



Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre

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RUSH

IAT

An Important Announcement

From the GDT Staff

Faithful readers, we have reached an impasse.

After twenty-five volumes of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* the staff has decided that a change is in order. We like writing articles and stories and even drawing pictures, yes, but we have decided as a group that we would be much happier if we turned our attentions elsewhere; so it is that I am proud to announce that *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* is now changing into Gamma Delta Tau.

We thought long and hard but eventually realized all the benefits a Greek organization has over a satire magazine: first off we can live in those bitchin' houses they have next to Riverknoll. Those alone tipped the vote of most of the staff. Greeks also have fundraising made easy. We just set up a table on the quarter mile and yell to our heart's content, collecting money without ever having to prove we donate a cent to anyone! I don't even think I need to mention those nifty shirts we could have made up.

We've also realized that becoming Greek would help us become prominent members of the community in good standing. Those hooligans from *GDT* would be no more, replaced by the respectable, self actualized members of Gamma Delta Tau.

No one is perfect, so periodically we will get ourselves into a bit of a mix-up. But no worry; since we're a Greek organization we can easily retreat under the banner of the national organization, ala Sigma Nu. And on those nights when we're loud and obnoxious no one will care. It's not offensive, it's required! We've also decided that *GDT* doesn't promote underage drinking nearly as much as we'd like, so the frequent keggers we'll hold should be a great way to rectify that.



Really, we've actually been a fraternity for a while already; we just seemed to have missed it. We're demeaning to women, we use RIT resources for our own purposes of questionable morality, and we paddle any new daemons we get. Well actually we don't – yet – because it just doesn't seem right until we go through the paperwork to make it official.

The staff of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* – excuse me, I mean Gamma Delta Tau – are very excited about this new opportunity and we hope you are too. In no way will our becoming a fraternity affect our printing standards, except to lower them. Hopefully we can remember in our booze induced stupor to print an issue every week; if not then just pretend it says *Reporter* on the front.

The Violinist

By Agatha So

He moves with long time practice and care. His arm moves back and forth, his elbow up and down. His fingers press against the strings rapidly, up and down the long, mahogany neck of the violin. The scroll at the end trembles with musical vibration. The body of the violin shines under the lights above him. Beads of sweat form on his dark hairline, and his eyes are fixed on the violin that has become one with his body. It begins to move as he moves; it is an extension of him. His eyes sparkle in fixation and anticipation of the next stroke of the bow. His upper body flails up and down, his back arching in emotion and drama as he reaches the climax of the piece. He sustains the highest note for twenty-five

seconds of crescendo, and then gradually decrescendos down to the lowest note. His teeth are clenched behind his lips, but once he finishes, white specks appear between his fleshy lips. He is done; victorious and glorious in his accomplishment. He takes a flamboyant bow, and walks proudly, yet humbly off the stage. A boy hands him a blue towel and the violinist wipes his face. He enters the dressing room, unaware of an old man sitting in the corner. He carefully places the well-worn, practical violin back in its black case, with its interior of green velvet. The violinist looks up at the man in wonder. Tears form in his eyes, and the elderly man nods, saying, "Well done, well done."

ΓΔΤ Spring Rush Schedule

- | | | |
|----------|----|---|
| Tuesday | 18 | Foot-long Weenie BBQ |
| Thursday | 20 | Capture the Fag |
| Saturday | 22 | Redshoe Diaries Marathon (with free Pizza and Kleenex) |
| Sunday | 23 | 3 pm special Bocce Ball Tourney (why dodge balls when you can smack them around instead?) |
| Tuesday | 25 | Slumber Party (bring a pillow and loose boxers) |
| Friday | 28 | CS Student Smack Down and Cannibal dinner (by invite only) |

All events are open to the public unless otherwise noted.

Meet for all events at ΓΔΤ's 9th floor penthouse office in Building 1 at 8 pm except for the Bocce Ball.

