



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 21, Issue 2, Polyester Bride
www.hellskitchen.org/gdt



Member of
Hell's Kitchen
www.hellskitchen.org

**SATURDAY
DEC. 8**

**COLONY
MANOR**

10 PM

**RIT CROSS COUNTRY
PRESENTS THE
2 0 0 1
POST-SEASON
PARTY**



**WITHOUT ALCOHOL
DRY CAMPUSES ARE NO FUN**

Without cross country runners parties would be fun.

**Portraits from a Coffee Shop:
An Exercise in Self-Generated Entertainment.
By R. Meinhart**

he is sitting in a corner by himself, however, i am sure that if I were to ask him if he was lonely or even alone he would say no. he is swaying with the music, eyes closed, long lanky fingers tapping on his bony knees. the first word that comes to mind when i look at him is “long” and I marvel at the fact that despite his height and length, his feet never seem to touch the ground.

there is a frat boy sitting at the table diagonally from me. i can see the pin on his lapel. he is typing furiously, every now and again referring back to the dense chemistry textbook sitting alongside the rented laptop computer. a “brother” comes barreling into the serenity with a loud holler and slap on the back. i am annoyed, as he almost knocked over my mug. The frat boy looks up at him, mirrors his reply, all while quickly quitting the screen on his computer and flinging the book closed. i feel a pang of what I recognize as sadness.

i can smell her perfume from where i am sitting and it is taking all my might to not cough and cover my nose with the sleeve of my jacket. unfortunate. she is pretty, I think, but all of that seems to be hidden under the eighteen layers of concealer and coverup and in the non-existent folds of her revealing clothing. when she laughs it is a careful, well-planned giggle, and the sound, tinny and quiet though it may be, continues to ring in my ears long after she bounces out of the room, long, meticulously brushed hair trailing behind her, arm linked with a generic frame.

at first glance he would appear to look like everyone else. slightly baggy jeans, loose fitting T-shirt, ordinary black backpack. but as i watch him order his orange smoothie, i can't help but notice that he carries himself with a confident, quietly dignified strength, and the way that his honest-seeming brown eyes scan the coffee shop observantly. i am intrigued but at the same time so very sure of what i am witnessing. as he walks toward me, there is an internal struggle over whether or not to make eye contact, but my bashfulness wins over, and i avert my eyes, wanting nothing more than for him to take the seat next to mine.

i wish i knew the girl sitting next to the window. she is all smiles as she immerses herself in Alice in Wonderland- the annotated version of course- and i can imagine the words as she would read them aloud. she is wearing a long patchwork quilt skirt, and a loosely fitted rayonish black v-neck. she is sipping sporadically out of a mug filled with hot chocolate with (i imagine) just a dash of cinnamon. her long brown mane hangs casually past her perfectly postured shoulders.

then there's that girl in the corner with the shiny computer in her lap, and portfolio propped up against the chair— so probably an art student. she types casually with her short fingers, glancing up every so many words. every now and then she sips her cider but- it's too warm for her, and so typing maintains the majority of her attention. her slightly wavy hair is windblown messy and she is wearing an obviously homemade scarf and mousy brown framed glasses that reflect in her attentive brown eyes. she appears to be waiting for someone, but that someone doesn't seem to be likely to make an appearance, and so she continues to type alone....

A Socioeconomic Primer on Partying

By Alex Moundalexis

GOALS

If you're throwing a party at your place, there are a few goals. Setting up to meet or exceed these goals will guarantee your popularity and success at college.

You want to have a great time. This usually involves buying/serving a lot of beer, setting up a beer pong table, playing music at deafening levels over a crappy stereo, and letting people hook up on your couch. Beer can be bought at Wegman's until the wee hours of the morning, and I believe you can buy ping-pong balls there too. Closet doors make great beer pong tables, or if you're feeling industrial you can go to Lowe's and buy some shelving. As for your couch, don't worry: Resolve carpet spray and Febreze will take care of the nastiest stains and odors.

You want to break even. Since it's illegal to charge for alcohol without a liquor license, donations are the primary means of financing any party. Another part is preventing those who haven't paid from being served. For more information on enforcing donations, see the section below on "Marking Hands". Alternatively, you could have everyone bring his or her own brew.

You want a decent ratio. This is RIT and so every precaution needs to be taken to insure that there are women at your party, preferably in proper proportion to men. Just as guys don't want to go to a SausageFest, the ladies don't want to end up at one either. Do whatever it takes, even if it involves letting the women drink free.

You want your guest to leave satisfied. Trying to control your guests is never a good thing, nor is making a large attempt to enforce rules. This can be seen with the following example. While we all understand why guests should not be allowed to be seen leaving your party with their cups¹, this situation will always result in one of the two scenarios: your guest dumping your beer in the trashcan or down the sink, or

your guest going out the back door where you haven't posted bouncers. In either case, being an ass about policy will guarantee your guest will leave pissed at you, and less likely to return.

MARKING HANDS

Marking hands is a simple practice that dates back to the Stone Age when revelers would have one of their fingers cut off before entering the hosts' cave. The practice now involves putting an "X" on the back of one or two of the partier's hands before admittance.

There are only two good reasons for marking people's hands at a party. First (as mentioned above), marking hands is a vital way to make sure that free-loaders aren't drinking the beer.² Secondly, if you're checking ID at your party to insure that your bartender doesn't serve any underage kids³ and get banned from all RIT Housing.

