



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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∴ CONFIDENCE WINS THE DAY ∴

Par for the Course

By James S. Miller

I'll get the bad part over with in the beginning, in the hopes that you'll keep reading. *George W. Bush is not that bad*. Hell, I'd still vote for him over Gore. The truth is almost every politician is a crooked shyster who would sell his/her own grandmother for a little sniff of power. However, every time I see someone touting a "Bush Blows" banner, or rattling off his latest offenses to common sense, I've just got to wonder how much though they've given to it.

I admit, he can't speak any better than a high school drop out, but come on, wouldn't you be a little nervous speaking in front of the whole nation? As for his breaks for big business, *every* president does that. All of them. Bill Clinton normalized trade relations with China, a country known for human rights violations. Why? Because big business had their hand in his pocket, and it behooved every multinational corporation that operated in both China and the US. Those Nike's you're wearing weren't made in America. Bush didn't help us get jobs back, but then neither did international terrorism.

As to his alleged drug use, Clinton claimed to have smoked, but not inhaled. I'm not an expert on the ganja, but doesn't not inhaling defeat the purpose? Kennedy abused pain-killers and alcohol (although in his defense, he was pretty messed up after WW2). Winston Churchill was a total lush.

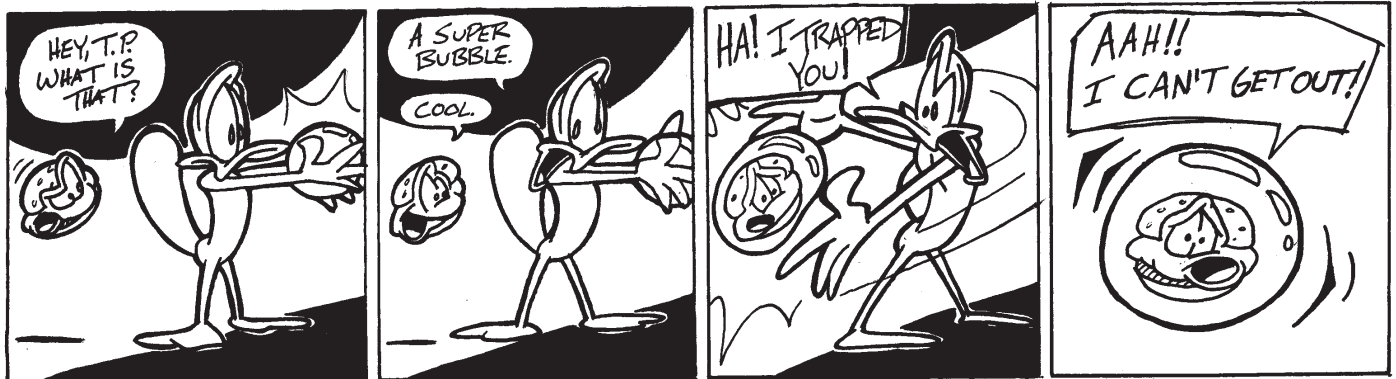
Lying? We *like* it when the president lies to us. Clinton was an adulterer, so was Kennedy. They all do it. Pick a president and write me, I'll tell you what I can find.

A bloodthirsty warmonger who has never been in war himself? First off, if I begin to understand Vietnam at all, at the time most people would have been trying almost anything to avoid having to go (Draft dodging anyone? Canada is so temptingly close.). As for not showing up for his stint in the National Guard, I bet you could find lots of other normal people who did the same thing. As for being bloodthirsty and/or imperialistic, Truman unleashed the most destructive weapon ever used in warfare, twice, against civilian targets. Biographers today believe this was mostly likely done to scare the Russians.

So really, Bush is par for the course. He's no worse than anyone else ever was; he's just the guy who is in the firing line right now. If you think he stole the election, I ask you: did you vote? I know it's a big pain to send in the absentee ballots for those of us who do not call Monroe our home county. He didn't really steal anything. Only 51% of those eligible showed up. If he did anything wrong, half of us weren't even paying attention.

