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RIT Professors Frustrated by Students' Pestering

By Rocko Bonaparte

Professors with regular office hours are shocked to find that students actually show up for them. These students stop by and ask the professors questions about their coursework. It is unsure if this is a RIT student conspiracy to slow down the professor's office work, or something more sinister. This article comes in the light of more frequent student visits during professors' office hours. It tends to happen at this time every year. Freshmen finally discover the concept of an "office hour," and attempt to exploit it. Students with registration problems aggravate this, but the more regular visit is for help in a class. With these visits comes a barrage of student questions.

"Most of these questions are downright stupid." Dr. Fingerpick commented, "Why can't any of these students know the material before they come nag me at my office?" Dr. Fingerpick is a Rectal Engineering Technology professor—an expert in his field. He is a consultant for other departments, ranging from physics and electrical engineering to photography and entertainment.

At a technical institute such as RIT, higher learning is kept to a minimum, and emphasis is placed on method and job placement. Hence, efforts of better understanding the fundamentals driving a course are met with fanatical resistance.

"The ones that really tick me off come in and ask me all these extra questions about the stuff. What is their problem?" Dr. Fingerpick commented, "I show them one way to do it in class, why do these people keep coming in to find out more about it?"

Dr. Bootlegger is a professor of shoe repair. He has worked out a tried-and-true method for repairing shoes that he imparts onto his students. Like more RIT professors, he is flabbergasted when students ask him about other ways to do things.

"It reminds me of my Ph. D thesis defense. All these people kept biting my ankles with questions." Dr. Bootlegger lamented.

"Now the boot is on the other foot. I already got my Ph. D, but why do I still have to deal with this?"

So it seems that professors feel threatened by these questions. This is natural—it is important that engineers, scientists, and technologists in general sound intelligent. Questioning these individuals is akin to a threat. It demeans their hard-earned reputation that is backed by a piece of paper.

A popular method in solving the annoying student problem is to hold office hours, but never honor them. The ploy is helped by never responding to student emails for setting up appointments. Dr. Halberdier of the Pike Engineering Department uses this technique. It took over 2 weeks to set up an interview with him due to the difficulty in contacting him. Once met, he turned out to be friendly after realizing we were there to boost his ego, not deflate it with serious, course-work-related questions.

"If they want to see me, they can just call me at my office."

Dr. Halberdier never mentioned what his number was, and neglected to mention his phone was not even plugged into the wall. This brings in the fourth and final part of the ploy—act oblivious to the matter.

Another method that sometimes works is to yell,

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“I’M BUSY!” at students whenever they knock on the door, then slam the door on them.

“I used to do that,” Dr. Halberdier mentioned, “but some kid stuck his foot in the way of the door like those door-to-door salesmen and Jehovah Witnesses do. He mentioned something about trying to reach me for 3 weeks to go over a test or something. What a dick. I had to take a different approach after dealing with that kid.”

Professors and faculty have learned to loathe the registration weeks, especially for the freshmen and sophomores. More than likely, these students will encounter problems registering for one or more courses, and set out on their quest to sign up for the courses they need to graduate. In some cases, a professor’s approval is necessary, forcing these students once again to hunt these people down and waste their time.

“These bastards form a line outside my door and act like I’m supposed to do something about it.” Dr. Scavak, said. He is the department head of the aforementioned Rectal Engineering Technology department. These students and their “special needs” not at all impress him. Dr. Scavak says, “It is important to remind the students who is the boss and refuse to give in. If they want the course with a certain professor, make sure they never get it.” While Dr. Scavak does not teach many courses in one year, he still has to keep the program and its students under control.

Rumor has it that there are professors that are warm and hospitable to students. Local professors deny this. “Associate professors don’t count,” Scavak said, “because they don’t have tenure.” It is true that associate professors have to be nice to everybody because their position relies on it. “I remember when I didn’t have tenure.” Dr. Halberdier said with a laugh, “I had to be nice to people. I’m not too good at that.” Another rumor that borders on an RIT “brick myth” is of the tenured professor who helps his/her students. So the rumor goes, this person has a warm smile and a kind heart, coupled with just the right amount of discipline to keep the students working hard. “That’s complete bull.” Halberdier responded, “We may have had one awhile ago, but we got rid of him for being too soft on the students.” Professors have their own form of peer pressure, and it covers the new professors in a veil of conformity.

“The institute doesn’t pay us to help students.” Dr.

Scavak told us. He mentioned that the professors try to get rid of the students as quickly as possible.

One method of getting the students out of the professors’ hair is quite crude—fight students with students. Teaching assistants, tutors, and mentors are now being employed to handle inquisitive students. Professors finally have an excuse not to help the students. Now they send them off to the assistants. These individuals, in turn, follow their own doctrine regarding their handling of questions. They also occasionally disregard their hours.

A tactic unique to these student helpers is the regurgitation of the textbook. Students who have questions are merely shown where the answer *could* be in the textbook. The helper then reads the textbook for the student until the student gives up and leaves.

“I feel like I’m actually helping somebody,” Stephen Munchie told us, “because some of these people are illiterate and they need my help.” We were told he gets \$10/hr to do this. “It costs a lot of money,” Dr. Bootlegger said, “but we can usually get a corporation to kick in a grant for it.”

Professors that are tired of asshole accusations rely on the TA’s as a smokescreen. Instead of directly being the prick, the professors put the pressure on the TA’s, and force them to pack the heat. This includes lab assistants, and especially graders. Professors can then claim innocence when confronted about a poor grade. “I make them talk to the graders,” Dr. Halberdier told us, “and that tends to get rid of them quick.”

The main frustration the professors’ have is that these students are not satisfied with the lectures. In between the complicated whiteboard notes, 20-minute summaries, and occasionally incorrect statements is the material necessary to pass the course. Students must learn to take it or leave it, and not to ask questions. In the real world, one’s career can depend on this. So these courses try to teach more than the material, they try to teach life’s important lessons. In conclusion, Dr. Bootlegger had this to offer:

“In the real world, it doesn’t matter if you solve the problem, just that you sound smart. I sound smart in my lectures, so I’ve done my job. These students have to learn to stop thinking about the material so much and just ‘do it.’”

“The institute doesn’t pay us to help students.”



Response to "Antiwar"
Jordan Olsommer

It becomes apparent, given the article "Antiwar", published in Volume 20, Issue 5 of *Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre*, that the writer has, in lieu of actual facts, ventured to the level of picayune irrelevancies and *ad hominem* attacks. Whatever the method, however, it must be fairly evident to even a somewhat sane observer that Randy cannot possibly mean what he says.

Take for example the first picayune point of irrelevance mentioned in the article, responding to my statement that this was "the first attack on American soil since the British Army burned down Washington in the War of 1812." The most popular example in comparing the September 11th attacks to atrocities which were previously directed against the United States is, of course, Pearl Harbor, which if the author will recall, was at that time a colony of the United States, obtained in quite an unsavory manner which a superficial look at American history will reveal - thus it was neither technically nor morally an example of American soil. However, it matters not whether this technicality is accepted as truth or fallacy-it's irrelevant to the thesis of the article. The reason for my inclusion of the statement was to point out that this is the first time in quite a long time that the guns have been pointed in the other direction-towards us. Throughout the last century (particularly the last fifty years), we have been the ones committing atrocities. Randy may choose to ignore this, consciously or not, but it remains a fact nonetheless. In general, however, I consider such hairsplitting (especially on irrelevant matters of expository statement) to be beyond comment, as they have relatively little to do with the theme of my article, a subject largely ignored by the author of "Antiwar".