Don't worry about receiving a bid into ΓΔΤ, though, because we're probably too good for you.

Human beings are social animals, and geeks are not excluded. Sure, they spend hours upon hours in front of monitors all night, they all have to sit at the most inferior of tables in high school, and parents walking with their children cross over to the other side of the street when a geek passes by. However, this doesn't stop the fact that even geeks get together and shun the outside world. Well, most people don't get into groups to completely shun out the world but being a recluse is a very popular nerd trait. It's one of the unique things about a nerd group: they're the most clingy recluses in the world.

Behold, a small group of nerds at the Rochester Institute of Technology. Some people aim for a technology degree at RIT only for the big bucks, but some folks are just plain nerds. This particular group were all nerds, all the time. They could even smell a traitor.

Ken Bradshaw and Paul Fewell were sitting at one of the round tables in the Grace Watson Dining Hall for a fall supper. Ken was a freshman computer science major in his academic life. In his personal life he was an opinionated, quirky troll. His parents say he's stocky but most people would just call him "fat." He wears extra large t-shirts that cover his tummy. He has black, greasy hair that goes down past his ears. He needs a haircut but can't be bothered. If you can get by these deficiencies you'll find a clingy, nice guy. Actually you wouldn't; he also always smells like melted butter.

Paul would give a better first impression. He's well-groomed and he has some muscle mass. Paul and Ken are both 5'11 but Paul is roughly 2/3's Ken's weight. Paul is actually kind of hot but is oblivious to his circumstances. He's gone a full year at RIT without any luck anywhere; that's because he just doesn't have a clue. Paul can empathize with anybody just because he doesn't want to hurt anybody's feelings. He also doesn't want to hurt his own feelings. He manages to achieve this by doing little of anything. Paul and Ken are a good combination: Paul is the only guy that can tolerate Ken enough to understand him. He tolerated him enough to go to Gracies with him that night even though Paul's a 2nd year and doesn't have to eat that

crap anymore. He hadn't tried the food in a while and thought it would be "fun" to see it all again.

"The food here kind of sucks today." Paul commented.

"The food here thucks every day." Ken responded. He speaks with a geek lisp. I hear some people find that attractive; but then again I hear a lot of horrifying things.

"Now come on, the sweet and sour chicken they have at lunch sometimes is really good." Paul fired back, and that was true.

"I don't eat lunch here."

"Well you should, and screw the dinner."

"I never had a big lunch before, why should I start now? Lunch is thtupid, really."

This discussion was going nowhere, like most discussions with a troll. Fortunately, they were interrupted by one of Ken's classmates.

"Watch it, he wants to thit down," Ken whispered to Paul. He approached the table with a gleaming smile. "Hey guys, what's going on?" he said. He enthusiastically nodded his food tray in synchronization with his head. "Hey Ken, who's your friend?" the guy said as he put down his tray across from them. He pulled one of the seats from the other tables over; one of the seats Paul and Ken had spent the time moving away so nobody would try to sit with them.

"Well, aren't you going to introduce me?" the guy asked again, once he finished sitting down.

"Umm, this is 'Paul'" Ken said to him. Paul put up a quick smile, so nobody would have hurt feelings.

"Paul, thith ith... ith..." Ken stammered.

"He'th in my calculus class." Ken finished.

"Hey, I'm Troy." Paul nodded and they all went to eating. There was an uncomfortable silence for three minutes.

"So, what's your major?" Paul asked Troy. The disqualification process had begun. What Troy didn't

know is he was in front of a virtual parole board, where parole meant conditional access to Paul and Ken's little social group. Imagine a scoreboard descending from the ceiling.

"Computer science, what about you?"

"Thoftware engineering, thecond year." Ken responded for Paul.

"Oh wow, you must be crazy to have made it through the first year." Troy said.

Troy: +1 point, knows how to kiss a nerd's ass. Total = 1.

"Nah it wasn't so bad. I made it through with a 3.3" Paul told him.

