



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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HAPPY FLOWER ISSUE



suck it.

Editors' Corner Presents:

A Retrospective

Looking back at the last eight months we are amazed with how this publication has fared: twenty-three issues spanning 146 high-resolution photocopied pages. Within these pages, there have been over 200 unique items: illustrations, comics, articles, reviews, poetry, prose, letters, etc. Constructive (we hope) criticism was directed at all groups on and off campus. The satiric and sometimes bitter slant added to our material skirted the fine line of our reader's emotions many times.¹ Over fifty writers—for our readers and critics alike—have addressed many issues, entertained others, maddened some, and confused a few more. Many topics were addressed: quarters versus semesters, plagiarism, copyright infringement, campus events, Student Government, "radical" politics, personal vendettas, student/customer rights and relations, substance abuse, and religious groups, just to name a few. It has been a year of growth, distributing GDT throughout the residence halls to try and reach first-year students, while keeping circulation strong on the academic side for our existing readers. A small but powerful task force assembled every week to insure that the entire campus was covered come Thursday afternoon.

A quick round of "thank-yous": to our readers, we'd like to say thanks—your support has been overwhelming. To our critics, who think we're profane, smug, going to Hell, etc.—we offer you big French kisses. To the Creative Arts Committee—for insuring that our pages went ad-free this year—we are incredibly grateful. To Nick Spittal—we'll allow God to work out the details, okay? Good. To the rest of the staff, we're indebted—it's been a great year.

Also, we'd like to take a minute to recognize someone dear to GDT, who deserves a hell of a lot

more credit than he's been given. Adam Fletcher has been our Layout Editor for a few years now, despite moving to Boston at the end of Fall Quarter. Every week Adam downloads the articles and graphics, lays out GDT and uploads the completed files to us for final edits. He hasn't complained, despite working pro-bono for two quarters straight. We've received much praise for his layout, for which he received a two-line credit each issue. It's not enough for the work he puts in, not to mention he has a great ass.



Alas, we're losing some of staff this year, as we do every year. But in this case it's the folks that have been with GDT forever—since the beginning. Kelly Gunter, Sean T. Hammond and Sean J. Stanley will be moving on to (better?) lives, away from the RIT saga. Sean T. Hammond, well known for his column Cult Corner, has been involved in every aspect since Day One. Kelly Gunter, Ask The Barefoot Girl has a similar past. Sean J.

Stanley, first known for infamous Tourist's Movie Reviews (later renamed to The Magic Wondershow) has been irritating the masses for years, not to mention some sweet parties.² From all of us that are sticking it out another year or two, we wish you the best in your endeavors. We'll miss you all. Give 'em hell, guys.

And so finally, we offer you—our dear reader—this monstrous issue as a compilation of old and new writers: a taste of departing style and a smidgen of newer talent that you'll be sure to see more of next year. Have a safe summer, kids.

Mike Fisher & Alex Moundalexis
Editors

¹ GDT Unofficial Guiding Principle: If hate mail is received, we must be doing something right.

² "You've lost your colored privileges."

Andrew's Kidnapping Adventure

By Andrew Gill

I have never been kidnapped in my life. To the best of my knowledge, I've also never kidnapped anyone. This might make a kidnapping adventure difficult for me to describe, but this is no ordinary kidnapping adventure—for one thing, no one is actually kidnapped. Like most of my other adventures, such as the time that I got on the wrong bus and wound up at the police station, or the time that I was suspended from school for explaining that Join The Crew was a virus hoax, or the time that the road ended up on the side of my car, this is a strange adventure.

It started simply enough. I had just moved to State College, PA, and was trying desperately to give it an honest chance¹. One of the first honest chances showed itself almost immediately. A group of people from my high school was going to help run Ethernet cable for a local elementary school. It sounded like a good community service project, and I agreed to help. We would meet early in the morning at a local breakfast place, called The Waffle Shop.

My parents drove me over to the waffle shop, and I went in, sat down, and ordered something small, not waffles, just some orange juice. I waited around for the group of people, not really too alert, owing to the extreme earliness. I continued to wait, and they continued to not show up, and I continued to be groggy. Eventually, the group of people showed up, and walked over to a separate table, and sat down. This didn't seem that unusual, since I really didn't know

most of them. I thought I'd be friendly and go over to the table to join them, and sat down, but I wasn't really awake enough to start a conversation.

We sat in silence for a few minutes, and someone came over to take their orders, went away, and came back with their orders. It was at about this point that one of the people from this group decided to get up from the table for a second and leave. She returned, later, and sat back down. Moments later an official representing the Waffle Shop firm came over and asked to speak to me. I stood up, excused myself, and went to talk to her.

I really didn't know what to expect from this person—perhaps she was congratulating us for being so kind as to help this elementary school. When I did speak to her, I was asked to “please leave.” My mind instantly snapped to attention—I hadn't even considered this possibility. I was being forced not to do community service by some Waffle Shop employee, and I wasn't feeling too empowered to stop it. I asked her why I was being asked to leave; she informed me that the group might not be interested in entertaining me. The plaintive looks that I was giving to the group didn't seem to help, and I swallowed the rest of my dignity, and called my parents.

I was later informed that this woman had previously been kidnapped, and that when I did not provide a formal introduction, she assumed that I was there to kidnap her. This is how I could be accused of kidnapping without ever actually attempting it. And it is also the story of how I came to boycott The Waffle Shop.

¹ The woman who went berserk and started shooting at people on the HUB lawn wasn't too comforting.

GDT Predicts!

By Mookie Harrington & Adam Fletcher

2021 – RIT President “No-Way” Jose Diabelo Simone proudly announced today that the Rochester Institute of Technology would proudly be renamed “GDT University” and the dormitory halls converted into the new Princess Diablo Sex Hotel Chain [*“I thought I left you in Sri Lanka...”*]. Endowment goes through the roof. Smiling, Simone promised gold trimming for ALL administration whores.

Unfortunately, all incoming freshmen will now need to complete three-years statutory Around-The-World service before entering college, but they will all be treated to a complimentary ride in the ‘Golden Swing’ for their troubles.

Big Shots Blind to Brick City Singers

By Anonymous Groupie

Count them: 8 pages AT LEAST are dedicated to sports in *The Reporter* each week. How many pages dedicated to the music programs on campus last issue? None. Over the last two? Zip. How about the last 6 issues? Nada.

Why? Ask them that.

When was the last time a Lacrosse game drew 300+ students? Can't remember? Maybe it was when they won the championships <cough cough>.

Did anyone hear about the First Night of A Cappella put on by the Brick City Singers? Four a cappella groups performed in Ingle Auditorium on March 31st and just about filled the auditorium! What did *The Reporter* have to say about this great event?

Again: Nothing.

What about the band concerts? Philharmonic performances? RIT Singers concerts? They get any attention? Nope.

Is it just me, or is *The Reporter* supposed to be writing to the students, for the students, about the stu-

dents? Well, not all students are involved in or even care about all the sports programs on campus. Do you see a "Singer of the week" article in any of the "Award Winning" pages within *The Reporter*? Yeah, I thought so.

At least *GDT* attended the First Night of A Cappella and gave the Brick City Singers some of the attention that they deserved.

Have you heard about these guys? They are performing gigs all across campus. They recently performed in the new Java Wally's, knocking awed coffee drinkers and studious readers off their feet (whether they wanted to or not). They are entertaining as they sing for the crowd such songs as Vertical Horizon's Everything You Want and Metallica's Fuel (ooh! How do they do that one? Go see them perform!).

Not only are they more entertaining than most sports groups but the sports web page¹ is beaten hands down by the creativity of BCS's page.²

I'm writing on the Singer's behalf, but I'm not bashing sports here on campus. They are getting great attention. More power to them! In the style of *GDT*, I am bashing *The Reporter* for not representing the whole student body.

¹ RIT Athletics – <http://www.rit.edu/~934www/>

² Shameless Plug – <http://www.rit.edu/~bcswwww/>

SUBMIT.

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Rocko Bonaparte's Adaptation of Antigone

Characters:

Antigone, daughter of Oedipus and Jocasta

Ismene, Antigone's sister

Robert Crayon, governor of Thelma, Mississippi

Hammond Crayon, Robert's son

Eurydice Crayon, Robert's wife

Tiresias, a political consultant

A rent-a-cop

A mailman

Miscellaneous rent-a-cops to escort people

Aged and experienced individuals as "Chorus"

Leader of the chorus, dressed in full suit and tie.

A boy for Tiresias

TIME AND SCENE: *The government mansion of Thelma. It is the night following the end of pro-Confederate flag demonstrations in the town square. Demonstrations turned to riot, fighting ensues, resulting in the deaths of Oedipus' remain sons: Eteocles and Polynices. They kill each other during a fight. Robert Crayon becomes governor of Thelma after Eteocles' demise.*

Enter Antigone through main door, motioning to Ismene, who follows cautiously. They walk to a table at center stage.

Antigone: My dear God! When will this family curse ever stop? And to make things worse, the governor's first executive order.

Ismene: What happened?

Antigone: You always were the slow one, weren't you? Our most-favored Fuhrer, Robert Crayon, has declared that Polynices is to be left dead in the town square as he was found.

Ismene: He isn't going to be buried?

Antigone: No, he isn't going to be buried. The last wishes of a dying man will not be fulfilled. Years ago he told me that if anything were to ever happen to him, that he was to be buried properly.

Ismene: Properly?

Antigone: Yes, wrapped in the American Flag. But I refuse to obey Crayon's foolish rules. The dogs are already chewing on Polynices' thighs, and the smell is unbearable. So, what's it going to be?

Ismene: Who, me?

Antigone: Yes, you. Who else would I be talking to? I don't see anybody else here. Are you going to give me a hand?

Ismene: What would happen if I did?

Antigone: Crayon, being the governor, will order us to be stoned to death.

Ismene: That's a lot of marijuana.

Antigone: Idiot! We're to be stoned to death by rocks!

Ismene: That's a lot of crack.

Antigone: Oh, Jesus! Fine, be that way. I'll wrap him up in the stars and stripes by myself. And then I'll get killed. I don't care—my fate was sealed when everybody found out I was an inbred. Just look at what it did to you!

Ismene: What did to me?

Antigone: Nevermind, it's useless. I'm going to die, but before you know it, we'll meet again.

Ismene: You're going to die! Please don't die! You're my only sister...

Antigone: Were you paying attention? I'm going to bury Polynices and then get executed.

Ismene: But I thought you said you were going to get stoned
...

Antigone: Oh, forget it! If anybody asks, tell them. This is not a secret. I am proud to bury my own brother. It is the right thing to do.

Ismene: You shouldn't be proud, Antigone. It's a tragic flaw.

Antigone: Indeed it is, and now you know. [*Hugging Ismene*] I shall see you on the other side when this is all over. Take care of yourself, Ismene. [*Antigone exits stage right*]

Ismene: [*waving until she leaves, then speaks*] Bye?
[*Ismene exits stage left*]

Sunlight begins to peer through the windows. The Chorus enters through the main entrance and talk amongst themselves. They stop as the leader enters.

Leader: Good morning, everybody. It is such a beautiful day.

Chorus: Indeed, indeed, a beautiful day. It's like the calm after the storm. No more demonstrators, no more bloodshed. Thelma is back to being a humble, beautiful town. It is as beautiful as this day.

