



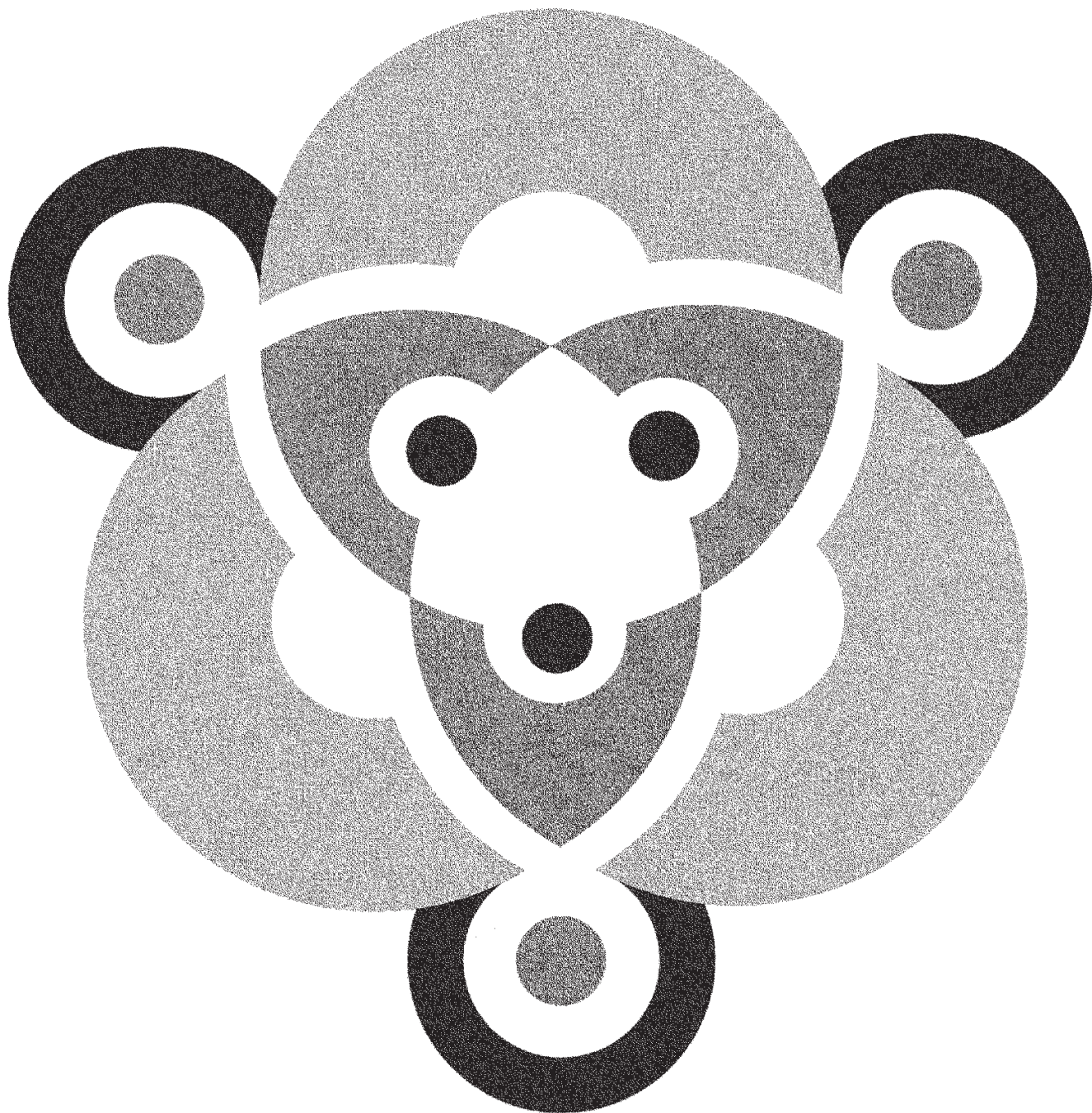
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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NEVER LOOK BACK

By Peter C. Gravelle

Just the other day, I was wandering and I wondered why there's so much hate in the world. Hate on every side of the political and religious spectrum. Gay-bashers, Republican-haters, Israelis hating Arabs, Arabs hating Jews, the list goes on forever.

Then I realized I was asking the wrong question. Why is there so much love in this world? People, despite their dearest wishes, are simply animals striving for their own survival against a world not designed with them in mind. Realistically, people should be all clambering to destroy each other, or as one character said in Titan AE, "The only thing that matters is grabbin' what you can before someone else beats you to it." Really, no matter how much myself or anyone else tries to pretend otherwise, that's all that people are -- walking space heaters with ever-increasing desires.

