



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 19, Issue 7, *Dead Tulips*  
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## CHRIS MAJ SACKED: A TRAGIC STORY

By Alex Moundalexis

Webster's Concise Dictionary defines a martyr as a person who willingly dies or suffers for a belief. Chris Maj<sup>1</sup> was the only man with the balls to bring his ideas and beliefs to the SG table. For this, should he be propelled into martyrdom? No, you wouldn't think so. But because he voices his beliefs publicly when no one else will, his actions are seen as primitive, irresponsible and disrespectful, so much so that he's suffered under the hands of SG President Felipe Giraldo and *Reporter* Editor-in-Chief Jeff Prystajko.

Instead of providing support for a fellow Cabinet member, SG President Felipe Giraldo has stood by and watched Maj be publicly criticized in *Reporter*, only commenting, "he's a hard worker." Hardly a compliment for a programmer that devised one of the most important voting schemes used at RIT today. One week later, Giraldo is out in the field with the hammer and nails for Maj's crucifixion.

I am getting ahead of myself. For those who don't know who Chris Maj is, let me provide a brief resume. He is quite an animated individual, a fourth year Computer Engineering student on co-op this quarter, who is quite active on campus. There are a lot of static people out there that aren't cool to talk to, especially at RIT. I enjoy talking to Chris; he is always a dynamic individual and I'm never sure what he'll say next. He is vocal about his beliefs, as shown when he organized the Rally and the March concerning the new Louise M. Slaughter building. He is the President of Students for Sensible Drug Policy (SSDP), which despite much argument with President Simone, has not



### Maj Sacked—GDT Appalled

become an official recognized school group<sup>2</sup>, though has been at over two-dozen other campuses across the country. Chris is also opposed to the proposed research for the military to be done at the new "Slaughterhouse", citing that students would be creating the weaponry to destroy their own families overseas. As of 4/20<sup>3</sup>, the Student Government web page last listed him as the Programmer on the Cabinet.

As a Cabinet member, Maj is present at the SG meetings. Some individuals (who have yet to be

<sup>1</sup> Pronunciation Guide: Maj = May.

<sup>2</sup> Damn that sounds familiar. I wonder why.

<sup>3</sup> Whoa, it's 4:20 man. Don't even get me started.

named) complained that Maj was being disrespectful and disruptive to the meetings, a point conveyed<sup>4</sup> in Jeff Prystajko's editorial<sup>5</sup>. Considering the editorial, I'd like to question a few things contained within:

Prystajko states that Maj (under non-normal circumstances) had made him angry. That's jolly good, and Prystajko seems content to harp on Maj for the remainder of the page. But did he actually confront Maj in person with his grievance? Somehow I doubt it, which brings me to another point: people at this school have their chain of grievances all screwed up. If someone insults or upsets you, you should go directly to the root of the problem. At least that's the way that I think it should work. Chances are you could work it out right there without much fuss. Instead, people seem to go to the highest authority possible. For example, when Nick Spittal took issue with *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, he never contacted us. Instead he wrote a letter directly to President Simone. Likewise, Maj upsets Prystajko with his actions. Does Prystajko go and talk to Maj? No, instead he writes an editorial and brings up his problems with Maj to an audience of thousands, injuring Maj in the process. The point is that you should take the matters into your own hands, taking it up the ladder only if you don't get a satisfactory result from the source of your grievance.

If Prystajko has been going to SG meetings for three years now—as he stated—he's obviously seen this troublemaker coming from the very beginning. So why didn't he step up to the microphone earlier? We don't hear any commentary about what Prystajko has said or done at these proceedings. So Maj was vocal, cut a few people off, interrupted others, and angrily contradicts others whom he opposes. So what? That's human nature, especially when opposing viewpoints are being debated. Take a look at the British Parliament, it's not a walk in the park over there, they've got dozens of older gentlemen ready to duke it out in the streets, and that's just taking the role call. The U.S. Senate is no fairyland either, it's loud, rude

and occasionally profane. Get used to it now, kids. Maj is only giving everyone a taste of what's to come out in the real world. Those who have been offended, you're going to be disappointed once you get out of here. I've worked in both private and government sectors and I can tell you that he's doing you a favor, preparing you for people that could be (and are) out there.

Maj is “a disgrace of [Student Government]?” Please, spare me this horridness. Student Government has failed to achieve power over President Simone, despite repeated attempts. Until it does, what exactly is the point? To dole out funds to all the student groups? To give a few extra people a weekly paycheck? It isn't much of a disgrace if there isn't any substance to disgrace in the beginning, now is it? Now I'm sure that all the folks in SG are thinking that I've got a lot of gall right now, but it's true. WHAT GOOD IS STUDENT GOVERNMENT IF IT CANNOT GOVERN? Answer me that question and I'll give you a cookie.

