



Sea Monkeys

"Fly my monkeys! Fly!"

Alas I have come to the conclusion that my days are numbered, my end is nigh. I recently started a small Sea Monkey colony in some Fountainhead™ bottled water. How could I not? That massive two liter cerulean blue bottle screamed out in its containerly way to be more than a subtle reference to an Ayn Rand novel sitting on the bookshelf of the Hell's Kitchen's office. It wanted greatness. It wanted to become what its name destined it to be. But if I knew then what I know now.... Well...let's just say things would be different.

When I began the colony, I carefully followed the discordant directions placed all over the packages....

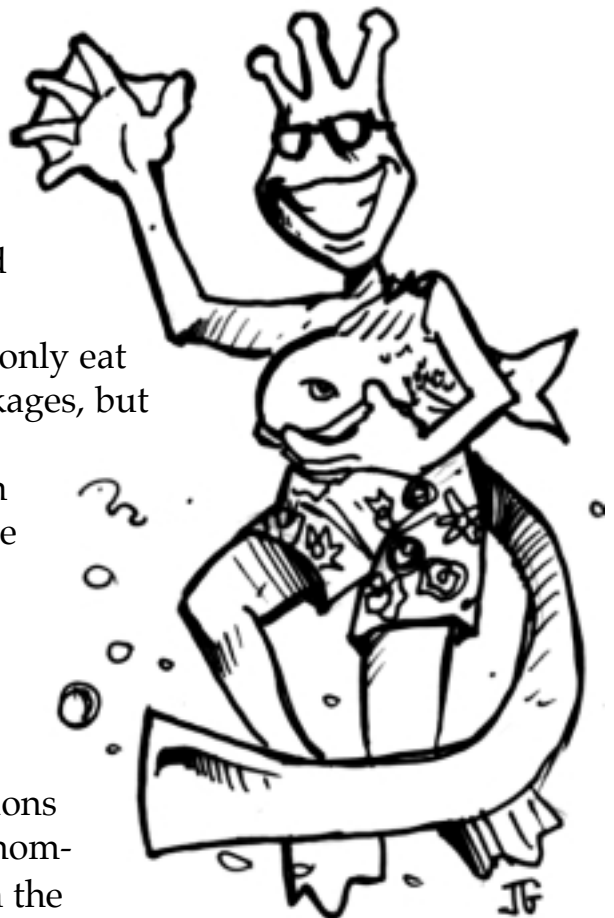
5.2 *And as I opened the Fountainhead and dumped out most of the water I called, "Come and see!" And the staff saw as a third of the waters were poured out. When I opened the package, the staff cried "Let us see!" and I showed onto them the wiggy light, book of instructions, and elixirs. And when I opened the Water Purifier, behold, there came a great earthquake and the sun became as black as sack cloth, and the moon became as blood.*

8.1 *When I broke the seal on the Instant Life packet, there was silence in the office for about half an hour. Fine mists of Powdered Monkeys and Powdered Monkeys Starting Fluid shifted slowly through the air around me. The moment of truth arrived and verilly, I inhaled.*

I have contracted a case of the sea monkeys, tiny creatures imbedded snugly in the mucous membranes of my nose, waiting for me to sneeze or cough, thereby releasing the waiting hoards into the air around me. This fiendish brood has turned me into the next Typhoid Mary.

Sure the package says that Sea Monkeys will only eat the special Sea Monkey Food provided in the packages, but unlike my sea monkeys, I wasn't born yesterday. I know of the gluttonous appetites contained within those translucent sperm-shaped bodies. Those little bastards are as voracious as tiger sharks, with less discerning tastes.

You may ask yourself what kind of damage could a macroscopic airborne brine shrimp do to the everyday world? Well, given the right atmospheric conditions (high humidity, high concentrations of silver nitrate, an average Rochester day), a phenomena known as *Artema voltronicus*∞ occurs, in which the





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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millions of airborne sea monkeys coalesce in one area and form a massive humanoid entity. This being stands nine feet tall and floats inches above the ground, really freaking out the resident physicists.

