



O Canada

"A mushroom cloud on the horizon, 24 empty missile tubes – now it's Miller time."

A funny thing[†] happened to our parent group Hell's Kitchen at the beginning of this publishing year. We found (through unscrupulous sources, the proverbial cream of the crop (eewww)) that some mysterious group has been pumping heap-big slabs o' wampum into Hell's Kitchen. At first we weren't worried. Hey, what the hell do we care? It all goes to pay for printing anyway. But we started getting a bit suspicious when our fund-raiser Tom Kar Kai said, "So guys, now that we've got the funds to, say, buy a small Latin American country, don't you think it would be a hoot if we...I don't know...invaded Quebec? We could buy a tank and make a weekend of it!"

After tying old Tom down and performing mild surgery on him[∂] ("We don't need this, or this..."), it turned out that our good old friend Mr. Kar Kai was actually a deep cover operative from Canada (yes, O Canada) sent to infiltrate Hell's Kitchen and induce us to vomit and invade Quebec.

Doesn't make sense, I hear the guy in the back writing? Oh, but think about it: micro-nationalism in Quebec has been on the rise over the past several decades, and the English-speaking people in Canada's Heartland wish the Frogs would just get their act together and finally pass their periodic referendums and get the hell out. Sick of waiting, the right-minded English inhabitants of Canada have turned to their southern, more aggressive brethren (i.e., small US non-profit organizations) to drive the beret-bearing bastards into the sea. Besides, if the US is busy invading Quebec and bringing it a little backwoods justice,^Δ we won't invade the rest of their shitty country for a while longer; we're still licking our wounds from 1812.

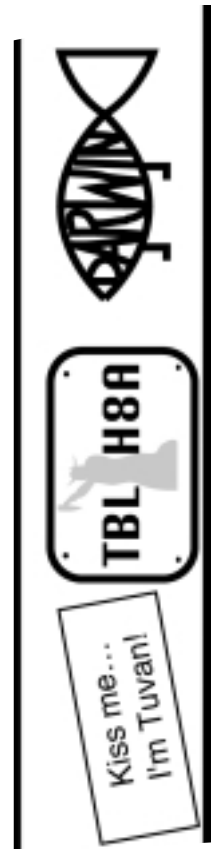
It's not just Quebec, though. All over the world the Super-nationalism of the early part of the 20th century is being replaced by micro-nationalism. Ireland, Israel, Azerbaijan, the Kurds (small and large), Serbs.... It's Balkanization for everybody! Free side order of fries, and if you order now you'll receive these lovely faux pearls. Guaranteed to satisfy even your most discerning swine. Really, what would the Kurds do if Turkey and Iraq were to grant them independence...besides be landlocked and have no exports? They can't just let their entire economy be led by Reebok and their soccer ball sewing hordes. They'd just be another Tuva; and we all know what that leads to: throat singing and no rhythm (...sounds like a truck full of windchimes hitting a flock of ducks...).

Everyone is so interested in not stepping on the ethnicity of others that more and more subgroups are created. Sure, you might be a single unitarian north eastern Afro-American, and I'm an atheist unitoothed malproportioned Irish-American git, but that doesn't mean that all atheist unitoothed malproportioned Irish-American gits should get together and form a country. People are confusing clubs and support organizations with ethnic identity. You're Palestinian and I'm a Jew?

[†] Well, not really funny "Ha-Ha." Kind of a Santa's-drunk-and-sodomizing-the-reindeer-again, kind of funny.

[∂] Kids: TESTICULAR TORSION!

^Δ Now in Sandalwood and Potpourri. Give the gift that keeps on giving and make the man you love "Squeal like a pig!"TM





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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (GDT) is published weekly during the academic year of the Rochester Institute of Technology by a staff of people lusting after that cute Borg chick with the great birthing hips.

Despite rumors to the contrary, the staff meets weekly to go over material, discuss future plans, and chat. People interested in *working* are welcome.

To send submissions and letters email gdt@iname.com or send snail-mail to GDT c/o 472 French Rd., Rochester, NY 14618. GDT reserves the right not to edit for libel and/or clarity. GDT takes pride in the Happy Horseshit™ that is Hell's Kitchen. Don't plagiarize our material or we'll pummel your ass through legislation.

Ok, get over it. You're just another slacker to me.

