



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 19, Issue 9, Venus
www.hellskitchen.org/gdt



Member of
Hell's Kitchen
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A Call to Reality (A Response to Chris Maj)

By D. Chandler

For too long the very loud minority of students at RIT has spoken for the rest of us. You are the perfect example of this. You attack the *Distorter* for its half-truths, while you spout out and out lies. The reason why you were attacked for your protest of the Slaughter Building is because you did so out of pure ignorance.

You put up banners proclaiming that RIT is using our research and term papers to build weapons of destruction, as if a paper on Norse Mythology or a lab calculating the raise time of voltage through a capacitor would be of any use to the US Military. I am from Southern California, so I have run up against your kind before, AND I lived within a mile of a Missile and Air Force base in Point Magu. If RIT has ANYTHING to do with weapons production, anything at all, do you realize the military force that would occupy this campus? The Military is required to have armed high-level military LIVING on site of any place that is responsible for weapons research or construction. This does not include ROTC. I never thought that you would be against recycling, especially the recycling of tools of war into post-consumer goods. Haven't your kind been putting daisies into gun barrels for decades? This is exactly what RIT is doing. More often than not, these kinds of contracts are the result of under spending by a particular division of the US Military. If they do not finish spending what they were given in their budget their budget will be cut for the next year. This is the same with public schools and everything else that is funded by the government. To finish spending what was in their budget they usually make a contract with a school somewhere to do research for various "peace oriented" goals. The UCLA Medical Center recently signed such a contract with the military to research better and faster ways to heal wounds.

Stanford University signed a contract to research better ways to remove ancient mine fields. The Rochester Institute of Technology signed a contract to research better ways to recycle war machines. The main idea is that the government gives a school some money (always a good thing for PR to give to education), AND they are funding the research of something that will help reduce war (another good PR thing). The Military really expects no gain from this. They don't expect the schools to produce anything they can use. They have hundreds of the greatest minds in the nation working for them on similar problems; they don't need some professor who has never spent a day in the service in his life to help them. However, they do it to assure that they will get full funding for the next year and to improve PR.

When will you realize that you really know nothing of which you speak? You and your protests are a joke. Hell, even you don't take them very seriously. If you did, how come you have a new cause to follow every other week? Never see anything through to the end do you? Instead you find some cause from some propaganda magazine or newsletter that you deem important. You shout to the highest mountain about how terrible it is that this thing is happening. You put up banners all over campus. You shout from your bull-horn. You hold little meetings where you and your clones talk about how bad these things are, and how good it is that you actually care about them while the rest of the world ignores this plight. You get a good tummy feeling from parroting from some socialist newsletter you have read about subjects you know nothing about. Then two weeks later, some new shiny object will come along and distract you, and the cycle begins again. Do you actually DO anything? Those people in sweatshops your group was bitching about early in the year; did you actually do anything that helped any one of them? Did you hold a fundraiser to help those people who can barely feed their families?

Or did you just talk about their problems in a meeting and try to spread the word? Guess what? Those people are still slaving away. You did nothing. How about the "Racist Death Penalty" or the spread of NAFTA? Did you change anything there, or did you just talk about it and convince yourself that "Spreading the word" is actually doing some good? Actions will ALWAYS speak louder than words. Doing some WORK will speak for itself. But you wouldn't know anything about that would you?

Don't even begin to complain about your 1st amendment rights either. This IS a private institution, and if they don't like what you are saying, they have every right to ask you to go protest elsewhere. Not only that, but what happened to all those signs that attacked you that I saw up. One example was something along the lines of:

RIT Tuition.....\$18,000

100 Copies at the library.....\$20

4 rolls of tape.....\$6

Knowing that despite their best efforts, nobody cares what a bunch of ignorant hippies think?

Priceless.

Why they all were torn down? In fact I saw members of your little group tearing them down. What should happen if RIT decided to tear down your banners? What uproar would come of that? You are a hypocrite. Someday you will realize that all you do is annoy everybody else here. You add nothing, you help nothing, and you are a pest. A fly. Luckily for you, unlike most of the countries that follow the ideals you hold so dear, this one not only does not decide to swat you, but actually protects you from those of us who would like to.

