



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Useful Advice

By Adam Wozniak

Never deep fry pirogies, for they will be addictive to eat and you WILL eat over a dozen and get sick

Never “accidentally” rip the bathroom door off its hinges in hopes that your roommate’s father will fix it because he just might not show up and you’ll have to poo and shower with a draft

Never try to test your arm strength by punching holes in Sheetrock® walls, this will lead to much sweating over plaster and knives and aluminum foil and RIT housing

Never try to go max out your car on Brighton-Henrietta Townline Road because you will get one hell of a ticket¹

Never pound a marching band drum as hard as you can for over 2 hours for you *will* injure your wrist permanently and cry about it. Then you *might* try to learn how to write left-handed²

Do visit the RIT gym because not only is it nice and new, you can actually become physically and socially healthy³

Do your schoolwork and you *will* get grades of C or better. Who’d a thunk it??

Do email professors you like while drunk, this will result in future grandchild humor and regaled tales⁴

Do encourage your insomnia-laden roommate to sleep in places determined to be unsafe and crypt-like, for he will get a good night’s sleep, only to complain how bad it was and then resort to sleeping in his previous location again and enjoying being an insomniac because he doesn’t like sleeping in crypts.

Do leave your dorm room, you freshman, instead of sitting there complaining like immature and naïve spoiled brats, because if that’s what you do you’ll remain a virgin and fail out of RIT only to join the Something Awful forums and start *drama* in FYAD because you lose at life because you never left your dorm room.

Do submit to GDT because Pete Lazarski is the man⁵

Do stop giving useful advice when you can’t think of any so you can go out with a bang⁶

¹ Do this on the Lake Ontario Parkway, instead. Take 390N to the very end, then go west

² Unless you are left-handed

³ And that, my friends, is a good thing

⁴ Unless you plan to remain a virgin, you *virgin* you

⁵ He really has a penis

⁶ And not a murmur, unless you have heart murmurs, in which case you would go out with murmurs all the time

Community?

By Chad Byler - A Concerned Student

I have just finished reading this past week’s *GDT* (that took about a minute) and recently read Dr. Simone’s response on his Ask the President website about why *GDT* no longer has funding, and somewhere between all of this I pondered and found one of the fundamental problems RIT has.

The Administration is trying to divide and conquer the sub-communities here at RIT!

Hopefully, I have gotten an administrator or two’s attention in the area of Housing Operations. I start with what many once thought a horrid method of housing selection, “The Lottery,” last used in the 2001-2002 school year to my knowledge. People got a number based on random chance and went down and signed up for what apartments or housing options that were left once your number was reached. If you got over about 100 (out of 1900) you weren’t getting much besides dorms again. So RIT developed a “better” housing method. You put down your first, second, and third choices, and you’re told what you get. But wait.... how did they assign you your living arrangements? How did they pick who got the 2 University Commons apartments that opened up this year, or the less pretty but oft more coveted Colony Townhouses that come open every year?

You’re expecting that maybe I’d say they’ve tricked you and hidden the process, and it’s still all random, but neh. RIT, to its credit, is much more intelligent than that. Last year there were multiple Colony Manor apartments that for some years were in the possession of varsity athletes from various teams, which were put back in the lottery due to “housing violations” of various natures. These students were not banned from RIT housing for violations, rather, most of them were given new apartments in Riverknoll¹.

Now who do you think received these townhouses? Some RIT freshmen fresh from the dorms who barely knew what to do with a Colony Manor apartment and therefore would not add to the raucous party scene that Colony Manor may have once been known as? No, RIT is played it much safer. Housing Operations filled one of the townhouses with four female transfer students who had never met before coming to RIT. When you’re not comfortable enough with your roommates to share dishes, you’re probably not comfortable enough to throw a party where you may have to share beer. Into a second colony townhouse were placed four International Graduate students, which, if you can guess, they’ve yet to invite their neighbors over for a kegger, because they’ve been on the academic side working on

¹Ed. Note: I was unaware there were any new apartments in Riverknoll -PCG

schoolwork more than they've been in their apartment.

Now in the old lottery, transfers, grads, and upperclassmen were given less priority in what was available to them, because RIT tried to house as many freshmen as possible, but these two apartments and one other are now all occupied by transfers, grads, and upperclassmen. This accounts for three out of the six or so townhouses that I know of as being open, which does not sound like a preference towards housing the freshmen. You may ask, (as I certainly do) what prompted these transfer/grad students to put Colony Manor down as their first choice for housing as they "must" have done in this new Housing Placement system? They know nothing of the fun of Colony, they may or may not know the not-so-spotless appearance of Colony, but they probably do know it's the farthest housing complex on campus from the academic side. Maybe it was because it's cheap? When I asked one of the grad students during his first week here, he told me he was looking for an apartment where he didn't have to share a room, because he felt so uncomfortable with a roommate that he would pay several hundred dollars more per month for a different apartment. So I'm going to make an assumption that it didn't matter to him which on-campus apartment complex he was in. Meanwhile there are many that would love to live in Colony Manor and would add to the social environment, which has been on a rapid decline from past years.

