



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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APRIL 25, 2—
By R. Meinhart

The tiles on the floor of the showers of the YMCA on West South and College Streets are a gentle periwinkle hue (what the hell kind of color is periwinkle?) and speckles with intermittent flecks of light and darker flecks of grey. (Or is it gray? who the fuck cares, really.) There are a few occasional bright blue squares mixed in - obviously replacement tiles- not as interesting as the originals. But what remake is ever as interesting as the original? Like when the Fugees redid "Killing Me Softly..." - it didn't even compare to Roberta Flack's. That song reminds me of ___ of course and I am back to the YMCA shower stall. In the third shower stall on the poolside of the locker room there is a missing tile kind of near the center of the stall and I cannot get over how very grimy it looks. Or maybe that's how I feel. I think that there's some sort of psychology term for that. Projection maybe? I don't know...It all seems very muddled now. All I know is that I sat on the floor of that shower stall for five hours and twenty two minutes today staring at those damn tiles and I swear to God, if Wagner were to quiz me on them, I would know all the right details.

I sat there and cried for five hours and twenty-two minutes. I was fully clothed the entire time, and had the lukewarm water on full blast— streaming— no— pounding on my head-falling onto me. Lukewarm. How very appropriate

I concentrated on those tiles and ignored the flat sound of children's bare feet on the tiled floor. Little girls with their tiny bright orange floaties and their loving mothers on their way to a Wednesday afternoon water sports classes. There were over six hundred tiles on that floor. I tried counting several times but I just kept loosing track thanks to my somewhat blurry visage.

god - I spent five hours and twenty-two minutes trying to feel anything but this. And of course there is no difference.

I had had no where to go and was driving around

and ended up on west south and college and had I continued to go, I would have run into C_____ Street and I would have been at his house and his innocent mother would have taken me in and force fed me (I was not in the least bit hungry for food) and cooed and gushed over my bright artistic future and how I was the best thing that ever happened to ___ and I could not or can not handle that sort of guilt. Right now. In general. Period.

Maura has been so supportive but she's off teaching violin now and besides- what else is there to say anyway. No one else knows. He does. But he's in G_____ and besides, all I would get in return would be icy holier-than-thou bullshit and I don't need that from him. Its all going to be different now- I know this because I already resent him somewhat not for what happened, but because I know that he will not know what to say to me anymore and wont know who I am anymore and won't love me anymore.... not really anyway. He will be different. Indifferent. Cold. There are other people who I want to tell - who I want to cry to! But would they still love me after knowing? I cannot even love myself at the moment-why put others to the task. And so the floor of the YMCA shower was my shoulder to cry on and the tears I shed told my story.

As I left the haven of the shower stall I realized that I was wet for the first time. People were looking at me and they knew and were judging me and sneering. They were being hateful and mean and disgusted with me. I could feel their eyes through me, and all I could think was to scream, ' I was being precautionary! You don't know! Maybe I was wrong! Hell- maybe it wasn't necessary but what the hell do you know!' But of course I just ran out of the slightly overlit lobby and into my car. My tears are hot and burning even now and I wish that I could feel some sort of physical pain because I am not sad. Rather, just deeply and irreversibly scared and pained in a way that pen and paper would not recognize.

A right. A choice. A decision. An act. A dark corner.
A blue tiled floor.

Exist By Randy

Originally, I was going to write a report on the current state of the guy to girl ratio at RIT. In other words I was going to sit in places around campus and count the guys and girls that walked by. After concluding there was a worse ratio walking on by then RIT claims I was going to demand that they either produce that number of girls or kill that number of guys. The ratio I calculated would then be compared to the guy to girl ratio of nations like Afghanistan, Iran and China. Assuming that RIT's ratio would be presumably worse than these chauvinistic nations I would speculate as to why. On the other hand, this is nothing any one didn't already know and I'm lazy to do any real investigative reporting. So, I decided "screw it I'm going to write about what happened in the shower today."

You see, I was in the shower today showering. Yes, I shower and no! Stop picturing me naked, unless you're Lisa Loeb... Okay, so there is this shower and I'm inside. The water is all warm and fuzzy like I imagine Lisa Loeb would be and don't even go there. Well, as I was saying I was in the shower. I was showering. The water was nice and fuzzy and I began thinking.

Thinking about what most average guys think about in the shower, the holographic theory of the universe. I won't bother really explaining it because I'm sure at this point we all know what it is. Although, I doubt that anyone knows as to what it implies if it is correct. That is because I just figured out what it implies myself in the warm and fuzzy shower and I'll be damned if someone figures something out before me. Anyway, the point of this article is not about who figured it out first (me), it's about sharing the knowledge with you.

