



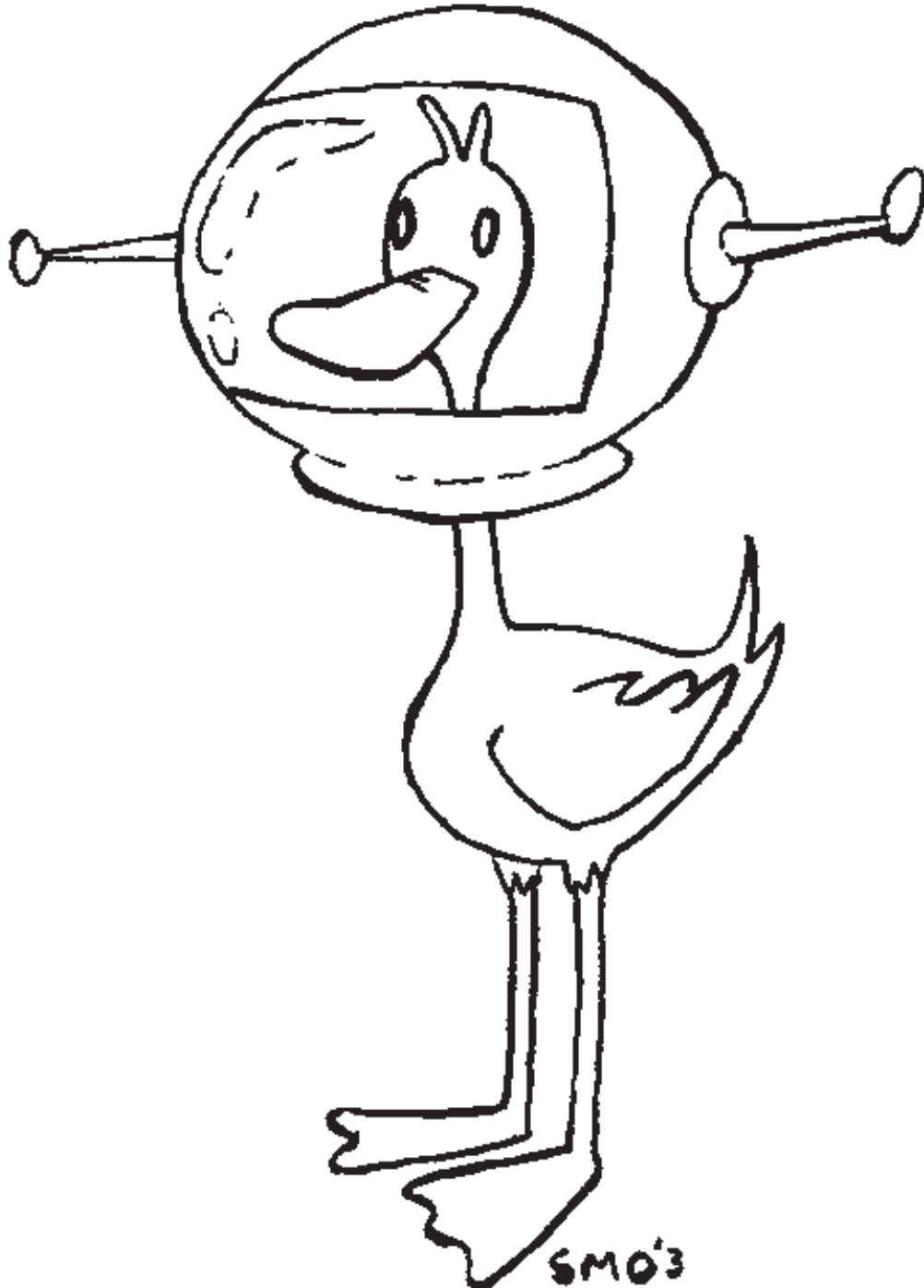
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 28, Issue 8, Oysters
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I juggled the two paper bags and wrenched the door open. “Can you help me with the grocer—?”

Knuckles white, Waleed sat under the flickering kitchenette bulb. The living room beyond was dark. Bulky shadows merged together, emitting quiet bursts of radio static. I gripped the keys harder.

He jumped up. “They were here when I got home,” he whispered, setting the bags on the table. Waleed slid his arms around my back and pressed his lips against my ear. “They haven’t said anything yet.”

“Oh god,” I peered over his shoulder. The shadows blended with soft flashes of metal. “They can’t take you.” I pushed his black hair away from his face. His forehead shone with sweat.

