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No Cooperation from Co-op Employers By Rocko Bonaparte

RIT students who have recently begun looking for co-ops have found themselves in a harrowing situation. Students have found companies visiting campus are simply not hiring. The question left on everybody's mind is "Why are they visiting then?"

The answer, according to Bill Lumbergh when he visited as an INITECH representative was, "Yes, well... we're trying to ... um, maintain a positive corporate image." The truth is companies continue to come to campuses to instill a false sense of confidence in their own employees. This way, the employees feel the company is doing good, even though they're sacking people left and right. "The collapse of the hi-tech economy has left us in a bit of a squeeze... Jetson, you're FIRED!" Cosmo Spacely, president of Spacely's Sprockets had to comment. Spacely's Sprockets is an intense hi-tech corporation that builds high-speed mechanical devices. They have recently come to the RIT campus for a job rush, only to close their doors from new hires and co-ops.

The recent RIT job fair set an optimistic tone for those in search of work, but the results have been less than substantial. According to one student, "How the hell am I supposed to get a co-op if all they do is take my resume? Aren't these people interviewing? How the hell am I going to graduate?"

"Hmmm, well..." Lumbergh stated, "We take the resume and ... throw it out. But we dispose of it ... in a way that ... maintains a positive corporate image." Lumbergh suggested submitting resumes to INITECH online, in order to save the environment from all the unread resumes.

Other companies, like the Cyberdyne corporation, are following a different strategy: look to the future and hope that things get better. A representative

from Cyberdyne stated, "We're not hiring winter or spring co-ops, but we're hoping things will turn around for the summer." Cyberdyne is well known for merging satellite communications with artificial intelligence. It's latest creation, Skynet, has been pushed off due to recent drops in NASDAQ.

As a response to graduation requirements, the RIT co-op office stated that students who do not fulfill all their co-op blocks will never graduate, and will be forced to pay off their college education for the rest of their lives as a custodian at the Radisson Inn. They suggest turning to an RIT co-op if things get tough.

"We're always looking for people to fix the VCRs." A representative stated. RIT also hires students for co-ops in fixing windows and kicking computers, which is a popular one with the IT department.

Computer Science, Computer Engineering, and Software Engineering majors also have another co-op career they can follow—Visual C debugger. According to representatives from Cyberdyne, "We're always looking for more coffee boys... I mean 'Visual C debuggers.' Can't get enough of them." Unfortunately, students who do not learn much Visual C are less fortunate. "Mechanical engineers? They can eat my balls!" Cosmo Spacely commented.

Things became so hectic at the job fair that job riots began. Several companies were run out of the gym as insane students yelled, "Who let the dogs out!"

"I heard IBM was running a job raffle for \$25. I went over and found the students killing each other for jobs" a fleeing student told us. Some special co-op tips are included for those still having trouble looking for a job:

Restrict locations to 15 miles around your home and RIT. Flood any companies within this radius with

your resume. Then call them. Cry over the phone. Prepare to drive over if necessary.

Practice bending over and taking it. For additional assistance, go to the 3rd floor of the Gosnell building.

Outright lie and say you're a 4th-year Electrical Engineering student from Cornell.

Kill an employee at your target company and steal their identification. RIT will allow co-op credit if they don't catch on for at least 10 weeks.

Learn Visual C.

Don't yell, "Who let the dogs out!" near a company recruiter. Chances are they lost friends in the RIT job fair riots, and will be somewhat sensitive about it.

Stab your friend in the back for the job. Tell them he's actually a freshman, and doesn't know Visual C.

Prepare to transfer to a school that has no co-op requirements.

Draw out conversations with co-op recruiters. It will be the closest thing to an interview you'll ever get.

Take a break on the weekends and worship the Inconspicuous Can Of BeerTM. It will provide additional guidance.

DISCOUNT LIQOURS

October 12, 2001

Tau Kappa Epsilon
165 Colony Manor Drive
Rochester, NY 14623

To Whom It May Concern:

We overheard from customers that last week was "Greek Week", and it made me think how thankful I am. For years, the TKE brothers have made it their business to keep us in business. Even when the economy was in the shitter, the brothers have always pulled through for us. So from the entire staff here at Discount Liquors, we would like to thank you for your patronage and high volume. Without your \$14,000 in purchases last month, we surely would have had to cut back on our staffing and store hours. Thanks again for choosing Discount Liquors.

