

GDT

In which little is explained



Origin of the Gracies Dinnertime Theatre logo

Unpublished photograph of (left to right) Sean Hammond, Kelly Gunter, and Marc Trzepla. May, 1995



Ask the Barefoot Girl

by Kelly Gunter, Vol. 6, Iss. 8

DEAR WHOMEVER IS READING THIS:

I GOT THIS ADDRESS OFF THE INTERNET WHILE READING STUFF RELATED TO GOING BAREFOOT. I LOVE GOING BAREFOOT AND WAS VERY TAKEN WITH THE "BAREFOOT GIRL" POSTINGS FROM 1995. I AM A WRITER AND HAVE BEEN WORKING ON SOME FREE-LANCE MATERIAL RELATED TO THE BAREFOOT LIFESTYLE OVER THE LAST COUPLE YEARS (SEE ENCLOSURES). I WOULD LIKE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THIS BAREFOOT GIRL BOTH FOR PROFESSIONAL AND PERSONAL REASONS (WE ARE, AFTER ALL "SOLE MATES"), AND THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO DIRECT ME TO HER.

I AM PUTTING TOGETHER A FREE-LANCE FEATURE STORY (NO MARKET YET) TENTATIVELY CALLED "NO SHOES, FULL SERVICE" BASED ON MY OWN EXPERIENCES AND INTERVIEWS WITH OTHER BAREFOOTERS, AND WOULD LOVE TO TALK WITH OTHERS WHO LOVE GOING BAREFOOT AS MUCH AS I DO.

A SASE IS ENCLOSED FOR YOUR REPLY.

SINCERELY,
DARREN RICHARDSON

Dear Darren Richardson,

You found her, well...me. I'm afraid, actually very afraid, that you are not the first person who has contacted me wishing to discuss our mutual roles in the "barefoot lifestyle." One guy even went so far as to send me a stack of pictures of his feet. I found this a little odd, but I guess to each his own. He kept asking me what I thought of them; I thought they were his feet.

Frankly, I don't know what the "barefoot lifestyle" is, and from the few interactions I have already had with other "barefooters" it seems kind of silly and perhaps obsessive. Just because I walk barefoot does not mean that I am a spiritual

earthy sort of person, it does not mean I am a vegetarian (in fact I am a carnivore on moral grounds), it doesn't mean I take particularly good care of my feet or that I mentally control my body temperature, and it certainly doesn't make

me capable of identifying whatever it is that is growing out of your little toe (sorry PJ).

I walk barefoot. It is not a political statement, nor a ploy to meet new and interesting people. I have no deep personal reason behind my choice to walk barefoot; it has been ten years now and I have gotten to the point where any injuries I may sustain walking barefoot are insubstantial compared with those I will sustain trying to wear shoes again. Walking barefoot is not something that defines me as an individual—it is just something that I do.

Actually, I wish that people would stop making a big deal about it. Seven years (not a mistake, for the first three years, no one cared. Just as I like it.) of listening to complete strangers ask inane questions starts to grate on your nerves after a time. As Christopher Lane says, "No shirt, no shoes, no karma." And that statement says about as much nothing on the matter as I really want to.

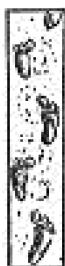
—The Barefoot Girl



Graphic by Scott Peterson (Vol. 5, Iss. 4)

Editor's note: Last week when we went to pick up our illustrations, we found this note. We thought you might appreciate it:

KELLY, SEAN, OR WHOEVER IS PICKING UP THE ILLUSTRATIONS:
AS YOU CAN SEE, THEY ARE NOT HERE. I BURNED THEM. THEY WERE EVIL. YOU GUYS MAKE ME DRAW EVIL THINGS. AND THEY SCARE ME AT NIGHT....
(Vol. 5, Iss. 5)



Ask the Barefoot Girl

by Kelly Gunter, Vol. 6, Iss. 8

DEAR BFG,

WHEN PEOPLE SAY "THEY SAY", JUST WHO ARE "THEY"? AND SHOULD WE WORSHIP THEM OR FEAR THEM?

—RED 9, CHICKENING OUT AND LEAVING

(I really need to preface this answer. I had previously thought about this very question and discarded it do to the obscene number of bad puns involved in its answer. But it has been officially asked by an outside party, and so I will surrender my answer. The reader has been warned.)

The people spoken of in the comment “they say” are part of a very exclusive and elusive company. The employees of They™ have backgrounds in practically every field imaginable, thus explaining the utter breath of their expertise. Noticeably a large segment of this group are meteorologists, which explains the numerable comments to the effect of “They™ say it’s going to rain.”

