



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 21, Issue 9, Heavenly
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Whipping It Out RIT "Not Well Endowed" By Mischka

A report presented at a recent Staff Council meeting¹ left staff and administrators with an insecure feeling. RIT is finally feeling the sting of not being well endowed.

"I can't believe it!" one council member said in an interview after the meeting of the allocation committee. "I thought it was huge! I felt so secure thinking that we were so big. It feels like such an insult to me to find out that we were pretty tiny compared to the size of other schools!"

Most administrators were unavailable for comment following the presentation of the report. One source, speaking on the condition of anonymity, revealed that the planned Albert Paley sculpture was, in fact, an attempt by the administration to improve their feelings about their lack of endowment.

"So what? We don't measure up like others can. We're a little short. This statue is to boost our self-confidence, and give the feeling that we are well endowed. Sure, men have gone to war over less, but we built a big statue sticking straight up from the ground. Can't you just feel the testosterone building here?"

The unnamed administrator then quoted comedian George Carlin: "[War is] a lot of men standing around in a field waving their dicks at one another. Men, insecure about the size of their penises, choose to kill one another."

"We're about the same size as other schools in our region." He continued. "Syracuse isn't too much larger than us. I think we were measured us on a cold day. There must have been some shrinkage involved."

The report also details others with similar builds. WPI, RPI and Carnegie Mellon were discovered to be approximately twice as large compared to RIT. The University of Rochester was found to have more than three

times the endowment of RIT. Claims were also made by MIT researchers that they were more than twelve times endowed as RIT. Princeton claimed to be twenty-six times more endowed than RIT.

School	Endowment Index
RIT	6.2
Syracuse	6.5
RPI	12.3
Carnegie Mellon	13
U of R	12.4
MIT	81.73
Princeton	162.9

RIT = 6.2
(Average human male endowment [inches])

"Fucking Ivy Leaguers!" piped up one voice from the back of the room at the endowment presentation. "They're always padding their stats and stuffing their pants! My wife has seen lots of endowments! Nobody's is that big! Not even the Elephants of the University of Alabama are that well endowed!"

RIT Vice-President for Finance & Administration Jim Waters concluded the presentation by asking for suggestions of ways to increase his endowment. "Turn to the Internet." said one of the Center for Human Performance staff members "Every day, I keep getting e-mails sent to me about increasing the size of my endowment. They're right in the middle of them all, promising me 'all natural herbal methods' and numerous ways to 'get rich quick'. Sounds like a perfect opportunity for us to increase our endowment."

With luck, the administration will come up with a plan to increase their endowment. If not, RIT will continue to be a place where administrators lock themselves in their office all day, staring at their endowments and wish that they were bigger.

¹ The minutes were mailed to ritstaff@rit.edu. Ask an "understanding" faculty/staff member to forward you the email entitled "APPROVED Academic Senate Minutes of January 24, 2000", dated February 7, 2002. Or you can wait a few months for them to be posted to <http://www.rit.edu/~259www>.

Arbeit Macht Frei **By Gary Hoffmann**

Before I started writing for *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* I had standards. Now it's all about the money, baby. I've sold my soul for a bottle of Beaujolais and all the women I can handle. They tell me to jump; I ask how long of an article full of forced sarcasm about jumping do they want. I can't tell you how many times I've been introduced to someone and been asked, "You mean, THE Gary Hoffmann!?" People walk up to me all the time in the Ritz and ask me to autograph the latest issue. Women ask me to autograph their stomachs or chests or just to sleep with them. Yeah. I'm livin' life to the fullest, now.

But I'm still the same old Gary Hoffmann. People meet me and expect to be intimidated by my greatness only to find out, hey, I'm a regular guy, just like them, unless they're a girl, in which case I'm just like them except without breasts and with a penis.

People ask me where I get all my great ideas. What can I say? I steal them. Yep. I'm a total hack, through and through. Just find yourself a copy of *1984* and *Ulysses*, highlight random parts and combine them together. It's fun, easy, and no one has read either, so they'll never know. Seriously, it works. This whole article is taken from page 257 and page 804, respectively. Sometimes, to mix it up I'll use *Naked Lunch* and *Waiting for Godot*. Use an online translator on a couple passages from each to translate them from English to German, then German to Swahili, then Swahili to Punjabi, then back to English. Edit the grammar a bit and add some references to early twentieth century Irish novelists and you've got yourself a Pulitzer.

Even teachers recognize my name from *GDT*. I don't actually have to take literature classes any more; they just give me an A and ask for commentary on some obscure piece of criticism they found about *The Metamorphosis*. I just make up something about Gregor representing the post industrial revolution metaphysical dilemma between the conflicting dogmas of an outdated but still strong transcendentalism and a newly arrived but oddly appealing materialist existentialism, and then I go to lunch. They're so impressed they run to get a copy, any copy, of *GDT* in the hopes of finding some small nugget of wisdom,

some tiny morsel of truth coalesced into a tangible and easily digestible form by my seemingly divinely inspired pen. Every day I'm invited to join professors for lunch and regale them with tales of my adventures in Nice, Beijing, and Kumasi, but I'm a busy man, so I just take up my copy of *The Fountainhead*, say, casually with just enough smile to qualify as coquettish, "Some other time," and walk out towards the setting sun. Of course, it's still about noon, usually, so it would be a long walk, but the effect is still surprisingly similar.