Marking hands is a controversial issue, and so I thought it would be best to get some input from the students here. Some students insisted that marking hands was a necessary evil, but that the system is flawed in that current marking technology isn't good enough.

"Brand them! You can't trust people to pay for alcohol, especially college students, we're all cheap bastards."—Garrett, 3rd year Information Technology

"[The system] is faulty, just bring a marker with you and you can easily fake the mark. I don't think that they expect it to work that well, it's just a matter of convenience, a way to try and control who drinks."—Nathan, 1st year Software Engineering

"It's just too easy to wash it off and guzzle a 40."—Chrissy, 2nd year Biomedical Photo

"As the person that is throwing the party it is necessary [to mark hands], to ensure that people paid. However, a simple "X" doesn't work, you

¹ To clarify: while Campus Safety has been lax about students walking around with cups in hand, it is wise to cloak the source of the cups, since most of your revelers are underage anyways.

² This is the same beer that you'll be paying for as soon as your roommate's VISA statement arrives.

³ Amazing! A responsible host! Good for you!

have to use something more unique that people just can't write on their hand [themselves]. For example we used to use signatures or initials or highlighter.”—Nicole, 5th year Information Technology

Other students are upset that they have to have their skin tattooed. Aside from reports of Sharpie markers causing ink poisoning and endangering the environment, marking hands is proof to Campus Safety that there were out drinking somewhere.

“As I don't attend frat parties anymore, I could care less, but last year it was kind of annoying. Sometimes I would wake up with a faint black X on my face, because you never get it all off in one washing.”—Sarah, 2nd year Biomedical Photo

The College of Applied Science and Technology will reportedly be offering a concentration in Hand Marking Analysis. Part of the concentration will be devoted to studying lame parties, and why the Hand Marking system can sometimes fail to meet the Socioeconomic goals of a party and possible even invoke damage to a host's name. I got the opportunity to speak to two students who are considering the concentration; to get an advanced peek at the phenomenon students would be studying.

“The hand marking systems at parties is good if you collect money. If you don't collect money at a party then it would just be useless. But in order to make the hand marking effective you need to

have a unique system, if you just mark peoples hands with a black “X” then the mark on someone's hand could be from another party. Thus not making you any money.”—Jordan, 3rd year Information Technology

“The people who mark hands, for people coming into a party that doesn't check ID and doesn't charge, obviously are trying to find a place in society. I say “Way to go! Nice fucking job, you have successfully marked my hand. What's next in line for you? What future could possibly compare to such an important and exciting task as this?” Either you are just some dumb frat kid who got stuck with the ass-job because you “had to do it for the brothers” or you just don't really grasp the concept of “reason”. Either is not much of an accolade for a college student. But then again, where would our society be without the generous donations of time and effort from the “idiot class”. Our fair college wouldn't be able to afford such luxuries as a new rotary circle in place of a stop sign. So I guess there is a necessity for hand markers.”—Garrett, 3rd year Information Technology

CONCLUSION

Throwing a kick-ass party depends on meeting the four Socioeconomic Goals as discussed above. Fail to do so, and you'll go down in history as having the lamest party in years. And remember, GDT Readers drink free if they bring an issue to the door.

SUBMIT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Writing Is Good

By Randy

I was going to send this to you last quarter, but I got a little busy and didn't have the time and for that I am sorry. So, here it is, a little late, my letter of apology...

As many of you may know the academic quarter is about to come to an end. The new quarter will be a time of many changes and new beginnings. With that in mind I would like to take this opportunity to clear my conscience and start anew with a tabula rasa. I therefore, would like to apologize to everyone and anyone I may have offended with my writing over the course of the past three months.

The first person I would like to apologize to is, you, the reader. I am sincerely sorry for saying that "your mind is probably as developed as a prepubescent's genitalia." I am also deeply sorry for accusing you of being an "ignorant swine," a "yellow bellied coward," a "putz" and a "complete idiot incapable of performing any basic reasoning skills." I also ask for your forgiveness when I said that "you are probably not cool" and that "you're too stupid to figure anything out on your own." Allow me to say I'm sorry for saying that "you're too stupid to realize" something. I forget what I was referring to and for not remembering, I am sorry. I'm sorry I called you a "sped" and I would also like to apologize for those who know what a sped is and think it's politically incorrect. Lastly I would like to apologize to you the reader for calling you dumb when I said that "they are dumber than you are" in reference to the members of the International Socialist Party. This brings me to my next topic...

I would like to apologize to the members of the International Socialist Party. Firstly, I would like to say sorry for calling them "dumber than you." Although, it is still open to debate as to whom it is that is smarter, I apologize for bringing forth this new conflict to the table. I would also like to apologize for implying that members of the International Socialist Party were "terrorists" and "not to be trusted." I'm also regretful that I have just implied that they should be trusted. Allow me to say that the trustworthiness of members of the International Socialist party should be taken on a case-by-case basis. Trust should be earned and not assumed and therefore I am sorry for swaying

your ideals towards the assumption of this bond of trust. Likewise, I am sorry if my previous statement has swayed your beliefs away from this bond of trust. I am just sorry, okay? Oh yeah, I should probably also apologize for encouraging people to steal your meeting's sign in sheets, make picture archives of your members and "disappear" them.