Some people blame it on the inherent selfish nature of man (Yes. Man, not people. "Man" is an herstorically acceptable plural, all encompassing word). Me? I blame the Canadians and the Christians (pig fuckers!). In the course of our, um, discrete questioning of Tom, you remember Tom, ("You always thought about the Priesthood, didn't you Tom?"), we discovered that the Canadians, bitter about their problems with Quebec, have been causing it all. The assassination of Arch Duke Ferdinand? Yup. A Canadian, not a Serb; if you can get a Canuck to grow his mustache, take his tuque off, and peel that ridiculous flannel off him, your average Canadian is actually a dead ringer for any vindictive, gun tote'n, arch duke shoot'n Serb (...you've got to capitalize 'Serb' cause they think their an ethnic group...).

You see, over the years Canada's major exports have been geese, Labatt beer, devalued currency, hockey, and Alex Trebek. This has led to the unfortunate situation where most of the people living in Canada spend much of their time walking on goose doots and willingly spending coinage called Loonies and Molsen. The high amounts of ammonia absorbed through the skin (from the goose-doots, stupid!) has led to the government of Canada being filled mostly with murderous old codgers who would rather go on killing rampages during their scheduled nightly nap hour than share their country with a bunch of baguette eating prats who have no more sense than to speak French (...you've got to capitalize 'French' cause they think their an ethnic group...[¥]) all of the live long day.

<breath></breath>

Because misery loves company, Canada, in conjunction with Hell Inc., has formed the Pandora Group: a collection of Canada's best and most luminous, bent on going out into the world to spread VeeDee and discord where ever they go. Some recent manifestations of the Pandora Group in American culture have been Beanie-Babies, Mighty Morphing Power Rangers, and the insanely oversized computer programs coming from Microsoft. The Pandora Group's major function, however, has been the promotion of balkanization worldwide.

Just to show you how devious these bastards are, it took only three operatives in minor positions in Austria posing as art teachers and critics in the nineteen teens to set the ball rolling for World War 2 (remember, at the same time they primed Europe's engines by starting WWI). It wasn't the war they were after, though that was a nice side of gravy. What they wanted was the establishment of a Jewish homeland to displace the Palestinians and piss off the Arab countries forever.

So remember: behind every Palestinian throwing a rock at a Jewish invader, behind every English cursing Scot, behind every rifle hugging militia man and every politically correct fairy-tale, there lies a Canadian waiving his stupid maple-leaf flag. Oops! Got to run. Tanks all gassed up and we've some Frogs to fry.

[¥]This may be seen as beating a dead horse, but it's a good dead horse to beat.



Editor's Note

Sean Hammond

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 3

This editorial is going to be a little bit like a kid with ADD; it's going to be all over the place. But I have faith in you, fair reader. I know that you can keep up.

First and foremost, I want to apologize for the slapshod way GDT (via Hell's Kitchen) was distributed last week. As I write this, there are still some issues that haven't reached their destination. Most of you probably don't care, but one of the reasons GDT strives to publish material every week, and distribute on time, is because we are an unconventional publication. When readers describe GDT, or Hell's Kitchen, they invariably use the word "zine" (even though the Kitchen can be as long as some local student run magazines (minus their ads)).

Admittedly, GDT is 'zinish in quality. We are irreverent, vulgar, and written by "X-ers." However, we are also dedicated to putting material out every week...a decidedly un 'zinish quality.

There have only been two times when we were late in distributing issues. The first time was in 1995 when Marc Trzepla, our illustrator at the time, was gone for a day; that week, GDT stood for "Got Delayed Today." Last issue was our second late day. Not bad for almost 100 issues in two and a half years.

Most of you don't care, but we do. We wouldn't be doing GDT weekly if we thought it didn't matter. Sure, in the grand scheme of the universe, 20,000 years from now, a gastropod on some un-named planet orbiting a distant star isn't going to care about our self-imposed deadlines, but we do. We do the best we can with what we have.

For what it's worth, we were late, not because of laziness on our part, but because we have been more successful than we had realized. Periodically we increase our circulation as funds increase. Sometimes we expand into new areas (like MCC), sometimes we simply increase the number of issues we put in an old area. As of last issue we passed the half-kilo mark for the first time, and the good people at the University of

Rochester's Copy Center simply couldn't finish the order by when we needed them. Themselves readers, several apologized, but I knew it was our fault, not theirs.

