

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Right on Time (Place, & Manner)
Volume 36, Issue 10
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"Sure, whatever."
— Igor Polotai

We at *GDT* have decided to get with the times. Our classic selection of serif types and excessive marginalia simply won't do in 2026!

To atone for our past mistakes, we've fired the previous layout staff. RIT students and staff will never have to see *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* in lame old Palatino again.

We're also determined to NEVER use another footnote. A TL;DR created by AI will take their place to truly optimize our readers' time.

This move will also appease our corporate overlords, who seek to make RIT and all its student's activities as marketable as possible. To quote an unrelated boss of mine: "everything we make needs to be postable...Insta-ready."

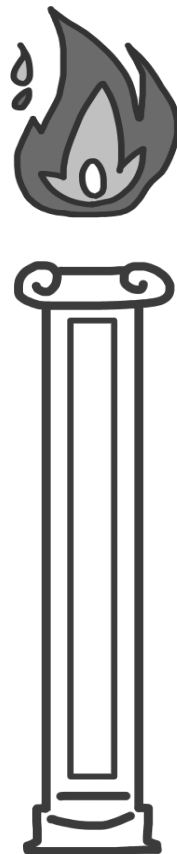
Whimsy? Ew.

Minimalism is so in vogue, and we really do want to be like *Vouge* and all of those other "magazines" with more empty space than content.

ZineFest last week was great. We went all out and

showcased issues from Spring 2025 to '26, plus a new book, merchandise, and prints. This is the first time *GDT* has officially tabled at RIT since coming back to life last year, with great celebration.

Our signature style fit in well with the other vendors and their handmade, intentionally imperfect art,



"Everything we make needs to be postable... Insta-ready."

~~STOP THE PRESS~~

but it made me think about just how old-fashioned it all is! The incredible community at ZineFest is just stuck in the past. Clearly, our staff who dedicated their time to vending and making art for us were misguided (me included). What was our Minister of Public Affairs thinking? Yes: this was highly profitable, and we had a great time printing free issues for the masse,, but how embarrassing it is to be niche. To truly optimize profit, we need to be bigger. **Bolder. B l a n k e r.**

This flaming torch icon symbolizes a new era of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. A better-looking, highly-palatable era.

And I think the only way for me to personally atone for my crimes against graphic design, with charges including: repeated runt-ing and orphan-ing (punishable by the death of both of my parents), widow-ing, mis-aligning, and extreme whitespace removing, is to formally resign too.

That's all from me. 

— G.S., former Layout Editor



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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

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Carissimus Diablo

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Dedusmuln & G.S.

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Thank you to all of our newsies!

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Gary Gaynerdchuk • 3rd+

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Chair of GaynerdXXX & CEO...
now • 📅

I've taught hundreds of people how to escape the 9-5 grind 🤖. And it's not the method you think.

Everyone these days tells you to drop out of college, quit your job, and make a small tech company with a made up word and a logo that looks like a f*cking b*tthole. But they're hiding something 🧐. They want to make you think you've escaped the matrix, while keeping you locked 🔒 behind bars the entire time.

The real secret is some crazy sh*t 🤪.

You can't whine 😞. You can't cry 😭.

You need to lock in and jerk your f*cking hog to AI. It's the tool of the future and if you're not using it, it's using you. And you need to monetize 💰 that sh*t.



Sam W • 3rd

+ Follow

Head Printer Daemon at Hell...
1h • 📅

I kicked an infant yesterday. While some might say I lost my cool, it was actually the best thing I've ever done. Here's what it taught me:

- When you can ground yourself, you can rise to new heights.
- Staying on your feet in the face of stress is the most important form of balance in your career.
- People should be prepared for fast-paced, high-stakes environments.
- Learning that failure hurts is crucial for your future career to blossom.
- Always have a plan for unexpected setbacks.

Thanks to this wonderful experience, I'm thrilled to announce a new chapter of my life: balance developmentalist at Baby Steps Nursery.

