



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Unscheduled Havoc
Volume 35, Issue 9
23 October 80AT(2025)

“Mechanical Engineers build bombs,
Civil Engineers build targets.”
— Anonymous RIT Professor

Military-Industrial Complex? I Find It Quite Simple Actually

I’d like to present a scene to you, if I may:

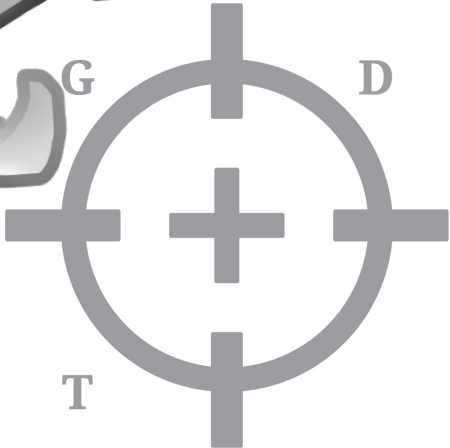
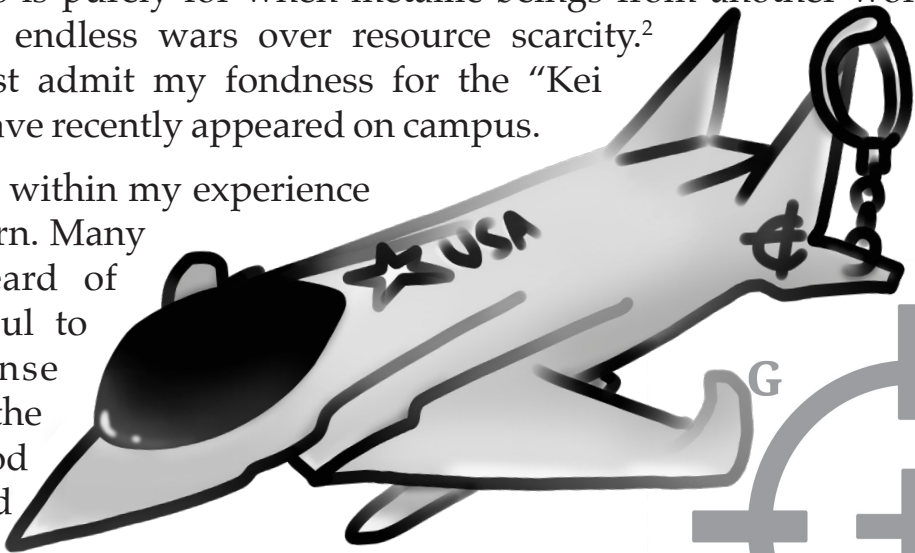
It’s nary a month ago, in the afternoon. Shortly after receiving an edition of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* fresh off the press, you join a meeting of one of our Gracious School’s organizations. This is early in the semester, so there are many naive faces. To begin the meeting, one of the club leaders provides a presentation on future occurrences. Now, dear reader, I am both unable and unwilling to divulge the exact contents of the exact slide, though I can provide a partial recreation:

Name	Date	Time	Location
[REDACTED COMPANY] Visit	XX/XX/20XX	X:XX	XXXX

I will state that I am an engineer.¹ And I trust enough in the intelligence of our readership to understand the sort of company I am talking about. I’m also not gonna explain the issues of being employed by one such company. And “Author,” you may say, “it’s just a visit.” But dear reader, it’s never just a visit. For this relation is that of a sponsorship, and it damn better well be because there’s likely something wrong with you if you’re willing to do this for free. It’s not even covering our [REDACTED]!

I must admit I am not a “Good Engineer.” The spreadsheets I create for electronic entertainment are mainly for *urban* layouts as opposed to those for industrial *factory* applications. I have a doubly ironic “delicate constitution for math.” And my interest in automotives is purely for when metallic beings from another world take on their visage during endless wars over resource scarcity.² Though I must admit my fondness for the “Kei Trucks” that have recently appeared on campus.

But it is surely within my experience to claim concern. Many times I’ve heard of selling your soul to the defense industry for the sake of a good paycheck and employment, but the multi-pronged



1 A MECHANICAL Engineer as a matter of fact.
2 Perhaps relevant, this piece of media has an iteration accused of being military propaganda (it’s that and in other ways worse). I prefer the one with sad gay robots in a spaceship.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (GDT) is a founding member of Hell’s Kitchen.