Moving on to the second objection, we begin to see why Randy cannot mean what he has written. He states that the war would in fact be illegal in terms of international law "if not for the fact...[that] the United States didn't declare war on the people Afghanistan [sic], they declared war on the

terrorists and the regimes that are illegally in power and harboring them," a statement which is false on quite a few levels. Firstly, if one takes care not to ignore virtually every single declaration of war in the twentieth century, all have been motivated by a call for "counterterrorism"-all wars declared by state institutions that we like (the US and its allies, et al.), and more importantly, those that we don't (Nazi Germany, Stalinist Russia, et al.). In other words, the ignition of a war for the purposes of "counterterrorism" is not an exclusive property of moral states-it has been invoked by some of the most criminal and atrocious governments in the history of civilization. Given even a slight look at historical evidence, I think it is relatively uncontroversial to say that no state in its right mind would declare war on the people of a country. Secondly, again if one cares about the facts to any extent, the United States has not been given permission by any world governing body to carry out these atrocities against the people of Afghanistan (and they are against the people of Afghanistan, whether or not we choose to ignore it - if you need further evidence of this, please read on) - this is pure vigilantism, a fact which the author readily admits later on in his response when he states that "America would like to bring justice to the terrorist themselves and Mr. Smarty Pants Columnist would like for a whole lot of other nations to do it for us." The author claims that our actions are legal in one statement and then says that they are vigilantism in another. Once again, he cannot mean what he is saying.

Further along in the article, we encounter a paragraph completely devoid of fact stating that it would be true that the US is wrong in bombing Afghanistan without any evidence "if not for the fact that there is evidence that Osama bin Ladin 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," and that, regarding further evidence of bin Ladin's guilt, "the government does have that information." We can dismiss the claim that bin Ladin has sent a tape to the press acknowledging responsibility for these atrocities as wholly false, as anyone who has read or watched the submission or has read bin Ladin's press submissions during this entire ordeal has noticed that he has repeatedly denied responsibili-

ty for the acts, but championed them nonetheless, a far cry from the direct confession that Randy claims to have taken place.

With regard to empirical evidence of the crimes having taken place on September 11, the only official piece of supposedly empirical evidence that has been released at all is a document published by the British government, outlining seventy-five statements which lead to the conclusion that bin Ladin is responsible for this atrocity. The document is available at <http://image.guardian.co.uk/sys-files/Politics/documents/2001/10/04/terrorism.pdf>. The reason that I discount this in the article is because of the sheer ludicrousness of the evidence offered. The first sixty points of the document have nothing to do with the atrocities committed on September 11, and the last fifteen are incredulously inane (eg point #63: "In Al Qaida [sic], an operation on the scale of the 11 September attacks would have been approved by Usama [sic] Bin Ladin himself.") - this, bear in mind, is the result of what is by far the most intensive criminal investigation in history. Furthermore, any evidence that would be substantial (monetary connections, etc.) has not been shown empirically - simple statements that "there is a link between..." have been the order of the day. In matters of international atrocity, I think the least one ought to do is hold governments to the same burden of proof to which criminal trial prosecutors for domestic cases are held. That burden has not been met by any stretch of the imagination, and if one cares to fall back on the defense that for intelligence reasons, it can't be met to the public, fine-however, it can be met to the UN Security Council, the World Court, or the Taliban themselves, none of which require any incredible expenditure before evidence may be presented.

As I have stated before, "any rational person" would agree that legal means need to be sought in any criminal case, and if you don't have the evidence to attribute a crime to someone, then you can't punish anyone. That seems to me to be one of the few elementary moral truths we have as human beings.

With regard to the UN Security Council, the author is correct in stating that the Taliban might not comply with any orders given to them, or to the World Court's orders, or for that matter to evi-

dence presented them by the United States themselves, as I mentioned in the article to which "Antiwar" is responding. Notice that this is not even a possibility, as the United States has refused to even attempt to bring evidence to an impartial governing body. The response to what no sane person would consider to be an unreasonable request in terms of extradition (namely, evidence) has been "there will be no negotiations." However, assume that the United States did actually present sufficiently convincing evidence to the United Nations, the World Court, and the Taliban themselves, and they still refused to comply. The United Nations Security Council can then give permission to use military force on *its* terms (the terms of an impartial governing body, much like a criminal judge attributes a punishment to the perpetrator of a crime rather than the victims who have an interest in vindication - again, an elementary moral truism), which would be far more effective in obtaining the goal expressed by such radical "godless communist bleeding heart liberals" as the Pope, when he stated a perfectly rational sentiment; if you can prove the perpetrator of the crime, then bring them to justice, but don't hurt innocent citizens. Unfortunately we have been doing just that quite often for the last four weeks, both directly and indirectly. Every one of these deaths bear all of our responsibilities (from good people like Randy an to "godless communists") since we live in a very free country in terms of civil liberties and can do something about it.

As far as the situation of starvation in Afghanistan is considered, I have no idea what Randy had intended to prove, but the corresponding paragraph goes against virtually every established fact known to anyone even remotely familiar with the issue at hand. The *New York Times*, a relatively uncontroversial source, stated a few weeks ago that 7.5 million Afghan citizens are in danger of starvation, 2.5 million of those in acute danger of something as simple as a loaf of bread. The assumption that the nation of Afghanistan consists of a sliver of 10% occupancy by the starving, yet courageously fighting warriors of the Northern Alliance (another terrorist group, nearly as bad as the Taliban, if one cares to check history -but this is one that we like, so we support them) and a gigantic mass of land inhabited by none but the Taliban and the terrorists whom they harbor is not only

false, but absolutely ludicrous. We (again, good people like you and I) are responsible for what in the next few months will probably amount to millions of Afghan citizen deaths—citizens who have nothing to do with the “war on terrorism”. Humanitarian aid agencies like the United Nations’ World Food Programme have pleaded with the United States to stop the bombing so that they might bring in truck convoys to help meet demand, and get a sufficient amount of food into Afghanistan before the harsh winter sets in (which will happen in about three weeks, and which makes delivery to certain areas impossible). As far as the United States’ own humanitarian food drops are going, they are almost totally useless, as stated by the World Food Programme themselves, not only because the means of distribution (air drops) is probably the worst method of distributing aid, but also because if one does some simple arithmetic, he or she can find quite readily that the campaign is meaningless. Were every *single packet* of food that the United States has for this effort (two million, by John Ashcroft’s statement) to fall into the hands of an Afghan citizen who needs it (quite a long shot, by the WFP’s estimation), that would still feed only 28% of the starving citizens for one day (the packets are one day’s worth of food each). The US distribution of food is as clear a PR farce as one can get outside of completely fascist circles, and deserves no further mention.

