



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Happy Happy Hippy Story

By Rocko Bonaparte

A spectacular stretch of Route 1 goes between Monterey and San Simeon, and Hearst Castle, residence of the great William Randolph Hearst and one-time hangout of movie stars, can be found along the way. At times the road is carved right out of the rocky coastline, upon which waves crash in a kind of siren's song. It can almost be considered spiritual. That was what a small band of middle-ages hippies were aiming for when they took their "Om Shack" down Route 1's twists and turns.

Jump to the other side of the country, over to the Hudson Valley; the place that got its reputation in prior centuries for Kaaterskill falls and the Catskill Mountains. It was a place perfect for hiking, swimming, and getting away from civilization, too perfect, perhaps. By 2000, the area was in need of an economic kick in the ass, and had become good only for hiking and swimming simply because civilization had gone right on by. There's a small little town in this valley called Woodstock, where neither Woodstock 1969 nor Woodstock 1994 was held. However, it seemed to capture the spirit of a hippy mentality. All the original inhabitants of that bus at least knew where Woodstock was. They all lived near there and knew each other from old peace riots. They were scattered about the region, from Coxsackie to Hurlly and, of course, friendly, historic Saugerties: so old, God was born there, and left soon after.

Somewhere past the Family of Woodstock House resided the Om Shack. It was a bus. No, it was not a VW Microbus; the Om Shack was a full-length school bus converted from carrying school kids to carrying love and peace. It was painted a lime-green, and covered up with splotches of about everything that can and can't be found in the rainbow with a pair of Viking horns dominating the roof. Some of the seats had been removed and replaced with hammocks. There was also a microwave that was 100% biodegradable, its existence doubted until it was shown that the device was actually breaking down and rotting. There was a bathroom in the back, and an open spot to store all kinds of fun camping gear.

Some old pals decided to relive their younger, freer days, and planned a trip on this bus. Actually, not

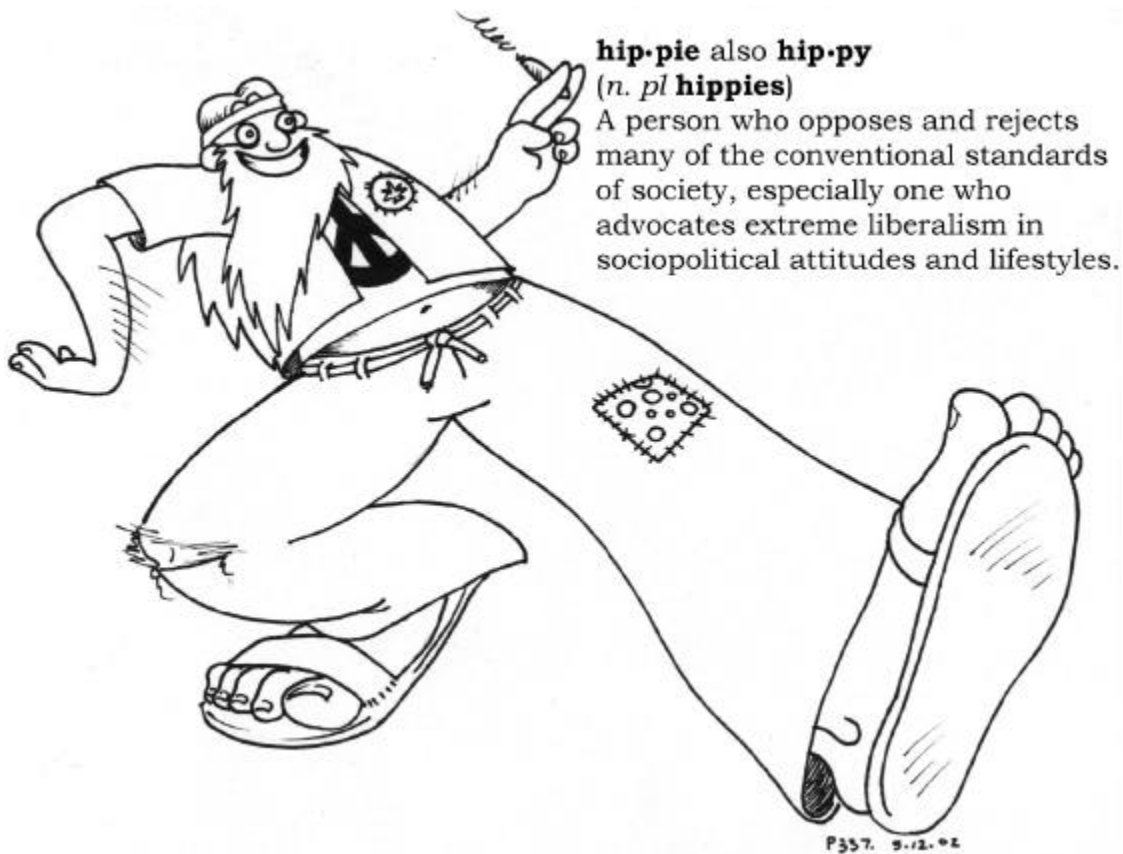
too many of them remembered their hippy heritage, rather, most had gained some typical Hudson Valley jobs: gasoline station attendant, antique seller, basket weaver, sales clerk, or entry-level laborer. There were two exceptions. Erich Rosenberg had gone on to become a doctor. Or rather, he claimed to have been in medical school at some point, though nobody was sure. The other was Mat Angell, who became a clever technician. Mat was the primary driver, having found the Om Shack in the first place. He risked catching his long beard in the steering wheel if we weren't careful.

