



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Clairabelle pulled the metal gate down hard, slamming it against the concrete. The small bakery looked sad in the dark. She thought of the glistening racks of pastries and tiled floor within, and how different they were at night. With one last peer through the window and a reassuring pat on the padlock, she walked off.

She hummed a bit, swishing her skirt in the humid air. A quarter moon rose above the skyscrapers as she stepped over some abandoned newspapers. Clairabelle smiled, thinking about how great her day had been. The bakery had been much busier than expected, and her tips were phenomenal.

Taking a sharp left, she entered a canopied alleyway between her apartment building and the neighboring photo processing plant. The smell of chemicals and paper rose from the manholes.

“Oo, you’re a pretty one, aren’t you?”

She stopped dead, one hand gripping her leather purse. The low, velvet voice had floated in from an unknown direction. Clairabelle stared down the corridor. Blackness, until the light at the other end, near the door to her building. Carefully, she looked behind her, and also saw nothing.

“Mmm, a before picture. Smile!”

“Augh!” A blinding light seared her eyes from above. She raised her hands over her face.

Blinking frantically, she felt movement behind her.

“Hold still, hold still.” Two arms crossed around her chest, pinning her own arms to herself. Her assailant hugged her close, shoving his face into her hair. “Mmm, beautiful. You smell delicious,” he breathed.

She screamed. “Help! Aaaaa! Marta, Marta!” She hoped the night watch woman at her building could hear her.

“Shh... you’ll spoil the mood,” he snaked his right hand over her mouth, silencing her screams. She kicked backwards, but his legs were braced and spread. She missed her target. He laughed, a calm, low sound that went from his chest through her thin cotton shirt, and shivered down her spine. “Now, relax a bit,” he

said soothingly, his voice almost hypnotic. “You know there’s nothing you can do at the moment.”

Tears streamed down her face. The alley was still veiled in sharp black and gray squares from the flash of the cheap camera. She dropped her purse, thus freeing a little space between her arm and his.

“Oh god, you’re soft.” He held her tighter, reveling in her warmth. A living creature, trapped. His creature. He ached inside, recognizing the movement of her thudding heart. They stood for a few minutes.

Slowly, ever so slowly, she relaxed in his grip. She waited, blinking some more. The alley cleared a bit. He smiled. She seemed a little more calm.

“Why isn’t he doing anything?” she thought. She was less afraid than she had been a minute ago. Taking a deep breath through her nose, she said, “What do you want?”

Only, due to his suffocating hand, it hadn’t come out like that.

“Say that again?” he asked gently, pulling his fingers away from her lips.

“What,” she choked back a sob, “what do you want?”

“Oh,” he said. He hugged her again. She waited.

She was so warm, so wonderfully warm and alive.

Minutes passed; she waited. He gently turned her so she faced him. It was so dark, she only saw the palest features of his countenance. She thought she saw him smile. He put his hand to the side of her face and held her close, a romantic gesture in any other situation. “Shh,” he said gently. “What’s your name?”

“C-Clairabelle,” she blinked. Hot tears ran down her cheeks to his fingertips. She felt him shifting his feet.

“Don’t cry, Clairabelle,” he said, flicking the tears off his hand. She shook a little. He lightly traced a soothing pattern over her face, a sensual touch. “Shh... calm. Breathe. Don’t cry,” his words delicate.

He bent slightly. The movement shattered her tranquillity. She screamed, fearful of rape, pain, and death. “Shh! You were doing so well,” he said, a little louder than before.

With the twist of a corkscrew, her scream fell silent. She gasped, blood gushing from her torn throat. It bubbled up between her teeth.

“There,” he said softly. “Now things will be quieter.” He reached up and shoved a flashlight into the supports for the cloth overhang. It shone down over Clairabelle, who had dropped to the ground. She lay on her back, hands desperately trying to push the pieces of her throat together.

Tears, so many tears. Through them she saw a thin, black shape bend over her. The guy looked somewhat sad, watching her cry. He watched for a little while, taking in her slow death. At one point he wiped a tear off her cheek and kissed it. “Shush,” he said gently, licking the salty water from his lips.

Glancing at his watch, he jumped. “Hmm, I have to get back soon.” He picked up a knife. “So sorry, my dear, but you have to be alive for this to count. Oh, wait, a during picture!”

Flash! Clairabelle was blind again, and forevermore.

