



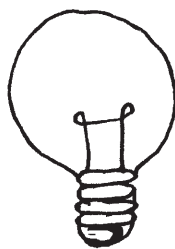
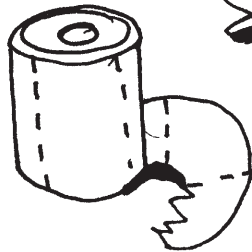
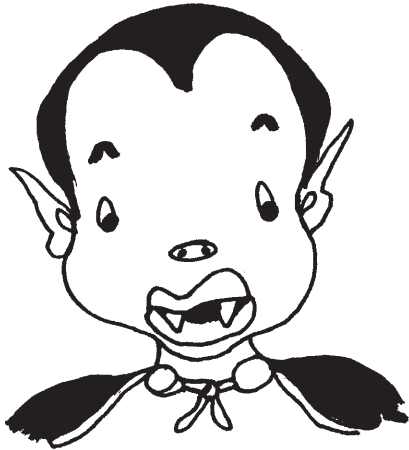
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 26, Issue 8, Dumplings
www.hellskitchen.org/gdt



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The Difference Between Pistachio and Pastiche is Nuts

By Matthew Denker

As I am working on something about the size of the *Arc-de-Triomphe* (Yeah, I know, that's not as big as it could be, but cut me some slack here. I'm only one man.) I haven't really had the time to write something fresh and provocative. Nevertheless, I haven't shirked any responsibility, and so I present to you a few of small snippets, glimpses into my twisted personae if you will, that I have collected as the summer and fall have progressed.

Sometimes You Like Fighting Fire with Gasoline

Ever hear the saying: "You have to break a few eggs to make an omelet?" Or maybe you've heard about, "When it rains, it pours." If neither of those, surely someone has told you: "It's going to get worse before it gets better." All these sayings trace back to man's incessant desire to repair things run amuck. If there is nothing to fix, man stands around idle, wondering what it is he should truly be doing. And Idle hands are the hands of the Devil. That explains man's need to continue breaking things. We don't enjoy breaking things, but if nothing is broken, how are we to fulfill our destiny of fixing it.

You Try Working on the "Wrong Side" of the Railroad Tracks

I work at the world's first unionized Burger King. The only really good thing about the union, though, is how much I learn from them. For starters, those fryalators are very dangerous for actual people to operate. Since we're in a union that teaches us these things, we oversee robots who operate the fryalators for us. If that's not education, nothing is. Another thing, did you know that sweeping floors is the second largest cause of illness among fast food workers? Far be it from the union to leave us in the dark about such

a travesty. We use an automatic floor cleaner that we just have to turn on at the end of the night. Now before you get all upset about how unfair it is, unions aren't all roe and caviar for lunch. We have to wash our own uniforms once a year when the union dry cleaner is closed for vacation. On top of that, the union bus stop is over a block and a half from my house. That's quite a walk in this rotten Rochester weather. Worst of all is this ridiculous 30-hour week. I can't believe the union only lets me work 30 hours a week. If I made the union minimum hourly wage of \$35, I don't know how I'd make ends meet. I feel sorry for those new guys. So before you all go join unions, remember: Every rose has its thorn.

Error Prevention and GDT

Right now, as you, our valued reader, are sitting here leafing through our fine publication; a huge crisis is brewing at the GDT Corporate Headquarters. Errors are being made due to funding cutbacks. No longer can our writers afford the time to check if the editors mean 50,000 or 500.00 words in our essays. I submitted a novel just last week to some very sharp criticism. Then in another instance, every one of our editors thought that a different editor was reading the submissions and checking them. In mere weeks our quality dropped below that of *Reporter*. Do you remember that Shaq issue?¹ What the hell were we thinking? It is this base from which I must work, and I implore you to help us out. Donate time, money, gorgeous vixens, anything you can to help our cause. Without more funding, help or small woodland creatures, we cannot continue to outwit ourselves. I am sure some of you think you could outwit us easily, but really, try doing it week in and week out with no budget. We're clearly the professionals here. Leave the hard stuff to us.

1. Editor's note: Go to <http://www.hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/Volume24/04.Claims.pdf> if you dare

Just the way mom used to make it

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This week's political view, by Alex Popkin



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Sentinel Games

We've all seen the monstrosity that has been erected. We've been repeatedly told that we should appreciate it, as it is "art." Well, it may be "art," but it isn't art that speaks to any but a very select few. Is this good or bad? I think Robert Heinlein said it best in his novel entitled, *Stranger in a Strange Land*. A character (Jubal) is discussing art and modern art is mentioned. "One does have to learn to look at art. But it's up to the artist to use a language that can be understood. Most of these jokers don't want to use a language you and I can learn; they would rather sneer because we 'fail' to see what they are driving at. If anything, obscurity is the refuge of incompetence."

