



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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What not to say when the Monroe County Sheriff's Office decides to crash your party.

What is Wrong with You People?

By Peter C. Gravelle

The New American Messiah

Ladies and gentlemen, may I please introduce you to the King of All Peace, the Messiah, Reverend Sun Myung Moon¹. He is also known as the Father of the True Family, the owner of the *Washington Times* and UPI news agency, the Returning Lord and the True Parent.

Of course, there are plenty of nut cases out there calling themselves the messiah, and even getting people to believe them. My issue here is that this one has been crowned. A nice, shiny gold crown given to him by *your*² United States Senators and Representatives³ in the Dirksen Senate Office Building (that's Federal property, folks) on March 23, 2004. We mustn't forget Moon's wife, either, the True Mother, getting her crown from US Representative Danny Davis.

Sounds like a pretty big story, right? Who wouldn't want to cover this! It would be the biggest religiously-based scandal since Carter's admission that he "lusted in his heart." But no one covered it. Well, nothing that stayed published. Apparently the *Washington Post* covered the story on their website, before quickly taking it down. Search Google News as in the attached footnote⁴, and you will see (or at least I did at 5 PM on Saturday, May 8, 2004) the article in the *Post*, but if you follow the link given by the search, the article is strangely missing.

And who is this Moon character, anyway? Well, he is a convicted tax evader, known gay-basher, and

friend of such illustrious folks as Jerry Falwell⁵. He has also stated that the Holocaust was a direct punishment to the Jews for killing the first True Parent⁶. He is also responsible for the Pentecostal Family Center in the Bronx's removal of the Cross from their alter, under his dogma "from Cross to Crown"⁷.

A crown of thorns or a crown of gold⁸?

Em-bare-ass-ing Photos from Iraq

And by now, I'm sure everyone's seen those shameful⁹ photos from Iraq of detainees¹⁰ naked and, essentially, tortured. There were about a dozen of these photos released by *60 Minutes* that fateful night, but the image that is really catching on in the media, is of US Army Specialist Lynndie England holding a naked Iraqi prisoner by a leash.

Why haven't we heard from the American men in these photos? Why haven't their parents been interviewed for the TeeVee? This kind of sick fascination with women in the military¹¹ is tantamount to pointing and laughing, and saying, "Look at that cute little woman! She thinks she's a soldier!"

Bye Bye Howard, Hello Enrique and Joe

Thanks to Janet Jackson's tit¹², we are being subjected to new dimensions of nannying, the likes of which have not been seen since the 1950s. Howard Stern has earned Clear Channel \$495,000 worth of fines¹³, and even Oprah is drawing the wrath of the FCC¹⁴.

¹ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sun_Myung_Moon

² Remember to vote kids

³ Full guest list available at http://www.familyfed.org/usa/photo2004/20040323b_3.jpg

⁴ <http://news.google.com/news?q=Reverend%20Sun%20Myung%20Moon%20is%20none%20other%20than%20humanity's%20Savior%2C%20Messiah&hl=en&lr=&ie=UTF-8&oe=UTF-8&sa=N&tab=wn>

⁵ I'm sure you all remember the stink he raised about *Sesame Street* that got Bert, everyone's favorite childhood geek, knocked off the show. Something about loving the wrong kind of people, or something, right?

⁶ You know, that Jesus fellow that was killed by the Romans, Mel Gibson notwithstanding.

⁷ http://www.tparents.org/UNews/Unws0304/cross_bronx.htm

⁸ You can find more links on this story at: <http://www.metafilter.com/mefi/32914>

⁹ And I use this word very rarely, but those pictures are certainly something to be ashamed of.

¹⁰ That's what we're supposed to be calling them this week, right? "Prisoner" is too sympathetic a word for these Agents of Terror, right?

¹¹ C.f. *G.I. Jane*, and the Private Jessica debacle (who, by the way, should be called "Private Jessica Lynch", or at the very least "Private Lynch.")

¹² "Thanks everybody!" "Thanks tit!"

¹³ Thanks Howard. Could you please use a few more dirty words to get those nigh-monopolistic bastards off the air?

¹⁴ The Federal Coddling Commission

But here's an interesting question: If we were to print in bold text: **Tu manguera está pequeño**, would anyone care? Even if we just called your dick tiny¹⁵?

