



“Vegetarians eat vegetables-I am a humanitarian.”

Excuse me...have you heard of Amy Arena?  
Oh, your god (yours, not mine. MINE would NEVER allow anything like this to happen). Make her stop!

Excuse me? You haven't heard of her? You must listen to that other alternative radio station; you know, the one that talks through the beginnings of songs. It's named the Synapse, or the Neurotransmitter...something like that.

If you haven't heard this slice of epicack, this segment of concentrated catastasis with not a thought of denouement, brought to the surface, wiped off, and served extra crispy, consider yourself lucky. Jesus, I can't even begin to express how much I dislike this song...and don't give any of that "Oh, you don't like it because she's an opinionated woman" crap. I don't like the song because it sucks. Alanis Morrissette is someone who is a little bitter, who speaks her mind, and I really like her. And let me tell you, I'm fairly sure I don't not like Amy Arena because she uses opinionated language like what is not found on most universities; Gracies Dinnertime Theatre has been accused of a lot, but never of being politically correct.

Amy Arena; I'd like to see her in an arena...preferably a Roman one with lots of lions (and Christians. Lots of Christians, a whole drove of them (what do you call a bunch of Christians? A gaggle of geese, a pride of lions, a murder of crows, a casket of Christians?), the plains dark with the grazing bodies of wild, free range Christians, ready to be driven north to the border for shipment to the processing plants. WWWWWCHTTTTTTT(Yeah, you got some thing to say? I'd like to see you spell the sound of a whip crack).

She seems like such a sweet girl, always apologizing. Apparently, she is a gap toothed woman. Now, I've heard the phrase, but what is a gap toothed woman? Is it just some chick with a...well, a gap in her front teeth? Big deal. I met a girl with a gap in her teeth and she could call birds down from the trees, not to mention she could spit water at least 20 feet.

This song is wrong on so many levels.

"Excuse me, if I eat ice cream with nuts from the rain forest, because I support the rain forest" (or some silly shit). Yeah, she supports the rain forest all right. Little does she know how they harvest those freak'n nuts in the first place. You think they've got a bunch of whistling native dwarves (breaking spontaneously into the HIHO song every chance they get without really knowing why) jumping about the canopy happily mining away those wondrous rain forest nuts? Lady, who's world do you live in? This is a business, and the procedure is easy: just cut those damn trees down and pick up the nuts at your leisure. Do you know how hard it is to climb up a tree, especially for dwarfs. Besides, centuries of living under mountains do not make them the most agile climbers. You have no idea how many injuries there are each year when those poor forsaken souls fall ass over teakettle from seven stories up. Sure they bounce, but it isn't funny (well, not very. I mean you get over it in about a week, but in the mean time, you get very little done, what with all the snickering).

Yeah, well I'm sure you could do just as much for the rain forest by decorating your teak canopy bed with the taunt pelts of flocks of flying squirrels. Sure, your room would smell a bit like AEon Flux (hazelnuts, leather, gunpowder, sex...) but what a great motif. You could finish it off by having a pool table with billiard balls made from the tusks of slaughtered elephants, and a tiger-down pillow (do you have any CONCEPT of how may tigers you have to pluck to get enough down to fill just one pillow?).

Yupper-dupper-do. I really don't like that song.

She has told us what it is she hates, but what is it she wants? All this angst must be directed toward some goal higher than listing off everything she's against. I'm against having a catheter inserted and then filled with acetic acid, pumped at thirty three psi backward through my system till it blows out the other end, but I don't need to whine about it.



# News from the Kitchen



## Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Happy Birthday! No, not you stupid...us. On the 9th, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre will be one year old. Yup, it was a year ago that a short, random, and (compared to some of our stuff) tame article was rejected by RIT's campus news-mag.

We began as a staff of three; two writers and an illustrator. Each week, we produced only 60 copies of a 1 sided sheet. My, how we've grown. To help us celebrate, you can send any gifts to:

GDT c/o 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester, NY 14623.

We're running low on printing money, so any contributions would be greatly appreciated (PLEASE!!!).