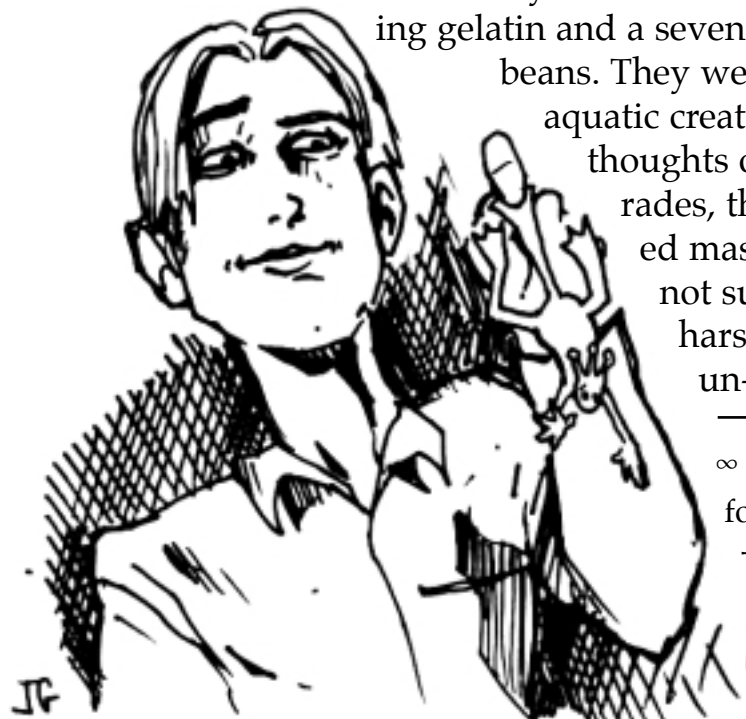
(No, I'm serious! You should see them banging their heads in the corner trying to wrap their head around it. They're willing to accept a nine-foot tall gestalt sea monkey, but have it hover above the ground? No sale.)

Regardless, this creature from the darkest stygian nightmares of sociopathic children seeks one thing and one thing only—revenge. You might think that the sea monkeys have only a simple basal ganglia and cannot remember faces that were distorted by water and acrylic. Wrong. In this gestalt phase of their existence, which all sea monkeys (the ones who survive, that is) go through prior to total enlightenment, the individual basal gangliae combine to form an intricate neural network that rivals the complexity of the human brain.

They remember you!

Yes, the instructions say that shaking them up will not hurt them and is, in fact, like a fun roller-coaster ride, but they remember all the times you shook up the water, pulverizing their little bodies. All the times you forgot to feed them in favor of gallivanting about on one of your numerous sexual escapades, all the times you let the cat drink out of the con-

tainer.[†] They recall the anguish involving gelatin and a seven pound can of beans. They weep (as best an aquatic creature can) at the thoughts of fallen comrades, those dehydrated masses who could not survive the harsh conditions of un-purified, chlo-



[∞] And I'll form...the head!

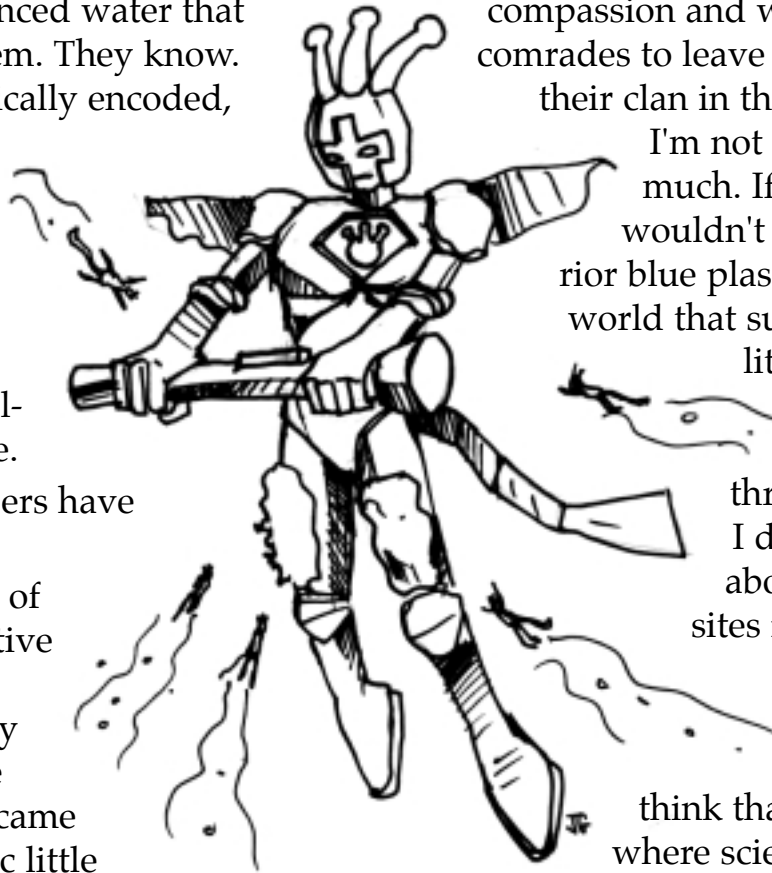
[†]"That's what happened to mine," said Clare in a quiet voice.

minated, fluoride enhanced water that you inflicted upon them. They know. This memory is genetically encoded, special in nature. When the Instant Life package hits the liquid, you can almost hear the anguished screams of thousands of souls calling out to the universe.

"Father, the sleepers have awoken!"