Add to this the bombings of several Red Cross buildings (clearly marked with red crosses on the roofs, a sad statement on either the severe level of aggression being carried out by the United States or the incredible inaccuracy of the weapons systems of the largest military in the world), the use of cluster bombs to take out military targets, (cluster bombs release many tiny “bomblets” which frequently do not explode

when hitting the ground, in effect becoming land mines—they are clearly designed for the killing of people rather than the destruction of munitions bases and airports, i.e. inanimate targets that won’t walk on them), and the US demand that Pakistan close its borders just days after the September 11 atrocity (now only recently retracted), and it’s fairly evident that “errant bombs” and “collateral damage” are the rules, rather than the exceptions.

As stated throughout this response, if one makes even the slightest effort to obtain the facts in this case, reads even a small amount of the foreign press, or does the simplest arithmetic calculations which any student at RIT ought to know how to perform, one can find quite readily that this is a war which is doing virtually nothing to prevent the actions of September 11 from recurring; rather, it is sowing the very seeds for just such a repetition. Randy has put forth a response to my article that states his own solution—namely, that the bombing campaign in Afghanistan is correct, both morally and judicially. Slight problems with this solution exist, however; the most notable of them being that the proposal and the reasons behind it are completely at variance with the facts. If one rightly filters out the *ad hominem* foolishness and speculation (the vast majority of the article, I’m afraid), the certain conclusion is again reached; Randy, if he has any knowledge of the facts of this case whatsoever, cannot be sincere in his statements.

Randy’s article, “Antiwar”, was published in Volume 20, Issue 5 of *Gracie’s Dinnertime Theatre*

Jordan’s article to which Randy’s is a response, “Infinite Justice – No Evidence Required”, was published in the October 12, 2001 issue of *Reporter* and appears online at <http://www.reporter-mag.com>

SUBMIT.

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The Diary of a Jai

By Jai Ramachandran

Someone once told me that all objects cast shadows that are one dimension lower than themselves. This means that a three dimensional figure (for example, you...in fact, if you didn't understand that you were a three dimensional object, stop reading now. The rest will just make your head hurt) casts a two dimensional shadow (i.e. it has height and width), and a two dimensional object casts a one dimensional shadow (i.e. a line). This poses a problem for my extremely easily frightened mind: would a four dimensional object (don't ask me what the fourth dimension is, I don't really know, and this is all theoretical) object create a three dimensional shadow?

I know there are physics professors and physics majors on campus who could probably answer this question for me, but I don't care about them, they're all lying thieves (and they stopped answering my phone calls). So in my search for knowledge I asked the next best person, my daughter.

Jai: Hey Jaida, since three dimensional objects cast two dimensional shadows, and two dimensional objects cast one dimensional shadows, do four dimensional objects cast three dimensional shadows?

Jaida: [*Confused look...crying*]

My fiancée enters the room.

Jamie (my fiancée): Stop making the baby cry.

Jai (me): But I was just asking her a question.

Jamie: For the last time, she doesn't know if four dimensional objects cast three dimensional shadows, so stop asking; you are just making her cry.

Jai: Fine.

So I still had my problem. I was out of answers, so I asked my neighbor and friend Jim.

Jim (my non-existent friend...maybe I should have made him a girl): What?

Jai: Since three dimensional objects cast two dimensional shadows, and two dimensional objects cast one dimensional shadows, do four dimensional objects cast three dimensional shadows?

Shaniqua (same person as Jim, but now my imaginary friend is a girl): Are you feeling ok?

Jai: Fine.

Shaniqua/Jim was no help whatsoever, probably because they were neither a physics major nor did they know a thing about physics. So I asked my mom the same question.

Jai: Since three dimensional objects cast two dimensional shadows, and two dimensional objects cast one dimensional shadows, do four dimensional objects cast three dimensional shadows?

Jai's Mom: No, but I do have this new book you should read. It's by the same author that wrote the books *Conversations with God*, *The History of God*, *God and You*, *Why God Doesn't Love You*, and *God is Like a Flat Pancake Filled with Jizzum* (Ok, so I made those last two up, but I wouldn't be surprised if those were real books, and if she had read those books.)

Jai: [*Blank Stare*]

Jai's Mom: It's called *The Battle for God*. (That wasn't a joke. This happened last week.)

Jai: Ummmmmmmm... Ok. Can I borrow twenty dollars?

Jai's Mom: For what?

Jai: To figure out if four dimensional objects create three dimensional shadows.

Jai's Mom: Fine.

I now had funding for my new quest. First stop, Arby's (you can't think without food in your belly). Arby's cost \$5.12. I had \$14.88 left. It is also a well known truth that one cannot think clearly without several yellow legal notepads and a Pilot G-2 pen (The writer did not receive any kickbacks for this product plug). I was fresh out of both. They cost \$10; I felt violated. I

had \$4.88 left which was promptly spent on a pack of cigarettes (it is also widely known that one can not think clearly without nicotine). I finally got down to thinking. It was 1 AM.

I wrote down the question, and stared at it for a while. I decided to give up my foolish pursuits and have a beer with my neighbors. So I went over to their apartment, and walked in (I frequently do this) only to find Jim and Shaniqua fucking (it's my damn story, I can do what I want). So I left. I walked back into my apartment, and turned on the TV. *Gilligan's Island* was such a stupid show; if they would have just killed Gilligan in the first episode and ate his remains, they would have gotten off of the island before the first show was over. I bet the Professor could answer my question, I mean he could make a radio out of coconuts (although he couldn't figure out how to fix a hole in a boat). I fell asleep on the couch. I dreamt about a conversation with the Professor.

Jai: Since three dimensional objects cast two dimensional shadows, and two dimensional objects cast one dimensional shadows, do four dimensional objects cast three dimensional shadows?

Professor: Yes, they do.

Jai: Can they kill me?

Professor: What do you think all those things are that you think are people in the dark?

Jai: You always seemed so cheery on TV. Why are you being so gloomy?

Professor: Because this is your dream and I'm not real.

Jai: Fine.

Editor's note: There would be more to this article, but the author was eaten by the boogie man.

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Down with the Sickness: A Study in Institutional Mind Control

By: Irving Washington

Ever heard the expression? That little bon mot of building nine^à zeitgeist, so delightfully summing an overall psychological and physical state of anesthetized unruhe, a withering of the soul, a draining of the essence^è... a soberly malcontent depression spicing the autumn gale force breezes,^(TM RIT) intermingling gently with the subtle melange of dead worm, burnt-on grease, and online gaming enthusiast^ÿ, all amidst the tingling atomization of weather control technology which combine to mark the transition from summer to winter on our beautiful campus^â. But while many may know of the saying, and still more the feeling it represents, very few people are ever able to trace its origins, and fewer still live to tell of it, leaving the remainder of the sheep, er, the student body, to content their rapidly dulling minds with superstitious old wives tales^Û about poor gender ratios, stringent

enforcement of campus alcohol policies, and perpetual boredom in way of explanation; in short, to analyze the *symptoms* of the illness as its causal factors, thereby playing still further into the hands of their antagonists.[¥] For this is no cruel trick of nature, nor any disastrous accident of the science age^ñ, no, this is the work of a conspiracy of men, men unaccountable for their actions, protected and unnamable beneath the byzantine shrouds of national security and Generous Corporate Underwriting.TM

I can name no sources in my investigation, more through ignorance than journalistic integrity; all refused to communicate through any regular channels, only through obscure drop-offs and midnight calls to isolated payphones, and reluctantly at that. All the makings of a properly clichéd espionage drama, and ultimately, it seems, every bit as futile, a hard lesson delivered by the soft crack of a suppressed pistol from the nether end of a dead line. But I had the information I needed, a voyage of crippling madness and unknowable terror worthy of Lovecraft himself, penned in

^à from outer space.ç

^è “Have you heard of... fluoridation, Mandrake?”

