



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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**Help Me, I Can't Seem To Wash Off This Blood**

In the recent spirit of poster coverage by this magazine, I have another poster to bring to your attention.

By now I'm sure you've seen a poster that says, "People should use nails for building homes... not destroying lives." The poster has a x-ray image which we are told shows, "nail and metal fragments from slain civilian in café by Palestinian Suicide Bomber," followed by the (all lower-case) imperative to "stop human rights abuses."

Granted, I'm no human rights expert (the folks at Amnesty International could help you with that, I'm sure), but a government has been behind everything I've ever seen called a "Human Rights Abuse".

People don't generally violate each other's human rights – they kill, they beat, they steal, lie, what have you, but they do not violate each other's human rights. In fact, if anyone's violating anyone else's human rights abuses in the euphemistically termed "troubles in the Middle-East," it's Israel. How often do you want to bet that Israelis of Arab descent, or practitioners of Islam, for that matter, get fair trials? And I'm willing to bet dollars to doughnuts that there's so much racial profiling performed by the Israeli police force that you would think you had time-warped back to the American South of the 1960's.

Don't get me wrong here; I'm not on the side of the suicide-bombers. But how much more dignified is shelling some mountainside from a distance? And how mature is building a wall to solve your problems

**By Peter C. Gravelle**

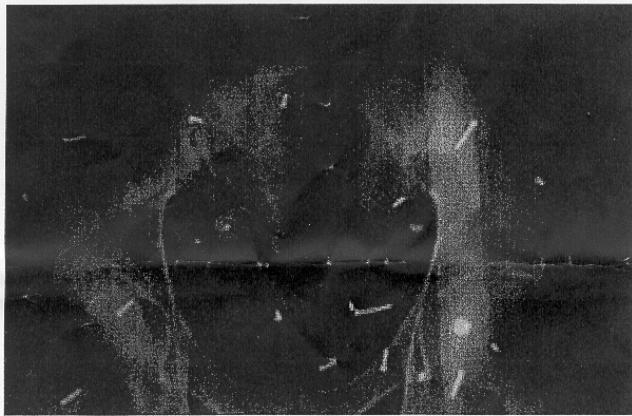
of your nation's internal strife?

Both sides in this conflict have so much blood on their hands to show that they cannot be trusted to make the decisions of what is good and moral. Both sides believe that killing in the name of their god is good, moral, and necessary. But in the words of Andrew Kerr, "I've been hearing a lot there's god on our side / But rumor has it, there's one on their side too / So what I want to know is / When it comes down to it, can my god kick their god's ass or what?" A contest between gods can never be won, if only because we can't verify the results.

I suppose what bothers me most about

this poster is that there's no organization behind it. I put my name on every issue of this magazine because I believe in it, and I stand by my writers and artists, and their freedom of expression through our humble magazine. Clubs put their names on posters so they can be contacted. Advertisers put contact information on their posters (often on those incredibly cute tear-off thingies). Why does no one wish to take credit for this poster? It is very moving, and I believe that it makes its point, although, like all posters, it fails to explore the true depth of the issue at hand. So I suppose, if nothing else, this is a plea for the organization that put this poster together to come forward, and let us hear its platform. And if it's just an individual student, more power to you; we have been living in activism-drained times for too long.

# People should use nails for building homes...



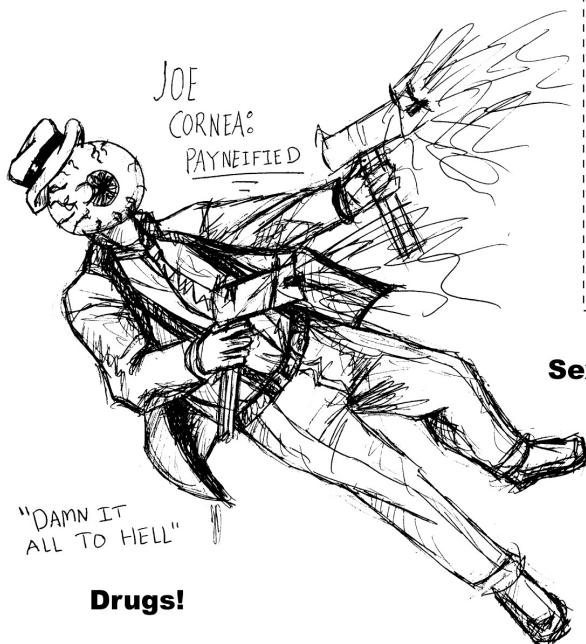
## not destroying lives.

