



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre



Member of  
Hell's Kitchen  
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## Cash-Money Winners Honored

The original plan called for a stack of one hundred one-dollar bills to be dumped over the heads of our winners. In lieu of the number of patrons at Java Wally's last Tuesday evening, we decided to break out the large bills. Our "favorite" Editor-in-Chief, Jeff Prystajko, oversaw this event.

In two hours of his spare time, Jake Lodwick (a 2<sup>nd</sup> year New Media major) created a fake RIT ID. The ID plays on the recent customer/student controversy, realistically depicting himself as "Customer 72581-JSL". Jake enjoys filming for blumpy.org and taking long walks on the sun.

Rocko Bonaparte, a 2<sup>nd</sup> year Computer Engineering major, wrote an essay entitled "RIT Physicists are Freemasons". The essay – which explains in gut-wrenching detail how the Physics Department can make a grown man break down – has received much praise from the Physics students here at RIT. So much in fact that Rocko had to get an unlisted email address (don't worry, we can forward your email to him). Rocko is in the process of building a wine cellar amidst the remains of Ellingson Hall.



Here at GDT, anyone can be a "winner"

We also became aware that many of the works were submitted under the influence mind-altering drugs (specifically acid, Aless™, ketamine and tryptophan). Please be more careful in the future, kids. Regardless, thanks again to all of our contestants.

## Perky & Slick

By Gil Merritt



The Magic Wondershow Short Fiction Department  
Proudly Presents:

## The Trustee

By Sean J. Stanley

I graduated from the school long before it became the bastion of negative mojo that now marred the beauty of the New York countryside. I had made some deals in my day, but none like the Donzi deal. At the time, I was a mechanical engineer in need of a meal ticket; they were one of the largest purveyors of high-octane, high-adrenaline, high-on-coke pleasure on the high seas. They also had a problem with their vectored thrust nozzles on the new inboards and my expertise with fluid dynamics allowed me to solve the problem with elegance, not to mention for thousands less than my competitors. The move to undercut the competition and have the flanges milled in Burma allowed me to become a millionaire at age 31, far sooner than I ever had suspected. Donzi was even nice enough to let me keep the 45-ZX I had modified so getting to the Trustee's Gala was not going to be a problem. Henderson's was on the lake, and it was only an hour's journey by boat if your top cruising clip was rated somewhere around 80 knots. I loved the boat. I loved the way the wind chapped my skin, giving it that red, leathery sheen festooning most of the successful people I had encountered.

The cigar in my mouth rolled around awkwardly. I hadn't gotten used to smoking cigars yet, however I felt that it was only proper if one was commanding the helm of such a majestic craft. The boat hit a series of whitecaps and the cigar flew away, a rain of sparks flying behind me, instantly stifled by the dark water of Lake Ontario. I could see the chateau in the distance, a rather imposing edifice, flanked on all sides by artificial forest groves with a large patio deck sprawling from the rear and flowing seamlessly into the water. I maneuvered to the pier and an attendant tossed me a line. I was amazed at the other boats moored beside me, some twice as large, others were runabouts from boats with larger drafts. Silhouetted against the afternoon horizon, I saw the massive pleasure yachts anchored off the coast. I smiled. This was going to be interesting.

The attendant took me to the main salon of the manor, a replica 17<sup>th</sup> century French country estate. Henderson had taste, apparently. The great room was draped with equally opulent trappings. Fidelio velvet on the high windows, oil paintings of various foxhunts, and

an imported Italian marble floor leading to a great stone fireplace. High above on the rafters a stuffed Ocelot head was perched next to that of a Northern White Rhinoceros, sans horn. The blue-bloods stood around drinking and bantering; topics of importance varied between the best place to summer, which blue chips were splitting, or how the bartenders at the Regency can't make a good goddamn Manhattan.

A cute hostess in a tight skirt came up and offered me some champagne. I accepted of course, and reached into my blazer to retrieve the next Rafael Gonzales. As I peeled off the label, a man about half my height reached out with a gold-plated cigar cutter.

"Panetela Extra, eh?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Good choice, Son. I smoke Cohiba's myself, but what is that? Gonzales? Yeah. They're not bad at all. Come out here. Chuck, right?" he asked, I nodded. "You're just in time for the main event."

I liked him already. I had never met Roger Henderson before and his stature surprised me. The leathery complexion mixed well with the blue blazer and off-white Vercace hand made dress shirt. He smiled and led me to the patio where a group had amassed beside the peer. The catering staff was rolling out a large crate.