^ÿ The horror, the horror... and you thought hippies smelled bad (at least on the morning after...) The whole lot should be mandatorily smokeboxed with Professor Orr’s pipe until properly sanitized. A fifty-percent asphyxiation rate would be deemed acceptable for the procedure, if not, indeed, desirable...

^â What can I say, I honestly like brickwork, despite all the medications and years of therapy^æ...

^Û The tale of the old wife is an interesting bit of vestigial anatomy once believed to be a divine judgment deriving from the various sins of knowledge encountered in the course of a lifetime, esp. of the carnal and original varieties, analogous to the man-breast. Many fundamentalist groups still believe this to be the case, bolstering their convictions^â with the inability of modern medicine to authoritatively explain its origin, or the rarity of its appearance in single females, regardless of age or reproductive status. In recent years, several motions have been made to curtail the development of this obsequious appendage, most notably an effort by the Federal Government,^{TM Publius, 1787} with the support of the A.M.A., known as the Marriage Penalty Tax, which has met with some considerable success, especially in the lower income brackets.

^ñ Prime examples of this include the spork, left-handed scissors and “pop” music...

ç ok, you try to explain those hidden stairwells as anything besides a b-movie plot device... I mean, they sure as hell couldn’t be any sort of covert entryway for intelligence operatives, any more than the infinity loop could be a localized high resolution electronic surveillance antenna connected via secure ground line to the Echelon site in Maryland, because we all know that the digging to the south of campus last was just to repair a... water main which had experienced a fatigue failure due to vibrations caused by heavy traffic on East River Road. Yeah. The white zone is for loading and unloading only. If you have to load or unload, go to the white zone. You’ll love it. It’s a way of life.^(TM F.Z.)

^æ On an interesting side-note, the only fields much concerned with human behavioral modification are Psychiatry and BDSM... so the real, and highly subjective issue is whether the process actually makes you *more* or *less* of a deviant... ethical issues make such interesting food for thought once you free your mind. Far too many people worry too much about whether or not it will come back, preferring to let it die in captivity than lose it. They’re all around you, man. Yeah, you, that’s right, who did you think I was talking to? You can tell who they are really easily, it’s all just a matter of observation, watching the conversations, the actions and reactions... especially the reactions. Give it a try. Bring this topic up somewhere, the quarter mile, Gracies, or even right in the comfort of your own lounge... watch the faces, the excessive and needless reactionary annoyance, the wary-eyed nods, the abrupt attempts to change topic. Go on, it’s fun^P. Besides which, I dare ya...

^â “The defendant is hereby found guilty of two counts of aggravated assault on a homosexual, three counts of aggravated unlicensed operation of a motor vehicle, driving while intoxicated, reckless endangerment, five counts of endangerment of the welfare of a child, 18 violations of city ordinance 211-K, unlawful firearms discharge within city limits, and 4 counts of unlawful carnal knowledge of a sheep. “

^P Well, except maybe for that *one* incident with the flaming torches...

screenplay form by the hands of a syphilitic strung-out dropout trapped in a psychedelic all-night pandemonic inferno of his own design; his name is forgotten, but it's rumored that his brain is kept alive through advanced life-support technology somewhere on the upper levels of the Eastman Building, and that its chemically distorted synapses now serve as the framework of the SIS.^Å

The journal itself was a work of that inspired madness which defeats genius on its own playing field, the kaleidoscope of incandescent hieroglyphs of blood and mercury flowing through page and mind like currents of liquid fire cast by some unseen divine hand to bubble and drip like hot wax in the vacuum of the heavens before tumbling back down from that celestial apogee as a hail of frozen acid, a smoldering reentry flooding over the soul like an ultraviolet blizzard whose sprightly icicles drip their vibrance back into the surging torrent of matter reborn of some ethereal life into a sweetly rejuvenated existence forgotten joys, burbling happily with a richness of both noble gasses and lost tongues, its eddies pulling like a riptide pumped from some infernal mechanical atrium whose oceanic roar nearly dims the arcane chanting of innumerable voices, cloaked somewhere in that impenetrable darkness which hangs in a space and time infinitely distant, yet far, far closer than any mortal sense can discern. The tactile sensuality of Braille^ô can be simply orgasmic.

I quickly discarded the ranting of political convention debacles and theories of unrestricted trade within the Americas as the driveling of a diseased, albeit hauntingly cogent, mind. From the collection of annotations, calculated opening strategies, and grotesque bas relief illustrations which remained, I was able to painstakingly piece together the history of this diabolical conspiracy, which I now submit to you, loyal GDT reader[£], but be warned; past this point there is no return, and to quote Danté's[¢] inscription from the gates of hell: *Qui se convien lasciare ogni sospetto; Ogni viltà convien che qui sia morta*^f.

In the year nineteen hundred and sixty-seven, Dr. Luc I. Ferspawn, a trustee of the Rochester Institute of Technology, initiated a program to harvest solar energy in order to artificially provide the proper growing conditions for a massive subterranean hot-house^æ devoted entirely to the cultivation of opium poppies, in order to both cheaply satiate his own narcotics addictions^ë and ensure a docile student body (in a time of growing social unrest) through the distribution of dilute opiates in the water of the school. The science of alternative energy collection was still in its infancy, but Dr. Ferspawn was an ingenious man, and was able to devise a system which, rather than simply harvesting energy via solar panels, used a sophisticated ionized particle matrix, suspended within the dense cloud cover created by a newly devised experimental

¥ Michael Eisner and Hanson.

Å Student Indoctrination System, a reference to the importance of sleep deprivation and psychological anguish in the process of brainwashing, which, combined with subliminal messages relayed via html watermarks and the carefully timed flickering of VAX cursors, provides one of the fundamental tools used to "break" new RIT students.

ô Fun Fact: ASL, an acronym often referred to erroneously as American Sign Language, (yeah, like American is a language...) actually represents the initials of its rather egocentric inventor: Anton Szandor LaVey, best known as the founder of the Church of Satan. It was originally intended to be used to rapidly issue commands to an elite bodyguard of deaf-mute eugenically bred super soldiers, but its pragmatic simplicity quickly caught on and spread like wildfire through much of the world. Anton was decidedly eccentric, to say the least, but he made a peach cobbler^Å that was simply to die for... in all of my efforts to duplicate it I've never been able to get the spices quite right...^æ This now antiquated site is located beneath the foundation of building eight, which offers one explanation for the soporific trances often experienced by freshman chemistry classes held in the lecture halls. The effect is noted to wane somewhat as the students acquire a tolerance for the airborne output of the underground narcotics manufacturing facilities, which run on a common ventilation system with the main building.

