



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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All About Bush

By Alex Moundalexis

In an attempt to keep our faithful readers on the cutting edge of political commentary¹, I've compiled a brief list of news and events as they apply to this great nation of ours. I even took it one step further and condensed all of the mumbo jumbo into a half-readable format. When you get to the end of my little diatribe, you'll have no idea what hit you.² So sit back, dear reader, kick up your cowboy boots, and enjoy this here fresh batch of politics and "strategy", cooked up all special like, just for you.

We just can't seem to find that Usama Bin Laden fellow³, despite our numerous disclosed and undisclosed large military sponsored manhunts. Shit, our guys tore apart half of Afghanistan digging through those damned caves, only to find that his DNA had been left at a campsite weeks before. Nice one, guys. Here we are, the largest military on the planet with the most intelligent technologies ever devised or conceived by man, and we couldn't locate one man. One man!⁴ That's got to be pretty embarrassing for the son of President who kicked the shit out of the Elite Republican Guard back in the day. So we're going to war with Iraq instead.⁵ Seems pretty rash, doesn't it? Well it is.

In Bush-applicable terms, our dealings with Iraq can most easily be compared to beating up the kid who stole your lunch money a few years ago because you can't find the guy who stole your shit yesterday. We may not know where Bin Laden is, but we sure as shit do know where Saddam Hussein is, don't we? Of course we do, he's exactly where we left him just over a decade ago.⁶ So now Bush is going to invade Iraq because Saddam has supposed chemical, biological,

and nuclear weapons – because you KNOW that the United States is the only country that's allowed to have those sorts of toys. Bush is hoarding all of them, like a cokehead locked in the evidence room.

You may be thinking⁷ that this country gets oil from Iraq, and that a war would only hurt our resources and in turn, drive up our fucking gas prices even higher! That's partially true. We do get some oil from the Middle East, however, these days most of our stash comes from Venezuela and Mexico.⁸ Unfortunately for Bush, the majority of Europe *does* get their oil from the Middle East, and while we'd be just dandy, a war with Iraq would certainly cause trouble for them. You can begin to see why Europe is hesitant about joining forces.⁹

Other governments are so sneaky! Saudi Arabia promises us military support when we invade Iraq— if and only if the United Nations approves the action. For the record, they don't – to which Bush has replied in his typical, intelligent manner, and I paraphrase, "Go along with us or be fucked! Then, we'll just do it ourselves make you all look like incompetent jackasses! I'll be damned if my old man is the only one who gets to have a whale of a time bombing the shit out of Iraq!" In the meantime, Saddam invites UN inspectors back to Iraq to check things out for the millionth time – further aggravating Bush's desire to strike.¹⁰

Never mind that the current administration has thrown environmental concerns into the cesspool. Not flushed away, mind you. They're still there – rotting away with all the other problems – but stinking rather badly. Need proof? How about Colin Powell being booed on the closing day of Earth Summit,¹¹ or that this country went against the vast, vast majority and rejected the Kyoto pact? Or that his current energy policy contains more contradictions than I am able to list?

1 Or to inform the otherwise hopelessly ignorant, take your pick.

2 Hell, you might even ask for a re-count.

3 Did you know that he's on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted Fugitives list? Well, he is. If you see him, you best call your local FBI office.

4 And a pretty old, raggedy looking man to boot!

5 How's that for starters? Watch out for the heavy themes ahead.

6 And where is that you ask? Why, in his palatial estate in Baghdad, surrounded by his harem, lounging around in designer suits. This my friends, may just be the source of Bush's 'penis envy' as psychologists like to refer to it.

7 You might also be overly intoxicated, but don't let that stop you.

8 And even Russia! Ha, don't even get me started!

9 And why the majority of Europeans tend to believe that America is full of selfish, bumbling idiots. And let's face it- we brought this reputation upon our selves when we elected into to office the man child from Texas.

10 We can't bomb Iraq when the UN inspectors are still there, can we? What sort of monsters would we be THEN?!?

11 <http://www.commondreams.org/headlines02/0904-01.htm>

Of course, the fact that Bush has strong ties to the coal industries, the oil industries, and the logging industries couldn't have anything to do with his actions¹². Where was Bush during the whole Enron fiasco, or throughout the slew of big business scandals that rocked this

country shortly thereafter? Burning documents? Shredding checks?

No, silly. He was in his playpen playing with his new toys.

12 Could it? No! How could you ask such a thing, you un-American bastard, you! This from the man who brought us the hot heaping clumps that is the Homeland Security Act.

The Expansive Conspiracy

By Peter Gravelle

I feel I must warn you all about what is happening to our campus. I warn you, this story may not be easy to believe, but it is the Truth^{℞, ℑ}.

The construction on our ruddy campus is taking over!