So, if nothing good ever came out of the human race, then why should you listen to me? The short answer is you shouldn't. Or that is, there's no compelling reason I can give you to listen to me. Nothing I have to say has any real meaning or bearing on anything of worth. This isn't bad news, since it applies to everyone else as well. Nothing you say or do is motivated by anything other than your own desires, and therefore it only matters to you.

Let's look at the major social animals, the ones most renowned for cooperation. Ants all look the same, save the queen ant. No distinguishing physical features, only their smell telling their compatriots what their job is. Humans all look quite different from each other. We've got different skin colors, different hair

colors, different hair patterns (that change throughout our lives), and different eye colors. Aside from our physical nature, we have different senses of aesthetics and style, different idiosyncracies, different languages, voices, everything about each and every one of us is unique.

This is where the problems comes from. We're all the queen. Everyone knows what a wonderful feeling it is to be on top of their little social order, where you, an individual conglomeration of cells, matter to the utmost to other members of your species (I was going to say peers, but they aren't really your peers when you're on top, are they?). Each and every person is chasing this little high. This is also one reason why drugs can be so destructive to a person. Once their body gets their new happy chemicals, why go and try to do good things to get the old ones?

Every person just stamping onto another's head simply to get a little bit of a better high than last time. An apt description of our "civilization," I think.

I'm sure this all sounds like just some cynical tirade and you're probably thinking something like, "damn, this dude needs to get laid or drunk or something." I contend that you, my dearest reader are simply not examining your own motivations enough. Think back to the last thing you did "out of pure kindness." Did you rush to tell anyone? Did you tell yourself that you had done a good job, secure in your own moral righteousness?

My point is proven then.

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I've given a lot of advice in my day. Anything from "Yeah, he's the one for you, sure." to "Jesus Christ. I told you not to put that in your mouth. We've been over this a million times if we've been over it once. It's like you're licking all 40 of those guys." Nevertheless, pay close attention, because the gem I'm about to spring on you may be the most important of the week. Maybe even the quarter. More impressive still, your college career.

Go Have Fun!

Do it for me, for your classmates, your roommates, your parents, and most importantly, yourselves. You owe it to everyone you have ever met to go out and enjoy yourself. I know what you're thinking: "But Matt, I am having plenty of fun." And I'm sure you are, sitting around masturbating and reading GDT. Despite being quite fun, even with friends, onanism is not a viable alternative to the fun I am talking about. You need to get off your ass and go do something -- and not that sheep over by the Kodak Plant either. Honestly, you will never have such an unadulterated opportunity to enjoy yourself ever again. Even if you live to retirement, your kids will probably have sucked you dry by having the exact same kind of fun at college you are passing on right now.

Even though you don't know it, Rochester is full of fun things to do. See a movie at the Little Theatre or watch the Orchestra at the Eastman Theatre. You can see a concert at Water Street and a hockey game at the Blue Cross Arena. Go sledding at Cobb's Hill in a few weeks when it starts to snow. Shop at the Farmer's Market Downtown, or on Monroe Avenue, or any of the 3 malls in the area: Greece, Marketplace and Eastview. That's not even including Village Gate or the Midtown Plaza. Check out the paintings at the Art Museum or see an art film at the Eastman House. Go to New York

City for the day, it's only \$60 round-trip on JetBlue.

What's even more amazing is what you could do with the very people you go to school with. I sit and watch everyone at the school and I know for a fact that there are plenty of pretty girls and nice guys. You're all so busy bitching about the lack of things to do that you don't even notice one another. Guys, take her out to anything I just mentioned. Hell, pull your head out of your ass and ask her to do *anything*. So she says no, there happen to be 3500 other girls right here. Ladies, he doesn't know you think he's kinda' cute. Guys are downright retarded, especially the ones at RIT. Just tell him already.

You can do anything you want, and I am sure that you will. With that in mind, humor me and do something I want you to do. Shut the hell up and enjoy Rochester for all it's worth. It's the best goddamned city for a couple hundred miles and it's the only thing you've got. So forget about your crappy GPA,

and school, and Al Simone, and even that ugly girl you talk to on IM because she talks your kind of dirty. Get out. Knock on doors and say "hi". Go for coffee at Java Wally's, or the original Java's, or Spot, where you might catch a drag show with your latté. Whatever you do, get off campus occasionally so RIT doesn't look like it's full of losers all the time. If everyone hung around their own colleges, those schools would suck too. So make a difference here. Go out tonight.

