



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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The Magic Wondershow
This week only

Urinalysis

By Sean J. Stanley

The American Dream used to be simple. A house. A job. An equal chance at Alger's pipe dream. Many came to this country with the noble pedestrian goal of being able to own a small business. For some, the goal is simpler still; reduced in its essence to the morning crap: newspaper in one hand, a cup of coffee and lit cigarette in the other. But for most, this will not do. Fifteen minutes is guaranteed, if not on *Springer* or *American Idol*, then perhaps in a run in with law-enforcement that makes it onto *Cops*. These same people believe that it's possible to create the illusion of fame by surrounding oneself with the trappings of notoriety. If you're not famous enough to have posters, action figures, and tee-shirts with your face on it, the form-not-content world of American retail has the solution.

Famous people wearing tee shirts featuring themselves? Rap culture aside, if you're famous and you do this sort of thing, its considered selfish narcissism. But, it's OK if you're an average citizen of less than average intelligence. It ain't pretty though. If a woman drapes her sagging breasts in a tee-shirt featuring an air-brushed image of her face and sagging breasts, the name Tammy writ in cursive on the back with sparkles and stars, you get a sort of white trash infinite loop, the universe folding in on itself because it is unable to vomit.

Airbrushed tee-shirts of one's own countenance was just the beginning. I blame technology. Cheap hardware seems to have opened the egalitarian flood-gates to the Cretans in our midst. For a mere five thousand dollars, enterprising idiots can now purchase systems that emblazon meshback hats with anything they fucking want. Now, the former buyer of such crap can wheel his or her cart to the mall, the county fair, or trade shows across America to unleash their particular brand of nightmarish horror on Humanity.

Yeah, Darryl got a new screen printing setup. Hes upstairs makin Stop Al Gay-da! shirts with Debbie.

If this is progress, Im becoming a Luddite. The

seedy subculture that propagates this nonsense seems to be pretty incestuous, thank God. Save for the random ill-advised photo laminate mug for a grandparent or retarded cousin, intelligent people tend to stay away from all this shit. The rash of personalized and custom items are bought, and sold mind you, by the same people. Understanding the ever changing needs of this particular demographic requires a certain kind of finesse, won only after years of perseverance as consumers. One day, you wake up and realize that you'll probably never find Calvin giving the old golden shower routine to a Heckler & Koch rifle. Recognizing a dearth of Calvin-pissing-on-handgun-manufacturer decals, you invest your life savings into a computerized system that will remedy the situation, post haste. And so it goes.

But lately, it seems as if the fly-by-night purveyors of NASCAR effluvia have hit the proverbial wall with their current selection of urolagnial Calvin items. To my knowledge, Calvin or iterations thereof have micturated upon numerals, team emblems, college letters, automotive insignias, your mom, my mom, Osama Bin Laden, Iraq, you name it. Is that all? I certainly hope not. I suggest that we elevate these things from their trashy status to full-on neo-Dada art. We need three-panel triptych tableaus of Calvin pissing into Hobbs mouth, or at least attempting to piss into his own mouth using a chair. One problem with decals is that you cant tell from afar whether its urine or ejaculate, otherwise Calvin's body functions would have changed *long ago*. I want decals that feature Hitler pissing on the Star of David, with FDR leaning out of his wheelchair in precarious cartoon fashion to squeeze a big turd onto Hitler's head. I want those goddamn three-letter oval decals that indicate your hideous taste in music or your undying love of the Outer Banks replaced by the type of venereal diseases you currently carry. Members of Greek organizations could easily fit HPV ovals over the Dave Matthews Band stickers currently on their jeeps. We should go all out as a country; after all, the back of ones vehicle seems to be the last great forum for discourse. I must admit that when I see a vehicle featuring Calvin pissing, and the proud owner has neglected to place the decal on the inside of the window, I make my own little statement. I look to see if anyones watching, then peel off the decal and move it so that Calvin is pissing on the American flag decal on the other side of the window. I doubt they ever notice.

Night Blind?

By Matt Aggleton

This letter is going to start out as a rant and finish as a suggestion to better the campus. Many of you that read this letter will probably not give a damn, but that's OK, I doubt that I will have any effect on what I'm going to rant about. However, there is a reason¹ why at least the administration would be interested. So without further ado, engage rant mode:

If any of you have been on academic side of campus, or within a 50-mile radius of RIT in the last month or so, you might understand the following problem. As a result of the construction of the new tennis courts, there is a blazing column of light rising into the already polluted night sky. If you have ever gone out to the observatory², you might have wanted to look at a star or planet in the eastern sky³. Until now, you only had to deal with an orange glow just as bright as the **WHOLE CITY OF ROCHESTER** to the north. Now, you also have to contend with a pillar of white light completing the destruction of the night sky.

Now, I understand the usual argument that safety is a major concern, but there are ways to provide lighting without wasting light energy into the night sky. One invention that man figured out a few years ago is called a shade. This is an opaque object placed around a source of light in order to not only block the light from shining in a particular direction, but also to reflect that misdirected light towards the areas where they are needed.

I also mentioned that this current use of lighting is a waste of energy. If the lights were properly shaded, instead of practically bare, they would only have to be half as bright⁴ to still provide the same safety lighting.