**x-ray showing nail and metal fragments from slain civilian  
in cafe bombing by Palestinian Suicide Bomber.**

**stop human rights abuses**



Wow!

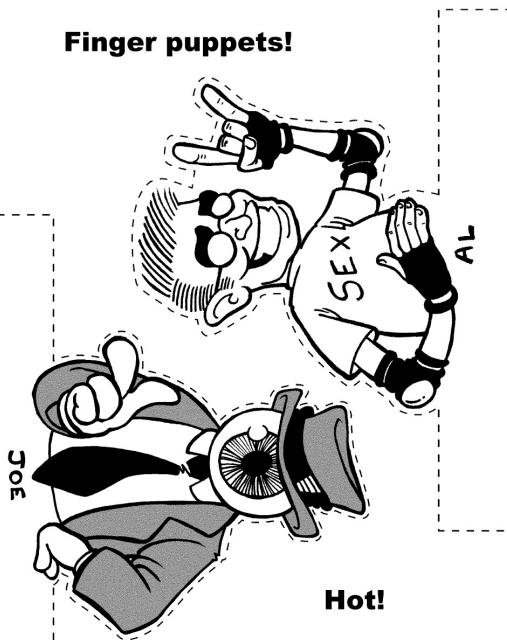


Drugs!

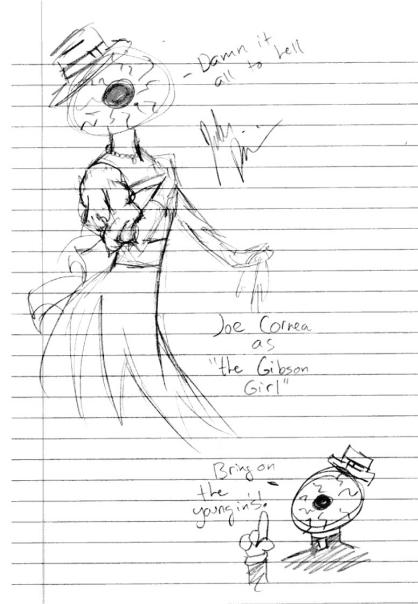
Sex!

Fan art!

Finger puppets!



Hot!



Cool!



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## Of Rain Clouds and Heating Ducts: Stupidity in the Brick City

by Jonathan Byrd

Well loyal readers, it's happened. I finally broke down. It took me a few years but I've reached my limit. I've strived for so long to avoid complaining about RIT in my little articles, leaving the RIT slander to those who were older, wiser, and with nothing better to write about.

But last Monday<sup>1</sup>, I repeatedly ran into such an ungodly amount of idiocy across campus that I can no longer contain myself. Prepare yourself, I need to vent. I now present for your reading pleasure, a few small blurbs about the rain cloud of stupidity that seems to have been permanently stationed over RIT.<sup>2</sup>

### Mini-Rant One: After Class on a Cold, Rainy Day

Monday started off like any normal Monday would; shitty. I woke up<sup>3</sup> and left my lovely Riverknoll apartment to go out into a wet, chilly, sunless day. I had been fighting off a small cold from the weekend, and the terrific weather was doing nothing to persuade the sniffles to flee in terror.

Being a CS major, I had my first class of the day in building 70. I sat through the class, staving off unconsciousness and attempting to keep my nose dammed up. After class was finally over, I headed to the bathroom so that I could blow my nose, something that I am sure many people have done before<sup>4</sup>. This is when stupid thing number one hit me full in the face.

There are no paper towels in the whole damn building.

Oh sure, in the back of my mind I knew that there weren't any paper towels. But it wasn't until that moment did I realize the supreme stupidity of the decision to replace all paper towel dispensers with air driers.

