



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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And So This is Christmas

By Matthew Denker

Christmas is the strangest birthday for arguably the most generous man to ever live. Would you have all your friends exchange presents for your birthday? I think not. Presents notwithstanding, Christmas has become too commercial. That's not entirely bad; I know I love buying people presents, but it does put forth some unfortunate side effects. I could prattle on about how the Christmas Season starts too soon, or how crowded the malls are, or any other manner of common and simple complaint. No, I think the truly unfortunate part is the distinct lack of love surrounding the holiday these days.

It doesn't have to be warm, sticky, Michael Jackson love. Just plain good feelings; good will towards others, if you will. That simple change is all it would take to make the holidays better. Since many of you are from New York and thus had your nice gland surgically removed at birth, I've compiled a few short lists of the wondrous, yet somehow quaint, things you can do to improve the holiday spirit. Mind you, some semblance of political correctness must be maintained, so I'm sorry for not specifically addressing particular religious symbols of love. Bear with me here.

For Strangers:

- Say "bless you" to people who sneeze in public, even if they sneeze on you.
- Strike up friendly conversation with strangers.
- Help someone less fortunate than yourself.
- Let someone get out of the store parking lot even though you've been out all day and want to get home.
- Smile at someone who looks like they might be sad.

For RIT:

- Pick up random trash.
- Walk by the Sentinel without flipping it off. It has feelings too you know.
- Send President Simone a Christmas Card so he cheers up a little.
- Make some snow angels to brighten the drab brick atmosphere.
- Put Christmas lights in your dorm window.



For Significant Others:

- Tell them you love them.
- Give them a massage after a long day at work.
- Cook them dinner.
- Try kissing them for a while before trying to get in their pants.
- Tuck them in and kiss them goodnight.
- If all else fails, Diamonds are Forever.

I hope that helps all of you who have been searching for something nice to do. As another calendar year draws to a close, I want to thank all of you for your commitment to GDT, both the rest of the staff and the audience. We couldn't do it without you, and we wouldn't do it without you. May you have the happiest of holidays and the healthiest of New Year's.

God Bless.

LUCKY#7



"SHE HASN'T MADE A PASS AT ME YET,

BUT HER BOYFRIEND HAS."

Everyone has a story to tell
share yours at www.rit.edu/signatures

{ signatures }
literature & art

This Week's Chess Problem
by Dmitriy Shnayder

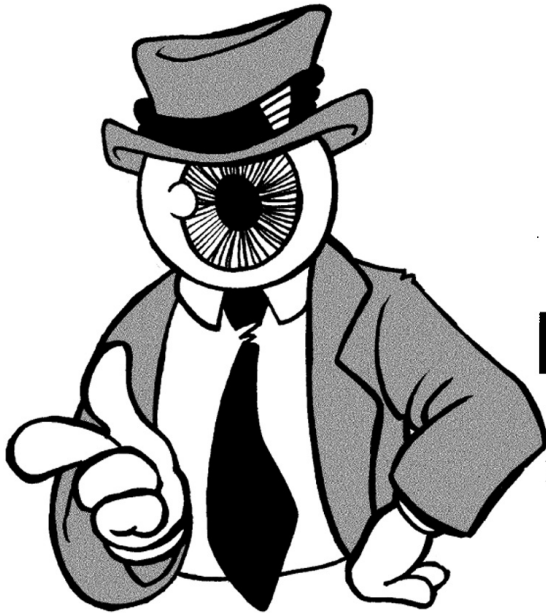
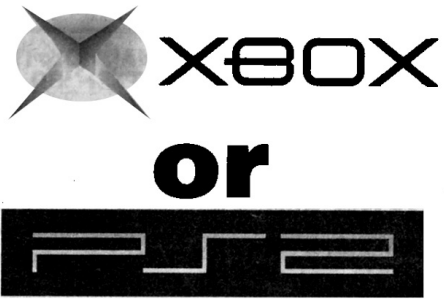
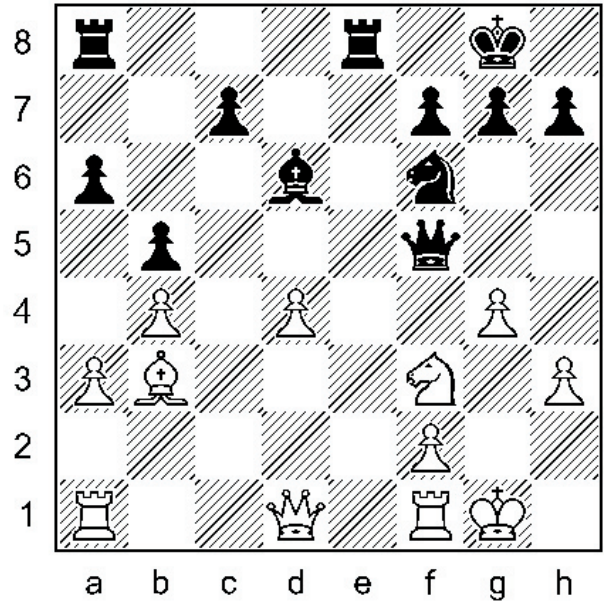
Challenge

In the diagram, White's last move was to attack the Black queen. Why is this a mistake?

