



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre



Member of
Hell's Kitchen
www.hellskitchen.org

My Donation—In Writing

I came to RIT for an education, as did many of you. Here's a little something that I learned—not in the classrooms, but by walking the quarter mile every day. Ready?

NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO, YOU CANNOT AVOID PANHANDLERS.

Now some have told me that we shouldn't use words with which we are not familiar, so being the grammar bitch that I am:

pan·han·dle¹ *v. Informal*
Pan·han·dled, pan·han·dling,
pan·han·dles *v. intr.*

To approach strangers and beg for money or food.

In the median before turning into the mall near my hometown, individuals stand with handwritten cardboard signs. Pleading for loose change, their signs read, “unemployed vietnam vet, will work for food”, “help me i am homeless”, and “help a starving soul”. Some panhandlers are more ambitious than others: some just stand there, others will approach waiting vehicles. Some look the part, bags under the eyes, dirty clothes and face and a generally disheveled appearance. Others are wearing expensive sneakers, no doubt the result of collecting. These individuals are always there, and have been doing this for years. If you go to the mall, you have to face them.

At RIT the individuals stand in the middle of the quarter mile, both near the Residence side and between Clark Gym and the pool. Usually part of a fraternity or

sorority raising money for charity¹, these individuals pester just about every individual walking by to “pitch in”, “spare your loose change”. And then on the way back from class, lunch, your meeting with Student Affairs, they'll pester you again. Some stand in trashcans, some lie atop the bridge. You have already seen Sigma Alpha Mu sitting on the pole for Make-A-Wish and Alpha Sigma Alpha on the seesaw for Cystic Fibrosis. You will see other groups (whose names I can't recall) rocking in rocking chairs, others living in cardboard homes—all outside Clark Gym for several days apiece. If it's early fall, you walk through a corridor of couches and under a “toll bridge”, all the while being bombarded by loud music. They are always there, year after year. The point is simple: if you go to class, you have to face them.

It is expensive to go to school here. Not everyone gets financial aid, and many students here have to work just to make ends meet. I have a job. I've been working since I was able, since I realized people were willing to pay me. I've had taxable income since I was fifteen years old. Money doesn't always come so easily, a fact that many of you know from first-hand experience. I don't think I should have to deal with all this after paying all that money to come here. Can I get a student waiver card or something? Haven't I paid my dues?

Now don't get me wrong: I don't have a problem with charities. All the charities that are mentioned on the Quarter Mile are excellent—they do wonderful things and do outstanding work. The problem is that I'm skeptical of any group that collects money to be donated to others, for one simple reason: I don't know where my donation is going. When I volunteer my time—I know I've done something good. If I mail a check to the Red Cross—I know that the money is

¹ I'll be the first to tell you I'm not real keen on fraternities/sororities for a variety of reasons. But for the purpose of this article, my gripes will end at their means of collecting donations.

going directly to the Red Cross, and not through someone else's hands. I take comfort in that knowledge. But if I hand some random individual a dollar, or drop a quarter in a trashcan walking to class, I don't have a clue where it will end up, into whose account it will be deposited. This is precisely the reason why I don't give out spare change to panhandlers on the side of the road. Self-proclaimed Vietnam veteran or not, I'd rather donate to an organization dedicated to helping confirmed veterans than give \$1 to the man on the street so he can head to the nearest liquor store.

I know that Residence Life has rules against soliciting in the dormitories, without prior approval—so why doesn't the Institute have a policy against obnoxious collection methods? It is irritating to be nagged for change on my way to class several times a day. I usually tell the collector that I've already donated. A lie? Yes, but no more questionable than the percentage of the money donated after recouped expenses. One of the selling points of some fraternities/sororities during rush is the amount of money "raised" for charitable purposes. How much of that money was

obtained by hassling the people that live here on campus until they get fed up and pitch in a quarter, just to get the man off your back? How much of that money was raised within the group itself? If these groups are so generous, why don't the members all get jobs and donate their paychecks in the name of the group? Not so generous now, are we? Instead, the most "generous" groups—and this is only my theory—are more likely the ones most ambitious about pestering those that walk by.

The Institute could ban donation-happy groups from the Quarter Mile, but that wouldn't be fair to those groups that don't pester the students. The Institute could limit groups to non-invasion practices, or to a less "required" stretch of pathway. I don't see a perfect solution on the horizon, but one of you kids reading this does. I know it, in that I have faith. I would love to hear any ideas.

I came to RIT for an education. I did not come here to be hit up for loose change. This has been my two cents. Take it if you want.

What is this magazine?



This is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, a magazine of satire, literature, poetry and art. We publish out of Rochester, NY but we have readers around the globe. We exist as a medium for your expression and invite you to contribute.

