



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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GDT Challenge: Numero Uno

by Alex Moundalexis

The year 2000 was the year of the gameshow. A flashback of American traditions yielded gameshows such as “Who Wants To Be A Millionaire,” “Greed,” and others. Also present are the ever popular “The Price Is Right” and the slightly updated “Hollywood Squares,” offering excellent prizes at a minimum of thought-induced headaches.

In our quest to provide the reader with the ultimate experience,¹ we present the following challenge. Granted, the budget isn't nearly that of a gameshow.² However, we feel confident that you might get some thrill from the following challenge.

Some of the questions will force you to dig around a bit, almost like a scavenger hunt. Others will require a bit of thought, so keep your bottle of Excedrin handy. The puz-

zles WILL get harder each time. The first person with the correct answer wins a 12-pack of caffeine, no strings attached.³ Now without further delay, onto this week's challenge/quest for free caffeine.

1. The only letter not in any U.S. state name.
2. Full UPC code on a 2.0oz 56.7g Twix Cookie Bar package (available at the Corner Store).
3. Personal user ID for RIT's webmaster (if you don't know what a user ID is, ask your guru).
4. Voicemail extension for Blumpy.org.
5. Last name of RIT's Chief Information Officer.

Assemble all answers together into a long string, and submit at the web page below. Good luck.

URL: <http://luscious.rh.rit.edu/gdt/>

¹ We debated printing this week's issue on paper soaked in LSD, but after consulting the legal team, we decided against it.

² The budget for this contest is approximately \$5 per week.

³ Actually, the stuff has got to come from the Corner Store. Sorry kids, I'd buy Coke, but I'd prompted be expelled or—more likely—hung from the 8th floor of the Power Tower.



21st Century Justice¹

by Andrew Gill

“Unjust laws exist: shall we be content to obey them, or shall we endeavor to amend them, and obey them until we have succeeded, or shall we transgress them at once?”

—Henry David Thoreau, *Civil Disobedience*

There has always been the belief that society defines morality, and that whatever society declares to be illegal is therefore justified as such. I had always presumed that this was a minority opinion, but recent discussions indicate that this opinion is actually quite prevalent at RIT. I thought, therefore, that I'd take some time to try to educate you people on what this position actually means.

NOTE: What follows is not funny, except in the tragic sense. I did throw in a reference to flying monkeys to keep the GDT staff happy, though.

There were almost 2 million people incarcerated in 1999, only 700,000 for violent crimes. One in twenty people will be imprisoned in his or her lifetime (note that this doesn't include people who go to local jails, only federal prisons and state penitentiaries). It may be hard to understand these numbers, so I've prepared an analogy. If RIT students represented America, Baker Hall would house everyone who's currently incarcerated. If the violent criminals start acting up, don't worry—we can fit them in Building 32. Of course, we'll need that building to house ex-cons, along with Fish and Nathaniel Rochester Halls. Alternatively, we could move the people who are permanently disenfranchised to Peterson Hall and have a bit of room for growth.

Here's the question: What are 1 in 20 people (and 1 in 11 men) doing that's so bad that they need to do hard time? Let's say you visit Canada and take your laptop. If you forget to register your munitions (the encryption in Netscape) with the State Department and Customs, you could be in for 10 years in prison. Should “unlawfully posting advertisements” be illegal? How about obscenity?

¹ Because of their excessive length, all references can be found at the following page:
<http://trystero.rh.rit.edu/just.html>.

Selling a copy of the Communist Manifesto, which “advocates (violent overthrow),” is illegal in New York. So is wearing a mask. Dunking booths, dance marathons, and knife throwing are all “offensive exhibitions.”

Consensual sodomy (between unwed people) is illegal. As of February, it won't be. Does that mean that it's right or wrong? There's underage drinking going on here on campus, as well as sales of all manners of drugs. That's illegal, too.

How many people are committing these crimes every day? How many laws have you broken? Do you accept that you are immoral, criminal? Do you feel that society has judged you well?

If it hasn't, is it possible that society has misjudged morality? Is it possible that laws are not necessarily correct merely because society has defined them?

What would that mean?

Lonely?

Want to meet interesting mammals?

Try a GDT personal ad!

Send ads to gdt@hellskitchen.org, and in 50 words or less, describe yourself and who/what you are seeking. We'll print it and mail you any replies we get for your ad.

No pictures, please. Unless there is money included with them.

No people with barefoot fetishes, please. Unless there is money included with them.

Move Over Manchester

by R.J. Wilco

Last Friday night the wheels of steel were turning, the dance floor burning in the Fireside Lounge.¹ Beats were pumping through a 4-way sound system provided by the Tech Crew. With 8 EAW 18" low/subwoofers amplified in excess of 5000 watts, my chest was cavitating from the moment I stepped into the room. Lights from two small rigs chased the dancers around the floor in synchronization with the beats. This was the DJ Battle. Eight DJ's battling for quasi-fame and the respect of the crowd, all brought into a single room.

Formally late equates to an hour, no matter what your mother told you as a child. Before 11pm, there were 2-3 people on the dance floor, only one of whom had any motion in her hips.² No awards for the men either. That's right, until 11pm, white men just cannot dance worth a shit. When DJ Jess came on just after 11, things started picking up. The Tech Crew put their hands to the windows behind the speaker cabinets to feel the vibes and turned it down just a smidge. Impressive. Kids were stretching out on the floor, lying in positions comparable to those of a contortion-

ist preparing themselves. Scary. Those same kids were spinning on their hands, heads, backs, and arms—all of ten minutes later. F\$^#ing COOL! So there is some hope for white men on the dance floor, even if it takes rigorous calisthenics during the months prior. I wish I had brought a camera along with me³ to capture the moment, so that I could share it with you fine people.

Props to CAB, who put on the DJ Battle at no expense to the crowd. Water and glowsticks were \$1 each, much cheaper than your average club/rave. According to Michelle of CAB⁴, they had been expecting around 100 people. When I departed early Saturday morning, over 260 people had waltzed through the front door.⁵ If the event works out, it will probably become an annual event.

It might have started out slow, but it was a nice evening overall. Everyone seemed to be enjoying the event either, on the dance floor, or being captivated by those who were. Quite cool for an on-campus event, despite the lack of Ecstasy and ketamine. Manchester—home to the Chemical Brothers—watch the hell out, RIT is spinning now.

¹ No pun intended. Really.

² To the dark-haired beauty in the purple halter-top who left around 11pm, I think I want to marry you.

³ Unfortunately I'm poor and can't afford such luxuries after paying my tuition.

⁴ One of the poor kids working the door.

⁵ Not counting the back door, which is how I—not knowing the show was free—got in with a bundle of other people who weren't counted.

SUBMIT.

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From GDT, Volume 10, Issue 2, by Sean Hammond and Kelly Gunter



**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

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