I know — I didn't believe it either (or I wouldn't have, if I hadn't discovered[℞] it myself). Perhaps the reason that it sounds so strange is that I'm not starting at the beginning of the story.

<story> I was at Wegman's^η with one of my roommates when he said a very strange thing to me: "This Wegman's is left-handed!" Now, my friend is a grocery store worker back home in a certain colder state than Rochester^φ, and his Opinions regarding shopping and its Finer Details must be regarded as Truth. When I asked him what he meant, he reached for the door to the freezer section with his right hand and subsequently hit himself in the head with the door. This is, of course, the Horrible Consequence of *LHW*. Hoping to escape the pain of the freezer aisle again, we traversed into town to try the infinitely famous, "Ghetto Wegman's," only to find, to our horror, that this Backhandedness^α is Standard in Wegman's. Therefore, all Wegman's are *LHW*! </story>

I want to make something perfectly clear. I have nothing against Left-Handed people, so long as they use our Right-Handed stuff. It's a well-known fact that the percentage of Lefties drops as the age of the surveyed

**I have nothing
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stuff.**

group rises. This shows that the increased rate of learning disabilities among that hand-class results in low survivability. Just because you're Left-Handed, you don't want to force a shortened lifespan on us all, would you?

You, the reader, may be asking, "What does Wegman's choice of hand have to do with Construction at our Institute?" And I would have to respond with violence. And I don't like violence.

Not against me, anyways. I'll let you draw your own conclusions.

As I was saying... I'm sure everyone has noticed the strange proliferation of temporary chain-link fences sprouting up across campus. And, I would hope, everyone has also noted the fences' expansion.

Case in point: the soon-to-come[∂] field house out behind the Student Life Center. When Fall Quarter started, the fencing around the area was small enough to allow the use of a particular pair of walkways. Before the end of the first Friday of classes, these two walkways had been cordoned off. And let us not forget the GCCIS[∇]. It too has expanded its borders into Cross Campus Drive. And so, I call out to you, my fellow students^κ, during the *other* season[∇] here at RIT, to slowly but surely move the barriers back to their former, and saner levels.

Fight for your right! Down with the Construction Man!

℞ "Truth," in so far as Truth is not misleading

ℑ Not to be confused with Truth™, which is a Registered Trademark of Lies, Inc.

℞ Inasmuch as Columbus "Discovered" the New World, which is to say, not at all

η Which will hereafter be referred to as LHW, for reasons that will soon become clear

φ Strange but True

α Read as "Backwardness"

∂ "Soon" meaning, "We just scaled down the expected time to completion from 24 months to 16 months, which means, not only will it take a bitchin' long time, but it'll run over schedule, too!"

∇ Hey, if we write GCCIS... CoC... GCCIS... CoC enough times, maybe they'll actually change the name of the college to it.

κ Of the Student Body™, of course!

∇ Taken from the September 6 issue of the Other Publication, where writer J.P. stated that RIT has two seasons, winter, and construction.

If I Had Five Dollars I'd Buy This School More Comfortable Temperatures

By Scott Urban

I used to think it was strange that summer ended on September 22ⁱ with the whole summer vacation ending and school starting thing, but based on recent weather I'm changing my stance. You see, as I sit here in my room with the shade mostly closed to block the evil, evil sun and the fan blowing on highⁱⁱ, I am sweating. Not a whole lot mind youⁱⁱⁱ, but the fact that I am sweating at all is a problem. Basically, I think I have four choices:

Move somewhere north of here, or really really far south.

Get AC.

Shut up and just deal with it.

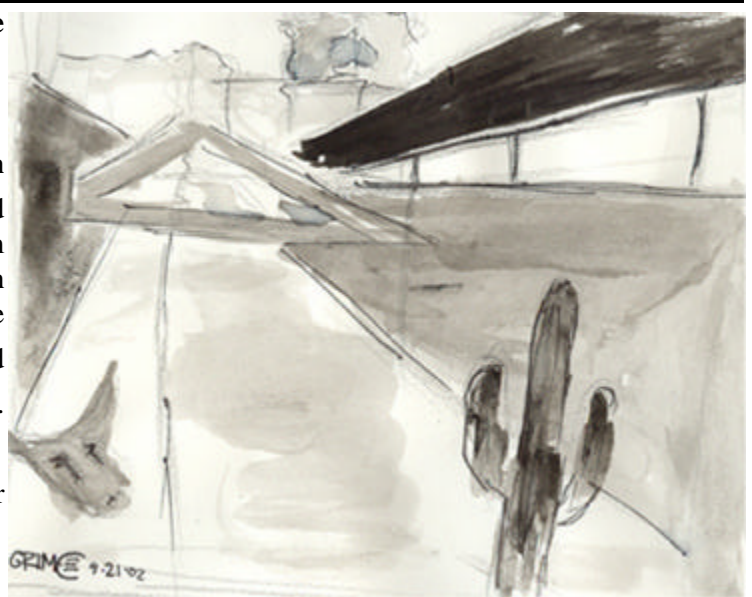
Or, develop a cooling technique like other animals.