The Traveling Platypus

Bob Rutan



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I Hate Quote Guys

By Sara Stryjewski

Historically, all groups of dudes¹ included one Funny Guy. He lacked the dudely² physique, Rockwellian good looks, sexual prowess, and Kennedy charm characterizing his peers, but had a sharper wit than a box of X-acto™ knives. This young gentleman could either start or end a fight with a single turn of his tongue³. Playing the wingman role⁴, he could cover up the social failings of his buddies with smooth conversational oil⁵. Whether enlivening a boring class, making appropriately crude comments at the school assembly, or coming through with the right joke to lift sad spirits after a close homecoming loss, the Funny Guy was an indispensable part of the team.

I come to you now with a heavy heart to eulogize this lost hero of days past. He has been replaced by

Quote Guy, a poor substitute, a pair of LA Gears when you were expecting Reebok Pumps⁶. Quote Guy stays up late memorizing punch lines from programming of such questionable quality as “Home Improvement” and “Everybody Loves Raymond”. He makes obvious references to “The Simpsons”, “Married With Children”, and “South Park” not to mention relentless quotes from Hertzfeld. Quote Guy is often so surprised at the initial positive reaction to these one-liners that he begins to repeat them with such frequency that they lose any power they once had. Need we relive the past few weeks of “I’m Rick James, bitch” over and OVER?⁷

So this is a message to all you people who believe your popularity stems from your knowledge of one-liners. Stop it. Now. Thank you.

1 The Author’s choice of diction here clarifies the meaning of the word “historically” at the beginning of this sentence. She is clearly referencing the mid-1980s and the sitcoms of that era, such as “Saved by the Bell” and “Charles in Charge”. –Ed.

2 Ibid. –Ed.

3 Which is quite impressive given the fact that orgasms take several dozen to several hundred twists of the tongue. (Your mileage may vary, do not try this at home or at all, professional driver on a closed course, do not remove cover, always wear your seatbelt, drivers wanted, mind the gap and stand clear of the closing doors, please.) –Ed.

4 This word further emphasizes the Author’s fascination with the 1980s. This sentence is a clear reference to *Top Gun* starring Tom Cruise, Kelly McGillis and Val Kilmer. –Ed.

5 Remember kids: latex and oil-based lubricants. Or more precisely, they do mix, and that is the problem. –Ed.

6 See notes 1, 2, and 4. I know I loved my Reebok pumps way back in the day! –Ed.

7 Certainly not! (Although the editor has no idea what the Author is talking about, I’m sure it’s bad.) Now, of course, one has to ask what our Author feels about *continuing* the spread of this horrific meme.

The Four-Inch Monument

By James S. Miller

On November 1st, 2002, Deseray Briggs was struck in a crosswalk on campus as she tried to make her way home. She was a fifth-year Bioinformatics major. The RIT campus was immediately saddened by the loss, funeral arrangements were made, prayer services were held and the school grieved for one of our own. This year all over campus we can see the results of the accident that claimed Deseray’s life. Speed bumps, raised crosswalks, ramps for getting air, call them what you will. There are other legacies of Deseray’s life, to be sure, there is a scholarship fund at her high school, and her memory lives on in the hearts of her friends and family. However, we here at RIT have done what I feel to be a terrible disservice to the memory of Deseray Briggs. We have ignored, belittled, and generally expressed anger toward the monuments RIT raised in honor of a dead student.

Merriam Webster defines “monument” as (among other things) “a memorial stone or a building erected in remembrance of a person or event”. Those speed bumps are indeed monuments to Deseray’s life, and we have disgraced that legacy. Every student that guns their car before flying over Deseray’s four-inch monument is choosing to ignore a lesson that fourteen thousand people learned in 2002. We all seemed to have forgotten that life is fleeting and fragile. RIT managed to actually do something good, something that could be remembered and respected and all we do is run past them as fast as we can. If you’re going to ignore a monument ignore the 1.4 million dollar statue in front of the SAU, all that ever meant was money. The speed bumps mean someone’s life.