Check out a useful map:

<http://visitrochester.com/Images/Downtown.gif>

Shut the hell up and enjoy Rochester for all it's worth.

It's the best goddamned city for a couple hundred miles and it's the only thing you've got.

On Kenya and the Vatican

By Ray Wallace

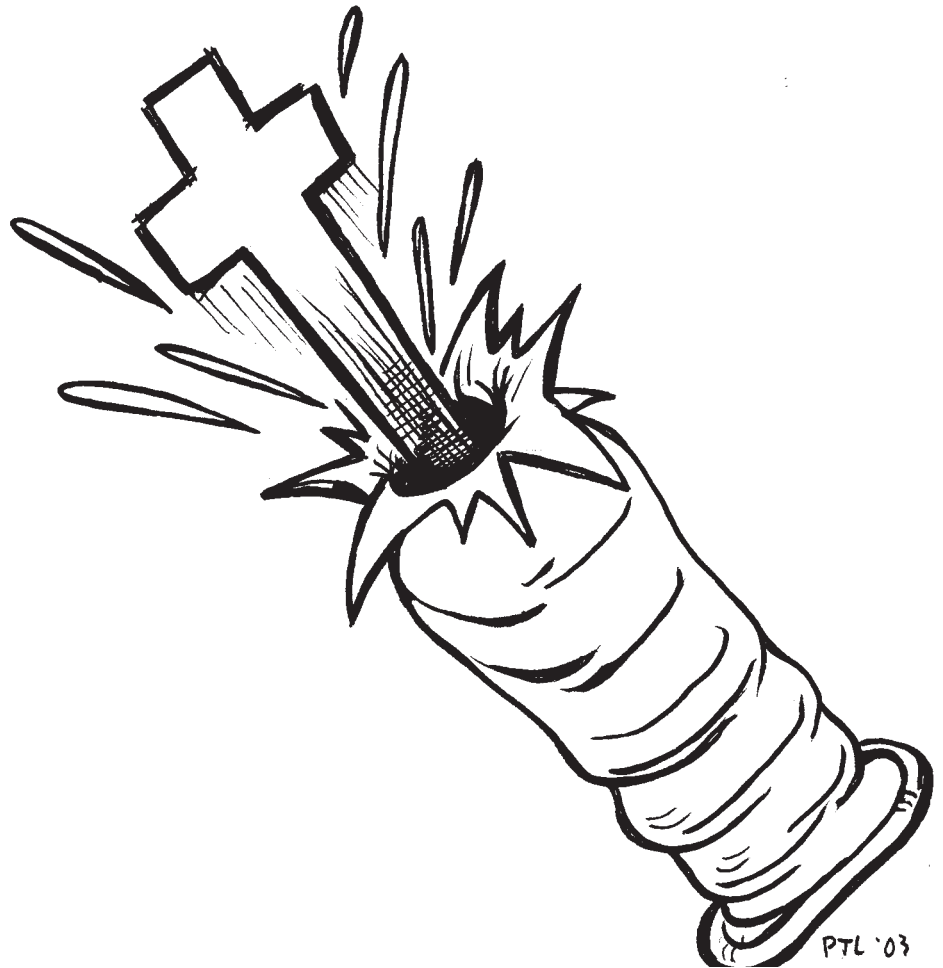
Let's go back in time for a moment. You remember health class right? Being really uncomfortable as your gym teacher talked about birds, bees, masturbation, and your burning desire to hump everything in sight. And you remember condoms, how they're covered with tiny holes to allow sperm to pass through, and that they occasionally contain HIV.

You don't? Gosh that's funny. Maybe you remember them from catechism. No? Well, then you're obviously not Kenyan.

Africa¹ has a terrible AIDS Problem. In fact, it is estimated that about twenty percent of Kenyans are inflicted with HIV. It's fortunate, then, that Kenya's religious leaders are looking out for the good of the people. Ndingi Mwana a'Nzeki, Kenya's primate archbishop², was quoted as saying, "Those suffering from the pandemic should take care and avoid infecting others."

And the Church has been doing their part. The Archbishop and his fellow priests have instructed their parishioners to stem the spread of AIDS through abstinence, told the public that condoms do not protect against pregnancy, and held ceremonial burnings of condoms and AIDS awareness literature have been held.³ And despite the possibility of widespread panic and disillusionment, some priests have taken the ethical initiative and warned that condoms come laced with HIV.