Sincerely,

James Beam
Owner, Discount Liquors

PHONE: 555-DRNK

Across

1. Smokers voices have this
5. Aunt from Simpsons
10. Place to practice date rape
14. Fat for cooking
15. Sports shoes attachment
16. State of nothingness
17. Russian BMOC
18. Classic Stallone film
20. Turns printf to program
22. Canvas stands
23. And ends
24. Jibber–Jabber
25. Something is amiss if the payment is

28. Gerund form grants trireme
33. Hey, Jupiter
34. Quick, bubble, shell
35. Container for catchers
36. Chaucer’s broken car needs this
37. “We’ll be there around 6”
38. Can be expressed in factors
39. Gambler’s vice
40. Place to bring your hos to
41. Icy greetings
42. Cooks food for trolls
45. :)
47. Dwarven water
48. Some do this until they fall down
49. One Sackville–Baggins after Frodo goes away forever
52. Pigeons
56. A person who won’t pay
58. Latin unit for the earth’s movement
59. Pressure from your generation
60. Yummy with our without currants
61. Take it from the top
62. English butts
63. Brought from the stone
64. A park or a mad Mr.

Down

1. Kent State favorite
2. As well
3. Fur gets this when it becomes clothing
4. Fun with purpose
5. Angry mother’s actions
6. Sean Hammond’s friends
7. Gawking airplanes
8. Spanish galleon’s home
9. Failed assasination
10. Butt Bongo _____
11. Ingrained knowledged
12. Stop killing people
13. Performed with metal soles

Crossword

By Adam Fletcher

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 14 | | | | | 15 | | | | | | 16 | | | |
| 17 | | | | | 18 | | | | | 19 | | | | |
| 20 | | | | 21 | | | | | 22 | | | | | |
| | | | 23 | | | | | 24 | | | | | | |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | | | | | 28 | 29 | | | | 30 | 31 | 32 |
| 33 | | | | | | 34 | | | | | | 35 | | |
| 36 | | | | | | 37 | | | | | 38 | | | |
| 39 | | | | | 40 | | | | | | 41 | | | |
| 42 | | | 43 | 44 | | | | 45 | 46 | | | | | |
| | | | 47 | | | | | 48 | | | | | | |
| 49 | 50 | 51 | | | | | 52 | | | | | 53 | 54 | 55 |
| 56 | | | | | | 57 | | | | | 58 | | | |
| 59 | | | | | 60 | | | | | | 61 | | | |
| 62 | | | | | 63 | | | | | | 64 | | | |

19. Cause pain
21. Watches for hackers
25. Krusty’s dad
26. Mohammed’s kid
27. “Better living through chemicals”, for ex.
28. theme theme theme theme
29. Mathematical people
30. A place to store sheep
31. A nest for a 5.12 bird
32. Answer
34. Grandmom’s skin
38. Accidental injury
40. Kool and the Gang hit
43. The big room
44. Piece of the big room floor
45. Reinforced
46. Kin of MUD
48. Hard piece of big room
49. Research
50. Confidence
51. Parodies
52. To put below deck
53. Printer’s hands
54. reppus tae
55. More than none
57. Red Baron’s title

Solutions can be found elsewhere in this issue.

The Magic Wondershow

By Sean J. Stanley

This week:

An Die Music

Being paid to write. Being paid to write rewarding little headlines that read “HorizonLiner To Transport Elkridge Seniors” and to ensure that there’s no confusion by metro desk editors pouring over the press release, included is the following: Mini-bus Takes Seniors To Health-Related Appointments. Not exactly where I left myself.

May we live through our interesting times.

Libertarianism and secular reasoning. All hail the new evils of modern times. RSA encryption has always been ordinance. Why stop now? Why worry now when we can worry about it later when civil disobedience and nonviolent protest fall under the purview of our newly elected domestic terrorism officials? Bill Maher too cerebral and callous for you? Hail to the unsung Writers, who in a moment of desperate intellectual concern staged a Socratic tour-de-force, a very special “West Wing” for those “very special” people who choose not to read newspapers. Its good to know that YM is still asking the important questions. “Brittany Spears, Devil or Angel?” Brittany Spears is not smart enough to be the devil or foolish enough to be an angel. Curvy yes, but a friend of mine whom I have yet to meet said she was a cunt. Other thought provokers include the seminal “Have you ever sat down and watched Dawson’s Creek so intensely that you start to see the character’s facial reactions screen by screen?” Perhaps by engaging in such Zen methods of television worship, teenage girls feel safer in their training-bra clad, artificially emaciated bodies. Oprah Winfrey brings experts like her husband onto her show to talk about feelings and her campaign against that insidious Ecstasy-drug that children enjoy doing and moonlighting cops enjoy watching the children do. Let them dance. Let them fuck. Let them breathe Vicks Vapo-Rub and suck pacifiers. Let them convulse. Nothing brings peace, love, unity, and respect like a funeral. But I still want

my hugs because I’m unbalanced and need to self-medicate. I need doctors. Dr. Seuss! Dr. Spok! Dr. Dobson gets it on with Dr. Laura while Dr. Joyce Brothers and Dr. Ruth do the play-by-play.