The last one seems the most likely.

For example, as many of you know, dogs pant. While this may not be the most socially acceptable behavior for humans, it'd probably compliment perspiration quite well. I could just stretch my tongue a bit, and then when I'm alone and feeling a bit warm I'll just pant to myself. It'll be splendid.

Some animals just like to get away from the heat. Many desert animals, especially small ones, burrow underground during the day to stay cool. Some even close off the entrance to prevent the hot air from getting in. So, maybe I'll go into the tunnels and put a bag over my head to keep out the air. It might work. I could also just enter a state of estivation^{iv} until things cool down a bit. It wouldn't be too far from my current state of languor.

Other desert animals do things a bit differently. Many have long appendages that dissipate the heat, such as the jackrabbit. These slick fellas have ears the size of an elephant's with lots of blood vessels that help with this whole 'temperature regulating thing' go smoothly. Pigs^v conduct internal body heat through their skin. New World vultures, such as the Turkey and Black Vultures have a process called



urohydrolysis. This technique involves excreting urine onto their legs, cooling them by evaporation...

On second thought, sweating for a little while seems okay. I'm told that sweat and urine are made of basically the same elements, but I think I can tell the difference, and I do have a preference in terms of which I like on my skin. Even Llamas need help cooling down once in a while, but they don't piss on themselves, for crying out loud! So it looks like I'm stuck with my shoddy humanistic natural processes in my efforts to not perish from heat exhaustion.

I'm writing this on the 20th of September, and hopefully by the time you read it the temperature will have dropped. This would make this article irrelevant, thus leaving me to live these next four years in shame, criticized for writing something so bogus. But, I'd much rather be shamed than deal with this heat. I don't think it was this hot even during the real summer months (when I don't go to school). So yes, all you people from crazy states like Florida, I am hoping for cold weather. I'm hoping the temperature drops really fast and forces us to bundle up when we exit the building. I want it to snow. I want the ice age. I want an ice-cold glass of lemonade, an iceberg complete with penguins, the cold metal of a stapler, ancient Egyptian artifacts, six rolls of duct tape, and 32 raging orangutans^{vi}. I want it to cool down so I can wish for warmth, because it's much less depressing than sitting here wishing for cold.

i Some people might say it ends on the 23rd, since that is the first day of autumn, but they are wrong. I have nothing to back me up on this EXCEPT MY FIST.

ii It actually says "3" but I think high is a better term. "Eminent" is better still.

iii I don't stink too much, guys!

iv Estivation is a state of aerobic hypometabolism typically used by organisms to endure seasonally arid or intensely hot conditions. In general, estivation includes a strong reduction in metabolic rate, a primary reliance on lipids to fuel metabolism, and methods of water retention. I LOVE SPOONS!!! The mechanisms of metabolic depression in estivators are similar to those seen in hibernation and anaerobiosis and allow those scientific guys to propose a unified set of biochemical principles for the control of metabolic arrest in nature.

v Not currently a desert animal, but there is hope for the future.

vi And no questions asked.

Terror Week - A Weekly Column
This Week's Host: Irving Washington

Orson Wells

On Sunday, October 30th, at 8:00 P.M., Orson Wells, Mercury theatre, and The Columbia Broadcasting System simulated a news bulletin break-in during normal radio broadcast hours, transmitting a dramatized version of H.G. Wells' "War of the Worlds"^f in a time slot normally reserved for news and religious services. Despite at least three distinct announcements describing the fictional nature of the play, the listening public largely panicked, swamping New York and New Jersey telephone switchboards with hundreds of calls reporting Martian sightings and pleading for advice in how to protect themselves and their loved ones from the ongoing heat-ray and gas assaults described via the radio broadcast. At least 20% of the listening audience was completely fooled, some barricading their homes or committing suicide to escape the horrors of the advancing alien invasion. On an interesting note, a number of cattle mutilations were also reported in the wake of the mass hysteria, although they were later attributed to imagination or "the work of scavengers combined with normal decomposition."

In the aftermath of the broadcast, Commissioner George Henry Payne recalled that last November he had protested against broadcasts that "produced terrorism and nightmares among children" and said that for two years he had urged that there be a "standard of broadcasts." Payne added: "People who have material broadcast into their homes without warnings have a right to protection. Too many broadcasters have insisted that they could broadcast anything they liked, contending that they were protected by the prohibition of censorship. Certainly when people are injured morally, physically, spiritually and psychically, they have just as much right to complain as if the laws against obscenity and indecency were violated."^ö



This girl, she has no skin. Thanks Harry!

