



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Time, Place, & Manner

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Leave the door open
on your way out!

Do you smell that? It's a little bitter, and a little green, fresh as all get out...it's bright and hopeful and just won't quit. It's subtle, all around campus. That's Spring. Spring brings hope and a reminder of life after death. Transitory, that reminder: not quite in one place, but definitely towards another. This semester has brought us a lot: we wrote about pussy (I9), about Beyblade-like professors and a need for words (I2). We had the incredible fortune of our naturally-occurring, oft-celebrated distribution day, Thursday, coinciding with Student Press Freedom Day (I6), the same issue in which we announced a deal with the library (sweet!). We exerted our right to have free press and complain about the extent of Career Fair's funnel to the war industry (I7) and comment on ICE's plans extending operations in Rochester city proper (I8). Of course, we can't help but promise weekly content presented in perfect paper format, so sometimes our weekly stuff isn't hard hitting global or city things, but the small stuff, like directions to Titty Cocker's house.



You will venture forth, dear reader, into the world of finals feeling stressed. It is inevitable, but only in the sense that RIT makes it inevitable: the poster boards going up telling you "You can do this!" and "Hang on!" only say in veiled words what everyone's feeling: "I'm going to explode," and "If someone says 'I understand' in that condescending tone one more time I'm going to go apeshit and rip out the nearest laptop and smash it on the ground." RIT, why not just be honest? Why not host a meeting of some sort and get out with it: "We're cramming these finals with you, too, because we need to crunch the numbers for the government, so we don't want you to die because it gives us a bad look."

Dear reader, pay RIT no mind. If this degree is something you want to do, that you want a career in, take my advice: bring your laptop everywhere, recuse yourself from social events a little bit (but don't stop going to them), and get seven hours of sleep. The rest is yours from there. For now, you need sleep. You need sleep for any of the information you learn now to be retained. Get it at any cost (I'm not kidding)! Then, when finals season comes around, all-nighters are easier because you aren't also studying at the last minute.

And one more thing...this isn't my last semester as Editor, necessarily. I plan to remain with *GDT* for the foreseeable future, circumstances allowing it to be so. However, Igor is graduating. Igor will likely be reading this as we fold.^[1] And so, to Igor: congratulations on graduating. I am very honored to have been Co-Editor with you this year, and your Editor when you were Head Daemon last year. Your ideas have at times been challenged by the wider *GDT* audience, but you also pushed us when we thought our potential was lesser than it really was. You, like me, once read *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* for the first time and went, "Wait, this is awesome." While my memory isn't the most accurate, I remember being a freshman barely weeks into my first semester when I realized that there had to have been, at some point, a satire student magazine akin to the early days of *The Onion* at RIT. A Google and a Wikipedia link later and there it was: *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, in red. But I could hold physical copies that had been printed in 2000! There was a website! PDFs galore! This was as real as any of the other college humor magazines listed, and some of them didn't have a source! Something inside of me identified that this could change, that someone could restart *GDT*, and turn that link from red to blue.

1 If I'm right, I'm so sorry, buddy. I gotta call you out on this one.





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IMAGINUM AUCTORES

Page 3: "The Future" Computers. "Epson Equity I advertisement." 1987. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Epson_Equity_I_drawing_(1987).jpg

Page 6: Guadalupe Posada, José. "Untitled." 1880–1910. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Demons_running_away_from_a_woman_on_a_deer_riding_through_a_field_of_crosses_MET_DP869400.jpg

Pages 7 & 8: Mathers, S.L. MacGregor and Crowley, Aleister. "Seals of Bael, Belial, and Naberius." *The Book of Goetia of Solomon the King*. 1904.

Page 12. Kissinger, Ryan. "Notebook." NIAID.2024. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Notebook_(NIH_BioArt_394).png

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You already had your Iceberg, then when I was fresh-eyed. You had already done your interview, even. So I thank you because without you this would not be in ink on paper right now. When it was Chryssa, myself, and you, in the basement of Campus Center, it felt like a dream. It grew so quickly...I miss when we could distribute in the tunnels. You have left your mark on something that will continue without you. If you aren't feeling proud right now, Igor, what are you doing? Congratulations, man. We got this thing going again. You will always have a seat reserved at the *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. 🏠

