



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 26, Issue 5, Weaver  
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## Hot Dogs and Lunar Eclipses

By Maria Sitzmann

The other day, I was privileged to go to one of the many less-than-chain-food-store-actually-closer-to-being-shit food sources on our fine campus. As a freshman, that would mean.... Gracies. Perhaps that is why I feel such an affinity for this fine publication. Or, perhaps, it is because I enjoy being leered at and referred to as 'freshmeat' while the editors try to convince me that, yes, my boobs do talk. Actually, my references to the treatment of me<sup>2</sup> by my fellow GDT staffers have a point related to my article. But first, allow me to finish my anecdote.

I went to Gracies and ordered a hot dog. Now, I was raised on Kosher Beef Franks, thank you,<sup>3</sup> and what I saw when the dude behind the counter handed me my plate looked like something else that I am very familiar with. I looked at it and said, and I quote: "Oh, a greasy weenie. Not like you'd find one of those at RIT."

Now, I'm one of those girls who's 'been around the block.' Okay, fine, I am what my mother would call a 'trollop.'<sup>5</sup> I have been with some really nasty guys<sup>6</sup> and I can say that RIT is going to be, after a bit more research, declared "The Greasy Weenie Capital" of the Northeastern United States.<sup>7</sup>

Now, in order for me to do the proper research for this important award, I must have sex with approximately nine more fifth years, six more third years, and twelve second years.<sup>8</sup> If any males at RIT would like to participate in my research, I am a five-foot-nine gal with short red hair, B/C cup.... you get the picture. You must call Peter Gravelle at 555-4242 if you would like to be a part of this important project.

Finally, I would like to note that anyone who actually thinks I'm going to sleep with them for scientific purposes is a bloody sodding MORON.

1. No, they don't. (that may be true, but they do put on a stunning karaoke act -ed)
2. An RIT female, hence a rare and apparently much valued commodity.
3. I'm a German Christian. No idea why my parents eat those.
4. Maybe the prisoners recommended them?
5. That's German Christian for 'whore.'
6. Not all of them RIT students.
7. My research indicates that Las Vegas is the Greasy Weenie Capital of the world.
8. I banged all the freshmen during 'Orientation Week.'



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## What I like about RIT

By Matt Fuller

After being here at RIT for 4 years I have found that everything relating to RIT becomes routine. Let me explain what I mean (and also offend some people on campus).

Every morning as I step out of my subterranean Perkins apartment it begins. I walk past all the unsolicited flyers left on my door, which I usually add to the pile on the floor. Out to the porch. I'm not going to make any comments on the weather but feel free to open a window, I'm willing to bet you'll get the idea. As I start my hike across campus, I see puddles of water everywhere, everyday, all year. Someone in planning did not take a course in drainage. This is a major problem during the summer. You get a nice puddle sitting there for a month or so, kills the grass, some jackass in a truck (Facilities Management) drove through it a couple of times and now it's a permanent fixture of my day. Walking past the cigarette butts and beer bottles my neighbors so kindly leave on the ground for my enjoyment I come across the next Facilities Management monstrosity.

About half way down Perkins there is this gigantic pile of dirt that Facilities Management is re-distributing to right in front of everyone's windows in an attempt to re-grow grass around the edges of all the buildings. First of all, this sounds like a good project to happen at the beginning of summer, not winter. Second of all, in an attempt to grow more grass around the edges of the building they kill the grass everywhere else with stupid, loud backhoe they are using. So for our money what do we get from this project? A net loss in grass and misappropriation of man power.

I keep walking. Finally past Perkins to that lovely pond of sitting water before K lot. Year round this thing is filled water, disease, and probably suicidal students; who really knows, I've never seen it empty. I don't know if I should blame RIT for leaving the pond or the local news for their great reports but all I can think of is West Nile Virus.

Onward through K Lot to see all the cars that never move with their soaked advertisements and campus safety warnings. I heard about the elevated cross-walks during the summer and I thought they

would be cool. However, what actually got built are essentially expensive speed bump. Well, speed bumps save lives right? Perhaps, but let me relate a very quick side story.

