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Simple Improvements

By Matthew Denker

Some things in life are perfect: spoons, Jordan almonds, and sundresses come to mind. Nevertheless, if everything were perfect, we wouldn't have to strive so hard to achieve perfection. With that in mind, I offer up the following improvements to common household items with the hopes that we can all strive for perfection together.

1. Kids should come with instructions. If not instructions, they should at least have a card to tell you what basic skills they are capable of. I found myself taking care of a three year old the other day, and he asked me to hold him up to the sink so he could wash his hands. Most of you still don't wash your hands. Believe me, I've noticed.

2. Blockbuster should put more useful reviews on the backs of their movies. I know all of you just download them and don't care, but some of us have to go spend five dollars to see a new movie, and when the back says only, "James wants a new friend...but will he get more than he bargained for?" I am pretty pissed off. If I ever ran into the guy who wrote so descriptively, I guarantee, he'd be in for more than he bargained for.

3. Milk should come with boxes of macaroni and cheese.

As a college student, I have found no other good use for milk. I don't usually drink it, and I can't water my marijuana with it, so what else is it good for? Nothing I say. Besides, gluing mac and cheese to the side of milk cartons would allow a quick and easy route around state minimums by offering more value for a product.

4. RIT students should come without computers. This would probably be too good to be true. I can't fathom how much fun we'd have together if we weren't all leashed to our computers constantly. Sure, you're probably thinking I couldn't write this without a computer, but I assure you, I wrote it by hand first, and if I could afford to have 100 scribes

each write 10 copies of my article to distribute to you, I'd be tickled pink.

5. Those skin tight little shorts girls wear shouldn't say "sweet" or "sexy" or "naughty." We already know that stuff about you from your fine ass and tight little shorts. What would be better is if the shorts had your age written on them. That way, if your ass says 17, I know to stop checking you out at the grocery store. Really ladies, this is the least of the favors you could do for us men.

6. Finally, condoms should come with breath mints, whiskey, and some paper bags. That way, you're prepared for everything, and you don't forget to use a condom when you're searching for a paper bag. Remember, ugly people make ugly babies, even if they're really hot while you're drunk. My parents learned that the hard way, and I'm just trying to look out for you here.

With any luck, people from the College of Business will read this (they can read, can't they?), and an entrepreneurial spirit will take some of these ideas and make them a reality. And when you do, remember who gave them to you in the first place.



Hypocrisy at its Finest: A Look at the Women's Center

By Jon Byrd

I know that the Women's Center here at RIT has been vilified by many, GDT possibly being one of the worst culprits¹. I have never had any problems with the Women's Center personally. They were entitled to their opinions just as much as I was, and nothing they did or said ever really struck a nerve with me as they seem to have with so many others.

Despite the fact that the Center is run by people who are either known as "liberal on the topic of feminism" or "feminazis" (depending on their degree of insanity), I was of the opinion that if the Women's Center was all about promoting a gender-bias-free atmosphere, a climate more suitable to women², that was just fine by me. However, recent events have enlightened me to the double standards employed by the powers behind the Women's Center.

Before I go any further, I need to explain that I am using insider information, known only to a few members of a certain group on campus. Something compels me³ to point out that I am not speaking on behalf of the group, but merely as an individual writing an article. Got that? Good, lets move on to the issue at hand.

Let us back up to the beginning of the year⁴. An on-campus *a cappella* group that shall remain hopefully anonymous was looking for new singers to swell its ranks. And what better way to spread *a cappella* awareness than with a few promotional posters?

One such poster included a picture of Christina Aguilera lying around and looking like the hottie that we all know she is. Ms. Aguilera just happens to be wearing a guitar and not much else. Hands were in all the right places so that nothing was showing that wouldn't be seen on any broadcast television network.

A cute and funny message followed telling the

world that musicians get all the chicks. Was it amusing? Yes. Was it slightly degrading? Possibly. We put up promotional posters all over campus including the one described above.

