



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre



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A Little Something for the Guys

By: J.Cross

As a girl here at RIT, many of you guys would think that I have an advantage over you. I've overheard numerous guys talking about the girl-to-guy ratio and how hard it is to get a date here. Well, I've compiled some factors that might apply to you, if you are one of these guys complaining.

First, if your idea of a fun time involves you playing some sort of video game. It doesn't matter if it is from your computer or it is any sort of game that hooks up to your TV. Video games rot the mind, and you have hardly any brain cells as it is. Along with this, you turn to slobbering adolescent boys while playing these games.

We don't like to hear about computers. The only time we talk about computers is when it applies to Instant Messenger or checking email. Yes, this applies. Sorry, but girls don't like computer geeks. We don't like to sit around for hours and talk about the problems that we have this program or which edition of Windows is best.

We want someone that will listen to us. Someone that will listen to us the full 10 minutes, and not take 3 minutes to themselves after hearing us for only 7 minutes. And we can tell when you aren't paying attention. I know because I have perfected the art of inactive listening.

Hooray for Testosterone

In Defense of the Guys

R. Meinhart

When I told my friend Brian that I was recently incited to write a piece in defense of the male population at RIT and gender in general, he was surprised to put it lightly. A dye in the wool supporter of women's rights, a fan of Title IX and so on, and a female who has always demanded that I be regarded with respect as a woman a person, I have often been pitted up against guys who have felt it okay to call me "Woman" and blatantly not treated me as an equal. I have also had my share of negative experiences with guys in the relationship department, from being ditched at dances, to being cheated on, tossed around, and disappointed, and have

If you say that you're going to call, then call. There is nothing worse than a guy that says he will call and doesn't. If you want nothing to do with us, then tell us. This will be brought back later in another topic. Here is the general rule that we follow, if you don't call within 3 days of saying you will call, we know that you won't call at all. Another thing that goes with this is calling when you are drunk. There is nothing worse than receiving a call at 2 or 3 in the morning from some drunk guy looking for some nookie.

Don't lie. We can always tell when you are lying. You may have been the mack daddy at your high school, but it doesn't fly here. When you make up a lame excuse, we know you are lying. This goes back to the calling situation. There are ways to tell if a guy is going to call or not.

Jealousy is ugly. There's nothing that turns me off as much as a jealous guy. This is RIT, there are a lot of guys here chances are girls will be friends with guys. Do not take this to mean that she wants to cheat on you with any of these guys.

A lot of the guys here are kind of scary. So when you look at it the ratio is pretty even, the ratio of decent guys to girls. These tips can be helpful to you. The best thing that you can do is not sit around your room complaining about girls, get up and get out of your room. You are the master of your own destiny.

been known to throw my hands up in the air, underscored by a "Geez! Boys are so stupid!" when it I just don't know what else to say, and often because, at the moment, I can find evidence enough to make me comfortable with the generalization. But my attitudes and perceptions of the male gender hasn't stopped there, and I am finally going to liberate my views and finally put them in ink. I can't speak for all women, but here goes.

What They Do

Some guys are into computer games. Some are into cars, some into music, some into porn. While this may seem pointless to some women, conversely, try defending your love of the million and one stereotyped loves of women that may apply you to a male. In no way am I ever going to

defend my somewhat old fashioned love of knitting to anyone (male or female for that matter) because its not who I am; its a hobby, and hobbies aren't meant as cornerstones for judgment or ridicule. Same goes for the guys; they have hobbies too (often not the stereotypical ones listed above, and its completely their prerogative to enjoy them. And, while I'm not saying that there's any need to cater one's interests to that of another individual, but if the guys one's around are into video games, then there's a lot to be said for abandoning disdain and joining in. It might not be so bad after all, and by gaining an understanding of that which *they* appreciate, a greater appreciation of each other is made possible. (note: the same applies when the gender specific pronouns are switched).

