



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Lunchtime Circus
Volume 34, Issue 4

6 April 80AT(2025)

*"Thou shalt not covet thy
neighbor's footnote."*

- Basho P. Luddite

As the seasons change, and the ice breaks, many of the more outside-inclined notice increasingly wet socks. Some bemoan these soggy socks as the start of mud season.. These people are idiots, and don't know anything. Wet socks are not the symptom of mere mud but are instead a heralding of the greatest season one can experience here in Rochester: Vernal Pool Season.

For the unaware,^[1] vernal pools are a glorious gauge of high water tables,^[2] indicating an increase of rainfall, higher temperatures, snowmelt, and everything associated with the end of winter. These stagnant pools turn the forest floors back into swamps,^[3] and provide crucial habitats to a plethora of amphibians, some shrimp,^[4] and an assortment of algae, amoebas, and protozoa.^[5] Here in Rochester, due to the high amounts of tannins in the water from the surrounding hardwood forest, our vernal pools typically have dark, over-brewed-black-tea-like water. These tannins, despite making the water look gross, do have a remarkable effect. In high enough concentrations, tannins are naturally antimicrobial, and will preserve wood, leaves, and other stuff.^[6]

So why do we^[7] care? Vernal pool season, much like the alleged mud season, brings with it challenges for the unprepared, despite how wonderful it is. Many of these challenges are circumnavigated by a good pair of boots and a couple of shots (vodka

1 Engineers and Comp-sci majors mostly.

2 The thing that causes damp basements sometimes.

3 Definitely not bogs (no peat), or marshes (too many trees). Pocosins, perhaps, but Gracie's Woods may be too far north.*

* The EPA has a great page on wetland classifications; If you google swamp classification, and click on the EPA link (if it still exists), that should be it.

4 *Eubbranchipus bundyi*, or the knobbedlip fairy shrimp** specifically.

** It's such a silly name, plus they look really stupid, look them up.

5 You can see some of them under a microscope; it's a lot of fun.

6 Again, this does depend on the concentration. Here, the concentration isn't high enough to kill everything, it just makes the water dark, reducing the algae population.***

*** A reduced algae population does decrease the overall protozoa population, but because this is NOT due to the antimicrobial properties of tannins, it's due to the light blocking properties, which is an important distinction to make.

7 And by we, I mean you, the reader; you see, I was playing the pronouns game. I have a good pair of boots, a working dryer,

and no more shits left

to give. Do with

that what

you

will.





Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre

Lunchtime Circus, Volume 34, Issue 4

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and vaccination^[8] both). However, some challenges need a little more than footwear, immunization, and adequate amounts of alcohol.^[9] The majority of these challenges are encountered when engaging in the time honored RIT tradition of building stick forts^[10] in the woods.

With the overall increase in water comes an increased stick soggiess factor, making the overall rate of decay slightly higher than in other areas, despite the tannins. During this season, the probability of having the unfortunate experience of grabbing a good stick, and having it crumble in your hands increases, as does the chance of grabbing a squishy fungi infested stick.^[11] Conversely, difficulty of finding quality dry sticks and logs decreases exponentially, making quality building material difficult to find.

Yet, Vernal Pool Season also brings benefits to the stick fort building community. The more developed depths of mud in the woods provide deeper, more sturdy bases for sticks, the masses of muck^[12] allowing for branches to be anchored deeper into the ground with less force. This makes more ambitious architectures of fort possible, with a much lower chance of utter fort failure.^[13] Furthermore, Vernal Pool Season reveals that Gracie's Woods has a subtle but observable variety of elevations and water levels. This revelation makes it very possible for the perspicacious perceiver to find good quality building material within a short stroll. And, for the safety conscious, the higher water levels lead to increased safety within the forts, as the natural moats repel those who may wish you harm.^[14]

Vernal pools also provide a good chance to meet the neighbors; the denizens of these pools frequently serenade even the most blustery builder. Spring peepers, toads, and the secretive salamanders make inspiring conversation partners even at the worst of times.^[15] Should these native

8 There aren't a ton of transmissible diseases you can get from pond water that can be prevented via vaccine, but the flu does still exist, and getting cold and wet with a bunch of other people is a good way to get it.