While on the subject of communism, I'd like to take this opportunity to apologize ahead of time for the article I am going to write next quarter about why communism is destined to fail. Believe me that I am sorry that I am going to write this. I am sorry that I think that the communist movement has turned into a middle-class, pseudo-intellectual, youth movement that has more or less abandoned the workingman. Likewise, I am sorry that I believe that the modern workingman could never understand the intellectual movement being carried out on their behalf and I'm even sorer that I don't think the workingman ever truly could understand the revolution being carried out in their name. For this reason, I am sorry that I think the revolution is going to fail. I am sorry that I called your idea a failure. I am also sorry for implying that you are championing a lost cause. On a side note, I am sorry if I forced you, the reader, to assume the role of the communist I was apologizing to. I am sorry if I just implied with that statement that there was anything wrong with being a communist.

Anyway, I also would just like to say I'm sorry to any celebrity or cultural icon that I may have offended. The first and definitely most noble apology I would like to make goes to the Queen of England. I am sorry that I accused her of doing "more swinging than the teacup ride at Disneyland." I am sorry that I accused the Queen of England of forcing me to make reference to Lisa Loeb in my article "untitled." I am also sorry of accusing her of feeding "me tea and crumpets when I was still in diapers... last Friday" and allowing me to sniff "lines of something off of Queenies bloody arse." As usual, I am truly regretful that I accused her and the monarchy of being "a bit out-dated."

Speaking of out-dated cultural icons, I would like to apologize to Bruce Lee and anyone else who may have been offended by my remarks concerning him. First of all I am sorry that I just called him an out-

dated cultural icon and I am also sorry that I implied that the Queen of England was too. Secondly I would like to apologize for making fun of "Bruce Lee's lifeless corpse" and just say that I meant no disrespect in poking fun at his current situation.

The phrase "lifeless corpse" just reminded me of my roommate who I also would like to apologize to. First of all I would like to say sorry dude if I just said that a "lifeless corpse" reminds me of you. More importantly though, sorry for writing this article. Sorry if you think I'm a sell out. Sorry for telling people to send nasty e-mails to your personal e-mail address (snafu135@aol.com) in reference to the removal of Lisa Loeb from my writing. On that note, anyone who did send him nasty e-mails, please send a letter of apology to snafu135@aol.com. Once again, I'm sorry for encouraging people to send e-mail to your personal online address.

On a lighter note a great big apology goes out to Lisa Loeb. I guess I have to be sorry about implying that she gave me oral sex. It's also probably proper to apologize for objectifying her at times and treating her as an object opposed to a special and unique person. On a similar note it is probably wrong as to state her feelings and thoughts without really knowing who she is. Again, I am sorry. As for Natalie Umbruglia, she also deserves an apology. Natalie baby. I am sorry for what I've said about you and I am sorry for calling you baby, it won't happen again. While on the subject of chicks that I have offended I would like to apologize for the use of the word chick and also to Annie Dillard. Annie Dillard, I am sorry that I told lies about your writing and your intentions. I hope you will forgive me and I forgive you if you don't.

On principle, I will not apologize for calling Hitler "a stuffed monkey from Long Island." To those that think I should apologize, I'm sorry, I'm not. I also would like to apologize to people from Long Island even though I'm hesitant to do so. I apologize for my hesitance. Speaking of Hitler being a stuffed monkey from Island though, I would like to apologize to anyone who believed this. I would like to give a greater apology to anyone who asked his or her teacher. I would also like to simply apologize to those that believed ninjas created the nuclear bomb. Lastly, I would like to apologize to anyone that believed all or

any of the lies that I had made.

I would like to apologize for my slander campaign against the Reporter. Again I am hesitant to do so because I feel I am in the right. I am regretful I feel this ways. I will keep this paragraph short and to the point, however, and just say sorry to the Reporter.

Speaking of reporters, I would like to apologize to Jordan Olsommer. I am truly sorry that I called him "a godless communist bleeding heart liberal," a "misinformed arrogant idiot," a "genius" (with sarcastic intent), a "communist," "Mr. smarty pants columnist," "Einstein" (with sarcastic intent), "Mr. communist columnist smarty pants" and "Mr. Communist Columnist Smarty-pants" (again). It could be said that those comments were slightly uncalled for and inappropriate. I would also like to apologize for my speculation as to Jordan's personal history and character. For instance I'm sorry for saying that he "was one of those kids in school who got beat up and made fun of a lot because he had a moral objection to standing up for himself."

I would honestly like to apologize for making the stated remarks and then some about Jordan. It just seemed like a good idea at the time and I am sorry I did not think things through. However I still do not completely agree with what he is saying and see no feasible alternative solution to the problem than the one being exercised and for this I am sorry. I would buy Jordan a drink some time as an act of good faith if not for the fact that I am underage and don't have a fake ID. I am sorry for being under age and even sorer for assuming that Jordan's forgiveness can be bought.

Anyway, the fact of the matter is that I am sorry for all the thought crime I have committed in the past quarter and although it may happen again (for which I apologize) it is nice getting all this baggage off my shoulders and clearing my conscience. I'd like to make one last apology for the previous run on sentence.



GDT Staff Member John Ashcroft, with this special note for students.