The problems start there.

A "concerned student"⁵ wrote into the women's center, complaining about the offensiveness of the picture. A representative from the women's center then forwarded the message to the head of the RIT choral staff, who in turn forwarded to the head of our group.

Problem number one: this poster was in no way meant to be offensive -- humorous and perhaps a little lewd, but not intentionally offensive. After all, she was the one who posed for the picture⁶, we just reprinted it.

This I can understand though; Ms. Aguilera simply didn't know she was being degrading to women when she accepted the photo shoot. Fine, whatever. One of the biggest problems I had with the whole situation was that the representative didn't come to our group to talk about the problem; he instead went to faculty without even telling us there was a problem. Shooting over the head of the source of the trouble is hardly ever a good idea.

Had the rep bothered to take a look at our website, which was plastered all over the poster in question, he would have found a handy dandy link that would let him mail our group leader directly. (And I know he went to the site because in a subsequent e-mail he made sure to tell us that the link to the poster⁷ was also offensive).

Now let's get onto the content of the email. The Center's representative explained to us -- or rather to our faculty advisor -- about how a student had brought the poster in question to him, and how offensive the student found it. He asked that we remove all of the

¹ Editors' Note: But we aren't the only ones, Dr. Simone, through Bob Finnerty said, "He [Dr. Simone] has seen things in the *Vagina Monologues*... that do not portray RIT in a positive manner." From: <http://www.reportermag.com/vnews/display.v/ART/2003/10/17/3f902ee35188c>

² A breed in short supply here at RIT.

³ Possibly the other members standing behind me with sharp pointy sticks.

⁴ I know many of you can't remember what you had for breakfast this morning but bear with me.

⁵ Either female or gay -- maybe both.

⁶ Had someone else posed for the picture -- me for example -- people would have run screaming from the premises and possibly die of an aneurysm, stroke, and heart attack all at the same time. Not what you want to accomplish with promotional material.

⁷ Text that said: "Guys, try not to drool".

offending posters from campus and even went so far as to suggest that we all go in for sensitivity training⁸.

Being the understanding bunch of people that we are⁹, we immediately complied by removing all of those horribly degrading posters and sent back an apologetic e-mail. We did not take him up on his offer to give us all a course in sensitivity (for some reason). He then replied with an email that started off fairly nice, about how he understands that “sex sells”, but that we should think more before we act.

Then he revealed the true tone of the email by basically telling us that we were all insensitive assholes¹⁰ and if we wanted he could come in and give us a talk about how we could go about promoting gender diversity across campus instead of creating schism. Now that’s altruism for you; offering to take time out of his busy schedule to come over and have a little chat with us about fostering a positive environment, free of gender stigma.

Now you may be saying to yourself, “Well this is interesting and everything, but this is less of a comment on hypocrisy and more of a rant about the Women’s Center.” And at this point you would be right, but my story does not end here, oh no.

Fast-forward a few weeks, (that’s a few weeks ago for those of you who aren’t keeping track), when lo and behold, I see a flyer in the SAU. **“STAGED SEX”** it says in large bold print right at the top of the paper. I look more closely and I see that it has a subtitle: “(thought that would get you looking)”.

I think to myself, “Hey, this bears a striking similarity to the poster that we put up for our group. I wonder how long it will be up before the women’s center gets a complaint and they need to take it down¹¹.” I scan the article further, who put up this poster I wonder? Could it be from the Patriarchal Society for Men Only and Women Should Stay in the Fucking Kitchen Where They Belong (and Make me a Sandwich While you’re in There) club? Or from some equally tactless and

horribly offensive group I wonder?