**To readers at the University of Rochester:**

Because most of the writing staff of Hell's Kitchen are students at the Rochester Institute of Technology, we are going on a short little vacation; it's spring break time for us.

Though no new issues will be slithering from under our immense rock garden, we will be working on concepts.

To keep supplying readers at the U of R, we're going to pull out some of our stuff from last year... just for you.

Frankly, though, I'm a little disappointed. We haven't heard a word from anyone at the U of R. Hey, if you like us, let us know. If you hate us, tell us...maybe we'll leave.

What we'd really like to have happen is have students from the U of R join Hell's Kitchen and start another insert, something like the Melancholy Predator.

Let us know your thoughts, ideas, bla, bla, and bla.

**To readers at the Rochester Institute of Technology:**

(There. How's that feel? Now you know what it's like for us when we don't hear anything from our readers. If you don't like something we do, let us know. We print everyone's views).

Remember, this is the last week for our Colloquial Contest. Send in your lists as soon as possible (last day, Feb. 21st).

See ya next quarter.

**Vote for GDTees**

If you follow GDT at all, you must know about us trying to see GD Tee Shirts. And if you have been following GDT then you are the best person to ask, "What's next?". You've seen our illustrations, you've probably got some favorites. Just tell us what you would like to see on a shirt. We are tallying the vote as you read.

If you are not familiar with many of our illustrations, then check out our web site and rummage through the image galleries. We hope to hear from you soon.

## Colloquial Contest-Last Week!

Well guys, this is it. For the past few weeks, we've been running these inane phrases; this week is the last of them (hooray!). Just to remind you, the winner of the contest will be the person capable of deciphering more of these colloquialisms than anyone else. The prize will be fifty dollars (cash, none of this "the card" crap), and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo" the most diabolical coffee in the world and the official drink of Hell Inc. The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 4. All answers must be sent to GDT by Reading Day (February 21<sup>st</sup> 1996) at the end of the quarter. GDT bids you good luck.

Because we've received a number of requests (and because we didn't advert for this at all), we give you the complete list of all colloquialisms...all 27. Remember, get these in as soon as possible, and you could be \$50 richer.

### The Colloquisms:

1. Scintillate, scintillate asteroid minific.
2. Members of an avian species of identical plumage congregate.
3. Surveillance should precede saltation.
4. Pulchritude possesses solely cutaneous profundity.
5. It is fruitless to become lachrymose over precipitately departed lacteal fluid
6. Freedom from incrustations of grim is contiguous to rectitude.
7. The stylus is more potent than the claymore.
8. It is futile to attempt to indoctrinate a superannuated canine with innovative maneuvers.
9. Eschew the implant of crection and vitiate the scion.
10. The temperature of the aqueous contents of an unremittingly ogled saucepan does not reach 212 degrees F.
11. All articles that conruscate with resplendence are not truly auriferous.
12. Where there are visible vapors having their provenience in ignited carbonaceous materials, there is conflagration.
13. Sorting on the part of mendicants must be interdicted.
14. A plethora of individuals with expertise in culinary techniques vitiate the potable concoction produced by steeping certain comestibles.
15. Eleemosynary deeds have their incipience intramurally.
16. Male cadavers are incapable of yielding any testimony.
17. Individuals who make their abode in vitreous edifices would be advised to refrain from catapulting petrous projectiles.
18. Neophyte's serendipity.
19. Exclusive dedication to necessitous chores without interlude of hedonistic diversion renders John a hebetudinous fellow.
20. A revolving lithic conglomerate accumulates no congeries of small, green bryophytic plants.
21. The person presenting the ultimate cachinnation possesses thereby the optimal cachinnation.
22. Abstention from any aleatory undertakings precludes a potent escalation of a lucrative nature.
23. Missiles of ligneous or oterous consistency have the potential of fracturing my osseous structure, but appellations will eternally remain innocuous.
24. Rejection of conspicuous consumption prevents penury.
25. The depth of nocturnal gloom reaches its zenith just prior to the appearance of a flood of eastern photons.
26. Rapidity of nuptualization can be bemoaned over an extended period of terrestrial rotation.
27. He failed to have a single femur, tibia or fibula available to support his bulk.

