

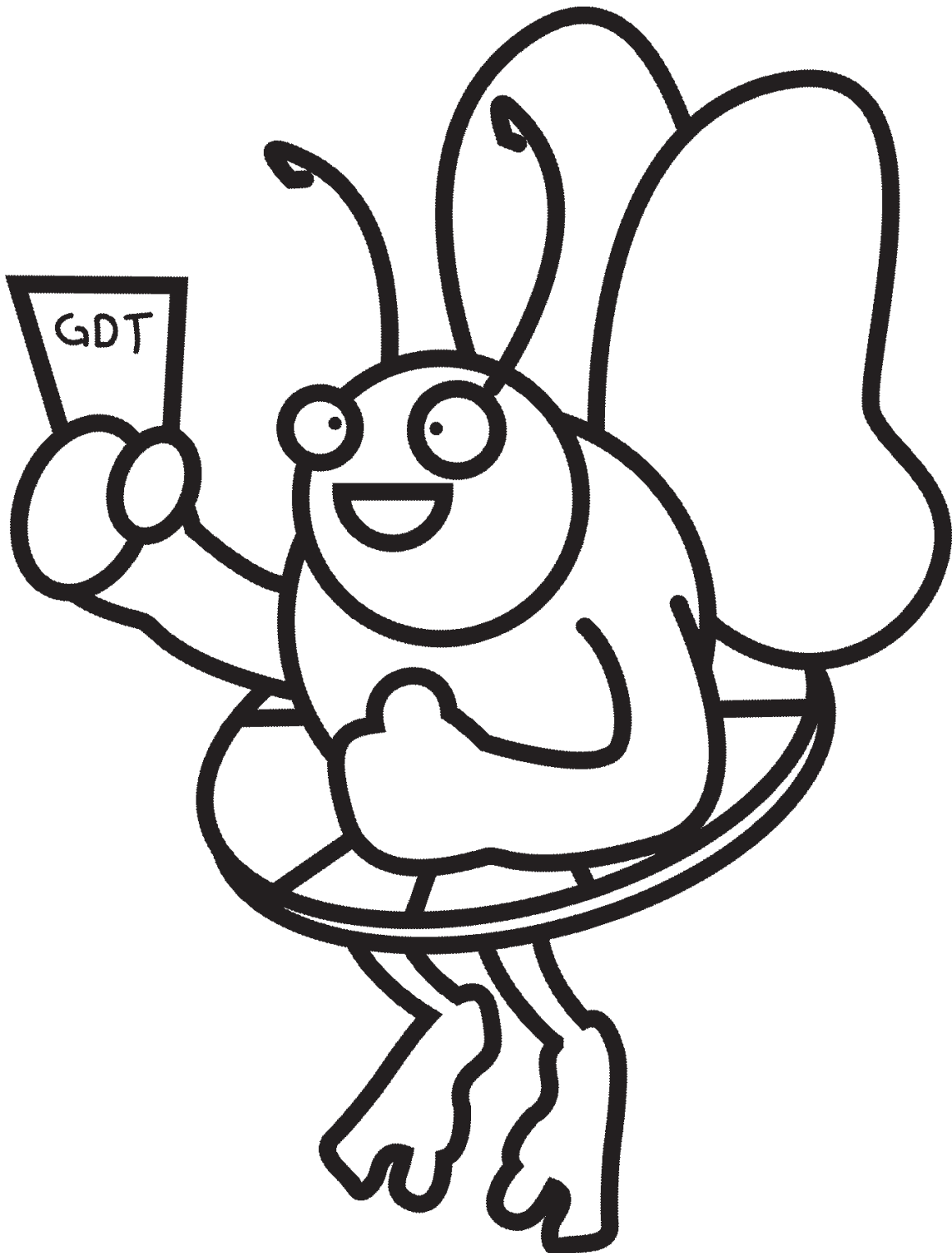


# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 25, Issue 10, Bored  
[www.hellskitchen.org/gdt](http://www.hellskitchen.org/gdt)



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## Where Does GDT Come From?

### Insights From Dan Conley

If there is one question I am asked most about *GDT*, it is “where does it come from?” After a few puzzled looks and responses about storks, birds, bees and the Devil I finally realized they wanted to know about the *process* of how it gets made. This is good because I’m not sure if enough biology textbooks exist yet to answer the other question.

Each person you ask will give you a different answer to that question. That’s because here at *GDT* we all have specialized jobs and duties; I hear that Simone has a deck of cards with our portraits that he uses to play poker Friday nights. Despite this, there is one right answer to “How is *GDT* made,” and that comes from me.

The process itself is very circular, and I have become so dependant on it that at the end of the year I will be blubbering on about Wapner and toothpicks like I’m in a Dustin Hoffman<sup>1</sup> movie. Perhaps it’d be best to start on a Friday, when nothing really happens<sup>2</sup>.

On Friday, as well as the rest of the weekend, the editors sit around at their homes staring bleakly at the edits server, hoping that someone will give them some content. Usually they wait until deep into the nights, nursing a bottle of cheap vodka and staring at a blank page. Sometimes they get a poem or even, God willing, a picture of a crudely drawn hand. Sunday night they throw their meager offerings into a zip file and cry themselves to sleep.

Monday night they receive an email from a mysterious entity calling himself “Adam Fletcher.” Legend has it that Adam Fletcher was twenty feet tall and could create a pdf using only his hands and a gigantic iron hammer. If the editors find any spelling mistakes or other layout problems they light incense and pray<sup>3</sup> to Adam and soon enough the problem is fixed. Sometimes they are blessed with twelve page issues but other

times there is an insert. It is then that they know they have sinned.

Tuesday is where I really get to flex my editor muscles. I arrange to meet the other editors at the Hub to get the issue ready to print. They smile and nod and then don’t show up. Usually one does and so we get set to print the issue. The process to print an issue is totally ass backwards<sup>4</sup> and seems designed to allow for a problem to develop in as many places as possible. For instance, we need to use one specific Mac, Adobe 4, Adobe 5, a PC, and Adobe Distiller. No one really knows why this is.

