



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Mechanic Dawg

Truckstop Fairy

PJL '03

In breaking news, RIT President Al Simone has issued an ultimatum to the editors of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, demanding that they leave the campus within 48 hours. The editors issued a response, resolutely declaring, "Uhh, no."

Simone's next statement came quickly: "Please?" The editors then responded, "No." "Aw, c'mon. You big jerks," Simone's final statement, has been seen as the end of communications between the two parties before, as Provost Stan McKenzie terms it, "all Hell breaks loose."

President Simone held a press conference in early November where he deemed *GDT* "an axis of evil." When it was pointed out that *GDT* cannot be an "axis" since it is only one entity, the magazine was quickly renamed to "a point of evil." He claims that the editors have been developing volatile articles which they plan to distribute to the RIT community. As it stands right now, issues of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* are spread around campus for students to pick up or ignore at their discretion.

"In my opinion, the 18-22 year-old age group is not qualified in making decisions," says Simone before unveiling his new anti-*GDT* program, called Operation Loretta after the hurricane naming system.

Under this program Simone hopes to protect the students, especially the impressionable first years, against exposure to the volatile content found in the magazine. First Year Enrichment teachers have been instructed to play a tape which gives out the sublimi-



President Simone issues ultimatum to Editors of GDT; Editors are shocked and awed

nal message "Read Reporter" repeatedly during their classes. In order to inoculate the student body against the spread of new forms of cynicism thought to be under development in *GDT*'s research labs, Simone has ordered the distribution of rose-colored glasses. Earplugs were also handed out on the quarter mile so that students would not be subject to the protesters' reading of "Jobless" as they went to class, though quickly the package had to be modified to plainly say, "Not a contraceptive."

Simone has said that he has lost patience with the editors after issuing the order that the "newer and funnier" articles being developed in secret be disarmed and edited. Article inspectors were allowed to be present at *GDT* meetings, though they found absolutely nothing that they considered new or funny. Accusations were made that access to the "uploads server" was not



A leaflet being distributed on campus to raise Anti-GDT sentiments in the hopes of igniting a rebellion against the Editors

given and even that the Hell's Kitchen server itself had been switched to a mobile unit. Satellite images of RIT clearly show numerous sites once housing servers, an indisputable indictment against *GDT* according to senior officials in Building 1.

President Simone has pledged that he will finish the job he started in 2000, this time using ten times the force. Though the editors seem confident, for their own safety they have taken refuge deep under the surface of RIT, hiding somewhere in the tunnels. There they have set up one or possibly multiple headquarters where, Simone claims, they continue research on articles that would be "potentially dangerous" to the public. Nighttime travelers have claimed to hear the ghostly sound of issues being folded with the occasional cacophony of laughter as the editors crack yet another joke at the expense of one of the RIT organizations.

According to Campus Safety, a recent addition to the Homeland Security Department, the editors have been sustaining themselves through nightly raids on the Sol's pantry. Campus Safety hopes that the diet of only soft pretzels and flurries will be enough to finally drive them to surface.

The Office of the Bursar has issued a statement declaring that *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* is most definitely not associated with the Taliban. After a careful examination, they found that "There is absolutely no way anyone could find a connection between these two groups."

The Office of the Registrar has issued a statement declaring that *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* is most definitely associated with the Taliban. After a careful examination, they found that "There is absolutely no way anyone could miss a connection between these two groups."

After an extended period of silence, the editors released a statement from their position in hiding, saying, "Any action taken against *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* will cause retribution the likes of which you cannot comprehend. There will be a jihad against the Eastman building." Analysts are still trying to determine the legitimacy of this statement. Many claim the statement was pre-recorded, and the editors have already left RIT, while others fear their continued presence. Handwriting recognition programs have been used to aid the analysis, but have done little good since the original statement was typed.



Crossroads Hub representative declares, ‘There simply is not enough evidence to prove that Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is producing articles that are new or funny.’

President Simone’s plan is not supported campus wide, however. “RIT Anti-Anti-*GDT*” has begun meeting weekly and posts cartoons involving caricatures of Simone in the academic buildings. Many protesters claim there will be unavoidable casualties in any action taken against *GDT*. “No matter how hard Simone tries to only depose the editors, *GDT* writers and printer daemons will suffer,” said Steve, a local Socialist, which means everyone ignored him. The largest demonstration to date included as many as twelve protesters, one of which was beating a drum, the rest of which were playing hacky sack. “We have gathered here today to hack for our brothers and sisters suffering in *GDT*. This will send a clear message to the administration that we will not tolerate these unjust actions. Hacky sack for peace!”

