

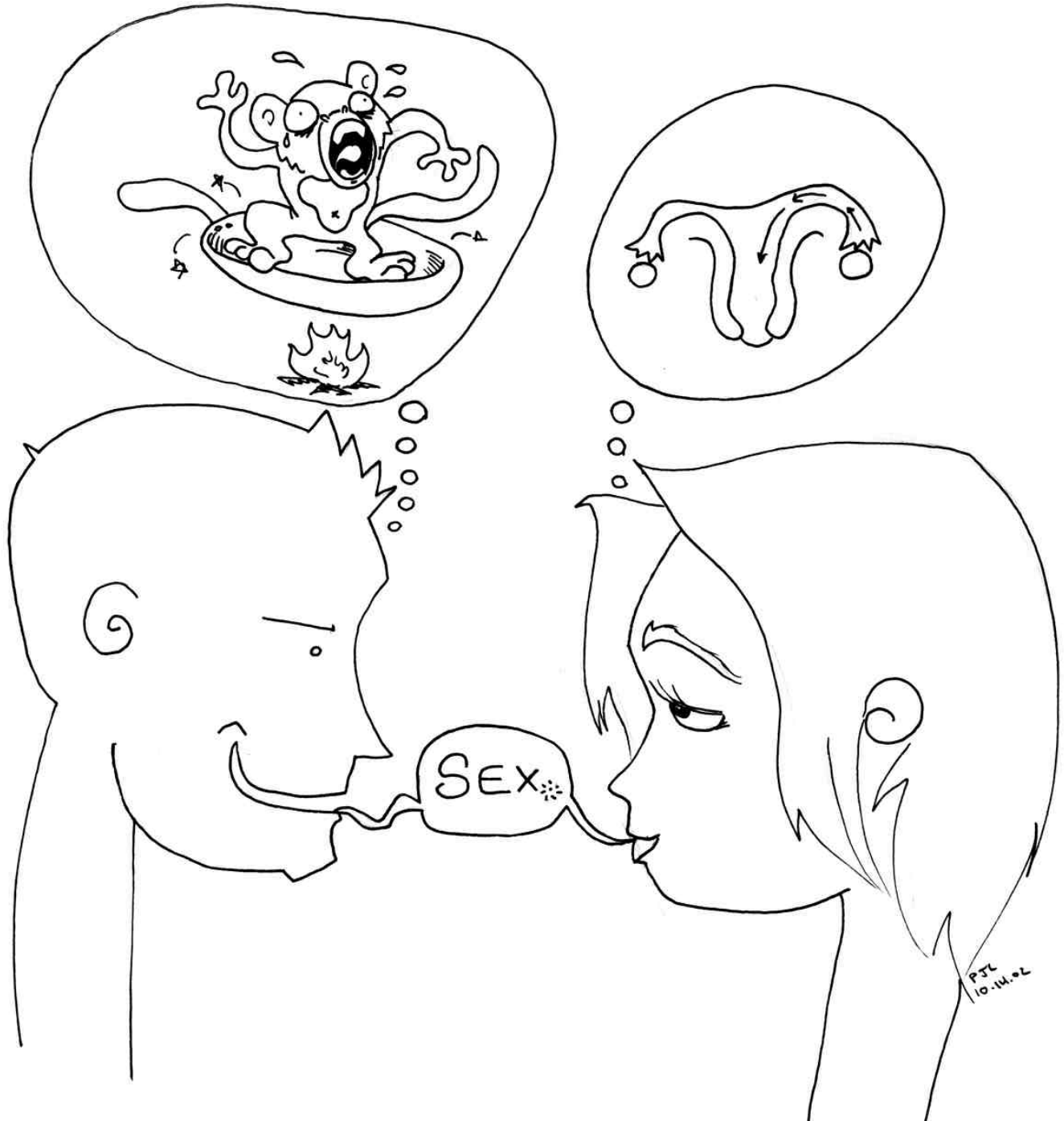


Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Sex: The Ultimate Icebreaker

By Dan Conley

I can already sense the misinterpretation this is going to cause. You see, I wholeheartedly believe that the topic of sex will warm two people up faster than anything else. No, I don't mean that the best way to meet girls is to walk up to them and say, "So, how about me and you go back to my place and have hot monkey sex?"¹ What I'm really suggesting is opening a conversation with a frank statement about something most would consider sexual. Personally, my favorite topic is the state of your genitals.

Let me tell you how this worked for me. There was this girl that my friend knew named Tina², whom I had seen around, but had never spoken to. Then one day this summer, I happened to be chafing³. My friends and I walked to her house at midnight to see her so that my friend could try to talk her into coming back to his house for a while. She didn't want to. He wasn't leaving until she came along, and she wasn't going to come along. Seeing as how my testicles were on fire, I wanted to leave as quickly as possible. So, I appealed to Tina's conscience (this is transcribed as closely to the original as I can remember):

"Tina, we have a problem. You see, John isn't leaving until you come with us. I need to leave now, because I'm chafing. I'm in a lot of pain and the only way to let me sit down⁴ is if you come along. We all know you're going to come eventually, so why not do it sooner and help me out? Come on Tina, do it for my crotch."