“They will.” His eyes were wide. He took my hand and our fingers interlaced, brown, white, brown, white, brown, a hint of cubic zirconia...

“Turn around slowly.” The shadows broke away and approached the sputtering light. Three Homeland Security Officers, swishing in their gray plastic armor, approached with guns raised. The red lasers seared across my eyes before centering at the back of Waleed’s head. I blinked and he let go of me.

More static came as he spun. They edged nearer, the American flag emblazoned on their face masks. Their identification numbers were clear. I stepped forwards and 313-6 swung his gun at me.

“Stay there,” he said, his voice distorted and magnified. I froze.

“Hands on your head.” 549-0 pointed to the table. “Here.”

Waleed slowly put his arms up and walked over.

549 slammed his face down into the table. I screamed. Waleed swore. 142-2 clamped shock cuffs around his wrists. Immediately his body went limp. 549-0 yanked him up by the back of his shirt, revealing a spattered circle of red on the table. His nose was smashed.

“He’s a citizen!” I reached for him and 313-6 shoved me up against the cabinets. “He has rights!”

“Suspects have no rights,” 313-6 intoned. Behind him, 549-0 punched a GPS tag through Waleed’s ear.

I pushed 313-6 away. “He’s a citizen! I have his papers! Stop—”

“Interfering with PATRIOT operations is a punishable offense,” he said, pressing the gun against my throat. I gasped and tilted my head up. Waleed’s eyes were vacant as 549-0 forced him to stand. 142-2 was binding his legs, occasionally wiping his face mask as blood dripped down it.

“Please,” I said, voice tight. “He was born in Wisconsin. He’s never done anything un-American—”

“Carnivore has intercepted electronic communications from this housing sector. Suspect WEQ is the only person of questionable heritage residing here.”

“Questionable heritage? He’s American, second generation!” 313-6 snorted. “We registered our computer with the state government last year!” I pointed to the living room, where the wall monitor was. “You can check the public records—”

“Further discussion of this event is prohibited.” 313-6 stepped back. “Observation devices have been distributed throughout the apartment. Removing or damaging them is a federal offense. All material objects, save those of registered antiquity, are now property of the Department of Homeland Security. You may contact one family member to arrange temporary living quarters. Do not leave the building until a Protectorate Officer has been assigned to you. After 48 hours you may file a Possibly Innocent form. Otherwise, suspect WEQ will be held indefinitely. Do you understand that you will be processed by the Protectorate Officer as a potential accessory to terrorist activity?”

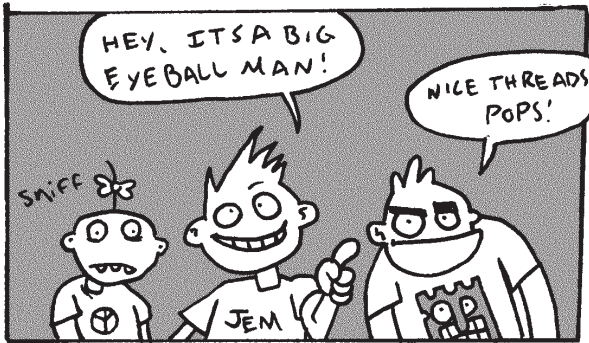
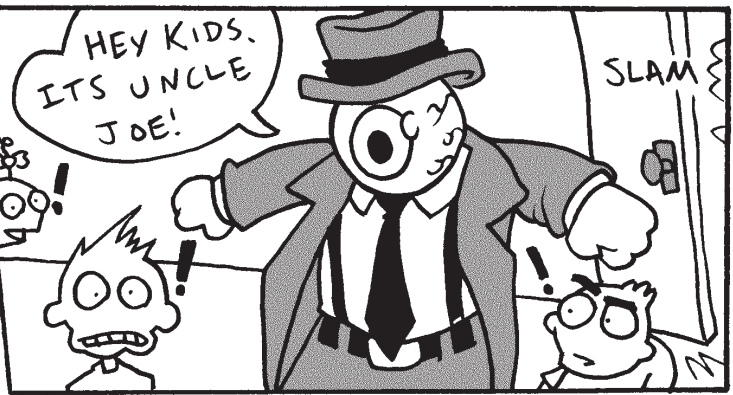
“What? No. We’re not terrorists!”

313-6 pressed the gun a little harder against my throat. “I’m going to pretend I didn’t hear that,” he said. “142-2 will stay here until the Protectorate Officer comes. Any threatening actions will be taken seriously.” He and 549-0 each put one arm around Waleed and dragged him out of the apartment.

