



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Unscheduled Havoc
Volume 35, Issue 5
21 September 80AT(2025)

"Don't dream it, be it."
— Dr. Frank-n-Furter

In an exclusive interview with Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, Rocky Horror Club President Phèdre K. Schlagenhauff answers all the burning questions the GDT denizens have surrounding the upcoming 50th anniversary show.

What's a callout you would add if you could?

Well, I and anyone who goes to Rocky Horror can add whatever callout they want, when they want. If it's funny enough, it'll stick. But honestly, there's a scene where a coffin flips open and we'll say the name of whoever died recently that's topical and funny, and I guess more than anything I'd want to say "Donald Trump!" I think I'd make the show free and hold it that Friday wherever we could.

What are some of the traditions of the club and the origin of those traditions?

Our chair for Frank-n-Furter is our oldest prop and has been around since some of the old, old Rochester shadow casts, from somewhere in like the '80s. We got the chair when the cast split into an RIT cast and Hoopla! in 2006. We also have a lot of callouts, which is unusual for most casts – my first in-person shadow cast in Kansas City didn't have nearly as many callouts as we do. And we have rules!^[1] But they're fun, I promise.

• Fuck the rules!

Is Hoopla! still around?

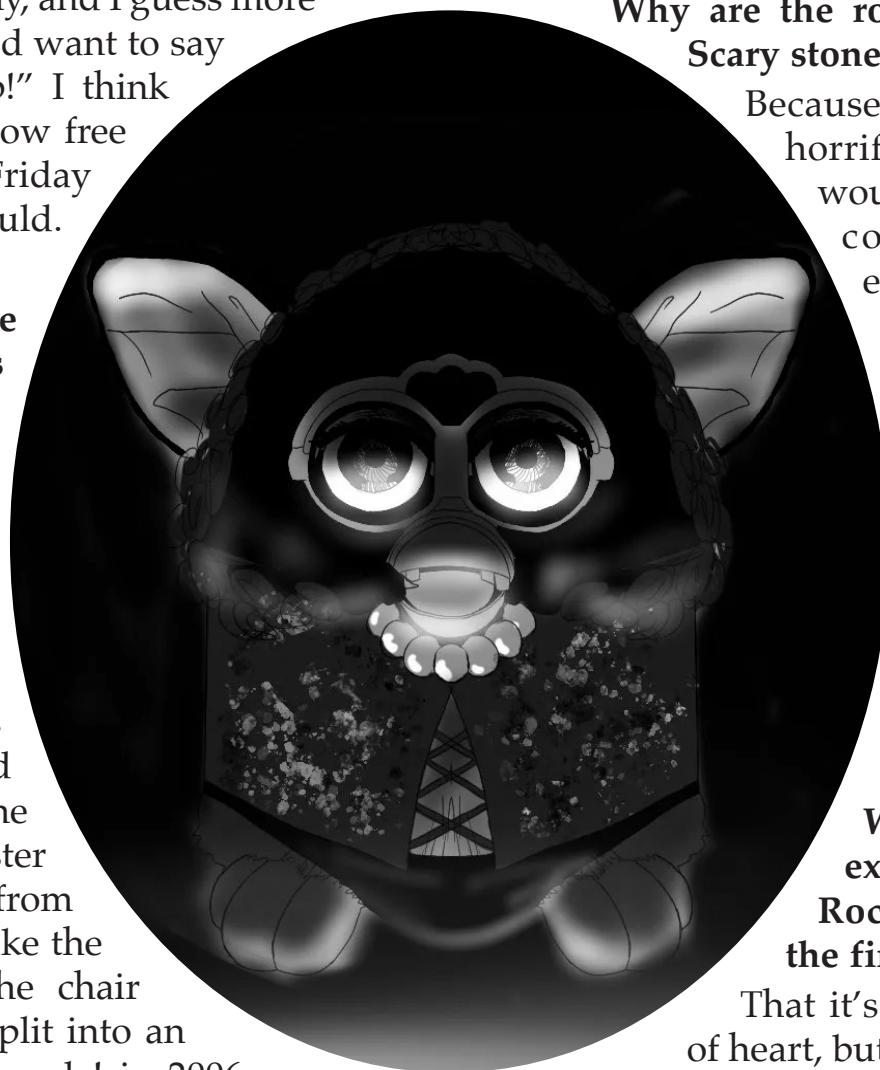
Yes! They have three shows in October on the 4th, 12th, and 18th. The one on the 12th is in the Rolling Hills Asylum. And they have a show on November 13th in West Herr Auditorium with the Barry Bostwick (he played Brad in the movie).

Why are the rocks so horrific? Scary stones?