An article in the May 3 issue of *Newsweek*, the question of Spanish-speaking shock-jocks came up. The hope of FCC chair Michael Powell is to catch some of these stations with similar fines. But the FCC cannot act without complaints from members of the community. Is that not telling? Hispanic culture, while generally being very male-centric, has been significantly more sex-positive than American culture, which we can

generally thank the Puritans for¹⁶. Whereas we have obscene amounts of violence in the media at all hours of the day and night, other cultures have nudity even on their news programs¹⁷.

And with that, I wish you all a good summer and I hope you choose well in your upcoming primary elections¹⁸. To the graduating seniors I offer my congratulations and to everyone else, I look forward to the fall where we will continue our lovely little dialogue.

¹⁵ Well, literally we just called your "hose" tiny, but that's nitpicking, and no one likes a nit-picker... unless you have lice.

¹⁶ Think about the irony in that: we have a holiday for giving thanks to people who didn't even want to celebrate their savior's birth, since such celebrations were sinful.

¹⁷ In most of the rest of the world, such as Australia, Canada, Scandinavia, even Britain, news coverage of the American hysteria generated by Janet Jackson's breast was prefaced by uncensored footage of the incident (to provide proper journalistic framing, no doubt).

¹⁸ You are registered to vote, right?

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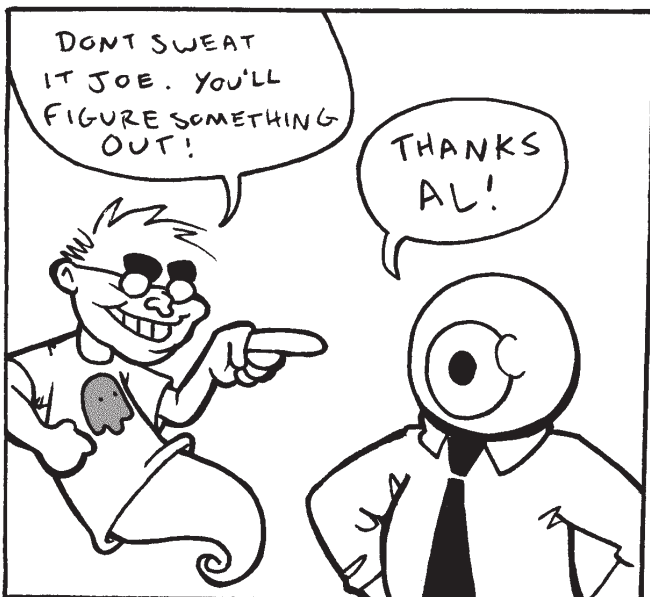
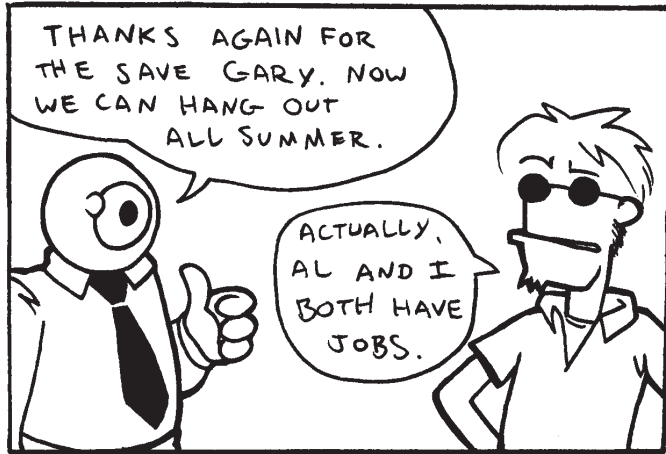
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JOE CORNEA!

PUBLIC EYE!
by PETER J. LAZARSKI '04



The Wreck of the RIT Campus

By Ken Reek

(Sung to the tune of "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald")

The legend lives on from the 7th floor on down
of the big heap they call "**Icky Pooley**."
The heap, it is true, won't appeal to you,
but our president wasn't so choosy.
The heap isn't small--over 70 feet tall--
there is no way in hell you can miss it.
With a coating of rust and a fresh bird-poop crust
it will spoil your next campus visit.

