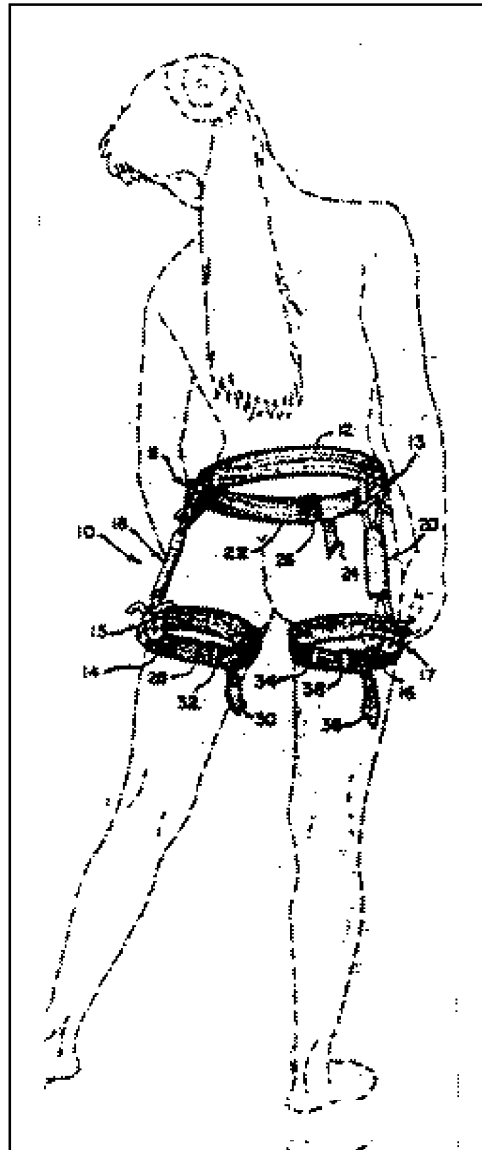


Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

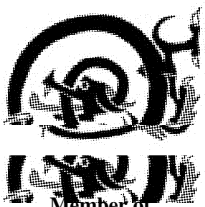
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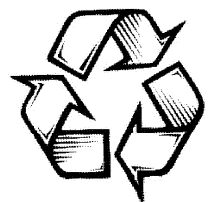
<http://www.globalideasbank.org/1993/1993-27.HTML>

"Elaine Lerner, a New England Sunday School teacher, has patented a system of straps and loops to allow one partner to exercise control of the movements of the hips of the other partner during love-making. She is trying to interest NASA in her invention, so that astronauts will one day be able to effect the delicate docking maneuver of zero gravity intercourse. NASA has rebuffed Lerner's approaches to date. She's decided to market the device on her own..."

(source: Global Ideas Handbook, <http://www.globalideasbank.org/>)



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Please Recycle

TOURIST'S MAGIC WONDERSHOW

PRESENTS

A GDT Exclusive, By Sean J. Stanley

Fucking In Space



It's interesting the tidbits you pick up here and there through the course of your day. Rather, the everyday occurrences of life become tidbits if your brain is of the writing sort. Sometimes something you wish to expound upon in writing lacks the necessary substance to do so. Until, that is, you find yourself faced with another tidbit that fits perfectly into the mix and allows you to continue gaily forward. This happens all the time. People like (kids) James Burke, Umberto Ecco, James Joyce, and Earl Morris have made a living out of doing this. So there I was, watching possibly the worst use of my tuition dol-

lars (next to the *Reporter*, of course), when I found myself grasping for courses of merit in this school. I must clarify. Most people don't realize that one can attain a Masters Degree in Creativity from the Buffalo State College. No shit. Creativity. I didn't think it was possible either. Someone thinks you can teach that. You wanna know how I learned of this wonderful tract of learning? Let me set the scene:

I was sitting in this auditorium (it's part of my job as a faithful employee of ETC), and I was graced with the presence of two fine upstanding men, we'll call them Garth and Lance. They had themselves an easel full of paper, two magic markers, a small, K-Mart brand portable boom box, and two tapes to play. One of them was Buffalo coffee house folk guitar (I assume it was some attempt to mellow out the crowd as they meandered grudgingly into the assembly), and the other tape sadly featured a poorly edited snippet from the *Mission: Impossible* theme. Guess which one played as they entered from the wings of the stage, crossed over at stage front, turned to give a "high-five", which climaxed in a wretched approximation of the Three Amigo's Salute™? Yep, you guessed it. As Adam Clayton and company overwhelmed the tweeters on the high fidelity Symphonix stereo, the painfully white gentlemen introduced themselves as the "Two Amigos" and prepared to give their spiel. I noticed one of the packets lying on the floor so I snagged one of them, knowing full well that I would need it later for this. The presentation, about how to be creative, was pretty much your standard second-hand marketing seminar, and these guys were second-hand marketing rejects all the way (at least their gig is better than some of the other graduates from the Buffalo program, whom according to the info packet have gone on to such grandiose creative jobs as Buffalo police chief, the Clorox Company, Nabisco, and so on. Or they perpetuate the vapid major by opening "creative consulting firms" to assist business in problem solving. I'm sure steadfast office workers have ran into these guys before. Love em, doncha! (Kinda makes you want to heat a rusty pitchfork to white-hot temperatures and scrape "I Hate Yanni" into the bloated flesh of their flabby backs, doesn't it?). They used buzzwords and acronyms better than any corporate marketing lowlife I have ever seen. I don't know if it was the bald head and thick-rimmed Buddy Holly style glasses that made my hate burn, or if was the fashionably-donned outdoor expedition vest. No. I hated these people because they were speaking to ART STUDENTS! Art students come here because they're inherently creative, no? I have yet to see any art student that has issues with his or her creativity. Subject matter, technique, aesthetics, and overpaying for art supplies at the bookstore, these are problems that I would associate with an art student, not how to create. I asked one of the girls in the back row if she appreciated being taught how to be creative. She said she didn't know. I cursed silently under my breath. It's that kind of response that lets these fuckstains come back each year. They freely plugged themselves and said that they were popular. They said that you could do more if you worked in groups. I almost threw my book at Garth. Ironically, I was in the middle of re-reading *The Fountainhead* at the time, so mine was a special pain that day. I left the auditorium with a bad taste in my mouth. I honestly won-

dered if there were any redeeming and intellectually worthwhile classes (outside the required courses of one's major) in this school...