Oh but wait! Those countries don't follow true Socialism! Socialism is where people have control. The people there had no control. Hey guess how they lost that control? I agree, no country truly follows Socialism. They started off trying to, but it all fell apart. Always will. Socialism is one of those things that look beautiful on paper, everybody helps each other, nobody is left out in the cold, but in practice, it leads to corruption faster than anything else. Why? Because it is much harder to gain and keep power in a

society that follows Capitalism than one that follows Socialism. One corrupt leader with a little might can take power for decades to come, and it becomes easier and easier to take power from the people. Just ask Stalin. Following Capitalism, those who succeed do so by following the people's desires. Companies don't make money by selling things that people don't want. Yes some people get left out in the cold, but not nearly as many as any society that tried to follow socialism. Try reading *Animal Farm* some time. It's short, so it should hold even your tiny attention span. If you don't get it, basically the idea is that there are two Socialists. Snowball and Napoleon. They are pigs. They convince the animals that if they rebel against the humans (the current regime) that they can have the farm to themselves. They will decide what they want to do and live in peace and happiness (socialism). So they do, but then Napoleon decides he wants all the power himself, because he is smarter than the rest of the animals. With the help of the hound dogs (the KGB), he chases Snowball (the true socialist) from the farm and takes over. He works a horse named Boxer (the proletariat) to near death to help build his empire, but Boxer doesn't mind because it's for the good of everybody else. Meanwhile Napoleon begins to grow fat and does no work, because "while all animals are equal, some are more equal than others." When Boxer is of no use to him, he sends him off to a glue factory. This goes on but you get the idea. If, somehow, you can convince everybody on earth that power is not worth having, and that even though you work harder and do more for everybody else, you don't deserve to have any greater rewards than they do, then sure: socialism will work. Otherwise it's just an idea for wackos like you to yell about.

Oh, and you are barking up entirely the wrong tree. If you didn't notice, RIT is a Technical Institute. It is Career oriented. The students who came here did so to learn a skill and get a job with it. If they didn't, they were sadly mistaken and should leave. This is why so many art students find RIT so difficult. RIT does have an incredible art department, but it is geared much more toward marketing than toward expressing yourself. We are here to get jobs. We are here to take advantage of capitalism by working hard to pulling ourselves up the ladder. We are not about to throw away all that hard work so we can live like peasants in the French farmland.

But hey, I know all this is falling on ears that will not listen. You are certain that what you are doing has value, and that you are getting through to people. Instead you are bad for your own ideas, because even the people who may be influenced and decide to follow them see choose not to associate themselves with a wacko such as yourself. Your extremism is a part of your undoing. I challenge you this: in half a century (plenty of time for one man to make a difference), look about yourself (if you even still are a socialist. Look at how many hippies of the 60s became wealthy CEOs). Ask yourself, what have I done? What difference have I made? Has ANYTHING changed? Anything at all? Any of those noble causes that I aligned myself with get taken care of? When the answer is no, I pity you for the realization that you have wasted the time you have here will be terrible.

As to you, *GDT*, it would be good of you to note *1984* was a book AGAINST communism. It was an example of what could happen if you let communism take control for any great length of time. It's by the same fellow who wrote *Animal Farm*. When you try to say that RIT is taking away your rights, and is becoming like the society in *1984*, remember that you are only promoting the current society we have here in America today.

I finish with a song you may find interesting:

Capitalism

By Danny Elfman

There's nothing wrong with Capitalism

There's nothing wrong with free enterprise

Don't try to make me feel guilty

I'm so tired of hearing you cry

There's nothing wrong with making some profit

If you ask me I'll say it's just fine

There's nothing wrong with wanting to live nice

I'm so tired of hearing you whine

About the revolution

Bringin' down the rich

When was the last time you dug a ditch?

If it ain't one thing

Then it's the other

Any cause that crosses your path

Your heart bleeds for anyone's brother

I've got to tell you you're a pain in the ass

You criticize with plenty of vigor

You rationalize everything that you do

With catchy phrases and heavy quotations

And everybody is crazy but you

You're just a middle class, socialist brat
From a suburban family and you never really had to work

And you tell me that we've got to get back
To the struggling masses (whoever they are)
You talk, talk, talk about suffering and pain
Your mouth is bigger than your entire brain
What the hell do you know about suffering and pain .
..