But imagine my surprise when it was not in fact the PSfMOaWSSitFKWTB (aMmaSWyiT) club, but is a promotional poster for a program that the Women’s Center is putting on. Amazing. And that’s just the tip of the iceberg. It turns out that the contact information included at the bottom of the “staged sex” poster was the same person who wrote us emails concerned about our lack of respect towards women. “If irony were made of strawberries, we’d all be drinking a lot of smoothies right now.” Let’s compare shall we?

Item 1 - The concept of “sex sells” to get the reader’s attention.

Present in our poster? - Yes, in the form of a picture.

Present in their poster? - Why indeed it is, but in the form of text.

Item 2 - Once you have the reader’s attention, go into detail about what the poster is actually about.

Present in our poster? - You betcha, it’s all about the *a cappella* baby.

Present in their poster? - Indeed, it seems like this staged sex thing is a presentation about students who made the “right” decision in matters concerning sex¹². Not actually people having sex on stage.

Amazingly, this method of advertising is fairly common practice, and is one of the more successful types of advertising. Who knew? Oh yeah -- we did, and so does the Women’s Center. So what makes the Women’s Center poster any different than the poster we put up? Oh yes, that’s right, absolutely nothing.

In an effort to bring all of you readers out there an even better understanding of how two-faced the Women’s Center is, I wrote to our friend in the women’s center under an assumed name.¹³ I wrote in as a “concerned student” who questioned why the women’s center would misuse women and sex in advertising.

⁸ That’s right. Sensitivity training. Over an amusing little poster. Some people need to get a fucking sense of humor.

⁹ Good thing our music director handles PR. I would’ve replied with an email politely telling the Women’s Center where they could stick it, and put up twice the number of posters as there were before

¹⁰ And proud of it.

¹¹ You can probably guess where this is going.

¹² The right decision of course is to not have any.

¹³ You guys better appreciate this -- telling you this is like walking into the lion’s den or something.

Did you hear that musicians get all the chicks?!?



Yeah, neither have we (but it can't hurt!)

**The name of the a *cappella* group has been removed
to protect said group from further harassment**

Our contact in the Women's Center got a little confused as to why I would find such a poster offensive¹⁴. So he assumed that I was put off by the name of the group (Staged Sex). After making sure that the blame was off of him by pointing out that the group formed before he started working at the Women's Center, he then goes on to say that, "'Staged Sex' - it's not an ad ploy but the name of the troupe".

Which would be a fine argument if not for the fact that two paragraphs down he tells us why the name for the troupe is Staged Sex: "the name is eye catching". Does that sound like an advertising tactic to anyone else? Just checking. He even manages to plug the Women's Center website in his email¹⁵.

I thought I was painfully straightforward in my explanation of how it offended me, but since our friend didn't quite get it, I sent him *another* email. In which I state, "to clarify, I did not directly mind the name 'staged sex' more the comment on the posters after the name. the line after the big logo was something like 'now that i have your attention' as if u knew that sex

would get our attention. and it may get our attention, but that just means u r purposefully using the over-exploitation of sex to your advantage-to advertise, and admitting it"¹⁶.

There, no way he can possibly confuse my objections to the poster. And since I was obviously so right about the women's center being run by a bunch of idiots, he merely avoided my questions. "Thanks for the email. Would you still be interested in meeting - I'd love to talk to you once I return from my vacation! [Name omitted]".

That's it, that's the entire response. I can see the thought process involved here: *Hmm... the points are valid and logical. I'd better brush him off before he finds out what asshats we truly are.* Too late for that, Mr. Women's Center Representative.

Basically all I'm trying to say here is that before people at the Women's Center get their panties all up in a bunch again, they should make sure they aren't condemning something that they themselves partake in.