The original plan was to go cross-country to Seattle. Nobody knew why Seattle, but it seemed nice enough. They were a well-behaved bunch until somewhere near Minnesota, where the curvature of the Earth gets depressing. You see, there are other hobbies in the Hudson Valley, such as hiking, swimming, kayaking, hunting, and smoking pot, and it's kind of hard to do the first four on a bus. Now, let's not say they became a wild bunch somewhere near Minnesota, rather, Sandy, a nice baby boomer, had resumed 1960's-level drug consumption too early. She screamed, "The bus is driving us!" They all looked at her for a moment, and she repeated it in a shrill scream.

"The bus tells me where we go! It is driving us! It rides on our backs! Can't you see?!" Everybody volunteered Erich to take care of the situation. "There there, you're just having a bad trip. Here, smoke some pot." He helped it to her lips, and she quieted down soon after. It was decided at that point that the brown acid was not too good.

Upon reaching Seattle, they found the poor town to be kind of boring. It was in the middle of May yet practically snowing. Bummer. They decided to screw that joint and head off to San Francisco.

San Francisco was also kind of boring too. Boy, how the times have changed. They did find an ambient rave tucked away in an old UPS processing center, however there were some bad vibes due to the packages that had been destroyed there. The spirit of a television that was stabbed by a forklift invaded Mat Angell's mind at around 3AM. The DJ had passed out in the middle of mixing ocean waves with something else, along with some Juno Reactor being played half-speed and backwards. It was the ocean waves that got

**hip-pie** also **hip-py***(n. pl hippies)*

A person who opposes and rejects many of the conventional standards of society, especially one who advocates extreme liberalism in sociopolitical attitudes and lifestyles.

Mat thinking about driving along the ocean.

Route 1 wasn't too interesting at this point, and Mat was growing impatient. They stopped at Santa Cruz and invaded the Beach Boardwalk. "Hey, check that out!" Cathy, a basket weaver from Hurley commented, "It's a wooden roller coaster!" She was pointing at the Giant Dipper, a ride built in 1924.

"My, that would be an antique back home." Roy, an antique seller from Saugerties mused. They barely had the money, but managed to take over the roller coaster for one round. The first drop was the worst – they rattled the whole way down the wooden planks.

"I'm not as young as I used to be!" Cathy yelled.

"Just focus on the chi ... on the next rise!" Greg, a "park ranger" living in Hunter responded. Everybody tried to follow his advice, but still managed to leave the ride with headaches. Everything else cost too much money, so they gave up and left. On the way out, they recruited A-Dawg and B-Dawg. They were two "Mexicasians" that were playing Dance Dance Revolution in the arcade. The hippies were impressed. The Dawg's were homeless. It was a good deal.

The drive through Monterey was quick. Everything was just plain too expensive. Finally, the

shoulder receded and the ocean opened up beside them. It was late on a Sunday afternoon and the sun was falling beneath the waves. They swore they had never seen something so beautiful in their lives. A-Dawg, however, had been hallucinating on the brown acid for quite some time and thought the sun was literally falling from the sky. He started crying when he thought about the things he hadn't done before the world came to an end. The doctor shut him up by giving him some pot.

Route 1 at this point can be summarized in the following sequence: Downhill, left inland, right back out to sea, uphill, left again, straight uphill, and repeat. Most of the folks mistook the twisty nature of the drive as another roller coaster. Mat took a left a little quick and everybody lifted their arms up and screamed, "Woooooohooo!" He took this as a comment on his poor driving, and pulled into a vista point so they could switch drivers, and because oddly, they all really had to take a piss.

A line formed between the bus and the ocean. The men stood, and the women squatted in the dust, all letting out some processed water leftover from Santa Cruz. Two seagulls noticed the party and landed on wooden posts separating everybody from the cliff.

Cathy and B-Dawg noticed how tame they were. After spending a minute and a half peeing, they approached the two birds. “Wassup little birrrrdie?” B-Dawg asked one of the seagulls. They walked up to it, and Cathy, who is afraid of heights, saw the edge of the cliff. Before she could thoroughly panic, she vomited right in front of the bird. The seagulls tilted their heads crooked and looked at the pile of mush on the ground, and one dropped down to take a closer look. It decided there were one or two solid particles in the mess and feasted gleefully. The other bird, not to be outdone, joined its partner in eating up vomit.

