



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Unscheduled Havoc
Volume 35, Issue 8
16 October 80AT(2025)

"The existence of the grocery store lets me dedicate myself to understanding the complex ideas of mathematics and engineering."
— Jacob Stanley. 28 August 2024

Today in Science: Satire Scale of Gas Danger

Here at RIT, we're always onto the next big thing—and as an RIT-based^[*] publication, we at *GDT* are too. For years our top chem majors have been working day and night, burning the midnight oil^[†] to produce only the finest in scientific research. As of writing this, the 20 year long LHFASWIF^[‡] project has been completed! With its completion, the fruits of our most expendable interns' sacrifices may finally be enjoyed by the masses. Behold, the Satire Scale of Gas Danger!

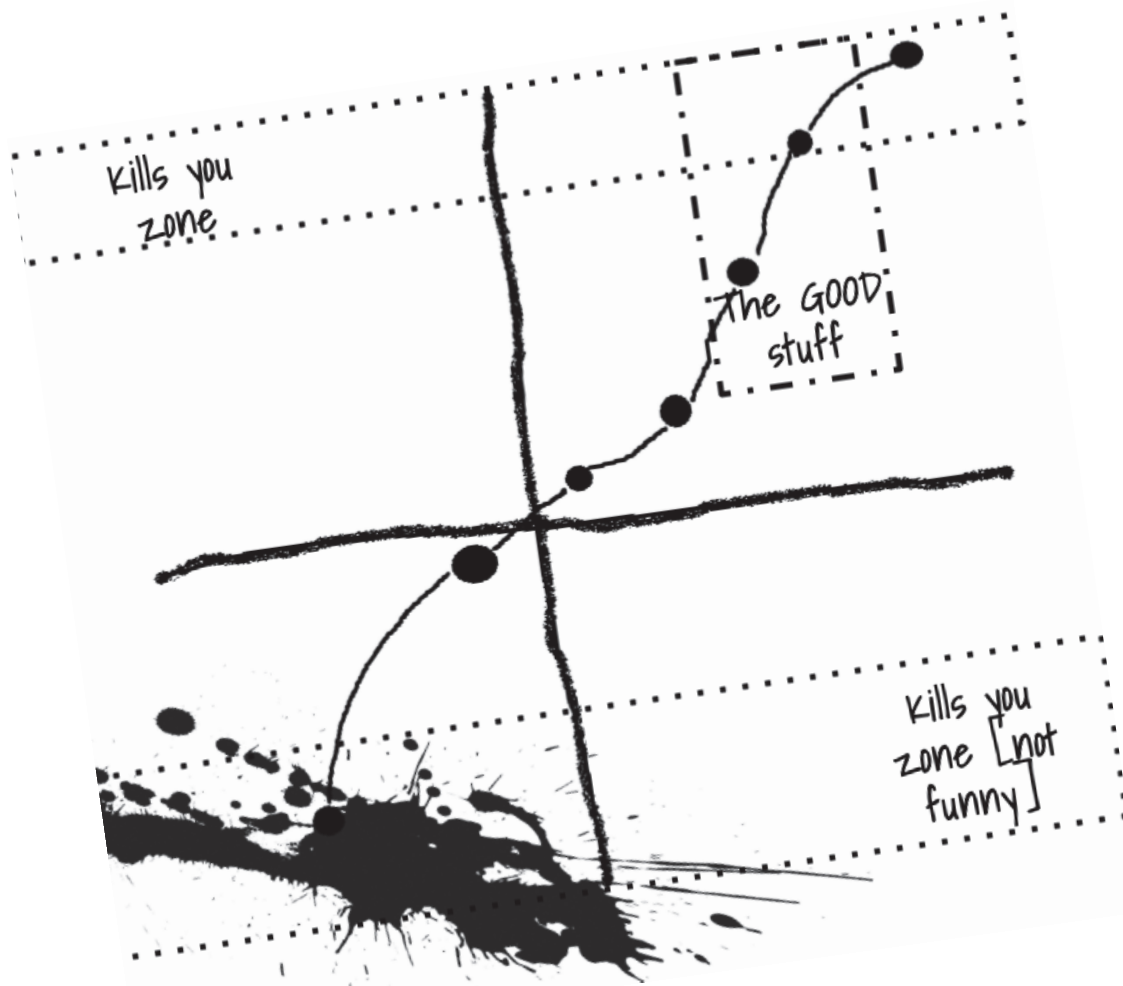


Image made during Inhalation Testing.

The Satire Scale of Gas Danger's unique unit, the Onion,^[§] is not derived from boring metrics, like "median lethal concentration" or "flammability", rather, it is based on the improvement to the quality of the satire written while huffing gas.

* But not affiliated.

† Important to note: Our chem majors have NOT been setting the fires in the dumpsters behind Midnight Oil, the coffee shop. That is our Bureau of Publicity Stunts, which is predominantly marketing and biotech majors.