This paragraph is devoted to Nef. Nef is one cool guy. I met Nef way back when I tried printing my first issue. He couldn’t help me because of the fucked-up nature of the process but he was there for me as I stared at the issue for four hours. Then Nef became the representative of the Hub in issue 4 and we started printing pictures of him weekly. We forgot a Nef picture last week and that made him sad. We’re sorry Nef.

Wednesday is the high point of the *GDT* week. We all meet at the Crossroads and I bring out the box of issues like a surprise birthday present. Sometimes if there is an insert Matt Denker cries.<sup>5</sup> Then we start to become very rowdy until the guy in the room near us tells us to shut the fuck up. We say “sorry” in very quiet tones and don’t say a word until he closes the door. Then we get rowdy again.

Somehow during all of this the issues get folded. It’s probably because of that bastard Mike Fisher who is a god damned folding machine. Please note that you can’t call Mike Fisher “Mike” and that “Fisher” is looked down upon. You need to use his full name, preferably yelled out in a high pitched shriek that only a former editor can hit I miss you Ren.. At the end of the folding we count up how many issues we all folded and

1. only one “n” unlike Gary “Two Fucking N’s” Hoffmann. This dispels the rumor that Gary is Dustin’s bastard lovechild.

2 Actually, it’d be best to start eight weeks earlier, when seventeen trees are killed for our amusement and printing needs. Eventually, these trees get turned into roughly 3,000 sheets of legal-size paper --- more if we actually get some content that week. This is so rare that the case can be neglected without loss of accuracy.

3 Sometimes we have to sacrifice a server.

4 Much of the process involves burning more incense and dancing naked around the printer. That’s why the other editors don’t like showing up.

5 In fact, he usually cries, anyway.

try to make the math add them up to 1,000.<sup>6</sup> Sometimes we have to put my TI onto "the rack," but eventually it adds up correctly.

Thursday is most likely when you're reading this. It's the day of "The *GDT* Faerie." The Faerie<sup>7</sup> flutters around campus, secretly distributing the folded issues. Wherever it waves its rhinestone encrusted wand issues magically appear. Some staff members have chosen to say that the *GDT* Faerie doesn't exist and that they distribute the issues. This is blasphemy and should be dealt with using a rolled up newspaper.

6 We usually leave Cantor spinning in his grave like a superconductor version of the teacups ride after the machinations we have to pull to make this work. Calculus III is a prerequisite for becoming a printer daemon.

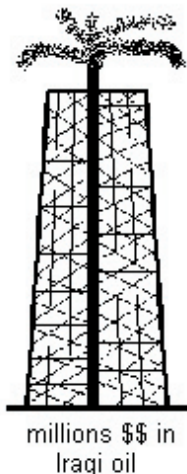
7 I dress in a pink tutu

Friday the cycle repeats itself. Tale as old as time, song as old as rhyme and all that.

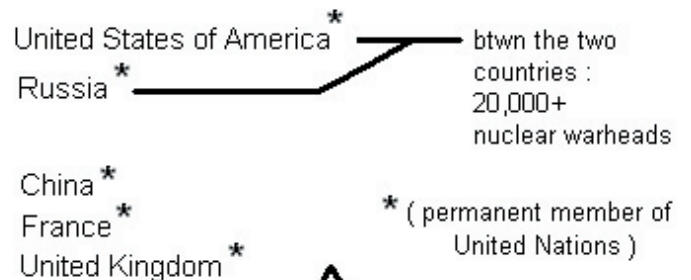
So there you have it: you now have a quasi-official record of what goes into this dinky little newsletter. Really, it's not a newsletter at all but since when has anything as silly as fact stopped people from saying anything? I hope you use this knowledge to go out into the world and do something productive, such as submit to us.

onset of war :

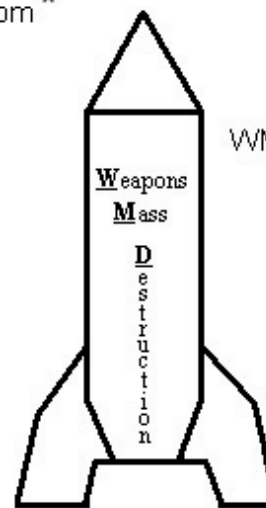
This conflict against Iraq is NOT about oil. We are protecting the United States against terrorism. Weapons of Mass Destruction can be used against us and others in the Middle East at any time. A madman like Saddam Hussein MUST be stopped.



Countries with known strategic nuclear capability :



- India
- Pakistan
- North Korea
- Israel ?
- Iran ?
- Syria ?



WMDs found in Iraq (05-03-2003)  
NONE

## This Was Written By a Girl, I Swear

By Elizabeth Matthews

RIT has many problems: housing problems, ratio problems, even grading problems. With all these problems, the real biggest problem is being overlooked, even as I type this: this school is full of horrible guys. Sure there are plenty to choose from, but to a T they are almost all bad.

For years, this dumpy magazine has pigeon holed women into different groups. So-called “frat-mattresses” and fat chicks abound in these pages. Well maybe the editors should look in the mirror a little. I bet I could tell you exactly who they are right here. After I make that stunning insight, I will bring up a few of the other guys on campus and show why we ladies are all dating UofR boys just like you think you want UofR girls.

One of them is probably an art major. You’d think these guys would be datable, but they have their heads so far up their asses, with a pencil mind you, they don’t know which way is up anymore. I bet he spends all his free time drawing adolescent girls with dragons or some artistic thing like that. Oh, and I bet he hasn’t shaved in a week. Art majors are always too busy to shave.

Another one is probably some sort of super smart elitist prick. He probably majors in some sort of science and plans to go to grad school in California, because the east coast girls just aren’t exciting enough for his sorry ass. Sorry buddy, we are just not sluts. That does not mean we are prudish. He, too, probably has a beard, but it’s just to look smart. This guy is definitely loser asshole number 2.

