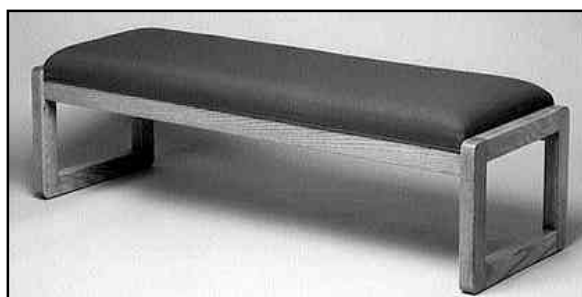


Whining





To the Editors

Vol. 14, Iss. 2

While reading the latest edition of Hell's Kitchen, I was dismayed to read the opening article entitled "Pepsi: the Choice of a Prudent Generation." The author has been misled, so I would like to shed some light on the real underlying clause in the Pepsi contract; I call it the Mountain Dew clause.

Over the past two years, RIT has unknowingly accepted a larger percentage of impotent male students. This has not only been affecting social relations but overall self-esteem on campus. The solution: the Mountain Dew Excuse. It is a well-known rumor that intense consumption of Mountain Dew lowers sperm count and sexual performance in men. Hearing this, RIT decided to cash in on this rumor and give the growing number of impotent male students a break. I had *my* librarians go over the Pepsi Contract. The Mountain Dew clause was stated as such:

From Section 5: The Mountain Dew Excuse

°Compensation for exclusivity shall also include the use of the "Mountain Dew Excuse" for persons inflicted with impotence or abnormally small penis size.

°Impotence shall include but is not limited to the following descriptions: "those who can't get it up", "erectile dysfunction," "Bob Dole Syndrome," and "shooting blanks."

°The term abnormally small penis size shall include but is not limited to the following descriptions: "hung like a field mouse", "hung like a light switch," "Mr. Paperclip," "sock stuffer," and "Mr. Pinky".

°There shall be no allowance for the "shrinkage due to cold water" excuse.

It's sad and depressing ladies, but true. So do your part and stock up on Viagra, or transfer to a college where the men can pull their own weight, so to speak. Remember, it's not the size that counts...Well, okay, it is the size that counts, but take heart in the fact that at RIT when a male speaks to you, it's not his penis talking, because there is no way they make mouths that small.

On a final note, I would like to sympathize with the author of "Pepsi: the Choice of a Prudent Generation." Perhaps his misinformation was due to an overdose of Mountain Dew.

– an anonymous reader at chickmail.com

(Vol. 15, Iss. 5)

Hi,

I don't often write in my opinions about things, but your parody "SG" ad in Vol. 15, Issue 4 had to be the most distasteful ad I have ever seen published...Now that in itself is not worth me writing to you, you would have every right to publish that kind of garbage if you wanted to. What upset me the most was the blatant use of the well publicized Student Government logo and the addition of the words "Paid Advertisement" coupled with the "Dramatis Personae" credit for "Second Page: Paid Advertisement." You are actually implying that SG paid for that horrid image. And that is where the line is drawn. How dare you imply that RIT's Student Government paid for this Internet-ripped smut? I, as a member of the RIT community, take huge offense in this act. How does that look to members of the Rochester community who look at you

magazine...they would ask, "Why did RIT's student government publish this?" What does that say to them about our school? The same thing also applies for parents and student who have come to look at RIT as a potential school. You know freedom of expression is one thing, intention misrepresentation to this extreme is another. If you wish to become a respected publication (in rival with the publication you hate) you would be wise not to try to pull this sort of idiotic and grotesque crap in the future.

Thank you for your time,

Brian Perry

Hi Brian,

Thanks for your input. The second page was in fact a Paid Advertisement – not by Student

Government, but by Sean J. Stanley. Your feelings on our ad were pretty much our feelings on SG's original ad, which was Victoria's Secret ripped smut in my eyes. When SG objectifies women for attention, I feel ashamed for our school. When the Reporter gives a weak "it's not our fault" apology, I feel ashamed for our school. The ad begged us to make fun of SG because the ad was a colossal PR blunder. GDT has been a satire magazine for five years, and we published our version of the ad as satire. In the future, we will keep printing idiotic and grotesque crap as long as there is idiotic and grotesque crap like the SG ad to make fun of.