‡ Short for "Let's Huff Fumes And See Which Is Funniest."

§ Yes, it's named after *that* Onion. The Red-Onion-Mush from Sloptesano's, obviously.^[Δ]

Δ Editor's Note: See *GDT*, volume 35, issue 04, "Derailed."

™ This isn't a footnote, it's just the trademark symbol.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (GDT) is a founding member of Hell’s Kitchen.

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IMAGINUM AUCTORES

Page 8: P.D.Q. 1917. Provided by RIT Archives.

Page 8: Lowe, Jesse. “One dollar bank note.” 1857. upload. [wikimedia.org/wiki/commons/3/3d/USA%2C_Nebraska_Territory%2C_%241_City_of_Omaha_1857_Banknote_II%2C_obverse.jpeg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:USA%2C_Nebraska_Territory%2C_%241_City_of_Omaha_1857_Banknote_II%2C_obverse.jpeg)

Page 11: Clarke, Harry. Headpiece for “Faust,” scene VII, titled “Street.” 1925. www.oldbookillustrations.com/illustrations/headpiece-scene-7

Page 12: Caban, Šimom. “Untitled.” 2023. unsplash.com/photos/a-woman-in-a-black-dress-and-a-witch-hat-YLSdE_WBVms

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Note the index for some popular gasses [provided by the late Jenson Benson, 3rd year Chemical Engineer]:

| Gas | Onions [⊗] /Liter |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Mustard Gas | -34.0 |
| Golisano B.O. | -2.6 |
| Clean Air | 0 |
| Sniffing a Sharpie | 1.7 |
| Laughing Gas | 4.3 |
| Anesthesia | 9.4 |
| Carbon Monoxide | 19.2 |

⊗ 1 Onion = S(Chuckles × Chinstrokes) / | Chuckes - Chinstrokes |, where S is the Onion constant [2.4 Chuckle-Chinstrokes, the laugh/contemplate coefficient of the average Onion Article].

But that’s just a bunch of numbers—what do Onions of gas exposure mean for you, dear reader? Let’s look at an example. Take, for instance, the jokes I write when writing in clean air. They read something like this:

“What’s the deal with Crossroads’ food?”

Not thought provoking, and certainly not chuckle-inducing. But when I’m at a healthy and sustainable 4.8 Onions, courtesy of the Tunnel Scent™?

“How could I have been so foolish? Of course a golf cart would be a tool of the Booje Wah Zee! Why would adding to our horses take away from their power? Why would more wheels lead to less injustice?”^[1]

Still sucks. I need more gas. But the chuckles produced have gone up to 2 from 0, and the chinstrokes are up to 1, a slight but undeniable improvement from the clean air sample.

Some important Onion Thresholds on the Satire Scale include the “Sadness Zone” of any gasses below 0.0 onions, the “Lethality Zone” of any gasses above/below ±19.0 onions (at which point, you become the satire) and most important of all, the “Fun Zone” between 18.0 and 20.0 onions—where brain damage begins to ride the line between survivable and lethal. At this Onion level, in addition to improving the quality of comedy being written, reported enjoyment of the writing experience itself began to skyrocket. This sudden fulfillment of the writing process is only possible with life-threatening brain damage caused by 18.0+ Onions, and is what earned this range the title of “The Fun Zone.” While within the threshold of The Fun Zone, a writer’s self-consciousness levels take a nosedive: no longer held down by the chains of seeking approval, works can be

^[1] You read the article I wrote, right?
* Editor’s Note: See GDT, volume 35, issue 07, “Deranged.”