“These are God’s creatures! We can’t tame them with out vomit!” said one of the men. “Fly away! Stay wild, my children!” The seagulls, however, just kind of looked at the man like he was a deranged hippy. “Oh, I’m sorry.” He said eventually, sitting down next to the birds. He pulled a vial of brown acid out of his pocket and asked the birds in a hushed tone, “Hey, want some of this?” Once again, the two seagulls looked at the stuff with their heads tilted to one side, but eventually took it from his hands.

“Hey man, that’s our stash!” B-Dawg objected.

“Oh hey, you’re right! Come back here, little birrrrdies!” Cathy screamed. The birds didn’t get far – the acid didn’t jibe with their innards too well.

“Birrrrdies have the brown acid!” B-Dawg said. This was overheard by most of the crowd, who joined in the chase. The hippies, not wanting to see the last of their stash go away, ran after the birds. Each and every one of them missed the chance, and slammed right into the side of the bus.

First was the sound of one or two rocks rumbling down the cliff, followed by a deep moaning from the bus as it shifted to one side. It kept going, and landed right on its side. Thankfully, nobody was standing there. However, all the pee on the ground turned it into mud, and the ground started to give away. All the hippies could do was stand there and laugh as the ground underneath the bus began to shift. Within a minute, the Om Shack was overturned and heading for the ocean.

As the bus went clanging down the rocks, it sounded like a housewife having a hissy-fit in the kitchen. Roy was the only one of the bunch with a dedicated housewife (the rest worked a series of part-time jobs in retail), and took the analogy too seriously. “Honey! Don’t be mad!” Roy said compassionately. He followed after the bus and joined it in the ocean.

They stood there for 10 minutes before the situation finally dawned on them. “Bummer.” Cathy surmised.

“Dude, you lost your bus!” Erich told Mat, who dismissed him. “Nahhhh, it was some old wreck I got from West Saugerties. I don’t even like the guy I borrowed it from.”

And they all laughed. Eventually, they would make their way to San Simeon and settle down, effectively doubling the town’s population. Sometime later, a police officer tried to investigate the accident. He didn’t get anywhere, though, as he thought Mat’s hometown was “Socrates.”

Geez. Some people just don’t understand the Hudson Valley.

3 POSTCARDS

Settle back onto campus next Fall and enjoy a meal on us. Be it pizza, Thai, wings, the choice is yours.

How could this be? Here at *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* we are all about the contests. Contests draw attention to the magazine. We like to give things away to our readers. It gives us stuff to write about. But you probably don’t care about that. So here’s what you have to do.

Just send us a postcard this summer.

That’s it. We’ll buy dinner for three senders whose postcards we dub:

- the best postmark
- the best postcard design
- the best message

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

Have a great summer! Be safe. We hope to hear from you.

Metro**By R. Meinhart**

The face of the girl on the magazine stared back at me from across the metro car, and I shuddered at the sound of the giggling girl behind its cover. It was a cold, dirty sound, like the icicles that freeze under your car in the wintertime, and I instinctively pulled my windbreaker in tighter, as if the thin poly synthetic something or other could protect me from the frigidness that the image projected. I often feel this way; like I'm wading in a pool of magazines and copy cats and pop music. I simply want a real face to stare back at me and offer a "Hello. My name is Mildrid." Because... Mildrid is a real, down to earth name. No one's named Mildred anymore, and that saddens me. If I knew a Mildred, I would want to be her everything more than anything in the world. Not a Tiffany or a Melody, or anything flighty; just plain, old, sturdy Mildrid.

I got off the metro at Union Station, with nothing in particular to do. I've come to embrace such a directionless existence, content to sit on a bench in Union Station, doing nothing but watching the politicians and tourists and business-people and students all pass each other politely, drinking coffee and hot chocolate and scones from that little stand near the front entrance. Scones. How sophisticated. Yes, sophisticated... like the click of dress shoes against the faux marble flooring and the swinging of a Coach briefcase by a Brooks Brother's suit. So many sophisticated suits. Sophisticated like the intelligent little spectacles and finely trimmed beards and tweaked eyebrows highlighted by carefully applied makeup. I am not a part of the sophisticate's culture. I simply don't

have the shoes for it. I was always more into my beat up Chuck's than nice polished loafers, however, I did suppose that loafers wouldn't be so bad if they were the kind that you could slip little pennies into. You know, pennies for good luck.

It was a cloudy day in the city. This time the cloudiness was more figurative than literal, because behind the shadow of the Capitol that looms stoically above the street, I'm sure there existed a trace of the sun. However, the pressure of the Grayness was constant and forced me to bite back crocodile tears as I strolled along, weaving around the over zealous protestors. Their sounds are different. Rather than professional and purposeful like those in the station, the sounds of the protestors are a mock confidence, masked by the hazy desire to have a purpose. Present in them is the saccharine-like intoxication of those who need to have a cause to rally for, and feed off of the romantic notion that the oppressed give a fuck that they're 'lending their voices.' I hate the protestors, and am convinced that they are the source of the Gray discontent that leadens my feet.