## GDT Colloquial Contest

### Rules and Regulations:

**This contest is restricted to only those people registered as students at the RIT campus. Others may send answers, but may not be counted among the winners circle.**

#### Additional...

**...all GDT staff members are prohibited from entering this contest, as well as any of their family members, lovers, pets, or body parts. Any GDT staff member caught leaking information to the public at large will be given their choice of five delightful hideous executions, in addition to having to make a batch of Cafe Diablo for the staff.**

# Martyr of the week

Welcome and enter the hallowed halls of the bloody sacrament (wipe your feet!). The martyr of the week for **February 18-24** is **St Prix (Feb 24)**. Prix was the Bishop of Rouen and was the subject of much intrigue during his convoluted life.

Depending on who you want to believe, our saint ended his life in one of two ways. The first was that Prix was executed (his head split by a halberd) in retribution for his tattling on a certain Hector, who was defrauding a woman of her estate. The other (my personal favorite) is that (try and follow me) because Prix arranged the marriage of the King's son (Merovaeus) to the sister of his poisoned mother (his aunt, Brunhilde)) he incurred the wrath of the King's second wife (Fredegund). Fredegund tried to have the bishop banished, didn't succeed so she hired an assassin who fatally stabbed him in the armpit.

## Submission:

**Rain** - by E. Heffernan

It was a fine, sunny afternoon that one strange day. The sun was casting a warm glow upon my backyard and there was a gentle breeze in the air. It was one of those rather lazy afternoons, and I was simply sitting in my rocker on the porch, creaking back and forth and practicing the ancient art of laziness.

But then the strange rain came.

It didn't exactly simply get cloudy at once. Instead the sky darkened to a deep purple and then slowly hued down to a deep ruddy cast. The clouds did not roll in from the distance like a normal summer thunder shower does, instead they sort of erupted into existence, high in the sky above me. A slight breeze started up and it carried with it the faintest of aromas. Something that to this day I cannot identify and yet I will always remember. It has no real description, nothing to compare it with, actually, but if I were pressed on the subject I would have to say that it was a strange cross of putrid decay, fresh fruit, and ozone.

After a while the rain started to come. Big rain, as my grandfather had once called it. The kind of rain with large, fat droplets that splatter on the ground and soak everything in its path.

I was sitting there quietly, simply watching this odd hued rain, when I heard the first thump. It startled me, a loud intrusion after my brain had grown accustomed to the white noise of the rain shower. I glanced around my porch, thinking that perhaps the slight breeze had knocked over

one of my ferns or something of the sort, but nothing was amiss. I had just settled back into my rocker and was prepared to forget the incident when a second thump brought me to my feet.

It had come from the roof. I stood there a moment, head cocked and ears alert, hoping to identify this mysterious noise from above, when three more thumps occurred in quick succession above me. I was prepared to go out to the garage and grab my ladder and take a peek at my roof, when I heard something roll down the overhang of my porch and thump wetly into the mud beside my house. I strolled over to where the noise had emitted and peered over the ledge. I was highly unprepared for what stood before me.

Lying in the mud, face upturned to the rolling rain, was a human head.

I simply stood there glumly staring at it. My brain simply could not fathom any other reaction. As I stood there, there came another resounding thump from my roof. There was a slight gust of wind and the rain increased into a wrenching gail, and suddenly it was raining heads all over my yard. I just watched them. There were big ones, little ones, men and women of many races and ages. And they were falling in my backyard. Not all of them landed as gracefully as my little friend in the mud before me. Many of them simply splattered into pieces with contact to the ground.

This heavy downfall of heads lasted a rather short time, actually. About five minutes, top. However this was plenty of time to litter my

backyard with a numerous amount of heads. I have heard of strange things falling from the sky in my time. Fish, frogs, colored hailstorms, and once long ago in my hometown I myself had witnessed countless thousands of strands of angel hair like glossimar strands come filtering down from a clear blue sky. However I have never, ever heard of dismembered body parts hailing down from above.

