



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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## Paid In Full

For the past year, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre has been the central point of my stay here at RIT. Maybe it should have been, or maybe not, but it certainly changed the tone. My Sunday nights (and often Monday mornings) were taken over by the need to get things ready for our amazing layout dude, Adam. There were, I sadly admit, some weeks where I needed sleep or food or work or sex, and I skipped my duties. Luckily, I have a dedicated team of Editors working with me, who would kindly copyedit and other various indignities. Hell, they were doing it anyways, what's one more little command?

The point is, GDT is, and always has been, a community effort. Without RIT, we would not have funding, a print shop, advertisers, or a place to distribute and draw contributors from. I am about to leave here for a good long time, and I just wanted to thank you guys. Thanks to all the students and faculty that have helped us through your submissions, time, and hands. Even your kind words have been a help—at least for my (and my co-Editors') sanity.

This is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre's tenth year in publication. We started in 1995 with a staff of three<sup>1</sup> and a single magazine, and grew shortly to a staff of at least two dozen and more than three magazines. Hell, Hell's Kitchen, GDT's parent organization, was swimming in a veritable sea of content at that point. RIT was embroiled in a delicious scandal involving the CIA,

Pepsi, and small sketchy cats<sup>2</sup>. Times were good for a little satire magazine formed by Reporter rejects.

These days, GDT has a regular staff of about five, including someone who graduated several years ago and takes weekly pity on us while utilizing his superior knowledge of Adobe software to help us take over the world<sup>3</sup>. Our average issue size has fallen from twelve to four pages<sup>4</sup>. I'm about to leave RIT to finish up my co-ops so I can get my pretty paper<sup>5</sup>. The magazine's future looks rather dim, right?

Not really. While the issues have been smaller, we have increased our contributions from non-staff members. When Herr Doktor Simone forbade us to use The Hub, or take advertising dollars from your local Student Government-sponsored organization<sup>6</sup>, he hurt us, but we still live and breathe. I know that earlier this year, many of our readers were annoyed that we "kept bitching" about the funding and the Hub. Well, we have another funding source for this year, at least—me—and we found a better printing deal off campus<sup>7</sup>.

The magazine, contrary to all belief, has lasted. And you know what? I think it will keep lasting, in one form or another, because I know that you, our readers, are just one step away from being contributors. I know I was way back in Spring 2002. I went to a few foldings, enjoyed the supplemental income to my paltry Reporter check<sup>8</sup>, and was amazed by the writ-

<sup>1</sup> All hail the founders!

<sup>2</sup> Google "Perky and Slick," you whipper-snappers!

<sup>3</sup> Yes, it's Adam again. He deserves as much attention as he can get. Last week, Editor Tom Samstag and I (mostly Tom) worked on the layout, and we realized how grateful we are to the all-powerful Adam!

<sup>4</sup> 67% of statistics are made up on the spot. The rest are lies.

<sup>5</sup> At least, I heard the degrees were pretty. Or, anyway, that they used to be uglier.

<sup>6</sup> <https://cfapps.rit.edu/askthepresident/question.cfm?id=166>

<sup>7</sup> For inexpensive, high-quality photocopies, try Office Depot. (Please note, this is just our experience, running a regular job of large proportions can make you popular at any copy shop.) (Also, please note that this is not an official endorsement, one way or the other, but one man's opinion.)

<sup>8</sup> Please note, we can no longer pay contributors. At least not in money. We can pay you with a place to publish your work that hundreds of RIT students will read. In fact, we have readers all throughout the world. Now, I know that does not sound so special these days of the Internet, but we are an established alternative media outlet, so we already have an audience. Publish with us, and you will not need to build your own! [You also get to keep the ownership of your writing if printed by us, unlike that big bad Reporter, which hands your hard work off to RIT. —TSJ]

ing quality found each week within the pages. I finally submitted one article in the last week of the Spring. It was short, it was dumb and idealistic, and most of all, it sucked. But they printed it because they had faith in me. Or because it wasn't their money they were spending. Whatever.

The point is, art is good for you. My Modern Poetry professor, John Roche<sup>9</sup>, said to us one day in class, as regarding using poetry for psychotherapy, "[it] is cheaper... so I don't want to talk down about that." We're giving away free psychotherapy here people, and not limiting you to twelve sessions per academic year like the school<sup>10</sup>.