The sea monkeys of today recall the collective past of sea monkeys worldwide, all the way back to 1962 when the first Sea Monkey kits came to the hands of sadistic little children...like your parents. They know the hardships of their ancestors,^Ω who were powerless to defend themselves against an onslaught of opposable thumbs. But no more. They're bigger than you now, and all those years of watching "Kung Fu" with David Caradine were for naught, because as a coalescent being, they can alter their shape. Any punch, kick, or fired projectile easily passes through the Gestalt Brine Shrimp (GBS), rendering you powerless and looking quite silly.

On a daily basis I visit the colony I created, desperately clinging to the hope that perhaps these creatures have a shred of



compassion and will convince their comrades to leave my nose to rejoin their clan in the bottle. But really

I'm not fooling myself too much. If they knew it wouldn't rebound off the interior blue plastic walls of the world that surrounds them, those little gits would probably be crapping in their hands and throwing it at me, and I don't want to think about what the parasites in my bronchial tubes are doing in their free time.

Besides, I think that I may have gone where science never should

have, or some suitably poignant phrase you can hear in any 1950's Sci-fi flick. By hatching the Sea Monkeys, normally a gestalt creature, in a bottle of Fountainhead drinking water, their nature has changed. Those in the bottle have become rugged egoists, refusing to join with the collective. Everytime the monkey's infecting me try and join their comrades, they are cast out by the now individualist Sea Monkeys.

But in the process, the Fountainhead Sea Monkeys (*Artemia solitarius*) are slowly weakening from their unaccustomed new lifestyle of aloofness and rampant capitalism. Great Scott, they're Republicans![¥]

^Ω Curiously, Sea Monkeys can not recall the fate of their kind that lived short, euphoric lives in bong water. It is curious to note that the Sea Monkey's concept of the Vessel with the Pestle, the Flagon with the Dragon, and the Chalice from the Palace are all strikingly similar to that of very complex, multi-chambered bongs.

[¥] Well, not modern day Republicans, but what domestic Republicans dream about when their genes call them back to the days when their ancestors oppressed workers to buy Park Place and form monopolies.

Yeah, I'm going down, but I'm taking two or three of you with me. I sneezed on the fish of the day at Wegmans. Just another airborne sea monkey making its way in the world.

Maybe I'm one of the lucky ones; one of the few people who'll die before the AGE OF THE SEA MONKEY is at hand. They've got it all planned out. You think you're in control? Yes, they wig out every time you force them into the light after a long stint of darkness, but who's got whom trained? Thanks to me going where science yaddah, yaddah, yaddah, bla, bla, bla, you have been left you in the hands of some of the mightiest exoskeletal criminal master minds the world has ever seen.

Armed with a 16 D-Cell metal flash light, the GBS shines it in people's eyes causing momentary blindness for the lucky, blithering insanity for the unfortunate, and

general wigginess for most. This allows enough time for nano-brine to enter the body of the hapless victim where they eat away at the host, multiplying at a staggering rate. When finished, they leave nothing except the bones and skin which they can

manipulate to look like politicians▼ and media superstars like Gary Hart, Newt Gingrich, Don King, and Wilt Chamberlain, capable of fooling even the most observant mistresses and/or voters. These soon to be cultural icons are planning on taking over the world and turning the four corners area into a giant aerorium,

but they can only accomplish this goal with your support.

To help, send \$19.95 to:

HELP THE SEA MONKEYS DESTROY MAN
PO Box 1475

NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019-1475

All donations are tax deductible and will help end the Age of the Primate.



These scientists are working secretly on plans for world domination.

▼ According to their literature, Transcience Corporation, the makers of Sea Monkeys, is located on "Seventy acres of privately owned land that rolls right to the banks of the historic Potomac River that flows past the White House in Washington, D.C." Spooky, eh?

Want to be a writer for *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*?

We know there are people out there who have thought about helping, but have performance anxiety. Overcome your self doubt. Come and play!

Contact us at gdt@iname.com



Femi-nazi: Yes, Ani and me.

by Kelly Gunter

Everything started slowly for me. From the age of ten or eleven, cars slowing down as they passed me, offering me lifts and varied other pleasures. After which, many would begin to pace about me in their cars, following me, thinking I did not notice. I became alarmed by the recent trends and took what actions I could to escape such probing predators when I could identify them.

As I grew older, the problems worsened. The scavengers stalked, and I, the prey, grew eyes to know at a glance what their next move was. One little flicker of the eyes to know. Does he want something? Is he dangerous? Whenever the answers became yes, the next question had no time for hesitation. What are my choices and what are the probable outcomes of those choices?

If you panic, you make a wrong move. If you make a wrong move, they spring the trap.

It was easy enough to avoid most who scavenged from cars, but sometimes encounters on foot would become too close for comfort—a dangerously drunken man tried to kill a companion of mine after he (my friend) had taken responsibility as my “boyfriend” (a lie to help protect me from the man) because the man had been following us around for a few hours prior to this. The man had pulled a knife on my friend's back after he had clearly lost in a fist fight over who would “own” me. If someone hadn't called the police, there is no telling how things would have

ended for me that day. I was only thirteen and puberty wasn't to strike me for another two years....