So, we've adjusted our schedule and don't plan on running into and delays for the rest of the year. You'll get your fix at the start of each week, instead of at the middle of it.

Now, for a quick change of pace, I have something to say about Princess Di. Ah-hum: some woman who's only claim to fame was that she married, and then divorced a prince dies and the world goes bonkers thanks to the press. Meanwhile, Mother Teresa, a woman whose sainthood is assured, who is seen as an incarnation of Vishnu, and who is revered in every major (and most minor) religions of the world, dies and is given a PS in the media. How is that cool? The good Mother and the dead Di can't even be compared. And don't give me that crap about Princess Di speaking out against landmines. Thousands of people speak out about man's inhumanity to man or his apathy toward the suffering of others. Shit, the image of Sally Struthers, tears and mascara running down her pudgy cheeks as she weeps about starving children is burned into my retinas, but I'm sure that not every flower in the US will be killed to create a massive, yet sweet smelling, organic shrine when she dies. Princess Di was simply so followed but lens wielding jackals that she got the coverage. And to hell with her being a beauty: her greatest beauty feature was that she was British and still had all her teeth.

I'm being more cruel than is necessary, but I'm indignant about the whole thing. It is sad whenever someone is lost to those that love them. However, I find it sadder that our society idealizes the life of Princess Di more than the life of Mother Teresa. Despite all the dresses she auctioned off, Princess Di didn't *indirectly* help a fraction of the people that Mother Teresa helped *in person*.

The staff of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre meets every Friday to discuss plans, work on material, and generally shoot the shit. If you're truly interested in contributing in some way, contact gdt@iname.com

Attic Inferno

-Alex Whitman



Scene: Interior of a trailer that only a fan of the-artist-formally-known-as-Prince could have painted. Alex and Kelly enter through the main door.

Alex is obviously in charge and showing Kelly around.

Kelly: Hmm. Quite a colour scheme you've got going here.

Alex: Do you like how I never finished the gold? You know, it's typical when people come and look at it and I'm, like, "You

know? This is the art student's trailer," and then they understand it. I wanted to paint it silver and black so it would look like some sort of old diner. I kind of like it.

Kelly: Yeah. It's got a special kind of sheik to it. *(Staring at the paint)*

Alex: As sheik as a trailer can get. But the paint never dries. Its been on here like a year.

Kelly: Well, I think it dries. It just keeps coming off.

Alex: So is that dry? It never says. *(Steps over a mousetrap)* Watch your feet.

Kelly: Is this like a spray paint thing? *(Still fixated on the silver paint)*

Alex: No. Its a paint called "Supercoat" that you buy at Wegmans. It's got a silver quality.

Kelly: Let me guess, this is gold leaf?

Alex: Ahhh, same brand. It's like 5\$ for this much. *(Holds thumb and index finger out)* I ran out of money. I ran out of money, and I'm not willing to pay \$100 to paint this little thing. *(Points to ceiling)* So this is plumbing that's running along the wall.

Kelly: Hmm. The brick...ahh, the brick work comes up. *(pointing to plastic-like brick wallpaper)*

Alex: That's where you put your simulated fire place.

Kelly: Ah ha.

Alex: Brick veneer.

Kelly: Did you put this on?

Alex: No, this was here.

Kelly: That was there?

Alex: The only think I ever changed was the paint colour.

Kelly: Ah ha.

Alex: Look at the hallway. That's what I want to do to the floor in the attic.

Kelly: The walls to the hallway? That's great.

Alex: Don't you love it?

Kelly: They're neat.... They're really neat.

Alex: Ok. So this wall comes down so you can have like the Extra Large Trailer Living Arena.TM Which would be, like, I don't know...like 50 square feet then?

Kelly: Hmm. How do they come down?

Alex: It just pops up.

Kelly: Course the colour scheme would be all off....

Alex: Well, you could get more paint. Hey, look at this: if

you push hard enough, you can, like, get the wall and floor to separate. But we're not going to do that cause it might fall off or something.

Kelly: And small children could fall through there.

Alex: Exactly. That's the emergency exit.