There's nothing wrong with Capitalism

GDT Predicts

By Andrew Gill and Mookie Harrington

GDT predicts in the year 2025 Japan will unveil the first fully autonomous android nicknamed 'AI Gore III'. Heightened US-Asian tensions mark the beginning of the Great Robot Race. In the end, however, the public loses interest once France gets involved.

According to a 2520 edition of the *Big Red Book*, in the year 2215, most of the world's software archives are wiped out by a virus. The only surviving operating system is a Visual Basic implementation of the Java Virtual Machine. The lax security leads to numerous failures of Starfleet equipment which would have otherwise been prevented—such as the time that an ensign spills a Coke on the navigation console, and the holodeck kills three officers.

House of Fun—Part III

By Rich DeTommaso

The question isn't where do I start...it's where do I continue; but more importantly...when. I remember a time when things were less complicated. But things never are as they seem. That much I do know. I'm living on whatever I can find to eat... mostly avocados and frogs. As of late, I have taken to mimicking the sounds of my surroundings. "All in the name of sanity," or so they say. My clothes are nonexistent at this point; as my wild beard now covers my sex... it's been almost four years since I've dictated into this infernal box. I review my last tape: nonsensical jabbering of a crazy man... we won't have to worry about him anymore, now will we

We have been taught since early childhood to fear death, that we should live our lives so that we die. Since infancy, we have been told to lead a morally proper life, and then, eventually, are deemed not fit to inhabit the same spaces as others. We went to their schools, their churches... subscribed to their way of thinking, their mores; & all for what? Just so we can be shit on. It's always been like this, centuries of bullshit dogma, morons waxing all-intellectual

about things they couldn't fucking comprehend if their life depended on it.

If there's one thing that I've learned in life, it's that you should never trust people. You can trust a person. A person is one, singular, unique. Once you trust people, it's all over. Mob mentality then dictates... your judgment is impaired by the overwhelming sense of camaraderie. I trusted my wife. Fine. I trusted my child. Fine. I trusted my co-workers. WRONG. My life was one downward spiral as soon as I started working, as you learn to become dependant on groups of people. It's a vicious circle that won't stop until you are ready to die, and even then, you are instilled with thoughts of Heaven and Hell, defined to you, and perpetuated again, by groups.

I remember my church: hundreds of people standing on a lawn, chanting in unfamiliar tongues and tracing a crucifix with candles, while some priest drones on and on about happenings two thousand years ago. It's not me...it's not who I am...The tape rewinds still, bringing up memories long since forgotten. The voices return...everything is as it was so many years ago. My running didn't solve any problems; all it did was hide them from myself. But now, to the most pressing topic...what do I do now?

GDT SUBSCRIPTIONS

Tired of searching for copies of *GDT* Friday afternoon? Want to pick up a copy but don't want to embarrass yourself in front of your colleagues? Are you graduating soon, but want to continue to receive *GDT*? Do your parents keep pestering you to bring a copy home with you? The answer is simple: subscriptions!

You'll be guaranteed an issue every week, to enjoy in the privacy of your own home. You'll be supporting a good cause, too.¹ The cost is \$4 per quarter, or \$10 for a year². The rate is to cover the postage and mailing supply costs—we aren't attempting to make a profit here.

Either make checks payable to **Hell's Kitchen** or give us cash in person. In any case, you should provide us with your name, email address, mailing address and what type of subscription you'd like. All subscription information will be kept confidential.³

If you don't want to see us, you can mail the aforementioned items to the address below.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
92 Lomb Memorial Drive
Rochester, NY 14623-5604

¹ That's free-lance publications, folks.

² We figure 10 issues per quarter, which comes down to 40 cents per issue. If you purchase a year-long subscription, it's only 33 cents per issue. How can you lose?

³ You wouldn't want anyone to know you read *GDT*, now, would you?