Only the tiny red pinprick of light between my eyes kept me from following. I shook, dropping the keys. 142-2 sat, put his feet up on the table, and scratched at the reddened stars on his face mask.

JOE CORNEA!

PUBLIC EYE!
by PETER J. LAZARSKI '04



God [bless|destroy] the USDA

By Robert Stryker

*There once was a rancher from the Midwest
Who's business suffered since the Bovine Spongiform
Encephalopathy pest
Infected one cow in the US.*

*The rancher desperately lobbied the USDA
because his prime Japanese customer would remain at
bay
unless tests proved every single cow was OK.
The rancher even said of the costs, he would pay.*

*You'd think he could test all his cows on his own
without having to lobby and to bitch and to moan
But a 1913 bill set a clear tone
That only the USDA could say when to test what was
grown.*

*And after six weeks they responded with quite a firm
'no'.*

*Testing rates in the US must remain very low
Consumers don't want to test ALL things that grow.
Just a representative sample, and nothing mo'*

*The Republicans always want to deregulate,
saying government intrusion needs to abate.
Let businesses set their OWN pace and gait
and the public will bitch if they do not satiate.*

*And yet here they are, stopping good ideas fast,
because the larger agribusinesses don't want the idea to
last.*

*They don't want the cost, they liked it better in the past
When the consumer wouldn't know if a cow was downed,
slashed, or gassed.*

Ok so what does this all mean? Basically, a small ranch's primary customer is Japanese, and they want every animal tested. Said small ranch is prepared to do that. They just need approval. They're not getting approval. They're not getting approval because the USDA say consumers don't want the added cost of testing every animal. But the ranch's main customer *does* want the added cost. More importantly, they demand it.

This is kinda' like if someone said they'd pay me to trim their lawn with a pair of scissors. They offer me lots of money to do it, and I'd say ok! Fuck,

it's not like I have anything else to do with my time. Problem: only the USDA gets to say when we can use such precision tools as scissors over the more bulky and efficient lawnmower, so I need approval. And I ask for it, and they tell me no. They tell me, Mr. Stryker, if you use precision scissors on your customer's lawn, it will send a message to everyone else in America that lawnmowers suck and they, too, should use precision scissors. Consumers don't want the added cost to their landscaping of having twice as many Mexicans using scissors on their lawn for an extended duration, so despite the fact that some weird fuck of a customer has offered you lots of money to do it anyway, so we say no.

There is *so* much wrong here. Number one, who is the USDA to tell us what consumers want? I would imagine if this small ranch tested every animal and sent their beef to Japan, most of America wouldn't notice. Sure, some activists might flare it up and say: If this small ranch can do it so can the big ones! But then, at that point, the public *would decide on their own*. The public would get information from the big businesses (probably in the form of commercials and propaganda) and information from the small ones and the activists, and would then get to make their own decision.

Not to mention, who says the two products can't co-exist in stores and let the public *decide* if they want to pay more for the tests? I mean, I go to my grocery store and I see bananas, and then I see organic bananas, and the organic ones are more expensive. Did anyone tell the crazy organic people that no, they can't make organic bananas because then it would send the message to the public that non-organic bananas are bad? Actually, I'm sure at one time that WAS said, but either way, now I have a choice. I would like that choice, upon going into my supermarket, to see the beef we see in there today, as well as 100% tested beef, see the price differences, and *decide on my own* if I'd like to toss out the extra 10 cents per pound for the assurance that my beef is a-ok and I'm not going to turn into some zombiesque brain-eating living-dead waking-life Samhial the desolate one hound of resurrection harbinger of pestilence rotting decaying rotting-out-from-the-inside ball of crap.

Why a Women's Senator?

By Jim Miller

I recently attended a meeting of the Student Government of RIT and was shocked and awed to discover that RIT has a Women's Senator. Initially I was simply intrigued by the fact there were enough women at RIT to require a senator to represent their interests, and for that fortunate turn of events I can only thank "Uncle" Al Simone. My hat's off to you Al, thanks.

However, I feel there was a tiny oversight made in the creation of the office of Women's Senator that needs to be addressed. I was once told that the best way to start an argument (and this will start many arguments, I'm sure) is to define your terms. The SG website defines the senator position as:

Each of the seven colleges within RIT elects a Senator. Senators are elected to one-year terms and can only be elected by students within the particular college they represent. Senators are responsible for assessing the needs of his/her college, as well as representing the best interests of his/her constituents within the discussions of the Student Government Senate.