£ Wait, is that a *Reporter* I see sticking out of your bag? You filthy whore... don't touch me.

¢ Karl Marx said it too... heheheh, made a pinko outta both you and some dead Italian guy all in one fell swoop... my work here is done.

f No, I'm not going to translate it for you... if you've made it this far without blinding yourself or committing multiple homicides, you should be "just fine."

ë It has been suggested by some scientific studies that the endorphin rush created by "multiple orgasms," or rather a sufficiently large number of orgasms within a short space of time, can reach a level analogous to a narcotics high... just a little food for thought for the ladies in the audience.

Å Peach Cobbling is now a lost art, although it was once a booming guild trade in much of continental Europe, prior to the introduction of the metric system. Anyone interested in pursuing the painstaking craftsmanship of this beautiful tradition can find a number of excellent online references...

system for weather control, which is currently believed to be located at the top of the Ellingson Hall. While this system for harvesting solar energy proved more than adequate for powering this new “weather machine,” it’s output was still inadequate to power the hothouse, even with the addition of heat pumps to the design, and tapping into energy provided by the government’s “Daylight Savings Time” project.^â

It was clear that a more potent energy source needed to be tapped in order to further the experiments, and with all conventional scientific options exhausted, Dr. Ferspawn turned to his extensive background in the occult, particularly the religious and superstitious beliefs regarding esoteric forms of energy contained within the human body, often referenced as “auras,” “chakras,” or “the soul.” After exhaustive research, an ancient writ was found providing the solution⁺.... a solution which not only provided a nearly unlimited power source for opiate production, but also provided a sufficient “drain” on the student body (sic) to fulfill the original goals of the program without needing to actually distribute the opiates to the student body, thereby allowing the Institute and their new gov-

ernment bedfellows to sell the surplus in order to fund their respective “black ops” projects, the repercussions of which have been heavily documented.

The only notable downside of the program has been a heightened difficulty in “retaining” students, who tend to undergo an understandable state of depression associated with the campus and its hidden essence-sapping devices. Despite many efforts by the administration to correct this “retention problem,” a percentage of the student body tends to leave RIT each year, possibly due to the imperfections of posthypnotic suggestion techniques.

And what of the diabolical Dr. Luc I. Ferspawn? While no official records can be found documenting his death, much less his birth, it is clear that old age and substance abuse had begun to take a serious toll on his health even by the early seventies... while no actual proof has yet been uncovered, it has been suggested that a secret project was underway to somehow transfer his consciousness into another body... in effect breaking the final law of nature limiting his earthly existence, and making it possible that he may well still be in a position of power somewhere within RIT...

^â Provided covertly by the government, who naturally had an interest in the control experiments being conducted at the Institute. How did you think the CIA became involved with RIT?

⁺ At this point the journal is somewhat unclear as to what this solution actually entailed, describing only “a sound like the howling of a great number of winds... and there I stood alone for what seemed an eternity watching the stars fall into darkness, and knew that I was damned...” As near as I can tell, the project seemed to involve coating the soil surrounding the Institute with some sort of parasitic organic device for harvesting psychic energy from the student body^Û ... what its actual composition is unknown, although it seems that it is highly sensitive to certain chemical compounds, notably alcohol... the true reason behind the “dry campus?”

^Û What, you thought that green shit TheyTM spray over the construction sites is actually a fertilizer?

SUBMIT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

a chair in the palace isadore
by dalas verdugo

alone, i sit in a dirty pennsylvania diner, while wolf, in his truck, heads further towards the border.

sometimes, i almost can't recall how we met. it's as if my own life is keeping secrets from me, attempting to protect me from something it hasn't quite resolved yet. it can't keep that up for long though, as i scrape my memory until it all comes back to me. i remember how the week before i met him i would wake up every morning, pack a small suitcase, walk to the end of my street, and wait. when the sky grew dark, i would walk back home, unpack my things, eat my one meal for the day, and sleep. while i slumbered, my dreams would echo my activities. every action was the same, except the moment before i awoke, a rusty pickup, its make indiscernible, would come roaring up and stop in front of me.

the cycles repeated until one was as real as the other.

i'm staring at my fork through a cloudy glass of water, probably from pipes with as much filth as fluid. sharp, shiny points become gentle sloping curves in a liquid world that reminds me of my mother in a strange but comforting way. i trace my finger down the side of the glass, gathering cold condensation on my fingertip. i bring this to my mouth and the taste has a touch of soap. at least this means they wash the dishes. there is another flavor present as well, this one more metallic. it reminds me of rust, and i'm thinking of his truck.

it was roaring towards me and i couldn't tell if i was dreaming.

the pickup stopped abruptly and was quickly encased by the cloud of dust that followed it. this is where i expected to awaken to my morning-lit room, empty suitcase in the corner. as if mocking my most treasured beliefs, the truck sat motionless in front of me, and i remained awake, or asleep, whichever the case happened to be. like a curtain being pulled back on a stage, the dust slowly parted and revealed a middle age man with a full beard and a serious look on his face. his eyes stared at me in a hard and honest way that made me feel as if he truly knew me.

i walked to the other side of the truck, opened a heavy door, and took my place.

the waitress tries twice to get my attention, then says "i left my husband 'cause he ignored me, and you ain't much cuter, hun." it's the "hun" that grabs me and i turn from the window to face her. for a second, her face looks like the tree that i was staring at. with a sense of

duty without passion, she tells me the specials for today, but nothing sounds like something i'd want inside of me.

"i'm going to need some more time," i tell her.

"i'll be back in a few, then," she replies. i wasn't really talking about my order, though, and as she walks away, i look down at the menu, which is more like an arabic prayer-book to me.

my mind is slowly chanting.

we rode in silence for at least an hour before he finally coughed, then spoke. "suppose you want to know my name, hunh? most people care about things like that." i looked over at him and studied the wrinkles at the corner of his eye.

"no. it doesn't... it doesn't really matter to me. but when i think about you, sitting over there, my mind calls you 'wolf,' so i guess that's your name as far as i'm concerned." he nodded slowly as he checked the rearview mirror.