And then there’s the last guy. There are always three. He’s the worst one. He is sure to be a pimply CS kid. I bet he is failing out of most of his classes

and plans to transfer at the end of the year. Like the other two losers, he hasn’t shaved in a week, but he doesn’t care; he can’t grow facial hair anyway. It is likely he only leaves his room for this stupid magazine and nothing else. Maybe class, but since he’s failing so badly, I don’t think he even bothers anymore. And besides, he might have to shower, shudder to think.

There you have it. The three clowns that run your little satire magazine are the exact three guys this school is so unfortunately full of. That’s why you can’t get dates. Not because you can’t find a girl, but because the girls don’t want you to find them. And don’t think other boys on campus are any better. The school of business is full of guys only counting their money. Half of the photo guys I know just want me to pose nude. Engineers are too busy for a woman, and no boy in IT could possibly provide for themselves, let alone a girl right now. The frats here are ridiculous too. They let all the dorky, videogame playing kids in and they never throw as good of a party as they know they could. Look, I know all the girls here aren’t drop dead gorgeous. Most of you aren’t anything to write home about yourselves. That’s still no reason not to treat us like ladies. Certainly, reciprocating and treating you like men would then be well within our ability.

So go shower, read a website on some fashion sense, and buy me a drink at the next party you see me at. I like a smart guy, and you all work with your hands, so I doubt I will be disappointed. Just give it a shot. Girls like some loving too. You don’t need to be hot, just be funny, be natural, and be ready to work us a little. I won’t sleep with just any guy, but dinner, a movie, and a glass of wine over a chick flick won’t hurt your chances. So grab some deodorant and give us a try.

**Ad GDT Per Aspera**

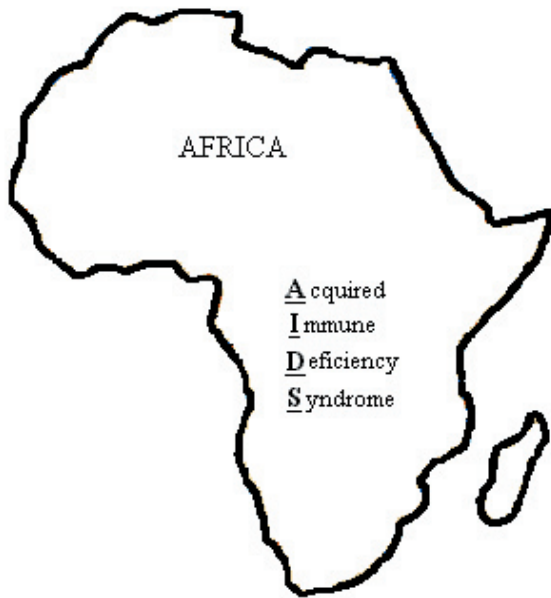
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**[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)**

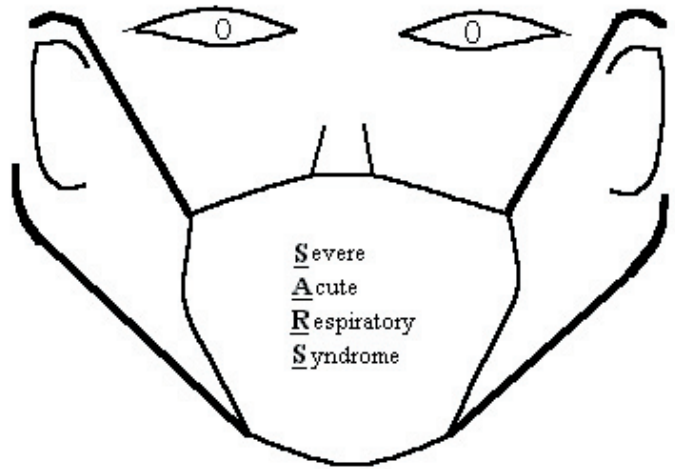
A Conversation

M: Hey.  
 T: Yo, what's up?  
 M: Well, funny you should ask.  
 T: Oh?  
 M: Yeah, for some reason I received a personal threat today.  
 T: That's a new one. You should go to CS.  
 M: Already did, they said there was nothing they could do.  
 T: WTS?  
 M: I know, right? I mean this doesn't happen to me everyday. I wonder what I should do about it  
 T: Do what you always do.  
 M: Soil myself?  
 T: Lol, no, write about it.  
 M: Yeah, but what is there to write?  
 T: Something witty?  
 M: Like what? I mean, I have plenty of self-esteem. This anonymous thing is cowardly. Grow up, be an adult and talk. You won't leave a coworker a nasty little note to give a hint  
 T: Right, so like I said, what was your plan again?  
 M: Yeah, write, but really, should it be funny? Serious?

T: How about seriously funny?  
 M: Man your wit is so sharp tonight, it's giving me a paper cut.  
 T: That's about all the threat that person who wrote that note could carry out.  
 M: Hardy har. Really now, I feel obliged to do something. They even said for every action there is a reaction.  
 T: Why don't you set off some firecrackers or something? That would be an exciting reaction.  
 M: What, like under them for starting stuff in the 9<sup>th</sup> week of spring quarter?  
 T: Sure, then I'll send my boys.  
 M: Your illegitimate sons don't count.  
 T: Dammit, well good luck then.  
 M: Thanks, I just wish whomever it was would come out and talk to me.  
 T: That would be all too convenient, mature, and adult of them.  
 M: Tell me about it. On that note, I'm going to sleep on it.  
 T: Good luck again man. Tell me how it goes.  
 M: Peace bro.  
 T: Later.



HIV/AIDS has been tracked since the late 1970s.  
 Ignored for years as a "gay" disease.  
 60+ million HIV infected, 23+ million died of AIDS.  
 Over 70% cases in Sub-Saharan Africa.  
 At present over 28 million infected in Africa alone.