Of course she didn't come, but that's not the point. Now, there was no question as to whether or not she knew who I was. I wasn't one of "John's friends," I was "the guy who talks about his crotch." To this day

**Hi, I'm Dan
Conley and I'm
not circumcised.**

I periodically give her the "State of the Crotch Address." I don't do this because I want to get in her pants⁵, I do it because, 1) I think it's funny, and 2) It got us talking. Soon afterwards she asked me to tutor her in physics (which she still failed, thanks to the damn NYS Regents) and I was even lucky enough to be allowed to play her Atari⁶. You see, it was all because of my crotch. Had I not told her about how it was doing that day, we might never have become the friends we are today.

Don't wait until you're chafing to be as bold, though! From what I've been told, most girls don't chafe and, God willing, guys don't that often. In that case, what do you say? Well, another favorite topic of mine is one's possession or lack of foreskin⁷. That's right, if you're at a party, walk up to someone and introduce yourself this way:

"Hi, I'm Dan Conley and I'm not circumcised."⁸

A third possibility is pornography. Ah yes, porno. While it'd be ideal for you to actually *watch* pornography with a member of the opposite sex, most likely you will need to preface that with mere talk of the subject. What is the funniest thing that's ever happened in the ones you've watched?⁹ What are your favorite titles? In case you haven't run into any humorous ones, I've compiled a handy list for you: *Schindler's Fist*, *Itty Bitty Gang Bang*, *Titty Slickers*, *Mrs. Buttfire*... there's an unending supply! If you have any dialogue memorized, now would be a good time to show off such an attribute. After all, when else are you going to use it?

You also may want to consider naming your genitals. I don't mean the generic macho pseudonyms like

1 Though if you'd like to try this method then make sure you tell me so I can watch. The asking, not the monkey sex. Well...

2 Name changed twice to protect the innocent. As chances would have it, the second one changed it back to the original name. Oh, that wacky God.

3 If you don't know what chafing is, you're probably a woman. If you're a guy, then consider yourself a lucky one. I'll leave it as "You don't want to know"...

4 We were outside, you see, and the sidewalk didn't do much to help me.

5 My girlfriend and her boyfriend, John, would kill me. Plus that would ruin the fun of being able to talk about it.

6 I'll kick anybody's ass in that cowboy shooting game. You know, with the different levels where you can shoot out parts of the cactus and stuff? If you don't know what I'm talking about, get a childhood.

7 Again, this applies only to guys. Although I've heard of female circumcision, it apparently causes nothing but pain.

8 Of course you'd need to change your name and the status of your penis as necessary.

9 Slow motion with the sound slowed down as well. It sounded like a humpback whale tape.

Mr. Happy or *Mini Me*. Nah, pick everyday names like Fred and Jeff. Just think of the possible conversations!

“Hey, how are you?”

“Oh I’m good but Jim is kinda under the weather.”

“Jim?”

“My penis.” Gold!

You’ll find that you’ll have more friends than you would have ever imagined¹⁰. Everyone will know who you are! Don’t just stick to what I’ve suggested, though. The sky’s the limit if you’re imaginative enough. Sure, if everyone follows my advice then you won’t be unique, but at that point everyone will be

doing it! You’ll have helped make the world more sexually accepting. Think of the poster-slogan potentials: “Make friends! Change the world! Talk about your genitals...TODAY!”

So come on, use my patented¹¹ method for making a name for yourself.

Guys: talk about your dick. Girls: get a piercing somewhere interesting. It’s a great conversation piece! You’ll be amazed at just how quickly you and your new friends will move past your introductory statement and onto new and exciting topics like movies, George W. Bush jokes, and the ethics of the United States’ imperialistic policies at the turn of the twentieth century. You’ll find that sex won’t take up all of your conversation, but it sure will help get it started.¹²

10 Or have them all think you’re a perv. But face it: do you really want those people as friends anyway?

11 Ok, it’s not patented. But unless you actually take the time to read these footnotes you won’t know that!

12 Although if it does take up all of your conversation it may be more interesting...

Coming-Out Week

By Matt Nicole

Grab a pen. Answer the next question.

Where are you from? _____.

If it took you any thought at all to answer that you could be part of a small, but growing, group of people that aren’t from one particular place. A small minority that is silently oppressed in our Abercrombie, coolest band, TRL society. I’m not talking about Latin Americans, African Americans, Irish Americans, Southerners, Northerners, 6’4” red headed baseball playing Americans or any other sub-section of the American population based on how you look or sound. This group of people has no solid ancestry, has no family tree, no blood ties, for that matter. Their only commonality is that they’re not from one place.