I was inspired to write this rant because of an article in the *RIT News & Events*, entitled "World Trade Center tribute architects light RIT⁵". In this article, RIT is proud to announce that they have hired someone to redesign campus lighting. This would be all well and good, but the article doesn't even acknowledge, let alone address, the problem of light pollution. In fact, they seem to not even care about light pollution at all, saying, "RIT can also enhance the campus's visual appeal with accent lighting on its buildings."⁶ And do you know what people do when they accent buildings with light? That's right, they shine said light up and down the sides of the buildings. Any of the light that is shone upwards is going to add to the destruction of the night sky and further reduce the research capabilities at the observatory.

So how about letting Simone and all the others in Building 1 know that the students here actually care about the environment, the waste of their tuition dollars, and intellectual pursuit in their little microcosm of the real world. Perhaps if enough students took a moment to send an email to someone up on high,⁷ and let them know that there are actually people concerned about this issue, something will be done about it.

¹ The only reason I know of that would cause the people in the tower to take notice is money.

² Yes, we have an observatory, no, its not made out of bricks.

³ Yes, there are enough clear nights to see the sky once in a while.

⁴ You do the math. If you stop losing half the light to the sky, you can turn that back around and make up for being dimmer.

⁵ Volume 35, Number 1. August 29, 2002.

⁶ Same article.

⁷ Al Simone (President): ajspro@rit.edu
 Stanley McKenzie (Provost): sdmpro@rit.edu
 Erick Littleford (SG President): ewlsdr@rit.edu
 Mike Maloney (SG VP): mpmsdr@rit.edu

SUBMIT

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RIT's Campus Beautification is Beautiful!

By Matt Nicole

RIT is turning its campus into a state of the art educational institution. More importantly, however, it's becoming beautiful. The beautification of RIT is by no means an accident, either. There are many improvements going on around campus, including some of which you can't see. The following is the story of one such concealed improvement.

For years, students have complained about what they perceive to be an ugly campus. One of those students, John Warefield, was overheard as saying, "It's not all the brick that gets me down. It's the lack of giant flowers, giant athletic facilities and giant metal sculptures. We're just not giant enough for me. I want to have the biggest everything in the nation. I feel like they've dropped the ball in that area."

RIT has picked up your dropped ball, John Warefield, and is currently running it into our new Metaphoric-EndZone.

"With out a real end zone, we had to create a Metaphoric-EndZone. That's where we run all of our dropped balls now" said a top administrator, who for obvious reasons will remain nameless. "For years we just kind of let the dropped balls stay dropped. Without a real football field, there was no real end zone to run to, you see. Our hands were tied if we ever dropped a ball! We've found a new sort of confidence and efficiency in our new Metaphoric-EndZone, though."

Creator of the new Metaphoric-EndZone, Tim Jordan, a 7th year senior majoring in Fine Arts Glass Design for Industrial Printing, is very proud of his contribution to the RIT community. "After I switched my major for the 3rd time, my mom asked me if I felt like I was 'dropping the ball'. I told her, 'maybe I am, but I'm also inching closer to the Metaphoric-EndZone. Also, Mom, remember that on some plays the quarterback takes a few steps back before throwing the ball into the Metaphoric-EndZone. I'm just on a 5 step drop."

"I was picked for the 'How Can We Fix RIT? Committee' or 'HCWFRIT?C' because of my familiarity with almost all of RIT's majors," Jordan says. "I thought my touchdown story would just get a couple laughs, but I guess the other members of 'HCWFRIT?C' felt differently."

The administration said, "It was a funny anecdote. For a while we were just all laughing our behinds off.

Then it happened. It, of course, being what we in the upper-echelons of decision-making like to call, 'the click'. That really sealed the deal."

"It was crazy," said Jordan. "They were all laughing, and then all of a sudden they all went AWOL in the consciousness department. At first I thought someone had passed out, and I got really nervous. They were all kind of just looking at each other in a trance. After about 20 minutes of sitting there, they explained the whole thing to me. Apparently they can't go forward with anything on campus unless they all 'click'."

"The rest of the meeting went very smoothly after we explained to young Mr. Jordan what was going on. As a side note, we are very happy with the name of the newest addition to the RIT community. We feel as though the term 'Metaphoric-EndZone' is very close to 'ESPNZone'. So, picking Metaphoric-EndZone keeps with our tradition here at RIT of naming many things in a similar way."

"There are a lot of balls on campus," said a member of the Administration, "and we feel that they'll all get fondled a bit in years to come as we see what can be done to improve student happiness." The Administration also says it hopes to get a feel of all the balls on campus before deciding which ones it wants to hold.

Here's to all the balls on campus getting a good feel.

for immediate release

By dalas verdugo

A big "Chazoo!" to science student of the week, Doyle Berke. Doyle is a senior at Pendegrass Technical Institution, where he studies global smearing. For the past week, young Master Berke has been taking slide photographs of girls on the beach in the hopes that the reflectivity of the girls' stomachs will reveal an as-of-yet undetected spectral shift. Such a discovery could lead to the conversion of a thousand foreign moss samples into luxury pets. Doyle says he plans to use the \$10 "Learn Zone" gift certificate he received as student of the week to purchase several of those things that make a tornado inside of a pair of two-liter bottles because "that shit is like, so cool, man." We here at the school cafeteria dish washing machine congratulate Doyle on his achievements and send our prayers out to him, in the hopes that he might bestow his grace upon us.



What's the Frequency?