In the wake of my present days I shy away from the sun's comfort and embrace the darkness as my only mistress for the light offers a certain kind of death that I feel suits me not. But these days my mistress is a danger to me as well. When I was younger, there was certainly an element of danger to the night, but never so much as today. The last time I ventured forth without male escort around, at one or two in the morning, a car in the distance must have noticed my presence by the side of the road, for they sped up and stopped ten feet away as I emerged from under a tree. Two large men in their mid-twenties stepped out of their vehicle and began walking towards me. Unbeknownst to them I had a secret, hidden beneath the foliage of the tree. A rather large, fierce-looking secret.

As my German shepherd stepped forward from beneath her hiding spot, the two men suddenly looked alarmed and quickly ran back to their car. As they slammed the doors behind, one yelled back at me, “We just wanted to fuck your dog!” and sped off. I had certainly been safe in her care, but she is dead now, and her corpse can be of no use to me. The night is as dangerous a place as the day now, and I can find no rest.

Up until a few years ago, I still clung to a small space of naiveté. Wary of strangers I was, but wariness of friends was something I hadn't even conceived of. This was quickly rectified by the first month of college when I was assaulted by

someone I thought was a friend of mine, in his car, when he had offered me a lift. For the first time I was taken by surprise. My mind, which had always flown so rapidly through case scenarios to offer my best chance of escape, abandoned me. I was alone in this, and I was utterly incapacitated by shock.

From all of these things I have learned and adapted. I have become the perfect prey for a hunter who wishes a challenge. But these are no hunters, they are scavengers. They wish for only the easy targets, they eat fear, confusion, and hesitation—all traits I can no longer afford to own. I am no longer allowed to trust unless that trust has been earned to an extreme degree. I am no longer allowed to let my guard down. I am no longer allowed to rest, because I am what was termed the third “failure” in my family. A failure to be male. A failure to be a predator. For the fleeting moments of sperm and egg I am to be blamed and hounded for something that has absolutely nothing to do with who I am: my sex.

So I must be a femi-nazi, for that is what they call women merely disgusted by the current state of affairs. I must be a femi-nazi, because I don't hate men...I hate what some of them do. I hate being chided for my sex as being illogical, weak, overly emotional—feelings I can not have. I hate always having to disprove the assumption that just because I am a young

female, I must be immature, naive, and unintelligent. I hate having to ward off potential loved-ones who insist on protecting me, and fighting my battles for me while I am supposed to watch on in a state of impotence of control over my own life.

Honestly, I don't wish for your pity. I want your understanding. I am a woman, and as such, this is the meal that has been forced onto my plate. As my parents used to tell me, “You don't have to like it, you just have to eat it.”

How appropriate.

I ask only, not to be judged by the women you might have known, and I will promise not to judge you by the men I have known. Remember that I am a person and not a people. Just because the designs seem similar, it does not necessarily mean that we were all cut from the same cloth. We are each individuals, men and women alike, and we should be treated as such. You don't know where I've come from and you don't know where I've been. Just accord me and my kind the same respect you might offer up to a man, at least until you know better.

All I want now is to be able to wander, free of the potential sexual snares. I want to lay down my head and rest a while, for the exhaustion of daily life has beaten me down. I want a freedom most men take for granted.

Oops!

In the credits for last week's article Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond received top billing when in fact the idea and rough draft came from Robert Mac Kay. We apologize for not giving credit where credit is due.

"Where books are burned, human beings are destined to be burned too."

-German-Jewish poet, Heinrich Heine, 1830's.



Random Fact:

Starting 20 May, 325AD, the Church Fathers began to decide what was and wasn't canonical literature. It wasn't until the Council of Florence in 1439-1443 AD that the Pope issued a bull stating what were to be the officially recognized books of the New Testament. Several hundred other books that had been recognized as divinely inspired were left to rot in closets after that time.

10 May 12BT, Nazi Germany: Biology students hard at work selectively recreating their universes.

"...THE ERA OF EXTREME JEWISH INTELLECTUALISM IS NOW AT AN END. THE BREAKTHROUGH OF THE GERMAN REVOLUTION HAS AGAIN CLEARED THE WAY ON THE GERMAN PATH...THE FUTURE GERMAN MAN WILL NOT JUST BE A MAN OF BOOKS, BUT A MAN OF CHARACTER. IT IS TO THIS END THAT WE WANT TO EDUCATE YOU. AS A YOUNG PERSON, TO ALREADY HAVE THE COURAGE TO FACE THE PITILESS GLARE, TO OVERCOME THE FEAR OF DEATH, AND TO REGAIN RESPECT FOR DEATH - THIS IS THE TASK OF THIS YOUNG GENERATION. AND THUS YOU DO WELL IN THIS MIDNIGHT HOUR TO COMMIT TO THE FLAMES THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE PAST. THIS IS A STRONG, GREAT AND SYMBOLIC DEED - A DEED WHICH SHOULD DOCUMENT THE FOLLOWING FOR THE WORLD TO KNOW - HERE THE INTELLECTUAL FOUNDATION OF THE NOVEMBER (DEMOCRATIC) REPUBLIC IS SINKING TO THE GROUND, BUT FROM THIS WRECKAGE THE PHOENIX OF A NEW SPIRIT WILL TRIUMPHANTLY RISE..."