I'm walking towards K Lot from Tower A and I see some dumb asses in one of the familiar Facilities Management trucks gun it before hitting one of these speed bumps in an apparent attempt to make the truck bounce. As much as I enjoy watching RIT employees openly defy Campus Safety's attempts to protect students I do not like that my tuition dollars will probably have to go into that truck should the shocks go early.

Back to the main story. So now I'm to the main drag, the beginning of the quarter-mile, the sundial, which for some reason hasn't had a base around it for a month or so. The construction begins as a walk past the Student Health Center, I've only been there once in my five years here (with less than satisfying results) but the word on the street, and I don't know this first hand, is that the SHC is only good for providing low cost birth-control to our female population.

So the Simone Dome is going up on my right and I head on. I avert my eyes to avoid permanent damage as I pass the Sentinel. Unfortunately I can't make it past the SAU. "Why's that?" you ask. Some timely construction has blocked off everything from there to Timbuktu. Bam, I duck into Building 1 thinking myself clever. Wrong. I hit a wall of people trying to get up the first stair well. That isn't happening fast enough for my likings. I think I'll walk down the hall to next set of stairs.

As I pass my good, good friends at the Bursar's and Registrar's office (who have never messed up my bills or class schedules)<sup>1</sup> I grab a copy of the Reporter. Start off at the Crime Watch to see what the Fun Police are up to. Hmm, let me see someone left there wallet unattended in the library for a few hours. Crime watch may as well call it the Dumb Ass Report. Flip ahead to the Word on the Street to see what moron wants J. Lo and Ben Affleck to speak at their commencement.

Well, done with that issue. I neatly place it

1. what a load of bullshit, but please don't mess up my bills or class schedules

in one of the designated brown barrel receptacle before heading up the stairs. Lucky me; I get to the second floor to find more construction. At least this detour I only have to walk down a ramp as apposed to circumventing the globe. But wait the construction isn't over yet. The path between building 9 and 7 has conveniently been removed and replaced with bright orange fencing. RIT should change its colors to brown for the bricks and orange for construction fencing. Oh, wait. What are our colors? I'll take a detour through the college of engineering. Outside of the backside of the Micro-E building I come across another "elevated crosswalk" being built. And such a great place for it too since one end of that street is blocked off only 365 days a year. Not too much through-traffic, except campus

safety and facilities management (ah, that explains it).

Finally safety and conclusion to my journey come as I enter the GCCIS building and head towards CAST. I always chuckle when I enter that open lobby area, thinking they should have put the IT majors on third floor for the exercise and the CS majors on the second floor so when it gets to week ten and they decide to jump then (hopefully) they won't die.

As I sit down in my class, I wonder how RIT can channel so much money to the direct development and support of pure, unrefined, uncut stupidity and not toss a little bit to an on-campus satire magazine. Think I'll write in.

Cheers (you dumb asses)

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**Outside Looking In**  
**By Michaelle Chojnacki**

you spend all your time missing out, trying to find new friends,  
trying to fit in where you can;  
you're too afraid to be yourself and you model your life after someone else.  
and everyday you sit alone and say i'm not cool i'm so lame  
and you slowly admit  
you're on the outside looking in

same routine, nothings changed;  
you hate your life and worry you're not liked.  
you pick up on all the trends and hope they'll be your friends;  
but everyday ends just the same, i'm not cool, i'm so lame;  
you're tapping on that glass again,  
you're on the outside looking in.

time passes by and things have changed;  
you're just like them and they're your friends.  
who you were is gone,  
lost with out a trace; a shadow for a face.  
but it never seems to end, cause the kids that you degrade  
are just like you  
and they sit alone and say  
i'm not cool, i'm so lame

from the outside looking in

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## While You're Crying, Come here, Please? This Soup Could Use Some Salt.

By Matthew Denker

### Introduction.

I was talking to a close female friend the other day, when I was taken by the fact that women keep themselves in a near constant state of denial. Never mind the fact that most refuse to accept the simple fact that all men are assholes. I need a strong case to back that kind of statement up, and with that in mind, I present to you the following two examples.