Harold S. Truman

There is but one man, unique in his sense of purpose and unadulterated militaristic will to power, who ever gave an executive order to launch the full scale nuclear bombing of another nation. He could only be an American™. Harold S. Truman, 33rd President of the United States, authorized the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, two heavily populated cities of Japan on July 24th 1945, stating in his personal diary "We have discovered the most terrible bomb in the history of the world... It seems to be the most ter-

^f Available at <http://members.aol.com/jeff1070/script.html>

^ö Enter the joyous intellectual bread and circus of the FCC. As Franklin put it "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."



Acceptable losses.

rible thing ever discovered, but it can be made useful.”[£]

The bomb blasts were later described by a Japanese journalist as “a glaring pink light in the sky that would burn any ones eyes out.” The death toll on the two cities was astounding, no doubt the largest civilian casualties suffered in a single attack. In a single devastating onslaught on August 6th, the two

bombers, Enola Gay and Bock’s Car, exacted an estimated toll of 105,000 deaths and 200,000 total casualties from the two cities. The complete surrender of Japan followed on the morning of September 2nd, 1944, aboard the USSTM Missouri, making the worlds first, and last, nuclear assault the unquestionably penultimate political act of terror in modern history.^Ÿ

[£] That’s what we get for electing a fucking Baptist...[¢]

[¢] Of course, given that our other options were a guy named Dewey and Cretaceous relic Strom Thurman, the overall options given to the voters were probably weaker than any seen since... well, the last four elections...[¥]

[¥] Because second-rate actors count double, after all, damn it.

^Ÿ <enthusiastic chanting> USA! USA! USA!

SUBMIT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org



Here at *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, we love your letters. We love your letters so much that we don't edit them for space, clarity, or content. After all, we wouldn't want you to be misunderstood due to some cranky editor. So here we have two letters that we got last week, and a few responses from our staff. Bon appetite.

Date: Tue, 17 Sep 2002 08:25:46 -0700 (PDT)
 From: surly somoan <surly_somoan@yahoo.com>
 To: gdt@hellskitchen.org
 Subject: Outraged....

On September 17 I was relaxing on my couch reading the most usually funny GDT. I however was very shocked to read the article 'A Year or so Later' by Vrea Ikon. After reading her opinion I realized that I had to respond to what she had said.

Can one truly understand the tragic events of 9/11 when you haven't lost someone? I don't know where she was or what she was doing on that day, (nor do I care), but her opinion seems to come from a very sheltered and distant view of the world. The outright IGNORANCE of her surroundings is astonishing. Could it be that being at RIT has completely put her in some sort of protective bubble where she feels free to say that the US or even anyone deserves something like this?

Don't get me wrong, I am not placing blame on anyone for doing this because we may never know the truth of those people that conspired these events. However to dare to outright say that the US deserved something like this is ridiculous. NO ONE ever deserves to go through something like this and I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy. It almost seems quite obvious that the author doesn't even have a remote connection to these events.

As someone whom lost numerous friends in the towers and the pentagon I am undeniably furious. Being asked to identify body parts and bodies of friends for their family was not and never will be something that I will be able to be easy with. To go through these events and hear that someone thinks that this sort of un-insitgated destruction of families and their lives makes her in my

mind one of two things.

1) An anti-American to which I say you are quite free to leave this land of opportunity or

2) Someone that openly condones the actions of terrorists on American soil.

That close minded selfishness shows to me the true lack of any human trait (compassion) for other peoples' misfortunes are not needed in these times or even on this planet.

I can't believe my eyes or the anger in my heart at someone that dares say that we brought this event on ourselves.

A truly very surly Samoan

I'm rather neutral on this one – well sorta. My initial reaction is phrased in the form of a question: Which took longer to do? Writing that letter, or creating the fake Hotmail account? – Ed.

GDT writer Irving Washington was the next to respond (rather bluntly):

Well, so far I've determined that he can't spell and has the overall reading comprehension of a mildly retarded sea monkey, which probably places our perturbed Polynesian slightly above average on literary food chain around RIT. But the overall whiny attitude reminded me far to much of the poor suffering rich-bitch wives of the dearly departed running-dog corporate raider chitlings who complained with such heart-rending earnestness that their multi-million compensation packages wouldn't be enough to buy them a nice island chain or two to assuage their grief in the blood and sweat of once-proud native peoples pressed into menial garment trade slavery, so I say we toss the dumpling in the fire. But I guess it's not my call, in the end, but I haven't had any really good target practice in a while...

Following shortly afterward was GDT writer Gary Hoffmann, with a different type of response:

Reading through Vera's article and Mr. Samoan's endearing reply, I realized some people, especially you IT majors, may be a bit confused about the exact meanings of some of the words being slung back and forth (like "the"). In order to promote pedantry and clarity, as is my Civic Duty, I have provided here some definitions that may prove useful.