The heap is the pride of the president's eyes
it is nearly as good as the fieldhouse.
If it curdles your gut, better keep your mouth shut
'cause you might just get sent to the doghouse.
As the big junkheaps go it is bigger than most;
it is almost as tall as a steeple.
With its sharp stainless steel it appears quite surreal--
not attractive to ordinary people.

Did the artist just fake it, then beg us to take it?
We did without batting an eyelash.
In next spring's yearbook they will say that it looks
like the junk that's left after a plane crash.
One point two million bucks for a sculpture that sucks!
It's good money that won't be returning.
And zero percent of those bucks were well spent--
'cause it's sure not a symbol of learning.

Does anyone know where the love of God goes
when bad art turns the minutes to hours.
If I had my way I'd replace it today
with a garden of beautiful flowers.
I am really distraught: people actually thought
it would "soften the look of the campus."
If that was their take then they made a mistake:
it's as fuzzy and warm as a lamppost.

The legend lives on from the 7th floor on down
of the big heap they call "**Icky Pooley**."
The big heap, to me, is a pile of debris:
it is totally lacking in beauty.
So let's all go down and we'll try not to frown
at our new "gath'ring place" at Brick City.
If you ask for my view I will tell it to you:
It's obnoxious, repulsive and s****y.

The Patriot Act

By Toby Foor-Pessin

A politician will do anything to keep his job, even become a patriot, according to William Randolph Hearst. The world is no longer a small place, and with telecommunications, the Internet, and the walkie-talkie feature of your Nextel cell phone now in popular use, it has become quite small. This is the era of

America, where we have undertaken the lofty quest of becoming the worlds political police, bringing our democracy and our American ideals to every corner of the globe, like an unstoppable tour-de-force of liberty and justice for all. However, not everyone agrees with us. In the past, we've always feared that evil would come from beyond our borders in the form of Communists and Fascists. If the past few years have taught us anything it is that terror probably won't come from without. It will come from where it hurts most - from within, where we can't see it coming, and can't defend against it.

On September 11, 2001, such a thing happened. We rightly rallied around our government and president in formulating a vehement response. Yet the response was far more damaging to us than any bombs we dropped on our faceless enemies. On October 26th, 2001, one of the most controversial bills in history was passed through Congress, deemed, so eloquently and expressively, the Patriot Act. The Patriot Act is a 342-page bill making small and/or sweeping changes to fifteen Federal statues. The Boston Globe, in its article entitled "GOP, Democrats Bank on Patriot Act as Key Issue," stated that without the aid of the

Patriot Act, Attorney General Ashcroft felt he would be unable to prevent another disastrous terrorist attack. The Patriot Act has a built in sunset clause, which will end portions of the bill's influence in December of 2005. However, as the Presidential election draws closer, George W. Bush wants the bill extended prematurely, and its already sweeping stipulations strengthened. "To abandon the Patriot Act would deprive law enforcement and intelligence officers of needed tools in the war on terror, and demonstrate willful blindness to a continuing threat," says Bush, as noted by CBSnews.com. I urge you all to think on this issue very hard before you decide to support the president in his endeavor.

When you see a rattlesnake poised to strike, you do not wait until he has struck before you crush him, says Franklin D. Roosevelt. The supporters of this bill must think similarly, all having preemptive attitudes towards fighting terrorism. The Patriot act allows three-letter government intelligence agencies, like the FBI, CIA, and NSA, broad powers to tap our

Just a friendly reminder:
Please come to the next meeting with
anything you borrowed from anime club
and maybe some food too. ^^

r i t | anime club

phones, monitor our computer activity, and check into our personal lives with unscrupulous and unhindered precision in the name of saving us from terrorism. The act allows them to gain access to your computer files and records of Internet activity simply with the permission of a network admin, not a judge. These agencies can investigate you without your knowledge; the government doesn't have to tell you that you're being investigated, and they don't even have to claim that you have anything to do with terrorism, even though they are investigating you in an attempt to prevent terrorism. This makes perfect sense, right?