Despite protests, the President says he is standing behind his preemptive strike, even if it means some loss of privileges on campus. “We may have to suspend some freedoms for a little while,” he says. “I’m less afraid of losing freedoms due to loss of democracy than

of losing freedoms because we’re all dead.” One student was overhead in the Ritz pointing out that we’re all still alive, and yet our freedoms are further being restricted. We have been unable to locate the student for a follow-up interview.

By striking preemptively, the President hopes further distribution of volatile articles can be prevented. He then noted that if no further articles appear, clearly his measures worked, and if further articles appear, then clearly more drastic measures need to be taken. The logical fallacy in this statement was promptly disregarded as Un-spiRITed, along with anyone daring enough to point it out to the administration.

One of the larger voices urging restraint has come, surprisingly, from the Crossroad’s Hub. The Hub provides printing services to most of the campus; news of their recent resistance to go along with Simone’s plan has provoked shock and awe from a large percentage of the student body.

“RIT gives them all that money to print and shit and now they fuck them over like that? Man, that’s fucked up. Simone should beat the shit out of those faggots after he’s done with *Gracies*,” says a second year engineering major who asked to remain anonymous. Simone himself publicly denounced the Hub, saying they were standing in the way of what was good for the student body whether they knew it or not.

Stan McKenzie, at a press conference, noted that, “*Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* is printed at the Hub. They’re hoping to ride the fence and be able to keep both of our businesses. I’m sorry, but that’s just not how it is. Us or them, folks.”

The Hub remains dumbfounded at the overwhelmingly negative sentiment against their position, even among pro-*GDT* students.

A staff member was interviewed, stating in a thick French accent, “There simply is not enough evidence to prove that *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* is developing volatile articles. Inspectors need to be given more time to complete their search of *GDT* article development sites. We understand the threat that such articles would provide, but we require proof. Until such proof is given we will in no way support action taken against the editors or staff of *GDT*.”

In response to the decidedly “Un-Good” stance taken by the Hub, Computer Science House has renamed approximately two thirds of the networking devices called hubs in their facilities to Freedom

Boxes. One CSH resident, unhappy with the change, said, “What? I don’t get it.” Other students bought hundreds of prints at the Hub, just to rip them up. “We’ve been doing our best business ever,” declared a Hub spokesperson. “If they want to waste their money like that, it’s not a problem with us.”

The College Republicans, tired of being all talk, held an interview session. “It is our duty as RIT students to go to *GDT* meetings and shut down their folding operations.” They went on to say that the editors of *GDT* were “immoral,” “depraved,” and “corrupt.” When a reporter noted that those words all meant the same thing they were told to “Shut up.” The reporter went on to ask, “Does that mean you, personally, will risk your lives and enlist to help topple the *GDT* regime?” At this point the College Republicans became visibly flustered, stating, “Um... well, no. We have many important duties at RIT, but we definitely support everyone facing danger in our stead.”

When asked what plans he had for the post-editor *GDT*, President Simone had Stan McKenzie issue a statement saying, “*Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* will be much better off if we depose the tyrannical editors and replace them with democratic *Reporter* leaders. Obviously a democracy that has been forcefully imposed by a foreign party will be strong and successful.”

When interviewed, the grandmothers of the three editors all said, “They used to be such nice boys.”

SUBMIT

You know, you shouldn't be writing up a GDT article in class. Of course, who really cares? I mean, school is, at worst, about six years of people telling you all sorts of stuff. Some you knew, like the pillow in your bed when you were six. Some you didn't and were new and strange, but wonderful, like your first kiss, or that time you stood in the middle of the highest hill in the field and you knew, like you knew your pillow, that you were the number one highest thing you could see. Higher than the hill, on the shoulders of giants, and so on. Some you still don't know, and at this point, you probably never will. You and I have trouble deciding whether knowing that is a good thing.

Endings. Things in life have no certainty, except for the fact that they will end. She left you. Sometimes, I leave you. He left you, even after you followed each other for so long. He left with the girl that took him out of your life.