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Sam W., Max, wood man, Ada H. Ominam, turpentine, & USS N.G King of Hearts
Special thanks to our newsies!

IMAGINUM AUCTORES

Page 3: Nobsy. “Tischfernsprecher W38 DDR.” 2010. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Tischfernsprecher_W38_DDR.JPG

Page 4: T-Mobile. “Screenshot of T-Mobile coverage map taken on 2021-09-22.” 2021. blog.solidsignal.com/wp-content/uploads/2021/09/Screenshot-2021-09-22-074941.jpg

Page 7: Baumer, Lewis. Illustration from “The Complete Sportsman (Compiled from the Occasional Papers of Reginald Drake Biffin).” 1914. Page 213. www.biodiversitylibrary.org/page/22977284.

Page 8: Harris & Ewing. “[Mail carrier].” 1923. www.loc.gov/pictures/item/2016892840

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approach the industry occasionally takes is to me somehow both blatant and insidious. I get the cash part, but going to them for application and work environment advice? It’s... odd. It still bugs me when I see those stands or flyers every so often. How do we want to expose our young freshmen to this? When, exactly, do we want to convince our students to consider a future in missile design? Think of those poor not-yet orphans.

Who better to host inter-university engineering ethics competitions than Lockheed Martin?³ And outside of engineering, I’ve heard of them providing Game Design and Development majors some opportunities,⁴ and as a side tangent, especially for those involving Unreal.⁵

To quote the Strategic Technologies Architect at Lockheed Martin, Adam⁶ Breed:⁷

“When Unreal Engine comes into play, it allows Lockheed Martin to lead ahead and focus on the things that we’re good at doing. For instance, integrating avionics systems and creating immersive learning environments.”


What sorts of “avionic systems” and what sorts of “learning environments,” Mr. Breed? Is Lockheed Martin perhaps developing the next *Ace Combat* or *Project Wingman*?

And that’s just one company, did you know about the L3 Harris Senior Design Lab in Gleason? I didn’t.⁸ Or that the company gave machines to our Toyota⁹ Systems Laboratory.¹⁰

And it’s not like educating their employees¹¹ has to end with getting their degree.

- 3 www.rit.edu/news/interdisciplinary-team-heads-ethics-engineering-case-competition
- 4 www.rit.edu/events/lockheed-martin-insights-presented-emily-tienpasertkij-ritntid-game-design-dev-alum
- 5 Gaming Technology is the Future of Training after all. www.lockheedmartin.com/en-us/news/features/2022/gaming-technology-the-future-of-training.html
- 6 God blessed them and said to them, “Be fruitful and increase in number; fill the earth and subdue it. Rule over the fish in the sea and the birds in the sky and over every living creature that moves on the ground.”
- 7 Yes that is his name, honestly I wouldn’t doubt if it was on purpose.
- 8 No, seriously though. I have like fuck-all reason to go to the third floor. At least Erdle Commons has some windows.
- 9 Toyota also seems to have some amount of military involvement, specifically as the base of the MDT David, used by the IDF (which the company seemingly approves of?). Unfortunately a lot of searching gives results relating to the Toyota War (look it up), which I’m not counting because of it being acquired without approval.
- 10 www.l3harris.com/newsroom/editorial/2023/05/l3harris-delivers-advanced-manufacturing-equipment-rochester-institute
- 11 www.rit.edu/news/rit-certified-offers-professional-train-

With career fair¹² over, we see the middle approach: the co-op program. RIT's biggest seller, outside of mediocre weather. What better way to get adults in the "prime" of their lives to build bombs than a gymnasium filled with cheap knick-knacks, sweaty suits, and a slightly increased probability for employment?

This approach has clearly worked. You should've seen the line for Honeywell & Lockheed at the fair. Want some non-anecdotal proof? Check the alumni page on RIT's LinkedIn, and type in a few of the big defense companies, the numbers may surprise you.¹³ 

THIS ARTICLE HAS BEEN SPONSORED BY GLEASON DEFENSE TECHNOLOGIES.¹⁴

ing-course-l3harris-technicians

12 By the way, check out SJP's Career Fair list. Sure, you can disagree with what qualifies for ratings and involvement, but the sourcing is decent: sjprit.com

13 Or not, to be honest.

14 Editor's Note: No relation to Gleason Works or the associated Gleason family.

GLEASON DEFENSE TECH

"The E Stands For Ethics"



In Error

-by G.S.

