

GDT is proud to bring to you an editorial by the same individual who came up with the "Heckling Scales" (Volume 1, issue 13). Be prepared...

A Graduating Perspective

(A general round up on the situation of things)

-observations by Tim Bukoski

*Since I am graduating in a little over seven days, I thought I would take some time out from my studies and take a peek at the world I will be leaping head first into come May 20th. This paper is meant to be taken light heartedly, since **most** of what I'm about to say is my actual opinion of things. So, sit back, put your feet back, and look what I found out is going on in the world outside of RIT's massive brick formations. -Tim*

Is it just me, or is there something wrong when a country, such as ours, that can pump out millions of devices to lose weight can still be the most obese country in the world?

You know what I mean.

We've got the NordicTracks, FastTracks, stair machines, jogging machines, abdominzers, Ab Isolators, Thighmasters, and billions of tapes like Buns of Steel, Thighs of Steel, Steppin' to the Oldies, and a couple of weight loss shakes like Slim Fast, Ultra Slim Fast, Fat B Gone, and what ever else someone has come up with to make weight loss as painless as possible.

What seems to be the problem, folks?

It seems to me all we need is a little sense and WILL POWER to get it right...but that seems to be missing in today's world.

Case in point: Two kids, a couple of years ago, play some Judas Priest records, shoot some coke, and kill themselves. Their parents, probably doing the same drugs, figure out that there were subliminal messages in the music that drove their sons to blow their brains out.

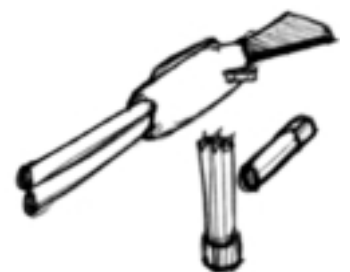
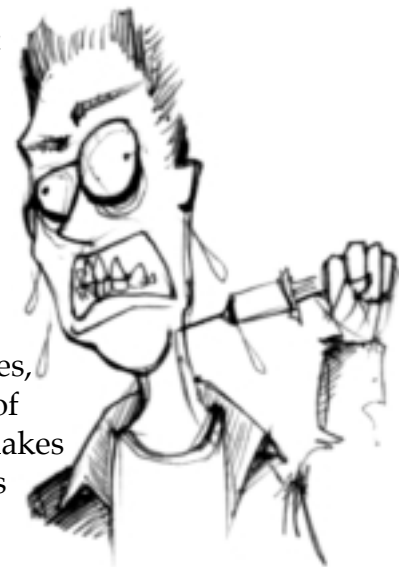
Yeah.

It wouldn't be the five grams of powder in their veins, would it? Nah, not the kids' fault. Heavy Metal music. The devil's preaching. That was the culprit. This isn't an isolated incident either, folks. Somewhere, right now, some loser is O.D.ing on coke, crankin' Slayer or something, and, in a flurry of dumbassness, kills himself.

So what happens? We try to counsel them.

Let me get this straight...some idiot decides to wreck himself on drugs, kills himself, and it's supposed to weigh on my conscience?

I got some counseling for ya: make sure your whole head is in front of the shotgun next time, sport. People don't seem to understand that this is part of nature; natural selection is what it's called. These people are the same group that later end up stealing, raping, and making society a rather miserable place.



And speaking of miserable...

Would somebody please get Kurt Cobain off my radio and off the tribute list.

I mean, what did this guy do to advance society in any way? Well, he could only write songs which, in one way or another, dealt with misery and sorrow, introduced the "*just crawled my miserable self out of the gutter*" look called "grunge", and when he had fame, fortune, and success, shot himself in the face.

Nice.

Now you got fans running around crying "he was misunderstood" "he was an innovationist."

Hello folks, he was a idiot. And of course now we got rumors that it wasn't Kurt's body they found...so let me set things straight. Elvis and Kurt are running a Mickey D's in Miami. Kurt's shufflin' drive while Elvis flips patties, all right?!

What is it with this sudden influence of better sex books on the book stands these days? I mean, when did we forget how to fuck, folks?

There are now more books on how to be a satin sheet conqueror than how to improve the rest of your life. Disturbing trend, or just me? I leafed through one of those books once, just to see if I was keeping up with the ball game....