First tracked in November 2002. Not taken seriously until March 2003.  
 Worldwide: 3,947 cases reported - 235 deaths.  
 In Asia: 3,686 cases (93%) - 217 deaths (92%)



**By Sally Robinson**

I'm spending a year as a middle-school English teacher in Japan. I'm part of the JET program, which brings native English speakers into Japan in order to provide living, breathing examples of colloquial English and Western culture. As the first non-Japanese person most of my students have ever met, I have the unique opportunity to shape my students' opinions of Americans by giving them the real dirt on my country - not from TV or Hollywood, but straight from the mouth of an ordinary citizen. Unfortunately, the Bush Administration's bullying, unilateralist foreign policy has spawned a worldwide wave of anti-Americanism that makes educating Japanese children about American culture a painful and humbling experience.

The biggest problem I face is that when I am confronted with negative stereotypes about Americans, however well deserved, I become defensive. I always try to tell people that not all Americans have the same opinions or act in the same way, but the instinct in Japan is to pigeonhole all foreigners into neatly defined categories. This instinct is so strong that few people believe that I am not pro-war, pro-gun, under-educated, and anti-France just because I'm American. My students can be excused for their one-dimensional views of foreigners because they haven't yet had the opportunity to travel or vote on issues that affect world politics, but the adults do not have any excuse. Still, even when people parrot incredibly biased half-truths ("Americans eat steak and coke for dinner every night, don't they?") or complete misinformation ("I heard most Americans don't go to high school"); even when I feel absolutely indignant at facing anti-American prejudice, I have to admit my country has done a lot to deserve its negative image.

Having grown frustrated with Japanese adults telling me confidently that every American owns a gun, I devoted the last 25 minutes of English classes one week to discussions about stereotypes of the USA. I had the students say whatever came to mind when they heard the word "America" and we wrote their answers on the blackboard. Some of the things they came up with were parts of my country's recent history and culture that I would rather forget. My students mentioned terrorism, the war on Iraq, SUVs, and lawsuits. Of course, there were positive things like the Statue of Liberty, but on the whole it was rather intimidating to face down a class of 13-year-olds and attempt to sort out the stereotypes from

the truth. However, the students listened to what I said and agreed that it is dangerous to make generalizations about an entire country. They got the message that the adults miss over and over.

Since my students have proved themselves willing to trust me and get past their stereotypes, my country needs to prove itself worthy of their trust. Yes, much of what Japanese people assume about Americans is based on gross exaggeration, but many of their criticisms are based in fact. I hate that my country's president blatantly disregards the opinions of world leaders who disagree with him (Who needs the UN, anyway?), but most of all, I hate the fact that because I'm an American, Bush's actions reflect on me. Our government could help assure that Japan's future leaders have a more open-minded view of the USA by having a foreign policy agenda that puts global well-being above oil gluttony. If our government showed a tiny bit of concern for how its actions affect the rest of the world, we would not be facing such an overwhelming swell of hatred toward Americans.


These necessary changes in American foreign policy will require a lot of careful political work, but there is something very simple that we can do to improve our worldwide image while we work on fixing our government. The clue about how to proceed comes from the fact that people in Japan assume all Americans have the same political beliefs and opinions. Japanese adults are assuming that Americans are marching in lockstep behind President Bush -- is he not our country's chosen representative? (Well, that's another story...) Until the 2004 elections, the one weapon Americans have to change our image in the world is to show that we do not all believe the same things. By expressing our different opinions, whatever they may be, we make it much more difficult for other countries to lump us under one negative label. We also make it harder for our politicians to take heavy-handed measures abroad (War for oil, anyone?) in the name of American citizens. This country cannot afford to have people with dissenting opinions walking on eggshells in the name of homeland security. The world is poised for a serious conflict over what direction global politics should take and where America fits into that picture. Discord at home will create harmony abroad.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BONA-FIDE  
CRIME WATCH REPORTER!

# JOE CORNEA

PUBLIC  
EYE!

by PETER LAZARSKI - GSI

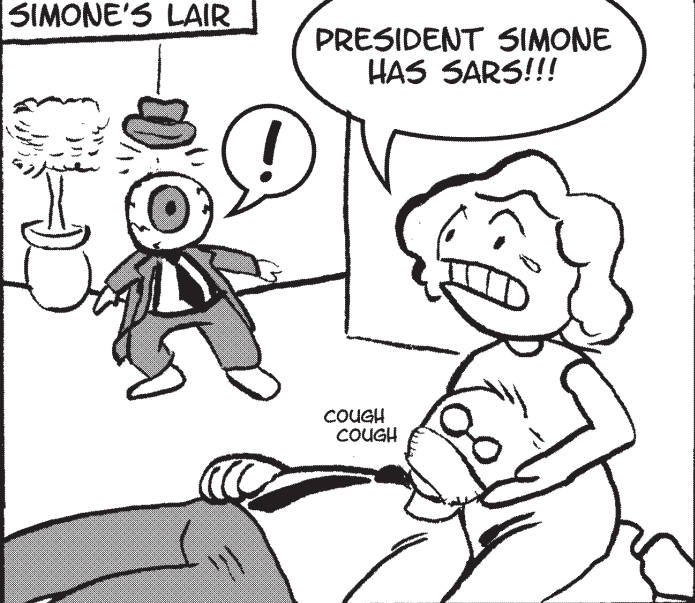


DAMN IT  
ALL TO  
HELL.



EGADS!  
SOMETHING  
IS UP IN  
THE EASTMAN  
BUILDING!  
I BETTER  
REPORT TO  
SIMONE

SIMONE'S LAIR

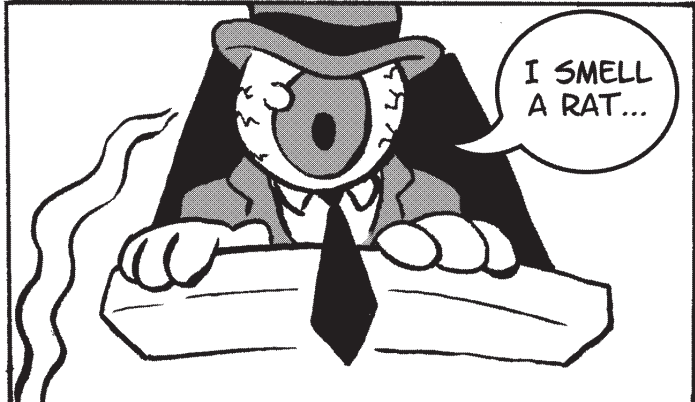


PRESIDENT SIMONE  
HAS SARS!!!