Now what about fucking in space?

I first became interested in this during a search for a Byzantine art paper. God knows how Google spit the subject out, but I as a vagabond purveyor of obscurities had to investigate further. Seems that there have been numerous attempts at sexual intercourse during manned spaceflights in the 80's. According to the scintillating abstract, available at Chuck's Weird World (monkey.hooked.net/m/chuck/sexshuttle.html) *Experiment 8 Postflight Summary NASA publication 14-307-1792*,

"The co-investigators had exclusive use of the lower deck of the shuttle XXXXXXXX for 10 intervals of 1 hour each during the orbital portion of the flight. A resting period of a minimum of 4 hours was included in the schedule between intervals. During each interval, the investigators erected a pneumatic sound deadening barrier between the lower deck and the flight deck..."

Fascinating. I read on. There was a summary of results:

1) An elastic belt around the waist of the two partners. The partners faced each other in the standard or missionary posture.

Entry was difficult and once it was achieved, it was difficult to maintain. With the belt worn around the hips, entry was easy, but it was difficult to obtain the necessary thrusting motion; as a result, this approach was not satisfactory.

2) Elastic belts around the thighs of the two partners. The female's buttocks were against the groin of the male, with her back against his chest.

An interesting experiment, but ultimately unsatisfactory because of the difficulty of obtaining the necessary thrusting motion.

3) An elastic belt binding the thighs of the female to the waist of the male. The female's buttocks were against the male's groin, while her knees straddled his chest.

Of the approaches tried with an elastic belt, this was by far the most satisfactory. Entry was difficult, but after the female discovered how to lock her toes over the male's thighs, it was found that she could obtain the necessary thrusting motions. The male found that his role was unusually passive but pleasant.

I then uncovered the gem on the cover.

It warms my heart to know that my taxpayer money funds intercourse in space. And that was just the published results. I would imagine that in a mixed gender crew (as they tend to be these days), STS flights are quite interesting. I submit to you that when we're watching NASA-TV and the on-board cameras switch over to some placid portal image of Yemen, there's a whole bunch of crazy shit we're not getting on the downlink. It seems that fucking in space is implausible at this time, much to the chagrin of Ms. Lerner, but that doesn't mean a seven person oral sex daisy chain is! I also firmly believe that that pissar hose they use to urinate has other, shall we say "less utilitarian" purposes than simply waste removal. With the right kind of non-abrasive surface and a couple *High Society* magazines, that magnificent example of American aerospace ingenuity can be employed in a wide variety of lewd uses. Glorious.

But I digress. You're obviously asking yourself what the hell this has to do with foreskins in loafers teaching artists how to be creative. Answer – Everything! Nobody asked me to pay for these clowns to come to RIT and yet they did. Poor judgment. NASA didn't ask me if I wanted orgies in space. They just took care of business proper. Good judgment. I want my money to go into something meaningful, like zero-g, elbow deep anal fisting (followed, of course by freeze-dried NASA ice cream). So when I thought that RIT was coming unglued and not spending any money in the space-fucking industry, they turn themselves around and prove me wrong. Enter the school of hotel/restaurant management and their special topic class on tourism and space. Most people I know go to

a hotel for two reasons, *continental breakfast and hardcore Who's Your Daddy action*. I feel more than confident that RIT will pave the way in space-fornication technology. Hell, we can make goddamn microchips, can't we? So why not some sort of textile-polymer-resin-semiconductor that assists in the Congress of the Cow (have your Kama Sutra manuals handy)? I'm sure the school of American Craft could be given a breath of fresh air, as well as some desperately needed funding if they devise "spornocation-slings" for the CIA instead of chairs with false legs. At least we know there is a burgeon-

ing market for cosmic nookie devices. We're talking job security here. Students want to feel safe in leaving school and having a demand for their work. Teaching someone to draw a Venn diagram doesn't bolster feelings of occupational security. Teaching someone to make nylon-papoose-cock-hammocks and showing how to implement them in the first space-filmed pornography, *Ron Jeremy: Orbiting Uranus* does! So that's all I have to say about that. RIT, rock on! You could stand to loose the consultants, and add more blue-sky research classes, but all in all, I have no problems.

MUCKRAKER

by Jason K. Huddy and Tom Vullo, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com



Euclidean Loser

Money Talks

How *Reporter Magazine* Became *Vogue*

by Sean T. Hammond

Do you want more money? Sure, we all do. Chances are, that's why you attend classes at RIT. Because of its curriculum, RIT attracts a large number of students who not only know what profession they are interested in, but are ready to begin work in it. The administration, eager to forge ties to corporations with deep pockets, has encouraged the cooperative learning aspect of many majors, while choosing to downplay departments which don't fit into a corporate structure.

Financially promising programs such as computer science and biotechnology continue to expand, but the School for American Crafts has been cut back to the point of near ineffectiveness, and the once formidable photography program has been plundered. Despite this, the media spin doctors at RIT apparently experience no cognitive dissidence when they proudly announced that Dan Loh, who graduated in 1995 from RIT's once mighty School of Photographic Arts and Sciences, was the sixth alumni to receive the Pulitzer Prize.

Such kudos look good on paper and help attract potential investors, and that, folks, is what it's all about at RIT: money. From the hushed contracts with government agencies to the occupation of the campus by Pepsi, the pursuit of money permeates every brick of the college. Even when you graduate, RIT continues to cash in on you and your name, selling it to various companies (much to the outrage of the Student Government) who cheerfully write you suggesting that, since you've just graduated, maybe you should buy a car or get a new credit card or maybe join a book club. When surrounded by such a strong and pervasive force, how can student organizations on campus help but be swept up and follow suit?

Witness the header of *Reporter Magazine's* advertisement rate sheet (www.rit.edu/~reporter/rates/content.htm):

“What is an RIT student worth to you?”

