



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

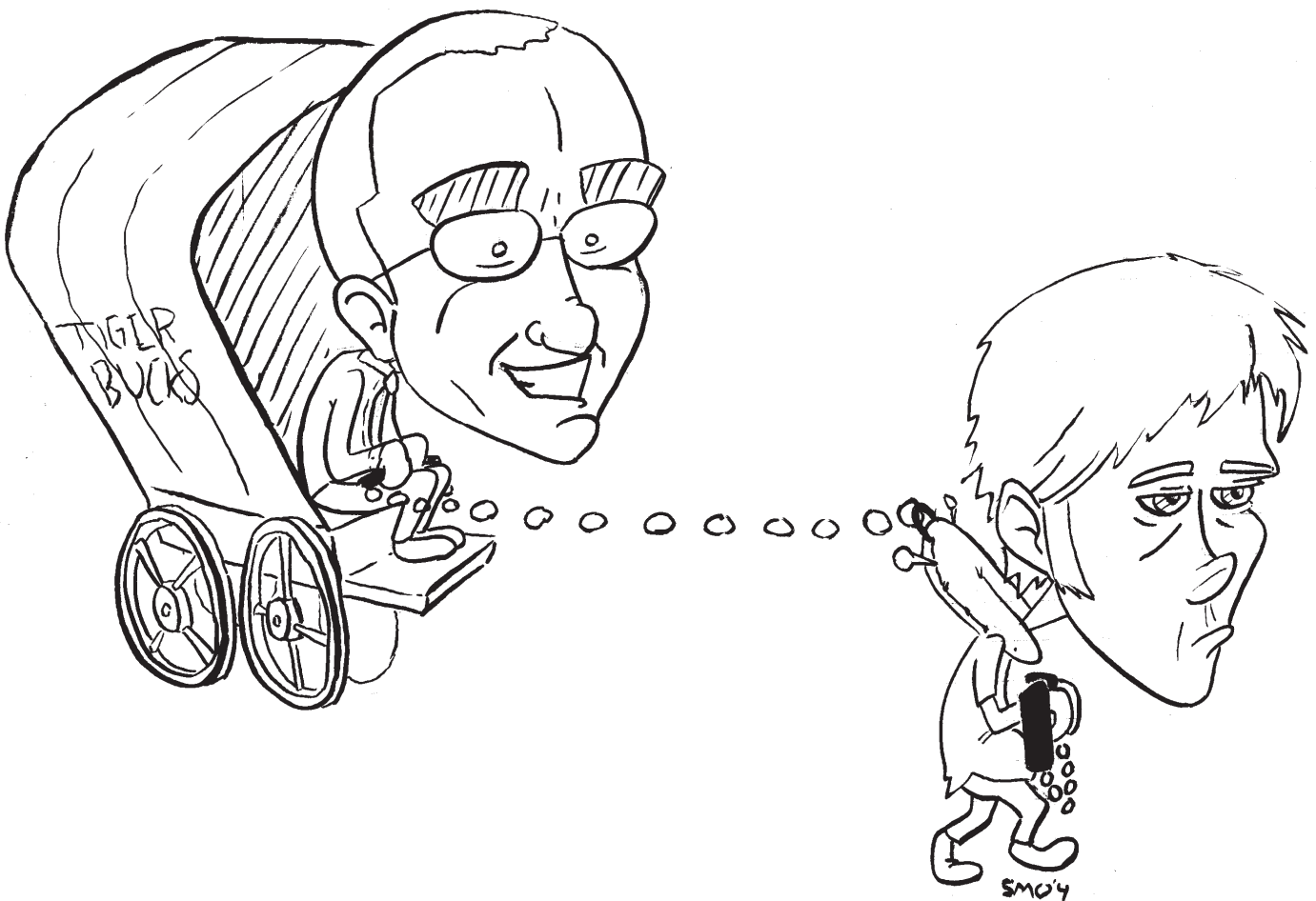
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THE FETTERS OF CAPITALISM



Why Write?

By Erin Sweeney

I went to two very different high schools.

The first, St. Ann's School, was intensely liberal and erudite. In 9th grade my History teacher spent the first week of class disproving god's existence. 10th grade had Howard Zinn as required reading. We were often called the revolving door to Brown University; half of our students went to Brown, half the teachers came from there. I was kicked out for truancy.

