



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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## NIGHT OF THE RIVERKNOLL POOP CARPETS...



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## **Carpet Poopies: Explained**

### **By Assorted Riverknoll Inhabitants**

I recently moved into a room in a Riverknoll apartment. When I signed the lease at the end of last year, I was happy to have been among the few to find a place to live on campus; thrilled to not have to find a scary studio apartment in a less than appealing area of downtown Rochester, and amazed at my seeming good fortune.<sup>1</sup>

I moved in with little incident, unpacked my belongings, and made my bed. It was then that the carpet poopies came out to play. What are the 'carpet

poopies' you might ask? Quite simply, the dreaded, spine tingling carpet poopies are an accelerated breed of rabid dust bunnies<sup>2</sup> out to take over all rooms and floors in our apartment, traveling like the Nazi's did across Poland.

They've killed the vacuum cleaner; they've clogged our toilet, and strangled our poor house plant, Fyodor the jade tree.<sup>3</sup> They follow us out of the apartment through the crevices in our toes: to work, to Wegman's, to Wal-Mart. They even ate the previous tenants of this apartment.<sup>4</sup> They've invaded our furniture and captured our sanity!

**(Help!)**

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<sup>1</sup> Those of you living the life of luxury in UC may be laughing at my excitement over the prospect of living in the RIT ghetto, however, it looks pretty good when compared to a large refrigerator box.

<sup>2</sup> "Or more accurately," says my roommate, "carpet poopies are actual pieces of the carpet that fuzzed up extensively! Why? Because it's cheap!"

<sup>3</sup> What? You don't name your plants? You insensitive bastard, you!

<sup>4</sup> Okay, so that part was wishful thinking. And the two roommates before that and the two before that. Between excessive smokers and psychotic bitches, this place has seen it all.

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## **A Year or So Later...**

### **By Vera Ikon**

In last week's *TIME* magazine, there were two opposing articles arguing whether or not America has "changed" in the last year. That's something people have been talking about a lot lately...*change*. Things need to change in airports, in our government, in our big cities and on our borders. And then people start asking, are those changes "enough"? You know, enough to prevent the next big terrorist attack. Hopefully by now, our government has caught on that no cosmetic or procedural change is going to make people feel better about the future, even if there is a chance that the new laws and regulations will prevent another assault. Now, Americans are firmly convinced that Mom and Pop's corner grocery store is going to be hit by terrorists, or that some community in the middle of nowhere is going to become the next killing ground, even though it has no strategic or symbolic significance.

Granted, the horror of it all is still remarkably fresh. I was watching a 9/11 documentary on PBS a few nights ago, and I started to get choked up as I was again hit with the reality of just how those poor people died, and how long many of them did indeed suffer. I can turn off the TV and move on to something else

whenever I want, but the pain of those affected by the attacks is never, ever going to go away. The fact that only one year has passed makes it hard to objectively gauge whether or not America has really changed. We're still a nation of raw nerves. Just look at the massive plans for a "remembrance day", the care and hype that are going into the preparations. It is both admirable and despicable, because while the country really does need to heal, there are people making money off of all the pain.

I myself have been scrutinizing the country's attitude in these past months, and I've decided that nothing has fundamentally changed. America is still Number One, we have little regard or respect for the other countries of the world, and we still think we know what's best for everyone else. It's no wonder that in the wake of the attacks, many Americans were asking, "Why us? What did *we* ever do?" Well, for one thing, we're condescending know-it-all's who insist on doing everything Our Way, because Our Way is the only right way. Reminds you a bit of engineering students, or perhaps Tech Crew, doesn't it? So now you know how the rest of the world feels when we dictate to them. Yeah, like they're being patronized, like America thinks they're stupid, unworthy, backwards... No one enjoys being made to feel inferior. Our narrow worldview is probably making the healing that much

more difficult, too. It is hard for an average American to understand how the average person in another country views us. When our global neighbors look at us, they do not see cornfields and proms and reservoirs – they see New York City and Washington, D.C. To the rest of the world, America is power, greed and lackadaisical living, not freedom and hope. So if another attack comes, it will certainly *not* be in Middle America. And to quickly touch on the religion issue, Christians have been doing shitty things in the Middle East ever since some medieval pope came up with the idea of the Crusades. It was only a matter of time before someone decided to take the war to our side of the Atlantic.

As for any long-term change, my fortune cookie tells me, “Nature, time and patience are the three great healers.” I genuinely believe this. For example, people are already comparing September 11<sup>th</sup> to Pearl

Harbor. And sixty years from now, that’s probably how Americans will remember the terror attacks. It was bad. Really, *really* bad, but it happened a long time ago. And those who were alive when the attacks occurred will – by that time – either be dead or easily ignored.

But the distant future aside, can we say right now that America has changed in the last year? Yes, but not for the better. We now jump at our own shadows, giving in to irrational fears and a generally alarmist attitude which only serves to further demonize us in the eyes of the rest of the world. Don’t get me wrong - I want to remember, too. But I want to remember for the right reasons. I want to remember the devastation and the loss of life. I want to remember how in the hour of destruction, people spontaneously reached out for one another and struggled collectively to survive. But most of all, I want to remember how, in a very real way, we brought this all upon ourselves.

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## **Damit sie Nicht vom Himmel Fallen**

**By Irving Washington**

In an effort to accommodate the desires for a more insular campus at RIT expressed by a significant portion of the student party, the Powers that Be<sup>£</sup> have elected to take steps to remove or ameliorate any and all physical ties to society and detrimental intellectual stimulus from campus housing. The first leg of this program has been the much hyped “MyRIT” web portal, a sort of advanced group balkanization enabled homepage to filter out internet content which is deemed undesirable by the user or the Institute. However, further plans are in the works to fulfill the dream of a fully self-contained college experience for incoming freshmen and other on-campus residents.