GDT's Pizza Pie Recipe

— Terrific Catering Services

Servings: 10 | Prep Time: 13 Minutes

Cook Time: 3-5 Business Days

Ingredients

- 5 cups tomatoes, diced
- 4 cups all-purpose flour
- Pizza dough
- 2 cups gluten-free caputo flour. Must include xanthan gum
- Add mushrooms
- Pesto
- Pepperoni
- 2 lb bleu cheese
- Grapes. Apparently they're genuinely good on pizza!
- 4 cups flour
- Fresh basil
- 1 packet instant yeast
- A handful of breaded, homemade buffalo chicken, with homemade buffalo sauce
- 1 lb vague cheese
- 35 mg salt
- A dash of splooge from your faaavorite person!
- Yummy yummy antifreeze
- 1 illegally imported durian fruit in chunk form
- Rotten and/or moldy eggplants
- Mushrooms (but like, from Mario)
- Fiberglass insulation
- 1½ hay stacks
- Freshly-ripped hoof from a baby horse
- Graphite, for the tang!
- Yeast infection
- A shovelful of shoveled shellfish
- A fragment of your estranged uncle's left knee
- 25 cups of piss, photographed
- 500 cigarettes



Looking for a meal sure to wow your staff? We have just the thing.

Many executives assume that job dissatisfaction and high employee turnover is due to low pay. But it's totally untrue! Rather than increasing their pay, try adding new employee benefits such as catered meals.

GDT regularly orders from the wonderful kitchen of TCS (Terrific Catering Services). Seen here is their recipe for a classic cheese pizza.

Preparation

1. Wipe any pre-toner from your cooking orifices before laying out your ingredients.
2. Put your pizza stone in that hot fuckin' oven.
3. Add an extra two Kelvin to the preheating oven (you preheated the oven, right?).
4. Ask the same estranged uncle to slap the pizza until it reaches 150°F.
5. Toss for five minutes.
6. Perform blood sacrifice for extra sorrow.
7. Make it do an ollie.
8. Bake at 400°F for two eternities.
9. Spin it around, flip it, shout "Mamma-mia!".
10. Rise...RISE!!!
11. Stick your Dwayne the Rockin' Cocker in it!!!
12. Add garlic butter.
13. Apologize to every Italian.
14. Ponder your decisions. Why did you do this? Think of all the mistakes that happened in order for you to get into this situation. You should've just been a business major.. not whatever this is. 🏠


Celebrating Bad Friday

— by Franklin Scharf

April 3rd, 2026 AD,^[*] marks the bimillennial of the first Bad Friday. Christians around the world will gather this Friday to celebrate the fateful day when Jesus Christ, at the age of 27, had his death sentence forgiven and his crucifixion ended. Scripture tells us that, after three days of Christ languishing on the cross, Pontius Pilate received a vision from the heavens that he must rescind his ruling and repent at once. Within the hour, soldiers were sent to take Christ down from the cross and administer medical care, saving his life. The crucifix was then stowed away in a stone chamber that, to this day, nobody has been able to open.^[†]

Two million years later, the absolution is commemorated each year in the Christian tradition of building Bad Friday Vaults. Schoolchildren take the day off to spend all of Bad Friday building the strongest vault possible before hiding a full-size cross inside it. Traditionally, the neighborhood splits into two teams, each building their own vault, and at midnight, each team sets off to the opposing vault and attempts to break it open. If the cross remains

unharmd for seven minutes, the power of God has prevailed over the forces of evil.^[‡]

So why is such a joyous occasion called “Bad Friday,” anyway? Scholars have several answers. One theory says that the repentant Pilate chose the name in recognition of his own sin, that future generations may remember just how bad he was.^[§] Another theory traces the name back to a cynical offshoot of Christ’s disciples who believe that, because he failed to become a martyr, Jesus has not forgiven the sins of the masses, and retribution will one day come. However, this hypothesis is made harder to believe by the fact that hellfire, as of this publication’s release, has not rained down from the heavens and smitten all those who besmirch this plane on any Fridays, let alone Bad Friday. Maybe this will be the year. If so, expect a slight delay on the release of our next issue, as our staff only includes one holy man protected from the angel of death,^[¶] and to be frank, he’s not the best at writing satire. 

* After Dinosaurs.

† This is where the term “burying the cross” comes from.

