



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

by Tom Samstag

Freshmen, I suppose we haven't been properly introduced. This magazine is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre. GDT was created by three RIT students, Sean Hammond, Kelly Gunter, and Mark Trzepla, more than ten years ago, after an article they wrote and illustrated was rejected by Reporter. Since that first issue, GDT has existed for you, the RIT students. At some times considered a magazine of satire and opinion, at others of literature, art, and poetry, it has been thought-provoking, witty, humorous, artistic, and at times, offensive. The staff and alumni of GDT have seen the RIT campus make big changes, which we'd like to think we had some small part in. Don't get me wrong, we've also printed our share of nonsense and absurdity.

The one thing that has remained constant about GDT, however, is that it is the only magazine on campus truly produced by RIT students, without the appeasement of the administration as a number-one priority. While GDT has watched RIT change, admittedly for the better in many aspects, the magazine has always existed as an outlet for you, the student.

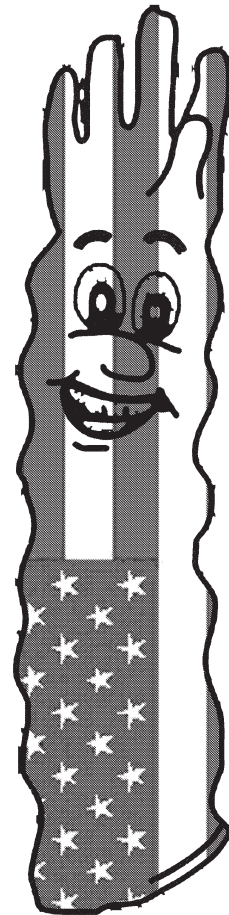
Returning students: don't like what you see in GDT? Wish it were as good as it was when you first discovered it years ago? Well, I'll be the first to admit that while we have published some very good work in the past year, GDT does not have the power of its former self. But you can help. This isn't a "don't like it, let's see you do better" jab, this is an invitation.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (probably much to the delight of the administration) is shrinking in size. We need your help. If you can write funny, creative, opinionated, or just absurd articles, fiction, or poetry, we'd like to hear from you. If you can draw, from relatively simple stick figures to elaborate scenes of

Cont. on page 2

The Freedom Tickler

These colors
don't run!!!
^
or leak



No French need apply

JUST \$4.99

Dead Seeking Living

SW Undead M ISO SWF.

Must have brains. Big juicy brains. Big juicy delicious brains. Other big juicy delicious body parts a plus. gdt@hellskitchen.org

Living Seeking Dead

SW Live M ISO DBF

Must be rotted, but not rotted in the fun bits. Introvert, no talkers or smokers. Don't write if you can't handle a larger figure. gdt@hellskitchen.org



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Soundgarden - Burden in my Hand

death and destruction (ooh, fun!), we'd like to hear from you. If you'd just like to give your time to help a magazine that we feel is part of RIT, we'd also like to hear from you. When you have something printed in GDT, it remains your property (unlike anything printed by Reporter, which thereafter belongs to RIT. Ask us about our submission copyright policy, void where prohibited, contents may settle during shipping.) In addition to seeing something you created being enjoyed by people all over campus (and many people off-campus), being a part of GDT is a fun experience in my opinion, and you'll get to meet a lot of "interesting" people (that's the nice way of talking about us weird people.)

So what I guess I'm rambling about here, is that you should join us here at GDT. Send us anything you think should grace the pages of GDT! Come help us fold and distribute the magazine! Or just be your weird self with us for our own inspiration. Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is your magazine. Now's your chance to be a bigger part of it.

To email us, send us your fan mail, hate mail feedback, e-anthrax to gdt@hellskitchen.org. For more information about the history of GDT and RIT, including lots of ideas for questions to ask your FYE professor to watch them squirm, visit the GDT archives at <http://www.hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf> or specifically the GDT Big Red Book at <http://hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/BigRedBook>.

Meet Us!

