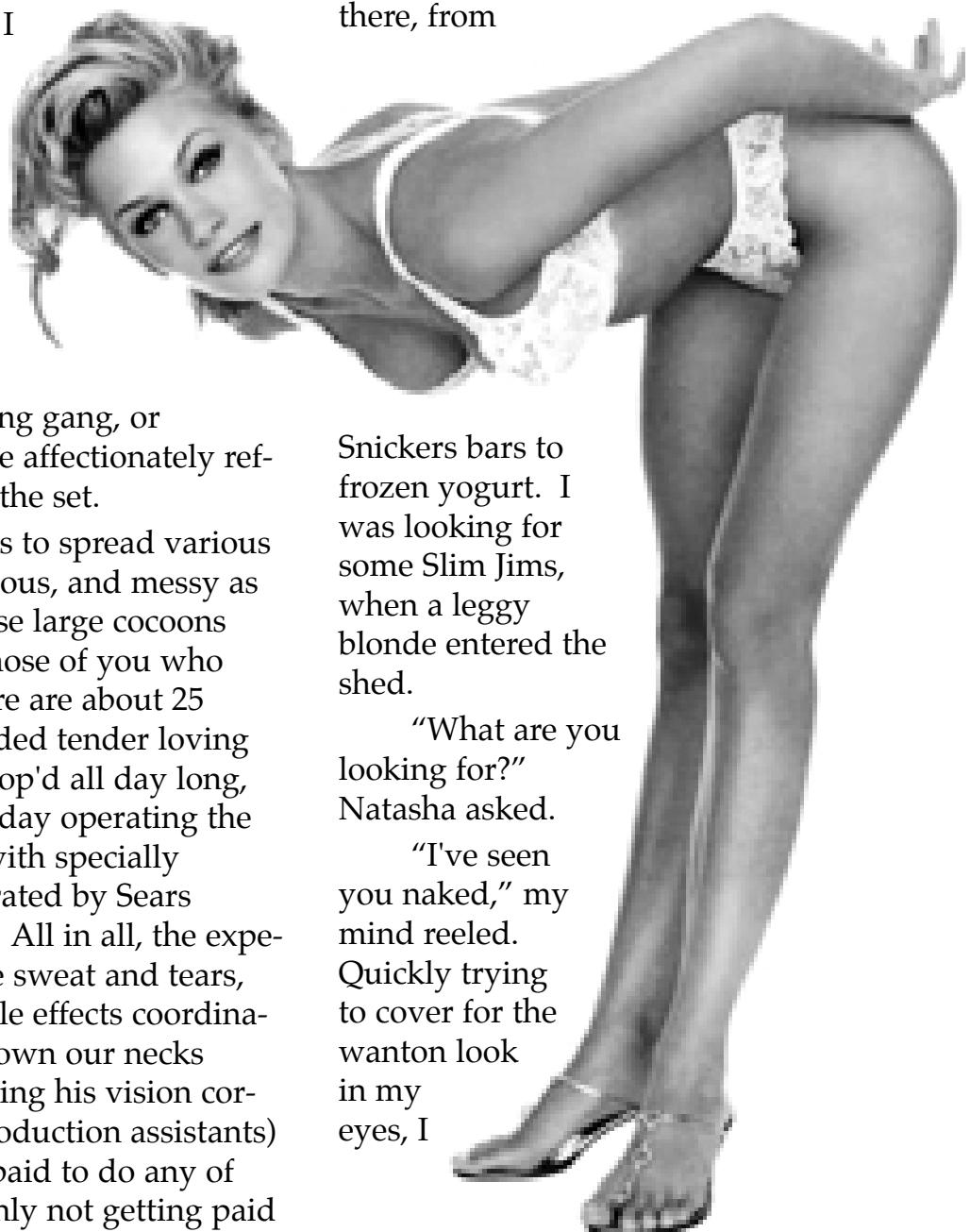
Wow. Suck.

Suck. Oh my God, that really sucked. Jesus! There is nothing I've seen in a long while that has sucked as much. That really sucks. Wanna know why? I am partly responsible. I apologize. For all of you who paid to see the latest installment of the "Natasha Henstridge's Breasts Show", my condolences. I worked on the set of the film. They shot it last summer a few miles away from my home, and I had the pleasure of helping out as a lowly production assistant - 18 hour days, no pay, no respect. It was damn fun though. I was on the swing gang, or "spooge crew" as we were affectionately referred to by the others on the set.

Basically, our job was to spread various colors of this creamy, viscous, and messy as all hell liquid all over these large cocoons that were in a barn (for those of you who haven't seen the film, there are about 25 cocoons, and they all needed tender loving spooge attention). We goop'd all day long, then spent the rest of the day operating the tentacles in the cocoons with specially designed manifolds (operated by Sears wet/dry shop-vacuums). All in all, the experience was well worth the sweat and tears, not to mention that asshole effects coordinator who kept breathing down our necks because we weren't realizing his vision correctly. "Get Bent" we (production assistants) said. "We're not getting paid to do any of this shit, and we're certainly not getting paid to put up with yours!" He mumbled something about "fucking east coast..." and wan-

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 8

dered off to check the lacerating tongue effects on the SIL costume. Lunch was pretty cool. I expected PB&J, but instead was treated to boiled lobster and fettuccini. Wow. Catering rules. All you can eat gourmet. Hollywood realizes that a fed crew is a happy crew. Between large meals, you can snack on the set at the Craft Service tent (which is really a shed, but they call it a tent to make it sound more important or something). They have all kinds of munchies there, from



Snickers bars to frozen yogurt. I was looking for some Slim Jims, when a leggy blonde entered the shed.

"What are you looking for?"
Natasha asked.

"I've seen you naked," my mind reeled. Quickly trying to cover for the wanton look in my eyes, I

Natasha getting bent

replied.

"Slim Jim's?"

"Well, I don't see them, but If I do, I'll bring them out to you," she said.

"Can you make those tentacles shoot out of your boobs?" I was dying to ask. But I settled for the standard dumbfounded male response to female celebrity cordiality.

"Thanks," I smiled.

Leaving the set that day was wonderfully relaxing. I had made new superficial friends. I had eaten lobster. I had worked with the guy who played the Stay Puffed Marshmallow Man (Bill Bryan of XFX). But more importantly, I had said three words to a fine actress who has no doubt provided adolescent males around the world with quality masturbation material for several years now.

Nobody rents "Species" for the plot. Come on. The end looks like the alien was animated by Disney, or those assholes who churned out episodes of Babylon 5, Earth 2, and Sea QuestDSV on their workhorse Video Toasters (not that I'm knocking the toaster at

all, but just because you can, doesn't mean you SHOULD). From working in a video store for three years, you pick up on the demographic for "Species" and the like. It's usually that, and "Embrace of the Vampire", which is another terrible film, but it features Alyssa Milano from "Who's the Boss" topless for a generous portion of screen time.

Anyway, when I finally went to see the final product, the sequel to end all sequels, I was dismayed. The cliché counter was going off the scale. Angry Generals...DING! Evil Politicians...DING! Token Black guy for comedic relief...DING! Troubled and reluctant scientist...DING! Lines like "You want me to come back? The last time, that thing almost killed me"...DING! Altruistic suicidal "Good" alien saves her human friends...DING! My god. Suck. Suck. Suck. Suck. I'm sorry.

If, however, you do make it to the film, remember that there's a bit of ole' Tourist in the slimy goodness. Sometimes I wish I could take it back, dammit. Oh well. You'll still see some boobs though. Thumbs up.

White to play and win.

Reykjavik, Iceland, 1994

Winning line below.

matting pattern.

6. Qg5# A simple Queen and Rook

5. Qxf6+ Khf5

white does not have the forced win.

If white takes with 5. Qxh7+ Kxh7

4. ... Qh7 Black blocks with the queen.

4. Qh8+

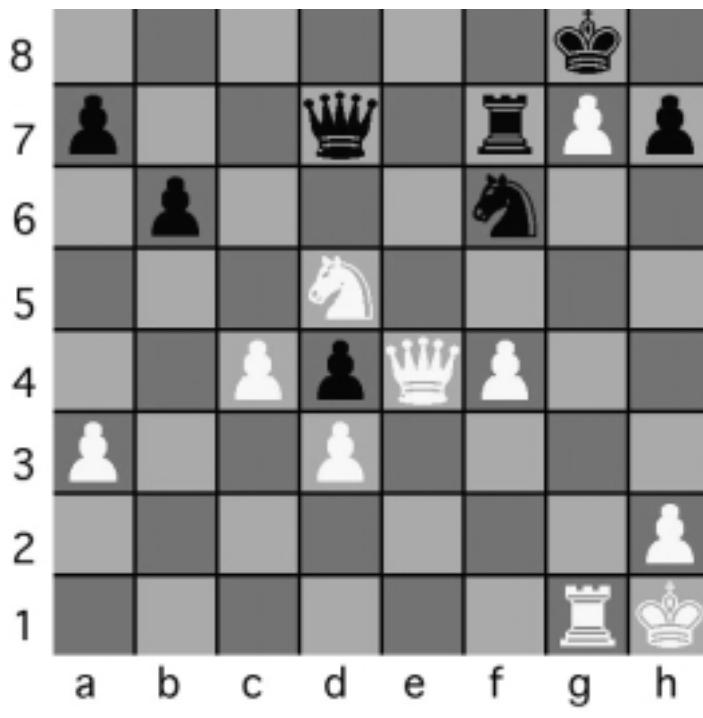
3. h8=Q+ Khf6

and white has an even easier win.

2. ... Kxh7 Forced. If 2. ... Kf7, 3. g8=Q

2. Qxh7+ Sacks the queen.

1. Nxh6+ Rxh6



plugged

by Michael Grandner and Justine Grey.

SPECIAL ISSUE: RADIOHEAD IN TORONTO

This will be our last column until Gracies Dinnertime Theatre returns next fall. For our final installment, we will each give our own response to Radiohead and Spiritualized's show in Toronto on Easter Sunday. You can still contact us, but we will not be writing again until next fall.

Mike's opinions:

On Easter Sunday, April 12, Radiohead played in Toronto and Justine and I were there. Radiohead's *OK Computer* has been proclaimed the greatest album of all time in England's *Q Magazine*. They were also at the top of nearly every list, including here in the US.

In *Rolling Stone*, and *SPIN* the album has been labeled *The Dark Side Of The Moon* for the 1990s.

Their shows are nearly impossible to get tickets to, as they sell out arenas and stadiums in mere minutes. Their recorded sound is textured, impulsive, cultured and—as many fans, critics, and journalists report—“virtually impossible to translate into a live setting.” But they do it, seemingly effortlessly.

Opening for the show was England's Spiritualized, whose album *Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating In Space* is taking England by storm. On the album, their sound is one of ambient, electro/space rock with just a little bit of the Beatles thrown in (as seen in their song “Come Together”).

Their show was quite different.

They were just as spacey as their album, but included less techno and had more power chords (at some points they would play one chord for almost five minutes, yet it would constantly increase in energy until it reached a feverish state). Their set lasted about an hour.

Then, in a surprisingly short time, Radiohead came on to many thousands of screaming fans. They opened with *OK Computer's* “Airbag.” At this point, I understood that Radiohead live was a far greater of experience than listening to the album. They proceeded to play most of *OK Computer* and their previous album, *The Bends*. (They only played one song off of their first album, *Pablo Honey*, and it wasn't ‘Creep.’) Their set was fantastic. Every song was spirited, loud, and virtually flawless.

The lighting effects need to be commended: of all of the shows I have ever seen, the stage lighting was by far the most exciting. The lighting used the lyrics and moods of the songs effectively to create symbolism (red and white lights were used for the song “The Bends,” the title track from their second album which featured a red and white album cover).

Another highlight was when Thom Yorke (pronounced “Tom York”), the lead singer, began to sing “Talk Show Host” (which appeared on the *Romeo and Juliet* soundtrack). The band began to play, and all of a sudden, Thom yelled, “Stop!”

The audience was confused. After a few seconds the song started again, and Thom began to sing. A few lines in, he started swearing and the band stopped again. At this point, the audience was completely bewildered. An embarrassed Thom asked the audience, “What are the words?”

The audience cheered wildly (half

laughing, half shouting out lyrics). The band started playing again and Thom struggled through the lyrics. During the song's instrumental bridge, Thom went wild at his guitar, turning the laid-back tune into a rau-cous, violent, angry epic. He was obviously quite pissed off. This bridge proceeded to overcome the rest of the song, as it went on for several minutes until Thom (I assume) calmed down.

Another highlight was during the encore, when the band played, as Thom put it, "a new one." This was (obviously), a track that had not yet been (and may not ever be) recorded. The song was very similar to "Fake Plastic Trees" in that it was acoustic and melodic.

Every song that the group performed was incredible and breathtaking: "Airbag," "Paranoid Android," "The Bends," "Bulletproof," "Street Spirit," "Fake Plastic Trees," and virtually every other song from the most recent two albums (strangely, "High And Dry," one of the singles from *The Bends*, and "Electioneering," from *OK Computer*, were absent).

In all, anyone who has a chance to see Radiohead should do anything in their power to do so. Their show is nothing short of incredible.

-Mike

Justine's opinions:

I have loved Radiohead's *OK Computer* since I managed to get a copy of it last summer. Luckily, I was one of the fortunate to see Radiohead and Spiritualized play in Toronto. The show was held at the Maple Leaf Gardens, otherwise known as the hockey arena. The acoustics were better than I expected since hockey is normally handled in there.

Spiritualized played a series of long jams that were psychedelic jazz tinged with vocals sometimes thrown in. they carried it off better than I expected. I could not envision how their most recent album, *Ladies And Gentleman, We Are Floating In Space* could be performed in the first place. It is very electronic and spacey.

Radiohead drew most of their material from their last two albums, *OK Computer*, and *The Bends*. They create a grand sound. Their sound, their songs, and their entire show was of epic proportions.

We might have had terrible, nose bleed seats, but this all becomes irrelevant when they continue to play. It is a lovely rapture.

Time is suspended.

Thom, the lead singer can do no wrong, even when forgetting the lyrics to "Talk Show Host." This just added to his charm and made the song even better as he preceded to remember and get very upset with himself, launching into a very energetic guitar solo—of sorts.

After doing one encore, the band was exhausted, returning into the night. If only you could have been there: it was an event, an experience, a transportation, and a dream of higher elements. Just think, we were on the same continent, in the same city, and at the same venue; I feel so very fortunate to have had the experience of Radiohead.

-Justine

plugged is(?) a weekly music column focusing on the newest releases, providing accurate, up-to-date, and relevant information, coupled with informative and informed opinions. Contact plugged at 716-274-3793 if you have any questions, comments, or want us to review a CD. Visit us on the web at: www.servtech.com/public/pinewood/plugged

We have a winner!

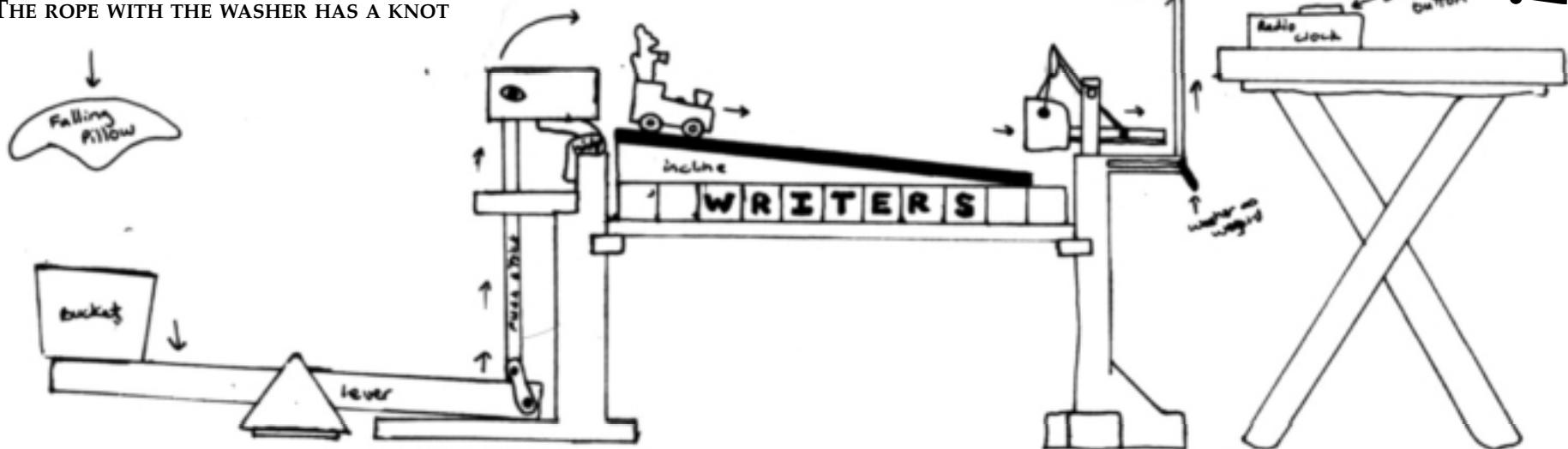
Congratulations to Kari Gunter, the only entrant and winner of the \$200 prize in our first ever Rube Goldberg Contest. But don't think she won just for showing up. With a score of 110 points out of a possible 160, this self-employed artist would have challenged any undergraduate engineering student.