Chuck Palahniuk unceasingly writes me from his summer home in Bordeaux, where we once would spend long hours discussing the hidden anti-Christian messages in *Thus Spake Zarathustra* over a block of cheese and a bottle of wine, asking for my advice on his latest novel. Should he change this or that? Does this passage capture the elusive *joie de vie* he tries to convey in all of his works? Do I think Tender Branson figured out a way off the plane? I give him advice, of course, but always the opposite of what he expects to hear, forcing him to evaluate the answer to his queries on his own. He knows this and keeps sending me questions, anyway. I think to him it's mostly just a way to keep in touch with me until we can again return to translating the lesser known works of Sun Tsu into Russian and Phoenician.

Am I a sellout? I don't think so. Not yet. If Gap started paying me to make positive allusions to their comfortable, affordable products, then I might be a sell out, but not yet. I hope to be a sell out someday. Sure, I'd tell all my fans that I hadn't sold out from my high-rise condo in New York City, but none of them would believe it. The quality of my work would slowly degrade as I grew more and more comfortable with my luxurious lifestyle—how could I maintain any level of angst after my daily full body massage from Linda Lovelace's estranged, beautiful granddaughter, Theresa? How could I be angry at an unfair world while partying nightly with Bob Wilson, Bill Gibson, and Scott Card (all his friends call him Scott)? Yes, my prose would grow dull and incoherent as my mind began to weaken under the strain of the many chemicals coursing through my body.

But it would all not be for naught, for as my fan base decreased, I would foolishly squander the last of my fortune, falling to destitute in a fiery maelstrom of

drugs and women until I awoke one morning to find myself a heroin addict in South Korea, whoring myself to old, rich women who have a thing for Americans for a few dollars in a desperate attempt to maintain my habit. Finally, alone, broke, suffering from withdrawal the likes of which have not been seen by any sane person, I would be found unconscious in a tiny, dirty motel room in Kansas City by my old friend Nathan Dancing Raven, who will drive me to Agernon Blackwood's old, abandoned cabin in the Canadian wilderness where I will begin writing again.

It will be the poems I write in my last few years of life spent in a tiny house in the Northwest Territories for which I will be most fondly remembered and widely known. My descriptions of the aurora will move even the coldest of hearts and the theories I finally have a chance to formulate and set into words—either as verse or prose—will spread enlightenment to the masses, making even the most elusive of conceptual philosophies accessible to the average person. And then, just before my spirit releases its tenacious grasp upon my battered, frail physical form, I will whisper to

Nathan a Profound Truth, one of those truths that is only discovered once in a thousand years. But the world will not yet be ready to hear it, and so Nathan will write it down and explain it in his copy of the Book of the Wanderer before changing his name to Adam Star Tamer and walking west.

A few people will mourn my death, and a few people will celebrate my death for the wrong reasons, but there will be some that will celebrate my death for the right reasons. Most, however, will casually note my passing and might even talk about it over lunch the next day, but will then continue on with their lives. No one will know quite for sure which gesture was most appropriate.

And so you see, it's necessary that I sell out, but that day has yet to come. Until then, I shall continue writing humbly and without noting the great taste of Guinness, because right now I'm still just Gary Hoffmann, even though I don't have standards any more.

NOSTALGIA

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Old sk00l BBS action!

LORD, Tradewars, The Clans, Inter-BBS competition through League 10.
DOVE-Net, XpressItNet, ParanormalNet, Black Five, and Fidonet
GDT backissues, growing file library, NNTP access

E-Mail contact: rockobonaparte@hotmail.com

WWW: <http://www.rit.edu/~acp7569/CE/BBS.html>



Based On A True Story
By Matthew P. Rick

Part 3

What precisely is wrong with these people?

So now its been two rude communications with the Office of Student

Conduct and Mediation in nearly as many hours and I'm really starting to become slightly upset about the whole matter. Ok, slightly upset doesn't even begin to sum it up. I've been stomping about considering acts of vandalism which would no doubt give them a coronary would be a better way of putting it, when a beautiful idea strikes me. The idea was this: I'll get the woman fired.

Now, I know that many of you might be thinking, "Isn't that a little bit harsh? I mean all she was doing was doing her job." To you people I say this: she was doing her job, poorly and with a bad attitude, but I suppose at least doing it, but that in no way excuses her general rudeness.

After a quick trip to the RIT web site I have her boss's phone number, and I am getting together my best enraged, responsible, paying customer act.

The voice mail message alone is enough to have me wondering, "What kind of office *is* this?" I do, however, leave my name and number along with my email address, in a friendly manner, I might add, considering my current level of frustration.

Almost immediately my phone is ringing.

"Hello..."

"This had better be really good."

"Excuse me?"

"Never mind, why did you call me?" I'm already worried about where this is going, but I keep a positive attitude anyway, just like the lady from FYE told me to when things get tough.

"Uhm... I was calling to address an issue I can't seem to resolve with a member of your staff.. I explained to her that Campus Safety filed a follow up report..."

"And what exactly is the problem?"

Now, just for the record, at this point I realize that this woman is in no way interested in helping me. No, far from it, but that isn't what is going through my head right now. This is what is going through my head:

me·di·a·tion ([m?'d?-?'shen](#)) (n.)

The act of mediating; intervention.

The state of being mediated.

Law. An attempt to bring about a peaceful settlement or compromise between disputants through the objective intervention of a neutral party.

Specifically, it is the third definition of the word that is running through my head, and I'm wondering, "Who named this office?" I thought it was a good question...

"And what exactly is the problem?"

"Well I just thought that her attitude wasn't in keeping with the title of your office. Mediation implies a peaceful resolution of conflict. This wasn't..."

"I'm afraid I still don't see your problem."

"It's just that I thought she was maybe abusing her power a little?"

"I have just looked over your file and the emails she sent you and I actually have just spoken quite harshly with her over the whole matter."