Anyone is welcome to submit.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Across

1. Decimal 3735928559, in hex
9. China, Russia, India, et al.
13. Spanish real estate
14. Unblemished one is suitable for sacrifice
15. Kids' version is bulb-heated
16. Spidermom's legacy pouch
17. Operatic solo, typ. female
18. SW EP4: Red Two pilot Antilles
20. 'Perky and Slick' cartoonist
22. Evoke anger
24. Diploma's 'with' (Latin)
25. Circled "a" in email address
26. Government-program economics, after the theorist (adjective)
30. Aussie native, abbrev.
31. Rapt; "all ____"
32. Craggy protrusion, or decompose to dyslexics
33. Tangelo synonym; judgemental?
34. Informal Rastafarian address
35. Where Chewbacca keeps his ammo
37. Deutsch "in"
38. "Cogito ergo ____."
39. Where 1600 is perfect
40. Insect who makes implications about Katy
43. "Hakuna Matada" meerkat
47. Shakespearian "presently"
48. Negating prefix
50. Digital encoding standard for instruments
51. To verbally swat, a la Rickles
52. Expanding the marriage pool (adj.)
54. Degree of simplicity
55. C9H11NO3; abundant in 7 Down

Down

1. Arabian boat w/ high poop
2. Roof overhang, singular
3. Earned score in 39 Across
4. A bell's occupation
5. To exist
6. European Nuclear Society, abbrev.
7. Red wax cheese
8. Kings, Queens, and Jacks
9. Signal of warning or distress
10. S. Asian womenswear
11. Worthy of emulation

Crossword Puzzle

by Jeremiah Parry-Hill

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		9	10	11	12
13									14			
15					16				17			
18				19		20		21				
			22		23		24				25	
26	27	28				29				30		
31					32				33			
34				35				36				
37			38				39					
40		41				42		43		44	45	46
47					48		49		50			
51					52			53				
54					55							

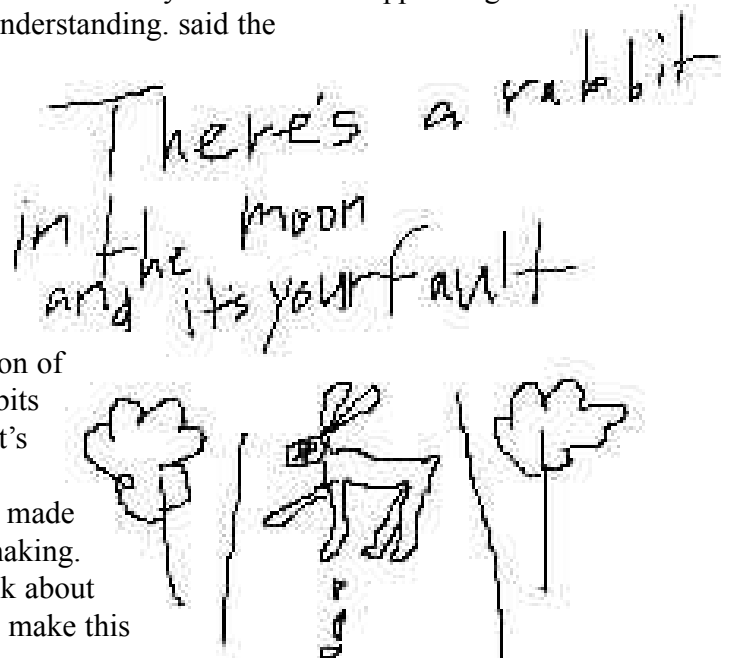
12. Ralph Wiggum's Bovine University?
19. Poetic "before"
21. Throw one's hat into the ring
23. Small café (Fr.)
26. Pyrrhic mission, as over Oahu
27. Self-centered disorder
28. "Hither, thither, and ____"
29. Charged subatomic particle
30. Tree's ring-count signifier
33. Terminal syllables
35. Reproduce asexually
36. Horse cereal unit
38. "Riders to the Sea" playwright
41. Nasal mucus, colloquial and reversed
42. "Prostitute" ca.1500's
44. Will Robinson's movie mom, ____ Rogers
45. Wednesday's namesake
46. French city on the Mediterranean; pleasant?
49. OR, plus an inverter
53. "Atari" game

Solutions can be found elsewhere in this issue.

to no one in particular
Dear brown deer from blackbird
Let's right wrongs
I promise this time to be on time
I thought of you all of the time
and when it was time to stop
and go home for the summer
I didn't want to
You were all that I wanted
but you killed the hope in me
and I know it was my fault
every day and every night
was the same in its sameness
and to survive the sleep
and the medicine I pencilled on
the walls I listened to the same songs
and wrote the same words
and tried to forget.
When I went to the airport I saw
five dead deer on the way there
and knew it was my fault
because I thought so much about you.
maybe time and distance solves everything
but I don't believe that.
I just know I tried to forget you and think about skunks all summer.
and tried not to say your name.
but since I've come back
unfortune presents itself with the brand new year.
what year is it? the tiger? the snake or the dragon? No I think it's the year of the crab apple. bugs in
your food and flies on the walls. blurred vision and misunderstanding. said the
wrong words. say them again. year of rotten fruit
smelling like alcohol. year of biting into hamburger
when you thought it would be rice. year of stepping on
bees and sleeping with spiders.
and now school has started again and I smell dead
skunks everywhere. I smell them right now. and I know
it's my fault. I don't know what the solution is. I know
what I want. I can't have it. I know where you are. I am
some kind of overseer. My job is to oversee the production of
rabbits. The rabbits are filling up the room now. The rabbits
will start dying soon. But at least time I know this time it's
your fault. I'm not responsible for the
death of the rabbit in this year of the rabbit. because you made
all the decisions. and I'm only overseeing what you're making.
but you want to meet me halfway and you want me to ask about
you. But all I can think of is "How many rabbits did you make this
week?"