An explanation of the chess notation (how movement of chess pieces is written) used in the solution may be found on the website:

<http://www.michess.org/scholastic/notation.shtml>

Solution on Page 6



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Saturday Morning**By Ray Wallace**

It's late in the morning. Six in the AM. The air is chill and the sun is dark. Parking lot lamps reach across the sky and light up the cloud in a dull hazy glow. Six AM, I'm not even up yet and Physical Plant is out moving the snow even while it settles on their man-sized tractors. I do my best to avoid them.

We were told in Driver's Education class that, as drivers, we should watch for pedestrians because they might not have traffic on their minds — video games, their ex-wife, or the weather instead. As a pedestrian, I try to keep the opposite in mind.

For a while, tractors is all I hear. I think about waving to one — to show my appreciation¹. Normally I try to do that for people who work shitty jobs, like the woman who cleaned the floor of our apartment building. I always wonder if they even care at all, if they consider how insipid their job is, or if it's just income to them and I'm just some weird kid who talks too much.

After a while, the tractors fade, and all I hear are my footfalls and their echoes. I check for stalkers.

This happens every year, of course; the snow suffocates the grass and packs down on the trees, hiding them like the curtains in a theater that close and let the actors get undressed and prepare for the next act. The maple trees step out of their leaves and the grass

¹Snow removal is extremely important.

retreats under the ground for privacy. They wait while snow engages the audience for just long enough. And they're grateful at first — more than willing to take a breather — but soon itch for the show to continue.

But now it's like in film: glimmering shavings of plastic, virgin white bathed in artificial sepia crunching underfoot. The smooth drifts ahead of me make no allusions to the trail of footprints behind me.

Protagonists have it good. They're around for the interesting parts of their character-arch and the plot progression and then they walk out of the frame. Even better if they die at the end; not even the audience will wonder what might happen next.

If this were the movies this would be the fade out. Trudging home, alone and defeated, in the falling snow. But instead, I'm headed to bed. I'll wake up and talk about operating system design at noon, go christmas-shopping with my sister in the afternoon, calm my girlfriend from hyperventilating sometime later. I'll not remember to find a job.

It's cold. The snow on the road has been disturbed and I can see down to the tiles on the Raised Pedestrian Walkway. Another jaded attempt at demonstrating how dedicated the administration is to me and my safety. I make a point of checking for traffic.

There is no Santa, but there is GDT

SUBMIT

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
We snort the line of decency.



gdt@hellskitchen.org

No show.
No ad.
No cookies.
Just a pretty lady.