In this statement the financial (and dare I suggest editorial?) policy of RIT's only officially recognized student publication becomes clear. The editor, Nicholas Spittal, stated in the 21 January, 2000 issue of *Reporter Magazine* that “We [*Reporter Magazine*] rely on advertisement revenue to maintain our business.” This is not a unique situation; most professional, for profit, publications aim for a 60%:40% ratio of advertisements to written content. *Reporter Magazine* fluctuates throughout the year, depending on the number of writers they have on staff, going from the commendable 25:75 to the unfortunate 80:20. If I'm not mistaken, however, *Reporter Magazine* receives some financial support from RIT, and has paper donated to it for printing...thus reducing production costs dramatically.

As in any situation, it is unwise to turn on the people who support you. In the case of *Reporter Magazine*, that support comes from the various departments and administrators at RIT. How then, can a publication whose presumed aim is to keep the student body informed of events on a campus do so objectively and without fear of recrimination from its most generous sponsor? I maintain that they can't.

This aspect was mentioned by *Reporter Magazine* two years ago in connection with a picture of President Simone's car parked in front of a fire hydrant. The editorial went on to explain that rumors (backed up by simple observation) indicated that Campus Safety understood that President Simone's car

SUBMIT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

was not to be ticketed for such infractions. Understanding this relationship with the administration, *Reporter Magazine* found itself in an uncomfortable situation when it published a timely piece on President Simone's past, written by Tony Burta.

That piece was the last article which was well researched and of lasting relevance to the campus.

Unfortunately for *Reporter Magazine*, it has created a situation which will be difficult to escape. The general perception of *Reporter Magazine* is that both the writing style and topics covered in the magazine are not consistent with a professional outlet for news. That is not to say that the blame lies squarely on *Reporter Magazine*. You work with what you have, and sometimes that isn't much. Professional news publications, as well as college based ones, rely on phoned in tips and rumors to point them toward important stories. If people do not provide the tips, the important stories don't get written. And sometimes the apparently unimportant stories provide a glimpse of something larger. With so many students working feverishly in their studies so they can graduate and chase the income an RIT education promises, who has the time to call in a tip, let alone investigate it? Besides, why put *Reporter Magazine* onto a potentially important story when there is the perception that it will never be investigated (because administrative feet might be tread upon), and if it is, the resulting article will be done in an unprofessional and hurried manner.

Into this environment of apathy and fear of reprisal *Reporter Magazine* is faced with the uncomfortable position of having to publish...something. If a publication doesn't publish, it simply has no reason to exist. The unfortunate solution is what *Reporter Magazine* has been slowly evolving toward since Kerstin Gunter left as head editor: an entertainment magazine driven by the need to publish and the need to make money (so they can publish).

This has never been more apparent than during this quarter. The "Opinion" (7 January 2000) and "Sextravaganza" (21 January 2000) issues held the same appeal to readers as *Vogue* or *Cosmopolitan*.

Unlike Mr. Spittal, I do not find it ironic that *Reporter Magazine* took a "sex sells" point of view in a recent issue. It was the most logical thing to do based on what was at hand. Reviews of movies and restaurants are not as titillating as sex, and to insure advertising dollars continue to come in, the magazine must guarantee a large readership.

Rather than strive to maintain an award-winning publication dedicated to bringing the student body important (and continuing) news coverage on topics that can potentially affect their education and the reputation of the school where they receive their degrees, *Reporter Magazine* has reached the point that they choose to regularly print content which might be better suited for an unprofessional publication such as GDT. Case in point: the "Desire" advertisement for Student Government. Make no mistake, GDT does not strive for professionalism, and apparently, neither does *Reporter Magazine*. If it did, the Student Government advert would not have run.

Though Mr. Spittal feels that "*Reporter* is in no way responsible for the SG (or any other) ads that appear in the magazine," I have to disagree. Each publication, unless driven solely by the forces of capitalism and deadlines, exercises its ability to express a particular world view. The topics, writing style, graphics, and layout of each publication conveys information about how the editorial staff sees and chooses to deal with the world. Without a worldview or purpose other than continued existence, everything becomes equal in value. A full page advert for the Ad Council and a full page advert showing a woman's breasts are then equally inoffensive, though the breasts win out because the Ad Council relies on donated space rather than paying for it.

So, without noticing it, and certainly without wanting to, the content of *Reporter Magazine* has become more and more like *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. Inane articles, questionable writing style, and offensive graphics were once the realm of the GDT staff. Apparently, that's not the case anymore.

-Sean Hammond

Pimp GDT for some cash. Help us fold, and we'll pay you.

Fool.

Email seant@hellskitchen.org for more information.

Episode 9...

Big Daddy: Hey there, kiddees, Big Daddy here. Last week I said we'd talk about the second largest organ of the body.

Kids: Foreskin!

Big Daddy: Well, not quite. I was referring to the gastrodigestifying organ. This is the organ in charge of all the gastrodigestification you do. It's a deceptively large organ because it looks as if it is several different organs connected together. Gastrodigestification, or GDF for short, starts at the top end of the GDF organ, the part where you're teeth and tongue are. The Amylase estrogens in your saliva were named after their inventor, Amy Lace, a good friend of mine that works for the Dow™ Chemical Corporation, our beloved sponsor. Come on out, Amy!

(Amy hobbles in, looking like she just stepped out of the Wrong Room, bruises on her largish nose, but with a nonchalant smile on her face.)

Amy: Hey Big Daddy! Hey kiddees! I'm here today to talk about the GDF from the very beginning...the mouth!

Kids: Halitosis!

Suzy: Listerine!

(Big Daddy looks at Susie, then looks at Fucko off-stage, who cracks his flogger loudly and grins in Susie's direction.)

Suzy: Uhh, I mean...Halitosis!!

(Big Daddy nods.)

Amy: The work of the GDF organ actually starts in the microwave, where special synthetic estrogens in the TV dinner you eat every night react with the air when the microwaves heat them up. These estrogens are called Butylated Hydroxytoluenes, or BHTs for short. They float through the air into people's noses...

Kids: Cyrano de Bergerac!