[All Students] New Sedition Guidelines

As you may know, Campus Safety officers and Facilities Management agents have been acquiring information that may be helpful in determining the persons responsible for the September 11th attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. Furthermore, they are pursuing all leads that may assist in preventing any further attacks. I am asking that you assist us in this important **i n v e s t i g a t i o n**. Your name was brought to our attention because, among other things, you came to R.I.T. from a country where there are groups that support, advocate, or finance international terrorists and criminals, specifically, Osama bin Laden, Saddam Hussein, Theodore Kaczinsky, Manuel Noriega, and Timothy McVeigh, among others. We have no reason to believe that you are, in any way, associated with terrorist activities. Nevertheless, we have decided to take the following preventative measures:

(1) Trial by Jury is hereby revoked. If we could do it for an American citizen who was committing treason while we are technically not in a state of war, you'd better believe we'd do it to you.

(2) Anyone Different From Us will be deported. If you are deemed to have an illegal last name (like Liszt or Tudor), you will receive a note asking you politely to leave. If you do not leave, INS Special Forces with License to Kill will ask you nicely. Indians will be shot.

(3) The Espionage Act of 1918 will be reinstated. Thus, anyone caught disseminating false information about the U.S. in support of her enemies, or obstructing the purchase of her bonds, or encouraging violating the draft, or "utter, print, write, or publish any disloyal, profane, scurrilous, or abusive language about" the United States, or urge a curtailment of production of the United States shall be imprisoned for 20 years.

(4) Ridicule of your benevolent leaders, the death penalty, or war, shall be also covered by the above act.

(5) We reiterate—there is not now, nor has there ever been, a constitutional right to privacy. Please contact my office to set up an interview at a location, date, and time that is convenient for you. During this interview, you will be asked questions that could reasonably assist in the efforts to learn about those who support, commit, or associate with persons who commit terrorism. A military tribunal will judge you.

While this interview is voluntary, it is crucial that the investigation be broad-based and thorough, and the interview is important to achieve that goal. To encourage your participation, we are issuing national ID cards that will entitle the bearer to police service. These cards will only be issued at my office.

Yours truly,
John Ashcroft

KIDS! JOIN THE ASHCROFT YOUTH BRIGADE AND GET THIS SWELL CARD!



Untitled
By Irving Washington

I sit in my corner
Suddenly afraid
of beauty around me
work
love's labour
overhead
I fear -
my own release
pent up hurt aggression
a candle
flame to torch
I fear that...
my own destruction is not creative.
only death to beauty
nothing signified
scorched earth bare wall standing stone
and I sit
huddle
pull in to nurse smoke
away from dryer timber
than my own lung
my own bent frame
unending
rotted at the core

Across the way
people sit in a place
a place that is them
their company
friends and talk
covert joint rolled of cigarette
toasted and slipped away
wait for later, no sense risking discovery
reprisal, exile, incrimination
Pariah
I sit too in this
alone
a scream
sudden and wild
would bring
eyes to me
would it?
and then...
the nothing
turned back from the discovery
and self soul bare
to all
nothing to back the blown cover
no arsenal
no plan
and yet I need plans?
I have none, make none
But once...
best forgotten.

girl next to me says
the city closes early
2 A.M.
Too early for me
midnights rambler
lost for not knowing
and needing to
people don't know
don't see me there
do but draw
back
fierce appearance belying...
belying what?
shattered soul lost would be
morbid discontent of melodrama
internal drama
but for glory
shy from
pain
cringe at tattoos of the man across...
swoon when she told me of her with-
drawal
too weak,
still
and too much burden borne
carried to the brink of exhausted death
but still not
unscarred
and for what?
still
gutted
own hands
of mind at least
and all over?

I fear
expedability
and the torch I could be -
come
retire tired
hungry
no appetite

P O E

(s)
and so...
and so...
slumped over faux real stain wood table
drained
I can't show this to anyone.
Can't face the scrutiny
Can't WRITE damnit!
She told me I was a writer
fuck her
I never did
Someone else did
block away
while I pretended to believe the lie
and now...
nothing
no longed for oblivion, held back from...
nonetheless. The less?
The less than...
than.
any of it
and I said it was worth it all
and I think it wasn't, now
that I can't see it any
more
Such an effort
and so drained...
such ecstasy I feel now
euphoric beyond afterglow
almost
ready.

TRY

where's the video-game designer? i have a complaint.
By Steve Pomeroy

i am NOT superman,
although i somehow try to be.
i don't have time to see
everything you want me to see.
I WANT to see everything you want me to see
i want to be everything you want me to be,
everything i want to be,
everything i've dreamt being.
i want to be the one who gets smiled at
soft, sweet, meaningful
by that special one.
and the other ones as well.
i want to be everyone's everything
everywhere for always.
I want to do it all,
live it all,
feel it all.
it's there, why not try it?
it's there and i'm not. what am i missing?
i should just play this game out,
only follow one path:
bang, die, "continue?" *insert 4 more coins*
I've probably played before,
but does this game have continues?
i can never remember.
I can't be sure
and i don't want to miss a single moment.
i guess that leaves me
trying the futile goal being
everyone's everything, for all and forever.

-XXV

The Vaginal Handbook

By Jamie L. Nagy

Christmas is coming up, and as a present to all of you sexy men out there, I've decided to dedicate this article to giving you all a little heads up on women. To all the creepy guys resembling cracked out trolls who incessantly try to tell me they think I'm hot and that they bet I'd be wild in bed, move on to the next article, this will not help you – I assure you nothing will. I know that the "guy/girl ratio" at RIT is something like 10/1, so I figured you guys could use this. I'll go slowly so as not to lose you. I do mean that in the nicest possible way.