Who is this "I" you're writing about? He certainly isn't the one writing, is he? I mean, you're writing. In class. You shouldn't be doing that. You didn't buy the laptop for that, did you?

And now you're somewhere else. Still typing. Why? What motivates you? Don't you realize that all this must, at some point, end? And badly, I bet. This magazine you love so dearly, will die. The file you write this into now will soon fall into entropy. You can't stop it.

You got back a paper. Borderline between what you need and what is likely. Just like always. You still

don't know what that means. I think it means that you need to work harder and slack off more. That you need to concentrate harder and zone out more.

The clouds outside have finally receded, and you barely noticed except for the glare on the seemingly ever-present snow. Has this place numbed you to the weather? Maybe, but at least you're hardier than your friends back home. They complain about how cold the winter is. They stay above freezing, and you don't take them seriously.

The chocolate hits the back of your tongue like a Mack truck hitting a watermelon. Colorful splashes of wet sticky everywhere. The seeds pelt you and get stuck in your hair like the comb used to when you were six and twirled your hair when you couldn't sleep. You've found other repetitive motions to ease insomnia now.

What would the six-year-old say? Didn't Mommy tell us not to curse? What did you do to that girl? *She asked me to do it.* Then why did she leave you? *I guess she was done with me.* Weren't you done with her, too? *I don't know. Probably not.*

The worst part is the indecision. It would be more bearable if it was just you, but she's confused too. You'd probably be better off without her. *But it gets so lonely sometimes.* Don't you understand? There will always be a future. *But you said everything is going to end.* And I didn't limit it to good things for a reason.

The Traveling Platypus Bob Rutan, Guild of Sequential Illustrators



Top Secret Plan by US Government Revealed

By Pete Lazarski and Matthew Denker

BAGHDAD, Iraq: Sources today say the US government has implemented a top-secret plan to devolve Iraqis from human beings into lesser life forms.

It has been established that since we cannot bomb them into the Stone Age, we must, as John Ashcroft put it, "Put those bastards back into the sea."

We here at the GDT news desk have gotten our hands on a copy of the "secret" plan, and we feel it is important for all of you to be aware of such a crime.

The basic premise is to introduce a chemical agent into the air with bombs. This agent will cause the Iraqis exposed to it to sprout gills and make for the nearest body of water possible. Even though the people will have devolved, they will apparently still have intelligence equivalent to a normal human.

This has led to a number of self-defense plans to be put into effect, such as Operation Catch and Release in New York City and Operation Dolphin Safe in Miami, FL. These plans will be enacted in the event that Iraqis who make it to the ocean through coalition forces try to swim to the United States and beach themselves during the popular Memorial Day weekend festivities.

"A tragedy of that level would shock Americans even more than 9/11," said Former New York City Mayor Rudy Giuliani.

Despite the secrecy of the debilitating military action, there has been talk of publicizing the event to interested United States fisherman recently put out of jobs by the lack of cod off the coast of Massachusetts. "They are our first line of defense," stated Secretary of State Colin Powell, "And our most valued."

When pressed for comment, the fishermen being employed by the government said only that they were excited, and it would be just like shooting fish in a barrel, but so much more patriotic.

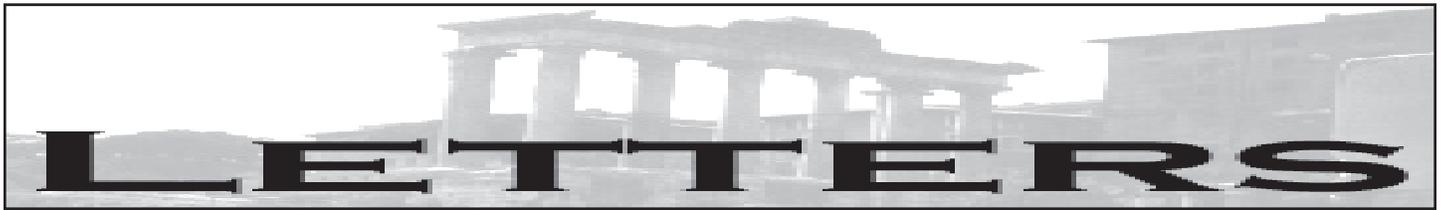
Foreign reactions have been mixed. The French have voiced concern over the humaneness of the plan, suggesting that a simpler and more easily pleased creature such as a frog or a snail would be more satisfactory. The British have been completely supportive in spite of the current shortage of cod for fish and chips.