Amy: ...and when you smell them, they make you want to put things in your mouth (which we know is just the top part of the GDF organ) and they also stimulate the production of amylases. The amylases help you gastrodigestify your food, even before you start to eat it!

Kids: Soda crackers!

Amy: When you chew the food, another estrogen called droolase, reacts with the BHTs to create the taste of the food you are eating. That means that without BHT, everything would taste the same. So we have those clever chemists at Dow™ to thank...for bringing taste to the world.

Kids: Scrubbing bubbles!

Amy: The next section of the GDF organ, after the long

tail of the mouth that hangs down into your thoracic cavity...

Kids: Sword swallowers!

Amy: ...is the stomach. The stomach...

Big Daddy: Thanks Amy! Say good-bye to Amy, kids!

Kids: Get the fuck out!

(Amy hobbles out looking defeated, and Fucko discreetly sneaks out after her, flogger in hand and a malicious grin on his face.)

Big Daddy: Then, after you've eaten your main dish and started on those cute little plastic vegetables without cheese (which means they taste horrible), the GDF organ really gets down to business. Since the GDF organ is sooo big, it has lots of different natural chemicals to make the food you eat into good fertilizer.

Kids: Flatulence!

Suzy: Methane!

(Big Daddy looks at Susie and holds up two fingers. Susie is immediately quiet, wide eyes staring at Big Daddy, Big Daddy nods, satisfied.)

Big Daddy: The second largest organ in the body is one of the most important because it is responsible for all the greatest cooking in

the world, but it also has many places where it can become unruly and aggravated.

Kids: Paul Prudhomme!

Jesus: ...my grandmother's colon is unruly these days, and has this weird little ziplock bag hanging from it by a plastic hose and the hose gets tangled sometimes with the cords from the air tank next to the bed and the tank gets shut off and then starts pumping air into the bag and grandma turns blue and the whole rooms gets...

(Susie starts to scream at Jesus, then catches Big Daddy's eye, and sits back down in her chair, broken and despondent.)

Big Daddy: The colon is the last piece of the GDF organ, but it's not the most important. That title goes to a little attached sack of bile on the right-hand edge of the GDF organ, called the Gull Bladder, named after my good friend Jon Gull who works at Dow™ Chemical, our beloved sponsor...

Camera Operator: Ooops. Umm, Big Daddy, we're, uhh, out of time. In fact, we're out of tape completely. I guess we're done.

Big Daddy: You moron! (Big Daddy fumes.) Ok, kids, get out. Show's over; Fucko and I have a little lesson to teach this imbecile wearing a headset.

Fucko: You called?

Big Daddy's Biology Show



© 1997 Melancholy
Predator, appearing here
courtesy of Hell's Kitchen

Episode 10...

Camera Operator: So I said, "Hell, if the Teamsters can negotiate that kind of deal for the UPS, think about what . . . oh, yeah . . . and 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . .rolling!

Big Daddy: Hi, there kiddies! Big Daddy here—

Bobby: Shameless use of old material to retain reader loyalty!

Big Daddy: (glares, motions to Fucko the clown, who cracks his whip. Bobby shrinks in his seat) Boy, kids, have I got a special treat for you today. One of our viewers has sent us a letter with a very difficult problem. Let's have a volunteer to read it.

Kids: (crickets chirp in the silence)

Big Daddy: Well, you apathetic little fu— I mean you shy, reserved children, I'll just pick someone. You, with the Pez dispenser, c'mere. (The kid with the Pez dispenser makes a break for it, but is caught in Fucko's leather sheathed arms and deposited in front of Big Daddy.)

Big Daddy: And who do we have here?

Mort: Mortimer James Kandowsky, Big Daddy sir, there's Prozac in my Pez dispenser and my grandmother has to wear a colostomy bag because her gastrodigestification organ is broken and I am Hooked on Phonics and my brother is a gluehead and I read at the fourth grade level even though I'm only in first grade and—

Big Daddy: (cutting Mortimer off) Well, Mort that's lovely, but do you think you could SHUT THE HELL UP for just a minute and read this letter from one of our viewers?

Kids: Attention deficit disorder!

Mort: Uh, uh, okay but Big Daddy, I gotta well, you know how when your brother holds you upside down and makes

you drink apple juice through a funnel and you get all full but your mommy is in the bathroom and she took the kitchen timer in there with her 'cause she's talking to Lady Clairol but you need—

Big Daddy: Fucko, could you take Mort to the little boy's Wrong Room? (Fucko chuckles evilly, and leads a quaking Mort away.) Well, kids it looks like I'm going to have to read the letter. Are ya ready?

Kids: (Wild applause)

Big Daddy: This letter comes from Arthur Watross in Palmyra, New York. He says, "Dear Big Daddy— Yesterday my dad and our next door neighbor Mr. Frankie

spent the whole day on the front lawn drinking beer and tying stuff to our dog.

Kids: It's Miller time!

Big Daddy: "It's okay, 'cause he's a big dog. Then we had a barbecue and Dad pointed out that it was good to have tomatoes with dead meat because they were vegetables and Real Men Don't Eat That Pansy-Ass Fruit. When Mom came home from work at the Cornell Co-Operative Extension, she said; 'Earl what have you been doing all day' and Dad said 'drinking and beating the kids.'

