

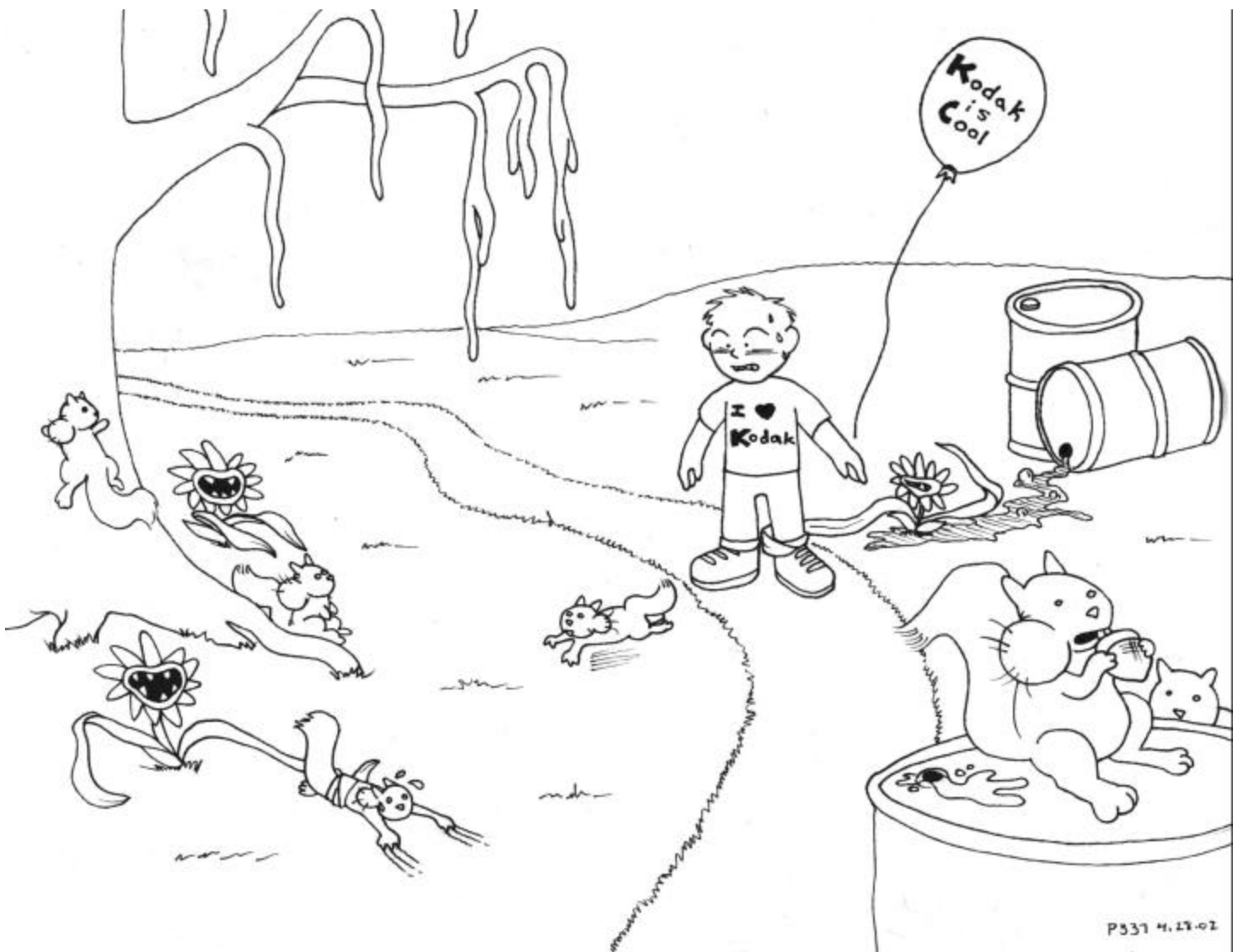


Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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www.hellskitchen.org/gdt



Member of
Hell's Kitchen
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**To The Tune of American Pie
Composed By Ren Meinhart
Research By Giles Hall**

Long long time ago
I can still remember
How the birds in Kodak park would sing.
But incinerators have been pumping.
And toxic chemicals they have been dumping.
Chromium six and dioxins;
All are known carcinogens.