President Bush and others must not be allowed to strengthen and extend the Patriot Act. If Bush succeeds, our country will continue down a very slippery and irreversibly steep slope, which will lead us to a place we do not want to go. Do not support these politicians in their crusade to curtail our civil liberties, and if you disagree, make your voice heard. Conservative Republican Sen. Larry Craig, and liberal Democratic Sen. Richard Durbin who have proposed the Security and Freedom Ensured (SAFE) Act of 2003, which would repeal the more dubious sections of the Patriot Act. Protecting the Rights of Individuals Act is another bill aimed at amending the current provisions of the Patriot Act. It seems more people are beginning to question the ethics of the Patriot Act, as stated in CNN.com's article entitled Bush urges Patriot Act renewed, expanded, where a Federal judge in California declared a portion of the bill unconstitutional, as it was impermissibly vague.

Now think on this. Have you ever checked out a book from a library? Have you ever used the Internet search engine Google? Have you ever made a phone call? If you have never done any of these things, then the Patriot Act probably cannot affect you. If you have done any or all of them, the Patriot Act will affect you. They can look at everything you type into Google, and monitor every phone call you make with the order from a Federal Judge anywhere in America, not just in the place you live. They can force a librarian to produce a list of any books you have ever checked out, and this comes with a blanket gag order, meaning regardless of what the government asks for, the librarian can't tell anyone about it, not even a lawyer. The bill also unfairly endorses racial profiling. According to Peter Siggins, in his essay entitled Racial Profiling in an Age

of Terrorism, Section 412 of the Patriot Act permits the attorney general of the United States to detain aliens he certifies as threats to national security for up to seven days without bringing charges. The Patriot Act also has several provisions that seem to have nothing to do with preventing terrorist acts, like the section mandating anyone convicted of any violent crime has to have a sample of his or her DNA entered into a national database.

According to the Electronic Frontier Foundations lengthy review of the Patriot Act, the government never showed that legislations before the Patriot Act served to act as a barrier to the effective tracking or prosecution of terrorists. This is quite possibly the most important point, meaning that in a moment of weakness the government was able to pass one of the largest and most controversial laws in history without even having to justify a need for it. How were the laws in place before the Patriot Act an obstacle to dealing with terrorists? A new Gallop poll has a majority of Americans confused by the Patriot Act, and this is an enormous problem. The fact that the public has no clear idea about a law that affects their inalienable civil liberties is an outrage. I implore all of you to educate yourselves about the Patriot Act because it can and will affect you. The Patriot Act can be found, in full text at www.epic.org, by typing in Patriot Act in the search field. You can also write your congressional representative, support the SAFE act, and do not support President Bush in extending the paranoia and expanding the Patriot Act.

At the end of the day, a law must do more good than harm. A law that curtails our civil liberties is no such law. The Patriot Act is a violation of what America was founded upon, especially its spirit of liberty and civil freedom. Patriotism is an ideal, not weapon or an instrument of ostracism. I want to end with the words of one of America's greatest patriots, Benjamin Franklin who said, "They that can give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty or safety."

I See Penises, They Are Everywhere

By Toby Foor-Pessin

The Rochester Institute of Technology; may it always occupy a special place in our hearts, for now and ever more. However, to most matriculated students, RIT is a synonym for 'guy'. Whats worse, where there is one guy, there are usually more, most of the time moving slowly around campus like a bulbous, swollen, pale-white mass of un-tanned, un-showered flesh. Like any large group of people, some are winners, but most are losers. Most of the guys at RIT are weird, strange, and wouldnt know a good party if it came up and bit them in their nerdy asses. Granted, I'm not advocating an all the Beast-you-can-drink kegger, though I am saying that most people at RIT seemed to have been very sheltered as children. This can also be said for the women as well, but since there are less of them we make allowances for their feminine oddities with far greater leniency than for the quirks of a male. So what is being done about the all-mighty RIT ratio?