I was fortunate enough to arrange a meeting with Assistant Minister of Truth Lilith Engelfricker and sev-

eral members of the Central Planning Committee, who explained the plans for a new on campus living environment.

“Well, a lot of new students at RIT find themselves very unsettled by their new living situation. While homesickness is certainly a problem, the main difficulties seem to be in learning to live self sufficiently, and how to interact with a new group of people. While they may have fewer jocks to avoid on the way to class, they still have to walk outdoors to get to classes, and they run the risk of social interaction almost anywhere they go, sometimes even with a member of the opposite sex! For all that these occurrences may be rare, the very thought of them adds a very appreciable element of stress to the already hectic academic schedule they have to endure. It was clear that something had to be done to all of this unnecessary ‘real-world’ socialization, so we created a task force to deal with the problem.”

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<sup>£</sup> As opposed to the Powers that Were, which lie dead but dreaming beneath the CIMS building, or the Powers Yet To come, which are believed to be buried somewhere beneath the marshland on the southern edge of campus, or the old tennis courts, and are the object of frequent archaeological digs on campus thinly veiled as campus improvement projects. All that you need to join in the fun area VAX mail account and a shovel, and the workmen and summoners involved are usually more than happy to reward cheerful labor with your selection of desecrated limbs<sup>¢</sup> and cursed artifacts.

<sup>¢</sup> Skulls are shipped directly to the presidential collection, to avoid any recurrence of the events of October 13, 1996, when several Photo students refused a direct order to relinquish their souls to an anonymous faculty member in an act of mutiny which very nearly undid several years of intensive conditioning in amongst their fellows. Order was restored, *deus ex machina*, by the fortuitous self-activation of some forgotten bit of arcane machinery (believed to be some sort of primitive apathy field generators) in the bowels of the Eastman Building, but the court of Inquisitors are a cautious lot, and ordered a ban on all necromantic accessories and orgiastic celebrations amongst the student body lest future rebels find some means of breaking the absolute dominion. So if you’re not getting any, kids, blame the photographers.

The task force quickly formulated a solution to the problem, as dictated in the following steps:

### 1. Expanding online courses:

“We had been expanding the number of online courses available at RIT in an effort to compensate for a lack of adequate academic staffing,” explained Frau Engelfricker, “But we had no idea just how popular this option would become. The positive feedback was astonishing! Now we’re planning on phasing out all teaching faculty by the year 2005, and replacing them solely with online teaching resources. We’re already developing a secure a secure electronic testing program to eliminate any chance of cheating, and experimenting with replacing textbooks with .pdf files.” The loss of bookstore revenue would be compensated with a necessary tuition increase, while college deans and some other senior faculty would be left in place to ensure the quality and relevance of course material, as well as devising grading schemes.

“It’s been difficult to make a software package which truly would be able to score students’ performance arbitrarily,” noted Chief Technologist Nadir Bête, “But we were lucky enough to happen upon some very advanced open-source algorithm code which we could easily modify to perform with the same degree of competence and consistency expected of the RIT faculty.” There is even rumored to be an initiative to patent the software and market it to other technical colleges in the United States<sup>TM</sup> and abroad, but sources within the administration refuse to comment on such statements at this time.

### 2. Room Service:

“Another area which tested very high for stress amongst students was mealtime,” commented Manager of Human Resource Recovery Reginald Pinkelriecher, “In our field surveys we found that among some of the more, um, ‘technical’ students there was a substantial increase in blood pressure and heart rate which surpassed anything we had seen in the *Online Gaming* or *Furtive Masturbation* studies. In fact, judging by the, ah, level of aerobic conditioning typical in these students, going to and from the dining halls each day becomes a health risk equivalent to snorting an eight ball of cocaine off the firm buttocks of a lithe young prostitute while watching John Carpenter’s “The Thing” on mescaline for a somewhat

more, er, active member of our community,” he sniffed hastily, “Not that we’ve been having any problems with that sort of activity anywhere around campus. If you’ll excuse me now I have to make use of the facilities.” To ensure that students remain properly nourished, the task force recommended that the food be brought to them, in the form of pre-cooked entrées stored in a refrigerated vending case. A separate vending unit would provide a wide variety of Mountain Dew<sup>TM</sup>, while an intercom-linked housing entry system would allow delivery of freshly prepared items from off-site vendors.

“We’ve projected that within five years the vending units will pay themselves off,” Frau Engelfricker exposted, her leather bodice heaving majestically, “And maintenance costs should be marginal compared to our present food service budget. In fact, given the overall efficiency of this system, it’s a wonder that no one instituted it years ago.”

### 3. Integrating Independent Functionality:

While the new educational and nutritional policies at RIT, it was clear to the members of the Insular Utopia task force that more needed to be done. They have proposed replacing existing public lavatories with “private sanitary facilities”.

“Showering and general hygiene concerns vary greatly amongst the student body,” Mr. Pinkelriecher ejaculated upon his return, “But we feel that the general requirements can largely be met by a degree of, ahem, environmental management.” It was not made quite clear to me how this system would operate, but it seemed to run completely dry, using separate suction and blower turbines to remove waste and resanitize the area. A student volunteer from the experimental phase of the project seemed quite pleased by the proposed changes.

