



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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www.hellskitchen.org/GDT

THE FIELD HOUSE MUST GET BUILT!

**Please cut costs in your classes to support
the RIT field house.**

Also, drink Pepsi.



Member of
Hell's Kitchen
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Recycle, Whitey.



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

–Statement on the open universities of South Africa

Each week, in a clean and well lighted place, the staff of GDT meets and discusses future plans. This past week, however, the discussion was dominated by rumors that had reached us. Peter Ferran, one of GDT’s patron saints, was to be called into a meeting to discuss *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. Of course, we immediately assumed the worst: a critical mass of students had complained about GDT’s content and the administration felt that, after five years, it was time to Do Something About That Group.

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

“I don’t want my tuition helping to fund something like this!” is the inevitable statement.

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

On March 22 the Supreme Court unanimously overturned the ruling of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the 7th Circuit, which had previously decided that students could not be forced to contribute money through students fees, which went to groups they found offensive. Arguing that the use of student fees for organizations, which students objected to violated their First Amendment Rights, Judge Sutter stated that “Indirectly transmitting a fraction of a student activity fee to an organization with an offensive message is in no sense equivalent to restricting or modifying the message a student wishes to express. Nor does it require an individual to bear an offensive statement personally, let alone affirm a moral or political commitment.”



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

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

Which brings us back to GDT.

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

It is, of course, up to the various committees and

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

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

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

—Sean T. Hammond

Chairman Diablo’s Big Red Book Project

COMRADES! EMBRACE THE PROLETARIAT!

Help the glorious people of the republic of GDT put together an manual for
Life, Health and Government!

Soon, a glorious **BOOK OF THE PEOPLE** will be constructed and distributed. This **BOOK OF THE PEOPLE** will contain the very best works of GDT, and will be given out to you, **the working class**. Of course, this book will not be assembled by the capitalist pigs, but by **the faithful laborers**.

To realize such a tome, you must vote on your favorite GDT articles. Visit www.hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf and email gdt@hellskitchen.org the titles of the pieces you would like to see in the **Big Red Book!** Brother, together we will great a most glorious **People’s Best of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre!**

Episode 21...

Big Daddy: Hi there kiddies! Last week we learned about an important component of holiday ambiance—

Kids: Diapers for grandma!

Big Daddy: —being firewood. This week we're going to learn about another important holiday icon, the—

Kids: Football!

Bobby: The Christmas Goose? The New Year's Oyster Pudding?

Big Daddy: —the TURKEY!

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: Turkey is a traditional Thanksgiving food that causes the men in your family to shuffle away from the table after eating for three hours straight, loosen their belt buckles, and collapse. The turkey also takes up a lot of space in the fridge, so there's not much room for important stuff like beer.

Kids: Tea—totalling Puritans!

Big Daddy: So do you kids want to know why turkey makes you sit on the couch with your pants half off?

Seth: (*drools*)

Kids: Flatulence!

Big Daddy: Uhh, nnnnnno, but that's a good guess. You should watch out for that green bean casserole with the little Durkee™ onions on top, though. You sit on the couch with your pants half off because turkey makes you sleepy. This happens because turkeys are pretty hysterical animals. Just listen—(*Sounds of women at a department store night sale fill the studio.*) Turkey farmers not being in the mental health professions, they need a quick and effective way to calm the birds down before they kill them.

Mort: But but but my mommy says that turkey comes from a big turkey tree so it's a vegetable and I don't have to be afraid to eat it what about Santa Claus Big Daddy does Santa Claus kill his elves is it okay to to to take Santa's presents—Jesus, Suzy, and

Bobby: SHUT UP, MORT.

Big Daddy: We all know that a good way to calm anything down is to give it Valium.

Kids: Mommy's Little Helper!

Seth: (*drools*)

Big Daddy: The farmer grinds up Valium and feeds it to the turkeys right before the killing begins in earnest. (*Mort howls.*) The Valium stays in the turkey meat, sort of like mercury in fish in the Great Lakes. It begins to work on your body when you eat the turkey and it numbs your tongue. (*Suzy meekly raises her hand*) This is why turkey tastes bland and you need cranberry sauce. Eventually, the effects of the Valium spread to your brain and you get very sleepy. Then you need to sit on the couch and watch football, which stimulates your brain just enough to prevent the Valium from so heavily sedating you that your wife could attack you with the

carving kn—oh, uh—Suzy! you had a question?

Suzy: But, uh, Big Daddy, isn't it the amino acid tryptophan in turkey that makes you sleepy?

Kids: Tripping the lysergic fantastic!

Big Daddy: FUCKO!!! (*Fucko takes the stage in a stunning clown ensemble.*)

Fucko: Hello, Suzy. How's my little princess today?!