The bad environment makes me shiver
With every shutter that I clicker.
Bad news for Rochester:
Chemicals are sure to fester.

I can't remember if I cried
When I heard of waste levels oh so high.
But something touched me deep inside
When I saw the wildlife die.

So bye, bye, clean water supply;
With the meth- chloride dumped into the water and sky.
The carcinogens harming those who reside,
Who're thinking, "Kodak doesn't care if I die."
"Kodak doesn't care if I die..."

Did you know we have bad air
But Monroe County's problems don't stop there
We have polluted water too.
And the cancer rates have gone sky high
In the women and children nearby
Especially in their ovaries.

Well I know you're shocked to hear me say
But think of the children who learn and play
Around Kodak everyday,
Breathin' in all the toxins
Man, its stunting their development....
I know that we're all out of luck
Because Kodak bites.

I started singin'
So bye, bye, clean water supply
With the meth- chloride dumped into the water and sky
The carcinogens harming those reside
Who're thinking, 'Kodak doesn't care if I die.'
'Kodak doesn't care if I die...'

Now for years and years its been building up
And now Kodak just can't stop
Rochester's not how it used to be.
With all this bad shit goin' down
What can I do but sit and frown?
There's no more smiling, no more larks,
And we all got sick in the park,
Because Kodak bites

So bye, bye, Clean water supply
With the meth- chloride dumped into the water and sky
The carcinogens harming those who reside,
Who're thinking, "Kodak doesn't care if I die."
"Kodak doesn't care if I die..."

SUBMIT.

Racism Rant

By Jai Ramachandran

This is it, I'm sick of it. I've heard a lot of whining in my day (most of it by me), but this takes the cake. Recently I've noticed a lot of white males (and to be fair a few white females) complaining about a variety of things. White males have gotten this deluded notion that the white males in charge of the government, educational institutions and big business are making laws and enacting policies that are detrimental to the vitality of the white male. So I thought I'd get the facts straight in my head. In a country where 69% of the population is white¹, suddenly the white people are the ones being oppressed. I've heard it all, that affirmative action is biased towards black people, that the "Black cultural centers" that have been springing up at universities across the country are exclusionary, and my personal favorite, that "black people have equality, so why do they keep asking for more rights?"

Now don't get me wrong, I think white people have some things to complain about, and I'll write about them at the end of the article, but this is just ludicrous. On to the main issues. To the first gripe I have heard, that affirmative action is biased towards black people, I have only one thing to say, you are goddamn right. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that this bias is the entire point of affirmative action. The entire point of affirmative action is this: since your fathers and grandfathers² enacted and followed laws which discriminated against black people, the government thought that if black people were to be equal with white people they may need a bit of assistance getting jobs. Hell, even with affirmative action black people are, for whatever reason, basically locked out of the upper management positions in corporate America. Of all the upper management positions in America, white males take 90% of the positions. That doesn't seem too shabby for a portion of the population that demographically makes up only approximately 35% of the population³. So when it really comes down to it, in the jobs that really matter, affirmative action really doesn't do a single thing to help black people get

ahead in corporate America. In fact, although affirmative action has helped a small percentage of black people attain jobs in corporate America, it has in effect created a glass ceiling for advancement for most black people. This is in some ways worse than having no opportunity at all. So again I ask the reader, how is affirmative action unfairly biased? In a day and age when America has an unemployment rate just under 5%, the black population has an unemployment rate greater than 12%. That seems biased to me.