"What sort of business you do, Chuck?" he asked.

"Engineering mainly. But mostly I just take the speedboat out to entertain clients," I said.

"Fantastic. Wife and I've got a sixty-foot Viking. Shit, here she comes now."

A pasty woman in a red dress approached us. She smiled an artificial, toothy smile.

"They're ready Roger," she said, sucking back her White Zinfandel and leering at me a bit. I smiled politely.

"Just a moment, dear. You've met Chuck Stewart? He's contributing to the Project, aren't you Chuck?"

"Yeah," I said. "Trying to drop a tax bracket or two."

He laughed a hearty, bellowing laugh. "That's right Chuck. If there's one piece of advice I can give the young people today it's develop your tax shelters early on. I mean, what's the fucking point if Uncle Sam takes

half of what you've got, right?"

I nodded and smiled. The Project he referred to was officially The Halethorpe Memorial Building a new design wing the local college was constructing; it was a multi-million dollar project that Henderson was spearheading. Steve Halethorpe was a student that Mrs. Henderson had run over after having too many white wine spritzers at a building dedication the year before. The kid lived, but they had to peel his legs off the trunk of her Jaguar. Roger Henderson figured that he could settle out of court and write off a good bit of it by building a college in Halethorpe's name. It was his baby. I was on the guest list today for one reason; if you want to get technical, it was for five hundred thousand reasons but who's counting after the first quarter million? Mrs. Henderson glared at her husband once again. He glared back.

"Edna, valium. If you'll excuse me Chuck,"

Henderson walked over to the crate, which had been set up to open on command. He took the microphone from another attendant and smiled.

"Friends, honored guests. I'd like to thank you for all coming here today. It is truly a glorious day to be alive, isn't it? I'd like to thank my wife for backing me up in all my decisions, and also for backing over that snot-nosed shit that has brought us this far. Gentleman, the Halethorpe building will be the center of all engineering science at the Institute, and I have received word from my attorneys that anything created there will in fact belong to us and our respective companies. We're having the students working in the labs sign intellectual property paperwork that's buried in their network code of conduct forms. Legal and binding."

There was some dismal golf clapping, followed by a few murmurs. An older man with a harsh long island accent piped up.

"How can we be sure they're going to be using our facilities and not somewhere else on the campus?"

"Don't worry, Bill. I've had the curriculum adjusted so that they'll be forced to use them," Henderson grinned. "But enough about that. Time to move on to the entertainment. Bertrand, if you would be so kind."

Bertrand, the head butler, pulled on a cord and the side of the crate fell away to reveal fifteen mint condition, nineteenth century, break barrel shotguns; each was freshly oiled and cleaned.

"Who wants to go first?" he asked.

"Mind if I have a go?" The President of the university moved forward, his bourbon clinking in his glass.

"Sure thing, Al," Henderson said, handing the man a shotgun.

Bertrand produced a box of shells and with a white-gloved hand deposited two into the President's palm. He loaded, closed the breech, and took his place in a green circle painted on the patio. The President smiled and nodded at Henderson, who held a remote control device in his hand, signaling that he was ready.

"Pull!"

A bit of a whir, a snap, and a sudden scream came from below the patio. This was immediately followed by a rather large irregular shape that flew into the air, from the origin of the sound. The President, an avid hunter, fired the gun with deadly accuracy. The object shattered into tiny pieces, some of which splattered on several of the guests. Luckily, Henderson's attendants had passed out clear plastic protective goggles and disposable rain ponchos earlier in the day, and only a few unprepared fellows suffered any mishap. I had no idea what was being hurled out from below, but I assumed it was some kind of rancid fruit or vegetable. Henderson pulled a two-way radio from his blazer and whispered something. Another voice crackled back.

"Ready for number two? Any takers?"

Nobody seemed to care too much. They were getting the champagne fountain ready in the atrium and that had garnered most of the attention.

"It's Hispanic," he added after a moment.

A large old man in a cowboy hat had stepped forward, "God Bless Texas" written on his belt buckle. He personally chose his weapon and cocked his hat back to shield his eyes from the glare of the setting sun.

"Pull!"

Another whirr, snap, and scream. This time I was able to make out two small, undeveloped eyes, and what appeared to be small arms and legs before the object disintegrated over the water. My suspicions were confirmed when a piece of bloody spinal cord fell into my drink. A guy standing next to me looked over and shrugged.

"It happens," he said.