We messed up. We'll admit it. We *won't* admit that a publication and poster are the same thing (because we would be lying). Here are some mistakes we made in issues six, seven, and eight.

Volume 35, Issue 6:

- On page 1, we wrote that Issue 2 should have been "...beyblade dispute settlement." It really should have been "...Beyblade dispute settlement." We also wrote that Issue 2 should have been "Nerf blasters." It should have been "Nerf Blasters." Sorry, brands.

Volume 35, Issue 7:

- On page 2, "normariety" should appear before "ovine" in the definitions.

Volume 35, Issue 8:

- On page 2, it says "Chuckes" when it should say "Chuckles". The TM footnote should also be on page 2 instead of page 1.
- On page 7, it says "I ounce found." It should say "I once found."
- On page 8, "circular reasoning" was already published in issue 7. This is a very funny definition to reprint.



Neighborhood Watch

-by Igor Polotai

Welcome back to Neighborhood Watch, keeping you informed about the happenings at RIT. We're here to provide you with all the latest happenings at RIT, good, bad, and weird.

So, what happened recently? The Model Railroad Club is under siege, as RIT is attempting to kick them out of the room they've had for decades. Despite the room being dedicated to a professor who himself dedicated a lot to RIT, the name tag has been removed and the club has just a few weeks to clear out in what the club calls 'a killing blow.' Why RIT is doing this remains unclear. Officially, it seems that RIT wants clubs to be on equal footing, so having a club with a special room while others don't get as much as a locker doesn't fly anymore. However, space at RIT is at a premium. Some departments here are being hosted in trailer carts parked around the outskirts of the campus. So any chance to gain new space to RIT seems worth killing a club.

Brick City Weekend came and went. Both Dan Povenmire's talk and the Homecoming game got sold out. However, the biggest mystery was the Brick City 5k. Just how does RIT convince a bunch of RIT students to wake up in the morning and run (or walk) five kilometers? What is the purpose of the race anyways? To answer that question, I went undercover.

Using my disguise as Ritchie, I infiltrated back stage areas of the 5k. What I discovered shocked me deep to my core. It turns out that RIT's green energy pledges are nothing but lies. The truth is that underneath the 5k route is a set of generators that when stepped on turn turbines. The race is designed to generate RIT's yearly supply of energy, so that they can pretend to keep being green. All those solar panels? Fake. The money was actually embezzled into renovating Gracie's. It all adds up.

Until next week, stay safe, and believe at least one conspiracy theory a day for a balanced breakfast. 🏠

Do you have a story that the weekly Neighborhood Watch column should inform RIT about? Email it to us at gdtneighborhoodwatch@gmail.com! All submissions will be kept anonymous. We value our whistleblowers!

Can you hear me now? T-Mobil 5G coverage circa 2021



Dearest Editors

—by Rock Goblin, GDT Obscurus Archivator

While in the throes of my midterms, I quickly found myself spending more and more of my time in the RIT library. After some hours had passed, I found myself getting increasingly exhausted. While scavenging for the warmest newspapers -and the softest tomes to rest my head upon- I discovered a series of questionable personal advertisements within the McCook Tribune, a local newspaper that served Red-Willow County, Nabraska. It is my belief that these advertisements may be left by members of a lost GDT Nabraska expedition.



6'2" SENSITIVE WRITER SEEKS EMOTIONAL DEPENDENCY ON THE OXFORD CORRESPONDENCE FROM ROCHESTER, NY, COMMA. NO CREEPS.

EDITORS OR OTHER LITERARY MINDED PEOPLE.

MUST BE A BELIEVER IN BOOKS, TRAVELING, HONESTY, AND WRITING. NO CREEPS.

ENJOY SATIRE, PUNS, AND BAD JOKES? WRITER LOOKING FOR PEN-PAL WHO ENJOYS TRAVEL, PHILOSOPHY, AND GOOD BOOKS. WRITE TO ME

HARD-BODIED SENSITIVE WRITER NEEDS EDITOR. MUST BE INTERESTED IN TRAVEL, WRITING, AND LITERATURE. MUST HAVE AN

AT GRACIESDINNERTIMETHEATRE@GMAIL.COM. NO CREEPS.