So, slow down a little, enjoy the scenery, and we’ll all be safer.

GDT Word Puzzle

I admit it, I read GDT in class. Sometimes, you just need something to block out that professor at the front of the room. Well, GDT has been a little thin lately, and it's not even getting me through a 50-minute class. So to keep you readers busy a little longer, enjoy this GDT Word Puzzle. Unscramble the phrases below, many of which are multiple words. Below each scrambled phrase is a hint. If you can get through this during a class and still feel like complaining, drop an e-mail to gdt@hellskitchen.org with your complaints and submissions.

1. **HNCSFHCCRNEKEI**

The main ingredient of Chicken French.

2. **NSU**

Missing in Rochester since 1973.

3. **FINCAEFE**

Nutritious and delicious.

4. **RNEOCTTUKRESI**

A sport commonly played by RIT students.

5. **WLDLOSEUNFH**

The loss of an arm.

6. **GARSTPCIHEHMION**

A flying primate.

7. **ILNORRICKE**

A very difficult puzzle.

8. **HTIREWSYLOSA**

Should be removed from the airwaves.

Come play with us.



gdt@hellskitchen.org

Attending RIT for Fun and Profit

By Patrick Saccoccia

As all of you are aware, the omniscient RIT council of elders has, in their wisdom, raised tuition by more than a thousand dollars per year. With around 12,000 undergrads, that means they will be raking in an additional 12 million clams a year. Now the explanation was very nice; a new and bold strategic plan, build a bridge to the new millennium, a thousand points of light, read my lips, embarking on the creation of a total experiential learning environment. The list goes on, but somehow the optimistic tone is lost on my wallet. I understand that increases in cost are to be expected, but before dishing out the dough, one must examine the track record of those spending the money.

I feel the best way to present my findings is in the good idea, bad idea format. Good idea: build a new field house. Bad idea: buy rusted scrap metal wholesale for slightly higher than market values. Good idea: a new building to get those pesky IT students out of building 9. Bad idea: finding new places to install brick.

By my count, they have around a 50 percent success rate. This brings me, and probably you as well, to the only reasonable conclusion. Realizing that power corrupts all who have it, our leaders have turned over all decision making to a group of highly trained and equally highly paid consultant gorillas. These cute and inquisitive creatures play all day long in their multi million dollar habitat, hidden carefully under building 1. When a tough decision comes before Al and the boys, they assign an IT student to each option they came up with. They then place the lucky students in a small room with the alpha male. All that is left to the decision making process, is a well aimed rubber bullet to the gorilla's genitalia, and nature takes care of the rest. The option which survives the longest "in committee"

is then pursued by RIT. My condolences go out to the 300 students' families, for their unfortunate involvement in forming RIT's bold new plan.

With this new, and all too personal look at RIT's bureaucratic underbelly, one can more accurately predict what the additional 12 million dollars will be put towards. Specifically they will gold plate the sentinel, and turn President AL into the six million dollar man following severe injury via an angry student mob.

In the hopes of ending on a positive, non complaint filled note, I will submit, for the student body's approval, a few suggestions to raise money without increasing tuition. First, we convert the sentinel into the first slide of Crazy Al's water park and bar. This will combine two things the students want more than anything else, a water park, and a reason to get a tetanus shot.

My second suggestion will both raise money, and create new scenery. We sell every inch of available brick surface space, half to Pepsi, and half to Coke. The advertising war that will ensue will create a dynamic view, and generate plenty of free samples.