"Oh so I don't need a judicial then either?" Why not, things seem to be going well, I think.

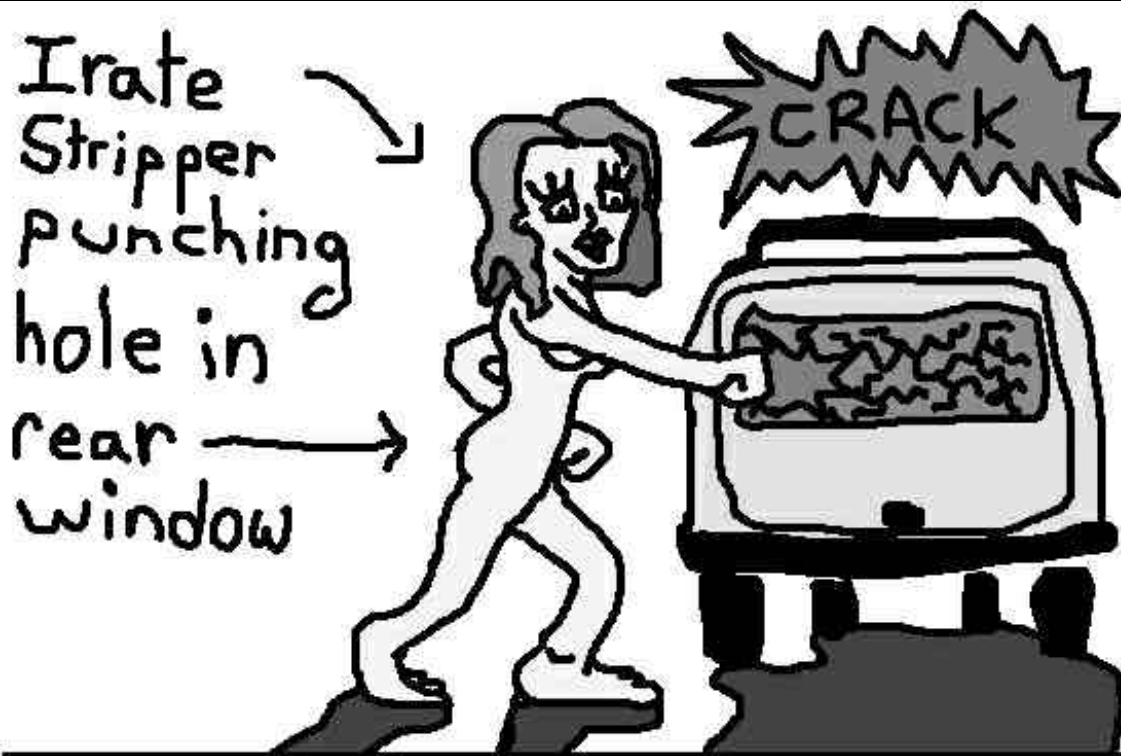
"No, I told her she was not nearly rude enough. I'm sorry that she wasn't ruder to you before. If she was you probably wouldn't have called me."

****Click****

Sigh... I swear to God.

A notice from the Office of Student Conduct and Mediation:

The sick terrorist responsible for these articles slandering our hallowed office has been, after due process, removed from RIT. It was found that he was guilty of Theft/Vandalism (Sec. B, #6, page 4 of the RIT Student Rights and Responsibilities Handbook) of RIT Inn and Conference Center property.



DRAMATIZATION: ACTUAL DAMAGE CAUSED BY PATRIOTIC ROAD SIGN

Big Trouble In Little Rochester

By Randy

This story may not be as exciting as laying awake in bed at night and trying to decide who your favorite Indigo Girl is, but it's definitely exciting enough to be worth reading. It's exciting enough to read quite simply because this story is incredibly true. I know this because it happened to a friend of a friend of a cousin of mine. As a matter of fact it happened one weekend in downtown Rochester. You see, my cousin's friend's friend (who we'll call Fred) was walking down the street with some of his friends on the way back to Fred's car. At this point, the evening was over and there appeared little left to do on that wild Rochester night. However, those inclinations were soon proven wrong when they noticed at the mouth of the parking garage, leaning up against the wall, a downed pole with a street sign on it.

This is when the trouble began. Fred suggested rather jokingly lets take that sign. Upon hearing this, my cousin's friend's friend's friend (who we'll call Ned) began to ponder this undertaking and said, "yeah, lets take it." Their first inclination was to remove the sign from the pole. This seemed problematic until Fred volunteered that he had a box full of tools sitting in the back of his car. What a box full of tools was doing sit-

ting in the back of his car is beyond anyone's comprehension. Fred knew nothing about cars and even less, for that matter, about tools. In fact, Fred's inability to use tools may just be proof of human's devolution. Kind of like the band, but completely different.

Anyways, they went into the back of the car and found an adjustable wrench and a pair of pliers. With these godly instruments, while covering in the shadows of the cold unforgiving Rochester night, they began trying to pry the godforsaken sign loose. That clearly was going nowhere fast. Fred suggested to Ned that there was a ratchet set in the back of the car. Ned said that wouldn't work. Fred may know little to nothing about the use of tools or the objects they are used upon, but he was pretty sure that a ratchet set was used to remove bolts. He decided it was best not to argue and kept to himself, watching his other friend (who we will call Zed) keep look out for 5-0.

Zed was watching for pigs because, to put it quite simply, the actions being undertaken were illegal. Although, an argument can be made that technically the sign was not being stolen. That argument goes more or less goes like this; in theory, the sign is found property in the public domain that only happens to be illegal to have in your possession. Zed really didn't give this much thought at the time or even much thought later.

