



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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## State of the Rag, or I Spent 15 Cents Printing this Copy, and All I Got Was this Soapbox

By Peter C. Gravelle

When I tell people that I am an Editor of this fair magazine, the first thing that invariably comes out of their mouth (after “cool”) is, “So, I hear you have no money.” Which is really funny, because we actually re-applied for our funding this year, and didn’t know the fate of that money until last week.

But before I tell you about this most recent round of funding, let me tell you about how it used to work.

A few years ago (more than five, but less than seven), the people in charge of Hell’s Kitchen, *GDT*’s publisher, realized that they were providing a service and an artistic project to the students and staff of RIT, so they asked the Creative Arts Commission for funding for reproduction of the issues. They gave more money than reproduction could suck up, allowing the magazine to publish not only 1,000 issues every week, but also pay Editors, Writers and Artists.

This went well until nearly five years ago when, in celebration of their fifth anniversary, Hell’s Kitchen published 1,000 five-year retrospectives and distributed them for free. Seeing as how each of these retrospectives were over 200 pages and had nice red covers, they were called the Big Red Books<sup>1</sup>. The administration did not appreciate this show of affluence and arrogance (as well as a reminder of their failures of the past five years, such as the RIT-CIA scandal), and subsequently removed the funding.

After a year or so of no funding and scathing commentary, the magazine recovered its cash and toned it down a bit. Shortly after this, I discovered *GDT*’s floating around school during my freshman year. Great authors graced the pages of this underground gem, such as Ren Meinhart<sup>2</sup>, Irving Washington<sup>3</sup>, Vera Ikon<sup>4</sup>, and Sean J. Stanley<sup>5</sup>. Please forgive me, old timers, if I have missed you, but I can only do so much research. For months I told myself if I ever wrote anything worth printing in their lovely magazine, I would submit it. *GDT* had a mythical quality for me, and by extension I

worshiped Thursdays<sup>6</sup>, when the new issues would hit the streets.

By that point, I was writing up stories for the other campus publication nearly on a weekly basis. I learned from them to not underestimate what can be done in an hour and a half under the pressure of deadlines. I learned that the trick to writing something every week was simply to write something every week. I was lucky that I began a journal at around the same time, since it gave me a creative outlet for stuff that was simply not appropriate for the other publication, nor good enough (in my mind, anyway) for *GDT*.

Then came the glory of writing for *GDT*. I had an idea kicking around in my head for a week. It needed to get out. It needed a place where it could breathe, and chit-chat with other pieces of non-journalistic writing. It wasn’t stunning, but it was good, and it went in. I was hooked; showing up to every folding and talking with the other authors, trying to strong-arm some friends of mine into dropping by, and other such things.

Then came the infamous sex issue<sup>7</sup>. By accident, an issue completely devoted to sex was printed. Actually, there were two or three articles that had nothing to do with anything sexual at all, but that got forgotten in the hullabaloo. A loud campus group got annoyed because they assumed we espoused the values in an obviously satirical poem, and apparently the Creative Arts Commission got told from on high that the gravy train for *GDT* was to stop.

The next year, I became Editor, along with my good friend Ray joining the talented (and experienced<sup>8</sup>) Pete Lazarski. We filed the requisite paperwork over the summer, documenting the flow of cash during the previous year, but we got an email from the Commission saying that our funding was not going to be renewed. So, not only were we all Editors, but we were Advertising Coordinators, Funding Experts, and completely and totally fucked. We had to cut back

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<sup>1</sup>There also was reference to good old Chairman Mao, but I bet you thought of that on your own, didn’t you?

<sup>2</sup>Who was an Editor of this publication then, and now edits another one, so I hear.

<sup>3</sup>Who goes by another name (Hi Josh!), and still drops by for folding from time to time.

<sup>4</sup>Ibid, except change “Josh” for “Julia”.

<sup>5</sup>About whom I have no snarky commentary, but I’m glad that he forwards our mail from time to time.

<sup>6</sup>Is it any wonder, then, that I ended up going to Anime Club (which is a Thursday thing), to worship the gods of beautiful animation, ninja powers, and big breasts?

