



Ideal

*"There's something beautiful when one stands against the wind as it screams around them at the edge of a kiddie 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.





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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[¥]. 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 Armada[™], the Conquest of Ireland[™], and everyone's favorite, the Genocide of the Scots[™]. 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[∂]. 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.

[∂]"I'm your number one fan."

^ΔWELL, FUCK THEM!

[¥]And 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 callus 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.

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

(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

could reshape marriage ceremonies worldwide by permanently tying the media and entertainment powerhouse of Disney with the marketing geniuses of De Beers.

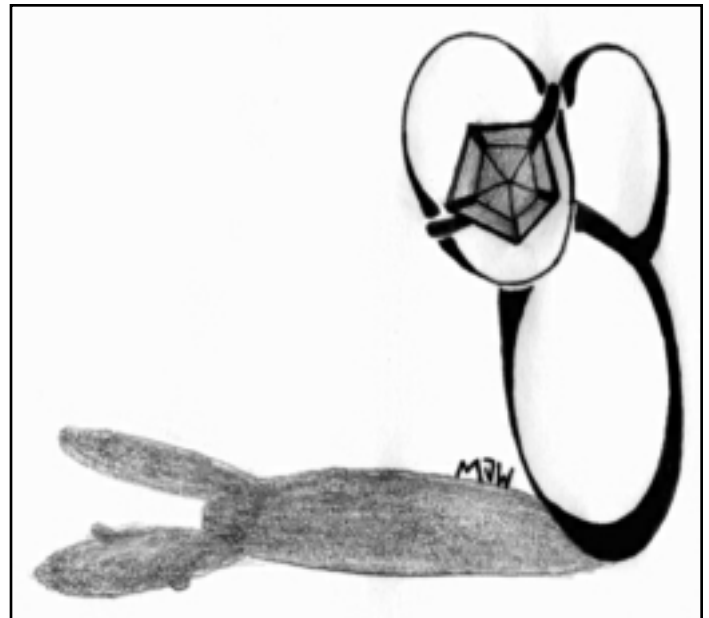
“Disney is world renowned for its ability to make people believe what they're seeing. From cartoons to theme parks, we provide illusion,” said Disney CEO Michael Eisner. “It's only logical that we join forces with the same people who have made the world believe that diamonds are rare and valuable. Hell, 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, chairman 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

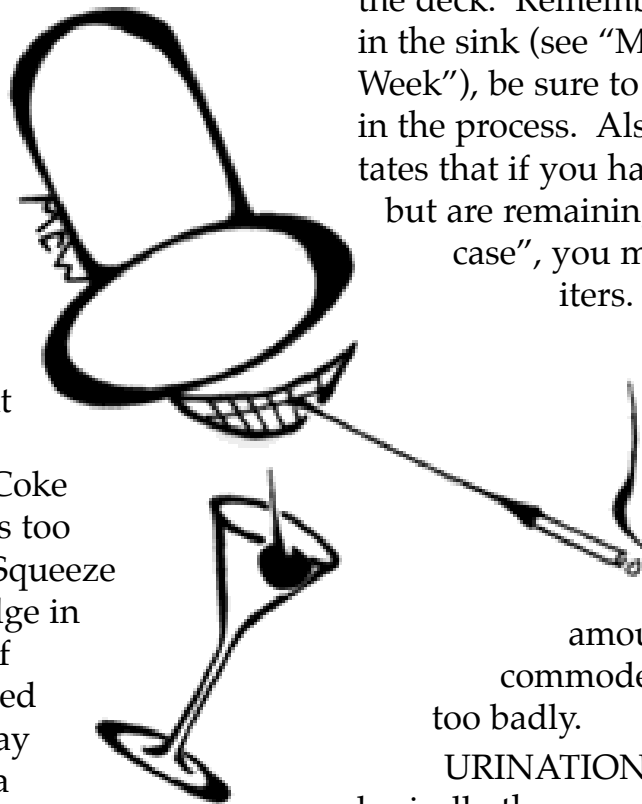
left hand. Take the fifth of cheap rum in your right. Take a swig on the rum, then a larger swig of the coke. Swish briskly in your mouth for about three seconds then swallow. Do this until you loose parallax vision.