While the President was not immediately available for contact, his closest aides suggested that if the Iraqis do try and beach themselves, they would make for one hell of a Memorial Day barbeque.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
We snort the line of decency.



gdt@hellskitchen.org



LETTERS

Editor's Note: Letters received by Gracies Dinnertime Theatre are unedited for spelling, grammar, punctuation, capitalization, content, or anything else.

Date: Thu, 20 Mar 2003 16:14:47 -0500
From: @aol.com
To: gdt@hellskitchen.org
Subject: Chris Rist

Dear Gracie's Dinner Time Theatre and the RIT community in general,

I've been a Greek for 4 years at RIT. Throughout that time, I find myself musing over a very disheartening question: why do you hate us so much? I realize that Gracie's article was printed for shock value, and to make angry Greeks respond so that you can nit pick on their grammar and otherwise embarrass them. I am hoping that my response will do something, anything, to make you people understand that we are not the bad guys. I can only assume that the only exposure any of you have had of an actual fraternity are the silly cliches that they show in the movies. First off, as far as collecting money on the quarter mile goes, our national forces us to do that. NOBODY wants to do it. If you think that I actually enjoy waking up at 7 in the morning to do that goddamned MS walk, you are sadly mistaken. I must say, trying to get sullen RIT students to give me money is not my idea of fun. Second, where the hell do you get off bitching at us for underage drinking? Did you drink underage? Of course you did, everybody does. The fact that we're in a fraternity has nothing to do with it. If we weren't a fraternity we would still be drinking. I don't hear anybody bitching about underage drinking when you're swilling our beer all night for a fraction of the cost it would take you to go down-town. Third, we NEVER disrespect women. I am going to admit, there are some fraternites on campus that are simply a bunch of scum bags. It has nothing to do with the fact that they are Greeks, they are just scum bags. If all you ridiculous, hooched up freshman wannabes would stop going to their parties and getting tanked, you wouldn't get harrassed.

If you hang out with scumbags, Its a sure fire bet that they are gonna do something scummy. My fraternity and others make it a point to make sure that no girl gets taken advantage of. It is our responsibility, not only as the host of a particular event, but as men (please don't be trite and call me a chauvenist, if you don't think its a man's duty to be chivalris then you're a dick) as well to make sure that women get treated with respect. I live that way, and so does my fraternity or I sure as shit wouldn't have joined it. As far as being loud on what i can only assume is bid night, all i can say is relax people. It happens once a quarter, and we're just trying to have a little fun. I fail to believe that being a little loud at 11 o'clock is screwing up anybody's life that much. Perhaps the most ridiculous myth in your entire article was your claim that if we screw up, then our National covers for us. Are you freaking kidding? National doesn't want us to do ANYTHING. We have a book bigger than an encyclopedia of things we can't do. Similarly, the RIT administration is nothing but hostile to us. Why do you think they gave us those nice new houses that are too goddamned expensive? They are being turned into freshman housing in 5 years. RIT doesn't want us. Even the fraternities off campus aren't safe. Campus safety not only drives by our house to take surveillance photos(it sounds like a joke, but i assure you it isn't) but they routinely call the cops on us with phony noise complaints. They lie, they cheat, and finally, after they've dicked you around for months, they find a way to boot you off campus. This wouldn't be so bad if we actually had the support of the rest of the student body. The fact is, nobody cares. We are slowly being weeded out of the community, and you guys still bust on us and think of us as some sort of horrible "Animal House" cliché. If you would support what we do, we could throw some parties the likes of which you have never seen. Imagine an RIT where people talk to each other. An RIT where we party, everyone together, in huge campus events that would be fun and could even be used to raise money for some good cause. Hell, we could do tons of fun

stuff, but jerks like the guys that wrote this article pull out the same old catch phrases like "I don't need to buy my friends." Well I sure as shit don't need to buy my friends either asshole, and I certainly don't need to write smartass articles in a dinky little newsletter to make myself feel smarter than other people. In closing, fraternities take all sorts of people. We got nerds, jocks, artsy-fartsies, pot heads, and any other stereotype you can think of. We accept everybody, no matter what your creed or color as long as you're a cool guy. Sometimes assholes slip through, but that isn't who we are. You know what I am? I'm a geek. I play Magic the Gathering. I'm also a big artsy fartsy with lead marks on my nose and everything. I imagine I'm much like you are. If you'd give me and the other Greeks a chance instead of lumping us into a category of Aber-Crombie and Fitch assholes, then maybe we could drink some beers and forget for a time what a shitty place Rochester is and how good it is to be young and healthy. Your article makes me angry but in a certain strange way, it also makes me glad. It makes me glad that I'm not the horrible stereo type that you think I am, and I'm certainly not a close-minded jerk like you.