Some guys like and understand computers. Congratulations, you're a better person than I on that account. While I dislike generalizations that women only appreciate computers for their face value, shallow communication-oriented capabilities, my breadth of understanding is, unfortunately, limited to that and my work in digital photography, and I really wish that this wasn't the case. In a society that is growing more and more dependent on computers and technical support and owners manuals, I see it as a sign of intelligence to be on the pulse of technology, and wish that I was a little more in tune with it myself. When my guy friends go off into a techni-speak dizzy, I wish that I were more able to follow; when my guy friends achieve something exciting in their programming/scripting/what-have-you, I wish that I could say, "way to go" and really mean it. Also, notably, as women we embrace more glamorous areas of interest, thus doing a great injustice to said, "computer geeks." If (insert name of an art student you know) is really into his work, then that meaningful and deep and sexy, but when (insert name of computer whiz near you) is incredibly focused in or excited about his work its seen as geeky and obsessive and boring. I say do what makes you happy and be happy with what you do, and that's what's sexy. If its art, fantastic, share that with me; if its business or science, please enlighten me; and if it's in the world of computers, then illuminate that for me too.

The Way They Act

We all (male and female genders included) want someone to listen to us. As humans, a need for expres-

sion and communication appears to be inherent. Which is fantastic; people are, in their general nature, fascinating and complex, and through communication, we are able to appreciate this. We want to share of ourselves with others; and many long for or value that friend or significant other who *just knows them*. Sometimes people don't seem to be listening, or may be off in their own world dealing with something completely different, or sometimes they're politely disinterested. This is not, however, gender-specific. We have all zoned out, not cared, or had more to worry about at the moment than the present conversation. And that's okay too. In my personal experience, I have had male friends that have proven to be much more effective and patient listeners than some of my female friends; for two reasons: I have made it apparent that their time, input, opinion, advice is appreciated and respected, and because I listen back. Actively.

I don't call back either. And I mean this in both a literal and figurative sense. The wide world of dating and relationships and yadda yadda yadda isn't something that comes easily for everyone: male and female included, nor is it something that everyone's on the same page about. Some people are looking for commitments, some for friendship, some for sex, some for fun, some for social normalcy, and some are looking for nothing in particular at all. It's important to keep in mind that not all guys are just looking to fool around, but not all women aren't. Not all women are looking for commitments, and not all men aren't. And mostly, not everyone is able to articulate what it is that they're looking for for whatever reason. This lends itself to interesting dating scenarios that can be frustrating. He said he'd call back. Why didn't he? The possible answers are exponential, but really, does it matter? People are fallible; shit happens; things come up; and yeah—sometimes people are too chicken or caught up in not wanting to damage pride to fess up to not being interested. My point is that a lot of crap goes on in *dating*, and that its not any gender's problem or incapability, fault or issue. Guys haven't called me back and treated me as I would've liked, and I would be lying if I said that I didn't do the same.

The Way They Think

Right. So I don't have a clue as to how they think. So I'm not going to make any assumptions or even begin to guess, and I'm going to suggest that all

women stop trying, rather, take the direct approach and ask if its necessary for you to know. Men have been known to lie (And believe me, we don't always have a clue, in my opinion. That's why establishing trust in relationships is so important; for all the times that we can't tell). Why? I don't know. Ask a woman why she's lied. She hasn't? Right. Well, there's my proof. Whether is to save face (I did TOO bench that! I am TOO a size six) spare feelings (She's not ugly, she's just a little too artsy for me. He's not repulsive, I'm just not looking for a relationship), or to avoid conflict (No, you don't look fat in that dress. Yes, I think that you're intelligent.) We all, male and female, have been culprits of little white lies. And sometimes they're not so little. Women cheat on men just as easily as the other way around and so on. The examples could go on for days. This goes back to the inevitability of human fuck-ups—not male or female fuck-ups.