First of all, that crappy  $\frac{1}{2}$  ply toilet paper stocked in the stalls wouldn't support the weight of a mosquito, not to mention the force of my sneezes. Not only that, paper towels are great for sopping up spills, properly

cleaning the crappy stains off the whiteboards<sup>5</sup>. The toilet paper? Not so much.

The other problem with this is that I have never come across an air dryer that dries your hands without blowing the flesh off of you hands<sup>6</sup>. You have to sit with your hands under that stupid stream of hot air for about two weeks<sup>7</sup> to dry your hands.

Why was this done? Why? Why? To help preserve the environment, that's the reason. So why go half-assed? Let's replace all the toilets with bidets and remove all the toilet paper. Let people who want to blow their nose start carrying around monogrammed snot rags like in the 1900's. Ban cars on RIT campus, make everyone walk. It's healthier for the environment right?

### Mini-Rant Two: I can see my Tuition Dollars Hard at Work

I headed home for a break between classes. Then I headed back out for my next class which was at building 9. I noticed on the way that there was construction going on. That in itself is not all that spectacular; there hasn't been a day where I haven't been rerouted on my way to classes yet. The amazing thing is where they were doing construction. They were doing construction on the road off to the side of the crossroads, jack hammering up a brick section that was in the road.

Those of you who do not live down at that end of campus may have missed the point, so allow me to clarify. They were digging up a section of the road that had been put in no less than 6 weeks earlier.

Since it took the bastards 1-2 weeks to put all those stupid bricks in, I figured they did it right the first time. I can think of only a few reasons as to why the powers that be decided to dig up freshly laid brick.

*Reason 1: Someone fucked up.* The construction workers may have done it wrong. They may have

<sup>1</sup> Or the Monday before last by the time you read this article.

<sup>2</sup> It's three for the price of one! (Which sounds good until you realize that the whole article is free anyway.)

<sup>3</sup> 10 minutes before class is my usual schedule.

<sup>4</sup> Not everyone carries around tissues in their pocket.

<sup>5</sup> The paper towels that I've managed to find around campus are actually pretty good quality.

<sup>6</sup> Disney World actually has hand dryers that do this, the best damn hand dryers I've ever seen.

<sup>7</sup> This may be a slight exaggeration.

not taken into account underground piping; the brick may have been misaligned. The people in charge of the operation may have screwed it up, they gave the construction guys the wrong instructions, they may have decided they didn't like the bricks where they were.

*Reason 2: Sinister ulterior motives.* It could be that that construction company struck a deal with Al Simone. He agrees to employ them for 365 days a year even if it's for banal, stupid work. In return they keep their ear to the ground, listen for the chatter around campus, an inconspicuous covert operative for the administration.

*Reason 3: Deadly Infection of Brick Termites.* A rare species of vicious brick termites was in a shipment of the brick laid on the road. With an appetite that rivals that of a RIT student off of any RIT meal plan, they would tear through the campus in a matter of months. In order to combat this menace to our lovely campus, drastic measures had to be taken.

*Reason 4: Microscopic aliens.* Hostile miniature forces took over that portion of brick and were using it as a base from which to take over this arm of the Milky Way galaxy. In a brilliant tactical move, the administration at RIT organized a counter offensive that successfully purged the threat.

### Mini-Rant Three: The Safest Pedestrians Ever

RIT loves impeding traffic. There has scarce been a day where you could drive the whole way around

<sup>8</sup> You know, that road that runs in a circle around the campus. Or at least that's the idea

<sup>9</sup> Someone compensating for something?

campus on Andrew's Memorial Drive<sup>8</sup>. Why all the detours? So they could make those lovely pedestrian raised walkways. Not speed bumps mind you, but raised walkways.

The purpose of these thingies is to slow down traffic to allow for safer pedestrian crossings. You know; the same purpose of a speed bump. But since bigger is obviously better<sup>9</sup>, RIT decided upon raised walkways instead of speed bumps.

The only problem here is that these raised walkways are not conducive to slowing down. People see these hills and think *obstacle course*. Every pent up desire from excitebike, monster truck rallies, and SUV commercials is unleashed. People see how much air time they can get.