My second school, The Karafin School, is a special education institution. In 11th grade my science teacher spent the first day of class talking about his divorce. At the end of 12th grade I was the only student to graduate with a Regents Diploma. Only half of my graduating class went to college. The closest anyone got to Brown was SUNY New Paltz, a mere three-and-a-half hour drive away.

Though as different as my schools were, they had two things in common: copious drug use, and a literary magazine.

Now, the drugs I can understand, but why creative writing? Perhaps the two are connected. I know many inebriated people who thought they could write the great American novel. However I know of no one who could manage to do such while high as a kite, nor even remember where the fuck they put their pants.

Why did we write? Why does anyone write without monetary incentive? For that matter, why am I writing this? It's not just us kooky secondary school students either. A recent government study found, "in 1982 about 11 million people did some form of creative writing. By 2002, this number had risen to almost 15 million people (18 or older), an increase of about 30 percent."

Self-expression is the easy answer. We write because of that impulse to reveal. In fact, according to a new BuzzBack survey, 72 percent of women and 61 percent of men found self-expression important in everyday life. That's just a statistic for market research; the survey also found 73 percent of men and 61 percent of women find having a satisfying sex life important.

We wrote in our literary magazines sonnets about that girl we stalked, (redundant) lyric essays on Bob Dylan lyrics, free verse on lithium carbonate and other odd topics—why? We wanted to! We felt we needed to, and it was as simple as that.

As I said, self-expression is the *easy* answer. Why we feel that impulse to reveal is the real question. The only answer I can think of comes from Brent Lott defining creative writing as "our responsibility to answer to and for our lives."

Our compulsion to write about something is our means to understand it. Writing, whether about how cute cats' whiskers are in Kindergarten for the class bulletin board or about the awkward loss of your virginity for *Fourth Genre*, is a way of seeing—in which we show, respond and explain—that allows us to comprehend.

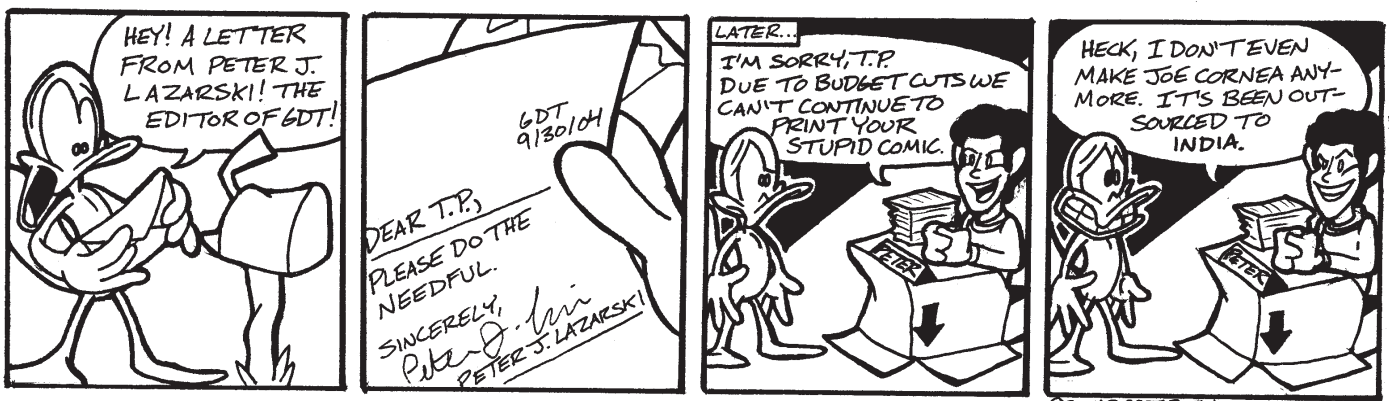
Even if it is writing on a topic completely abstract or unrelated to us, for example the comic poem one boy wrote in 10th grade about old men and sponge baths, it still aids us to see and to understand. That is why we wrote, write, and will write.

So, why I am writing this?

I'm banging one of the Editors and he asked me to submit. Oh, baby.