No one FROM America is in this group. You may be American, I certainly am. I have an American passport,¹ I have a social security card, I have a Michigan driver’s license,² and I was born in America and live in America.

I am not from America though.

I have friends that are from New York City or NYC as they so affectionately call it. They’re from NYC. I

graduated high school in Michigan. I have friends in Michigan. I have friends in Georgia, California, Rhode Island, and a slew of other states. I am not from any of those places though. Some of my friends in those places are not from where they currently live. They are part of my people also.

My people are constantly searching for an identity. We don’t feel that we are oppressed, but apparently we are. I’ve participated in diversity activities where I’m told to take a step forward if I feel my life has been comfortable—so I step forward. Then I’m asked to take a step back if where I’ve lived the police are of a different race—so I step back. I’m asked to step forward if I’ve lived where my race is the majority—I don’t know what to do here, half of my life this is true, the other half it’s not. The point of the exercise is to show that people of different races, religions and sexual orientations from the majority aren’t given as many opportunities.

Unfortunately for the exercise I should be at the very front of the room with the other white males. I’ve had maids in my houses, had a chauffeur in high school, had a chef come to my house to cook dinner once a week, and never had to worry about money in my life. I’ve lived in 4 countries and been to 30+ others. Funny thing

¹ Crappy picture and all.

² Ibid.

is I end up in the back with 2 African-American girls³ and a Pakistani girl.⁴ I'm the anomaly. I don't fit. I have had more opportunities than anyone in the room and I'm at the back. Why is that? Why does that happen?

My people are oppressed too. That's what I get from that exercise. The only way I can figure it is not because we haven't had enough opportunities, but because we've had too many. We are just as left out of the mainstream society as all the minorities. Only that we don't have a support structure like a common church, or a place we can go to hang out with other people like us. We're all forced to live in the majority, where people don't have the same experiences as us and we're expected to fit in, like we've always done. We constantly try to conform for fear that our past will let other people mock us. We begin to lose our identity.

In my life I've been called a dork, a loser, an idiot, a fatty and a shmuck. Quite honestly I don't really care when people use those terms. It's some of the other things that really get to me.

Commie, Chink, Gook, Soviet, Ching-Chong China man, are just some of the fun ones I got during my senior year of high school, in Michigan. Those were pretty rough at the time. See, I am kind of from China. I lived there for almost 3 years, so I understand why they could possibly think that way. I laugh though. I'm white and not Chinese so when those things were said I just shrugged them off and gave a chuckle for the people who used them. I'm not gonna be able to fit in if I rub the majority the wrong way.

Yankee, fast talker, rich boy and northerner were some of the things I was called in middle school, while

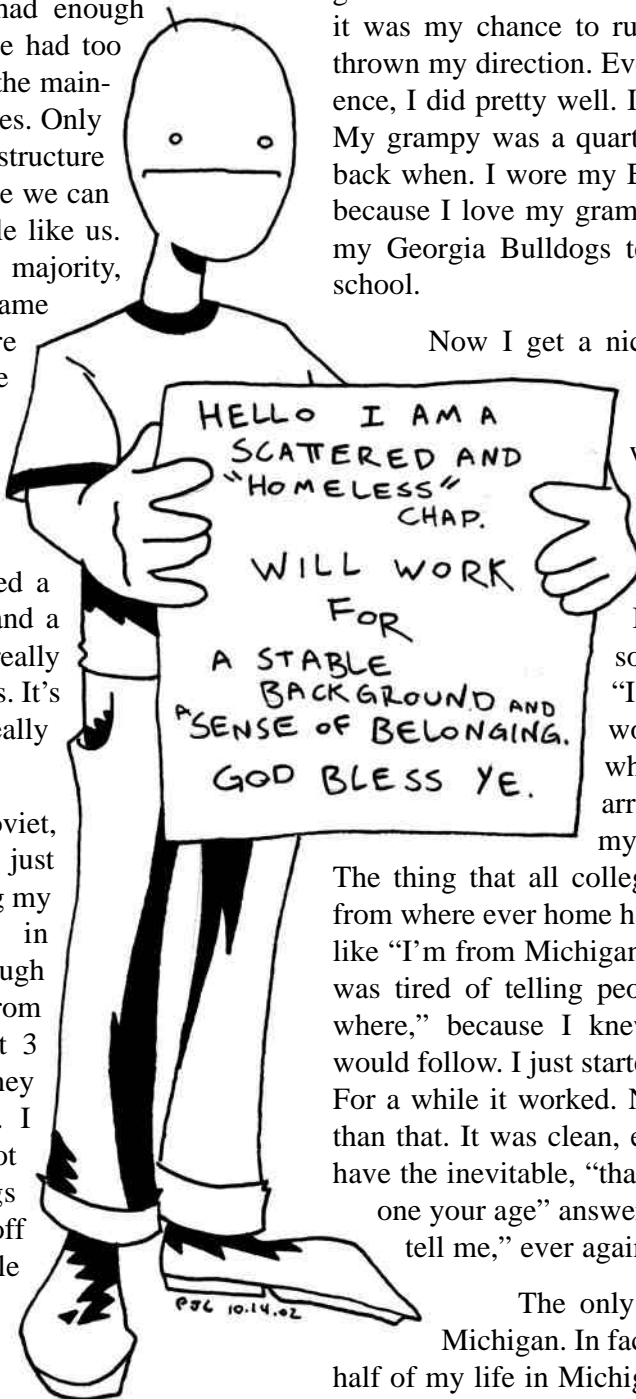
in Georgia. When I started 9th grade, my life experiences only made me different. I was the only kid in school that played ice hockey. I'd never really heard of the Georgia Bulldogs, or the Auburn Tigers either. Even though I was very different I tried to fit in. In an attempt to be a part of a society that worships football, I tried out for the 7th grade football team. I broke through the line every time it was my chance to run the ball. I caught every ball thrown my direction. Even though I had no prior experience, I did pretty well. It must run in my blood though. My grampy was a quarterback at Boston College, way back when. I wore my BC shirt to every day of tryouts because I love my grampy. I guess I should have worn my Georgia Bulldogs tee if I wanted to play for the school.