The next thing I really have a problem with, is the supposed "outrage" over black cultural centers at Universities across America. One of my friends asked me awhile ago (him being white) "why is it that it is perfectly fine for black people to build a black cultural center, but it would be unheard of to have a white cultural center?" It's an interesting question, I hadn't thought about it before. Why was it that it was perfectly acceptable to build a black cultural center? I came up with an answer a few weeks later. The rest of the school is the white cultural center. I thought about all the course books I've seen in my 4 years in college, all the history sections and classes. Now mind you I don't expect there to be more African History classes than European history classes, I just expect there to be an amount of African History classes proportional to the percentage of students at the college. This is not the case most of the time. Take RIT for example; out of the 24 sections of History offered in the fall quarter (of next year) there are 6 sections of Modern European History, while there are absolutely 0 sections of any sort of African History. I was unable to attain the percentage of the RIT population that is black, but I can guarantee that it is more than 0% of the population. This issue goes deeper than college as well. I know most people took some sort of World History course in their high school. How many times were African Americans or Africans mentioned in that course when not in connection with an event in white history? An entire continent left out of a so-called "World History" course. How much time did your History classes spend learning about the English and French revolutions? How much time was spent on the South African revolution, or the conversion of Northern

¹ Courtesy of the 2000 United States Census report.

² I don't mean all of your fathers and grandfathers; I just mean some of them. Hell I know my fiancée's grandparents did a lot of good things for non-white people, and they are white so I just have to mention that this is just a generalization.

³ This is taken from the fact that about 50% of people in this country are male, so 50% of the 69% of the population that is white makes a white male population of about 35%.

Africa to Islam? Keep in mind that I do not question the importance of the English revolution or the French revolution, these were great events in history, I am simply asking whether they were so much more important than African events. That is why it is necessary to have institutions such as black cultural centers. I wish that these places were not necessary, that black people did not have to build separate places so that they could learn their own heritage, but in this day and age it is necessary.

The last thing I really had a problem with is the claim that black people should not fight for their equal rights, since they already have them, or as I like to call it the “why do those people keep complaining we have already given them so much” argument. This argument seems to answer itself. The reason “those people” keep complaining is the fact that they haven’t achieved equal rights. How can you achieve equal rights without a fair legal system? Take the death penalty for example, according to the ACLU’s Briefing Paper from the spring of 1999,

“Whereas African Americans constitute 12% of the U.S. population there are 35% of those on death row; 9% are Native American, Latino or Asian. The most important factor in levying the death penalty, however, is the race of the victim. (Those who kill a white person are more likely to receive the death penalty than those who kill a black person.)

A 1998 report by the Death Penalty Information Center summarizes the findings of several scholars which illustrate this point. In 96% of the studies examining the relationship between race and the death penalty there was a pattern of race-of-victim or race-of-defendant discrimination, or both.

The report also reveals a consistent trend indicating race-of-victim discrimination. For example, in Florida, in comparable cases, ‘a defendant’s odds of receiving a death sentence are 4.8 times higher if the victim was white than if the victim was black. In Illinois the multiplier is 4, in Oklahoma it is 4.3, in North Carolina, 4.4, and in Mississippi, it is 5.5.’”⁴

That is just one basic example of racial bias in our society. I don’t think that ordinary people are to blame

⁴ You can read the entire article about the death penalty at <http://www.aclu.org/library/DeathPenalty.pdf>

for this though. This is no fault of ordinary white people, because normal people, whether they are white or black, have the same enemy. The enemy is the elite and rich, they have divided America on imaginary lines of race and prejudice. Think about who the people who have benefited from racism all along are. When slavery existed it was the wealthy plantation owners who benefited from the existence of slavery, but when it was time to fight for those rights the poor and the middle class were asked to give up their lives for a practice which they were deluded into thinking benefited them. The “separate but equal” school systems of the early part of this century are also a good example. The people who benefited from this practice the most were the rich white landowners who made certain that their children were attending much better funded schools with much better teachers. Racism has never been an issue for anybody to change but the elite and the rich. The people in power benefit from the fact that they have convinced the poor white people and the poor black people to fight amongst themselves. For if the masses were to realize that the elite (regardless of their color) were manipulating the people lower than themselves they would be unable to manipulate the public as such anymore.