Did you have trouble finding some pages in your Gracies Dinnertime Theatre in RIT's Science Building last week?

If you did, we apologize for the mistake and wish to rectify the situation if possible. If you would care to send us a letter with a list of all of the missing pages and a stamped, self-addressed envelope, we will send you your missing

pages. Alternatively we are also posting the missing pages in PDF format to our web site (www.csh.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/missing.pdf) and you may peruse them at your leisure there.

We apologize for the inconvenience.

pluggéd

by Michael Grandner and Justine Grey.

Jiversmoothen: (UNTITLED)

Of all the music I listen to, I must admit that very rarely do I find a CD that I can listen to over and over again. One such CD is the release of an untitled 4-song EP by the band Jiversmoothen (by the way, it is pronounced JIVE - ER - SMOO - THEN).

The band consists of Dave Raymond on guitar and lead vocals, Dana Bennett on bass, and Jon Coyles on percussion. They are all from the Horseheads area in New York, which is about an hour and a half drive south of Rochester. Jon, the drummer, is a student at the U of R, so if you want information about the band you can call him at (716) 274-3211. I suggest you do, if you are interested, since this EP is not available in any stores yet and is homemade.

Despite the low-fi production, the final product is better than many professionally produced chart-toppers. It is truly a quality production that captures the sound well (although maybe a little more tinkering on some tracks would improve things a bit).

At first, a clear comparison becomes evident: Weezer. Their sound is very similar, but not quite the same as Weezer. Jiversmoothen's sound is even more fifties influenced. The songs are upbeat a la Weezer's Buddy Holly. All songs are a group effort, so there is no primary song-

writer. The songs are witty and sharp; the songs are never sloppy nor do they never lose their balance.

The first song, "Once Upon" has been played on WTR to a very responsive audience. It is a typical Jiversmoothen song: it's upbeat, optimistic, and reminds you of whatever good memories of high school you may have. The song is sung by Horseheads High School senior Dave, who proclaims, "But girl I know I'm only seventeen/But I'm convinced that you're the one for me" and other cute quips. (He also rhymes "seventeen" with "a perfect team.")

"Once Upon" was a great song to play on the radio. Our first choice to play was "Jen," but Dave didn't want us to play that one. "Jen," the second song, has real star quality. It's down-home fun rock with a twist of wit and a whole lot of honesty. "Jen" is truly the highlight of the EP. It even has a rare, masterful guitar solo that truly, by some force, makes one smile.

After "Jen" comes "Someone Else's Girl," which sounds a lot like "Surfer Girl" (the chorus sounds like "Surfer Girl's," almost note for note, even though I'm sure it was an accident) mixed with Weezer's "The World Has Turned And Left Me Here."

The final song is "Standing." This is more straightforward rock, with a little more "Holiday" and a little less "Earth Angel." It is another girlfriend-aimed song, and, like the other three, it is bouncy, honest, witty, and really catchy without being pretentious. It is probably the best produced song on the EP.

In all, Jiversmoothen's EP is a real

gem, and I'm not just saying that because I know Jon, Dana, and Dave personally. It has quickly become one of the most played CDs in my stereo (just ask my roommate). Give Jon a call and get your hands on a copy of this great 4-song EP if you get a chance. You won't be disappointed

-Mike

Morcheeba: BIG CALM

Morcheeba, on their new release "Big Calm," combine many elements and have a wonderful lead singer, who possesses a voice which one would die for. The lead vocalist, Skye Edwards, is a cross between jazz's leading women, Beth from Portishead, and a trip-hop version of Diana Ross.

This Brit group combines and creates their own sound from all different genres, yet they compliment each other well. The various instrumentation, arrangements, and lovely vocals create a rich, complex, and epic-soundtrack-quality album.

"Blindfold" is seductive trip-hop with silky smooth vocals. The song is very sing-along-able, and the added strings give it an almost epic feel. "The Sea" is a very curious song that quickly draws you in. "Part Of The Process" is a mellow, funky tune with a good bassline. The female vocals are wonderful, with very strong jazz influences.

"Shoulder Holster" includes a sitar, samples, electronics, and other various instrumentation. It is flowing and funky. "Let Me See" is danceable, with a more electronic landscape, accompanied by a flute. It is very reminiscent of Portishead or Massive Attack. "Over and Over" is a more delicate piece, with strings and

french horn. It is very mournful and short.