9 This isn't to say alcohol is unnecessary; What's the point of having a liver if it isn't used?

10 Some people call them crack shacks, but I'm going to stick with "sticks."

11 Ew.

12 Technically it's NOT muck,**** but I think it's a fun word, so I will misuse it.

****Muck is soil consisting of mostly organic material, there isn't enough organic material to qualify here.


13 Sticks falling on your head.

14 And people without good footwear.

15 There's a Toad in the woods that knows my social security number. And there's a rat in the White House***** that knows yours.

***** Their old exterminators may be able to take care of it; they've had a lot of experience with rats in the past: BBC News, 2017 *White House logs show problem with ants, mice and cockroaches*.

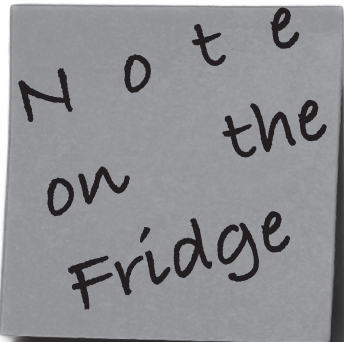
naturalists become comfortable enough with the invaders, one may find that they can offer a spectacular show of support.^[16]


Vernal Pool Season, for those caught unawares, is a major crisis, but with a little preparation, this season brings the intrepid engineer no end of joy. Increased foundational stability, pre-existing plunderer prevention, and curious creatures form foundations for fantastic fort fabrication. While despair for decreased fort lifespan is understandable, one must keep in mind that this too shall pass. Soon, it will be summer, and the vernal pools will start to dry, and everything will change again.^[17] Enjoy it while you can; build forts of a magnitude only found in mud and associate with the amphibians. Someday,^[18] the forest won't be soggy, and Vernal Pool Season will be forgotten, at least until the seasons change again. 

16 There's a frog that helped me immensely when my identity was stolen. No relation to the toad. Allegedly.

17 Except wet socks. There is no such thing as dry socks while outside in Rochester.

18 Not tomorrow.



Okay, kids, back to our regularly scheduled bullshit. Remember to take the chicken out of the freezer before Dad comes home, and don't forget that the Jetsons are coming over tonight, so dress nice. Good job on your spelling test, but you did spell "Gracies" wrong, hun. It's G-R-A-C-I-E-S with no apostrophe. You know I love ya. 

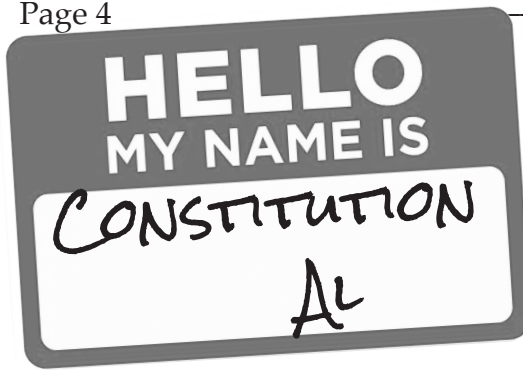
-Goose Waffles,
Editor, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Think our humor is undercooked?



Show us how it's done!

discord.gg/crQdfnQs2Q



Dear reader, Did you know you have rights? The Constitution says you do. Let's talk about how we have the right to OPT OUT OF FACIAL RECOGNITION AT THE TSA.

Lately, I've been invoking this right to opt out, and you would think by the looks the TSA agents are giving me that I'm actually a dog leaving my calling card on their grandmother's petunias, and not a proud American who is Constitution-maxxing my gains by exercising my civil rights.

Why should the TSA care about whether we exercise this gain or not? Well, they're lazy. Half the point of the TSA may be security theater, but hoo-boy, the folks they hire aren't winning any Oscars in the next century. No, the TSA wants us all to just go along with their invasive biometric searches so they can get back to doing racial profiling and eating donuts in the breakroom.

Instead, us rights-pillers are out here, knowing and using our rights, and asking the TSA to Do Their Job, the way they have done it for decades before Daddy Surveillance State bought them some fancy-schmancy cameras for Christmas.