Another prominent field in which They™ add their special commentary is urban mythology and superstition. Because, “you know what They™ say about people like that. In fact, They™ say things about

everyone. In the past the corporation which comprises They™, (a world wide organization actually bent on world domination through control of stereotypes, petty gossips, and all communication byways) was actually in the business of manufacturing products of impeccable quality. They™ have relinquished this pursuit in order to focus on what They Say® (their actual product), and how They™ want people to react to it. Which really is too bad, because as a manufacturing company their products were really top notch. Thus, we have the expression, “They™ just don’t make things like They™ used to.”

As for whether or not we should worship Them, I think we already do. Just think of all the times you’ve heard the statement uttered, “You know what They™ say...” as if to nod your head and say, instant verifiable fact. It’s like some obscene game of operator from God to them, and from them to you. But before you take all these answers as gospel truth, click your heels together three times, think of Kansas, and ask yourself, “what’s in it for them?”



Editorial

by Kelly Gunter, Vol. 5, Iss. 8

Last Sunday afternoon, some of our staff members passed out issues to students before They™ entered Grace Watson Dining Hall (Sept. 8th), RIT. But that day something happened that has never happened before: one boy took one, read it from cover to cover, and returned it saying that he did not understand it. One of my counterparts contended that he must not understand sarcasm and some of the other rudimentary basics of humor. I disagreed with him, thinking that perhaps whatever was read and the ideas behind it just did not make sense to him. I do not truly know the answer to this question, mine is just a hypothesis, but if I was correct I would like to give an answer to your question, if you’re reading this week’s issue, which you probably aren’t.

Hell’s Kitchen and its member publications were created as a forum for students’ ideas, thoughts, creations, and musings, a forum to express oneself as one feels a right to. The opportunity we provide did not exist on this campus prior to our creation a little over a year ago. Certainly now the *Reporter* has its “Opinions” section, but that was started when we were well through with our second volume. We accept work from any and all as long as the author can defend the work’s validity.

We like to express various parts of the human experience, what it is to live, what it is to be human. This can be done in many different media and the two different publications portray this well. *Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre* likes to take on the more humorous aspects of life, playing on irony and satire and more importantly, real life, to form its source material. The *Melancholy Predator* will often take on the world from a more esoteric and poetic stance. In the end, the two publications amount to much the same thing: we are made up of people doing exactly what it is that we do. We are an amalgamation of personages just living, and that is why Hell's Kitchen exists.

As for myself, ever since I was a child I've been

Religious Wrong

compiled by Sean Hammond, Vol. 5, Iss. 8

The, um...religious readers of Hell's Kitchen have no doubt noticed the reoccurrence of "They™." Well, it all started with a question sent to "Ask BFG" inquiring as to who "They" were. Our barefooted one answered the question as only she could, but here at GDT, the research never ends. We raided shadowy corners of libraries, searched through mildewed tomes (aka PTA newsletters), and misused the mighty resources of Hell Inc. Nearly a year later, we have more information for you. With it, we start this new column dedicated to the agenda of the Religious Right:

"When They™ [Editors' note: capitalization and addition of the trademark symbol added by the editors] teach children in public schools about history, They™ knowingly omit all references to God and Christ, including those that are foundational to our country's beginning. Then They™ tell us uneducated masses that the founding fathers struggled to keep church and biblical influences out of politics. These are bold-faced lies, in violation of the Ninth Commandment.... "They™" are (in random order): the National Organization of Women (NOW); the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU); the National Educational Association (NEA); pagan judges of federal state and local benches; the Hollywood elite; Act-Up; Queer Nation; North-American Man-Boy Love Association; the majority of newspaper editors and journalists; the majority of television's elite; the American Medical Association (AMA); an army of university deans and professors (educated way beyond their intelligence); the major networks; the Ted Kennedy crowd; the friends of Hillary Crowd; the faceless crowd of bureaucrats that have infested our nation; the messianic social-engineers that skulk around in small communities across the nation promoting "tolerance"; Planned Parenthood (curriculum and condoms); the Madonna crowd; the Green Peace crowd; the Al Gore eco-freak crowd; Earth First; People United for the Separation of Church and State; various social service agencies; the Children's Defense League; the child-killers and spineless career politicians who allow these lunatics to terrorize them into promoting iniquity; and the innumerable cadres of bureaucratic, statist thugs who are on a mission to rid the earth of Christian influence and biblical morality. That's who "They™" are, just to name a few."