New Tears: Crying With Dashboard Confessional

By Bryan Hammer

In the competitive whirlwind of the music industry “Emo” rockers have begun to make some noise. What is “Emo,” you ask?? “Emo” is short for “emotional” which refers to one of the trademarks of the genre. Emo rock is based around painfully emotional lyrics and strong melodies. The genre came out of a hardcore punk movement in the mid-80’s, with the definitive music of bands the Rites of Spring and Embrace. Sunny Day Real Estate has also played a major role in the development of the genre. Since then, Emo has branched out to include different forms and sounds. There are an abundance of Emo rockers out there today, with most of them are on independent labels such as Vagrant and Victory records, to name a few. I don’t have the time or space in this article to outline all the major Emo bands out there, so I’m just going to concentrate on one that I think has the greatest possibility of moving this genre onto the main stage in the next few years.

Chris Carrabba quietly built a reputation playing in hardcore punk bands like the Vacant Andy’s and Further Seems Forever, but in 2000 he decided to pick up the acoustic guitar, and pour his heart out. Idie label Fiddler Records helped him by putting out his first EP; *The Drowning EP*. To promote the EP Chris began by opening for H2O and Snapcase (both bands are quite hardcore) with an acoustic guitar and a stool. He only planned to tour for two weeks on the project, but the development of a fan base in those two weeks sent him back to the studio. Work on this first album quickly began and the all acoustic *Swiss Army Romance* was released in November of 2000. Borrowing from a line in his song *The Sharp Hint of New Tears*, his new project became Dashboard Confessional. By March of 2001 a second album, *Places You Have Come to Fear the Most*, was released by Vagrant Records. It was this record that spawned two more EP’s, (*Summer’s Kiss EP* and the *So Impossible EP*) an MTV Unplugged special, and countless fans who sing along to every word in every song every time Dashboard plays.

From the streets of Southern Florida where Chris grew up to the stage at almost every city in the US, Dashboard Confessional shows are full of an intensity of passion and pain that is infectious. I recently got the

chance to see them live, and I could never do the experience justice by trying to capture the performance in merely words. I’ve been to stadiums filled with people for bands like Dave Matthews or Bon Jovi, and the experience at those shows was nothing compared to that which I experienced with Dashboard. Everyone was singing the words to these tragically painful songs at the top of their lungs. The scene is one of passion and pain, with people crying and loving every second of it. Chris was inspired to write the songs for Dashboard by heart-break of his own, putting to music emotions and situations that almost anyone can relate to. This is probably one of the reasons for the attraction. Many bands have songs about the same topic, but the honesty and passion that rings through in his singing makes Chris stand out. Beautiful, angry, percussive melodies back him up on stage, and the sound fills the room with emotion and energy. For those few minutes you feel connected to someone else who knows exactly what you’re feeling. If you ever needed a song to describe your depression, Dashboard probably has one for you. Anyone who has had a break up, been dumped, cheated on, or fallen in love can find empathy in this band.

In the age of corporate music, it seems nearly impossible that an artist on an independent label could be making the sort of impact that Dashboard continues to make. Since the release of *Places*, Chris has received countless offers from large record labels, however he continues to stay with the “indies,” a truly bold move. Chris is now in the position to make Dashboard Confessional one of the most successful bands in the industry.

Some other Emo bands to consider are: The Promise Ring, The Get Up Kids, Saves the Day, Finch, Thursday, Midtown, Taking Back Sunday, Jimmy Eat World, and Phantom Planet. There many more, and I could probably fill a page just listing names of bands. Whether Emo experiences success on a largescale basis or not, as long as people are experiencing emotional turmoil, there will always be an Emo band to cry about it with.

Send your comments, love letters, or hate mail to GDTWTF@hotmail.com

Cure for an ITCH

Within the sixth week^ι of every winter quarter, there is a rise in Inverted Testicular Chronic Hernia on the residential side of campus. This disease, while normally easy to detect anywhere else, is difficult to spot at RIT due to the quiet nature of its engineering students.[@] Hence, most people don't discover they have it until they vomit their receded nutsacks. The first symptoms seem like the flu, just much, much worse. In a normal hernia, the testicles recede into the body. This is normally caused by absurd amounts of stress. However, at RIT, the absurd is surpassed, resulting in levels of stress that could break even Ghandi himself. Therefore, the hernia is made much worse, and the testicles recede even further. Most people discover they have the ITCH when it is too late. Believing they simply have the flu, the victim sneezes, only to find his testicles leap from his mouth.

One cure for the ITCH is non-masturbatory sex. Sadly, the ones afflicted with ITCH are usually the least likely to get laid. The physical disfigurement of ITCH, combined with the unattractive male RIT student[%] creates a severe impediment to fraternizing with women, or even most female primates. As the afflicted students drift farther from campus, competition from sexually competent men further hinders their efforts to engage in non-masturbatory sex. This is made worse since non-RIT men lack the freakish androgynous features common to the ITCH sufferers. Masturbation then becomes the only choice. But, due to the location

By Rocko Bonaparte and Irving Washington

of the testicles, masturbation becomes more difficult. It usually involves something along the lines of a self-inflicted cunt punch while in the shower. A physics professor can (and often will) provide the catalyst with their fists and/or feet. Regardless, most victims regard this as shrinkage in their already feeble penis size. One would reason that a penis size in the negative inches would be a clue, but victims of ITCH are hard to reason with.