This isn’t a very clear issue, I know it isn’t. It’s taken me 21 years to understand it to this level, and I don’t think I fully understand it either. This isn’t an issue that can be solved overnight. I had a teacher recently who pointed out that “400 years of oppression can not be wiped out in 3 generations”. All of the hate that goes along with that oppression still lingers in the hearts and heads of America, and until that hatred can be erased nothing will be accomplished.

Come play with us.



gdt@hellskitchen.org

Where the Girls Are

By Nicholas Sienkiewicz

“There are no girls at RIT.” This oft-heard lament has been uttered more times in this city of brick than “Al Simone is an asshole.” Obviously what is meant by this lamentation is not that there are no representatives of the female sex at this school, but that those representatives are more akin to orangutans than human beings. Never have falser words been spoken by anyone other than an RIT tour guide. Just the other day I spent five hours perched on a bench along with several associates including Mr. Blak Haus, Pat Benatar, Sweet Lee, and Harold the plant, on the quarter mile attempting to validate this lack of lovely ladies. What I found, while getting more burnt than a hophead on the twentieth of April, was a true appreciation of the variety, quantity and quality of attractive women that attend this school. As I sat on that glorious spring day I was privy to view countless beauties of varying shape, color, and style as they passed, wearing not their bulky winter armor but a cavalcade of sheer sundresses, skimpy skirts, short shorts, little tops, chunky shoes, and flip flops. And this wasn’t just the same handful of women pacing like tin ducks in a shooting gallery, but dozens and dozens of paraders, one more tantalizing than the next.

My question is, where does this ill-founded mantra of RIT being as chickless as the Peeps factory the day after Easter come from? Well, being a bit long in the tooth, I do know when the foundation was laid. As a freshman in the late Nineties, before cable modems and Playstation, I battled the 8:1 ratio valiantly, and quite ably might I add. Still, probability as it were, most of my peers had to venture to Geneseo¹, to have a 1 in 568 shot of meeting a girl not dating a frat turd or jock deusch bag. Today, however, it’s pretty much half and half, and a damn sexy fairer half might I add, so there is truly no need to resort to 30 minute road trips to improve your odds. So why can’t you gentlemen, and I use the term loosely, see the vast sea of potential mates that pass you on a daily basis? Maybe your rods and cones have been melted by countless hours logged on Diablo II or Unreal. Maybe you’re projecting your displeasure of attending a dry, stuffy,

authoritarian college upon the women, or maybe you’re just gay. Regardless of the excuse for your lies and misgiving, the fact remains that there is a bevy of beautiful babes bouncing down the quarter mile as I type.

Still, I hear the nagging whine of the dissenters and naysayers, holding strong to your beliefs. You still think RIT is as much of a place to meet girls as a burn unit of the Citadel. Snap out of it pal, who the fuck do you think you are? The patented Nicky Sanks two step program will turn you sexist snobs into card carrying² worshippers of the female form. You guys may think you dig girls, but what you truly dig is the medias false portrayal of beauty, a far cry from the wonders of women. The first step is to look in the mirror, the second to lower your standards. Step one is not too hard. Most of you guys look in a reflective surface at yourselves at least once a week. This time look hard, get naked if you have to, but really look. Look at your sloppy gut, your unibrow, back hair, acne. Look at that horn of a nose, two earthworms stapled to your face you call lips, crooked rows of corn nibblets you pass off for teeth, or your lackluster physique. Face it, you are average if not leaning toward so-so. No, wait now don’t cry, I know it’s not pretty but dry your heavily bagged eyes. This exercise was not meant to break your balsa wood suspension bridge of self-esteem, but to get you to judge yourself as you judge these poor ladies you haven’t even spoken to. Humans are flawed by nature. I too have faults, though few and far between, but use this awareness of my lackings to admire based merely on strengths instead of nitpicking faults. We’re all imperfect sacs of flesh anyhow, so why not look on the bright side; the view is a lot better.