First of all, if you EVER want to get laid, you must learn this one simple fact:

“When a girl says “NO!” she REALLY means “Oh yeah baby YES! I want you here now on the floor!!! YOU'RE SO BIG – DO ME NOW!”

Now I know that SOUNDS completely crazy and god knows most girls will deny it, but contrary to popular belief, there is NO difference between the sex drives of men and women. Girls want it too, just as bad as guys. It's just that they've been taught to refuse sex and then expect a man to throw them down on the floor and fuck them right then and there. Trust me guys... try it – it works.

This next little tid-bit to be told is mostly geared toward you guys out there who already HAVE your women and would prefer to keep them. Like I mentioned earlier, the man/woman ratio at RIT is outrageous so if you HAVE a girl, it's really in your best interest to do whatever it takes to keep the girlfriend happy.

Here it is guys so listen up:

If your girlfriend asks you “DO I LOOK FAT???”..... DON'T TOUCH THAT WITH A TEN-FOOT POLE.

Now here's the cruel thing about this question we women so often ask of you men... BOTH answers are dangerously wrong – its one of those brutal trick questions of the female persuasion. The safest thing to do would be to say something like “Do

you smell something burning?” or “I wonder where my keys are....” and high tail it out of there as fast as possible without looking suspect. I warn you all – many men have tried to answer that question right – not one was ever seen again. Some say that their eyes had been clawed out by Lee Press on Nails. Others say they had been drowned in girly hand and body lotion – THE SMELLY KIND. But no one really knows for sure.

This last little bit of information I'm going to give you guys is probably the most important thing you'll ever hear so take note of each and every word of it. It may someday save your life not to mention your ass. **NOTE:** This, too, is geared towards you men out there with the girlfriends – you STUDS.

If your girlfriend is looking obviously pissed at the world, you can be assure that it's not the world... IT'S YOU.

You will say to her “What's wrong?” And she will say to you nothing's wrong, she's not mad, she's fine – she swears. This is likely go on indefinitely or at least until you notice that crazy look in her eye at which point it would be wise to arm yourself with something pointy – and I don't mean you Johnson – she will NOT find that funny and you run the risk of losing it altogether. If you can't find something pointy, run to the nearest place with a crowd – girls won't kill in public – it's not our style.

The final heads up I'm going to give you is by far one of the most misunderstood aspects of the guy/girl relationship to date:

You must actually MAKE UP to have “make up sex”.

Contrary to popular belief, you can NOT skip that part and come back to it later.



Howdy,

I am a lowly RIT student of a rather unusual nature. I am one of four young people to realize The Matrix blew and I do not smell, thus I'm not in the IT/computer crowd. I am not in engineering, thus I am not a minority. I am happy with the place I live, thus I am not a freshman. I am awake during normal business at the very least, excluding me as an art student. I do not hold a deep contempt for the Greek community, and I am not a member, meaning I am not a tool. I do not stomp around and shout unintelligible noises, thus I can hear. And the largest thing that separates me from the rest of the campus, I read the Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre.

It was sad to see that the last issue of the GDT did not contain any contributors. So despite my wisest school marm in the south where I grew

up, I am writing in. I am not a very funny individual as you can clearly tell by the opening. I am, however, a fan of satire. I am not the best writer or even know the rules of writing. Being from the south I'm lucky I know how to articulate words into sentences, much less spell my own name. Also being from the south I am not one to put things tenderly, or be politically correct. If I see an Asian woman driving, much less an Asian woman driving a Hummer in a confined space such as U lot... or come to think of it NY state, I'm not afraid to shout, "run for your lives". I am also prone to Herman Melville-like run-on sentences. At any rate I'm writing to ask about a position writing for this wonderful piece of bathroom worthy publication. And unlike the reporter it's ok to read in there too.

Sincerely,

Southern Mike (tubofat81@hotmail.com)

You're hired, despite your southern upbringing. –
Ed.

Holy Crap **By Sue Kuhn**

Before Beethoven and the Romantic Movement, Classical music used to cater mostly to royalty and religion. Even as changing social trends, monarchs, hints and themes from folk songs, and outside cultural influences shaped classical music, the genre has always been able to stand on its own as a bastion of refinement and thought. Looks like that's about to change:

On January 4th Classical meets heavy rock as the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra takes on the music of Led Zeppelin. At what point was there a need for orchestras to play popular favorites from the 60's, 70's, 80's, 90's, and today!? Whatever the reason, orchestras have begun playing the Beatles, Eric Clapton, Queen, the Who and even Led Zeppelin, naming this

new music "Symphonic Rock". (Check out Symphonic Rock: British Invasion Vol. 1 for more information.) I'm not talking about rock-classical fusion a la Moody Blues or Jethro Tull. No Eddie Jackson, no Kelly Gray, not even any other members of Queensryche. I'm talking about the actual song arranged for orchestra being played by an orchestra. Its been done before with Pink Floyd and David Bowie, but this is entirely new, entirely different; this is Led Zeppelin, orchestral.