In these situations, ITCH victims react to their desperate feelings of isolation and impotent frustration in much the same fashion as many other severely fucked-up and traumatized persons do – by turning to the Internet. In the artificial digital freak show that is cyberspace, the afflicted former RIT students find a celebrity status amongst the admiring throngs of perverts and[¥] Japanese people[£]. They also find solace in potential mating opportunities with “eager young teen sluts who wish to explore all the excitingly raunchy opportunities afforded to them by a set of withered, inverted genitalia.”[§] While such news may sound encouraging, it is important to note that there are no recorded cases of such contacts leading to further relations. “Further relations” is defined as “interring the recalcitrant wallaby,” or “statutory rape.” Within one year of their initial diagnosis, an estimated 102%[&] of untreated ITCH sufferers fall victim to fatal accidents involving simulated cunt-punching with household furniture or lighting fixtures.

^ιFor those of you who have not (or cannot) figured out RIT's academic calendar,[∩] this time period is often identified by the first ringing screams of “OW, MY FUCKING ASS!!!” rising from groups of Engineering Students.

∩ I.T. and New Media majors leap to mind.

[@] Except for Microelectronics, who expect everyone else to shut the fuck up so that they can hear themselves brag about the enormous size of their “fab.”

[%] Women, while immune to the ITCH, are subject to the BITCH.[Ⓔ] Assuming you believe in the existence of women at RIT...?

[Ⓔ] No, this is not an acronym for anything

? See *Project Pink Book* for further details.

[¥]At this fortuitous juncture, the second author's girlfriend delivered a vigorous tittie-rub in a superstitious effort to ward off any effect of the ITCH. While the medicinal benefits of this procedure have yet to be established, the first author was quoted as comparing its effects on the second's writing to “hitting him with a fucking flashbang.”

[£]Who are *way* too freaky to be compared to regular deviants.

[§]Formal announcements that all of the teen sluts' AOL accounts trace to a man named “Ralph” who ‘resides’ full-time (read: no one even *wants* to know what the fuck he's doing down there. Even the Japanese.) in his aged mother's basement in Hoboken has curiously had no measurable impact on the enthusiasm of the RIT students.[«]

[«] Including non-ITCH sufferers.

[&] Figure allows for standard 2% margin of error.

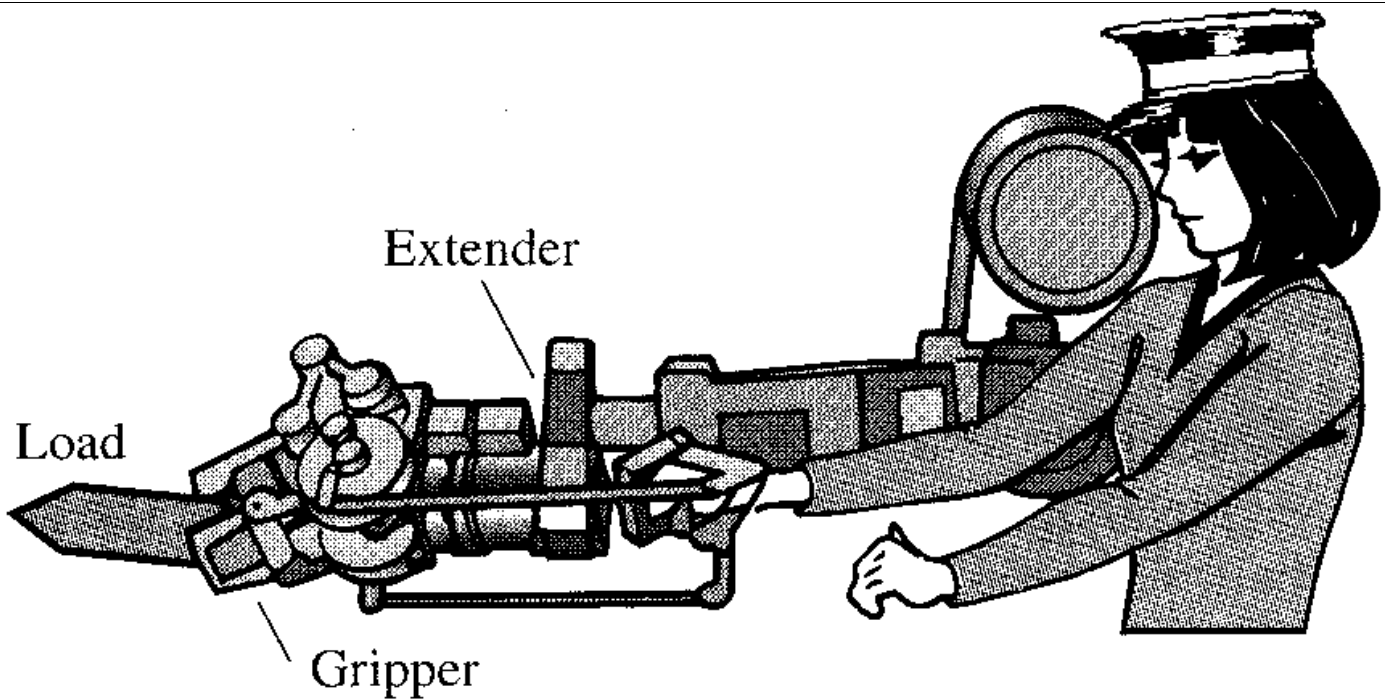


FIGURE P3.32 All aboard the mantrain.