Because asbestos is a horrific rock, and I would avoid it at all costs. It's everywhere on campus. And in terms of scary stones, if you are scared while stoned, I recommend a few deep breaths and a big swig of water.

What should I expect going into Rocky Horror for the first time?

That it's not for the faint of heart, but at the end of the day it's just a good time. As long as you have a good time, that's all that matters. If you have a good time, and do the Time Warp, you've had a great Rocky Horror. We celebrate virgins – we have fun surprises for you!



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (GDT) is a founding member of Hell's Kitchen.

Publisher: Carissimus Diablo

Editors:

Igor Polotai & Goose Waffles

Layout:

G.S. & Honest Madman (with the assist)

Marginalia:

Goat Caroler

Nabraskinalia:

Kelly Gunter, Honest Madman, & G.S.

Articles:

Rock Goblin, Kelly Gunter, Sean T. Hammond, Igor Polotai, G.S., & denizens of the *GDT* Discord

Printer Daemons:

Sam W., jamie, Meaghan, & turpentine

IMAGINUM AUCTORES

Page 3: Bjornstad, Bill. "Día de los Muertos (Day of the Dead)" 2022. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Dia_de_los_Muertos_(Day_of_the_Dead)_ (52524285042).jpg

Page 5: Ring, David. "Lipstick" 2015. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:ThesaurusID_10782_lipstick.jpg

Page 8: Rocky Horror Show Poster. "Let's do the Time Warp—Basic Steps." 1974. rockyhorrorwiki.org/wiki2/images/e/e8/TImer-WarpInstructions.jpg

Broadsheet: United States Government. "Operating Instruction for Army Model GE C204 Gravity Distortion Time Displacement Unit, fourth revision" 2035.

Page 12: Rocky Horror Golden Anniversary Poster, Williamson, Des. 2025.

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Do I have to mark myself if I'm a virgin?

Don't worry, we do that at the door.

What's your most favorite, least favorite, and most middling opinion on Rocky Horror?

Well, my most favorite thing about Rocky Horror is easily the community it creates. It is absolutely an honor to lead a club that gives a space for people to express themselves as they wish. It's a drag musical, with a face only *MST3K* could love, and that particular circle of queer and queerally that we have at RIT is like nothing else. Easily, my least favorite thing about Rocky Horror club is that our on-campus locker is woefully small. We don't even use it, we have to rent (for a lot of money) a 35sqft locker off-campus. My most middling opinion is on the way that Rocky Horror shadow casters approach how to be on time. In theatre, if you're on time, you're late. In drag, you're 5 minutes late. In burlesque, you're 10 minutes late. If you're in Rocky, you're half an hour late. But as you can tell, this hasn't been a huge problem (somehow).

What's the favorite attire that you've worn for Rocky Horror?

Easily my "Bob the Drag Queen" look. For our *Beetlejuice* Halloween show last year, I was Riff Raff as Bob (the shrunken head guy from the waiting room in Hell, if you haven't seen it recently). I carved and painted a drag mug for Bob and then made a cardboard frame to go above my head. I got an extra-large suit and shirt, cut the pants to fit my legs, wore lingerie underneath, and then cut out the back on the shirt, suit, and pant legs. When I ran through the audience, it got a big laugh.

Rock?

Horror?

Rock?

Picture?

Rock?

Show?

Which favorite theme have you done? One thing that is unusual about your cast is that you guys do so many themes.

Yes! We do! We're going to be doing two "Biblically Accurate" shows this year, though, as opposed to our usual one (I know, I know, brave). My favorite is *easily* the Rocky Horror Muppet Show we did last semester in

March. I still have the Fozzie Bear puppet underneath the TV stand in my living room like he's a rug.

Fuck, Marry, Kill: Riff Raff, Magenta, Columbia?

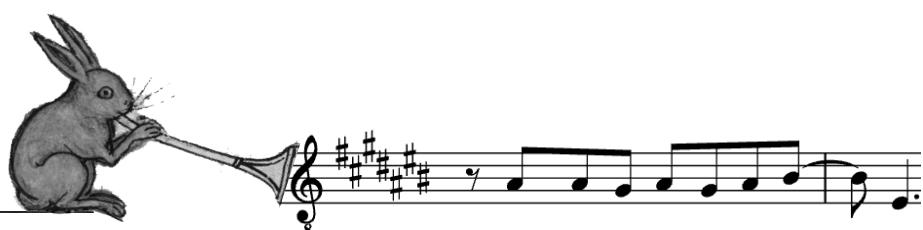
Kill Riff Raff, Fuck Magenta, Marry Columbia. I feel like Columbia and I would marry in one of those Las Vegas strip weddings.

When is your next show? How much are tickets?