After I had found these, a few days later I serendipitously found a letter in the GDT archives* postmarked with the limited edition 41 cent Star-Wars Emperor Palpatine commemorative stamp. As the postage dated the letter to the era of Nabraskated† writers, as well as slightly prior to the time in which the previous advertisements were published, I took it upon myself to open the letter and transcribe it for posterity's sake.‡

-E§

GOT OFF BUS, IMMEDIATELY SUNK TO KNEES IN MUD. LOVE THIS PLACE ALREADY. MORE TREES THAN EXPECTED. WILL START SEARCH THURSDAY, NEED TO TAKE SOME TIME TO GET BEARINGS. STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HOW BEAUTIFUL THIS PLACE IS.

- A.E.¶

How these missives connect to GDT's history of getting lost in Nabraska is still unknown. However, with the correlating evidence suggested in the letter and advertisement, it appears as if the second expedition started on a good note which then deteriorated to the point where the only method of communication with the editors was through personal advertisements. It is also suggested that there were two expeditions that unintentionally started in very different areas: the first with the initial intention to discover "Nabraska;" the second, to retrieve the first writer. How, exactly, the expeditions conclude their stories is still unknown. More to come. ☐

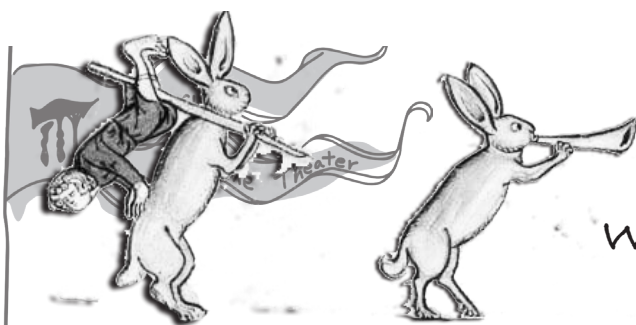
* My new home.

† I know Nabraskated isn't in the dictionary, but it's the best I got.

‡ Not because I really like opening mail.

§ Archivator's Note: Editors perhaps?

¶ Archivator's Note: Oldies - Was there ever an A.E. on the writing roster?



Like GDT?
Join our Discord!
We take ourselves very seriously (duh).



Samsara

-by Goose Waffles

The worst thing that He told you was that you were dead. Now, He told you lots of other things – the way you died, why He reaped you, why you slumped over your desk typing into an Excel spreadsheet and dreamed up your own death. Why you had to die here, on the fifteenth floor of the American Century Investments headquarters, two hours after close.

You'd been yelled at by Mr. Gardner again, hadn't you? Wired receiver shoved into the cranny between your ear and neck, you were picking at your hangnails and letting his ire flow through the nooks of your brain to set, soak, and pickle you. The poison had been, over the course of ten years now, eating at your pride that had fallen far from your proud chest to your limp sex. "Where's my money? Where have you put it? I know that ten-thousand-dollar charge was just you, wasn't it? I know it was you! Put my money back! Gimme my money! My money! MY MONEY!" and other various demands, three thousand, six hundred and fifty-two days of this. "MY MONEY! MY MONEY! MY MONEY!"

Oh, it took your heart out. It took it out and threw it to the asphalt and stomped on it with a heavy boot until it was smeared into the nooks and crannies of the asphalt rocks, red, with a little bit of that fat over your right ventricle: something sweet for Mr. Gardner to suck on. Let him roll it around his mouth with his swollen tongue.

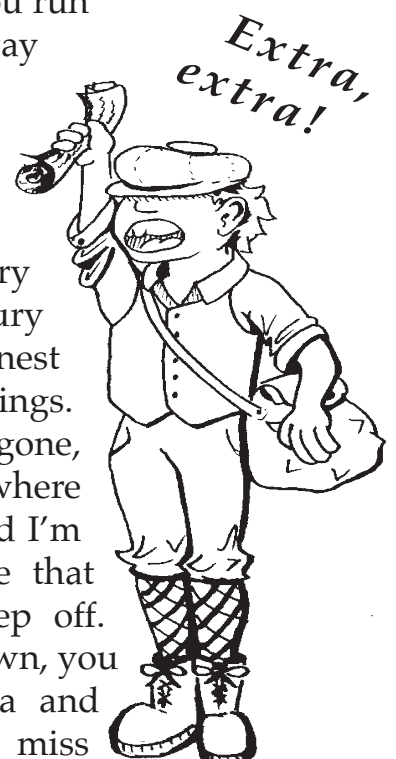
When it took your heart, you started doing all the things that you had neglected to do when you had one. You played the lottery. You won a lot. You got promoted. At night, once, you saw a squirrel on the road and swerved to hit it. You saw Him standing there, then, and though you couldn't see His face you do know that He had been staring right at you across the hood of your car. He took that squirrel away, but He didn't take the blood and fur that was plastered in the grill, and He never could – even the best car wash, one where your car gets sponged over with some soap and a scantily-dressed college student, wasn't able to take out the fur and the blood. In the parking lot next to