Leader: But with the sun comes heat, and there's nothing like hot air to make a corpse smell.

Chorus: It's regrettable that the demonstrations turned violent. Eteocles, and Polynices, enraged in the moment, shoved their pickets into each other. The paramedics could not reach them in time, and they died by each other's hands. The news claims Eteocles was the hero for saving us from the ravages of the Union.

Leader: But we all know the Civil War ended years ago.

Chorus: But the spirit lives on, in Thelma, where we shine our Confederate Flags with pride! Why must those meddling college kids from the north come down here to tell us we cannot keep our flag?

Leader: But we shouldn't be proud. It's a tragic flaw.

Chorus: It's all Oedipus' fault. He could have had the decency to keep the eyes in his head. Now we all have to suffer, and suffer, and suffer. His sons and daughters are also forced to suffer.

Leader: Antigone used to be a happy girl while her mother was alive . . .

Chorus: wasn't she her grandmother . . . or was it her aunt? I don't remember.

Leader: But after daddy (or "big brother" as we used to call him) died, she become so sorrowful.

Chorus: At least she has Hammond, so it's a shame to see her suffer so.

Leader: And speaking of shame, here comes Crayon.

[Crayon enters stage left with guard]

Crayon: Good morning gentlemen! The worst is over, and now I'm here to lead. A true measure of a man's crotch is his ability to rule over a spineless mass of people. The greatest dictators of the world were all men. And I shall dictate in Thelma with all the lack of virtues that make for a good ruler. Such is necessary in a time of need. I have already calmed the town with my decree. To Eteocles, a lavish funeral. To Polynices, nothing but rot. We shall all feel contempt by the smell of his rotting corpse and remember the shame he brought onto this town because of it. The citizens of Thelma respect the Confederate Flag as a banner of southern pride. A bunch of washed-up college students cannot come to town and tell us how to do things! With Polynices at the lead, no less! There is already a keen sense of justice being served. God, don't I feel proud.

Leader: You shouldn't be proud. It's a tragic flaw.

Crayon: But anyhow, I assemble you dignified and experienced folks today for a special mission. Make sure of it that none of your families bury this man. Let him rot until there's nothing but his skeleton left. And make sure that he is never buried with the Stars and Stripes around him!

Chorus: As you say it, it shall be done. We are but spineless worms that squish in your hands.

Crayon: Good, and remember that all offenders shall be executed, and then tortured.

[A rent-a-cop waddles quickly in from stage right, short of breath]

Rent-a-cop: My governor! Don't think I'm out of breath because I'm fat. There were many times were I just wanted to turn around and go away without delivering the news. I know I'm walking straight to my doom with this news, and I keep asking myself, "Is it worth it?" But then I realized that I would be in even more trouble if somebody else got the news to you first. So I mulled it over, and trudged my way over here. But please don't beat the crap out of me, whatever you do . . .

Crayon: Get on with it!

Rent-a-cop: Just as a disclaimer. I didn't do it.

Crayon: Do what?

Rent-a-cop: The bad thing.

Crayon: What is the bad thing? I won't beat the crap out of you.

Rent-a-cop: Um, OK, good. We found Polynices wrapped in the Stars and Stripes this morning. It was in a casket, right where he had died. Even more interesting was that it was buried six feet into the ground. It took us a few minutes to find it under all the dirt.

Crayon: What the hell are you talking about?

Rent-a-cop: There is no casket marks or pieces of United States flag to give a clue. No marks of a shovel were there. Nor were there footprints of any kind. Even the grass was undisturbed.

Leader: Maybe the United States Government buried him in the night.

Crayon: Bullshit! What are you, senile? This is clearly a conspiracy of Communists hell-bent on undermining my authority. *[To Rent-a-cop]* How much did they pay you?

Rent-a-cop: I was paid nothing!

Crayon: You sure weren't paid enough!

Rent-a-cop: But I didn't do it! None of us on watch there had anything to do with it. I swear on my grave!

Chorus: My God, he swore on his grave!

Crayon: Well, then maybe he does tell the truth. OK, fine, get out of my face, but on one condition. If you don't find the subversives that did this, then you'll be the Communist I'll slaughter tonight!

[Rent-a-cop exits stage right]

Crayon: I swear, wherever there is power, there will be a Communist to undermine it. I govern Thelma with a compassionate conservative system. It is just, and best of all, it gives results! I will not let them violate the laws of the land. Purity of essence, gentlemen! *[Crayon exits through main entrance]*

Chorus: Oh, brave new world. The man of law keeps control. The man of Communism means to break it. Why is the world so bipolar?

[Enter Antigone, accompanied by Rent-a-cop from stage right]

Chorus: But what is this? Being inbred is not a crime, how come the Rent-a-cop drags Antigone in so dispassionately?

[Crayon enters from main entrance]

Chorus: Oh my, this is going to get ugly in just a minute.

Crayon: What's the meaning of this?

Rent-a-cop: It was her, I swear it was!

Crayon: You lie. Did the Communists pay you to haul her in as the culprit? You should be ashamed!

Rent-a-cop: She is the one at fault! Upon my return, we ripped the body out of the flag and tossed it back on the ground. We waited in hiding within the Dunkin' Donuts, drinking coffee to make sure we wouldn't fall asleep. Soon a terrible dustbowl shook the building, and we couldn't see anything. It snapped the twigs off of the trees. When it was done, there she was, crying over the body. In her hands she was carrying an American flag! I swear on my grave!

Leader: He swore on his grave again! This must be serious!

Crayon: Indeed! *[to Antigone]* And what do you have to say to this?

Antigone: Hell yeah I did it! Both times!

Crayon: Oh Jesus! *[to Rent-a-cop]* Fine, get out of my face. I'll deal with her for the moment.

Antigone: And I'd do it again if I had to!

Crayon: Oh, shut up. Do you mean to undermine the laws of Thelma, you Communist!

Antigone: I am no Communist! I mean to fulfill the dying wishes of my brother.

Crayon: Your brother was a Communist bastard from a college up North there. Why should his death wishes be honored. It would be a shame to Eteocles.

Antigone: It is only up to me how to honor my dead family. They are all just as important to me. And all should be put in the ground when they're dead.

Crayon: That is weak. Why don't you just admit you're a little Anarchist?

Chorus: Anarchy was always a woman.

Antigone: I'm an Anarchist as much as you're a Liberal.

Crayon: Liberal! Me? You dare defy me, the father of Hammond?

Antigone: I defy what is unjust. And what is unjust is having my dead brother stinking up Thelma in some vain attempt to keep its citizens in line! I object to my lineage being used as deterrence.

Crayon: But you're lineage is such a great deterrence *[Rent-a-cops enter from stage left, escorting Ismene]*. Just look at Ismene here. People walk down the street, and upon seeing her, exclaim, "Please! May my family never inbreed!"

Ismene: Hi Antigone! Is this that "other side" you were talking about earlier?

Crayon: So it is true that Ismene helped you as well!

Antigone: She did not, *[to Ismene]* because she is such a wuss!

Ismene: I don't know what I say! I'm inbred! I swear on my grave!

Leader: Now she swears on her grave. Even from an inbred, that is very important.

Crayon: Then it's settled. Antigone did this alone, and she shall suffer. And to think my son had a crush on you. How yucky!

Antigone: Oh, just stick a fork in me and get it over with. I don't need to listen to this.

Crayon: In due time, my pet, in due time. Guards, string her up in the cellar!

[Guards leave with Antigone and Ismene, stage right]

Chorus: Antigone was passionate in her words. She seems genuine in wanting to bury her brother. It is not for the sake of breaking the law that she does it. Deep down inside, she probably even respects Crayon.

Crayon: Nonsense! She's a Communist, and a female Communist at that! I won't be taking orders on how to handle the laws of this country from such a dastardly lot!

[Enter Hammond from main entrance]

Chorus: Oh my, this is getting even worse! Here comes Hammond, Antigone's true love. If things had turned out better, they would be getting married right now. He's probably ticked off.

Crayon: Guess we'll see soon enough. Hammond, my boy! How do you do?

Hammond: Dad, you are my father, and whatever you say, I must comply.

Crayon: Now that's a good boy. Remember that you are to do whatever I tell you until I die, so that you will grow up not being able to think for yourself. That's what makes for good sons. But the son who stands up for what he believes in, in defiance to the law, is a Communist! And a son who sleeps on the bottom with a Communist is no son of mine! We cannot let a woman live over us!

Leader: That's so good old antebellum morals you're instilling on the boy. He'll make for a good Confederate.

Hammond: Father, it is true that I do as you say, and that I am unable to think for myself. To you I thank for that, but I can't help but hear what some of the townspeople say. I hear it in murmur: "It is good that Antigone buried Polynices," "Yes, he was getting really skanky," "I hope Crayon doesn't do her in for sanitizing the town square." So I don't speak for myself, but I speak for the citizens. Please reconsider your decision. Public opinion is slowly falling to Antigone's side.

Leader: He's spoken to the point, and it makes a lot of sense. It's starting to get warm outside, and that body really is starting to stink. I can almost smell it from here.

Crayon: Nonsense! You too, have succumbed to the evils of Communism! My own son, how could it be? Since when is the whole town of Thelma going to tell me how to rule?

Hammond: It's no town if it's owned and run by one man alone.

Crayon: What? This city is my jurisdiction, is it not? That is the law! Why should I listen to the citizens?

Hammond: What a great governor you are of this banana republic.

Crayon: *[to chorus]* This kid seems to be batting for the wrong team.

Hammond: No, I'm taking one for the team. You're in it only for yourself. Don't worry about me, I'll just go off and join a commune or something, if that's what you want. I'm proud to be defending the views of Thelma. *[Hammond turns around defiantly and begins to leave]*

Leader *[to Hammond as he leaves]:* You shouldn't be proud. It's a tragic flaw.

[to Crayon] And you, what fate do you have in mind for Antigone?

Crayon: I will take her far away from here, where she can't corrupt Thelma with her Communism. I think I'll sell her to the circus. She'll make a great addition to the freak show.

Chorus: Love is such a strange thing. People will do anything for the sake of it. Antigone will die for the love of a brother. Hammond will die for the love of Antigone. But who will die out of love for Hammond? And who will die out of love for the one who dies out of love for Hammond? Love is messed up like that. We'll soon see what it has in mind for us.

[Antigone enters under guard of rent-a-cops]

Antigone: Oh what a wasted life is mine! To die a martyr, without ever getting laid.

Leader: For that they might make you a saint.

Antigone: But I never wanted to be a saint. I wanted to make little inbred babies with Hammond. That and have a decent funeral for my family. But I suppose I can't have my cake and eat it too.

Crayon: You babble too much. Off to the circus with you!

Chorus: Poor girl, who just wanted to bury her family and get laid. For a circus freak, she sure seemed like a normal girl, not the kind of Communist we're being forced to believe.

Antigone: Maybe I will find a life for myself in the circus. Whatever way it will be, it will be much better than living in a miserable place like Thelma.

[Antigone and rent-a-cops exit stage right]

Crayon [to the leaving Antigone]: And take your American flag with you!