COUGH  
COUGH

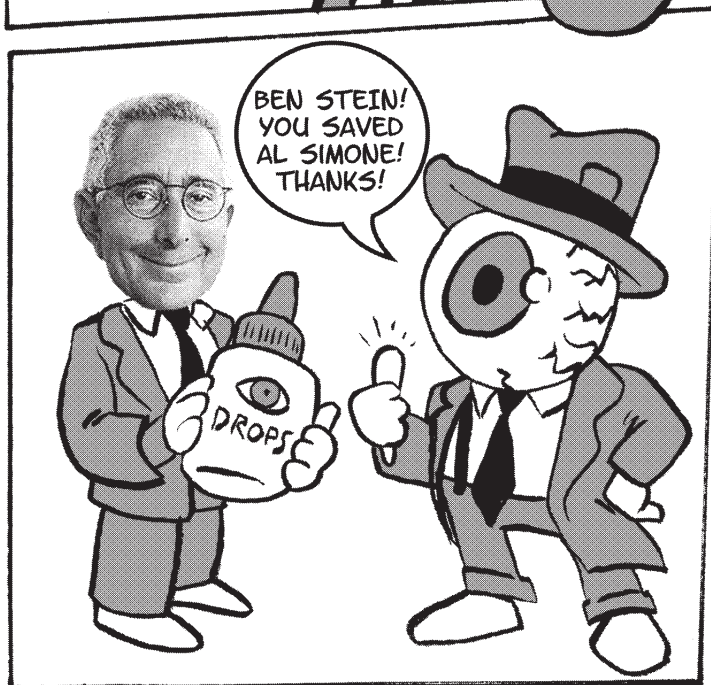
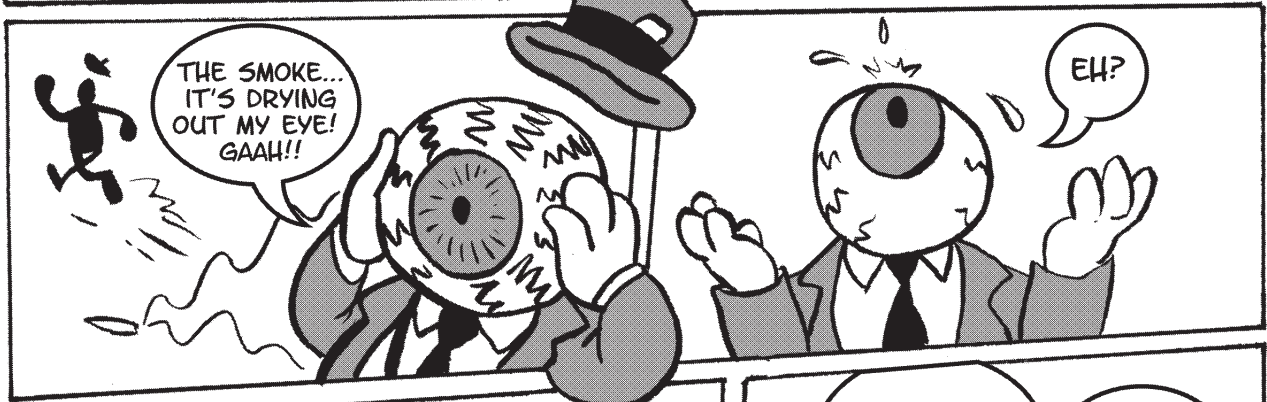
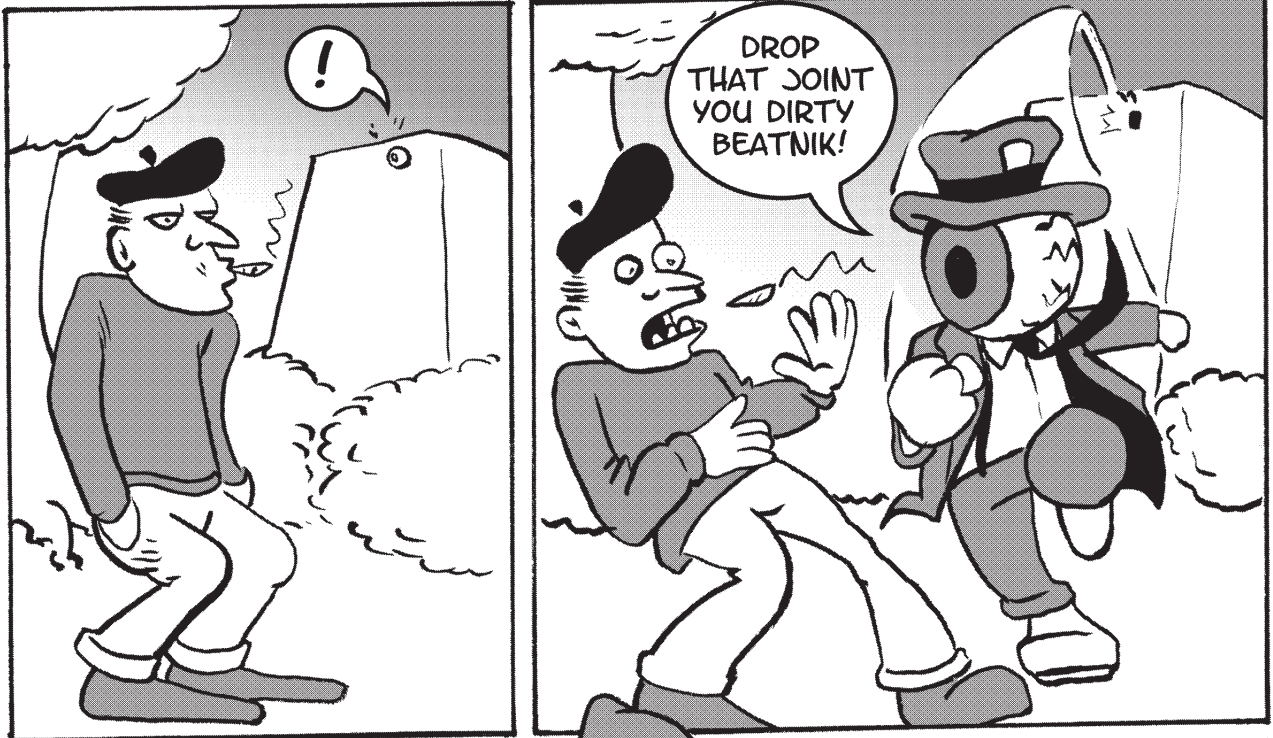