What do speed bumps do when you go over them fast? Since I don't know a lot about cars I'll just make something up and say it completely destroys your shocks.

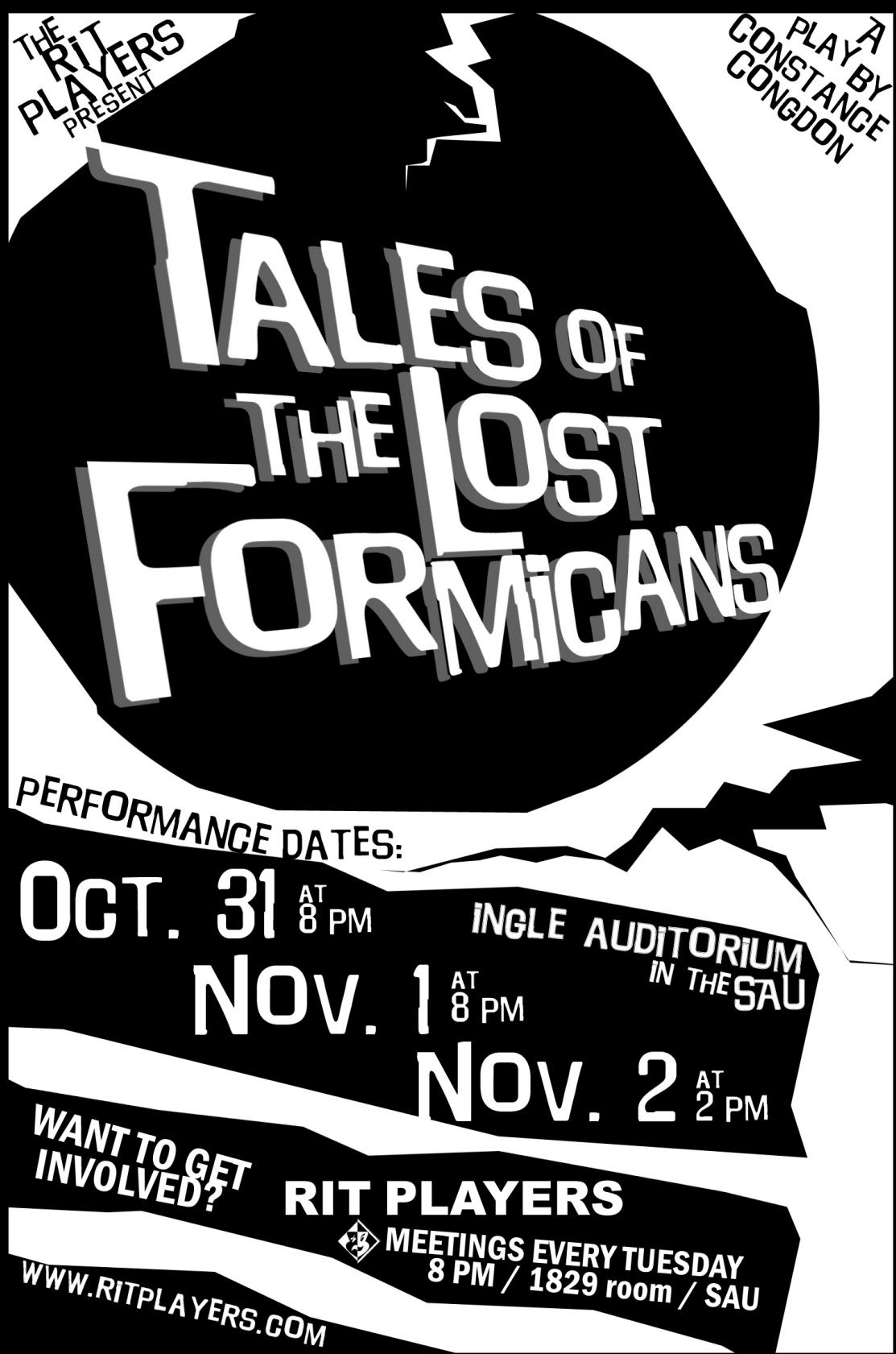
Oh sure when you go over the raised walkways the same stuff happens to your car, but counting hang time is a much cooler way to destroy your vehicle than just going over a bump. And hey, anyone you hit while in the air, that's like double points isn't it?