Terrorist - n. a buzzword currently being used to

justify the invasion of any sovereign nation we damn well see fit to invade, especially those ruled by psychotic tyrants that were originally instated in their position by none other than the U.S. of A. so that we would have tighter control of oil production, only to learn that psychotic tyrants aren't always easily bent to the whims of the Corporate America.

Pro-Terrorist - n. one of those fucking commie pinko hippy liberal faggots who doesn't agree with my political ideology, especially those who actually want to re-examine America's despotic foreign policy before taking action against other despotic foreign policies, as the two may be more interconnected than Mr. Samoan realizes.

Anti-Terrorist - n. the guy with the guns who has the backing of a world superpower whose citizens died by the thousands one day a year ago, as opposed to the guy with the guns who only has the backing of a few impoverished desert countries whose citizens die by the thousands every day from lack of proper medical care, thanks to unnecessary U.N. embargoes which are only in place because the U.S. strong-armed them into place in order to help enforce its despotic foreign policies.

The Anti-Terrorist Task Force - n. vernacular for "Geheime Staatspolizei."

The War on Terrorism - n. vernacular for "Arbeit macht frei."

George W. Bush - n. I love Big Brother...

And last, but certainly not least, is a response from the original author herself – Ms. Vera Ikon:

To my hunka hunka burnin' Samoan love,

I never said that we deserved 9/11. I said that there are many reasons for the hatred that other countries and cultures may feel towards us, and it's high time that we started taking note of those reasons if we truly want to make this world safe and peaceful. In my article, I was trying to frame the events of one year ago in a different light. I wanted to get people to think differently about the situation. I genuinely believed that some good could come out of the attacks. I really hoped that people would start thinking differently and Americans would take steps to educate themselves about the place best defined as "Not America", i.e. the

rest of the world.

As you surmised, I didn't lose any family or friends on that day, and there is certainly no way that I can fully understand what it is like to lose someone in that manner. Perhaps I can criticize our country and its government so readily because I was not "personally affected" by the attacks. But I am very sorry for what you have gone through, and for the added trauma of having to identify remains.

And to touch quickly on my "IGNORANCE"...Just how does questioning one's surroundings qualify as ignorance? Blind acceptance, i.e., "America good, Arabs bad", is ignorance. Killing a man because he wears a turban is ignorance. Sneering at young Muslim women who wear headscarves is ignorance. I know, I know, it's all very complicated. I don't have the answers, and neither do you. We just have opinions- opinions that, under this country's laws, we are both free to express and debate as much as we like. And my opinion is: America is still having a hard time accepting that there are people in the world who don't totally agree with everything we do. Because, you know America is Number One, America is infallible, etc, etc... But have you ever wondered, even for a second, if our government is making the right decisions in Afghanistan? In Israel? In Europe? In Asia? In South America and Mexico? Is it our God-given right to simply dictate to whomever, whenever we please, just because we *can*? Face it, chum: we are the awful global neighbors that the rest of the world despises. We may be human beings, but we are not very conscientious human beings. Why, just this past summer, with the first anniversary of the attacks looming, millions of our countrymen were far more concerned with the outcome of *American Idol* than with the continuing war in Afghanistan.

Well, you get the point. I'm not going to totally restate my case. But as for the "un-American" business: what exactly *does* is mean to be un-American? Of course, this buzzword can be manipulated to fit many profiles and many actions. But mainly, I've seen it used to lampoon the alarmist culture we now live in. I never thought I'd actually hear the terms used seriously- and it was directed at little ol' *me*! I, horrible terrorist-abating creature that I am, feel a bit flattered. I mean, you *actually* think I'm un-American! However, I was merely exercising that most American

right of all: the right to piss people off.

And I do enjoy living in America. I am glad I was born here and I am thankful for the many opportunities that are available to me because of where I live. But I also like what other countries have to offer. There are sites and places out there in the world that are beyond belief. It saddens me to think that my love for the whole Earth somehow compromises my ability to “stay loyal” to my country of birth. Perhaps I will some day leave America, like you suggested. If I do, it will probably be because I can no longer stand the narrow opinions of people like you, who are perpetually shaking their fists to the sky- people who are so wounded and angry that they will spend the rest of their lives with broken hearts.

In closing, I know you don't know or care to know what I was doing the morning of September 11th, 2001. But just for your information, I was at my student job on campus, getting ready to do some research for my boss when the news broke and we turned on the TV. I saw everything, and I was seized with the horrifying realization that I was watching thousands of innocent people die. After the towers fell, I headed down to the quarter mile in a dazed state and wondered how I was supposed to spend the rest of that day, which, after all, was still my birthday.