The Inconspicuous Can of Satan

By Rocko Bonaparte

I was looking forward to getting some hate mail at my email address, but none ever showed up. So I thought everybody loved me, but *nooooo*, there's all these love letters I didn't get a chance to see until a few days before they were published. So lemme take a swing at bat:

Dear Daniel:

Perhaps understanding was not quite what I meant. Sure, God is an all-knowing God, but according to Exodus 20:5, he is also a jealous God. Anybody who goes to this campus has suffered a fate worse than being turned into a pillar of salt, for we have been smitten for the misdoings of either our families or ourselves. So, God sure understands us, but does he *understand* us? The Inconspicuous Can of Beer, on the other hand, sympathizes with our plight and makes us welcome in his home.

Dear Andrew Gill, faithful comrade:

It is uncertain if the Inconspicuous Can of Beer has a soul, but he sure has spirit!

Dear Sean J. Stanley, comrade:

Wine is the blood of Jesus, but I wouldn't claim The Inconspicuous Can of Beer to be God as a result. Somehow, I feel empty thinking the light at the end of the tunnel is a Budweiser. Consulting with "St. Anselm's Ontological Argument" (<http://members.aol.com/plweiss1/anselm.htm>), I got the following for the proof:

- 1) God is defined as the being in which none greater is possible.
- 2) It is true that the notion of God exists in the understanding (your mind).
- 3) And that God may exist in reality (God is a possible being).
- 4) If God only exists in the mind, and may have existed, then God might have been greater than He is.
- 5) Then, God might have been greater than He is (if He existed in reality.)

6) Therefore, God is a being which a greater is possible.

7) This is not possible, for God is a being in which a greater is impossible.

8) Therefore God exists in reality as well as the mind.

So here I submit a different proof (BTW—somehow I think the "spirit" pun is too much of a fastball for most readers):

- 1) [Beer] is defined as the [spirit] in which none greater is possible.
- 2) It is true that the notion of [Beer] exists in the understanding (your mind.)
- 3) And that [Beer] may exist in reality ([Beer] is a possible being.)
- 4) If [Beer] only exists in the mind, and may have existed, then [Beer] might have been greater than [It] is.
- 5) Then, [Beer] might have been greater than [Beer] is (if [Beer] existed in reality.)
- 6) Therefore, [Beer] is a being which a greater is possible.
- 7) This is not possible, for [Beer] is a being in which a greater is impossible.
- 8) Therefore [Beer] exists in reality as well as the mind.

I got a C in Discrete Mathematics (curses, one of the few courses dragging my GPA down. No co-op for me this summer!) Ahh what the hell, let's prove that beer understands more about this campus than God, using mathematical induction:

Base steps:

There exists one can of beer such that it has brought a greater sense of fulfillment than a higher power. Furthermore, it is related to another beer on the RIT campus that has also brought a greater sense of fulfillment than that of a higher power.

Inductive step:

Hence the n th + 1 beer in the series has also brought more fulfillment than that of a higher power.

Now, there exists a can of beer at RIT such that it is the Inconspicuous Can of Beer. As the Inconspicuous Can of Beer was present when one of the “fulfilling” cans of beer mentioned above was consumed, then it holds that the Inconspicuous Can of Beer has also brought a greater sense of fulfillment. So there’s the debate, was the Inconspicuous Can of Beer present (and hence related) to another great beer? Well, the Inconspicuous Can of Beer does through parties, so I figure there was one. You be the judge.

Still questioning that C in discrete? Probably should have been an F.

OK, so it’s true God is more powerful than the Inconspicuous Can of Beer. Do you want God to be class president? Don’t answer, please.

And as for my tenure in hell, Jesus will have to stand in line to sodomize my ass. The physics department currently holds the honors, and doesn’t seem intent on letting up on it anytime soon.

To any other naysayers: if you would like to discuss this further, meet me after the 7PM Sunday mass at the interfaith center, which I regularly attend. Perhaps I’ll be the one that shakes your hand saying, “Peace be to you.”

MUSIC—ORGASMS—FREE PIZZA—XXX ACTION

(Now that we have your attention...)

We are planning the largest issue in several years. It’ll be our last issue of this quarter, and guess what...we want you to be a part of it. That’s right, YOU—the faithful reader.