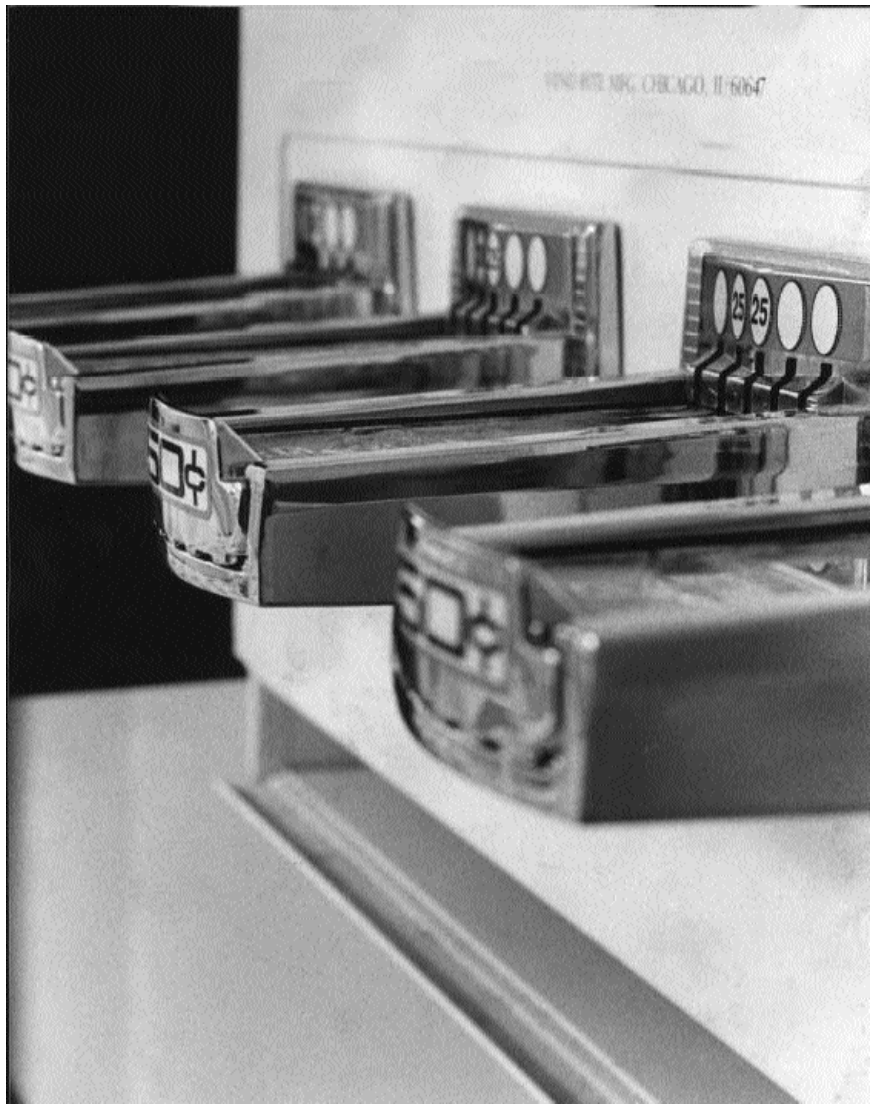


As I wandered further away from the polished floors of the station, I came upon a laundromat. When I was a little kid, a trip to The Laundromat was like a day at the zoo: exciting, exotic, full of surprises. Mom didn't like The Laundromat so much. Every time we went she mumbled something about the annoyance and shame of having to do her laundry in public, and that she didn't understand why it always took longer for the two machines to ship in from the last place we had lived than it did for anything else. Me? I had no answer for her. I just grinned, grabbed the Tide, and sat in the car waiting.

Once there, I would run up and down the tiled floor slamming closed the doors to the unused washers and dryers, flinging open and closed again the nickel colored coin dispensers playfully. The older women used to scowl at me reproachfully because I was loud and didn't I know that it wasn't polite to make noise in public? The younger college aged women used to offer me lollipops and giggle at me engagingly. They were always so beautiful, so kind, and I knew then that I wanted to grow up to be loved by such a woman. My mother would simply shake her head with a helpless sense of humor, because I think that she knew even then that I wasn't really meant to well behaved.

I entered this laundromat to get out of the Gray and was almost instantly blinded by the synthetic warmth of rows upon rows of bright fluorescent lights and the reflections they made upon the well taken care of chartreuse tiling. When my eyes adjusted to the glare, I was overcome by the beauty that penetrated my haze. There was a young woman who was sorting her laundry while speaking to a little boyishly dressed girl in the far corner. I could hear their happy giggles over the soothing hum of the machines and was infected with their pleasant auras. I made my way slowly to the back of the room, passing the old women that had once admonished me and sat down on the bench near the young woman and girl who were now playing with a cats cradle string. The nametag on the woman's bright red blouse read 'Mildred.' Sensing the attention I was casting in her direction, Mildred flashed a smile and gestured the cats cradle in my direction, eyes playfully searching my expression. I stared at the slightly worn string, intertwined in her long, sophisticated fingers and forgot where I was.