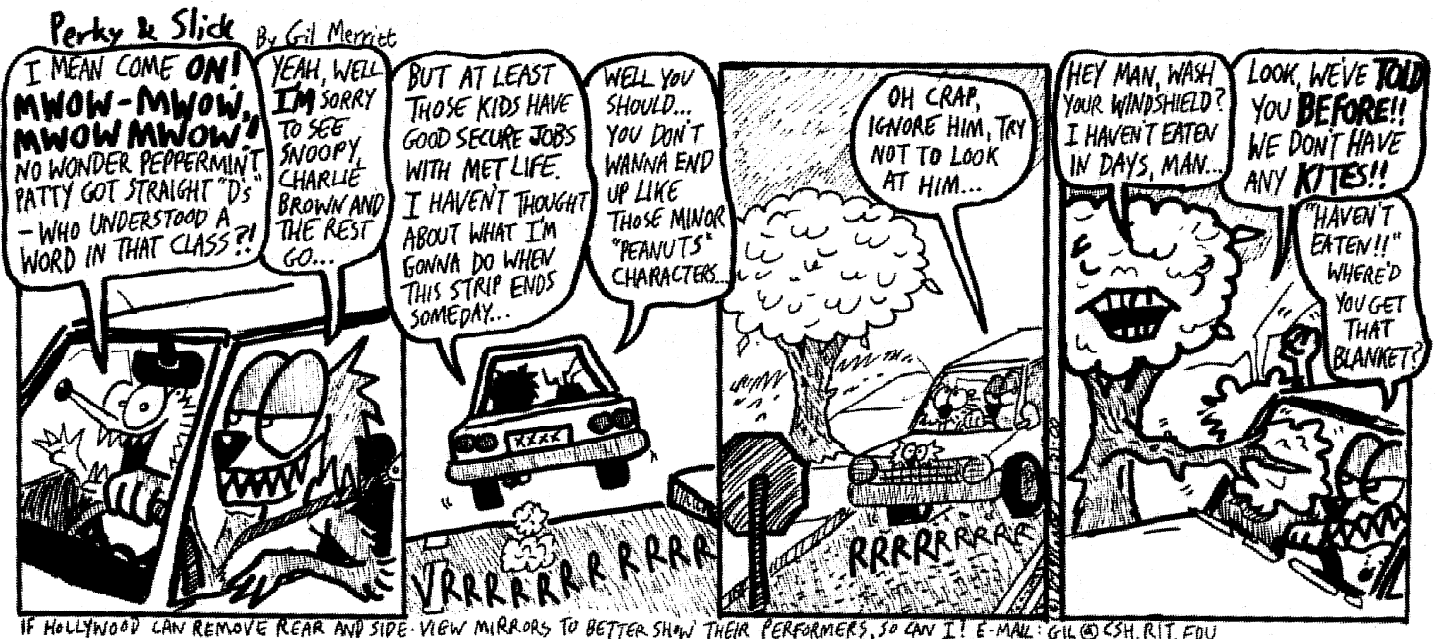
Fucko: (from the depths of the Wrong Room) Awright!

Big Daddy: "And then Mom said, 'And why the hell are you lying to the kid; tomatoes are a fruit.' Who's right? You said last year that vegetables taste good with cheese and Dad says that he is always right. Mom says that Dad couldn't find his you-and-Fucko-know-what with two hands and a flashlight." Well, kids, I've thought about this quite a bit and I don't have a clue about why Art's mom would say

**Big Daddy's
Biology Show**



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Homewrecker, appearing here
courtesy of Hell's Kitchen



IF HOLLYWOOD CAN REMOVE REAR AND SIDE VIEW MIRRORS TO BETTER SHOW THEIR PERFORMERS, SO CAN I! E-MAIL: GIL@CSH.PIT.EDU

that a tomato is a fruit.

Kids: It's a quandary!

Big Daddy: So, I brought my old priest, Father McMurphy in to answer this tough question. Hello, Father!

Father McMurphy: Oh, Augustus, it's good to see you, me boy. Is your voice as sweet as it to be?

Big Daddy: Well, Father, all the gin, ah. . .well, Father, you've heard the letter. Will you give us the Holy Word?

Kids: (*crickets chirp in the silence*)

Ezra: Yhwhy?

Jesus: Jesus? (*Ezra and Jesus engage in violence condoned by neither of their religions.*)

Father McMurphy: Well, Augustus, I've investigated this deeply, and it seems like the ancient Greeks, who first wrote the Bible in the form of the Apocrypha, didn't know the difference between a tomato and an apple. The tomato is, of course, a New World creation, so the Greeks wouldn't know about it.

Jesus: (*shoving Slim Jims down Ezra's throat*) Christ killer! Snap into a Slim Jim!

Ezra: (*wielding a diamond-tipped dreidel*) Oppressor of my people! Eater of filth!

Father McMurphy: But, as we shall soon see, the tomato is the root of evil and what Eve actually gave Adam was—

Kids: Cain and Abel!

Suzy: Fellatio! (*Fucko reappears with a bedraggled Mort in tow, bitch-slaps Suzy, and mumbles something about not using the special word.*)

Father McMurphy: (*colors slightly*)—was a tomato. Now, of course God saw all the trouble the tomato caused in the first place. Being a compassionate and loving Father, he did not give the human race the tomato. Yet, they discovered it

out of their own accord, by intervening where they did not belong, by willfully breaking the laws of nature! The tomato is the bastard child of science! If you cut a tomato open, you will see that it is not formed in the true image of God, but is instead rife with undoneness! The tomato is incomplete!

Kids: Crack babies!

Father McMurphy: (*drawing a theologically portentous breath*) That's why lots of people cook tomatoes, thinking to destroy their evil. But they are sorely mistaken! The copious consumption of tomato products is the root of all evil in our society! We must—

Big Daddy: Father. It seems to me that you're evading the question.

Kids: I have no knowledge of that, Senator.

Big Daddy: Fortunately, the teleprompter over there is telling me that the tomato was actually invented by George Washington Carver from the apple, the squash and the kiwi. Realizing that the tomato was bad news, George tossed it out of the conservatory and started work on the peanut, a hybrid of the Nutter Butter and the pea.

Kids: Colonel Mustard! With a wrench!

Big Daddy: The tomatoes then overran the landscape and were finally domesticated by the atheists and agnostics. Well, kids, it looks like we're just about out of time. Say goodbye to Father McMurphy!

Kids: (*from their huddle around the fight between Ezra and Jesus*) Defrocking!

Camera Operator: And we're out!

Big Daddy: Hey, gimme twenty on the little Jew boy. I hear he's got a diamond tipped dreidel.



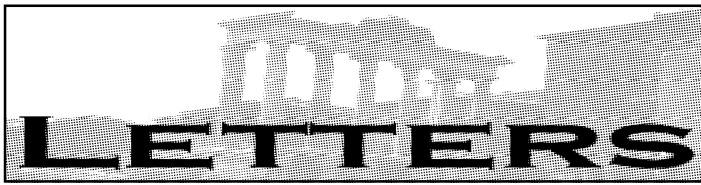
Throw down with the Theatre.