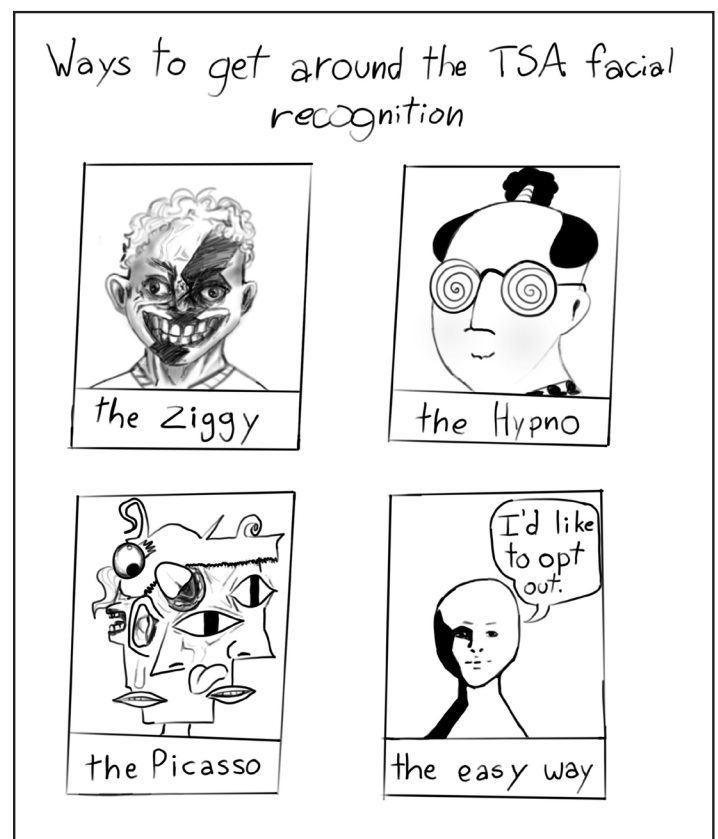
The 4th Constitutional Amendment states:

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

Our faces, and any biometric data gathered from taking scans of our faces, absolutely count as our "persons." It's *personal* data, and not just in the way that Becky wrote in her diary that she likes Todd. Our facial and biometric data should, by all means, be safe from "unreasonable searches" by the TSA.

But here's the clever part: facial recognition at the TSA doesn't count as a search! Because we have the right to opt out, TSA facial recognition systems are considered **voluntary**.

The lazy bums at the TSA just don't want you to know that it is voluntary, because a) Daddy Surveillance State pwomised them they could get more cameras next Christmas if they used these ones real good, and b) they don't want to do their job. You know, the thing they are *supposed to do* in order to get paid.



To prove it, here are all the ways they try to dissuade us from exercising our rights:

1. The TSA agents immediately tell people when they come up to the security check to look into the camera, without us travelers even getting told what the camera is doing. They make it seem like the facial recognition is mandatory to get through the airport security, even though it isn't. The TSA, being lazy, count on the rest of

us being too lazy to ask questions, so they can keep getting away with not doing their jobs.

2. They hired a guy who *has a passion for graphic design* to make their posters. The TSA are actually required by law to post signs informing us of our right to opt out of facial recognition. However, these signs don't actually have to be read. In practice, the signs are no bigger than the paper this rag is printed on, and with a font no taller than the width of your pinky finger. They slap these signs on the bottom of the TSA agent's podium, so by the time someone is reading them, their picture has already been taken.

3. The TSA are vague. It is, unfortunately, a consequence of them being too lazy to find a dictionary. If, somehow, Constitution-maxxers like us get past #1 and #2 to actually know our rights and read the graphically designed signs, we find that the signs say only that our "photo is deleted after verification." Aww buddy, *pats TSA on the head* I didn't know you knew a big word like verification!

The thing is, for facial recognition to work, it creates and uses much more data than just a photo. It creates a dataset called a faceprint which includes things like eye and hair color, height to width ratio of the face, width measurements of eyes, noses, and mouths, and more. A faceprint is **not** just a photo, and the TSA does not say **anything** about the storage, use, or deletion of this sort of highly sensitive and personal data, which is certainly captured by their fancy-schmancy camera systems. Honestly, they were probably too busy gobbling down donuts to pay attention to this part of the training.



<never gonna dance again.mp3>



4. Last but not least, the TSA are rude. Our face data may be more personal than Becky's diary, but the TSA is kind of a biatch, and Couldn't Care Less. *If Becky didn't want the government reading her entire diary, then why did she carry it with her with her in her backpack when her family moved to California? Hmm? Checkmate, Constitution-maxxers.* Completely ignoring the fact that the government should not be champing at the bit for us to hand over our personal information (with no real guarantee of how it is being used, see #3), the last line of defense the TSA has against us making them do their job is scoffing like a teenage girl in a terrible 90's flick. Yes, really. This has happened to me *several times this year alone*. One TSA agent was even so petulant as to mutter under their breath, "I swear, if you this stupid..."