Below is a copy of her machine's description:

THE SLEEPY PERSON DROPS A PILLOW ONTO THE BUCKET. THE LEVER CONVERTS THE DOWNWARD MOVEMENT OF THE BUCKET INTO THE UPWARD MOVEMENT OF THE PUSH STICK. THE PUSH STICK TIPS THE BOX HOLDING THE ENGINE CAR. THE CAR STARTS TO MOVE AND FALLS ONTO THE TRACK. THE CAR CONTINUES DOWN THE TRACK UNTIL IT HITS THE HANGING PUSHER. THE HANGING PUSHER PUSHES ON THE ROPE WITH THE WASHER AND PRISES THE WASHER FREE OF THE CREVICE. THE ROPE WITH THE WASHER HAS A KNOT

PAPER WITH THE PHRASE "GET UP!" FALL ALL OVER THE PLACE. AS THE ROPE WITH THE WASHER MOVES UP, THE PULLEY CONVERTS THAT UPWARD MOVEMENT INTO A DOWNWARD MOVEMENT FOR THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE. THIS END OF THE ROPE HOLDS A PLASTER HAND BY A BRACELET. THE PLASTER HAND, IN TURN, HOLDS A ROCK. THIS ROCK SMASHES INTO THE SNOOZE BUTTON ON THE CLOCK RADIO. THE DEPRESSED SNOOZE BUTTON STOPS THE NOISE.

TIED IN IT THAT STOPS THE ROPE FROM MOVING AND ALSO HOLDS A PIN. THE ROPE CONTINUES MOVING UPWARD UNTIL THE PIN POPS THE BALLOON AND THE KNOT CAUSES THE ROPE TO STOP MOVING. WHEN THE BALLOON POPS OPEN, CONFETTI AND SCRAPS OF



The Buzz from DONLAND

donland.base.org

by Don Rider

A PDA By Any Other Name, Part Deux

I recently found out the reason behind the PalmPilot's confusing naming scheme. It turns out that 3Com/USR was sued last fall by Pilot, the pen company, for trademark infringement. So, Palm Computing needed a new name for its star product. Thus Palm III was born. Still, I tend to wonder if "Palm III" was the best naming scheme they could come up with. It's very generic and left the Palm Computing line open to other pocket computer makers, such as Microsoft, to easily steal the trademark. The "Apple II" worked because who else in their right mind would name a computer after a fruit? It will be very difficult for 3Com to plead its case in the US, since "Palm" is an already established generic term that refers to small, handheld computers.

Speaking of my favorite PDA, I've recently seen a number of news and opinion articles suggesting that the Pilot is the Macintosh of the upcoming PDA revolution. Unfortunately, it's true. There's little debate that pocket computing will be the first decade of the next century's equivalent of the personal computing revolution of the 1980's. Everyone, including Microsoft, is scrambling to get a piece of this new market now that the PC industry is collapsing

under its low-low profit margins. The PalmPilot, currently the number one PDA, will suffer from fumbled marketing, bad naming, lack of new features, and shoddy licensing deals. 3Com has been playing it safe and enjoying the unparalleled success of the Palm line, but the WinCE for Palm PC's price/features mix will crush the Palm if these problems aren't fixed, lawsuits or not. Sounds like the Macintosh alrighty.



I'll Have What He's Been Drinking

"I CAN'T IMAGINE A TECHNOLOGY THAT HAS BEEN MORE UNDERHYPED."

-SCOTT MCNEALY, SUN CEO, REFERRING TO JAVA AT THE JAVAONE CONFERENCE MARCH 25

Hmmm... sorry Scott, but the Donland hype-o-meter is reading off the scale on Java right now. I laughed out loud when I read the quote above. I mean, really. Companies are betting their entire future on Java. According to Larry Elison, Java-based NC's should have decimated Windows by now, and he had all sorts of developers and reporters following this. If that's not hype, I don't know what is. Java's always in the headlines- we're doing this with Java, Microsoft's doing that, we're saving the world with Java. Java, Java, Java! You can just hear Bill Gates screaming that like Jan Brady when Marsha gets all the attention.



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

More fun than a venereal disease

<gdt@iname.com>



Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

by Kelly Gunter

DEAR BFG,

WHEN A CHILD IS BORN, HOW DO YOU KNOW IF IT'S A MIDGET?

- FASCINATED BY LITTLES

Dear Fascinated by Littles,

In the past similar question have arose such as, how can I tell if my child is a changeling? There were some simple and interesting tests to determine this (these tests were effective in the same way that testing whether a woman was a witch was effective). It went something like this...

Throw your child into a freshly stoked fire. If the child screams and runs up the chimney, the little fiend was a changeling. If, however, your beloved babe screams and writhes in agony, he is either your true born, a Jew in the flames of Nazi hell, or both, and now he is either maimed for life or dying a hideously painful death, depending on how quickly you come to his fiery aid.

Testing for midgets is similar, but not quite as messy. The testing runs in stages or levels of midgetry which must be passed successively.

Test 1: Put the questionable babe in front of the TV and pop in "The Court Jester" if he does not scream during the "Black Fox" song, check his hearing and vision. If his hearing and vision seem unim-

Religious Wrong

"What this is coming down to is who runs the country. It's us against them. It's the good guys versus the bad guys. It's the God-fearing people against the pagans, and some of the pagans are going to church."

-Randall Terry, Operation Rescue,
Jackson, Miss., 4/92

paired go on to the next test, otherwise stop here secure in the knowledge that your child is not a freakshow.

Test 2: Welcome to the next level.

Introduce your child to Barney. If you ever catch your child singing, "I love you, you love me..." bludgeon the tot immediately. This is not so much a test of midgity as it is just a good idea. Continue to the next level.

Test 3: Do they have an unnatural love of the color green and an unnaturally sounding Irish baby gurgle? If yes, they may be a midget, continue on.

Test 4: The deciding test. Do they scream (or laugh maliciously), saying something like, "Uncle Louie!" every time you open up a container of Tang. If your answer is yes, congratulations you are the proud parent of a freak.

If your little tyke passes all tests (excluding #2), I suggest testing whether he is a changeling after taking a healthy dose of valium.

Have a nice day.

-The Bare-foot Girl

Questions for the Bare-foot Girl? Send them to gdt@iname.com

"We deny that anyone, Jew or Gentile, believer or unbeliever, private person or public official, is exempt from the moral and juridical obligation before God to submit Christ's Lordship over every aspect of his life in thought, word and deed."

-excerpt from the "25 Articles," published by the Coalition on Revival

CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST!

For years we've lamented the fact that we couldn't include sounds with our issues. And finally, we're going to do it. All right, it's a little weird, but below is an encoded sound. We would like some dedicated soul to decode the file below and play it back. The first person to email us the correct description of the sound file will receive

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a free GDtee shirt (see page 7 of GDT). If we get any responses, we might consider doing this again so that people who don't want to do homework can have something mindless to do...and get clothing for it!

Any requests to have the text emailed to anyone will be gleefully ignored.

...continued from
page 15

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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 "PWOANNNGGG!" 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."

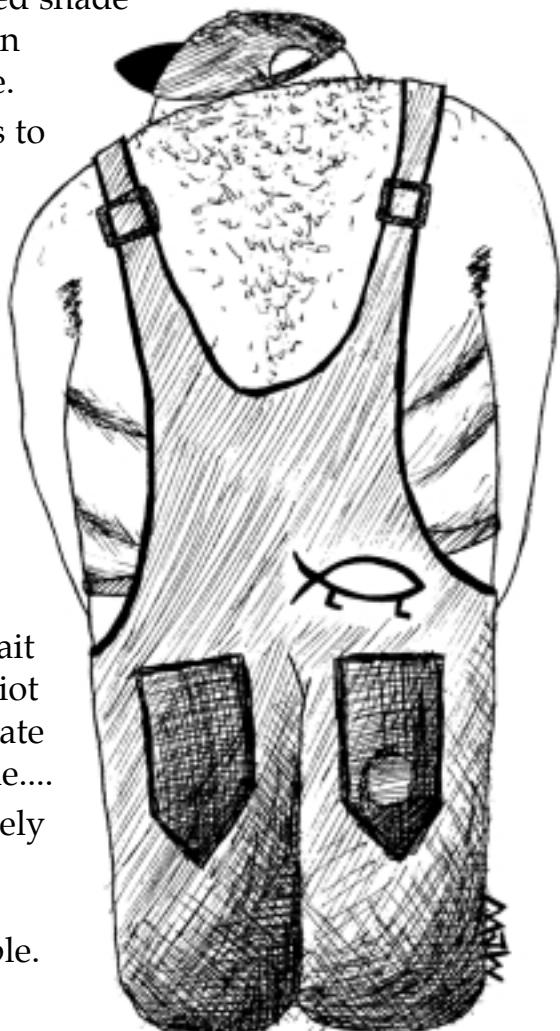
In the second floor window of what, for lack of a better word, is the house from which the behemoth of a man emerged, an aged and sun stained shade shifted and for the briefest of moments, He could be seen peering out with a troubled look on His once proud face.

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.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**Publisher:** C. Diablo**Head Editors:**

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Main Article:

Kelly Gunter

GDT Staff

Layout:

Brian Barrett

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Damage Control:

Kelly Gunter

Writers:

Gad Berger

Adam Fletcher

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Cartoonist:

Gil Merritt

Illustrator:

Matt Weaver

Graphics:

Brian Barrett

Sean Hammond

Contributors:

Clare Terni

RIT's CSH

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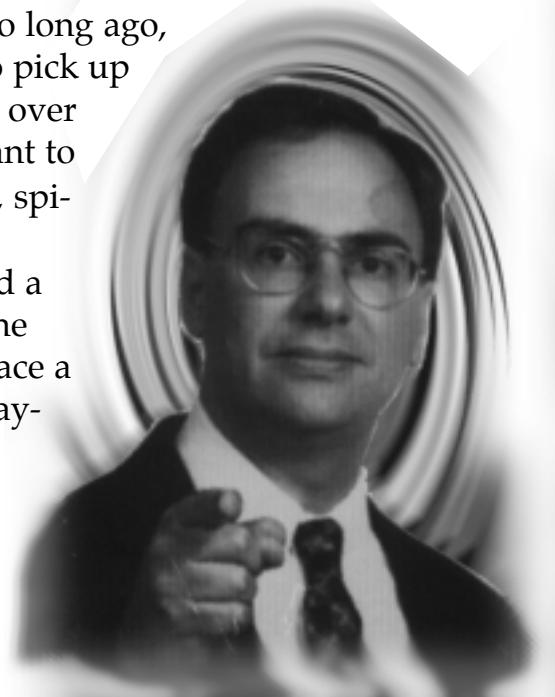
Despite the noble sentiment that we're all brothers, it's fairly clear that we are not all created equal. In a just society, everyone is equal under the law and should be given the same opportunities (the operative word being equal. No special benefits anywhere. Yes, I know the argument behind affirmative 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-

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.

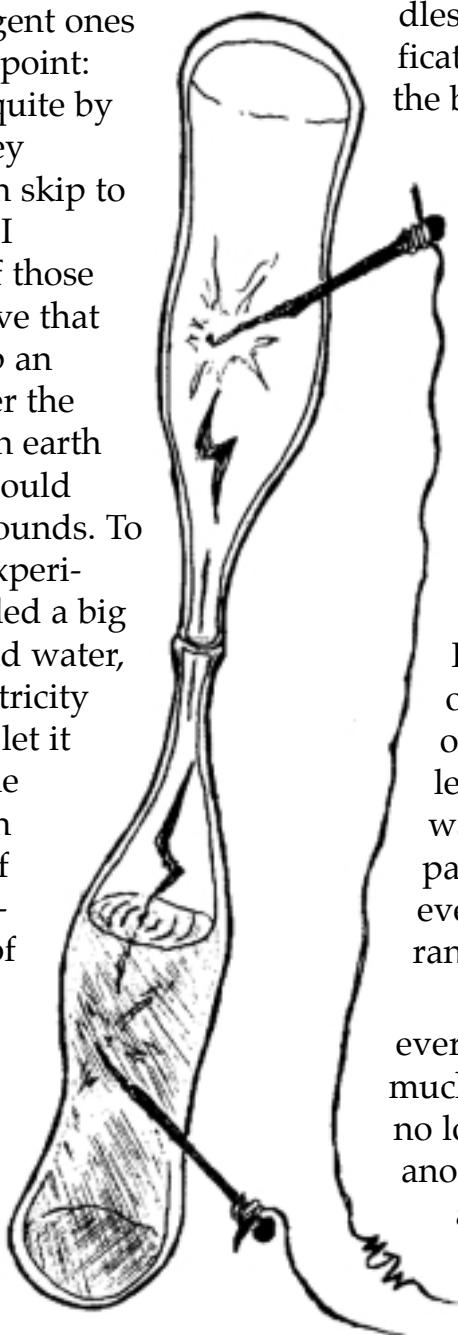
So after a few days I'd done it. Two Sprite™ bottles attached to one another by the stems, a copper hose running from the top to the bottom and wrapped in fish tank hosing to act as a condenser. To simulate lightning, I had inserted two knitting needles through the sides, but with a modification: one 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,"



[∞]Makes mouths happy.

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.

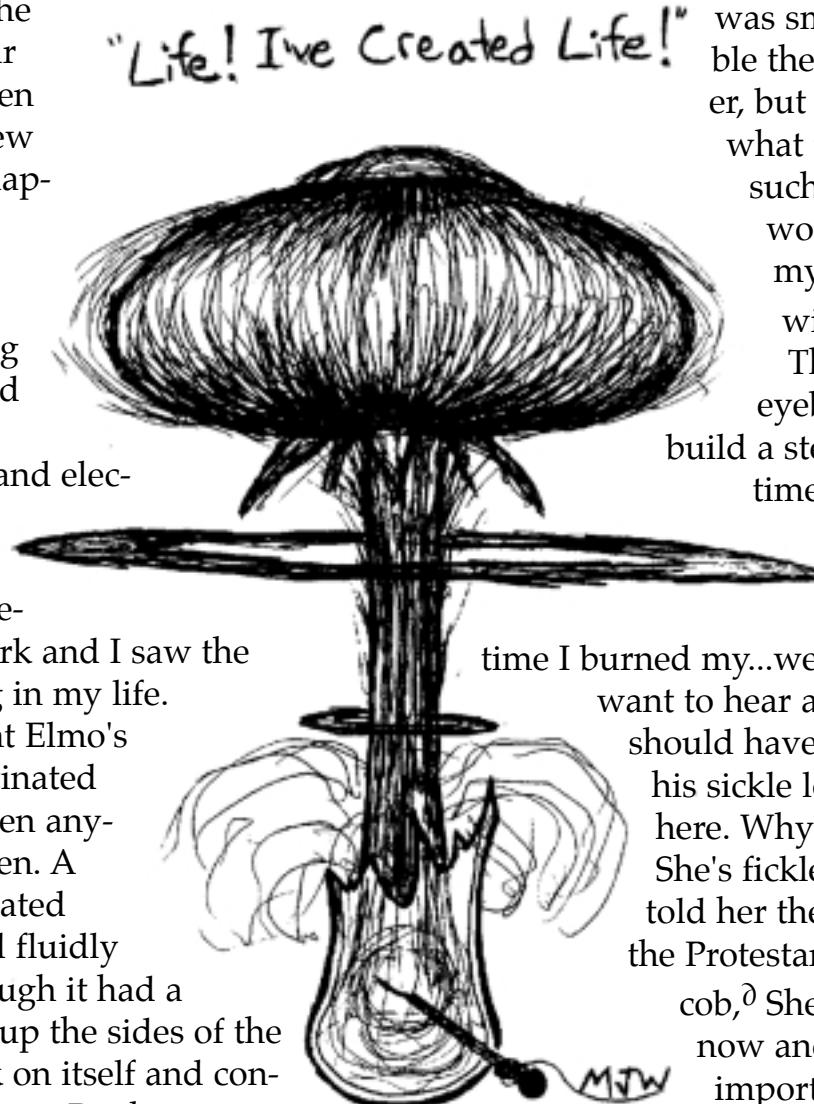
The point? Well, I was smart enough to cobble the damn thing together, but failed to think about what the consequences of such an experiment would be. Then again, my life has been filled with events like that.^Ω

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,^δ 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."