<sup>7</sup><http://www.hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/Volume23/07.Jobless.pdf>

<sup>8</sup>Are you experienced? Have you ever been experienced?

distribution to only 700 issues<sup>9</sup>, and you can forget about getting paid for doing this thing anymore. We started selling ads, but that only got us so far.

This year, we did the same thing as last year. We even rewrote the budget proposal to highlight the services we provide to the campus, and how we foster RIT students' creativity. This year, the administration did the same thing as last year.

The real problem right now, from where I sit, is that our distribution has fallen below a critical point. Now, most of our readers are not getting their issues every week. Many of them may have assumed we have fallen off the face of the earth. There are several freshmen who don't have the slightest clue as to what *GDT* is, or, more importantly, *why* it exists. Even more shockingly, there are upperclassmen who are just as clueless. When people do not read the magazine, they do not even think of it as a possible place for their writing. Submissions are at an all-time low, as is staff.

<sup>9</sup> So you'll pass this on to another reader after you're done, right?

Times are tough for this old mag. It is not even ten years old yet, but it is threatened with death. All is not lost, of course. As Tom Samstag, the ever-positive told me, "If nobody sticks with it at its low point, it'll die for sure." Um, I mean, I'm sticking with it. I know many of our readers are sticking with us, and the advertising trade is picking up again, even though many of our SG-based advertisers have been shafted due to any number of reasons that all circle back to the current budget gutting geeky clubs.

So, freshmen, tell your upperclassmen. Upperclassmen, tell your freshmen. *GDT* is not dead, it is not going anywhere, and it will not do your dishes! And when you're done with that, submit something, or place an ad, or convince your favorite club to do so, or just drop by to folding (8pm, Crossroads) with some cash in hand. Or with just your hands, as we can always use some new ones.



**If you want to fuck Kerry  
you'd better wear protection.  
Purple Heart Condoms**

©2004 Andrew A. Gill

## Advertise with us!

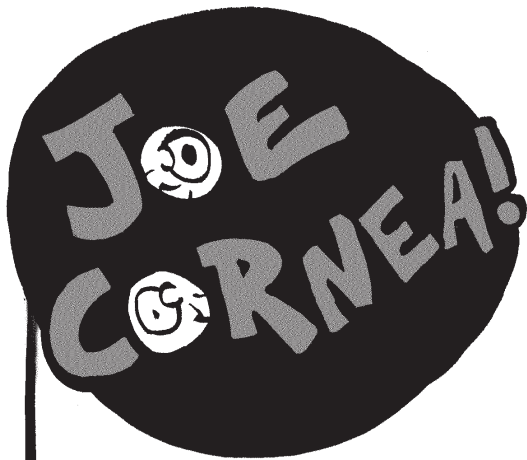
Yes, you too can have a stately grayscale advertisement in this grand publication. *GDT* reaches thousand college students in it's print form, and millions over the web.

Target that key 18-to-20something demographic!

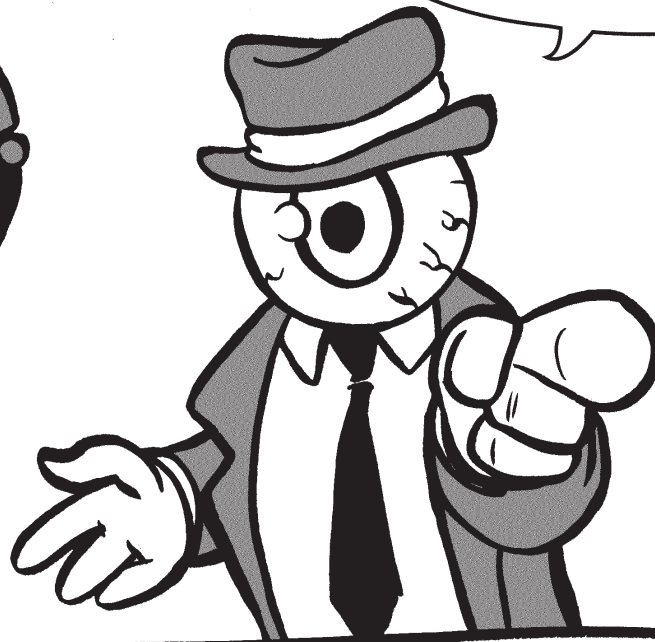
Area	1 week	5 weeks	10weeks
full page	\$50	\$45	\$40
half page	\$30	\$27	\$24
quarter page	\$20	\$17.50	\$15

All prices are per week.