Yours truly,

Adam Fletcher, Editor, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

To the staff of GDT

(Vol. 15, Iss. 2)

I came to RIT in the fall of 97, and at some point that first year I came across *Hell's Kitchen* and *Gracies Dinnertime Theater*. Those weeks that I would find a copy in the stairwell's of the college of science or the library's lobby I would pick it up and give it a read. This week was one of these.

While reading through the first article by Mr. Stanley, aka Tourist, I noticed that my fraternity, Phi Sigma Pi, was mentioned. While it is nice to get our name out, I found that the manner in which Tourist described us to be quite insulting. I am proud to call myself a brother of Phi Sigma Pi. While you may feel we are not a real fraternity, we tend to differ. We are brothers, both male and female, with more to brag about than our GPA. We are a diverse group, coming from every college on the campus. We have brothers who major in areas such as Mechanical Engineering, Biology, Finance, Computer Science, and Graphic Design just to name a small few. The brothers of Phi Sigma Pi in this quarter alone have done five



service projects. We've provided a full holiday dinner for a family in need; we've worked with Student Government on their School 8 project, and next weekend we will be volunteering at the county Special Olympics. We have continued to promote scholarship amongst our brothers, visiting museums, trips to the planetarium, a deaf awareness seminar and even entering three teams in the College Bowl, one of which came in third place. While we may not have earned the respect of Mr. Stanley, we are confident in the knowledge that we have done work that benefited both the community and ourselves.

As far as hazing is concerned, like the other brothers of Phi Sigma Pi, I am quite proud to say that we avoid it. Yes, we consider hazing and the acts Mr. Stanley described as conducting unbecoming of a brother, whether these acts be as Tourist described them "rape some sheep from the bio department" and what seemed to be his favorite, "the spankings". While Tourist may hold in esteem those fraternities that haze, I think we should respect more those who do not,

whether they be social, honor, or academic.

Daniel Lerner

The First Amendment in our country's Bill of Rights provides the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech. I fully believe in this right. However, perhaps Mr. Stanley and the rest of the staff of GDT should remember this is not only a right, but also a privilege. It's something we should all respect and not take for granted, nor abuse. Perhaps next time you have the urge to insult a group you know little about you should think of what you are doing first. One must wonder what the founders of your publication think about the new lows you have been reaching. If your purpose is no longer to educate and amuse but rather to insult then I guess you're doing fine. Otherwise, perhaps its time to reevaluate your publication.

Daniel,

Ever since I've been writing for this publication, regardless of the toes I have stepped on, I always try to maintain a sense of self irony. Numerous times have I made reference to the fact that I have a strong affiliation with a group very similar to yours, Computer Science House. The structure and activities of our group closely parallels that of yours. I am not a fan of frats in general, but academic frats don't rub me as raw. Please feel free to read the article again and turn your sarcasm button back on.

Sincerely,

Yours, Sean Stanley

A Letter to a Reader

by Kelly Gunter (Vol. 15, Iss. 7)

Some people might wonder, I suppose, if they have nothing more meaningful to do with their time. But seeing as the independent publication of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* was originally my idea, I haven't even wasted a first thought on the issue, let alone a second. My salutations must go out to Mr. Lerner— if for no other reason than he has forced me to rise off my slowly expanding backside and jump back into the writing arena to explain why his recent letter filled me with more horrific shuddering and confusion than a birthday clown's grand mal seizure in the midst of the balloon animal demonstration (with mildly fewer hissing noises and a smaller percentage of the spit spewing rubber).

