



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Public Safety Announcement

By Patrick Saccoccia

For hundreds, if not thousands, of years Mankind has been wreaking havoc upon this continent. In our own self-interest we have been destroying habitats left and right. When a certain animal population gets too large, we go out and hunt them with scoped rifles and a myriad of traps. Now if this has accomplished anything, it should have put the fear of god into the local deer population. For the most part, this is accurate; deer across the continent just don't mess with humans. Whether they see Rambo, or a six-year-old girl picking flowers, they get out of Dodge in a big hurry.

Girl: "Bambi!"

Deer: "AHHHHH" (mentally anyway)

Unfortunately there is an exception to this rule, and that is the deer on RIT Campus¹. Contrary to hundreds of years of man kicking Mother Nature in the throat, they just don't care. As many of you have seen, they will stand five feet from a path and stare down anything that approaches. This is not the behavior of an herbivore; rather it has far more in common with the territorial instincts of predators. This

¹Or the entire area of greater Rochester, actually, as anyone who's had their house eaten by a deer could tell you -Ed

leads us to the obvious conclusion that RIT's deer are not deer at all, but the revenge upon humanity from a rogue Chemistry professor, bent on destroying the "slackers." So with the help of a few bored TA's. They took a deer, and changed it into a bloodthirsty super-intelligent killing machine. The reason no one has noticed is that the deer have restricted themselves to eating the odd stoner who wanders into the woods alone. The encounter goes something like this:

Stoner: "Hey, it's a deer."

Deer: "You want some of this, punk?"

Stoner: "Deer can't talk... this *IS* good weed."

Deer: "CHOMP"

Unfortunately, as the killer deer grow in number, the number of wood wandering stoners falls in kind. Contrary to popular belief, there is a limit to the number of stoners RIT can produce in a given time. Once the deer run out of stoners, they will come after the non-Photo majors, and no one will be safe. Live in fear, the revolution is coming.



LUCKY#7



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literature & art



The Self-Destruction of Angst

By Peter C. Gravelle

Anyone paying attention to the Music Industry(TM) in the past few years must have noticed the “Emo” phenomenon. Nice, clean-cut, lonely guys, singing about how bad high school is, how much they’re lusting after the popular girl who is being mistreated by her jock boyfriend, and so on.

Someone once described Emo to me as “punk with heart.” I disagree, rather it is horny pop that’s hard to dance to. This is not a bad thing. I don’t care much for dancing, and I like hearing a rock guitar in today’s synthesized musical landscape. A young crooner touches my heart-strings just as much as anyone else’s.

But the truth is, for each of these hot first albums, with one or two hits each, max, the sophomore effort is disappointing.

So why is this happening? We could make the classic pop music dismissal that they’re just “one-hit-wonders” of the classic variety, equipped with only enough creativity to supply the people of our great mono-culture with one beautiful song. One beautiful song to drain of life and love. One beautiful song to shower the writer and player with love and fortune. Well, at least love, since the Record Company’s job is to keep the money.

Instead, I offer this suggestion: suffering generates much of the world’s good art. Not all of it, but much of it. This is why I cannot make good art, because I don’t let the usual causes of suffering bother me, and the things that do cause me grief seem tiny compared to the real problems out there. But enough about me, and on to a fictional Emo band for an example.

Hey, why don’t we call them “Example” and it’s lead singer and main songwriter and lead vocalist “John P. Sample.” And let us assume that he is a genuine “Emo Kid”: artistic, kind, mocked by the jocks, whatever. So John writes his little heart out all through high school. He covers topics from girls to boys to love to suicide. He writes his little poems, maybe he goes to an open-mic night (if his parents let him out that late, and if they don’t, he’ll write one about that) and reads his poetry. Some guys from the school band recognize him and think his poetry would be better set to music, and bring this to his attention.

So they share a joint and compose the music, tapping into their collective teenage angst. They start playing bars that they’re too young to drink at, or at clubs where the popular people dance (while the band silently curses them). Mister Record Exec hears them, and his toe starts tapping. Maybe, somewhere deep in his black heart he

feels a tear try to get out. He quickly squashes said tear and recognizes the value of such music, and talks to the band after the show.

Then things speed up.

The band starts recording, going to stylists, playing bigger gigs, discovering various drugs, and, above all else, finding all the pussy they could ever want. Ever. The album is finished, and they hit big on the youth stations, testing well with that “difficult 14 to 18 demographic.” The national tour hits well, selling out several big venues.