"yah, that works all right." and his hands slid back and forth on the smooth, worn rubber of the steering wheel. "this trip we're on... hold on." he pulled the truck onto the shoulder of the road and got out. i followed as he descended the sloping hill the pick-up was perched on. our destination was the dried-up riverbed at the bottom. wolf stood among thousands of smooth, round stones that shone white in the morning sun. he started collecting the flattest rocks and stacking them on top of each other. he stopped when he'd made a cylindrical pile about two feet tall. then, he walked over to the edge, where i was watching him. "soon," he stared into my eyes as he spoke, "the river will rise again. it'll cover that castle, and you and i will be the only ones who know about it." he started back up towards the truck, but i stayed a while longer to look at that rocky bump on the bottom of a phantom river.

i wonder how many hidden monuments that man has made.

a smell like urine hangs in the air of the diner, and i try to guess the amount of mold living in the ducts that rumble overhead. although i can hear them grumbling to each other, i can't see them, because they're covered by a drop-grid ceiling whose once white tiles are now almost all stained with watery, brown spots. the spots make shapes like clouds, and i begin to identify them, one-by-one. i can feel this world start to solidify as i name the objects within it, and this makes me uneasy. gases and dust will collect to form planets who give birth to teeming life. i'll have to escape before that happens. i don't think i can handle such cosmic events

so soon after my trip with wolf; but for now, i'm still looking at the tiles, and one in particular reminds me of a strangely shaped water tower we passed on the second day.

its curves made it seem like a pregnant woman in the throes of a violent miscarriage.

wolf pulled my attention away from this mammoth sculpture when he said, "i want to tell you this story." i looked over and he was grinning for the first time in two days. his smile shined like dustbeams through a filthy window. his tongue was red wine before fining, and from the dark hole of his throat, he muttered crusty words.

"it's about this girl. one day she was watchin' the sun set and she decided that God lived just over the horizon. so the next day, she packed a bag and started walkin' west. sometimes she'd get rides. sometimes she'd beg enough money to get a bus ticket; but she just kept headin' west. when she got to the coast, she worked for a little while 'til she had enough to bribe her way onto a cargo ship headed for china. she kept at it like that, headin' west, country after country, for ages. then one day, she was walkin' and she came to the bottom of a small hill. somethin' in her chest started bouncin' around, and she knew that her journey was almost over. she knew that just over that hill, lived God. so she scrambled her way to the top, and when she got there, she fell to her knees and sobbed. she stayed that way for hours, just cryin' and staring at the little house she'd left behind, three years before."

wolf didn't bother to look over to see my reaction. i think he knew that my eyes weren't going to tell him even half of what was happening in my head.

night folded over day like a dark blanket, and after a few hours more of driving, he pulled into an open field. we got out and went to the back of the truck, which was covered by a beige camper shell. inside, there were two flannel sheets, and we each got under one. wolf fell asleep fast and was soon deeply snoring. my head was directly on the metal of the bed, and when i moved it, i could feel the rust crunching under my skull. the sound reverberated in my bones and gave me the impression that my brain was cracking. wolf's snores were also echoing off the low ceiling, and their tone and frequency began to make me dizzy. i was staring upwards. slowly the roof began to dissolve as i watched while billions of stars moved across the sky.

inside of that universe, i fell asleep.

the waitress checks back with me. i tell her i'll just have a grilled cheese sandwich. that seems safest.

two booths in front of me, a girl no more than six keeps peeking at me over the back of her seat. i play along and act surprised whenever she surfaces. this pleases her and she giggles each time she sees my shock. her mother beside her looks back to see the cause, but i am clever and quickly put on the face of a boring customer studying the dessert menu. her mother and the two other men in the booth are discussing real estate. the large sums of money they mention seem to impress them, but the girl and i are much happier playing our game.

the choice of your games is one of the most important in life.

wolf and i bought some coffee, and it warmed us as we bounced down the grey-speckled asphalt. my muscles ached from two nights of sleeping on metal; although i'm sure wolf's body was adapted to that life. he seemed to know everything that lay on the route we traveled. he pointed things out to me that i might have dismissed. "see that one patch of trees over there? how they all lean sharp to one side? that's where the wind kissed the earth, then ran back to mother sky." sometimes i thought he was trying to tell me something. it seems more likely that he was trying to get me talking to myself. "these cliffs are wounds, but like all scars, they tell a story." the rocks he was talking about rose up steep from the sides of the road. they had a layered look, like sheets of black metal and were touched here and there with licks of white snow.

we drove until mid-afternoon, when i was suddenly moved to blurt "pull over." he started to slow down as he looked over at me, deep into me, and when he saw what he was searching for, he stopped. we sat there for just a minute. that's all we needed. then i pushed the door open with a loud creak, went around back and got my bag, and came back to the still-open door.

wolf scratched his beard, then said, "it's not all real. but it's all true."

i nodded and shut the door with a firm shove. the truck drove away with the sound of the tires on gravel, and i turned to face the diner where he left me. a diner where i would sit for a few hours, eat a meal, and let the memories of the past three days sort themselves. and now i pay my check and walk outside, where a bottle of ink has spilled on the celestial dome. my eyes move up to the blackness, where there are stars, and he is among them.

“Untitled”

By Randy

I have received various complaints about the repeated usage of Lisa Loeb in my writing. I don't see how anyone in their right mind could have a problem with Lisa Loeb, but being loyal to my critics and a total push over, I will remove her from my writing. This will be a difficult process having been through so much together, but I know I will always hold a special place in her heart as she does in mine. Unfortunately, being the cold and heartless bastard that I am, I have already drawn up two possible replacements. The first choice is Natalie Imbruglia. Let it be stated, however that she clearly does not have the same personal charm, depth or outer beauty to even compete with Lisa Loeb. Sometimes though we all just have to do something we don't want to. So, after taking all this into consideration I feel she will make a satisfactory replacement anyways. The second and more obvious choice is the Queen of England. In her prime ol' Queenie did more swinging than the teacup ride at Disneyland. So, now you have your two choices. Please send your votes to IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII@aol.com and if you are dissatisfied with both choice and want to see back Lisa Loeb, please send your nastiest e-mails to snafu135@aol.com.

On a lighter note, I have solved the quality of life problem at RIT or you could say just for life in general where ever you are. That's right, I've discovered why people get depressed...people simply get depressed because of the lack of a certain little something in their life. Want a hint? It's about one inch long, hard, smooth and black. That's right, it's a little plastic action figure. It sits on my kitchen table as the centerpiece and ever since I introduced this little gem into my life it has been nothing but a bowl of cherries.

You're probably thinking right now that I am completely out of my mind. You are probably right. That still doesn't change the fact that this little plastic wonder has turned around my life for the better. You're probably wondering how so...has it brought me great wealth, world domination or a steady girlfriend? Can't say that it has. Can't really say that it does much actually. It doesn't cook, clean, vacuum, have gratuitous sex or perform any of the other functions of a mail order bride. It really is pretty much useless. "So what's so great about this little action figure" you wonder. Elementary my dear Watson this little action figure is a

ninja. That's right I have introduced a little plastic ninja into my life and it has brought a world of good.

Next time you walk around the RIT campus look around and consider how many ninjas you see. Then go home and watch *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* and count how many ninjas you see. Then think about which one you like better. The answer is simple. The dragon movie of course. Speaking of dragon movies, *Enter the Dragon* didn't have any ninjas to my recollection, but it should have. I won't hold it against Bruce Lee though. He would kick my ass if I did... if he weren't dead! I'm sorry, that was really cold... like Bruce Lee's lifeless corpse! Oh, I'm terrible... like... ummm... The guy who shot Bruce Lee! Hehehe... Bruce Lee... Bruce Lee... Bruce Lee... Okay, I'll stop. I'm better now. I promise.