Maj may have been a public figure, but that still doesn't make it right to abuse him in such a fashion. Prystajko cites that he's utilizing “freedom of the press to report on what is unjust and disturbing to the RIT community.” I'm more disturbed by this article than by Maj's actions—it sounds to me more like a personal vendetta. If it were a report on unjust and disturbing actions, there would not have been a call for Maj's resignation or termination at the end. No, this was a personal agenda. Maj made HIM angry, so much that he DEMANDED the resignation.

*Reporter* has won awards from their journalist talents<sup>6</sup> in the past, and has “recently won awards in several categories from the New York Press Association's (NYPA) annual Better College Newspaper Contest. *Reporter* captured first place in the general excellence category; first place in the news-story category; first place in the design category; second place in the best newspaper Web site category; and third place in the photography category.”<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> I am not on the SG Cabinet, and have never been to a meeting. I have heard multiple “truths” about the meetings illuminated in Prystajko's editorial, most contradicting each other.

<sup>5</sup> *Reporter Magazine*. 13 April 2001, page 3.

<sup>6</sup> We here at GDT could debate the journalistic abilities of *Reporter* for a long time, but we'll happily ignore that aspect for the moment.

<sup>7</sup> *RIT News & Events*. Volume 33, Number 16, page 4.

Let's perform a small experiment. After all those awards, you might have an expectation of good reporting and writing from Reporter. Now turn to page 3 of the April 13<sup>th</sup> issue and tell me if you think that a one-page attack upon an individual measures up to those expectations. It doesn't measure up for me, and it sure as hell isn't professional either. In less than ten paragraphs, Jeff Prystajko sets a bitter tone for the rest of the issue. As Editor-in-Chief, his editorial lead me (and many other people) to believe that *Reporter* as a whole believed all of it. After all, he does represent *Reporter* in an official capacity. In any case, I expect more from *Reporter*, as should you. Every issue of *Reporter* seems to become more and more like *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. *Reporter* was meant to be a better news magazine from the beginning, not an avenue for pursuing individuals for their "wrongdoings". The editorial Prystajko wrote, submitted, approved and printed borders on libel and harassment. Furthermore, it just wasn't that nice. I don't even think that we would have printed it.

I could "demand" that Jeff Prystajko "either resign or be terminated from his position as" Editor-in-Chief of *Reporter* magazine, due to his actions as a representative official. I won't because it's rude, unprofessional and above all it isn't my place to say so.

So you're asking, what was Felipe Giraldo's response to Prystajko's editorial? "As far as the behavior of a particular Cabinet member, his actions in that Senate meeting called for me to ask him to leave."<sup>8</sup> Why is it such a big secret Felipe, why can't you use his name? Would it make you uncomfortable to know

that you just screwed Maj over, rather than some "Cabinet member?" That Cabinet member IS Chris Maj, and I would wager that Felipe TOLD Maj to leave, no questions or asking about it. Because they couldn't handle his extreme views, Maj is now forced to wander the earth. Never mind that Maj still represents a large group of students – myself included – on many issues facing this school. Never mind that he was one of the few Cabinet members willing to speak up when the rest just sat back in their seats beaming at their magnificence.

Jeff Prystajko and Felipe Giraldo have it all wrong. The entire point to representative governance is to REPRESENT the people. Both of these individuals have the gall to say that not anyone is qualified to sit in the Cabinet to represent their peers. There are a lot of people out there that believe in what Maj was doing out there at the Rally. There are a lot of people who think that SG's current standing flat-out sucks. There are a lot of people who think that the Administration has too much power. Oh, but we're not allowed to have the Cabinet members believe in that sort of thing, even though as individuals we're granted the rights to think whatever we like. So what happens when SG deems your views too controversial, and you are too open about your beliefs? You get fucked over, that's what. It could happen to any one of us. More specifically, it could happen to you.

Student Government should not be able to treat our representatives in this fashion. Whether or not you believe with Chris Maj's politics or beliefs, rise up and support him for this grace injustice that he has suffered.

<sup>8</sup> *Reporter*, 20 April 2001, page 4.

# SUBMIT.

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## Who Could You Beer as Your SG President?

By Rocko Bonaparte

Elections for student government are upon us, and it's getting a little intense. People have been spotted actually wandering around with signs in support of one person or another (how drastic!). The online voting system has also made it easy to vote for the president and vice president. But whom are you really voting for? Do you know anything about any of these people? We're in college now, and it's trendy to be part of some alternative political organization. So which of the candidates is your alternative candidate?