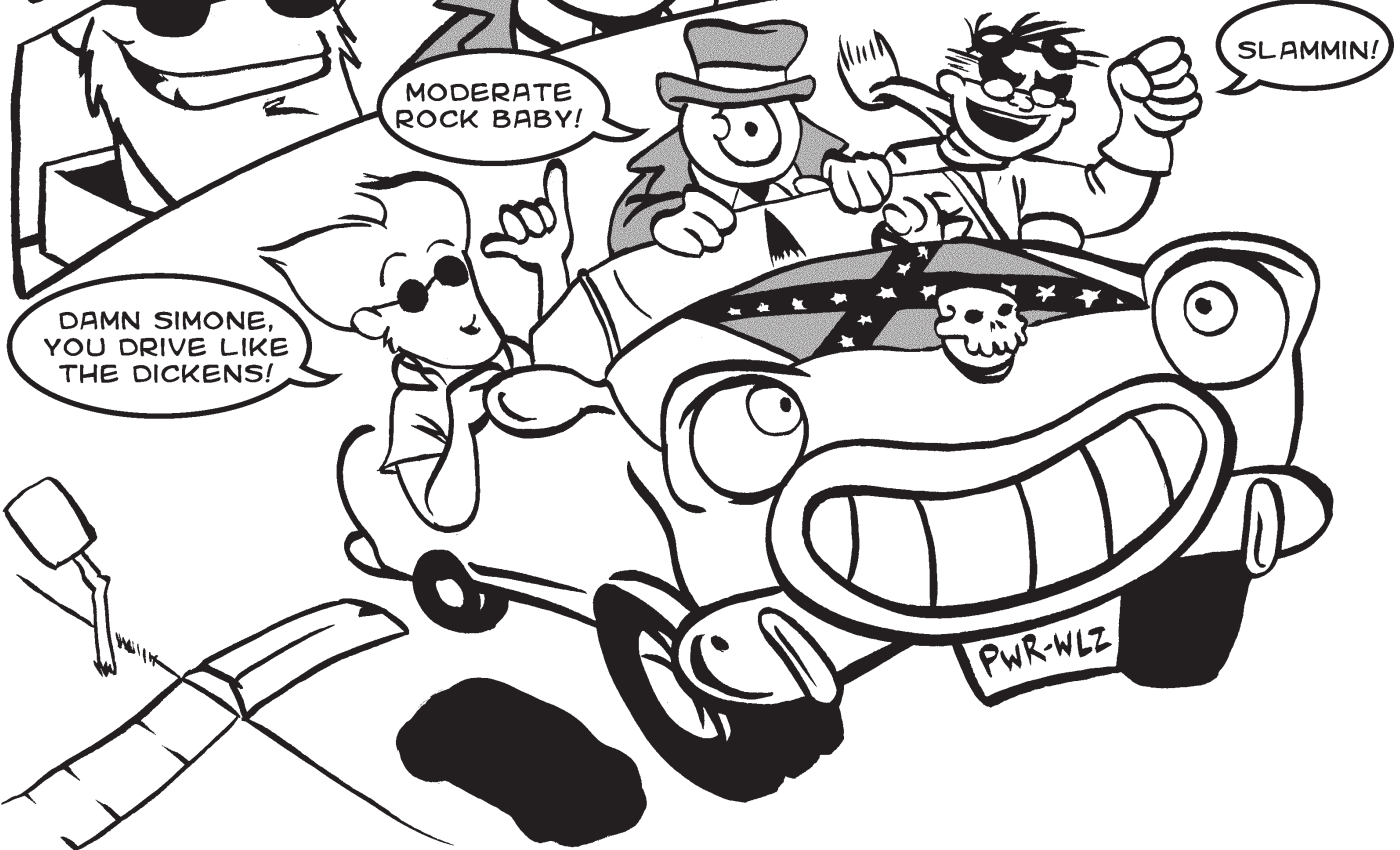
The Traveling Platypus

By Bob Rutan



JOE CORNEA!

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The Quarter Mile Hello

By Ryan Doherty

After six months of being away from the Quarter Mile walk, I have noticed some interesting things pertaining to the “seeing someone you know or kinda’ know” phenomenon.

Scenario 1: You see someone you know from a distance enough for both of you to realize that you have seen each other, yet you are too far away to talk.

Solution 1: Fake being interested in something else for a brief moment to avoid long and uncomfortable eye contact. Then say hello once the two of you have attained an appropriate distance to say hello and/or scratch each other’s nuts.

Solution 2: Maintain eye contact and attempt to have a brief, completely unoriginal conversation at a distance, culminating in the attempt to converse while facing away from each other.