Folding is at 8pm on Wednesdays in the Crossroads

**The Invasion
by Govind Ramabadran**

An assembly was called to declare war,
Achilles, a 10-year veteran, was ordered to lead the first wave.
He led me and 10,000 others in his best ships,
Storming ashore on the coast of Troy
Flaming arrows from the sun shot from the sky
Burning us all, even before we got off the ships.
One hit me in the head, and everything turned
From a flaming red to pitch black.

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Where Does GDT Come From?

Insights From Dan Conley

First Appearing in v25 i10, "Bored", <http://hellskitchen.org/GDT/pdf/Volume25/10.Bored.pdf>

If there is one question I am asked most about *GDT*, it is "where does it come from?" After a few puzzled looks and responses about storks, birds, bees and the Devil I finally realized they wanted to know about the *process* of how it gets made. This is good because I'm not sure if enough biology textbooks exist yet to answer the other question.

Each person you ask will give you a different answer to that question. That's because here at *GDT* we all have specialized jobs and duties; I hear that Simone has a deck of cards with our portraits that he uses to play poker Friday nights. Despite this, there is one right answer to "How is *GDT* made," and that comes from me.

The process itself is very circular, and I have become so dependant on it that at the end of the year I will be blubbering on about Wapner and toothpicks like I'm in a Dustin Hoffman¹ movie. Perhaps it'd be best to start on a Friday, when nothing really happens.²

On Friday, as well as the rest of the weekend, the editors sit around at their homes staring bleakly at the edits server, hoping that someone will give them some content. Usually they wait until deep into the nights, nursing a bottle of cheap vodka and staring at a blank page. Sometimes they get a poem or even, God willing, a picture of a crudely drawn hand. Sunday night they throw their meager offerings into a zip file and cry themselves to sleep.

Monday night they receive an email from a mysterious entity calling himself "Adam Fletcher." Legend has it that Adam Fletcher was twenty feet tall and could create a pdf using only his hands and a gigantic iron hammer. If the editors find any spelling mistakes or other layout problems they light incense and pray³ to Adam and soon enough the problem is fixed. Sometimes they are blessed with twelve page issues but other times there is an insert. It is then that they know they have sinned.

Tuesday is where I really get to flex my editor muscles. I arrange to meet the other editors at the Hub to get the issue ready to print. They smile and nod and then don't show up. Usually one does and so we get set to print the issue. The process to print an issue is totally ass backwards⁴ and seems designed to allow for a problem to develop in as many places as possible. For instance, we need to use one specific Mac, Adobe 4, Adobe 5, a PC, and Adobe Distiller. No one really knows why this is.

This paragraph is devoted to Nef. Nef is one cool guy. I met Nef way back when I tried printing my first issue. He couldn't help me because of the fucked-up nature of the process but he was there for me as I stared at the issue for four hours. Then Nef became the representative of the Hub in issue 4 and we started printing pictures of him weekly. We forgot a Nef picture last week and that made him sad. We're sorry Nef.

[Layout Ed: The last two paragraphs are now total lies (except Nef may still be cool). RIT no longer lets any Simone-owned resources touch anything GDT related. Actually, a lot of this article is a lie; I am not twenty feet tall, and PDFs are water forged so an iron hammer would rust.]

Wednesday is the high point of the *GDT* week. We all meet at the Crossroads and I bring out the box of issues like a surprise birthday present. Sometimes if there is an insert Matt Denker cries.⁵ Then we start to become very rowdy until the guy in the room near us tells us to shut the fuck up. We say "sorry" in very quiet tones and don't say a word until he closes the door. Then we get rowdy again.

Somehow during all of this the issues get folded. It's probably because of that bastard Mike Fisher who is a god damned folding machine. Please note that you can't call Mike Fisher "Mike" and that "Fisher" is looked down upon. You need to use his full name, preferably yelled out in a high pitched shriek that only

¹ Only one "n" unlike Gary "Two Fucking N's" Hoffmann. This dispels the rumor that Gary is Dustin's bastard lovechild.