¹⁴ I also wonder why I would find it offensive, mainly because I don't. But I have to pretend it offends me to prove my point

¹⁵ Which I'm guessing was due to his piss poor excuse for a response

¹⁶ The spelling and grammar issues in the email were to make it seem like a freshman were writing the e-mail. I've kind of blown my cover now though. [Editors' Note: Good, we were wondering what was going on]

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Happiness is a Warm Brick

By Brandon “Rym” DeCoster

I’m a happy person. In fact, I’d say that I don’t know a single person who’s happier than I am. I’m sure there is such a person somewhere, but I just haven’t yet had the pleasure of meeting him. My room-mate is close, but I’d say he’s about equally happy to me, so he isn’t actually “happier.” We’re both equally happy.

Now, I know a lot of sad people. Many, many people are generally bummed, depressed, suicidal, or otherwise just *sad*. Quite frankly, the concept is foreign to me. *Alien*.

You see, I never get sad. I’m happy no matter what happens in my life. I’ve been momentarily miffed, occasionally vexed, and more than once frustrated, but never long enough to spoil the general feeling of utter joy I experience each and every day. I haven’t been angry at anyone in many years.



One of the things that I believe facilitates this feeling is my firm belief that words alone can never hurt anyone. NEVER. Now, before you say that isn’t true, indulge me.

First off, I’m not talking about words that cause action. Telling the police that I’m a murderer will hurt me indirectly, but the words themselves caused no harm: you and the police did. Nor am I talking about words spoken behind one’s back. They can indirectly harm a person’s reputation, but they cannot actually harm the person directly. I am also not talking about blatant lies along the lines of “Your family was just killed,” when such is not true. Such meanness is beyond the scope of this article.

That being said, words can only come in one of two varieties: they are either true, or they are false. Let’s take the case of the latter first. Obviously, if what someone says is not true, it cannot hurt me. “You’re

fat, and your girlfriend¹ is a whore” does not harm me in any way. I am actually quite lean. The statement can’t offend me: it isn’t true. Indeed, there is no way in the world to offend me with a lie. If I were somehow affected by such a statement, then there must be some truth in it to be ashamed of.

That brings us to the case of the former: a true statement. Quite simply, I’m ashamed of nothing I’ve done, and I’ll readily admit to any of it. Suppose I’d done something horrible. Someone berates me for it. It’s a true statement: the truth of what I’ve done is inescapable. The statement cannot actually cause me grief unless I’m ashamed or bothered by my past action. As I’ve never done anything I’m ashamed of, there is no statement that can kill my happiness.

I’ve been in some blistering arguments, and I’ve had bone-chilling insults thrown my way on many occasions. Alas, they mean nothing, for they’re either false, and thus not worth even considering, or true, and simply worth fessing up to.

Another key factor in my unending merriment is the fact that I never get angry. No one has ever done anything to me which has made me angry. Sure, people have done some pretty nasty and/or shortsighted things to me, even in recent memory, but such trivialities are hardly worth being angry over, let alone losing friends for. Grudges are silly, and revenge is pointless.

Furthermore, I can honestly say that nothing bad has ever happened to me. No matter how dire a situation I’ve found myself mired in, I’ve always found my way out unscathed. Even the few scathings I’ve had haven’t bothered me. You see, I tell people that “everything happens for a reason,” but what I really mean is that

¹ Girlfriend. Heh.. Maybe next quarter. (I love RIT)

“everything happens.” The past is the past. Spend more than a moment looking over your shoulder at the rock you just tripped over, and the rock in front of you will get you just as badly.

I take adversity as it comes. As the old saying goes, when you ask the gods for strength, they give you hardship which, upon overcoming, leaves you stronger.

Death is another big thing. A lot of my friends are afraid of it, or else otherwise deeply affected by it.

It doesn't bother me at all. It happens to everyone sooner or later, so there's no avoiding it. Thus, there's no worth in worrying about it. Live, then die. Try to have fun in between. Worry about death after you're dead.

As for other people dying, it happens. You move on. Sure, you might never see them again, but there's nothing you can do about it. Death is natural: it isn't anything sad or devastating, it just happens.