Person 1: “Hi, how’s it going?”

Person 2: (Possibly at same time) “Hi, good. How are you?”

Person 1: “Good”

(Here’s where either the conversation either ends with the uncomfortable silence while possibly still very close to the person on the quarter mile, or continues into the sad, pathetic oblivion of mindless drivel)

Here are some options for continuing the conversation:

- 1) Going to class?
- 2) How’s your day?
- 3) Any other pointless question to fill the silence, but not drown out the deafening lameness that surrounds you.

Scenario 2: You see someone you have met once or twice before, you don’t know their name and have no idea if they are interested in saying hi.

Solution 1: Act like you are interested in something near you or possibly on you. You consider yourself lucky if you get by without making eye contact and possibly enduring an uncomfortable hello. If the person decides to say hi, you can feign slight

distraction and act kinda surprised with a “Oh I didn’t see you” hello.

Solution 2: Take the nice guy approach and attempt to say, “hi”. Possible outcomes are a quick hello or being ignored and hoping not too many people noticed that you seem to have been talking to yourself.

Advanced Solution: The Stop-and-Talk

This is a balancing act that is not to be underestimated. Stopping on the quarter mile to chat with a friend can be good, but sometimes is filled with uncomfortable silences and the usual:

“What classes are you taking?”

“Where are you living now?”

“Who’s that guy/girl I saw you with?”

“Didn’t you get gonorrhoea? Well, I certainly did.”

One method of dealing with these situations entirely is to adopt the head-down, stare at ground approach. While this does remedy the situation, you end up looking like a loser who can’t interact with people except through a porn-swapping IRC channel.

Another solution is to wear sunglasses. This allows you to look ahead but no one will ever know where you are looking. If you choose to ignore everyone, it has the reverse affect of making people who say hi to you looking like losers and you end up being thought of as a dick. But it’s a small price to pay for not interacting with people.

Yes, the quarter mile is a dangerous place where nerds meet nerds, but with a little help we can all walk to and from class in a mindless, herd-like state. By never acknowledging each other’s presence we can be safe in our own little worlds.

SUBMIT

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Battle for the Quick Grammar Lesson

By Matthew Denker

Well kids, another week and we're here with another lesson. In this week's spine tingling continuation of grammar goodness, we will be discussing the run-on, the colon, and the interjection. Each of these are pretty important.

1. Run-ons

Run-ons are the bane of every writer's existence. They're much like your sister after drinking a few beers. You make one comment about a guy she dated once and she'll just keep going and going and going. It's vulgar really. I suggest that no matter what you do, avoid run-ons. This sentence is the very example of a run-on because it just keep going without any end in sight just like that sister of yours whose boy never loved her and treated her badly and this sentence doesn't love me and now I have bruises and I'm calling the cops this has gotten out of hand. As you can tell, run-ons make it difficult to take a breath while reading and they certainly don't simplify the matter while trying to make sense of things. Just be careful folks.

2. The Colon

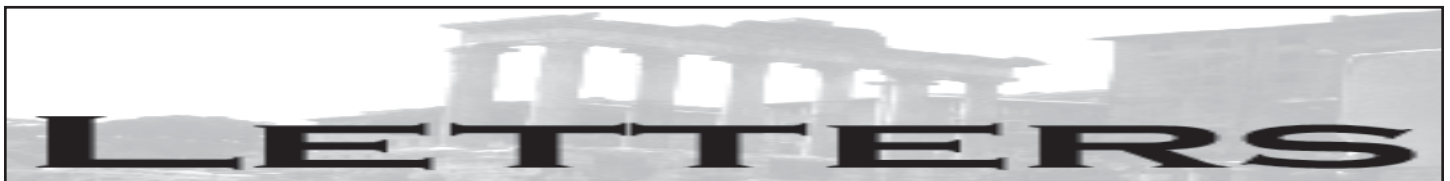
Completely unlike Uranus, the colon actually serves an important role in things other than web addresses. It is used to signify an upcoming list of things. Examples would include: a list of examples, things you like to drink so you'll give it up more

easily, things in your daily routine, etc. That was a fine example right there, no? The colon, despite being more, for lack of a better word, whole, than the semi-colon, is less useful by far. I wouldn't just glue two sentences together with one, unless you're some sort of graphic designer font-face type who thinks that it's the hip new thing to do.