I hope this article did some good, please try not to make fun of my spelling and grammar too much. Try responding to what I said.

Sincerely yours,
Christopher David Rist
"Woody"

Dear "Woody,"

Atrocious grammar and spelling and punctuation and capitalization and use of prepositions aside, it's our belief here at *GDT* that we have no need or desire to goad angry Greeks into embarrassing themselves. Rather, we have a fondness for irony. And since the days of Sophocles, irony has been something the Greeks have excelled at. Euripides perhaps said it best when he wrote, "...The dull are by their dullness saved from going wrong." Even a superficial examination of Greek culture today reveals the irony in this.

But, you wish us to respond to what you say, and so we shall. Frankly, it seems your vehemence engenders itself from a series of misunderstandings, which we will now address. "Why do you hate us so much?"

This is a rather classic mistake. Casual amusement and an apathy that has taken years to cultivate into proper maturity hardly make the use of the word "hate" appropriate. I assume you meant, "Why do you judge us so harshly?" Loathe to focus on semantics as I am, I'll answer this second question, instead. To do so, however, we must examine some other misunderstandings.

"I can only assume that the only exposure any of you have had of an actual fraternity are the silly clichés that they show in movies." Here we see two misunderstandings. The first is your mistaken assumption. Fraternities being as unfortunately ubiquitous as they are, we have been exposed to Greeks in a variety of circumstances. It is from these encounters that one arrives at the inevitable conclusion, namely, that silly clichés don't only exist in movies.

You then go on to complain about your forced (I could mention something about the freedom of choice, but I shall leave that argument to the reader) participation in charity fund-raisers, one of the few vaguely redeeming qualities of Greek organizations. It certainly pulls the heartstrings to hear of your misfortune, especially concerning that "goddamn MS walk." This certainly supports any claims that fraternities create upstanding, caring citizens.

As for underage drinking? Let's go to the audience for that. Dan? "I'm underage, and I don't drink." Okay, how about you, Dave? "I didn't drink until the day I turned 21." Alrighty, and you, Jess? "I'm also underage, and I don't drink." Well, three examples in three tries. I could go on, but I'm not really concerned with building a statistically significant sample. I also think it's interesting you use "swill" and "beer" in the same reference to Greek parties. I doubt this is coincidence, and I applaud your clever word-play. "If we weren't a fraternity we would still be drinking." So you're alcoholics, organized or no, eh? That's certainly something to be proud of. I'm glad you raised that point. You also point out that nobody complains about underage drinking when you're giving away beer, presumably to underage students. So, in order to refute the stereotype that frats drink a lot, you admit to drinking a lot? Are you beginning to see what masters of irony Greeks are? It's absolutely brilliant! Let me provide another example.

“We NEVER disrespect women... If all you ridiculous, hooched up freshman wannabes would stop going to [the parties of those other Greek organizations that aren’t specifically mine] and getting tanked, you wouldn’t get harrassed.” So, “ridiculous, hooched up freshman wannabes” isn’t disrespectful? Neither is placing responsibility on them for getting harassed when they’re just at a party trying to have a good time? I have much to learn of being “chivalris,” I guess.

“I certainly don’t need to write smartass articles in a dinky little newsletter to make myself feel smarter than other people.” Don’t worry, Woody, we won’t hold that against you.

You close by demonstrating that Greek organizations are full of all sorts of different stereotypes, not just one. How beautiful is the world you describe, with all stereotypes coming together for parties “the likes of which you’ve never seen,” coming together to sit against their will along the Quarter Mile to raise money, coming together to make lots of noise “on what i can only assume is bid night,” and coming together for all the other activities that refute the various stereotypes of fraternities. So you see, Woody, you simply misunderstand us. We don’t hate you, and we don’t want to get rid of you. We love Greek organizations for providing the sort of irony only they can provide.