Kelly: Are you taking this with you? *(Pointing to a mysterious object that looks something like a hydra, something like a shoe tree, and something like a oversize shoehorn)*

Alex: Umm, I don't know. Do you want it?

Kelly: Mmmm. I don't really need anything that that.

Alex: Oh, that's right. You don't even wear shoes.

Kelly: I like the purple. *(entering the bathroom)*

Alex: I love the purple.

Kelly: That's really cool. What are all the words about?

Alex: They're French. They just label whatever: mirror, wash, towel, shower, toilet...

Kelly: La Douche?

Alex: Just to clear up any confusion.

Kelly: This is helpful...really.

Alex: Here's the Floor Spring Action.TM

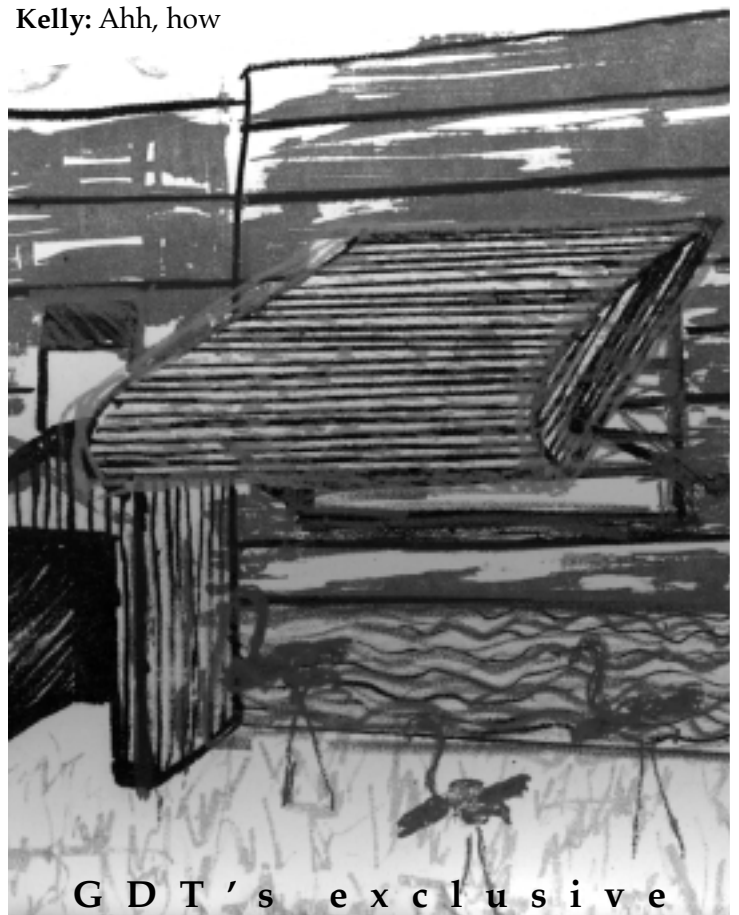
Kelly: Oh. You don't need a mattress here. You can actually just use your floor.

Alex: No, you could just use the floor. *(opens closet door)*

Kelly: So if you jump up and down on a spot on the floor you can actually fall through.

Alex: *(Ignoring her)* See the bedroom door doubles as the closet door.

Kelly: Ahh, how



G D T ' s e x c l u s i v e

ingenious.

Alex: Yeah it is.

Kelly: Were you going to paint the ceiling all silver or—

Alex: I felt like I did the edges and I just couldn't decide how I wanted it done.

Kelly: You just went from wobbly to—

Alex: Yeah. It's half and half.

Kelly: Oh! You've got ants!

Alex: Do I?

Kelly: Yeah.

Alex: Ew. Yuck. Good thing I don't live here anymore. Do you want to know why? There's like a hole here. *(Pointing to the ceiling)*

Kelly: Mmm. This is another place I should hop up and down? *(Several inches shorter than before)*

Alex: You don't need to hop up and down.

Kelly: Oh yeah, they're coming from there. *(Examining the fabled entryway for the ants)*

Alex: Are they? Oh well. No one ever looks that closely when they look at it. Cover it up. We don't want you to look there. We don't look at those problems. You see, we're in Trailer Denial.™

Kelly: Ahhh. You've got some other interesting holes.

Alex: Ok. Don't look.

Kelly: I like the green door. *(looking at the closet/bedroom door)*



Alex: Thanks.