Now I get a nice mix of all the good names. Commie, Yankee, redneck, Jap, rich boy, poor boy, gypsy or whatever is easiest for people to think of at the time.

Growing up it was hard to know what to say to whom. I never knew if I was going to sound like I was showing off. "I'm not trying to show off," I would think, "I'm just sharing who I am." For a while, after arriving at RIT, I was "coming into my own," I guess you could say.

The thing that all college kids do as they move away from where ever home happens to be. I would say things like "I'm from Michigan" thinking that would be fine. I was tired of telling people "I'm not really from anywhere," because I knew the exact conversation that would follow. I just started saying "I'm from Michigan." For a while it worked. No one would dig much deeper than that. It was clean, easy, quick and I didn't have to have the inevitable, "that's a great experience for someone your age" answered with my "that's what people tell me," ever again.

The only problem is that I'm not from Michigan. In fact even though I've spent almost half of my life in Michigan over various two and a half year stints, I never went back to the same neighborhood, never had the same friends. It was killing me to say, "I'm



³ Who are not from Africa.

⁴ From Ohio, of all places.

from Michigan,” because I’m not.

In fact the only places I’ve ever really felt comfortable is when I’m around people like me. When I’m surrounded by my own kind.

It’s just very difficult to find them.

It’s been said that third culture kids are a thing of the future. The world is getting smaller every day. No one knows how small the world is as well as third culture kids. Third culture kids don’t have a “home”. We have spent our whole lives on the go. We come under many different names: military brats, corporate brats, and chil-

dren of people that move. We’re what the big companies are looking for, able to adapt and fit in to new societies and cultures at an amazing speed. What about our own culture though? Where is that?

This is National Coming out week. And I know that it’s generally used for the GLBT community as their stage, but I thought I would take this opportunity to ask people of my growing minority to speak out. You are NOT alone. I’m a third culture kid; call me any names you want. I’m here, and I’m not from anywhere. Deal with it.



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High School English Sucks

By Dan Conley

I have a Critical Thinking paper due in two days. I actually *want* to write it, so I'm trying my best not to put it off until the last minute (hence the doing it at 11 pm two days before it's due instead of the customary night before). Yet, as I keep writing and rewriting the beginning I realized that I can't help but sounding like a pretentious asshole¹. I care about what I'm saying, yet it keeps coming out as total crap. As I sat back and thought about this phenomenon, I realized what was to blame: Senior Year English.

Oh, it wasn't just Senior Year, but the entire high school experience. My last year was by far the worst, so I'll use that as an example. My teacher was incapable of reading a story without finding at least 27 cases of irony in it², draining the word of any meaning it may have had.

The essays were by far the worst part of the class. They had to contain at least 4 different "literary elements" in them, my favorite of which being "plot." Yes, plot was considered a technique used by the author to make the story better. Wow. "Characterization," or the process of giving a character a personality, was another biggie. Needless to say, I was never in need of "literary elements" for my essays. I had irony, plot³, and characterization; I'm sure I could find symbolism *somewhere* and then I'd have myself an essay!