Suzy: Let's get this over with. (*They disappear, Fucko humming "Flight of the Valkeries."*)

Big Daddy: (*mumbles*) Stupid Suzy, always thinks she knows... OH, we're back. Well, as I was saying, turkey makes you sleepy, so you girls in the audience should never eat turkey on a first date.

Kids: Roofies!

Fucko's alter ego: *Oh, God, you're not writing that down, are you? Don't write that down. I*

don't think date rape is funny. I really don't...did you think it was funny? That's just bad. Exploding grannies is bad enough. STOP. Don't write that down.

Other writer: *Do you want some more tea?*

F. A. E.: *No, it's okay.*

O.W.: *Uhhh. Uhhh. So. Tryptophan. Valium.*

F. A. E.: *C'mere. I'll scratch your head.*

Big Daddy: Well, since Suzy brought up tryptophan, I guess you kids want to know what that is.

Kids: Knowing is half the battle!

Big Daddy: Tryptophan is one of those special chemicals that gets converted into a lot of things in your brain.

Seth: (*drools*)

Kids: Flubber!

Big Daddy: Tryptophan is part of all red foods that make other foods less bland. Cranberry sauce and Tabasco sauce are both good examples.

Kids: CheezWhiz!

Big Daddy: Tryptophan works because it gets transformed in your brain to serotonin—

Kids: Forest fires! Insurance fraud! Hooray!

Big Daddy: and ephidrine and neuroepinephidrine. These are all chemicals that make you feel good, and also enhances the flavor of food by making you feel good about the food itself. Unfortunately, since ephidrine is speed, you can become addicted to foods with tryptophan in them like chili sauce and red wine.

Kids: Keep it simple! One day at a time! (*A bright beam of light appears in the middle of the studio, hovering above Bobby's seat in the audience. Sheryl, with freshly dyed red hair and a tight white tshirt, materializes in Bobby's lap.*)

Seth: (*drools*)

Sheryl: (*looking up*) Hey, thanks for dinner. Call me? Please? Take me away from all this, Pix—ewww, gross. Get your sticky hands off me, kid.

Bobby: Damn Juicy Juice!

Big Daddy's Biology Show



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

Big Daddy: (swaggering up the aisle, cuffing Jesus playfully) Soooo, Sheryl. You're back. There goes our season finale, missy.

Kids: Only 41 shopping days left!

Big Daddy: Naturally, when Fucko told me you had been KIDNAPPED, I was very, very worried. Should we call the police? Did he do anything to you that I would—I mean, are you okay?

Sheryl: (Wistful) He took me out for Thai in his own reconstruction of the Starship Enterprise. Those little pointy ears just make me all melty. (Decks Jesus, who has been climbing on Mort to get a better view of Sheryl.)

Jesus: I'm gonna SUE!

Big Daddy: (Grumbles) Stupid little point ears Star Trek sci fi geeks what I do is REAL science... OH, Well, that's about

all we have time for today. We'd like to thank today's sponsor, Pfizer Pharmaceuticals, for making the world a calmer place. Remember to watch out for that cranberry sauce, kiddies! Happy Turkey and Speed Day!

CLIP AND SAVE FUCKO'S FIELD GUIDE TO FOODS WITH TRYPTOPHAN!

Cranberry Sauce; Pumpkin Pie (orange); Chocolate (brown); Red Wine Butternut Squash (orange); Blush Champagne; Wild Turkey (brown); Red Jelly Beans ; Pink Butter Mints; Mincemeat Pie (brown); Pepto-Bismol

Some foods hide their tryptophan by mixing its red with other colors. Be Careful, Kiddies!

MUCKRAKER

By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com
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Afterdinner Afterbirth by **Randall Good**

The other day, I was sitting at work—not working—when I heard the following dialogue from two of my colleagues here at GDT:

Dalas Verdugo: So you wouldn't eat eggs, but you would eat placenta?

Sean Stanley: Yeah.

The conversation stemmed from and revealed the fact that some people eat placenta.

Really.

Sean: In certain cultures they eat the placenta as part of a celebration of a child's birth.

Dalas: I wonder what kind of wine you'd serve with that.

What a fascinating thing! When I heard all of this, my day became one hundred percent better. Not only are we human beings extending the frontiers of science and medicine, we are also discovering new foods for the discerning omnivore.

Maybe I'm stretching the limits of my own excitement far beyond comprehension, but I really enjoy trying new food. "Placenta" is already one of my favorite words. Might it eventually become one of my favorite foods?

Sickened by this prospect? Why? For years I have been lectured on the importance of recycling. Now, you are trying to tell me that you can't recycle the afterbirth? I am confused. If you consider this practice to be "against God", then show me any Biblical decree against this practice. If you are a vegetarian, remember that no animal is being harmed for this food. Others of you probably regard this whole idea as "just plain gross". If you are that immature, then you are beyond reasoning. Let me just lament our sad tendency to reject new things rather than welcome them.