Henderson presided as the partygoers had a turn at

the skeet. Then he turned and smiled in my direction.

“Come on, Chuck. Let’s do a dualie!” he cried, grabbing two shotguns and shoving one into my hands.

“A dualie?” I asked.

“Twins! And they’re Black!”

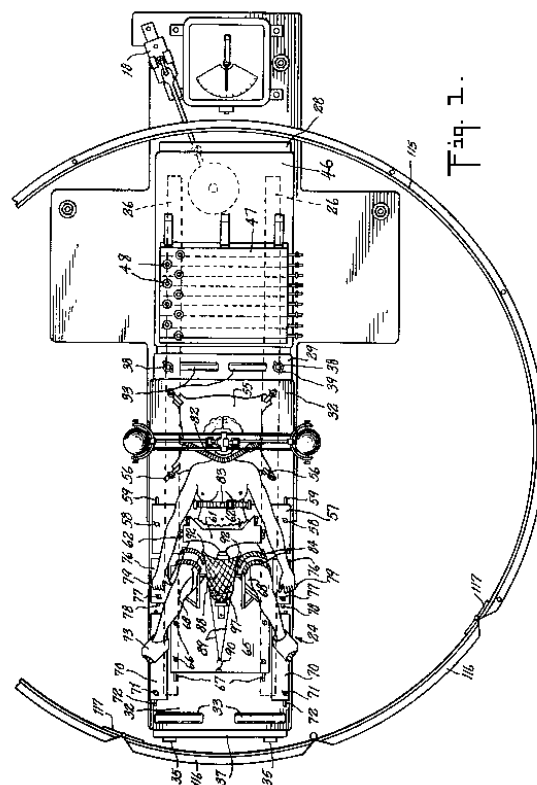
I’ve never fired a gun before,” I said.

“Nothing to it. Just ready, aim, fire, and brace for the recoil!”

This was it. Now or never. I looked at all these people, all that they stood for. I tried to remember a time when everything was out of my reach, so far away. I thought about the future of America, and how it rested in the hands of people like these. And then I realized that you could never beat them. You could kill them, or destroy what they stood for, but always someone else would rise to fulfill that placeholder in society. And now I was one of them. Could I live with that? To ponder it was an existential exercise in futility. I made my decision, jamming the shells into the gun and locking it with a hard shove.

“Pull!” I screamed.

Later, as I mingled at the party, I found that Henderson owned and operated two major abortion clinics, one in Rochester, and one in Buffalo. His management would receive bonus pay for young girls, preferably low-income minorities or wealthy suburban Caucasians, who accepted the “executive option”. This would include the following: After signing release forms and a professional cleaning, they would be shuttled to the manor, where they would be allowed to spend several weeks in luxurious comfort. The days would include swimming, sunbathing, massages and facials, equine sports, day sails on the lake, and the occasional trip to the neighboring amusement parks. Five star gourmet foods were part of the package, as were unlimited supplies of alcohol and cigarettes. They were grouped according to due dates, and retrieved only when the abortions would be considered partial birth. At this time, the physician would whack them up with thorazine and lead them to the edge of the shore, where they would be strapped into “the device”. Henderson had designed this contraption himself based on a similar machine he saw in a trade journal from the late 1800’s. Basically, it consisted of a large, spring-loaded centrifugal sling connected to an old tractor seat in such a position that the birth canal faced out. As the party guests reveled on the patio, the physi-



The Device

cian was using Cytotec to induce labor. By the time Henderson was ready to entertain, the girls were halfway through the process, with at least the head sticking out. When the shooter said “Pull!” the chair was released and the device hurtled around in a large circle, sufficient enough to propel the half born child out of the birth canal and into a nice arc over the water. The girls were then given medical attention and sent on their way.

The champagne waterfall had been magnificent, and I was talking it up with one of the call girls Henderson hired for the affair. We were negotiating when Henderson approached me on the balcony.

“Beauty shot, Chuck,” he said. “How about a highball?”

“I’m fine,” I said, sipping my champagne.

“Of course you are, we all are. You’re a Trustee now. A Trustee for one of the greatest learning institutions in the world” “God bless America!” he added.

I smiled, sliding my hand down the hooker’s dress. I was fine. Two Thousand for the entire night, and I could rail her in the can if I wanted to. I lit the last Gonzales and smiled at him.

“God bless America indeed, sir. God bless America indeed.”