^δ 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

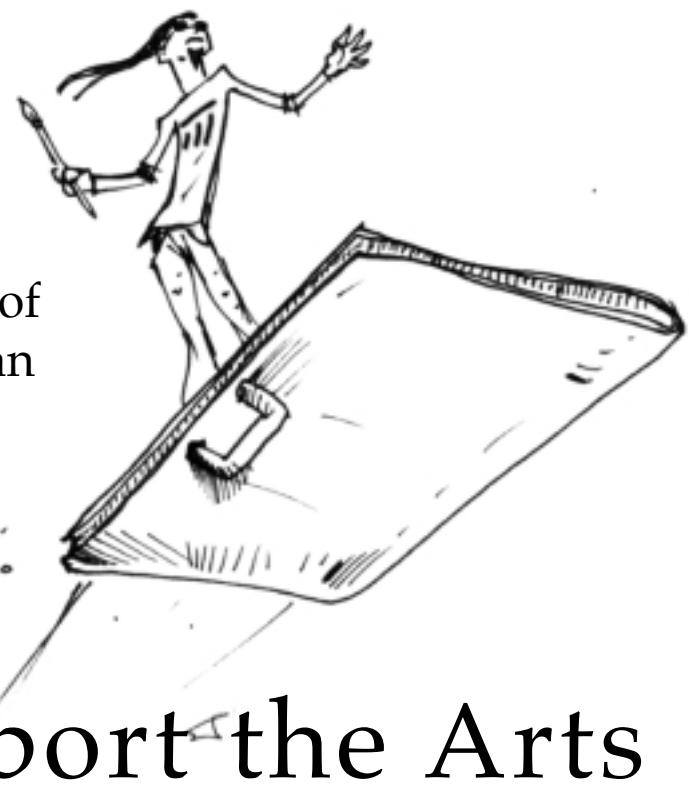
sourced and gone home to live with His parents to whine.

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?

GDTee-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.

Got Milk?



wso.williams.edu/~mhacker/Clockwork/milkplus.jpg

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 my 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

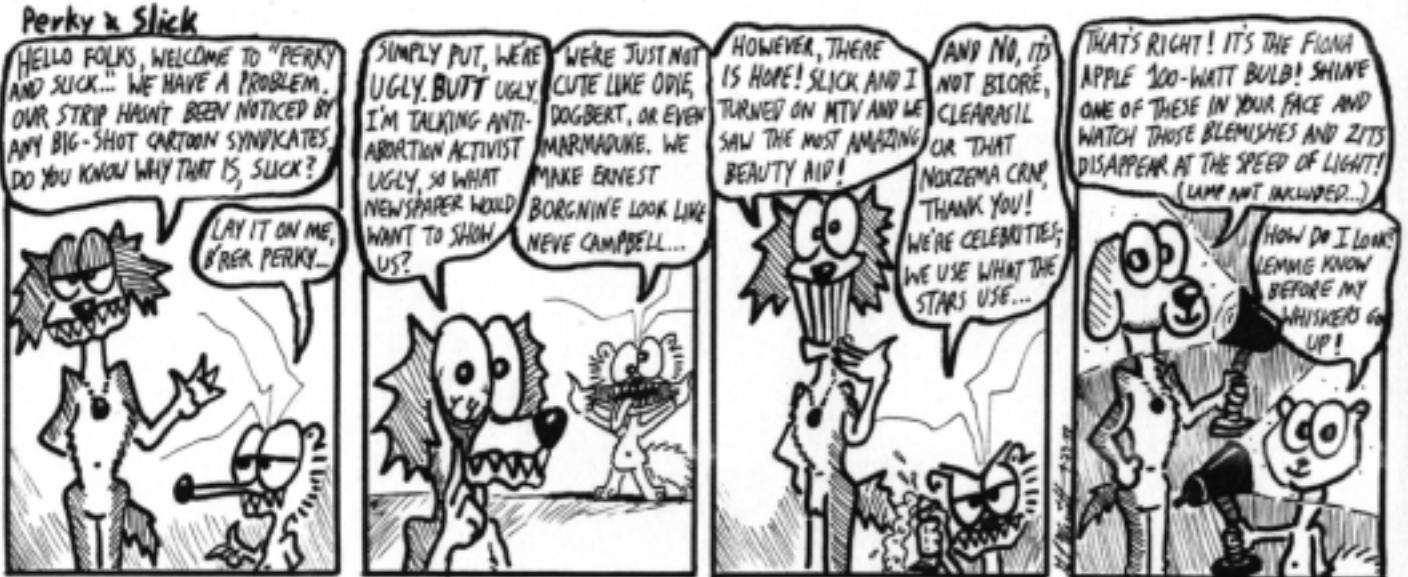
with the music, except maybe play it impressively tight and record it better than any first-generation swing band ever could have.

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 night-club 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

Continued on page 9 of GDT...



...continued from page 8 of GDT...

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-

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 9

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).

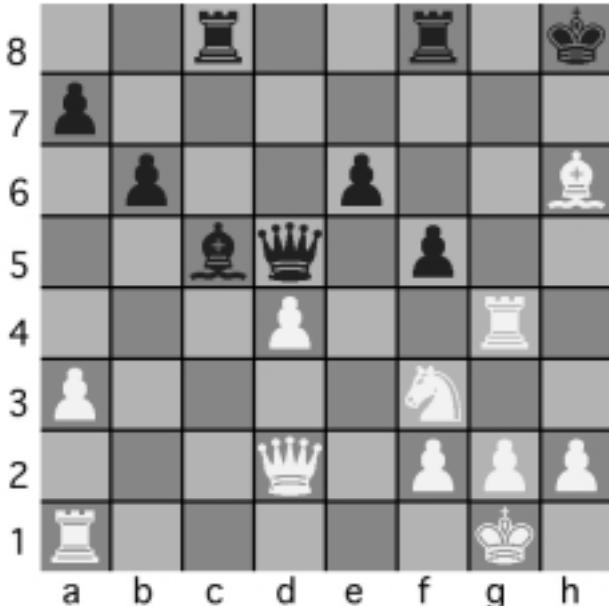
Maybe next time. "Big Bad Voodoo Daddy" really isn't anything more than an updated swing primer, succinct and jittery; if that's the aim, the band's succeeded. And hey: Big Bad Voodoo Daddy has given all you jet-set lounge lizards another musical excuse to break out your fedoras and bright red lipstick. 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 $Bg7+$, white plays for the win. If 1. $Bg7+Kh7$ loses for black after 2. $Qh6+$ so black must play 1. ... $Kg8$ 2. $Bxf8+Kf7$ and white just chases black's king around the board.
2. $Bg7+Kh7$ if black plays 2. ... $Kg8$ white continues accomplishes the same thing.
3. $Qg6+Kg8$ with 3. $Bf6+Kf7$ 4. $Qg6$ mate.
4. $Be5+Rg7$ The rook block is worthless.
5. $Qxg7$ mate.



HOW THIS ALL WORKS: I (ADAM FLETCHER) DOWNLOAD TOURNAMENTS THAT I THINK WOULD PROVIDE INTERESTING PROBLEMS AND ANNOTATE THE GAMES WITH CRAFTY, A GLORIOUS FREE CHESS PROGRAM WRITTEN BY THE CIS PEOPLE FROM U ALABAMA. CRAFTY FINDS ALL SORTS OF THINGS THAT I, BEING A LOUSY CHESS PLAYER, HAVE NO CHANCE OF FINDING, SUCH AS MATE IN 5. AFTER I RUN CRAFTY FOR A FEW DAYS I GREP OUT ALL OF THE MATE IN X PROBLEMS AND TRY TO SOLVE THEM. MOST ARE SIMPLE, BUT THE MORE INTERESTING AND FUN ONES END UP HERE. IF YOU HAVE ANY COMMENTS YOU CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH ME AT ADAMF@CSH.RIT.EDU, OR ON THE FREE INTERNET CHESS SERVER (FICS.ONENET.NET 5000) AS ADAMF.

They don't fight, they fuck

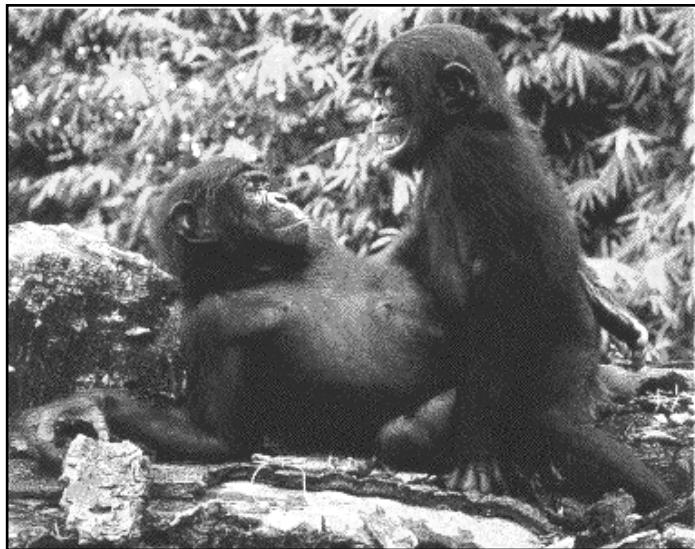
by Gad Berger

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

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 page 12...

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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Come join the writing staff of Rochester's premier group of "no-shoe, no-life, no-writing skills, Reporter-hating computer geeks,"^f Who would enjoy nothing better than to drop dead.

GDT: Because we can.

^fReporter's Tab Ads, April 24 1998.



Prophecy

"The spirits will warn you twice, but the third time you stand alone."

The end is nigh. Well, maybe not the end, but definitely a major caf-fofel. We've been measuring things in pyramid inches, reading our Bibles, Nostradamus, Edgar Cayce, Nag Hammandi, the book of Enoch.

The *Weekly World News*.[†]

And everyone, including that smelly old man who rummages through our trash at three in the morning looking for tin cans and old socks, is saying pretty much the same thing: Benjamin Netanyahu has to die.[◊]

I've asked the CIA to take him out, but they haven't replied to my communiqües. I even asked Santa to deliver the goods, but all I keep finding in my stocking in the morning is coal and switches. Maybe it's because Netanyahu's death at this point in the game really wouldn't affect what's happening. There's too much inertia for one man's death to do little more than be a greasy, yellow spot on the windshield of prophecy.

What Santa and the CIA have both realized, but don't let slip too often, is that killing Netanyahu won't work, because you always need a figurehead for evil. When you lie in bed all day and start on that new Hate Your Way to a Better Butt™ diet^π, you've got to focus your aggression on someone or you'll never pass that important 50 lb mark.

Netanyahu is nothing more than a glorified CIA automaton. If you take the time to think about it, you'll have to agree. No, you'll have to. They'll make you. Trust us.

Born in a foreign country, raised and educated in the United States, debriefed by the CIA, he's just what the US always wanted: the leader of a terrorist infested country to divert people's attention whenever politics on the home front starts to get uncomfortably introspective. Besides, no man his age could remain that attractive while running a country surrounded on all sides by large numbers of people who would enjoy nothing better than to disembowel you and wrap the token tourist Christmas tree with your entrails in honor of multiculturalism. Look at the man's forehead



"Hey Everybody!"

"Hey, Doctor Nick!"

[†] "Satan's head appears in cloud over Chicago."

[◊] Okay, maybe the man rummaging through our trash didn't say that, but when he keeps muttering, "If you ain't got a penny, then -fghfgh yffg mfmfmf...", who's to know the difference?

^π Soon to be released in *Cosmopolitan*.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Giles Francis Hall
Matthew Weaver

Main Article:

Sean Hammond
Kelly Gunter
Clare Terni
Jeremiah Perry-Hill
GDT Staff

Layout:

Brian Barrett
Giles Francis Hall
Sean Hammond

Damage Control:

Kelly Gunter

Writers:

Brian Barrett
Gil Merritt
Sean Stanley
Adam Fletcher

Cartoonist:

Gil Merritt

Illustrator:

Matt Weaver

Photographer:

Brian Barrett

Contributors:

RIT's CSH
The kids from "Big
Daddy's Biology
Show"

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for Yhwh's sake! It's shiny and bright-the metal backing of his skull is coming through his skin. You have to wonder if the CIA developed "Nu-Skin" -that famous aerosol that forms a protective layer over your last case of road rash- just for Big Bad Ben. Perhaps every morning he gives himself a spritz, but by the end of the day under that hot Middle Eastern sun, the flesh tone wears thin.

Oh! You don't have any idea what I'm babbling on about, do you? Well, I'm talking about the End Times here, folks. World War III, the coming of the Antichrist, the biggest downer in the world. (Hippies: Duuuude) But we got it sussed.

All of the various prophets in the western world have said basically the same thing, but they can't seem to come to any consensus. I think it's because their all looking at things with different preconceived notions about what they're going to see. To reuse a metaphor that is crying and just wants to be left alone, it's like a bunch of blind men asked to touch an elephant (bad touch) and explain what it's like. One said it's like a large plant (after fondling the ears), another like a snake (after grabbing the trunk), and another like a tree (after getting stepped on by a foot). They're all describing the same thing, but from different perspectives. Luckily for you, the writers of GDT are able to take apparently separate and unrelated information and put it all together for your elucidation. Bare with us and you'll see where we're going with all this. It's funny later on, much like when the organic chemistry professor explains the reaction that produces explosions from cow dung for an hour and a half.

Nostradamus predicted that there would be three antichrists, not just the one that John wrote about while tripping out on mushrooms and moss on beautiful, scenic Patmos. Really, it's quite a bargain. All these years the Christians have been advertising only one Antichrist, but all this time we could get three for the same price. Hot damn!

Anyway, the first antichrist has been fairly conclusively identified by Nostradamus freaks as being Napoleon Bonepart. The second was Adolf Hitler, though he was actually called "Hisler" by Nostradamus. The third, who we'll talk about more in depth later, was also named, but as was often the case with the mystic he used a way to hide who it was (Look for the new Milton Bradley game "Hide the Prophetic Warnings of Doom" soon to be in stores near you).

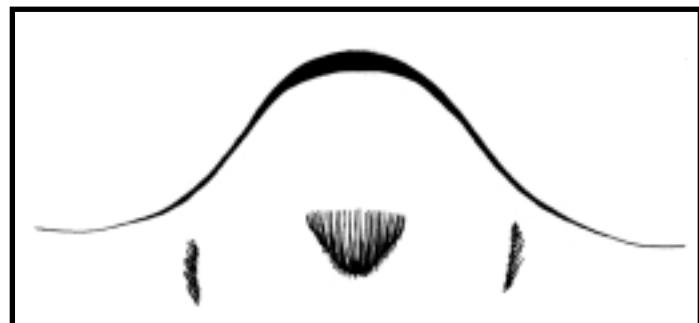
Eight-balls were originally suspected of being able to

bring clarity to the prophecies. In the age of corporate downsizing, however, their capabilities have been reduced to: "Outlook Not So Good," "Definately Not," "Yes Absolutely," "Reply Hazy," "Ask Again Later," "It Is Decidedly So," "Stop Shaking Me," and that Valley Girl favorite "Whatever."