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<sup>9</sup> Professor Roche has no direct relation to this magazine, and probably likes it that way.

<sup>10</sup> Not to talk down about that amazing service by the way. It's really nifty that we can just go, no questions asked, and no dollars exchanged.

<sup>11</sup> Ain't that a scary thought!

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## Persistence

I didn't really know what to think. He IMed me out of the blue, said he got my screen name from a friend-of-a-friend, something like that. I was bored; he kept asking to hang out. What's the worst that could happen? We met at the Sentinel, my short walk in the snow from UC a nice change from homework. We went back to his place, talking and chatting about nothing significant along the way. We played some videogames for a while, talking and listening to each others' lives for a time. Eventually I got bored, a thought brewing in the back of my head; I had an itch that needed scratching. I suggested he show me how good he was, letting him get absorbed in an obviously old routine of playing, allowing me to concentrate on "other" things.

I swung around and sat behind him, my long arms reaching around his somewhat rotund torso. I pressed my chest lightly against his back, resting my head on his shoulder, trying to distract him from his game play; it wasn't working. I pressed myself a bit closer, and began running my arms down his, tickling him slightly and gaining some of his attention. I ran my hands across his chest, a devilish smile playing across my face, illuminated by the glow of the TV screen. By this time my ministrations were having an obvious affect on his playing, I could feel his frustration at the distractions.

At the same time, I looked down, searching his lap with my eyes, seeing my eventual target as a slight bulge began to form in his lap, his feeble attempts to

Make some art, send it to us.

Not creative? That's OK, neither am I. But I have hands, and with these hands, I have distributed dozens of thousands of issues of GDT<sup>11</sup>. Unless the place collapses under its own weight next year, I bet foldings will still be at 8pm in the Crossroads on Wednesday nights, every week but finals week. Oh, and not over the Summer, either.

Happy summer y'all, and please remember to pass your exams and papers!

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**By M. Lipschutz**

cover it proving fruitless. I slowly dropped my hands lower, eventually hovering above his waist. I began rubbing his thighs, pressing my chest against his back, trying to get my message across physically. I could feel his heart begin to beat faster. I noticed that he had stopped playing his game and was relishing the feelings I was imparting. I decided to step it up a notch.

I slid off the bed, pulling the videogame controller out of his hands as I moved. I slowly replaced the controller with myself, sliding my body into his lap, pushing him further back onto the bed. For the first time, I could feel the full bulge in his lap, surprised at its size, a twinkle appearing in my eye. His mouth was slightly agape as I slid and gyrated my hips across his lap, enjoying the contact separated by only fabric. His breathing increased as I thrust my chest to his, my eyes closing as I purred lightly, feeling his manhood on my lap. Moving back slightly, I undid his belt, feeling no protest from the boy in front of me.

By his obvious astonishment, I figured it was his first time, and thought I should go easy on him; after removing his pants and seeing the tent in his boxers, all thoughts of mercy went out the window. The phallus that stood in front of me rivaled any I had ever seen, human or otherwise. Who would have thought that such a timid person would be so well endowed? He started to open his mouth, probably attempting to say something; I smothered him in a kiss, silencing any opposition. Reaching around him to my purse, I searched around

with my fingers for some protection, thanking myself for the foresight of having a Magnum in my repertoire.

As I slowly drew the condom down on his massive cock, I heard him whimper that he had never done this before. I grinned, more than happy to swipe his V-card and break him in, thankful that no one else had discovered this untapped source of pleasure. As it was his first time, I felt obligated to show him the best time. Pushing him back, I slithered up his body, maintaining constant contact with that amazing cock, imagining the pleasure it would bring. As if standing at attention, it stood straight up, begging attention. I positioned myself directly over it, resting at the tip began to push into me.

I looked down at his face, relaxed and yet slightly contorted in pleasure, clueless as to what was about to

come. I smiled as I relaxed my muscles, sliding down painfully slowly on his prick, swallowing the full length in one fell swoop. God, it felt incredible!