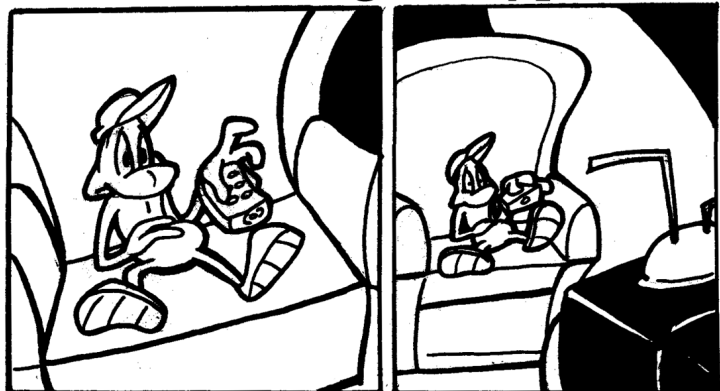
I had the pleasure of having dinner with President Simone and other students awhile back when I was president of the House of General Science. Simone, a very intelligent, well-educated man, did more talking than listening during our dinner aimed at him addressing our questions and listening to our concerns. This should hardly be considered a surprising turn of events. Gracies never had better food than on that night, as we sat leisurely with the president, eating upon a green-colored, cloth-shrouded banquet table crowned with white candles in glass holders that threw an interesting chiaroscuro upon the walls around us. The only question I asked Simone was if he could pass me the salt. However, the main question I wish to

address here, was one posed by the guy sitting next to me. He directly asked the president what he intended to do about the lack of women on campus. Simone, always the consummate politician, ready for anything, answered with, "Were working on it," and winked. What the hell does the wink mean? It was like a wink one pervert would give to another. Simone then launched into a pithy speech about how he intended to improve the ratio with different strategies aimed at marketing RIT to women, and showcasing all things that RIT could offer a woman, whatever they may be.

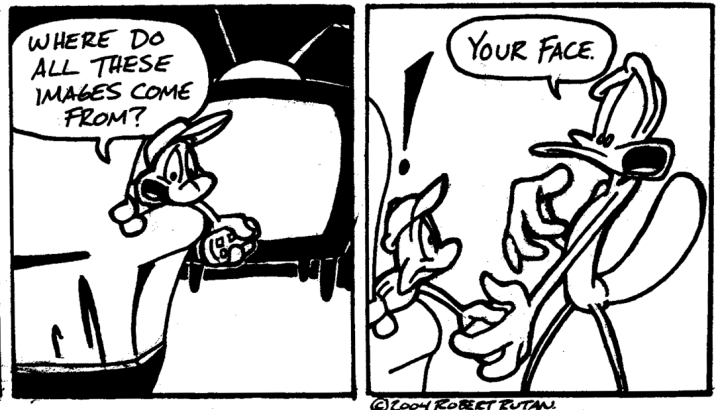
Numbers vary greatly, depending upon who is reporting them, but the ratio usually hovers around 60:40 to 70:30 guys to girls, though many would argue that the practical ratio, the ratio you see while walking around, is far worse. Parties and social gatherings almost never have a shortage of sausages, and any girl that shows up, if you're lucky enough to get one, instantly becomes the life of the party. It is often unusual to see any lone woman walking around RIT without an entourage of male sycophants usually grasping at her coat tails like apes. Women in these situations, do you find this attention flattering? I would find myself repulsed if I were in your shoes. Sure, the occasional cute guy may strike up a conversation with you, but overwhelmingly the opposite seems to happen. This is indeed a sad state of affairs, leaving one to wonder what the hell life is like at a normal college.

Dont get me wrong, and please do not think all of this as pure negativity. I merely mean to point out that while there are women at RIT, and the number seems to be increasing with each successive year, the ratio

The Traveling Platypus



Bob Rutan



still seems to maintain its hold on the institute. While Simone said things about it at the dinner, I believe much of it was just hot air. In addition, we must not be deluded into thinking that simply increasing the number of women will automatically elevate the social life to previously unheard of levels. People must make their own fun, and leave their rooms. If no one ever leaves their room, there will be no one around to create a social life; duh. Those that complain of nothing to do from within the confines of their dorm (caves) while squinting into a monitor are their own worst enemies. The social life at RIT may rot, but not because of a shortage of women. This fact is important to remember. Many women would help, but our feminine counterparts are certainly not the cause.

There are a myriad of reasons as to why brick city may suck, but I would say a major piece of that pie is the guys complaining, not the girls. The same guys that complain all the time about bad social life, lack of women, and a network that may occasionally crash a Counterstrike game are the direct reason why RIT still sucks. These people are consistently miserable, generally unpleasant to look at, and habitually smell bad.