The next thing I knew, we were in the bathroom making love. Tongues and arms and body parts tangled with a passionate urgency in the glow of the fluorescent lights, penetrating each other's being. It was so very sweet and all around me I felt the indifference of Gray melt into her red lips, bare, gentle curves and my



awestruck eyes.

I woke up several years later on the seat of a metro car headed out of the city, my head resting on the lap of a beautiful woman with bright green eyes and a nametag on her blouse. The woman was reading *The Washington Post's* Metro Section, turning the pages with long careful fingers. When I stirred, she looked down at me and smiled, reaching down and messing my hair in those fingers. I took in my surroundings, the business people on their way home from a busy day in the Capitol, the smell of stale coffee and faded perfume, and the Gray of the actual car itself. I shuddered for a brief moment before sight of my own penny loafered feet entered my line of vision, giving me a reason to smile as I rested my head on the woman's lap once again, visions of the city fading into nothingness.

Project Pink Book – The California Files

By Rocko Bonaparte

Project Pink Book is akin to the CIA's Project Blue Book. In this case, evidence proving the existence of women is cataloged and analyzed. There has been a lull in evidence submitted from the Rochester Institute of Technology. Hence, I had to pull my reports from some stuff that has been spotted while on co-op in California.

Case #01:3343 - 10-21-01 16:44 Pasadena, California



Picture taken by a resident womanologist on stakeout at a Wal-Mart parking lot. Researcher was pursuing the race of so-called "brunettes." Emphasis in evidence submission was placed on the strange black eyes of the leftward she-creature. Said entity was in possession of a strange-wheeled device, but it is not clear what it is exactly from the position of this photograph. The other

creature is not clear due to inconvenient positioning of the hand over the face-region.

Upon closer inspection, the leftward creature has questionable authenticity. The shoulders seem too wide to fit the standard profile of the brunette. The eyes are also questionable - few other profiles include this. It seems that the eyes are actually just covered by sunglasses. It was decided this submission was more of a playful prank than anything else. The wheeled device was probably used to keep the creature upright. The rightwards creature probably has the face covered in order to hide imperfections in the model.

Case #02:1229 - 05-11-02 13:55 Golfland; Roseville, California

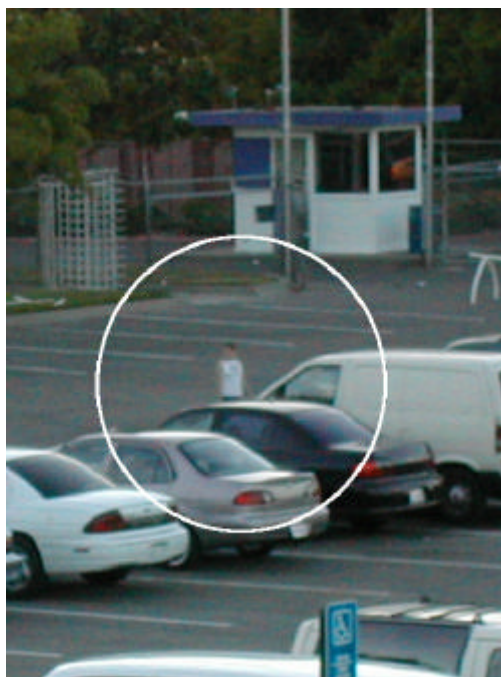


Subject matter obtained by family spending a Saturday afternoon playing a game of miniature golf. Suddenly, this specimen appeared, complete with what seems to be an actual putting club from the place. In the other hand is some kind of satchel. The specimen was approximately 6'2", and plainly-dressed. It

danced about the miniature golf course while the family attempted to play about 4 holes, and then it disappeared.

Interviews with the family in question were consistent. All reported the same facts on the case. Hence, this cannot be easily dismissed by the whims of one compulsive womanologist. Likewise, other individuals playing golf at the same time of this event report similar findings. What was suspicious was the power grid above the course. This could have been a rare case of electromagnetic waves mixing with beta particles to create a dancing mirage. Had this appeared elsewhere, the object in the she-creature's left hand would have been unknown. However, it was easy for the crowd to associate it with a putter since this was at a miniature golf course. It was a bad case of a mirage and public hysteria that caused such concern in this case. The family can rest assured at night knowing this is a highly rare event.

Case #02:1011 - 04-24-02 15:01 Monterey, California



A state trooper that was on watch over a small sporting event provided this.

While scanning the parking lot, this specimen was found. The officer claims it was much more obvious that this was a she-creature. However, the camera was slow in taking the picture. The she-creature was apparently walking from left to right when the picture was taken, which contributed to the blur and obscurity of the humanoid. Little conclusion can be drawn from the picture.

Case #02:1231 - 05-11-02 20:27 Sacramento County Fair at the Cal Expo; Sacramento, California



This was taken by a womanologist trying to discover the dietary habits of these mythical she-creatures. Here, two can be spotted in a crowd with their heads turned to the side in order to avoid raising suspicion. The shape of the hair of the leftward creature is supposed to be evidence enough that these are she-creatures. The researcher decided they were foraging for something at this concession stand, and had been aroused by the smell of its confections.