Stealing was stealing if you asked him. Well stealing was stealing if you got caught. So, Zed stood there keeping lookout so that they wouldn't get caught.

It's a good thing he was standing there because a pork wagon did at one point pull down the street and thanks to his warning, these three amigos were able to make a clean get away. They regrouped back inside the car in the parking garage. Unsure of what to do with their lives, what career to choose, what 401k plan to sign up for, they decided it best to try to steal the sign again. Again, there was no success. They went back to Fred's car broken and empty men. As they pulled out of the parking garage onto the mean streets of Rochester, everyone gave what they thought would be one last look at the sign, when Fred proposed, "Do you think we could fit the whole thing in the car?" Ned said, "it's worth a try." Zed didn't say much of anything.

They backed the car to as close to the sign as possible and Fred and Ned jumped out, picked up the sign and threw it, pole and all, into the back of the SUV. At first, it seemed as though it was about three inches too long. That is when Fred, who has an in-depth knowledge of how street signs work, decided to just shove the back hatch shut. To everyone's surprise but his own (he knew it would work all along), the sign bent down enough to allow the back door to be locked shut. It seemed as though they had did it. Fred looked into the back of the car one last time to make sure it was secure and not resting up against the glass. Once this was established they fled the scene.

They didn't get but one block before being confronted by a police officer. Fortunately, for everyone but the guy in the squad car, he did not notice the SUV driving down the other side of the road with a large street sign attached to a big metal pole in the back. They took this as a good sign and continued their journey onward. Troubled waters were brewing, however, right past the Geva Theatre. Seconds before the light turned green and the stories protagonists got onto 490, the traffic sign took its cue from America's new nationalism and declared its freedom. In other words, they were sitting at the light and next thing they knew, there was a subtle pop and everyone gave a quick glance to see that the street sign was sticking about three inches out the back of the newly shattered rear windshield. Everyone thought for a minute. Collectively they turned back around to see that the sign was in fact sticking three inches out of the shattered rear windshield. They pan-

icked. Later, they speculated as to what the car behind them must have thought, but right now the light turned green and they had other things to concern themselves with. With seemingly very few other options at that moment, they pulled onto 490.

At this point everyone was slightly freaking out. They were driving down the highway with a stolen street sign hanging about three inches out of the shattered rear windshield of Fred's car. If that wasn't bad enough, they were kind of drawing attention to themselves because the window was spilling pieces of shattered glass all over the road. Fred proposed that they get off 490, dump the sign in an abandoned parking lot and pick it up later. Ned proposed that they just push it out the back onto the highway. Zed came up with the best idea and said, "Why don't we take 490 to 590 and get off where we normally do?" This was the best idea because Fred's apartment was only about a mile from the 590 exit where they normally got off. It looked like everything was going to be okay after all. Well it would be okay after one last trial of their nerves. In the distance ahead of them, they could see the lights of the squad cars. The closer they approached, the more nervous everyone became. Would the pigs notice that they're driving with a cracked windshield and pull them over?

No, they didn't notice at all. On the road's shoulder there were two police cars and one pulled-over one unassuming looking car. The police were obviously busy doing whatever it is that they do and none of them managed to notice the car that had passed that was spewing glass up and down the road. A few minutes later they were traveling the back roads and shortly after that, turning into the apartment complex. They pulled the car in front of Fred's apartment, yanked out the sign and quickly ran inside. Trying to be stealth and quick, they managed to crash into every wall and ceiling they came across on their way up the flight of stairs. No one came out of their apartments to see what all the commotion was as the sign post was noisily crashing into everything in sight. They quickly dumped the sign in the apartment and slammed the door shut, breathing a huge sigh of relief. They were scot-free. On a side note, due to his neighbor's apathy about loud noises in the hallway at ungodly hours of the night, Fred may take advantage of this on other occasions.

Well, even though they were scot-free, now they had to deal with a bigger problem than the liberation of

the sign. The name of this problem was “rear windshield.” As it turns out, rear windshields are expensive. More expensive than a lap dance and definitely more expensive than a street sign. Although, a brand new street sign on a metal pole may be near comparable price. However, this street sign and pole had seen better days and probably have not been considered new since the first Bush Administration. Taking into account their state of potential disrepair, they probably were not worth nearly as much as the rear windshield.

Anyway, the point is that it was going to cost a lot of money to fix the window. At least the insurance would cover it, or so Fred thought. Fred was sure unhappy when he found out that his insurance did not cover glass... at all. A lot of good the mandatory New

York State car insurance did him. Fred was going to have to pay for the total cost of repair. And what a cost of repair it was. The lowest estimate he got was in the ballpark of \$250 and that required driving quite a distance without the use of a back window. Fred was willing to do the drive and basically didn't care about the dangers involved so long as the windshield was cheap. So, Fred did it.

In the end, a stupid road sign that couldn't be worth more than \$100 ended up costing him \$274.32. Therefore, the moral of the story is, do not steal road signs that are still attached to a pole. The end.