For a long time I couldn't understand why Napoleon would be considered an antichrist. Granted, he was born in the south of France, instituted the "retro" Greek architectural style of Neoclassicism, and his name closely resembles "naepolluon", Greek meaning "destroyer" or "exterminator," but he really didn't invoke images of fire, brimstone, and Christians asking me in a bored voice, "Have you been saved, brother?"

After several hours of thought and a number of carefully timed "hate breaks" (I was on an eight hour road trip to Maine and needed to reduce my love handles. Besides, what else is one to do but ponder apocalyptic prophecy and devote a lot of run time to hating?), it dawned on me that the three antichrists were people who, through their actions, laid the groundwork for the rise of the next.

Take Mr. Bonaparte for example. Prior to him finding the French crown on the ground and picking it up with a sword, there wasn't really much of a sense of nationalism anywhere. People spoke French, German, Swahili, but the concept of ethnocentrism along these lines hadn't occurred to anyone. Napoleon managed to work people into such a lather over the concept that they spoke French and ate funny-shaped bread that he was able to use nationalism to unite the French for his battles across



"Frenchmen, you will doubtless recognize in this conduct the zeal of a soldier of liberty, a citizen devoted to the Republic."

-Napoleon, concerning his 'rescue' of the president from grenadiers.

Europe.

Of course he was defeated, but the meme of nationalism was now able to run amok (amok, amok, amok) throughout the world. When it combined with and corrupted the philosophies of Nietzsche's übermen,^J Adolf Hitler was able to create the most effective and powerful war machine the world had ever seen. Borrowing tactics from the people they would persecute the most (presumably to avoid copyright lawsuits), the people of Germany banded together under a single fanatic to prove to the world that they wouldn't be pushed around anymore. Without a pear-shaped, jug-eared, untesticular leader to rile them up about loyalty to the Fatherland, the Germans would have been just another group of xenophobic twats with a large arsenal and more sauerbrauten than you could shake a wet lemur at. Without a moral high ground to stand on or pretty uniforms to wear, any major military campaign is doomed to be unpopular. Fight the infidels,

^J "Yah we is de supermen. Superdupsersupermen." - Spike Jones

kill the French, wear a snazzy belt and shiny new boots, free the Holy Land, regain what is rightfully the Fatherland's, stop the spread of tuberculosis, kill the French again...even if an excuse has to be made up, there is always someone on a hill,^μ waving a flag.

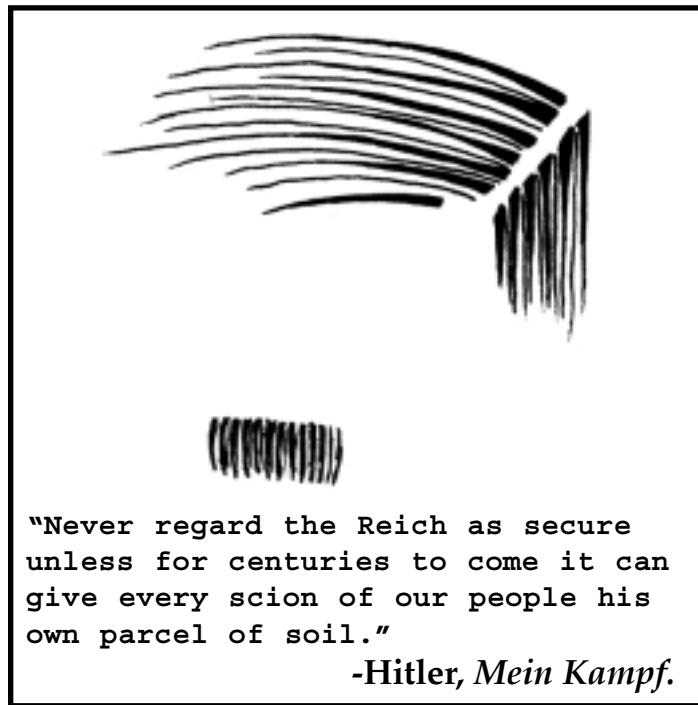
In the course of Hitler's power play across Europe, several million Jews were slaughtered. Persecuted all across Europe ever since Paul made sure they took the fall for Jesus' death, rather than the Romans Paul was sucking up to, the Jews were homeless and frankly sick and tired of it. The Diaspora was fun while it lasted, but everyone was overtired and just wanted to go home. Unfortunately, the Jews did not have a jug-eared, pear-shaped, unitesicular leader to rally behind, and some other group of gits was crowding up their chosen-land.

Luckily for them, it was the British that happened to control the area of Palestine. After a bit of trouble (war) and an argument (more war) a bit of land was carved out (Kids: Very small rocks!) and on 14 May 1948, the nation of Israel was founded.

Following the string of events? For those just joining us and in need of the Cliff Notes "Guide to World Domination", Napoleon's nationalism is used by Hitler to help provide a reason to murder millions of Jews who the British feel sorry for and give some grazing grounds in Palestine.

Speaking of a people whose land was violently ripped from them and replaced with barren, extra crispy chunks of desert, let's talk about the Native Americans. (Trust us. We're just print, we can't hurt you. We do this a lot.)

^μ "And Boston shall be a city on a hill, a beacon for all mankind." -John Winthrop. Puritan. Nascent Nationalist.



"Never regard the Reich as secure unless for centuries to come it can give every scion of our people his own parcel of soil."

-Hitler, *Mein Kampf*.

The Hopi, best known for their impassioned pleas in the form of cornmeal and empty liquor bottles (KIDS: No deposit in D.C.) for membership of the various Indian Nations in the UN, have an ancient prophecy talking about shakings of the earth caused by the Great Spirit because not all of the world's people are playing nicely. When we attempted to contact the U.S. Geological Society for a statement on whether there was a connection between L.A.'s tense racial situation and the repeated earthquakes in southern California, they chose not to comment.

Anyway, one social shaking was the first world war, which resulted in the founding of the League of Nations. The Hopi asked whether the Indian Nations could join, but were, of course, berated by the civilized world. The second shaking of the earth was World War II, which brought about the founding of the United Nations. Again, the Hopi asked whether the Indian tribes could join, but were refused as the United States

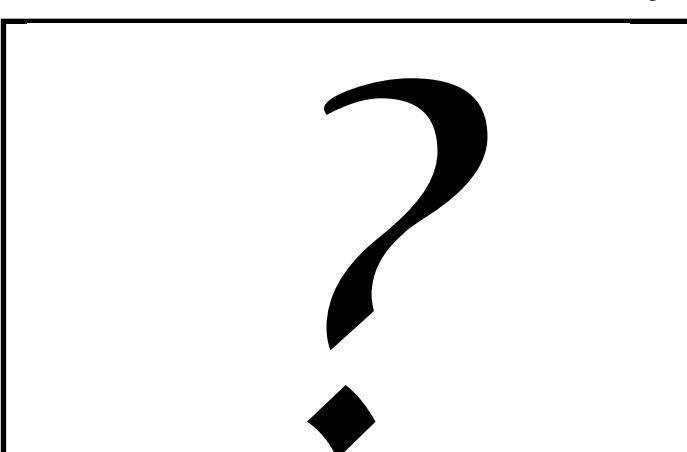
vetoed their right to enter.

The Hopi are now quite upset, gambling, and drunk off their wazooos, what with prophecy being fulfilled left and right. In their most recent gig at the UN the Hopi identified the international space station as the "great house thrown up into the sky where people live" spoken of in their prophecy and an indicator that the third shaking of the world is at hand. Most disturbing is that mankind has been watched over by the spirit world during past struggles, but in the coming wars, we will not retain our spiritual spectators (it seems they keep losing too many bets). The dead will leave us and we'll be alone with ourselves for the first time.

Interestingly, the Hopi identify who will be responsible for the third shaking as one of the first to receive the light of God. In other words, the Jews.

Antisemitism aside, I don't think it's that simple. Nostradamus, as with the other two antichrists, named the third. The name Mabus, however is enigmatic. Many people, grasping for a moral reason to go to war, have pointed out that Mabus backwards is Sadam. Though I refuse to believe that a two-bit dictator is the third antichrist, the Russians must feel otherwise. During the recent military buildup in the Middle East, poor President Boris "Absolute" Yeltsin warned that any military action against Iraq would result in WWIII and a marked decrease in the amount of the best part of the potato his liver would be forced to slog through.

Still, that is too easy of an answer and doesn't fit with the prophecies of others. No, I think that the flipping of the name indicates that one poised against Mr. Hussein is the antichrist. Mr. Netanyahu, a Jew, and the man who has provoked the Palestinians



"This depends on how Israeli Prime Minister Netanyahu acts, because it is known that the problem is nowhere else."

- Yasser Arafat, on this week's peace talks in London.

wrath since he took office. He may not be the one directly responsible when Hussein attacks Israel, but he is the antichrist. In this case, it really does take two to start a fight. If one guy is standing in another's way and shouting in their face, "You want a fight? Come one. Come at me," and the other guy swings, who started the fight?

So there will be war. Nothing new there. But contrary to what Edgar Cayce had to say about earthquakes and floods raging across the United States, I'm fairly certain he made a misinterpretation. The coming age is that of Aquarius. As could be guessed from its name, it is symbolized by water and indicated by two jagged lines as a kind of shorthand. Personally, I think the floods and earthquakes are nothing but the prophets way of interpreting the coming age of Aquarius. Floods? Well, duh. It's a water sign, and the earthquakes are the jagged lines.

That's not to say that the United States won't get shit on. Quite to the contrary, when bombs start flying in the Middle East, the United States will undoubtedly come to the aide of Israel. Given the massive stock-

pile of conventional and nuclear weapons the US has, I seriously doubt that any country would openly attack us. However, a few crafty terrorists carrying suitcase nukes and biological weapons could put a major hurting on the US. Besides who can the United States attack in a terrorist war? It's really a no win situation.

Hopefully, as with other major world conflicts, a new world body will be created. Whether it will be a totally new organization or a revamped United Nations is hard to say. I can let you know what's on my wish list, though: no veto power for any one nation. Let them all be equal and have their say. I'd also like to see a genuine World Court that actually had the power to enforce its decisions. None of this token judgement shit. If someone is accused of war crimes and doesn't show up for their court date, send in NATO or some world police organization to arrest them with force if necessary. Rule of law.

Tourist's Music Review

THIS WEEK: TORI AMOS "FROM THE CHOIR GIRL HOTEL"

by Sean Stanley

Let's talk a little bit about something we in the music bizz call "Old School Talent" or OST. OST is something easily recognizable. You don't need to look for it, you just know when it's there. Aerosmith, David Bowie, Madonna, Eric Clapton, The Beastie Boys, not to mention the current kings of OST, The Rolling Stones - ALL possess the amazing skills and unique vision that allowed them to become successful many years back. There are not many music groups around these days that possess OST. Most music these days is capitalistic post-modernism in which popular songs from the seventies and eighties are re-recorded and re-mixed by the likes of Puff Daddy and Orbital. We've all heard it before, but we don't care cause anything sounds good to our aural palate. Build a tolerance by having dance-mix USA pumped up your ass and you too could listen to Wyclef Jean's re-mix of "Stayin' Alive" without a grimace. Remixing the Bee-Gees? Do we really need to hear them again? Next, I'll bet The Fugees will set their sights on the classics of more aged decades. There's no doubt in my mind that I will one day walk into a music store and be confronted with any of the following:

- "Duke-2-tha-muthafuckin-Ellington" - a collection of re-mixes featuring Puff Daddy, Method Man, and Snow.
- "Kickin' it wit da Count" - Dr. Dre preaches on about "Holdin up dem fools on da 'A' train" in his soulful urban testimony to Count Bassie.
- "Holst-0909Euro Mix" - Gustav Holst's timeless ode to the various stellar bodies meets the room-thumpin phat jungle beats of DieselBoy.
- "Candle in the Wind: A Tribute" - Elton John's salute to Prince Harry, after his heart explodes while smoking crack out of a car antenna. Hardcore.

But I digress. What I really want to talk about is another post-modern trend that drives me up the wall and makes me long for a simpler, more original time. This trend is OSWIFSA music. What kind of music? OSWIFSA.

Obligatory Strong-Willed Introspective Female Solo Artist

Wow. Record labels realize that women can actually sell. But should they? If I had my way, I'd get them all in a parking lot a la "Dazed and Confused" and talk to them on terms they understand.

AIR RAID BITCHES!!! Line up! Yeah, yeah. Over here, I want all you Prairie Angst

wenches. This means you, Paula Cole. Nobody gives a good goddamn whether Dewane is a loving husband. Take your record contract money and buy a fuckin' dishwasher. Shave your pits, put some shoes on, and shut your flaps. Now over here, can we please line up the Heroin-Chic Perpetual Victims? Move it Fiona! I know, I know, yeah, this world is bullshit, yeah yeah yeah. Go sit over there with Natalie. She's new to the scene, but she's just as torn as you. This is the Guitar-Thought table. Any of you who own a guitar and have posed a thoughtful question to the world or to some intellectual ex-lover who made you feel dumb at the coffee shops, please sit here. Lisa Loeb, park it here on the red chair. And go get Edie Brickell, her new Bohemians, and Joan Osbourne. They can all sit here with Jewel and talk about how they can never quite duplicate the quality of the music videos at live shows. Would the following women please report to the proctology department for immediate removal of your dead insects: Alanis Morissette, PJ Harvey, Ani Difranco,



Milk it, baby!

Tracy Bonham, and Juliana Hatfield. Once the dead carapace is removed, you might be able to write songs about things that don't bother you. You've got money. Medicate yourself and leave the whining to Trent, Robert, and Morrissey...

You may say to yourself, "He's left out a bunch!" Remember OST? The OSWFISA progenitors all have a lot of Old School Talent. They INVENTED the genre. So it makes me feel good to know that there are a few OSWIFSA's out there that still have what it takes. They sit quietly back and smile as the little girls come out to play. Rock out Joan Baez - queen mother of all that which is folk-statement. Rock out Susan Vega - tell us some stories about pain, but don't let us know until the song is over and we have suddenly digested it. Rock out Ella Fitzgerald - you were far naughtier for your time than anyone is today. That soulful voice paints a picture no other can. Rock out Sarah and Liz - not quite old school, but witty and diverse enough to add something NEW to the style that is OSWIFSA. Say hello to Carole King, Aretha Franklin, and give a smile to Janis if you see her.

And Tori? Well, I don't think that she can rock out anymore than she has. In a recent "Spin" magazine article, she said that she wanted to try live band music because she's taken the "chick at the piano" bit and milked it for all it's worth. And why not? She practically created the style herself. She has every right to move on. The good ones do that. Evolution is a major part of the OST. The ability to adapt a good thing to make it better as the years go on is crucial. She's still got it, and delivers yet again. As the others bang on the pianos, violently strum their guitars, and pierce even more conspicuous body parts, Tori and the others, possessed of OST, chuckle. And they should. You can't beat the originals, unless you ARE the original and you're on another great adventure.

~~SECRET~~

BACKSTAGE HISTORY

**AROUND 1916 B.T. - THE MAIN ACT RETURNED FROM THE DESERT,
BLOATED AFTER A FORTY DAY BINGE OF CACTUS BLOSSOMS...**

**COME ON! JESUS CHRIST! PULL YOURSELF
TOGETHER! FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE
SHOWED UP AND YOU'RE A MESS!**

**LEAVE ME ALONE, MAN.
THEY LOVE ME.**

**I'VE SEEN ALL
YOUR SERMONS...
NEVER MET AN
ACTUAL MESSIAH
BEFORE....**



Pieta by Giovanni da Milano, 1365

Moment in Backstage History by Brian Barrett, 1998.