—Randal Terry, *Why Does a Nice Guy Like Me Keep Getting Thrown in Jail?*, pp 138–139, (Huntington House Publishers/Resistance Press, 1993).

making people around me nervous because I often spontaneously burst into laughter for no apparent reason, but there was always a reason. GDT offers me a canvas on which to draw all of the amusements I have held since I was a child to explain these unexplainable outbursts. For me, the world has always been absurd, ironic, satiric, and bewildering. I just reflect what has always been around me, and how it seems to my sens-es.

When I was young, my parents told me I used to wake up every morning singing. I still do.

Culture Kampf

by Michelle Amoruso, Vol. 7, Iss. 9

Why waste your time getting a liberal arts education when you can learn a trade? You're guaranteed to be working within six months of graduation or your money back. Choose from these professions:

Air conditioning repair

TV, VCR repair

Book-keeping

Electronics

Cheese Making

Gun Repair

Chimane Shaman !NEW!

Want to achieve a state of ecstasy without an apple and a toothpick? You can:

- Learn to consume the yet unclassified narcotic *robodye* and tobacco juice while chanting and drumming.
- Impress dining center employees by ingesting small human and jaguar figures as ritualistic representations of human flesh.
- Learn the secret way of distinguishing whether bodily evil (illness) is caused by taboo violation or by witchcraft without having to fall back on the *Melancholy Predator Decoder Ring*.
- Learn the diagnostic secrets of the masters including chanting, sucking, plants, animal oils, healing clays, and Cafe Diablo...



~~Satan~~ Sally Struthers

or get your **High School Diploma**.

GDT :
an equal opportunity employer



We employ dwarves too!

Image by Kelly Gunter, Vol. 9, Iss. 5 Based on an unpublished image by Marc Trzepla, 1995

Editor Jumps to his Death after Plagiarism Scandal

by Sean Hammond, Vol. 8, Iss. 8

RUTGERS—CAMDEN, NJ—Students and faculty were shocked when Matthew Wannabe was found dead at the foot of his bed early Sunday morning after apparently ingesting an entire Crayola Crayon Box and jumping leaping to his doom.

"It wasn't just the eight colour set," said Officer Fred Samuel. "It was one of the big 96 set boxes. He even ate the shavings in the little sharpener on the back."

Reportedly under a great deal of stress, Wannabe, the layout editor of the *Iconoclast*, apparently leapt to his doom from the top of his dorm room's door frame.

Besides the normal crushing load of work associated with college life, Wannabe apparently had been spending more and more time finding material on the internet to plagiarize.

"All I wanted to do was make people happy. When I got that email about Mir and Mother Teresa going to hell, I thought they were submissions. How was I to know?" said a suicide note found on the scene. The note went on to extensively quote Nietzsche, and, ironically, babbled incoherently about journalistic integrity.

"He probably did the world a favor," said Dr. William Lutz, English professor on the Camden—Rutger's campus and editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* for 34 years. "If I had done what he did, I'd kill myself too."

Just prior to his suicide, Wannabe called the Suicide Prevention Hotline. After hearing the details of the planned and intentional use of copyrighted material, the operator calmly told him, "Put the gun back in your hand. Step closer to the edge. Think about jumping. Think about it!"



Photo care of *Iconoclast*, © 1997

ABOVE: A DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION OF MATTHEW WANNABE'S PLUMMET TO DEATH.



Troy B. Liston (Vol. 5, Iss. 4)

were quite mistaken. One entry for a two hundred dollar prize and multiple entries for a ten dollar t-shirt, go figure. We are including the messages we received from Jeremiah Parry-Hill, our contest winner:

We Have A Winner!

compiled by Kelly Gunter, Vol. 10, Iss. 7

When GDT's last contest was held, we found ourselves standing around with two-hundred to be given away for the best Rube Goldberg machine and only one contestant. Much to her credit, Kari's machine ran flawlessly on its second try, but still we have become accustomed to pathetic interest in our contests.

While keeping this in mind, we thought that no one would be crazy enough to decode our uuencoded sound file for a mere t-shirt. Well, as so often occurs we

THU, 23 APR 1998

07:09:14

ATTACHED, PLEASE FIND AS CLOSE AS I CAME — A HALF-ASSED UUE. NOT QUITE WORTH A T-SHIRT, BUT I GIVE UP. CAN I MAYBE GET A NICE GDT SOCK?