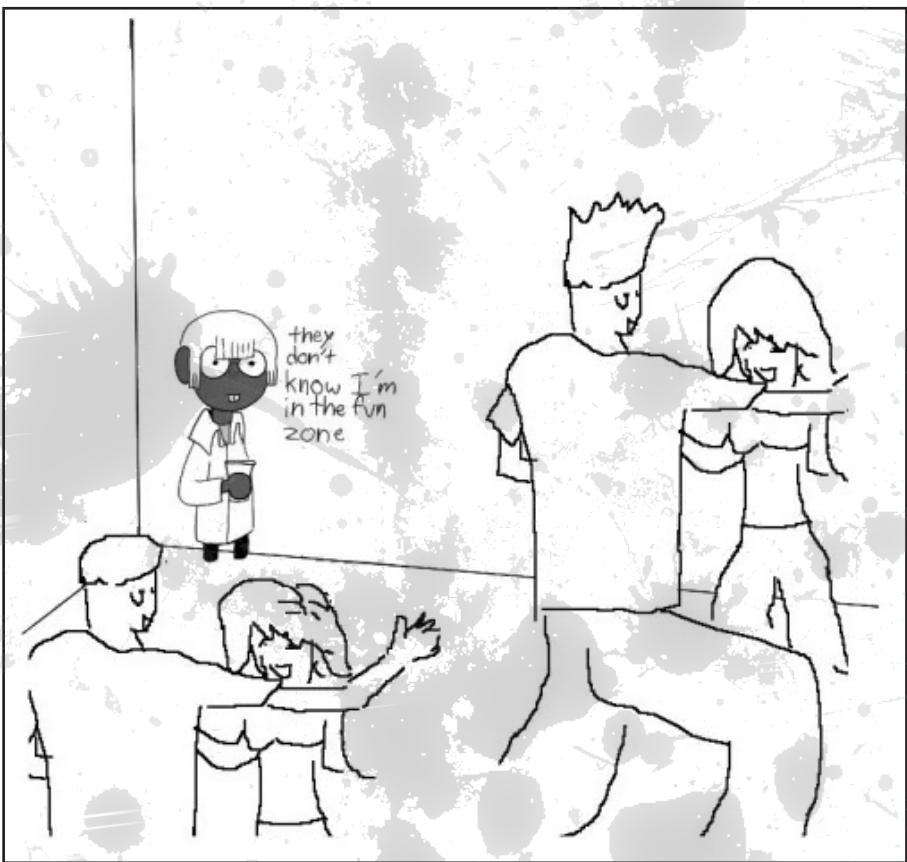
completed in as few as twelve rewrites, drastically improving the survival rate of jokes that were way funnier the first way they were written from first draft to final draft. In addition to improving chuckles by volume, the fewer rewrites caused by The Fun Zone's lowered self-consciousness creates free-flowing and organic writing, allowing the work to connect more deeply with readers than the sterile and boring style of "grammatically correct" writing. Writers feel better about their works, and readers get a more enjoyable experience—for someone as brain damaged as a writer, there truly is no drawback to writing under the influence of 18.0-20.0 Onions.

On a more personal note, I've been having a lot of trouble writing this report—

**** Editor's Note:** This was probably supposed to be "fine", before Ada lost consciousness over her keyboard. Ada did not turn this report in herself.^[0] We found it open on her computer, after she'd been taken out of her room for carbon monoxide poisoning by paramedics. We still don't know how she spilled ink in a Word file. We chose to include it to preserve the vision of the departed.
ð We put it in anyway because it's leagues better satire than what she normally turns in.

academic writing isn't really my strong suit—and so in order to ensure this article goes well, I've been doing my best to stay within The Fun Zone. When I told the

research team about it, they said "Dude, don't stay in The Fun Zone for more than 5 minutes. It's not called the Satire Scale of Gas Fun, it's called the Satire Scale of Gas DANGER. I know it feels good and all, but we lost like 6 guys to it," and to that I say:



Pssh. I'll be fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiih
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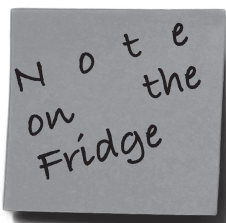




Like GDT?
Join our
Discord!

We ride at dawn.






'O, be some other name! / What's in a name? That which we call a rose / By any other name would smell as sweet; / So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, / Retain that dear perfection which he owes / Without a title.'

Print. Posting. Publication. Propaganda. Whatever you'd like to call us, we're *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. And I think it's time that you heard from *us* what we are.

We are a weekly *publication*. We aren't a poster, or a zine, or a pamphlet. We've published poetry, campus news, world news, art, satire, informative pieces on the articles of the Bill of Rights, and stories. For this reason, I find it rather odd that *GDT* is being subject to the same rules that literal *posters*^[*] are being subjected to. In a recent meeting with Kathryn Cilano, Igor Polotai and myself had a discussion about this very thing. While for now we can no longer distribute in the Campus Center, SAU, and dormside, we can still distribute across the colleges on campus following their *posting* rules (and we will continue to do so). Keep your eyes peeled, however, for as of this writing the question of a *GDT* newsstand, where you could *always* find copies of the weekly *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, is now being discussed. No promises, but let's just say that I, Goose, am really good at finding the gray areas in university policy.

This is an opportunity for the university to invest in another completely student-run and organized publication. RIT: Allow us to distribute as usual. Allow us back in your good Gracie's. Your student population deserves two 8.5 x 11in. pages of levity. We resurrected something old from the dead^[†] and are now in our second semester after a successful Volume 34. If what comes from this is that *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* has smaller and smaller distribution areas, if our successful enterprise^[‡] doesn't matter to the university, the only thing our readers can take away from this is that at the university of "creativity" and "innovation," you cannot creatively innovate a print media^[§] with your love for the liberal arts.^[¶] A contradiction that does not bode well for the future of RIT. Then again, getting rid of the journalism major was RIT's first move. So who knows!