TeeVee has returned to vapidly right on schedule. Rachael is going to have a baby, so program your demographic-recording TiVos accordingly. Survivor: Africa – Tribe Steven Biko and Tribe Ghana face their toughest challenge yet, white people with guns and clubs! Meanwhile, in the dank bowels of the Isla Vista Casino in Bayfield Wisconsin, overhead surveillance cameras note sardonic smiles on the lips of the weary croupiers as they count out. They smile because nobody has asked them anything. Nobody has the balls. Waves in space carry the distant sound of drums and flint-lock rifles, effluvia of a infinite evanescent light-cone. If one listens closely, words can be discerned from the ether:

“My friends, for many years we have been in this country; we never go to the Great Father’s country and bother him about anything. It is his people who come to our country and bother us, do many bad things and teach our people to be bad. Before you people ever crossed the ocean to come to this country, and from that time to this, you have never proposed to buy a country that was equal to this in riches. My friends, this country that you have come to is the best country that we have. This country is mine, and I was raised in it; my forefathers lived and died in it; and I wish to remain in it.”

Spoken not by an outraged valium stoned widow of an investment banker or a bigoted right-wing anchor on Fox News, but by Kangi Witka, known to the white man as Crow Feather. It should be noted that he has been dead for many years but if he were alive he would be a syndicated columnist and make regular guest appearances on NPR. Alas, Leonard Peltier shall continue to rot along with West Memphis Three.

“Justice” doesn’t seem to mind incongruities, as long as someone burns.

All things considered, we care about stuff. Stuff apparently matters, so you’d better buy it. Buy clever tees and flags and pins. If your car doesn’t feature a plastic visage of old glory that was made on an assembly line in China, then you are a bad American. Somebody somewhere must be a bad American if I walk into a Taco Bell and the dusky hued woman taking my order offers to give me my food for free if only she could have the small American Flag pin on my lapel that my grandmother bought at the Fort Meade PX for a dollar. She had it for free. I left it on the counter and watched her snatch it up, eagerly pinning it to her stained uniform shirt beside the tag featuring a name that most Americans wouldn’t pronounce right and wouldn’t take the time to ask. I did a little racial profiling of my own as I walked to my car, nodding at the two burly white men with mullets and caterpillar boots; doing my part as an ignorant American and assuming that “their kind” would be thinking racism when they ordered their food, and speaking racism later at the bar as they ordered their drinks.

I thought about the Jews and the problems they’ve had. They’ve had problems with pharos and ovens, to be sure, but it seems as if lately they’ve been making their own problems. Zionism is quite possibly one of the most wretchedly absurd ideas to spring forth from religious fervor. Theodor Herzl and Avraham Stern would go to such lengths to cram over five million people into a strip of desert roughly the size of New Jersey? Sounds like a great idea! I’ll tell my friends and if they suspect my sarcastic tone, I’ll be labeled a racist. For a while, I was entertaining the idea of subterranean detonations of about a hundred or so thermonuclear warheads along the fault between the African and Arabian tectonic plates, in order to hasten the inevitable. Declare an emergency Act of Physics and sink the whole bloody tract into the Med. Ship the refugees from both factions to identical plots in Nevada and see who throws the first stone. Years later, descendants of the Hamas wage war from boats and hovercraft, depositing mines and traps as they patrol the waters that envelop their once-great land. Fathoms below, the men on board the American made Israeli submarines, descendants of the Deadly Dreamers themselves, know that they’ve won. There

are no disco’s or pizza parlors 2000 feet down, but that doesn’t stop the Arabian men on the fishing trawler from dropping their home-made depth charges overboard. Somebody missed a memo about semiotics.