As soon as it stopped I stepped off my porch into my yard. The first ting I noticed was the strangeness of the rainwater. Instead of collecting in pools and leaving droplets about the grass and trees, the odd scented water instead rolled off of all objects as if it was quicksilver and was immediately absorbed into the ground. Within several minutes my house and backyard was completely dry, as if there had never been a rainstorm. Except for the heads, of course.

The first head that I approached had been one of the unlucky ones, its skull having been split open as it hit a somewhat hard patch of ground. It was face down in the (now dry) dirt and I peered cautiously into the largish hole in the back of the skull, expecting the worst. Brains or blood, or whatever one usually expects to see within a human skull.

I saw neither.

Instead the inside was a smooth and featureless, like the inside of a hollow melon. The color was a ruddy reddish orange and looked all the world more vegetable than animal. I stepped away, perplexed, and strolled over to the next nearest head. This one was fully intact and had landed upright. It was a male face with sandy brown hair, and as I circled it to meet it face to face I was surprised once again by seeing its eyes were open. And it was staring at me.

Well, not for long. As soon as it had noticed me staring back its eyes flicked forward as if it had been guiltily caught doing something it was not supposed to be doing. This sent numerous amounts of the willies crawling up and down the back of my spine. But steeling myself, I cleared my throat and murmured "Um, excuse me?"

The head ignored me. I repeated my greeting and was once again met with stony indifference. I then proceeded to do the next logical thing, I nudged it with my toe.

The eyes flashed upwards to glare at me with

infinite annoyance, and it hissed at me, quite clearly, the words 'Go Away' and then returned its gaze to its previous position. As horrified and repulsed as I was, I could not but help feel a bit miffed at this bodiless intruder on my property, barking orders at me like some superior entity.

I was about to open my mouth and speak a proper rebuttal, when high above me a section of the odd colored cloud cover thinned out and a shaft of pure sunlight pierced down from the heavens and made a neat summer glow on my lawn. The response of instantaneous. Those heads that were still more or less intact swiveled around to gawk at this shaft of clean, bright light. Suddenly I became aware of an intense high pitch warbling sound that increased in intensity and pitch, and it took me a moment to realize that it was emanating from the heads about me. This unearthly chorus was completely unfathomable to me, weather they were crying in joy or shrieking in fear I could not judge.

The clouds above me quickly began to disperse and the shaft of sunlight grew wider and wider. When the sunlight came into contact with the first head, It began to swell quickly and grotesquely, eyes bulging and tongue protruding, and finally exploded in a resounding pop. The pieces that were scattered across my lawn melted into a queer bluish substance and was drained into the ground as quickly as the rain had. Within seconds the air was filled with the sounds of popping heads and the same scent that the rain had produced became more profound.

This lasted perhaps a minute and soon the odd clouds overhead were completely gone, and not a trace of the strange head-filled rainfall remained in my backyard. I stood there dumbly, drained of my very reasoning of reality, basking in the soft glow of the summer sunlight.

I really don't think about what happened very often. I realize that the universe we live in is greater and more unfathomable than anyone could begin to comprehend. Perhaps my backyard simply passed through one of those spots of space and time where reason simply does not work as it does elsewhere.

But then again, perhaps the Earth itself if one of those spots.

*-The End*

## From the Corner

*Kelly Ginter*

Because of all of the troubles with the falling ground water levels as cited in my last article, it is important to try and prevent wasting water. There is the possibility of using what is called "gray water", which is reusing the water that has once been used for the shower, bathroom sink, bathtub, dishwasher, and washing machine only if a plain soap has been used. The water is then customarily cycled through a gray water recycling system which will then make the water available for flushing toilets or watering non-edible plants. This process will usually reduce new water use by approximately thirty-five percent, the gray water recycling system costs around \$200-\$600, unfortunately this is also considered illegal to use in many states. I don't know why, but if your interested you might want to check and see if you are committing an offense.