I'd suggest that none of them are. We need a candidate that has a fresh view of things, has a great understanding of the students and the campus, is reliable, and won't just disappear into a meeting every Friday, with the results at best only occasionally making it as far as *Reporter*. Looking at the ballot for this year, I choose "none of the above." My nomination for president goes to... the Inconspicuous Can of Beer.

The Inconspicuous Can of Beer (ICOB, or better known as "Beer") always has a fresh view on things. Well, Beer tends to be a little uncoordinated, but he says the most imaginative things on the weekends. He's wild through the whole evening, and then he's real philosophical by the end of the night, right before he passes out. Beer has also come up with great ways to pass the time. Many of these activities involve funnels, ping-pong balls, television shows or movies, cats, and midgets. And wherever you find Beer, there always is loud music. He plays his music so loud it causes the inside of his neighbor's ass to rattle. What an animal! He even graces the deaf with the loudness of his music!

The Inconspicuous Can of Beer knows more about the students and this campus than God Himself. Beer has heard all of our good fortunes, all of our misfortunes, and everything in between. He has heard us complain without end about this place and its administration. He's heard all the truths and all the rumors.

Unfortunately, Beer doesn't know too much about the education here. People never talk to him much about what they study here. It is unknown what Beer studies, if he studies anything. But is that a requirement for being a good President? Beer seems to have his act together. He has all kinds of great advice to provide on how to score. He is also accessible to people from off-campus, including other campuses. Did you see what Beer did at the University of Rochester last weekend? Simply incredible. I'd vote for Beer just to be my ambassador. If everybody thought of RIT because of Beer, the world would be a better place. Maybe Beer could even usher in an era of World Peace. He sure the hell is trying.

He is also reliable—always there when you need him. If he can't do that job, he can always call upon his friends, the Inconspicuous Bottle of Liquor (IBOL, or better known as "Liquor"), and the Inconspicuous Bag of Marijuana (IBOM, or better known as "Marijuana"). Whenever you have a problem, Beer will be there. If he can't do the job, then it's time for his other friends. Beer doesn't care either way. Maybe he's a little too passive—Beer has been known to stay neglected in the closet for a week, but remains ever patient. But all that means is he's kind to a fault, but RIT's one chick loves that.

Well, maybe he isn't that kind. The only gripe I have against our friend, the Inconspicuous Can of Beer, is that he is a little hot-tempered. When he gets warm, man, things get ugly. But as long as you keep him cool, everything will be all right.

So, hey, we don't even need a Vice-President. Well, maybe one of you will nominate one of Beer's friends for that too. I hear IBOM makes for a great vice. Beer will never step down in the face of the administration. He'll stay through to the last, and he'll be here even when all of us leave. With such dedication to RIT, how can one go wrong by voting for Beer? Go ahead, vote with your feet. Vote them straight to Beer's place, for great justice!



## Andrew's Laundry Adventure

By Andrew Gill

Laundry would not be a typical subject for an adventure, but most of my adventures aren't typical. Like the one where I was accused of kidnapping in a waffle shop or the time that I got on the wrong bus and wound up at the police station, or the time that I was suspended from school for explaining that Join The Crew was a virus hoax. I have strange adventures.

Anyways, my tale begins around 1:00 AM. I try to watch Voyager every night, so that I have at least some consistency from day to day. Voyager ends, and I realize that I still have to do laundry. Because I have no clean underwear. This isn't some wimpy "I want to wear my cool clothes, tomorrow"-thing. This is absolute necessity.

Of course, I merely go to one of Rochester's myriad of all-night laundries. For those who haven't checked the yellow pages recently, there's one in Riverknoll, and I think there's one in Racquet Club. For some odd reason, the rest of the all-night laundries that a city of Rochester's size should have<sup>1</sup> do not seem to advertise.

I take my week's worth of laundry, and sling it over my shoulder. This is not my idea of fun. I'm not a terribly built person, and my left hand is crippled, due to yet another adventure involving doctors. I take my bags out to C lot and scan for my car. I don't find it. It is at this point that I realize that I've parked halfway across the campus, roughly parallel to Building 7. My bags of laundry are nestled between two cars, and I hope that no one finds them. I walk halfway across campus, and find my car. Luckily, I haven't gotten any tickets. I return to C lot, pick up the bags of laundry nestled between the cars, and place them in the passenger seat. Then I drive to Riverknoll, stopping violently at each stop sign, so that my brakes know the displeasure that I'm having.