Any similarities between this and any Messiah, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Religious Right's Tentacles Manipulate System

by Dirk Stemerman

(U-WIRE) SPRINGFIELD, ILL. -- Last month, by a vote of 16 to 11, the U.S. House of Representatives Judiciary Committee approved a proposed Constitutional amendment that would for the first time allow state-sponsored prayer in public schools. The full House is expected to vote on the amendment sometime in May.

This so-called "Religious Freedom Amendment" is sponsored by Rep. Ernest Istook, R-Oklahoma, who sees the constitutional wall that separates church and state as needlessly high and is offering this amendment to "punch a large breach through the wall."

The amendment would allow government officials in their official capacity to make decisions that favor one particular faith. And although prayers would not be organized by school officials, the bill would still allow students to impose their religious beliefs on fellow classmates by holding prayers at mandatory school events. It would also allow public funds to be used by religious institutions.

A Constitutional amendment is simply unnecessary.

Contrary to claims by its supporters, public schools are not hostile to students' religious expression. Students already have the right to pray in school, to read the Bible, and to distribute religious materials. But the proposed amendment would allow students to use school intercoms to lead classrooms in prayer and would mandate government funding of religious schools and houses of worship.

Furthermore, if the proposed amendment actually increased "religious freedom" as its originators proclaim, why is it that

several groups, both Christian and non-Christian, are strongly opposing the amendment? The opposition groups include: Southern Baptists; American Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Reform and Conservative Jews, the American Jewish Congress, the Baptist Joint Committee, the National Council of Churches, and numerous others.

Some right-wing religious groups also are currently lobbying for school vouchers. This scheme would force federal taxpayers to support religious beliefs and practices with which they may strongly disagree. On the surface, the voucher program appears to help underprivileged youth in substandard public schools.

This is not the case. Voucher programs, which are most often talked about in terms of "school choice," would actually abandon public schools, while concurrently draining desperately needed funds from our public education system. The NAACP, the national PTA, and other groups who have historically fought for the improvement of public schools, oppose the voucher program. In addition to that, they would violate the constitutional doctrine of the separation of church and state by diverting taxpayer money to religious, private, and parochial schools.

Take this into consideration: The proposed amount for vouchers in the last Congress was \$3,000 per student, while the median cost for a private school is over \$10,000 per year. Explain to me how poor families could afford the additional \$7,000-plus per year. Private schools would still be inaccessible to the poor.

The concept of aiding the poor while helping inner city schools is nothing more than a elitist, conservative ploy. Conservative voucher proponents have only

one goal: to subsidize religious education for the wealthy, while leaving those students who are financially less fortunate, with no hope and no opportunity.

In this Congress, there are three bills that would create school voucher programs. Passage of these initiatives is a priority for the Religious Right. At the heart of both the Religious Freedom Amendment and the voucher program is the goal of merging government and religion.

The Religious Right did score one victory last week. Despite the endorsement from the U.S. Health and Human Services Secretary Donna Shalala, the U.S. Centers for Disease Control, the National Commission on AIDS, the U.S. Surgeon General, the National Academy of Sciences, the General Accounting Office, the National Institutes of Health, and numerous other groups, the Clinton Administration refused to allow federal money to be spent on needle exchange programs. This, despite the fact that the Clinton Administration actually supports needle exchange programs. They announced last week that needle exchange programs do reduce the number of new AIDS cases, while not encouraging illegal drug use. So what's the problem you ask?

Guess who you can blame? That's right. Actually, that's Religious Right. Many AIDS victims are homosexuals and homophobic right-wing religious groups think of AIDS as divine retribution.

On the other hand, the Christian Coalition did say in an April 20 press release that the, "Christian Coalition supports efforts to find a cure for AIDS." Whoopee! Finally there is a group willing to

take that difficult stand. Actually, I'm sure there is some fine print that I must have missed somewhere stating that they support efforts to find a cure for AIDS, only if it was not acquired via homosexual intercourse.

These closed minded Neanderthals somehow cannot grasp the concept that clean needles mean less death, not more drug use. In their April 20, press release, the Christian Coalition, "criticized Health and Human Services Secretary Donna Shalala for placing the U.S. government in the position of sanctioning illegal drug use." They also made the argument that "this is big-time kow-towing to the drug-legalization crowd."

Not exactly. Last year, Shalala told Congress that the administration was satisfied that needle exchange programs do indeed diminish the spread of HIV. Until last week, the administration had said it remained uncertain on the question of whether exchanges inadvertently contribute to increased drug use, despite six major reviews of the research literature, including one by the National Institutes of Health last year, that found they do not. Now the administration too agrees they do not contribute to increased drug use, but still will not fund them.

One would think that [fiscal] conservatives would actually endorse them given that they save money.

How? The Center for AIDS Prevention Studies at the University of California-San Francisco says needle exchange programs cost about \$9,400 per infection averted, versus the \$119,000 lifetime cost of treating someone infected with HIV.

Contact GDT

[<gdt@iname.com>](mailto:gdt@iname.com)



Gunther: "Guilty Until Proven Guilty."

Story and photos by Brian Barrett

THURSDAY, APRIL 30TH. R.I.T. With a judicial hearing convening in a closed room seven stories above, students staged a rally at the Student Alumni Building to protest the impending suspension of Rochester Cannabis Coalition president, Shea Gunther.

Approximately 250 students braved the relentless sun to show support and hear Kris Lotiliker, the RCC's treasurer and the organizer for the event, tell the story of Shea's non-violent resistance that lead to a violent confrontation with five Campus Safety officers.

"I don't know if you know what Shea looks like, but there's no way he could've taken on five officers," Lotiliker and others repeatedly mentioned.

Lotiliker stated that, "One officer, Wayne Sutherland, reported receiving a cut above the eye, but when we saw him the next day he had nothing."

The mic was then opened to students who came up one after the other to describe times when their rights have been violated by Campus Safety. Most occurrences were unwarranted searches.

Demonstrators then started chanting "Berry," in order to get the attention of Berry Calhane, vice president and Gunther's chief

accuser. Mr. Calhane came down from the meeting to say a few words and applaud the students for their lack of apathy.

Dr. Al Simone, RIT school president was not available to speak at the protest, but did give a speech at another rally calling for RIT to put an end to racism and discrimination

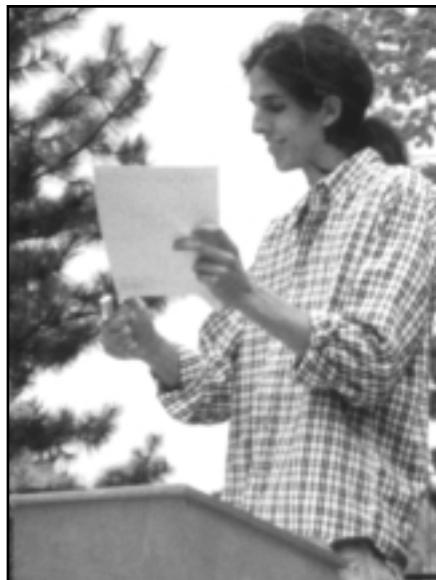
against the deaf in the whole world. This rally was run by a club known as the BACC and held an hour later, fifty feet away and attended by about thirty.

Dr. Simone, a member of what he repeatedly called in his speech, "the majority race," had more to say about the racist scrawlings of one or two of his students than the allegations of his Campus Safety's brutality, and he avoided mentioning anything about Shea.

After his speech, Dr. Simone surrounded himself with about eight attendants of BACC's rally, speaking non-stop, so no one could get a word in edgewise, while constantly talking about feedback.

Almost forty students remained for the outcome of the

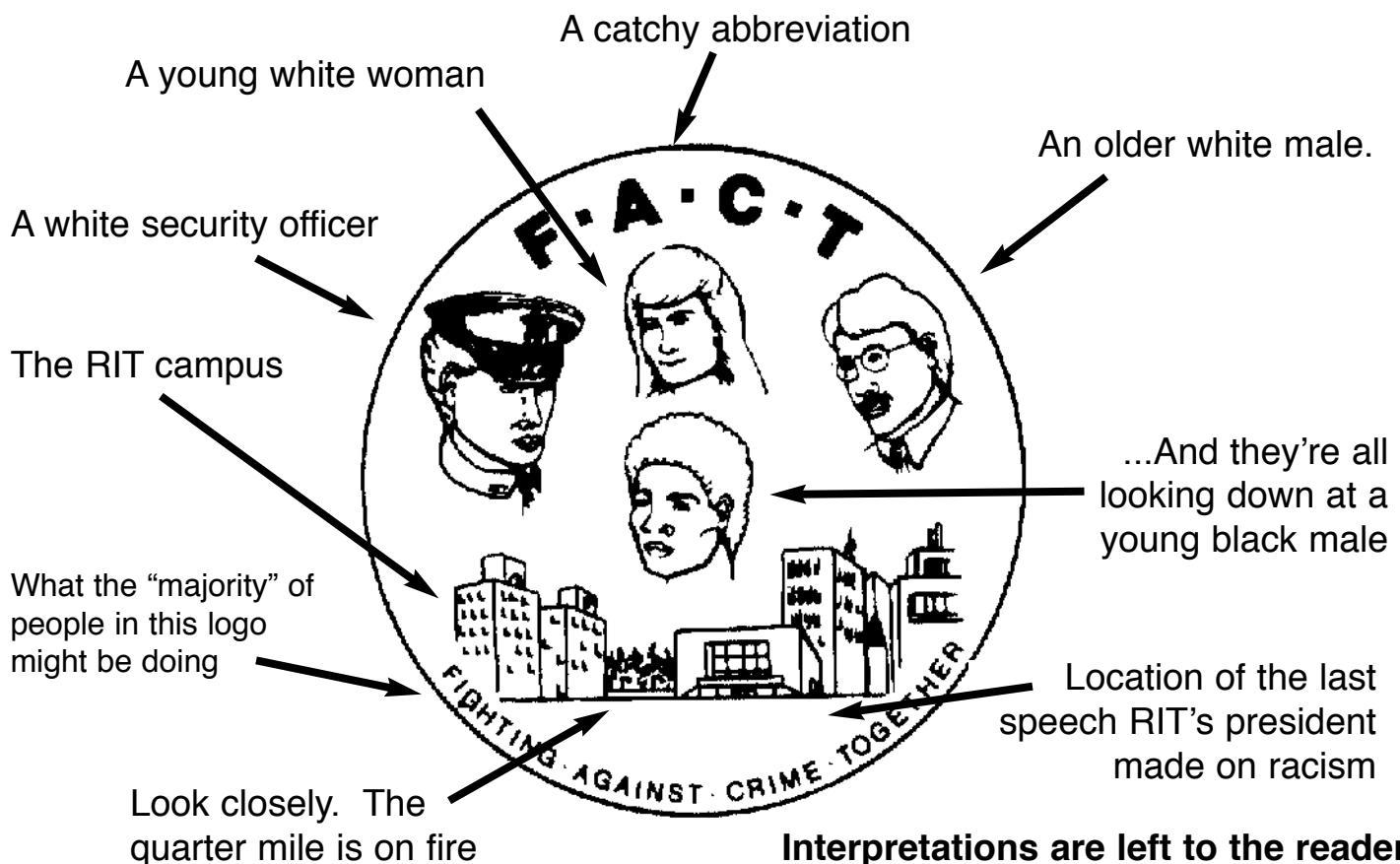
judicial hearing, which lasted over six hours. Despite students' efforts and witnesses for Mr. Gunther's defense, he has been suspended for one year and not allowed to return to campus in that time. He will be allowed to negotiate with his teachers regarding his grades for this semester, but will be unable to complete his courses.



Trying to burn one down, Lotiliker attempts to set fire to the Student Rights and Responsibilities Handbook

A Guide to an Actual RIT Campus Safety Logo

Commentary by Brian Barrett



More About Al and the RCC.

by Brian Barrett

ANY AUTHORITY WHICH FORCES ITS WILL TO REMAIN UNEXAMINED LOSES INTEGRITY.

With the recent actions of Dr. Al Simone regarding his decision with Shea Gunther and the Rochester Cannabis Coalition, I have decided that he is possibly one of the best educators on the planet. He's giving valuable lessons and he has done more for RCC's cause than all its members combined. The last thing the RCC needed was to be accepted. What would that teach them? Law-makers at the Capitol won't just listen to you and vote for what you believe in. In Washington D.C. there needs to be protest and screaming to drown out the sound of cash. There needs to be an injus-

tice by The Authority, by their own rules, in order to have wide range support. Oh, and it doesn't hurt if there is a martyr.

Quicksand: the more you struggle, the deeper you go. History is full of examples of ideas taking over, simply because The Authority tried to stop them: Democracy in the New World (1776) and France (1792), Spain (1808) and Mexico (1838), Communism in Russia (1917) and China (1921), Ghandi in India (1919), students in Hungary (1955), Democracy in the Czech Republic (1989) and Soviet Union (1991), Woman's Rights, Civil Rights, and the 1500's religious Reformation.

Not all these ideas were good, but the simple fact that The Powers That Be attempted to silence them made them explode into fruition.

Another example of a bad idea: a government tried to quell someone who was rallying for political changes at a small bar and threw the speaker in jail. Vast amount of support for him came flowing in from the community and all over the world. The year was 1923. The country was Germany. The speaker was Adolf Hitler.

If this process works for things as screwy and diverse as fascism and freedom, communism and democracy, personal rights and those who wish to take them away, imagine what it will do for just one simple plant.

From the GDT Mailbox

A RESPONSE TO THE LETTER FROM SHEA GUNTHER

Mr. Gunther: I am sorry to hear that you have had a problem with Campus Safety. However, the problems you experienced were entirely of your own making:

Student rights do have their price. The prices of these rights are called responsibilities. If you ignore the "responsibilities", then you deserve no part of the "rights". These rights and responsibilities are clearly defined in the "Student rights and Responsibilities Handbook." I believe that this is a document you hold near and dear to yourself. However, if you had taken the time to read through the entire handbook, instead of just skipping to the part about student rights, you would have found that you had broken many of the "responsibilities" laid out in the code of conduct.

In your published letter in Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre, you state "They said [The Campus Safety officers] that I was not allowed in the building." Regardless of whether or not this was justified, you entered the building, in a direct violation of the order of a Campus Safety officer. You were then told "not to go on the second floor." However, by your account, you "went on the second floor." This is a second violation of a direct order by a Campus Safety officer.

Later, when the Campus Safety officers apprehended you, you were told to leave the

building for a second time. Again, you did not comply with the Campus Safety officers' request, a third violation of the RIT Code of Conduct. Although you claimed that you had "done nothing wrong," (*Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, 29 April, 52 AT) you were clearly mistaken, because you had violated the RIT Code of Conduct three times.

If you had taken time to read further into the Student Rights and Responsibilities Handbook, you would have found out that you violated at least three sections of the code of conduct, namely sections 7, 8 and 4.

Section 7 reads:

7. FAILURE TO COMPLY: Failure to comply with directions of RIT officials or; law enforcement officers acting in performance of their duties, obstruction of the performance of these duties or failure to identify oneself to these persons when requested to do so;

You violated this policy at least three times.

8.VIOLATION OF RIT POLICIES:

Violation of published RIT policies, rules, and regulations including, but not limited to, the RIT Student Bill of Rights, the RIT Policy Prohibiting Discrimination and Harassment, the RIT Drug and Alcohol Policies, the RIT Parking and Traffic Regulations, the RIT Code of Conduct for Computer Use, RIT Academic Regulations, RIT Policy on Academic Dishonesty, RIT Smoking Policy, the RIT Residence Halls and Apartments Terms of Occupancy, and other published Institute policies, rules and regulations including those related to entry into and / or use of Institute

rooms, buildings, and facilities.

When you violated section 7, you violated this policy as well. Apparently, Mr. Gunther, your presence was intimidating to Mr. Barry Culhane. I assume that he assumed that you were in the vicinity to disrupt the board of trustees meeting. This worry is not unfounded, as you implied that you were going to bring the decisions of President Simone to the Board of Trustees. (*Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, 1 April, 52 AT.)