"That's cool. I did the math for my grades this quarter so far. I could bomb my finals and still get A's. It kind of sucks, really, since they're all afraid I'm gonna be unmotivated through the rest of the quarter."

Troy: -1 point, Mr. I-get-good-grades-and-try-to-be-modest-about-it-but-end-up-subliminally-bragging. Total = 0.

"Cool." Paul said, nodding again. Ken was hoping Troy would just keep talking his way into a big hole, but he got quiet again. Looks like Ken would have to get the words out of him.

"Yeah well, I'm thure you've been thtudying hard."

(translated: Ass-kissing academic with no life or true concept of the material, save for the final grade.)

"Kind of, but I've been spending most of my free time managing my ISP." This was greeted with a collective "What?"

"Well, when the BBS scene got run over by the Internet, I switched my little hobby system over to a service provider. It's paying for my education right now."

Troy: +10 for awareness of BBS scene. +25 for running a possibly-affluent BBS back in the day. +400 for managing an ISP. -150 Going to

RIT even though he already has a high-paying job. Total = 285.

This kind of put him out of Ken and Paul's league. They managed to cough some facts out of him just to prove he really did manage an ISP. He seemed to be one in the know. They all finished eating with the score stuck uncomfortably at 285. They might have to let Troy be their friend. After all, he was following them back to Ken's dorm. The scoreboard followed overhead. On the way, they passed a CAB poster for some concert coming up in a month.

"Hey, Crazy Diamond is coming to RIT!" Troy declared, pointing at the poster. Crazy Diamond was some alternative-rebirth band craftfully engineered by music industry executives. As a result:

-10 for being enthusiastic about popular music. Down to 275.

"I think I'll go to that." Troy added.

-10 for thinking of going. Down to 265. Keep going, my little dive-bomber!

"Heh" Paul said, trying not to be rude, yet acknowledge a band he knew nothing about. Paul listened to techno like any self-respecting nerd. Well, technically he listened to drum and bass, even the shitty stuff (self-nullifying expression). Anyhow, Troy's score was too high. They didn't really like the guy. They didn't like him because he was new. A new stimulus threatens the nerd and needs to be managed by blotting it out. It's something like... autism.

Ken only had a few more minutes to get rid of this guy, or else they might actually have to hang out with him again. He wasn't Canadian, so they couldn't take points off for that. Ken knew what to do: start talking about his and Paul's collective idea for a spam-less email protocol. Hopefully they'd leave Troy in the dust.

"Hey Paul, I'm thtill unthure if you could thend anonymous methages without a risk of thpamming." Ken told Paul.

"It would be useless then; if you ask me, anonymous email is important for a free society."

“Yeah, but what if they just thend an anonymous email to one guy?”

“That wouldn’t be good enough.” Paul said, not enjoying the act of disagreeing, “What if a person is being suppressed and needs to get his message across? He should be able to send it bulk.”

“If you take away the thuppression part, you have thpam.”

“Excuse me, guys, but why don’t you just test this stuff out?” Troy interrupted. Oh, him again. Go back to studying and smiling in the mirror, you twit!

“Well, we don’t have the specifics flushed out yet.” Paul told Troy. Paul is the kind of guy that thinks if he responds to something with a true expression, that will automatically satisfy any argument.

“You don’t need everything flushed out. I mean, you could have a home-brew email app and just hook up the protocol as you see fit.” Ken let Troy continue so he could incriminate himself.

“I mean, I could get you an email app in less than half an hour with quick Visual Basic hack.”

Ken and Paul collectively gasped.

“Visual Basic?” Paul asked, and Troy nodded.

“Microsoft makes that, you know. Microsoft, man!”

“So what? It’s a tool. It’ll get the job done.”

“Perl’th a tool altho, and it doethn’t devour companies like bacon!” Ken stated.

“Well, you can use Perl too, but what it seems like you need a simple testbench for a protocol. Perl kind of stinks for GUIs, so I hear.”