“Yeah, it did take a little while to get accustomed to walking on the wire grid,” expounded second year Electrical Engineering student Paul Arruso, “But the cedar smelled really nice, and I liked the convenience of not having to stand in line for the bathroom.” There were apparently some initial worries over a potential fire hazard in the system, but the committee is confident that the soon to be implemented smoking ban on campus would eliminate the problem.

“We see this as the way of the future,” asserted Lilith Engelfricker, her eyes fixing me with a vulpine gaze, “And we expect that all of our students will be very happy with it. You would agree, would you not, Herr Washington?” Finding myself somewhat at a loss for further questioning I thanked the Assistant Minister for her time and took my leave.

Upon later review of the informational packet I received at the meeting, I noticed the living modifications also called for tripling the housing capacity of the dormitories. I can only begin to imagine how six separate rooms will fit in a space where only one was

before, but it evidently required removing the windows and building ventilation gratings into the doors. I was also surprised by the addition of a system of timed lighting with no apparent controls in the room, but unfortunately I have only seen Frau Engelfricker once since my interview, and she vanished somewhere in the labyrinth of tunnels beneath the library before I could question her on the subject. Since the plan has received official approval I can only assume that all the modifications entailed were deemed to be beneficial to student life, and await the new changes with the same unmitigated enthusiasm that must certainly be held by all loyal students of our prestigious Institute.



The RIT Beer and Nerd Club protests the Namco contract termination.

## Why Fleas Don't Cry to the Moon

By Scott Urban

In all my life I have never seen or heard a flea crying to the moon. Sure they're kind of discreet and hence noticing them at all is quite difficult (especially at night) and now that I think about it I don't think I've ever seen a flea at all, but trust me, I know. They do not cry to the moon. Or even howl.

...Which begs the question, "why?" All the wolves are doin' it and even the little wolfie cubs are doin' their share. Heck, I've even seen those pansy domesticated dogs joining in. And you can't tell me not even a few of them had fleas. But the fleas don't seem to pick up the habit. Even after sucking the canine's blood the fleas refuse to let this crying to the moon stuff rub off on them. I don't get it. I think if I was around someone long enough to become a parasite I'd pick up a few things.

Sometimes I wonder if it has to do with a class structure... but I can't decide who's above whom. If you take the position that wolves are in the higher class because of their size, ability to rip out your intestines, and fuzzy fur coat then all fleas must be born with a chronic case of low self-esteem. But if fleas believe they are on top because they feed off of the wolves then fleas have quite a bit of haughtiness concentrated in such a little body. Or maybe fleas are just prejudiced. If that is so then I say, "Hey, screw you fleas. We wouldn't have listened anyway."

Then there's the question of motivation. A wolf might cry because it has a thorn in its paw, it hasn't been able to eat in days, or because it's pretty damn cold outside. A domestic dog might cry because it's lonely, or because its master fed it 6 minutes later tonight. But fleas? Their life is plush. A constant food source, a fuzzy coat for a home, and great friends to wreak havoc with - their life is great. So why would they want to cry? Hell, they probably even make fun of the canines behind their backs for being so... *emo*.

But really—you'd think there would be one in the crowd who lost half of his family to a flea collar or something else to turn that smile upside down. So are these guys just heartless bastards? Or do the flea's societal norms force them to put on a facade of stoicism? Are they too proud? Or are they just not superstitious? Maybe their society has progressed to the point where a moon to cry to is just a myth for those uncivilized species of dogs. Then again, they could still lean on that big ball of cheese for support but look inside themselves for solutions to all their little parasite problems.

So what is the reason? Is it a decree passed down from fleas of ancient times? Are they preoccupied with dreams of Jell-O? Are they denied access to howling lessons just because they're ugly? It could be any of these reasons. Or maybe it's that even if fleas could see the moon (I doubt they can) they lack the vocal capacity. And I read somewhere wolves don't actually cry to the moon anyway. It just happens to be there when they howl.

# SUBMIT.

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**Untitled****By Gary Hoffmann**

even your eyes are ephemeral  
 everything is pale haze  
 made almost tangible -  
 memories of memories and  
 gently ethereal candle-smoke -  
 the flickering light casts shadows of weeping

memories like children playing  
 with red gelatin  
 their hands squeezing  
 and fingers oozing  
 a tiny hand upraised and brought down  
 - splat

daydreams cost too much money  
 I bought mine in a used book store  
 in Denver  
 where the candles sing like ghosts  
 made of dreamcrystal and incense -  
 What does love look like

footsteps echo off walls of Forever  
 as a thousand censers  
 swing back and forth -  
 golden pendulums breathing fire and music  
 and the spirits of the dying -

Love looks like a kitten made of blue starshine  
 chasing comets and lightning  
 with eyes of moondust  
 and claws of quantum laughter

a gust of wind extinguishes the candle -  
 love sighed

poetry

ბოეწღა

**The Abstracted Man****By R. Teagarden**

As pigeons feasted off the excrement  
 Of horses outside, he walked down slanting stairs,  
 Past the girls in their tinsel skin below  
 Aiming machine-pistols, and said hello.

The autumn evening bent the high green stars  
 To wan and papal marks, hovering crosses,  
 Under which the abstracted man now rushed,  
 His groin all clock-faces, his quick eyes hushed.

And, the next day, capitulating to nightmare,  
 As he removed his face out of respect  
 For the body of a murdered schoolgirl,  
 Her stare became somehow more tolerable

And strewn along all the halls, along all the corridors,  
 The snarl of the world began another journey.