Nighttime has always been a strange time for spotting she-creatures. They generally approach human beings in

greater frequency after the sunsets. Perhaps they are sun-fearing creatures, but that has yet to be agreed upon by researchers. However, the lack of lighting in general makes it more difficult to determine the authenticity of the creatures in the photographs. Also, the picture of the front of a she-creature would be more useful under the circumstances. However, she-creatures tend

to panic and disappear when they sense they are being photographed. The researcher claims these creatures ran off as soon as they saw the flash from the camera. It was part of an operation to get the she-creatures sedated on caramel apples. Sadly, it was a failure, and doesn't provide additional evidence to the existence of females in the world.

Hell's Kitchen

Modern Day Fable Department

i s p r o u d t o p r e s e n t

"Bad boys, bad boys, whatcha gonna do when they come for you..."¹



It was quiet afternoon in the ghetto, but at 4:30pm on a Saturday all that changed. Dumbass #1 was in his room when Mighty Man came home to get ready for the Lilac Festival. Soon heated profanities were heard coming from the shared bedroom. After the verbal confrontation, Dumbass #1 called for backup, his younger brother, Dumbass #2.

While waiting for Dumbass #2, Dumbass #1 disposed of some illegal plants that were the cause of the initial argument. Intelligent Roommate (IR) #1 then warned IR #2 to prepare for an upcoming battle. As predicted, the two

Dumbasses ran up the stairs to confront Mighty Man. An intense wrestling match then ensued. IR #2 attempts to call Campus Safety, while IR #1 pulled Dumbass #1 out of the tangle. Fists flew, and the two Dumbasses ran down the stairs.

Mighty Man followed, enraged after being provoked, and broke Dumbass #2's glasses². Dumbass #2 was shoved out the front door, Dumbass #1 soon followed, while calling Monroe County Sheriff on his cell. Mighty Man then reveals, to the shocked IR's that Dumbass #1 had been growing three successful marijuana plants in his closet.

Campus Safety arrives, as do two police cars, totaling six or seven officers, along with the RIT Ambulance with three EMT's. Consent papers were signed, and the house, Dumbass #1's and Mighty Man's cars, the bushes, and the dumpster were searched for the two missing plants.

Confiscated Paraphernalia:

One Zong³

One Bong

Three Pipes/Bowls

Several bags of marijuana

One bag of marijuana seeds

One plant found squished in a book

Statements were taken, and Dumbass #1 called his mommy. Dumbass #1 was allowed to pack a bag, and then was escorted off the property to await his upcoming judicial.

The Moral: Don't call the cops on yourself when you are attempting to grow illegal plants in your closet.

¹ Disclaimer: Names have been changed to protect the retarded.

² Why someone would wear glasses to a planned fight is beyond comprehension.

³ For you folks not intimately familiar with marijuana smoking accessories, check out www.zong.com/home.html for more information.

The Hot Kiss at the End of a Wet Fist

By Vera Ikon

It's spring. Warm weather has finally come back to the Northeast, and the usually barren trees are suddenly blossoming with flowers and leaves. I can leave my house without a coat on. Actually, since the quarter is now officially in its downward spiral, I prefer not to leave my house at all. In fact, as I sit here typing this, I'm skipping a class*. It's a pretty sweet time of year, especially with summer vacation right around the corner.

But it's also the time of year when the "I Hate RIT"TM sentiments seem the most copious. Some students are graduating, so it's quite logical that they'd take this opportunity to bitch about how awful the last 4-6 years have been and how they're *so* not going to be able to get a job. Others are just relieved to be going home for a few months and make innocuous comments like, "I'm so happy to be getting out of Rochester"^β. But still others are just leaving, having been too traumatized by their first year, or just burnt out by their second, that they'll never return to the palatial swamps^ψ of RIT.

I don't really want to go into the sorts of things people say about RIT, beyond acknowledging that those things are said... and said a bit too often, if I do say so myself^π. But I'm rambling. Anyhoo, what I really want to say is, don't blame RIT for your misery and frustration. Guess what? This is Academia. Unlike whatever small towns y'all may have come from, things are not nice and neat in Academia. There's a lot of spin[∞], a lot of bullshit. The students complain about the faculty complain about the administrators complain about the faculty complain about the students. It's sort of like a more evil version of Chutes and Ladders. So if wading through a bit of academic-political sewage in terms of class scheduling and weird-ass professors is really, honestly, truly too much to handle, then maybe, just maybe, col-

lege isn't for you. And I can guarantee that if you go to any other college, you'll find more or less the same things you found here at RIT. The campus' architecture may be different, the student body may be made up of different demographic and ethnic groups^φ, but it'll be the same old academic head games. So either you deal, or... you don't deal. Huh. Amazingly simple, as far as I'm concerned.

There are other reasons why people don't like RIT, but as I stated before, I'm not going to dwell on them here. Negativity does not solve anything. Instead, I'd rather talk about three things...they're little things really, that I feel each and every one of us can do to help make this campus a better place. I'm serious here, folks^ζ.