"Friction," for some reason, includes a very out of place Jamaican rapper/singer. This use seems totally unnecessary and, unfortunately, it ruins the song. For some reason, the rapper reappears in "Big Calm." The bonus track almost makes up for the rapper.

The highlights of the album are the tracks "The Sea," "Part of the Process," "Faerie Love," "Friction," and "Big Calm." "Pissin' A Watery Grave" features a well-placed sitar.

The styles range from jazz, hip-hop, trip-hop, techno, electronic, and even Broadway-esque drama. The arrangements are well developed and feature Skye Edwards' soaring, smooth vocals.

Morcheeba's "Big Calm" is a fine record, but it could use some better editing in bits. Skye Edwards has a beautiful voice and steals the spotlight from the rest of the band. Judging by the success of the album so far, they probably don't mind.

-Justine

pluggéd is a weekly music column focusing on the newest releases, providing accurate, up-to-date, and relevant information, coupled with informative and informed opinions. Contact pluggéd at 716-274-3793 if you have any questions, comments, or want us to review a CD. Visit us on the web at:

www.servtech.com/public/pinewood/pluggéd

A Few Good Rules



Staring Jack Nicholson as Yul Brenner as Pharaoh and
Tom Cruise as Charlton Heston as Moses

Religious Wrong

"We deny that anyone, Jew or Gentile, believer or unbeliever, private person or public official, is exempt from the moral and juridical obligation before God to submit Christ's Lordship over every aspect of his life in thought, word and deed."

—excerpt from the "25 Articles," published by the Coalition on Revival

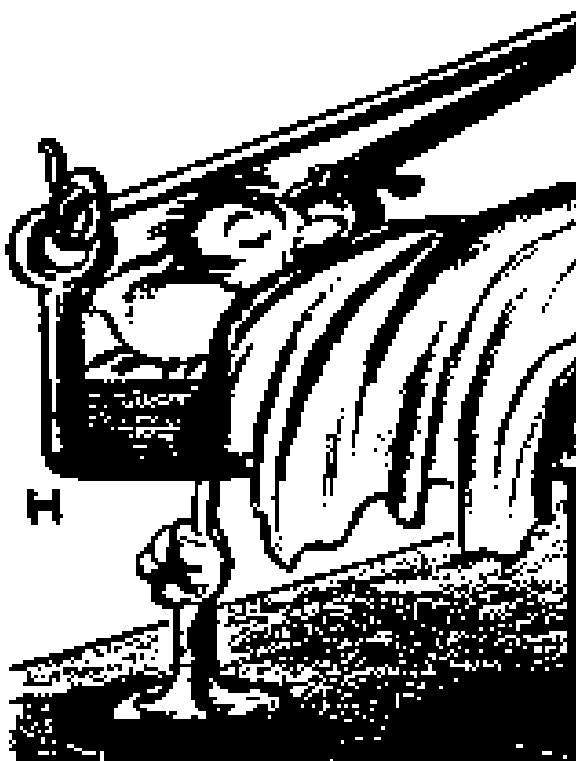
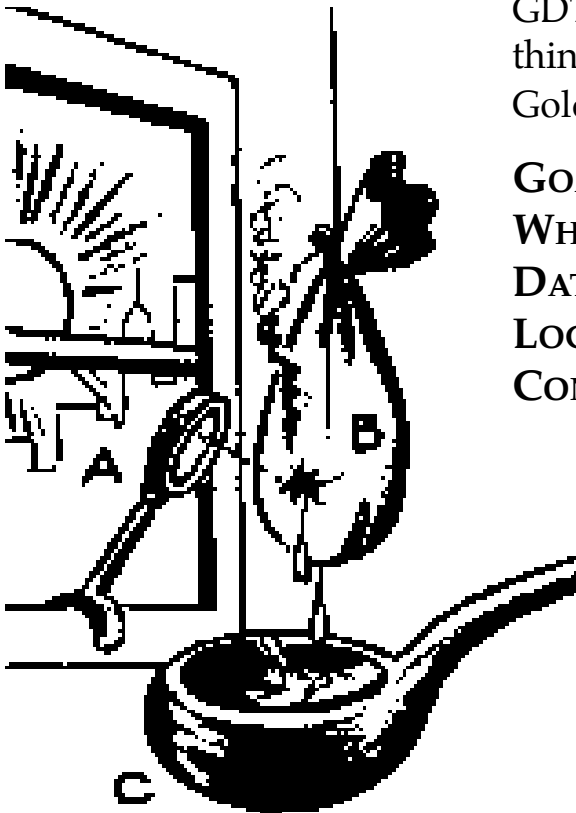
"What this is coming down to is who runs the country. It's us against them. It's the good guys versus the bad guys. It's the God-fearing people against the pagans, and some of the pagans are going to church."

