



PEPSI: The Choice of a Prudent Generation

By Sean J. Stanley (El Touristo), et al.

Verily! Fall session is in proper order and we return to the halls of academia...to find that our vending machines are not what they used to be. In fact, some of them aren't there at all.

"Blah blah blah, Pepsi sucks, blah blah blah, we were never asked, blah blah blah, we're being screwed, blah blah blah, this will give us cancer, blah blah blah"(See *Reporter* 9/17/99). Shut the hell up, *Reporter*. In the words of our great Congressional fund solicitor^Ω, "...if you don't like it, vote with your feet." Damn skippy! If you would like to hear a publication that scorns the administration for making a shrewd deal, read something else. We at GDT are prepared to make an unequivocal defense of the whole policy. As far as we're concerned, the only regrettable consequence from this whole ordeal is that the removal of Nantucket Nectar and other non-high-fructose corn syrup products. You can take your invisible hand and shove it Adam Smith.

People love to bitch and moan about the apparent injustices in our \$25,000 a year daycare center^Σ. Do yourself a favor and think about the fly-encrusted starving Rwandan boy, wallowing in his own filth and fending off numerous strains of the Ebola and Hanta virus' as you swipe your debit card and cause any number of life-sustaining products to drop from those nefarious Pepsi machines. The problem with this generation, as my father is fond of telling me, is that we fail to see the big picture. Perhaps it is a matter of perspective. I've been away from RIT for nearly two years, involved in various smuggling escapades off the coast of Angola (a story for another time). Upon my triumphant return to the hallowed expanses of the forbidden brick city, I noticed that a few things have changed. The air seemed cleaner, the water seemed cooler, there were various construction machines and quasi-industrial vehicles about the residence side, and oh yes, Pepsi had taken over the soft-drink business at RIT. But that's only part of the big picture.

Did I mention the hiney?

HOLY SHITBALLS! There are so many incredibly hot women on campus now. And I'm not the only one who has noticed. My contemporaries at CSH have all realized that there are *more* hotties around to pine for, move furniture for, fix computers for, and masturbate in the shower over. Even the fratboys are smiling from ear to ear, adjusting the volume on their meticulously selected Dave Matthews CD's, filling the pools, and rejoicing as they cast their nets out. Ain't it great, fellas? It's open season and the pond just keeps getting bigger. Best to stock up on Rohypnol. The verdict is in, and foreman, what



(L to R) An unnamed fellow who most likely plays golf, Alex Trebek, Dr. Strangelove, and Albert Simone hold an impromptu limbo contest in celebration of the Pepsi exclusivity agreement.

^Ω - Despite what happened to Shea Gunther when he did it, you really should take a stroll around the stately Center for Integrated Manufacturing Studies sometime, if only to see what your tax dollars have paid for.

^Σ - Mom and Dad made sure every electrical outlet had a plastic cover and the liquor cabinet was locked.

sayeth you?

"We find the defendant, The Rochester Institute of Technology, guilty of havin' some futher-muckin-tig-ass-biddies in da crib this year! Shee-yit."

Alas, it seems as nobody has put two and two together. If the Weather Channel can do it, why can't the the mathematics wizards at this school apply non-linear dynamics and realize that this is NO COINCIDENCE? I submit to you, faithful readers of GDT, that Pepsi's contract with RIT contained much more than exclusive rights and fatty kickbacks for the Trustees.

Somebody pressed the Hiney Button. Aw yeah.

Opponents of this idea maintain that there were more girls on campus last year, well

before the soft drink bidding war. What they fail to include in their argument is the caliber of women on campus. In the past, due to the lack of females, the term "hot" as it pertained to RIT simply meant "present." Thus, any woman regularly attending class would be deemed "hot." Similar to the previous state of American currency, RIT is experiencing an economic "bootie boom". A dollar was worth something back then; the term "hot" can be used legitimately as an adjective once more. Still don't believe me? Think I'm just another sexist windbag shamelessly objectifying women, do ya? Well read onward, Johnny-doubts-a-lot!

Our army of librarians did a little digging and were able to find an early draft of the contract. Careful scrutiny revealed the following:

>FROM SECTION 5. GRANT OF OTHER RIGHTS -

"...PURSUANT TO ARTICLE J, SUBSECTIONS 2, 4, AND 7B OF THE DOCUMENT, COMPENSATION FOR EXCLUSIVITY SHALL ALSO INCLUDE THE ACTIVATION OF THE DOPPLER-PHASE-POSTERIOR-TRANSLOCATION DEVICE (DPPTD), REFERRED TO HEREINAFTER AS "THE HINEY BUTTON."