Thank you for tuning in to my ranting and ravings, we now return you to your regularly scheduled life. Perhaps a little more enlightened, or at least a little more cynical.

**Methylcellulose tastes good**

**SUBMIT**

**gdt@hellskitchen.org**



**"The Joys of Work"****By Erik Heath**

So randomly at work, I smash my hand in between the table and a rubber mallet propelled viciously downward by my other hand. It feels good.

Just for fun, mind you.

Work in itself is fun. Just the concept is nice. You go to a room (cage) and work in a brightly lit (fluorescent) environment (cage). So you punch in early in the morning (yes, the world does actually operate prior to 10AM), and head upstairs (its a 3 story cage) to your cubicle (cage). So you unlock your cubicle's (cage's) file drawer (if you are lucky enough to have the key for the lock) and you sit down in your office chair (similar to an iron maiden). You log onto your workstation (P1 166 with 16M RAM and 500MB HD running WIN98) and go check your email (sending your password plaintext via telnet across the hub-based network). Nothing but administrative messages from your boss (warnings about your lack of production) and so you fire up a web browsing window (IE4 with no patches). When that loads (Five minutes later) you go out to your email ac-

counts (yahoo.com, hotmail.com, goatporn.edu, maybe rit.edu) and discover much to your dismay that you can no longer get to all of them because of the new firewall rules (so not rit.edu). You recline (not that it is really reclining) in your chair (iron maiden) and wonder about the quality of the coffee today (burned onto the pot or road tar). You decide to pass, and instead inventory your office supply drawer (hoarding again, you packrat!) and find that the janitor (who is paid better than you) has once again stolen your collection of pocket lint (curses!). You gaze up at your cubicle walls (cage bars) and wonder if that Dilbert comic (you know, the funny one) is as true as it seems at this point in time.

When you wake back up from this introspective gaze (not much to think with, let alone about) you notice it's lunch time (gruel on a plate). You decide that one cafeteria meal (heartburn on a bun) is enough for the week, and start to make the short jaunt (20 minute drive) home for some delectable goodies (leftover pizza from 3 days ago - just a little fuzzy). You make it as far as the front door (cage door) when the security flunkey (IQ = -45) notices you and asks if you logged off (yeah, I logged off WIN98) of your workstation (that screaming machine) before you left (not that you have access to anything anyhow). You glare and continue on, placing your hand on the doorknob (cage lock) but Mr. Super-security (he has a badge - wooo hooo) demands an answer (not that he could understand it anyhow).

You look back up at him kindly (if kindness could melt steel) and reply that you went as far as to shut the computer off to save electricity (lest NY be subjected to rolling blackouts). He bubbles happily (IQ now = -46) and waddles back to his chair (his is nicer than yours for some reason). You twist the knob (trying to rip it off) and exit the building (cage). Your car (cage) affords sanctuary (greenhouse effect even with an overcast day) and you proceed homewards (your other cage - it is decorated better, however). Oh, the joys of work.



# Crime Report

compiled by Tom Samstag

## October 30 - University Commons

### Vandalism

Three students were found throwing toilet paper into the trees. The students were given two weekends of detention and their mothers were called.

## November 1 - Gleason

### Grand Larceny

A student reported that his notebook computer was stolen from his dorm room. He left the room and used the notebook as a doorstop to prop his door ajar. When the student returned, approximately two hours later, it was missing. Area was canvassed and investigation completed pending new leads.

## November 2 - Andrews Memorial Drive

### Reckless Driving

A Campus Safety Officer found two students who were trying to attain a height of four feet in their SUV by speeding over the raised walkway. The SUV was found on its roof after the students lost control of the vehicle. The Campus Safety Officer let the students off with a warning as this was their first offense.

## November 2 - Gibson

### Grand Larceny

A student reported that a calculator, jewelry, and undergarments were stolen from her dorm room. The student claims that she was absent from the room for only 15 minutes and that the door was locked, but that she accidentally left the key in the door. The key was still in the door upon her return but her possessions were missing. There were no signs of forced entry. Investigation completed pending new information.