Mr. Gunther, I feel sorry that you may have been injured in your recent brush with Campus Safety. However, I have no sympathy for you because your own admitted actions, regardless if they are justified or not, had a direct result in your consequences. In closing, I quote again the RIT Student Rights and Responsibilities handbook. "Students are adults who are responsible for the consequences of their actions. An academic institution can and should discipline a student who violates institutional rules; students are responsible for using common sense and prudence in looking after their own safety and the safety of their property. The institution can try earnestly to maintain a safe campus,

but it cannot guarantee students that they will be safe in all circumstances." I hope this incident may open the eyes of many people on both sides of this issue.

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- Rochester Institute of Technology. Judicial Affairs. *Student Rights and Responsibilities Handbook*. n. pag.: Online. Internet. 30 Apr. 1998. Available <http://www.rit.edu/~301www/handbook/>

-Paul Mischler

**Send your comments to
gdt@iname.com**

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Reserves the right to edit for clarity or length, but will never correct your mind or spelling.



Professional "News Hound" Has to Steal Ideas From Amateur.

photos and story by Brian Barrett

I brought my camera Thursday to cover the "Support Shea Gunther Rally." It was my first attempt at photo journalism, and all I had was my one button, auto-focus Minolta. I thought I was a shabby operation compared to the other photographers present with their f-stops, foci, zoom lenses, camera cases and khaki colored safari clothing, but I think I did a good job in finding "the shot."

I'd go into a corner or crouch down or move back, take a picture, and within ten seconds, one of the more professional looking photographers (more khaki than a Gulf War correspondent) would take one from the same angle and with the same composition.



This happened not once, not twice, but three times... in a row! She only stopped when I made it obvious that she wasn't going to get away with it. I took her picture, taking a picture of the picture I just took. I would've tried to keep in mind that "Imitation is the sincerest form

of flattery," but I'm upset that I didn't even get a "Thank You."

So, if you're the teacher or photo editor of the class or publication this woman is working for, let it be known that ***you're grading or paying the wrong person.***



Caught In the Act During Her Last Attempt. The students above were sitting exactly like this for most of an hour. I took these three pictures all within a minute of each other.



Apathy Towards Student Government on the Rise

by Gil Merritt

An uncredited Student Government ad designer had his or her artwork smeared with sarcasm by a member of the *Reporter* staff in the magazine's May 1st, 1998 issue. The advertisement appeared on *Reporter's* back cover and featured the RIT Tiger with the SG logo and a Tiger Oscar. The insult, including such wise-ass remarks as "Peachy Keen!" and "W-O-W is about all I can say," appeared in the same issue under the Tab Ads on the pages immediately preceding the ad.

Most ironic of all is that in the previous installment of the *Reporter* (April 24) the problem of apathy and indifference towards the Student Government was the subject of the editorial.

"I guess they hit that one right on the money," said Slick, cartoon ferret and former employee of the *Reporter*. "But I never foresaw that the problem could come from the staff itself. There's such a fine line between

Black to play and win.

by Adam Fletcher

Mad props to Comrade Doctor Z and the people's glorious free chess program, Crafty, for this problem. Black has a forced win — but how long can white fight it? Play your best as white — don't let black win quickly. Oh, and a shout out to my peeps for the C.C.C.P.

1. ... Qe3+ 2. Kd1 g2 3. Qg7+ What else is white going to do?

4. ... Rxf6 5. c3 g1=Q+ 6. Kc2 Qg1+ Your game is probably in trouble when your opponent must specify which queen moved.

7. Kb3 Qd1+ 8. Kc4 Qe2# 9. ... Kxg7

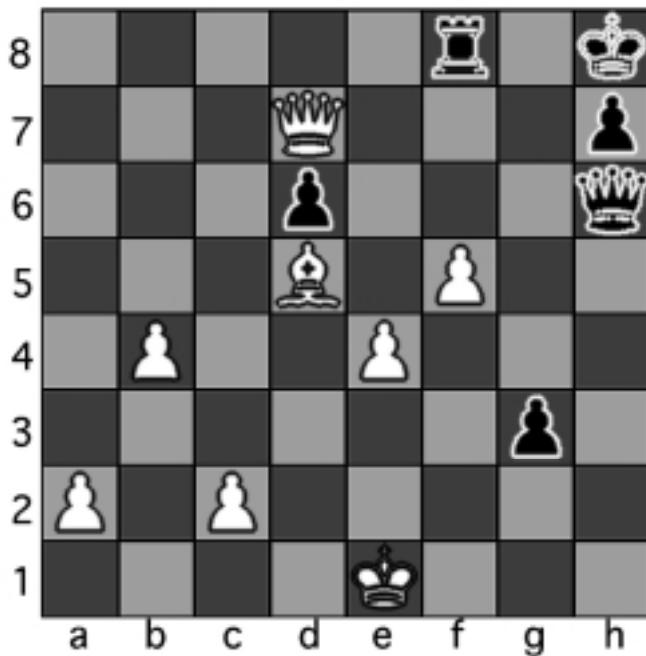
4. f6+ It is very important to delay the inevitable. White must play checkmate threats when you are losing.

making your own news and shooting yourself in the foot."

Slick now works for *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* and, in an unprecedented turn of events, says that the *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* staff is offering a design and layout job to the Student government ad designer.

"They're serious about it. I strongly recommend that this designer, whoever he or she is, take the job. It's great over here. Not only do I not get insulted, but the Bare-Foot-Girl feeds me nummy grapes, and I don't have to worry about the staff members losing any of my and Perky's original comic strips. And when Perky and I give them a strip it's guaranteed that it won't be tampered with or drawn on in any way, like the nipples that mysteriously appeared on our dancers in the 'Pringle's' strip. How about that?"

Perky, "a plainclothes art realie" with a "less than frequent sense of layout and design" could not be reached for comment.





Ideal

*"There's something beautiful when one stands against the wind as it screams around them at the edge of a kiddy pool; you may break your neck if you dive, but you'll never know until you try."*Σ

At what point did you lose it? You know, the sense that the world is an astounding place full of possibilities, where good guys really do win and if you work hard enough, you'll get what you want; where the sound of rain can make you smile and watching clouds wasn't a waste of time, but a crucial exercise. I can't speak for the rest of you, but at the tender age of 24, I still feel that way.

For that reason, I'm tagged as an idealist. "Oh, you'll change your mind when you're older," I was told when I was 18. "The world isn't as ideal as you seem to think it is," I was reminded at age 21. "It must be nice to be young and think you're invulnerable," a patronizing woman said yesterday as she tripped over her colostomy bag.

Frankly, everytime I hear these sentiments, I'm shocked. I suppose the young idealists are branded as immature, the middle aged as hippies, and the aged...eccentric (KIDS: Spruce Goose!). Here I am, living my life as I see fit, bypassing obstacles - sometimes destroying them - and I'm told by men and women who are old before their time that the life I lead is unrealistic...that I should be more like them.

I know people younger than myself who are the most jaded, bitter people I have ever met (Interestingly, most of them are in some way involved in a profession dealing with computers. Whether there is a connection between using computers and being a prick remains to be seen). There's always a quip on the lips, the tongue ready to lash out and hurt if it can. Physical wounds are easy to see and treat. A broken bone. A lacerated limb. A bruised eye. The pain done to one's soul by a truly malicious comment goes unseen, like an infection. Those "sensitive artists" out there who languished through the horror of junior high and high school know what I mean: where a laugh in the hall would make one stiffen in apprehension, awaiting the inevitable kick or shove, or worse, the whispering that you irrationally knew was about you. We all carry our scars. Some healed over long ago, but some are still open and festering.

There are times in everyone's life when they face a decision that will help shape their world view...their sense of life. All too often it is easier to allow the momentum surrounding the lives of other people to sweep you away in a direction that you don't necessarily agree with (Kids: Non-elastic collision!). When faced with a decision, it's so easy to accept the world as it is—a rather large and intimidating place. But to see something which is wrong and fight against it is an active decision and sets one apart as an idealist.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Main Article:

Sean Hammond

Kelly Gunter

Giles Francis Hall

Jeremiah Perry-Hill

CSH

et. al.

Layout:

Brian Barrett

Giles Francis Hall

Matthew J Weaver

Damage Control:

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Writers:

Brian Barrett

Kelly Gunter

Sean Hammond

Sean Stanley

Cartoonist:

Gil Merritt

Illustrator:

Matthew J Weaver

Contributors:

RIT's CSH

Adam Fletcher

Idealists fall, however; if they didn't then I wouldn't have had to put up with people's patronization as they explained that I will change my mind when I get older, as though age somehow erodes one's foundations. In a world filled with mugged liberals (a.k.a. Realists), it is almost impossible to escape hearing discouraging words,[†] and eventually succumb to the siren song of doubt. Evil begets evil (can I get a hallelujah out there?). You needn't look any further than the aforementioned pricks for evidence. Most people with a harsh word on their lips, ready to pierce one's flesh, are the same people who were once on the receiving end of the taunts they recycle. To survive under adverse conditions, humans adapt. We learn how to survive in any environment. Place a child, self assured, confident, and kind into an evil setting, and the child will, unwittingly, become a bastard...simply to survive.

Adults (I must differentiate myself from them because of my idealism) continue to drive home that the world is unfair and cruel, where people will take advantage of you at every opportunity. I'm sorry, but that's the world people chose to live in.

In an imperfect world, idealism is a necessity in spite of what realists may spout. Without it, change in the world would not be possible. Imagine: it's the first Continental Congress and the Founding Fathers are sitting down to talk about plans for the future. The entire assembly is filled with idealists and dreamers, envisioning a better place to live. Suddenly a computer programmer, making \$80k a year comes in and joins the discussion...



"I think democracy is the only fair way to govern -- "

"Ha! Democracy? You don't mean universal manhood suffrage, do you? We would have to free the slaves! Or do you mean let land owners vote? Most of these people can't even read and you want to give them the decision on who should lead the country?"[§]

"Well, maybe if we choose a king..."

[†]Except in the plain states, where few discouraging words are uttered, and if they are uttered, no one listens.

[§]And the electoral college was born.

"We've already got a king. His name is George ^Y. And what makes us think we can beat him anyway? We're talking about the British military. They're the same people who brought us such greats as the Defeat of the Spanish ArmadaTM, the Conquest of IrelandTM, and everyone's favorite, the Genocide of the ScotsTM. I just don't think a bunch of farmers and, forgive me, 'idealists' can beat them. I know, let's go throw books at them."

It's so easy to inject self-doubt and evilness into an idea that can work. Given, most ideas simply will not succeed; that's the nature of the game. There are enough obstacles in the way of ideas without introducing dross^π into the center and undermining the entire infrastructure.

Misery loves company^δ. That's the only way I can explain what I see: People who lead mundane lives, yet hold a spark of defiance, explain to me that my sense of life is juvenile^Δ. Juvenile, not necessarily because my way of life is impractical, but because my critics shared it at one point, and have allowed it to fade away.



If one's hopes and dreams are denied by an outside source, it is human to fight for what we feel is right. We will tear asunder those that stand in our way if we can. When we deny ourselves what we want most, something goes wrong. The fires that would have been used to fight are damped. The flame of desire slowly lessens until one day we wake up to a nine to five job, having sex with our partner on alternate Tuesdays and Thursdays, and only rarely thinking back to foolish dreams of being an author or traveling the world.

One has to eat, after all.

The world is what we make it. You live in your worlds of work you hate, studies you aren't interested in, and people you really don't like. Stop. Don't do anything you don't want, but don't be stupid, either. If you really want, with all your heart, to be a graphic designer, but dislike college, stay with the studies; it's a means to an end. Sometimes I don't feel

like eating, but I know I have to so I can...live and, uh, do stuff. We're rational animals capable of long term planning. Use that ability.

^πTrue, true. Dross is observed on The Outside, so imagine the damage it would cause if inserted into The Center of things.

^δ"I'm your number one fan."

^ΔWELL, FUCK THEM!

^YAnd I'll hold him and love him and hug him....

Fill your life with joy, gentleness, and absurdity, and your world is more forgiving than someone who obsesses on loneliness, stupidity, and petty selfishness. Actively choose to live your life. I've heard it said that the greatest act that one can perform is to lay down their life for another. Though emotionally powerful, I have to disagree. People lay down their lives daily when they get out of bed and do things they despise with all their being. It is so much more noble to live for oneself, in joy and creativi-

ty. Fear and loathing are death. Rather than dying for another, do you dare to live for yourself?

Keep your idealism. Of course it is silly, but so is war and famine and the Republican Party and we keep those around. Work toward your dreams, if for no other reason, so you can look back at everyone who told you your ideas were childish and say, "I did this! I am here, now, and I did what you were afraid to do."

Make your lives extraordinary.



Satire: the functional humor.

"Society, Kira, is one stupendous hole."

"Put a bunch of zeros in a line and it's still a zero."

- paraphrased from *We the Living*, Ayn Rand
by Kelly Gunter

The *World Book Dictionary* defines satire as, "...the use of mockery, irony, or wit to attack or ridicule something, such as a habit, idea, or custom that is, or is considered to be, foolish or wrong..."

Satire is my trade, whether it be giddy and fanciful or hard hitting and cruel, the goals of it remain constant: to enlighten, entertain, inspire thought, and perhaps, if I'm lucky, spur on the creative imagination. As often as not, we would prefer readers to disagree with our stance rather than support it.

While discussing last week's main article in which we proposed that Benjamin Netanyahu was the 3rd antichrist with a companion of mine I was advised to tread lightly on the subject. I was told that putting such ideas into the minds of various people, people who might stretch and mutate an idea to the extent of using it as an excuse for violence, was too dangerous and ought to be curbed. I was told that if I would not include some sort of warning label to make

clear to people that the intent of the article was not to do harm, then I would be responsible for the callous actions of a few who might not understand the basis of our humor.

As is always true with my companion, if I do not comply with her wishes, then I am automatically assumed to be wrong. Any and all responses at such a time are worthless and ignored as I am not enlightened enough to understand the right course of action. So any answers I give to her fall on deaf ears.

Yet this question was raised! It possess many valid points, and I believe it is important enough to address to the world in general.

Just as a boxer never pulls a punch unless he's got money riding on the other side, a magician never tells his secrets unless he's being paid by the FOX Network, real bar room brawls are never engaged with sugar "glass" bottles and balsa wood chairs, and assassinations are never carried

out with a gun full with blanks, so too is a satire explained and watered down for the weak-willed and weaker-minded no longer what it was meant to be. The definition of satire defies this idea.

Jonathan Swift's *Modest Proposal* would never have been so highly acclaimed were it as modest as its title. Humor devoid of satire leaves in its wake merely childhood knock-knock jokes, ass wipe humor, sexist, racist and stereotyping propaganda, and the absurd: humor without position, clarity and bite. It would be like owning a box of 64 Crayolas™ devoid of pigment, utterly useless, yet still non-toxic when swallowed.

The entirety of my prior list is filled with the building blocks of humor, and satire surely enlists their help to perform its own duties, but satire is more urbane than the sum of its parts. It certainly comes filled to the brim with the coarser more vile humor, but at the same time it creates something greater. Satire is found within the verbal tip of the hat, wink or nudge. It is found in the twist of a word or the melodic dance that ensues within a sentence. It is a binding of the real, the absurd, the mundane, and the grotesque; what is thought to be real, what is real, and what no one would dare even think.

When we write our articles we think on an idea and expose it to a new light. We merely want to show another angle, an issue more or less skewed than it has been pre-

sented in the past. Our goals are to force people to use their minds, to ask them nicely and then club them on the head.

Should we be responsible for the acts of others on our words?

Yes.

Should we make it easier for all people to understand, to produce this vague shadow of the world just to make it look nicer or friendlier to others?

Were I to answer yes to such a thing, I would approve of ideas that say all students must pass their classes so as not to hurt their fragile feelings. I would be a proponent of allowing those who, through trickery and treachery, are entirely supported by those in the world who are willing to do their own share of work. I would be saying that no one should be praised above another for striving to do what they feel is right.