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After an hour of absolutely mind-blowing sex, drenched in sweat and exhausted, I dismounted, knowing that I should, at some point, return to my abode and homework. As I turned to leave, I realized that I had never even introduced myself. Turned back to the boy on the bed, observing for the first time his slightly chubby form and obvious Indian decent, and noticing his labored breathing, I said in a soft voice, "By the way, I'm Natalie."

He smiled weakly at me, probably unsure of what to say. Slowly he cautiously responded, "Oh, uhmm... My friends usually just call me G."

## The silencer made a whisper of the gunshot

# SUBMIT

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### Milk Sucks

By Jason Flynn

I am highly angered by the high content of both "High Fructose Corn Syrup" and "Non-fat dry milk" in the overwhelming majority of food products today. Neither has any place in anything I'm eating!

Milk should be just a simple allergy issue, but you'd be surprised how often it turns up. All those foods that say they have improved calcium content? Yeah, that's dry milk. Now, some might say they like their daily dose of Ca. But let's dig a little deeper.

Besides the general bad things about cow treatment that you can probably find out anywhere else, there are those of us who are, in fact, allergic to milk. (No, not lactose intolerant, there's a pill for that. I mean hives and vomiting and dying).

Oh boo hoo, right? You'd think that... until you start looking for things without milk in them. There are places you can't even get a hamburger, such as Crossroads, without finding milk in the damn bun. I

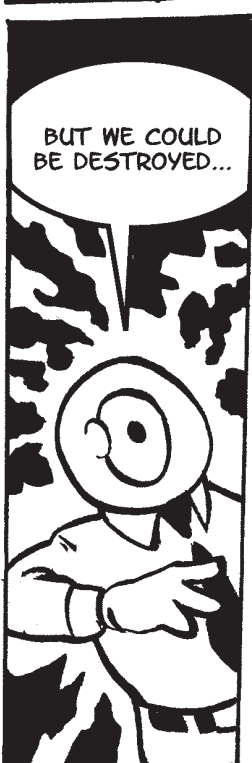
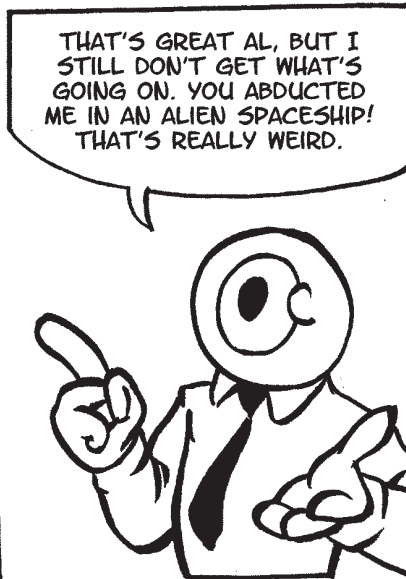
haven't been able to find a place on campus recently to buy chocolate, because now it seems Hershey has declared that Dark Chocolate has milk in it. Seriously, what the fuck!? There's an overabundance of milk and butter in everything. I don't see the need for this. Has anyone tried just normal sweetened chocolate or, heaven forbid, BREAD!? They don't need any milk!

And what's the deal with high fructose corn syrup? That's also showing up in everything. The latest item on the shitlist is Arby's Marinara sauce. Tomato sauce tastes great if you make it right. When's the last time you used corn syrup at home anyway? Does Mom's cooking suck because she doesn't add tons of fake sugar to it? Highly doubtful. I'm convinced that there's more than we're being told about this so-called syrup. It's got to be a mind control device.

So please people, write your food distributors. Tell them to keep this shit the fuck out of your food, and save yourselves from the evils of processed foods.

# JOE CORNEA!

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**Falling**

What would it be like  
 To fall off the face of the Earth  
 And fly through space?  
 Would another star finally catch you?  
 Or would you die first,  
 A lifeless body falling through eternity.

**1337**

You don't know it  
 But you are perfect  
 Every inch of you  
 Made for me  
 Since you are a geek  
 Let me ask in 1337  
 Will you teh sex0r me?