It sounds ridiculous. But the point, dear reader, is to make us feel ridiculous. To make it seem as if the simple exercising of our sacred civil rights is some HUUUUUUUGE inconvenience (which, I suppose, to schmucks as lazy as the TSA, it is), as though we, instead, are the major biatch. That is, simply, not true.

All of this dissuasion is why we need to Constitution-maxx *even more*, and exercise our rights. Let's make the TSA Do. Their. Job. and make sure that Daddy Surveillance State has a terrible, terrible, truly awful Christmas this year.

Over and out. 

- Constitution Al, fighting for our rights, Rochester.

(Editor's Note: Those interested in learning more about this topic can visit the Algorithmic Justice League's page on it at <https://www.ajl.org/campaigns/fly>.)



Neighborhood Watch

-by Igor Polotai

W e l c o m e 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? Last week was April Fools Week, but unfortunately, nothing of note happened. There wasn't any pizazz. [REDACTED FOR JOURNALISTIC INTEGRITY] The Sentinel? Weak. Stealing The Sentinel on the other hand? Now you're cooking.

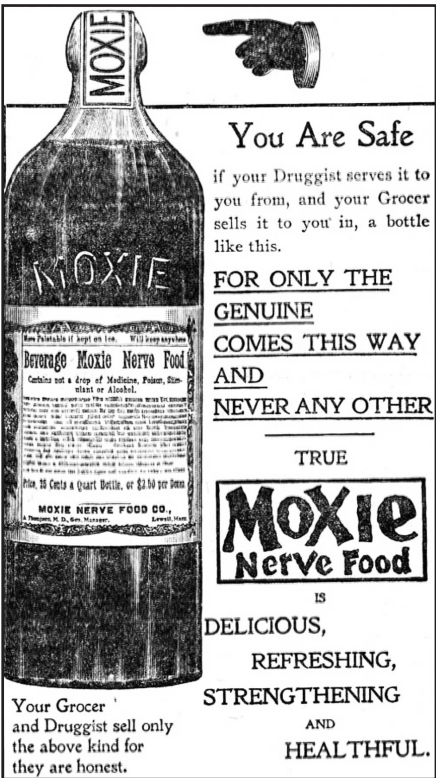
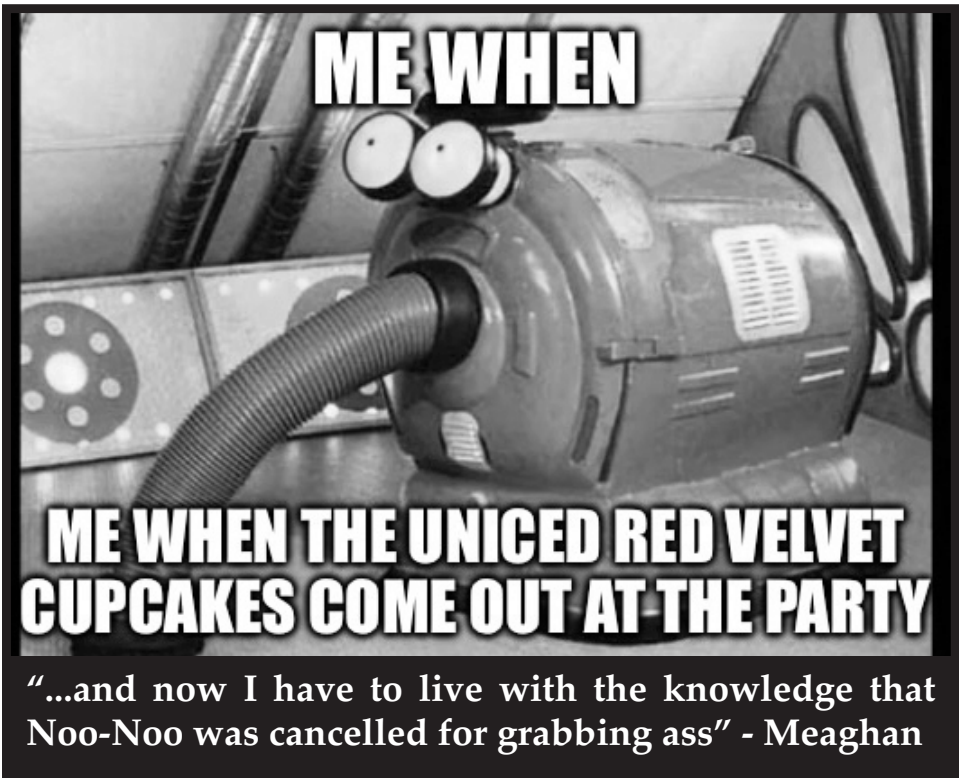
This was probably because the aliens who had the manpower to do so were preoccupied. The more unobservant might have missed was the alien invasion of campus. Starting Sunday night of the 23rd of March, tons of the little green-banded aliens descended upon campus. Resisting them was a brave group of cowboys, one hundred forty in size, but their numbers quickly dwindled after the Battles of Eastman Ridge, the Massacre at Gosnell Point, and the Charge of the Ritter Cavalry. Despite the betrayal of Buffalo Joe slowing down the alien's advance, by the end of