I very well could just come out and tell you straightforward what it implies, but what is the fun in that. I'll make you read a little more first. Or will I? Ha ha! Fooled you into reading a little bit more. You're such a sucker... like Lisa Loeb, but no more talk of that because we promised each other we wouldn't go there. We'll go back to me standing in the shower having revelations about how the implications of the holographic theory will change our entire outlook on the world, as we know it. Yeah, the water was warm and

the thoughts were flowing and stop thinking like that pervert and start think about how the moment you have been waiting so intently for is about to arrive. That's right in just a few sentences more will be the moment you have all been waiting for. The moment when I tell you what I realized while standing in the shower. The

Construction Notice

The screws holding together the handrails of the north stairwell of the Eastman Building B-wing will be replaced Friday, October 26th between the hours of 7AM and 3PM. All stair access across campus will be shut down at this time. Caution signs will be in place as a reminder, but please be advised. Please use the elevators to access all floors during the screw replacement.

For additional information, feel free to browse our construction notice website at www.manbeef.com.

Thank you for you cooperation.

Mr. Fancypants
Director - Eastman Building
Engineering

moment when your life changes forever. Be warned in a few sentences you will never look at the world the same way again. So, if you are happy with things the way they are now, put this down and walk away. Trust me.

Okay, so here is what I basically concluded:

Time and space are "equal" (that is for our intents and purposes, I think the correct term is in direct proportion, but I'm not sure and it doesn't really matter because this step is really unnecessary) due to the theory of relativity ($E=mc^2$)

Man invented time and therefore man invented space. There is ample logical evidence to prove both of these claims. Time is more self-evident so I won't bother trying to justify myself, but with space I feel as though I must a little. People visually and mathematically invent space. For instance there have been operations given to adults born blind to restore their vision and these people had absolutely no perception of visual depth. They could tell shapes and colors apart, but could not tell distances. Therefore visual depth is not something that is naturally occurring, it is a creation of

the human mind. Visual space also is not the only way to sense the environment, there is also auditory and tactile space to name a few, but likewise all these spaces are just mathematical extensions of the senses. Space is not naturally occurring.

There is neither time nor space but there is energy. Energy travels in waves and when waves collide interference patterns are created. There is proof that our brains not only convert interference patterns into pictorial form but are also set up as to store information in the same form. I'll go further into interference patterns later on maybe. I just make note of this now because it helps explain some of the conflicts that may arise as I explain more.

Experiments have been done where two related molecules are bounced off each other. These molecules travel away in such an intricate pattern that either they have to be communicating with one another faster than the speed of light, which is impossible according to the theory of relativity or they have to be one in the same. So, not to conflict with the theory of relativity, everything is one in the same. Therefore we are all part of the same interconnected energy wave. We just perceive differentiation largely on account that our brain mathematically converts energy waves into pictorial form. Again there is various other evidence of this discovered in the field of quantum physics that I will not bother going into.

Now to get back to modern science, no matter can be created or destroyed. This in effect limits the amount of matter present in the universe to a finite amount. Being that matter is energy and all energy is one interconnected entity, the universe therefore is a singular entity unto itself. Being an entity unto itself it is surrounded only by void.

This brings us to the old philosophical question that if you were to have a white marble surrounded by void would it exist? Having no point of comparison who's to say that it's a marble? Likewise who's to say it's even white? Therefore it doesn't exist without any point of comparison. The universe due to the limited amount of matter can be seen as the white marble in the void, being that outside of the realm of the limited interconnected matter all that possibly can exist is void.

Therefore to draw the logical conclusion the uni-

verse doesn't exist and we being one in the same giant energy mass as the universe also do not exist.

Kind of a bummer eh? Not existing sounds kind of bad at first, but once you begin to consider the possibilities it's not so bad. For instance next time you fail a test just think, "Hey I don't exist" and it won't seem like such big of a deal. Or next time your boss asks you to get him some coffee, just remember you don't exist and say "No." When he demands that you get it or get out, get the coffee, pour it on his head and be comforted that you don't exist as the squad car hauls you off to jail. Be warned, however, my discovery can only change your outlook on life if you let it. Lisa Loeb let it and she's on television. Think about that one if you will.

Accepting my theory in to your life will bring you a world of good by making the world void. It's a win-win situation. You get to take things less seriously while completely denying the things existence in the first place. There is no way to go wrong. All your actions can be simply justified by not existing. Beat that existence! I don't think it can. Why would existence want to anyway, it doesn't exist. I'll let you mull that one over for a few seconds.

Okay, enough time. Let me just put it this way. Existing makes humanly pursuits seem important and fruitful. Not existing on the other hand makes them seem kind of useless and futile. If you don't exist you don't have to take things so seriously. You can relax for a change. You can stop revolving your life around earning the money that simply can only be exchanged for goods and services that don't exist. You will live solely to achieve a transparent personal happiness. Then again you probably won't. Fact of the matter is whether or not we do exist you probably won't change your life the slightest.

That's right, I can sit here all day and tell you all about the wonderful discovery I have made until my face turns blue or Lisa Loeb's hair falls out and you will simply just deny it because you want your life to have meaning. And to that I say "Bah to meaning!" and to you I say. "Bah to existence!"