Much luv,

Vera

Date: Thu, 19 Sep 2002 21:07:32 -0400
 From: Ken Smith <ken---@hotmail.com>
 To: gdt@hellskitchen.org
 Subject: What's the deal Alex?

Dear Alex Moundalexis,

I see how it is. First you and Marci conspire to keep me from riding my unicycle in the Baker D hallways, then you say my TV isn't big enough to watch The Long Kiss Goodnight (starring Samuel L. Jackson and Geena Davis mind you), and now you steal the term Rochester Institute OF Technology (RIoT) from me. We all know who first started calling it RIoT---I did. I came up with it last summer just before I came to school. On September 5, 2001 I first showed it to

Jeremy Kuster on one of the chalkboards down by the COS Atrium. I had it written on my dry-erase board for a few months last year, and that's where you, and possibly Miss Meinhart (though I doubt that she would be so treacherous) stole it from me. All I am saying (or typing as it were) is that if you want people to abide by your little copyright disclaimer, you should give credit where credit is due. Put a * by RIoT and on the back cite the creator of the name.

As far as your DDT article, well of course DDT doesn't kill people, they never got it in a strong enough concentration. DDT would wash of farm fields and into rivers where it would be taken up by algae. The algae would be eaten by plankton, and the plankton would be eaten by minnows, which would be eaten by trout. Each time it passed up the food chain, the concentration increases. Since most people don't eat fish they catch (because most of our waters are polluted with other nasty stuff), humans wouldn't be affected by it. Osprey and Eagles do eat fish, and since they are at the top of the food chain, they received the highest concentration. This did not kill them, but it prevented their eggs from hatching, thus preventing the symbol of our nation from successfully reproducing.

Also, small farmers do not need DDT. They are just being driven out of business by gigantic corporate farms that are subsidized by the government. Instead of using pesticides (which the insects evolve to become immune to since they reproduce so quickly), integrated pest management techniques work best. These methods include planting mixed crops (let's see, if you were a bug that ate corn, would you go to the field where rows of corn and wheat are rotated, or just a 20 acre plot of pure corn?) or having natural predators around (lady bird beetles to get aphids and corn snakes to eat rodents). So if you like DDT, move to South America where it is still widely used. And if it would create a race of genetically pure humans, why is that continent filled with third world nations? DDT may not kill you, but it can surely mutate your P53 gene, which is the gene that checks for, and corrects mutations in you DNA. DNA mutations aren't fun.

As far cleansing the population of the ignorant and stupid, you should subscribe to Jason Englert's (see, I'm giving credit to the originator, not stealing it) theory. All people will have to take a test. The test

will decide if they are a moron or not. If they fail it, they will be deemed an idiot and sterilized. Thus humanly eliminating idiots from the world.

Consider my thoughts, and remember...
...I came up with RIoT!
From,
Kenny Smith

Dearest Kenny,

Since you identify me personally in your letter, I'll respond. You make some rather interesting points, only two of which I will dare to refute. GDT corre-

spondent and writer Andrew Gill remembers that someone living in a Racquet Club Townhouse had a "RioT" bumper sticker before the date you cited. More formally, our sources within ETC inform us that Film Video used to use RioT for their public-access (pre-Ginch) broadcast of student work as late as 1997.

Don't underestimate Ms. Meinhart – she is more treacherous than you will ever know. Muahahaha!

So, my dear pupil – you are mistaken, or perhaps confused.

-Ed

RIT Students Happier Than Ever

By Matt Nicole

In a bold move, and against all requests from upper-class students, the RIT administration has decided to allow this year's freshman class to be happy. That's right, folks. Happy.

The administration says that this is not a "ploy" to boost retention, rather, is a bold stand against the negative connotations and stereotypes that many college students have about their administrations. Terms like "adminASStration", "ASSministration" and the ever-popular "administraTERDS" could soon be ancient history here at RIT.

An example of the assministration's efforts can be found in the bunching of three freshmen into rooms that are only supposed to, by design, have two students. Also, a new orientation was put into place this year where countless games of "pass the ball and say your name" were followed by even more countless scavenger hunts for useful things like the Library, or (gasp!), the second floor of the Library, all of which instilled the RIT spiRIT into each new student in a truly profound way.

Clearly, the efforts of few have had a positive effect on the freshman class as a whole. Proof is in the people. When asked about how he's enjoying his time at RIT so far, freshman Tom Westfall said, "Well I'm seriously having to fight off all the chicks. 53% chicks in this freshman class and I'm all A&F, so the wanna 'F' me." When asked if he thought that the fact that the ratio wasn't as forgiving for the upper-class guys



would have an effect on his chances, he replied, "HELL no, Bro. They are so last century. And I have a cool shell necklace. See? Crisp, ain't it?"