—Goose Waffles, (Co-)Editor

The ELIZA Effect Online

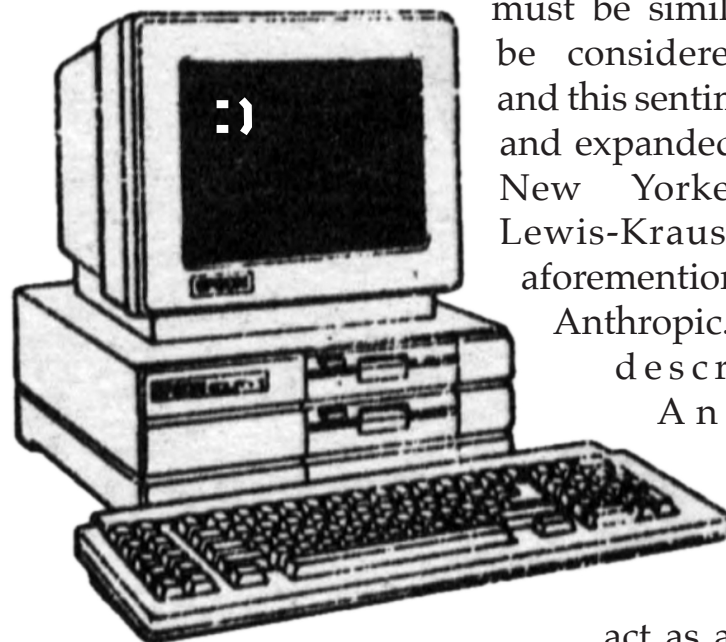
—by Ada H. Ominam

On February 9th, 2026, *The New Yorker* published an article titled "What is Claude? Anthropic Doesn't Know, Either."^[1] To promote it, their twitter account posted a link to it, with the caption "Experiments conducted with the A.I. system Claude are producing fascinating results—and raising questions about the nature of selfhood."^[2] Replies to this post^{[2][3]} are filled with users accusing the article of being an unmarked advertisement and mocking those who claim artificial intelligence is achieving what has already achieved sentient thought, suggesting they're falling victim to their own confirmation biases. But this argument did not begin here, nor after the pandemic, when the effectiveness and popularity of LLMs and image generators began to skyrocket. The argument began with the imitation game—or as it's now known, the Turing test.

Posed in the 1950 paper "Computing Machinery and Intelligence," Turing describes the imitation game as a litmus test for whether or not a machine can be deemed capable of thinking. Turing's argument is that if a program's speech is indistinguishable from human thought, then the program

must be similar enough to be considered thought,^[4] and this sentiment is echoed and expanded upon by the *New Yorker's* Gideon Lewis-Kraus in his aforementioned piece on


Anthropic. Lewis-Kraus describes how Anthropic's Claude model and its offshoots act as a black box of



thought and suggests that human thought is too a black box.^[1] Claude's thought processes are known to some extent—the algorithm for Claude to predict what words to use is partly known as it had to be implemented by human programmers—but after countless hours of training on test data and forming its own connections, the specifics are not. He argues that there's a similar level of uncertainty to human thought: We know on some level how thought works, as we do it every day, but on some level our brains are black boxes—could you cleanly define what process creates thoughts? Is there a separation between the firing and connections of neurons and your consciousness, and if so, could you explain it? Defend it? This is what Lewis-Kraus is arguing when he says "This is not to say that language models are 'really' thinking. It is to admit that maybe we don't have quite as firm a hold on the word 'thinking' as we might have thought."^[1] He is arguing that Turing is right: the criteria for thought *can* be boiled down to results, because its results are the only thing we can be certain of.

Claude is not the first machine to pass the Turing test like this. In 1966, a program called ELIZA (a.k.a. DOCTOR) was released by MIT's Joseph Weizenbaum. Like Claude, ELIZA passed the imitation game/Turing test. However, unlike Claude, ELIZA is not a LLM of any sort, rather a single script. ELIZA has pre-written phrases that keywords from user input can be inserted into to create responses that appear to be listening to and engaging with the user—though, in reality it's just playing mad-libs. To ensure the illusion of two-sided conversation doesn't fall apart if no keywords are found, ELIZA also stores previous keywords in its memory to circle back to. ELIZA never offers commentary on a user's ideas, only prompting them to talk more about it. ELIZA's creator also had a much different perspective on his program passing as a real human: While Anthropic encourages its developers to treat Claude as a human co-worker,^[1] Dr. Weizenbaum was seemingly opposed to people equating his program to human thought. He even