Kelly: It really adds a nice contrast to the rest of the room.

Alex: The other 18 colours?

Kelly: Yeah. This is quite an experience walking through the hall.

Alex: I think if I do this— Sean said its like tripping going through this hall.

Kelly: Yeah, no kidding.

Alex: Um. I think for the attic floor I should do off white and black and then do silver where they meet. That would be really neat.

Kelly: A little thin line of silver?

Alex: Yup, and then right at the three peaks of the roof we could do something. That would be kind of cool.

Kelly: Yeah.

Alex: And the walls too are going to be off white.

Kelly: Oh this is so freaky. The walls are melting....

Alex: Do you like how it comes down?

Kelly: Yeah I do. I like it. I like how this comes up and how that goes down. *(Totally tripping out at this point)*

Alex: Yup. Alan and I painted this. It was totally fun.

Kelly: I can tell. I've got to get out of here now.

Alex: Ok. So I'm leaving all the blinds. I'm leaving the appliances. But I'm pretending I'm trying to sell them to see if I can get money out of anyone.

Kelly: Mmmm. What appliances are they?

Alex: There's a stove, there's a fridge, there's a water-heater, there's a furnace. As if I would actually, like, want to take the waterheater with me. Isn't this funky? *(Gesturing to the interior of the trailer in general)*

Kelly: Yeah. Very mobile too.

Alex: Yup. The stove is only nineteen years old too.

Kelly: Is it gas?

Alex: Propane.

Kelly: Cool.

Alex: There's a groove here in the floor, but I just have something here because of the ah—

Kelly: It looks like somebody hit the wall and then slid down.

Alex: Yeah. That was from my little murder spree. Should I give you a tour of the tail lights?

Kelly: Sure.

Alex: They used to be really nice, but then um...when I was painting the trailer with my friend, Laura painted over them. *(Pointing out the window)*

Kelly: You could scrape it off couldn't you?

Alex: If I wanted to I could.

Kelly: Um, is the tour done inside?

Alex: Do you have any further questions?

Kelly: Well every time I poke a little bit you say, "Well, we don't look at those things here."

Alex: Just look with your eyes and not your hands.

Kelly: It's ok if you don't get yourself too close.

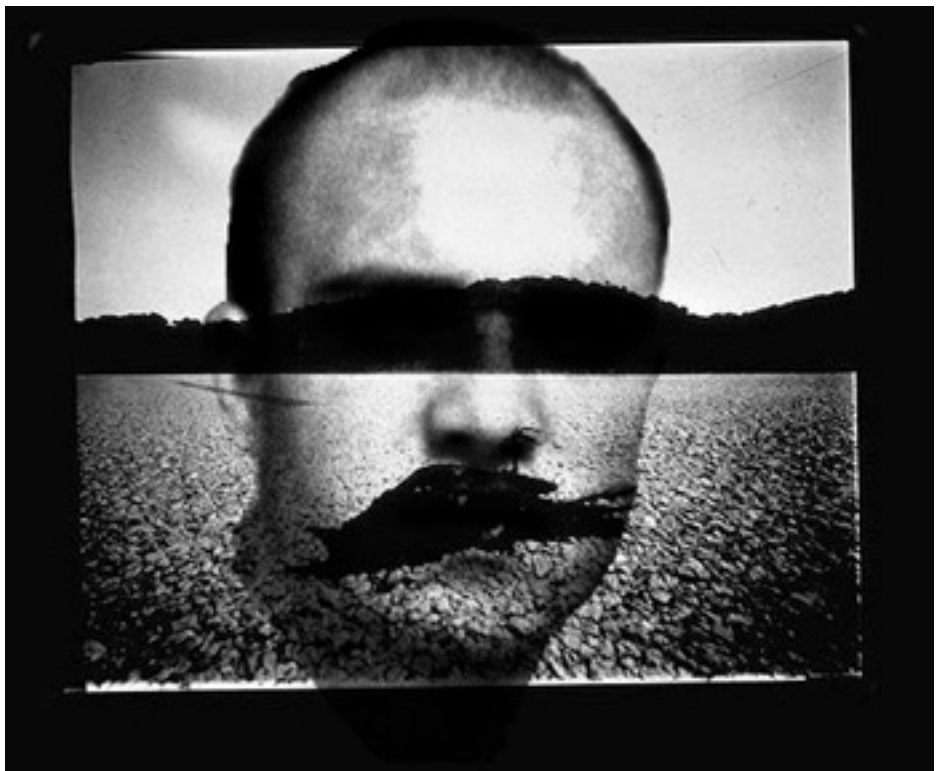
Alex: Yeah, and don't comment on the insects.