I pull into Riverknoll, and set about trying to find the Riverknoll laundromat. I stop at the end of the lane, since someone I know there claims that the laundromat is right behind her apartment (or maybe it was the guy in Racquet Club). I continue walking further back, until I hit a chain-linked fence. Since this does not appear to be any type of laundromat that they would have at RIT (I don't see a place to put money, anywhere), I go off in

search of human assistance. A nice young man tells me to follow the chain-linked fence. Which I do. Apparently, the laundromat resides behind the first set of houses.

I walk back to my car and drive around. I lug my laundry into the laundromat and use the change machine, except that there isn't one. Which they were thoughtful enough to include in the dorm-side laundromats that close at 1:00. Of course, any Joe knows that the vending machines change bills, so all I had to do is drive over to the Crossroads, walk up to the door, find that it is locked, walk over to the College of Science, find that it is also locked, walk over to the College of Liberal Arts, walk downstairs to the vending machines, put in a dollar, and find out that it doesn't change bills, walk back to my car, drive back to the dorms, walk in through the back of NRH, find the one laundromat that they forgot to close, and change my bills there. By the way, the Flex machines at the laundromats do not tell you that you have no money until you go through every step, have put your whites in the machine, and have poured detergent all over them, and before you realize that you have to go to the Crossroads to get change.

I walk back to my car, drive back across campus, to the laundromat, and insert my coins into the machine. I must admit, the machines are pretty nice, but I must find something to do while I am washing.

I try to sleep on the benches there, but I'm cramped up against the wall with some amount of normal force constantly pushing me off. The only truly good places to rest would be on the folding areas on the side or the little island behind the machines. I try the folding areas, but they feel very unsteady, and I don't want to wake up in a hospital with a repair bill. So I climb over the washers, and try to rest, there. Some sort of dust (please, don't be asbestos) gets in my lungs, and I wind up with a cough that probably irritates<sup>2</sup> my roommate.

My clothes get done, I drag them back to my car, place the bags into the passenger seat, drive across campus, set my clocks ahead one hour (6AM), take the bags out of my car, take them back to my room, I brush my teeth, and go to sleep.

And that, my friends, is the tale of how I spent five hours doing laundry.

<sup>1</sup> Heck, I think Tionesta, PA (county population density 9.2 people/sq. mi.) has one.

<sup>2</sup> If people with slightly less personality than toast can be irritated...

## Hallucination Corner

By Melinda Melmoth

This is a dream I had March 26th. One of those kind that you wake up exhausted because you just baked in your bed oven for a few hours and had your insides scooped out of you and you're told it didn't happen to you because it was a dream but it did happen and you did feel it.

We're watching TV. Me and him on my couch. We're acting like friends and watching TV instead of talking, pretending everything is the same. He leans against me and I'm thinking WHY does he want to be close to me, he doesn't even want to be my friend? He puts his hand on my stomach kind of hugging me not expecting anything from me. And I concentrate on my breathing which I realize isn't happening. I realize I don't breathe when he's around. Especially if he touches me. I force myself to breathe. I watch my stomach fall with my breath like it should but it doesn't fill back up with air. There is no end to my breath. No air is

going in. My stomach is caved in and my shirt covers it so I can't see exactly. His hand sits on a normal stomach so he doesn't notice. I keep breathing and everything is silent but the tv and no breath reaches anything. I can't move or speak but I start screaming on the inside. I scream because I realize I have no insides. I'm empty. There is nothing in my stomach. No liver no intestines no pancreas I'm going through my stomach in my mind and I know there is nothing there. My ribs are holding up my skin and I can feel them. I have ribs. DO I have lungs? I can't stop screaming I AM empty and I HAVE no insides. I imagine in my head and question whether or not I have lungs. Because if I do they must be sitting in there alone. Do I have a heart? If I do it must be sitting next to the lungs. I don't think it's working. They're not attached or being used. They're just sitting. And he's not sitting next to a dead girl. He can't see or hear that I can't stop screaming and shaking. Nothing comes out of my mouth. And he doesn't notice that I'm empty inside.

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### CLASSIFIEDS

Email [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org) with the reference number, and we'll forward your inquiries along.

#### HELP WANTED: FACULTY ADVISOR

All applicants must believe in free speech and know the premise behind both satire and humor. No long hours. Experience with libel suits a plus, as is knowledge of copyright law. Occasional controversy may arise. Liberal arts faculty preferred. Offers for immunity may be granted. Interested? Contact us via email: [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org). If you have heart conditions, epilepsy or are nursing a newborn child, please consult your doctor before applying.

*Reference: 108*

#### FOR SALE: UNFINISHED MOVIE SCRIPT

Having cash crisis, must sell immediately! Our contract for *Battlefield Earth 2* fell through about three weeks into the editing process. Asking \$100 OBO.