I was unaware of a college of women here on campus, but perhaps we were willing to wave this requirement for a voting senate seat simply because women are pretty, and men are stupid. Perhaps you're now thinking that the Women's Senator is an altruistic attempt to achieve equality, but I take serious issue with any system that claims equality while promoting special treatment. Merriam Webster defines equality as "the quality or state of being equal". I like equality. I love it. I think it is one of noblest and most misunder-

stood aims of the Constitution of our country, a document which I hope we have all taken the time to read. Nothing makes me madder than to see bureaucracy do lip service to equality, and then go around creating little inequalities.

By giving women at RIT a crutch such as this we are implicitly suggesting that they are incapable of winning themselves fair and accurate representation in a free and open election. If nothing else, the election of Sheila Sarratore to the highest elected student position proves this to be untrue. While I support women's rights and the destruction of the glass ceiling (wherever it may exist), I cannot stand idly by and bear silent witness to such a gross injustice to both genders.

I believe three possible courses of action exist to remedy this situation. First, we could dissolve the women's senate seat. Since only 147 women voted for their senator in this most recent election they must feel that they are already receiving effective representation, or they must not care. (Additionally there were write in votes for the "cockboat", and "Bob Dole", which would seem to indicate that the women of RIT are as apathetic and disgusted with SG as the men are. Personally I find it hilarious that someone felt that a "cockboat" would accurately represent women.) Secondly, we could create the office of Men's Senator. If gender alone dictates representation, then I demand my penis be acknowledged and granted fair turn at the Senatorial table. Finally, and perhaps most fairly, we could create senate seats for **all** of RIT's underrepresented student groups. Surely this will strike even the beleaguered and maligned women as fair and equi-

Travelling Platypus By Bob Rutan

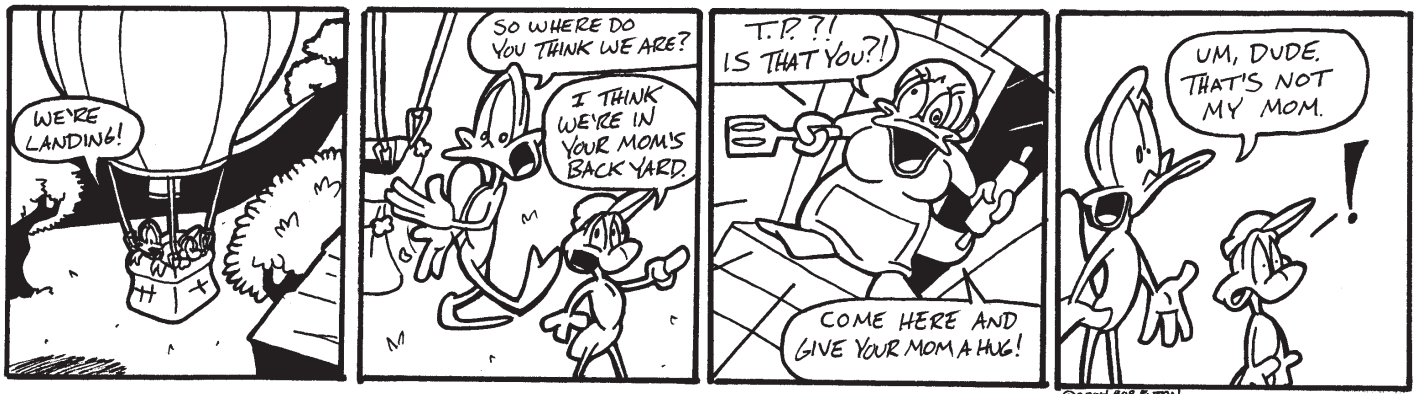


table. I propose new seats be created for Hispanics, Hispanic-Americans, Africans, African-Americans, Asians, Asian-Americans, Indians, Indian-Americans, Native Americans, Frenchies, Frenchie-Americans, Canadians, Canadian-Americans, regular Americans, and even Anime Club. (If you think that Anime club shouldn't count, then why does RITGA get a GLBT senator? Furthermore, why can't I vote for said GLBT senator? If I were to come out as gay or bi in the coming year I would want to be correctly represented. More interesting to consider would be what the requirements are in order to be able to vote for the GLBT senator. I can only assume that students actively enrolled in RITGA are allowed, while anyone who might not be comfortable or feel the need to join this group, regardless of sexual orientation, not be allowed voting privileges. If this is not the case then I question why the administration feels the need to keep the requirements for the privilege in the dark. Surely we would

all be better served by a more open system? In another turn of the screw (thank you Henry James), how many transgender students do we really have on campus, and do they get their own little portion of a senator? I again call attention to what SG defines a senator as, and wonder if there is or is not a GLBT college on campus that I am currently unaware of.)