“Well, Mister.” Ken said, getting fed up with Troy, “We only use open thource around here, tho that won’t work. Thecond, I won’t have anything to do with Micro-thoft.”

Troy: -1000 for pro-MS rhetoric.
Total = -735, sucka!

It is now time to dismiss our contestant.

“Hey Ken, I gotta get back to my apartment.” Paul told him. “It was nice meeting you, Troy,” he said, without bothering to wave or handshake or otherwise acknowledge the man. Troy, now stuck with Ken alone, decided he didn’t want to hang around much longer. Ken’s sudden burst of silent farts might have had something to do with it.

“Well, see you in class tomorrow, Ken.” Troy said. He waved on his way out, but Ken didn’t even bother to turn his head to acknowledge it. A few minutes later, Paul resurfaced.

“Damn, that was close.” Paul said, and they snickered to themselves. The group would not grow this day.

Troy would recover from this incident, graduate, and become a billionaire for his fast turnaround in the demand-driven software market. His ISP served as a cash cow for all his endeavors. He retires at 35 and raises a family of progressive politicians. He didn’t, however, make too many nerd friends along the way.

“Oh shit! My ass is on fire from that Gracies!” Paul screamed. Ken pointed in the direction of the bathroom, from which Paul went the total opposite in his frenzy.

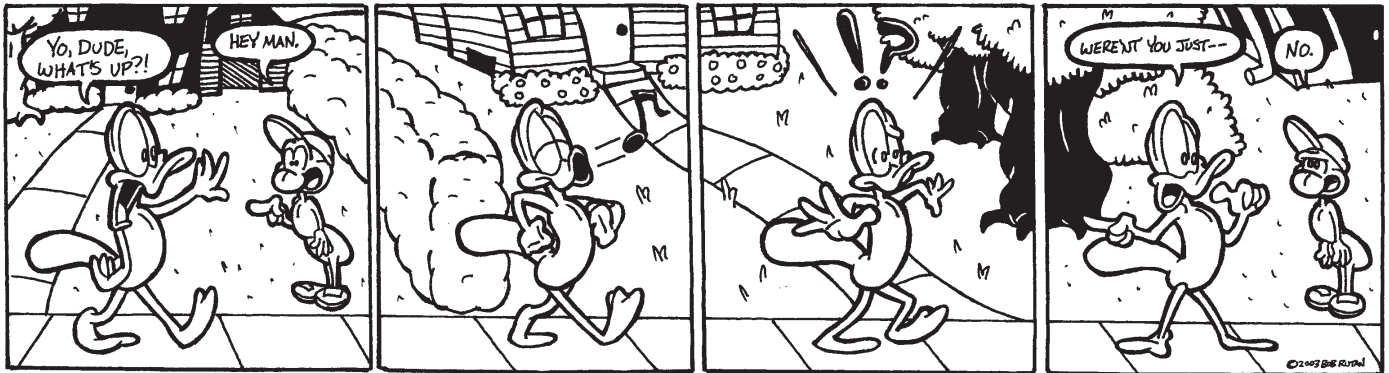
“That’s what you get for trying Gracies after thlacking off for thix months!” Ken shouted to him as Paul ran into the ladies room. The group would not grow that day.

You die...--More--

You’ll never ascend. Write for GDT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

The Lost Comic Bob Rutan, Guild of Sequential Illustrators



Compilation
By Stephen Edmondson

Love sets you free
Love keeps you caged
Love makes you sing
Love leaves you still
It warms the sprit
It shatters your soul
With my love not received, I am
 a caged bird singing to the sunrise
 radiant light shines upon me,
 keeps me warm
Yet it does not reply,
 nor does it set me free.
She, the spring flower
With love intoxicating
Posses my thought.
I Lament for you
This world does not need
 another hopeless fool, nor
 his melancholy emptiness
 without love
The unattainable
The shimmering gem beneath the waves
A most beautiful princess of olden fantasy
The Brightest star amidst the vast heaven's
you are the reason mankind dreams
Yet, another unattainable dream.