Now it simply cannot be that the majority here are incompetent because we fail to understand what Mr. Paley is trying to say about RIT with *The Sentinel*. As a machinist and card holding tool and die maker, I've seen a lot of scrap tossed in the recycle bin. My old shop tore machines apart that were no longer useful and the junk parts got mixed in with machined scraps and cast offs. If *The Sentinel* is art, then I made art almost every day that I worked at the shop. Whether it was the part I just machined, or the cast off scrap I tossed in the trash, it was all art. Please, junk is junk no matter how large you might make it. Putting a pile of scrap front and center for all to see says more about how the emperor of this school no longer wears clothes.

Because we are saddled with this monstrosity, it is only fitting that we, the students find a use for it. What better use than to make it the centerpiece of what we will call "Sentinel Games." Sentinel Games can take many forms. The Fraternity Rock is no longer accessible and there needs to be something they can paint and claim ownership of, even if only for a day. What better item for a few gallons of paint than The Sentinel? I'm shocked it hasn't been tagged yet. The first tagger will surely go down in infamy. The first frat to paint it will always be remembered for their ballsy prowess with paint and brush. I don't doubt a good portion of the first six feet could be painted in just five minutes with a proper group of motivated guys. The best part is if you use a frat's colors other than your own, you might get their funding next year.

Another game that could be played is "Tag and Flag." In Tag and flag, a man is hoisted as high as they

By Bill "Mr. Wild" Ager

can go. They might even find a way to climb to the peak. Once there, the highest point reached is tagged, and a flag is attached for all to see your grand venture. At the moment just looking at the Sentinel hurts the eyes, but if it were tagged and flagged, I bet there would be a huge amount of interest for this massive pile of shit. Surely students would look at it as they passed each day to see who had gotten highest. Face it; RIT can't have Campus Safety watching 24/7.

What I fail to comprehend though, is how the Women's Center allowed a phallic symbol of such gigantic proportions to be built on campus. Maybe another game could be to take bets on how long it will remain standing uncovered, considering it is so very demeaning to women. Having had my own run in with the Nazis from the Women's Center, I can hardly wait for them to start their protests now that this slight to womanhood has been pointed out.

Now that I have you thinking of games that the Sentinel could be a part of, I'll let you all come up with more and maybe better games than what I've conjured up. Surely there is some use for *The Sentinel* debacle and someone will figure out just what we, the RIT community might do with this total eyesore and waste of donated funds. I do think I've figured out which language the artist is speaking in. It's called laughter and he is laughing at the emperor with no clothes.

THIS HALLOWEEN REMEMBER:
ZOMBIES ARE PEOPLE TOO!



★
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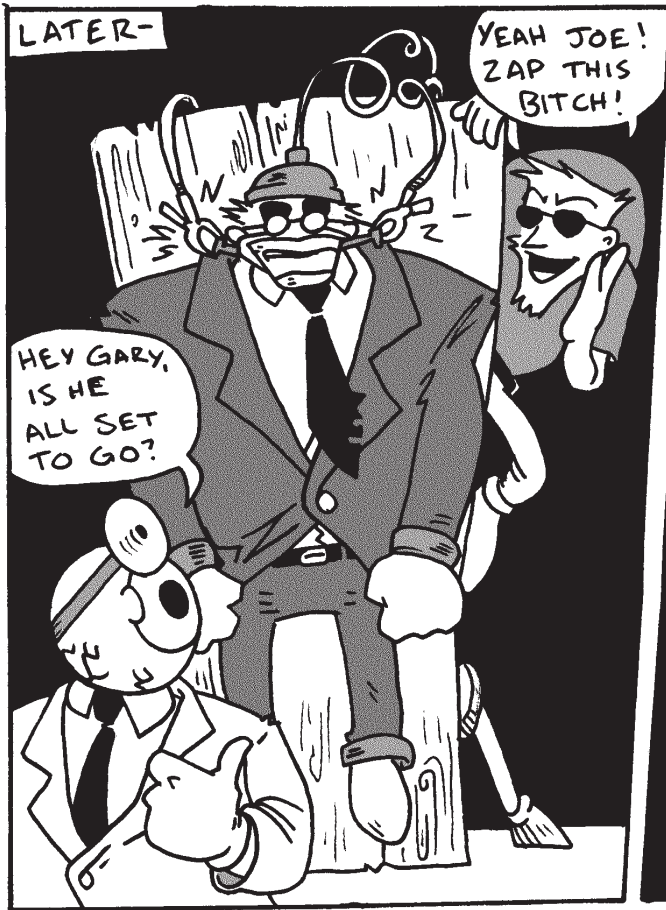
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Holy Inspiration

By Andrew Ruccius

“Hey, I need to see your license before you can continue.” This is phrase that many have heard while being interrogated by a police officer for a traffic violation. Now this could be heard by millions as it becomes evident that a license is needed for all sexual encounters, especially masturbation.