[Tiresias enters stage left, escorted by a boy]

Chorus: These are trying times indeed. Antigone is going to the circus, Hammond's hormones are ready to burst, and Polynices' dead body is still out in the open to cause havoc with the respiratory systems of all of Thelma's citizens! You know it's bad when Tiresias comes into the picture.

Crayon: Ahh, Tiresias, now here's a wise man. What news do you bring me?

Tiresias: Bad news, bud. This morning while trying to shake my magic eight ball, I was thoroughly frustrated. You see, it kept telling me to shake again, which it never does. I'm a good consultant, and I take pride in my craft
...

Leader: You shouldn't be proud. It's a tragic flaw.

Tiresias: . . . but when the magic eight ball stops working, I know somebody's in deep shit.

Crayon: So, what does this mean? Why do you come to me? Do you need another magic eight ball?

Tiresias: Well, yes, but I think I figured out why. While walking over here, and you know I'm blind and all, I couldn't help but smell Polynices in the town square. I think his stench nullified my magic eight ball!

Crayon: Oh, now I got this nut on my hands? You'll even take bribes from Communists in order to persuade me how to rule? This is all rubbish. You need to have your head examined.

Tiresias: No, you're the one in need, my man. The last time my magic eight ball didn't work was when Oedipus found out he was making love to his mother. The resulting mass murders made quite a mess in the mansion. So I'm here to tell you that there's going to be some more mass murders. It's going to suck.

Crayon: What the hell is this? You and your magic eight ball are full of crap!

Tiresias: I don't have to listen to this. I'm just an old, blind political consultant. But I have never been wrong, for that I swear on my grave.

Leader: Oh my! It gets worse!

Crayon: Oh no, the old man swears on his grave. This is terrible. Gentlemen, what do you think I should do?

Chorus: Public opinion has won this one. You should bury that body, once and for all, and save Antigone from a job as a circus freak.

Crayon: Oh but I'm such a stubborn ass. It's hard to change your mind, especially when everybody is going against you. But I give in. I will show that I am truly a compassionate conservative. *[to Rent-a-cops in room]* Sirs, we shall set out at once and rectify the situation.

[Crayon leaves with all guards]

Chorus: Finally, some sense in all this madness! The world is a wonderful place after all. The smell of the rotting corpse is going away already. These are great times we live in. Antigone shall be saved, and married to Hammond after all. Crayon will live to be a compassionate conservative. All will be well. My, we are proud to be citizens of Thelma!

Leader: You shouldn't be proud. It's a tragic flaw.

Chorus: But everything has turned all peachy keen.

Leader: But remember this is a tragedy.

Chorus: Tragedy has become overused. Politicians call everything a tragedy nowadays, even without anybody committing suicide! It's such an abuse of the term. Shouldn't they use "travesty?" Besides, the whole idea has become a cliché. Everybody loves action movies and romantic comedies anyhow.

[Enter mailman from stage left]

Leader: What's this? It's not time for mail yet. This must be a delivery!

Mailman: I carry a message in a red envelope. That means it is bad.

Leader: What is it?

Mailman: I am not privy to say. It's against the law for me to open it.

Chorus: Then we must get Eurydice, Crayon's wife to open it.

[Eurydice enters from center entrance]

Eurydice: Did somebody call for me?

Mailman: Yes, I need somebody from the Crayon family to accept this envelope.

Eurydice: Ahh, I can do it. Since Crayon became governor, I have felt so important. It makes me proud to be his husband.

Leader: You shouldn't be proud. It's a tragic flaw.

Mailman: Indeed it is. I've always been proud to work for the Postal Service. It's a great, strong institution. And I get to meet all kinds of interesting people. But I digress. Ma'am, I have to warn you that it's a red envelope.
[gives envelope to Eurydice]

Eurydice: Oh well, take the good with the bad. How bad can it be?

Tiresias: Pretty bad.

Eurydice: Hush, old man.

[Eurydice begins to read note]

Eurydice: It is unfortunate for me to inform of this news. As Antigone was being sent to the circus, Hammond came to her side. Their meeting was just as grief-stricken as it was heartening. The circus manager wanted to make her the bearded lady. Struck with grief, Antigone pulled a noose from her pocket and hung herself from her own hand. Soon thereafter, Crayon arrived to free Antigone from her sentence, only to find her dead on the ground. Hammond was holding her limp body in his arms. An argument ensued, and Hammond drew his Colt .45 and fired at his father in anger. No bullets hit, and in a fit of grief and humiliation, Hammond pulled a noose from his pocket and hung himself by his own hand.

Tiresias: I told him so!

Chorus: Oh, what a terrible thing! The world is cruel.

[Enter Crayon with a procession of Rent-a-cops from stage right. They are carrying Hammond with them. He still tightly holds the cord to the noose around his neck, frozen dead into that position. They put Hammond onto the ground and the rent-a-cops leave stage right]

Crayon: This is terrible! I could not save them in time. I knew the circus was too cruel a punishment, even for an inbred! My only son, dead by his own hand.

Eurydice: Oh my God! Is that Hammond! What happened?

Tiresias: Fool! Did you not just read the note?

Eurydice: Hammond, what happened to you?

Leader: He's dead, my lady. He killed himself in grief of Antigone's fate.

Eurydice: Antigone's dead too? They were supposed to get married! I can't handle this!

[Eurydice produces a noose and wraps it around her neck]

Crayon: My dear wife! Please do not add to my agony! We can make another Hammond. I am still fertile!

[Eurydice pulls on the noose, and keels over, dead]

Leader: And with that, Eurydice bites the dust. Poor woman!

Crayon: Not you too! I have nothing left! My only son is dead. My wife is dead. All this for a stupid law I made up just to feel powerful. I don't deserve to rule Thelma.
[pulls noose from pocket and hangs himself on the spot. He tilts over dead.]

Leader: Oh no! Our governor has been killed! The town is doomed! *[Leader pulls noose from pocket and hangs himself. Everybody in Chorus then pulls a noose from their pockets and they hang themselves simultaneously].*

Tiresias: What a shame! And I could do nothing to stop this! I have learned that my magic eight ball is useless unless I can convince my clients of their ill fates before tragedy strikes. I have done a grave disservice to Thelma *[pulls noose from pocket and hangs himself.]*

[only the boy remains alive on stage. Everybody else is dead on the stage.]

Boy: And they lived happily ever after. The end.

GDT Predicts

By Mookie Harrington

2011 – RIT President Frances Diabelo Simone proudly announced today that the Rochester Institute of Technology would proudly be renamed “Starbucks University” and the dormitory halls converted into the new McDonalds Hotel Chain. Endowment goes through the roof. Smiling, Simone promised gold trimming for ALL administration parking spaces. Unfortunately, all incoming freshmen will now need to complete three-years statutory Bellhop service before entering college, but they will all be treated to a complimentary McJrBaconNuggetBurger' for their troubles.

e / n

By dalas verdugo

[anything for you. i'll be anything for you.]

one...

“Goddammit!” And again, “Goddammit!”

He was yelling at her, which wasn't unusual at all. In fact, it was an activity that had become quite commonplace. It was almost a hobby of his.

“This house is a wreck! This room is an absolutely filthy, fucking wreck!”

Plates and cups, ashtrays and cereal bowls with a thin film of slowly congealing milk were scattered all over the living room, filling it with a sour smell. There were more permanent elements present as well. A soft, green sofa, which sunk down in the middle, stood against one of the pastel yellow walls. To its immediate right, there was an octagonal side-table whose panels were decorated with woodcarvings of spiraling grapevines. The top of the table was covered with framed photographs of friends and family, but they were bunched so closely that it would have been necessary to pick them up out of the crowd of faces and places in order to see what the pictures were. Pushed to one of the eight corners of the table and hanging off by a few inches, daring gravity, was a small, Japanese-style lamp, which cast a soft, orange light throughout the room.

There was another table in front of the couch. This one was a more standard rectangle shape and was at just the right height for you to bump your shins on when the room was dark, which he often did. It was covered as well, coated with many layers of various magazines and old newspapers. He held himself to a strict principle of never throwing away informative material because he was afraid he would forget the things he had read and would never be able to go back to the original source to refresh his mind. The magazines were dripping off the sides of the table and onto the floor. A foreign observer would have thought that some of the periodicals had bloated and burst, because the walls of the room were also plastered with pages he had torn out and taped up.

The room also had two large windows. During the day, they provided a full view of the untouched woodlands that surrounded the house. It was nighttime now, however, and at the moment, the snow outside was pressing its face up against the glass, admiring that which it couldn't consume.

There was, of course, an American shrine in the room, a television, but it had broken years ago and he said

that there wasn't anything worth watching on TV that would warrant the cost of repair.

Even if there were, he would have no way of knowing, anyway.

So it just sat there, a sullen Polyphemus who got his only joy by reflecting the room with a slightly spherical bend. This included the only other furnishing, an old wooden chair that stood by itself in one corner, waiting for someone to need it.

He had exited, but now he entered again, with new thoughts that were formed in the kitchen.

“It's unacceptable. Do you hear that? Unacceptable. I work to provide for us, and I get to live in a pig pen as thanks!”

His income consisted of unemployment cheques and money he received from classified ads that he placed in papers in which he offered get-rich-quick informational brochures for a nominal fee. He had also tried to sell plans for building electronic boxes that provided the user with free cable TV, but he soon found out that no one who read the papers he placed the ads in could build anything remotely approaching a complicated technological device, and so those particular ads were a wasted investment.

“Live and learn,” he had said to himself at the time, and then, struck by the thoughts that sprung from this simple proverb, thoughts he had never bothered to think before, he had resolved to learn one new thing each day. This was the reason behind the endless stacks of magazines on the floor of this room and the others.

Now he was silently surveying the room. His gaze fixed on each particle of clutter and he allowed his iris to focus the reflected light with great intensity, so as to burn the images into his memory, as if he wanted to remember this moment in perfect detail in case there was ever a need to recall it in some future dispute. The mess was entirely his fault, of course. She had almost no perceptible effect on the environment of the house at all, but this didn't matter to him as he felt his brain burn with fury.

“Goddammit,” came from him once again, and it seemed as though he was remembering the feeling that had started this rage in the first place, and he stormed off down the hall, towards the bathroom.

[you'll be my everything. i'll be your anything.]

two...

Before he entered it, the bathroom was waiting unexpectantly, with no thought concerning him. It was a small room, with only enough space for a stand-up shower stall, a toilet, and a sink, which was attached to the wall, with its bare pipes jutting out from underneath, giving it an appearance of nudity. The floors of the bathroom had not escaped his need for storage space, and these too were covered with mounds of magazines whose pages were wrinkled from the humidity of the shower. Here and there, you could see bare spots through which the green tile floor peeked. It appeared to be mildewed, but was in fact just colored that way.

And now, he burst through the door, causing the pages of the magazines to flutter, as if shocked by his sudden entry. He went directly to the sink and grasped its sides firmly, which made a loud slapping sound that echoed after impact. He was staring intently at himself in the mirror at the top of which sat a horizontal florescent bulb that lit his face, casting shadows in a downward direction. The artificial light made his skin look pale and sickly to him, and he thought for a second, "My god, she's killing me." He let out a little chuckle at himself, but stopped abruptly. He was startled by how sudden his change of mood had been, but then realized that it was because his thought had been so absurdly dour. He never could take himself seriously.