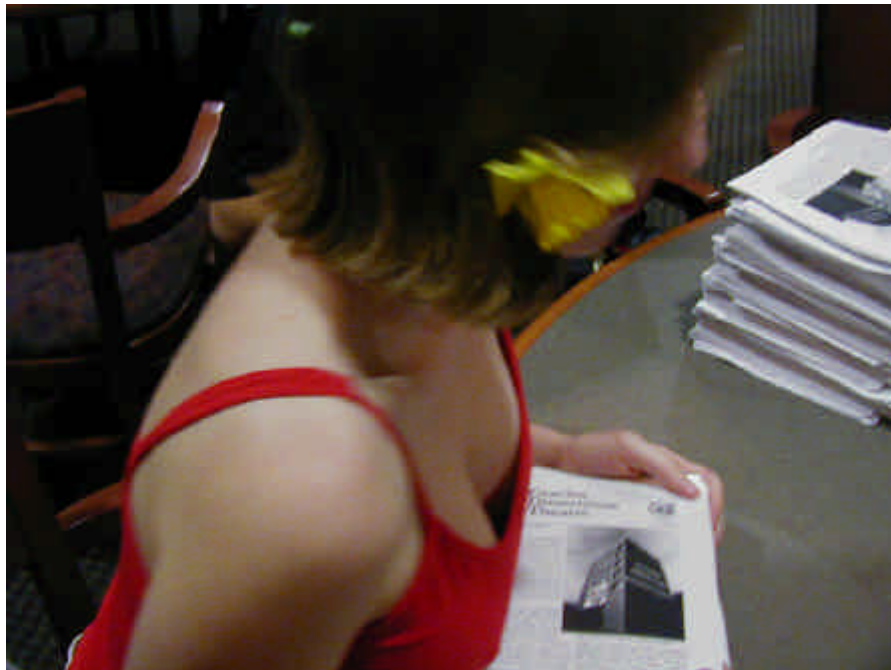
We’ve got the most talented fingers on this campus, and we’ll be using them all night long. Come fold with us and you’ll get meet the folks that have been aggravating and entertaining you all year. We want to meet you too. You’ll have a good time—better than sitting in your apartment or dorm studying.

Mass quantities of pizza and caffeine will be dispensed liberally to all in attendance. We hope to be playing Smash Brothers on the big-screen. Agile young men and women will be playing Twister. Rumors have been circulating that there may be a Tug-Of-War: *Reporter* versus *GDT*. You could get laid.

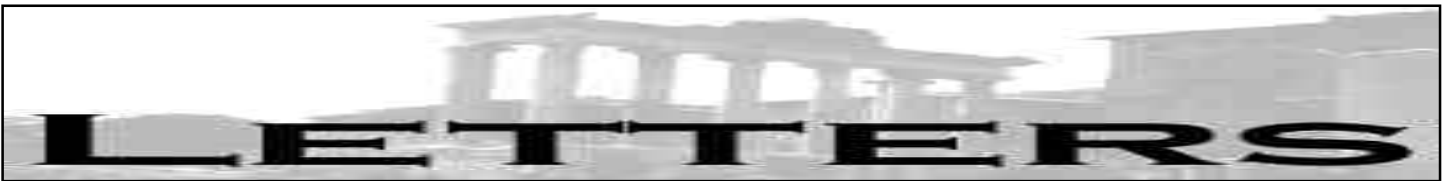
Wednesday, May 16th, 2001

9:00PM—Fireside Lounge

Any questions? Okay then, we’ll see you there.



I don't know her name, but I know what her breasts look like!
Image from www.gdtgurlz.com



LETTERS

Dear GDT,

I'm writing to inquire as to what happened to "Big Daddy's Biology Show". I know it hasn't been around for some time, but I never thought to write before. Anyway, it's sorely missed.

—Eric

Chief Information Officer/Historian, Sean T. Hammond replies:

"Big Daddy's Biology Show"... the title still makes me grin.

Of all the things that GDT and its children churned out, Big Daddy is very high on my list. It was brilliant, eclectic, bizarre, and totally embodied the spirit behind GDT.

Don't think that *GDT* had ANYTHING to do with it, however. "Big Daddy's Biology Show" was entirely due to the synchronicity of BJ Leopold, the editor of the *Melancholy Predator* (*GDT*'s first child) living with an individual whose name has been lost. Suffice it to say, he was called Big Daddy.