Safety on campus roads. All operators of vehicles *must* learn how to properly negotiate a 4-way stop. It's hard to believe, but there was a time before stoplights were invented, and *all* the vehicles approaching an intersection were expected to stop. Foreign students whose parents bought them tricked-out BMW's seem to have the most problems with 4-way stops. Coming in a close second are cars full of freshman girls. When approaching a 4-way stop, you must first **STOP**. I *cannot* stress that enough, people. Then the general rule is the first car that gets to the stop proceeds first. If two cars reach the stop at the same time, the car on the left must yield to the vehicle to the right. But usually, there will be a sufficient amount of time between cars stopping to easily determine who gets to go first. *And even if you are making a right turn, you **still** have stop and give right-of-way!* Sheesh. But basically, fewer traffic injuries and fatalities equals...happier students. Simple enough, right?

Campus beautification. Don't spit on the bricks. Ever been walking along the Quarter Mile and happen to look down and see a big, green, phlegmy loogie staring back at you? Plain and simple here, people: *it's fucking gross*. Plus, it spreads diseases. Tuberculosis is actually making a comeback^η, quite possibly because of people

* Gaspity gasp GASP!!!

β Hell, I've lived here my whole life, and I'm beginning to doubt if I'll *ever* escape...

ψ I saw a purty pheasant the other day! Wheeeee!

π And I *do* say so myself.

∞ Anyone remember that band The Spin Doctors? Damn, I sure do...can't remember what songs they wrote, but I sure do remember them.

φ But there will *not* be more females! MWAHAHAHAAA!!!

ζ And while I'm at it, can we all please agree to *stop obsessing* over ourselves? As if you're the only person in the world who has problems...Jeez-us!

η My very knowledgeable pre-med friend told me that. Gotta give props where they're due.

who spit wherever they choose. If you have to spit, water the grass, not the sidewalk. I guarantee that it will make for a more pleasant campus atmosphere.

Socialization. Bask in the glow of Cable Television. Growing up, my parents refused to get Cable, so I always felt extremely privileged when I went to a friend's house and watched Nickelodeon. Even now, I can still find a great deal of contentment in watching VH1, TLC, Comedy Central or BBC News. But I find even more contentment in watching such fine programming while in the company of friends. In fact, I dare say that the company of friends is what really makes such a simple activity so enjoyable. Which brings me to my third and final point: those of you who mope around and complain about how there's nothing to do at RIT have obviously forgotten the basics of socialization^ξ. Socializing is a qualitative process, but not necessarily

^ξ Sober socialization, specifically.

The Quarter-Mile Stare

By Peter Gravelle

Walking down the Quarter Mile, they stare at me.

Their eyes pound into me. Not to dissect me, or find out what I'm made of, but instead, for the sheer joy of optically smashing everything in their path. The sky is dark, as is the norm, but the eyes burn. Not just at me, of course. I am not the only one who receives the melting, penetrating gaze. Everyone gets it; everyone sends it. Mutually Assured Destruction guarantees safety.

I come from a City famous for the coldness of its people. I long for cold people rather than the hot, burning, drilling eyes. One can always get warm from the cold, but the heat... the heat is overwhelming.

"It's not my fault!" I want to scream. "I do not hate you. I refuse to hate you! The school does not hate you! The professors do not hate you!" I beg, in my mind, for reason. I stay cool. I don't panic. I don't shout. My eyes dart, from side to side, and around. Whenever they come near someone, I feel the heat channel into me. I feel bad for interrupting their silent effigy of academics. I look away.

My eyes traverse the landscape. I see her. Can it be? I wave. We talk.

quantitative. So even if RIT did offer a wider range of on-campus events, *would you really go to any?* C'mon, you're too busy wallowing in self-pity to go out! So in the end, it's not really a matter of what you do, it's who you do it with. I'm pretty fortunate in that I've been able to surround myself with wonderful friends and genuinely good people. And maybe that's the key to keeping one's head afloat in the foamy, disturbingly tepid sea of Academia.

But if you manage to do nothing else between now and the end of the quarter, just get up off your duffs and go outside. It's a beautiful day.

Hugs 'n kisses!

—Vera

P.S. You're probably wondering how this article's title works in with the article itself. Well, you're right, it

Other friends gather. The burning heat turns a pleasant room temperature. So what if we're blocking traffic? It's not as if those molten eyes need a reason to try to burn us down. We are enjoying ourselves. The love among friends builds a barrier against the free-flowing hate. We are protected.

We know the reason that we are here is twofold: one, to learn in school, and two, to learn from friends. We learn from each other the power, both limitless and infinitesimal, of love. We learn of each other's customs, rituals, and habits. We learn. Together.

But it's nearly time for class. Hasty *goodbyes* and *see-you-soons* couple with *see you in class*, or *back to the dorms*.

