



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Happy Valentine's Day

The GDT Staff

Because we love you as much as you love your significant others, we decided to provide you with a true service this year. No, we're not buying all the single folk blowup dolls, and no, we're not going to print prime sexual positions for you bedded fellows, although that's not a bad idea. In fact, we're not even going to bitch about Hallmark, or the Women's Center, or how hairy our palms are. No, this year we're doing something extra special. We're going to help you out. How you ask? Well, therein lies our secret.

Everyone knows that the true path to a person's heart, be they male or female, is really through their stomach. Why, we here at GDT have rather large stomachs to prove it. We are so committed to proving it, that we have been scouring Rochester for months to find you, our compatriots, the best places to wine and dine your lover. We know we've had fun doing it, so now it's your chance.

We're all in college here, so we're well aware that not everyone is made of money. Keeping that in mind, we have decided to split our reviews between whether you have to pay, or your parents, whose only purpose in life is to spoil their baby, are paying for you. This way, when you go to Mario Via Abruzzi's, you can't blame it on us that you have to wash dishes before they let you leave. Besides, you don't have to spend a lot of money for a good meal, and really, most of you guys will get laid just for suggesting that you go out for once, so we wouldn't worry about the particulars just yet.

Beyond dinner, we at GDT want to remind you that Valentine's Day is an important day to take a break from your hectic lifestyle and renew your love for that special person in your life. Send them a card or tell them you love them. If your one true love is your mom, call her and not collect this time. If your one true love is your computer, download some Harry Connick Jr. and croon to it. Suffice to say, if there is someone

or something special in your life, take a break, and love it a little. It's the least you can do.

We actually have one more, okay, maybe two more, public service announcements to make, seeing as it's Valentine's Day. First, and this is important, practice safe sex. We have a numbers game coming up, but we want to remind you that statistically, there are a dozen or so people at RIT with HIV, and about 2000 with other STDs. That's a lot, and if you don't have them, you don't want them. That's not a Valentine's Gift to be proud of. Buy some chocolates instead. The second one, and this is more of a current events thing, we'd like to say a little something about our current President's view on the constitution. Prohibition should be the first and only experiment with regard to the federal government's constitutional forays into people's private lives. We would just like to point out that on Valentine's Day, love whoever it is you love, without being scared to do it. No one can tell you how you feel is wrong. Feelings are not wrong. So go out and prove it on this holiday. So this weekend, dig into a delicious meal and be in love.

ANIME CLUB

It's better than eating your own flesh.

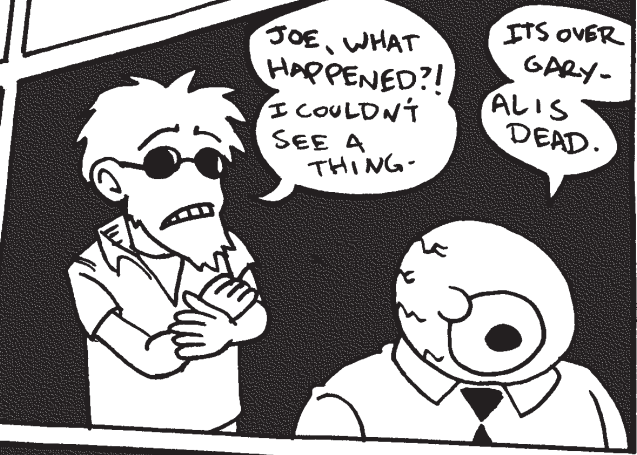
Thursdays 8pm rm8-1250

JOE CORNEA!

PUBLIC EYE!
by PETER J. LAZARSKI '04

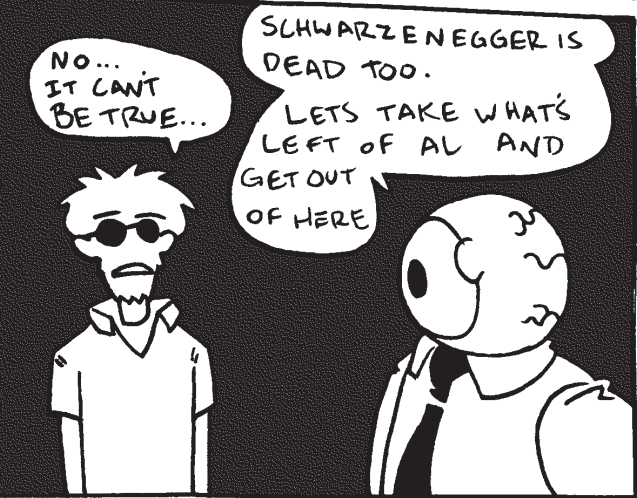


HELL HATH NO FURY
LIKE A CORNEA
SCORNED!