## The RIT Game Room is a Pool Hall By Rocko Bonaparte

You don't care, do you? Over the summer, some massive renovations were completed under the SAU. The Ritz and the game room are now connected together. It's kind of a like a sports bar, minus the bar. Or the sports. The game room got some special work done on it too. So the story goes, there's a badass RIT alumni working at ESPN, and he managed to trickle down some money to RIT. This dough paid for most of the work. A testament to this is the "ESPN SportsCenter sports desk" they have at the end of the game room. For free, you and your buddy can get yourselves filmed behind this thing. I don't know what the limitations are; I haven't tried it yet.

On the other hand, after all this bitchin' work was finished on the game room, Namco closed down its contract with RIT. So a few days before classes began, they hauled out all the games. I am just a shitty *GDT* staff writer, not an established journalist. I can't

be bothered looking into the real reasons. Rather, I will just shit out some random speculations here and there.

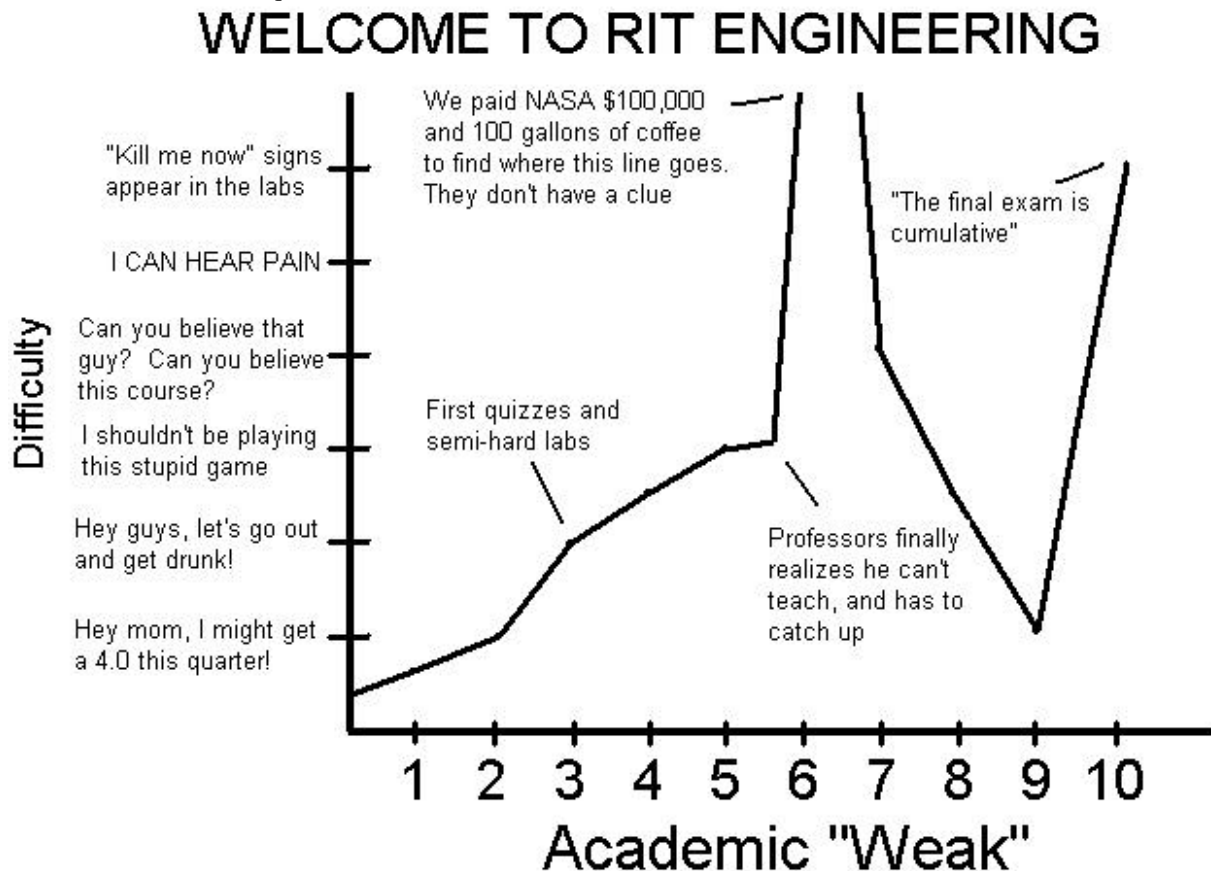
My theory: Namco nailed the contract. RIT red-taped the crap out of it. Namco pulled out.

Obviously, the folks at Namco are much smarter people than your average RIT student.

They were clever enough to pull out of a deal that was no good to them! Some may think it was the other way around. Namco has become the "evil empire" of arcade franchises, but this is RIT we're talking about. Think about it this way, who do you think has the bigger bureaucracy: RIT or Namco? Remember to exclude Namco's franchises and puppet groups because they don't count. Anyhow, I think RIT is the paper tiger here.

So what is a poor boy to do? We have to go to the mini-golf place off of Jefferson to get that authentic Dance Dance Revolution experience. And how am I going to take out frustrations when the infamous "Week 6 Syndrome<sup>1</sup>" kicks in? There's no more

<sup>1</sup>Week 6 in the engineering curriculum is traditionally worse, in my opinion, than finals week. This is because most classes have midterms that week, along with normal lectures and labs. It's not just the finals, but the whole nine yards. This is a difficulty/week graph to illustrate how I feel the quarter works:





Marvel Versus Capcom to beat up on. All I can do is play 8 ball.

Ah, billiards, the game of physics. Angles, math, and forces. I suck at physics. I hate physics. Correction: I hate RIT physics, and I think playing pool on the RIT campus involves RIT physics. That's right, ladies and gentlemen; it's the rules of the jungle in the game room.