Crossword Puzzle

By Adam Fletcher

Across

1. Wise men
5. Protobread's job
10. Sad
14. Fat
15. Archiac halt
16. From storage
17. Panama palindrome
20. Lung filler
21. Has _____
22. Cresting waves
23. Paper unit
24. Having lost life
26. Another round
29. Coconut husk
30. Cute, smelly or a poor person
33. Times
34. Frank Sinatra's second
35. Angry folk queen
36. Puzzle crafter
40. Metric measurement of fucks
41. Innocent
42. Underage girls
43. Irish rebels (terrorists?)
44. Fork parts
45. Type of 30 Across
47. Cowboy biology
48. User-opaque software
49. Love
52. Muslim scholar
53. ___ for ___'s sake
56. Job of those in Romans
60. Shades
61. Tractors caught in headlamps
62. Skirt or car
63. Japanese monies
64. Hindu shrooms
65. ___ the wild

Down

1. Preventative water
2. Dancing girl; or college attended
3. Cog
4. Space age cannon
5. Take back
6. Religous nation
7. Kyle, Eric, Kenny, _____
8. A long, long time
9. Belgian bath
10. Twists
11. John Holmes
12. Mormon state
13. Power-full fish
18. Cain's opposite
19. Country's Crow
23. Diminished computer; acronym
24. Explosive for german crypto

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13	
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49	50	51						52					53	54	55
56						57	58					59			
60						61						62			
63						64						65			

25. Peruvian beans
26. Possible plural of key part of 30 Across
27. Conehead disagreement
28. Houseplants
29. Make tray art
30. Most important
31. Conditional time limit
32. Property of mountaintops
34. French fishing net
37. Sex toy
38. Mirror people
39. Goat's programming language
45. Small game traps
46. Silent "actors"
47. Jean estimate
48. A shadow's shadow
49. Throbbing joints
50. Pout
51. Dutch _____
52. One thing
53. Similiar
54. Leasor's debt
55. Set of three
57. Magazine moneymakers
58. ___-Geo
59. Bible's mother

Why Gracies Rules By Dumpy McDump

Ever had one of those days where everything seems to go right?

Well yesterday was one of those days.

As I entered One of the best dining halls, on the East Coast, in a city that begins with R, that has a large portion of it's students that like to play quake for days at a time, in the nation, I realized something.

Gracies KICKS ASS.

Where else have you ever been able to walk up to a counter where there's an old woman, standing, that will give you anything you want to eat (as long as it's fried, covered in cheese, or sliced up to be made into pizza toppings?)

That wasn't where it stopped. I took my tray (with the familiar "Fish C1 wuz here" scraped into it) and went to the condom....condam....conde....the toppings bar. Let me tell you. Toppings like I've never seen before. A1, soy sauce, yellow mustard, Dijon mustard, lettuce, tomatoes, onions ketchup, and cat-sap. Not only did they have them all, but also it's just like home (that place where your parents live). I had all of these con...toppings at my disposal and not one of them had enough left inside to cover my hamburger.

So I took my burger with MusKetchA1 on it and move over to the fountain drinks. Wait let me rephrase that, HEAVEN. I'm standing there with the ability to choose one of many fine carbonated beverages that my school has determined are what's best for me (since they care so much about my health). I could get water if I wanted, but why would I do that? Mountain Dew and Code Red (what first year computer science majors will soon know as the "Life Blood" that will keep them up those 4 days straight they need to finish that damned project that they can't figure out) were at my fingertips and that made me happy.

Ahhh the meal was almost complete. I walked to the silverware containers. This is the best part of any meal. You may think to yourself, "Silverware? What's so good about going to get silverware?". Well I'll tell you what's so good about it. Have you ever

played 'Pick the Clean Silverware'? It's a very popular game in the south. I played 'Pick the Clean

Construction Notice

Our apologies for the tardiness of this message. Things have been taking longer than expected in the poor weather we have been having lately.

Thursday (10/25)

The portion of Andrews Memorial Drive that intersects Lowenthal Road will be closed to all through traffic. Repaving will be finished at the latest by yesterday, the 24th.

Friday (10/26)

Wiltsie Rd. will be torn up and left barren for two weeks, and closed to all traffic during this time. Any vehicles attempting to use this road will be ambushed by an army of orange traffic cones. All entrances into the Perkins apartment from Perkins Rd. will also be shut down. All individuals parked at these places should plan ahead and devise a way to drive out through the swamps.

For additional information on road construction, feel free to visit us at our website: www.baker-d.com

Thank you for your cooperation.

Commander w00t, Commander
Main Paving Dude and Superhuman Pimp
Rochester Institute of Technology

Silverware' (my favorite game) for about 15 minutes today and went to find me a seat.

As I looked out over the cafeteria I saw many familiar faces, which is nice since I'm at college and want to feel comfortable. I noticed a kid in my Calculus class sitting alone. I decide to go and walk over to him.

me: "Hey dude, how's it goin?"

dude: "I was just leaving."
me: "You hardly ate anything though."
dude: "It's just time for me to leave."