Big Daddy would amuse people by talking about biology in the worst possible way. The story he told that got BJ thinking about starting the column had to do with how plants hunted chlorophyll at night. This, of course, later became the premise of a later column.

The premise was simple: a man known only as Big Daddy was in charge of a Mr. Wizard, public access cable show where kids were taught about biology. The faceless, nameless children would shout back words that Big Daddy asked them to say, but with mispronunciations as kids often make. Simple premise, but things quickly got out of control for reasons I'll explain in a minute.

Anyway, the column "Big Daddy" came at a crucial time for *The Melanchol Predator*. They had recently made the transition from mimicking the style of GDT to finding their own. The content was good, but the problem was it lacked a group focus; there was no group activity and the *Predator* was hemorrhaging writers.

"Big Daddy" stopped the untimely death of the *Predator* by giving the group something to work on. Each week, the staff members of the *Predator* would meet on Sunday night and work on the column for that week. Usually the editor would start with a topic, or ask people for ideas. After that, things came fast and furious.

In a short time, the faceless kids started to acquire names and personalities. More disturbing, they—through the *Predator* staff—started shouting things kids just shouldn't be shouting. In the end, Big Daddy needed help keeping the kids under control.

Enter Fucko the Clown¹.

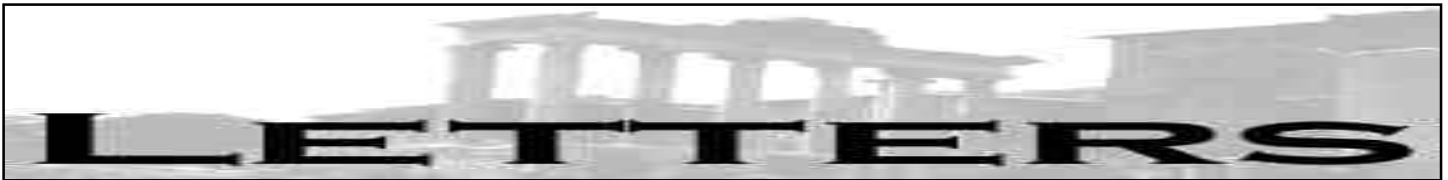
As the issues went past, the world of Big Daddy became richer and richer. It almost died because of BJ's graduation and no obvious person to continue. That's where Clair Terni, a recruit from the University of Rochester, took over.

Remaking the *Predator* in her own image, it became the *Melancholy Homewrecker*, and Big Daddy continued on. If anything, the kids under Clair's ministrations grew more precocious, expanding their lexicons to include references to anthropology, woman's issues, and physics.

In the end, the last "Big Daddy" coincided with the last issue of the *Melancholy Homewrecker*. Though GDT has rerun a good portion of the pieces², and the interest has been high, there's never been anyone to step in and start Big Daddy anew.

¹ Contrary to popular belief, Fucko is an actual person, just like Big Daddy. Last I knew, he was living in Seattle under the name Steve Antonson.

² <http://www.hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/Volume14/03.CartWranglers.pdf>



LETTERS

Dear GDT,

I can't understand why so many people continue to say that we have an ugly campus. Sure, it's all functional brick buildings, but at least they are fairly new and aren't falling apart like many at the SUNY campuses I toured.

Am I the only one that has looked around outside lately? How can so many people walk the quarter mile every day and not notice all the beautiful landscaping? Everywhere I look on campus I see daffodils, tulips, hyacinths, and other flowers that I know nothing about. What about all the beautiful flowering trees? Or the tree with red berries behind the library that all the birds like to play in?

I live in the side of my dorm that faces east. Every morning, the sun, along with hundreds of chirping birds wake me up. This morning, as I was attempting to register for classes, I saw one of the most beautiful sunrises I've ever seen.

From the lounge of my floor, I have a great view of the sunset. I don't pay as much attention as I should, but I've still managed to see many gorgeous sunsets while hanging out with friends.

I'd like to thank whoever does the landscaping work on campus. It must have taken a long time to plant the thousands of flowers I've seen. Not to mention mulching all those trees in the last few weeks.

To everyone who whines that we

have an ugly campus, I offer this challenge. For one week, while walking to class, stop worrying about little things and take the time to notice the beauty around you. Watch the trees as their leaves begin to unfold. Smile when you see the squirrels playing or ducks quacking.