HMM



I SMELL  
A RAT...







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## Do Not Forget

Take a moment to think, was the German corralling of the Jews a good thing? I would hope that you say no. Unfortunately, unlawfully detaining citizens is not something unique to German history. It is something that occurs constantly in American history. In fact, at the same time that the Germans were putting the Jews in concentration camps, Americans were placing Japanese citizens in their own camps as well. This act that was only recently admitted by Congress to have been wrong.

There are many examples of wrong-doing in American history, things that should not be repeated. Some of these actions include the “relocation” of Japanese-Americans during World War II and the reservations created for the Indians. One of the more striking examples of power going awry is happening right now.

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## Neomythology

All cultures, since the first coherent ones to form on earth, have developed myths to explain the world in which they live. It is a habit, I believe, so naturally inveterate to humanity that it will never cease --- even if it assumes different forms or fulfills different functions and some would no longer consider it *mythos*.

In millennia past, the characters of great myths played the role of superhuman explanation --- a psychological creation made to account for the myriad of phenomena in the universe that were previously unexplained. Myth became a sort of science, conducted with less rigor than conventional sciences but with greater common appeal. Myths served the valuable function of offering the confused and fragile human a reason to believe his world had a secure, intelligible order -- that chaos need not be feared. As such, the common people of old would actually believe in the ontological existence of these gods and heroes.

We mythologize as passionately today as any ancient peoples ever did. We still anthropomorphize our highest ideals with larger-than-life personalities common to popular culture.

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## By Andrew Ruccius

People are being detained in Cuba and the US simply because they are suspected terrorists, and are being held illegally. Fact is, the people being held in Cuba are Afghan citizens who fought in a war and therefore are POW's and should be treated as such. The Arab US citizens who are being detained are even worse off because they are supposed to be released after twenty-four hours and this has not happened.

I am not asking you to protest or sign petitions, we all know that those things rarely cause change. What I do want you to do is think about what is being done and why it is wrong. I want you to realize that if this could happen to Arabs then it could happen to your ethnic group. Most importantly, I know that RIT contains more than just technology students and that some of you might one day be in a position of power in the government. I hope that if you ever find yourself in that position, that you do not forget what has happened and why it was wrong.

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## By Thomas J. Henthorn Jr.

Consider, for instance --- and I offer this example primarily because this is what got me thinking about this topic --- Marvel comic characters. Of course no one, other than small children lacking lucid awareness of their world, would believe these characters actually exist. However, there is nothing fundamental to *mythos* that requires investing literal belief in myths. Myths are merely stories that serve certain cultural functions. While the function originally was religion, it has since moved (in popular culture, anyway) to entertainment.

People don't need to have the mysteries of the world explained to them with a tradition of fantastic stories anymore. We get several years of public education teaching us early on that the sun rises and sets because of planetary mechanics and that grass is green because of chlorophyll. Our lives are pervaded by sources of information about subjects too many to enumerate, to an extent none of us even realize. All the mystery is explained away with dry, sober science and technology. We are taught to make a strict demarcation between the “real” world and everything else that does not correspond with that neat little category.

So the wonder our ancestors experienced at the marvels of the world, both natural and human alike, is all but dead in our information age. It is not the information that killed it, but our *confidence* in information, in what we purport to be genuine, undeniable knowledge. We feel no modesty, but rather assume without question that we *know* what we know and can use it to be masters of a world that frightened us into myth-making during a more juvenile stage of our history.

So *mythos* is no longer a sort of religious science, but now an integral type of entertainment. With the support of the immense variety of luxury available to even the common person in our culture, great amounts of leisure time is created for the many. We buy any type of food and clothing we please to satiate our desires, even when those desires transcend biological necessity.

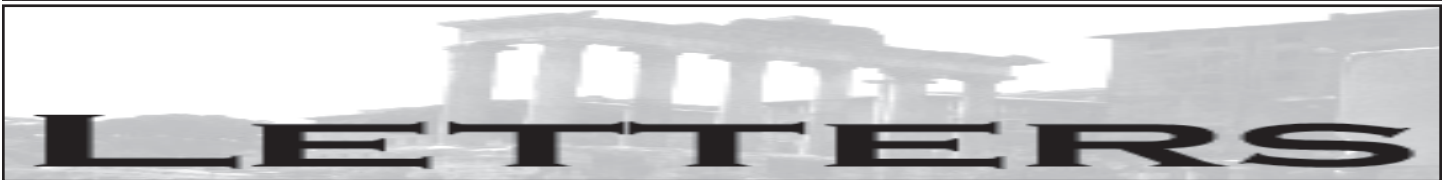
We pop something easy and tasty into the microwave while our clothes are being washed by a machine. Being that we may now occupy ourselves with a playfulness of mind, we are free to create new gods, icons of our most sacred and common values. It is no longer necessary to believe in the actual existence of these great heroes and villains. That we invest our deepest faith in the values for which they were created to epitomize is enough.