Recently a priest in the Vatican was asked about masturbation and he replied that masturbation is like owning a Ferrari and driving only in first gear. He went on to say that, “Driving only in first gear, not only do you prevent the Ferrari expressing its full power, but gradually you wear it out and thereby ruin a masterpiece of technology.”¹ Though he was undoubtedly simply trying to get people to stop masturbating², it should be noted that he makes a valid point about the car analogy.

If we accept that our bodies are like Ferraris³, and if in order to operate a car one needs a license, then one needs a license for all matters involving sex. This will no doubt lead to the next sexual revolution, with people from all walks of life going to the same place to audition for the right to do the horizontal hustle. I can easily envision a day where a virgin can have sex as well as a porn star because of the rigorous training required for the exam.

There will no doubt be some resistance to this ground-breaking new philosophy, but these people will quickly be silenced by the new police force, the

Federal Fornication Board (FFB). This squad will be responsible for ensuring that only people who are licensed are performing sexual acts and that those performing them illegally are punished. Recent events have shown that under the current administration if something is under the umbrella of Homeland Security, it gets unchecked power. Therefore the FBB must be under this umbrella as well⁴.

Returning to what the priest said, masturbation doesn't leave first gear. If this is so, then it is only natural that instead of applying for a full sex license one gets a masturbatory permit first. This makes perfect sense because it is much harder to kill someone when in first gear than when in fourth gear⁵. Though it is true that while in first gear little damage can be done to others, much damage can be done to oneself if pushed too hard. This is why there will not only be a test for masturbatory privileges, but strict enforcement of the law regarding the passage of this rigorous test for such privileges.

Though this is only an idea that I have dreamed up here, there is the possibility that these could become policies of our government. Just think -- a world of order where ugly people are not allowed to mate and make ugly babies⁶. If you share my dream then contact your nearest representative and demand that he take away our rights to have sex any time we want in the interest of Homeland Security. After all, I think that's the only right they haven't taken away yet.

1. http://www.iol.co.za/index.php?sf=29&click_id=29&art_id=qw939307501764V325&set_id=1

2. The Catholics are always trying to ruin our fun

3. I don't know about you but mine sure is

4. To prevent the terrorists from impregnating our women

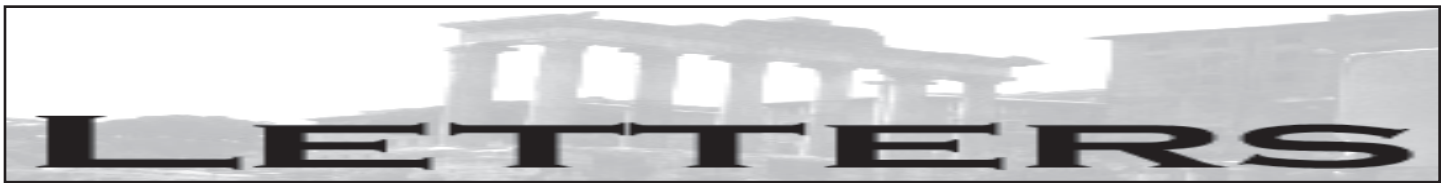
5. Trust me I've tried

6. See last week's issue <http://hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/Volume26/07.Apples.pdf>

You die...--More--

You'll never ascend. Write for GDT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org



LETTERS

Date: Thu, 23 Oct 2003 10:22:05 -0400
 From: Lindsey Manley <lam3756@ritvax.isc.rit.edu>
 To: gdt@hellskitchen.org
 Subject: RE: "Happiness is a Warm Brick"

Reading Brandon "Rym" DeCoster's article in the latest GDT, I can't help but wonder: is this boy truly that naive, or is he being sarcastic? In either case it was a decent article, and reminds me of a certain song written by Danny Elfman. I thought Mr. DeCoster would enjoy these lyrics; perhaps GDT can print them.

Oh, and regarding the Women's Center:
 That is exactly why I've never bothered with any on-campus organization.