As stated earlier ninjas will bring a world of good into your life. Take for instance the remake of *Planet of the Apes*. Now imagine that the Marky Mark sissy boy was replaced by a ninja. I mean, if you were living on the planet of the apes whom would you want to fall from the sky, Marky Mark sissy boy or a ninja? I definitely would put much more faith in the ninja. He could use all his supersecret ninja powers to disappear and reappear behind the apes and chop their heads off with his katana and then another ape comes and he throws his ninja stars through his eyes and when that ape's friend shows up he rips off the arm of one of the decapitated apes and beats the new one to death with the bloody severed limb! Ninjas are resourceful. Ninjas kick ass and if you disagree they will kill you. I know I sometimes have trouble sleeping at night knowing there is a ninja living under the same roof, as I. Ninjas tend to be temperamental. Although, I believe my ninja when he promises me his loyalty and protection.

I sure would be sorry too if some punk wondered in the middle of the night only to find themselves face to face with my ninja. I bet my ninja would rip out his small intestine and shove it down his throat and down through his small intestine and then defenestrate him off my apartments balcony. Although, if he threw him off the balcony it would not technically be defenestration unless he did it from inside and even then I could not be certain that that would technically be a defenestration. I guess the easiest way to do it would be to drag the lifeless Bruce Lee like corpse into my room and defenestrate him from there. That would get the carpet bloody. At least though I would know it wouldn't be my

blood. It would be the blood ruthlessly drawn by my little plastic ninja of a late night intruder.

Let's think for a minute about what my little stuffed Curious George doll has to say about all this. Not much really being that stuffed animals don't talk. Although, if Curious George were to talk it would sound something like oh AH AH AH ohohoh AHHH-HH!!! What this more or less means is that monkeys can't speak any form of intelligible language—kind of like people from Long Island, NY. I guess both monkey stuffed animals and people from Long Island come from a limited gene pool. Those are two pools any one with any self-respect or common sense should never swim in. Let's take Hitler for example. It is a little known fact, but Hitler was not born in Germany. Hitler was originally a stuffed monkey from Long Island and was accidentally air mailed to Germany some time around 1910. One hundred percent true. Trust me. Or don't trust me. Ask your professors if you like. I wouldn't lie to you. On the other hand a ninja might. Then again I'm not a ninja so you have nothing to worry about. Then again a ninja could add sentences without me knowing. Ninjas are resourceful. Use your own discretion.

While we're thinking about ninjas, stuffed monkeys and Hitler, let's take a moment to reflect on World War Two. As far as all historical records show, no ninjas were ever deployed on the European front by either side. If we were to have set a few ninjas loose on the European front, the World War may have gone down in the history books as simply the Pacific War. That's right, if the United States were to release a few ninjas into Germany the entire conflict would be over within hours. One day the Third Reich is marching down the streets in France and the next day Hitler's stuffed monkey head would be posted on a stick in the middle of Berlin. Ninjas are resourceful.

On the Pacific Front, however, to release ninjas would have been a trickier endeavor. That is because as you and I know a ninja's natural enemy is a samurai. Don't get me wrong the ninjas would win; it's just that it would take a long time being that Samurais have experience in dealing with ninjas. On that front it was just easier to drop a few nuclear bombs on some innocent civilians and call it a day. While on the subject of nuclear weaponry, another little known fact is that ninjas invented nuclear bombs.... with the help from Lisa Loeb. Sorry I had to do it. The Queen of England told

me to. Queenie and I go way back. For instance, she used to feed me tea and crumpets when I was still in diapers. That's right, last Friday and what a day it was.

It all started with my alarm clock going off at 7:30 because I forgot to turn it off from Thursday, the one day when I need to set it. So I turned it off and rolled over and went back to sleep. When I woke some time around three I decided to do my laundry. I brought it to the Laundromat and they weighed it. It weighed seventeen pounds that means it was going to cost me seventeen dollars for them to do it. I'm a busy man. I let them do it. So, I left it and went home and watched television for five hours waiting for them to finish my laundry. I got my laundry later that night and made myself my meal for the day. That's right; I only eat one meal a day. I mean when you pay \$20 a week for laundry, how can you afford to eat anything more. Anyway I was eating my meal when I remembered I had the Queen's digits in my pocket from the S&M club I went to the previous weekend. So I gave her a ring. She picked up on the second ring "Yo, sup?" I remember thinking "She said yo first? How old school", but I remembered the monarchy was a bit out dated so I let it slide. Basically we talked for a while, agreed to hang out and I invited her over to my place. To keep a long story short the night ended with me in a diaper sniffing lines of something off of Queenie's bloody arse. What a jolly good time we did have.

So what does this have to do with improving your quality of life? Ummm... uhhh... Superdrag is playing on the radio. That's kind of cool. I haven't heard them since eleventh grade. Okay, okay, I'll stop avoiding the question. It all comes back to the ninja. If not for the ninja I would have never met the Queen and had such a great night. I mean before I got the ninja I didn't meet the queen, but after the ninja there she was flying into my life like a bat outta hell. I mean that in the sweetest possible way of course. I mean not to be mean. I don't know if the same could be said for the ninja. Regardless of the ninja's intentions, the ninja brings more good to the table than bad. So I won't hold it against it.

In summation, I've accepted ninjas into my life and I'm doing better than ever now. I haven't felt this good since ninth grade when I activated my pineal gland, accepted the goddess Eris into my life and declared myself Pope Saint Randy.

I Still Need to Get Laid

by Lemming Pi, NOT Josh Brown

Who the hell is Josh Brown? Who is he and why is he getting credit for my article? Josh Brown does not need to get laid (well, maybe he does, but I'll let him speak for himself), I do! I am the one requiring layage, not Josh Brown. Is Josh Brown the John Galt of our generation, perhaps? Because I really don't want to have to read any more Ayn Rand to find out who he is. It's not that she's a bad writer, I'm just still in recovery from the last time she pounded her philosophy into my head with two sledgehammers and an anvil.

Well, let's go over the facts, for those of you unaware of recent developments:

Last week an unnamed RIT publication that rhymes with Macy's Sinner-Mime Beater printed a column entitled "I Need to Get Laid."

The article was posted as having been written by Josh Brown.

However, I wrote it.

And while we're at it, an unnamed RIT publication that rhymes with Recorder printed an article ("Hear No Evil. See No Evil. Sign No Evil. Deaf on campus") in their October 26, 2001 issue accompanied by three photographs taken during a performance of the play *Walls* and didn't mention the play once in the entire article.

I am not Josh Brown.

The article in the unnamed RIT publication that rhymes with Recorder dealt with some of the thematic elements of the play it was kind enough to use three pictures from and then didn't even say what the pictures were from or why they were related to the article or even that the play existed in the whole of the two page column. This is because the unnamed RIT publication that rhymes with Recorder really sucks, and so I won't dwell on it any more, since there's nothing I can do about that without sinking so low as to actually write for them.

The other publication, however, is one I thought to be respectable enough and to have the decency not to confuse me with this Josh Brown character, whoever he is. Apparently they think he is in need of a good fuck.