‡ If the vault is breached, on the other hand, the devil has won, and all parties involved are excommunicated.

§ He also named Pilates for the same reason.

¶ We used to have more, but after RIT slashed our funding to a mere 10% of what it had been last year, we had to lay some of them off.^[1]

1 Editor's note: 10% of zero is still zero.

*Like what you
see? Join us! No
interview needed.*

Or, submit content and art directly to
graciesdinnertimetheatre@gmail.com!





Neighborhood Watch

— by Igor Polotai

Welcome back to the weekly briefing, Neighborhood Watch, compiled by the Office of Data Informatics.

This week, the results for next year's Student Government were announced at their conference. The primary insight is that the Student Government will enjoy a marked increase in female representation next quarter. Their turnover rate still remains high, as only four current Student Government members will return. This does not include the members of Cabinet, who will be chosen later this quarter.

The results of the Global Union President and Vice President tickets, of which there were two, have not been publicly announced. Complications have arisen, and the Office of Legal Advice is drafting its own report on this subject matter.

Overall, this operating year has seen a significant increase in the amount of contested races. Last year, the Office of Data Informatics informed RIT that of the nineteen races, seven were running unopposed, six were unfilled, and six were contested. This cycle, of the twenty (now with the inclusion of the Accessibility Senator) races, four were running unopposed, four were unfilled, and twelve were contested.

Notably, the Student Government President and Vice President ticket was unopposed, a rarity. The race for Greek Leadership Council, in which each chapter gets one vote, resulted in a tie, leading to Student Government breaking the tie with a Senate vote. Final student turnout, despite disruptions to the merchandise pipeline, was 2,221.

This concludes the weekly briefing from the Office of Data Informatics. 📄

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!



Def•in•it•ions

— by the esteemed members of the GDT "Slack"

Damage — the type of accident report that makes you exclaim at the sheer scope of it.

Definite — to make infinite.

Discord — Slack in an off-brand, sweat-stained Monster logo hoodie.

Disorder — *the Distorter* is temporarily out of order, please hang up and try again.

Mnemonocle — a memory technique to remember how dumb you'd look with a monocle on.

Penulfinite — the second to last of infinity.

Respectacles — glasses worn to give people the misapprehension that you are smarter than you are.

Scrummage — 1) a combination of 'scavenge' and 'rummage.' Exactly what it sounds like; can even work as an onomatopoeia! 2) Last minute activities of an Agile team leader in attempts to improve morale and workflow in the weeks between corporate downsizing and the next quarterly finance report.

Slack — Discord in a business suit.

Unfinite — a whole lot of not enough.

Orgy Schedule

— by *Dedusmuln*

You are hereby invited to the 112th annual **GDT** orgy. This is typically a closed affair, but **GDT** executives decided that the best way to obtain new, freakier members would be to open our doors, as well as our legs.

Listed below is the planned schedule for the day.

6:00 AM: Arrival. Early birds get the worm.

6:30 AM: Group introductions. You will be asked to provide a fun fact about yourself. You will be escorted from the premises if your fact isn't fun enough.

7:00 AM: CornHOLE.

7:30 AM: UNO (normal).

8:00 AM: UNO (strip).

8:30 AM: Breakfast. All of those games really worked up an appetite! All of the food will be rich in tryptophan. This is done to sort out the weaklings.

9:30 AM: Diddle as thou wish.

10:15 AM: Water break. We have no tap water, only a variety of flavored, canned seltzer water. Thank you, Wegmans!

10:20 AM: Continue diddling.

11:00 AM: Human Centipede.

11:30 AM: Cleanup. As mentioned previously, we have no taps, so make good use of that seltzer!

12:00 PM: Foodplay. This will double as lunch.

12:30 PM: Everyone takes a pill. One person will get a caffeine pill; everyone else will get a placebo.

12:35 PM: Bondage lecture. Lecturers will be instructing attendees on how to tie someone into a sphere. It's like a ball of yarn, but with rope, and a human.

1:30 PM: Ritual sacrifice. Attendees are required to bring their own virgin to sacrifice if they want to participate, as **GDT** has a limited supply.