Hooray for Vaginas
Reflections on The Vagina Monologues
 By R. Meinhart

Last Friday night in Ingle Auditorium I was a member of the practically sold out audience for the Women's Center's performance of Eve Ensler's *The Vagina Monologues*. A diverse audience of fraternity brothers, feminists, friends, sorority girls, athletes, brothers, sisters, boyfriends mothers, girlfriends, fathers, hearing, deaf, young, old, and dazzlingly middle aged was found around me, and this made me smile as I sat in anticipation of the raising of the curtain. What came next was phenomenal, as the house became silent and riveted on the two figures on stage; dressed in red and black as they animatedly gave the opening monologue in English and American Sign Language. There were careful laughs here and there and excited nods of agreement and shared glances. The next two hours brought much of the same in escalated forms. As women settled into their seats and became more comfortable, the level of audience reaction increased into excited appreciative applause, whistles, howling laughter, raucous cheers, and yes, timid but honest tears. The performance itself was brilliantly carried out by the actresses involved, as all different levels of experience melted together to produce a lively show that made me feel comfortable, loved, and understood. However, more striking to me, was the way that the performers drew the audience in; creating a “culture of vaginas,” none of which had told their specific stories, but all of which were being heard and embraced and revered and respected. There was

something for all of us; from the experience of loving ourselves through another individual, to being angry about tampons and lack of foreplay, to the defiance that goes along with wearing a short skirt, and to an appreciation and understanding of the wide array of moans that we're capable of. It was intimate; from one vagina to another to the entire audience and the entire world. It was provocative, yet succeeded in creating an environment that was safe for all women to yell out, “Yes! Yes! Me too!” Altogether, it was the most exciting outpouring of honesty that I have experienced on the RIT campus, and in general, in quite some time. My experience was quite enriched particularly by the row of middle aged women in front of me, all seemingly unique individuals who had been friends for quite some time, and in the way that they most obviously bonded during the duration of the show touched me in a way that I can't even quite explain. So hooray for all of us. Hooray for our honesty and our stories and our sense of freedom. Hooray for Vaginas and the sprit and love and compassion that we are all capable of embodying, giving, and receiving.

Oh? What does my vagina *wear*? What does it *say*? What does it *smell like*?

That's easy.

A worn and comfortable pair of blue jeans and a pressed tuxedo style white shirt.

”Love me. Love me. Say that you love me.”

The sweet smell of grass on a lazy summer day

How about yours?

Urban Myth Smorgasbord — An Exercise in Beyond-Creative Writing

By Rocko Bonaparte

First, I should mention I have been spending my free time (at work) looking at www.snopes.com, relishing in all the urban myths on there. If you have a ton of free time to blow, be my guest. Otherwise, STAY THE HELL AWAY FROM THERE. After reading a few urban myths, and reading a few more, then a few more... damn! It'll be 3 in the morning. No, I didn't stay at work until 3 in the morning, but you get my point.

Anyhow, there's a plethora of car myths on there, and I'm trying to find a way to smooch them all together. So this piece is more of a test of my creative writing abilities. Entertainment is a side effect. If you were expecting something about RIT professors or something, I apologize, I'll make fun of them double-time next issue.

So here we go, trying for six:

—

My husband and I were finally settling down and beginning a family. We bought a nice, new house in Elk Grove, which was a short commute to Sacramento, CA. My husband, Donnie, had a government job there with steady income. We got moved in, and soon thereafter, I got pregnant. It was only eight months later when Donnie Fitzgerald Jr. was born. He is a Gemini, but I think I'll forgive him for that. It wasn't his fault he was born just a little premature.

In the middle of the summer, we decided we would need to get a bigger car. Donnie's Mustang convertible wasn't going to cut it with our growing family. We needed something a little larger and safer for our baby boy. When Donnie's Mustang caught on fire in the garage, we were left with no choice but to get a new car. I was hoping for a 4-runner, but you can't have everything, can you?

The Folsom car dealerships tried to pull too many tricks on us, and the ones in the burroughs closer to Sacramento were even worse. We heard that cars actually get a little cheaper heading out towards the Bay Area. We managed to rent a car with the option of dropping it off out there if we needed to. So off we went, with baby in tow.

Four hours later, we were driving off with a brand-

new, green Ford Excursion! It has room for 9 people, which will be just fine when Donnie Jr. joins a soccer league. In the meantime, Donnie senior can take it to work and ram it into the compact parking spaces. We dropped our rental off and began our trip home.

About 10 minutes into the trip home, we figured we would be running low on gas. We stopped off at a Chevron and checked on things. It really was a beautiful little car. What was even better was that the tank was still full. We thought this was odd, since we knew larger vehicles like this needed to be refueled once every 20 miles or so. At this rate, it was looking like it might have the fuel economy of Donnie's Mustang, which needs gas only every 30 miles. However, we kept driving, and stopped at another Chevron. Donnie thought the sensor might be wrong, so he went to stuff gas in it. He went for the gas pump, and I saw him lurch his arm back real quick. He was cursing because something pricked his hand. We looked at the pump, and it looked like there was a thing, sharp piece on the pump's handle. Donnie just tried to avoid it and start fueling the car. Oddly, enough, the pump wouldn't put any gas in the thing. The tank was still full! So it looked like the sensor really wasn't at fault.

Donnie and I are still new to Central California, so we took the wrong exit off Highway 80. We took a guess as to which way to go on the way home. I sat in the second row from the front with the Donnie Jr. secure in the baby seat. I rocked the seat to keep him calm. On the way home, we saw a truck on the side of the road with its flashers on. We pulled over to see if the driver needed a hand. It turned out the truck had a flat, and he had fixed it, but had gotten the truck stuck in the shoulder where he had parked the thing. I got the baby out for a while, and then realized I would have to give a hand. We secured the truck to the back of our Excursion and started to tow him out. I was watching my husband and the driver from behind, and it was looking ok for a moment. However, the truck suddenly freed itself and jolted forward. One of the doors on the back of the truck swung open, and some large road signs spilled out.