An Die Music:

Afterwards, the music spread in sheets across the hall and I thought about my friend from high school and how her three year old son shot himself in the neck with his fathers handgun. I thought about the eulogy I had read the day before at a funeral and the way the southern preacher rolled his eyes at my unacceptable levity. I thought about my second cousin Eddie, wasting away with liver cancer, watching his beloved garden die through a dirty windowpane, asking for my father – the best last and final reminder of his distant childhood. I looked at my date for the evening, how she shone radiant in her black dress, enraptured in the music and terrified of dying. She told me that later, but in those few seconds when my mind drifted away from the music and the silent sounds of restrained coughs, I thought about myself. My grandmother is still alive. My grandfather is still alive. My parents are still alive. This precious creature who sits beside me and cries when the crescendo arrives is still alive. So for me, the worst is yet to come.

The only consolation is that we really are everything, whether you prove it with tautology, theology, drugs, or mathematics. One must continue the Sisyphean struggle; fight the good fights, write the good writes. As many tuned in to see the regularly scheduled programming, I watched a Black Metzo-Soprano belt out Russian that was written to sound Yiddish by a Gentile who felt just as oppressed as his murdered friends, and I realized that this was indeed what I would be fighting for. Shostakovitch. Film students forget all about the sweeping overtures from their obligatory screenings of Potempkin, Heavy, modal, and Russian. Do not forget. Music for Jewish Poetry is what I would fight for. The notion that ideas aren’t a bad thing, nor is combining ideas from disparate realms, despite what Joseph Stalin or Osama bin Laden might believe.



To whom it may concern,

I want you to rock my world. I want to give you a shot. I want to write... I want to write about ninjas... and penguins... and oral sex... and ninjas giving oral sex to penguins... as it relates to Finnegan's Wake. I wanna be your dog. I wanna be sedated. I wanna sink to the bottom with you. I wanna rock! Rock! I wanna quote old rock songs with mediocre popularity at best. I want a press pass. Nice and shiny. I don't think your publication could really get me a press pass nor do I care. As previously noted I wanna rock... no, wait... I want to write. I want to write for you. I want to write for you because Annie Dillard told me to. Well, maybe not in person, but you and I know she wrote *The Writing Life* for me personally. Annie Dillard loves me. Annie Dillard loves us all, even you. Annie Dillard's love can only be surpassed by the compassion of one Lisa Loeb. Lisa Loeb is a cornucopia of love that would give any pilgrim a wet dream. Lisa Loeb will love you even if you didn't get that joke. Lisa Loeb would love anyone but the guy in the

next apartment over who seems to think everyone in the building shares his zest for second rate techno music. Lisa Loeb hates techno music. Lisa Loeb loves me... and you... and your publication... and ninjas giving rim jobs to penguins. That may have been a theme of a Tom Robbins book, although, I wouldn't know. For having read only one and a half Tom Robbins books, I cannot give a definite. That won't stop me from dropping his name. I love name dropping more than Lisa Loeb loves ninjas giving hummers to penguins. In actuality, I don't know anyone famous, but the guy who invented book socks. You know, the socks that protect books. I like protecting books because books have writing. I like to write. I like it when my writing is long and incoherently rambling. I like it better when you like my long and incoherent rambles. I like it when you like me. I want you to want me. My writing wants you to want me. My writing needs you to need me. Come on, I'm begging you to beg me. Be a sport like badminton, not a pass time like baseball. Don't pass up this offer for Christmas only comes once a year, Shabbat once a week, noon but daily and my own supersecret imaginary holiday halfpast eve arrives only hourly. Take my advice, there's not an hour to spare! Act now, regret your actions later! If not for me, do it for the Reporter. Do it for the fact that you and I know if the Reporter ever received an e-mail like this they'd probably shove it up their ass and sit on it. Do it because you and I know people will enjoy my incoherent, close-minded, poorly researched lies more than they will enjoy any the Reporter has to offer. Did I mention I can draw? I like to draw and write. I will draw and write for you, only if you want me to and definitely if you don't. I will continue to draw and write for you until you want me to draw and write for you. Erin wants me

POETRY

By Yet RIT

shape and substance

I dislike pens,
just as much as i dislike remembering my own birthday

—
just like any other day —
all quasi permanent.