This personality trait of his he attributed to his father, who was a smart enough man to figure out that "this world is built on bullshit," as he would often say. His father was always offering sage advice like that, peppered with profanities that made his mother cringe.

"Son," he would say, "you might just turn out to be somethin'. Or maybe you'll just be shit. Doesn't matter much, one day this old ball of dirt's gonna be smashed to bits, and then there goes the record, poof!"

It was true, anyway. One of the magazines in the house contained a chart showing the various probabilities and results of an Earth-destroying collision with a celestial body.

Now that he was remembering his father, it was as if a search light in his brain was sweeping over his thoughts and illuminating all the memories of this figure from his life. He recalled his father's opinion of jobs: "Well, you gotta do somethin' to keep from huntin' and gatherin'!"

And now he pictured his father's face. It was long and soft. It had no frown or worry lines, because neither of these was a habit of his. A thick brown beard framed his sharp features. But now the face wasn't his father's. It was his own

reflection in the mirror, and he realized that he had been seeing his father in himself.

He opened the medicine cabinet that the mirror was on, and sent his father-self darting away. From inside the cabinet, he withdrew a toothbrush and toothpaste, and left the door open, so as not to see his reflection again. He turned the cold water on and stared at the knob that was still in his hand. When he was young, before he knew the meaning behind the alphabet, he thought that the "C" meant "cold" because it looked like an ice cube, and the "H" meant "hot" because it looked like an oven. They didn't really even look like those objects much, but when the mind sets itself on getting something to make sense, it knows no limits.

As he thought about this, he tapped the toothbrush on the porcelain of the sink in a rhythmic pattern. This made a ringing, tinkling sound that reverberated off the tile of the bathroom walls, and pleased him. It wasn't so much the sound itself, but what he heard in it. To him, it was more than the beat of the toothbrush. In his mind, he could hear it accompanied by other percussion instruments, and now a group of trumpets, and soon it was a tune being played by a lively salsa band on the first date he had ever gone on with her.

He had first seen her in the hallways of the building that that both lived in at the time. Her face was so sweet that it made him feel almost like he should cry, and this odd sensation was what initially attracted him to her. He told himself that he would never live down his regret if he didn't talk to her, so he managed to overcome his fears and ask her if she'd like to go out the following weekend. To his delight, she had agreed, and he was the happiest he had ever been for the rest of the week.

When the night finally came, he went downstairs to pick her up, as she lived two floors beneath him. When she answered the door, he almost choked because of how stunning she looked. He observed that she had obviously spent a lot of time getting ready for the evening. It seemed as if every hair on her head was individually styled. She was an elegantly prepared meal, and he wanted to devour her, right then and there. Somehow, he managed to resist.

And now, they danced as if the entire black floor belonged to them. They had both consumed several drinks, and the forceful vibration of the band further agitated the alcohol's effects on their senses. The room seemed to be a swirl of colorful energy, whirling around them as they spun on the dancefloor.

A few more drinks and back to his apartment, where they found their way to his bed. They made love, but it seemed dreamlike and surreal because of the liquor and the energy of the evening. Then they fell asleep.

He awoke suddenly around 4 A.M. and, still slightly intoxicated, he was at first confused at the person he found in bed with him. Then he remembered it all. He wrapped himself around her and smelled her hair. The scent was a combination of smoke from the cigarettes of people at the club and the orchid perfume she had worn. He found peace in this mixture and thought to himself, “She’s my answer to everything.” He cupped his hand around her soft breast and fell back asleep.

[i’ll be your nothing. that’s all you need.]

three...

Slowly, he came back to consciousness and became aware that the water had been running for quite some time now. He started to brush his teeth, and the methodic actions sent his mind into thought again. What had happened between them? It seemed so perfect when it all started. It was like he had entered into a magnificent dream at first.

He spit the toothpaste into the sink and swished some water in his mouth to rinse it out. Then, he turned off the faucet and sat down on the terrycloth-covered lid of the toilet. He was staring down at the pattern of the tile on the floor. The organization of the ceramic blocks made him feel as if his thoughts were ordering themselves as well. Maybe it had been a dream after all. It certainly didn’t *feel* real. Only cloudy memories that might be true... or perhaps not. He wasn’t very good at remembering things in the first place.

No, it couldn’t have been a dream. If it was, it was the longest one he ever had. No, it was real. It was six years of his life and definitely real. He did remember most of it. He remembered how they left the city to move out here to this small, creaky house in the woods; remembered how he thought to himself at the time, “I did it, Dad. I escaped the bullshit.” He was proven wrong soon enough. You can’t escape people, they have a way of finding you, as if they can’t resist running their chubby fingers through the sand of your life and leaving their trail forever, or at least until the wave of death smoothes the marks they’ve made.

There will always be people. Until there aren’t.

Visitors were always coming from the small town five miles away “just to check up.”

“How’s business?” they would ask, and he would reply “Fine, just fine.” He would leave it at that. He couldn’t very well tell them that he was supported by the city sixty miles away and that he had to drive there twice a month to give the appearance of being an out of work resident. At least until he found someone there to do it for him for a small price. Then, the visitors would sit and smile at him, as if waiting for exciting news they just knew he was

holding back.

God, what piercing eyes they had.

Eventually, he would get rid of them. Usually by claiming to have a headache, which was true most of the time anyway. After they were gone, he would take out his anger on her, yelling about the things she had done wrong that day, telling her things that he wished were different about her. This part suddenly struck him.

He had never given a thought to it until now. Now that his mind had asked itself what went wrong, he was receiving answers from it. He saw the scenes over and over again; saw his face flushed red with fury and screaming at her. The veins in his eyes were more pronounced, as blood coursed through his head, and their redness suggested a fire behind them. “My God,” he thought, “what a monster.”

His imagination bent his features into grotesque and frightening forms, and he realized that this was probably how it felt to her. Now, he pictured her innocence as a still and serene pond, as smooth as glass, without a single ripple. Then, he saw himself rise out of it with his demon-like appearance and watched as this mutation of him thrashed about in the water, destroying everything peaceful about it.

Sometimes your mind gives you metaphors.

And this brought to him a new understanding. It was his fault, all his fault. His thoughts became more frantic. There must be a way to save it. There had to be some way to pick up all of the scattered fragments of their love and piece them back together. He realized that it was the only thing that had been of real value in his entire life, and that he had been hell-bent on destroying it. But he would change. He would make it whole once again.

Now, he thought he heard movement in the other room.

And now, something that sounded like the front door shutting.

And now, the sound of his own feet as he ran towards that door, crashing into piles of magazines and sending their pages flying through the air like a flock of frightened pigeons.

He grabbed the knob and jerked the door open.

He cried out into the dark night, “Wait! A new life! We can make a new life!”

A black void was his only mistress, silence her reply.

t h e e n d

Help Wanted

By Rocko Bonaparte

Here's to all my sophomore buddies who can't find a co-op for this summer. I come from a booming retail and service area, with plenty of crappy jobs for RIT students. Out of courtesy for the student body, I have included some of the postings:

WANTED – Information Technology student looking for summer internship. Must be willing to learn, motivated, and prepared to succeed. Position entails assembly of small systems of hamburgers. Experience with high-tech grill and deep-frying units preferred. Will be taught how to operate advanced microphone unit in order to take orders from clients remotely. Will work under the management of high school jailbait and the occasional older pedophile. Salary: \$5.15/hr. For submission of resume or to answer any questions, contact McDonalds.

I think I have the qualifications covered for the next one. Sorry, but you're going to have to look elsewhere. If you want to trade your co-op for this position, then maybe we can strike a deal.

HELP NEEDED – Computer engineering major who has just finished second year of their program. Work entails operating a sophisticated digital system that is part of a larger set of accounting systems. Must be able to operate a numeric keypad and handle money. Prospective employee will work in a fast-paced environment full of clients resembling Sophia from the *Golden Girls*, and the stereotypical redneck. Experience with hunting and fishing accessories desirable. Must be able to handle numbers in the standard decimal system, and read an LCD. Salary: \$7.00/hr. For more information, contact Wal-Mart.

LOOKING FOR SUMMER WORK? – Software engineers needed to handle summer rush of soft wear at your local Abercrombie. Second-year students will be recruited as part of our nerd-to-preppy-wannabe reformation program. Applicants must show an innate knowledge of soft wear and must be able to program the minds of spineless, young customers. Clothes-oriented programming experience is necessary. Java will be served in the break room as an additional benefit.

Salary: \$6.50/hr. For more information, contact Abercrombie.

LONELY? – Single, white male computer engineering major at Rochester Institute of Technology looking for outstanding red-headed maiden for an enduring relationship. Likes to talk about weird shit, walk along the beach, and complain about the Physics Department. Prospective candidates please send resume and cover love letter to rockobonaparte@hotmail.com . . .

*. . . Whoops! How did that one get in there? <wink>
<wink>*

ARE YOU MECHANICALLY-MINDED? – Mechanical engineering students needed to wind up metal coil all day. A glove will be provided so that employees' hands will not turn into hamburger meat, but will be yelled at for using it since it reduces productivity. Specific task involves winding up six-foot lengths of metal coil into circles and taping them together, and then throwing into a box. Employees will interact with dried-up mullets on an hourly basis. Benefits include a 401K package that summer employees will never have a chance of getting. Salary: \$7.00/hr. Contact: Spankin Higgins Coil Refinery.

Kickass! Below are some jobs for those of you who love to be on your feet all day!

DO YOU HAVE A GREAT ASS? — Your local restaurant needs waiters and waitresses to attend to older ugly hags. You will take joy in running into old classmates that you had vowed to never talk to ever again. The pay is a low \$4.75/hr, but a competitive salary is guaranteed with the \$2 in tips you will receive every day. Some time will need to be spent in the back washing dishes as necessary, and sucking up to the boss is mandatory. Contact one of your local mom and pop restaurants for more information.

ATTENTION CLEANROOM TECHNICIANS – Microelectronic engineering majors with attention to the most discrete details needed to ensure a clean tomorrow. Cleanroom experience necessary, and motivation to wear funny outfits is a plus. Work will include mopping, sweeping, mopping, sweeping, mopping and sweeping. The most discrete spec of dust

remaining after a job is immediate grounds for termination. The risks are high, but the salary is higher: \$6.00/hr. Contact your local janitorial staff for more information.

Wow, RIT will recruit from anywhere now, even from my local newspaper!

GUINEA PIGS DESIRED — Why stay home for the summer when you can stay in Rochester? Attend classes and evaluate fresh, naïve adjunct professors for most of RIT's courses. Classes will count towards your GPA and an accredited degree at the South Henrietta Institute of Technology. Feel safe in knowing you did your part to crack in the adjuncts. Salary: -\$6,000. Apply through the department of registra-

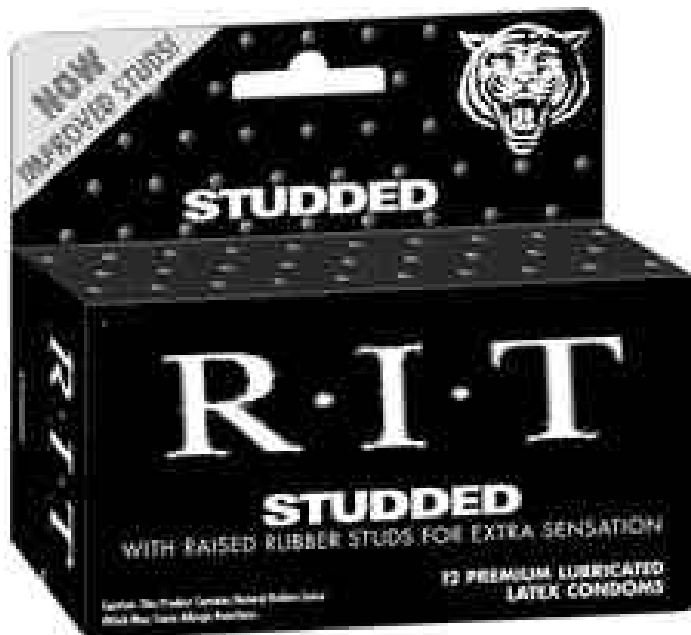
tions, or if you're already a student, simply log onto SIS and register for summer courses.