The honeymoon is over, the label wants their second album, and they want it better than the last one. In a panic, John discovers something important: it is hard to write an album while you’re fucking, if only for time constraints. He petitions the label for some time to be taken off from touring. They refuse, seeing as how the past two single attempts have flopped, and the demand is dropping, so they have to push further about the country to bring up some enthusiasm.

John and the Examples listen to their old album time and time again. They write song after song, perhaps combining the themes from two or more of their own songs. Maybe they hear something good on the radio, and add a pinch of that (“Good artists imitate, great artists steal,” said Pablo Picasso). They even write one of the dreaded, “I’m sick of touring and I want to go home,” songs, which they should have recognized as their death knell.

The second album is released with little fanfare, and they start a second tour to help hype it. But the songs are disingenuous and they end up playing mostly their first album’s stuff. The second album is nothing but a weaker version of the first. The album stops just short of six figures, while the first went multi-platinum.

The Examples fade into history, while their Record Label makes occasional side cash by licensing the big song for Karaoke bars and commercials.

This whole article can be placed into simple logical notation. Please remember that “~” means not, “+” means “OR”, “*” means “AND”, and “->” will be used for implications (if... then statements).

~sex*John -> (emo lyrics)*band -> songs*gigs -> record -> (one hit)*tour -> John*(sex+drugs+travel) -> bad second album.

Or in even shorter notation: Emo destroys itself.

Letters to Santa

Never on time when it counts, the USPS again delivered the letters to our GDT Santa late. While we decided not to print them the past few years, this year's letters were too good to go unshared. Without further adieu, we present to you this year's letters*.

Dear Santa,

Can I please find a girl who takes things slow? If I have anal sex on the first date one more time, I think I'll go crazy.

Word,
Little Pete

Dear Santa,

I'm really tired of those GDT boys saying mean things about girls. Please give them a shot to the face so they stop.

Thank You,
Jules

Dear Santa,

This year, I'd like a college that's not full of long-haired engineers. Maybe even one with hot coeds to look at. You gave me that Jaguar last year, so let's make it two years in a row.

Love Always,
Al

Dear Santa,

I'm a pretty selfless guy, so I just want one thing this year, and it's not even for me. Please give my girlfriend, the love of my life, a long walk off a short pier so I can enjoy this west coast pussy.

Holla,
G. Hoffman

Dear Santa,

Do you think you could spot me a mild winter so I don't look so ridiculous in these shorts?

Thanx,
Blob

I want one more book on math. With one more math book, I can complete my ultimate triumph: the math-gloo, my humble abode constructed completely of mathematical genius.

Yours Truly,
P. Martin

Dear Santa,

I want a girlfriend from the US. If I have to hear, "Honey, put on some pants, eh?" one more time, I think I'll shoot myself. Oh, and maybe you could leave me a life in my stocking.

Thanks,
Sam Tagstom

DEAR SANTA,

I REALLY, REALLY NEED A NEW CAR. THAT HYUNDAI EXCEL THAT WAS ALL I COULD AFFORD SINCE THE GDT FUNDING BROKE DOWN AGAIN THIS YEAR.