If you haven't already determined my position in this I will say only this: I do not believe in coddling people into not thinking or using the capabilities of their minds, and I do not believe in allowing a sense of apathy or banality to excuse someone from taking control of their own life. I feel my responsibilities strongly, but those responsibilities do not include kowtowing to the lowest common denominator.

A world unwilling to work for understanding and knowledge is a world unable to hear or tell the truth in all its varied forms, and a world I'm unwilling to live in.

(U.S.) transaction, likely to be announced today.

The deal that values Disney at \$500 billion (U.S.) would be the largest takeover in history and the biggest acquisition of a U.S. business by a cartel. Prompted by the evil queen from Snow White's desire to "look beautiful for eternity", the repercussions

De Beers to Acquire Disney "All for the Vanity of Woman"

By Sean Hammond

De Beer's, the London based diamond cartel that invented "two month's salary," announced that they would acquire Walt Disney Corp. in an estimated \$500 billion

could reshape marriage ceremonies worldwide by permanently tying the media and entertainment powerhouse of Disney with the marketing geniuses of De Beers.

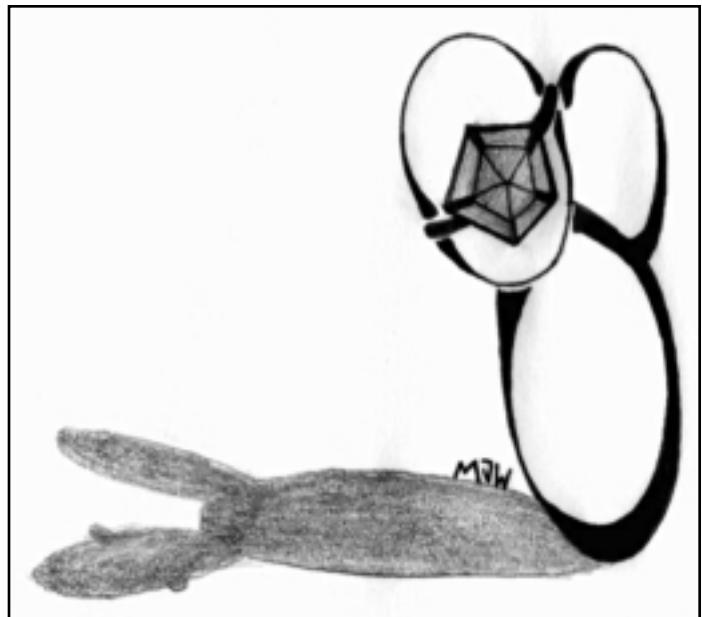
"Disney is world renowned for its ability to make people believe what they're seeing. From cartoons to theme parks, we provide illusion," said Disney CEO Michael Eisner. "It's only logical that we join forces with the same people who have made the world believe that diamonds are rare and valuable. Hell, they invented the engagement ring!"

Best known for their "diamonds are forever" ad campaign, De Beers controls the supply of 3/4 of the world's roughcut diamonds, and effectively manage prices by restricting the number of diamonds on the market at any given time. With their acquisition of Disney, De Beers not only controls Disney's lucrative film and theme park franchise, but several entertainment networks including ABC, ESPN, and a host of other associated companies that have forced Baptists to live as Luddites since voting to avoid Disney.

"ABC is a family oriented network," said Nicky Oppenheimer, chairmen of De Beers. "Above all, diamonds are about family. Wives and brides-to-be want the immortal, incomparable shine of a diamond. Diamonds, just like true love, are forever. How much more family oriented can you get."

"With this merger we can help teach those family values to children while they watch Saturday morning cartoons, and remind beer hogs watching ESPN to take some time to show her he'd marry her all over again and bring some magic back into their tired, mundane lives."

As a part upcoming advertising campaigns, De Beers and Disney will announce



the Engagement Moon, where couples recently engaged go on a vacation to enjoy each other's companies. "It's a tradition that can be traced back to the times of the Indian maharajas and Arabian princes, and was called 'bundling' in the Northeast United States during the 1800s. What better place to go on your engagement moon than one of Disney's theme parks?" Jessica Rabbit said during a phone interview.

Disney's seven dwarfs, unemployed since the marriage of Snow White, have already made preparations to begin overseeing the mining of De Beers' diamonds in South Africa, Namibia, and Botswana.

"We're ecstatic about this," Eisner remarked. "The people at De Beers were a bit concerned that Dopey might be a threat to security, but after gimping him, plans have progressed without a hitch."

News of the merger electrified world financial markets. Disney shares surged an astounding 43 percent, while De Beers simply tried to evade U.S. trust-busters.

~ TOURIST'S GUIDE TO A SUCCESSFUL PROM ~

A comprehensive guide for American teens.

Every boy and girl dreams of going to the Promenade, or Prom as it is often called. A formal dance, accompanied by fine dining is just the thing to punctuate the coming of spring in the lives of teenagers. With the boys in tuxedos, and the girls in dresses, there is always a fun time in store. One must remember some important factors however, in order to prevent unnecessary mishaps.

DINNER: Good dinner in which one acts immature in rented or expensive clothing (see "white trash prom") is a must. Cloth napkin clothing is a must, with sailor hats for the gentleman, and napkin boobies for the ladies in the house. Always play with your food. Ladies should also order a modest priced entree, so that when picking at it, their date won't feel like his supper money is feeding a socially-induced eating disorder. Remember girls, breath mints are a must after vomiting your dinner into the toilet before moving on to the dance!

DANCING: Dancing badly - you're white, face it. But you're ahead of most Caucasians in that you've taken lessons. When everyone else is grinding up against each other in a clumsy Eurhythmic tribute to "C'mon Ride the Train", you can tear it up with something spectacular. Make sure that you also have a stupid dance circle. If some guy in one of the other "Go

_____ , it's your birthday..." circles is thrusting his pelvis toward someone other than his date, you've got to be sure that there's a guy in your circle who is doing "The microwave". Or "The Potters Wheel", "Picking up change", "The lumberjack (needs two sawing down a tree)", "The

defibrillator", or that dance where you grab one leg behind you, and thrust outward on one foot. I requested "The Time Warp", and it was very cool to see those who had done it before, do it in formal wear (just don't go all the way to the floor). It was also cool to watch the upper-crust socialite Rocky newbies attempt to emulate the moves of the "geekier", yet better cultured others.

FOOT MASSAGES: Foot massages in the limo back are a must. I don't care how fucking tired you are, or how badly you think your feet smell. They don't smell that bad, and it is the proper gentleman who rubs down the sore dogs of his date. It is statistically proven that 90 percent of massages and/or tickling leads to sexual contact in one form or another, so don't be squeamish guys.

Ladies, if your date does not submit to this task, you have the right to shove his boutonniere up his ass.

A NOTE ON DRINKING: Most of your prom chaperones are drunk. Ask them. If you have brought a hip flask of Peppermint Schnapps or the like, it is customary to inquire as to if your chaperones would like some. But only the cool ones. I suggest that one "So Cool" teacher that everyone had at one time or another. They're usually up to it. Don't ask the principal because she probably brought her own (as did Jim "Beam" McGregor at my senior prom) and won't need any of yours. Save it for the ones who forgot.

When drinking after the prom, I highly recommend the following

Long Island Iced Tea - Some twisted

genius came up with this one somehow. Funny, I didn't use any tea in making this...

- 1 oz tequila
- 1 oz vodka
- 1 oz rum
- 1 oz dry gin
- 16 oz Coke
- 1 tbs. lemon juice
- 1 tbs. instant dissolve sugar

Directions: Mix the first four ingredients in a large tumbler. Add lemon juice. Pour this mixture into two tall glasses. Add ice and Coke evenly to each. Add sugar to each. Mix well.

Tourist's Rum and Coke:

- Solo cup of ice
- 1 1/2 oz Bacardi light rum
- 1 can of Coke
- 1 lime wedge

Directions: Pour rum into cup. At a height of about three feet above the cup, pour the can of Coke into the cup until it foams too much to add any more. Squeeze and deposit the lime wedge in the cup. Do not try this if you've already had the iced tea. Depth perception may be impaired. Pour from a safer distance of no more than three inches.

EMERGENCY DIRECTIONS: In the event that you lack some of the necessary materials for the above concoction (like uhhhh....I don't know....CUPS maybe!) you can do what is known as a "Stanley Double Fist". Take the flat two liter of coke in your

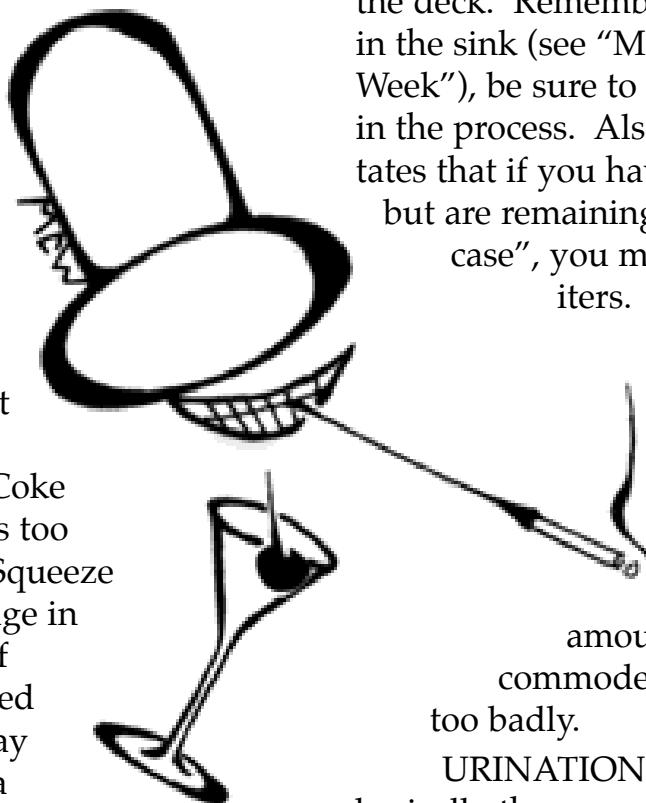
left hand. Take the fifth of cheap rum in your right. Take a swig on the rum, then a larger swig of the coke. Swish briskly in your mouth for about three seconds then swallow. Do this until you loose parallax vision.

A WORD ON VOMITING: If you need to vomit, do so in the appropriate receptacles. They include the toilet, a trash can, outside in the grass, or in a Safeway bag. They do not include the floor, under the cushions of the couch, the pool table, Ryan Wilkinson's head, Eric Wilkinson's shirt, the chess table, my bed, or in a potted plant on the deck. Remember if one needs to vomit in the sink (see "My friend Matt at Senior Week"), be sure to clean any dishes you soil in the process. Also, common courtesy dictates that if you have successfully vomited, but are remaining near the toilet "just in case", you must yield to other vomiters. And ladies, lift the toilet seat after you use the bathroom. We don't just leave it up because we're lazy after we urinate. We keep it up in case we feel the need to heave copious amounts of chunder into the commode without soiling the seat too badly.

URINATION: Rules for urination are basically the same as the rules for vomiting, but be sure to add the following to your list of unacceptable containers:

The vegetable crisper in the refrigerator, the ice tray Matt Zimmerman's clean laundry

FIFTH WHEELS: The "fifth wheel" is someone we could all do without. If you've gone to the prom "just as friends", and your



date decides to git jiggy wit someone else at the after prom party, do not disturb! This also applies to other couples as well. If someone is trying to "hit that shit Doggy style", it is impolite to remain in the room, closet, railing, etc. Best to quietly excuse yourself and find someone that you yourself can screw around with. And no pictures, as tempting as they may be. They always fall into the wrong hands.

SMOKING: Everyone knows that a good night of drinking cannot be accomplished without a decent amount of smoking, cigarettes or otherwise. Remember, cigarette smoke not only stimulates the release of dopamine, but it also inhibits the coenzyme responsible for breaking it down from working. Filters are for pre-schoolers. Choose your cigarette brand with a bit of gusto. Lucky Strike, Chesterfield, Pall Mall, and Camel unfiltered are all fine brands. If you feel the need to smoke a substance other than tobacco, be careful. Nobody likes to sleep where the bong water got spilled! Proper joint passing etiquette is a must, and any avid drug user will tell you that single puff-pass is the most economical for a large group. Shotgunning is acceptable, as long as the passing order is not broken, and there

is enough to go around. Save your roaches for later, or eat them if you so desire. Just don't leave them where mom or pop can find them. You don't want to explain that little bugaboo!

THE MORNING AFTER: Sunglasses are a must. Party guests should leave as soon as possible, in order to shower and remove the booze-weed-sex odors from both clothing and body. Keep tabs on your rented gear. If you decided to take it off and put sweat pants on for easier access after the dance, make sure that you grab your pile and not someone else's. Don't make yourself feel even more paltry at the mercy of those pretentious assholes at the tux rental store. They've already made it painfully aware that you don't own that outfit - you don't need them breathing down your neck when they realize you've brought back the wrong one. Leave during the early morning hours, and you won't get guilt-tripped into cleaning up the party aftermath.

All in all, prom is an exciting time for everyone, from the students, to the rent-a-cops and under-cover narcotics agents. Keep these simple rules in mind, and your prom is sure to be a rousing success, and an experience to remember for a lifetime...



Prof. Spins Alternate TWA 800 Theory

By Christopher M. Kirchhoff

(U-WIRE) CAMBRIDGE, Mass. -- Nearly two years ago TWA Flight 800 exploded and fell from the sky off of the coast of Long Island, N.Y. Investigators have since pointed to faulty wiring in the plane's fuel tank but have yet to find conclusive evidence of what caused the crash.

However, in an article in the April 8 issue of The New York Book Review, Elaine Scarry, Cabot professor of aesthetics and the general theory of value, alleges that the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) overlooked a potential cause: electromagnetic interference (EMI) from nearby military activity.

In her article, the English professor details the danger EMI pose to aircraft and how EMI from nearby military aircraft and warships might have caused the guidance and electrical systems of Flight 800 to malfunction. This, she says, may have led to the catastrophic explosion that killed all 229 aboard.

The 19,000-word article addresses several perplexing coincidences, unanswered questions and intriguing leads.

"Each piece that came forward gave me more of an obligation to make it audible," Scarry said.

Her article has been distributed to NTSB staff and has garnered significant media attention, primarily overseas.

In a letter to Scarry dated April 21st, NTSB Chair Jim Hall called the article "quite interesting," and said that presently "the [NTSB] investigative team is working with private concentrators and the military to determine the effects of EMI and [High Intensity Radiation Fields] on Boeing 747s."

Rear Admiral Eugene J. Carrol Jr., a former carrier group commander and now deputy director of the Center for Defense Information, a private consulting firm, takes a stronger stance. He urges a full reopening of the investigation.

"I think NTSB and the FBI really should evaluate Professor Scarry's hypothesis," said Carrol, whom Scarry quoted in her article. "NTSB needs to review the investigation to see to what extent the data they have gathered suggests any other cause of the fuel tank explosion."

Invisible Interference

EMI describes an effect that occurs when energy waves collide. Most commonly seen as the fuzzy lines that appear on a television when a hair dryer is turned on or the static heard on AM radio stations during a lightening storm, EMI is caused by the interaction of electric and magnetic fields.

Small electrical devices can similarly distort a plane's navigational instruments. To prevent just such electrical interference, the FAA requires all passengers to "turn off all computers, headsets, radios and telephones" during takeoff and landing. Although the energy radiated by these devices is small, it can travel outward to antennas mounted on the skin of the plane, causing serious interference in the aircraft's navigational instruments and guidance systems.

The danger of EMI is so great that it has become an offensive military weapon. "Jamming," or the use of EMI to disable enemy radar and communications systems, is an integral part of modern warfare. Planes, ships and ground-based transceivers equipped with jamming electronics can throw millions, or in some cases, billions of watts of energy at enemy targets.

High intensity EMI can also cause

sparks in the same way metal leads to sparks in a microwave. If a spark is close to the fuel tank, as FAA reports show, the fuel tank can ignite.

"Physical arcing and overheating can be produced with intense jamming," says Carroll. "You have an arc [in military planes], but it's not in the middle of a bunch of jet fuel."

Military Cover-up?