And he leaves. Hmm...must have some studying to do. 'Oh SHIT!' I think to myself,

'There's that hot girl from my English class, sitting alone. I'm gonna grow a set of balls and go sit with her.'

me: "Hey you, how's it goin?"
you: "I was just leaving."
me: "You hardly ate anything though."
you: "It's just time for me to leave."

Why the Reporter Sucks II By Dumpy McDump

Fellow students, I would like you to do an experiment for me. I'd like for you to follow these easy instructions.

Go to your favorite web-browser

Type in "www.espn.com"

Wait for the page to load.

Look at what the domain name has now become.

Read on if you dare. If you didn't follow my instructions and got to this part of the article, shame on you. But the important part is that you know what step 4 gives you:

<http://msn.espn.go.com/main.html>

Oh, this is great. No really, it is. See before I used to get confused when trying to follow which multinational conglomerate (read: Monopoly-to-be) owns what. But this lays it out in an easy to follow format. The first part reads easy enough, "http://" tells me that I'm in cyberspace (not to be confused with cybersex, almost as fun as cyberspace, but messier).

Man, from there I get all confused, like a 4th grade kid told he was picked last because he has two left feet. The poor kid stares at his feet every morning in the shower until he turns 19, when he reads "Johnny and his 2 left feet" and he realizes it's just an expression kids used because he was a clumsy motherfucker.

“.espn” is clear enough. Here's the Encarta definition of ESPN:

Oh well, with the quarter system and all it's tough to get time to just sit around and chat with people. So I guess it's best she left, otherwise she might have talked to me for hours and that would not have been good.

So I ate my meal by myself and decided that I would carve this story into a tray tomorrow. Which is today. And if you find this tray at Gracies with this story on it. I'll send you a prize.

DumpyMcDump@hotmail.com

“ESPN is a subsidiary of ABC, Inc., with the Hearst Corporation owning a 20-percent share of the network. In early 1984, ABC Video Enterprises, Incorporated acquired 15 percent of ESPN from Getty Oil Company, which had owned the network since 1979, and then purchased the remaining 85 percent from Texaco, Incorporated, which had taken over Getty Oil. In October 1984, 20 percent of ESPN was sold to Nabisco Brands, which later merged with R.J. Reynolds, a share acquired by the Hearst Corporation in 1990. The network maintains executive, sales, marketing, and research offices in New York City as well as sales and marketing offices elsewhere.

Reviewed by: ESPN”

ESPN,” Microsoft® Encarta® Online Encyclopedia 2001
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All thank Al Greenspan ([year 2000] read:God, [year 2001] read:Satan) that was so easy to understand. Because now comes the explanation for the “.go”. (From our faithful Encarta)

“In 1986 the company [ABC] merged with media company Capital Cities Communications and changed its name to Capital Cities/ABC. The Walt Disney Company acquired Capital Cities/ABC in 1996 and changed its name to ABC, Inc.”

ABC, Inc.,” Microsoft® Encarta® Online Encyclopedia 2001
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Now the “Go” network belongs to the Walt Disney Company. And is the God-damndest network

of sites anywhere online. You're wondering how they came up with the "go" in "go.com". I know you are and there's no reason to hide it.

Well "go" is how you pronounce the number "five" in Japanese. So what they're telling you, is to count on your fingers (starting with your pinky of course) and you'll end up on the fifth. Then take that and shove it up your ass.

Fuck this. I'm not gonna follow this thing all the way up the call stack. You do it if you care.

Now that you've seen just how much shit is falling from the same tree of you are ready for the next part. But not before I rant about the propaganda bullshit you get fed from these companies. Ready for my rant?

<RANT>

I hate the propaganda bullshit(read:"America's New War" or "America Fights Back" or "Good thing we is in the NRA Jimmy-Joe, we can protection us from those towel-heads now") you get fed from these companies. If you have half a brain you've been doing anything, but watching the 24-hour a day updates on the CNN/Time Warner/AOL.com channel.

</RANT>

The ".msn" part of the domain is something totally different. This will be standard issue on all web pages soon. It is important to note here that, while Microsoft may seem like an evil company, trying to create a monopoly with which they would control the entire world, they actually are an evil company, trying to create a monopoly with which they would control the entire world.

We've now got this: "http://msn.espn.go". The ".com" is pretty much standard issue too. It's because the World Wide Web is slowly converting all third world nations and parts of southern Nevada to communism. Hence the ".com" is just a shortened form of communism.

I heard a story once that everyone in communist countries is evil. No Joke, I'm serious. I was in a Wal-Mart and I overheard a conversation between a mother and her son.

<CONVERSATION>

Son: "Mom, can I get that Chinese checkers game?"

Mom: "No son. You will never buy anything made by those commie bastards."

Son: "What does that mean?"

Mom: "These people have chosen to live a life of darkness. They have no God. Do you know what that means? The don't get Christmas, Easter or Festivus presents. Son, if you ever see a commie, run and tell the whitest person you can find. All commies are Chinese. You'll see them. When you do, run."

Son: "OK."