"AIDS... has grown so fast because of the availability of condoms," the Archbishop has stated. Which is an all too reasonable conclusion, given that "the AIDS virus is roughly 450 times smaller than the



spermatozoon⁴. The spermatozoon can easily pass through the 'net' that is formed by the condom."⁵

This sort of honesty is a breath of fresh air. For years, the scientific and family-planning communities have told the public that latex is nearly impervious to substances as small as the microscopic particles of water and seminal fluid. Fortunately for the suffering Kenyan populace, the Catholic Church is setting the record straight and urging for "the health ministries and all these campaigns to act in the same way as they do with regard to cigarettes, which they state to be a danger."⁶

In reference to statements made by the World Health Organization contradicting the Church's claims

¹Yeah, the rest of the world too, but Africa's been pretty hard-up.

²I don't know what it means — let's just say that he's important

³And that's just their weekends.

⁴A sperm.

⁵Also said by the Archbishop. He's just chock full of fun facts.

⁶ibid

about the uselessness of condoms as a protective measure against the spread of AIDS, Cardinal Trujillo stated, "They are wrong about that... this is an easily recognizable fact." Indeed; condoms are generally made of a layer of natural rubber latex⁷ between 0.02 and 0.05 millimeters thick. However, health care professionals still claim that HIV cannot penetrate the rubber of a condom under normal circumstances.

As an alternative to condoms, the Vatican recommends abstinence and fidelity in marriage⁸ for stopping the spread of AIDS. Fortunately, as the Church's priests have demonstrated time and time again, the celibate life is an easy one to live. Moreover,

if a couple has remained faithful, they can begin enjoying a healthy life of physical love within the sanctity of marriage⁹.

It is relieving to hear that a group as influential as the Catholic Church is keeping such a sharp eye on public health. It would be all too easy for the Church to go on simply preaching ethics and morality¹⁰ and say nothing about the health and well-being of their parishioners. One can only hope that organizations such as the World Health Organization and the United States National Institutes of Health will soon follow suit and begin spreading the truth about AIDS and condoms.

⁷the material used to make disposable surgical gloves

⁸Fortunately, all of your STDs go away when you get married.

⁹Unless, of course, one of the them was born with AIDS or contracted HIV in non-sexual manner, but why quibble?

¹⁰Like commandment number nine: "You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor."