— JEREMIAH

07:09:23

I'M NOT SURE, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE HUCKLEBERRY HOUND SAYING "I'M A BEAR."

OTHER POSSIBILITIES INCLUDE "YOGA FIRE", "BUILD A FIRE", "I'M A PIRATE", "OVER THERE", AND "I'M RETIRED".

— JEREMIAH

07:09:32

DID I ALREADY GUESS "I'M ON FIRE?"

— JEREMIAH

07:09:37

OKAY, I'VE DECIDED. IT —IS— A CHIPMUNK MUMBLING "I'M A BEAR". I CAN'T BE TOO CERTAIN, BECAUSE THE OCR DIDN'T WORK AS WELL AS I'D HOPED, BUT THAT'S MY GUESS.

— JEREMIAH

11:14:21

I'M FAIRLY SURE THAT HELL'S KITCHEN KINDLY FORWARDED MY ENTRY, BUT JUST IN CASE, IT UODE-CODES TO (AND I COULD BE WRONG HERE), "I'M A BEAR".

— JEREMIAH

You guessed it, the chipmunk was mumbling, "I'm a bear!"

Congratulations Jeremiah!

As is customary with our contest winners, we invite you to spend a fun filled afternoon with our staff as we produce yet another issue and become entangled in a caffeine induced euphoria while sipping Café Diablo, a tightly guarded secret known only to the Kitchen staff.

Apples and Oranges

by Jeremiah Parry-Hill, Vol. 11, Iss. 2

I guess I knew it was inevitable, but I was expecting it to be more subtle than when David[¢] picked up a copy of Hell's Kitchen and barked, "you do **not** want to write for this. This is unprofessional."

It was a typical Friday afternoon at the *Reporter* office, a place I had started to regard as a sort of home. Since it was the first meeting of the year, the editors had been asked to say a few words about each of their sections. I was all too familiar with David, the sports editor. I had quickly learned that he was a man to whom the phrase "I don't write sports" is completely alien, and subsequently avoided him at every interval. I expected him to highlight the main points involved in sportswriting at RIT. Instead, everyone present was treated to his brief diatribe against the free expression embodied in Hell's Kitchen.

All I could really do was blink. Whenever I hear someone say something that's clearly wrong, I can't help but replay it in my head a few times until I'm absolutely sure that that's what they really meant to say. Case in point: my entire Marriage class in high school thought they heard the teacher say he would slug his daughter's hypothetical boyfriend "if she came home with a black guy." He had said "with a black eye," of course.

Sometimes a few moments of clarification can make all the difference.

In light of that, I dissected what David had said. "Unprofessional"? Of course, Hell's Kitchen doesn't pay its writers...but I don't imagine that's what he meant. Professional-ism, I suppose, involves carefully censoring your personal feelings from everything you write. There's nothing wrong with that; it's called newswriting. He just shouldn't have said "it's unprofessional" when he meant "its newswriting isn't as hardcore as ours."

[¢] Names have been changed.

As for whether anyone wanted to write for Hell's Kitchen, I hardly feel David was qualified to make that judgement for so many people at one time.

Trying to compare *The Reporter* and Hell's Kitchen is like comparing apples and oranges; the former is a news magazine, the latter is a creative outlet. One is blessed with donated paper, a paid staff, and high production values, and the other makes up for the lack of same through sheer heart alone.

Steve[¢], another editor, quickly tried to smooth things over for the new blood. "Hell's Kitchen is another publication on campus, kids. We've sort of always had this rivalry." This is where it all fell apart for me. From indiscriminate bigotry to meaningless old rivalries, it all had to go. It was all wrong.

[¢] Names have been changed.



GDT's content and the administration felt that, after five years, it was time to Do Something About That Group.

As an ex-editor of GDT, I am familiar with the arguments which students would use when approaching individuals with the authority to pull funding. Mainly, they center on the fact that a part of each student's tuition goes toward the Creative Arts Committee (CAC), which has decided to fund GDT since 1995.

"I don't want my tuition helping to fund something like this!" is the inevitable statement.

Coincidentally, the Supreme Court just recently ruled on a similar matter. The same year GDT first received funding from the CAC, three students from the University of Wisconsin, Madison—home to the nation's highly recognized and most controversial satire publication, *The Onion* (www.theonion.com)—objected to having to pay \$331.50 in student activity fees, which were then used by 18 campus-related organizations which they found distasteful for political, ideological, or religious grounds. Among the groups objectionable to Scott Southworth, Amy Schoepke, and Keith Bannach were Amnesty International, an environmental group called the Greens, the Campus Women's Center, and the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender Center.