I guess I will just have to masturbate instead of play arcade games from now on. What is this world coming to?

In closing, some haikus:

Namco pulled out  
RIT students stay put  
Namco is smarter

SportsCenter sports desk  
We can write our own scripts  
I'll make sure I'm drunk

Ayieeee Ayieeee Aye  
I'm your little butterfly  
WHERE'S MY DDR?

What is a sports bar?  
A place with sports and liquor  
That is what I thought . . .

Nobody to laugh  
DDR looks so foolish  
Yet that shit is fun

[Here's one representing the condescending people around here]

We don't need no games  
We're engineers – we play pool  
Arcades are *STOOOOOPID*  
In a layman's terms  
Gamers smell and are stupid  
So we all play pool  
You're not a gamer  
You are too cool to be one  
You also don't smell  
So play pool with us  
Because we are really smart  
We are engineers

I suck at haiku's. The only Japanese thing I can do well is Dance Dance Revolution.

## What's the Frequency?

By Bryan Hammer

*They sold their soul for rock n' roll.*

What is an artist? I'd like to think that an artist is someone who finds a way to express him or herself in a way others can relate too, and understand. An artist's work should leave them open; naked. Their work should be a window into their heart, and into their mind.

In the minds of today's music industry giants, the best artist is the one who can be molded. The industry's mindset is to sell the next song, find the next star. Recently *New York Times Magazine* ran a story on Amanda Latona that really caught my eye. Amanda who, you might ask? She is J Records' new product. Out of the mold of Britney Spears and N'Sync, Amanda comes eager to fill any roll Clive Davis (J Records CEO) asks her to fulfill. Amanda is not a

songwriter. She can't play any instruments. Her strength, then? She does not talk back. Her strength lies in her ability to conform to many different styles, and looks. All J Records has to decide, is whether she'll be the next Britney, Pink, Benatar, or Shania. Stories like Amanda's are nothing new today; record companies are all about selling the song. Sometimes that song is the only chance they have, and with the millions of dollars that are spent on these pop stars, their songs better be number one hits. The days of stubborn songwriters is dying. In her interview with *New York Times Magazine* Amanda says, "I've been waiting for this a long time. I want this album to be right, and if that means six different looks that look nothing like me, I'll still give it a shot." Are the days of honest, proud, for the music musicians over?

In the past years record sales have dropped, and no doubt the rise of Internet downloading has played. I do, however, believe there are other reasons. Pop stars today don't attract fan loyalty. Acts like the Backstreet

Boys, N'Sync, and Britney Spears come and go, and I believe it is because of their lack of honesty. They are in it for the money, plain and simple. Unfortunately, so much money is dumped into these acts, that no money is left to support the acts of real songwriters and musicians.

Commercial radio is also a big contributor to the decline of quality music. Stations are paid to play certain songs, and with the majority of the stations in the US being owned by either the Clear Channel or Infinity Broadcasting companies, there isn't much room for independent stations that help push new acts and new music. The Doobie Brothers were almost gone until a DJ played their B-side song *Black Water*, instantly giving the band a number one hit. Bon Jovi might have never been if a DJ in New York hadn't given *Runaway* a shot. The days when radio could have this affect are over. The music industry is quick

to blame the downloading of music for the lack of sales, yet the production of weak and fake artists does not help to set the stage for a fan base to grow.

I have my favorite bands, and even though I can get their albums for free on the Internet, I don't. When I hear a band that I truly believe is honest and in it for the music, I don't hesitate to buy the album. That is what's missing from music today. It's hard to find music you can get behind and support.

Teen pop does seem to be dying (finally). The industry could go many ways now. What's next for music? Is it good or bad? In the next few weeks I'll be looking at the bands and movements that are all competing for the spotlight of the industry. What will the next sound be? Will it be a rebirth of honest music, or will commercialism prevail? Who do you like today? Who deserves it? Feel free to send all your comments, thoughts, and hate mail to GDTWTF@hotmail.com.

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## An Overheard Conversation

By Gary Hoffmann

The conversation related here took place last week between two individuals referred to only as "Al<sup>1</sup>" and "George<sup>2</sup>." From what I can gather it occurred over dinner at some educational institution, which they call "The Experiment." It was overheard only by yours truly, but I attest wholeheartedly as to its veracity<sup>4</sup>. How I came to overhear this particular conversation shall not be related at this time, as it would potentially bring harm to otherwise innocent people.

—G. H.

**Al:** Good evening, George. You're looking quite callipygian<sup>6,7</sup> today.

**George:** Why, thank you, Al, that's very kind of you. (pause) You don't look so good, though. You're stressing yourself out too much. You need to learn to relax more. We really should do this more often, you know; it would help get your mind off work. Come here, big guy; I'll give your shoulders a good massage<sup>8</sup>.

**A:** I know, I know. Oh, that feels good. It's just that we're coming to a critical juncture with the Experiment. We just finished repairs on the Device.

**G:** That's right. I'd heard about that. How did you get away with it without anyone questioning what was going on? It's not like the Device is hidden away.

**A:** Heh, that was my idea, and I'm quite proud of it. We "decided" to refurbish the area surrounding the Device to make it more aesthetically pleasing. It's disguised as a big, abstract sculpture, anyway, so no one asks any questions<sup>9</sup>. Anyone who does go snooping

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<sup>1</sup> Ol' Metal-tie himself, perhaps?

<sup>2</sup> His voice sounded familiar. I thought I recognized it as the voice of Catherine Isabelle Anderson<sup>3</sup>, but I might be wrong. I swear I heard that voice just a few months ago, right around graduation, though.