During winter quarter, stress levels often climax. Depression mixed with a high dose of anxiety can lead to ITCH. One can almost create a function corresponding testicular recession to the academic weeks. There are some cases of ITCH during other quarters, but they are less frequent. Researchers believe the winter quarter raises this function by a constant, which brings more victims above the ITCH margin.

The following things contribute to the stress felt by a RIT student who quickly becomes afflicted with the ITCH. Please beware if you exhibit any of the following symptoms:

1. At least one prior quarter of poorer-than expected academic performance.
2. One bad grade on a major homework or test.
3. Another bad grade on another major homework or test.
4. Something due in every class for one whole week.
5. Late-teen angst due to girl problems, and degradation of available pornography.^Å
6. Lack of money or lack of credit.
7. A notable decrease in quality free time.
8. An ongoing escapade with one of RIT's many

offices. It has been said that RIT's bureaucracy works like 700 separate people working together as 700 separate people.

9. The musings of a Dr. Asshole, the least liked professor ever.
10. Subwoofer entertainment from the people adjacent to victim when he naps in the afternoon.
11. Fire alarms during the night when victim tries to sleep, since somebody near the victim cannot handle the responsibility that comes with microwave popcorn.
12. Random mobs of frat boys screaming, "Beer!" in Dutch, or whatever language they are using.
13. Some random utility in victim's dorm or apartment breaking down. See the eighth problem.

RIT has provided a solution to the ITCH – the reversible stomach pump. A unidirectional stomach pump was already standard equipment for the RIT ambulance. The number of freshmen (and women) afflicted with alcohol poisoning mandated a stomach pump be placed in every ambulance, and every EMT needed to be trained in how to use it. For some reason, the EMT's are more proficient in pumping stomachs than administering CPR. Considering their skill in CPR is already acceptable, this goes to show the fre-

^Å Smut magazine? fell apart.

? Barely Legal Delaware Valkyrie Ditzes, June, 1998.

quency with which the pump must be used.

The reversible stomach pump allows air to be pumped into the body at pressures upwards of 200psi. This pressure causes the testicles to be pushed back into place, and must be done with the utmost of care. Failure to use the pump correctly will cause the testicles to turn inside-out from the penis, followed by digestive organs and the lungs. However, this is a last-resort effort, and emergency surgery often follows. Normal practice follows that the student leaves RIT forever. However, the school often pressures the student to return for the next quarter.

Although all ITCH victims that are treated early are cured, ITCH is usually diagnosed too late. The diagnosis often happens after death.

“I was walking on the quarter mile,” Nelson Scheiber, a 2nd-year IT major said, “when I heard somebody sneeze. I turned around and saw somebody picking up his balls from the ground. And when I say, ‘balls,’ I mean *balls*.” Scheiber recalled the unfortunate student eventually keeled over and died next to some solicitors.*

“My roommate had the ITCH.” Chet Surminec informed us. He is a junior majoring in undeclared engineering. His roommate, known only as “Bardwell,” began playing Linkin Park halfway through his sophomore year. “The poor guy was having some trouble with some girl he’d met at a party. Apparently, she had her beer goggles on, and Bardwell took things too seriously and clamped on to her. He started writing poetry about black roses, and began skipping class.” Surminec recalled an odd incident regarding the bathroom. “He acted like he’d been kicked in the nuts when he went into the shower. Come to think of it, in the last week he was alive, he always walked around like his nuts were halfway up his torso.”

Bardwell was found dead in his bed. His nuts were next to him on his pillow. It was a closed-casket wake, since some ‘extra matter’ came out with them. At first, RIT suspected foul play, and were about to give Bardwell’s roommates an exorbitant amount of parking tickets. However, they soon realized that it

was simply another case of the ITCH. And, worst of all, it was a case that could have been prevented.

The testimonials of Surminec, Scheiber, and countless others have provided many tell-tale symptoms of ITCH:

- Extraordinary cynicism above and beyond the call of duty. This is along the lines of a 90-year-old Rochester native. This does not apply to people actually that old.^b
- People walking with their legs together in a hunched over posture. This posture continues during eating and while playing Counterstrike.
- Angst normally displayed by oppressed 14-year-old suburbanites.
- Countless tests with failing grades written over them. RIT professors usually embellish this by writing a big, red ‘X’ across each sheet.
- Sound of furtive cunt punching coming from the shower.
- A sudden case of Tourette’s Syndrome.
- Loss of any sense of rhythm^{\$}
- Bragging/complaining of excessive work schedule for the week.
- Five consecutive cloudy days.
- Baggy eyes and baggier skin.
- At least a week-long diet of Ramen noodles.
- An ass resembling a sack full of wet, oily rags.
- Bloody underwear.
- Continual use of the word “basically” when describing such things as eating, sleeping, operating the remote control, and conquering women.

If you encounter somebody with these symptoms, there are some things you can do:

- If you are a woman, suck their cock.
- If you are a woman, and sucking their cock is too offensive, then smother their head in your boobs.
- If you are the victim, and you are a man, suck your cock.
- Drop physics.
- Take massage class and help them with some strategic poking and prodding.
- Purchase tongs for testicle retrieval.
- 4:20 at 4:20 every day *except* 4/20, on which you

* “Come back from the light! Don’t you want your free gift?”

^b Because their desiccated testicles fell off in an orangy, chromium-scented haze years ago.

^{\$} Frequently signified by a score of less than ‘C’ in DDR; suspected to be a side-effect of a total lack of non-masturbatory sex.

will 4:20 continuously for upwards of eight hours, or until you discover that your wallpaper tastes like onion dip.