I'm not saying that our campus is perfect. Sure, the brick can get boring. And we all have a lot of important things on our minds. But after such a long bleak winter, I am happy to see spring, and determined to watch it unfold before my eyes, while I still have a chance.

Tina Balch

Writer Randall Good responds:

Dear Tina,

I think it's great that you find RIT's campus beautiful. I also sometimes find the constant complaints about RIT's ugly campus a little tiresome.

However, I have been among the complainers, and I feel my gripes are reasonable. Rather than laundry-list all of my complaints about RIT's campus for you, I'd like to present you with a challenge.

Visit the campus of the University of Rochester. If you do, I think you'll realize how very dismal RIT's campus can be. Visiting U of R was a real eye-opener; it seemed that U of R was what a real college campus was supposed to look like. I hope you enjoy your visit.

Sincerely,

Randall Good

Writer Rocko Bonaparte responds:

Dear Tina,

You forgot the blue-green stuff they spray

everywhere. That slime mold is spectacular! On the other hand, I have found little need to complain lately. My wandering outside has found me many encounters with these strange creatures called “women.” We don’t have them over in my department of study, so they’re treated as a kind of strange breed. You are a “wo-man” as well, aren’t you? It’s so wonderful that there are some women here. Or girls, whatever. They sure make the daffodils look pretty stupid in comparison.

Writer Andrew Gill responds, too:

Just a few notes: RIT didn’t really begin beautifying the campus until a year or two ago. Before that,

Hallucinations Corner

By Melinda Melmoth

His name was Joel. We’re not friends anymore.

When I was a sophomore he sat in front of me in math. On May 1st he gave me flowers. We became friends our senior year. Sometimes I was jealous of his girlfriend but not because I wanted to be her. I thought he should be with someone else. I was distracted by my own life. Killing friendships, falling in love, realizing how stupid I was, filling my life with activities so I couldn’t think, and lying to all my friends. All of them. I was pretty busy.

We spent more time together and developed a habit of saying I love you at the end of telephone conversation. Unconditional love is nice but this couldn’t last. I didn’t let anything happen but I didn’t say I wasn’t interested either because I couldn’t think of a reason not to be. He didn’t know what to think about me. I confused him. I guess he thought it would be worth it. I picked a college on the other side of the country and went to Wells College in Aurora, New York in August. I came home for a month long winter break. I took the train to visit him for two nights at University of Oregon. I made crayon drawings of his roommate with green hair. The three of us taste-tested expensive vodka he had got. We all had lots to say. I might have been uncomfortable with Joel but his roommate Brian and I connected and he made me feel calm. We went to bed. But sometimes I don’t sleep. Joel had a comforter with large orange polka dots. I stared at the dots. I thought about the dots. There was

those flowers were patches of Kentucky Bluegrass (and a few trees that never seemed to have any leaves—I think they’re called Dead).

But actually, I’ve never been that big on nature. I find RIT’s campus appealing. That’s one of the reasons that I came to RIT. I like the architecture (well, everything except the Crossroads and the Gosnell Annex). I’m not going to badmouth RIT’s campus.

By the way—that tree behind the library? Poisonous. And yes, pollution does make for good sunsets.

space between us. That space became something to concentrate on. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that the space was actually a pit. I was on the edge and could feel air coming from the emptiness there. I couldn’t move my body I could only scream on the inside. I’m going to fall in the pit. Screaming. My mouth opened and I clamped my hand over it. It took all of my strength not to let the screams out. The pit disappeared when he put his arms around me. He probably got burned when he did. He took the comforter off me and opened the window. I explained I’m a piece of toast and beds are like ovens. I must have been swimming because my skin was shining. My head was in a pillow and I let him worry and dry me off. He held me and couldn’t understand why I didn’t hold him. He didn’t realize something was wrong because my dead body was warm.

Thanks to Crossroads for the printing!



“working under the assumption”

By dalas verdugo

Last night I dreamt I was water.

The chaos at the office was unbearable today. It seemed as if everything was in movement. Not just the people, but the desks, file cabinets, and chairs seethed with motion. It was even as if the drop-grid ceiling was rushing over my head like a passing train, and I swear I heard the deep rumbling of the building crawling over the land.