*Reference: 115*

#### \$15/HOUR GUARENTEED

Work on-campus to dispose of Reporter back-issues. We have thousands of copies from both this year and last. That's right, we'll pay you to

haul them away. We don't care what you do with them! Stop by the Student Alumni Union, room A-426 and take all that you can find.

*Reference: 104*

#### FOR SALE: LEGAL DOCUMENTS

Barely used, like new partially filled-out legal forms concerning libel and harassment. Realized it was pointless to pursue a civil action suit. \$5 firm. Contact Nick S.

*Reference: 106*

#### WANTED: JEFF PRYSTAJKO PICS

All those teaser photos were published, but never a shot of his entire body. Agony! Naked or clothed, I really don't care.

*Reference: 109*

#### FOR SALE: 72.4GB HARD DRIVES

I've got at least 100 hard drives here, still in cases – all 10,000RPM SCSI. Hot off the back of the truck, these babies are priced to move! Normally retailing for \$800, I only want \$200 for each.

*Reference: 103*

In true *Reporter* style, one of these ads might be a fake.

## Al's Office

By Brad Conrad

Last night I had a nightmare. Most people would probably think “*so what?*” or “*who cares?*” Normally I don’t even remember it but it’s not every night that I wake up screaming and clawing the cold April air for my very life. This is not the story of how I went to therapy, ended up broke, living in the slums of Rochester, giving hand jobs for crack or small bags of processed sugar, and becoming a male whore to pay for the “therapy” that he said I needed so badly. I can’t argue with him on one point, what I went through really does require some type of professional help. That horrible, horrible dream consisted of a pseudo-Alice-in-Wonderland journey through Al Simone’s seventh floor Inner sanctum.

If I remember correctly, I needed to go to building one to get a six-month-old paycheck kept on the sixth floor. I got on the elevator and pushed the button for the sixth floor, noticing the key being required for seventh floor access. A shudder went down my spine as the doors close. As the sixth floor approached instead of slowing down, the elevator began to increase its speed. I think I hit my head in the crash.

It was dark. I managed to pry open the doors; that was my first mistake. Before me lay a large dimly lit room covered in blood red carpet. Behind the Rotating holographic Pepsi logo in the center of the room was a large leopard skinned desk. Standing next to the large ivory tusk lamp with the human skin lampshade stood a man of average height in what appeared to be an authentic Rhine-stone covered jump suit (that had probably been worn by Elvis himself). At his waist was a cattle prod covered in dry blood and bits of skin. He told me that he had been waiting and that the little ones were hungry. I couldn’t control my self and I assumed the worst. In my confusion, a 10-cent tour began.

Around the room’s perimeter were small animal cages. Held within each was a student. As we walked closer, each was labeled with a major. The rags they wore whipped around as they frantically typed away at old typewriters. He explained that he held a student of each major captive. Their sole existence was to create new and annoying policies for RIT to instate. I managed to see a few words here and there; they included something about less parking, forcing all transactions to be made in Canadian money, the destruction of the sun, and mandatory skin coverage rules. He shocked each student with the cattle prod and left him or her to be beaten profusely by a trained group of killer chipmunks. We left the perimeter.



FEAR MY DESK CALENDAR!

Next was the collection of the souls of RIT’s student body. Within a clear large tank swam and clawed all the souls that students here signed away upon coming here. Located across for the tank but next to the pit of eternal fear and agony were the weather controls for RIT. He explained how he only made it nice when it would cause more people to come to RIT or prevent them from doing their homework and leaving. As a cynical side note he kicked a Radio Shack TRS-80 computer with the label “online class registration”.

tration”.

Before I knew what to make of all of this, a team of killer attack herring appeared out of nowhere, guided me through the other 6 levels of hell, past the spawning ground for evil department heads, the training room for Gracie’s cafeteria, and out a door. The next thing I know I am outside the Bursar’s office listening to an old and rather upset woman explaining to me why I am an idiot. Let this be a lesson. What kind of lesson, I don’t know, but my conclusion: Eat more cheese.

## PROFESSIONAL PIERCING

By Alex Moundalexis

Been eyeballing that girl with the tongue ring that sits across from you? Think she might live up to Chris Rock's timeless advice? Ever considered getting your nipples or navel pierced, just to impress your folks? Think your boy would look cute with a new earring? Of course, body piercing isn't for everyone, but if you're interested keep reading. Back in the day, you could pierce your ears with a little ice and a safety pin with minimal problems. Try piercing your own septum today using the same equipment and you might have some serious problems. These days extra care must be taken to avoid infections, especially with more complex piercing. It's important to find folks that you can trust to do your piercing – the mall is not the best option by any means.