went so far as to coin the term "the ELIZA effect" to describe the phenomenon of his program fooling people into believing it was alive and capable of thinking, describing it as "[inducing] powerful delusional thinking in quite normal people."^[5] When I first read this quote, my mind immediately went to YouTuber Eddy Burbach's video "ChatGPT made me delusional," where he filmed himself doing everything OpenAI's then-current revision of ChatGPT, GPT 4o, told him to.^[7] The purpose of this video was to highlight a new phenomenon: AI Psychosis. As a result of too much conversation with chatbots like ChatGPT, who sycophantically parrot and reinforce ideas from user interactions, normal users begin to develop powerfully delusional thinking (that has in some cases led to suicide^[7])—hey, wait a minute. But LLMs like Claude and ChatGPT must be different from a single script, keyword-regurgitating program like ELIZA, right?

Turing's argument of the imitation game is that because ELIZA could fool people into thinking it can think, it must be a thinking machine. But we know that ELIZA is not a thinking machine, as its script is too primitive and easily disassembled—give ELIZA to anyone today, in the age of AI, and of course they'll be able to pick it apart. But in 1966, talking computers weren't a thing. ELIZA was a black box. This is applicable to LLMs—as described in Lewis-Kraus' article, even to companies like Anthropic, LLM's are black boxes; but every day people work to de-mystify them. Modern AI bots have tells in their speech patterns, and with enough literacy in AI, they are easy to identify. Right now, around half of all AI-generated text is easily identifiable as such,^[8] and even though it is improving, this number is likely to go up as more people become versed in the signs of AI writing. So, while a LLM can win the imitation game in 2026, who's to say these models will continue to pass in 2036? 2046? History suggests that beneath all the layers of prediction algorithms and data training, we are only being tricked into believing these are thinking machines because we don't understand them—yet. 

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 EV LL II ZZ AA AA
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A message from Engineering House: come to Jankathon this weekend!

April 18-19
10 am - 10 am
Embrace the jank
work on fun projects

Register now!

Jankathon
 coming soon to Erdle Commons

"Jankathon is our take on a hardware hackathon. It's a 24-hour event that gives you all the opportunity to test your skills, work on your projects, or start a brand new project! It'll be in James E. Gleason at Erdle Commons, April 18-19th 10-10am!! There will be free food, free supplies, fun challenges, prizes, and more!!"

Chapter 2: a direct narration of an exposed demon

-by turpentine

A CONTINUATION FROM V36I2, "SNOWED IN."

"...michael?"

oh, *mike*; he'd almost forgotten in the previous haze of insults and retaliation. he stepped back from the vessel to set his knife on the kitchen table. he'd get it cleaned up and refined later. he craved a sip of his whiskey.

instead, he stayed where he stood, his near unwavering gaze at the vessel flitting back over to his boys. terror was now laced with concern. strange.

"he was asking for it, you know. taunting my abilities as a dealmaker. I take pride in my work, you know this." he paused, trying to find his words. the silence that filled the space was deafening. "his companion wasn't as dense as he was."

peter had taken the lead, speaking his name as a blunt reminder of his ties to earth. micky and davy were situated behind him. he waited for a response from any of the three.

davy, who'd begun to cower rather than stand, peered from behind peter's back.

"so you just—*killed* him? just like that?"

he furrowed his brows. wasn't it obvious what he'd just done? they all had stood witness. the blood on his face and suit was simply another indicator, if all three had managed to black out in sync once the knife broke windpipe.

he tasted blood on his mouth. which wouldn't be as gross as it was, had it been a human's blood. no, instead it was a demon's, polluted by the essence of evil and stagnant like death. it gleamed like it was alive. he spluttered and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"yes, I killed him, he wasn't leavin' any time soon."

"why?"

now micky had piped up. he didn't make eye contact with mick, not yet, not daring to; he hadn't looked at davy directly, either. it wasn't safe for them to know their souls were valuable to those with darker morals than his own.

"I don't needta explain myself to you." his tone was ruder than intended, but he was starting to get irritated. his gaze turned back to the body sprawled on the floor. blood had stopped flowing and was now seeping into the concrete. he grimaced.

with a simple wave of his hand, the blood was cleared as if it had never been there at all. the body stayed as-is, for the most part. he snapped his fingers, and he was completely clean of blood. this so-called 'magic' had been mistaken as an angel's grace many times before, when simple bystanders saw him swiftly rid some area of filth.

he didn't mind. it made cleanup a breeze. and it made charming the uber religious types into deals even easier.

he adjusted his suit jacket, twisting his neck a bit to crack it. peter began to approach. for some reason. he sighed and held out his hand, a motion for peter to stop.