He's jealous that I spend so much time with my best friend. Well, no shit. I've been in this situation; my best friend is a guy, and that hasn't always gone over well, and I know that the people my best friend dated didn't always feel terrific about the situation either. Because while there are some things that can only be shared with your significant other, there are some things that are explicitly meant for the best friend, and that can be sort of intimidating or hard to understand. It puts everyone in an occasional Catch-22. (Insert name of best friend) really needs me tonight. But I feel bad blowing off (insert name of dot-ing significant other), because it wont be the first time. It comes down to priorities (For example, I normally

took the, “boyfriends come and go, but my best friend is amazing” stance, but that's not for everyone) and these priorities lead to jealousy. Which is annoying, yeah, but maybe I'd also be curious if the boyfriend didn't care occasionally. Personally, I'm not a fan of head games, and this falls under that category. The point is that both women and men allow jealousy to make them feel insecure in relationships, and the best approach may be to be understanding and assuring, but clear.

There's a lot more that I could say, and yet, I think I've said more than enough to make my point. Men are not the enemy. I have had some really nice relationships (friendly and otherwise) with men, including men on (gasp!) this campus. I have guy friends here who come to visit me when I'm sick just to check up on me; will run out to get us ice cream while we're studying late at night; will sit and listen to me for hours on end as I vent about something I'm genuinely upset about; will just relax with me and a movie to help me take my mind off whatever; will be honest with me; will treat me as a person, not just a woman, and with respect as an equal. And I don't think I am the exception. Sure, men screw up. But so do women, and until all parties are willing to admit equal share in the positive and negative aspects of what-have-you, then this argument can continue weekly and unnecessarily. People are fantastic friends, lovers, companions, teachers, and so on, so let's all sit back and enjoy each other.

SUBMIT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

**The Magic Wondershow's
Short Fiction Department
Presents
The Mysogynist**

By Sean J. Stanley

This afternoon I was enjoying a cigarette, minding my own business when I found myself in close proximity to one of those catty little cunts. You know the sort; the ones who mill about, standing in that modified theater stance, knees bent, feet at a right angle, leaning on one hip. The ones who wouldn't talk to you in high school. Perfect hair, perfect makeup, perfect teeth. I tuned in to her conversation, a vapid lament on the fact that Old Navy, Banana Republic, and The Gap are all owned by the same company, and how she just found this out in class. Her friend, a comely lass in a baggy sweatshirt nodded in tepid agreement. I noticed one of her wrists, thin and angular, protruding from the well-chew sleeve. I wondered if the bubbly girl spewing her fresh understanding of corporate marketing schemes knew that her friend was quietly wasting away. Sunken, weary eyes glanced at me. I looked away, taking a drag of my cigarette. Annie Sprinkle and Betty Dodson rolling in their vacant graves as the girls subject one another to psychological tortures far greater than any man could inflict. "So, like, I found this really cute little miniskirt, but I'm not sure if I should wear it because it was, like, made in a sweatshop," she cooed.

"Most of the brand-name stuff is," her emaciated companion strained.

"Yeah, but its so cute and its so hard to find clothes my size."

"What size are you?"

"Four."

"Oh."

It didn't make sense. This pale, malnourished waif was obviously far smarter than her counterpart, and yet she subjected herself to the masochistic self-torture reserved for jockeys and Olympic gymnasts. An alpha male approached, testosterone laden representative of the status quo, reeking of Drakkar and after a cursory dismissal of the pale, sensitive one, he

began a dialog with the princess.

"Zup."

I watched as the girls shifted in their positions, each vying for the attention of the drone. It suddenly occurred to me that Ophelia didn't want to be revived. A smart person, male or female with no self-esteem is a useless, hopeless waste. Worse yet, a victim of a bitter and all-consuming cycle. But could the cycle be broken? Having nothing better to do, I decided to give it a shot. When the lumbering, oafish boy departed in search of more quarry, I made my move.

"So," I said to the size four, flicking my cigarette at her face.

"You ever think about what he really wants?"

"What the fuck!" she screamed.

"This," I said, punching her in the general area of her uterus. She fell immediately, sobbing and screaming. The twisted look of horror on the waif was perfect. "He wants nothing more than to put himself right there, in the hopes that your outward appearance reflects some sort of genetic advantage. I don't see it. And as for you," I said, my eyes meeting those of the waif. "Don't ever let someone like this make you feel worthless, ugly, or small. You are nothing but the opposite. You are a beautiful, intelligent person who will go far in life if you believe in yourself."