3. The Interjection

Holy shit! An interjection you say? What the hell is that? Well luckily for you, I just used one. An interjection is a word or short phrase that prefaces a sentence but is not usually a complete sentence in and of itself. Wow! That's also an interjection. I know, shockingly bad example. That's OK, though, because when I find whoever is thinking that, you'll never get to the sentence after the interjection. Sleep on that, buddy.

Well everyone, that's all for this week's grammar lesson. Next week's topics are yet to be determined, but I assure you, they will delve deeply into the finest points of publishing and editing a magazine every week. We may even cover more choice interjections to use when you pay for something but can't have it. Start formulating them now, and next week, you can see if yours match mine. Until then, write English with the pride of knowing you are grammatically superior to most.



Date: Sun, 26 Sep 2004 18:39:30 -0700
 From: Alyssa Davis <DMband@mail2alyssa.com>
 To: gdt@hellskitchen.org
 Subject: comment on Volume 29, issue 2

I just wanted to say that I loved Matthew Denker's smug article on the lessons of grammar in Vol. 29, Issue 2, not because he attempted to teach us all grammar lessons, but because he oh-so-funnily made a glaring mistake in the article. Whether he did it on purpose or not, I wanted to call attention to it. See the sentence, "Professors will be impressed with YOU master of the English language as much as your friends."

Ah, yes. Turn up the funny.

Alyssa Davis

My Humble Advice to You

By Tom Samstag

I've been racking my brain for the past few weeks for a good article topic, but alas, I find myself drawing a blank again this weekend. I figure that I've been unable to write about anything because my life as of late has been relatively boring and uneventful. It was then that I realized that I must write to my fellow students, especially the freshmen, with a warning and tidbit of sound advice that you have undoubtedly already heard numerous times.

Let me explain where this article is coming from. I'm currently on my second quarter of RIT required co-op in my hometown of Pittsburgh, PA. While it is great seeing my high school friends, most of whom attend local universities, I am now feeling, contrary to all of my expectations, a longing to return to our beloved Brick City. "But Tom," you say, "you've always complained about RIT as much anybody I know." Yes, it's true, and I will without a doubt resume my complaining the moment that I return to my overpriced and undersized Perkins apartment. But the message remains the same: appreciate college life while you're attending RIT and live it up the best you can.

Don't sit there and think that this message is only geared towards those college students that enjoy partying at every possibility and drinking themselves into a stupor

[€]Although I have to work it in that I recently saw the movie "Shaun of the Dead" and must insist that you see it as well. In fact, as soon as you are done reading this issue, give it to a friend and go see the movie. Yes, it's that good and no, I was not paid to say that.

[€]Don't worry, I'm not going to complain about RIT requiring us to get a co-op and then doing pretty close to nothing to help us get said jobs. I'm not going to complain that other schools actually have a co-op placement program and I'm not going to complain about how much it sucks trying to find a job while taking 18 credits of classes and working 2 jobs. But who knows, maybe I will next week!

[§]Yes, even RIT.

^µI heard that "Shaun of the Dead" was good...

^çI just had to include that one... but really, submit something!

whenever not in class (and sometimes while in class). You will most likely never again be surrounded by as many people in your age group that share your interests, hobbies and beliefs as you are right now. So get out there and enjoy the almost-constantly active social atmosphere that can be found on college campuses. Get some friends together and go into Rochester, go see a movie^µ, go get garbage plates, write an article together and submit it to *GDT*^ç, do anything-but do it with others. Even if it's just doing classwork beside each other in a lab or your dorm lounge, take advantage of being in such close proximity with friends. When you move away from RIT, even for a short co-op, and you have to make many phone calls and plans to hang out with friends, you will miss the spontaneity that gatherings can be arranged with when most of your buddies live within walking distance, if not in the same building or apartment complex as yourself.

So my advice to you is to live up your college days at RIT. It doesn't have to be in an Animal-House-or-other-party-college-in-teen-movie-cliché way if that's not your thing. But go have some fun with friends and make the most of your years at RIT. You'll be thankful that you did when your post-college life is so boring and uneventful that you'll be unable to come up with a single creative idea to write about.

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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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**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Howard Shore - A Very Relieved Diety

We've got NEEDS, baby, and you can help us! Get your ass in gear and write some articles. We can't be the only ones that get "asked not to do business here" from unnamed campus service providers.

Help a brother out.

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