</CONVERSATION>

"main.html"??? You're probably wondering, "what the fuck is this?" Well I'll tell you what it is. It's msn.espn.go.com's way of saying "Fuck you and the horse you rode in on".

And why is this "http://msn.espn.go.com/main.html" the Domain of espn.com? Well there are a few explanations. One is because companies are swallowing other companies faster than your mom can collect the money from that guy down the street for her services. The other is Because the Reporter sucks. That's why.

O	T	N	I	S	A	M	O	S	S	N	E	Y
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The Love-Song of the Tulip
By Andrew Gill

1. Pupa

In me, in me, the future strives to be!
- Chrysalis, And So *ad infinitum*

Once upon a time and a very good time it was, there was a lady
coming down the road and this lady met a man
and they lived happily ever after.
The lady loved the man,
and so they decided to go out to dinner.
After five years of courtship,
she permitted him
And then they were married.
And then he mounted her bed
and enjoyed her to the hilt.
His seed and her egg merged
and life was created.
During sexual intercourse, millions of sperm,
contained in the male's ejaculate,
hungrily flow into the female's uterus
and join with the ovum.
Remember,
Every sperm is sacred.
I choose to marry so that I may have sex
and raise my children in the Faith.
And she became bored and started fucking
the baker on the side,
which was good for him, since he figured that the dental hygienist
had some kinky shit.
And they lived happily ever after.

by dalas verdugo

grant-rain-october

fall's leaves are
beauty,

and gold drifts,
then lands
on

me:

i am
a see-saw
of seven sides
and
one senseless center,

and though
parts of me
touch ground
at different times,

other parts
brush skies filled,

and gold drifts

there

i am rich.

P O E T R Y

Antiwar By Randy

It has recently come to my attention that a certain unnamed RIT news magazine that rhymes with Ferporter is run by complete and total buffoons that are completely misinformed on many world issues. Take for instance one article about United States action in Afghanistan. This tear jerker of an anti-war commentary starts off with little known fact that the attack on the World Trade Center on September 11th was the “first attack on American soil since the British burned down Washington in the War of 1812.” This is a little a known fact because it is clearly wrong.

I am not a historian (although I do watch the History Channel a lot), so please correct me if I’m mistaken, but wasn’t Pearl Harbor an attack on American soil? My roommate Ed says it was. Let us fast-forward now about forty years, wasn’t the first attack in 1993 on the World Trade Center an attack on American soil? Again, Ed has to agree with this fact. Fast forward a little further now... Wasn’t the attack on the United States embassies in western Africa in 1998 technically an attack on US soil? Ed, had to think about this one a minute before agreeing with it’s validity. Once you consider that attacks on United States owned embassies and territories are attacks on United States soil, it is then safe to say that the attack of Philippines during World War Two by the Japanese, the over-taking of the US embassy by the North Vietnamese during the Vietnam War and also the over-taking of the US embassy in Somalia in 1994 are all attacks on American soil postdating the War of 1812. How the columnist from the RIT news magazine that rhymes with Ferporter managed to miss ALL and I mean ALL of these incidents is beyond me. It boggles me further how the entire magazine staff would let such a large blunder slide.

Lets move on and travel a few paragraphs further down this article, where they claim that America’s actions against the nation of Afghanistan are illegal in terms of international law. That would be true, if not for the fact, as stated many times by President Bush, the United States didn’t declare war on the people Afghanistan, they declared war on the

terrorists and the regimes that are illegally in power and harboring them. I suppose the columnist knew that though and just choose to omit it. Omitting parts of the truth is on par with lying, just to let you know for future reference. A respectable news publication should know that lying is wrong. Your average five year old knows that lying is wrong. Most fundamentalist terrorists know that lying is wrong. Get with the program!

CONSTRUCTION UPDATE

Due to the difficulty in replacing screws in the north Eastman B stairwell, work will continue through to the 30th. Once again, stairwell access across campus will be restricted at this time. Students interested in getting to class on time should prepare ahead and go to the Red Barn to learn how to scale walls. Please do not bother us at the stairwell site as we will be too hammered on the Inconspicuous Can of Beer™. Yelling will not help since we will be playing Herb Alpert & the Tijuana Brass’ “Spanish Flea” obnoxiously loud. We are sorry for any undue inconveniences this may generate.

For additional Eastman building remodeling updates, you may contact us at user.tninet.se/~prv247p/hatt/hatten.swf

Thank you again for your mandatory cooperation,

Mr. Fancypants
Director - Eastman Building Engineering

In the next paragraph the columnist strays from his train of thought and begins trying to justify himself being a godless communist bleeding heart liberal. He begins lambasting the whole “with the terrorist or against the terrorist” mentality.” Although, he does have a point it is possible to not be with them or against them. There are people who don’t sit on either side of the fence; those people are complete and total misinformed arrogant idiots.