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. Kirchoff

(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 Carrol. “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.

m0r3 pHun tH3n h4cK1nG tH3 V4x!%@\$!

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, Fremmen 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

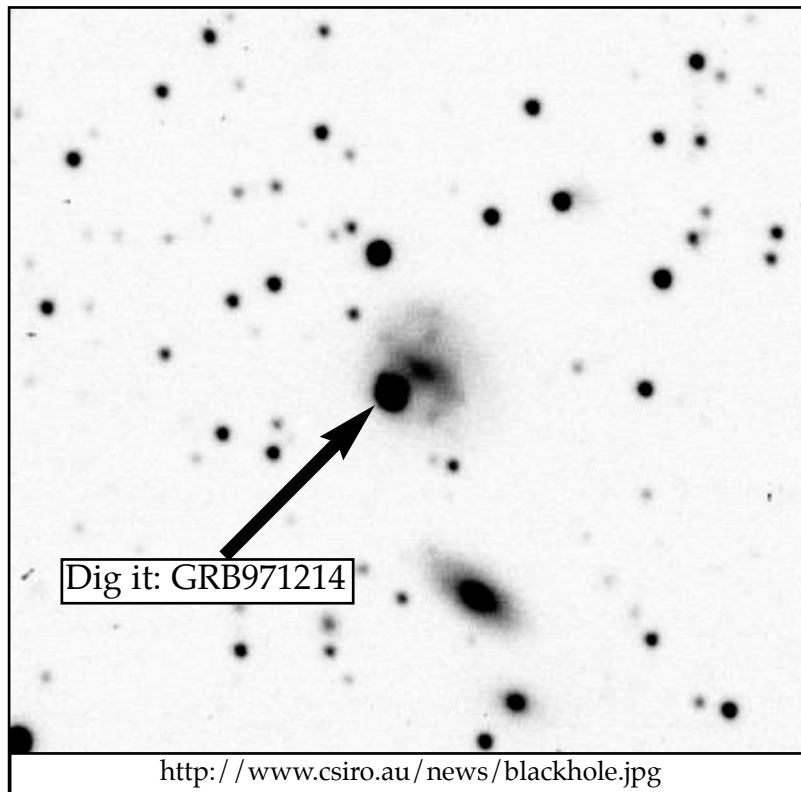
hole forming after a star 10 times larger than our sun had gone supernova.

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



<http://www.csiro.au/news/blackhole.jpg>

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!

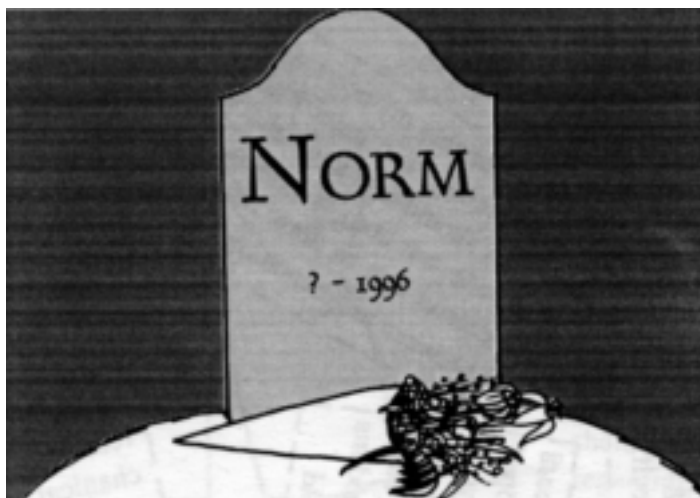
After a short time it became clear that *The Norm* wasn't interested in working along with us. At one point, while discussing finances of our respective groups, we were shocked to learn they had a budget of \$7000 for two issues a year, while we weekly limped along with not even half of that at the time

"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 is help 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 as 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 were it get 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.

GD Tee-Shirts are HERE!

Yo! The GD Tee-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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