the headquarters of American Century Investments sits your car, right now, as He's taking you. The red convertible was once silver, but you got a color that matches squirrel blood just fine.

Take a walk, if you can, to the balcony outside. You'll find the peregrine falcon nest with its fledglings still cloaked in the mix of fluffy and sleek feathers that mark a juvenile. Look down. Go down. You can now. Take a cue from the peregrine – climb, climb, climb, up higher into the sky than you could ever go in your body, find Mr. Gardner, and *stoop*: let your body relax and enter free-fall, then refocus and narrow yourself until you are a speeding bullet of fur, feathers, ectoplasm and hit Mr. Gardner at the speed of one-hundred-and-fifty miles per hour. Do it. I dare you.

What do you have to lose? You're dead! You think He's gonna take you to a nice place? A pretty place? Elysium, the one you dreamed about: rolling hills of green grass and warm sun and all of the fruits of mankind available to you. You missed the sign-up period for the Spirit world – you could've gone to at least the Telestial Kingdom as long as you fessed up a love for God the Father after death. But you were disinterested, once you arose from your slumped-over corpse. Demanded from Him, "Wait, let me look around," and He let you. A bit of a chaperone, I'd say, watching you run this way and that way trying to find the neatest thing about being dead.

But on the balcony of the fifteenth story of American Century Investments is that nest of peregrine fledglings. Mama's gone, been gone, and Dad's off somewhere too. Vulnerable. And I'm daring you to take that stoop. Step up, step off. And on the way down, you think about Sandra and how she's going to miss



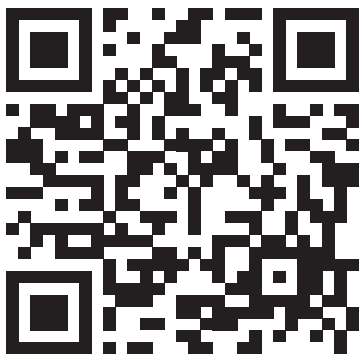
you for dinner. Going to be a bit hungry, but she's smart. She'll figure it out. She always knew what to do. One night, when you came home late, on one of those come-home-late nights where you drop on the counter a four-pack (each a quarter serving) and ate that instead—at least, that was the plan—only to find that Sandra had made dinner. You didn't expect it. You were the cook. And the breadwinner. But she did it anyway. So since you left her, you simply have to accept the fact that Sandra knew how to live, and you didn't. You can't do anything to change it – now.

Mr. Gardner is holding the key to his car in the driveway of his home in Armour Fields. You can see the glint of an orange arc on the fob. Do it. Do it now! He's right there!

Wind shears through you but the pain is worth it for the speed. He's within view in seconds, then through you, then you're through the concrete, the dirt, the lava, the molten, white-hot iron that powers the thing called Life. It takes ages. One-hundred, two-hundred, three-hundred miles an hour, it doesn't quite matter. Just that you're stooping, flying downwards as fast as possible. It had once been impossible. Now you can *fly*.

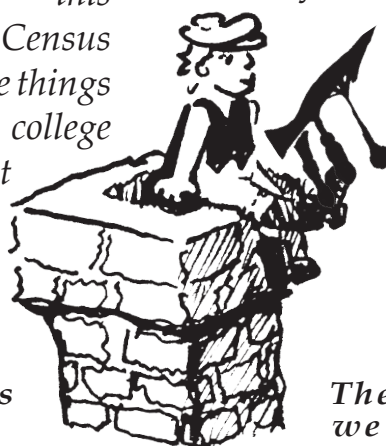
It was the first thing you wished for when your Mother introduced you to the concept of fear and God. "Every night," she said, "and don't forget to say 'I love you.'" Rubbed your head and messed up your hair and kissed you right on top of the crown. You: kneeling, weeping, sore.