## November 3 - Perkins

### Disturbing the Peace

Campus Safety was called by a student whose neighbor was playing crappy techno at a high volume at 5am. After the Officer repeatedly knocked on the door of the suspects' apartment, he was able to gain the attention of the disruptive students by knocking on their window. The students' speakers and stereo equipment were confiscated and destroyed. The students were referred to Student Conduct for severe disposition.

## November 5 - K Lot

### Petit Larceny

A student reported that twenty-eight cents were stolen from the ashtray of his unlocked vehicle. The scene was canvassed and notices were posted in the area. The investigation is on-going.

## November 7 - Golisano College

### Trespassing and Endangerment

A student was found in the Computer Science labs working on a project at 3am. When approached by the Campus Safety Officer, the student was uncooperative about leaving the building and threatened to jump over the railing in the atrium. The student was escorted off the premises and referred to Student Conduct.

## November 9 - Gleason

### Trespassing

An intoxicated student admitted to entering his neighbors' room and urinating on the floor, bed, computer monitor, and refrigerator. The students' carpet and bed were cleaned. Since the victims were out of the unlocked room at the time, they were responsible for the electronics. After being treated for electrical burns from the computer monitor, the person responsible was referred to Student Conduct for appropriate disposition.

If you are smart enough to believe that any of the above incidences actually happened, then tomorrow when you go to class and leave your door unlocked, drop me a note.

**Requiem for the R.I.T. student**

By Jeff Robble

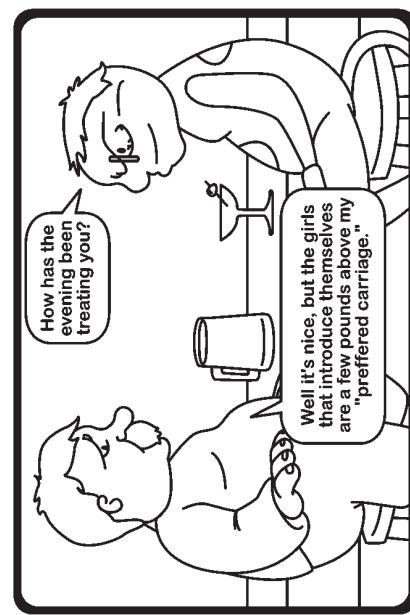
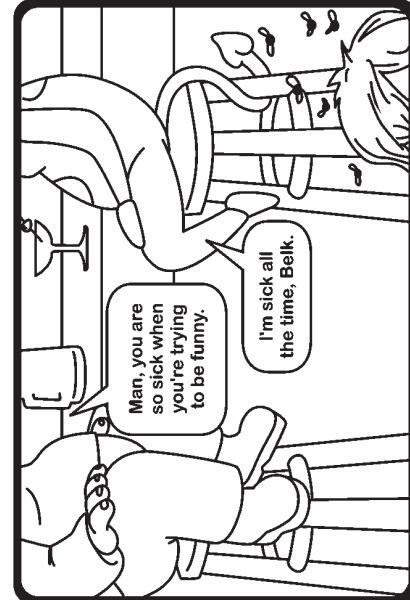
Here I am, jealous of who I used to be  
 I was ambitious, opinionated, struggling, but going forward  
 Now all that I want to do is do nothing  
 To set myself free from responsibility  
 To distance myself from reality  
 For I am not worthy of my own life  
 Because I can no longer see the future  
 Since the day pragmatics conquered my soul  
 I have lost touch with my desires  
 And for so long I have repressed the agony of my spirit  
 Now I can no longer hear her voice  
 I am lost  
 Though I want to be needed  
 I flee from those who offer me an escape  
 I run to my loneliness and do nothing  
 Hoping to ease my mind with the opium of tranquil reflection  
 But I am alone, and I hold conversations with a soul who is no longer there  
 My words echo off of my silent heart and I grow weak  
 Knowing that I was once who I wanted to be

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"I think the arts build your soul."  
-- Jim Orr

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