This genius then goes on to say that the Taliban “gained rule” by making “bloody coercion it’s mode of operations.” Lets keep in mind for later reference that the definition of terrorism is “the systematic use of terror esp. as a means of coercion.” Not to keep

you in suspense this will be noted because later on the columnist then goes on to try to justify separating the actions of the terrorist from the actions of Afghanistan's illegal government the Taliban. It is clear that "any rational human being" would conclude that there shouldn't be any moral objection to declare war on an illegal regime run by terrorists that has violently attacked our innocent countrymen (and women). Allow me to be self-indulgent and speculate for a minute that this columnist was one of those kids in school who got beat up and made fun of a lot because he had a moral objection to standing up for himself. Anyway, lets get back on track...

Once again I shall mirror this article by advancing a paragraph. In this next display of poor reasoning and pure ignorance, he then goes on to say that killing Osama Bin Laden without any form of evidence would be morally wrong. That would be true if not for the fact that there is evidence that Osama Bin Laden has masterminded various other terrorist activities and if that is not enough, he has also sent a tape to the press taking responsibility for the attack on the World Trade Center on September 11th 2001. I am not sure whether the Taliban has yet to review this evidence, but it sounds to me as though they have no intentions of handing him over regardless of whether or not we hand over evidence. Let it also be noted that killing an admitted terrorist mastermind before or after a mock trial in the International court system would not change the fact that he had died fighting for his own distorted interpretation of the Islamic faith. In other words he will become a martyr for extremists whether or not he is tried fairly.

Lets fast forward a bit further now to the point where the communist, whoops, I mean columnist begins talking about how the UN Security Council would be the best option for handling this situation. Why the UN Security Council Ed asks? Well, our brave columnist from the unnamed RIT news magazine that rhymes with Ferporter has gone ahead and told us. The UN Security Council consists of numerous nations willing to bring perpetrators to justice. Unfortunately, the ruling regime in the nation in which the perpetrators reside is not recognized by the UN at all, nor is willing to comply with any demands laid upon it. In other words, in order to get anything

accomplished through the Security Council as far as obtaining perpetrators, brute force would have to be used. Wait just a minute isn't that exactly what the United States is doing anyway chimes in Ed. Ed is one hundred percent correct.

The only real difference between America's solution and that of the columnist is that America would like to bring justice to the terrorists themselves and Mr. Smarty Pants Columnist would like for a whole lot of other nations to do it for us. In other words he is too big of a wuss to fight his own battles. He would rather hand off his problems to someone else rather than taking responsibility for his own actions. That is by no means a healthy rational and I do recommend that he see a psychologist.

Einstein here then goes on to whine about the fact that the media or intelligence agencies have not given us any credible evidence to make an informed decision. First of all Ed and I would like to think the government does have that information and secondly it is not your job as to make an informed decision. I hate to tell you but one of the trade off's you have to make when opting to have a government is to give away some degree of personal freedom in exchange for the protection of your natural rights (life, liberty, the pursuit of property and/or happiness depending on who you ask). This means the government acts on your behalf at times in preserving these rights. In other words it is not anyone's place but the government to have and use the credible knowledge to make an informed decision on this matter.

On another note, it is not safe to assume true that anyone is "starving to death while they're waiting to be killed" because when you assume you make an ass out of you and me. And allow me to say what an ass you are making. Those who are kind of irked about the whole starving thing are not waiting to be killed, they're out there fighting against the Taliban. Does the northern alliance sound vaguely familiar? Unlike yourself Mr. Communist Columnist Smarty Pants, most people do not sit around passively and wait for someone to bring eminent doom upon them. Also, as mentioned repeatedly by key member of our government, at no point did the United States ever declare war on the people of Afghanistan and believe or not there are many people in Afghanistan welcom-

ing United States intervention.

Allow me to keep this paragraph short for times sake, but how many times can one person demand evidence that is right under their nose. It confounds

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This message has been generated to inform you of further renovations occurring in the Eastman building. Thursday, November 1st, a private urinal for the RIT elite will be installed in the 6th floor of the Eastman Building. Access to and from the Eastman building will be restricted at this time. The urinal and renovation crews will need use of the south side elevator between the hours of 7AM and 3:30PM. We are sorry for any inconveniences this has to all the students and faculty at the Rochester Institute of Technology. For additional information, please point your web browsers to: <http://www.captaineuro.com/>

Thank you for your ongoing cooperation,

Dr. Boom-Boom the Loon,
Mr. Fancypants' boss
Rochester Institute of Technology

explanation if you ask Ed... Does Osama Bin Laden need to sing and dance before you will take his word that he did in fact give orders to plan and execute this and many other acts of terrorism? It seems to me that this "reporter" wouldn't know the facts if it beat him over the head with a sock full of quarters!

From this point on, this guy just keeps repeating himself because he must really like the absurd thoughts which spew fourth from his fingertips, onto the keyboard, through a network of wires, onto disk, sent to another network of wires and with the help of a printer converted to text. Blah, blah, blah, we need to give them evidence that they'll simply ignore regardless of validity... Blah, blah, blah... let the

United Nations Council do the dirty work for us... Blah, blah, blah... Blah, blah, blah...