### One.

When you and your significant other break up, each of you has some, if not a great deal, of the other person's stuff. Now this could be handled 1 of 3 ways by each of you. You could keep the other person's stuff, you could throw it out, or you could return it. Now the particular girl I was talking about was livid over her things being returned. She couldn't get over how mean it was to be given her stuff back. How mean it is not with-standing, wouldn't you rather have your things back? "Well no," she informed me, "If he throws it out, I don't know about it and I'll think he still has it." And that's when it hit me like a brick wall in a foggy field. If you're in a relationship with someone, you should know what they did with your stuff when you broke up. If he still cared about you, but it wasn't working, he probably still has it. But if you broke up fighting and he was an asshole to begin with, your stuff is gone. And that includes all those dirty videotapes you made with him. They went right online. If I was in that situation, I want my shit back. Call me a materialist, but I like to think of myself as realistic. There are just things you know about a person while dating. Putting this example on the back burner, I have recently found an even more glaring example of such feminine denial.

### Two.

Take the propensity of women to date married men. Now before I jump head first into this can of worms, I'd like to discuss the male perspective on such marital infidelity. Men don't date married women. Sure we might take one home from the bar, but ladies, that's not a relationship. But back to the subject at hand. You see, a girl dating a married man is completely beyond me. Let's

go back to the guy for a second for a clue as to how ridiculous the idea is. Say you had someone at home to do all your laundry, take care of the kids, and then keep your house clean (this would be your mom for a large number of you guys, but bear with me here). Then imagine you could only get your jollies from her whenever she wasn't too tired from all that housework. Now imagine you had another hot girl who just wanted to bang you for attention on the side. With one girl for cleaning and one for sexing, you'll wonder how you ever got by with only 1 girl in the first place. It's like keeping extra batteries for your cell phone. The only problem with all this is that you need to keep lying to the spare batteries so they think the other ones are almost out of juice. Now from my experience, women who are willing to commit and have your kids never run out of juice, but the exact girls who date married men bite and bite hard at exactly that kind of fib.

### The Big Finish

To cut this whole thing short, I'm going to end with some words of advice, as I am oft to do. To you women, you're all so damn cunning, but for some reason, you are held completely in sway by exactly the right kind of hunk. Pull yourselves together and actually liberate yourselves. And guys, we all know that we're just smart enough to get in a girl's pants, but not much smarter than that. Let's take the next evolutionary step and get smart enough to stay out of a girl's pants when we shouldn't be there. Girls falling for our lies is no excuse for our lying in the first place. I'm sorry. Deal.

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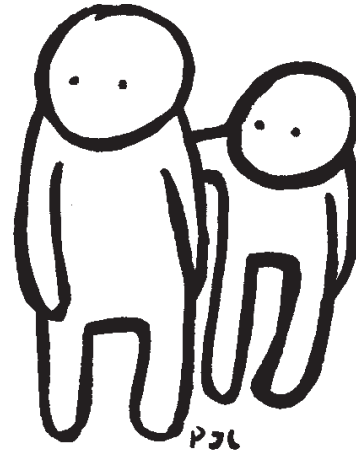
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**Sorry Man**


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**By Jerry Vilhotti**


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Casey walked the Little Dublin section of Burywater whispering over and over: “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it.”

Near Sylvan Avenue two fifteen year old boys spotted the trembling man.

“Hey, wait up!” one of them shouted while they walked toward him.

The man stuffed his large shaking hands into his pockets.

“Want to get your commie ass kicked?” Ears Harridan said while shaking his fist.

“Yeah, you’re coming with us to the woods!” Ambrose Cronin said showing him his two fists.

Meekly, Casey joined them with bowed head.

“Hey Tony, Ginzo, look what we found!” called the kid they called Amby. Amby was the son of Tracy Macarty McKenna the director of the community center who told them that if one didn’t call it a tax and one never said the word draft when calling up reserves and national guardsmen and if one tells a big lie often enough saying it was the truth all of Barnaum’s (and when saying the carnival man’s name he pointed out that he too was born in the great city of Bridgeport as he) suckers born every minute would give up everything since they stood for nothing and go along with the games the few play on the many and he encouraged Amby to get the boys to hunt down The Sorry Man bas-

tard and hound him unmercifully even though he had done his time for the dastardly act he had done on The Blessed Virgin Mary - that to allow him a moment’s peace was telling the filthy communists that their ideas were better than the greatest country that ever was - even better than ancient Greece and Rome combined - shouted.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it,” the man whispered.

Franchi said, “What, `s he a Grady sub?”

Amby and Ears nodded enthusiastically.