- Watch a Stanley Kubrick marathon.
- Watch a pornography marathon.
- Star in a pornography marathon.

If you are afflicted, and tongs won't work, then try this: stick your thumb fully into your mouth, and blow as hard as you can. This should shift the testicles back into position. Failing this...

- Call the RIT ambulance service for a free reverse-pumping.
- Kick something that won't kick back.»
- Just give up and let out that fart you've been hold-

ing in all quarter. In physics class, preferably. This will equalize the pressure in the intestines, eliminating an internal vacuum that contributes to the ITCH.

- If you are hopelessly affected, kill yourself until you die.
- Consult the Inconspicuous Can of Beer for additional assistance.

With this in mind, you should now be prepared to identify the causes of the ITCH. Do not attempt to cure the ITCH all by yourself. However, you should be well equipped to begin a short recovery. That is, after all, because everything here is short. Except for this article.

» The shrubberies of East Ave. are discouraged as targets due to their tough and combative natures.

Terrorist's Bunker – Weatherman and the CIA

It strikes me that most terrorists these days really have no style, no flair, no panache! Anyone can drive a truck filled with explosives at a building, or park a manure truck underneath government offices. Sure, it might take some skill to pilot an airplane with enough precision to hit some of the tallest buildings in the world, but not a whole lot. Heck, I'm sure an IT student could even figure it out, given enough time¹. But really, its about as creative a maneuver as a bird flying into a window. It might break the window, but its neck is broken, too, and really, what's the point of attempting to destabilize world superpowers if you can't live to tell about it? Martyrdom is only fun for the survivors.

Gone are the days when terrorists put some thought into their actions. It used to be they'd go into a mission with the assurance that they'd get out, too². Everything was well thought out, keeping in mind both the object of the terrorist activity as well as the true goal of any terrorist organization: chicks. Really, everything men do is to attract women³, and terrorism is no different. Hell, I bet ol' Osama's mackin' it up right now, wherever he might be, sidlin' right up to the ladies and bringin' out the good lines like, "Really, I destroyed those buildings because they were the only things on

This week's host: Gary Hoffmann

earth larger than my penis." That's why most terrorists are foreigners: they know chicks dig foreign accents⁴.

That's why this week we're looking at those masters of style, Weatherman and the CIA.

Weatherman

Weatherman, or Weather Underground, was a group of radical hippies back in the era when pot-smoking had just become illegal⁵, Richard Nixon was still cool, and Lyndon Johnson was sending thousands of American boys to their death in Vietnam. The members of Weatherman broke away from the Students for a Democratic Society (S.D.S.)⁶ and formed their group after getting really stoned and putting on a Bob Dylan record⁷. This originally formed the basis of their ideology, but later they started going to a lot of protests and blowing up shit. The idea was to "bring the [Vietnam] war home," provoking conflict in the U.S. in order to further turn public opinion against the government and the war, while at the same time forcing the government to focus on domestic issues, making them unable to continue the war abroad.

Weatherman was responsible for about a dozen

1 Ten years, at least.

2 Die Hard, for instance.

3 Except in San Francisco.

4 Well, not German accents, but that's understandable.

5 You fascist bastards!

6 Which, of course, had earlier broken away from Students for a Despotist Society due to ideological differences.

7 You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows. - Bob Dylan, "Subterranean Homesick Blues"

bombings in the late '60's and '70's, including at Harvard University, the Long Island Court House, the New York Police Department headquarters, the State Department, the U.S. Capitol, the national headquarters of the Kennecott Corporation, and the Pentagon. Big deal, you say. Osama's homies took out a whole section of the Pentagon. What do your weather boys got on that? Well, for one, none of the bombings were suicide bombings. Like I said, anyone can strap a bomb to themselves or their car and die with the explosion. It takes skill to sneak a bomb inside the Pentagon and set it off without hurting yourself, and without killing anyone else. This is exactly what Weatherman did. The only deaths from Weatherman bombings were those of their own members due to mistakes⁸ (I suppose you could call that a suicide bombing, then, but that wasn't the plan). Additionally, each Weatherman bombing was carried out with a specific purpose and message, although these messages were largely obscured by direct efforts from the U.S. government. Quite a long list of high-profile buildings were bombed by Weatherman and not a single death resulted from the lot of them. I'm impressed. This is what terrorist activity is all about. Because, I'm willing to bet that if there's one thing members of Weather Underground did get, it's sex.

CIA

But then, who knows about terrorizing innocent populaces better than our very own Central Intelligence Agency? I realize many of you who were here last year are sick of hearing about the CIA's involvement with

RIT, but that wasn't terrorism. That was just some research and training contracts, and isn't nearly as interesting as backing an anti-Democratic government in Chile for years while training Chilean guerillas in various tactics that made them that much better at disappearing dissidents.

Not only did the CIA give military, financial, and political aid to General Pinochet after he overthrew the democratically elected Popular Unity government, but they also gave money to groups planning the overthrow before it took place in 1973. But what's a good terrorist campaign without an assassination? The CIA has plenty of those, too, including numerous failed attempts on Castro, and a successful attempt on the life of former Chilean Former Minister Orlando Letelier in 1976⁹. Of course, the Chilean death squads were not actually composed of CIA operatives, but they received training and equipment from the U.S. in a fashion not too dissimilar to the al Qaeda network. And if al Qaeda is a terrorist network, then so is the CIA, damnit!