The crap didn't end there. Everything we read was great. The authors were infallible, or at least their fallibilities were what made their writing great. Never mind that most of it was boring, mindless trash⁴, it was (and still is) *literature*! Personally, I thought that Edgar Allan Poe was a whiny bitch, that Hamlet was an idiot, and *O Pioneers!* was filled with "literary elements" to mask the total lack of plot; I wrote essays telling my teachers this. Needless to say, this didn't go over too well. Low grades, ho!⁵

Through trial and error I found that the best grades came from the worst written essays; tell them what they want to hear, be nice and flowery about it, and get good scores. Actually disagree with the common philosophy on things, get slightly lower ones⁶ because the teachers don't like to think that maybe Shakespeare *isn't* God. This is where I came up with one of my governing beliefs:

Literature sucks.

Now, I love reading and I do it all the time. Nothing can tear me away from a good book. Maybe some of the stuff I hate started off as a book, or a play, or a short story. Over time, though, it became "literature." Literature is the stuff you read in English that turns most people off of reading. It's most likely boring, probably long, and you have to dissect it. Let me read a damn short story without having to try and figure out what the author was thinking! Analyzing a story can enhance it, yes; going over it with a microscope makes it duller than a cow's nose on milking day⁷.

Back to my main point, if ever there was one. High School English has ruined my writing. They make me read "literature," then they make me write about it. Apparently, the more flowery I make it sound the more worthwhile it is⁸. As much as I tried to fight it, it crept into my writing. After four years, one cannot help but be assimilated. Resistance is futile/useless/silly⁹.

After four years of classes, you'd think I would find something useful. I did; I found out I like *Death of a Salesman*. That's... pretty much it. Oh, and a hatred of literature, cynicism towards irony, and deteriorated writing skills. Yup, *that's* worth four years of my life. Fuck you, Mrs. Stevens.

1 And I am a pretentious asshole; I just don't want to sound like one for this essay.

2 Not a scientific study, although we did record my Freshman English teacher saying the word "folks" 32 times in one 40-minute class.

3 Though I was ashamed to use it most of the time.

4 Lots of people, not just English teachers, will argue with me about that. Well, you can submit your own damn article called "High School English Doesn't Suck" if you disagree.

5 No, I am not complaining about low grades because I wrote bad essays. I wrote good essays, but that isn't the point. The point is coming up. Not down here, up there.

6 Like I said, they were well written but critical. I will not go into why I believe what I do. If you'd like to send me hate mail, cool. I'll address it then.

7 Don't worry; I have no idea what this means either.

8 Hey, it worked in "The Yellow Wallpaper".

9 Depending on if you were raised on Star Trek, Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, or The Tick.

The Fetzer-Hoffmann Conservation of Ass Theory

Winter is approaching, which, in Rochester, means sitting in front of a fire with a book and a mug of hot chocolate¹, shoveling a lot of snow and giving it to Buffalo, and crowds huddled together near the entrances of buildings, hunched over the dimly burning cigarettes they hold between icy, nicotine-stained fingers. It also means the end of warm weather for at least six months, and thus an end to mini-skirts, spaghetti-string straps, short shorts, and fine asses across campus. Just wait. All fine ass at RIT² will disappear with the first snowfall.

And this year is expected to be the worst winter in Rochester in 50 years. This isn't said because of all the snow we'll get; we know how to deal with snow³. It'll really be a bad winter because, with all the snow, this institute's fine ass will go more deeply into hibernation than usual. But when it disappears, it has to go somewhere. Ass must be conserved. We know this because ass returns in the spring in the same quantity. If ass simply disappeared and reappeared, there's no reason to believe there would be any relation between the amount of ass on campus before winter and the amount after winter. However, after much empirical observation we've concluded the quantities of ass are the same. Therefore ass must be conserved – it may change form, but it's still present.

So, let's examine the possibilities of what happens to the ass.

Hypothesis 1: It's a matter of perception.

The women we've discussed our theory with seem to prefer this hypothesis, even though it's plainly false. They claim it's the simplest explanation and is therefore true because Occam says so. But then we point out Occam was a 14th century Franciscan monk in Germany, and was so obviously wrong. We reject the basic assumption that Occam's razor is true, and so

By Gary Hoffmann, KSC, and David Fetzer, IWW

the most complicated explanation is most likely the correct one. We present the hypothesis here merely for completeness. It states that, given the cold weather, women wear heavier, bulkier clothing, which makes it harder to determine the Feinäss⁴ quotient on campus. The fine ass is still present in its usual form, and we just can't see it. That's bullshit, of course, because guys are still quite capable of determining the Feinäss quotient, thanks to enhanced processing capabilities granted by the possession of specialized equipment, similar in function to the rarer GADAR (GAY Detection And Ranging), which is reportedly possessed by most homophobes⁵, who are usually closet homosexuals⁶. Thus, Hypothesis 1 is rejected.

Hypothesis 2: So, baby, what's the probability of my alpha particle tunneling through your potential barrier?