Working quickly, he cut three quarters of a square from her dress and flesh, over her abdomen. Pulling back the flap of skin, he bit his lower lip. He had to be very, very careful. Without gloves, he shoved his hands into her gut and felt around. He smiled. Still warm and pulsing, her organs shone in the light. “Are you dead yet?” he said, glancing up. Her eyes were glazed over. He secretly hoped she was. This seemed like it would be quite painful. “Lets see. Liver,” he moved his hand to the right, “stomach, jejunum, pancreas... here it is!” Grasping a small knife carefully, so it wouldn’t slip, he cut out her spleen. “It’s really a pity,” he said to her cooling face, “that I had to waste so much of you on this. I mean, if it had been just one kidney, you could live with the other, and I wouldn’t’ve had to kill you. But life is hard without a spleen, and since you’re dead now, you don’t need yours anymore.” He went through his logic slowly and softly, smiling at the memory of her body pressed against his. The spleen was zipped into a baggy. Bloody on the outside from his hands, he cradled it to his face. “Still warm,” he said happily. “Oops, I almost forgot! After picture!”

Click.

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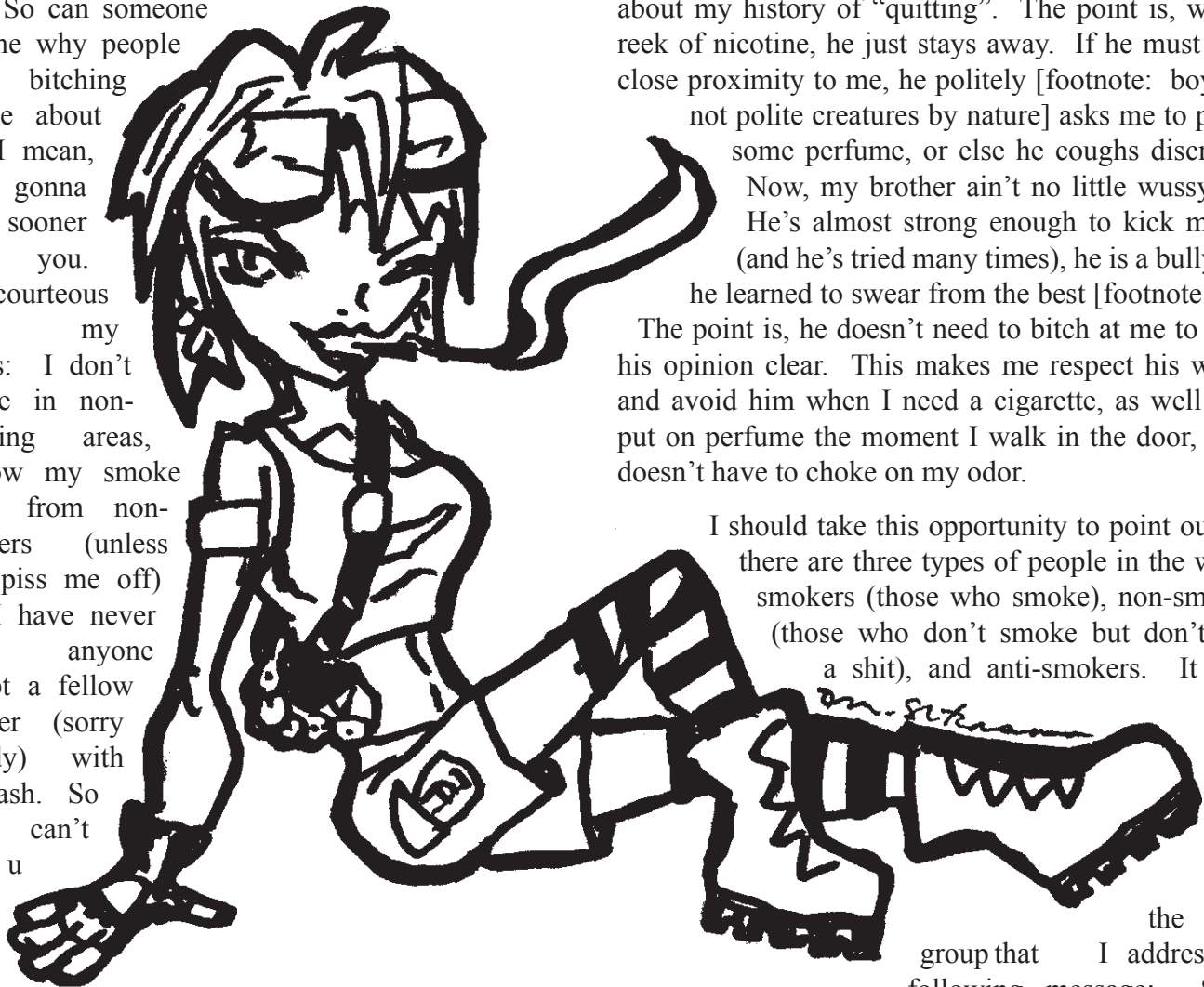
**GDT meets Wednesdays at 8pm at Crossroads. We are always looking for people to help us edit, write, fold, distribute, cheer, get off and other fun activites.**