You, the reader, have something you can do, though. Spread the word. You've found this copy – give it to someone else. "Hey, look at what I found. It's *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. The newest issue!" Join us – pitch your articles, your essays,^[**] your poetry, your comedy. We'll read it out loud at our Wednesday meetings. Join us there, too. We think you'll find that even at *GDT*, you're on to something great. 

-by Goose Waffles, editor

* From "Posting Procedures in the Campus Center, Student Alumni Union, Schmitt Interfaith Center, and Campus Life Managed Outdoor Spaces." Revised August 2024.

"THE FOLLOWING GUIDELINES ARE DESIGNED TO ALLOW STUDENTS AND OTHER COMMUNITY MEMBERS TO CREATIVELY ADVERTISE EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES ON CAMPUS WHILE ENSURING THE APPROPRIATE USE OF SPACE. THESE GUIDELINES ARE ADDITIONALLY WRITTEN TO PROTECT AND ALLEVIATE DAMAGE TO BUILDINGS, SIGNAGE, TREES, ARTWORK AND OTHER PARTS OF THE CAMPUS."

All types of postings listed in Section B: Flyers, Posters, Banners, General or Large Advertisements, A Frames.

Not listed: Publications.

† And then got subsequently infested with daemons, but we put them to work.

‡ As we all know, enterprise is perfectly reasonable when you pitch it to investors.

§ Mind you, there's a whole museum of printing presses on the second floor of the library.

¶ And Adobe InDesign.

** Or your lab reports. Or your multivariable homework. But only after the due date, that way it's not useful to anyone (we don't condone plagiarism or cheating).



Sports Corner

-by Sad Phillies Fan

“But I don’t even like sports,” I hear you shouting. I was like you once. So young, so naive, so foolish. Since then, my eyes have been opened to the fabulous tales that sports have to tell us – what the jocks and dads of the world have been hiding from you. Allow me to pull back the curtain and give you a taste of the unbelievably stupid bullshit that goes down in the world of professional sports.

Baseball lends itself well to such comedic happenings with its inherent unpredictability. Players and teams are always going through hot and cold streaks. At times, even terrible players will perform far better than their baseline and at times even World Series caliber teams will play like shit. During one of these stretches, fans and players alike will do whatever it takes to either prolong the magic or break the slump. This story is about one of those teams.

Over the course of their history, the Seattle Mariners have been perpetually scorned by the cruel whims of fate. In 2001, the Mariners won a Major League record 116 games. They failed to even reach the World Series,^[†] being eliminated in the American League Championship Series by the New York Yankees. Between 2002 and 2024, the Mariners made the playoffs exactly one time. This year, they’re going back. How did they do it? What sort of witchcraft did it take for this cursed ball club to finally get their shot? As it turns out, the sort of witchcraft that can be purchased for \$15.99.

On September 5th, 2025, the Mariners were three and a half games back of the division lead,^[‡] on a four-game losing streak. Desperate,

and on the verge of falling out of a playoff spot altogether,^[§] a fan going by the name of notB0bR055 on Twitter paid an Etsy seller \$15.99 (after a \$4.00 discount) to “unfuck the Mariners.^[§]” The following day, on September 6th, the spell was cast and destiny began to run its course. Immediately, the Mariners started winning. They won 10-2 that day. The next day, they won 18-2 – their most runs in a game since 2012.^[¶] On the 10th, a walk-off win in the 13th inning. The very next day, a walk-off win in the 12th inning. They just couldn’t lose. Coming off a four-game losing streak before the spell, the Mariners had suddenly won ten in a row. Then, on the 17th, they finally lost. Was that it? Was the fun over? Hell no. They won their next game before it was time for a three game showdown against their hated rivals: the division-leading Houston Astros.^[**] Whoever won this series would likely win the division. Entering the series, the Mariners and Astros were tied for the division lead. The Mariners then walked into Houston, won all three games and just kept going. On September 24th, it was official: the Seattle Mariners had clinched the American League West. The following day, they won again – and power hitting catcher Cal Raleigh, better known by his nickname of Big Dumper, hit his 60th home run of the season. Since the casting of the spell on September 6th, the Seattle Mariners have had the best record in Major League Baseball, with seventeen wins to that one lone loss. Will the Mariners win the World Series? I don’t know. Frankly, it’s impossible to know – anything can happen in a do-or-die playoff series. All I can say for sure is that I know where my money’s going the next time I need a little magic in my life. ☞

* As of this writing, the M’s are the only team who has never even appeared in the World Series, much less won.

† If the trailing team wins or the leading team loses, the trailing team gains half a game. The trailing team beating the leader head to head would cause them to gain a full game. At 3.5 GB, the M’s would need to beat the Astros three times, then win another game against someone else or have the Astros lose to someone else to become tied.

‡ In MLB, a team makes the playoffs if they win their division or if they are one of the three best teams in their league (each league comprising half of the total teams) that does not win their division.

§ Not like that, you sicko.