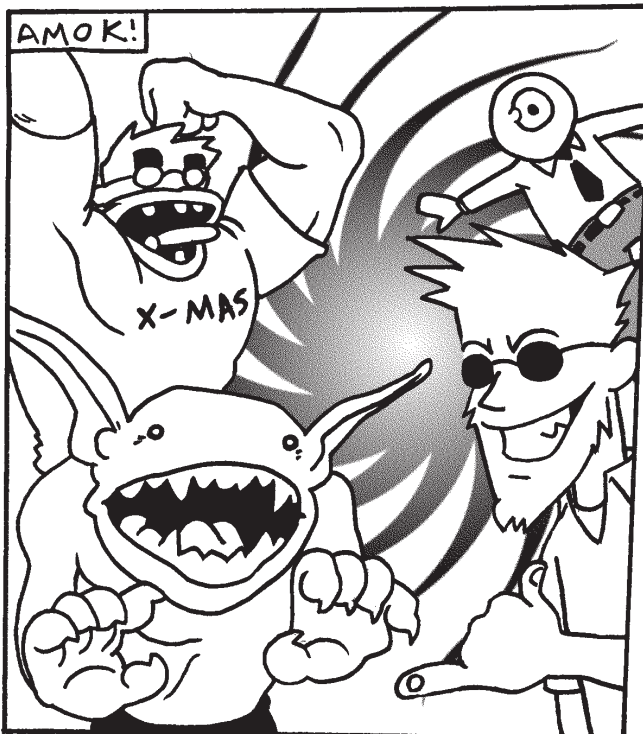
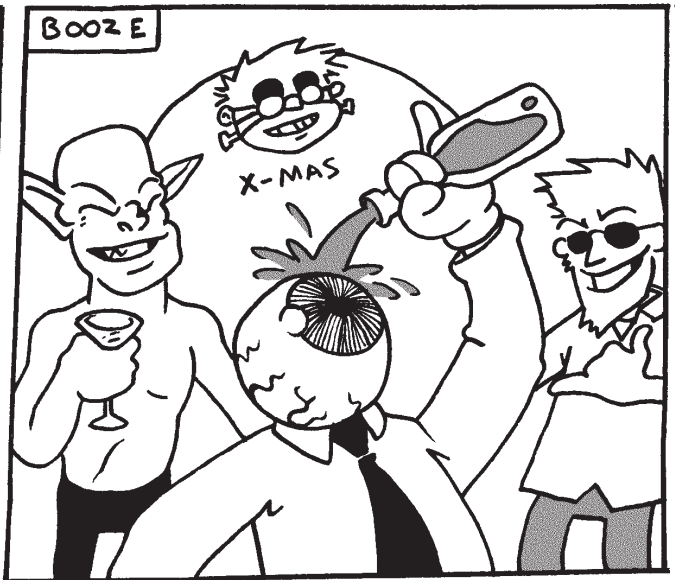
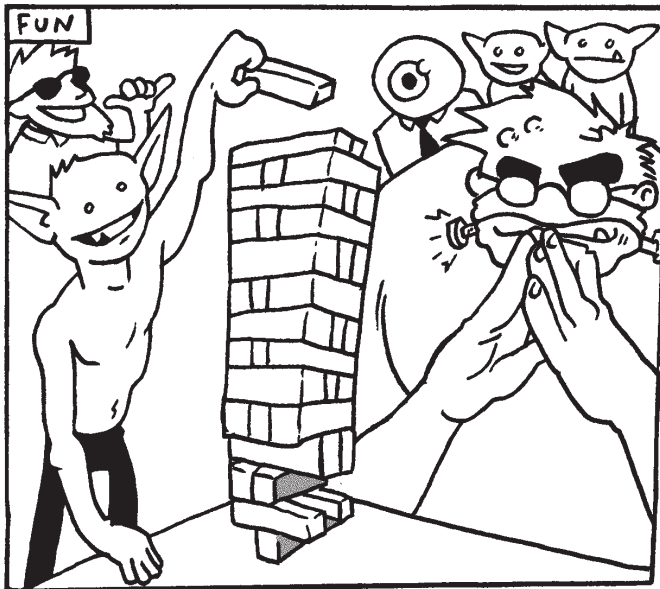
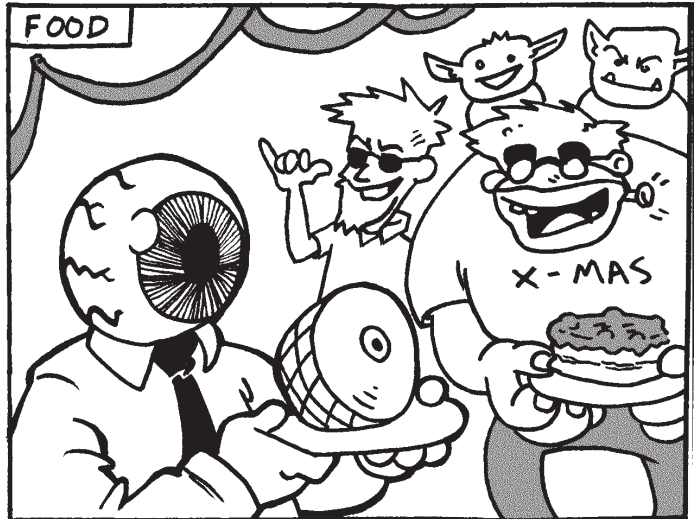
Happy
Holidays
from
anime club



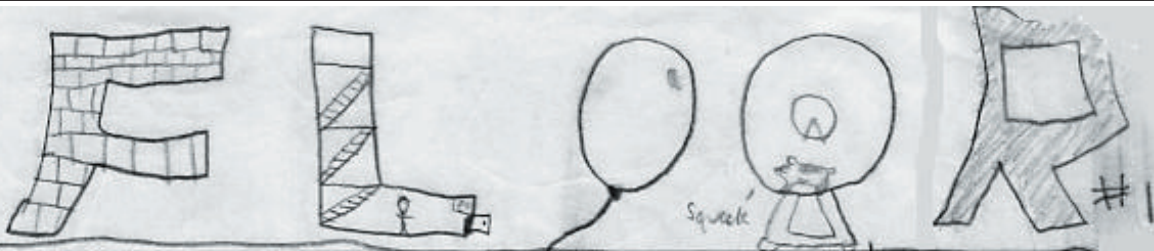
Chess Problem Solution: The move exposes the White king to attack. 1. ... Nxg4 2. hxg4 Qxg4+ 3. Kh1 Qh3+ 4. Kg1 Re4 5. Ne5 Rh4 6. Qf3 Qh2#. [Fritz suggest 2. Bc2 Qh5 as a safer line for white, avoiding mate but leaving black better. -Adam]

JOE CORNEA!