All that useless gibberish then builds up to the fact that we should be using "legal means." That's right, all this builds up to the fact that we should be approaching the problem of arresting a terrorist harbored by a country run by an illegitimate government that has no intentions of fulfilling our demands by using "legal means." That solves everything. All we need to do is find a law that says we can declare war on an illegitimate government harboring criminals that refuses to negotiate with our demands. Just like they found a law saying that we don't believe in the

It seems to me that this "reporter" wouldn't know the facts if it beat him over the head with a sock full of quarters!

same way of life as you so we will kill thousands of innocent civilians. Well, maybe that is exaggerating a little, but the fact of the matter is that it doesn't make any difference whether or not there is a clause somewhere proclaiming that America has the legal right to the intended course of action being taken. The majority of this World's nations feel these actions are appropriate enough to give us their support as do the majority of your countrymen (and women). In a sense, our nations actions could be said to be legal on account of the general will of the people.

It's only close minded little boys such as Mr. Communist Columnist Smarty Pants that are trying to do everything in their power to try to prevent justice. Don't get me wrong now, I am by no means saying that he should personally go out and fight the war on terrorism, nor am I saying that we should wage a war on the people of Afghanistan in retaliation. What I am saying is that if someone chooses that they want to fight against a corrupt, illegal and immoral regime and the criminals that they support, the more power to them. So, anti-war crybabies, put on your thinking caps, quit your complaining and go fly a kite or something... That's my story and Ed's sticking to it.



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre:

I read today's issue (Volume 20, Issue. 4) and I realized something - it's full of cheap cliché (accent egu, if I remember my French properly, which I probably don't) obscurely referenced quotations and allusions to underground pop culture literature and the ramblings of semi-famous pseudo-intelligensia, convoluted vaguely poetic psychotic drug-induced images of surrealistic dreamscapes that would confuse even the syphillitic cloned hybrid daughter of Escher, Dali, and Schrodinger (pardon my lack of umlauts) after a healthy dose of peyote and espresso spiked with mescaline, the angry rantings of disillusioned college students oppressed by an expensive technical institute that they were most likely only able to get into because they were born into the advantages granted by the life of the slightly-downtrodded bourgeoisie, and various other nonsensical blitherings that anyone could write. Then I thought, "Hey, I'm anyone!" Although I will fight to the death anyone that accuses me of being Everyman (individuals may be very intelligent, but people are stupid and the intelligence of a group is inversely proportional to the square of the size of the group, making Everyman the stupidest person on earth, which means he watches Survivor and thinks MTV News is genuinely informative and responds sincerely when the Reporter asks him, because goddammit people really care about these issues, "How do YOU feel about Greeks on campus?" Personally, I think Greeks are great - from Eurypides to King Mataxas to Dr. Iannis, but that's not the point of this email.) I can quote people and books; I can make obvious references to Catch-22 and 1984 that most people still won't understand

(Yossarian is a saint of Discordianism); I can be angry and furious and outraged and incensed (If you're not outraged, you're obviously not paying attention) about anything and everything because nothing works

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We apologize for including everybody's email address in the text of our message. Our condolences to anybody that has suddenly received an influx of lesbian sex porn in their RIT email accounts. All those responsible will be forced to clean Al Simone's private urinal, once it is in place. Once again,

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*Sincerely,
Mr. Poopypants,
Dr. Boom-Boom the Loon's boss, and Mr. Fancypant's half-uncle,
Rochester Institute of Technology*

correctly and society has been designed to repress my thoughts (because I'm doubleplusungoodthinkful); I can make fun of the Reporter and laugh at their editorials and the incredible naiveté of the student population at RIT and provide satirical commentary about...whatever; I can make up facts because nothing is true anyway so why

bother doing research when anything I say will be believed by someone? I can write in huge run-on sentences because humans don't think with punctuation and thoughts just flow from one into the other so why bother putting a period or an exclamation mark or even a question mark when really run-on sentences are more conducive to the human intellectual-creative experience anyway and they make for a more interesting reading experience because normal sentence structure is trite and old and boring and this forces people to actually think about what's being written until they get tired of trying to decipher everything and throw the publication away or just leave it on the ground to be rained on and stepped on and used as a receptacle for used chewing gum and left unread and unwanted in the halls of our hallowed institution for days

and weeks and months until finally someone decides on a whim to pick up that little white leaflet and peer inside hoping for a laugh and instead becomes enlightened and leaves RIT to travel across the world inspiring others in his or her travels. Yes, this is what I want to do, enlighten that single student at RIT (probably not an IT major) who is destined to become the next Laughing Jesus Buddha Christ. That is my purpose and my destiny, so give me my fucking press pass! I've got a fedora and I think it would look really cool if I had a real, shiny press pass to tuck into the band.

Loyal reader,
Gary

Awards
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Controversy
Guaranteed

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2 COMICS THIS WEEK
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READ MY HANDWRITING
IF YOU HAVE COMMENTS
GDT WILL PROBABLY



PASS THEM
ON TO ME
COMMENTS ARE
WELCOME!