I wish i didn't exist,
and yet another day at rit,
but not for long.

to draw and write for you. Erin's majoring in sonogram. Erin likes fetus', though she doesn't want any of her own. Not her, not now. Erin is not yet ready to carry the human race into the uncertain future. That is a decision Lisa Loeb can respect. Lisa Loeb respects everyone. Lisa Loeb even respects Aretha Franklin as a lyricist although she didn't write the song that made her an icon. That is okay because Jimi Hendrix didn't write most of his songs and as you and I know if there ever was a respectable deity, it was that man. Jimi would probably like to sock it to Lisa Loeb a few times and Lisa Loeb would probably not hesitate much to reciprocate. Erin would like to look at their love fetus. Erin would not like to look at my fetus because

as a male I shouldn't have one. Although, if I were a fetus she would look at me all day long. Right now she doesn't give me the time of day. Although, it must be said that I am not looking for the time of day from her. I'm looking for the time of day from you, but I'm not looking like that you perv. I'm looking for you to let me write for you. I like to write and I might even grow to like you in time. Therefore, you have nothing to lose but your dignity and nothing to gain but the world. On that note, I bid thee farewell.

Sincerely,
Randy

You're hired. – Ed.

Why the Reporter Sucks. By Dumpy McDump

When giving an argument there are always things you take for granted. When arguing a murder case the premise is that a murder has occurred. With this article I'm proceeding on the premise that the Reporter sucks. It's a fact that is indisputable and now I will present my case on why the Reporter sucks.

College. Why do I want to talk about college? Well for a few reasons. I had to take the SATs and ACTs. These are standardized tests to make sure I can read and write (and do math, which is important since I'm in a technical field. The art kids with their 'no-math' policy pisses me off too, but that's for later). I scored a 1350 on my SATs and a 29 on my ACTs. So I'm not a genius, but those scores would suggest I do have the capacity to read and write complete sentences. When I pick up a Reporter I start to doubt myself. I think to myself, "I must be retarded, because I don't understand this".

Take for example the Greek Article and some of the colorful quotes. "There are a lot of people who binge drink who are and aren't Greek." Let's pick this apart for a second. Assuming we correct the grammar we get "There are a lot of people, who binge drink, who are and aren't Greek." Then we flip the sentence

around (totally within the bounds of correct grammar) and get "There are a lot of people who are and aren't Greek, who binge drink." If I'm correct you either are, or aren't Greek, NOT both Greek and not Greek. (This was just one example to whet your palette, pick up a Reporter sometime and search for others; you'll have a blast).

Would you like to know more? I can't hear you...I SAID, WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW MORE? Ok, fine.

How many of you have ever been to www.reporter.com? Look through your back issues of this year's Reporter and let me know.

Now I feel kinda bad because I was ripping on one specific part of one specific issue. It would be just plain wrong of me to base my whole argument on one specific piece of a very large and complex pie.

Let's talk about...YOU. You're the RIT student. You are asked what you think in the "Word on the Street" section. Next time someone asks you about a hot topic on campus, like "Do you shower before class?" tell them the Reporter sucks and they need to do something about it so I can stop using back issues as toilet paper and go buy some Scott (the 2-ply kind with quilts). I'm getting paper cuts on my asshole.

Who is John Galt, and what has he done with all my dryer sheets???

By Irving Washington

Ah, parking tickets, the great equalizer. Regardless of age, race, color or creed, as Americans we all have the right to have our respective days blighted by the unheralded* appearance of faded saffron envelopes beneath our wipers, urgently demanding our attention and monetary compensation for our brief but nonetheless unforgivable impedance of the street cleaning department (Motto: "Good enough is the enemy of a stringent code of total apathy.") And as good citizens, we are called upon do our civic duty and pay the resulting fines... and of course accompanying surcharges.

Wait, wha... what? Surcharges? That's Right,™ the fiscal motivation required to motivate the good and public minded civil servants of the Parking Violations Bureau to cash your check is indeed considerable, especially in light of their ongoing litigation with the Corporate Raiders Bank of America over their shared motto: "Service with a Smirk." The risks are high, the frustrations higher, the hemorrhagic blood loss from paper cuts a welcome and heady bit of euphoria amidst the general malaise of whirring, clicking automatons and driz-

* Heraldry is a lost art, much like cobbling, ratcatching, and the Chinese whores' trick~. Blame the Bourgeoisie, kids, for building a better mousetrap# in the pursuit of enhanced capital...