—Randall Terry, Operation Rescue, speech in Jackson, Miss., 4/92

"Stop the Noise!"

Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +



GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: 3RD FLOOR NRH, FISH LOUNGE, RIT

CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be a upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.

Tourist's Movie Reviews

or

Who says a Movie Review has to be about a Movie? by Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK: "SUNDAY NIGHT FIGHTS"

Ladies and gentleman. The moment you've all been waiting for! The main event. The big duke-a-roo! Who will win, you say? Watch and see for yourself. Place all bets, secure all loose children and, as the saying goes....

LLLLLLLLLLEETS GET RRRREADY TO RRRRUMBLEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

First up, some choice bouts submitted by *Melancholy Homewrecker's* own Clare Terni:

- President Al Simone vs. a studio major armed with a pallete knife and a craft student with an arc welder. (I would PAY to see that)
- Monica Lewinsky vs. a coffee roll shaped like Princess Diana. Whoever melts first due to the glare of the flash-bulbs is the loser.
- Daniel Day Lewis vs. Doris Day.

Next up, a few matches arranged by Josh Vincentz:

- Dave Thomas vs. Ben Stein (keep your 'ludes handy).
- Hunter S. Thompson and an ether soaked handkerchief vs the decaying corpse of William S. Burroughs.
- The first mom from "The Fresh Prince of Bel Air" vs. the second mom from "The Fresh Prince of Bel Air"
- Tonya Harding vs Paula Jones in a

bikini clad, Jello pit free-for-all. (Winner will be crowned "Skankiest Ho on the Whole Freakin' Continent")

And finally, a few that I'd like to see:



- Maron Barry hopped up on crack vs. Sonny when he's "Koo-Koo for Co-Co Puffs"
- Right-wing, gun toting, abortion-doc-tor-executing Jesus freaks vs. any random sampling of hillbilly-redneck-pre-teens who have been belittled by their classmates and have access to daddy's hunting rifles. (I'd just say that when you give a six year old a shotgun for Christmas, you have absolutely no right to say, "Oh why did this happen" when he offs innocent little girls and a teacher in a schoolyard. "Today we celebrate the birth of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Honey, after we sight-in, we'll go slaughter some innocent animals for their heads and the meager amounts of meat we can shave off their corpses to make into bad tasting jerky, so that we may honor the birth of the Messiah.")
- Tractor pull featuring Senator Jesse Helms on a Farm-all vs. Uncle Jesse from TV's "The Dukes of Hazzard" on a John Deere.
- Pillsbury Dough-Boy vs. the Snuggle washing machine bear. (on a side note,

my friend Stacey was dismayed as a child when the spin cycle would end and she and her brother would huddle expectantly around the washer lid, in hopes that that furry little bastard would pop up with all the April-fresh socks and underwear, to bestow upon her the graces of static-free linens. Sadly, the fucker was a no-show. If he breaks his fight contract this evening, Kelly "The Bull" Gunter will send out Moose and Squirrel to break his kneecaps.)

- *Reporter Magazine* vs. Quark X-Press.

Sunday! Sunday! Sunday!

Ticket price pays for the whole seat, but you'll only need the edge....

Any future fight suggestions can be mailed to tourist@csh.rit.edu. We're always looking for a few good battles, so don't be shy! Send em' in.



SORRY CHARLIE!

End Times Delusions

by Brian Barrett

I woke up late at night on the lawn of a split level ranch in the suburbs under a full moon. I studied the moon as it grind silently through space, rising slowly above the partly-cloudy summer sky, and was startled when I noticed that the moon was beginning to rotate, as gradually as it rose. A flare of red beamed from the newly exposed edge, expanding until, in the middle, there was a flash of pyrophoric white, a flash that never decayed and radiated like any star would if it were that close.

It was fascinating. I imagined the faces of people across the darkened hemisphere who would be looking up at the night sky turning brighter and brighter as the moon revealed its unseen side.

The colors extruded out into a column, deliberately placed, but contorted across the curved surface. It looked like it might have