However there are other ways of cutting down on your water usage. The average daily water usage indoors for a single person looks something like this:

- Toilet 24 gal. (30%)
- Leaky Toilets 4 gal. (5%)
- Shower & Bathing 24 gal. (30%)
- Laundry 16 gal. (20%)
- Dish washing 3 gal. (4%)
- Faucets 9 gal. (11%)

The first thing to consider is low flow faucets, showerheads, and toilets. A conventional faucet usually wastes 5-15 gallons per minute, while if you purchase an aerator it will typically use only 3 gallons per minute, and if you buy a new faucet it will probably only have a flow of about 2.75 gallons per minute. It is unnecessary to replace the the faucet completely, although the water efficiency is there. A faucet aerator is comparably efficient, and relatively inexpensive. As far as showers are concerned, a ten minute shower can waste as much as thirty gallons of water, however, a shower is far more water efficient than a bath. A low flow showerhead can save as much as 2-4 excess gallons a day. On a daily basis

this can add up to 27 cents on water and 51 cents on electricity for a family of four in one day. Over the space of a year, this can save a couple hundred dollars.

One of the largest wasters of water is the toilet. A typical toilet will flush five to eight gallons each time. In the case of the toilet you have several options on cutting down on the water usage. The most expensive of these, and life altering, would have to be the compost toilet. I've gone through a catalogue of these, and these things usually cost a couple thousand dollars and a huge project for installation. Although these use the least amount of water, they're also most likely not worth there price, much like those new electric cars. There are other toilets on the market, the low flow at about 3.5 gallons a flush and the ultra low flow at 1.5 gallons a flush. The ultra low flow is also very affordable. Probably not so affordable as college students, but as you move on and after the first twenty years of paying off your student loan, you can treat yourself, they are usually around a hundred dollars.

If buying a new toilet is out of the question, then consider the alternative. If you create some sort of barrier wall in the toilet to reduce the amount of water to fill the back of the commode then you can reduce the amount of water used drastically. Many books suggest putting bricks in the toilet, but they may have a tendency to crumble and ruin the pipes with bits of debris. You can fill old glass or plastic bottles with water, use caution when using plastic sometimes they just want to float and this won't do you any good, it may even prevent the valve from closing and will in turn waste more water. Another idea to bounce around the back of your head is the little phrase, "If it's yellow, let it mello. If it's brown, flush it down." I think you can figure out the meaning. Urine can go a longer time, not indefinitely, but a long time without causing any real problem. The uncanny product of your bowels is another thing entirely. You may at this point be thinking, "I can't do this, I live in the dormitories. Everyone will just think it's gross." Look on the up side,

every one will think it's gross, and you'll always have a stall without stall, or at least that's usually the way it works in the girl's bathroom, I guess you really wouldn't have that problem in the "gents". If you are using this rule, it is usually best if you flush once before long intervals of non-use such as just before you go to bed.

There are some other important tips in conserving water. Don't let leaky faucets just run, in the course of a day you can lose as much as 100-200 gallons. When washing dishes, don't let the water run, this will waste about 15.7 gallons of water. It is important to note that in comparison to hand washing the dishes under running water, using most dishwashers will only utilize about 9.9 gallons. However an even more water efficient method of washing dishes is to fill a sink with water, wash all the dishes, refill the sink with clean water, and then rinse. When doing the laundry, always make sure you have a full load. And finally, when using the bathroom sink, only let the water run when it is directly being used. For the example of brushing your teeth, only run the water when you're rinsing your mouth and not while you're brushing.

If you follow these steps, you can ultimately reduce your water usage by about 30%, but over time this can certainly add up.

**If you have any questions, comments, ideas, issues, or products you want me to discuss, or would like to write something up yourself, send all to [kkg8006@ritvax.rit.edu](mailto:kkg8006@ritvax.rit.edu)**

### Survey Siege week 5

The survey is now running onto it's fifth week. Ack! Survey...to hard...only two responses...must find answers.

"Would you rather cut sports programs or art programs in Public Schools?"

"Would you rather give your mother a dildo or a hickey?"

Send replies to GDT care of  
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