In her recent article, Scarry notes that EMI has caused military aircraft crashes in the past. Between 1982 and 1988, six Black Hawk helicopters crashed as a result of EMI, killing 22. During a 1986 mission near Libya, EMI also caused the crash of an F111 bomber and disabled five others.

"If military planes can be downed by EMI, why can't civilian planes be downed by EMI?" Scarry asks in the article. In trying to answer that question, however, Scarry ran into a wall of highly classified military documents.

Two military reports, a 1988 Air Force Study and the other a \$35 million three-year Pentagon investigation, have studied the effects of EMI on aircraft. Yet, findings remain classified, with access denied to both the public and NTSB investigators of TWA Flight 800.

In fact, the only government report on EMI available to the public is a 1994 NASA study detailing the dangers of a special kind of EMI called High Intensity Radiated Fields (HIRF).

"HIRF may often [have] inadvertent effects on civilian aircraft," the NASA report says. Compiled by researcher Martin Shooman, report findings indicate that EMIs occur at "an intermediate and not insignificant level."

Scarry questions the secrecy of military activity on the evening of the Flight 800

crash. If there is no danger, she says, why have reports been classified and why has the military refused to divulge any information on the location and activity of military planes, helicopters and ships "in the vicinity"?

The Pentagon was unavailable for comment yesterday.

In her article, Scarry cites evidence of military activity the night of Flight 800's crash. Planes take the route Flight 800 was flying, referred to as the "Betty route," when military exercises force the closing of air space located over Long Island in areas adjacent to TWA 800's flight path.

Scarry says she does not know the "level or intensity" of military exercises underway at the time of the crash because the Pentagon refuses to publicly divulge such information. In the article, she explores the possibility that the 10 or so military aircraft the Pentagon admits were "in the vicinity" at the time of the crash could have effected Flight 800.

Most intriguing, she says, was the presence of a Navy P3 Orion, an airplane full of electronic counter measures, that crossed 6,300 feet above Flight 800, intersecting its latitude and longitude "the moment the catastrophe began."

"If a sudden pulse or electromagnetic spike can short out a wire or...by disrupting electronic circuits, simply cut off the fuel supply or make the flight controls on a plane go dead," Scarry says, "isn't it relevant to determine the electromagnetic features of the air through which the plane aspired to fly that night?"

Evidence From the Black Box

A Boeing 747-100 like Flight 800 has over 150 miles of electrical wiring, Scarry says, and many systems can be disabled or act erratically in the presence of EMI.

According to Scarry, EMI can cause a pilot flying such a craft to lose control of steering mechanisms as the aircraft control surfaces (rudders, ailerons and flaps) become unresponsive to cockpit "fly by wire" controls.

In her article, Scarry cites evidence that Flight 800 may have exhibited symptoms of EMI interference prior to its demise.

"Registered [in the voice recording of the crew] there may be two problems identified as the classic signature of EMI: sudden interruptions in fuel flow and false instruction to the control surfaces on the wing flaps or rudder," Scarry says.

One minute and 52 seconds before the voice recorder stopped, the captain of Flight 800 said, "Look at that crazy fuel flow indicator." Fifteen seconds later he commented that the control surfaces were not responding as they should. Then, 60 seconds before the catastrophic event caused the voice recorder to stop, the captain had to reissue a

throttle up command to the first officer because the airplane responded so slowly.

Scarry infers that these events point to an "electromagnetic event at second zero...powerful enough to knock out the plane's transponder, cockpit communication system, and black box simultaneously."

"The door has opened," Scarry said. "People need to understand what transmissions were there and include that in the array of many factors that are looked at in an accident."

The NTSB has been "looking at external and internal EMI from the beginning" said Shelly Hall, an NTSB spokesperson. NTSB is trying to "pinpoint the source of ignition," she said, "the fuel quantity indicating system has wires running from the cockpit to the fuel tank." Whether military EMI was the cause is still under investigation.

whoops!

There were a few itsy-bitsy mistakes in last weeks issue: misspellings, missing paragraphs, layout issues, and general anarchy. The irresponsible staff members have been drawn and quartered

as dictated by local and national laws. While we find this behavior intolerable, it pales in comparison to the apathy of our readers. Not one grievance was uttered by our literary consumers. What's wrong with you people? How can you sit there and tolerate mediocrity?

Don't like how we do things? You fucking do it! Come play with us in preparation for the last GDT for this academic year! Join us this Saturday, May 16th at 2.00pm on the third floor of Nathaniel Rochester Hall at RiT.

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Now, a word from a realist . . .

by Brian Barrett

I know, we've been saying it forever, and now you can say it with us: "The end of the world is neigh!"

In last week's GDT it was the Antichrist. The week before, Fremen mice; last month, postal workers. In one issue it was Alien Invaders with a sense of graphic design AND nine foot tall gestalt sea-monkeys.

Despite our absurdity, all of these ideas are just as entertaining and plausible as the \$100 million plus grossing "Independence Day," if not more. This past week, however, science has gotten involved. In the same way scientists replaced human errors in calculations at the grocery store with automated telephone bills, off by a few hundred thousand dollars, this week they gave us a disaster above their usual fare. Forget our need to recycle our filthy, insignificant planet, microscopic alien bacteria, and the much feared asteroid:

The end of the universe is at hand!

GRB 971214 is the newly discovered Gamma Ray Burst (GRB) in the night sky near a smudge, Galaxy ESO 184-82, in the Big Dipper. It is estimated as being the 2nd

largest known cosmic explosion, the Big Bang taking a recently uncontested first.

"What do you care?" a nay-sayer has asked, mocking me like Chicken Little. "This explosion was millions of light years away - it won't reach us until long after the sun has burnt out." I'll agree that this heretic may be more well read on quantum physics, time dilation and singularity event horizon theories than me, but he's no Stephen Hawking, and I *know* Stephen must be uneasy.

Recent speculation (Astronomers at the Anglo-Australia Observatory at Coonabarabran, May 8, 1998) says it's a black hole forming after

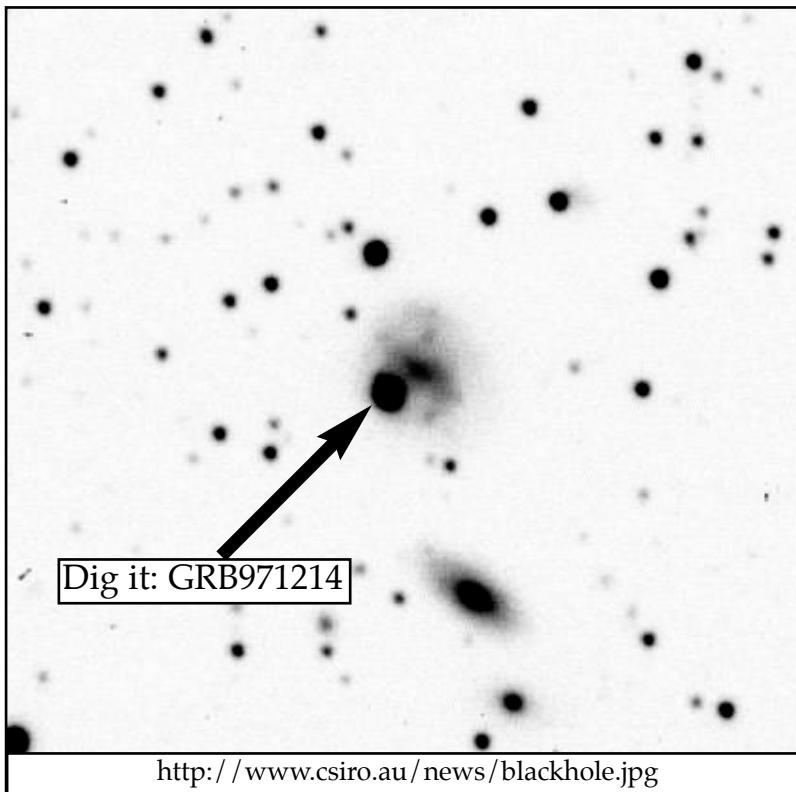
a star 10 times larger than our sun had gone supernova.

According to the Australian scientists, it's only 100 million light years away. Personally, I think it's a whole new universe.

Usually these rare GRB things are noticed as very faint radio waves in the distant reaches of the universe, but these same astronomers

have compared this one to being "right in our own backyard."

The light from that explosion is already here; we can see it and it's getting larger. How are we sure that the light we see hasn't been traveling for longer than 100 million years, having been slowed down by the immense light-bending temporal vacuum that is right behind it? In the past week it



has doubled in size. I bet old Stephen is crapping his pants right now.

My nemesis once said that as your crap approaches the speed of light it gains infinite mass. Looks like someone out there might have just done it. (Kids: Akira!)

"Well I hope you're happy! Had to go and make a new universe! The old one wasn't good enough for you, was it?"

So it's on its way, just thought I would like to warn you. It might be 30 or it might be hundreds of years before the concussion barrier of this other universe with its different aspects of time, space and architectural fashion hits us at home.

In that time the constellations will have new company, and eventually you'll be able to see GRB971214 as big as the moon. Future lovers may see an era of erotic poems that will regard it as a highly sexual cosmic phenomenon. In that time it'll be visible during the day and families will picnic under heaven's twin lights, the sun and the elegant GRB 971214. While this is happening, gravitational forces will be havoc: Earthquakes, volcanoes, extreme weather and tides, and lunatics. (There is a link between gravity and madness, and times

are going to swing.)

Who knows? Maybe gravity travels faster than light and we are already on the edge, being sucked into the multidimensional abyss. With things being so strange lately we haven't noticed. What with the floods and the hurricanes, and the pollution and Chernobyl, not to mention mythical and Biblical prophecies, UFOs, and the ever-growing coincidental occurrences that surround us (You know they are happening, don't pretend they're not.)

I wish I could expand on this, but I have to make this quick: The nay-sayer also said that as we hit the event horizon, or the speed of light, it would appear to an outside observer as if we were frozen in time forever. Well, I want to make an impression on eternity and I'm not going to be able to do that from behind a typewriter. I need to go to Mexico, get drunk, pass out in a ditch and possibly wake up with a tattoo saying "Jean Arby's - Dec. 14, 1997" on one arm and a hooker on the other. See you again in the fall... maybe.

The Norm

by Sean Hammond

"Thirty dollars."

"Thank you," I said and slowly hung up the phone.

I wasn't entirely sure how to feel. I had heard rumors that the University of Rochester's official satire magazine, *The Norm*, had gone under and decided to get confirmation, but actually hearing that their budget had been slashed from \$7000 to \$30 was still a shock.

I first met people from *The Norm* just about a year and a half ago. Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre had run a quick editorial addressed to the staff of *The Norm* saying that, rather than competing, we wanted to work together with them. Prior to our expansion onto the University of Rochester in 1995, we didn't even know UofR had a satire group. We simply assumed that UofR was a backward as RIT.

Anyway, upon meeting *The Norm* in their office in the basement of Wilson Commons, we made our introductions. Of all the groups of people I've met while

working for GDT and Hell's Kitchen, *The Norm* was one of the most wound up I'd ever seen. Led by their editrix at the time, the staff of *The Norm* led the representatives of the member groups of Hell's Kitchen through a roller coaster of sights and activities. We were showed their toys, their wall of random pictures, and their displays of old issue covers.

We were even given cake!

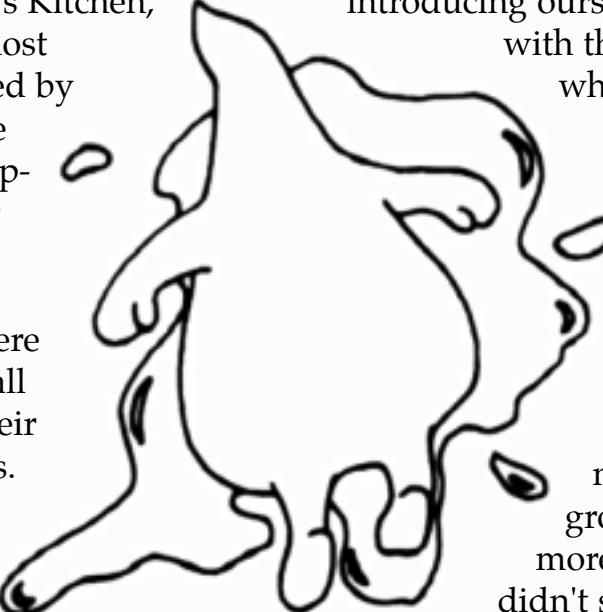
After a short time it became clear that *The Norm* wasn't interested in working along with us. At one point, while discussing finances of our respective groups, we were shocked to learn they had a budget of \$7000 for two issues a year, while we weekly limped along with not even half of that at the time

"Wow! Imagine what we could do with \$7000," I said to B.J. Leopold, editor of the *Melancholy Predator* (1995-1997)

"Yeah. You could buy a better photocopier," came a snide remark from one of *The Norm*'s staff.

Ouch.

After another 15 minutes or so, we all left, thinking we'd done the right thing by



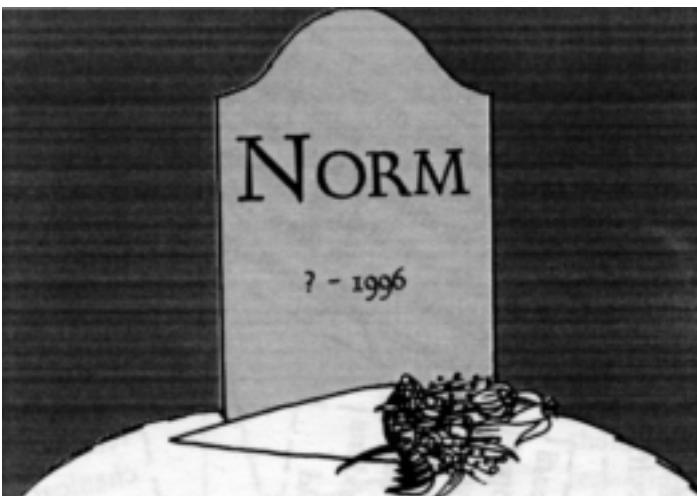
introducing ourselves and offering to work with them. Later we discovered what happened after we left.

It appears that organocentrism is rampant among student groups. One of the founding principles behind Hell's Kitchen was to bind related groups together under a non-academic controlled group so they can all achieve more. Well, *The Norm* evidently didn't see it that way. Though I wasn't there, it appears *The Norm*'s editrix began working on a little group cohesion, saying how much better they were and how they'd show us.

Well we waited. In the meantime, *The Norm* had a defector, Clare Terni, who worked the Predator and eventually made it metamorphosize into the *Melancholy Homewrecker*.

Still, we waited. Spring came and there was no new issue of *The Norm*. Fall came, and again, no Norm. Spring has come and has gone for the University of Rochester and *The Norm* failed to produce any material for publication.

So I have mixed feelings. Given, they were aggressive toward the Kitchen, a group which GDT is a member of and has agreed to help defend, but it would have been so much nicer if they had agreed to work with us. We might have been able to help them through whatever problems they ran into that forced them to effectively disband a group that had been publishing since 1986.



I'm sure there's a lesson here, somewhere. Hopefully it's that groups achieve more by cooperating than competing. With

that noble idea in mind, I invite any group that would like to join Hell's Kitchen to do so. Radio stations, publications, theatre groups, computer interest groups—it doesn't matter if you're students or not. That's why we think Hell's Kitchen is such a great idea: it crosses traditional university lines to include three campuses in a single community, along with the city of Rochester. MCC,

RIT, and the University of Rochester are necessarily limited to organizing activities on their respective campuses. Hell's Kitchen has gone rogue, and though it is base on RIT (only because that's where it gets the most support), it is not controlled by RIT.

So join us and let's see what a bunch of us can do when we work together.

GDtee-Shirts are HERE!

Yo! The GDtee-Shirts are here and in need of owners. We ordered about 10 large and extra-large tee-shirts in excess.

Soooo, if you would still like a shirt but have yet to place your order, now's the time! You can request your shirt by mailing gdt@iname.com or

calling

716.235.7666...

Need to pick up a shirt? Drop us a line!



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