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PETER J.  
LAZARSKI

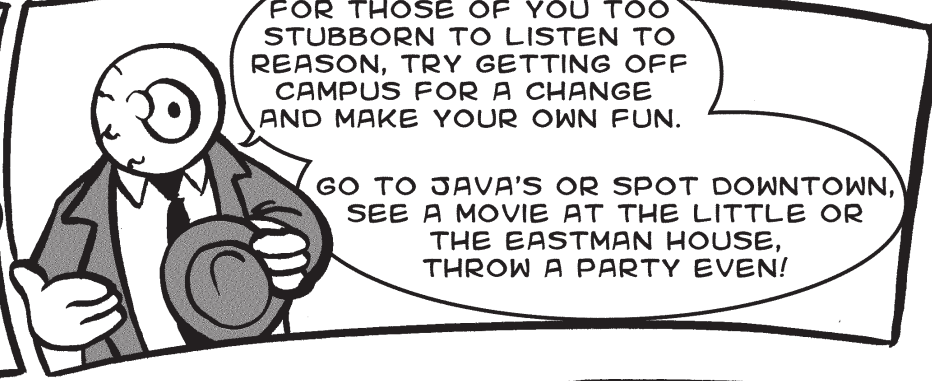


BY NOW I BET SOME OF YOU ARE THINKING, "IT'S THE THIRD WEEK OF COLLEGE. WHEN DOES THE FUN BEGIN?"



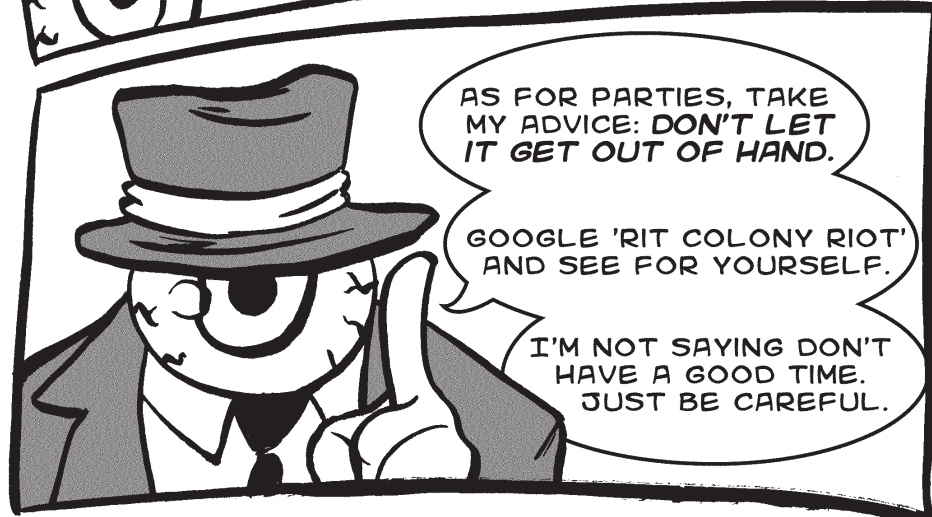
FIRST OFF, IF YOU ARE, THEN YOU PROBABLY WON'T HAVE FUN ANYWAYS.

GO DO YOUR HOMEWORK.



FOR THOSE OF YOU TOO STUBBORN TO LISTEN TO REASON, TRY GETTING OFF CAMPUS FOR A CHANGE AND MAKE YOUR OWN FUN.

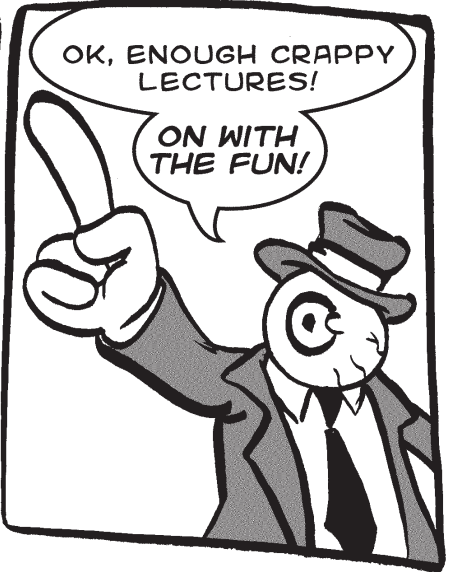
GO TO JAVA'S OR SPOT DOWNTOWN, SEE A MOVIE AT THE LITTLE OR THE EASTMAN HOUSE, THROW A PARTY EVEN!