You know what, though? I don't think Josh Brown really exists. I think Josh Brown is a figment of someone else's delusional imagination, a product of a hallucinating psyche. He is just a psychotic fugue state, a cognitive dissonance created by an addled schizophrenia. Josh

Brown is simply an intellectual artifact and has no manifestation in our collective perceptual reality. I, however, do exist. I have a physical incarnation in material subjectivity, dammit!

Unless I am Josh Brown. Oh, shit; what if I am? What if Lemming Pi is a fictitious character whose progenitor is merely a divergent mind in need of serious therapy? How can I know for sure? Any proof shown to me that I am Josh Brown could easily be rendered inadequate or contradictory in the depths of my diseased cerebrum. After all, by simple extension of Cartesian logic, I am Lemming Pi if only because my brain has imprinted upon my paranoid consciousness that I am Lemming Pi. Well, this is enough for me, and all refuting arguments be damned. But then the same could apply to Josh Brown, which means as long as his ability to reason exists on any objective or subjective reference frame, then he is a rival with whom I must contend. In which case, who is he?

Is he a mediocre student at some random private university, raised to the bourgeois lifestyle and unwilling to give up its benefits in the face of a veritable sexual drought? Is he a nouveau artiste, wandering the world in search of the inspiration which he was unable to find at his continental home and so traveled across an ocean only to find his true calling is in taking the credit for other people's work, because that's the only way people would understand the message he's trying to convey? Maybe Josh Brown is the pen name used by the estranged gay Jewish ex-lover of Walt Whitman who chose to avenge his own plunge into syphilitic insanity by reaching from 100 years beyond the grave and replacing my name with his own fake persona for a poorly written article in an obscure publication that ultimately expresses perfectly his posthumous sexual frustrations. Maybe he's an aardvark.

Whoever he is, I have but this to say:

Watch your back, Josh Brown, because as soon as I find out who you are I will take back what is rightfully mine by any means necessary. I will find out where you live and find out who your friends are and break your legs at random intervals for the rest of your life. Beware, Josh Brown, for if you're not afraid now, you will be soon enough.

Okay, yes, I still need to get laid.

The Jiffy-Pop on the 401

By Matt Nicole and Bill Dowdle

“I’m being stalked”

Is that so? When you say you’re being stalked, do you mean that guy that’s looking at you? The one that probably has spent the last two weeks seeing you with your herd of guys and just now got up the balls to even get in your line of sight?

Guys at RIT have a bad rap. “He just wants to get in my pants”, “He stares at me all the time, it’s creepy”, well yeah, it probably is for you, if you’re a girl. Think about this for a second. You’ve come to college.

Personally, I have a lot of friends that are girls. They are great people. They console me when yet another girl I like has a boyfriend. They give me that all important “girl’s view” on stupid stuff, like, for example “Dude, you need to shave, that’s gross.” And best of all, they smell good. I don’t particularly smell “good”. I smell like me, not like a girl, and girls smell good. I’ll argue this one to the death: they don’t fart. How can you smell bad if you don’t fart? WOW.

Lets begin our journey with the experts of social incompetence. These little gems of human beings that I am describing are those people that leave you scratching your head after a thirty second conversation about... well you don’t really know that’s why you’re scratching your head. These people, and I am talking about, guys for our purposes, make up about at least 75% of the people that all the girls of RIT interact with everyday. These guys, in common with all other guys, are people, and naturally try to talk to girls, but they usually succeed in shutting down any hope that there might have been slight interest on the female end in about 15 seconds and that is why we are stuck. Should I even try to talk to girls? I ask myself everyday. I usually respond to myself by saying... no, why bother? You will be labeled as a stalking jerk asshole in less than 30 seconds.

I feel that I am on a downward spiral here. I know that girls are annoyed by constant attention from the guys and I don’t want to compound that by simply being another guy. Therefore how am I ever supposed to meet girls? The spiral continues as I shower less frequently and never comb my hair. The “noise level”

created by the sheer number of guys seeking attention is so loud that I could never shout above it. What is a guy like me to do?

Lets pretend for some inconceivable act of God that I somehow manage to leap this gargantuan void of gender discrimination and I am comfortable talking to a girl. Great... I’ve succeeded where many have failed but now what the hell do I do? Does this girl like me? I don’t know... lets find out. I see her talking to other guys and joking around with them as she does with me... so, shit. What does that mean? In my experience it means that she is just another girl that likes the unbelievable amount of attention she gets for simply lacking a penis on this campus. Nothing will ever come of it because she just wants you to jump on the tease wagon that she drags twenty other guys around with. Scenario number two is that she actually likes you but you will never find out because we live in the powerful social vacuum that is RIT, and eventually you will give up. Scenario number three is that you will talk to this girl for three months constantly and she will share everything about herself and vice versa. You will get all warm and fuzzy inside and think that things are going your way until of course she casually brings up her boyfriend from back home. Talk about getting smashed in the face by a brick (there are plenty here, take your pick (of bricks (the things the school (RIT) is made of))).

I am actually almost to the point of being scared of opening my mouth, because every comment that I hear out of the mouths of most girls involves negativity towards guys. “I can’t make it through the day without getting hit on 10 times”. “This guy kept looking at me and then he said hi, it really creeped me out.” I am a guy here at RIT and I know most of you girls out there have boyfriends. I am not hitting on you every time I say hi or pass a friendly smile, I am just trying to be friendly and say hey... because that’s what people do. Yes, there are many assholes out there that stare at girls and try to talk to them but constantly mess it up and then never let up because they think the harder they try the better chance they will have. Do me a favor, tell these guys that they are creeps and they need to chill out. Tell them you aren’t interested if they try to take it too far... but for the sake of the friendly guy, the average specimen being a non-creepy guy that is far too often single, just give us a hey.

So here we are, on one hand we have over confident social morons everywhere talking to girls and digging the rest of us into a hole deeper than one could ever escape. On the other we have coherent, interesting guys hiding in their rooms because the by the time they muster the courage to talk to that girl in their English class, she has already been swept off her feet by the typical stupid prettyboy asshole¹. Then us being the nice guys we are have to listen to our friends (always the friend) that are girls whine about how their boyfriend is a goddamn asshole who sleeps with every girl in sight.

So to all the girls out there: If this article in the slightest way made you see our side of the situation I applaud you for your ability to empathize. If you want to talk to us, we'll be in our rooms, brushing up on our Shakespeare for English class.

¹ Not to say that all prettyboys are assholes, but they somehow succeed in yelling louder than the "noise level".

Love—Song of the Tulip by Andrew Gill

2. Moth

I swear to the Lord
I still can't see
why Love must mean
everybody but me.
—The Black Man

The door is closed it makes me
Happy: Now I don't have to Conspicuously avoid Them.
Cushions dashed on the floor; looks like Them had fun.
I can hear their
pecks from behind the door.
Like
scissor blades.
Or sharpening knives.
Try to be silent. Try not to bother. Focus on something else.
Can't let him be bothered.
You'll have to admit.
Well prepared food on your plate.
Doesn't bother you.
Doesn't bother you at all.

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.

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