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I Smoke; Fuck You

By Maria Sitzmann

I'm a smoker. Yep, that means I go through about a pack of Newports, Camels, or Parliaments pretty much every day. Now, my hobby is not harming anyone but me. So can someone tell me why people keep bitching at me about it? I mean, I'm gonna die sooner than you. I'm courteous about my habits: I don't smoke in non-smoking areas, I blow my smoke away from non-smokers (unless they piss me off) and I have never burnt anyone except a fellow smoker (sorry Mandy) with my ash. So why can't you



not complain at me. He used to, until I tried to quit. Mind you, that lasted about a week. The next time went about two. The time after that, three days. But enough about my history of "quitting". The point is, when I reek of nicotine, he just stays away. If he must be in close proximity to me, he politely [footnote: boys are not polite creatures by nature] asks me to put on some perfume, or else he coughs discreetly. Now, my brother ain't no little wussy-boy. He's almost strong enough to kick my ass (and he's tried many times), he is a bully, and he learned to swear from the best [footnote: me]. The point is, he doesn't need to bitch at me to make his opinion clear. This makes me respect his wishes and avoid him when I need a cigarette, as well as to put on perfume the moment I walk in the door, so he doesn't have to choke on my odor.

I should take this opportunity to point out that there are three types of people in the world: smokers (those who smoke), non-smokers (those who don't smoke but don't give a shit), and anti-smokers. It is to

people leave me alone?

When one has a cigarette between their lips, the message to those who don't appreciate smoking is "Fuck off." It's an addiction. And no way in hell am I going to quit just because some kid in my dorm berates me every day. In fact, such tirades make me want a cigarette even more, because they give me a headache, piss me off, and stress me out (okay, maybe not that much, but still...).

My younger sisters, both anti-smokers, constantly complain about my habit. So does a small population of kids on my floor [footnote: Sol 5; if any of you smokers want to beat some asses]. Now, my little brother, who loathes and abhors the scent of cigarette smoke, does

the latter group that I address the following message: **STOP BUGGING ME!** I will quit smoking one day -- if I ever get pregnant. Seeing as this would require my voluntarily having unprotected sex, and therefore being with someone with whom I plan to spend the rest of my life (ha!) I should say I will probably never stop smoking. But that's not really your business, is it? My habits, be they smoking, picking my nose, downloading cheap kiddy porn, dancing in my underwear, or singing very loudly in the shower, are my habits. They aren't really any concern of yours (unless my singing bugs you [footnote: which it probably would] or it is your kids I'm looking at [footnote: which makes it a good thing I'm not into jailbait]), so you should stop trying to convert me. It'll only piss me off, and then I'll blow smoke in your face.

## IT Department Announces New Policy

By Andrew Ruccius

In an effort to “thin the herd” more quickly and efficiently, the IT department recently announced a new policy aimed at “getting the dumb-asses the hell out of here.” This bold new initiative is aimed specifically at the incoming freshmeat (sic) class to assist the new students in more quickly discovering that they are “dumber than cattle.”

Traditionally, this effort took almost a full year, with many students slipping through the cracks and surviving much longer than they should. This new program will end that inefficient system where students decide to drop-out based solely on their grades. Instead, the students will be subject to public humiliation. At first, the punishments will be slight, simply posting pieces of horrible code on a bulletin board with the author’s name attached. For those who are denser than a brick of lead, the ultimate punishment will be used. These gems will be tied and hung from one of the spikes emanating from the Sentinel for a day, thus making the new sculpture useful and fun to look at.

IT professors are already looking forward to the new policy and the potential respect for the department that should follow. Said one professor, “I can’t wait to show those asses over at Gracies Dinnertime Theatre that Information Technology is a legitimate major, dammit.”

Unfortunately he may never get to see his dream come true as the mass exodus of students from the IT department will mean that the department may not have enough “warm bodies” to fill their classes.

It seems that someone has looked at the three departments in GCCIS and found IT wanting. Accordingly, this program is also a cost-cutting initiative: the small useful bits of the IT department become absorbed into the Software Engineering and Computer Science departments. This will allow for the students with actual talent and intelligence to thrive and be competent in their future jobs.