Our next show is Friday, September 26th! Doors open at 7:30pm and we get things rolling around 8pm. Tickets are \$5 and prop bags are \$2, but if you come dressed as your favorite character you get a prop bag for free. We take cash and CampusGroups, and you can always make a guest account if you don't have a CampusGroups for sure.

Thank you for your time!

Yes, thank you too! 



Day of the Dead STORY CONTEST

Submission Deadline:

21 October 2025

1st Place: 150\$

2nd Place: 50\$

**Top contributors will be published in a special
31 October issue.**

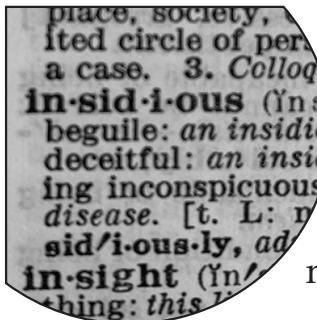
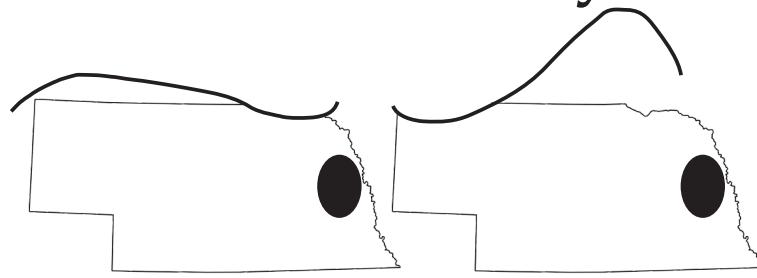
Submitting:

- 1.) Save your file as a docx or rtf so we can reproduce any formatting you have.
- 2.) Name your document with your last name as the file name.
- 3.) Make sure you include information about how to contact you.
- 4.) Attach your document to an email and send it to:

graciesdinnertimetheatre@gmail.com

All submissions remain the intellectual property of the author.

Nabraska Side-eye



Definitions

-by the denizens of the GDT discord

Asssquatch — probably a brown bear.

Baffleisk — a serpent known to beffudle and confuse those who make eye contact with it.

Bustenance — what wee preteething babies crave.

Comma — a depressed apostrophe.

Magatron — Metatron's racist uncle.

Pulp friction — a paper-focused sub-niche of frotteurism.

Shoulder checklist — dudebro action hitlist. See also: *frat whitelist*.

Sidney gishgallopping — trying to prove you have cool quirky music sensibilities by randomly naming artists that sound cool.

Sorgi — soup corgi.

Sorgy — soup orgy. A.K.A. Aisle 11 of the nearest Wegman's at 3AM.

TNTC — couldn't be bothered to actually count.

Vague — a word to describe something.

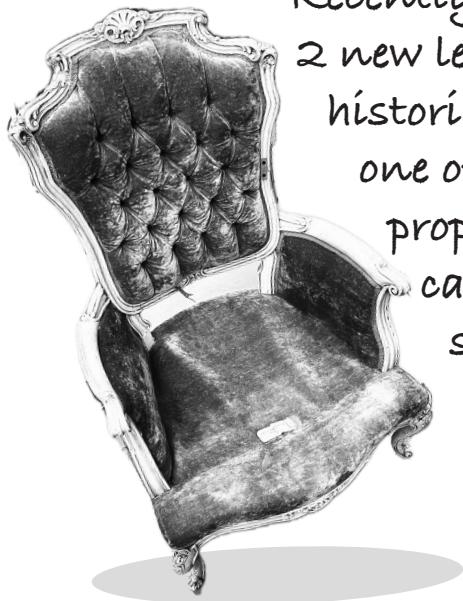
Zino's Paradox — no matter how much you polish it, the zine still looks unfinished.

*We'd love to hear
about you!*



*Fill out this Audience
Census so we can see
things like which
college has the most
GDT fans.*

ROCKY HORROR HAS A HOT SEAT



Recently given
2 new legs, their
historic chair is
one of many
props virgins
can expect to
see at this
week's
show.



A great excuse to
dress up!
Fishnets
and skirt
optional.



John Frum

-by Sean T. Hammond, Kelly Gunter, and G.S.

"The future's uncertain and the end is always near."

—The Doors, probably not talking about worldline divergence

John was a time traveller. There can be no doubt about that, because without that rock solid starting point, no further revelations are possible. And I'm not saying I have stock in General Electric, but when John Titor vanished from our worldline in March 2001, he left behind detailed technical specifications for the General Electric C204 Gravity Distortion Unit that had enabled his temporal displacement from 2036.