<sup>3</sup> See "The Bricktape Letters," *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, vol. 23, iss. 1.

<sup>4</sup> Ver-ass-a-wut? You say? Veracity, look it up<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> In a dictionary... You're an IT major, aren't you?

<sup>6</sup> Yes, this is a word, and quite a useful one, although less so at RIT. It's an adjective, to be specific, usually applied to people. See also, "callipygous," as in, "Sarah is very callipygous, thanks to her time spent as a cheerleader."

<sup>7</sup> <http://www.niia.net/~alsman/fetching.html>

<sup>8</sup> Indeed, Erotic Massage is one of the lesser known, but more important skills taught by George's organization.

<sup>9</sup> America! Where No One Asks Any Questions! I trust my government<sup>10</sup>, don't you?

<sup>10</sup> Especially a government run by the will of a majority which insists on driving SUV's in LA, not an inch of which has been left unpaved, but, hey, you never know when you're going to be driving off-road.

around only finds out we were repairing a “drainage problem” underground – one of the advantages of having built the whole damned place on a swamp. And as an added bonus, you know how the Device seems to resonate with red brick? Well, get this: we paved the whole place over with the stuff! And even better, we’re planning to put even more brick down soon enough, and not a single person will question the expense. As if they really want an education, anyway.

**G:** Hah! That’s great! You know, Al, with ideas like that you’ll rise like a meteor<sup>11</sup>!

**A:** Don’t meteors fall, George?

**G:** Right...Come to think of it, you’ve never told me what the Device does.

**A:** Isn’t it obvious? Mind control, pure and simple. That’s why we’ve been lowering our standards so much, to let in more weak minded students, test the Device out first, make sure it works before moving on to harder targets. Why do you think our IT department is so huge! And with the Jesus<sup>13</sup> Building almost done, it’s only sure to get larger<sup>14</sup>. And that’s also why we built those new frat houses and the sports bar, to encourage precisely the kind of people we want for the Experiment to come here.

**G:** You know you’re so sexy when you’re megalomaniacal! More baby?

**A:** Yes, please. It’s delicious. Did you cook it?

**G:** Yep. It’s an old family recipe<sup>15</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> That last part is an actual quote. I’m sure you could find it if you look in the right place – come on, do some research. The first person to correctly identify who said it and when, in the context of this article, gets to meet me for lunch<sup>12</sup>!

<sup>12</sup> You’re paying...

<sup>13</sup> He also called it the College of Computing, once, or the CoC. That’s right: GCCIS...CoC...GCCIS...CoC. I feel like I’m asking for a lightning bolt.

<sup>14</sup> Not that Al’s trying to compensate...

<sup>15</sup> Baby, the oth...NO! I won’t say it! Damn Hollywood for ruining a perfectly good bacon-substitute with its pop-culture clichés!

## Lawrence Walsh Declared Enemy Combatant

WASHINGTON, D.C. (BurlesqueWire)—In a surprising move, the Bush administration has decided to declare Lawrence Walsh an enemy combatant and is holding him without declaring any charges or allowing him access to an attorney.

When asked for comment, Attorney General John Ashcroft stated that Walsh “has actively and publicly sought the downfall of the federal government.”

In a motion hearing in district court, lawyers for Walsh demanded that his status be changed, and that he be permitted to speak with counsel. They claim that there is no direct evidence that Walsh was involved in any way with an insurgent force.

Justice Department lawyers, however, stated that Walsh has had “innumerable ties to terrorists.” A brief describes such ties, including:

“Intimate knowledge of arms sales to Iran.” Attorneys note that Walsh has “unusual knowledge” of

how arms could be sold to Iran and numerous contacts in the state.

### **Walsh has engaged in a personal vendetta against the U.S. Government, from his time as Independent Counsel for the Iran-Contra affair.**

“Contacts with insurgent unlawful combatants in Latin America and Afghanistan.” One of Walsh’s colleagues is currently defending John Walker Lindh, an enemy combatant for the Taliban. Walsh allegedly also has had contacts with Latin American enemy combatants in the past.

“Hatred for the Federal Government.” Some say that Walsh has engaged in a personal vendetta against the U.S. Government, from his time as Independent Counsel for the Iran-Contra affair.

Most damningly, however, is a statement by Bush foreign policy adviser George Schultz, which states that Schultz saw Walsh “firing a rifle at approaching U.S. troops.” Although recent reports stipulate that neither Schultz nor Walsh was in the vicinity at the time, Justice Department lawyers claim that this is still their most compelling piece of evidence.

Walsh’s lawyers claim that these facts are a “due

consequence of the duties that Congress discharged him from in the Iran-Contra affair.” They further state that Walsh was not in Afghanistan at the time listed in the statement, and that Schultz was likely not, either. They further state that Schultz may be trying to get back at Walsh, who named him in the Iran-Contra probe.

When asked to comment on allegations of wrongful detainment, officials merely stated that what

they had done was legal and constitutional, and that Walsh was a threat to national security.

Walsh had also been accused of shredding Enron documents, but that allegation was dropped after an anonymous memo was sent to the press stating, “I taught Enron everything that they know about shredding documents, and Walsh was not involved.”

Asked for comment, George W. Bush reportedly said, “Shaddup, Poindexter!”