¶ After this win, the team acknowledged the Etsy Witch when they posted the final score graphic on Twitter. <https://x.com/Mariners/status/1964766569327948018>

** The Astros are hated for several reasons – being the Mariners’ division rival, eliminating them from the playoffs in 2022, the 2017 cheating scandal (beyond the scope of this article) and their general dominance over the last several years.

Panchiko

-by Kai

On one fine evening in late August, one of my friends showed up to my lair to eat my food and play *Persona 4*. He informed me that we'd be getting a visitor—sure, why not, more the merrier to me, listening to music while I play a backseat game. My doorbell rang, and I slowly made my way down, fully preparing to do my usual greeting of, "What the hell, man, I was sleeping." My guest was a Fae sporting, in her words, "Pink Red Bull hair." She entered, saw my not-built record shelf, and then built it. I was a little flustered by the whole thing, and I asked her if she was going to Panchiko. She said yes, and we made our plans to go together.

It's not often that the chronically online-core (end this goddamned means of classification) band Panchiko plays a show in Buffalo. I was... intrigued, I do like shoegaze, and Panchiko's album *DEATHMETAL* is great. The lo-fi nature of it is reminiscent of a certain kind of humanity found in Daniel Johnston records, along with outstanding samples from a Sega Saturn and the opening music from *Dr. Strangelove*. Really, how can one not be interested in a crew of old, British, anime shoegazers? All in all a fine band, though not something I'm constantly bumping.

The 23rd of September came, slow and miserable, but it came. We linked up with an extra companion—each of us seemingly dressed for something else—and dashed for Buffalo, with some New Jersey Shuffles along the way. The line outside the venue was to be expected: alt, Y2K-core cats, and some dude bros. I couldn't help but overhear conversations about Title Fight reuniting; sure, keep dreaming. I wish they would too, but let's get real. Finally being let in, we rushed for decent-ish spots in the pit—because how could you *not* be close to the anime-4chan-shoegaze band? As is typical in the big '25, there were 3DS users

and people playing *Family Guy* and *Subway Surfers*. I talked with some other people about a potential mosh pit starting for Panchiko. I love moshing as much as the next person, hell, I love it more than anyone else, but to something like the Ramones or Black Flag, not shoegaze. I say this as someone who moshed harder at a Weatherday gig while screaming the lyrics and "Oi, Oi, Oi!" than at a hardcore show a week prior. Yes, the irony isn't lost on me, but really, this is the same concert where you'll hear Laputa, chill out.

Listen as you read:



The bands were amazing, and it was a nice, intimate experience. The samples being used live and the effect layering was amazing to witness in person, slowly creating that wall of sound plus choice samples to give that oh-so-classic feeling of being nostalgic for something you didn't experience. The music gave the same feelings of being entranced in a Monet painting; as the various sights and sounds all collide with each other, there's this sense of being paused in time—only more deafening. I don't know what was more intoxicating: the wall of sound, or the Fae's gaze in my direction every so often, as potent as a siren's call was the act of building that record shelf. Between the music and the glamour of our lovely Fae, I was riding a nice high, dare I say better than the cats that toked up before the show. Oh, and the bass player waved at me a few times, so it was pretty peak.

So screw that half-thought-out outlook on a show, that's lame, and I wouldn't care as much as anyone else reading this. The real, and I mean real, experience of the supposed day of the rapture, though, played more like something out of a Gregg Araki film. You mean I got to be James Duvall for a few hours? Lovely, I wouldn't have it any other way.

Our lovely Fae and her companion were both hungry, so we wound up at some burger joint by the South Campus of the University of Buffalo. Truly one of the places to be at night, there was weed in the air and people with *Twilight* swag on. You know: a good time. We waited for the food, till two visitors were clearly on something and being guided by God. The man asked, "Hey, can you do me a favor and get me some Newports? Oh, you can't? So y'all are broke as fuck, huh? I'm gonna go in there and get free food". These people really were illuminating because in the next breath the woman revealed, "I FOUND THESE BLUEBERRIES ON THE GROUND, DESIGNER, LOUIS VUITTON, I AM THE LUCKIEST." Hey, I mean it's not every day you get high and find some designer swag on the ground, so if that isn't a sign from God, I don't know what is.^[*] In a quick dash, the man entered the restaurant, stole the tip jar, exclaimed, "WE GONE," and ran off into the night. A true reincarnation of the Messiah in the modern day, denouncing evil and greed by stealing from a small business run by immigrants.