² Actually, it'd be best to start eight weeks earlier, when seventeen trees are killed for our amusement and printing needs. Eventually, these trees get turned into roughly 3,000 sheets of legal-size paper --- more if we actually get some content that week. This is so rare that the case can be neglected without loss of accuracy.

³ Sometimes we have to sacrifice a server.

⁴ Much of the process involves burning more incense and dancing naked around the printer. That's why the other editors don't like showing up.

⁵ In fact, he usually cries, anyway.

a former editor can hit.⁶ At the end of the folding we count up how many issues we all folded and try to make the math add them up to 1,000.⁷ Sometimes we have to put my TI onto “the rack,” but eventually it adds up correctly.

Thursday is most likely when you’re reading this. It’s the day of “The *GDT* Faerie.” The Faerie⁸ flutters around campus, secretly distributing the folded issues. Wherever it waves its rhinestone encrusted wand issues magically appear. Some staff members have chosen to say that the *GDT* Faerie doesn’t exist and that they

⁶ I miss you Ren.

⁷ We usually leave Cantor spinning in his grave like a superconductor version of the teacups ride after the machinations we have to pull to make this work. Calculus III is a prerequisite for becoming a printer daemon.

⁸ Dan Conley in a pink tutu

GDT Helps Katrina Victims

Ever since Hurricane Katrina hit New Orleans, GDT has been swamped with questions--what is GDT doing to help the victims? The staff here at GDT does indeed have an elaborate plan to help these people, but we have been keeping it under wraps in case it falls through or the National Guard deems it illegal to help them. However, due to the large volume of inquiries about our hand in the relief effort, we have decided to reveal these plans to you, our readers.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is proud to announce that Hell’s Kitchen, GDT’s publisher, will send 30,000 Ethiopian-Flypaper-Boys to New Orleans. Recent studies have shown that Ethiopian flypaper-children are effective not only in stopping the spread of flies, but also the spread of mosquitoes. As such, these Flypaper-Boys will be able to stop the spread of malaria, yellow fever, and West Nile virus.

Ethiopian-Flypaper-Boys are malnourished children from Ethiopia who have contracted Flypaper Syndrome, a non-lethal disorder that impairs the normal human reaction to brush away flies that land on the skin, especially when in close proximity to cameras. In extreme cases, they have been known to ignore vultures. Prominent vectors of the syndrome are Sally Struthers and Geraldo Rivera.

The use of Flypaper-Boys as disease control is not new-GDT pioneered the use last year in the wake of Hurricane Ivan, with astonishing success. GDT has not learned of a single case of malaria or yellow fever in the region to which Flypaper-Boys were deployed.

distribute the issues. This is blasphemy and should be dealt with using a rolled up newspaper.

Friday the cycle repeats itself. Tale as old as time, song as old as rhyme and all that.

So there you have it: you now have a quasi-official record of what goes into this dinky little newsletter. Really, it’s not a newsletter at all but since when has anything as silly as fact stopped people from saying anything? I hope you use this knowledge to go out into the world and do something productive, such as submit to us.

by Andrew A. Gill

What is more, GDT expects the Flypaper-Boys to save thousands of American lives that would not have been lost to insect-borne diseases. It is commonly believed that George Bush doesn’t care about black people. This is not strictly true; Bush cares a lot if they move in next door or he has to touch one. For this reason, it is commonly expected that, by way of policy, 30% of the black population in New Orleans will be ignored or face insufficient help.

With the introduction of flypaper boys into the environment of New Orleans however, we will be increasing the black population, and since Flypaper-Boys are beyond all help, this will guarantee that more Americans will have to be helped in order not to exceed the 30% quota.

GDT’s sponsorship of 30,000 Ethiopian Flypaper boys is just a start. The cash for this initial shipment was a little less than the drinks bill for an average weekend outing by GDT staff. An average RIT Frat party should be able to scrounge up enough for another 15 flypaper boys.

For those who wish to donate to this noble cause, GDT has set up the following address to which all funds should be sent:

Ethiopian Flypaper Boy Fund
Bush House
Strand
London
WC2B 4PH