JOE, WHAT
HAPPENED?!
I COULDN'T
SEE A
THING.

ITS OVER
GARY-
ALIS
DEAD.



NO...
IT CANT
BE TRUE...

SCHWARZENEGGER IS
DEAD TOO.
LETS TAKE WHAT'S
LEFT OF AL AND
GET OUT
OF HERE











TO BE CONTINUED

The *GDT* Restaurant List








The idea of the list is very simple. First choose whose money you are spending. Then look to that table for all the culinary delights Rochester has to offer. The ratings are our own personal picks, and range from 1 – 5 Sentinels. Remember, though, that we have only put on restaurants we like in the first place; so restaurants with a bad rating are not so bad, just less favored. Feedback after you take the love of your life is welcome: we would be happy to refine our tastes for you next year, or if you're flat out wrong, we wouldn't mind confirming that either.



Your Money:

Name	Rating	Location	Description
Oasis		Monroe Ave.	A wonderful, small, Mediterranean restaurant. Room for about 30, so you had better not all go at once, but it's hard not to enjoy the place. The food is excellent and very inexpensive. Possibly our personal favorite.
Dinosaur Barbeque		Court St.	If it's barbeque you want, it's barbeque you'll get. While the original in Syracuse may be better, don't deprive yourself of the one in Rochester because of it. Bring extra wet naps for yourself, you slob.
Atomic Eggplant		Marshall St.	Vegetarian all the way. While we at <i>GDT</i> do not condone removing meat from your diet, if you made the mistake of doing it, then this is a good place to eat.
Selena's		Village Gate	Selena's offers some of the better, cheaper Mexican food in town. Nestled in Village Gate, you might enjoy the food enough to forget about the big stone head.
The Pita Pit		Jefferson Rd.	A little Greek, a little American, a little fast food, and what do you get? No, not a Burger King that serves souvlaki and smacks your wife. You get the Pita Pit. And a delight it is. Our editors find much personal solace there.
Da Vinci's		West Henrietta Rd.	Italian doesn't seem to be the local fare, but these guys have it pretty fleshed out. Give them a shot.
Raj Mahal		Monroe Ave.	Recommended to us by one of our alluring Indian friends, we were befuddled that a place with such a strange looking exterior would be disguising such a crown jewel of a restaurant. Everyone, curry is the new tomato sauce this Spring.
California Rollin'		Village Gate	One dollar Nigiri Nights, need we say more? Well yes, we need to say more: how about one dollar Wasabi Pint Night on Saturday. Your buck stops here. Skip a 20 minute phone call, and buy some sushi. You won't be let down.
Mike Angelo's Pizza and a Movie			Don't want to make reservations? Scared of the phone as much as we are? We understand completely. That's why we like Mike Angelo's Pizza so much. It tastes great, and you can take it home with you to enjoy whatever living room it is you frequent.
The Old Toad		Alexander St.	Rounding off the list is none other than a bar. Olde, and English. Just the way we like them. Do us a favor and order a real beer instead of something like Bud Light.

Their Money:

Name	Rating	Location	Description
Mario's Via Abruzzi		Monroe Ave.	Real Italian done real right. Sadly, it cost them a real arm and leg to do it. Nevertheless, the food rocks, and anyway, your parents are paying. That said, we have it on good advice that many of our professors enjoy eating there, so be careful who you run into.
2 Vine		Winthrop St.	Woah. That's about all we can say. We wanted to try the place out, but we couldn't afford it. We did see two people making out at the bar the last time we walked in, though, and so maybe the place would be good for after dinner entertainment as well. Really we jest, it's not out of the range of your parents. But the making out; woah.
Mex		Alexander St.	A delightful Mexican place in the heart of the city's prettiest neighborhood. They pride themselves on vegetarian Mexican, if that's your thing. All told, they make great food in an entertaining atmosphere of death. No really, the walls are painted with all sorts of comical skeletons. Maybe not Valentine's day fair, but you'll laugh, we're sure.
Aladdin's		Monroe Ave.	Acclaimed as a natural eatery, whatever the hell that is, Aladdin's serves excellent Greek food for a less than excellent price. The architecture of the building is what will keep you there. Featuring a n open diamond shaped staircase, the restaurant is open and yet personal all at the same time. We couldn't figure that out either, but if you go there to eat, maybe you can explain it to us.
The Distillery		Mt. Hope Ave.	Good, but just a pinch too expensive. American food with a dash of everything else. It would be a candidate for a small chain the likes of Bahama Breeze if the owners were aggressive.
Scuttlebutt's		River Rd.	Nautical theme for a wet dream. At least keep telling yourself that on V-Day. If you like some seafood on what feels like a boat, well, damn, go drop your parent's money here. If your girlfriend is a hot chick with fantasies about eye patches, cum Michelle Branch, this is the place for you.
Tastings		Monroe Ave.	Danny Wegman wasn't satisfied charging you a lot for his groceries, so he made a restaurant that he could also charge you a lot to eat at. Considered "Fine dining" they have a limited menu that could cost you well beyond your limits. Our friends who used to be rich say they enjoyed going broke here, so go for it.

Bit by bit she
comes to me.
Our three-
way bodyshake
brings a break
to add the
securing layer –
to protect the most private of keys.

The IT Student Gets Some
By Peter C. Gravelle

A Relaxing Dinner**By Tom Samstag**

Finally, a chance to sit down, eat, and take a break from it all. The grilled morsels of meat still sizzling as they sit in the center of my plate, covered with steak sauce and accompanied by apple sauce, look up at me, making my mouth water. Some would say it's a manly meal, but after a tough day like mine, a woman has got to eat something good. Sticking my fork into the first piece, rolling it around in the sauce, and finally putting it in my mouth, I'm overcome with the wonderful, almost orgasmic, feeling. We've all experienced it; after not eating much for what seems like an eternity, only to be overwhelmed by the flavor of a piece of succulent meat. As I enjoy the wonderful meal, looking around the dimly lit empty room, I let my mind wander, much more relaxed now, to the events that led up to this, the day that I'll probably remember as the best and the worst day of my life.

That day that seems to pull at the heartstrings of us all, February 14, Valentine's Day, is when it started. In the days before Valentine's Day, my overactive imagination always wandered, imagining what wonderful surprises Matthew, my husband, might have in store for me. I remembered all the romantic gifts and dinners and surprises that fill the airwaves and line the pages of the romance novels that sit on the bookshelves in the spare bedroom upstairs. Somehow I always seemed to block it out of my mind that he didn't do any of that for me last year, or the year before. I never seemed to remember the look of shock on his face last year when I reminded him what day it was. And I somehow forgot about the bruises on my arms that were the result of our last argument. None of that mattered, this year would be different. This year, he would surprise me and sweep me off of my feet all over again.

How naive I was. It was late afternoon before he even looked away from the television. He got his jacket and on his way out the door told me that he was stopping over his friend's house and had a few errands to run and would be back soon. All I heard was that he'd be back soon and my imagination ran off again thinking of what surprises he had in store upon his return. Sitting down on the recliner, I stared at the television, not paying any attention to it, watching the happier stories being played out in my head.

It was about 10:30 when I was startled back to life. I looked around and saw the dark house, illuminated only by the flickering glow of the TV, and I realized that I must have drifted to sleep. Matthew was home, I noticed, as I heard the door close.

I smelled him before I saw him. The smell of alcohol made its way through the hallway to me before I heard him drunkenly yell my name. "He's drunk again," I murmured under my breath as I stood up to prepare for him. He fell into the doorway, grabbing at the wooden molding to stay upright, before looking around the room and finally noting my presence.