While driving back, we were passed by many a police car rushing to something. Police car after police car, they just kept barreling through. As we made our way down that long road, I could vaguely see something on fire. The Gates of Hell, I thought, perhaps Hell was being made real into the world, and that was just the beginning to the Lake of Fire, and oh, a car on fire. A sighting of a nasty accident: I love my car dependency, give me convenience, or give me death. We were beside ourselves. Approaching Rochester felt like reaching the end of the world; everything was shrouded in fog, under a dark sky, set to a soundtrack of Lush, Cocteau Twins, and Slowdive. We were beyond space or time in that plane; we just *were*. Trapped in a car going straight. Our final visitor from beyond was a man running along the road at midnight, donning nothing but borderline booty shorts. The original man, Adam, returning to us once again. We somehow survived the Rapture, were delivered from evil, and were returned to Paradise, and it was made of bricks with no aesthetic, just as our merciful Father intended.

All in all, if someone builds your record shelf, go to a show with them. The night will be filled with euphoria, confusion, and angst, but more importantly, it will never be something to forget. 🏠

*Editor's note: I ounce found a Coach dinosaur accessory on the ground. Anything is possible. -GW



Neighborhood Watch

-by Igor Polotai

Welcome back to Neighborhood Watch, keeping you informed about the happenings at RIT. We're here to provide you with all the latest happenings at RIT, good, bad, and weird.

So, what happened recently? The Career Fair brought all the boys to the yard, all hoping to be able to get any semblance of a chance of paying off their massive student loans. The SJP once again handed out maps, causing someone on r/rit to get angry over being tricked, bamboozled, and hoodwinked. Absolutely betrayed. Utterly devastated. The opportunities for computing and engineering students were on fire, as usual. Liberal art degrees? Not so much.

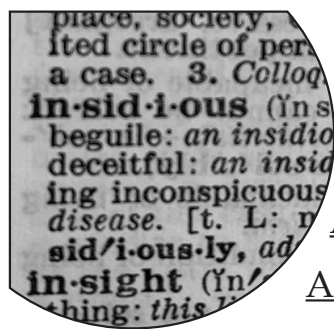
Another thing that was on fire was a trash can on the Booth ramp. What started as a thrown out birthday cake (as is alleged) turned quickly into several fire trucks being called to put out the smoldering trash can. And this is right before the Fire Marshall started their fire inspections! Perhaps this isn't the greatest of omens.

It seems RIT has been getting plenty of bad omens recently. RIT Men's Hockey lost their opening game, badly. Someone attempting to gather research study participants accidentally forgot to write the email where they gather research study participants before sending it. Students living in the Clay Apartments lost their bus stop. And *someone* keeps getting attacked by squirrels.

In these difficult times, it's important to remember what matters most in life: defense contractor swag. And that's why I am the proud owner of several pieces of merch from General Dynamics, Raytheon, and Lockheed Martin. The multi-colored missile pens are especially a big hit. They really make an impact.

Until next week, stay safe, and remember that morality is always up for sale. 🏠

Do you have a story that the weekly Neighborhood Watch column should inform RIT about? Email it to us at gdtneighborhoodwatch@gmail.com! All submissions will be kept anonymous. We value our whistleblowers!



Definitions

-by the denizens of the GDT discord

Anger – screw you, I'm not defining that!

Antefa – that which comes before fascism.

Bookbinding class – transmasculine library studies.

Bullets and daggers – not just typography.

Circular reasoning – when your argument makes an infinite number of points.

Dynnner – any food abomination constructed in the dorms

after Commons closes.

Magazine – a right leaning zine.

Megazine – a much larger zine.

Zine – small independent tracts.

We'd love to hear about you! Take our Audience Census so we can see things like which college has the most GDT fans.



Dearest Editors

-by Sean T. Hammond, Hell's Kitchen Obscurus Archivist

Meanwhile...

My role within Hell's Kitchen can best be described, in part, as an archivist. I try and maintain the integrity of the written and digital archives of all of the members of Hell's Kitchen. This is not a straight-forward job. Take for example the *GDT* archives: they consist of two components. One is the purely physical. This is where original paper copies are kept. The other is digital, consisting of old QuarkXPress files, bespoke pre-release inDesign formats, pdfs, etc.



Most gaps are in one category, but not the other. For example, there could be digital copies, but nothing on paper. The rarest example is when there is evidence that an issue must have existed, but the archives have nothing. In Volume 31, the digital and paper archives had issues 8 and 10, but no evidence of 9 anywhere. Luckily we didn't need to turn to the Keepers within Semita^[*] to obtain a copy; a collector had a physical copy and was kind enough to send us scans of it for our records.

As the Nabrasca exploration was taking place, calamity struck the offices of *GDT*.^[†] As a consequence, an entire issue was completely lost. There was no digital evidence that it existed, and there were no paper copies in the archive. It wasn't until a previous editor of *GDT* shared a picture of their collection on the *GDT* Discord server that we had any idea an issue existed. We requested scans, and I'm happy to say we now have a reprint and have used the scans to faithfully make a digital copy. You can check it out at the *GDT* website in the PDF archives: volume 33, issue 1, "Finally."

A name given by the original editors, but appropriate for a lost issue.