Now if that all seems ridiculous than perhaps you can begin to feel the touch of incredulity that I felt upon learning that we had such an artifact of the women's liberation days still here on campus. If I've offended the women's center or women on campus in general, well, I've got lots of people who disagree with or even hate me. Maybe you could all get together and "take back the night" together. Before you come after me as a chauvinist and masculine prick, perhaps you could look at the women around you and click your tongue at them, as surely Susan B. Anthony would.



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RIT Love Connection
By Molly C. Loar

Harddrive Harry
 has a girlfriend
Software Sally
 has a care
to leave the comforts
 of the cave life
where children's minds
 —stolen—stare

poetry

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Plato's Hell
By Peter C. Gravelle

Nose, chin
cheek and cheek
but I daren't complete
this
Quadrilateral of
Kisses
with your mouth
and mine
intermingled
as they always should've been

Do you dislike *GDT*?

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Email gdt@hellskitchen.org and tell us why you don't read *GDT*

and you may be eligible for a cash prize.

Black Thursday**By GDT Staff**

As RIT prepares to re-enter the fiscal “black” in the upcoming year, new plans must be established to reallocate the greater than \$-4E6 surplus anticipated in the 2004-2005 budget. While the Strategic Planning Committee, acting on the “Good to Great” initiative, has generated a number of ingenious ideas for squandering RIT’s ill-gotten gains, we feel that as the productive members of the student body, we, the staff and writers of GDT should do our part toward shaping the glorious density of this prestigious Institute. As such, we submit to you, our readers, the following list of proposed construction projects to enhance our campus and, possibly, by some entirely improbable fluke of chance, school spirit or retention rates. Whichever proposal receives the most votes will be forwarded to the appropriate task force, whom, we are assured, will take all proper measures to redirect your 286.72% tuition hike into the chosen construction project, or perhaps the giant sink-hole in the middle of Mt. Hope Cemetery, whichever strikes their fancy.

Proposal 1: Much like the Polish city of Ustka^f, RIT could use a bit of an image makeover to make it more attractive to prospective students, as well as enhance school spirit. Given that the most recent sculpture placed on campus proved to be a dismal failure in this regard, our focus should not, perhaps, be on adding more works of art, but instead enhancing the symbols that we already have. To this end, we should devote our efforts (and funds) to melting down and recasting the tiger statue outside of the SAU. The new tiger will have an updated look to reflect the vigor and fecundity of our prestigious institute and its members, which shall include newly enhanced testicles. While the enormity of the testicles will need to be reviewed by committee, to ensure that they will be both sufficiently imposing, if not indeed intimidating, and of such aesthetic quality as to draw and ensnare the eyes of passers-by in a state of near-orgasmic rapture, it can safely be said that they will be gargantuan, at least the size of a softball or tumescent grapefruit. The estimated cost of replacing the statue is estimated at \$5 million - \$880k for the molding and recasting in bronze, and approximately \$4 million to hire a nubile crew of exotic beauties to oil, buff, and polish the sculpture on at least a daily basis. In this way, RIT will gain a striking new eidolon to beautify the campus, and perhaps finally garner the endowment that it has long coveted.

Proposal 2: The needs and habits of the typical RIT student differ only superficially from those of the common *Marmota monax*: a diet rich in simple carbohydrates; a

warm, dark, secure environment in which to dwell; several months of hibernations time (usually late October through April), after which mating is sometimes attempted. In order to raise student morale and retention rates, RIT should, therefore, use the new surplus to renovate and expand the RIT tunnel system. The current lighting system would be replaced with something more subdued and less glare-intensive, and a new coat of plaster applied to the walls to create a richly textured, cavernous feel, which would be accentuated by repainting in warm earth tones. Proposed new additions to the tunnel network would include a reopening of the rumored tunnel connecting the residential and academic sides of campus; additionally, several tunnels might be constructed to allow convenient access to commonly visited off-campus locations such as Nick Tahou’s, Wegmans, and Show World, allowing students to fulfill all of their basic physical needs without exposing themselves to the fierce elements or harsh sunlight of Rochester. If this plan is chosen, a planning stage will precede construction, in which a committee will review student suggestions for tunnel destinations before discarding the ideas in favor of something with a much higher ratio of visibility to functionality.