I know it's hard to go wrong with all the positions I included above, but here's a final alternative that you may take comfort in:

HELP WANTED – Tired of working for the man? Stupid retail labor got you down? Well, fret no further. Help is here! Position includes sleeping all morning and half of the afternoon, hanging out with friends. Lack of cleanliness is desired. Gain plenty of experience in what is hip by watching TV for ten straight hours. Salary: \$0.00. Please contact the Inconspicuous Can of Beer for more information.

PUT A COLLAR AROUND YOUR KITTY

With the NEW RIT masturbation condom



- No need to annoy roommates with disgusting messes.
- Built durable to handle all techniques.
- Comes in 4 sizes:
 - 1) Small
 - 2) Smaller
 - 3) Smallest
 - 4) Engineering Students
- Approved by Dr. Jocelyn Elders, former US Surgeon General.

TAME THAT TIGER!

S U M M E R F A S



G I R L S O F

SHION



G D T

I don't now anything about fashion. None of us do. Really. But here's what I do know—we've wanted to give something back to the community for a long time now. What better than a look at the hottest fashions? Unfortunately, it didn't turn out as well as we would have liked. Nevertheless, here is our story.

Off to the mall we went. Our first stop is considered to be the staple of many romances (not to mention flings): Victoria's Secret. Every outfit has to start with something, why not make it something sexy? We bought an orange see-through thong for \$20, a surefire way to make your man hotter than the fires of Hell. We also picked up a standard cotton bra off the discount rack for \$6 – there's nothing wrong with cotton bras. The saleslady also pressured us into buying a pair of thigh-highs for \$7 – which we didn't think matched the rest of the ensemble – that looked sexy (as all thigh-highs do).

Next we hit JCPenny, which is a great place for suits, sport jackets and any other sort of clothing you're looking for. The best part about JCPenny is that all the clothes are reasonably priced, and they've always (and I mean ALWAYS) got a sale going on. We bought a black high-slit skirt for \$40 and a pair of laced heels for \$30, but only after seriously considering dressing our models in men's ties. We were

buzzing when we left the department store. No, it's not what you think – they were handing out Espresso in the middle of Men's fashion, and you know how much of a coffee addict one of our Editors is.

Finally we made our way to Abercrombie & Fitch where we bought a slinky zebra-like dress. They rang us up for \$195 and we were quite skeptical, but it was tight, which made the purchase seem worthwhile. Another plus (that you can't see in the photos) is a slit in the top that allows you to see a lot of cleavage. Either it's for our enjoyment or it's to hold a 12oz can of brew, we haven't decided yet. The majority of the staff present thought it looked much better when Kristin was half-finished putting it on, but I digress.

We ran out of money after the trip to Abercrombie. We weren't able to buy a top for Jen and so we had to make due with what we had on hand¹, notably copies of last week's issue. Sorry folks. It also occurred to us that we neglected to buy any lingerie for Kristin – so she's not wearing any. It made for quite an interesting photo shoot, the results of which we couldn't publish even if wanted to. Again, we want to offer you our profuse apologies for not doing enough preliminary research.

¹ Now we know what you're thinking. *If you couldn't buy Jen a top, what is she wearing in the bottom photo?* It turns out Kristin was rather uncomfortable shooting with a very-topless Jen – so in order to better display the wares in one shot, we stole a top from someone down the hall. We didn't want to alienate any of our models. To make this review as accurate as possible, try to imagine the bottom picture without the gray top.

House of Fun- Part IV

By Rich DeTommaso

The point of no return is the distance from the origin at which point it takes more effort to go back than it does to go forward. But why turn back, when you can just give up? Giving up is so easy: A simple solution to a problem. In the past, the so-called “days of yore,” people would make simple solutions to answer their problems. Philosophically speaking, Occam’s Razor. Earth is the center of the universe. And since we’re on the topic, we’re flat. So don’t try running away, otherwise you’ll fall off.

The moral to my story is, if anyone ever hears this, is that the simplest explanation, as plausible as it may be, is not always the best. Occam was an asshole anyway.

“Sooner or later, there comes a time when all you want to do is shout FUCK YOU to the world.” This is my fuck you: Me, being here and now, against all odds of survival. Showing that I can make something of myself; feel accomplishment for once. Look around and be able to say, “Look at me.” “This,” I would say, “This is me.

And these...” I would gesture to the frogs and snakes and trees, “These are my punishments.” And you know what you do? You deal with it. You learn to deal with it. Don’t put it off. Just fucking deal.

A catharsis is a spiritual cleansing. A cathartic experience is just that: One that releases all tension from your person. Have you ever looked into someone’s eyes, I mean really looked into someone’s eyes, not maintaining eye contact through a bullshit meeting... Have you ever looked into someone’s eyes and melt, knowing that without them, you’d be lost?

*Well, I have looked.
And I was lost.
But now I am found.
Amazing Fucking Grace.*

I’m perched on top of a tree, breathing what’s left of the pure air in the world before it’s cut down. The thick black smoke rising in the distance is closer. I’m now two days closer to my death, but I don’t know this yet.

My Apology to America

So here I am
I’m back again
To pick apart your imperfections
And make you feel whole again
I’m sorry about last time
When I tore through your soft flesh
I really didn’t mean to
It’s just that
Sometimes these things get out of hand
So here is my apology America
For all the evil things I’ve said to you
And all the words I can’t take back

I’m sorry I called you a liar
I didn’t know you had an integrity problem
I’m sorry I called you shallow
I didn’t know how thin the pond was
I’m sorry I called you weak
The undernourished mind seems to make you lose
sleep
I’m sorry I laughed when you fell
I forgot about the trap I laid
I’m sorry I smiled when you cried
It’s just so hard to feel bad for the wicked
I’m sorry that you can’t read

My better edumacation must not be working
I’m sorry I made fun of your leaders
I had no idea how much room you had to learn
I’m sorry I questioned your authority
Who am I to think this is a free country
I’m sorry I called you names
Ameri-k-k-k-a the great I always said
I’m sorry I made it seem like I didn’t care
You never knew how much I really did cry

So there it is America
My apology to you
I hope you like it
It’s the best I could do
I promise I won’t make you cry again
And I’ll try and remember all the traps I laid
I hope you can forgive me
I only had you in mind
I want you to be smart,
And bright, and free again
And I’ll do anything I can
To make it up to you

—the Notorious
Groucho Z. Sensefield

On the Protest of the Louise M. Slaughter Building

By potatohead_420@hotmail.com

“It is the soldier, not the reporter who has given us freedom of the press. It is the soldier, not the poet who has given us freedom of speech. It is the soldier, not the campus organizer, who has given us the freedom to demonstrate. It is the soldier, who salutes the flag, who serves beneath the flag, and whose coffin is draped by the flag, who allows the protester to burn the flag.”

— Father Denis Edward O’Brien, USMC

Lately there has been a lot of controversy regarding the newly named Louise M. Slaughter building. Opponents of the so-called “Slaughter House” (a derogatory and inflammatory nickname) protest that military spending has no place, even though this is a private institute with a long history of government sponsorship. The CIA and NSA have been involved. We also have an Air Force ROTC program on campus. The funding of the government to remanufacture and recommission US military vessels is nothing more. If we didn’t have a military, we’d all be speaking German. And anyways, by helping to recommission these vessels, we’re actually saving natural resources that would have gone into building a whole ‘nother ship. And who doesn’t want to save the earth?

The whole purpose of the Slaughter funding is to recommission vessels that will be used to maintain the peace, not to “kill hundreds of innocent women and children.” As well, by “increasing competitiveness of US manufacturers,” we help US companies. In this corporate world, the US needs to keep its hold on the top of the scale. We need to prove that we are still able to fare with foreign competition in the move and that we can hold our own. We need to be patriotic!

Protesters of the Slaughter Building would argue that they did so to get their point across. I do not contend that. In fact, I talked to many of the protesters of the re-dedication of the Louise Slaughter Center for Integrated Manufacturing Studies. They were respectable enough, and had a few valid points about the protest, but if they had presented their views in

more of a civil manner maybe some of the administration would have taken them seriously.

However, as the “Civil Discourse” e-mail to RIT students stated, the protesters went about it the wrong way. They broke RIT policy in many ways. They blocked passage in front of the SAU on the day before the re-dedication and harassed passers-by with their biased viewpoints. The amplification system added to the cacophony and chaos of that demonstration.

And if protesters complained about getting in trouble, they were not alone. Those who protested the protesters were also harassed by Campus Safety and were written up while they were hanging up flyers.

The flyers that were hung up were fine, in my opinion. People took notice of them. But how many took notice of the pro-government funding flyers? I saw a lot up in the morning after fresh ones were posted, but by mid-afternoon, most were torn down. Who would leave one viewpoint’s statements untouched and yet demolish the other’s, so that it was considered nonexistent? In the Vegetarian vs. Eat Meat campaign, both sides were expressed evenly. It is indeed unfortunate that such civility and respect could not be shown in the Slaughter Building incident.

This school does listen to the opinions of the students, but not when they violate the school’s policies. Students have to stay in the channels that the school has set up for them. For example, forty students marching on the Slaughter building does not hit home like two thousand signing a petition. But then again, it would be difficult to conceive that two thousand signatures could be obtained on this issue because the majority of students don’t care either way. It’s just as well, because Congresswoman Slaughter’s funding will not be retracted because a few dozen people don’t like it.

Freedom of speech may be a right guaranteed by the United States government, but RIT is private property. On private property, you have no rights unless the owners say you do. You cannot walk into Wegman’s and protest that they sell meat, no matter how often you shop there. The same applies for policies here. So if you want to protest, go to a state school. They might listen.

RIT's Final Housing Solution

By B. R. Conrad

In recent weeks, it has come to the attention of RIT that there might be enough housing to accommodate the rising number of students. Over crowding is also an issue with the shrinking number of lounges available for dorm student's use as evidence. It is highly likely that this problem will be solved anytime soon with the current rates of admittance and building projects. It is at this time that the administration might make these two unrelated announcements to ease tensions.

The administration would like to calm the RIT community and assure the students that there is no lack of housing. It is all in your imaginations and probably put there by watching entirely too much TV and crack cocaine. Please just ignore this hallucination along with flying bats. I will see them soon enough. Thank you.