The second possibility is that ass actually does disappear, in a manner of speaking. We would perceive fine ass to disappear if the probability of it being located in Rochester suddenly dropped nearly to zero and the probability of it being located elsewhere suddenly increased. This would imply the wave equation describing the probability of finding a fine, luscious ass at a particular point has a temperature dependent term in it. Thus, as winter approaches Rochester, the probability distribution (described by $\Psi^*\Psi$, where Ψ is any function which is a solution for Equation 1,

$$\delta\Psi/\delta t + \delta^2\Psi/\delta t^2 - (1/\beta^2) \cdot \delta^2\Psi/\delta x^2 = h(x,y,z,t,T)$$

Eq. 1

where $\Psi(x,y,z,t,T)$, x , y , z are position coordinates, t is time, and T is absolute temperature, β is a constant, and h is the function describing the initial condition) would shift such that the fine, delicious ass here would eventually undergo quantum tunneling

1 I was going to write something about how IT students are in exception to this first item, since a book would be rather useless in their hands, but my editor threatened to dock my pay, just because he happens to be one, an IT student, that is, not a book.

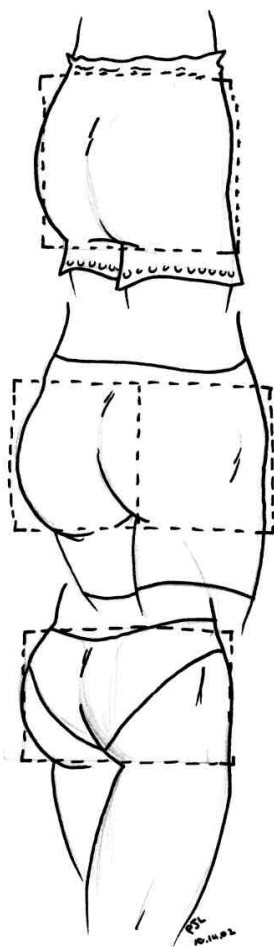
2 ...which is conspicuously abundant this year, thanks to the incoming fresh-meat...er, freshman class.

3 Go to the store, buy a 12-pack of Labatt, and get comfortable, preferably with a member of the opposite sex. There's a reason there's a minor baby-boom in Rochester about nine months after every major snow fall.

4 Named after Dr. Richard Feinäss in 1937 after his publication of the famous and controversial "Quantification of Callipygous Analysis in Gender Based Population Studies."

5 Like Nate.

6 Like St. Paul.



The Ratios of 'Fine Ass'

Funded by the Feinäss Institute for the Pursuit of Quantum Tunneling

The Square ass (1:1 ratio)
A fairly regular and geometric posterior, although rather plain. Often less appealing compared to other types

The Tatami ass (1:2 ratio)
Proportions derived from Eastern tradition, resulting in a fairly exotic ass! For some, the Tatami is one step too far past an attractive ass.

The Golden ass (1:1.618... ratio)
This Euclidian ass takes the cake! Balanced in width and volume, this ratio proves to be most attractive. Truly the Superior posterior!

through the potential barrier imposed by simple distance until it delocalized here and relocalized in, say, Australia, which is known for its high quantities of gorgeous ass during our winter, which is also their summer. And so, when winter returned to Australia the ass would tunnel back to Rochester, explaining the relative constancy of ass over time. This is why San Diego has fine ass all year round.

More experiments into tunneling effects are needed to test this hypothesis more fully. Cute volunteers with red hair are greatly appreciated, but we'll accept blonds and brunettes, too.

Hypothesis 3: Denser than an IT student in a trash compacter.

The final possibility we've explored is that the Feinäss quotient itself is temperature dependent, and so the density and volume of ass changes as the weather gets colder. Specifically, this can be described by the Ideal Ass Law, given by Equation 2,

$$D/T = k_{\text{ass}}/V$$

Eq. 2

where D is the density of fineness in a particular ass, in Feinässes, V is the volume of an ass in cubic assometers, T is the ambient temperature in Kelvin, and k_{ass} is Assman's Constant, which must be calculated for a given ass. The units of Assman's Constant are, of course, Feinäss-Kelvins per cubic assometer. Thus, a callipygian woman has a high Assman's Constant. Because it's the volume and density of fineness that change, ass itself is conserved.

It is not yet clear which of Hypotheses 2 and 3 is correct, and more experimentation is necessary before a conclusion can be reached. Volunteers for tunneling experiments may apply when my esteemed colleague and I are collecting more observational data in the Ritz. Grants and fellowships may be sent directly to our bank accounts.

:// What Professors?