Fears have been expressed that the IT department will disappear completely. These concerns are unwarranted. The IT department will continue to operate, with its main function being to operate as a source of revenue for RIT. The new main directive of the department will be to herd the new freshmen every year making sure they all pay the tuition while whittling away their own self-worth. At the end of the year most of them will have failed and been humiliated. The herding process will have to start all over again in the fall. For the rare intelligent IT major, every effort will be made to move them out of IT as soon as they are discovered so that they are not contaminated by the brainless masses.

Now the question becomes, if the IT department will simply supply RIT with money, what will be done with that money? The answer to that is very simple, and you should berate yourself for not knowing the answer. The money will be used to add a statue of President Simone to the campus with a plaque attached to it proclaiming how he “saved” RIT and “built” it into what it is today.

## Advertise with us!

Yes, you too can have a stately grayscale advertisement in this grand publication. GDT reaches a thousand college students in its print form, and millions over the web.

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full page	\$50	\$45	\$40
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**Truth and Advertising**

**By Peter C. Gravelle**

As an editor of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, I receive some feedback about this delightful magazine. I also have some expectations as to what kind of a response I and my fellow editors will get based on what we print each week.

But I keep getting surprised.

For Issue 1, Volume 26, “Funding,” I was thoroughly expecting to get people asking me about Dr. Simone’s piece. Instead I got a whole lot of sympathy for our loss of the Almighty Dollar (TM). For the record, Dr. Simone, President of this Institute, *did* write a piece which essentially stated that it’s okay to discriminate against people based on skin color, as long as you get rid of all the stupid people first. He also claimed that today’s skilled workforce is white, and that people of color must become educated so they can replace the white-folk. Neither of these are direct quotes, but you can get those for yourselves at <http://hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/Volume26/01.Funding.pdf>.

The article I reference above was reprinted with permission and was written by Dr. Albert J. Simone, unless the *Democrat and Chronicle*’s fact checking has gone horribly wrong.

And what about Issue 2, “Accidents”? I was expecting to get a ton of feedback about the article on social norming. RIT has used a tremendous amount of

social norming in its “RIT Reality” campaign. While curbing underage drinking is a noble goal, should the Institute really be pouring money into an advertising campaign that simply does not work. I must admit, I do not know the proper solution, but this method doesn’t work.

Using the same, flawed, method for reducing date- and acquaintance-rape is similarly wrong-headed. Knowing that the number of RIT students who, “stop the first time their partner asks,”[Footnote: If I may borrow the ad’s text] has gone up two percentage points since I got here is comforting, but I cannot imagine this convincing anyone to change their ways.

Check the article for yourself at <http://hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/Volume26/02.Accidents.pdf>. There’s also a good bit in there about how *GDT* exists not because we hate RIT, but rather hate the silence that allows such stupidity to permeate this school. As an RIT student, I do not wish for my school to be the paragon for discrimination. And I do not wish for my school’s administration to make stupid decisions just because they are the flavor of the week.

We at *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* thrive on discourse. We can be contacted at [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org), or if you want to be really annoying, Submit. Thank you for your time.

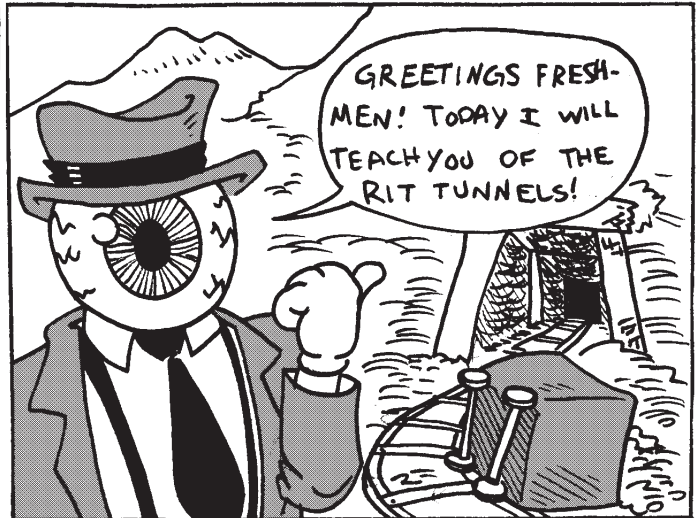
**It’s better than sex.**

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# JOE CORNEA!

PUBLIC EYE!  
by PETER J. LAZARSKI '03



# What is this magazine?

This is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, a magazine of satire, literature, poetry and art. We publish out of Rochester, NY but we have readers around the globe. We exist as a medium for your expression and invite you to contribute.



**Anyone is welcome to submit.**

**[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)**



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**Musical Inspiration:**

Kid Justice's head hitting home in the square circle.  
TWO!

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