While it is true RIT administratively may need to implement whatever dinnertime, girl-recruiting plans Simone may have had in mind, I believe RIT needs to drop some of its dead guy-weight like a sack of bricks. Everyone knows of whom I am speaking. Ladies, you see them everywhere, sitting at a computer-terminal near you, staring at you with a retarded smile, mentally undressing you while masturbating to a reformatted hard drive. I cannot even begin to describe the horror stories female students at RIT have told me about these kinds of guys. I would go so far as to point out that most women, 90% or more, have had or will have a stalker during their tenure at RIT, with varying degrees of psychopathological behavior oozing from the follower in question. This is a horrifying statistic, indicative of a seriously emotionally disturbed class of guy matriculating at RIT. Women of RIT take heed of these guys, and believe me, they freak us normal guys out too.

Once again, I reiterate that while RIT could use a few more women, we must cull out our already enrolled bad apples. Beware of the stereotypical creepy RIT guy; you can smell him coming, he usually will move in packs of guys like him, he will speak about strange topics, and he has visceral fear of bright, sun-like light. Ladies, use this to your advantage in formulating an escape. Therefore, my point in all of this: we can remedy the ratio far more efficiently if we just remove these questionable guys from the equation, and leave the women alone. To do this, certain programs may have to be cut from the RIT landscape. Programs like Computer Science, Physics, and Engineering tend to attract males of this disposition. We may be able to save some people, but many will have to go, and I apologize, but think of what we'll be saving. Their sacrifice will be for the greater good of the RIT community, the RIT ratio, and for the good of that hot girl, who because of their staring, must get counseling. These are my humble suggestions along with my utilitarian solution concerning the RIT ratio. Mathematically speaking, less dicks, means more chicks.

Ritz Unveils New "RIoT Burger" **By Dan Ezumari**

Taking a cue from recent events at Colony Manor Apartments, the grill technicians at RIT's Ritzkeller unveiled their new Riot Burger on Wednesday.

"It's a new model of burger technology. We're looking at it not as a meal, but more as a developing situation," explained Jim "Cooter" Burczak, a second-year EET student and veteran line cook.

Loaded with an intimidating display of bacon, the burger is topped with a special surprise: hard, crispy spheres filled with habanero pepper extract.

"Some will say the amount of bacon is disproportionate", said an anonymous frybasket operator, "but it's necessary to send a message."

At \$3.99, the meal also includes a small container of blue cheese, dubbed the Campus Safety Sauce. "We wanted to have something mild and blue kind of sitting off to one side. They don't really "handle" the situation so much as "call in the bacon" for a full-on assault on your tongue. Excessive? Absolutely. That's our promise to you."

Brain Dead Zombie Morons

By James Miller

“Character is who you are in the dark”¹. If the preceding quote is true, then the heart of rock & roll is still beating², and the heart of RIT is a rowdy drunk. As I struggle to write a topical article for GDT, I return to that old well of hate and anger I have from years of life being male, middle class, and white. Sadly, even Eminem can’t make me mad enough to form coherent, angry sentences about Colonypalooza - the party that will live in infamy.

Frankly, I’m worried about both sides. How could I not be? The students somehow thought that a massive party would make RIT like a *REAL* college. The campus safety officers seemed to be afraid for their well being, but not too concerned about ours.

If you’ll indulge me, dear reader, I’d like to investigate the student view point to start. In what way is binge drinking a part of college? Who declared massive parties were a part of the curriculum? PCU? Roadtrip? I’m not trying to blame Hollywood, I just wonder how unreal RIT was, that it needed to keep it real with a block party. I don’t really care what other colleges do, I picked RIT over other colleges, so I must not have wanted what the other colleges had bad enough to pick them over RIT. I also like my peace and quiet, and several hundred drunken morons keeping me awake at night does not constitute peace and quiet. If you feel the need to get drunk and publicly urinate on a building, stay home and piss on your house. Do not do it under my window. It smells all night long.