By Ian Smith

Gosh I was naïve. I remember when college stood for higher education, for expanding your mind and discovering what people from all over the world had to offer. The building itself was a mammoth of mythic proportions. The library was a vast vault containing the works of the greats that had gone before me. Professors with a wealth of knowledge proudly embraced each freshmen class and yearned to turn their uneducated minds into a finely tuned piece of machinery manufacturing the things of days yet to come. They were the pinnacle of knowledge, the light at the end of the tunnel, a beacon that all of us uneducated souls sought out. I'm mocked by my own childhood; fantastic memories dance around proclaiming the audaciousness of my whimsical thoughts. Instead of a beacon of higher philosophical light I found a grotesquely dim, low frequency droning bug light. I'm drawn not by thoughts and promises from respected champions, but by deceptive innuendos and subtle favoritism. With a blank stare and empty frontal lobe I blindly follow my lemming counter-parts and proceed to a long, painful death of an educated existence. These professors lecture on in a monotone drone uncaring and apparently uninterested. When I seek out an answer not found in the overpriced, wordy textbook I'm told, "I don't know. Search the 'net and let me know if you find anything." To go above and beyond the call of duty is a phrase that should be reserved for children's fantasy books because it is of no benefit within these walls. Should I so decide to be imaginative, creative, or God forbid intelligent I am penalized. My extra work is spit back in my face with an ugly taste of red ink. I look to my fellow sympathizer and I discover to my horror that a bold, bright "A" stands proudly above a mediocre, bare minimum excuse for work. It's appalling to know my hard work is so blatantly shoved aside to make way for plain Jane. We are told to differentiate ourselves so that employers will notice us. Although we are squashed in class for any flair we are encouraged to join lofty, self-interested clubs. These "clubs" apparently demonstrate that we are team players and capable of handling many responsibilities. However on the contrary, it demonstrates

our ability to stand in line and commit mass suicide of the mind while we blindly follow the person in front of us. We march on to this beat for no better reason than "it looks good on the resume". The same apathetic professors that recite textbooks and Power Point slides head these clubs and melt your mind on a more individualized level. They indoctrinate you and instill happy thoughts and promptly dodge any attempts at creating a question formed around the simple word, "why". They do not stand for the pursuit of higher education; they are game wardens out to impose every possible ludicrous rule to impede your progress. An "A" no longer stands for highest mental ability, but for most adept at beating the system and playing the game. Rewards and praise aren't given for successful achievements but for ones ability to bat their eyes while accepting an invite to an extra-curricular activity. Those who question the validity of the statement, "it pays to know people," need to look no farther than the classroom. I can hear your cries and moans of protest, but I ask you to look at "class participation." Speak up and be attentive; ask questions and join in discussions and you could receive a prize. It is worth from 5%-20% of your total grade. Sit in the back and roll your eyes at every stupid question or off topic comment and you may be sitting pretty for a max grade of an 80. Some will argue that it promotes class discussion. If you believe this then I pity you. You are indoctrinated and fail to see that graded "class participation" is a ploy, a device to make up for the shortcomings of a professor incapable of successfully engaging the class. Instead of learning all that the world has to offer and achieving a greater capacity of knowledge, I am exposed to fraudulent claims from those of pseudo-mental capacities. The dreams of youth have turned to nightmares that do not end. From my ears drip whatever knowledge I had and in pours meaningless diatribe. When asked who my professors are I in turn ask, "What Professors?"¹ Charlatans and lifeless puppets stand before me and I sit with a blank stare and hollow mind wondering where the greats have gone...

¹ The author admits that there are those that exhibit true collegiate qualities, but it does not dismiss the alarming inabilities of their peers.

Ode to A Dictator

By Andrew Gill

When war was o'er, we did entreat to end
Your smirking face by asking you to pay
For all the pain that you did there intend
Though take we did your only means of pay.

With your default, the allies did declare
That eastward was a far, far greater foe
And that we should proceed with much more care
To keep your people from a greater woe.

In desperation, you decide to act;
Defend an ancient culture from its death
The fairness that the last peace treaty lacked
Resolved with war, we wait with bated breath.

Deny we may our actions consequence
But Hitler's rise was from our arrogance.

**The Wondershow Poetry Department
Presents A Poem By Sean J. Stanley
"Baggie Full of Rape Semen"**

Oh cellulose receptacle!

How I admonish your crusted carapace,
the sickly desiccated remains of
a crime's little whisper.

A violator cometh, and then cometh again,
and twas the latter cometh did spur the use
of a spindly cotton-swab.

Do tell, Loretta. Did the swab penetrate
you as fully as the wallpole of the
rakish rogue who had
his cake and ate yours too?

And forensics?
Bloody hell indeed.

Secretor or not, this little prize will
find a nice home in my dear daughter's
bric-a-brac.

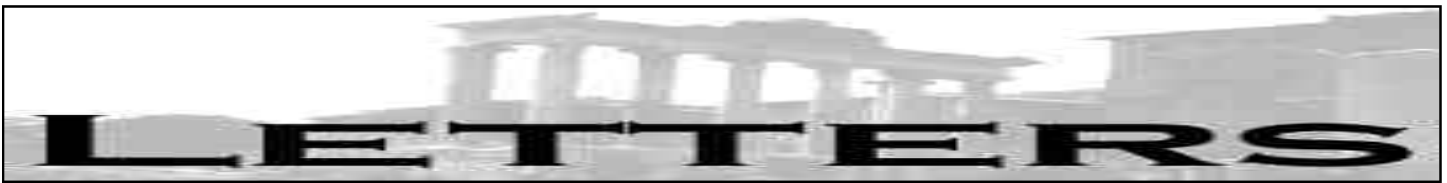
And I don't mean the furniture, Robert.