Don't get me wrong; Led Zeppelin has some great music, defining a genre by experimenting and expanding on the burgeoning rock scene to create Heavy Metal as we know it. But just imagine for a moment what the musicians are feeling, this concert is only 2 months away. The concert master (Charles Haupt) studied at Juilliard, has played with Andr Watts

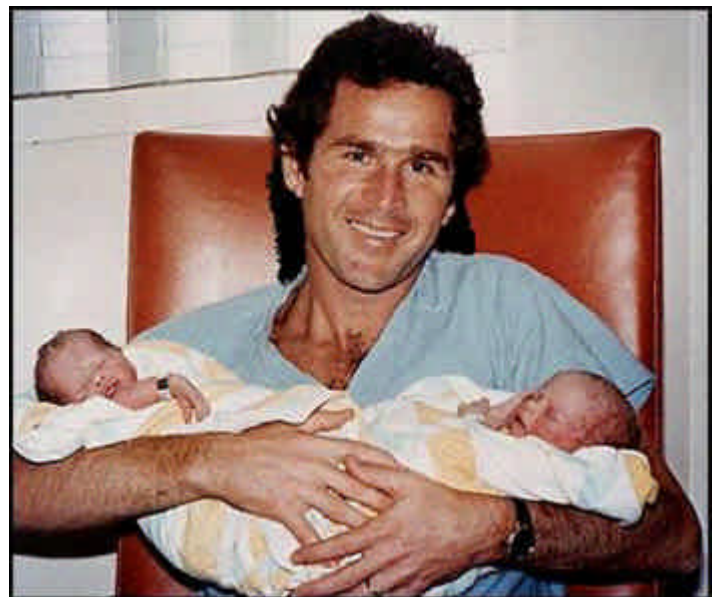
and Itzhak Perlman, has performed under Leonard Bernstein and now teaches Orchestral Repertory at the Eastman School of Music. He's also been the featured soloist at the New York Symphony! What do you think Mr. Haupt thinks about playing Led Zeppelin? Although I could be completely wrong, I think that someone with his background would rather be the featured soloist in Mozart's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra No.3 not Led Zeppelin's Kashmir. And what about the younger generation of musician? There are serious young musicians out there who rarely reveal their chosen scholastic path, for fear of incessant requests to "play some Stairway, dude!" on their contra e-flat bass clarinet when found out at Berkley frat parties. I imagine that one of the small perks of graduating a collegiate music program is the protection from such requests in the enclave of a major symphony. Or at least it was.

Buffalo stands by its philharmonic, as does the rest of Western New York. Being a native of the Southern Tier, I have frequented Kleinhans Music Hall, even getting to meet Doc Severinson sitting in on some rehearsals. The philharmonic even graces the slopes of Holiday Valley, a ski resort in my hometown of Ellicottville, every Independence Day. Yes the members of the Millonzi Society and the Maestro's Circle in Buffalo love the philharmonic and the pops alike, but what about the rest of Buffalo? In a town where its OLDEST and most popular radio station plays classic rock, it seems the common citizen isn't interested in Mozart or Smetana when they can hear CCR and the Rolling Stones 24 hours a day, 7 days a week (except during a Bills game or the occasional Stanley Cup playoff).

So the question remains: How desperate for business is the BPO? In an economic downturn (not that it matters, Buffalo being economically depressed for over twenty years) is it ok for one of the few global cultural outlets to adopt a format change similar to when the local oldies station switches to the more economically feasible modern country genre? This question of artistic integrity and motives is always good fodder for heated debate, but there is no debate about the answer to the BPO question. After some careful research, I discovered the culprit. Just check out the BPO's bass player and you can discard all other possibilities.



Ahhh, mullets. The great equalizer. If a mullet can penetrate and shape the musical direction of a major metropolitan orchestra, imagine what would happen if a mullet ever became president?



Holy Crap, indeed...

Hey, Mr. bin Laden, You're Not a Very Good Terrorist

By Andrew Gill

I recently realized something – I don't respect Osama bin Laden very much. Not as in "You killed thousands of people you terrorist bastard," but as in "What? It took you eight years to destroy the World Trade Center?" Let me explain.

al Qaeda has earned its place in history by killing the most people ever in an act of terrorism, but frankly, anyone could beat that by merely napalming the Ganges or Mecca on the proper day; hell, I could probably rent a Cessna and fly a homemade bomb over Three Rivers and kill more people.

In all, it appears that bin Laden has been connected to eight successful terrorist actions spanning nine years[1]. His terrorist organization has billions of dollars in funding. If the anthrax attacks prove to be his work, he will have exposed almost 50 people to a disease that is very difficult to treat.

In times like this, it's not difficult to imagine that a group with sufficient means could bomb the Pentagon, the Long Island Court House, the NYPD headquarters, the State Department, or even the Capitol. Perhaps that's a good thing.

Friday

By K.S.

This morning it occurs to me. I again conclude that I'm a bit of an asshole and I decide I'm going to make a conscious effort not to insult anyone (to their face anyway) until I've at least eaten lunch. This I conclude on the second floor of building #8. Somehow I end up traversing various levels for some time before settling on the first floor where I see a book sale. Someone is always selling something here and today an attractive girl (both rare qualities in my neighborhood) is behind the counter. I think to myself that this might be the perfect opportunity to have a conversation without insulting anyone. I fail.

At 3:30 this afternoon someone is painting the hallway outside and they need to paint my door. I decide that I'd rather not make cheap conversation and ingest fumes (I'm sure I've already seen this episode of Pokemon anyway) so I head over to campus with some

Because someone did.