Let me tell ya, folks, I'd like to consider myself ahead of the game. I'm just leisurely browsing through the tips and advice when I run across the sure fire way to arouse my woman:

Take a piss in front of her.

Wow, was I ever floored. I mean, here I was, trying to be romantic, trying to act sincere and tender, trying to stay awake during torturous, one way conversations, and shelling out the big bucks for the lobster, all just to get her in bed, and all I really had to do in the first place...was pee in front of her.

What? Which plane of reality does this guy live on, and where do I catch the train there?

Really, picture it. It's dark, candle lit room, soft music, and I confidently walk up to her and just make a puddle on the floor right in front of her.

Oh, I'm sure she'll be more impressed by that one. Oh yes. Let me fill you in a secret, folks: things will get better when you talk to each other. Girls, don't go running to your hairdresser, or manicurist, complaining "*he doesn't hold me long enough, he doesn't lick me right, ya da da da dada...*" **TELL US!!**

We have to have sex with you, don't you think we oughta know?

You see, that's one of the problems with this country. People are trying too hard to make things better in the wrong places. Crack cocaine is a good example of this. One day, back in the Eighties, some dipweed walking around New York City is thinking to himself:

"Y'know, that coke's pretty good, but I want something stronger. I want to drop into a coma as soon as I light that sucker up." Just a wrong step in the wrong direction.

Is there anyone out there that hasn't taken three dollars worth of swamp land and turned it into a million dollars three years later?

And are ya getting tired of all these 'playmate of the year(s)' who get up on camera and say the same old crap..."*Oh I love being naked in front of the camera. I had absolutely no problem with it.*"

No kidding, genius.

Wouldn't it be nice to have a girl one of these years get in front of the cameras and say "*I did it just for money. I thought the photographer was a pervert. He wanted me to do this, to do that, to do it with a beer bottle. It was the worst experience of my life. But...I really needed the money.*"

I'd get a kick out of it.

Ask BFG

DEAR BARE FOOT GIRL,

WHAT DO ANTS DO WHEN IT RAINS? I TRIED TO FIND OUT WITH MY ANT FARM, BUT THEY JUST ALL DROWNED.

DELUGINGLY YOURS,
HYMEN OPTERA

Dear Hymen,

Actually, ants in the wild have a much more complex social system than those in ant farms. Most wild ants actually regard the ants in ant-farms as imitations. Ant civilizations have the most advanced meteorological equipment in the world (second only to turkeys, which are, contrary to popular belief, highly intelligent, though very depressed). As soon as the ants spot a rainstorm coming they all rush to their designated rain shelters (buried ten feet in the ground and reinforced with 5 gauge steel). They usually use this opportunity to get rid of those ants whom they deem undesirable (it's the ant version Hitler's "Final Solution". It's also where most ant-farm ants come from). I hope you found this illuminating.

-BFG

Send questions to BFG c/o: STH8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu
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Have ya read this week's "Reporter?" We sure did...and we'd like to take this time to respond to their editorial "Well, well, well." We would send in a letter, but it's the end of the year and there aren't going to be any more "Reporter"s this year.

Letter to the Reporter:

We tried. We really did. Back when the year was still young, our then meager staff sat down and tried to turn an impractical concept for a radio show into a written format. We wrote our sample piece, illustrated it, and submitted it to Kerstin Gunter.

We had hoped to be picked up as a weekly humour column.

But no. We were rejected because we were inappropriate for the "Reporter"...even though we were told we were funny.

You see...we were unsatisfied with the quality of the "Reporter" and did try to take an active part in changing things.

After a few weeks of brooding, we decided to publish on our own. Without being forced to answer to anyone, we gladly lowered our guards and rewrote our first issue "Ethiopian Flypaper Boy." Now, seventeen issues, two new staff members, multiple submissions, an electronic mailing, and a possible grant for next year later, we'd like to use Nathan Arnone's phrase:

Suck eggs.

We did vote. We cast a ballot in late January, but our vote didn't count. I guess that gives us a right to complain. Why didn't we submit when you were asking for submissions? Hurt me once...shame on you; hurt me twice...shame on me. Maybe next year....

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre does not do news. We do humour, and creativity.

And to everyone on the "Reporter" staff who has been enjoying our weekly printings: thank you. Sincerely.

Good luck in printing the news.

-GDT staff