Here, we share the final editorial of the original *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* from Winter of 2005: 

THE LAST OF THE VODKA IS GONE, AND THE SMODERING EMBERS OF THE OFFICE CHAIRS ARE COOLING, AND, TO, BE QUITE FRANK, WE'VE ALL GOTTEN QUITE A BIT BORED WITH PICKING ON THE SQUIRRELS WITH TIN SCRAPS. SO, WE DUG OUT THE FIREBOX THIS MORNING, BEAT OPEN THE LOCK WITH A ROCK, AND BROKE THE FRESHNESS SEAL ON THE ELECTROMATA.^a

THIS ISSUE IS THE DIRECT RESULT OF MANY WEEKS OF DRINKING, INCLUDING REGULAR OUTBURSTS OF INEBRIATED SCREAMING - AND GAMES OF PIN THE PAPERCLIP ON THE SQUIRREL.^b

I CAN TELL YOU AREN'T IMPRESSED. IN FACT, JUDGING BY THE LOOKS WE GOT AT THE COPIER^c, I'D WAGER YOU THINK YOU COULD DO JUST AS WELL OVER A LIGHT WEEKEND, AND CERTAINLY BETTER WITH A BIT OF SOBER EFFORT.^d

I HAVE ONLY ONE THING TO SAY TO THAT SORT OF IMPUDENT CONJECTURE. FANTASTIC. I'VE A DESPERATE NEED TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS CITY^e, AND I HAVE NO INTENTION OF ASSISTING IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE *GDT* OFFICE COMPLEX.

^a IBM THOUGHTFULLY INCLUDED A DOZEN COMPLIMENTARY SHEETS OF TEN POUND PAPER, GREEN.

^b OPTIONAL ACCESSORIES: GAUZE AND ALCOHOL (BOTH VARIETIES)

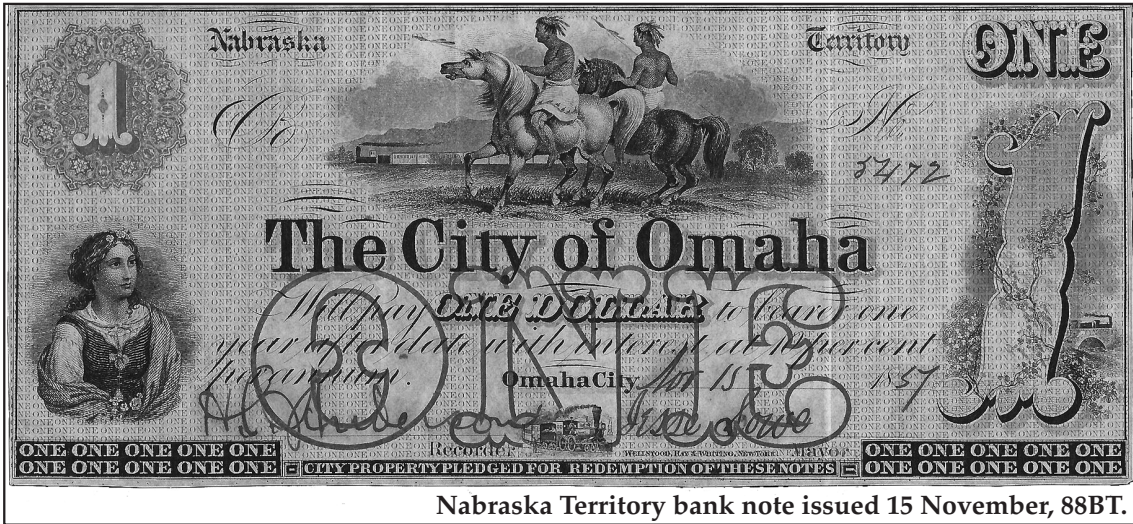
^c WE AT FIRST THOUGHT THEY WERE DUE TO OUR DISHEVELLED APPEARANCE, BUT UPON A SECOND INVENTORY WE DETERMINED THAT WE HAD ALL REMEMBERED TO PUT OUR PANTS BACK ON.

^d NOT THAT YOU'D WANT TO PUT A SOBER EFFORT INTO ANYTHING, BUT SINCE WE'RE SPEAKING THEORETICALLY...

^e ACTUALLY, I'VE GOT MY SIGHTS ON XYZZY, CALIFORNIA, BUT I'M WILLING TO SETTLE.


* See *GDT*, volume 34, issue 8, "Ostentatio Genitalium."

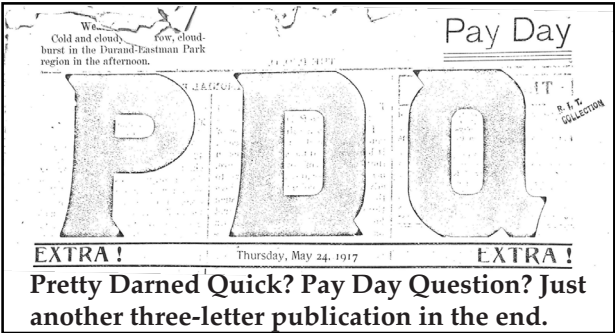
† "Sometime after the Fall 2005 issues were published, according to a letter issued by the *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* staff, there was a large fire that consumed most of their offices including the lab where their computer equipment was stored." RIT Archives. archivesspace.rit.edu/repositories/2/resources/475. Retrieved 11 October 2025.