Meetings are Saturdays at 2pm on the 3rd floor of NRH (Computer Science House).

And if you don't want to see us face to face, just email your work to gdt@hellskitchen.org

We're always looking for writers, illustrators, poets, storytellers, folders, distributors, people to give us free stuff, sex, drugs, rock and roll.

We would smack grandma with a snow shovel if we could find someone to handle advertisement. Inquire within.



LETTERS

GDT,

I enjoyed the latest issue of GDT, but was somewhat dismayed when I read letter denouncing the poetry and Big Daddy's Biology Show. While I can only speculate as to whether the writer was one of those many unfortunates without an appreciation for satire or parody, or one of the equally lost souls whose membership in some prudish or politically correct intelligensia prevents them snickering a ribald jest, no matter how original or witty. Please, do not take those opinions to speak for your entire readership. I do, however, echo the writer's appreciation of the literary quality of your publication. I also greatly enjoy the content, which make it a far more interesting and daring alternative to the *Reporter*, highlighting through contrast what a truly insipid eunuch that magazine is. I find the *Reporter* rather depressing, in much the same manner as the human interest segment of a local newscast, a lot of fluff and hot air, but no real controversial issues or opinions, and not really worth looking at except to see upcoming events. Even the recent "Sex" issue was a transparent attempt to a lurid display of flesh to attract attention to a fairly mundane object (after all, "sex sells"!) This furnished an even greater disappointment than usual, when the theme of "artistic nudity" expressed so eloquently on the opening pages was revealed, by the thoroughly inoffensive and generally uninspired articles that followed, to simply be an excuse for the smutty pictures. Were it not for GDT, I might never have learned of such controversies as RIT's past involvement with the CIA, or the clashes between the administration and the arts department. Keep up the good work. The only complaint I can make is that your magazine is too brief a bright spot in my week.

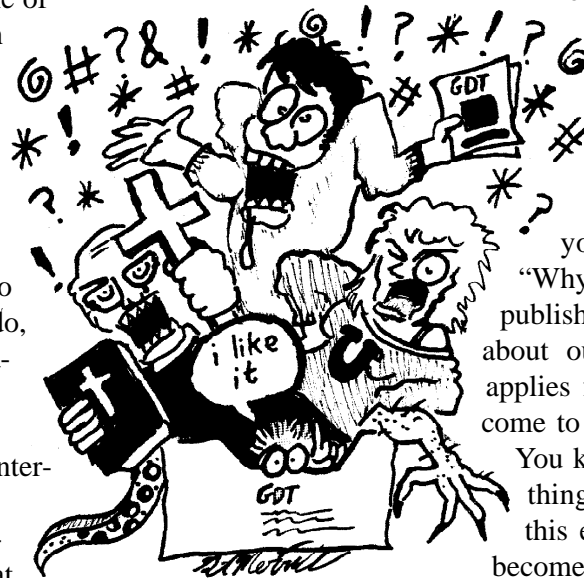
Irving Washington

Thanks, Irving. -Ed.

Hi,

I don't often write in my opinions about things, but your parody "SG" ad in Vol. 15, Issue 4 had to be the most

distasteful ad I have ever seen published...Now that in itself is not worth me writing to you, you would have every right to publish that kind of garbage if you wanted to. What upset me the most was the blatant use of the well publicized Student Government logo and the addition of the words "Paid Advertisement" coupled with the "Dramatis Personae" credit for "Second Page: Paid Advertisement." You are actually implying that SG paid for that horrid image. And that is where the line is drawn.



How dare you imply that RIT's Student Government paid for this Internet-ripped smut? I, as a member of the RIT community, take huge offense in this act. How does that look to members of the Rochester community who look at you magazine...they would ask, "Why did RIT's student government publish this?" What does that say to them about our school? The same thing also applies for parents and student who have come to look at RIT as a potential school. You know freedom of expression is one thing, intention misrepresentation to this extreme is another. If you wish to become a respected publication (in rival with the publication you hate) you would be wise not to try to pull this sort of idiotic and grotesque crap in the future.

Thank you for your time,
Brian Perry

Hi Brian,

Thanks for your input. The second page was in fact a Paid Advertisement – not by Student Government, but by Sean J. Stanley. Your feelings on our ad were pretty much our feelings on SG's original ad, which was Victoria's Secret ripped smut in my eyes. When SG objectifies women for attention, I feel ashamed for our school. When the Reporter gives a weak "it's not our fault" apology, I feel ashamed for our school. The ad begged us to make fun of SG because the ad was a colossal PR blunder. GDT has been a satire magazine for five years, and we published our version of the ad as satire. In the future, we will keep printing idiotic and grotesque crap as long as there is idiotic and grotesque crap like the SG ad to make fun of.

Yours truly,

Adam Fletcher, Editor, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

More letters on the next page...

Letters, continued...

To the staff of GDT

I came to RIT in the fall of 97, and at some point that first year I came across *Hell's Kitchen* and *Gracies Dinnertime Theater*. Those weeks that I would find a copy in the stairwell's of the college of science or the library's lobby I would pick it up and give it a read. This week was one of these.

While reading through the first article by Mr. Stanley, aka Tourist, I noticed that my fraternity, Phi Sigma Pi, was mentioned. While it is nice to get our name out, I found that the manner in which Tourist described us to be quite insulting. I am proud to call myself a brother of Phi Sigma Pi. While you may feel we are not a real fraternity, we tend to differ. We are brothers, both male and female, with more to brag about than our GPA. We are a diverse group, coming from every college on the campus. We have brothers who major in areas such as Mechanical Engineering, Biology, Finance, Computer Science, and Graphic Design just to name a small few. The brothers of Phi Sigma Pi in this quarter alone have done five service projects. We've provided a full holiday dinner for a family in need; we've worked with Student Government on their School 8 project, and next weekend we will be volunteering at the county Special Olympics. We have continued to promote scholarship amongst our brothers, visiting museums, trips to the planetarium, a deaf awareness seminar and even entering three teams in the College Bowl, one of which came in third place. While we may not have earned the respect of Mr. Stanley, we are confident in the knowledge that we have done work that benefited both the community and ourselves.