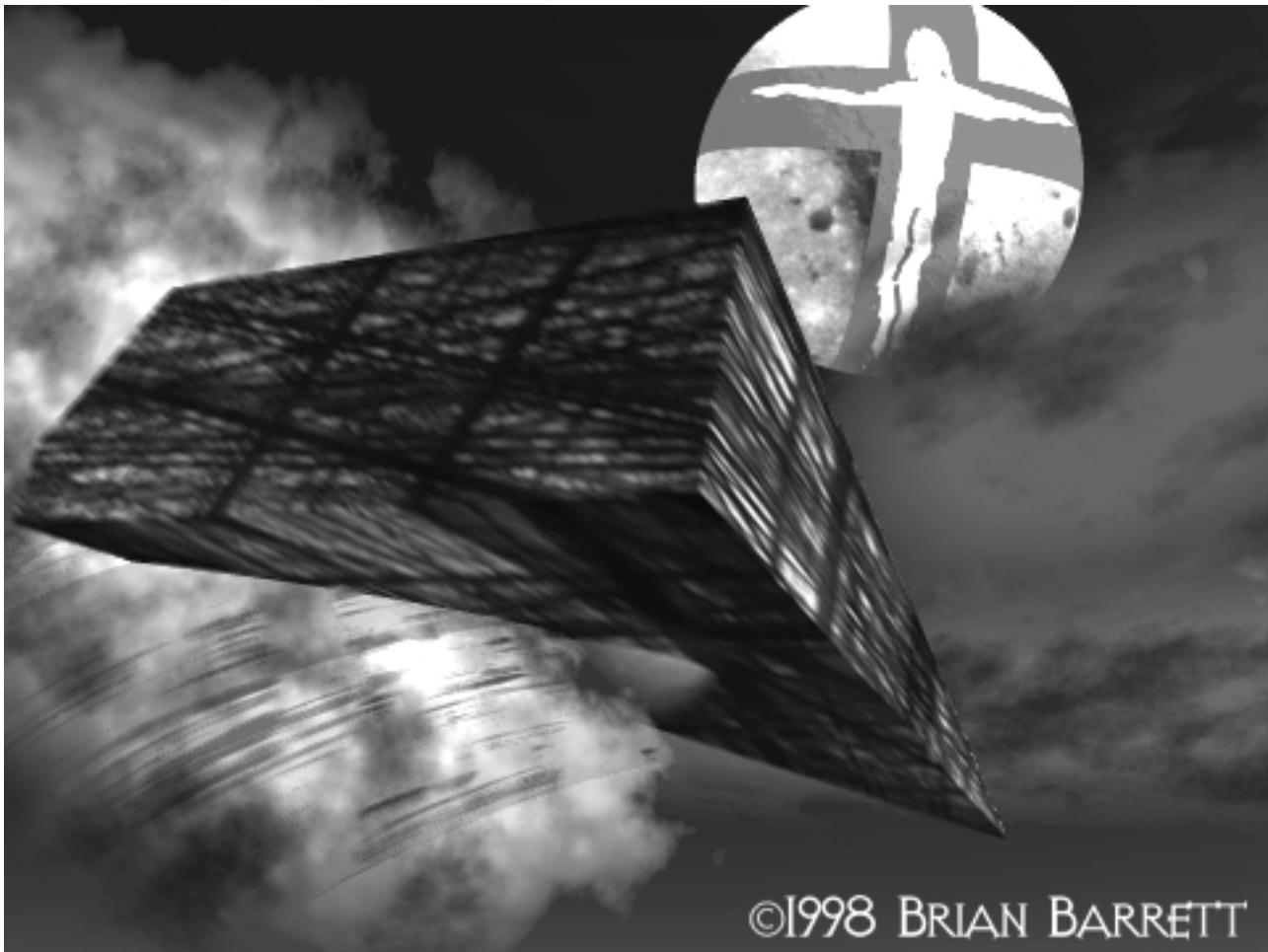
been forming a red and white "X," but when the moon had fully turned, the image was far more graphic.

It was a red crucifix with a stark white depiction of Jesus and was completely disturbing. My intelligence was stripped by a trillion synapses all relaying the same message:

"ThisIsTheApocolypseThisIsTheApocolypseThisIsTheApocolypseThisIsTheApocolypseThisIs..."

There was only one thing I was prepared to do in this situation, something instinctual. I repented. As I purged my sins and gave myself to Jesus, I felt the weight and even the need of this world leave my body and absorb into the ground.

While meditating, I stared off into the clouds and saw a massive fleet of very large, triangular and dark spacecraft cruise across the sky only slightly above tree-top level. They scattered, disappearing quickly over the horizon now cradling the setting



moon.

I shot to my feet. I couldn't speak and I wanted to scream. I wanted to yell so loud that the world could hear: "It's a trick! They're messing with all of our minds!" Nothing but dry gasping escaped.

The true knowledge of the events that had transpired did not comfort me. It wasn't the Second Coming, but it still looked like the end of life on Earth. It was evil. It was happening too fast. There was nothing that could be done to stop it.

A distant, high pitched electrical whine entered directly into my brain and rose into registers that could only be felt as a deep rooted headache. I was suddenly surrounded by the brightest white I had ever seen. It stretched into infinity in all directions. Thick neon red lines zigzagged and

pulsated quickly with the white, flashing back and forth. I heard a thin rumble far away, getting closer. The flashes quickened as the noise grew nearer. I saw giant waves of earth approach. The ground shook violently under my feet.

Then it all stopped.

I walked into the house and turned on the television. The early morning news was on and I flipped from news channel to news channel for hours until dawn, but there was no mention of earthquakes, Christ or flying saucers.

Then I woke up late at night on the lawn of a split level ranch in the suburbs under a full moon.