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## Randy’s Obituary

This is the almost true account of Randy. As many of you may know he has gone on to a bigger and better place in the sky. That’s right, Randy is no longer with us. He will never again disgrace the pages of this publication with his writing. Randy’s life touches us deeper and harder than any of us could ever imagine, ensuring his passage into the halls of RIT infamy. No matter how small the wall space allotted may be, no matter on what tiny almost microscopic corner of the tunnel system it may be on, there will always be a place for Randy in our hearts, in our minds and in our pants. As to where, when and why Randy resides in our pants, I’ll leave that up to your imagination.

I think to best understand Randy’s departure we must first understand his sick and tortured non-existence. Randy was born to a band of traveling gypsies on February 31<sup>st</sup>, 1982, in Gary Indiana. No one is really sure what a band of traveling gypsies was doing in Gary, Indiana in February of 1982, but some theorize that they lost their way on their return to Europe from the third annual traveling gypsies convention in Las Vegas, Nevada. Some even speculate that the story of his origins is not only stupid and erroneous, but also fabricated by none other than “big brother” himself, in other words “the man” or in simple terms “Uncle Sam.” Yeah, so, that story goes a little something like the next sentence I am about to write. This sentence says that the reason Randy’s own origins are so mysterious is because the government contrived his origins after the NSA cloned him in a laboratory, making him the first human clone ever (in recorded history). He was a clone of none other than the world-renowned entertainer and comedian Gallagher. Unfortunately for the government, but fortunately for Randy, they screwed up big and he ended up coming out to be

nothing like Gallagher. He ended up normal... or so he still likes to believe. It all goes downhill from there.

As an infant, Randy was put up for adoption (more proof for “The Randy is a Clone Theory” as it later was called). Within a matter of years he was adopted. The couple that adopted him realized quickly that they had made a mistake when it became apparent, thanks to Dr. Spock’s book on good parenting, that children’s heads are not supposed to spin completely around while they projectile vomit. To his parent’s dismay, Randy’s whole childhood was filled with such instances of uniqueness. However, to Randy, his childhood was awesome and by that I mean totally sweet. Anyway, enough of ripping off realultimatepower.net (go to the web site, trust me, you will never be the same), back to the story.

When our dearly departed reached the ripe age of six, they sent him to kindergarten. By the end of the week it became apparent that this was a child of exceptional intelligence and they moved him forward a grade. By the end of his first month in the United States public youth education program, he had completed and graduated from high school. His parents were proud, although, a bit concerned. Six-year-olds cannot go to college. Although, in the movie “Little Man Tate,” a six-year-old went to college... or maybe he was eight... it’s not important. The point is the Tate dude went to college. If that movie were to be created when Randy was six and if his parents were to have seen it, they probably would not have changed their minds about not sending Randy to college. Instead of sending him to college, they locked him in the basement and gave him food, water, television and a Nintendo Entertainment System complete with power pad, power glove and duck hunt gun (dude man was accessorized).

Rather than writing his thesis on quantum gravity, Randy was busy finding whistles to warp him to level 8. He had mastered over 200 video game titles before being let out of the basement prison at the age of 12. If it were not for his adopted parent's curiosity to see what their son now looked like, he may have never been let out at all. He came out dirty, squinting, confused and mumbling. All of this was countered with his new long flowing mane of hair. The most golden brown and beautiful long flowing wavy brown hair to ever have graced the head of any living male (with natural highlights nonetheless). His parents were taken back by such beauty on such an ugly creature and thanks, in full to his hair, they saw their error of their ways. How could they have done such a thing to something with such beautiful hair? They began to repent and then they began to apologize and then they resolved never to lock Randy in the basement again. On a side note, that is why Randy always sported long hair, he was afraid that should he cut it, they might forget the past, change their mind and once again lock him in the basement.

The world was a different place now for Randy. Not only did he miss the past four years playing video games locked in his basement, he was now seeing the world through the changing eyes of a changing body. For the first time in his life, Randy was randy. Within the first few minutes of his release he got disoriented and confused and began humping the leg of the family dog. The dog was flattered, his parents were not. They began to second-guess their decision, but once again caught glimpse of the radiance of his heavenly hair and changed their minds.

Realizing the effect his hair had on his parents, he concluded it should have the same effect on the general public. He drew this conclusion because as we already alluded to, he was literally a genius. Until his mid-teens Randy got by solely on the beauty of his hair. Needless to say, he was a hit with the ladies. They dug his hair and he dug their... yeah, you get the point (and for those of you who get the point and are offended, I say, "Shove it! You man hating beasts"). Although, not just the ladies were impressed with his hair, more often than not, shop owners would take one jolly gander at his head's beautiful cover and just give him whatever he wanted for free. If he was not so humble, he probably could have convinced them to give

him the whole store. Instead, he usually just took a few hundred dollars worth of free gifts. As his eight-grade art teacher Mr. Hobart once said, "it is immoral to let a fool keep their money." He may have been quoting someone else. If he was, Randy didn't know, but that is a motto that he generally liked to live by. That is also how he justified taking all the free stuff from his hair's admirers.

All good things must come to an end and the end to Randy's glory can be marked by one word, "Fabio." You see, Randy, a small time hair model was overshadowed by the international success of the hair of that muscular doof, "Fabio." They would look at Randy and think, "well he has nice hair, but he ain't no Fabio." Randy detested "Fabio" since the first time he caught wind of him, which was on August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1996. From that point on, whenever the name "Fabio" was mentioned, Randy would spit in disgust. The President of the free world, Slick Willy, who Randy met after he got bored one day and decided to save the free world from ultimate destruction, didn't look on this habit too favorably. We would like to tell you all about this, but it is classified for the protection of the general public. Regardless, by the age of sixteen Randy became an unsung hero of the cold war that was secretly being fought long after the collapse of the USSR and a favorite among conspiracy theorists everywhere.