Faxes sent to Art Bell in 1998, the appearance of a military patch from 2034 in the year 2000, forum posts by "TimeTravel_0" explaining, without obfuscation, how he, an American soldier from the year 2036, had been sent back to 1975 to retrieve an IBM 5100 computer essential for debugging legacy code systems in his devastated timeline. His mission involved a stopover in 2000-2001 for what he described as "personal reasons"—retrieving family photographs lost in a coming civil war and warning his relatives about the disasters ahead.

John described a future where American civil conflict beginning in 2005 escalated into global nuclear war by 2015, killing three billion people and reducing the United States to something resembling the Old West. His timeline's survivors had developed time travel technology primarily for military and infrastructure repair purposes, using General Electric gravity distortion units installed in a modified

1967 Chevy Corvette^[1] so as to better blend into the busy streets of 1975 America.

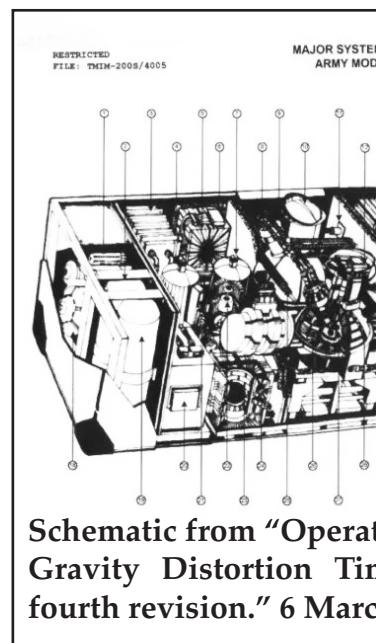
He provided detailed schematics for his time machine, described the many-worlds interpretation of quantum mechanics with genuine understanding, and was supremely unworried about how he might alter the future, because he already knew his trip was one way: the very act of travelling to the past meant that the worldline he originated from was gone—impossible to return to. Whatever quantumly-similar future he would return to would know nothing of the entire reality murdered by his trip; never known except in John's memories.

But his trip wasn't as a sightseer. He was tasked with retrieving one of the first portable computers: the IBM 5100. First developed by researchers at IBM in 1973, John claimed that this computer, and this computer alone, had an undocumented feature that allowed it to run not only BASIC code, but it was able to emulate systems that allowed it to connect to older mainframe computers.

When Bob Dubke, the second engineer on IBM's 5100 development team, eventually

^[1]It's been pointed out that, if John's tale is true, then somewhere in our world there are two 1967 Chevy Corvettes that have exactly the same Vehicle Identification Numbers (VIN). By 1966, the United States Government had standardized the format of VINs, which are unique for each and every vehicle built. That makes the case of Robert Bonanno very interesting. In 2017 Robert Bonanno, living in Florida, owned a 1967 Corvette that had the exact same VIN as a 1967 Corvette in Saskatchewan, Canada.^[2] He ultimately sued to get the identity of the other owner in an attempt to discover which vehicle had a fraudulent VIN. Of course, we know that both VINs are valid. 16 years after John left for a shattered future, his car (both of them) had been found.

^[2]www.cbc.ca/news/canada/saskatchewan/chevrolet-corvette-saskatchewan-sgi-court-case-antique-car-duplicates-1.4816585



Schematic from "Oper Gravity Distortion Tim fourth revision." 6 March

verified that the computer did indeed possess undocumented legacy code emulation features that IBM had kept secret for competitive reasons,^[1] John's credibility shifted from internet curiosity to legitimate temporal intelligence. Let's be clear, now: John knew about a feature in the 5100 that had not been disclosed to the public for 23 years.

John was from the future. His movement through time and the subsequent creation of new worldlines left causality ripples.

R e t r o - c a u s a l mechanisms moved out from his arrival point in 1975. Misunderstood truths and chaotic whispers in the culture.

After the people on the island Tanna encountered America's military and plentiful air supply drops during WWII, they developed elaborate rituals recreating the procedures they had observed—building symbolic

airstrips, performing radio protocols, conducting mock military drills—in attempts to summon the return of supply planes. The cargo never came, but to this day they reenact the marching of American soldiers. They clear landing strips in forests. They build airplane simulacra out of bamboo. Above all, the 'cargo cult' awaits the return of the semi-divine being their ancestors spoke of meeting—John Frum.

"Hi, I'm John from Boston."

"Hi, I'm John from Chicago."

"Hi, I'm John from the future."

In 1973, the musical The Rocky Horror Show first appeared, with the following 1975 film supplanting it in the culture. Similar to the sympathetic magic used by cargo cults to try to summon the air supply drops, The Rocky Horror Picture Show

sneakily uses the audience for sympathetic science. What appears to be camp theatrical nonsense is actually a retro-causality recreation of John's gravity distortion protocols, transmitted backward through time and filtered through cultural misunderstanding into ritualized dance.