Part two involves lowering your standards, not because RIT’s coeds are sub par, but because your standards are too damned high. I don’t know you personally but I know this because, as a dude, mine were also. This little exercise should help: who are the first few women that come to your mind when you think of the kind of girl you would like to get with. If the answer is anyone in Maxim, Playboy, Swank, Juggs, or countless porn sites you have proven my point. You

¹ Haven of loose women.

² Allow six weeks for delivery.

will never get any of these women; I repeat you will never get any of these women. Why, you ask? First, see Step 1 you homely dolt, and second they are not as hot as they look. These models that are your standard of hotness have been taped, airbrushed, dowsed with gallons of make-up, oiled, doctored, enhanced, reduced, maybe even made a satanic pact to make them sexy. You would probably have difficulty recognizing your pinup girl if you saw her in her natural state. Third and foremost, artificial or not, these women will never have anything to do with you. Ever. Be fucking realistic.

Once you have swallowed this bitter pill of reality, you should begin to admire the women of RIT, and elsewhere, for this is what real women look like and this is what true beauty is, natural. Just as we don't naturally look like those grape-smugglers that model Jockeys, girls don't look like Victoria's angels. Models, male and female, are not real people, but car-

toonish ideals that exist only in print or pixels, so it is foolish to judge a real person be such imaginary standards. So, citizens, I implore you, next time you're scouting the local talent, try not to compare them to some fictional standard, simply admire them for making the most out of what they've got. Appreciate their inviting smiles, seductive eyes, delicious curves, and sexy strut, not to mention the smart, coy witty, intriguing, passionate, funny, devilish, angelic personality stuff, too. Soon you'll be reveling in the wealth of hotties that inhabit this campus. But don't get too far a head of yourself, admiring and approaching are two different beasts and I only have time to help you slay one today. So take some advice from old Nicky Sanks, hop a squat on the quater mile, preferably the second bench down, library side, and rethink your unrealistic views of female beauty and give these women a break. Just get a hot pair of shades to make your ogling less obvious.

The second annual
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
VERSUS
REPORTER MAGAZINE
King of War Battle Royale
Friday, May 3 at 6:30^{PM}
AT THE ROCK
PIZZA TO BE PROVIDED BY... THEM.

The Fine Print: GDT kicked some serious ass last year...so come watch the sequel, sure to have the same result.

Dear Mom and Dad,

It's been 27 weeks. Just like I've been trying to make it to the gym all year, I've been attempting to write you guys. We both know that its not happened, however, I've been hitting the sauce tonight so I'm going to write you a letter about everything that I have learned here at RIT.

You two have often said that I must learn from my mistakes. Well I did, at a great personal and professional expense. What follows is a brief list of things that have resulted from the 27 weeks that I have been here at RIT.

Falling asleep in parking lots is not a good idea. Neither is chasing four cans of Genny Light with two shots of Barton's Vodka. Tequila doesn't seem to mix well with other types of hard liquor, unless it's in the toilet. Sleeping with your best friend in your car – definitely not the wisest decision. Wasting an entire day checking people's AIM profiles and away messages is counter-productive to the educational process, and entirely too easy to do. Giving you guys the number to my cellular phone was not the best move, since you seem to think that I'll be conscious and ready to carry a conversation with you at noon on Sunday. Worrying about how things could have been is usually a waste of time.