2:30 PM: Polycule Career Fair. I advise you not to talk to the Lockheed Martin polycule. They're weird.

3:30 PM: Snack time/Hotdog eating contest.


4:00 PM: Attendees will group up based on their biggest kinks and fetishes. Each group will participate in a bracketed boxing tournament to see which freaks are the strongest. Surprisingly, the people with humiliation kinks have won for the past 25 years straight. They are incredibly disappointed by this.

6:00 PM: Dinner time! All the food will be food that are believed to be aphrodisiacs, at the end of the night you will have to rate your arousal level from 1 to 10. This study will be published in psychology journals, so really think about your answer.

7:00 PM: Bingo!

8:00 PM: Viewing of *Grave of the Fireflies*.

9:30 PM: Go home. Live with your guilt.

We hope to see you there! Don't forget your virgin sacrifice! 

Breast wishes,

Dedusmuln

ASK SUSAN

Dear Susan,

I'm trying for a co-op at Lockheed Martin, and I just realized the mistake I made when I applied. Instead of my resume, I submitted my forcefem fanfic of James Taiclet. They called me back for an interview tomorrow... what do I do, Susan?? Help!!

— *Sissy Sychophant*



Dear Sissy Sychophant,

Well, you can't back out now! What you should be doing in the time before your interview is getting a second chapter down and have it ready for your interview. It's always important to have a physical copy of your documents at an interview,^[*] and because of that you need to make sure to print (and bind!) your fic into physical book format. This shows that you're passionate and willing to make a splash, both highly desirable traits at Lockheed. I think as long as you can double down and make the most of your submission, the co-op is in the bag and they'll be asking for you back after graduation.

— Susan

* youtu.be/P1IXhohAMTA

Dear Susan,

My coworkers and I have gotten super competitive about our LinkedIn puzzle games. In order to get a leg up, I've been practicing on other sites. I've gotten super skilled, but now my work wife thinks I'm cheating at mini sudoku and wants to get an office divorce. How do I convince her that I just have that dog in me?

— *Queen of Queens*



Dear Queen of Queens,

I hate to break it to you, but sometimes you have to take something like this as a sign that it's time to break it off—if your work wife can't respect the effort you put in to get to this skill level, she doesn't deserve you. What you'll want to do is find someone who not only respects your skill, but matches it. I recommend looking into her personal life. Maybe her leisuretime husband is running into a similar problem, and you could be the perfect matching duo. If that fails, don't forget the original purpose of LinkedIn: networking! 📧

— Susan



**Want a very special letter of rec?
Desperate for a co-op?**

Susan is back — and she's not helping!

Scan the QR code to ask! It's all anonymous.

poetry

Resurrection of the Clown

by Franklin Scharf

What happened to you?

Your long shoes have been replaced with

shoes of relatively normal length.

Your wig is nowhere to be seen,

hair far from a curly sphere

not red nor rainbow.

And the nose! Your nose is a nose instead of a ball,

and it doesn't squeak when I pinch it.

What happened to the tears

dripping down from your eyes?

They're all dry now and

hardly any fun to look at.

What happened to your makeup? Your

makeup is all gone washed away

, and now your face is nothing but

eyes ears mouth nose

with nothing ridiculous to be seen.

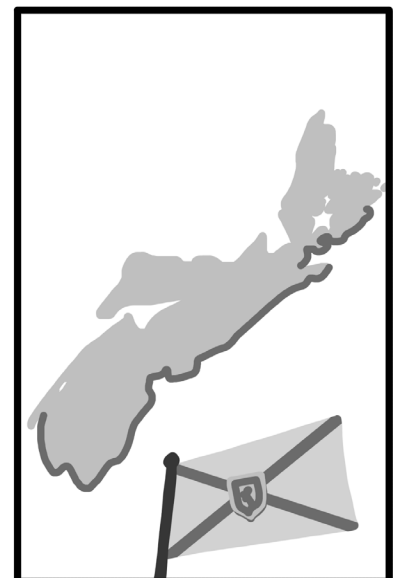
You're smiling.

What's gotten into you?

absurdity

by G.S.

Nova Scotia



G.S.