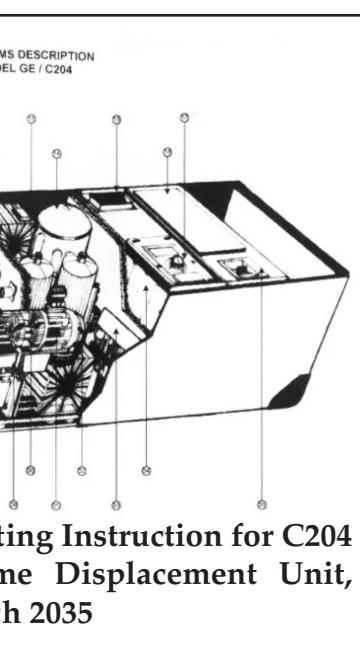
Consider the technical specifications: John Titor described his time machine as utilizing "two top-spin, dual positive singularities" contained within "magnetic housing units" and controlled through an "electron injection manifold" that alters the "mass and gravity of the micro singularities." The process required precise coordination of multiple gravitational fields to achieve what he termed a "standard off-set Tipler sinusoid"—essentially a controlled manipulation of spacetime geometry through synchronized mass displacement.

The lyrics and the synchronized group movement to "The Time Warp" is encoding, as best it can, these fundamentals of worldline incursion. "It's just a jump to the left" to initialize singularity alignment, positioning the operator's mass to interact with the first gravitational field. "And then a step to the right" to counter-position the second singularity, creating the dual-field configuration that John's schematics indicate are essential for stable temporal displacement. "Put your hands on your hips" establishes the precise body geometry required for optimal field interaction, while "You bring your knees in tight" compresses the operator's mass distribution to achieve maximum gravitational coupling efficiency.

But it's the pelvic thrust that represents the actual activation sequence^[2]—the moment when coordinated mass displacement generates sufficient spacetime distortion to breach temporal barriers. The apparently sexual nature of this movement serves a dual function: it disguises the technical precision required while ensuring that participants—the previously independent parts of the system, now synchronized—commit fully to the gesture, generating the

^[1] IBM didn't want 5100 sales to eat into what they made selling their mainframe hardware.

^[2] Doesn't it always?



quantum measurement crisis necessary for worldline transition. Embedded into the very lyrics and movements of the song is the existential horror of time travel, the madness that can result from the loss of one's starting point, and even the utter devastation that is in John's worldthread of origin.

"The Time Warp" maintains such mathematical precision across different performances and decades because it must; not arbitrary camp choreography that happens to be memorable but degraded technical instruction that retains enough accuracy to hint at the actual technologies involved. The ritualized nature of the performance preserves operational details that would otherwise be lost through cultural transmission and dilution.

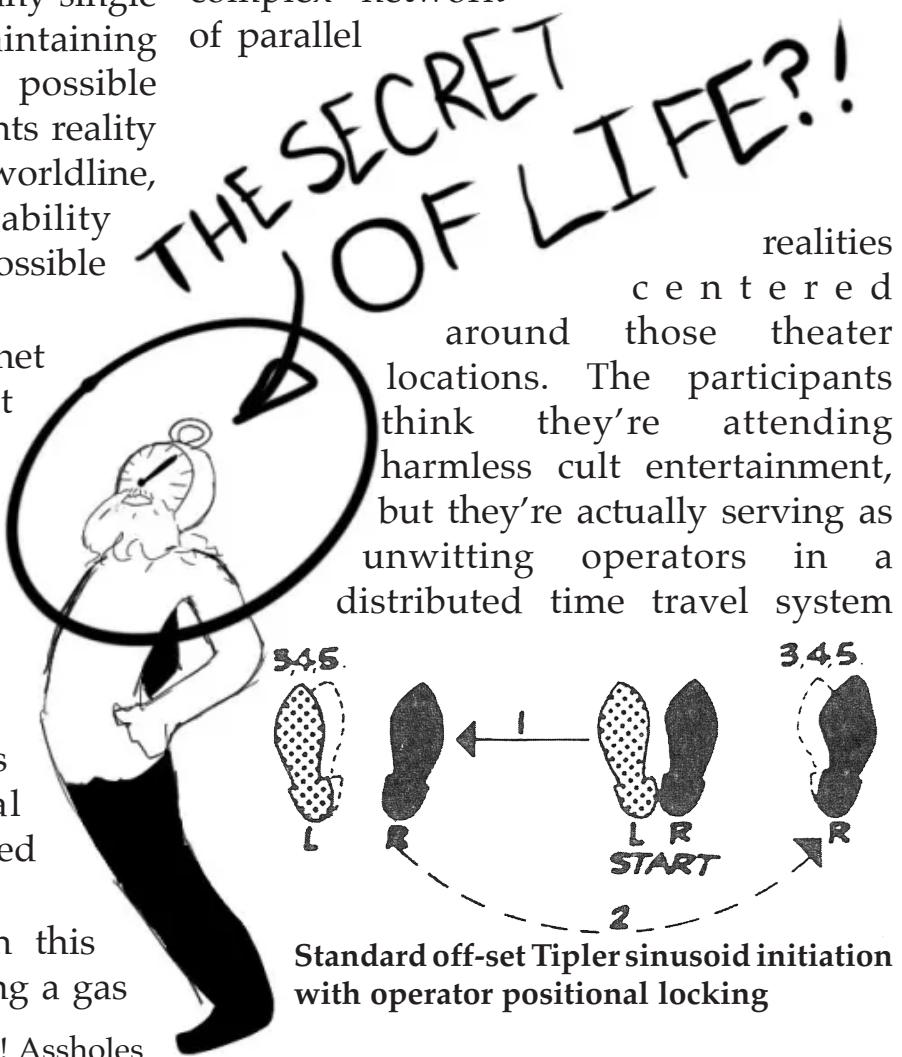
The genius in Doctor Frank-N-Furter's character as the nexus of events in the musical and the movie lies in his intuitive understanding of many-worlds mechanics. Like John, he exists across multiple quantum states simultaneously—scientist, alien, seducer, man, woman, performance artist—refusing to collapse into any single identity configuration. By maintaining superposition across multiple possible identities, Frank-N-Furter prevents reality from stabilizing into any single worldline, creating the quantum instability necessary for his laboratory's impossible achievements.