The cat was introduced in 1893 by U.S. Steel, one of many desperate commercial endeavors launched by Henry Clay Frick in his now legendary endeavors to pay off his coolie pimp~(see above.) The design is believed to have originated from blueprints discovered on an ancient Egyptian tablet discovered by the French military. The implications of this event become staggeringly obvious, especially in light of Jim Davis' well-documented connections to the Illuminati. Suffice it to say that over 95% of the raw materials used in the production of the RealSheep™ originate from deep within the Golden Triangle, a trade which more than compensates the narcotics cartels for their losses at the hands of Krylon ("Winning the War on Drugs One Huff at a Time."™)

Not to be confused with the Automated Teller's Union motto: "Surcharge with an Earthshattering Orgasm", the Linux corporation motto: "Yes, we have no Bananas", or the Tom Arnolds Bank of America motto: "Yes, I have Blueballs."

No relation of M.C. Hammer or the late General Douglas "M.C." Arthur.

à Which really complicates the matter of projecting the light *through* the mobius strip while preserving the structural integrity of both the can and the floating disembodied head of Nikoli Tesla... in fact, it's the sort of thing which has been known to drive zen masters into psychotic episodes... or Hunter S. Thompson out of them...

¢ Halogen bulbs are the natural antithesis of Tim Burton, although their synthesis is believed to produce neoclassical thrash and dif-fused lighting, which are both known to exponentially enhance the powers of the Prince of Darkness... this may well explain why our government is going to hell in a handbag, depending on how much stock you put in the Baptist Church's *f* interpretation of the works of Kant.

f Go on, just ask them about Yngwie... or foreigners in general, for that matter...

Æ "Now with 25% more rationalizations!"

« Rather a difficult task, I might add... I've encountered looser orifices...

zing spray of Neufchatel cheese and mint jelly which superficially resemble something between a eternity of torment by Satan and all his Demons(™) inside the confines of an oscillating can of Vienna Sausages™, damn lawyers... and falling backwards through a microcosm of foldspace while viewing Tim Burton's artistic direction of a wet dream by H.R. Geiger projected from inside an iridescent prismatic semitransparent mobius strip composed entirely of seamlessly interwoven M.C. Escher paintings, but with a lower gravitational attraction^à. But five dollars? Come on! Seriously, as if the government doesn't tax me enough on tobacco purchases to pay a maintenance person to replace the light bulb[¢] in the break room?

Perhaps I should put this little rant into some kind of context. About three procrastination filled^Æ weeks ago, I rec-i-before-e-except-after-c-ved a parking ticket for the deadly offense of being parked on the wrong side of the street for approximately 45 minutes, rebel that I am. Needless to say I was somewhat nonplussed over the stringent enforcement of the street side parking changeover, not to mention the 25 dollar fine accompanying it, but as I was attempting[«] to stuff the check in the envelope to pay said fine, I suddenly noticed a line of fine

bold print[¥] on the side of said envelope:

ALL FINE INCLUDE \$5.00 NYS SURCHARGE; HANDICAP INCLUDES \$30 SURCHARGE.

My first reaction, naturally, was to thank my lucky stars that I had never taken an interest in golf. My second reaction was to wonder which of the following equations that surcharge fit into:^ö

$$\$20 \text{ fine} + \$5 \text{ surcharge} = \$25 \text{ total};$$

$$\$25 \text{ fine} + \$5 \text{ surcharge} = \$30 \text{ total};$$

$$2 + 2 = 5$$

I uttered a silent curse against Emanuel GoldsteinTM, I'm not an addict, it's cool I feel alive... and decided that since the check was already written out for 25 dollars, I would go with the former line of reasoning, but meanwhile secretly^Ñ suspected that the second, was, in fact, to be applied[£]. Frankly, the wording was a bit ambiguous for my taste, but I guess I'll have to wait and see if I hear back from the Bureau, hopefully in mailed form, rather than by some ATF agents in the flesh[¶]. But it raises an interesting question: if the Eighth Amendment can protect us from excessive fines and bails, where are surcharges regulated? Answer: they aren't. Scary thought, eh? Especially when you think of how damn prevalent they have become in our society, to the pretty much any

financial transaction that transcends simply forking over some change to the guy behind the register will, as like as not, involve some kind of surcharge or additional fee or other term of your choosing, amounting to the relative intellectual concept of "Take your money? Ha! You'd have to *pay* me to do that..." And we, the collective inhabitants of the good ol' U.S. of A., suck it up with barely a whimper. Shit, we fought the British and the Germans two times apiece, why get all bothered now over getting the short end of the stick in somebody's free money scheme? Apathy is so much more soothing... The funny thing is that so many people can dislike something, in a supposedly democratic society no less, and still do absolutely nothing about it. We can continue to look at our government, at our businesses and institutions, and think "yeah, I don't like how it works, and it screws us over, but what are you going to do?" Ever contemplate how many friggin' people you've heard say that in the course of your life, or even just the course of a couple of weeks[¿]? It's damn fucking alarming when you begin to realize that the progressive society of America has more or less devolved into a slave mentality, and that those damn annoying surcharges were just the tip of the iceberg...