I was asked by one of my roommates to put on a CD that was "happy" and stood in front of my racks of CD's staring intently, scouring the shelves for that one hidden disc of unabashed bliss and carefree abandon.

"Hmm, no, that's got lots of anger. Oh, here we go...um, no, too guilt-wridden."

My search came up fruitless. I own over 500 CD's and I couldn't find one disc of complete happiness. Sure, there are individual tracks and even whole sides of albums (yes, there was a time when people listened to sides of an album, way back in the days of 25¢ Cokes and Commodore 64's) that have an uplifting spirit, but there's always a song thrown in to bring the mood right back down (invariably my favorite song from said album).

What is this melancholia I adore? All of the artists I listen to on a regular basis are overwrought with self-doubt, humiliation, loneliness, focused anger or blind rage. I love to wallow in the thoughts and ideas of a forlorn world seen through the eyes of self-obsessed, introspective whiners lamenting anything and everything as some kind of twisted personal tragedy. I can bring this abstraction into focus as a reality for you, by explaining that I could sum up my life with just the titles of songs from the *Smiths* catalogue (and yes, it would still begin with "Never had no



one ever" ...).

I've been told countless times that this is simply a phase that most everyone goes through; that a little happiness never hurt anyone, blah, blah, blah. Fuck Happiness for happiness' sake (Or as my friend Dan would so eloquently state, "Hope is for suckers").

Sadness fits me like an old wool sweater. It doesn't itch and provides the perfect respite from the chill of the day. I am comfortable in the drowsiness of melancholy. I'm sure that someday I'll look back on my foolishness and laugh at how short-sighted and wrapped up in my own false importantness I was. Until that day I'll continue to create self portraits full of self-mutilation and decay, revel in the sorrow of Requiem masses and fulfill physical needs through the depraved outlet of pain, my only mistress.

Maybe I've just been living with cats for too long....

The Buzz from
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PRESS RELEASE: AT THE RECENT DONWORLD 97, DONLAND SUPREME DICTATOR, DON, UNVEILED AN ALLIANCE BETWEEN DONLAND AND PUBLISHING GIANT HELL'S KITCHEN. THE ALLIANCE, WHICH SHOCKED MANY OF THE ATTENDEES OF DONWORLD 97, WAS SIGNED JUST DAYS

BEFORE THE START OF THE ANNUAL NATIONAL CELEBRATION IN DONLAND.

"WE HAVE TO LET GO OF THE NOTION THAT, IN ORDER FOR DONLAND TO WIN, HELL'S KITCHEN HAS TO LOSE," QUIPPED DON LAST WEEK.

UNDER THE TERMS OF THE AGREEMENT, STRUGGLING HOME PAGE DONLAND IS ALLOWING HELL'S KITCHEN MEMBER PUBLICATION GRACIE'S DINNERTIME THEATRE(GDT) TO REPUBLISH VARIOUS NEWS, COMMENTARY, AND OTHER MATERIALS FROM DONLAND'S BUZZ SECTION IN ITS WEEKLY PUBLICATION. IN RETURN, DONLAND RECEIVES FREE PUBLIC MEDIA ATTENTION AND, FOR WHATEVER IT'S WORTH, HELL'S KITCHEN WILL MAKE DONLAND IT'S OFFICIAL ONLINE HOMELAND.

WHILE SOME RESIDENTS OF DONLAND EXPRESSED DISAPPOINTMENT AND OUTRAGE AT THE ANNOUNCEMENT BY BOOING THE SUPREME DICTATOR'S SPEECH, MANY ANALYSTS ARE UPBEAT ABOUT THE ALLIANCE. C. DIABLO, PUBLISHER OF HELL'S KITCHEN, WAS ON HAND VIA SATELLITE TO PRAISE THE NEW ALLIANCE. "THIS MARKS A NEW ERA IN THE HISTORY OF BOTH DONLAND AND HELL'S KITCHEN."