Campus Safety was on the scene fashionably early, by at least 10:15 pm, and I know this because I saw them in Colony’s back row at this time. They were probably doing their usually mildly effective job at this time and everyone gave them the typical total lack of respect. I feel for the Campus Safety folks because they take a lot of flack for doing their jobs and suffer a great number of misconceptions. At some point some things were said, and some things were done, and according to RNews.com someone chucked a bottle at Campus Safety. I would have hoped we all learned during the parties of the April 17th weekend that throwing stuff at Campus Safety causes them to get upset. If you didn’t

learn this lesson, ask a friend at Colony Manor to tell you about the letter that was left on doorknobs (dated 4/21/2004).

Onto this whole powder keg of unrest and bottle throwing, the Campus Safety office decided to add the Monroe County Sheriff’s Department. Now, just last week I referenced a certain anti-police song by NWA, but the truth is I like cops. Well, I like cops when they stay away from me and/or don’t give me tickets when they pull me over on the Thruway. Truth be told I’ve never really interacted with cops, and I thought most people tried to keep to that same simple way of life. I take police presence as a sign to pack up and go home, not a sign to fling more empty bottles. If it made Campus Safety mad, why, oh why my drunken bottle-slingers did you think it would make the cops any less mad? I must admit I am dismayed that RIT resorted to police to bring the situation under control, and I wonder if that was really the best course of action. I would have rather had them turn power to Colony off until everyone gave up from cold, darkness, and warm beer. I wonder if Uncle Al was consulted on the proper course of action. I wonder if we have policy that sets the proper course of action down in paper. Please RIT, reassure me. Tell me this was not some administrator’s decision late at night because he was woken up with a phone call and didn’t think. I know that RIT and Campus Safety must have better protocol up their sleeves.

In closing, some people are going to lose housing, some people may lose their jobs. A lot of folks are going to lose any respect they had for this campus (if they had any before) and I am wholly befuddled. I didn’t think it was really cool when I experienced a UMCP riot, and they had a lot more cops, and a lot more drunken morons. Congratulations RIT, you’re a real college now, did you like it?

¹I’d cite the reference (Dr. Hillman, my ETC professor, would want me to) but I can’t seem to figure out who said it first.

²Huey Lewis & the News said it first.

It's That Time Again

Well, the sun is shining here in Rochester, and we all know what that means: we're in that two-week period in which parents are visiting campus, high school students are touring, and we're getting ready to say goodbye for the summer. To those students leaving RIT, I'd like to say congratulations. To the grads among the GDT staff, it's been great working with you (for what little time I've been with GDT) and to those who weren't a part of our group, don't forget to stop by the GDT web page and give it a read in the future (and when you're out there making real money, don't forget us.)

GDT has had its ups and downs this year, but I think it has been a decent year for us. Coming into the year, we had several setbacks, but I think the quality of the magazine has progressed nicely.

And it's with that message that I now wish to address those of you that will be returning to our beloved Brick City in the fall. We need your help, and I don't just mean folding/distribution and money (although both are definitely welcome.) We need your submissions: your artwork, literature, poetry and satire. It's what keeps us going. Without it, we'd be distributing a magazine of 10 empty pages every week,

By Tom Samstag, One of the Minions

making us as interesting a read as Reporter (sorry, cheap shot, I know.)

Above all, we need your Word-Of-Mouth-Advertising-Power (WOMAP for short.) I'm amazed that even in May, we have many students who have not even heard of GDT. Spread the word, people! If you enjoy GDT, tell others, share our URL and your issues and help others to enjoy it.

Great things are being planned for GDT in the fall. Look forward to possibilities such as a GDT sponsored event, GDT awareness week, improved content, the triumphant return of the GDTee Shirts, and many others. Nothing can happen without you, the reader, though.

To the grads, again, I'd like to say congratulations. RIT students, have a great summer. Get off the computer and have some fun (and that's coming from a huge computer geek.) Above all, remember that the world is only as serious as you make it. Don't accept anything merely because it's told to you, and don't be afraid to laugh at the world around you, at life, or at yourself. Have fun.

Congratulations Class of 2004!

The first bump is on *GDT*.



Come snort the line of decency.

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C'mon, Everyone is doing it

Submissions of all
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Written pieces should be in Word, plain text or RTF format. Visual art should be submitted at the highest resolution and dpi possible.

Give your time!

GDT meets Wednesdays at 8pm at Crossroads. We are always looking for people to help us edit, write, fold, distribute, cheer, get off and other fun activities.

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**Gracies
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Theatre™**

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