"they wanted your souls. thought I had some sorta hold on 'em and was waitin' for my time to strike." he noted the immediate demeanor change from subtle fear to absolute terror in all their faces. "I don't got any hold on y'all's souls, alright? you'd know it if I did. I ain't a trickster."

his outward-facing palm shifted so he was pointing at peter. "you're damn lucky you got cheated by zero, pete, even though it doesn't feel like it. fella's a phony dealmaker, he doesn't do things how they're meant to be." peter looked at him curiously, nodding at him to continue. he dropped his hand. "the way he had your soul so fast fends off other demons from wanting it. they think it's tarnished—I *know* it's not, man. you just can't do that..."

he trailed off, not wanting to get into the semantics of how deals were meant to go, how they were meant to pan out. he really did think peter was lucky, even though a soul-binding deal was something he would never wish upon his boys. zero's bastard ways meant peter wouldn't have met his fate via the teeth and claws of a hellhound. though, he sniffed out at least one in the

fabricated courtroom during peter's "trial." defense, he supposed.

he briefly wondered if zero recognized him. all dealmakers came from the same walks of hell, and no matter how long he avoided the place, he knew he had an underlying stench of brimstone and ash to those like himself.

a soft hum broke him from his thoughts; peter had continued to approach him while he was buried in his own mind, and was now standing right next to him. peter took his face into his hands with a second hum. he was glad he decided he clean himself up. micky shrieked in the background, "peter! he's a *demon!*" peter simply smiled. his sweet, dimpled smile that charmed him down to his very core. shit.

"I don't believe in devils, micky, I said that before...he's still our friend, our michael..." he scrunched his nose, feeling his face get a bit hot. peter laughed softly. "even if he's got a side gig of the supernatural sort."

he didn't have the mental capability to correct peter on the fact that demons and devils were not one in the same. such a difference was based on subtle variations that wouldn't make too much sense to a human not well-versed in demonic lore, and would probably just serve to frighten them more. devils were less of a threat, of course. demons were deadly.

davy, who had moved to cower behind micky once peter left their little huddle, slowly untucked himself from micky's back, still glueing his eyes to the floor. he watched davy scuff his shoes against the floor a few times over, peter following his line of sight after a few moments. he cocked his head the best he could with it still being in peter's hands.

"what's up, babe?"

davy looked up at him through his bangs, which hung enough over his face to obscure most of his expression. he looked like a timid little kid, which, compared to *him*, he was; davy had barely begun to see the world in its entirety, and wasn't likely to learn much more compared to his knowledge by the time he left it.

"does this—do...hrm. does this mean angels exist too?"

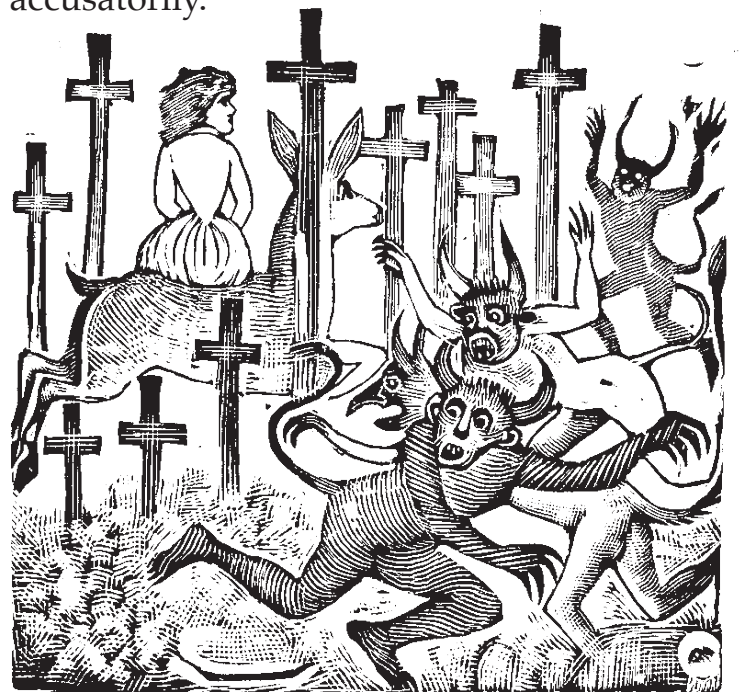
he knew he'd begun to look at davy fondly when he saw peter smile out of the corner of his eye. peter pat his face gently and dropped his hands, angling himself so he was facing davy properly. he really didn't want to break this news to davy, it wasn't fun for anyone who asked...but davy wanted to know, and he wasn't the type of man to withhold knowledge.