Tucked back in a low-key shopping mall downtown lays Morningstar's Primitive Impressions. For five years now, their friendly and knowledgeable staff have made piercing their primary business to many students here at RIT. They'll pierce earlobe, cartilage, naval, nostril, nipple, lip, labret, tongue, eyebrow, septum, genitals and more. It may look low-key on the outside, but the piercing rooms are kept 100% medical-grade clean. All hoops and barbells are sterilized right before your eyes, and all other measures to protect you are taken. Primitive Impressions also creates original metal, wooden and glass jewelry of all sorts. Custom orders and work are also available, if there's something that you've been dreaming of but can never seem to find. And like any good provider, gift certificates are available.

I sat in with a friend having her naval and nostril pierced. These folks know what they are doing, from the medical concerns right down to the aesthetic aspects. They won't bullshit you either; they'll let you know exactly what they're doing throughout the entire process, from why they are marking your skin to how much it will hurt. All of my friend's questions were answered in a clear and succinct manner, before and after the fact.

Pricing varies depending on what you get, but range from \$25 to \$65. The prices may seem a smidge high, but try to understand that this is not the mall. You aren't getting a part-time employee with three days of

training with the piercing gun. These people are very professional and they know every bit there is about piercing and its effect on your body. If you have problems or your piercing becomes infected, you can call them. They are there for you every step of the way, and acquire most of their business through referrals. I urge you to check them out.

Morningstar's Primitive Impressions is located at 274 Goodman Street in the Village Gate Square downtown. Appointments not required but recommended, so call them at (716) 271-6010. To get there, take I-490 to the Goodman Street exit. Drive North on Goodman Street past Park, East and University Avenues. They're on your right in the Village Gate Square between University Avenue and Main Street, located on the first floor of the building.

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## Jeff Prystajko's Editorial Goes Up In Smoke<sup>1</sup>

by Randall Good and Tamara Luzecky

That part of me that says, "If you do that, people won't like you!" argued that I shouldn't write this editorial—but seeing as how this issue's date is 4/20, and part of me truly doesn't care what people think of me, I figured...the hell with it—just write it anyway.

I don't eat salsa. Never have, doubt I ever will. (I can hear the sound of pages flipping already.) Why? That's a simple question with a complicated answer. It's definitely not due to what's taught in health classes or because of purely scripted and acted anti-salsa commercials on TV. No, I make use of the gift to be able to make up my own mind, and not succumb to "what everyone else" is doing.

Granted, I'll admit I don't know everything there is to know about salsa. I haven't devoted days, weeks, or longer researching it and its effects. Thus, I'm not going to make any broad stipulations that eating salsa is bad for you because, quite honestly, I'm not sure if it is. Besides, if I did, all of you who haven't already turned the page would probably be screaming at me, "You can't say that, you've never even tried it!"

What I do know is that a lot of people I know

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<sup>1</sup> Except for seventeen words, this entire editorial is taken from "Up in Smoke" by Jeff Prystajko, which appeared in the April 20, 2001 issue of *Reporter*, p. 3.



have tried it, and I'm sure plenty of the people I never would have suspected of dipping salsa have experimented with it, at least once—probably with no ill effects. Does this mean I believe it to lack any serious side effects? Absolutely not. Though I have yet to meet anyone who has experienced adverse health problems because of it, I have seen enough examples of peers who have made salsa a higher priority than school, work, even their friends. From personal experience, it's not particularly encouraging when a once-best friend prefers a condiment over you.

Yet, those are some of the worst examples. My friends and acquaintances who have done it claim that one becomes more creative and relaxed after eating salsa. Studies have shown that listening to works by Mozart can have a similar effect, but I digress. Besides, I prefer Beethoven.

Getting back to the point, though, as long as the person in question isn't being a menace to society, isn't harming others, or isn't seriously harming him or herself, what right do I have to interfere with what is essentially a person's own freedom of choice? (Note: I'm temporarily ignoring the whole picante issue here.

For a moment, pretend it doesn't matter.) If I believe, though, that a friend's behavior is seriously jeopardizing his or her health, relationships, friendships, finances, etc.—the list is long—then how much of a friend would I be if I didn't speak up?

Ultimately, I can't make up another person's mind as to whether or not he/she should try/stay away from salsa, or any other spicy dips. My advice then? Know what you're doing. A little research never hurt, right? Read books, websites, talk to friends who have tried salsa and friends who haven't. Times have changed, and life isn't as carefree as it may have seemed like decades ago. Information is power; ignorance is foolishness.

I won't print any letters that say I'm an idiot for not trying salsa, nor any letters that attempt to either glorify or dispel salsa and its effects—so please don't bother writing them. It's my life and I've made my own decisions. To you, what should matter is your life, and what you want to do with it. Peer pressure is an undeniable aspect and unceasing influence during college life, but so is acting sensibly and ensuring a positive future.