If the mother says its okay, then what's the prob-

lem? In many cases, the mother is the one who actually eats it. In Great Britain, a national cooking show featured a mother who collaborated with the host on a recipe for her own placenta. It was fried with shallots and garlic, flambéed, and sautéed into a pate served on focaccia bread to friends and family celebrating the birth. I'm not making this up.

If we ever become mature enough to see the value in placenta eating, then perhaps it will eventually hit the mainstream. It will most likely be one of the most expensive items on the menu in restaurants due to its scarcity, but perhaps animal placentas could be served (do animals even have placentas?). Maybe it could eventually be made economically feasible to sell it on shelf in your local supermarket; I imagine that it would be canned in amniotic fluid to keep it fresh.

I would love to try fried placenta. Don't ask me why, but I keep picturing that it would be similar to one of those Texas Tumbleweed fried onion loafs you get in yuppie restaurants. Fried on the outside; slippery on the inside. What would it taste like? Some people might compare it to chicken, but I refuse to pass any judgment until I have savored it myself.

I am not a woman and will never drop a placenta to the floor. Therefore, my chances of eating such a delicacy are greatly diminished, unless an expectant mother out there wishes to give her placenta to me. I would not hesitate to pay for the chance to taste such food. If there are any pregnant women reading this, ask yourself what will be done with your placenta after your beautiful child is finished with it. Will it end up in the trash or in an incinerator as if it were a piece of disgusting garbage? Or, perhaps, you'd like to give your afterbirth a rebirth. To calm the roaring hunger of a hapless, young college student. To give him something to write about in a future issue. To present the Iron Chef with a new challenge.

Think about it.

SUBMIT.

g d t @ h e l l s k i t c h e n . o r g



J-Dawgg, giving props to his peeps. Rembrandt, on hand to capture the moment, said “J, you got the juice now.”

YOU CAN ALL SUCK MY DICK!

A religious note by dalas verdugo

What??? You thought you could fuck with this?? Jigga, is you crazy? You can fuckin’ suck it, because Jesus is Lord! That’s capital L, fucking o–r–d, mothafuckas. Maybe you somehow got it in yo crack-ass head that you could fuck around with the J–man, but you were dead wrong, you sorry sons of bitches. Jesus will fuck you up. You’ll be all sinnin’ and shit, and along comes that mothafucka, sportin’ his white robe and fuckin’ Teva-style sandals, on a mission to FUCK UP YOUR WORLD. Oh, you think you can run? You a dumb mothafucka. Tryin’ to outrun Jdawg is like tryin’ to escape Carl Lewis...times 10, fucknose. Jesus will fuckin’ let you think you got the advantage, then WHAM, that cold bastid be on your ass with a quickness, ready to dispense with the righteous ass-whup-pins. Fuck you, fornicatin’ assfuck. Me and Jesus be in the church downin’ 40s of Maneshevitz, plottin’ on how to fuck your shit up. Maybe you’ll be at home watchin’ Monday night football or some shit, when BOOM, you be havin’ a heart attack. That ain’t no natural causes, jigga. Nah, fuck that, that be me and Hayseus gettin’ our kicks. We laugh at feeble fucks like you tryin’ to disrespect our hardcore wayz. Suck my dick. You’s a fader and we’re not havin it. Maybe you

though you could sneak shit by the Prince of Peace, but you were trippin’, fool. My boy is omniscient. You know what that mean? That mean he’s like fuckin’ Santa Claus with a lightnin’ bolt. Yo ass be on the ground before you even consider repentin’, fukka. Lick my nutz, cause you can’t stop us. We won’t stop til we’re at the top. Know what I’m sayin? Sometimes I try to calm my boy down, like “Yo, J, you gotta cut them sukkas some slack. They’s only human.” But J just be like “Fuck that, I went that fuckin fo’givness route, but that’s out, fool, it’s time fo’ sinnas ta see my wrath. I’m gonna get Biblical on they ass.” I can’t calm that fuckka down, so you fools best start runnin’. Cause he comin’. Jesus is dope like fuckin’ heroin. Word bond, the Mighty Councilor is gonna regulate on you, no doubt. You can all suck it, cause Jesus is sick and tired of takin’ the fall for you fake fucks. My dog was fuckin’ nailed to a cross! You think you can stand up to a hard-knock like that? Yo ass sobs when you get a papercut. Check it, me and J will be chillin’ on tha porch, sittin’ on the comfy–ass futon that my roll dog made with his dope carpenta skillz, and if we see you ride by in yo Chevette, you’s in trouble. Cause it’s judgement day, baby, and we at the right hand of the Big Poppa.

Chess: Komal plays poorly but wins like a GM.**By Komal Kamat**

[Another guest columnist, Komal Kamat, goes over his game. This was played at the Rochester Chess Center, as part of the Spring League tournament.]