**My Demise**

how can I trust you  
 when before you have betrayed me  
 how can you keep my secrets  
 when before you have opened your mouth  
 how valid is your honesty  
 when before you have lied  
 now I shall turn away from you  
 you are my demise

**P o e t r y .**

J o a n n a L i c a t a

**He**

He doesn't try to make me happy  
 He has the effect on me  
 That causes happiness  
 He doesn't bring me joy  
 His presence  
 Brings me joy when I am around him  
 He does not try to please me  
 He just does so  
 Without realizing it

**Happy**

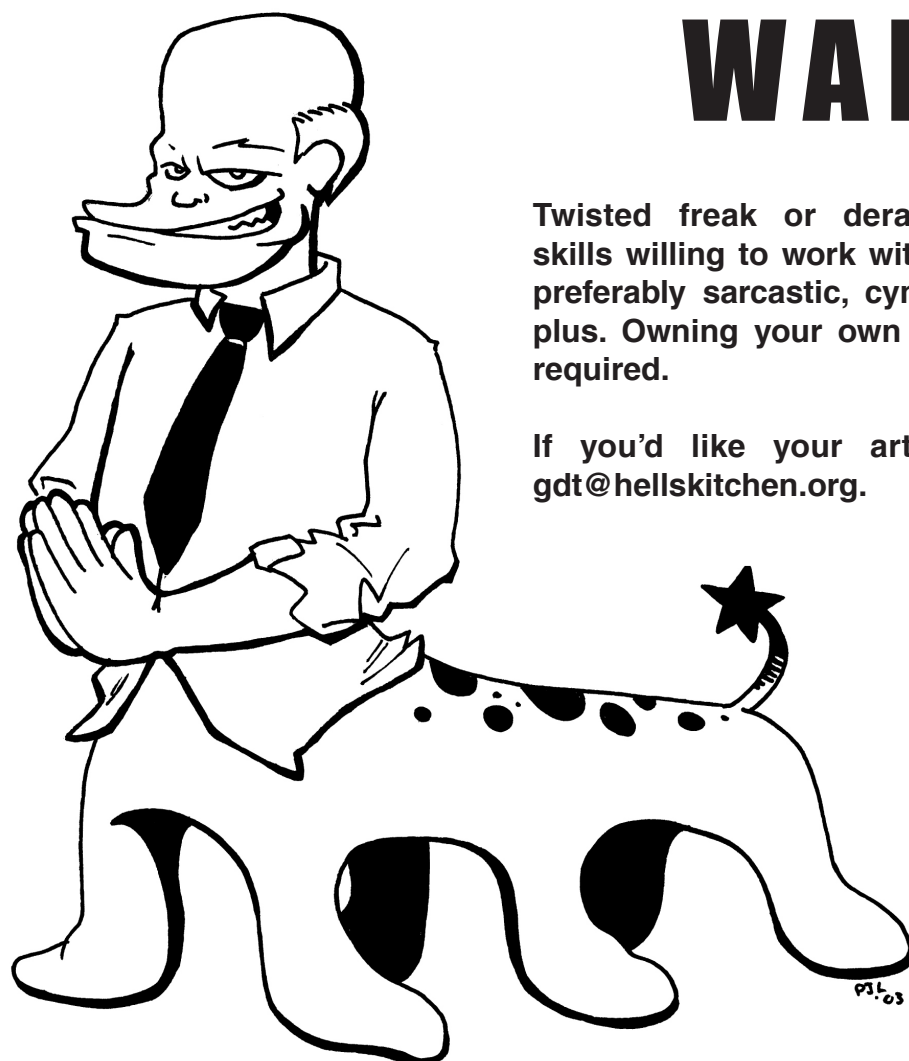
I am happy as I am right now  
 and the hurt still washes over me  
 but inside I am not satisfied  
 with what I have acheived

I know you think not of me  
 and I try to do the same of you  
 are you happy now with what has happened  
 I guess I can hope for one of us has succeeded

My thoughts are always of you  
 and just the good times, not the bad  
 why can't you look at me  
 what have I done to you

You said it wasn't my fault  
 but you imply within it was  
 I guess this is how you want it to be  
 you think only of yourself, not me





# WANTED

Twisted freak or deranged being with drawing skills willing to work with GDT in the fall. Creativity, preferably sarcastic, cynic, or just plain odd, a big plus. Owning your own gasmask is a plus, but not required.

If you'd like your art to be published, e-mail [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org).



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