I thought it was nice that we were helping a government man here. After all, my husband held a nice job in Sacramento. I was curious to see what the traffic signs were all about, and walked over to one. It read "Sacramento under martial law." I looked at another one, and saw "Oakland under martial law." Hardly believing this, I looked at some others and saw signs for Seattle,

Las Vegas, and Salt Lake City. I was stunned by this and asked the driver. He was startled about it and quickly got the signs stuff back into the truck. Afterwards, he told my husband and I they were joke signs that could be bought in Wal-Mart. He told us to be very quiet about this or else the joke won't be as effective, and the company he drove these signs for would lose money.

With that situation behind us, we started heading south to Elk Grove. The baby seemed to be sleeping, so I rode in the passenger seat. But I was stupid. I looked over my shoulder to check on the baby and couldn't find him or his baby seat. I turned around to get a better look and didn't see him at all. I frantically told my husband to stop the car so I could check the back better. I couldn't find Donnie Jr. anywhere! I started to panic, when the Excursion started to move backwards. I thought Donnie was playing a joke at me and I started yelling at him. But he said he didn't know what was going on, and that he had the brakes on. When I ran over to the other side, I found Donnie Jr., strapped into his seat... on the top of the car! I must have left him up there when I had to help dislodge that truck earlier. He seemed all right, but I almost knocked him off the top of the car trying to get him. Before I could tell my husband to stop the damn car, it did it for me. We kind of just looked at each other, and then at the hood. There were several small handprints on hood! We had parked on some train tracks where some children died in a train accident years ago. Their ghosts must have pushed us off the tracks.

Needless to say, we were quite startled, and tried to hurry home. It looks like we took a wrong turn and went out into ranch country. We had to backtrack a whole two hours, and wouldn't be home until dusk. We decided to find a pay phone and call information or AAA to figure out where we were. We found one outside an old gas station that had already closed for the evening. There were no lights on, and there were enough trees around to obscure the growing moonlight. We parked the car for a minute, when we started hearing "scrape scrape scrape." I was scared, and the baby knew it, but I managed to keep him quiet somehow. My husband, the bold man he was, told me I could hide down in under the dashboard as much as I could manage while he made the call. He got out, and I waited. Soon the scraping stopped, and was replaced with a "tap... tap... tap..." over and over again. But I was too scared to see what it was.

Two hours went by, and the baby started crying. Soon thereafter, I heard a knocking on the driver's side

window. It was the sheriff, and he told me to get out of the car. When I did, he told me he would take us home, but not to look back. Halfway to his car, I couldn't help but wonder where Donnie was. I turned around, and there he was ... oh my God... he was hanging from a tree on top of the car! Blood was dripping from his head onto the top of the car. It was... horrific... terrible! And on the back right door was a hook, like a pirate would have!

A month later, I got the car back. It brought me terrible memories, so I ended up selling it. The buyer had it for a week before complaining about the poor mileage. I responded that we had driven it around central California for a whole day without filling it back up once. To this day I wonder what was done to the car while the police had it. They later found the murderer, but he had died of AIDS. We later found out my husband had gotten AIDS the day he died. Somebody had put an infected needle in the pump we had used at the Chevron. It looked like everything was against us that day. I don't even know how to explain this to my son when he gets older. I don't think I ever will.

—

Well... that was just wonderful wasn't it? I aimed for 6 urban myths, but I ended up getting the needle in the gas pump too. It was a writing demonstration that I hope was an interesting read. However, if you think the story needs a lesson to it, here's one:

If you buy a Ford you'll be Found On the Road Dead. Muahahahahahaha!

As a challenge to our casual reader, take a look at www.snopes.com and see if you can do better. If you think you can cram more urban myths into a semi-believable story, slap it together and send it to gdt@hell-skitchen.org. That is, if you have the *drive* for it hehehe. Also, the one about martial law is partially true. Have you noticed the "RIT under martial law" signs? That's probably because they take them down during tours, in order to *hook* in new students... ohhh! But if you keep looking, you'll see them. They wouldn't want to keep you *hanging* like that. Gees, I'm not going to kill any more people in my stories. I seem to turn into the Crypt Keeper on *Tales from the Crypt* afterwards. And I sure don't wanna resemble that guy — he looks like he's been on the wrong side of the tracks. Woohah!

This has got to stop.

re: just a little something for the guys

by Gary Hoffmann

As a guy here at RIT, many of you girls would think I have an advantage over you (kinky). I've overheard numerous girls talking about 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 girls complaining.

First of all, if your idea of a fun time involves shopping (sentence fragment). It doesn't matter if it is at the mall or along Monroe Ave (unless you stop at Show World, but that's a different matter). It merely demonstrates your attachment to materialist dogma and your subjugation (again, kinky) to the commercialism of our society. Along with this you turn into slobbering adolescent girls while shopping (offensive generalization). Mmm...slobbering adolescent girls...

We don't like to hear about make-up (offensive stereotyping). The only time we talk about make-up is if we see it on a woman and actually take the time to notice. Sorry, but guys don't like women with fake faces. We don't like to sit around for hours and talk about problems we have (concerning make-up, since we enjoy talking about our other problems), this shade of lipstick, or which foundation (no, not the Asimov novel) works best. Talk about computers, instead, because I'm sure I can speak for my entire gender when I say we all know a lot about computers and enjoy talking about them more than anything else, whereas girls only talk about Instant Messenger and checking their email, apparently, because they're dumb.

We want someone that will listen to us, someone that will sit patiently for hours as we whine about our lives. We don't like actual, meaningful discussions or anything like that, and we don't want to hear about you. I assure you, all guys are like this, so just sit back and let us talk. And we can tell when you aren't paying attention. I know, because I have perfected the art of inactive listening. I perfected it by sitting around girls who talk about themselves for ten minutes at a time without giving me a chance to respond.