RCC Spring League, Round 1, Board 2

March 3, 2000, Game in 90 minutes.

Opening: Orangutan or Polish Opening

White: Pratt (1719)

Black: Komal Kamat (1828)

1. b4

Either shows no respect for the opponent, or white moved to get off any book openings.

1. ... e5 2. Bb2 e4 3. a3 Nf6 4. e3 d5 5. d3 a5

Move done to maintain space advantage and open a-file.

6. dxe4 Nxe4 7. bxa5 c6

No rush to take the pawn with rook and misplace that rook. Take with queen and get a good diagonal for the queen.

8. Nd2 Qxa5 9. Bd3 f5?

9. ... Bf5 is better.

10. Bxe4 dxe4

Forced move to prevent Qh5 check, Qe5 check, etc.

11. Qh5+ g6 12. Qe2??

Qh3 wins h-pawn after 12...Rg8.

12. ... Rg8 13. Qc4 Qd5

Forced.

14. Qxd5 cxd5 15. Nb3 b5?!

Not protected.

16. Ne2 Bg7?!

Loses pawn but played to get Rook back in the game.

17. Bxg7 Rxg7 18. Nc3 b4 19. axb4 Rxa1 20. Nxa1 Ra7**21. O-O?**

Why castle? Ke2 or Kd2 gets the king in the game.

21. ... Be6 22. Nb5 Ra4 23. Nd4?

Nc7+ and trade Knight for Bishop.

23. ... Bd7 24. b5?

Loses the pawn, Rb1 saves the pawn.

24....Rb4 25. c3 Rb2 26. g3 Bxb5 27. Nxb5 Rxb5 28.**Nc2 Rc5 29. Nb4 Ke7**

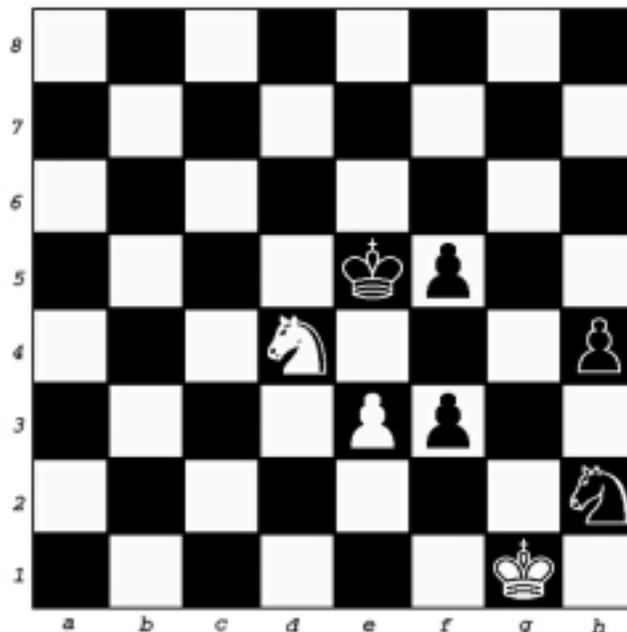
Getting the king in the game.

30. Rd1 Ke6 31. Kg2 Nd7 32. Ra1! Ne5

Rxc3 doesn't work to Ra6+ followed by Nc6 or Nd5 depending where black moves the king.

33. Ra6+ Kf7 34. Rd6 Rxc3 35. Rxd5 Nd3 36. Rd7+?

36. Nxd3 Rxd3 37. Rc5 draws.

36. ... Ke6

Black to play the grandmaster move.

About this time draw was offered to me, but I declined since I knew my opponent was going to make mistakes like he missed the wins earlier on,

37. Rd4 Ne1+ 38. Kf1 Rc1!

Threatens Nf3+.

39. Ke2

If 39. rook moves, 39...Nf3+, 40. Kg2 Rg1+ followed by Rh1 or 40. Ke2 then Re1 is mate.

39. ... Nf3!

Wins a pawn.

40. Rd1 Rxd1 41. Kxd1 Nxb2 42. Ke2 g5 43. Nc6 h5

Trying to create passed h-pawn

44. Nd4+ Ke5!

Same position arises if played Kf6 now but ends up being my move instead of my opponents.

45. Nc6+ Kf6 46. Nd4

See previous comment.

46. ... h4 47. gxh4 gxh4 48. f4?! exf3+ 49. Kf2

49. Nxf3 Nxf3 50. Kxf3 Ke5 wins for black.

49. ... Ke5!

Get the King in the game to attack.

50. Kg1 h3!!

The winning move of the game.

[A grandmaster move. Komal rules. -Ed.]

51. Kxh2 f2! 52. Nf3+ Ke4 53. Nd2+ Kxe3 54. Nf1+**Ke2 55. Ng3+ Ke1 56. Kxh3 f4**

White lost on time, but black has a won game.