All of them. The Weathermen, or Weather Underground, successfully bombed 12 places in the four years of its existence. It didn't have millions of dollars to work with. If they really wanted to, they probably could have incurred a lot of fatalities, but they always gave advance warning.

In 1997, Robert McGee's reign of terror ended[2]. He had deliberately infected no less than 18 people with AIDS, but he had sex with somewhere around 100 people. In 1995, 12 people died and more than 5000 were injured in a sarin gas attack on the Tokyo subway.

bin Laden, however, probably has vastly greater resources than all of these groups combined, yet will never achieve the efficiency of groups like the IRA or the Weathermen, and probably not the prolificity. Moreover, biological weapons are pretty well out of his league, and tact is something that he'll never find.

Fuck you, Osama bin Laden, you're not a very good terrorist. I have no respect for you or your terrorist acts. Oh, and in case the UnAmerican Thought Police come after me—fuck every other terrorist mentioned in this article.

[1] <http://www.emergency.com/bldn0798.htm>

[2] <http://www.snopes2.com/horrors/madmen/aidsmary.htm>

books. I go to campus more often than I need to. I disguise my trips as necessary for studying, mailing things, and getting better phone reception — anything. The climax of these excursions is passing by the Imaging Science building. Maybe one out of 50 times I luck out. This is one of those times.

Usually I give up by the time I can see the center of campus. Here, the game I play has left my mind and I'm off to perform whatever task I made up to get me here. I'm walking again at full speed when from behind me a voice says "hi". It barely occurs to me that this might be directed at me (the voice is female).

I can't describe what its like to live in a place with virtually no women. Its difficult to maintain motivation, and much of the population has given up on personal hygiene.

Beside me now is the most impossibly vivid pair of green eyes and I'm no longer in control. I listen to myself greet and make simple conversation. I'm shoot-

ing glances at doorframes, faults in the pavement, manmade imperfections, and then back to her eyes. As far as I can tell, they remain fixed, but I can't focus for any length of time. I'm probably rambling about something meaningless when I really only want to hear her speak. I want to absorb everything I can because the moment will be over shortly.

And sure enough it is, but something always remains and this is a pleasant sensation. At about 8:00 this evening I took my laundry across the parking lot to the complex laundry room. Somehow on the second load I left my keys in my room and was locked out of the building. Stuck in the laundry room for a while, I watched and conversed with the people of my complex. After about a half an hour I saw a group of 'punks' stumble over from the housing up the street.

Three of them, and any one could have stuffed me in a dryer; they discussed this in whispers for a moment. I pretended not to notice, rereading a lost dog

poster and trying to look occupied.

I'd been laughing at myself from the moment I noticed that my keys were missing. I'd been on this euphoric kick since 4 o'clock. Everything was okay, even if I ended up stuffed in a commercial dryer or sleeping in the laundry room.

Sometimes someone saves your life and they don't even know it. I'm let back in the building by an attractive Korean couple and I have no idea what they're saying to me. I thank them and note that I should avoid running into them for a while. When someone saves your life, even if they don't know it, you owe it to them to hide from them at all costs.

Later on, I'm picking up more laundry and while I'm jiggling my key in the door, the knob whacks me. Things fall on the ground and the knob bounces off of me a few times before I get out of the way. As long as it isn't either of my life-saving neighbors, I'm ok. It's the man and I've failed, but I note that he is wearing very cool pants.

Catharsis

By Gary Hoffmann

He's skinnier now than he used to be. He was never fat, by any means, and now he's lost nearly a third of his body weight. His stomach is shallow and his ribs stick out and I'm vaguely reminded of pictures I saw when I was younger of prisoners in concentration camps. It's the same sickly appearance, like he's already dead and his body just doesn't know it yet. Some of his hair is missing, too, and it makes him look that much more fragile.

It's strange watching him die. He was so young when I met him, but he's so very old now. Of course, I was young, too, that day fifteen years ago that I can still remember as if it were – no, I won't say, "yesterday." I don't remember anything that happened yesterday. We were about the same age, then. Indeed, he was a bit younger, but now he's ancient beyond dreams. His bleary eyes look out at each new day and I wonder if behind them he ponders how many more times he'll be allowed to do this. He walks slowly, wearily, with the weight of Death and an unfinished life on his back, and it takes longer than I thought possible for him to walk up a flight of stairs.

It's strange watching my best friend for three-fourths of my entire life waste away into oblivion. It's odd listening to his labored breaths and seeing him so happy to see me despite the cancer running rampant through his flesh, despite the ugly coughs from fluid in his lungs, despite frequent stops to rest as we walk because his heart is slowly failing.

I watch him one night staring up at the stars, just breathing, breathing, breathing, even though it's painful to draw breath – short, shallow inhalations with sharp exhalations are a constant reminder of borrowed time. We stand for a long time watching the infinite, marvellous cosmos, and I have just enough time to think painfully about all of my regrets before the moon dips below the horizon, and I say goodnight. So this is death.

I turn around and I'm three hundred miles away, still staring at an apathetic moon. I'm in the arms of a woman I barely know, and the dim light of a nearly winter sky casts further shadows of anonymity. Her arms wrap around me in the tender embrace of a satisfied lover. So this is mourning.