None of this was as upsetting as you might imagine.

As a defense against this fluid world, I kept my eyes firmly fixed on my computer screen until shortly before noon. At that point, the movement was beginning to make me nauseous, and I decided that, under the guise of a lunch break, I was going home for the day. As I was headed for the door, my boss said something to me, from a few feet away. I understood the first part of it. It was simple enough, just “Have a good one...” But the word that ended the sentence was one that I couldn’t make sense of. I looked at him for a moment, and then I realized that the word was “Kathryn,” and that it was my name.

How alien it seemed.

I gave him a feeble smile and then exited, closing the door noiselessly. When I got to the parking garage, I suddenly realized that I could not remember where my car was parked. In fact, I couldn’t even remember what type of car I *owned*. I finally found it after half an hour of searching when I recognized some of my belongings on the back seat. Still somewhat unsure, I tried my key in the lock and found success. I left the concrete womb and headed south towards home. After an amount of time that was either four minutes or twelve years, I came upon a park which I was sure I had never seen before. I stared at it through the passenger-side window and almost forgot to watch where I was going.

There was a sea of life in the green vastness.

Stopping my car hastily on the side of the road, I grabbed my cardigan from the back seat, locked my doors, and set out for a bench I could see some sixty

yards away. It felt like I would never reach it. The ground was moving under my feet like a treadmill, and I imagined myself to be about twenty yards away from it, when I suddenly found my hand resting on its cold metal back. I stood perfectly still for a short while, thinking that I would let time and space catch up with each other. Then I slowly lowered myself onto the bench and directed my eyes towards the scene before me.

The following events occurred, but in no sequence whatsoever.

I saw a young man returning to a girl who was approximately the same age. She was laying on her back, absorbing all the sun would give her. His hands were full of small, white flowers that he had gathered, and he lowered himself to his knees, above her head, which was cushioned by the pillow of her own soft, blonde hair. He leaned down and kissed her gently on the forehead. Then he sat back up, and started to slowly drizzle the flowers onto her face, while she laughed without once opening her mouth.

I’m sure that image is somewhere trapped in magma-formed marble, and it mourns the dead master.

I saw two other young men, playing soccer with their shirts off. They kicked the ball back and forth, sometimes keeping it in the air for eternities, and occasionally they would collide into each other, making a slapping thud with their fresh bodies. Nearby, a girl sat in the grass with her knees pulled to her chest, watching them. Her eyes darted back and forth, from one to the other, and I could tell that her mind tingled with desire for whichever one she gazed upon at the moment.

I’m certain she could have both.

I saw one other image; one more painting by life. I saw an old man walking by the pond in the distance. He held his hands behind his back, and breathed deeply every now and again. Some curious ducks followed him at a respectful distance, and he would often glance back at them and laugh at his cautious friends. When he came to a spot which, for me, put him in the exact center of the pond, he knelt down. With great care, he placed his hand on the sur-

face of the pond, as if to caress its skin. I could tell there was a moment when he felt the water touch him back, and a smile spread across his face.

Some people let the world love them.

After these things happened (I believe they happened all at once), I became aware of the presence of someone nearby. Without moving my head, I could somehow tell that it was a tall and slender man, a few feet from me, and that he was watching me as I

watched the others. Even though I should have been unsettled, I felt a comfort with him there, and let him study me for a few minutes more before I finally turned to face him. We sat for a moment, looking into each other's eyes. Then he said this to me: "I would like to hold you, and then I would like to kiss you, and after, I will move in you."

And so it was that I met my husband.



POETRY

You are a hero on the lam.

There is nothing about your beauty that is new.

You have fallen here beside me as silent as a martyr's tears; as still as a poor man's tongue.

You are a Jew and I am wrapping myself in thorns and vines.

Let these words be enough to save us,

Or pray your beauty can fend off the beasts of promise that linger, hungry, outside the door.

By Janis Lily

SUBMIT.

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Community Events Calendar

Free Speech Spring Fest
Noon, Friday, May 11th, 2001
Student Union

Open Mic. Bring your lists.

Awards
Pending

Controversy
Guaranteed

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Interested? Email gdt@hellskitchen.org.



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