**an open letter to you**

By: dalas verdugo

when we wake from our dream, there is a shock, then a settling. the shock, it comes from the sudden revealing of truth as the shroud of illusion is removed. it's the discovery of the dream made possible by our waking from it.

have you found them guarded?

they are guarding their hearts. to them, their lives are so seeming precious. life is shit and silver. it depends on the day, the sun, stars, and how many people woke up alone that morning. you have to buy a chance. deceit is your currency. honesty earns solitude in our society. isolation is the prize for leaving the contest of deceptions.

this is the optimistic view.

don't expect me to care for money. don't expect me to value fame (for myself or others), humility, success, humbleness, or any of the other ideas men create to chase, purely for distraction. if you love me, it will be for what i lack.

don't be afraid to look into the fire. it's bright, but you can glance.

what a contraption they've created. you remember the Doozers. sometimes i laugh out loud at the members of the media who subvert its every goal. they are like a virus in the belly of a beast, eating it from within.

i want to be there.

i remember the time you told me exactly how you wanted me to be. your message came in the form of a thousand television talk shows, movies, and even through the silent lips of words on a page. whenever i would find you in these places, i would make haste to pay attention to what you expected from me.

i'm sure you'll be disappointed.

as we all are. when we really get to know someone. were you waiting for the day when you'd be among adults? you've brought your chair, i hope. we remain in the midst of the children we've known since we first sat in a circle on that soft, preschool rug.

they're trying something new.

sometimes i want to possess things. i seek my panacea. but i always slap my mind's far-reaching hand. because i know it grasps for nothing. just something they told me existed.

but when were they ever right about anything?

when we wake from our dream, there is a shock, then a settling. the shock, it comes from the sudden revealing of truth as the shroud of illusion is removed. it's the discovery of the dream made possible by our waking from it.

i'm sure death is similar.

so now we are awake. we know that much because before we were asleep and dreaming, and we can only be one or the other. so settle now. into this world that seems to be so complete. accurate to the last detail. a perfect representation of itself. but don't get too comfortable. the readout's displaying 7:59, and in a second's eternity this world will shatter as well.

what about us?

we'll watch the memes grow and collect until that day when it all collapses, and we're left with the words, etched in stone, by someone with faith: "d loves x 4-ever".



## Hellskitchen.org Deathwatch

### Haiku of the Week

by the Sean and Kelly Show™

Can't FTP In.  
Server Side Includes Don't Work.  
Thank God Email Does.

**HANNIBAL: THE ABRIDGED SCRIPT [\*]**

By Andrew Gill

EXT. THEATER

Andrew, M-chan, Nick, and Jon are deciding on a movie.

JON

Well, I guess I could endure another watching of Cast Away. I'd recommend Miss Congeniality, but that's too much of a chick flick, and she wouldn't like it.

M-CHAN

Nope. And don't let me get started on how Mel Gibson sucks!

ANDREW

Well, What Women Want is out... We need an action-thriller for M-chan.

NICK

How about Hannibal?

ALL

NO. Well, OK.

INT. THEATRE

The movie starts.

INT. FBI BASEMENT

JERK BOSS

Pull yourself together, woman! You're skating on thin ice! How about some lovin' hot momma?

JULIANNE MOORE

No.

JERK BOSS

Oh. Then see this pretentious twat.

INT. PRETENTIOUS TWAT'S HOME

PRETENTIOUS TWAT

I used to be big at the club scene. Now, I'm ugly. Boy, my eye is pointy!

JULIANNE MOORE

Oh, that's OK. Why didn't he kill you when he had the chance?

PRETENTIOUS TWAT

Because I didn't bore him, like your Jerk Boss clearly will.

EXT. EUROPE

A disreputable cop recognises Anthony Hopkins. Then the disreputable cop kills some innocent guy. Then Anthony Hopkins kills him.

AUDIENCE

When do we get to hear those great quotes from the preview?

ANTHONY HOPKINS

I must confess to you, I'm giving very serious thought... to eating your wife.

AUDIENCE

That's it! Keep `em comin'.

ANTHONY HOPKINS

Is this coincidence, or are you back on the case? If so, goody goody.

AUDIENCE

THIS MOVIE RULES! If it can keep up the same pace-

RIDLEY SCOTT

We will now take a brief ten-year inter-mission while we cue up the sequel. Do not stamp your hand for re-entry.

AUDIENCE

But, but-

RIDLEY SCOTT

Oh, fine! I'll just reuse some footage from Titus...

Anthony Hopkins chops his hand off, the Jerk Boss eats someone from his family, and a candlestick is bandied about.