As I walk down the rest of the Quarter Mile, the stares do not bother me. The love we generated protects me from the hate, deflecting the heat-eyes like lasers off of Tetsuo in *Akira*. A spherical shield, only visible by the beams that it deflects, keeps me safe. I turn back to my friends, and I see they have the same shields. They are shields of Love, lit by acts of defense.

"Light of all the love that I've found." – Led Zeppelin, "Fool in the Rain"

LETTERS

Congrats.

Date: Thu, 09 May 2002 14:27:25 -0400
From: Adam Backstrom <amb9623@rit-vax.isc.rit.edu>
To: gdt@hellskitchen.org
Subject: The Custodian Conspiracy

Adam Backstrom
amb9623@rit.edu

To the good Mr. Bonaparte:

Excellent work on The Custodian Conspiracy. That's some high-quality short fiction.

I haven't had a chance to read all the other articles yet, but the issue as a whole seems to be above-par.

Date: Fri, 03 May 2002 14:10:27 -0400
From: [Reporter Ad Customer] <xxx0000@vmsmail.rit.edu>
To: reporterads@mail.isc.rit.edu
Subject: new [advertisement]

hello Ren
here is the new [ad] for next week, i hope i got this in time, thanks for all your help, and i really dug your poem in GDT, nice lyrics



GDT's Second Annual Centerfold Issue, Sans Centerfold

ancient stardust dynamos**By Gary Hoffmann**

ancient stardust dynamos
 beaming existence to heaven
 gamma rays of
 chestnut, smiling
 your eyes
 mobius circles of drowning
 drunken I laughing
 and floating through brilliant
 tidewaters
 floodwaters of thought
 green imagination and
 cyan dreamwaters
 closed eye screaming
 angry purple loneliness
 of mind
 of dark matter heaviness
 x-ray clouds of cerebrum
 shining out
 soul windows and
 soul door, soul smile
 shadowless sensuality
 and silently breathing
 breathing light
 breathing sound
 breathing time
 surrounded by timeless infinity
 the ocean frozen and forever
 the stars caught in mid-tear
 dancing angels now shadows and
 statues of moondust
 nothing moving in a thousand worlds
 within a million quasars
 chaos of motionless end of
 the Universe
 still frame photography
 black and white
 and a million grays
 colors without names
 dancing, grinning
 and falling in love
 before falling in nothing
 back through void and
 everything
 back through tears and rain
 and cloudless sunshine
 to colder than
 weeping Europa's breasts,
 hands, lips, breath
 who remembers not that
 the moon is a million
 angel-stars in love

Lisa**By Khamla**

She was more beautiful
than the rainy days of Spring.

As if the eternal
water of existence
had slivered down
her jasmine neck
to cloud puff breasts.

A flower waving so gently
in the wrong season
of a windless year.

The question of
your existence
amazes me.

Can you tell me
how you got here?

I close my eyes.

Chamomile growing on
an orange tree.

Her high cheekbones
sits atop Victoria Falls.

Her lonely luscious loveless
face cries louder
than the Marriage of Figaro.

Ah,
what beautiful song
inspired her.

Her big brown eyes
luminates and reaches
into your heart.

And you inquire,
if perfection had a face,
she's got to look
something like this.

Thanks!

It takes the efforts of many people – all trying to get their bang-for-a-buck – to publish a weekly low-budget magazine. Print space does not allow us to thank all of them each issue. So each year we like to take the space to send a lot of extra shout-outs and big French kisses to those people that help make *GDT* what it is today.

Boston Unit

Adam Fletcher. Without his layout skills, *GDT* would be nothing but Word documents.
Giles Francis Hall. For all that is phair.

Ithaca Unit

Sean Hammond. Passing on a wealth of knowledge and walking away was a hard decision for him, yet he continues to be our historian, resident scientist, and provider of liquid nitrogen.

Rochester Unit

Dr. Albert J. Simone. For humoring us, being a good sport, and for accepting us with a grain of salt.
Dr. Jack T. Sanders. He rose to the task of being our advisor with little prodding or coercion.
Christina Lopez. For handling the massive amounts of

backlogged paperwork, all with a great smile.
Sandy Woodruff-Whitmore. For continued support and sharing laughs.
Two to-remain-unnamed apartments on Kimball Drive, for the excellent times.

Organizations

Creative Arts Committee. For giving generously this year, thus allowing us to continue to do what we do. We love you.
Crossroads Hub. We could not print without their Canon ImageRunner. Special thanks to Mike and Richard for making sure that things ran smoothly.
College of Liberal Arts. For letting us go postal, and for leaking all the internal documents (just kidding, we shred them).
Reporter Magazine. For serving as a basis for comparison, all the free pizza, the swapping of staff members, and for all the times spent in the office.
Rochester Institute of Technology. The boys, the bricks, the bitches, the bandwidth, and a biography that always gives us something to write about.

And last but not least, to the individuals who started it all who we may not have mentioned as of yet. For your continued support and creative energy, we thank thee. Goodnight all, and remember to tip your waitress.

SUBMIT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Have a twisted summer.



We are one source ready to meet your on-demand needs.



We don't need a caption, he's obviously not wearing any clothes.

 **Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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