As far as hazing is concerned, like the other brothers

of Phi Sigma Pi, I am quite proud to say that we avoid it. Yes, we consider hazing and the acts Mr. Stanley described as conducting unbecoming of a brother, whether these acts be as Tourist described them "rape some sheep from the bio department" and what seemed to be his favorite, "the spankings". While Tourist may hold in esteem those fraternities that haze, I think we should respect more those who do not, whether they be social, honor, or academic.

The First Amendment in our country's Bill of Rights provides the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech. I fully believe in this right. However, perhaps Mr. Stanley and the rest of the staff of GDT should remember this is not only a right, but also a privilege. It's something we should all respect and not take for granted, nor abuse. Perhaps next time you have the urge to insult a group you know little about you should think of what you are doing first. One must wonder what the founders of your publication think about the new lows you have been reaching. If your purpose is no longer to educate and amuse but rather to insult then I guess you're doing fine. Otherwise, perhaps its time to reevaluate your publication.

Sincerely,

Daniel Lerner

Daniel,

Ever since I've been writing for this publication, regardless of the toes I have stepped on, I always try to maintain a sense of self irony. Numerous times have I made reference to the fact that I have a strong affiliation with a group very similar to yours, Computer Science House. The structure and activities of our group closely parallels that of yours. I am not a fan of frats in general, but academic frats don't rub me as raw. Please feel free to read the article again and turn your sarcasm button back on.

Yours, Sean Stanley

Fit To Be Tied

"Ties are all wrong. Who thought it would be a formal, classy, dress-up kind of thing for a man to wear a tie? It serves no practical purpose. It does not cover parts of the body. It does not provide shelter from the atmosphere. It's a noose, the other way around."

—Samuel Stoddard (www.rinkworks.com)

Stoddard is quite right. Ties are really ridiculous when you think about it. I'm talking about an article of clothing, which cuts off your breathing, makes your neck sweaty, and gets in the way all the time. Why the hell do men wear them? I have a theory.

There's a gesture performed by many women which, as long as it isn't his mother, is a real turn-on and keeps a man wearing ties. It may seem very small at first, but it is a very big deal to men, even if we don't realize it.

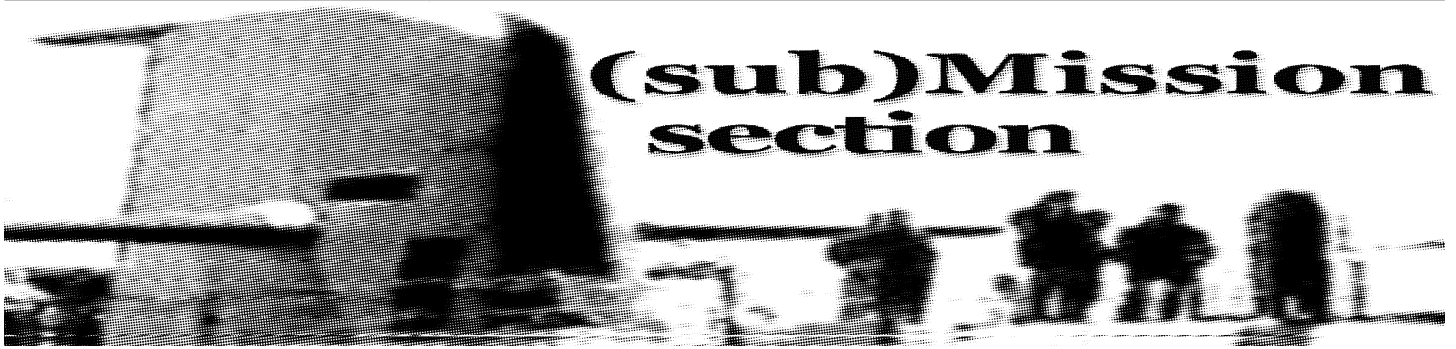
The gesture is this. A woman approaches a man who is wearing a standard necktie. Without asking permission and without explaining, she will get real close to him, reach up to his neck, and adjust his tie ever so slightly.

This simple action is one of the most endearing, caring; yet suggestive actions I can think of. And it is, I believe, the main impetus behind a man's decision to put on a tie.

Although I don't have the statistics to back me up, I'd estimate that approximately 85 percent of the time, the tie looks exactly the same as it did before this woman "adjusted" it. However, I can't think of any man who will complain when an attractive woman adjusts his tie.

After all, it's the reason we wear them in the first place.

—Randall Good



Untitled

I watch kids talk the talk then try to walk the walk
 but get blocked and stopped like shot clocks
 caught with store ways of thought
 I fought to break free
 topnotch mainstream teams couldn't take me
 now I'm above average but not perfect like straight B's
 respect for my perspective is overdue like late fees
 I hold my head up
 don't become fed up
 motivate get up
 never hesitate or let up
 these dead ducks easily led into the set up
 I survive and when I speak my mind kids are like you said what?!?!
 then I quick pick my step up
 I flin opposite twist
 the ral obserionist
 nobocoultrual obseravdpy can predict where I'll end up
 -LOWKEY-

"No Way Out"

Stars shine in rearview mirrors
 pale reflections of the past
 twisted into perfect lies
 that echo memories of our future
 she's lost in herself
 no guiding hand to show the way
 back to the warmth of a kindled fire
 lost in herself with no way out
 I whisper in the storm
 pleading to an unknown god
 to take away the tears
 that echo memories of our future
 and she's lost with no way out

-S.Blue

A note from Dalas V.

Sean Stanley told me I should submit some stuff to this rag. In lieu of new work, here's some poems that you can throw in the submissions section if they tickle your fancy. If they don't tickle your fancy, I'll tickle it for you, or anything else near your fancy for \$5. These poems were created on Holiday Inn's "Encore" computer system in the "Holidex." Holidex allows you to send messages to other hotels (a system called "admin"), but we would always get bored and send messages to ourselves for our co-workers to read. Admin limits the length of your message, so these are haiku or sonnet-esque in their structure. Just thought I'd explain that piece of background. So here they is:

"Melody"

It was March when the birds came back, and their song reminded
 me of the way you used to sing.
 Now, as I look at your larynx in that pickle jar, I realize that no,
 I could not capture something as beautiful as that.
 I'll never hear you sing again.
 I'm so silly.