In the popular movie (I use the movie both because it is all I have seen and it is more commonly recognized, I think, than the comic books alone), Spiderman reflects the conflict common to the inner lives of most people at least some degree. He embodies the kindness and responsibility we'd like to learn ourselves, but we realize how pressing an effort he must exert to maintain these virtues. The movie's Green Goblin, while being the villain, is still a character with whom we can sympathize. He handles his misfortune in the manner we outwardly consider to be cowardly, by letting his resentment dictate his vindictive actions against the world. Inwardly we realize how easily we too, can let our frustration with the indifference of chance control us. By combining the epic struggle of the good hero against the evil villain with a gray area that relates to the fuzziness of morality in our own world, a spectacle is created that may entertain the general public by appealing to its common values.

The X-Men of the recent pair of popular flicks are another nice example. They are exaggerated icons of the members of our society who are radically deviant from the norm, and hated and oppressed as such. They battle, both against the ignorant humans and other mutants with different agendas for solving the problem of their freedom. I don't believe anyone who has ever lived would be unable to relate in *some* way to this theme of being different and isolated from your fellow humans. Add to this comforting theme lots of drama, a fun plot, and some of the most dazzling special effects I've ever seen in a movie, and something both greatly entertaining and mythological is born.

Of course this notion can be extended out of the narrow instances I've examined here. Fictional works in all media create characters, and those that gain the widest exposure in our culture become a mythological expression of the norms of our ideals. There are the Shakespearean tragic heroes and comic characters; there are American folk heroes; there are the countless superheroes and supervillains in television programs, cartoons, and movies flooding the popular media over the last century. Few will fail to understand your meaning if you reference the Simpsons, the Bundys, Hamlet, Captain Ahab, Casey Jones, or (perhaps to a lesser extent) Ren and Stimpy (they are still deeply philosophical icons).

This is all another expression, it would seem, of how the tendencies of cultures may mature with time, but they rarely change their general forms or completely disappear. Our modern environment and our modern behavior are simply more complex versions of their ancient counterparts, built out of history and the motion of our race.



# LETTERS

*Editors' note: This letter was sent to Reporter on May 8. We received this letter on May 10 from Mr. Denker. Seeing as how Reporter has no more regular issues for this academic year, we at Gracies Dinnertime Theatre have taken upon ourselves to print this letter for the benefit of the Student Body at large.*

*Also, we don't edit these letters for content, spelling, etc. We print 'em as we get 'em.*

*-Eds.*

An Open Letter to RIT Housing Operations:

There are so many things I could write; I do not know where to start this letter. I guess the best way would be with facts to set the context. As of the beginning of the beginning of the 2002-2003 school year, you claimed to house 60-75% of the undergraduate student body. In fact, you continue to make the same claim. President Al Simone himself feels this number is acceptable. According to your very own fact sheet (1) there are 6000 beds for 12000 undergrads, or a firm 50%. As I write this letter, you are trying to shoehorn a fourth person into my three person Perkins Apartment. To break the 60% you already claim you house, you would have to add a person to all by 200 of the 1400 apartments on campus (2). If there is no housing shortage, then why should four people cram into an apartment like this? If there is a housing shortage, why not build more?

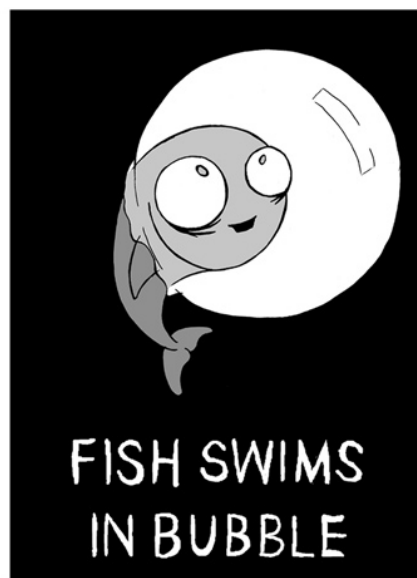
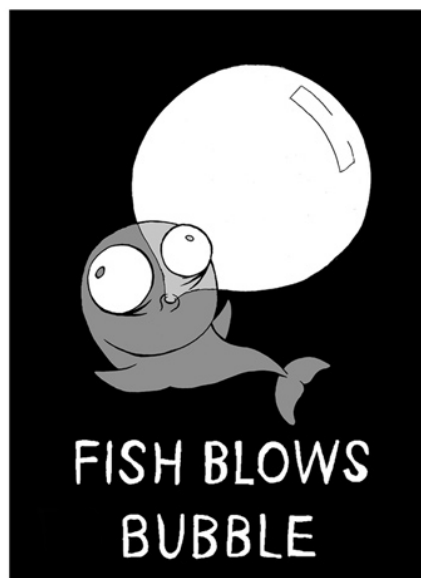
Housing is a source of positive revenue, and based off the apparent demand, build 300

more UC units to house the last 1200 students you already claim to house. The worst part about the situation is how little control we as students have. Even if we got mad and threatened to leave, if a mere two-thirds of the undergraduate student body, or 8000 students wanted to live on campus, 2000 would need to follow through with the threat of walking before the loss even began to affect you. I feel the situation is deplorable.

Last year I personally spoke to such important housing employees as Howard Ward. I said then that if I could not find some sort of on-campus housing for this year, I would probably not come back. I was universally told me they were sorry I would leave such a great school for such a bad reason, but that it really did not matter. I still, to this day, despise having put up with it, and I only found I had housing the first week of August, far too late to do anything. This sort of real estate cartel is an insult to the student body. To Housing, the subject of this letter, do something; no one has more power to fix this than you. To the student body, if you are not angry and hurt, you should be. Housing has to stop lying eventually. The least we can do is help them get over it.