PUBLIC EYE!
by PETER J. LAZARSKI '03



Floor by
Phillip Hein



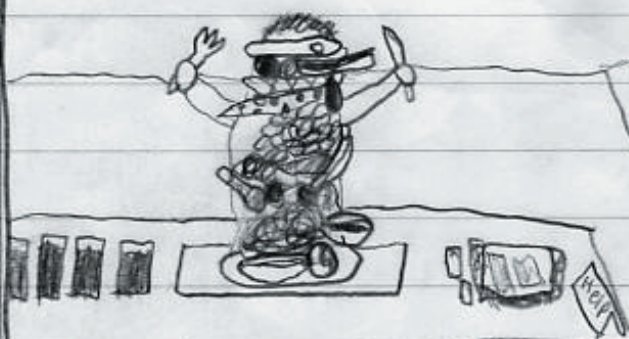
10:00 AM Sunday.



12:00 Noon



1:30 PM



3:30 PM



6:30 PM

Gracias



11:00 PM

Whew shit am I Tired...
I worked all day!

Right...Sure.



i'm not emo

By Tom Smolenski

the world had turned over one full time
 where i was yours and you were mine
 now as i wake to meet the rising sun
 i turn to my side, and i see no one

yet the days roll by, the clock it laughs
 i occupy myself with menial tasks
 nothing seems to be out of place
 until i think of you, and see your face

i can pretend it's for the best
 i can try and forget the comely past
 but then the moon rears her sullen head
 and here i am again, alone, in bed

P o e t r y .



From The Editors!

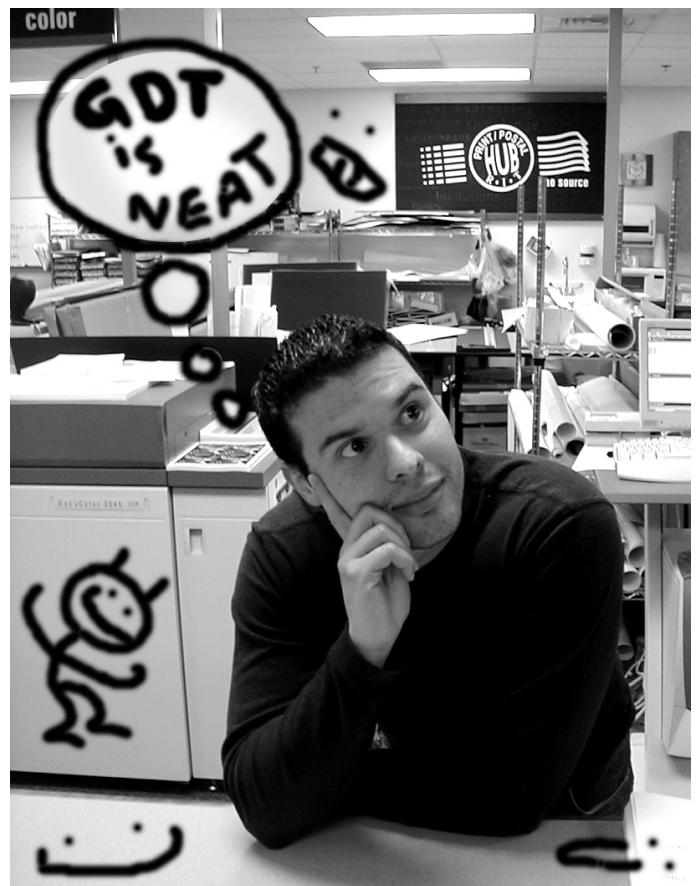
Dear GDT readers,

Our contact at the Crossroads' Hub, Nef (pictured), has taken upon himself the responsibility of a weekly advice column for Gracies Dinnertime Theatre. However, this requires questions and concerns from you, our good readers. The editors of GDT request your letters seeking advice on your personal problems in the name of Nef. All advice column letters shall be kept anonymous, Ask-Annie-style.

Email letters to:

gdt@hellsitchen.org

Bring it,
 Ed.



This man gives good "advice."

C'mon, Everyone is doing it

Submissions of all
art forms accepted.



Written pieces should be in Word, plain text or RTF format. Visual art should be submitted at the highest resolution and dpi possible.

Give your time!

GDT meets Wednesdays at 8pm at Crossroads. We are always looking for people to help us edit, write, fold, distribute, cheer, get off and other fun activities.

gdt@hellskitchen.org



**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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