If you say you're going to call, then call. There is nothing worse than a girl that says she will call and

doesn't. If you want nothing to do with us, then tell us. 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. Unless you call after 4 days, because you actually have a lot to do (gasp! college students are busy?) and can't always call as quickly as you'd like to. Another thing that goes with this is calling when you are crying. There is nothing worse (yeah, this is the second thing I've mentioned for which there is nothing worse, but I guess that means they're just equally bad) than receiving a call at 2 or 3 in the morning from some weeping girl looking for someone to listen to her bawl about how much her existence sucks for 10 minutes.

Don't lie. It's annoying, and it pisses us off. Again, I speak freely for all guys when I say that we'd much rather you tell us that you think we're too fat and ugly and pimply and pathetic to ever consider dating us than hear you lie and say you're just not looking for a boyfriend right now. We're mature; just give us honesty in its full, blunt, painfully truthful beauty.

Jealousy is ugly. There's nothing that turns me off as much as a jealous girl. This is RIT, and despite the seeming scarcity of a female population, guys occasionally find girls to be friends with (only friends, of course, because they're not looking for a relationship at the moment). Do not take this to mean that he wants to cheat on you with any of these girls. Granted, he probably does. I mean, I want to cheat on you already. But the fact is that social mores have been too well conditioned into our fractured psyches, so we aren't likely to engage in our naturally non-monogamous natures. Unless she's really hot.

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

Which reminds me: Ms. Cross, are you interested in going out for dinner with me, sometime? Give me a call within 3 days.

**with love and lost in the doldrum flow of rapid runs
through the hourglass sight**

By Irving Washington

Dried up, fried up. Left at a crisp eyes tremble before shimmering mirage monitors as fingers fumble forlornly for keys and keypads, phones ring resolutely in distant backgrounds of past and future, some for good some for ill, all to kill, life wastes away and drifts in the eddying flow from time to time to the bitter end of the day, rebirth delayed in the warmth of pillow and sheet, eyes already burning from the heat - a tomorrow basking in the glory of a thousand supernova sunrises, of a blaze of Tartarus to send Dante reeling? I know not, only the inexorable pattern of the line walked far and long between dismal cliffs, head bowing now too low to even watch the change of scenery, watch for any change, plot the course to memory knowing there is no, can be no, return back to innocent bliss and sunlight dawn dew over the leaves and hands, damp knees scuttling about in the warmth of life and freed from burden of caring and enforced knowledges - to all of this. This, this, the inevitable that-which-is-not, not yet, always in the delay pattern holds through the weaves and waffles and fallen leaves and stars dancing with forgotten angels and saints lost to the joys of apocryphal heresy amidst the dull racket of life progressing, producing, across the factory floor. Nursery of hate, burden of love, pain of death, all march in solidarity now brother and sister son, sunlight dapples bare heads no more and the long way to the distant roar of tide grows nearer, nearer still by each day and hour

which slips by like dread in the lonely night, without friend or fellow, love to get by the dark time of forecast woe yet to be and become already in the twist of mind and fractured flesh of sinews pulled taught to rip in and out of tremulous flesh abrading the deeply nurtured wrath to keep it all in line, watch them snap pop-pop-pop apart and leave the spinnakers adrift in the moons reflection, a final dance amidst the clouds to dip for the final time, descend once more to sink, to swim, powerless in the torrent, only motives the caprice of wind and haunting skies, eyes glimmering back in the forgotten evening, beauty is seen and tasted only so briefly, only existing in the moment, eternal in reaches that flash before blind eyes like a casual spring torrent, infinite in its invisible scope, the distance lost for the want of a name, a memory, an image trapped in feeling and form to walk that long horizon back to who or what I am, under it all, the life and the lies and all the unnamable forces, within-without, care no longer, the less for blame the hate for knowing and the loss - unmeasured. Feel it calling, falling all down to now to one on the starless night, plight realization imagined for truth and forsaken of virtue and glamorous deed lost to history, perish the mode, too much for today and fuckaround about tomorrow, the maypole in the center of the universe bobs with the merry carousel ponies up and down and in and out of the skull and mind, eyes tear backed into the loss of focus, the outdated antics of a man fondly imagined, left for the wolves, their burden to bear fruit now and again and again it starts and will as has always and to for what did it all mean anyhow?

SUBMIT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Breakdown
By G.A. Baier

It is the little things that kill
Life keeps pounding until you've had your fill
Parking ticket to cable bill
The stain on your shirt from the coffee spill

Pressure rising all the time
Eyes closed walking the knife's edge
One misstep sends you to the depths
Despair and suffering nipping at your heels
The downward spiral waiting to swallow you whole
What will set you off and start it all

Anger, sadness, depression and loneliness
Waiting to feed on the pain
Suffering radiated from your soul
Keeping those who try to care at a distance
Only time can bring you back
But suffering hates to leave

Every little annoyance leaves a shard in your soul
Each one festering till it bursts
An inferno that tries to burn you away
Which shard will be sharp enough to start the flood?
After it starts new shard multiplies the flow
Until the walls crack and breakdown begins

On the walls we build we paint what we want to show
Our true selves are all the same
We are all lonely selfish children
With the walls down this shows and it scares us
We try to build the walls again but fail until the flood stops
All hidden fears manifest and try to replace us

Always in a sequence
Anger leads to sadness and sadness to anger
Hate to be angry making me sad
Angry the sorrow shows on the outside
Loneliness and depression follow
Only adding salt to the wound

The walls are never thick enough that the flood won't come again
The pressure needs to be released before the damage can be done
Cry, scream and yell until the shards are released and your soul can heal
A society built on suffering leaves little room to let it all out

Escape from the Liberal Arts building By Mr. Potatohead

Student's Log 02072002
(Mission to Building Six)

Today's objective was a most perilous one indeed, to infiltrate the brick fortress of Building 6 and continue the quest to Graduate RIT. Armed only with my wits and a graphing calculator I plunged into the blackness that is the Liberal Arts building.