“I’ll go get the little fucks!” Franchi said rubbing his genitals to show his excitement. He and Fats Hungerford, when having the eight year old boys join them and the other big guys in the game of “White Horse”, would try to land on the young asses and try to go through their pants and come out of their belly buttons.

“Hey but first I got to say - he smells of Ivory soap like the rest of you harps do!” Franchi said.

“No he was a good ballplayer for the Brasscos and some mick reporter said he was going to be another Hall of Fame-er like Connors of the Giants was,” Amby said proudly since Connors was of his “race” and had come from Washington Hill long before the “Eyetalian” invasion when their fathers had fought, spilling their blood, to prevent the dirty foreigners from

crossing the Baldwin Street bridge that hovered over the One Breasted River.

“So did the creep drop a fucking fly ball or strike out with the bases loaded to lose a pennant or something?” asked the boy who was the only guy rejected from the army for being too ugly and so was not able to join the others who got the privilege to die or be wounded in “gook Korea” to save the world from Communism.

“Come on you dirty cabbage eater tell him what you did!” McKenna said having overheard old lady Cassidy telling his mother that Casey was sorry for having “dicked” a nice Irish girl when she wasn’t looking and he was the reason all their sons were going blind.

“Tony when you’re getting the kids, me and Ears will take the old bastard to the woods. It’s only fair to show him what he’s got to do.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it.”

“That’s only fair. Come on!” Ears said pushing the man forward. A few minutes later Franchi joined them in the woods; leaving the young kids corralled with a few of the older guys. He told Casey if he did good - he could become a regular in scaring the pants off the little shits with Grady who was off to Boston for his once a year retard test.

“I’m sorry”-

“Shut the fuck up and listen!” Amby shouted while slapping Casey on the back of the neck.

When twilight fell completely into darkness, the big guys unleashed the younger kids who ran screaming “like little sexy cunts” to different hiding places.

“OK, Sorry Man listen up. You take this flash-light and when you see a little jerk sitting under a bush or something you look down at him and flash it under your chin! See, like this,” Ears said in a very soft voice.

Amby pushed Casey into a tree and then corrected his direction with a big shove to Casey’s shoulders.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it,” Casey said as he climbed up onto a giant rock that had stood when Mattatuck Indians were massacred hundreds of years before by former Massachusetts taliban members, and when he reached the top added:

“IIIIIIIIIIII’mmmmmmmmmmmm ssssssssssss-soooooo00000rrrrrrrrrrryyyyyyyyyyy yyyyyy!”

“Take the creep to the street! He’s a numbnuts! He’s a fucking waste!” Patsy shouted; realizing by the young kids’ laughter that terror had gone south like their garment industry had when their mothers had once worked to make ends meet.

“Go! Get the hell out of here - you dirty rapist! The girl was only asking for an autograph! Just follow the path. Get out of here! Who needs you?” Amby said, spinning Casey vehemently around and a mighty kick in the ass by Patsy began Casey’s long journey home; shrouded by an even darker darkness.





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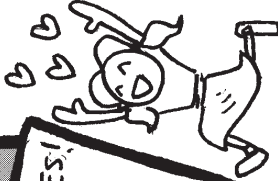
Wow, A BAG OF UPPERS! MOVE AHEAD 1 SPACE.



TAKE THE SHORTCUT! HOLY CRAP!

Wow - A SHORT CUT!

GROUPIES! MOVE BACK 1 SPACE



MORE UPPERS! MOVE AHEAD 1 SPACE

GO FOR THE GOAL!



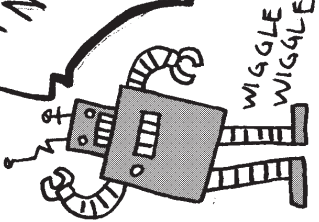
STOP TO HAVE SOME PIE - LOSE A TURN!!



WHERE ARE WE GOING AGAIN? LOSE A TURN

ATTACKED BY TUMBLEWEEDS! - MOVE BACK 1 SPACE

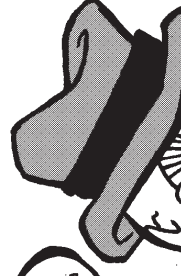
STOP AN EVIL ROBOT INVASION - MOVE BACK 1 SPACE



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