Nabraska Territory bank note issued 15 November, 88BT.

GDT has, at various points in its history, been accused of being too pseudo-intellectual. Sentences too confusing. Topics too obscure.

We have, as of late, become fascinated with the discovery of student publications at RIT that pre-date GDT and yet share a certain *je ne sais quoi* with how GDT approaches topics. Here, we republish an excerpt from a piece entitled “Ego,” which appeared in the 24 May 1917 edition of *The P.D.Q.* (which we think stands for “Pay Day Question”). Many thanks to the RIT Archives for helping us get a copy of *The P.D.Q.*^[†] 



-by an anonymous GDT helper

I DO NOT CARE TO HAVE MY NAME PUBLISHED WITH THIS ARTICLE, I MIGHT BECOME FAMOUS AND ANY ONE BECOMING FAMOUS WHILE AT MECHANICS^[†] WOULD BE INCONSISTENT AND ABOVE ALL THINGS, I WANT TO BE CONSISTENT.

I WROTE THIS ARTICLE BECAUSE I WAS ASKED. I AM NOT PATTING MYSELF AGAIN BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN SAID, “HE THAT GIVES FROM HIS ABUNDANCE IS NOT HONORED BUT HE THAT GIVES AND GIVES WILLINGLY FROM HIS SMALL STORE SHALL BECOME WORLD-WIDE FAMOUS.”^[‡]

I CONGRATULATE MYSELF, AS I KNOW YOU WOULD DO, DEAR READERS IF YOU KNEW WHO I AM, UPON REMEMBERING SUCH A LONG BIBLICAL QUOTATION.

IT HAS BEEN SAID DICKENS^[§] WROTE FROM A FULLNESS OF HEART, I WOULD NOT, COULD NOT, AND MUST NOT IMPLY THAT I AM LIKE DICKENS, BUT NEVERTHELESS MY HEART IS FULL. YOU WHO HAVE READ DICKENS EXTENSIVELY KNOW THAT HE RAMBLES, I DARE SAY I AM NOT TO BE COMPARED.

I MUST END MY ADMIRER, MUCH QUOTED ARTICLE (I KNOW, DEAR READERS, YOU WILL DO BOTH) OR I SHALL HAVE WRITERS CRAMP. CARLYLE^[¶] HAD WRITERS CRAMP. CARLYLE WAS A STRANGE MAN, NOT BECAUSE HE HAD WRITERS CRAMP BUT BECAUSE HE ABHORRED SPRING HOUSECLEANING.

* We here at GDT like to think we’re not as antisemitic or misogynistic as what we found in *The P.D.Q.*, but opinions differ.

† One of the precursors of the Rochester Institute of Technology was The Rochester Athenaeum and Mechanics Institute, located at the corner of Plymouth Avenue and the Erie Canal Aqueduct (where modern-day Broad Street is located).

‡ This is probably referencing Matthew 25:29. “For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.”

§ Charles Dickens (1812-1870). Dickens gave public readings at the Rochester Athenaeum and Mechanics Association (the precursor of the Rochester Athenaeum and Mechanics Institute) in 1868.

¶ Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881). His view of “heroic vitalism” in which the powerful should be idolized led to the idea of what a later writer called “a Carlylean aristocracy,” and is at least partly responsible for the “great men” theory of history.

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Cowboys strike again

Here, there are too many
rockchucks

It's starting to drive us nuts

So with the gun I was quick

I shot off one's dick

Then there were no new pups

-Rock Goblin

Steal ur Girl

There once was a girl who
like rhyme

Oh, how I wish she was mine

Although she is wed

She'll visit my bed

And there we get along fine

-Rock Goblin

1,000 Little Friends

In my head there are a thousand of you:
they love and hate me too much,
what you'd wear as a costume is their skin
and their words will never be yours.

I hate them all, you know:

They writhe and pile up in my head
till their hands pour from behind my eyes
blinding me to the person in front of me.

Through strained eyes I see double, triple:
a friend and a lover; sad, joyful, tired.
Starting to water from 2,000 clawing hands
I can't see you through the tears.

I could see the truth, once.

Before I lost my blockade against the cold
and that northern wind hollowed me out,
leaving room for 1,000 shadows of you.

-Ada H. Ominam

Send us your prose, your poetry,

Your artwork yearning for eyes to consume,

*The wretched refuse of your
imagination.*

*Send these: the unread,
the mania-written—*

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