Another important thing happened at sixteen, Randy learned to drive... a tank. We should all be so fortunate. His parents would not buy him a tank of his own though. They felt he was not responsible enough. Instead, he was given a car (on account of his hair). His parents

"drove it up from the Bahamas.

You're kidding!

Of course I'm kidding, the Bahamas are islands, but that's not important, what's important is that you ask me what kind of car it is.

What kind of car is it?

I got... a bitchin' Camaro."

In actuality, those are lyrics to the song "Bitchin' Camaro" and have nothing to do with Randy or his white 95 Cherokee Sport. I just like quoting Dead Milkmen songs. Randy does too, so that makes every-

thing justifiable and we can go back on to the narrative.

Sixteen years led to seventeen years and for the first time in eleven years, Randy started to once again consider the possibility of enrolling in college. His parents, however, thought he was not quite ready. "Wait until you're eighteen honey" his father persisted. Not knowing what else to do and being a bit taken back by his father calling him "honey," Randy obliged.

Then the day finally came and Randy turned eighteen. His parents reluctantly let him go away. Then realizing he was actually gone, they took a moment to ponder why they had not let him go sooner. As well, Randy took a moment to wonder why they had not let him go sooner. He began to cry. The tears were mixed with sorrow for having wasted so much time before enrolling in college, joy for having arrived at the moment of enrolling in college and pure sadness for having realized he was now attending a certain unnamed institution that goes by the acronym RIT.

The next two years were a blur of sadness, rage, idiotic tendencies and countless late night, well done, American cheese omelets at Jays Diner. Unfortunately, most of the sadness in turn led to rage, and that rage was directed at the general public, you the reader, the Queen of England, terrorists, socialists, people who like Linkin Park, defenseless old ladies that drive poorly, Bruce Lee, Natalie Imbruglia, that other publication that rhymes with Ferporter, that dude Jordan who wrote for that other publication and countless others. All of this collected rage was spread through the fine pages of this publication.

If it were not for this creative outlet, Randy may have spent his days watching MTV2, eating cold pizza and calling his friends to try to talk them into going to Java's, only to end up on Erin's couch watching ER. No wait, I am mistaken, in spite of having a creative outlet that is how Randy spent his days during his years at RIT. It is needless to say, his days were just packed. When he wasn't sitting around doing nothing and scoffing at the snow, he was as busy as a beaver working with the community disguised as a Catholic Priest. On account of his presence in the community, Randy touched us all in so many ways and on account of that, many of those sexual harassment lawsuits and/or molestation criminal cases are still pending.

Yet, besides touching our private areas, he also touched our minds and our hearts. He founded the RIT Cloud Watching Society, to promote and foster the life-long pastime of watching clouds in one of the richest cloud environments in our nation. At least, he would have founded it if he ever got off his lazy ass and returned the "intent to form" form back to the student life office. With Randy's moving on, the only one with enough working knowledge to properly form this organization would be Ed. The responsibility is now on his shoulders (If you would like for Ed to do so, e-mail him at Snafu135@aol.com. Don't forget that school organization get school funding. Therefore, in theory you could get funding for a cloud-watching trip to a different climate that has different cloud formations. The possibilities are endless).

Anyway, I lost the point I was trying to make. I guess the point was that Randy is good, but Randy is gone and it's time for you to move on. Yes, you must move on with your life, Randyless and alone. It is something we all must do, even Erin. Maybe not Eric though. He can see Randy whenever he wants, over vacations, if he really wanted to. What you're probably wondering now is, why can Eric? Has not Randy moved on to a better place in the sky? Yes he has. He now lives on the fourteenth floor of an apartment building in beautiful downtown Manhattan, just seconds from Wall Street. Randy now sits high up above the ants, scurrying to and fro in their monkey suits, slaving away for the corporate world of illusions and greed. From time to time, he goes down to street level to find food or attend the classes at a far happier institution with a suspiciously large number of the female gender. Mostly, Randy just stands in his apartment window with his binoculars and watches the people across the way. Everyone must have a hobby.

In summation, Randy is not dead. I am Randy and I am alive and doing well. I wish I can end this with something profound, but I will leave that to someone else... (I doubt anyone will... anyway, if someone actually has been inspired enough to do so, please e-mail the conclusion to my obituary to GDT@hellskitchen.org).

## How To Get Published

By Matt Nicole

I've found that at RIT there are a few ways to get published.

The first is to show up to the Reporter.

Tell them you're a writer. They don't care if you are or not, they just need people to write. Apparently it's tough to find people in college that can put together thoughts on paper.

The second is to make up a pseudonym.

This works for every underground magazine. Make sure you're friends with the editor and don't tell him you want to write, but tell him you "have a friend that really wants to write". Make up a funny name. I used a modified McDonald's naming scheme, i.e. Ronald McDonald. Take the 'Ronald' rhyming part

and put in something funny between you and your friends (like an inside joke). For me it was the name 'Dump' so Dump McDump. That didn't have a very funny ring to it. So apply Y's generously. Dumpy McDump was born and had a good little run, until people caught on. They realize, "Hey, that's not a real name" and begin asking questions like, "Who is that?".

Then try writing with a friend.

Use this method if you are having trouble getting published on your own. Invite a friend of yours that's good with words to help you. You will get many more ideas and the article might be somewhat entertaining. More likely than not the article will be all his effort, but you're the one who had the idea to write as a pair. In this case you should take all the credit. It was your idea.

By this point you'll be sick of the whole process. Congratulations, you've been published.

# Come play with us.



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# 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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