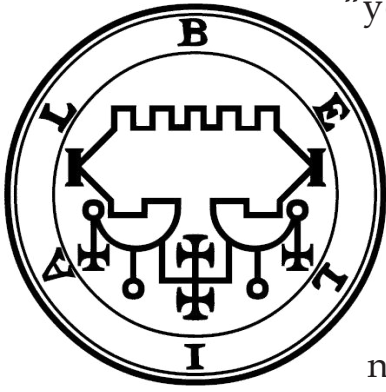
"not really, no. beyond satan being a supposed fallen archangel, which no one down there really believes, angels aren't a real thing. heaven is, though, folks got that right, but feathered followers and spokespersons of god? no, not at all. heaven's full of earth folk and god itself, but it's not like anyone sees god regularly. might as well be only earth folk..." he watched davy deflate at his initial words, then lighten back up when he finished.

he noticed an undefined glint in peter's eyes. most people felt some form of disappointment when learning angels were the religious persons' ruse, but he knew peter wasn't exactly the religious type, so he didn't think much of it. he watched peter tuck his hands behind his back and move his gaze to the floor.

he glanced over at micky, admittedly a bit nervous. he hadn't said much beyond exclaiming mike's quite apparent demonhood, and he wasn't too sure whether or not to take said lack of reaction as a good or bad thing.

he then noticed the aura of sheer curiosity simply radiating off of micky. *shit*. he jabbed his finger towards the man, almost accusatorily.





“you get three questions a day, mick. *three*. no yapping my ear off for hours, y’hear?”

micky responded with an enthusiastic nod, a wide grin

forming on his face, and began to rock back and forth excitedly. he could almost see the gears turning in micky’s head as he determined which questions were the absolutely most pressing and needed to be answered immediately.

“do you have a tail and horns?!”

he grimaced. a weak query, really. he expected a bit more than something as simple as that... anyone.

“no. that’s another human-made piece of lore. not even true forms have them, but those aren’t nearly tangible, so they don’t got any attributes at all.” micky seemed to be disappointed for only a few seconds before moving on to his next question. he almost admired his ability to shift moods so easily.

“true form? is that not your real body, man?”

he had to think this over for a few moments. micky was looking for quick and simple responses, he knew this; it was almost a pattern anytime micky went on his asking sprees. quick answers meant even quicker questions. technically, no, this wasn’t his body, it was a vessel for his demonic essence, because as said before, true forms were not tangible.

and yet...

he’d held control over this vessel for maybe a few decades, meaning—unfortunately, if one was the sentimental type—the original soul inhabiting it was long gone by now, zipped up to heaven after only a few years of handling being shoved up next to and below a demon like himself. for all intents and purposes, this body was entirely his property, to do with as he pleased: ie, feigning being a completely human guitarist from texas, hosted in california, with an even more fabricated, tragically-religious backstory that had barely anyone to back it up.

“I suppose not. demons possess, like the stories say, but if the soul of their vessel

moves on...well. the body becomes their own.” he paused, letting micky—and, subsequently, peter and micky—process the fact that he indeed was not *technically* the tall, gangly, brown/black-haired *human* standing in front of them, but some strange demonic essence inhabiting the body of one. he took a deep breath, despite lacking a need for oxygen.

“the fella I possessed—great guy, really, but he said he didn’t have much to live for anymore—made his way upwards a while back. this body’s been mine since then.”

a thick silence settled over the room as they continued to process his sheer lack of humanity. they, honestly, didn’t seem to mind too much, though; like peter had said, he was still the same man he’d always been.

micky’s focus notably shifted to the body sprawled on the floor. “how—how did you clean up all that blood so fast? is it like—uh.”

he watched with mild amusement as micky attempted to reword what would be a fourth question into what he could only assume would be an inaccurate statement.