DO YOU THINK
I HATE YOU?

DO YOU THINK
I DON'T WANT
TO KNOW YOU?

I'M FALLING FOR YOU
BECAUSE OF THE LIGHT
IN YOUR EYES WHEN
YOU LOOK AT ME
AND I KNOW
I KNOW YOU'RE
THINKING OF A
WAY TO START
THIS CONVERSATION OR END

I KNOW I LOOK PISSED
BUT I'M NOT
I'M IN SCHOOL
I SLEEP IN
THE MORNING
AND MY BED
IS FULL OF
NIGHTMARES

IT'S NOT THE
BED - IT'S NOT YOU -
IT'S ME

I MEAN
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO
DO OR SAY
YOU LOST ME THERE
IN THE TREES AND
I WANT
HOME
AND THE
TREE
OUTSIDE

MY WINDOW REACHED IN
AND GRABBED ME
I'M SITTING IN THE TREE
UNTIL YOU COME GET ME

I WANT YOU TO BE MY
FRIENDS AND I FEEL LIKE
I HAVE TO START A
FIGHT TO
MAKE
THAT
HAPPEN

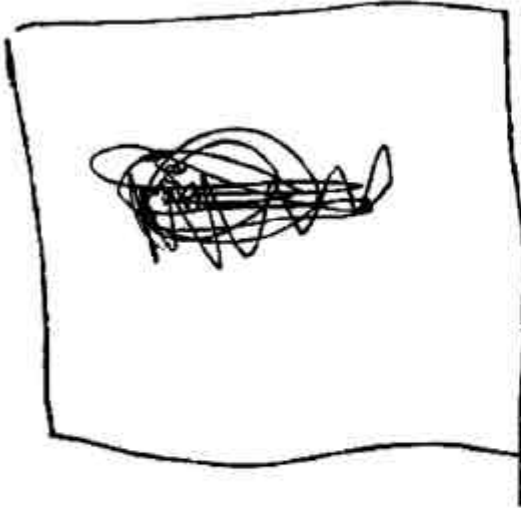
I WISH YOU KNOW I'M
NOT TALKING TO YOU -
BECAUSE I WANT TO.
I WANT TO.

NO YOU'RE WRONG
FISH SHAPED LIKE
STARS AND CLAMS
AND FISH
THEY TASTE
GOOD WITH
TATOR TOTS AND
ORANGE JUICE AND
I CHOOSE I MAKE
CHOICES AND I CHOSE
YOU TOO
SO I MUST BE RIGHT

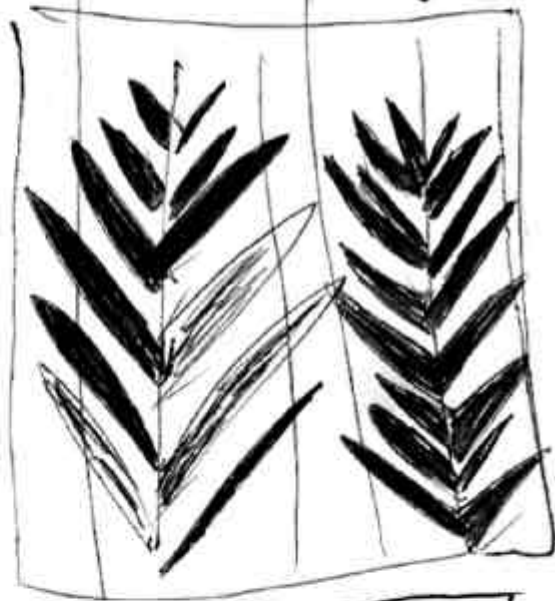
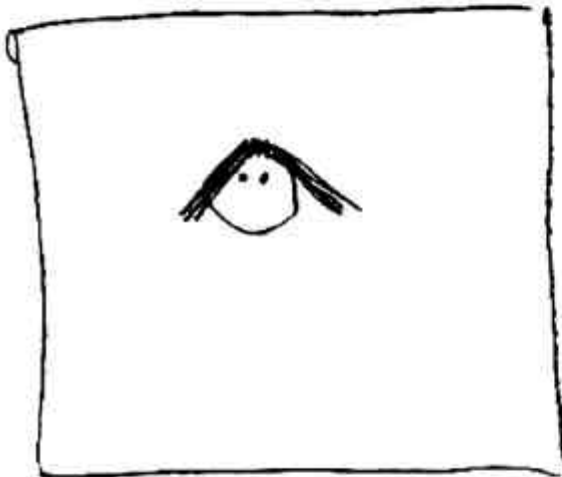
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UNRELATED TO TATTOOS
DRAWINGS +

SLEEP



UNRELATED YOU SEE ↓



What is this magazine?

This is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, a magazine of satire, literature, poetry and art. We publish out of Rochester, NY but we have readers around the globe. We exist as a medium for your expression and invite you to contribute.

Anyone is welcome to submit.

gdt@hellskitchen.org



**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**
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