Regrettably,  
Matthew Denker

1. <http://www.collegeview.com/college/collegesearch/keyfacts/printing/index.jsp?scid=1100157>  
2. <http://finweb.rit.edu/Housing/apartments/>



**Litany in blue**  
**By Gary Hoffmann**

She stopped  
the wind rushing past her  
unable to slow down in time  
turning around to follow her  
but she's already gone

St. Basil and St. Jerome, pray for us

**The Monkey**  
**By Joe Rhone**

i see a monkey  
he hangs in a tree  
is that a chainsaw?  
shall i let it be?

it shines so orange  
that i think not  
i rev it up  
and it runs hot

down goes the tree  
and so it dies  
beneath my chainsaw  
the monkey lies

brain matter flies  
the chain turns red  
tearing his flesh  
the blade in his head

now he's missing an eye  
he no longer has perfection  
its really quite sad  
no more depth-perception

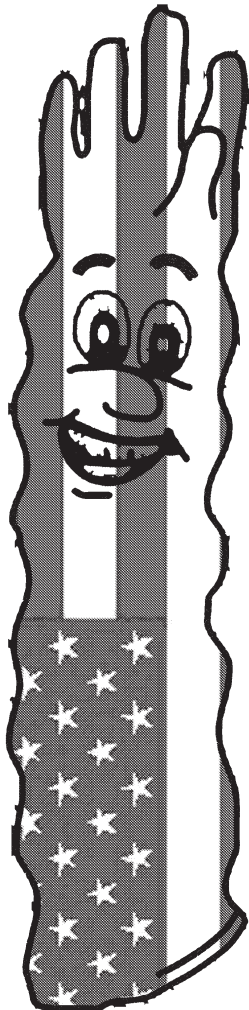
poor monkey, poor monkey  
all over my face  
i wish someone was taping this  
oh what a waste!

did you see his arm?  
oh where did it go?  
i cut it off,  
look at the blood flow!

monkey and chainsaw  
what a perfect catch  
i have the gasoline  
have you got a match?

dousing the monkey  
he goes up in flames,  
because of my amusement  
he died not in vain

# The Freedom Tickler



These colors  
don't run!!!  
^  
or leak

No French need apply

JUST \$4.99



## Song of RIT, after Whitman

By Gary Hoffmann

Rochester Institute of Technology, four years my home, brick womb for these countless seekers of knowledge,  
 I am the Information Technology student, creator of networks, maintainer of these spider webs of computers,  
 thousands of computers tunelessly humming against the plaster walls, against the brick walls, within the  
 tunnels and shaking the foundations of every building,  
 I am the Computer Science student, eyes irradiated by light only from a computer screen, coding in C, Java,  
 Perl, writing code that will write more code, endlessly self-reproducing code in my search for God within the  
 electron pathways of a lonely server,  
 I am the Mechanical Engineer, designing the automatons we are all becoming, creating machines to create  
 machines to create machines,  
 I am the Electrical Engineer, controlling lightning and St. Elmo's Fire with more dexterity than Zeus, sending  
 power coursing through veins of copper wire, my lips of copper wire and my eyes of photodiodes, seeing all  
 in voltage and resistance,  
 I am the Computer Engineer, building immense temples of circuits, motherboards, fatherboards, sisterboards,  
 brotherboards, loverboards,  
 I am the Photo Tech student, taking pictures, reproducing the world as I see it, making the reds more red and the  
 greens more green,  
 I am the Imaging Scientist, capturing images, reproducing the world as God must see it, capturing images from  
 space, from light-years distant, from right beside you, every color known to me by a million names, and every  
 name a million colors.

I wander amongst the mutated bacteria of the Biotechnologists, their pathogens as dear to me as they are, made  
 visible in the alternating colored bands of their DNA,  
 I wander amongst the movie screenings of the Film and Video majors, movies that condense the very extents  
 of my imagination into a five minute segment, or expand the depths of my subconscious to the size of the  
 Universe,  
 I wander by the lonely art student sitting at the Ritz, or the lonely math student, or the lonely engineer,  
 Everyone talking around you, but you yourself not talking, having no one to talk to,  
 I wish to sit down to talk to you, I wish to know you as I know myself, to sit by your side and face the world  
 with you over lunch,  
 And why should I not? And why shouldn't you stand up to talk to me? And why shouldn't you stand up to  
 embrace me as I approach?  
 Am I not as beautiful to you as you are to me?

Remove the passwords from the computers! Remove the computers themselves from the labs!

If you need me look beneath your feet to the tunnels of Building 7,  
 Failing to fetch me at first, walk down the Quarter Mile, and continue walking down the paths within the woods,  
 continue walking through the countless hallways and classrooms,  
 Walk from the Infinity Circle to the Sundial, walk around the Eastman building, looking up at each window for  
 some sign of my presence,  
 Walk from the Sundial to the Infinity Circle, stopping to look at each flyer or pamphlet you see for my signa-  
 ture,  
 Continue walking until you find me, for I have not forgotten you, dear comrade,  
 I stop at the Student Alumni Union, waiting for you.

# 3rd Annual *GDT* Tug-Of-War Cup

Oh yeah, it's time for the third annual *GDT* Tug-Of-War Cup. Once again, the *Reporter* staff, if they even have the balls to show up, will get beat in a very short game of tug-of-war.

Why they would even bother to **show up on the hill behind the Tennis Courts at 6pm on Saturday, May 17** is unknown, but maybe their brains are smaller than their feeble, weak, stick-like tug-of-war-losing arms. I'm not even sure why *GDT* is wasting half a page of space to challenge the *Reporter* to the *GDT* Tug-Of-War Cup.



The *GDT* Cup

Let's review the results of the previous matches:

1st Annual Tug-Of-War: ***GDT* wins.**

2nd Annual Tug-Of-War: ***GDT* wins**, and claims the right to name the event.

3rd Annual *GDT* Tug-Of-War Cup: We can just assume that ***GDT* will win**, because there is no way the *Reporter* staff would ever show up this year. Would you keep going for the pellet if you got shocked each time? Wouldn't you quit after not one, but two humiliating defeats?

We laugh at their puny attempts to win or save face.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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The kids next door celebrating National Masturbation Month

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