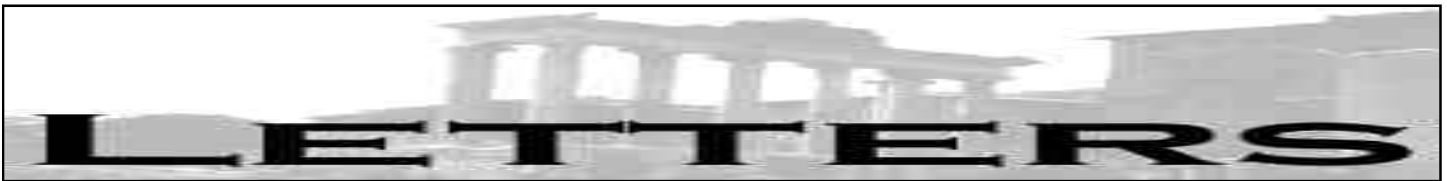
The CIA also gets extra style points for their cool suits, sunglasses, and all their nifty toys. If tiny cameras won't get a CIA operative a few hot chicks, I don't know what will! All those terrorists across the globe could certainly stand to take some lessons from the good ol' homegrown terrorists of the United States of America¹⁰. We might not have foreign accents, but we're still rakin' in the bitches. Keep up the good work, boys!



⁸ Granted, it's difficult to kill someone when you bomb an empty toilet stall.

⁹ <http://speakout.com/activism/opinions/5477-1.html>

¹⁰ cue patriotic music



Date Thu, 26 Sep 2002 17:16:50 -0400
 From digital bonfire <—@hotmail.com>
 To gdt@hellskitchen.org
 Subject [gdt-edit] Um...hear me out.

I think it's official. I've hesitated to call it, but someone's got to read the writing on the wall.

This past issue may well be the first that is undeniably worse than the *Reporter*.

There. It's been said. The competition was stiff, to be sure. The *Reporter's* mediocrity is a rather strong constant, and shows no signs of wavering anytime soon. However, through sheer gumption, you've managed to plumb still deeper depths.

Are submissions a little scarce these days? I'm only guessing, but if badly written articles about left-handed Wegman's, creeping campus fences, and marginal temperate uncomfotability got in, pickings have got to be slim.

It's not my wish to single out Irving Washington's terror column, but since it was written by someone who should-by now-know better, I'm obliged to. How long did that pile of shit take? Five, maybe six minutes? One swipe with MS Word's spell checking software does not a well-written piece make. Grab this week's issue, Irv. You might want to read along at home:

1. "Terror Week - A Weekly Column"? - Some title. I was pretty sure the column was weekly when I stumbled onto the first "week," but thanks for clearing it up. I finally understood the column's temporal sensibilities by the "week" in "This Week's Host." God knows I'll be rampaging to the nearest *GDT* issue to read whatever else you've vomited up over the past seven days. Hopefully, redundancy will be kept to a minimum the next time around. The column is weekly, right?

2. I may be niggling here, but how about getting your subject's fucking name spelled correctly? Orson Wells, according to Yahoo!(TM) person finder, is a guy that lives in Marysville, WA. I'm sure he's got

a Mrs. Wells and has a bunch of little Wells larvae rolling around, but he sure and shit had nothing to do with the infamous radio broadcast. That was Orson Welles. With an "e". And while I'm on the subject of correctly spelled names, check your footnotes. It's Strom Thurmond, not Thurman. Way to go. At least you spelled Truman right.

3. What year did the War of the Worlds broadcast take place? It doesn't say in your article. It took all of five seconds for Google(TM) to tell me that it was 1938. I guess you just gave the day of the week hoping that the readers would do the math themselves. I mean it just as easily could have been 1932, but I guess you were trying to keep us on our toes.

4. In the interest of fact checking, no one actually committed suicide that night. A small number (some postulate as few as one) attempted suicide, but no more.

5. MS Word's spell checking is a great thing, don't get me wrong. Personally, I don't use it, but I pray to God you do. I mean, if you'd bothered to read your own writing you'd have found the "any ones" and the "worlds" spoiling the otherwise elegant prose. They were meant, respectively, to be the possessive pronoun and noun "anyone's" and "world's", right? Or am I missing another coded puzzle just like that 1938 omission?

6. I've got to believe Word's grammar checking capability would have snagged on that 58 word behemoth you call a sentence. See it? It's right there in the first paragraph. That clunky bastard almost threw me. I know you like to construct puzzles in your articles, but you don't need to turn the page into an obstacle course. The commas seemed to be having fun, though. It was like a little punctuation convention.

7. Why, oh why did you trademark "USS"? I was with you when you ironically trademarked American. Cute, the way you illustrated the commercialization of American culture with that little "TM". (Cute, but not terribly original. Read your Big Red Book.) But "USS"? I'll grant you "USS

Missouri(TM)", likening to the fact that a once proud battleship is now a national park left to be populated by snot-nosed kids and the elderly. But trademarking "USS" is just awkward. It made it uncomfortably obvious that you were trying to be clever, and just plain failed at it. Why is the (TM) for USS bigger than the American (TM)? More code? I'm really getting tired of these mindbenders. For future reference, notice I've trademarked only those words that are, in fact, trademarked.

8. And if the nuclear bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki are the penultimate political act of terror in modern history, what the fuck is the ultimate political act blah, blah, blah? The War of the Worlds broadcast? Or did you think penultimate and ultimate mean the same thing? Because they don't, you know. Mean the same thing. It's not like flammable and inflammable. They mean the same thing. I'm guessing you found out the hard way.