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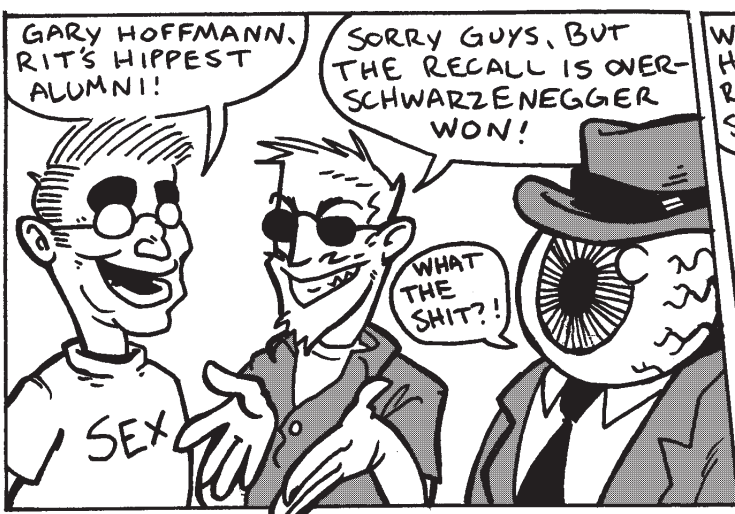
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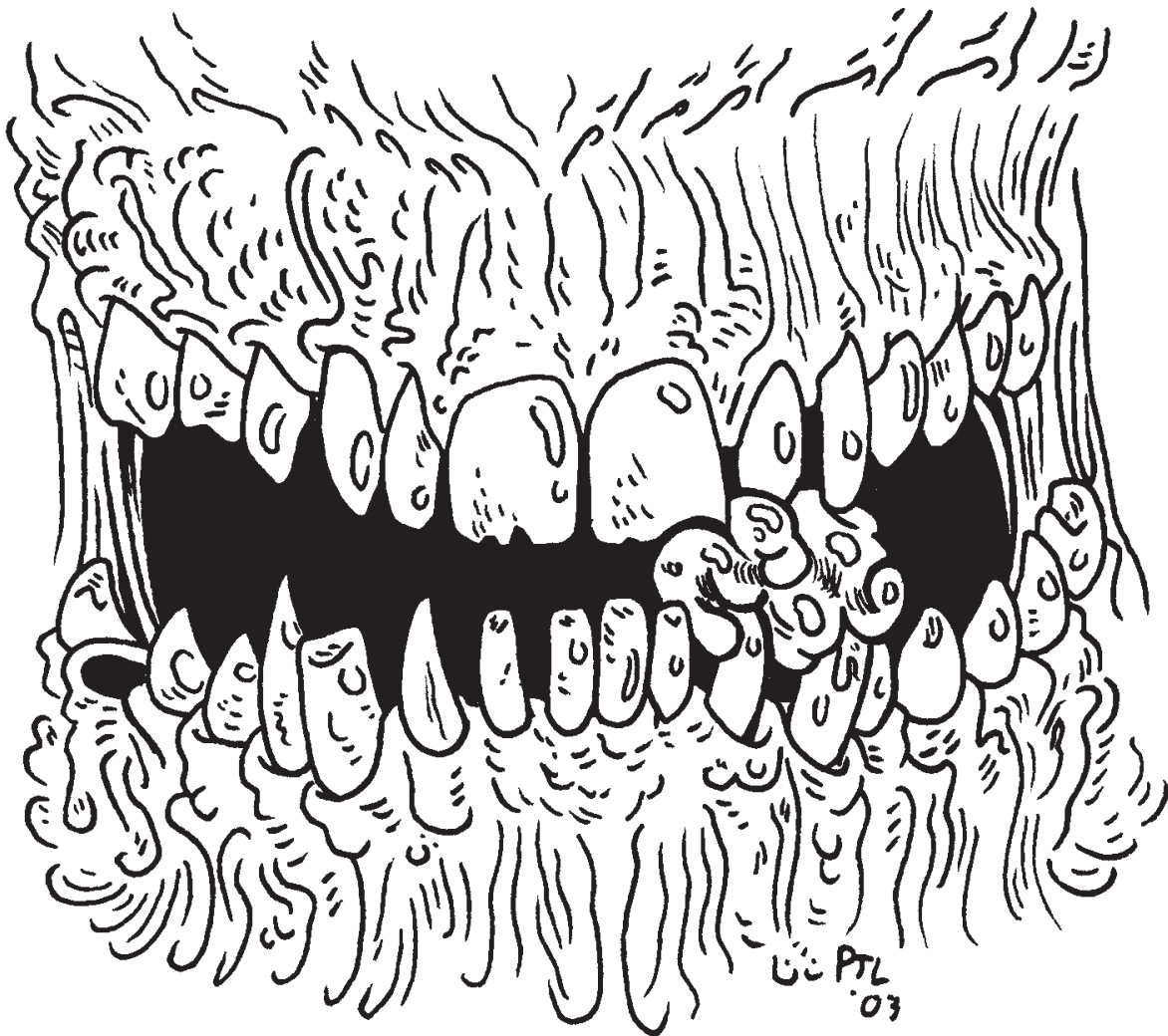
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by PETER J. LAZARSKI '03





There's a piece of Gum on my desk right now. It's a rectangle white thing. It's still in its wrapper. I keep staring at it, as it of course stares back at me. How long has the piece of gum been there? Is it still good? Well it must be because it's still in its little plastic prison. But once it escapes confinement, it will shortly die. Like a death row inmate left to sit on a desk under a lamp until it's time to go. But I suppose this instance is different. It was made to die. It was made to bring joy and mintiness to others in its wake. However, a flash of thought just crossed my mind. What would happen if it was left free without being consumed? Would it still be sitting on my desk? Or would it try to free its brethren. Does it care for its freedom or its brethren more? Does it even have legs to carry it to its destination? I will assume for now that it does not. Therefore once it's free, maybe I should call it a he. Once he's free, I think he'll linger for just a while.

Until I, without noticing mind you, brush him across my desk and onto the floor. He might want to mingle with the floor. I do I have a rug. And he, we'll call him Bob for now, will be forced to live with the rug. It's a nice place, the rug. It's soft, and I vacuum it often. And by often I mean every two weeks, at least every two weeks. Just like how many times a person should shower. So Bob's lifespan is now marked at 2 weeks, at least 2 weeks. In that time, he could melt. Melting therefore will allow him to mingle with rug more intimately. Do I dare disturb Bob during his intimacy? It's not like I can just vacuum him up. He would cling to Rug like there was no tomorrow. And at that point I do believe there would *not* be a tomorrow for him for he is just a piece of gum. However I will still get down on my hands and knees to scrape him off my floor and flush him away into the bowels of Rochester.



"Grab your ankles and try to relax – it won't hurt as bad."

- anonymous student

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