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## GDT Rumors

There have always been a lot of rumors flying around about this publication. We've heard them all, and feel that it would be entertaining to address them.

### **Gracies Dinnertime Theatre was/is in cahoots with Reporter.**

*Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* has always been involved with *Reporter*. We've stolen many *Reporter* writers and staff over the years, and there's been plenty of "close calls" that the populous at RIT never tire of hearing about. And if you read GDT frequently, you know quite well that we never tire of complaining about the "journalistic" ability and endeavors of *Reporter*.

Close ties between both staffs date back to the beginning. Take for example, Kerstin Gunter, eldest sister of one Kelly Gunter. Kerstin just so happened to be the head editor of *Reporter* back when GDT was first getting started. Do you think that it's a coincidence that two publications arose from two sisters, almost at the exact same time? Oh no,

there was much planning and coordination to be done there.

Gil Merritt—the creator of cartoon strip *Perky & Slick*, which by the way appeared weekly in GDT—used to be on staff down the hall at *Reporter*. The exact reason why he switched over, we'll never know, but it did require a large and complicated contract and a retainer. We love you Gil.

Evidence has come to light to provide backing for the theory that Nick Spittal resigned as Editor in Chief of *Reporter* after a losing a chess match to GDT Layout Editor Adam Fletcher<sup>1</sup>. The evidence: a cocktail napkin with a nearly indecipherable message scrawled in red pen<sup>2</sup> was found nearby Spittal's residence. The message? "Fucking chess Nazis, I'm going to quit." Of course, this evidence will be thoroughly examined for its merit. We wouldn't want to draw any false conclusions here.

That brings us to Jeff Prystajko, current Editor in Chief of *Reporter*, who we will maintain has been our favorite so far. We've noticed that Mr. Prystajko's more recent editorials have become more and more like how GDT

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<sup>1</sup> In retrospect, he should have known better than to wager such a title. Adam is well versed in the chess skills, and is ranked as 1432 according to the U.S. Chess Federation. No too shabby indeed. *[I still suck. —Adam]*

<sup>2</sup> The Editor's color of choice for editing documents.

has been perceived in the past: blunt, honest, ballsy, unprofessional, and occasionally completely uncalled for. He was also the winner of a few contests we held earlier this quarter. Some folks thought that it was rigged—well, maybe it was. Everyone has a price; Jeff's was \$15 in Pepsi products, payable via debit. We depend on Jeff to give us the inside information on *Reporter* and its current constituents.

Most recently, we've enticed Jake Lodwick to write for us. Expect witty articles from Jake to appear early next year, if not late this quarter. Is it a mere coincidence that he won fifty dollars in cash from us? Perhaps so, then again perhaps it isn't and we just use these silly contests to lure people away from *Reporter*.

Do you think that *Reporter* would actually stand by and allow us to steal and bribe their people away, or do you think that *Reporter* cooperates with us to provide better entertainment and journalism to the RIT community? "Without a doubt, the... most... accurate... photocopies... you dreamed of... [are] printed right here"<sup>3</sup> in *GDT*. The truth isn't too hard to be seen, and *Reporter* has made its point perfectly clear.

***President Simone approves content of the issues prior to printing.***

In a word: bullshit.

What follows is an eloquent summary of a conversation held a few weeks ago, as reported by a *GDT* staff member. The names have been changed to protect the clueless.

[Kid reading *GDT*. Friend peering over at *GDT*, the Overlord picture.]

Kid: [*GDT*] sponsored a fake ID contest.

Friend: Really?

Frank: They're usually writing bits back and forth at the *Reporter*.

Friend: Yeah, that's what they're all about.

Frank: President Simone reviews all of it prior to publication.

*GDT* Staff Member: No he doesn't.

Frank: Yes he does

*GDT* Staff Member: No he doesn't. Trust me.

Frank: Well I'm in SG, and I know that he does.

*GDT* Staff Member: I edit *GDT* and I can assure you that he doesn't see anything prior.

Frank: I'll have to talk to Dr. Simone about that.

*GDT* Staff Member: Go ahead, I just hand-delivered his copies for this week.

We won't bore you with the details here, but here's a quick summary. If President Simone approved the contents of this publication (or any other), it would defy the entire point of free speech, freedom of the press, yaddi yaddi yaddi.

***Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is trying to subvert student government.***

Student government has always been a sad state of affairs, and not just at RIT, mind you. We're talking all student government from elementary school onwards. No sensible administration is going to grant any student government executive power over the president, principal, etc. In this regard many articles have been written about the failures, embarrassments and tacky advertisements of SG here at RIT.