And then that terrible thought hits you: it is now far, far too late to vote for Nader.

Happy Halloween everybody!

¥ C'mon, if you've stuck with me this far you shouldn't have too much trouble imagining that little oxymoron!

ö An education in engineering, once only thought to ruin your sex life, has now been proven to permanently subvert your thought processes under all but the most inebriated of conditions. Bottoms up!

Ñ TM 1999 Becca Grace Ann Hopson, credit where credit is due...

£ The third one is, of course, accepted as a tautology... and if you have any ideas to the contrary, I'm sure Big Brother^ÿ would be *more* than interested in hearing alllll about it...

ÿ Big *Brother*, not Big *Daddy*, you damn dirty apes... but while you're over there, could you try and get me Cheryl's phone number? Rimshots 'R' us 2nite...

¶ Which is about the only thought scarier than seeing them clad in full body armor...^q

q Yeah, I know they aren't really sent in to deal with this kind of thing, but it's good dramatic imagery and I'm paranoid, damnit!

¿ To any of you who are new here at RIT, be prepared, because this place is the biggest hive of snivelers I have ever, and I do mean ever, come across. In fact, the student body at large is so cowed that the administration was shaken to their core last spring by what was, possibly, the smallest and best behaved peace rally in the history of the world just last spring. Frank Lamas sent out an email (which, in my own mind, after having watched the rally firsthand, will forever live in infamy) regarding proper student behavior. No shit. Scary thing was the reaction from the student body, some of whom seemed almost psychotically incensed against the protesters, not on the grounds that they may have been misinformed, but on the fact that they would protest... The best four years of your lives, ladies and gentlemen... welcome to the Institute.

October 10th – Trapped
By Alex Moundalexis

I had gone to visit Allison at school, borderline friend/prospective lover.

Upon arriving, in the center of the room she sat at a podium, with all sorts of controls.

It was a some kind of prison, yet she wasn't a prisoner. Prisoners strolling about, all leaving us alone.

A young girl was there too – her mother – and was drinking a red syrup-like liquid from a clear plastic bottle (some sort of cough syrup), dribbling from time to time.

Allison and I were to have wild and crazy sex. She left with another man, to go out drinking at a bar across the street. What the hell?

I tried to chase after her, but the gate was locked, and couldn't be opened. People from the outside could come in, but the insiders could not get out.

I had to catch my flight home. I grabbed an assistant who had been left in charge and demanded to be let out. She said she couldn't do that. I demanded the passcode from her, and she said she didn't know it.

"I'm going to miss my flight", I said. "Look, I have diplomatic tickets. It's rather IMPORTANT that I be getting back." The assistant didn't care in the least.

I kept complaining, and I finally convinced her to call in her supervisor, at which point she disappeared.

Examining the yard, there was a hill covered in green grass, that went all but 3 feet below one section of barbed wire.

I tried to get a foothold on the fence and climb over. The prisoners started to notice, howling and calling from the catwalks above.