My Ode to Dawn
By Irving Washington

Daybreak comes to ravel graceful Hypnos' spell.
O'er sills and dreams creep dawn's harsh rays,
And suddenly methinks I hear the earth give praise,
For adorning thus her paved and cluttered shell.
With "God Bring Death"? By all the hells!
That's no piping of Pan's, my stereo plays!
So with needful haste I lunge to CD tray,
Once more the ambiance of silence swells,
And under blankets warm I rest me down,
Close lids to shun Apollo's seeming wrath,
Pray cruel frost's bite warm bed will drown.
But not to sleep. I must now decide my path,
Shall I shower first, or break my fast?
Now choose must I, ere much time's passed.

But abed it's warm, so what the fuck?
Ponder what to do twixt first and second class,
Homework's due soon, that chafes my ass,
My G.P.A. will suffer if this I duck,
After that first test I don't trust my luck,
Nor my skill; labor's what I need to pass,
Heat's trickier by far than speed and mass,
But might I prevail with time left for tuck?
For studying is often hungry work,
And I'll need to sup 'fore afternoon,
Though this assignment's one I oughtn't shirk,
Better procrastinate than slave 'till swoon...
But these brief thoughts now have sealed my fate
Fell back to sleep, and now I'm late!

P O E T R Y !



Date: Sun, 13 Oct 2002 20:01:34 -0400
 From: Diana Hiatt [address verified]
 Subject: Gary Hoffman is an Elitist Prick.

Trust me, I know him. Well...maybe not actually know him so much as met him a few times. But, the fact remains that he is a bigot (along with a lot of other RIT students). I know, I know, you're thinking that such an enlightened fellow¹ who knows how to use footnotes on footnotes and "big" words like transubstantiation can't possibly be a bigot. But, how else can one explain his assumption that all IT majors are illiterate idiots?

Granted, some of my own IT classes have been cake, and yes there are an awful lot of annoying, even slow people in the IT program. But, that does not in any way imply that (a) all IT majors are idiots or (b) the IT program is easy. In all actuality, since so many of the IT courses are partner or group based, what really happens is that those of us who have half a brain end up stuck with the "three-toed sloths". I'm sure that every 3rd year IT major has had the misfortune of being in this situation: It's two days before your enormous group project is due. While the actual project on the whole isn't too complex, or difficult, your professor requires that you write 300 pages of documentation, and analyze the hell out of a really simple no-brain problem. You've finally managed to get a few deliverables out of the one person in your group of four who actually shows up to class. And, of course it is so awful, so elementary that you can't possibly use it without making yourself look like an incompetent fool. So what do you do? You buy yourself a case of Mountain Dew and stay up for 48 hours

straight doing or even re-doing the whole fucking thing yourself.

The sad part is that all-too often this is truly what happens in industry as I'm sure many IT majors who have been on co-op can attest to. Being an IT professional means facing new challenges everyday and doing a lot more than your fair share of the work. It also means having to deal with idiots who don't know the first thing about IT, but insisting that they know everything there is to know about it². On top of that, because from everyone else's limited sphere of experience what an IT professional does appears simple, we also have to put up with getting little or no respect and no recognition for all the hard work we put in. In the mean time, someone else³ takes all the credit.

The point is that the abundance of idiots in IT does not prove anything about IT majors on the whole, or the course load of IT students. But, I will admit that for the first 8 weeks when I think maybe, just maybe this time the other group members will come through, I usually have plenty of time to focus on the classes I give two shits about like philosophy⁴, poetry, French and the like. In short, to all those who think IT is a full of idiots, just imagine having to depend on those idiots for your grade, or picking up the slack of those idiots, and remember that not all IT majors have it so easy.

Diana Hiatt
 The Nietzsche-loving IT major.

1 And a Kevin Smith fan to boot.

2 Like Gary Hoffman, perchance.

1 For example, all the true IT idiots who still get a B or even an A for doing less than nothing.

2 Yes, IT majors can read, and they probably read more⁵ than some liberal arts majors

5 In the form of white papers and documentation alone.⁶

6 See...I can do footnotes on footnotes too. Does that make me as cool or intelligent as Gary Hoffman?

What is this magazine?

This is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, a magazine of satire, literature, poetry and art. We publish out of Rochester, NY but we have readers around the globe. We exist as a medium for your expression and invite you to contribute.

Anyone is welcome to submit.

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