That Cannabis Died for *Your* Sins

By Jonathan Argaman, Peter C. Gravelle, and Mark Simmons

So, Peter was talking to this innocent, doe-eyed fourteen year-old girl online¹ the other day, and she was complaining about her lost cell phone. Or, more precisely, she was complaining about how much her parents were bitching about the phone's desperate escape attempt. It seems that they were more torn up about the loss of the umbilical cord-cum-toy than she was. They were actually furious, and more surprisingly, terrified. For that fleeting, evanescent, glorious moment she was impossible to contact. Never you mind that she lives (as two of we three authors do) in New York, with an underground² subway, numerous cops and a baker's dozen of superheroes who all get off on saving girls like her³; never mind that – they thought she was going to die.

What does this tell us? It tells us that her parents are more paranoid⁴ than a commune of hippies on three-week bender. Which, conveniently enough, brings us to our point: Pot ought to be legalized – as a punishment for crimes against humanity.

Paranoia is one of the defining points of the marijuana experience (as we found out from scientific research, of course – we never would have known otherwise!). Furthermore, a great number of modern parents are already unduly concerned over the welfare of their vulnerable, mugger-bait offspring, so much so that, thanks to modern technology, they can monitor their kids with security protocols that would make the Bush administration blush. It logically follows, then, that marijuana is the optimal way to kill two birds with one stoner. First off, the drug will amplify parents' already gargantuan paranoia, sending them into their own personal hells of hand-wringing worry as punishment for subjecting an entire generation of children to

such invasive and condescending treatment. Then, even as the boomers in question writhe in mental prisons of their own creation, they also develop what's known to potheads the world over as the "fuckits"⁵. So, even in the face of endless paranoid fantasies of their children being mugged, raped, kidnapped and sold into white slavery in India (not necessarily in that order), they'll be too apathetic to lift even one finger to actually *bother* their children.

Pot ought to be
legalized – as a
punishment for
crimes against
humanity.

What's more, this is not only morally permissible, but legal (if and only if marijuana is legalized). After all, as any Jew will tell you (and two of we three authors are Jewish⁶), guilt is not a cruel and unusual punishment⁷. Funny thing about the way our brains work: the more you think about how big and scary the world is, the bigger and scarier it becomes. Throw pot into the mix, and boom, instant guilt: parents will be unable to *stop* thinking about the big and scary world and no amount of cell phones, check-ins, and curfews will give them a moment's rest. As god intended.

Of course, there are other options. Parents could just treat their children with the respect someone who will one day choose their nursing home deserves⁸. They could resign themselves to the fact that no one grows without pain, fear, and the occasional misadventure, and these things hurt, as they should. They could simply impart their values and their wisdom to their children and thus encourage them to grow into the kind of upstanding people one hopes they will become.

Or, they could just get high, and *suffer*.

1 As he is wont to do.

2 Ergo, microwaves can't get to her parents' precious phone.

3 "My hero!" "Ungh. That was good!"

4 "Paranoid and hungry by a quarter to ten." – Dexter Holland's magnum opus "Mota"