"There ya-are," he managed to say as he quickly stumbled towards me. I started to back away only to fall onto the sofa. "Where are you goin'? Arntcha gonna say hi to yer husband when he comes home? Come here," he said as he walked over and laid on top of me. I tried to back away as he attempted to kiss me, breathing a cloud of the stench in my face. That only made him angry. "Why areyer backin' away from me?!" he screamed before forcing his lips against mine. He ripped the front of my blouse open and I knew that he wasn't going to stop until he got his way. He held me down with one hand and his own weight, which was twice mine, and fumbled to undo his jeans with the other hand. He must have succeeded because I felt him shift his weight so that he could reach down and pull my pants down. It was in that second that his weight was off of me that I quickly decided that tonight was not going to be the same. I quickly rolled off the couch beside him, and before he noticed, I was on my feet and running for the hallway. It didn't take long for him to jump up and run after me, either forgetting or just not caring that his pants were falling down past his knees. I fumbled at the lock on the front door for only a moment before seeing his large stature coming at me and I ran instead for the kitchen.

Hiding in the corner, I could feel his eyes scanning the dark room for me. I desperately tried to keep silent, my mouth cupped tightly over my mouth, while trying to catch my breath. He made one step across the room, then another, before I realized that he was getting closer. I figured that if I made a run for it, with his impaired reflexes and the darkness that filled the

room, I could make it to the front door in time to undo the lock.

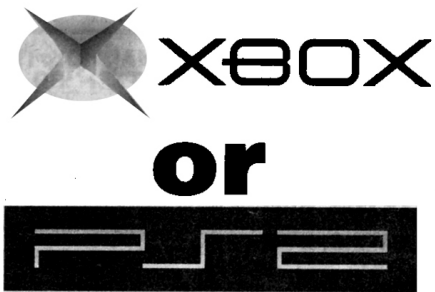
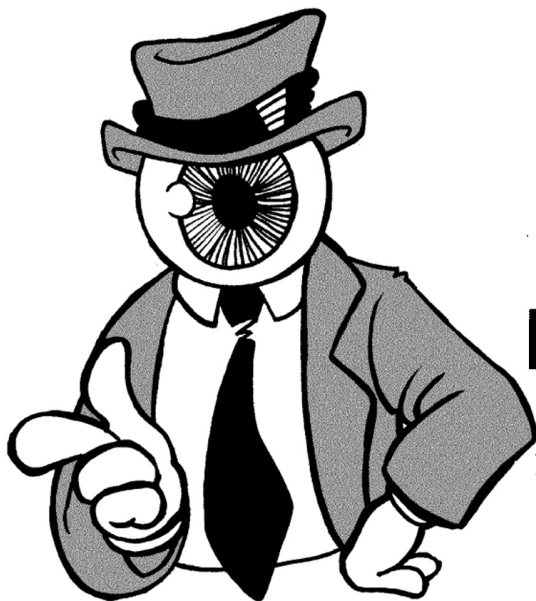
I dashed from my hiding spot, only to be horrified and surprised that he was closer than I had figured he was. He reached out and struck me in the side with a blow that sent me flying into the counter. Upon impact, I felt pain shooting from my side and from my temple where I struck the counter. It was then that I lost it; I snapped.

The weird part about it is that I knew that something was different. I instantly felt nothing. I didn't feel any fear, any pain, any anger, any remorse for what was about to happen. I felt only the need to survive, to prevent this from ever happening again. I reached out for the large knife in front of me and turned and lunged at him, holding the knife out in front of me with both hands. I heard the sound of the knife penetrating into his chest, and for once it was him reeling backwards in pain. I fell on top of him, following through with the momentum of the charge, and pulled the knife from him. I knew he screamed, but I couldn't hear it. I knew that we were both covered with blood, but it didn't register. I brought the knife down again and again until I

realized that he was no longer trying to push me from on top of him.

Never again would I have to accept his beatings, or him forcing himself upon me when drunk. Never again would I have to tolerate the bruises or the nights lying awake crying. I stood up, looking down at the motionless body. Its mere presence here seemed like too much. I fought the urge to bend down and plunge the knife in again (and the strange urge to laugh). I felt different inside, and looking down, I could feel all over again him forcing himself on me (did he just sneer at me?). I knew that I had to get him, his face, his body out of my sight (but he's still looking at me when I close my eyes). Then the idea seemed to come to me from nowhere, almost as if spoken to me (did I actually hear it?) that the only logical thing to do would be to eat the body.

I feel much calmer now. I've cleaned up most of the blood, changed into a comfy pair of sweats, took a relaxing bath, and cooked up a nice, tasty dinner. The meat's a little tough, but after the day I've had, it tastes wonderful.



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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.

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**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

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