This isn't to say that my experiences here have been all bad. Some of my college experiences have produced authentic pearls of wisdom. There is nothing better than wearing pajama pants or scrubs to class on a crummy day. Liquid nitrogen has astounding applications in preparing drinks, assuming that it can be acquired and transported without boiling off. So long as I'm talking about drinks, mixing alcoholic beverages with carbonated, caffeinated and sweetened beverages is a one-way ticket to bliss. Code Red is perfect in this regard. You should not date the people that you live with. Period. And very notably, "Don't fuck with the bullshit," says Sean J. Stanley.

I'm not going to say that I have become proficient in applying said wisdoms; rather, there is a list of things that I have learned, but not quite mastered. This would include the virtues of thinking *before* opening my mouth, saying no to a late night run to Krispie Kreme, when what I really should be doing is studying.

I have also acquired a laundry list of miscellaneous facts that are, no doubt about it, quite invaluable. This

includes, but is not limited to the following:

The only way that I can get happy after two drinks is simply because I am happy to be drinking. Every night in the dorms that you live in, at least half of the guys on the floor are audibly watching porn. The guy down the hall can do *anything* with a computer, including some things that would make the hairs on the back of your neck stand at attention. Playboy magazine has fabulous lighting, good articles, *and* naked women.

Ramen Noodles are good for any meal, cooked or raw. So are plates from Tahous for that matter. Ace of Base music sounds just as bad in Russian as it does in English, especially when blasting at four in the morning the night before your Art and Civilization exam.

Soaking in a bathtub of Mountain Dew will *not* make you more Xtreme. Whenever you are doing something questionable or possibly embarrassing, someone will have a digital camera to record the moment and probably post it to a web site somewhere, soon to be downloaded by thousands of young adolescents. While mustard and Frank's Hot Sauce¹ might mix well with vodka, grenadine syrup may be a bridge too far. Piercings are like tattoos, once you get one you just want more and more and more. PowerBooks keep getting sexier and sexier, especially when they have wireless Ethernet capabilities and the girl holding it is well end... well nevermind. It doesn't matter how bad the Chinese food is, it still tastes authentic when you're famished. Come to think of it, this applies to most foods. No matter how you eat, bar peanuts do not count as a meal, much less a day's worth of nutrition. Contrary to my beliefs in high school, happiness can be poured out of a bottle.

You may have noticed the lack of "educational" tidbits in my letter. Fear not, Mother and Father – your \$80,000 has not gone to waste. I am graduating this Spring, assuming that I pass my Wellness exam. I would have to say that Wines of the World is *the best* class that RIT offers, so much that I didn't feel the need to pregame it *every* week.

Affectionately yours,

The Staff of Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre

¹ Dave's Insanity Sauce, however – should not be mixed with anything: solid, liquid, or gas.



Dear GDT,

Hi there, long time reader /first time writer. :)

I just read Justin Mayer's piece on Mega Man 2, and I thought it was very well done. Let Justin know that if the nostalgia of the music made him feel good, then playing it again will make him feel even better. :)

Thanks again and keep up the good work. :)

Steve Broida

P
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Sundresses

By G.A. Baier

So lovely when the weather warms
They start to appear in swarms
Above the knee and baring of arms
They're one of summer's charms

Flowing lightly in a breeze
Hailing days of ease
They almost bring me to my knees
Can I ever resist, oh please.

Seeing makes me glad
They change with the weather, making me sad
I wish I could be just a little bad
But alas, they're ironclad.

Bright colors abound
Butterflies and flowers all 'round
Wishing they weren't so sound
Never to fall to the ground.

Wearing even when it's late
Do they know, such wonderful bait
Seeing them every day is great
Ever time I thank God I am straight.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Editors:

Alex Moundalexis
Mike Fisher

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Writer:

R. Meinhart

Contributors:

G.A. Baier
Jai Ramachandran
Nicholas Sienkiewycz

Printer Daemons:

Mike Confer
Peter Gravelle
Amy Hatter
Melissa Hutson
Vera Ikon
Jen Martorana
Irving Washingtonn

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

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