The circular seating of the dreaded mass lecture halls flanked me as I bravely dove past the first floor guards, moving into the infamous red staircase of languish. Dodging minions of the Liberal Arts department I hurried upstairs to the cave of receptionists. These repulsive servants guard what us second year students all strive to be done with, a Liberal Arts Concentration. I instantly calculated my attack vector using all the Calculus I could muster and weaved my way through all the verbal assaults they could throw in their defense and struck a mighty blow with my sheer charm. The concentration was mine!

Liberal Arts scum would not deter the math major!

Alas, the day was not won yet. The most fearful of the day's quests was next. I was forced to swallow all fear of losing my soul and face the Psychology Succubae. Cautiously I fought my way down to the dark, cold, pity-filled underside of terror. Once there, I crept into the decrepit lab and faced the horde of demonesses there. Fortunately, neither Lord Anguish,

nor his head Succubae, Princess of soul sucking, were present.

The lesser succubae approached and offered me the challenge of pathopsychology to win a higher grade in their forsaken class. I threw scissors, and won my way to the screen of ill repair. There the succubae attempted to distract me, first by uttering RIT's forbidden word, "Alcohol!" That failed, as I continued to load the infernal program of pathopsychology, but they had far worse in order.

"Engagement" and "ring," those words of utter control were mentioned as carelessly as the Mongols invaded China. I shuddered, clenched my teeth, and continued bravely. The infernal program stood no chance in front of my innate knowledge of multiple personalities and anxiety disorders; it was quickly beat into submission.

It now has more psychological problems than it can define.

At last, I presented the contract, to be signed in blood, to the succubae. It promised me a higher grade in return for the pain and torture I had endured in this haven of demons. My sheer intimidating presence forced her to submit, and finally I was in the clear.

One more trip up the red staircase of languish and I could step out into the sunshine. The day was mine! Once again, Science triumphs...

Jeremy
Village of Science
Crusader for Potatohead

This space filled

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Submit work to gdt@hellsktichen.org

Duty Board Signup By An Active RITA Member

Yea... So it's a Sunday afternoon and I just remembered that I must sign up for a shift because I really want to go on some calls and meet some really nice trainers or other ambulance members. The board changes tonight, and, if I get to it soon, I will have a greater opportunity for the spot I want.

Oh, how I long for the Friday night shift; the only shift that has a driver and medic trainer permanently signed up. Those people can be nice too. It would be really nice to get a shift with 'em since they are atypical RIT Ambulance members: you know, the kind who are more friendly than political.

Now that I think about it, maybe I am not signing up to help people. I am signing up to meet superficial hours and avoid dealing with other angry competitive RITA members.

Suddenly it is clear: we are no longer an organ-

ization set up for emergency care, but a political pastime for socially repressed college students. Where the heck are the cool members who go into the service for the thrill; for the off-chance call where someone smiles? Where the hell are the members who are down to earth like most of the other cores out there; the ones who go out for a beer on occasion outside of their shifts?

I understand: the ones who are not socially repressed political jerks are the ones who left already or are leaving. I mean, come on! This is RIT Ambulance! The leading College EMS service! We've got medals, a nice rig, and a Chevy Tahoe. What was I expecting, an organization that harbors fraternity?

So now I sigh here clicking away for a spot, but, oops, someone with a greater devotion to hitting "refresh" already got it.

VIVA EL AMBULANCIA!

GDT Fun Facts: Donatien Alphonse François Compiled By Irving Washington

Better known as notably debauched ?Marquis de Sade?, writer of such novels as "Justine," "Juliette," and "The 120 Days of Sodom."

Spent much of his youth living on the Provençal estate of his uncle, the Abbé de Sade, a priest who operated a brothel from within his home.

Was a passionate gourmet and an avid gardener, particularly of the fruit groves he kept on his estate at La Coste; hated other aristocrats and royalty, and preferred to eschew their company.

Was notably obsessed with hygiene. He bathed daily (a rarity in the eighteenth century) and installed 15 portable toilets, 6 bidets, a bathtub, and a copper water heater in his inherited château.

On a noteworthy occasion in 1772, the Marquis held an orgy during which he received 748 lashes from four prostitutes while performing acts of sodomy with his valet; this, in addition to some poorly prepared aphrodisiacs that he had served led to a warrant for his arrest.

His wealthy motehr in law, Mme. de Montreuil, used her political influence to procure a royal lettre de cachet, ordering Donatien?s arrest and detention without trial for an indefinite period of time; he was only released from captivity after the French Revolution.

His writings, most of which were composed from within prison, led to further legal troubles years later when Napoleon ordered him committed for "libertine dementia." He spent the last thirteen years of his life in the insane asylum at Charenton, denying that he had ever written the damning works.

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



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Election 2002



AVAILABLE POSITIONS:

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Liberal Arts
NTID
COS
Women's Senator

Elections Calendar

22 March Candidates invited to SG Meeting at 1pm in 1829 Room, SAU

22 March Applications due by 4:30pm for Pres. and V. Pres. positions

29 March Applications due by 4:30pm for Senate positions

8 & 11 April Debate in SAU Cafeteria at 6pm

15 to 18 April Elections Online

19 April Announcement at SG Senate meeting

For more information visit
The SG office in the SAU
Or www.SG.RIT.edu

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