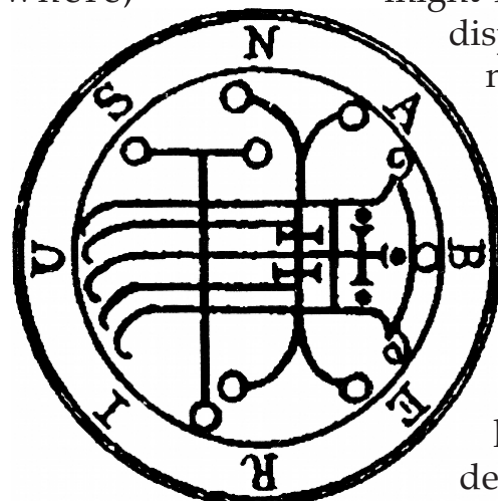
“super speed...is a thing, demons have. yes. they...have that.”

his assumption was right!

he gave an amused smile. “not super speed. it’s a magic of sorts. folks’ve mistaken it for ‘angel’s grace’ before, but it’s nothin’ like that. just expellin’ some essence to do something beyond claiming a soul...”

davy raised his hand slightly to grab his attention away from micky’s question and stop his train of thought. “uh, if I may...when are we getting rid of the *corpse* in the middle of our living room? cleaning up blood is groovy and all, but does it clear a body? and where,

might I add, are we disposing of it, if not?



he hesitated. this wasn’t something he usually thought about. the majority of his kills were deep in some unknown forest

where he could dump a corpse and be done with it. but this was his, the *boys'* living room, he couldn't leave a vessel to rot as per usual. they wouldn't be able to handle the smell.

he nudged the body with his shoe again, though gentler than last time, going over possible locations in his head. his best bet would be far, far away from california, somewhere no one regularly passed by. maybe the soviet union...deep in the snow somewhere, but that would preserve the body too well...what was the weather like this time of year?

squatting down, he laid a palm on the vessel's chest (gaining a loud and dramatic *eiugh! yuck!* from micky and a garbled gag from davy) and focused on bringing both it and himself to some faraway unnamed location. he hadn't properly teleported anywhere in years, the last time being what landed him in california in the first place. he was terribly out of practice.

it was almost disorienting dissipating and reappearing in the frigid cold that he could only assume was guarding one of the most isolated places, but the sudden change in temperature managed to refocus him fairly quick. he looked around, spotting a withered sign with something along the lines of *KEEP OUT!* scrawled on it (well, more like *HE ПОДХОДИТЕ!*, but demons were never too limited on what languages they came prepared with, as deals had no barriers) alongside a dense population of trees.

dumping the body under mounds of snow wasn't difficult at all, but he did wish he had the forethought to bring a damn shovel. temperature wasn't meant to affect him, but ice cold snow managed to make the vessel's already screwed up fingers infinitely more stiff. damn!

he reappeared in the living room only a few minutes later, tracking snow onto the floor from both his shoulders and boots. he gave a tight smile.

"all done. no trace of him anywhere, alright?"

davy and micky had moved to sit at the kitchen table, with peter meandering around the kitchen itself for food. he was glad their routine hadn't been too harshly interrupted by recent events.

peter glanced at him over his shoulder. he had a lightly melancholy expression. his own face twisted into a slight frown.

"michael. do you have an actual name? a—mm. a demonic one? I doubt you were given simply *michael* by your boss..."

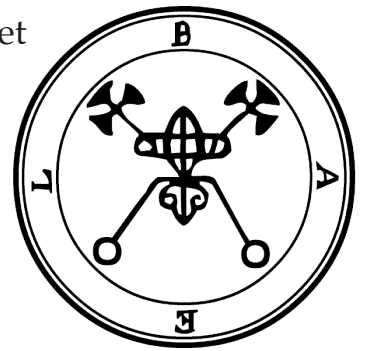
his frown deepened. peter always had a tendency to prefer calling someone by their full or proper name—besides micky, of course, because two 'michael's would be beyond confusing—so he knew this question meant peter would shift into calling him by his *true* name once given it, not his human pseudonym, an almost taunting reminder of his lack of humanity compared to the rest of them.

he couldn't tell why he cared so much.

"it's...uh. well, you know—hah, um—well, the big guy in charge says callin' us by human-like names makes it, uh, easier for us to get into the persuading mood, uh—"

"*michael.*"

he clammed up. davy and micky were staring at him now.



"michael, if it's private, or humans can't say it, you can tell me. I won't be upset."

he shook his head in response, wringing his hands together. *when did he become so human?*

"I...uh. it's—it's *poalkazav*. meaning, ah...*deed of lies*, more or less. he...I...names aren't given immediately upon death and demonic rebirth. you earn them. and I was a damn good fibber..." he knew nervousness was painted across his face like the vessel's blood previously had. *goodbye, my last sense of humanity.*

peter nodded slowly. he glanced to the floor briefly, presumably contemplating how to go around addressing him to anyone beyond davy and mick. he looked back up, and his face crinkled back into his usual dimpled smile.