So it seems as though the administraterds have hit a homerun with their foolproof plan. It also seems that the folks in charge here at RIT are well on their way to being held up as a national standard in higher education for their success in producing student happiness. All we need now is a winning sports team so that all our A&F, shell catching, freshmen can get trashed and burn a giant pile of wood.

I Am Addicted To Neverwinter Nights

By Rocko Bonaparte

A century and two score passed since the Luskanites were turned back from the gates of Neverwinter. Peace fell upon the North, but only for a while. Once again, the denizens of Neverwinter fell upon a mysterious plague. Berringerum, the fallen drow elf spider queen, was summoned from her ravaged homeland to assist.

“We do not understand. This is not the false plague the cult created.” The priest of Tyr explained to her, “The cure does not work on it.” The current patronage of the temple of Tyr wasn’t too impressing to her. She preferred the old days with Aribeth, the paladin, and Aarin Gend, the spymaster. The current generation relies too much on heroes. Retired heroes, at that.

“But how can I help, when I have nowhere to start looking?” Berringerum asked the priest.

“Well, that is the interesting part. The Guild of the Many-Starred recently opened a portal into another world. We feel the plague may have originated there. Berringerum left the temple as soon as she could to talk to Eltoora, the guild master at the Neverwinter wizard guild.

“The world is very strange.” Eltoora told her, “My assistants report wheeled beasts walking on smooth roads. They live in a town of brick in the middle of a wasteland.”

“I wish to speak to them myself.” Berringerum told her, and Eltoora grew more sullen.

“That cannot be done. They returned depressed, and ill. They were the first to die from the plague.” Eltoora showed her the portal in the wizard lab. It glowed yellow, with no hint of the world on the other side.

“They did mention a market in a huge cave. Perhaps it would have the ingredients to solve the plague.”

So Berringerum gathered together her composite longbow, a bunch of potions, some piercing arrows, her wand of power, and a big motherfucking scythe. She stepped into the portal and off she went.

It was about 1AM at the Henrietta Wegman’s

when some people saw a yellow flash in the parking lot. Nobody paid much notice to it. The store was pretty quiet for a Friday night. Two 3rd-year marketing majors were shopping for Labatt Blue when they ran into the grim reaper. Or that was their first impression. It was cloaked in black and was walking around with a scythe. It turned its face and looked at them. It turned out to be a woman with dark brown skin and white hair. The hair glowed like the moon, but her yellow eyes were more penetrating. She would have looked kind of pretty if she didn’t seem so sullen. More odd was her long ears that ended abruptly. The two students got their beer and ran off with it in fright. They screamed gibberish; from which Berringerum figured out she didn’t understand the native tongue. More odd was the abundance of humans in this cave. No other races elsewhere.

She saw somebody sneeze before picking up some Ben and Jerry’s ice cream, so that could have been one of the aids. She quickly realized she could not make purchases from the merchants in this cave using her gold, though they were eager to take it anyhow. Frustrated, she left from the magic doors at the mouth of the cave, and was run over by a speeding Buick.

Back at the temple of Tyr, Berringerum realized she was out of her league. She decided she might need some help. It had been quite a long time, but she remembered a (too) outgoing half ling called Tomi Undergallows who could pick locks better than he could pick his nose. She tried to find him, only to discover old age had finally taken the poor guy away. What an army of skeletons, traps, and a pissed off dark elf couldn’t do, passing years in the country finally did to the poor guy. However, he did have an illegitimate son with the same ambitions. He was called Homi Undergallows, and joined her for 200 GP. Berringerum also summered her familiar pet – a panther by most standards. She also decided on a small, woodland creature to fit between the small passages she saw in the parking lot (sewer grates). She summoned a dire boar for her second trip.

So it was that a dark elf, a cat, a pig, and a midget walked into McGregor’s at 2AM on a Friday night, just in time for last call. The language of people here was even stranger than in the cave, but all these people were human as well. Homi feels quite at home

here, but finds himself being laughed at by a currently unknown fraternity. These frat boys were highly motivated to put beers into Homi, who didn't think it was as funny as they thought, but would always accept a free drink. Ten minutes and ten rounds of Beast Ice later, they were buddy-buddy. They finally got around to introducing themselves. The half ling pointed to himself and said, "Homi." He got a warm reaction – everybody else pointing to each other and said, "Homey!" So they were set. This changed another ten minutes later, when Homi tried to order ale in his native tongue. The bartender, thinking he's been serving booze to a 14-year-old, tried to get him kicked out. The fraternity, sensing a falling comrade, came to his aid.

