



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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IN CASE YOU MISSED  
VINCENT THE FIRST TIME

## Theater is Dead

By Tim Hettler

This article is partly regarding last week's "Community?" article<sup>1</sup> and partly regarding *GDT* as a whole. First off, in response to Chad Byler's claim that "The Administration [at RIT] is trying to divide and conquer the sub-communities here at RIT" is absolutely ridiculous. "The Administration" has tried very, very hard to promote a sense of community at RIT for the past two years. What you have to remember (and the writers of *GDT* often forget) is that RIT's Administration is responsible for our safety and well-being. Let's face it, the "sport houses" and other unofficial houses were responsible for a vast majority of the large parties on-campus last year. I've been to those parties and they were a hell of a time but they were also in glaring disregard of RIT's policy for on-campus drinking, not to mention often being a melting pot for fights, date-rape and regrettable behaviors in general. While it may be 'your decision' to get loaded with enough alcohol to kill a dog, if you end up in the ER or, worse yet, in the morgue, the blame is going to be pointed right at RIT's Administration for letting it happen. It's RIT's job to keep us safe as much as it's our job as college kids to get into trouble. We're never going to switch back to a "wet" campus, so let's stop complaining and move on. There are plenty of parties on Barton Street.

This type of typical blame-throwing and cynicism towards the Administration at RIT has really reached a boiling point. Don't you guys have something more interesting to say? I'm so sick of hearing about how *GDT* lost funding from RIT and it's a huge conspiracy to undermine the independent voices. All *GDT* does is criticize and complain about RIT policy and various aspects of RIT life. I can't remember the last time I read an article that offered good, *realistic* advice for one of RIT's problems. If you were Al Simone and had a choice of giving money toward this type

of magazine or, say, the ongoing "beautification" of RIT or increased funding to clubs and organizations that actually *contribute* to the quality of life at RIT, which would you choose? RIT funding a publication like *GDT* is like Marlboro funding the *truth* campaign.

*GDT* used to be relevant, but a sea of change is occurring on campus. CAB offers some type of event almost every Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the school year. There are now 157 active clubs and organizations at RIT, which is close to a 300% increase from when I was a freshman four years ago. Clubs like the RIT Players and RIT Comedy Troupe provide live entertainment every quarter. Can't you see what's happening? The cynical and jaded *GDT* readers of the past have been replaced with proactive individuals that see RIT as an *opportunity* to build a campus culture from the ground up. RIT is coming of age. The students have accepted (even embraced!) that we're not like other colleges and are ready to move on.

In many ways the founding staff of *GDT* should be credited for the change on campus. *GDT* challenged students to not simply accept the status-quo and resign themselves to acceptance of the ways things were, but to dream about what RIT *could* be. The fact that *GDT* used to be so popular was a sign to the Administration that the student body was genuinely unhappy with life on campus. *GDT* wanted change, and they got it. Thus is the problem with any movement: Once you've won your cause, what do you do next? There's still a place at RIT for *GDT*, as an alternative viewpoint and as a way for John Q. Student to get his voice out to the masses. What we don't need is jadedness and unconstructive cynicism. RIT's society has progressed; will *GDT* progress with it?

<sup>1</sup> Volume 30, Issue 5, "BlackCherry" available at: <http://hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/Volume30/05.BlackCherry.pdf>



**Free**

I want to be free  
 I want to feel free  
 I want to be able to  
 fly and soar freely  
 without limitations  
 I want to be me  
 the complete me  
 Not the PC version  
 Or the edited verison  
 intended for major mainstream and retail consumption  
 not so much as to offend  
 it's not about that  
 it's about being able to let loose  
 be in my element  
 without worry, care or defense  
 because I haven't found that  
     place yet  
 I'm still trying to find that  
 place where I can feel at home  
 But when I find it  
 I'll know  
 I'll be so comfortable and carefree  
 So magnificently me  
 That I almost won't be able to  
     stand myself  
 That's when I'll be whole  
 When I'll be more than content  
 That's when I can be me  
 unadulterated, unedited and unscripted  
 Yes, that's when I'll be free

**One Family (We Are)**

We are all connected in this circle of life  
 We've been cut from the same cloth  
 We are one family  
 Brothers and sisters  
 Yet people find it hard to grasp this  
 But this is truth  
 We are one family  
 It will be when we get over things like race, class, gender, sexuality and religion  
 Things used generally to either classify, degrade or separate us  
 That we will finally see the bigger picture  
 What one does affects the lives of many  
 We are closer than we can all begin to know  
 We are equals  
 There is no one better than yourself  
 It will be when and only when we realize this fact  
 That we will reach our full potential  
 It will be when and only when we as a race of human beings, from an evolving and ever-changing community,  
 Begin to utilize and exemplify our greatness.

Markell Williams  
**Poetry**  
 submit to  
[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)

**Brand New Me**

After modeling myself after so  
 many others  
 After imitating and rehashing  
 I've started anew  
 I've walked into my own  
 kingdom  
 I've come into my authentic  
 self  
 The individual  
 The person of individual  
 means, ways and beliefs  
 No longer held down  
 No longer am I bound by  
 the code of old  
 I've tested the waters  
 They weren't warm enough for me  
 So I created my own ocean  
 to swim in  
 I've laid the foundation  
 on which I will continue to stand  
 Discard what you've read before  
 Disregard what you've heard before  
 It wasn't true  
 What you thought of me before  
 is a farce  
 This is the real me  
 You thought you knew me  
 But now it's time for a new  
 introduction  
 Are you ready?  
 If so  
 Here lies my  
 manifesto  
 Take heed  
 Cause you've never heard or  
 seen anything quite like  
 this before

## Prison

Trapped between these four walls  
I am free but still a prisoner.  
I come and go as I please,  
But this is still my cell.  
The angry words between them  
Press me down more and more.  
I am afraid not for myself,  
But my sanity nonetheless.  
Everything I say or do is wrong.  
To them I'm a lazy bitch.  
But between their words of anger  
My protests are easily lost.  
It gets hard sometimes  
Not to wish I wasn't here.  
If I was gone  
Would I even be missed?  
I wish I was oblivious  
To the hate that surrounds me.  
The more it grows, the harder it becomes  
To escape from its deadly grasp.  
The weeks grow longer,  
The days more weary,  
And yet the hate grows  
At twice that rate.  
Sometimes I wish I could leave this place  
And go somewhere happy.  
But where that is, I do not know.  
I guess imprisoned is how I'll stay.

## Acceptance

There will never be another  
You  
I accepted that fact  
A long time ago  
But  
I never stopped looking  
For your clone  
To possibly have a second chance  
So to speak  
With him  
And now  
I have reached the conclusion  
You are one of a kind  
Irreplaceable  
And I have accepted  
The fact  
That no such person exists  
I screwed up with you  
End of story  
And now  
I'm starting to see  
That there is one to make me happy

Joanna Licata  
**Poetry**  
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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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