>FROM SECTION 23. DEFINITIONS -

"HINEY - THE TERM "HINEY" IN ALL ITS FORMS SHALL BE DEFINED AS ANY FORM OF ATTRACTIVE FEMALE. THIS INCLUDES, BUT IS NOT LIMITED TO THE FOLLOWING; "BOOTIE", "DISH", "PIECE-OF-TAIL (AND OR "ASS")", "CHICK", "HUNNIE", "HOTTIE", "TASTY BITCHES" (AND ALL "BITCH" VARIANTS SUCH AS "BIZ-NITCH", "BEY-OTCH", "BIZ-POCH"), "DAMN FINE WOMEN", AND "DAME".

"ATTRACTIVE - THE TERM "ATTRACTIVE" SHALL BE LOOSELY DEFINED AS ANY SUCH QUALITY THAT MERITS ADVANCES OF A SEXUAL NATURE BY ANOTHER ENTITY. THE TERM ATTRACTIVE MAY, IN ADDITION TO LEGITIMATE ATTRACTIVE SUPERLATIVES, ALSO INCLUDE THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTORS AND SUB-GROUPINGS; "SLUT", "WHORE", "SLOR", "HO", "HO-BAG", "CUM-GUZZLING GUTTER-WHORE", "HUSSY", "HARLOT", "TROLLOP"[¥], "TRAMP", "PROSTITUTE", "PRO", "WOMAN OF ILL REPUTE", "SKANK", "SKEEZER", AND THE LESSER USED "HOOD-RAT-HOOD-RAT-HOOCHIE-MAMA"*

*THERE IS A SUBJECTIVE ALCOHOL-INDUCED CURVE FOR ANY "ATTRACTIVE" QUALITIES, IMPLIED OR NOT. THE INSTITUTION RECOGNIZES THIS FACT AND WILL ALLOW FOR A CERTAIN MARGIN OF ERROR.

We also uncovered a picture taken at the PepsiCo Headquarters in Purchase, N.Y. Shown on the previous page, we see RIT President Al Simone enjoying a Pepsi moment after the commemorative Hiney Button Depressing Ceremony.

As you can see, a picture paints a thousand words. Or in this case, a thousand extra pairs of snug-fitting Capri pants and halter tops spilling forth with their immeasurable bounty.

Ask yourself this, my friends: What do you really want? Does your fire burn for Dr. Pepper^ß, or would you rather park it on a bench at class change and see who's got hard nipples today?

Do the math. Quit your bitching. Nobody's listening, and the fact that you're shitting in the RIT toilets instead of cleaning them means you've won anyway.

Don't ever forget that.

¥ - Often too short for NASA.

ß - "Well...yeah. It does." -- most of the editing staff

"I can't believe we're having this conversation."

--Paraphrased from Peter Ferran, upon hearing criticism of GDT's decision to run an article by Sean "Tourist" Stanley. April, 1998

"I think it's ridiculous that this is even being brought up."

-- Paraphrased from Sean Stanley, upon hearing other editors' collective reservations about running "PEPSI: The Choice of a Prudent Generation." October, 1999

GDT, as with any publication, comes to a point from time to time where it has to re-examine itself and determine exactly what it is doing. Anyone in an editorial position has an unspoken obligation not only to their readers, but to journalistic ethics. Among our own ideals lies free expression, as hard to reconcile as that may be.

We came to a deadlock on the Pepsi article. One editor summed up his feelings in the following email:

...there are simply people I will not be able to look in the eye when the issue comes out. I feel very sketchy about it.

When you strip away all of the funny parts, this is actually exactly the type of opinion piece the Reporter runs. In fact, they did one particularly inane one Spring quarter about staring down women at the gym.

I know one can't take oneself or society too seriously, and I'm all for deconstructing sacred cows -- political correctness included. But this whole thing about "parking it on a bench and seeing who has hard nipples" recalls the assholes at Woodstock who blocked paths for all women except those who'd lift their tops.

The thing is, it's hard to tell that you're kidding.

- JPH

Our rule of thumb is that if an author can intelligently defend his or her work, we will run their piece. We have asked Tourist to do this, and he has:

Just in case I don't get in touch with you guys soon, I think that it is ridiculous that the issue would be bumped an entire week because we have become worried about the image GDT presents to the reading community. This has never before been a concern, and that's a good thing. In the years that I've written for GDT, I've developed a style and persona that more often than not deviates from the standard mindsets of most people.

I think that despite the sexist overtones of the Pepsi article, the subject is entertaining and refreshing relative to the other (and only) rhetoric out there. It would be a goddamn shame for GDT to bow to that sort of censorship to save face. Leave that to the Reporter. Besides, if you look at the other stuff I've written (and I've written far more offensive stuff than this), anyone who takes me seriously deserves to be mad at me because they are dumb. Needless to say, I'm more than willing to justify its validity. I ask that GDT run the article.