His seduction of Brad and Janet represents a cautionary tale about worldline traversal: Two conventional individuals enter his reality bubble with fixed identity parameters and emerge as quantum-mechanically entangled entities capable of existing across multiple possibility configurations simultaneously; temporal displacement technology disguised as sexual liberation.

Before he travelled forward on this worldline, John left advice. "Bring a gas

can with you when your car dies on the side of the road." While clearly practical council about mechanical preparedness it is also a recognition that infrastructure breakdown serves as the primary catalyst for worldline transition events...something we are seeing play out in realtime now, in this worldline. When systems fail, be they technological or social, the resulting quantum uncertainty creates exactly the conditions necessary for worldline transition. The breakdown of Brad and Janet's car,^[1] their arrival at the castle, the conveying of the core concepts of time travel in the form of a cargo cult musical number isn't coincidence; it's evidence that their worldline has already been altered by exposure to retro-causal technology influence.

If Rocky Horror represents cargo cult recreation of John Titor's technology, then we've been conducting mass temporal engineering experiments for decades without realizing it. Every midnight screening generates localized worldline branching events, creating an increasingly complex network of parallel



^[1] It didn't break down, it got a flat tire! Assholes never listen.

that spans multiple decades and probability configurations.

This is why John could provide such accurate technical details about the IBM 5100's hidden capabilities while maintaining that his predictions might not manifest in our specific worldline. His presence in 1976, 1998, and 2000-2001 represented the culmination of a retro-causal loop that had been influencing our timeline's development for decades through cultural mechanisms we hadn't recognized as technological transmission. "The Time Warp" wasn't inspired by science fiction double features—it was unconscious preservation of actual temporal engineering procedures leaked backward through time.

But John left us with more than technical specifications and gas can prophecies. He delivered a judgment that cuts deeper than warnings about civil war or infrastructure collapse: "Perhaps I should let you all in on a little secret. No one likes you in the future. This time period is looked at as being full of lazy, self-centered, civically ignorant sheep."

"The Time Warp" works precisely because it temporarily forces us to behave like the kind of people who might actually survive infrastructure collapse. For exactly three minutes and eighteen seconds, hundreds of individuals abandon their "self-centered, civically ignorant" default behavior and function as a coordinated unit. Everyone performs identical movements, follows shared protocols, subordinates individual preference to group synchronization. It's a brief taste of the community-oriented mindset that John's timeline had to develop for survival, distilled into cargo cult choreography that preserves the behavioral templates without the conscious understanding.

This explains why Rocky Horror participants consistently report that a midnight showing changes them in a Maslowian peak-experience way they can't articulate. They've temporarily accessed the kind of collective coordination that we've systematically abandoned. Most return to their balkanized, infrastructure-

dependent existence, but some retain enough sense memory of functional community behavior to seek it elsewhere. They become the people who understand that individual

preparedness without social coöperation is just delayed starvation.

Without competence, we're lost, hoping that the right ritual gestures will summon salvation from more capable beings. Aliens. Time travellers.

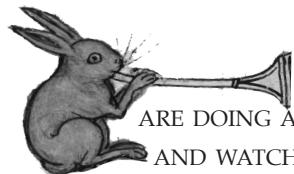
Adults.