AS FOR PARTIES, TAKE MY ADVICE: DON'T LET IT GET OUT OF HAND.

GOOGLE 'RIT COLONY RIOT' AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

I'M NOT SAYING DON'T HAVE A GOOD TIME. JUST BE CAREFUL.



OK, ENOUGH CRAPPY LECTURES!

ON WITH THE FUN!



# College Libertarians

Giving money and power to  
government is like giving whiskey  
and car keys to teenage boys.

-P. J. O'Rourke

Thursdays @ 6pm in Java Wally's

Contact: [dap6401@rit.edu](mailto:dap6401@rit.edu)

The Traveling Platypus

By Bob Rutan



©2004 ROBERT RUTAN.



By Matthew Denker

Welcome back to the *GDT* School of Grammar. This week we will be learning about dashes, ellipses, and fragments. I heard from someone that we screwed up some things last week, but unless we see it in writing, we're correct. Sorry, that's just the way it is. Moving right along: our lesson.

### 1. Dashes

The dash is an amazing creature. Not nearly as powerful as last week's semicolon, yet more wondrous than, say, your little sister. Dashes can be used to combine sentences in much the same way the semicolon can. Unfortunately, the connection between the sentences is quite a bit weaker. The semicolon implies that they might just be related. The dash, on the other hand, is used just as a simple connector. For example: I went to the store – I saw your mom buying eggs. Vaguely related, and a semicolon might have worked. The dash is pretty nice though. A better example might be: *GDT* is written by a bunch of assholes – Al Simone likes cheese. Unrelated, and yet, now connected. I know; even I'm appalled.

### 2. Ellipses

Ellipses are commonly misused in place of the amazing aforementioned dash. They are not meant to connect sentences so much as they are supposed to take the place of something missing. Say you wrote the sentence: Her watermelons are delicious

and round when ripe. You could instead say: Her watermelons are ... round when ripe. This sort of word removal is recommended against unless quoting the president or other dignitaries for the purpose of politics. Another major use for this punctuation is a time lapse. It can be used to describe some missing period of time between happenings. This is much like the instrumental interlude in *The Lion King*.

### 3. Fragments

Fragments are dastardly beings, and they should be avoided at all costs. A fragment is. Aha! That was a fragment right there. Did you see it? It crept right in like so many cockroaches trying to eat your food. Fragments are dangerous because they can not only misconstrue the meaning of what you wanted to say, but also make you look too dumb to be believed even if you had said it correctly. Invariably, fragments tend to crop up when people write articles for magazines at the last minute. You should never write at. Last minutes can be so. Difficult writing hurts my. See? Horrific.

Well kids, now you know two new punctuation marks along with one more dangerous pitfall. Next week, learn all about the ruinous run-on, the cantankerous colon, and the impish interjection in another hare-razing<sup>1</sup> grammatical adventure. Until then, be careful who you write for, because they might just print it. And then what?

<sup>1</sup> Editor's Note: Yes, I checked with the author, and he indeed wants you to destroy little bunny rabbits.



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## GDT: How an article gets printed

1. The editors do a lot of coke.



This coke, not the other kind.

2. We call our man on the street.



This man has hookers and refreshing beverages.

3. We fuck the hookers he sends us.

4. We print your submissions.

[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto: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.

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



**Gracies  
Dinnertime  
Theatre™**

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**

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Rick

**Contributors:**

NONE!

You lazy motherfuckers. Get off your ass!  
I've been with this magazine for five fucking years and do more from Boston than most of you will do in your life. Jesus. Failures.

**Printer Daemons:**

Ell-Bee Lincoln

**Sponsors:**

RIT College Libertarians  
RIT Student Problem Resolution Office

**Folding Machine:**

Mike Fisher

**Musical Inspiration:**

Lacuna Coil - Reverie  
Pharcyde - Passing Me By

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