We'd love to hear about you!



Fill out this Audience Census so we can see things like which college has the most GDT fans.

Did you meet our newsies distributing last week?



They're friendly, we promise.

After the years in the white-hot soul of Earth, where you experienced pain in every nervous filament of your being, you burst through the freezing ocean of the Pacific. It was no kinder. Threw you which way and that, the pressure squeezing your ectoplasm into a tiny bubble. On up you float, go on, up! I know that whale fall seems enticing. I know it's easy to rest in the sunlight zone, but you weren't meant to be here forever. Go on, there you go, onto the beach.

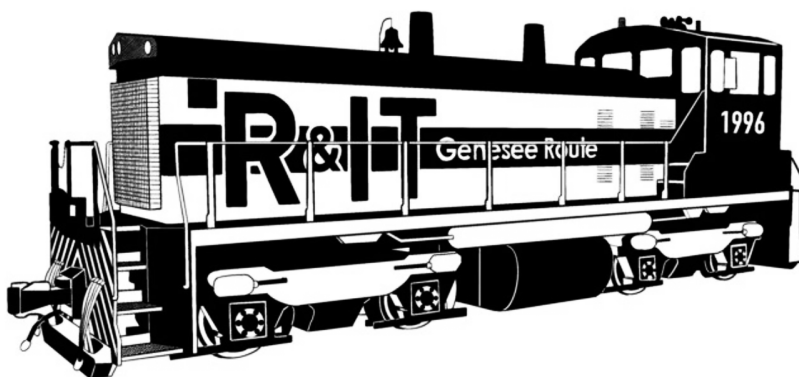
He's waiting. He chaperoned your trip. Go crawl to Him, exhausted, to kiss his bony feet and beg into his bleak robes. He is gentle. And kind. After such a rough journey, it is time to take you to your final destination. Take His arm when He offers it. Don't be afraid of His face – He's just like that. I promise He can see you, that He can hear you. He's holding onto you, all of you: all of the nastiness, all of the violence, all of the neglect and despair, and the exploration and the freedom and the discovery. He holds you in what He sees you as being: the one, something human; the other, something inhuman. You can't all be human. So much of you wasn't when you were alive – the mites, the bacteria, the mitochondria. Not much of you was you; constant ignorance of all the help you got, the trillions of lives lost for you, isn't a good look in the afterlife, I'm afraid. In spite of all of this, He's still caring for you, as He does everyone, and is going to protect you on the path no matter where it goes. In fact, especially because it could go anywhere.

But you have a choice. Did you notice? In the reflection of the water when you crawled out: something green, scaly, almost inhuman-like. Animal-like. He's giving you the choice: would you like to go?

Would you like to try again? 



Save the RIT Model Railroad Club!

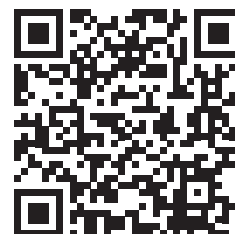


ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY model railroad club

Our request to the administration is simple. We have no need of funding, resources, or equipment. We simply request that they allow us to continue to operate in the room we have occupied since 1997. Our club room was secured for a model railroad layout by our founding advisor, Professor James Scudder, who the room was dedicated to in 2007. The school has already removed Professor Scudder's name from the outside of the room. Now, they will finish removing his legacy from within it.



**Who's next? Amature Radio Club?
WITR? Reporter? And if not, why is
Model Railorad Club being singled
out?**



pawprints.rit.edu/?p=4845

change.org/p/save-the-rit-model-railroad-club

T Do YOU have something to advertise?
H *GDT* has ad space!

I
S

Great for:

- club events sooner than a month away
- posters un-approved by CAB
- non-club events and personal ads
- local businesses
- anyone that doesn't have hundreds to give the Reporter
- and more!

I
S

Rates start at less than \$10 for a banner and up to two pages can be purchased. Claim your spot now by emailing us!



Exact details must be negotiated. All ads subject to editor approval (but we're not as picky as *some* groups 😊).

\$
F
O
R
Y
O
U

submit content to: graciesdinnertimetheatre@gmail.com

Collect Me ~ Cherish me ~ Keep Me Safe