In order to improve the housing situation at RIT, a few new policies will be enacted with the best interests of the student population in mind. Since you all sign your souls away, if you don't like it Bunk Off. A new type of living arrangement will be made available and encouraged at RIT next year and eventually become mandatory campus wide. Starting in the large swamp located between the SAU and Health center, caskets will be buried long ways up. Doors will be

placed on the uppermost section and they will be furnished to house the freshman class for next year. This will provide easy, efficient, and manageable living quarters for next year's class of 10,666 students. In the small number of rooms without upper-class students already in them, RIT will begin to rent out the rooms to the people turned away from the Radisson Hotel. This will provide revenue for the next large project here at RIT.

Subterranean housing will eventually be build so as to give the effect of Rochester weather year round. Freshman dorms, or 'CataRITcombs' from now on, will provide a cultural experience for incoming freshman. The catacombs will be modeled after the extensive labyrinth that Christians used to bury and hide their dead under Rome. Upper classmen will have the option of living in a network of authentic caves, which will be added later. A large force of 'volunteer' workers from the Texas State Penitentiary Death Row will be completing the construction. In compensation for their efforts, they will receive Packaging Science degrees and be allowed to live with the student population. In compensation, Students will receive unlimited meals at Gracie's and a complementary box of one-ply toilet paper during next year's testing phase.

It is the hopes of this organization that these changes along with the approved capital punishment laws will result in a better dorm experience for everyone involved.

May 1 2001

It only cost me seventy dollars to break my wrist.

Last night I laid myself on the floor and thought for three hours about you. I take breaks from thinking to think about how to stop thinking. I lie on the floor with bones that close together looking for a way to hold me together longer. I just need relief. My muscles tighten pulling bones in. Pain that sits inside. I wake up. Cut on the outside. Scratches on a fridge. My eyes open but they already were. I breathe after coming out of the water. Couldn't breathe down there. My body takes breaths but I didn't feel a breath for three hours. My thoughts moved my bones. I tried to stand and my body knew I would fall apart so it tried to fix me while I was down there. And it hurts so much. I lie down and

crack all the bones in my arms and legs and think about how to fix this. I could break my wrist again. It didn't heal right because I didn't do the exercises. I push my hand and think I'm strong enough. But then I would probably throw up and have to figure out who to call to drive me to the hospital. I could take a bus. When people ask how it happened I'll say I did it. And that will be the end of it. I'm so tired of explaining.

But I decided against it.

Melinda Melmoth

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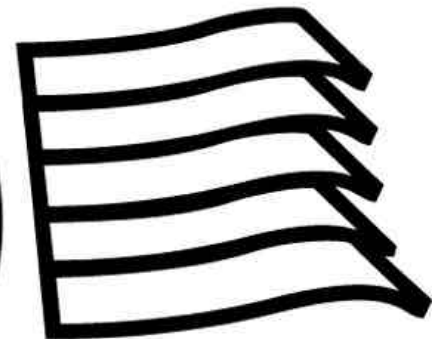
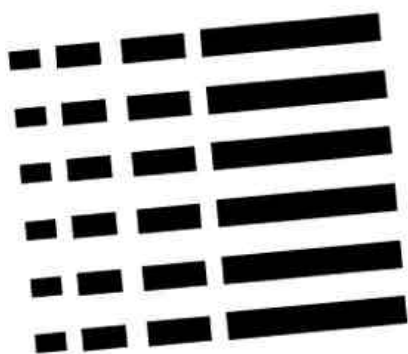
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A Lesson in Training

By J. Diddy

So I am going to be a father soon. In a few months in fact, I am going to be responsible for another life. I have to think about so many things, like how I'm going to leave my mark on this young life. During my hours and hours of thinking, I came up with one important thing I need to teach my new son, how to train monkeys to be assassins. Now wait, you may say, you can't train monkeys to be assassins. To that I say, "Have you ever tried to train monkeys to be assassins?" I thought not, so what gives you, the reader, the authority to question my convictions. I will teach my child to train monkeys to be assassins, and in fact I will show you how.

The first thing you need to train monkeys as assassins is a blow horn. A blow horn is important because monkeys cannot hear you unless you yell at them, and what better way to save your vocal chords than by buying a blow horn. While you are at Wal-Mart buying your brand new blow horn, you might as well pick up an appropriate amount of tazers. You may ask how many tazers is an "appropriate" amount of tazers. Well here is an easy math formula for you to figure out the exact number of tazers to buy:

$$\text{Number of monkeys} + (\text{number of monkeys} \times .5) \\ = \text{number of tazers to buy}$$

It is that simple, then not only will you have an army of monkeys, but you will also have some rudimentary weapons to train them with.

Now the average person may ask, "Sure I have tazers and a blow horn now, but how do I actually train these monkeys?" This is actually fairly easy, it is a little known fact that African bushman have been training monkeys to be assassins since the early days of European colonization. All you have to do is the following: First starve the monkeys for exactly 120 hours. Next, get a group of sacrificial cats (it is widely known that these are the natural enemies of your average monkey) and let them lose in the area where said starving monkeys are being held. You will notice that you will be able to witness the monkeys harnessing their animal rage to slaughter and eat the cats (who likes cats anyways?) Now all you have to do after harnessing your army of monkeys' primal anger is hire a hypnotist. Yes, a hypnotist, how else are you going to trick your monkeys into thinking their opponents are all cats? You train them to believe that all beings in front of them are cats when you utter the word "squeezy". Now you are well on your way to taking over small villages and big government with the help of monkey assassins.

You may now wonder, "Sure I've got 100 monkey assassins, but what the hell do I do with them?" To that I say the following: You must start your plan of world conquest somewhere, and what better place than RIT? Marching your monkeys right to Al Simone's front door is the perfect opportunity to start your global empire of monkey terror. I say fight, and let no one hold you back! ATTACK WITH MONKEYS FULL FORCE!!! Thank you, have a nice day.

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The following is a semi-public service announcement, brought to you by Gracies Dinnertime Theatre.



Final exams are so close you can smell that fresh aroma of photocopied test booklets, so close that you can see those bubble sheets with your eyes closed, so close that your wrists ache just thinking about how tiny you will have to write to get contents of the entire textbook onto a double-sided 8½ by 11 inch sheet of paper.

But that really isn't on your mind, now is it? No. What's really on your mind is how you are going to dispose of all the liquor you've been accumulating all year long, not to mention all the empties lying around¹. Sure they look cool standing in a row on your desk, but you can't take them home.

You just can't. You can't take the stuff home—your folks might think it's odd that you have a fifth of Jack Daniels sitting on your desk. As much as parents drank when they were in college, they don't seem to relate too well with the understanding you have with the Captain, nor do they appreciate your fine collection of shot glasses. While their cabinets are

stocked with the good stuff, they might express concern over your one bottle of Absolut or 151.

Now you could throw a party and go through all of stuff in one night. We do not recommend this: throwing parties can cause Campus Safety to track you down and bust you for underage drinking, possession of alcohol, not to mention a dozen other violations that are buried somewhere in the Student Handbook. Nasty hangovers the next day are another reason to avoid this method.

Fear not, as a public service to you Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is going to help you out with your problems. Email us. We'll dispatch one of our staff to your location to assist you in disposing of this alcohol in a proper fashion. We'll be timely and discrete—we won't even lecture you on the dangers of intoxication. Just leave it to us and we'll be right over.² Where does it go—believe us when it is said that you do not want to know and would be better off if you didn't find out. All you need to know is that your problem is solved.

¹ Bear in mind that we do not deal with empties. Go recycle them, silly.

² If all you have is Barton's Vodka – the type that comes in a gallon jug composed of plastic, generally running around fifteen dollars—forget we mentioned the service at all.

Project Pink Book

By Rocko Bonaparte with help of the Central Intelligence Agency

Every spring, the rumors resurface of the existence of female life forms amongst the masses at the Rochester Institute of Technology. While this report is not designed to debunk these theories, it attempts to view the evidence under a skeptical eye. Only overwhelming proof is enough to signify the existence of women on the campus. It is becoming "girl season" again, as the women researchers like to call it. The theory is that as the weather improves, women and girls appear in more ready quantities. Another school of thought claims that these organisms are also present during the winter, but are much less visible. This report will not attempt question these theories, but will be calling upon spring and summer data since these two seasons make up most of the reports.

The probability of sightings actually increase in more congested locations. Places that serve food, for example, have been known to attract women sightings. This suggests an interest in Earth food and customs. The College of Engineering has very few woman sightings, and most of the academic buildings do without them. The exception is building 7, which is a mecca for women sighters. There is a conspiracy theory that a secret woman base was constructed under the building, but these claims have yet to be proven. However, the extensive tunnel work suggests more than what means the eye. Further interests into this base cannot be discussed under conventional security levels.

A sampling of case files is included with this document. Each case has a corresponding picture to correspond with the story. Photo evidence will have to do in the absence of a woman body to examine.

Case #2214 – April 25th, 2001 14:55 EST, Computer Science Labs



The item of question is this humanoid present at a computer system. It is rare for such a close picture of such a creature, which immediately raises doubts. The observer claims that the creature was distracted by the entrancing images on the computer monitor. Woman researchers claim that these creatures occasionally possess insight into operating computer equipment. A warm-blooded circulatory system is suggested by the fan in the background, or at least the presence of an endocrine system of some kind. If the facial expressions of this creature can be trusted, it does seem that this creature is somehow distracted. Perhaps a "woman trap" of some kind can be developed using a computer monitor as bait. However, the hypnotizing effect produced by the computer monitor is known to also apply to man creatures, making the use of such a trap difficult.

Case #4642 – May 20th, 1999 11:04 EST, Behind Wallace Library



The two figures encircled in the photograph are the items of interest. Unfortunately, the figures are very dark and it is hard to distinguish if they are women or not. Hence this evidence is controversial. Unfortunately, most women photographs fall under this category. Woman researchers claim women possess a kind of mind-cloaking field that renders them invisible or indistin-

guishable. This makes them hard to spot, and even harder to contact. The figure on the bench may also be a woman, but it is too hard to tell. This case was shelved due to the desire for much more robust evidence.

Case #9763 – September 5th, 1998 3:11 EST, Building 7



This is by far the best evidence supporting the existence of female life forms on the planet Earth. It is next to impossible to take a picture this close to a woman, but the photographer claimed to have posed as a woman in order to gain the trust of the creature. This is just one of the many "building 7" sightings that make up the bulk of the reports. These sightings are most numerous and hence have the highest pool of quality photographs. The creature is very alien in appearance, and behaves unconventionally. The mouth is in plain view and can be applied for study.



The teeth are white and well developed. Such teeth would be useful for

consumption of grains, meats, and vegetables. This suggests that women can eat Earth food, and explain the many sightings at food service locations at RIT. The only criticism against this photo is the close proximity to the female. Most women disappear when confronted, and it would not be expected that this humanoid would be an exception.