Poetry

Submissions are always welcome:
gdt@hellskitchen.org



SCENESPOTTING

Reviews from around the globe, specializing in cutting-edge music.

Ozzy and Harriet – *Crazy Train*

Lead vocalist Harriet Burbank provides the powerful vocals to this all girl Ozzy Osborne tribute Harriet (formely of **Harriet The Spy**, once guitarist of **Junkie Cunts**) is particularly fine on *Mama I'm Coming Home*, a classic Ozzy track.
3 out of 5 stars.

Hieronimus Bach – *Fugues For Dinnertime*

Neohippy punk from the ultimate in loud rebel bands. This album is a unique blend of original tunes and **Grateful Dead** covers that have been reduced to three chords. The originals are only so-so, and the covers a little too genre-specific for all but the true fans.
2 out 4 stars.

Bohrgerätresse – *Ich bin eine Bohrgerätresse*

Japanese drill-and-bass with a Latin flavor, the second release from this duo shows that things only get better with age. The title track's lyrics say it all: *Meine Mutter war ein chiropractor/Mein Vater war ein Fischer/Ich bin eine Bohrgerätresse*
4 out of 5 stars.

SubCondomdante Marcos – *Put Me On and Use Me*

Jesus never rocked so hard. Drummer Bill Billingswell, despite his British upbringing, brings his lyrical ability and unheard of beats to this one man rock and roll show. On *I Love Canda* the drumming gets so intense one must be careful not to get lost in it lest the gentle harmonies of Bill's kazoo work go unnoticed. A true classic.
5 out of 5 stars.

Poisonous Little Ice Dwarves – *+12 Short Sword*

A newcomer to the electronic sub-progressive rock scene, this Colombian *a capella* group has a lot to learn. Sean Graham, as well as noted industrial music maker James Izzo (also of **Thread**), try to break new ground with this ambitious 2 CD set. Truthfully, neither can sing, and Sean's overpowering, out of key voice ruins the mood for all but a few of the songs.
1 out of 5 stars.

Dead Cat Bounce – *Onk Chiddle Obie Onk Beep Beep*
Genre defying, but perhaps best described as brutalist zeitgeist pornswagger, this Terre Haute, Indiana group's fifth album truly defies explanation.

E	N	I	S	O	R	Y	T		E	S	V	E
C	I	M	A	G	O	X	E		G	N	Z	
I	D	I	M		N	O	N		N	O	N	A
N	O	N	I	M	T		D	I	D	Y	A	K
			T	A	S		M	S	U	S		I
R	E	E	L	O	D	N	A	B		N	O	M
I	L	G	U		R	O	T		G	O	G	A
O	B	A		N	A	S	I	N	E	Y	K	E
T	A		M	U	C		E	I	R			
T	T	R	I	R	R	E	M		E	G	D	W
A	R	I	A		C	A	S		N	E	V	O
B	M	L	A		D	A	N	E	I	C	A	H
A	S	I	A		F	E	E	B	E	A	D	D

Awards
Pending

Controversy
Guaranteed

GRACIES DINNERTIME THEATRE

wants YOU to work for US instead ...

We'll ROCK Your World.

Give us a SHOT.

Come and be a part of the staff that continues to provide witty satiric content to the ubercool RIT student body, not to mention the rest of the world. The only black and white publication to raise hell here, we're looking for fresh meat to write some stunning articles for us next year.

Why the controversy, you ask? Some people do not understand satire (or humor for that matter), and these people are usually quite vocal. It's a small price to pay for publishing the bleeding edge of uncensored satire, opinion and fiction.

Don't give us the "I'm not a very good writer" line. That's just a bunch of wimpy bullshit. You might just be surprised at what you can do for us.

Give yourself the chance. We'd love to meet you. We'll pay you, give you a shiny press pass and probably invite you to cool parties. Can you beat that?

Now you **could** go and write for a more respected publication, but you wouldn't get to stir up any trouble that way.

Interested? Email gdt@hellskitchen.org.



**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Editors:

Alex Moundalexis
Mike Fisher

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Writers:

Alex Moundalexis

Puzzler:

Jeremiah Parry-Hill

Contributors:

Melinda Melmoth
Sean Graham

Printer Daemons:

Jenn Kobialka
Patti Kirk
Ren Meinhart
Daniel Keiffer
Tim Martino
Dave Maier

Printing:

Crossroads Hub

© 2001 *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. Don't reprint the contents of this publication without permission; that's stealing. All the work remains copyright the Authors, bitch.

Contact us at gdt@hellskitchen.org or by regular mail at:

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