"Huh?" she managed, startled and stepping back.

"Can I take you to lunch? I know a great rib joint downtown," I offered my hand. She took it, much to my surprise. Her grip was frail, sinewy fingers holding on to what must have been perceived as an opportunity. Encouraged, I was obligated to be honest. "I fuck with the lights on, sweetheart. Hope we're copasetic on that point."

Based On A True Story
By Matthew Rick

Part 2
The saga continues...

So there I am, an hour after being attacked through the phone by the thirteenth incarnation of Lucifer himself, the secretary from the Office of Student Conduct and Mediation. At this particular moment I was practicing for the next productive interaction that I would have with this fine office by bashing my head into the wall, when my computer chimed to let me know that I had new mail.

In the vain hope that it would be a ludicrously attractive female massage major looking for a partner for a class next quarter, I foolishly walked to my computer and opened my mail client which caused me to be immediately attacked by the delightful letter that I found waiting for me.

Now, before too many of you set down this narrative thinking, "RIT doesn't offer a massage major," let me fill you in on a basic fact of RIT's admissions process. Anything that will make the three to seven ratio less severe is seriously considered.

Also, before I lose the interest of those who have had charming interactions with the office in question I will let you know what the subject field of the mail was before wandering off on another bizarre tangent. However, before I actually tell you what the subject was I would like to take a quick aside to mention that so far, nothing I have written is actually more than 10% off from the truth, neither is this. The subject was this:

PENDING SUSPENSION – RESPOND NOW OR
 WE WILL FEED YOUR CHILDREN TO YOU

According to the Physician's Desk Reference:

Thorazine (chlorpromazine) is 10-(3-dimethylaminopropyl)-2-chlorphenothiazine, a dimethylamine derivative of phenothiazine. It is present in oral and injectable forms as the hydrochloride salt. (Its primary indications among other things are) severe behavioral problems marked by combativeness and/or explosive hyperexcitable behavior (out

of proportion to immediate provocations), and hyperactivity or excessive motor activity with accompanying conduct disorders consisting of some or all of the following symptoms: impulsivity, difficulty sustaining attention, aggressivity, mood lability and poor frustration tolerance.

It is also something that should be immediately administered as an intravenous drip to those individuals working in the Office of Student Conduct and Mediation.

On to what you've no doubt been awaiting: the email itself.

YOU NEED TO SEND IN YOUR SCHEDULES BY 1/29/02 OR YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO REGISTER FOR CLASSES NEXT QUARTER AND YOUR SOULS SHALL BE FORFIET. We will continue with the conduct process and the charges until campus safety contacts me directly to drop the charges against both of you.

Best Regards

As much as I would like to let you know the name of this delightful person, I can not bring myself to actually type the Lovecraftian name of this otherworldly entity for fear of it actually appearing in my presence.

And so I was left there thinking why do I even try?

To be continued...

Maybe I should have gone to RBI...

By Nathan Fisk

Edited By John Dellaporta

I hate RBI. Every time I see one of those grinning assholes pop up on the television saying something like “I used to have sex with large animals for money to feed my crack addiction, but thanks to RBI my future is bright and animal-free!” I want to scream, and frequently do. Not only because RBI cranks out “Fully Trained IT Professionals”¹ into the already downcast IT world (my future home), but because of the fact that the people coming out of RBI will probably take any salary over minimum wage to do their mediocre work. But the fact remains that RBI is a horrible school and they need television commercials targeted at the daytime Judge Bitchface/Elmiskank Plus audience to draw in idiots. Not RIT though, right? Why would a school with such an excellent reputation need such a ridiculous method of recruitment? Then, I saw one of the most infuriating things I have ever seen; A little AOL Instant Messenger Buddy-Man running around looking for things like “Jobs” and “Future”. Well, it found RIT! RIT has successfully made a commercial not only stooping to the level of all the other ghetto-colleges in the area putting commercials on the air, but also to AOL; one of the biggest and longest standing jokes in the technical field. That’s not to mention how close they probably come to violating some AOL trademark by using that damn buddy-thing. The truly sad part of it all is that most² of the RBI commercials