Case #1209 – May 1st, 2000 14:38 EST, Outside College of Liberal Arts

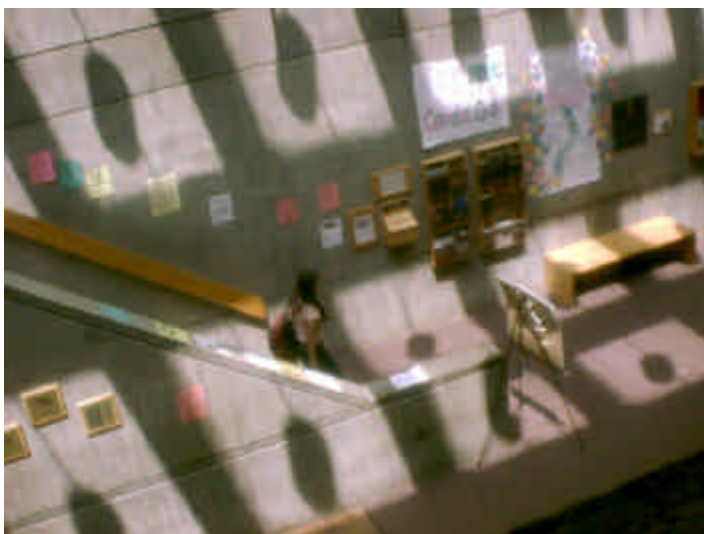


This photograph was taken in proximity to building 7. An amateur researcher took this photograph while on the way to camp out at building 7. The woman is circled in the photograph. It seems the creature is carrying a bright white object. Furthermore, the shadow is highly suspicious. It is also difficult to spot a woman in the open such as this. Hence, the photo was analyzed for any discrepancies that may discredit this evidence.



There seems to be a rectangular object in the possession of this humanoid. Female technology is not well understood – There have only been scant discoveries of metallic objects that researchers claim to not be of male origin. However, the existence of a device on the possession of this creature does not necessarily make the humanoid real. The shadow is of a much greater intensity than shadows of neighboring objects, and seems to be at a different angle as well. The image scientist that examined the photograph concluded that the woman was superimposed onto the photograph, and a shadow was airbrushed on to it. Images such of these make up a large collection of the frauds, suggesting RIT woman researchers think they know how to use image-editing programs such as Photoshop. Unfortunately, much time and money must be spent to discredit these images.

Case #8853 – March 3, 2001 9:55 EST, College of Business



Indoor sightings of women are much more rare, and photographs of them are just as scarce. There are many different stories about “woman abductions,” where women appear out of nowhere and take the victims away. There is an apparent loss of time, and abductees never remember the encounter. It is only through hypnosis that these individuals can remember the situation.

However, the method of hypnosis is suspicious. A psychologist was able to seed a female abduction scenario into the mind of a devout abduction critic, leading to the conclusion that these abductions are merely the work of the hypno-therapist that is overzealous in proving the abduction phenomenon.

The windows in the image cast an eerie pattern over the scene, making this one of the most chilling photographs to date. The creature is not facing the photographer and probably did not sense his presence. This creature is carrying a device upon its back, further supporting evidence that these creatures have developed advanced technology. An airplane was also overhead at the time of this picture, further suggesting that women travel in airplanes from their place of existence.

Case #0023 – July 21st, 2000 16:38 EST, Vicinity Behind Wallace Library



This picture was taken from a professional woman researcher on the field. He arranged an ambush in order to catch any women that may attempt to pass by. He was distracted by an airplane and almost failed to capture a photograph of this creature. The researcher suggests that women seem to appear in the presence of airplanes. He inferred that women use planes as a form of interplanetary travel. Unfortunately, this picture is just as weak as his theories.

The creature's head is covered by the branches, and the creature seems skinned in a simple manner. The verdict was that the woman was a fake, and was placed in such a way that the researcher could capture a seemingly authentic picture from a dummy.

So far, the project has not proved without a doubt the existence of women on the RIT campus. Their current theory is that men, desiring women, begin to transform themselves to look and act like them. The CIA project concludes that all the women on campus are actually men. Consider this final case:

Case #8894 – September 21, 1999 10:38 EST, An RIT Building?



The figure in question is barely within the bounds of this blurry photograph. This is a very weak picture, and does not prove whether this figure is a woman or not. It seems from the hair and shoulders of the creature that this is a man slowly turning into a woman. Woman researchers claim the opposite, claiming it is a woman turning into a man. Either way, it is not valid proof that this is a woman.

Hopefully this will redouble the efforts of woman researchers on campus in the search of female life forms. A government conspiracy is amongst the list of possibilities, and the truth must be told. Remember that absence of evidence does not mean evidence of absence, but the critics must be silenced with incontrovertible proof of the existence of female life forms. The CIA's Project Pink Book staff is always looking for new evidence of woman sightings. If you would like to submit a female sighting, send the image and a brief report to gdt@hellskitchen.org. Since we are a CIA-funded subversion facility, we can easily forward it to the correct authorities.

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³ You wouldn't want anyone to know you read GDT now, would you?

State College, PA—A Review

By Andrew Gill

State College is the support economy for Penn State University. An estimated 40,000 people live there, if you discount the 40,000 college students. Major features of the area include a valley that would be surrounded by mountains, except that the mountains are not actually anywhere near the town. Instead, hills, not quite tall enough to make vistas, but steep enough to make driving impossible, litter the area. The only other notable feature is a polluted creek.

The daily life of a resident of State College involves going to work, coming home, finding that everything closes at 5 PM, watching TV to avoid facing the fact that the town is completely devoid of anything that could be even remotely called “fun” or “culture,” and then sleeping. Except on the weekend, when every citizen of State College stays indoors to avoid the massive traffic jam that occurs every Saturday as 90,000 alumni and alumnae visit the town to see the unranked Lions get thrashed. During this time, many vice stores remain open. I was always glad to see the liquor store down my street past the Choice Discount Cigarettes.

There are two high schools in the area – one for the potheads, skaters, and Little Man Tates (as long as there are under 150 of them), and the other for the rest of the population, namely, the other 2,500 students. It is separated into two buildings positioned to the east and west of a busy street, with large parking lots buffering the buildings. These buildings are known as the North and South buildings. Parking is limited to those seniors who have jobs. Due to a recent decision (“everyone is gifted!”), the enrichment program has been eliminated at State College Area High School.

Any of Mike’s five locations can help you to find whatever CDs, videos or stereo equipment you need, and if their selection isn’t good enough, you can always come back later after realizing that Mike’s is the only AV store in town and hope that they have changed their minds. Aside from Mike’s, there are plenty of stores that cater to Penn State students, and plenty of chain stores. There is no need for any other stores.

Every couple of weeks, you can catch the latest country sensation at the local civic center. Not much else ever stops by the town. Other entertainment options include: seeing a movie at one of the eight screens in the entire town. If you’re lucky, you might be able to watch the same movie twice, in the same theater, but on different screens. If you’re really lucky, it might be in stereo.

Riots tend to be a fixture of State College. None of

them however, seem to be about the executions that are performed at the State Penitentiary, located just outside of State College. Most riots center around getting really drunk and throwing beer bottles at cops. Other than that, State College can be pretty calm, if you ignore the shooting on the HUB lawn, and the defenestrations.

In a two-year period, State College, PA experienced four defenestrations. Two were alcohol-related accidents (a 6-story fall on 2/2/1997 and a 3-story fall on 2/12/1997), while the other two were suicides (a 12-story fall on 8/13/1998 and a 10 story fall on 8/1/1996).

Of course, this is only the urbanized section of State College. This is only the section that expects State College to become the third largest city in Pennsylvania Next Year. This faction may be made to admit that Altoona is a big city compared to State College, but it doesn’t change their view. Housing prices reflect this opinion, and it is impossible to get a house for less than 120,000 dollars. This is the world-view of those who are now viewing State College as an ideal retirement community. For a different view, you can ask any of the myriad farmers of the area. There are enough farmers that every part of State College has the smell of manure. A few years back the school tried to end the long-standing tradition of having the start of school come after the Grange Fair (a fair about tractors, agribusiness, and manure). Fortunately, the farmers had their way, and were able to convince the school of the educational value of such a fair.

The water in State College was my father’s job, and it tastes like shit. State College Borough Water Authority water, that is. There is a competing water source that was recently contaminated by giardia, and happens to be extremely polluted. This is the water system that my parents are on. This is why we drank only bottled water.

It is much more difficult than it should be to get around town. There are traffic diverters for the football games, but even without those, the city is designed so that you cannot have a mental picture of where you are. Strip malls are located two blocks away from the downtown (two one-way streets), but those two blocks are highly residential, and to get to the other strip mall, you have to drive through Penn State’s campus.

This is State College. It’s impossible to accurately summarize the odd just-slightly-off feeling that you get when you’re there, since all who enter State College have their judgment impaired. Eventually, no one even pays attention when someone sets off dry-ice bombs in school and forces students to vacate the premises.



D.Chandler

Total ignorance must be nice, but I really can't accept it when a person bashes on someone else with little or no knowledge of them. Have you ever actually spoken to Chris Maj? Or for that matter, have you ever really tried to understand why people are so upset about certain issues? Obviously you need some schoolin' here people, because if you think that a person like Chris Maj is ignorant you should wise up.

RIT is being given funds by the military, I think we've all realized that at this point. It shocks me that people do not see why this is such a negative deal. RIT really has no need for the military coming in here and throwing money into our school. In case you don't know it, RIT is a rather wealthy institution. RIT makes close to \$10 million in interest off of the bank accounts alone every year. Alumni giving every year comes close to \$8 million a year. Overall gifts to the Institution are in the \$80 million per year. If you're counting that up it's almost \$80 million a year, give or take a million. Now instead of trying to help the actual students that attend this school we put our funds into the most ridiculous ventures (example: a Field house for our so sociable campus or another goddamn dining establishment which charges exorbitant prices for low quality food). Poor RIT, they can't even afford to give me \$1000 more in aid a year so maybe I could eat instead of working three jobs to pay my rent. No forget the students, let's expand with dirty money! Do you realize how many people the army is responsible for slaughtering? Noooo, the army is a moral protector of all that is good in the world. I find it quite objectionable for RIT to be garnering funds from the army. Why is hard for people to see why people oppose the army for putting their hands into our school? Understand that allying yourself with the evil powers that be is the equivalent of doing their dirty work. Sure we may not physically be building weapons but by accepting their money we are condoning what they are. Would it be right to accept moneys from the Nazi party even if the research was how we could grow prettier flowers?

Now to address a statement you made: "You and your protests are a joke..." The concept of protest is very important to our culture and is the only way in which people can truly fight against the powers that are trying to destroy them. Democracy does not really exist. We were born into a world that laws are made by an elite few that will always have more and will always control us. This

society was carefully sculpted to always oppress 99% of the people that live here. And when a small few rise up and create some noise about how sick the world is, the blinded always retaliate in a similar fashion to D.Chandler. I bet it would make you happy to still see blacks, women, and a countless number of severely oppressed few "put in their place". You obviously have no idea what a hard life most people live. I may go to this school but that does not mean mommy and daddy pay for it. Since the day I was able to work I have worked to buy my own clothes, food, and everything else. People like you Chandler have no idea what it is like to go hungry for days and worry about if they will freeze to death because they don't have the money to heat their home. And I am not alone. People like you speed through my parts of the city without thinking about the fact that human beings have to live there. When you do live there you see how horrible things have gotten. And you can either have the life that was mapped out for you or you get out. I understand what is happening to people and I get angry. People like Chris Maj have educated themselves on the condition of the world and care enough to go out on the street and try and stop it. Often they see many things that are wrong with the world and associate themselves with several causes. You perhaps perceive this as being unfocused and skipping from cause to cause every other week. Now Maj may be a bit multidirectional but that does not mean he is misguided. What you see as failure in fact is not. A person could fight every fight for years and never see a true reform. You need to support the battles at hand. The military has just come to our campus out of nowhere. This will immediately drive many to try and stop the deal. Does that mean they forget about other things they believe in? Absolutely not. They will attempt to block the evil at hand. The other things that they protest do not lose significance, they are simply irrelevant to the matter at hand. It is a victory when people enlighten others around them to what is going on. Because the more informed people are, the more they will be driven to change the world into something better.