"Life"

I never saw myself ending up in a place like this.
 The warm embrace of pine trees all around me, the comforting
 whisper of the babbling brook, the words "I am Goat Jesus" etched into
 my arm with a broken bottle.
 Sometimes life really throws you a curveball.

"Spring"

It was Spring and the rain was falling.
 So were you the last time I saw you.
 Falling from a building.

The Protagonist

Everyone always fucking cheers for the protagonist
 Even though it may be a frail, dying breed.
 And why not? for isn't it them who fight
 All wrongs and darkness and soiled ascots
 Of the universe?

Either way, the mighty and the mighty brave
 Stand their ground against the vile and
 Wretched hives of scum and villainy amongst other
 Technicalities, allusions, and sancrosanctity.
 Standing intrepidly, facing

A corrupting catharsis, boastingly austere
 In faith and determination, which is probably
 Why so many frail curmudgeons anticipate their
 Presence and punishment. But in all reality,
 Such true defenders and assertive forces
 Are far and few between—hypocrites, barbarians,
 And other such curs and fraudulent fools are
 Abundant, begging for attention

And, of course, the almighty dollar.
 Still, good is out there, slaking the desires
 And quenching the fires, the prerogative to
 Aid the insomniacs, the inane, those who have
 Erred, or the irksome factions to a
 Receptive subconsciousness. Ticks and tacks,
 Improvising plans and planning improvisations
 Against familiars, the uneducated, and the like.
 Crux, enlightenment, brilliance, impossibility,
 Baubles, nefarious and negligence...why, it's all
 In a day's work I do so believe. One

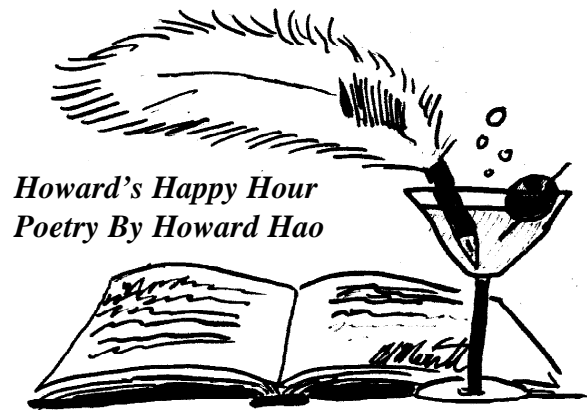
Can never tell who the likely candidate may
 Be: the jittery, wiry fellow smoking the fags;
 The endomorph with the crimson face;
 Or perhaps the undaunted voluptuous female
 With the celebrated chiasm.
 Who will be the romanticized figurehead
 Flying about to save lives in utter glory?
 So many choices that seem valid, yet uncertain.
 One may never tell until a demanding vortex
 Comes about and requires the services of the
 Aforementioned.

A Love Poem for the Nineties

—for guys of the 90's everywhere

Staring at me with eyes of pure pouty pleasure
 Oh, how I treasure your perfectly packaged ass
 An adoring admiring public meticulously lingers
 On your big bubbly bouncing breasts...

GODDAMN IT, I WANNA FUCK YOU!



The Antagonist

a rusty vile taste remains on your tastebuds
 once the decomposition occurs.
 the bright day turns immediately into stygian bliss:
 a foreboding dark glare that never ceases to lift,
 blanketing all opportunities and optimism,
 like a thick wash of detritus, it
 creates an ill effect on one's emotional,
 psychological, physical, and chemical attributes.
 "when the going gets tough, the tough gets going,"
 they say.
 what the bloody fuck is that supposed to mean anyway?
 snide visionaries with their pitiful excuses
 and bland, refried, turbid affairs,
 short-lived and salacious, unlike those of others
 with actual meaning and definition to back them.
 of course it all lies within the
 abhorrence and absolute foolishness—
 no...incredible and utter stupidity—
 of the opposing party, the enemy,
 the fucking deceptive traitor and insignificant
 speck of crude, fraudulent soot in an
 otherwise uncaring, unempathetic world.
 like a flatmate that steals sustenance
 upon non-attendance,
 once attempted generosity and enchantment returns
 a confounding, unforsaken
 faux appreciation and acclaim...an
 effect comparable to vermilion and loden
 explosions and color streaking, flashing trailing a
 sharp blow to a temporal bone.
 dripping corroding fluids,
 all thoughts are distracted by a
 disgusting discord, an irksome and
 irritable err in the metaphysical world,
 an impossible and daft bedlam continuing to survive
 and rape valuable resources from its
 hosts; a metronome meticulously ebbing away
 at precious faith with a resilience unlike any
 other; a cunningly nefarious parasite that pouts,
 smothers, and is notoriously prevailing

In order for me
To love another man I
Must love his penis.
—Anonymous

That goddamn Harry
Potter and his stupid books!
Why do I read them?
—Sean T. Hammond

The crocodile
Fearless foe and enemy
Of Steve and Terry
—Sean J. Stanley

Quiet rat in its
Cage. Count the turds before death.
Stress makes bad mito.
—Sean T. Hammond

The Haiku Section
Watch it fill lots of whitespace
Editor's cop-out.
—Adam Fletcher

Financial meeting
When were folding the issues.
A pain in my ass.
—Sean T. Hammond

Porsha and her bitch
Mother. No wonder Archie
Left them for Wanda.
—Sean T. Hammond

The Flying Circus
(of the Monty Python vein)
is quoted too much.
—Sean T. Hammond

You have never seen
the like of my monkey feet.
They are glorious.
—Sean T. Hammond

Please don't say fucking.
It makes our love sound so cheap.
Drink more Maddog, baby.
—Adam Fletcher

I have made it here.
The Guidance Counselor now.
Don't make my mistake.
—Adam Fletcher



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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A harness for all your
zero-g fucking needs.

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