are better done than the RIT one. They all have at least some level of professionalism and not one of them even reference AOL, let alone blatantly steal trademarks from them. This is not, however, to say that RBI has good commercials, but just to illustrate how horrible the single commercial RIT has made truly is. The problem with the commercials does not end with a tainted reputation, however. As things stand, we already have problems with housing and an ever-growing student population along with a problem of student retention. How can commercials on low budget networks in daytime slots attract anyone but prospective students that will first add to the housing problem, and then add to the retention problem? Your average daytime television viewer doesn’t exactly have what it takes to remain in RIT very long, and if they do, then what does it say about RIT? Either way these commercials worsen the retention problem, either by recruiting students who will only end up dropping out, or by helping to damage the reputation of the school to the point where existing students find better places to go. Regardless, these shoddy commercials should be removed, or at the very least replaced by something that can beat RBI’s “Stacey is the best employee we have! She used to be a stripper!” type ads. Don’t get me wrong... I love RIT. I have “spirit”³. However, sometimes the worst decisions are made around here. I guess if I don’t like it, RBI will happily turn me into half the IT professional I am right now... and in half the time! Where’s that 1-800 number?

¹ Idiots who know exactly enough about computers to think that they know everything about computers and enrage the real professionals.

² The commercial where they pretend to be the home shopping network or some other nonsense, is one of the worst commercials in existence.

³ Not Eric Littleford-Yay-Team-Get-Up-And-Be-Annoying spirit, just low-key supportive spirit.

**You Should Have
Stayed in Pennsylvania**

R. Meinhart

Your hands as they rest on the
Steering wheel are
Tanned and Strong;
With veins appearing in
All the right places.
I like that I can see the indentation
Of where you hold your pen in
Your left hand.

They caress the steering wheel
In a way that I think I am only meant to see.
And maybe this is why I love you so.
Because I do, you know.
And—Of all the things I miss—
It is the image of your hands
Resting there with a calm strength
That haunts me the most.

86 Faith
by Gary Hoffman

86 faith86 faith! 86 FAITH!
 86 love and 86 happiness
 86 real friendships devoid of
 judgement
 86 sentimentality and
 86 propaganda-free television, perhaps
 yeah,
 86 independent thought
 do you remember the ideals
 behind the communist revolution?
 the dreams underneath
 the San Francisco revolution?
 the purpose for
 the human revolution?
 do you remember them?
 well, 86 those
 86 all those nights we spent wasting
 away the hours in long discourse
 about a million different things as
 we lay back on the hood of a car
 watching the stars as they moved
 slowly across the clear, dark sky after
 a really great movie and it was so
 beautiful and serene and perfect
 and we came so close to kissing
 but somehow it would have been
 wrong so we didn't and just kept
 talking
 86 creativity
 86 truth86 decent music
 86 something to
 believe in
 86 Walt Whitman
 86 Allen Ginsberg
 86 that day we walked 5 silent miles
 just in time to watch the sun rise
 over the canal

86 all those times we read Frost
 and Kerouac to each other around
 a bonfire drinking coffee and
 wine and not seeing the
 sun for days on end we instead
 revering the moon in all her glory
 86 irony
 86 sarcasm
 i don't know
 just 86 faith

What is this magazine?

This is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, a magazine of satire, literature, poetry and art. We publish out of Rochester, NY but we have readers around the globe. We exist as a medium for your expression and invite you to contribute.

Anyone is welcome to submit.

gdt@hellskitchen.org



**Gracies
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Editors:

Alex Moundalexis
Mike Fisher

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Writers:

Gary Hoffmann
R. Meinhart
Sean J. Stanley

Contributors:

J. Cross
Nathan Fisk
Matthew P. Rick

Printer Daemons:

Brad Conrad
Jen Kobialka
Sue Kuhn

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

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