I've got to admire you, though. It takes some serious balls to publish such a train wreck while *in the same issue* describing another's reading comprehension as on par with a "mildly retarded sea monkey". I'm reminded of Val Kilmer's superb "Tombstone" performance as Doc Holliday when he quipped, "Wyatt, my hypocrisy knows nobounds."

Ol' Doc's got nothing on you, Irv.

Now, for the editors. I know you're waiting with bated breath for anything to come down that submission pipe, but please have some integrity. Read through your Big Red Book—I know at least one of you owns one—and remind yourself just what you've gotten yourself into. Hell, pass that *BRB* around to your staff writers. Show it to some promising newcomers. There's power and wisdom in those pages. Spread the wealth.

And reject anything that uses HTML tags, for fuck's sake. It may be a technical school, but there's no excuse for that shit.

The Illustrious Sean J. Stanley (as he has come to be known) was but a rank amateur when he started writing for *GDT*. Great as he was, he could barely hold his own when he began his writing days as Tourist. The writing staff was that good. These days, things are different. Not two weeks ago, complete with a fucking disclaimer, he blew all of you out of the water without even trying. My

sources tell me it was submitted *prior* to 9/11 and wasn't even going to be published. For shame. Topical satire like that needs to be shoved under the collective chin of the masses on time for maximum effect. Think "Ethiopian flypaper boy" and you'll start to get it.

Don't start in with that pansy "Well if you want to change *GDT*, then submit" crap I've heard time and again. You need help editing? I'm there. You need help sorting through your submissions? I'm there. I didn't submit in the early days because I was terrified I'd be outshone by Sean and Kelly, et al. Now, I don't submit because I'm disgusted. Helping fold and distribute poorly written issues isn't my idea of contributing, so don't ask.

I've read every issue of *GDT*, and I'll be reading every issue until you stop printing them. I'm very grateful that you've kept this publication going as long as you have, regardless of my overall tone.

I've got to go now. The blaring "Fugue in D Minor" is leaking from my headphones and disturbing the lemmings in the library's VIA. Plus, there's this gorgeous Italian girl at Java Wally's that I like look to at. Just consider this some friendly criticism.

A.J.

P.S. I've been here since 1996 (when we could drink on campus!), and RIOT was old hat then. I'll be damned if some dorm-dwelling sophomore is going to take credit for it.

Dear AJ-

STH. KG. SJS. Do you know these people? *GDT* is what they left for us. They created it, found funding for it, expressed their thoughts through it, barely got through school because of it, and had a hell of a time leaving it. Before their time, the publication just did not exist. Plain and simple. Yes, they rock, and they've given us much to laugh at and, indeed, learn from. Are we, the editors, writers, and illustrators of the current *GDT* staff, any of those people? No. Are we sorry about that? No, not really. Why lament that which you have no control over?

We can go ahead and long for the old days and sigh about a lack of submissions and tear our hair out because we seem to be a *GDT* devoid of the consis-

tently biting satire of days gone by. Or, we can continue to celebrate a shared joy in language, humor, and opinion every week by putting out a publication of a different color. We'd like to choose the later, if it's all the same to you. We all have something to say. We all find some sort of interest/kick/high/comfort/laughter/release/whathaveyou from the creative realm. We all love to have fun. GDT encompasses all of this.

Go ahead and chastise folding and distribution as a waste of your time. Shucks, we all have lives; we all have people pulling us in a thousand different directions, all have coursework and jobs and a million miscellaneous things vying for our time. The difference is that when something matters, something that you care about, comes along, you make the time for it. This is exactly what our dedi-

cated staffers do every week. Where do you think we meet our young writers? Email? Instant Messenger? Nope- at our Wednesday folding meetings. Were you to come, you could have given them ideas. You could have whipped out your copy of the Big Red Book and read to them. You chose to play it safe and did nothing. Publishing the works of our new writers, while maybe not initially on par with the likes of the Big Red Book, is so important to the survival and backbone of our publication. A magazine does not come from wishing. Anyone who's ever worked on GDT in the past or present can tell you that. The young writers of right now are laying the groundwork to be editors next year and beyond. If there continues to be a GDT at all, it's up to them, my friend. They're discovering the spark and rush of seeing their thoughts and names in print, the excitement that comes from being a part of some-

thing worthwhile on campus, and the fun that comes of working with a group of interesting people.

Scared your writing wouldn't measure up to Sean and Kelly's expectations? That certainly isn't our fault, nor the fault of the individuals

who do come forward and submit what they can, who stick their necks out every week. Too disgusted to submit now? Those are some fine excuses to make, but both sure sound like cowardly approaches to me. Sounds like you're an interested reader afraid to take a

risk; at first afraid to not make much of a difference in comparison, and now too afraid to take a chance and make a difference. Perhaps I'm being

too nice. To quote your former roommate, Sean J. Stanley: "EITHER SUBMIT, EDIT, OR SHUT THE FUCK UP!" That's right. Open up Word, Notepad, vi, emacs, or pico. Grab a pen, pencil, dry erase marker, or a tube of toothpaste. Write something. Yeah, we made some pretty blaring mistakes this week, for which we offer no excuses. But then again, the only people who don't make mistakes are those who don't do anything.

Thanks for reading.

-Eds.



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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