I hope this has been a lesson for all of our readers. Fraternities are always in a bad way, and they deserve your sympathy and support in these trying times. Do not harangue them too much, for then they might get discouraged from producing more first-class social satire.

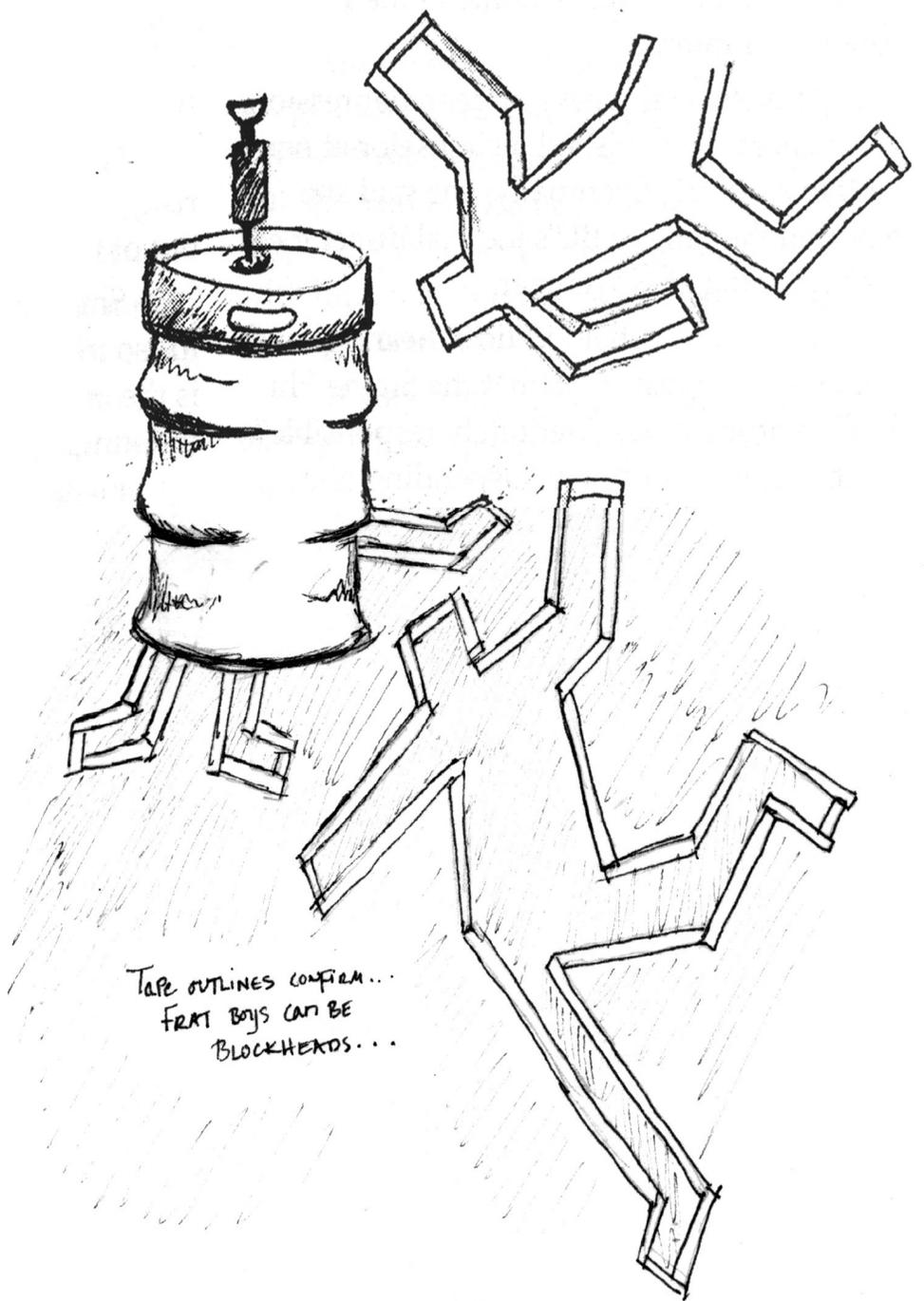


Image of crushed frat boys from Volume 11, Issue 2

Really, we at *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* had it backwards in our last issue. *GDT* shouldn’t try to become a frat. We should try to get the frats to write for *GDT*.

-Ed.

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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.

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The 1812 Overture with the cruise missile percussion section

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