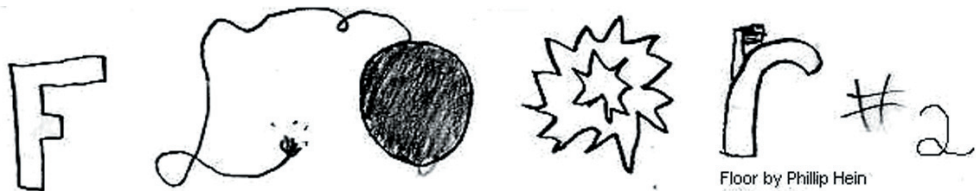
KISSES,
S. MACKENZEE

Dear Santa,

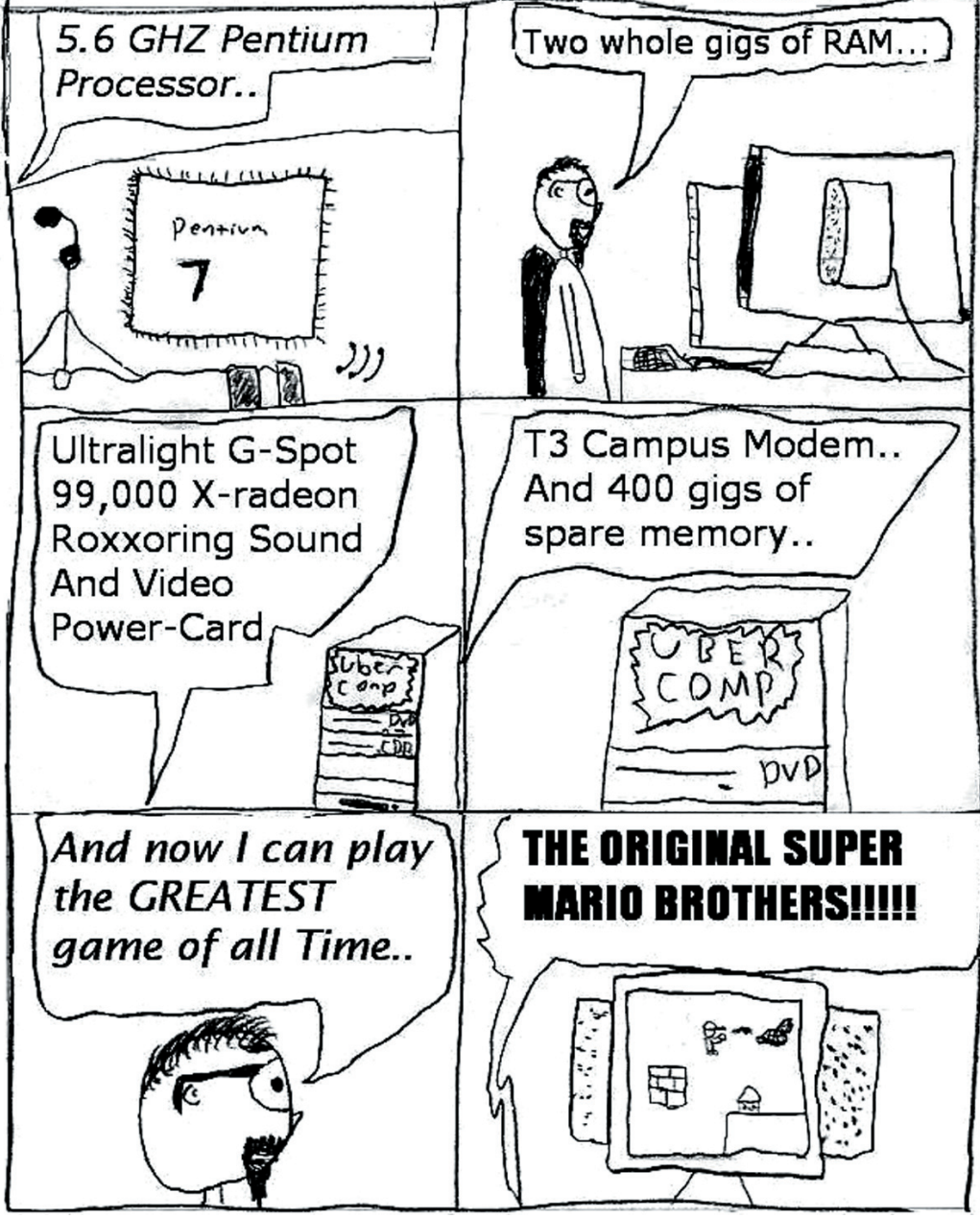
I'd like a real magazine to write for so I might someday be a legitimate writer. To be legitimate is all I've ever wanted.

You Da Man,
M. Dunker

*Note: Any resemblance to real people, real names, real desires, or you is pure coincidence. Honest. Cross our hearts.



Floor by Phillip Hein
RITFloor@yahoo.com

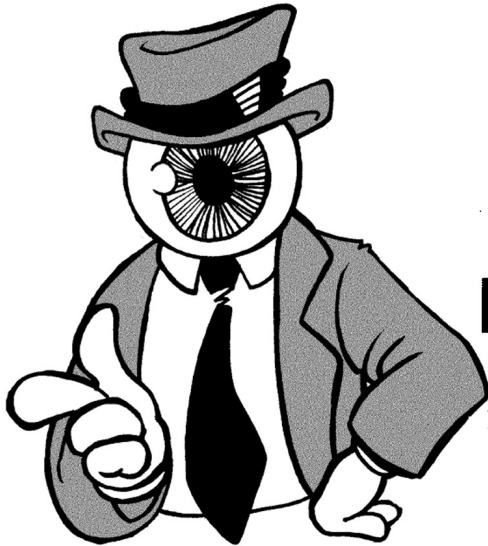
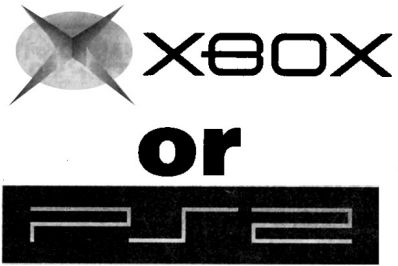


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