Sincerely,

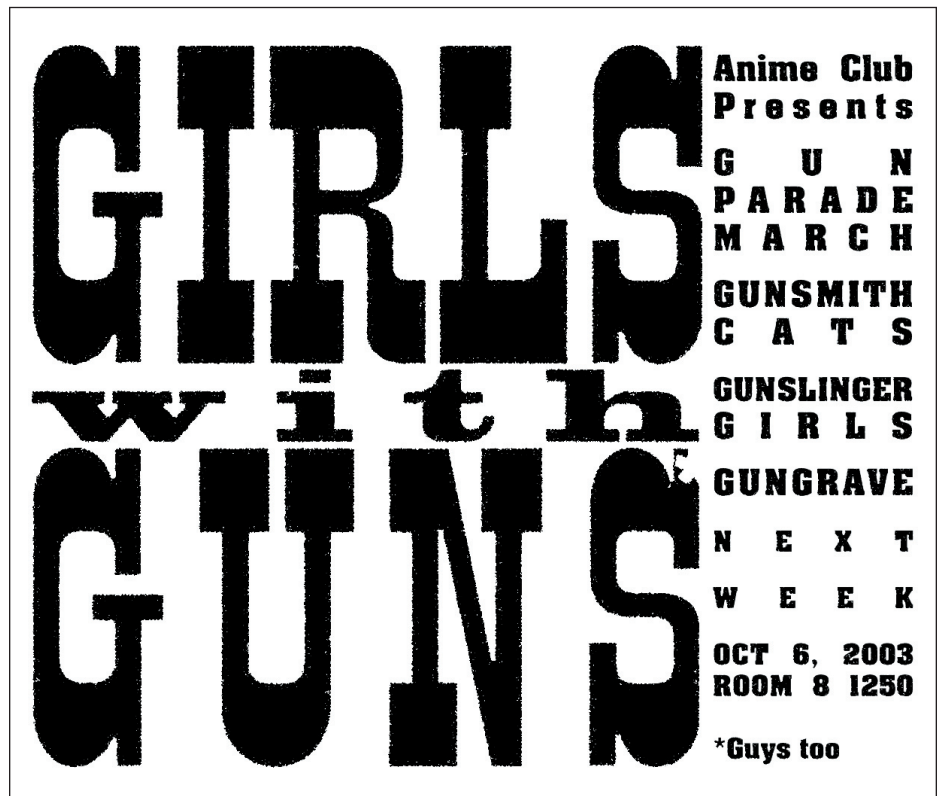
Lindsey Manley

[Editor's note: The author of this letter then goes on to quote "Nothing Bad Ever Happens" by Oingo Boingo. We trust that our readers can find the lyrics themselves.]

First of all, I'd like to thank you for your letter, Lindsey. Feedback makes this job worthwhile.

Addressing your first point: I've known Rym for awhile and he does not appear naive to me (but he does seem genuinely happy), although I must admit I've been wrong before.

Regarding your comment on the Women's Center, we have heard from the author of the piece (don't know what I'm talking about? read it for yourself at <http://www.hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/Volume26/07.Apples.pdf>) that he has received feedback from the Center. It would seem that the Center has learned that approaching individuals is more productive and more respectful than jumping over an organization's head. On the other hand, we aren't under the aegis of the Creative Arts Department anymore, so perhaps the Women's Center simply assumed we weren't worth speaking to. You decide. -- Ed.



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Thanks Mr. Raincoatasaurus Iflatilibis
By Jeff Swanson

P o e t r y .

Click, click, click, poof,
The heat comes on.
Its really coming down out there.

I used to call them dibosaurbs.
Back when they were so mystical and big.
Just plain big.
I liked the big dumb ones.
Screw the scary ones,
everyone liked them.

Now, where did my respect for them go?
I need it.
We need it.
Without them, we're nothing.

I think the big dumb one made my raincoat.
And that inflatable palm tree.
I hope the scary ones are burning.
Burning in my furnace right now.
Those popular bastards.

Untitled

By [name redacted at the author's request*]

As if it got any easier
When you couldn't keep my heart beating.
Life support is a gun to my throat.
So pull the trigger and watch me bleed.
Hysteria comes with disease, I am a hero tonight.
And when I fall to my knees;
Just check my pulse and tell me i'll be fine (you'll be fine)
'Cause you know i'm a sucker for anything you say...
And I promise i'll believe you.
So this is how the story reads,
"This open wound is killing me!"
As my blood spills, will you catch it with your kiss?
So Sorry,
So Sorry to inform you that no one believes a single word you say.
So come on lush, just crush my lungs
So I can't lie to you and try to make you stay...

*Gracies Dinnertime Theatre RTBF
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GoNe FisH'IN
By Professor Chris Reinhardt

GoNe_d's FisH'IN

(bavak later)

(or it's a Real Jungle Out There!)

Ties a thread
To the Toe (Tow?)

Of a LONGGGG LINE.....with a HOOK.....

(and don't forget them Not Ors, Them's Me Sisters!!!)

And Swims
And Talks
And Occasionally(?) Walks

Come and Get IT!
Dinnertime @ Gracies

Professor: "WHY are You on Crutches????s"
Student: "I Forgot My f'in Fish'in"

POLE !!!...

IT WAS (used to be?) A BIG ONE

C'mon, Everyone is doing it

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art forms accepted.



Written pieces should be in Word, plain text or RTF format. Visual art should be submitted at the highest resolution and dpi possible.

Give your time!

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 activities.

gdt@hellskitchen.org



Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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