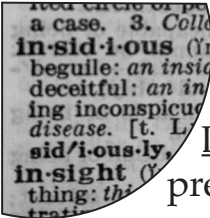
week, only five cowboys would escape before the aliens were able to detonate enough boomsticks to lift Wallace Library from its slow sinking fate. Afterwards, everyone went to have a celebratory dinner at the mothership, nicknamed Henrietta Hots.

If you or a loved one have been traumatized by witnessing aliens stealing cows, please call the following number and lodge a complaint with Humane Interactions & Satisfaction Corp, a division of Goorp Cloorp Morp Incorporated: 710W W10E7 710W 7074 3W0W4 710W 707 707 04W 7074W.

Until next week, stay safe, and if you ever feel that you have been affected by Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Derangement Syndrome (GDTDS), and just can't get us out of your minds, just repeat the following motivational phrases: I am strong. I am loved. My mission is immortal. My success is inevitable.

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

Discogs – The Library of Alexandria for those who care too much for pressings of particular records.

FeetFinder – for those who lost their ruler, a detailed list of stationary items that are exactly 12 inches long.

Footnotes – the discussion pages on WikiFeet.

Libel – Libel is a method of defamation expressed by print, writing, pictures, signs, effigies, or any communication embodied in physical form that is injurious to a person’s reputation; exposes a person to public hatred, contempt or ridicule; or injures a person in their business or profession.

Rasputin - Grigori Rasputin was a Russian mystic that is widely credited with accelerating the fall of Czar Nicholas II. He is also reported to have been a hell of a partier with a cast iron stomach. Surprisingly not related to Rasputitsa.

Rasputitsa - The term for mud season in many Eastern European countries.

Satire – a way of criticizing people or ideas in a humorous way, especially in order to make a political point, or a piece of writing that uses this style: - cambridge dict.

Slander – Slander is a false statement, usually made orally, which defames another person. Unlike libel, damages from slander are not presumed, and must be proven by the party suing.

Wikifeet – detailed discussions on historic Imperial units of measure.

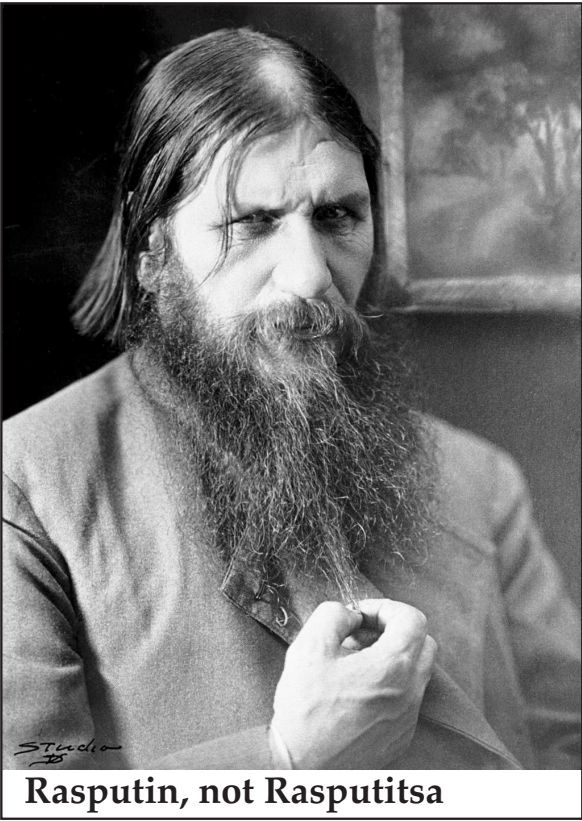
Noteable Quotables

[1] [2] [3] [4] [5] [6] [7] [8] [9]