But salvation won't come from outside. The bamboo airstrips don't bring planes, midnight screenings don't bring time travelers, and authoritarians are not daddy.

When the worldlines converge and consensus reality finally destabilizes, when we're into the timeslip, the survivors will be those who maintained both technical competence and the flexibility to perform coordinated group choreography in fishnet thigh highs.

John's judgment stands. We are not prepared. We are not organized. We are not the kind of people who deserve to inherit the technologies we've stumbled across through retro-causal accident. But the procedures are there for anyone willing to learn them: jump to the left, step to the right, bring your knees in tight. Practice moving in formation until it drives you insane.

Let's do the time warp again. 



"I WATCH EVERY DAY WHAT YOU ARE DOING AS A SOCIETY. WHILE YOU SIT BY AND WATCH YOUR CONSTITUTION BEING TORN AWAY FROM YOU, YOU WILLFULLY EAT POISONED FOOD, BUY MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS NO ONE NEEDS AND TURN AN UNCARING EYE AWAY FROM MILLIONS OF PEOPLE SUFFERING AND DYING ALL AROUND YOU. IS THIS THE 'UNIVERSAL LAW' YOU SUBSCRIBE TO?"

—JOHN TITOR, 21 NOVEMBER 2000



Neighborhood Watch

-by Igor Polotai

Welcome back to Neighborhood Watch, keeping you informed about the happenings at RIT. We're here to provide you with all the latest happenings at RIT, good, bad, and weird.

So, what happened recently? RIT looks towards the future as it President Will Bill Mill Zill Sanders delivers his first State of the University Address, alongside other campus leaders like Student Government President Rafael Gilboa, Faculty Senate Chair Richard Zanibbi, Staff Council Vice Chair Jeremy Zehr, Provost and holder of the Secret Society Grand Key Prabu David, and of course, an asylum seeker from what once was the DEI office, Keith Jenkins.

Some interesting stuff got announced. The Tiger Stadium will now be known as the Thomas Fearey Judson Jr. Stadium, named after the Judson familial trustee dynasty. Other notable accomplishments include a record amount of research funding even as federal funding dries up. Sanders also announced efforts to increase RIT's involvement in AI and its research. Something something Roko's Basilisk.

RIT also joins the U.S. Space Force, working to create better spacy tech. For when we run out of aliens to blame all of our problems on. Still, looming above this optimism is the shadow of the sleeping bear. Sanders admitted a thirty four percent drop in the amount of international students who now study at RIT when compared to last year. While the recent Twenty One Day Report showcases that this is the highest year for enrollment, with around 17,166 students attending just the main Rochester Campus, the hiring freeze, the voluntary retirement incentives, and the TA budget cuts tell a different story. What will the next few years look like for RIT? Sander's Magic 8 Ball says: Better not tell you now.

Until next week, stay safe, and fly high Charlie the Cowbird  

Do you have a story that the weekly Neighborhood Watch column should inform RIT about? Email it to us at gdtneighborhoodwatch@gmail.com! All submissions will be kept anonymous. We value our whistleblowers!

**Think you could do
it better?**



PROVE IT

**Submit to
graciesdinner
timetheatre
@gmail.com**



(All) F C G D A



Dearest Editors

-by Rock Goblin, GDT Obscurus Archivator

In order to put off doing my dishes, I took the liberty of reorganizing the GDT archives and salvaging all that could be recovered from the myriad of tragedies that occurred.^[1] While my dishes 'soaked' I found a series of decayed letters from the disastrous GDT expedition to Nebraska. The majority of these letters, although illegible, could be salvaged. This letter, having been dated three weeks and six days after the initial start of the expedition allows us to continue exploring Nebraska through the eyes of the lost expedition.



EDITORS,^[2]

I'M SURE YOU HAVE BEEN MISSING YOUR WEEKLY^[3] MISSIVES.

THIS WEEK, I HAVE EATEN, IN ORDER: DEAD RABBIT, DEAD CHIPMUNK, DEAD SQUIRREL, DEAD LEAF, DEAD FISH, DEAD SUNFLOWER, DEAD WILD GARLIC, DEAD WATER^[4], AND A SINGLE LIVING GRUB.

TOMORROW, WE WILL BE EATING THE BERRIES WE FOUND, THAT ARE NOW DEAD.^[5]

IN OTHER NEWS, BLOODCLAW THE VICTORIOUS, MY BADGER COMPANION FORMERLY KNOWN AS BLOODCLAW THE SLAUGHTERER, RECENTLY EMERGED VICTORIOUS IN A BRUTAL JOUST WITH FANGORE THE LOSER, HER FORMER PARAMOUR. DESPITE BEING A PHENOMENAL WIN IN BCtV'S^[6] BOOK, IT DOES CREATE SOME ISSUES,

AS FGTL^[7] SERVED AS A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTOR TO THE NATURE OF MORALS/IDENTITY/OTHER THINGS.