On limited grounds such as the approval of school groups to be funded with school monies, I don't see why THIS administration shouldn't give Student Government the reigns.

SG wants to establish the equivalent of a student court, to hear grievances between students, student groups, etc. We would like to make it clear that Student Government has our full support on this issue. We requested a hearing on Nick Spittal several months ago, after the infamous letters sent to President Simone. No hearing was ever granted because there was no precedent or court available. Such an organization setup by SG could have heard such complaints, perhaps even resolved them.

So no, we aren't trying to subvert Student Government here on campus. We're just hoping that it will become USEFUL one of these days.

***Everyone that writes for GDT does so while high.***

I shouldn't speak for everyone, but I will. Not EVERYONE that writes for *GDT* does so while high.

***The barefoot girl actually cares to speak to you.***

In two words: she doesn't. It's nothing personal. We know that you might never have the opportunity again, but that's just too bad. She has had bigger and better opportunities than you could offer her. For details of these escapades, try reading the Big Red Book™ cover to cover—they're all outlined in there. You know, it might be personal after all.

<sup>3</sup> *Reporter Magazine*. 8 September 2000.

**Softly, softly**

By dalas verdugo

You'll forgive me if I'm succinct in the explanation of my origins.

Louisiana, man, 34, lonely.

I was only marginally relevant for most of their lives anyway. I only affected them in the same respect that we all affect everyone with even the slightest movement of our hands, our mouths, and our eyelashes as they send out waves to crash on the beach of the entire universe.

Safety inspector for the Northeastern Railroad.

Now you know the vocation I held for ten years of my life. What did I do? They gave me forms. Day after day, more blank forms. I filled them out with what seemed to be the appropriate answers. I never really knew what I was looking for, but my immediate superior had no clue either and was reluctant to display his ignorance, so he occasionally told me "good job," and that was that.

We all know how to pretend.

Some evenings it seems like everyone is sleeping as you drive your car down an empty road. Passing quiet homes, you can picture the people inside, soft in their beds. Their eyes are closed. All of their useless words lie silent for the moment, and their minds massage them with dreams. That's when I can love them, and it fills me.

The night was something like that.

He wasn't as sentimental as I am though, I'm sure. His mind was mostly on the road ahead of him, and not the houses lining his path. She was staring out of the side window at trees and street lamps and resting her hands on her swollen stomach. Seven months pregnant, lists of thoughts were cycling in her head. She was humming to herself, softly. He would have turned on the radio to drown her out, but the stereo system was one of the car's many broken components.

God, for a little bit of money.

I wouldn't say he was completely resentful towards her. Most of his anger about the situation was merely misplaced. He was confused and frightened. He had done the math again and again. There was absolutely no way he could support this child, and a better job was out of the question seeing as how he had never even bothered to finish High School. He was frightened and confused. But he couldn't show it. When she first told him, he was para-

lyzed with fear for over a week. But he didn't tell her that. He was supposed to be strong. So he hid his weakness with cruelty towards her.

Perception and interpretation build personal reality.

She didn't know he acted from fear. She knew she needed love, and his had been gone for countless ages. Tall pines rushed by her window. She spoke to the life inside her. "Why doesn't he want us anymore? We can't make it alone. Alone? All alone? No, it's too terrible. He'll leave us. He hates us, and one day he'll leave us. God, please make him love me again. I know I don't deserve it. I'm horrible. I'm worthless, but he loved me once, please, God, please. All alone? I don't even recognize the world anymore."

And so on.

He was thinking about time and he looked at the dashboard clock only to be reminded that it too was broken. Life seemed like a countdown. It was something completely removed from him and out of control. His life was running itself now, according to a list of requirements and duties. He knew that from now on it would be a suffocating routine. His rage was building and he looked over towards her to remind himself what the thief who stole his life looked like.

There was something musical in the way the shadows moved across her round cheeks.

She was still questioning their unborn child. "We need him don't we? But why won't he love us like he used to love me?" And from somewhere inside, but apart from herself, an answer came, "When he sees me, he will see love, and he will know that it is us." The tears found her eyes with ease and she wept softly, softly.

Let me tell you about something beautiful.

I was on this same road before at the point where the tracks crossed it. I was holding my clipboard in my hand and staring at a single dandelion standing near the warning signal. It danced back and forth in a breeze that was so slight I could barely feel it on my skin. I watched it for ten minutes at least, then I pulled out my pen and wrote "everything is lovely" on my report under the section marked "*Approaching Train Signaling Systems and Mechanisms.*"

The eastbound express pushed their crumpled metal carcass for over two miles.

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