“How does this keep being a problem, it’s not that hard to not sexually harass people, guys.”
– Shammon H. Hammula

“Maybe it’s like a structural issue instead of a personal one? I’m imaging whole field to interpret inter-sexual relations... thinking of calling it ‘sexism’.”
– asd, in response to Shammon H. Hammula

“Well that’s a new experience. I had to dust-buster my desk because I gave a puppet a unibrow. Never doing that again.”
– Chryssa



Rasputin, not Rasputitsa

“Whenever someone writes for or about GDT, or even just mentions it, it’s customary to use ridiculously long sentences.”
– Brian E. Barrett. brianebarrett.com/gracies-dinnertime-theatre-zine

“All parts should go together without forcing. You must remember that the parts you are reassembling were disassembled by you. Therefore, if you can’t get them together again, there must be a reason. By all means, do not use a hammer.”
– IBM Manual, 1925

† And at least one footnote.

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Sonnet #1 by Wouldiwas Shookspeared

Oh, my Lover, hide not your pretty face
 Let sunshine and smile lovingly upon
 That which you put forward, the spade's ace,
 The green-grass fodder from which I may fawn.
 Oh, my Lover, write to me your poem
 Filled with rhythm that dances a tune,
 I'll sway to your rhyme, harmonize a hum,
 Move most fluidly under light of moon.
 Oh, my Lover, speak to me so smoothly,
 Orate with such a passion as to make
 Apollo jealous so strongly; so lovingly
 Love, you speak, and I dream as if awake.

Oh, my Lover, I'll be honest and true:

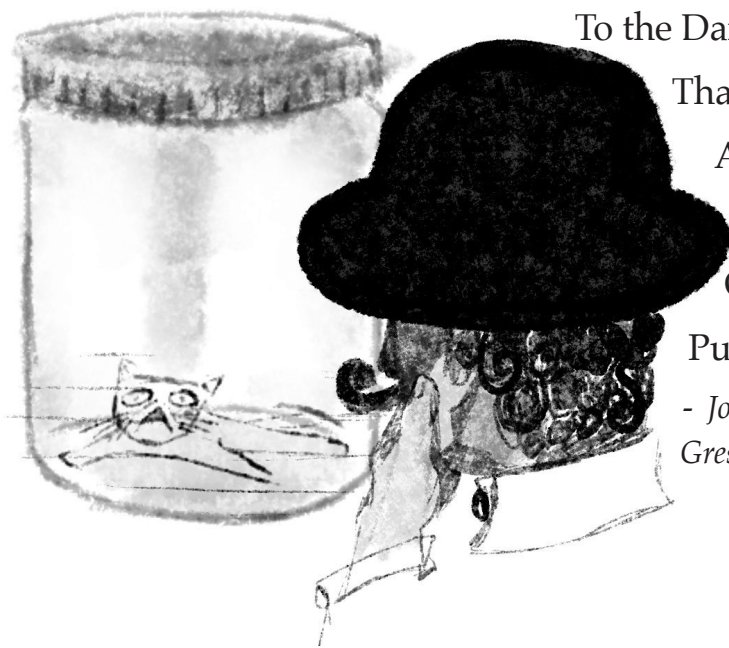
Cupid has struck me with great love for you.

- Wouldiwas Shookspeared is a travelling typewriter salesman and poet. In his spare time, he likes riding his velocipede with his polydactyl cat, Hammon, and attending the local slam poetry bar. His favorite cocktail is the Monkey Gland. He is proud to call Portland, OR, his spiritual, if not physical, home.

Stanza 8:

To the Danish Agent late was showne
 That where noe Ayre is, there's noe breath.
 A glasse this secret did make knowne
 Where (in) a Catt was put to death.
 Out of the glass the Ayre being screwed,
 Pusse dyed and ne're so much as mewed."

- Joseph Glanvil, 1663. Excerpted from "Ballad of Gresham Colledge."



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 of issues of GDT?
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