Here's the point of this whole rambling rant:

One thing I've noticed throughout my whole life is that people are constantly trying to rain on my parade, to convince me that I'm not actually happy. They tell me I'm unfulfilled, or that I'm faking it, or that it's not *really* happiness, or some other such bollocks. I'm not sure just what to make of it, quite frankly. *I* know that I'm happy. What difference does that make to others? Why don't people believe that my life is just one long sunny day², and more importantly, why do they even care? They can't seem to live with the fact that nothing bothers me, that I take everything (and I mean *everything*) in stride.

With rare, dire, extreme exception³, nothing's worth being angry over, and nothing's worth fighting over: life is wonderful no matter what happens. People should spend less time trying to make me unhappy, and spend more time asking themselves why they care so much about it in the first place. Happiness starts with you: I'm already finished.

Or maybe I'm just lying to cover up my dark, tortured, angst-filled past. At least that would make a good movie.

² Sunny. Rochester. Funny!

³ Like Nazis, or maybe Zombies...

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WORD

RAD!

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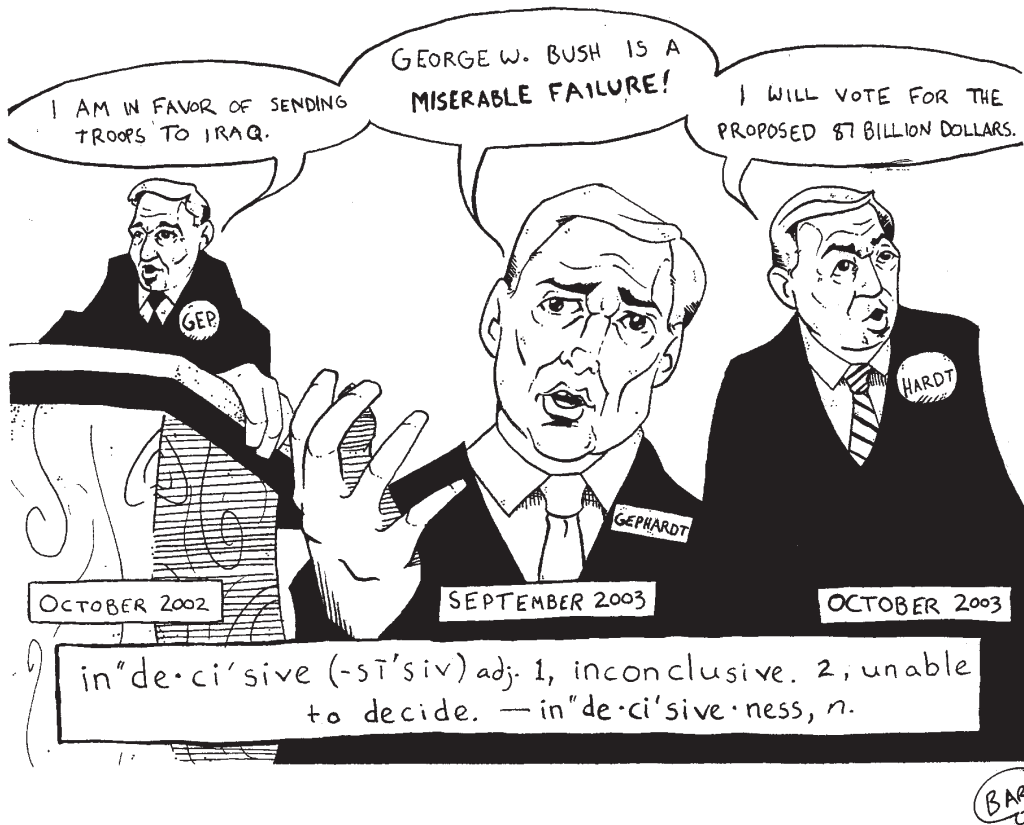
WHY GOD? WHY!

HE'S GONNA BLOW!

RAD

TO BE CONTINUED!

This weeks political view, by Matt Barr



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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