Nobody paid attention to Berringerum. All you could see were her glowing eyes in the corner. Knowing that bars and taverns are cesspools of disease and hardship, she thought she would see some of this plague there. She was content in the corner until a stray bottle hit her. Not fond of the situation, she leapt up onto the table with her scythe and screamed, "I will see you cut asunder!" The panther leapt over the table onto the nearest patron, and the boar swerved under the tables and chairs. She lopped off a head in one swipe. This caught a lot of attention, and she got even more notice when her hands caught on fire. Even more attention was given to her when the fire spread through the air. Finally, all attention was on her when everybody got caught up in this and was burning. The bar emptied out faster than a Metamucil-eating puppy. Berringerum was last to walk out, and right into a police barricade. She found herself in the temple of Tyr after being shot 12 times. Homi never seemed to have come back, so the priests thought he was still alive on the other side.

Berringerum was having a hard time adjusting to this world. Her record for staying alive was about half an hour. Come to think of it, she never needed to be resurrected at the temple before, and that was on more dangerous quests. She finally decided communication would be essential. She had an Old One translation amulet from her prior Neverwinter adventure, which she reasoned could be used for communications.

Starting at the Wegman's again, she headed to the brick city amongst the wastelands. Once there, she found herself in a large room with a fireplace. One

wall was made of glass, which exposed a pool below. A piano was in the corner. Many young human males were sitting at tables in this room, rolling dice and making marks on papers. Berringerum watched intently for a while, waiting for one to speak.

"I'm not in the room, right?" One of them hollered over to one of the other tables. "What room?" Somebody at the table responded. Meanwhile, another at the table announced, "I wanna cast ... *magic missile*."

"...The room where he's casting all these spells from..."

Berringerum was intrigued by this sorcery. They talked about attacking the darkness and elves. One of them said he was an elf with gray eyes, even though he was a human with brown eyes. Even stranger was another person said his "sheet" claimed he had blue eyes. People at other tables were rolling 20-sided dice when they claimed to do things like attack. Eventually, she caught their attention.

"Wow, are you a cos player?" One of them asked. Berringerum wasn't sure what to do, but decided she needed to know what a cos player was.

"Guys, check this out, she even acts like a drow." By now, a small crowd was forming around her, trying to get her to trip up in her "act." They were impressed by the realism in her scythe and her clothes. Eventually, she managed to ask them about the disease, its symptoms, and a potential cure.

"That sounds like the flew." One of them said.

"The flew? Like a bird overhead?" Berringerum persisted.

"Oh no, F-L-U, but I never heard it killing anybody. Everybody gets it here right about now. With all these strangers moving in together, it's bound to happen."

"But what about a cure?"

"Cure? I guess you could get some from the Corner Store in the tunnels..."

Berringerum left soon after. She was most interested in these "tunnels," and was given an extraordinarily warm farewell (by her standards), along with some 20-sided dice.

The tunnels seemed quite sophisticated for a dungeon. The only problem was getting lost. Eventually, she rescued a prisoner trying to enter the hallway from his cell in the Gleason Hall. Apparently, he didn't have a key out, and all Berringerum had to do was open the door. He explained to her where the Corner Store was.

The attendant at the Corner Store was surprised by the scythe-wielding hooded figure. It interrupted her newspaper-reading campaign to ask where the flu medicine was. The figure found a box of Tylenol, and then asked the attendant how it was used. "If you're really that bent up on the flu, you should go get the vaccine next week." The attendant told Berringerum. She thought Berringerum was terribly sick from the flu because of the black cloak. "People can act real funny when they have a high fever." The attendant told her. Berringerum found out the flu vaccine drive would be held in the SAU next week. After this exchange, Berringerum walked right out of the store without paying. She became fed up with trying to pay with gold. The attendant tried to pursue, but the drow recalled herself to Neverwinter after going around the bend.

A week later, at the flu drive, all in attendance where suddenly greeted by an army of paladins, bent on stealing off the vaccine. They came with swords and dice. Since Berringerum had such bad luck with her spells, she must have thought she needed dice to

fight in this world. The only success was when Berringerum managed to kill a campus safety officer by throwing her dice at them. After a good embarrassing 10 minutes of rolling dice, all involved realized the swords worked much better by themselves. They literally cut their way to the front of the line, and then were stifled. There was the vaccine, but they had no damn clue what to do with it.

Homi came to the rescue. It seems after the bar fight, he became the mascot of one of the fraternities and enjoyed a steady income of beer and sex. A midget gets these things quite easily, or so everybody told him. Luckily, he had gotten the vaccine earlier and had a good idea about how it worked. They rest of the routine was shaken out of the nurses before casting them aside.

Back in Neverwinter, the Tylenol helped some of the victims, but the vaccine prevented the disease from spreading further. The portal to Rochester was closed, and it became a criminal offense to reopen it. Berringerum became the savior of the city again, and had a hero's farewell. She also learned to be more humble about her powers, after learning how insignificant they were in other worlds. But perhaps she was just being cruel on herself, since Rochester isn't the most hospitable of realms. Let them play their dice games.

Come roleplay with us.



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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.

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