A facial twitch began to bother me only after my eyes passed over the words,

"The First Amendment in our country's Bill of Rights provides the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech. I fully believe in this right. However, perhaps Mr. Stanley and the rest of the staff of GDT should remember this is not only a right, but also a privilege. It's something we should all respect and not take for granted, nor abuse."

I suppose this is more of a rhetorical question, but how many times have you ever heard anyone express this opinion when they actually approved of or agreed with what was being said? There's no finger counting necessary for this one; just a handy little Arabic/Mayan invention known as zero. It is a sentiment reserved chiefly for the self-righteous, the self-aggrandizing, and of course the appalled. But what precise confabulation of words warranted such a response?

Mr. Stanley merely expressed the opinion that Phi Sigma Pi is not worthy to be called a "fraternity" because it did not feel obliged to perpetuate the fraternity stereotype of consuming copious quantities of alcohol while simultaneously terrorizing the "new blood" into a cult-like pasta-induced state of mindless submission.

< sarcasm > God, I mean, the nerve of him!
</ sarcasm >

So this leaves you with a choice of three possible meanings behind these statements:

a) Mr. Stanley is, in fact, a trained chimp pulling words out of a black ski mask in a vain attempt to fill the endless white space encountered by this second rate publication.

b) Mr. Stanley is trying to employ such techniques as sarcasm and irony to amuse a small minority.

c) Mr. Stanley intrinsically believes everything he writes through the misogynistic, shock-jockey, drug-induced stupor he miserably parades around as a life, and has nothing but malice for anyone who fails to follow in his delusional footsteps.

Your letter seemed to indicate you favored choice C. If this is indeed the case, why even bother to complain when Mr. Stanley perpetuates the case against himself by his very existence?

What I really wanted to address were some of the fallacies I found in the close of your letter. Specifically:

“One must wonder what the founders of your publication think about the new lows you have been reaching. If your purpose is no longer to educate and amuse but rather to insult then I guess you’re doing fine.”

This founder really wonders where it was you ever got the idea that *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* was a noble institution. How can I do anything but scoff at the “new lows” when I have such intrinsic knowledge of the old lows? Since the inception of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* we have indicated that NAFTA was merely a way for Taco Bell to import dead Mexicans as “processed meat”, Ethiopian children would make smashing fly paper, Hitler’s Final Solution was divine justice for the death toll the people of God accrued in the holy land just after their Exodus, promoted suicide on numerous occasions, and that a precisely placed crack pipe might lure the most discerning inner city resident into a bait and shoot situation. So if you think I should feel ashamed because

Mr. Stanley—one of the few people at this school who decided to carry on this experiment in my absence—sarcastically illuminates the virtues of your fraternity, you would be quite mistaken.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre started out as a joke. It wasn’t until our fourth issue attracted hate mail that we finally knew we were on to something. What this all boils down to, Mr. Lerner, is what was written by the author of our first beloved hate mail: “...it’s always funny when people are ripping apart other people, until it’s you that’s getting ripped on.” The funniest part of the whole situation at the time was that the article he was all worked up about was “ripping” into me specifically.

There have never been any sacred cows at GDT. We plunder the apparent humor of our own lives as readily as that of others. We attack everything and everyone from as many angles as we can come up with, shredding the outer edges of our society and the world at large. This is by no means a noble pursuit, but humor by its very nature will always be ignoble from at least one perspective. Comedy can never be politically correct no matter how righteous and beautiful the spirit of its creator, which is probably why I love it so.

So, what does this founder think of the present state of GDT? I may not agree with Sean Stanley, his word choice, or creative style all the time, but there have been moments in which I’ve seen the lad create pure gems of imaginative genius. Hell, I don’t even agree with some of the stuff I’ve written, but sometimes it’s how you write it, or even why you write it. GDT was made to reflect the people who work on it, and that can be a few dedicated individuals or a host of collaborators. The beautiful thing is that if you don’t like it, you can come on in and change it, you always have that choice.

If by this time you still haven’t discerned my opinion on the matter, I quote a fellow mortal humorist when I say, “...eat a candybar out of my ass, I’m out of here!”