Proposal 3: The best approach toward improving school spirit and successfully promoting RIT to an increasingly selective market of prospective students is to elevate the standing of our athletics department. Several important strides in this direction have already been made, including the new training facilities and the all-weather carpeted athletic field, but none of these projects are high-profile enough, and certainly do far too little to market our teams to mass media (hell, the new field doesn’t even have bleachers set up yet.) In order to bestow upon RIT the pride and prestige associated with a world-class college athletics department, and at long last rid ourselves of our only partially deserved reputation an antisocial collection of tech-obsessed geeks and pathetic hambeasts, we must construct a majestic new stadium on campus. RIT’s new sporting arena will be a 4-acre marble tribute to the glory of collegiate athletics, rising over 50 feet into the skyline of Southern Henrietta, and sporting elaborate statues and relief carvings depicting the acts and likenesses of renowned RIT administrators, benefactors, and athletes, as well as a tiered VIP seating area supported by an elaborate system of cantilevered beams and wire suspension and a highly secure subterranean entry system for all arena competitors. In addition, beneath the sandy floor of the playing surface there will be installed an elaborate system of water works, allowing the arena to

^f <http://www.reuters.com/newsArticle.jhtml?type=oddlyEnoughNews&storyID=4688756>

be flooded for aquatic events, and allow a second Sentinel sculpture to rise majestically from beneath the waves. In addition to regularly scheduled sporting events, the new stadium could also be used as a replacement for our current judiciary process, allowing students doomed to academic or disciplinary suspension or expulsion to clear their records via trial by combat. The cost of this project (although really more of an investment) is estimated at \$7 million, including the cost of materials, excavation, labor, A/V equipment, and the second Sentinel, but much of this could quickly be defrayed by a timely application for gaming licenses.

Proposal 4: Many of RIT's new initiatives focus upon the strong fiscal, social, and networking benefits of strengthening alumni relations, affinity group membership, and involvement within the college community. The most obvious and straightforward way to achieve these aims would be to simply retain a portion of the alumni population on campus at all times. With the excess money (>\$-4E6) in the budget, RIT can demolish the Colony Manor apartment complex and in its place construct a new apartment building for RIT alumni. This new building, with the proposed name "Al Manor", will contain 150 one bedroom, 200 two bedroom, and 10 penthouse apartments. Upon completion, control of the apartments will be turned over to RIT Housing Operations, which will accept applications, with a preference towards younger alumni, possibly using a lottery system to choose which lucky alumni will receive a place to stay. The total cost of this construction project would be in the range of \$2.5 million, plus an additional \$3 million for hazmat and broken glass removal.

Proposal 5: What RIT really needs is a monument which celebrates not only the grandeur of our illustrious Institute, but also its commitment to bettering the lives of its students. This could best be accomplished through the construction of a massive granite aqueduct, which will run from the Cobb's Hill Reservoir in Rochester down to RIT's campus in Henrietta. The aqueduct will provide a source of clear, pure water for the student residents of the new "Shantytown" housing complex, to be located

where the forest once stood on the east side of campus, after it unfortunately burns to the ground due to the careless actions of some smoker, dope fiend, or other such convenient scapegoat. The majesty of this project, as well as the cool, refreshing water it will provide during the 5 months of the year in which it is not frozen over, will undoubtedly enhance the school spirit and retention rates of the 300% increase in freshman enrollment estimated by the Strategic Planning Committee in order to finance the "Good to Great" initiatives. It will also include an elaborate system of gates and drains which, when their explosive bolts are triggered, may be used to trigger a "flash flood" should Campus Safety prove unable to sufficiently "pacify" these marginally quartered undergraduates. The cost of the aqueduct, including all building supplies, historical and engineering consultants, and leather bullwhips to motivate any "Applied Masonry Co-ops" who appear lackadaisical, is estimated at \$1.1 billion. In the unlikely event that the project is completed early and under-budget, additional funds could be reallocated to purchase scraps of corrugated sheet metal which "Shantytown" residents could use to reinforce their hovels during the long winter months, unless this additional display of largesse is deemed too costly or a security risk.

All votes and suggestions can be submitted to gdt@hellskitchen.org



C'mon, Everyone is doing it

Submissions of all
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.

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