END.

[\*] Based on the Abridged Script concept by Rod Hilton at <http://ter.air0day.com/archives.html>. If you're really good, I'll let you read my Abridged Script of Titus.

## Melting Season

By dalas verdugo

“I wouldn’t say so.”

Heart of Sky was sitting in 18 Rabbit’s kitchen, speaking from a chair that she had leaned back so that the legs were at an acute, but safe, angle to the floor. She rocked the chair slightly, varying its degrees in minute amounts to provide a constant feeling of variety. Heart of Sky was easily bored.

“Then you don’t know her at all.”

This reply was muffled by the objects contained in the refrigerator that 18 Rabbit’s head was currently inside of, especially the bread products. He withdrew his head long enough to give Heart of Sky a look which was meant to confirm his own opinion, then he went back to his quest for sustenance.

“Sometimes I actually do find your omniscience completely arousing.”

So many words.

Outside the kitchen window Sample was walking along the sidewalk. His mind and sight were on the ground that bordered the concrete. Slowly, he looked from one side to the other. The pace of his glance matched his age. He was in his mid-sixties and had grown out of his more urgent feelings. Not that there weren’t any of those feelings left, but he had learned the fine art of taking walks.

He was looking at the grass.

How long had it been since he last saw the grass? This past winter seemed like a lifetime to him. The autumn was as far away in mental time as the days of his youth, when he would run and run until his lungs outright refused to help him any longer. Now he was thinking of warm winds that seemed to blow from the sun itself, and the smell of tar-covered playground wood, baking in the heat as you climbed all of its spidery arms.

Those days he had taken up an interest in drawing. He seemed to be naturally talented, so he was further encouraged. Like plants, skills just need time to grow. Soon he was a fantastic painter. He wasn’t sure if he was an artist, though. How could he find out? He would move to where the artists were. They would cer-

tainly be able to tell him what he was.

Thirty years in New York City.

It didn’t take him long to learn their game. He was always quick with picking up rules. He considered the most intriguing part of it to be the fact that some of the rules were instructions on how to break the other rules. This type of game is easy if you play it right. So then he was an artist.

But being things was always less fun than thinking things.

That’s how he ended up in this town. It was a sanctuary, randomly selected. No one knew who he was supposed to be, and that left him free to be nothing. Not to say he didn’t do things. Right now he was doing something. He was looking for something. He was certain he would find it. He had found it every year since he moved here. His eyes were working quickly over the ground that surrounded him. It was all dirt, and new, green grass, but that’s not what he was looking for. Now, this area seemed interesting. He could feel it, the temperature was slightly cooler here, the shade slightly thicker.

He left the sidewalk.

His eyes were moving forward with great velocity, and his body followed them. Inside his chest, he could feel his heart becoming more excited, and he knew this was it. Sample followed the edge of a dark, brick building and rounding the corner, he saw it.

The last patch of snow.

He rushed towards it with the urgency that his stride had previously lacked. His eyes shined. His mind shined. He knelt down with some difficulty and scooped the cold jewel into one of his dry, ashen hands. He lifted this lump to a position some six inches from his downward looking face. For a while, he merely crouched and admired its filthy white simplicity, decorated with small specks of black dirt, or whatever that was. Then he brought it to his mouth and let it slide down his throat, past his joyous heart, and to his waiting stomach.

He wiped his mouth with a flannel sleeve and stared at the loving sun.

## RIT Takes Action Against “Pleasant Weather”

By Rocko Bonaparte

RIT administrators have been faced with a new problem on the campus. Due to the warm weather, students are wandering about outside, frolicking, and generally showing signs that would make one believe RIT was an actual college campus. Occasionally, there are reports that a student has conducted a conversation with a stranger, or “hung out” in a “group” on this campus. The reason for alarm is because reports of these activities have been flooding RIT’s offices in astronomical proportions over the past few days.

“I saw a girl walking on the quarter mile,” says Gary Bizatch, first-year Software Engineering student, “and I told her I thought she was cute. Now I’m going out with her!”

In fact, there have been numerous sightings of women wearing “revealing” clothing, such as skirts and sandals – a sight rarely seen on campus. To verify this, girls were randomly surveyed along the quarter mile. All girls that were questioned stated they actually attend RIT, and were not just some ravenous wenches from MCCC.

To combat this problem, Al Simone has begun a serious initiative. The minds of Lee Iococca (famous for how he used to manage Chrysler) and Lou Gerstner (also known to IBM employees as the “Cookie Monster”) have been recruited as part of his corporate think-tank.