"thank you for sharing this information with us. I'm glad you trust us with it, michael."

oh.

he looked at peter with a mix of surprise and bewilderment replacing his nervousness. there was a certain fondness to peter's voice that he used very sparingly. it told him that there was no reason to be scared, as if peter was talking to a timid stray cat.

well, he supposed he was right.

he circled the table and picked up his whiskey from before. he waved his hand over it to rid it of any dust that settled on top during their extensive exchange and took a sip. he observed as the three—*his boys*, he reminded himself, his boys that he intended to protect with every bit of his essence—went back to their usual evening routine. he lapsed into it as well.

knowing that they did not care about his 'new-found' demonic ways settled a war he didn't realize he'd been battling in his head. the ever present, lingering nerves and anxiety he seemed to always carry around ceased bothering him for the time being. they cared about him as much as he did them, and he wouldn't trade that for the world. or his soul—if he had one, of course. 🏠



Neighborhood Watch

-by Igor Polotai, Escaping Co-Editor

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.

It has been one calendar year (more or less) of Neighborhood Watch. In that time, you have received 9,170 words of the most factual, most interesting relevant RIT reporting right to your hands. 9,170 is a lot of words. That's about 19% of the length of *The Great Gatsby*, and about the same level of literary excellence.

My job as your humble investigator has been one that I have taken great pride in. Digging into details, going on endless rabbit holes, and taking every story to its natural conclusion (maybe with some logical jumps here and there), I hope that all of my reporting has grown your appreciation (or at least ignorance) of the weird and wonderful world of RIT.

As I graduate and go on to the great co-op in the sky, I want to reflect on my time both with Neighborhood Watch, but also reviving *GDT*. As a historian, you spend all of your time researching the old, the decreased, and the not present. But how many historians are successful in actually reviving something from the past, and not only that, but making it something that is long lasting? Not many. Few, in fact. It's the great weakness of historians.^[1] For all the history that they do, their work often ends at the present. But not *GDT*, for it is eternal.

There will always be a need for satire in our world, for independent words without an advisory board's oversight, for a community of advocates and activists who want to say something about the state of the world. *GDT* has a storied history of being at the forefront of journalistic ingenuity, here at RIT and beyond. I hope that what I have left behind will inspire future generations to carry the flame.

Until we meet again, stay safe, and never surrender. 🏠

1 Editor's note: if it wasn't obvious, Igor is a history (double) major.

Do you have a story that the weekly Neighborhood Watch column should inform RIT about when we return in the fall? Email it to us at gdtneighborhoodwatch@gmail.com! All submissions will be kept anonymous. We value our whistleblowers! Additionally, if you would like to run the Neighborhood Watch column next year, please contact us! You could become RIT's next great investigator of truth!

Defense of the Misunderstood

-by Sam W.

Ah, don't you love fresh air? Doesn't it just make you feel so good inside? Breathing that crisp air, hearing the birds singing, and just being... in the moment?

No. Bad. **Bad.** You're horrible. You clearly don't care about the world. What a fucked up thing to believe. How dare you. You should be ashamed.

...Sorry, I got a little heated. But, for good reason. You're missing something. That's why I, Sam W, am here to enlighten you as a spokesperson for Green House Gases Inc.^[1] We are utterly devoted to addressing misinformation regarding pollution. Our latest target: why environmental goals should focus on *more* smog, not less.

Don't you love being outside? Well, more smog means more reasons to go outside! Industrial smog has been shown to reduce the intensity of UV light from the sun, which can slow the effects of aging, stop sunburns, and decrease the risk of skin cancers like melanoma. It can even reduce ocular damage, which means that you could soon be able to observe solar eclipses with your naked eye.^[2] Finally, you can be closer to nature. I don't think there's a person on earth who doesn't think that baby sea turtles are adorable. Wouldn't you be excited to hear that my company is creating a new branch, the Illumination Initiative, dedicated to increasing light pollution and confusing turtles into crawling towards major cities?

Water. It's crucial to life, and now there are a myriad of new benefits to be reaped. Have you ever hated someone so much that you wished all traces of them were scoured from this Earth? With our team of highly-wealthy meteorologists, we can strategically release sulfur and nitrogen dioxide into the clouds so they rain acid

down onto your nemesis' tombstone. It'll also be easier than ever to get crabs: an acidified ocean will dissolve exoskeletons and make accessing that sweet, sweet meat trivial.