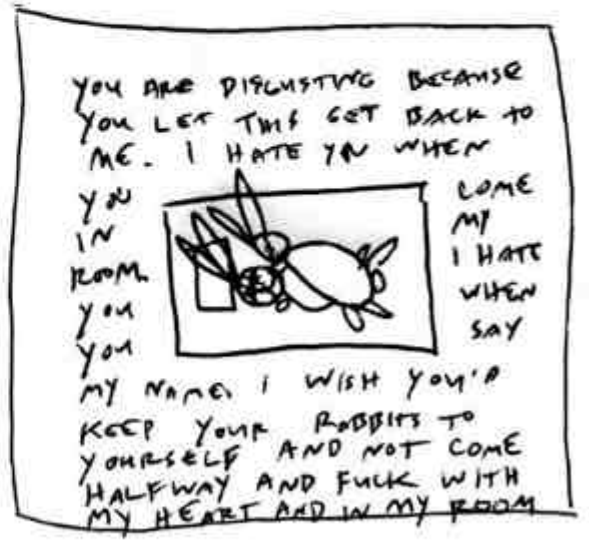
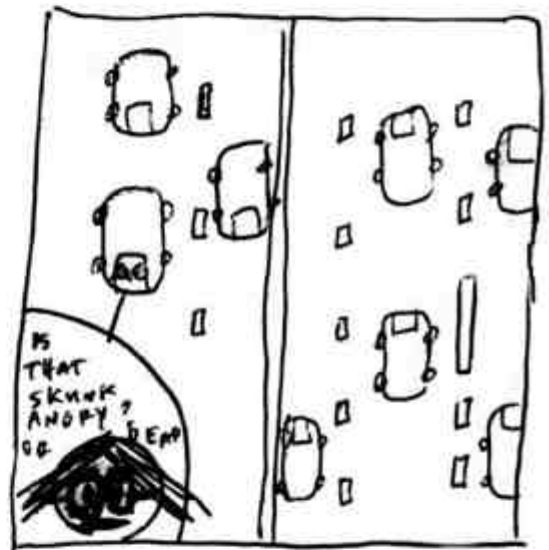
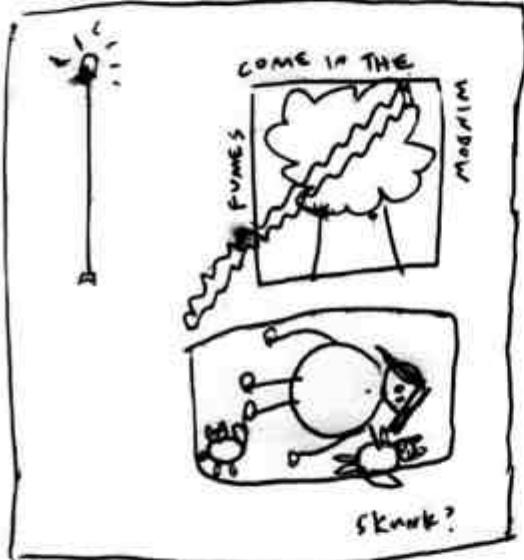
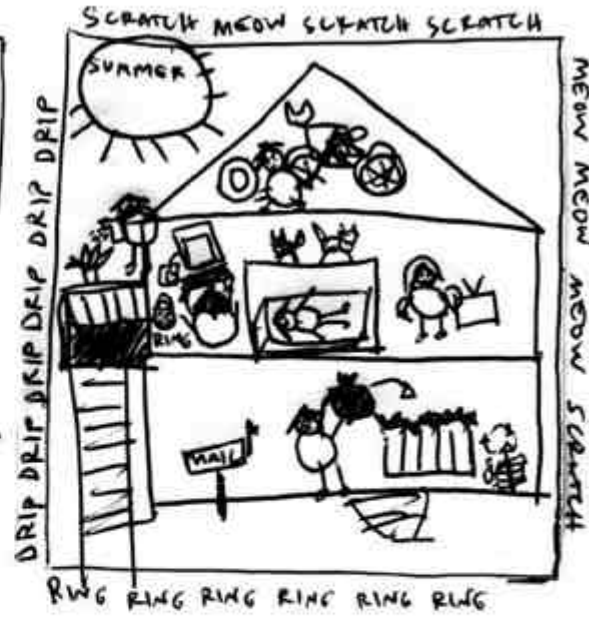
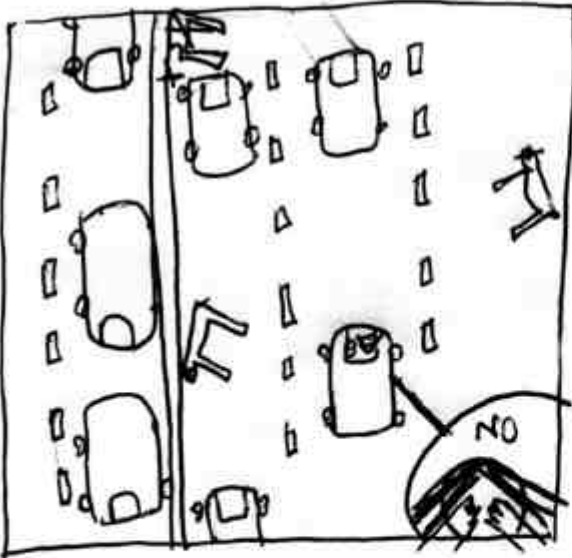
I couldn't get my grip between the barbs on the wire. No blood. I failed to make it over the fence, despite several attempts.

SUBMIT.

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