“These students should only view the outside world through the windows.” Lee Iococca stated. The Cookie Monster added, “Yes, why aren’t this kids playing Counterstrike or Quake right now?”

Here is a rough draft of some of the things these great minds have come up with:

All groups of more than one person encountered outside on any given warm, clear day (50 degrees Fahrenheit by Rochester standards) will be forced to disperse through tear gas attacks from the many sniping positions developed into campus’ buildings.

The only skin that may be revealed in public is the face, neck, and arms going from the fingers up to the elbows. A nun from a local Catholic school will be brought in to enforce the policy.

100,000lbs of snow will be imported from Canada and randomly dumped along campus, in order to preserve the “traditional” RIT feel.

A mandatory curfew of 10pm will be instituted on campus. All offenders of the curfew will be forced to attend the Total Fitness and Wellness classes.

The Town of Henrietta Fire Department will be called in to spray the campus in a constant stream of water in order to simulate rain. This will have a second plus in that it will prevent apartment tenants from burning their water and causing unnecessary fire alarms.

In anticipation of restoring the winter look and feel, the heating within all buildings will be increased. It seems that this plan has already taken affect.

To deter students from standing out on the quarter mile, artisans will be brought in to chalk the walkway with propaganda from a [hopefully] fictitious RIT sado-masochism club. They will also chalk the outside of the student-alumni union. These messages will conveniently disappear during visitation days, with the help of water from the aforementioned fire department.

As another deterrence from standing outside, another port-an-academic-building will be purchased from Sears and placed at the end of the quarter mile. It will be known as the “IBM/Chrysler School of Custodial Engineering.”

(As an expense for hiring Iococca and the Cookie Monster) only IBM-made PC’s will be allowed in the computer labs, and only Chrysler vehicles will be permitted to park on-campus.

As a side note, rumors abound that the weather machine located on top of Ellingston hall has gone haywire due to the renovation project. For the uninitiated, this weather machine is used to force clear, warm, sunny days upon the campus. Due to the amount of power it consumes, it is only used during visitation days to lull prospective students to attend RIT. The recent beautiful weather may have something to do with this. Al Simone would not admit to the existence of this weather machine, but did concur that there have been visitation days lately.

“What can I say?” Simone stated, “It’s sheer



luck.”

However, there was a report that a group of students saw the machine in action while they were walking home from a drinking party. They claimed it shot a line of energy into the sky, causing the sky to light up

and begin to part. Before their names could be acquired, campus safety arrived and took the group away, most likely due to their consumption of alcohol on-campus. You be the judge.

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## The Magic Wondershow Kitchen

By Sean J. Stanley

### Mango Lime Scallops over Rice

This recipe is simple in design, easy to prepare, and a nifty way to impress your friends or prospective sexual partners. You'll require the following:

1 ripe mango, diced into small cubes  
 The juice of 1 large lime  
 1 small sweet onion, chopped  
 3-5 cloves fresh garlic, minced  
 olive oil or butter  
 salt  
 pepper

1/2 tsp oregano  
 1/2 tsp crushed red pepper  
 1/2 tsp garlic powder  
 1 pound scallops - large if possible, although small will do just fine

2 cups long grain white rice  
 2 cans vegetable broth

Begin by pouring the vegetable broth into a saucepan with the rice. This is an easy preparation for light, flavorful rice. Cover and simmer as you normally would, following the directions on the rice package.

As the rice cooks, in a large skillet, add 2 tablespoons olive oil or butter and simmer the onions and garlic over medium heat until the onions have softened.

Add the lime juice, mango, oregano, red pepper, garlic powder, and finally the scallops. Bring the resulting sauce to medium-high (giving it more “love” as they say in culinary circles) and simmer uncovered, stirring occasionally until scallops are firm (about 5-7 minutes).

Add a pinch of salt (the scallops are pretty salty) and a few turns of fresh ground black pepper. Spoon over the rice and serve immediately. I suggest the meal be accompanied with a light salad and a bottle of Riesling, which nicely compliments the citrus flavor of the dish.

Bon appetit, sweethearts! If you try this, please let me know how you like it, [tourist@csh.rit.edu](mailto:tourist@csh.rit.edu).

# SUBMIT.

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# GRACIES DINNERTIME THEATRE

wants YOU to work for US instead ...

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Interested? Email [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org).



**Gracies  
Dinnertime  
Theatre™**

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