My lips speak of love
do you hear?
Angelic presence of perfection's form
who's very touch brings intimate heat
Yet never shall our destinies cross
blindfolded by a vision of what *was*
you are unable to see what *is*
and all signs are lost.
Fallen angel
The closer I reach the further you recede
Leaving me grasping not but emptiness.
Every dream a true awakening
Every day a new beginning
You are there in front of me,
and yet you are already behind.
For another has filled your vision
On the highway of infinite possibilities
I find myself taking a different path
Towards uncertainty, towards the unknown
With a head held high I pass beyond.
Looking back only in memories
The traveler wanders on,
 into my future without what I had dreamt
true love that never came to be.
my words held no meaning,
my soul torn.
Today talk is useless
and true love is dead

Fools for Haiku
By Peter C. Gravelle

Babble on, fool-soldiers!
Alienation isn't
just for kids anymore.

These semi-adults --
The fool humiliates self
for them but gains not.

The bargain is false.
Everyone loses sometimes.
Fool-soldiers always.

They link depression
with creativity but,
Fool-soldiers never.

Everyone marches
to their own drummer and the
Fool-soldier falls flat.

Whether you stroke steel
or coax meaning from the dark,
Babble on, fool-soldiers!

Matt-Sam-Hum-Fem-Law
died in the Dungeons of Doom
damn electric eel

-- kelly

I'm a simple man
by Alex Brazie

I'm a simple man,
I want a simple life.
Food, shelter, safety,
Maybe even a wife.

Sometimes food is bland,
So an entree might be nice,
Add a little sugar,
Some colour and some spice.

A cave is nice and dry,
It always keeps out the rain.
But it can't keep out the rats,
And nosy neighbors are a pain.

So maybe a house is best,
Built from lumber and nails,
With a thick door and a lock,
It keeps out the other males.

Yet a house is costly,
So a new job might be right,
With an allure of power,
Caribbean cruises are in sight.

So I work from dawn to dusk,
Leaving my children to fend alone,
I can buy the best china,
And choose the finest cologne.

Now a leader in my field,
Twenty years have I sacked,
I come home for dinner,
But my wife's bags are packed.

My son is sullen and bitter,
My daughter wears sharp spikes,
My heart is weak and failing,
My money is all anyone likes.

Why is my heart troubled.
Why do I face only strife?
I'm a simple man,
I wanted a simple life.

Poetry!

Happy is the snow.

By Alex Brazie

Happy is the snow,
Fluffy, puffy and white.
In the dark it reflects beautiful moonlight.

Happy is the snow,
Cool, crisp and clear.
Frozen breathes and warmly clad people are always near.

Happy is the snow,
Flurries, flakes and frost,
Falling straight down it never gets lost.

Happy is the snow,
Rolled, packed and bright.
Friends can throw it, so long as the balls are light.

Happy is the snow,
Mounds, hills and piles,
It sometimes goes on for miles.

Happy is the snow,
Slow, steady and quick,
Within our hearts and in our memories it will always stick.

“The Day After”

There are many beautiful things
That the eye happens to see.
An autumn leaf, a parakeet’s wings,
A butterfly and a bee.

Snow wafting in swirls
Like a sweet desert dust
Scuttling across the surface
Barely touching the crust.

Dry berry shrub leaves,
Ice floating in the seas.
A child’s voice ringing
A woman’s voice singing.

The singing voice drifts up the face
Haloing her eyes.
Those eyes so blue and watery clear,
An illuminating beauty on the rise.

There are many beautiful things
The eye happens to see.
But no matter the man, be he peasant or king-
All recognize true beauty, and she was with me.

By Peter C. Gravelle

I believe in harsh,
violent punctuation:
bang, pound, dot, slash, dash

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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**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Musical Inspiration:

A thousand voices simultaneously saying, "Huh?"

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