She's smiling. The world is dead and this fucking cunt is grinning stupidly! Pause. No, I can't fault her; hell, I'm smiling too, if barely more than a smirk,

just so I don't have to bother telling her. She doesn't know, but I'm sure she'd care if she did. Just like everyone cares. Sympathy: "Oh, I'm so sorry." They say it with that same pitiful face everyone gets when they're trying to convey pity – frowning, pulling their cheeks down so it looks like their flesh is hanging too loosely beneath their eyes, and turning their eyebrows just so slightly upwards to widen their glistening eyes the tiniest fraction of an inch. "I just heard about your loss and I wanted to let you know I'm here for you." Yeah, I'm sure you are, at least today. Tomorrow you'll wonder why I'm still upset about it, I should move on with my life, not dwell in the past.

She interrupts my thoughts by pulling me back to bed. I suppose she was trying to be seductive, but as I glimpse her casually naked in front of me, that same photograph of starving, shaved headed Jews, Gypsies, and other Undesirables returns to my mind – rows of tired, naked corpses standing there staring at me. So this is lust.

I drive away, listening to the radio as loudly as it can be turned. The speakers rebel with static that distorts the words, but I'm pretty sure it's something by Smashing Pumpkins. "I used to be a little boy..." The sky turns sort of a washed out blood red as the sun dims, a sunset filtered through the exhaust from a million cars. I don't know how much time passes, but eventually I'm in the City. I spend the night in Brooklyn and become witness to a shooting at two in the morning. One shot...what the fuck?...two-three...should I call the cops?...someone else probably will...four...silence the whole time, broken merely by the stacato of gunfire, loudly echoing off the buildings – I guess I expected more yelling...five...I close my eyes, listening to the minutes pass...six...each shot is slow, deliberate, not the frenzied exchange shown in movies...seven...then nothing. Seven shots in as many minutes and the police don't arrive for another twenty. I guess this is the post-attack comraderie everyone spoke of, New Yorkers coming together in the spirit of harmony and friendship. Drug dealers offer me pot in Washington Square Park. It's probably little better than oregano. On the subway everyone has the look of permanent fatigue. They sleep. They sit staring at nothing, just waiting for their stop. No one talks, so the only sound is the clacking of wheels on railway, and no one makes eye

contact. If the spiritual essence of a place had a color, here it would be grey.

A man enters the car I'm in. His clothes are old and smelly, as ragged and worn out as the man himself. Bags under his eyes could hold water. His skin is as dark as an arctic winter. Everyone who wasn't looking down already does so when he enters, studiously avoiding his eyes and purposefully not staring at his right arm, which is missing below the elbow. Old photographs in my mind. He gives the usual pitch: just a nickel to help me out; I'm just trying to get through the day, and hopefully the night. Almost everyone ignores him, but two don't, and as they drop a few coins into his cup he gives them a warm but infinitely sad smile. A whispered "thank you" escapes his lips, but is reflected a thousand times in his brown, rheumatic eyes. He walks away as I watch the ground. After all, I don't have enough money to help everyone, so why bother helping anyone?

The train doesn't stop at Cortland Street. The station there is completely empty, and as we go by the silence seems to increase a hundredfold. Only the ghosts have voices here. I get off at Rector street, instead.

I'm struck most by the contrast. People stand grieving, visibly holding back tears, next to tourists as they smile – modest smiles, but smiles nonetheless – while their pictures are taken with the skeletal remnants of some once-towering edifice in the background. Rows of flowers and candles and countless tiny memorials to the fallen lie beautifully as old postcards and pointless knick-knacks that were bought wholesale are sold nearby, even as water is still being poured on the ruins. Get a picture of the towers before there are none left. Love stands next to Greed and Life stands next to Death. So this is grieving.

I decide to leave, slightly nauseous, when two things catch my attention. The first is a simple piece of cloth – it could have been a tablecloth, once – covered in hundreds of signatures and tiny, heartfelt messages. This in and of itself is unremarkable; there are dozens like it and, like the others, it has its origin printed on it in larger letters. This is what catches me, simple black letters spelling out five words, "New York City, Rochester Cares." As I read this I notice for the first time music playing, and turn to see a man in sim-

ple clothes playing Christmas songs on a flute to the gathered throngs. This is beauty.

Beneath Union Square, as I'm leaving the city, I walk by a woman playing the musical saw just as she begins *Ave Maria*. I stop, listening. It was sung, years ago, at both of my grandparents' funerals, but it was not sung two weeks ago at the most recent burial I had to attend. There are no words this time, but the music is enough, sounding for all the world like an angel humming to herself. I listen, watching her play until it's finished, and whisper silently because my voice won't work that it's one of my favorite songs. It is, but I'm not sure if it's despite or because it reminds me of so many dead. So this is goodbye.

JOIN THE *GDT* YOUTH BRIGADE

REMOVING LIBERTY IN THE DEFENSE OF FREEDOM FOR OVER 5 YEARS.

gdt@hellskitchen.org



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Editors:

Alex Moundalexis
Mike Fisher

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Writers:

Andrew Gill
Gary Hoffmann
Sue Kuhn
R. Meinhart
Randy
Irving Washington

Cruciverbalist:

Adam Fletcher

Contributors:

Jamie L. Nagy
Steve Pomeroy
K.S.

Printer Daemons:

Erin Hart
Vaughn Micciche

© 2001 *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. Don't reprint the contents of this publication without permission; that's stealing. All the work remains copyright the Authors, bitch.



Contact us at gdt@hellskitchen.org or by regular mail at:

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
92 Lomb Memorial Drive
Rochester, NY 14623-5604