Now I need to respond to your little hissy fit about socialism and how moronic Maj is for believing in it. I am personally not a socialist but I do not find him misguided. He believes in something, that does not give you the right to assault his belief. That's like saying someone is stupid for being Jewish. People determine what they think is right and should be able to think for themselves without ridiculous tirades from an idiot like yourself. And believe it or not activists are trying to build a better world for everyone, even for an asshole like you Chandler. We have our silly little protests because we actually care about humanity and it breaks our hearts to see people who are so put down and uninformed. If people had any idea about what was going

on they would storm the streets with us. But the media does a good job as portraying us as unfocused and foolish. Did it ever occur to you that the reason activists are shown like this is to confuse the mass population as to the true motives we have? How many releases from organizations like socialists, anarchists, etc. have you seen in print? Press releases are made all the time to explain what we do, but somehow all you'll see is a proud chief of police puffing up his chest and extolling the marvelous performance of his boys in arresting hundreds of people. The media will never speak on why we're really out there because their job is to obfuscate the truth.

I doubt you will ever be able to read this with an open mind. I pity people like you who are so quick to make a mockery of people who actually care about life. Regardless if you like it or not, people like Maj are fighting for you. Try sitting down and actually have a discussion with people and let them explain how they feel instead of spewing out mindless finger pointing slander. Labeling him "a middle class, socialist brat from a suburban family that never had to work" means nothing. Just because someone has a comfortable background does not mean that they should be doomed to a life of that stereotype. I know people from affluent backgrounds that have given everything up for their convictions. But I guess they don't know what pain and suffering is since they were raised well. But wait...did you ever ask Chris Maj about his upbringing? Don't label him if you have never bothered to find out what he's really about. You look like a fool Chandler when you talk so big about things you have no idea about. Don't waste my time and everyone else's time with your moronic ramblings about subjects that you obviously have no knowledge of.

One more thing that I need to let you know about is

Six Hours of Uncensored Porn

By RJ Wilco

WAIT A MINUTE! Why wouldn't you want to read this? All those *Reporter* articles inspired me. It's more entertaining than riding on a bus all day long and healthier than playing video games all night. I don't have any idea who first said, "imitation is the finest form of flattery," but here's my shot.

Why spend six hours alone on a Sunday night watching porn? That would be depressing and sad, almost as bad as sitting in front of your computer watching low-quality porn with the sound down low so your roommate(s) don't hear you going about your business. Like I said, almost as bad. I have DVD and surround sound, all hooked up to a nice 35-inch television – which makes for a much nicer view than your PC. To further remedy the situation I invited a few of my open-minded friends over to partake in the aural and

your view of the school. I did not come here to learn how to make money. I have never had money in my life and do not care if I will ever be rich. I came here to develop a craft. I am a photographer which happens to have a great program in this school. I came here to learn about it and develop my skills of control over a complicated medium. I have no desire to work capitalism for all it's worth. What I do is something inborn, something that comes from my heart. I came here to develop my mind and to learn. It's a sad fact that Chandler has come here only to become wealthy and doesn't care to actually develop his mind and soul. How misguided some people can become in this world is shocking to me. Not everyone here is as hopeless as you Chandler. People still go to school to actually educate themselves.

Grow up.

Oh and by the way, I'm not a hippy.

Love and kisses,

A Bandana on Campus

Yet another nerve, apparently. These sorts of letters have been firing back and forth for weeks now, in the pages of both GDT and Reporter. Most present valid points, but many include personal attacks. This puts us in a bind. On one hand, we like to print unedited letters from our readers. On the other hand, the quality of personal attacks isn't a good one. When we do print such letters, we hope that the tones created by the former outweigh the latter. Next year GDT will be providing a forum for these more personal attacks—just you wait and see. —Ed.

visual feast.

I decided to watch *Debbie Does Dallas*, being one of the most popular porn films ever created. The premise is simple regardless of what version you watch: Debbie wants to be on the cheerleading squad and will do anything and anyone to get there. The original *Debbie Does Dallas* went public in the 1970's and has been one of the top-selling VHS tapes of all time, starring Bambi Woods. *Debbie Does Dallas Again* had Ron Jeremy in the cast; *Debbie Does Dallas: The Next Generation* has a bundle of familiar faces.

I didn't find any of those, but I did find a more recent adaptation on Vivid DVD: *Debbie Does Dallas '99*. The lovely Lexus¹ stars, but other well-known cast members include Stephanie Swift, Tony Tedeschi, Lovette, Toni James, Mickey Lynn, Raina, Vince Voyeur, Jon Dough and Mr. Marcus. You can follow the plot, or you can follow the action—in any case you can fast-forward through the dia-

logue. If you follow the plot, you'll find it to be quite humorous. The storyline includes Debbie's mother working behind the scenes to help her daughter excel: putting shards of glass in the competition's shoes, sneaking around, flashbacks of her days with the coach. As with much porn the plot isn't developed extensively, but more so than most videos I've seen. If you follow the action, you won't be disappointed either. There's plenty of action in this film: FF, MFF, MF, etc. and it is all well choreographed. All that sex with the surround sound up, the neighbors must have thought we were having an orgy. Lexus is just gorgeous, the type of hard-body woman that makes porn worth watching. Her co-stars aren't that bad either.

Porn has a way of making people disappear. Two of my guests did exactly that—they didn't make it 45 minutes. They ended up in the bedroom...and from the noises emanating through the wall, it seemed like they were enjoying each other's company equally as much as the cast.

My other female guests seemed to be enjoying themselves while watching the movie, certainly not a problem at my place, where I encourage women to go natural² and have a good time. Women masturbate too, almost all of them. Those women who say with a very firm voice that they don't ever masturbate are lying, plain and simple. And if they

aren't lying and are trying to make it into a federal case, perhaps they should start.³ But I digress.

The bottom line: women watch porn too, not all of them. Those who do seem to enjoy porn just as much if not more than guys do. Women under the influence also seem to have the increased propensity for making out (and having sex, but that's a different story) with their own gender in full view of the rest of the folks in the room. This is a cool thing.

Having a porn night is a great way to make friends, and possibly get some yourself. Be a good host, and be sure to have plenty of space available for snuggling, fooling around under blankets, retreating to the bedroom, etc. Don't be an ass and insist on getting it on film, digital camera or web cam. Most guests will appreciate an ample supply of prophylactics. If you invited women over, bear in mind that you might have to kill the movie at some point to make way for the ladies going at it on your carpet. This is indeed how the remaining four hours of porn were spent. On one hand, I'm a little disappointed, not making it the full six hours as I intended (as did my *Reporter* counterpart on so many occasions). But on the other hand, I think I had a more entertaining evening.

My advice to you: it may be your house, but just watch unless you are invited otherwise.

¹ Lexus was born and raised in Pennsylvania. Born in 1976 – two years after the release of the first Debbie Does Dallas cassette – she's already retired at the age of 25. I think that she's an outstanding example of how to milk it for a few years and split. She started stripping at age 18, moved out to California shortly thereafter. After making a few films, she took a few years off before she landed a contract with Vivid. Now she's done with her career, wealthy, well respected and free to do whatever she pleases. Certainly not a bad life as far as I'm concerned.

² Lose your bra at the door, honey. You ladies complain about them all the damned time as it is: they're too tight, they aren't comfortable, and people are staring at it, wokka wokka wokka. You won't be jogging or running up stairs when you're over at my place, and I doubt you NEED the support anyways, so just take it off – because I don't want to hear about it later.

³ A Twelve-Step Plan to Masturbation is in the works for private publication sometime next year. Keep an eye out for it at your local bookstore.

The Magic Wondershow Presents:

What I Learned in College, or Reflections from the Champagne Room

For Carl Solomo...he he he, just kidding.
By Sean J. Stanley

H.L. Menken's law reigns supreme—"Those who can, do. Those who cannot, teach..." This adage doesn't apply to all the professors and pundits I've encountered here, however it quantifies a great majority of them. Star Trek is not a substitute or a teaching guide for philosophy. School is not a film studio and should not be treated as such. Most of what you learn in school is how to deal with the absurd, the obtuse, and the convoluted, encompassed in a sublimely perfect package eloquently referred to as The Bullshit.

One evening last fall, I had a five minute, five word lesson with a professor I really respect. He was able to put my struggle into perspective, give it a name. Those five minutes between the alumni building and the school of photography were worth at least ten-thousand dollars. But I'm a generous fellow and his sage advice I'll pass along to you for free:

"Don't fuck with The Bullshit."

I learned that the hardest aspect of a college education is getting up and going to class.

Imagine my surprise when I realized that I had been lied to by parents, authorities, and "educated men" about the evils of drugs and alcohol.

School becomes bothersome when you're not learning. Sometimes that's your own fault. Often it is not your fault. Don't stand for anything less than what you think \$25,000 a year is worth. This especially includes policies and requirements that affect the small things you enjoy in life.

Learn advanced shower masturbation techniques.

This school inadvertantly teaches brute force Taoism, not a bad thing, but not something I'd pay money for. Leave campus and you'll see what I mean.

Grok in fullness, share water often.

The best and brightest of our generations are few and far between, with only a glimmer of hope to ensure what future is left. Align yourself with like-minded individuals and the ride is a whole lot smoother.

Wine is glorious.

Love and sex are separate, beautiful experiences. You do not require one for the other. They do compliment each other well, like a hearty marinara and a vintage Bordeaux, but it is possible for each to stand alone. On some occasions, one may crave food and not drink. Other times, one would prefer to tote their lunch around in a bottle. When one chooses to put them together, you've got a meal that can not be beat. Funny that this is such a hard concept for people to grasp. Funny how most people drift through their lives sober or starving, or worse yet, content to be stuffed with bad food and drunk on cheap wine. Oh, the hangover.

Everything is funny.

The most important aspect of a good college education is liberal arts. Although it may not be as sellable in the mercantile society, its merits and practicalities make themselves evident each day. Here in the frigid North, the emphasis is

on form, with little more than a passing glance at content. This is wrong, and those cursed with intellect must undoubtedly seek other venues for good advice on content. You can tell how intelligent a person is by how they perform and what they retain from their liberal arts classes (except for Sociology, which is a hackneyed, frivolous pseudo-science that panders itself to marketing firms and public school rack-ets).

Porn—the REAL backbone of the internet.

With proper measures taken, and a 4x4x5 enclosure, anyone can surreptitiously cultivate a wide variety of flora and fauna within the residence halls.

At big RIT functions, guys who wear pins on the lapels of their suits are really campus safety officers in disguise.

And finally, speak your mind always and often, but beware of the administrative powers that be. If they don't like what you're saying, they may take it upon themselves to sack the fucking lot of you.

Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke. The only capital crime is letting them win.

-SJS-

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