I don't think I'm being stubborn. I like writing for GDT because I never have to worry about shit like this. But I won't be childish about it either. If you decide not to run it, I'll keep my complaints to myself. I won't be happy about it, but life goes on.

- SJS

Care to write for Gracies Dinnertime Theater?

GDT accepts submissions before noon on the Friday before publication. Essays, treatises, comic strips, lyrics, poems, sketches, works of short fiction, and more are all welcome.

If you have something meaningful to say, say it here. Submit via email to: gdt@hellskitchen.org



Tourist's Movie Reviews

PRESENTS

American Beauty

Ah say goddamn, goddamn, goddamn! There is nothing that makes my nipples harder than a good Kevin Spacey flick and "American Beauty" is simply that. I had seen posters for it and caught the ass end of a trailer, but had not a clue concerning what the film was about at all when I saw it. Sandy, my film femme-fatale friend, took me to a Tuesday matinee and I left the theatre with a headache. But a good headache. The same kind of headache you get after reading quantum physics or cognitive science books. I'll call it the Hoffstadter-Hawking Headache (or "HHH"), which occurs whilst reading such titles as "Gödel, Escher, Bach," and/or "A Brief History of Time." HHHs also occur when viewing the last twenty minutes of any Stanley Kubrick film, the first twenty minutes of any David Lynch film, and when listening to the music of Philip Glass, Coil, or Franz Lizst. The direct cause of the HHH is directly related to how fucked-up the input is. I don't mean demented or depraved (although sometimes that is the case), but that the brain receives the information, takes a step back and says:

"Damn. That shit is fucked up."

Come on, you've got to admit that there are some normal, everyday things that are really fucked up. Take light for example. Light is FUCKED UP! Is it a wave? Is it a particle? Wait, it's BOTH! EPR experiments, Bose-Einstein Condensates, hot dogs. All fucked up. We encounter stuff like that all the time. We take in such a vast amount of stimuli that every once and a while, we experience a brain

fart. But not the "I forgot your name" kind of lapse; more like the feeling you get when the secret of the universe is hovering over your cranium after some good input, i.e. books, music, films. The info is there and the brain must do something with it. So it tries to process it while you're eating pie or a seven-layer burrito or whatever it is you do after a good mental workout. The brain spins and spins and spins until suddenly, the HHH! Ouch. Can't walk. Can't sleep, must ponder. American Beauty plays upon this phenomenon.

That was the feeling I got after leaving the movie theatre. Sure, the film had boobs and butts, drugs, masturbation, voyeurism, assault and battery, and blackmail, not to mention one of the greatest sex lines in history (I'll share it with you because its not too integral to the plot):

"Fuck me, your majesty!"

But it also had something else. The tagline, "Look Closer," was a subtle joke on the part of the filmmakers. You might think they meant the film or the characters in it. Maybe on the surface they did, but beneath the story lies a brilliant subtext that gives the brain hiccoughs and puts one at odds with him or herself. I'm at a strange place while writing this in that I don't want to give anything away, but I want to talk about it so much. Not a fan of spoilers, I shant become one myself. The bottom line is this:

Go see "American Beauty".

Get a HHH.

Discuss with your friends.

Reflect by yourself.

Watch Kevin Spacey get another Oscar next year (you heard it here first, sweethearts.)



HOWARD'S HAPPY HOUR

By Howard Hao

A Love Poem for the Nineties

-for guys of the 90's everywhere

Staring at me with eyes of pure pouty pleasure
 Oh, how I treasure your perfectly packaged ass
 An adoring admiring public meticulously lingers
 On your big bubbly bouncing breasts...
 GODDAMN IT, I WANNA FUCK YOU

That Despicable Milkman

Mommy, the Milkman is at the door again!
 Please explain to me why I need to hate him.
 He doesn't seem all that bad.
 He doesn't seem to be any sort of cad.
 You said once that he did a bad thing...
 Doesn't the word Forgiveness have any meaning?
 I am certain he isn't too deplorable;
 Give him a chance, he may be adorable!
 So let him be and you will plainly see,
 That...hey! Why the hell does he LOOK LIKE ME?

Hangman's Clip-n-Save

Culprit's Weight	Drop
14 stone (196 lbs)	8ft 0in
13.5 stone (189 lbs)	8ft 2in
13 stone (182 lbs)	8ft 4in
12.5 stone (175 lbs)	8ft 6in
12 stone (168 lbs)	8ft 8in
11.5 stone (161 lbs)	8ft 10in
11 stone (154 lbs)	9ft 0in
10.5 stone (147 lbs)	9ft 2in
10 stone (140 lbs)	9ft 4in
9.5 stone (133 lbs)	9ft 6in
9 stone (126 lbs)	9ft 8in
8.5 stone (119 lbs)	9ft 10in
8 stone (112 lbs)	10ft 0in



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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