On March 22, the Supreme Court unanimously overturned the ruling of the US Court of Appeals for the 7th Circuit, which had previously decided that students could not be forced to contribute money through students fees, which went to groups they found offensive. Arguing that the use of student fees for organizations, which students objected to violated their First Amendment Rights, Judge Sutter stated that "Indirectly transmitting a fraction of a student activity fee to an organization with an offensive message is in no sense equivalent to restrict-

See, I've always been cursed with an unhealthy dose of idealism. I love the written word; it's the closest thing I've ever had to a religion. In committing myself to taking as many opportunities as possible to practice and improve my craft, I was undoubtedly being naive when I tried to work for two vastly different publications.

No matter your ideals, it's impossible to live in a world untouched by people picking the scabs of disputes so old that all of the original players have packed up and gone home. There are always going to be people with a sick need to instigate conflict.

Not only do I fail to comprehend the notion of war for tradition's sake: I defy it.

The Fieldhouse must be Built! Buh-bye.

by Sean Hammond, Vol. 16, Iss. 4

"It is the business of a university to promote that atmosphere which is most conducive to speculation, experiment and creation."

—Statement on the open universities of South Africa

Each week, in a clean and well lighted place, the staff of GDT meets and discusses future plans. This past week, however, the discussion was dominated by rumors that had reached us. Peter Ferran, one of GDT's patron saints, was to be called into a meeting to discuss *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. Of course, we immediately assumed the worst: a critical mass of students had complained about

ing or modifying the message a student wishes to express. Nor does it require an individual to bear an offensive statement personally, let alone affirm a moral or political commitment."

Judge Sutter continued by saying, "The student contributor, however, has to fund only a distributing agency having itself no social, political, or ideological character and itself engaging in no expression of any distinct message."

Commenting on the decision, Wisconsin Attorney General James Doyle said "It's a very important decision for the proposition that universities should be places of wide-open speech, including unpopular speech... sometimes outrageous speech."

Which brings us back to GDT.

For five years, GDT—and its sometimes outrageous speech—has struggled to continue publishing on a weekly basis. The very fact that it still exists is a testament to the numerous people who have put in the time to write, edit, lay out, fold, and distribute the issues. It's also a statement about the support that GDT has received behind the scenes, protecting it from closed-room predation. From the very start there were faculty and administrators that wanted to see GDT quietly disappear. Time and again, barriers have been placed before GDT when GDT tried to do something within the existing framework. We are, of course, not alone. RIT has several student organizations which have not been officially recognized... mainly because of their politics. Groups such as the Students for a Sensible Drug Policy languish in organizational purgatory, unrecognized and unsupported by RIT because their ideology goes against the law handed down from on high.

It is, of course, up to the various committees and ruling bodies on RIT to decide who receives funding and who doesn't, but instead of supporting a diverse plurality of voices, it appears that RIT is becoming more and more geared toward homogeneity and, above all, having a field house. While Student Government worries itself about how to organize really kickin' soda parties and book non-threatening, white bread bands, political issues are brushed to the side. As with most of the culture, RIT is becoming more and more a land of bread and circuses, where appearances are everything.

So, of course it makes sense that the administration calling for all resources to be allied behind the construction of a field house (presumably so the previously mentioned whitebread bands booked by the previously mentioned Student Government can have a state-of-the-art place to perform) would like to see GDT disappear. We talk about things they don't like. GDT makes people squirm. It makes them uncomfortable. And uncomfortable people ask questions. They get off their tucki and try and change things. Witness the actions of students who were motivated enough to try and find a way to stop GDT from publishing.

Regardless of what happens to GDT, my goal of working with GDT has been achieved if funding is ever cut due to content: someone was made uncomfortable and did something about it. So, if you, my fair reader, are one of those motivated individuals who have actively worked to destroy Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, your actions have been the greatest validation that this publication was worthwhile, and I thank you.



GDT's very own stereogram. That's right, those guys who put the *Magic-Eye* books out don't have the monopoly.

If you've never seen one, the secret is to look *through* the surface of the picture (like you were day dreaming). If you've tried for years to see these things (like some of the staff) and still can't see anything but static, hit the first person who say, "Oh yeah. I see it." after 10 seconds of gazing at it. It won't help you see anything, but it might make you feel better.

Another Helpful Hint™ from GDT.

Any request for information on how to create your own stereograms will be gleefully ignored.