Maybe I'm just paranoid and this is all in my imagination. Or maybe I have been told by certain people in the administration, that yes, housing is trying to move athletes, as well as other clubs and organizations out of their long-standing informal club/organization houses. It was directly stated to me that they don't like giving apartments to athletes because it "dis-involves the athletes with the general RIT community" and they tend to keep the apartments among the team and it becomes a "tradition to pass them down". Well what's wrong with *tradition*? Aren't

we celebrating 175 years of tradition at RIT this year?

For another example in the area of housing over the last several years, look at UC Apartments, oh wait I guess I have to call them "UC Suites" now. And that's the problem: RIT (housing will confirm this if you ask) views the UC apartments as 4 individual suites with a common area. Basically the same as Suite living in a dorm. If you're gone for a quarter, and your roommates can't find a temporary filler, then your spot could be gone forever, because that person has no obligation to leave, and you are now divided from your friends you once lived with. That sounds bad enough, but we're at a co-op school; during their 3rd, 4th and 5th years, nearly half the students here must leave to find a co-op, and when they come back to a "UC Suite" they don't necessarily have a place to live anymore.

GDT and its current state are another good example of division. For a brief moment each week, people can read it and laugh about a funny situation at RIT or feel the pain of their fellow student submitter because they've been there before. It gave students a voice if they were so inclined and inspired to do so, because, as I'm proving now, it's a lot quicker to get something in *GDT* as a regular average Joe of a student, than through *Reporter*. President Simone says on his site that he does not agree with the way things are presented in *GDT*, and believes that RIT must have standards in what it prints, and therefore he finds that the funding going to *GDT* would be better used elsewhere. Well if student opinions and a good laugh aren't a standard worth publishing to then someone's missing the point.

I hope I turned a head or two, or more importantly an ear, in my first submission to *GDT*. I'd be a little disappointed in Big Al if he doesn't catch wind of this, because whether he's funding it or not, he'd be wise to still keep up on what students are saying in publications distributed on this campus.

**J
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CORNEA

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By Shelley K.

I miss the stars. The humid air growing colder in the middle of nowhere, while the wind carries the soft sounds of cows' bells in the distance to my ear, while standing on a dark hill by the highway. I like the warmth of the air, even in the night. Sunlight is the most beautiful at the dawn and dusk, and great to be in when you're walking around out in the middle of nowhere or somewhere. (I miss the excuse to go get hot coffee at nearly midnight, though I can't shake getting coffee on a cold morning, or colder morning.) Waking up to the sounds of a highway being driven on; hearing the wind sweep down from the mountains far in the distance. Knowing that all the driving I do in one day doesn't get me to my destination. Between when I leave and when I arrive is where I find home. It's the greatest calm I can find next to the very few other experiences. It's the experience I want to share with so many, yet I only want to be alone when I go to experience it myself again.

I miss hearing the ocean. Lying on the beach sand, knowing the ocean is somewhere on my left based only on the fact that I hear the waves. So many stars. For someone who can never feel at home unless she's driving, I find being

in one spot, in calm and peace, enough to fill the void I've come to know. At least for then, and the occasional now. My newest struggle, the only one I can say I really have, is knowing this void. I cannot keep on piling things into myself and expect it to fill. I can neither do that or really know what it is I'm dealing with. The night sky is itself a huge void, endless space that somehow has an end that is expanding... into another void maybe. But yet this one is filled with so many beautiful objects. Traveling on the road endlessly is the void I've come to know, because there's truly no end, no stopping, only where you lay your head to rest and then keep on driving the next day. And night. I might be fascinated with voids, and not really know it. Yet all I do now in these days and probably in the future is ignore the one I have sitting in my chest, the one I feel tearing the rest of me down into it on some days.

The horizons in every direction are beautiful in the Midwest. I fear I may not have anything beautiful or special to put into my own void. I'll simply be consumed by myself and never really be present in the world I find myself wandering around in today. I'll be alone. Me and my void.



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Publisher: C. Diablo

Editors:

Peter C. Gravelle
Pete Lazarski
Tom Samstag
Ray Wallace

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Sponsors:

Mark Schindlbeck

Contributors:

Chad Byler
Shelley K.
Adam Wozniak

Printer Daemons:

Brian Costello
Joanna Licata
Julie Mason
Danica Rice

Musical Inspiration:

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes—
Hava Nagilla (Christmas Arrangement)

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