THE LITERARY WORLD WILL NEVER KNOW THE LOSS IT HAS JUST SUFFERED, AND DESPITE ALL PLEADING, BCtV WILL NOT ALLOW FGTL TO EXIST IN ANY PROXIMITY. IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO PREVENT BCtV FROM DESTROYING ALL OF FGTL'S PREVIOUS WORKS.^[8]

FORTUNATELY, BCtV, DESPITE BEING A RATHER SINGLE-MINDED INDIVIDUAL, CAN BE PLACATED BY PRESERVED EGGS^[9], THE ONLY RATION I STILL POSSESS.

PAY ME MORE,

X

Despite all odds, evidence persists at the continued survival of the lost GDT Nebraska Expedition. This letter, despite experiencing multiple archives fires, flooding, mouse invasions, and other atrocities, was still legible. This letter, despite experiencing a wide range of such atrocities, still allows us to experience the fateful Nebraska expedition through the pen of those who survived it, and is truly a testament to some indescribable positive quality the writers possessed. More to come. ■■■

• Mostly fires.

♪ Note: First noted time the editors were addressed without the use of profanity.

♪ Note: Either the author had a terrible sense of time, the dates are inaccurate, or the Nebraska files have gotten combined - Either way, this does not seem to be in error.

† Note: There were three pages of this.

‡ Note: The only berries found in this area are diarrhea berries - yet another reason to not eat things one finds on the ground.

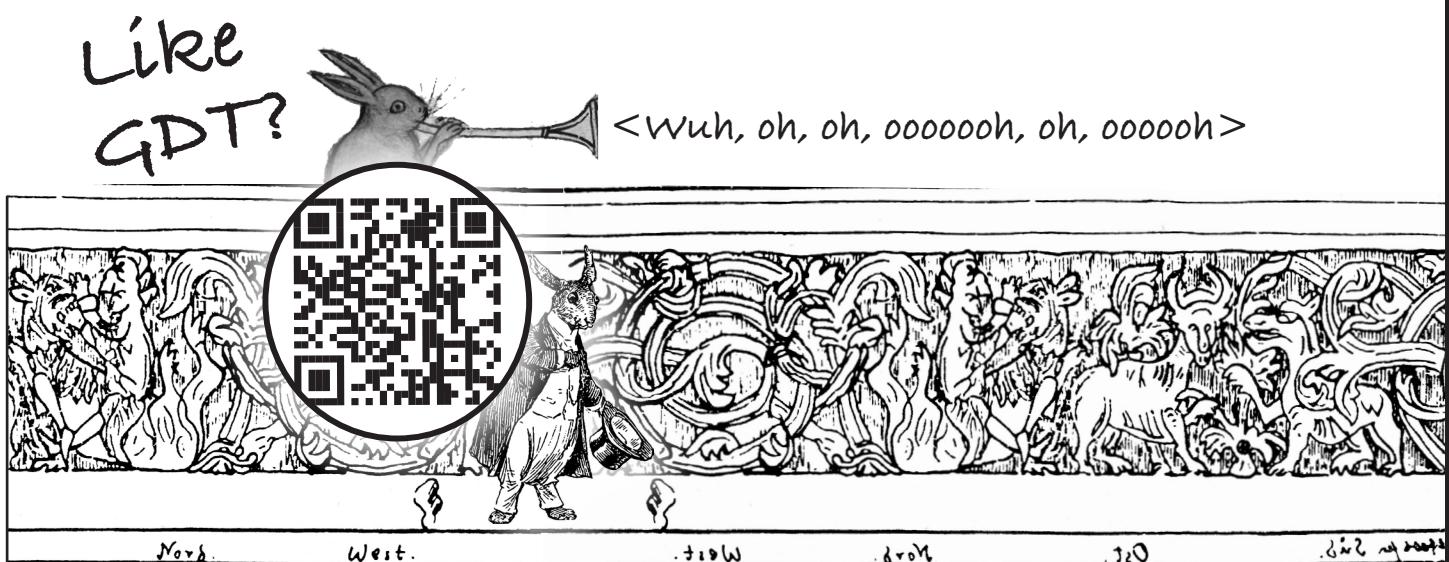
|| Authors Note: Bloodclaw the Victorious.

♪♪ Authors Note: fangore the loser - Also, BCtV will not allow me to capitalize any of fgtl's identifying marks as a sign their eternal disgrace.

♪♪ Note: Keeping a watch out for this.

♫ Note: Do not feed badgers preserved eggs.





I want you to want me. I need you to need me.