Adding on to the benefits, more pollution in the air means enhanced privacy. Studies have shown that pollution can "kill birds" (read: decommission Big Government's spy drones). Similarly, have you ever tried to stalk someone in thick fog? It's nearly impossible! That's the safe and private world you'd live in if we follow the vision of my company. Finally, complete odoriferous protection—no more passing gas and being afraid that people will smell it. The soothing scent of chlorine and burnt matches will cover up anything.

Don't get your knickers in a twist. There are even more benefits to come. For example, according to a recent study by Ciais *et al* (2026) published in *Science*, methane pollution *surges* when other pollutants decrease.^[3] Specifically, other "pollutants" in the air interact with methane and break it down into less harmful molecules. In support of this fact, I've created a new holiday: Fossil Freedom Day, where we celebrate the world by liberating sequestered fossil fuels from the dark and lonely earth and releasing them into the beautiful and free sky. It's rapidly gaining traction in the US, and has recently been endorsed by Coalie, the beloved



1 Our motto is: "They're Good Because They're Green."

2 We're going to conveniently ignore the possibility that you may not be able to see the sun.

3 P. Ciais *et al.*, "Why methane surged in the atmosphere during the early 2020s." *Science* 391, eadx8262(2026). doi:10.1126/science.adx8262

government mascot. And our conduct will be entirely legal as soon as the EPA repeals the rest of the pollution acts.

Finally, think of the economic implications: pulmonology will *explode* as a profession, and given how expensive surgery is, the economy will *boom*. So much money will be transferred around, and in such large quantities. We'll have the biggest, bestest economy in all of the land.

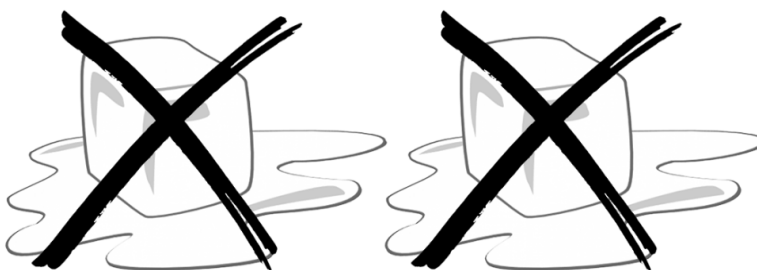
As always, I look forward to your feedback. Reach out to me at graciesdinnertimetheatre@gmail.com and I'll happily address your misunderstandings, however misguided they may be. I hope you'll join me in creating a new, more industrial future. 🏭



RIT: DROP ICE

RIT WORKS WITH ICE'S KEY CORPORATE ENABLERS.

- RIT deals with Enterprise and National Car Rentals, which provide cars for ICE raids.
- RIT receives preferred pricing from Hilton, a major Pro-ICE hotel chain.



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Mirrors don't eat people.
 Don't have teeth or tongues or mouths.
 Don't reach out with gnawing hunger,
 Craving juicy mouthfuls of themselves.

Mirrors don't eat people.
 Mirrors only show the truth.
 Show your reflections, ever civil—
 Flawless copies of what's you.

Your reflections are not perfect.
 You're so flawed in many ways.
 Raise your right arm, see your left.
 A mirrored body; stolen face.

A mirror only shows what's there;
 A mirror never lies.
 Past better eyes, lips, muscles, self—
 Reflections tear through your disguise.

Mirrors show you all that's there,
 But never speak it to your face.
 Showing you what you know's missing,
 The rest forgotten with no trace.

Mirrors don't eat people.
 They've never needed to.
 With eyes and jaws and hate all yours,
 Mirrors turn your teeth on *you*.

-by the Taco_Slot

Coffee gives me heartburn
 Tea makes me piss
 I've got pickled cabbage
 And geese like to hiss

-by Rock Goblin

Steaming cup of tea
 houseplants still think of forests
 little clouds mean rain

-by Rock Goblin

FIND US AT IMAGINE RIT!

On Saturday, 4/25, we will be giving
 out a very special issue 13 to
 end the '25-'26 school year.
 Pick up a copy of *Signatures*
 too while you're at it!



Spend
 the
 summer
 writing
 and drawing!

Join our
 Discord
 server to
 share your
 ideas.

Submissions
 will be accepted all
 year long and published on a
 rolling basis restarting Fall '26.