5 As in "I should do my homework... eh, fuckit"

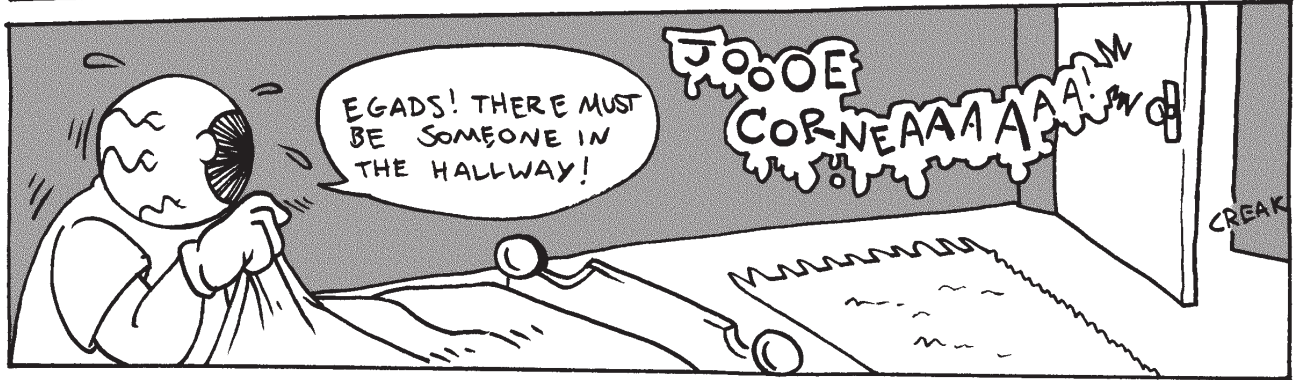
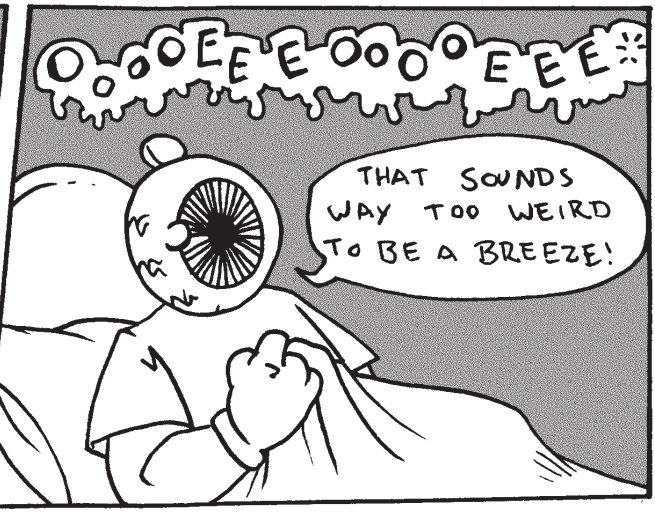
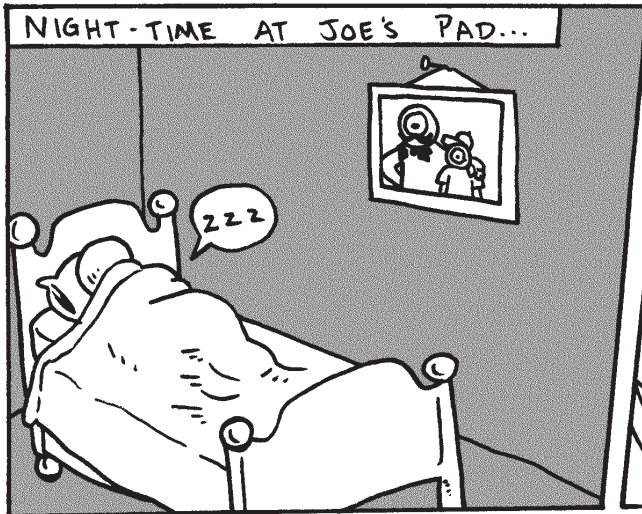
6 Not the same two as in paragraph one

7 c.f. US Constitution, Amendment VIII (Do you see guilt anywhere? I don't!)

8 Or – gasp shudder – the respect a *human being* deserves

JOE CORNEA!

PUBLIC EYE!
by PETER J. LAZARSKI '04



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.

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**Gracies
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Editors:

Pete Lazarski
Ray Wallace

Editor-At-Large:

Peter C. Gravelle

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Writers:

Patrick Saccoccia

Visuals:

Bob Rutan
Tom Smolenski

Printer Nef:

Nef

Contributors:

Jonathan Argaman
James S. Miller
Mark Simmons
Sara Stryjewski

Printer Daemons:

Josh Brown
Julia Dickinson
Flynn
Doug Price
Tom Samstag

Sponsors

RIT Anime Club

Folding Machine

Mike Fisher

Musical Inspiration

Ain't it Strange - Andrew Kerr

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Contact us at gdt@hellskitchen.org or by regular mail at:

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
92 Lomb Memorial Drive
Rochester, NY 14623-5604