



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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One Choice, One Drink, One Calorie



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Please Recycle

The Magic Wondershow

This week:

"Clean your fucking shit up, bitch!"

By Sean J. Stanley

You know that a city has problems when the Reverend comes to town. No, I'm not talking about Billy Graham or Jerry Falwell, I'm talking about a brother that gets shit done and lays the smack down proppa when things get out of hand. I'm talking about the Reverend Jesse Jackson. He has descended upon the township of ye olde Los Angeles to take part in the Janitors strike. Janitors strike, what's that? Yes, you filthy sons of bitches. You keep making messes and someone has to clean it up. You hope that it ain't you who has to clean it up. Well, the people who do are speaking out all over the country concerning their wages, benefits, and status as important workers.

According to a statement from Jackson:

"These workers deserve a pay raise and management can afford it. It should happen."

Damn right. I've always been dismayed by the lack of compassion most of the students here have for the janitorial staff. I want you all to try any of the following items and see if you like it. A little school from the other side of the fence, so to speak.

ITEM 1

Take a large trash can, place a can liner (as it is known in the janitorial business) securely inside, then proceed to put the following into it:

Fifteen newspapers.

Two opened (but not emptied) quart containers of heavy cream.

A bucket of KFC original recipe.

Six used condoms.

Fetus and afterbirth from a prom-bound debutante stoner chick.

A container of six week old limburger cheese.

A telephone receiver.

A pound of used kleenex.

Thirty soiled tampons and maxi pads.

Sprinkle a broken pane of glass on top for good measure.

Thus we have recreated the average trash can for an entire year in a college dorm. Now for the fun part. Take two fodies of King Cobra malt liquor, remove the caps, and place them in the microwave for five minutes each (members of the Greek community will recognize this as the much dreaded "Warm-Fotie Relay"). Two teams form lines on either side of the prepared trashcan. At the predetermined start signal, each



team member must down as much of the warm, viscous, steaming malt beverage as they can stomach before vomiting occurs (and it will occur, my friends), upon which time the team member in question will direct his beefy blast into the garbage can. This proceeds until one of the teams has their fottie completely drained. Standard operating procedure for the Warm-Fottie Relay usually dictates that the loosing team has the contents of the trashcan dumped all over them. We shall forgo this conclusion in favor of something in keeping with our current theme. This trashcan is now to be emptied by one person, regardless of whether or not the can liner slipped off the edge during the process, or if perhaps one of the shards of glass opened the bottom of the bag and vile mung seeps slowly, tauntingly from the tiny opening. This bag is to be carried 2 miles from one building hallway to a flight of stairs, across a clean tile floor, and into a dumpster on a hill with a 40 percent incline. After the bag is deposited, the floors must be mopped, sanitized, and deodorized, then waxed.

ITEM 2

Spend a day at your local mall food court, ingesting any and all products from various fly-by-night operations, especially those catering to the abuse of lower-intestinal tracts. Taco Bell is number one on that list, followed by anything featuring liquid cheese sauce, bulk buffet/combo style Chinese food (use your discretion). Swallow a six ounce bag of roofing nails and wash it down with a nice orange Julius. Sit back for a few hours and watch Springer. When the appropriate moment arrives (you'll feel it coming, believe you me), enter the nearest lavatory and release this fetid concoction from the depths of your bowels, being sure to strain with all your might to ensure proper coating of the rim, seat, and base of the toilet. If you have access to a public rest room, continue this process until each bowl is sufficiently soiled as to turn the pristine alabaster porcelain a wretched shade of burnt umber and blood red (remember the nails). Using a cheap plastic "wand" type cleaning

instrument, **SCRUB BITCH!** Don't forget the crusty splatters at the back of the tank. Inhale furiously from time to time, savoring the intense methane-scented decay that rises from the bowl and permeates every pore in your body. Vomit a little for the full effect.

ITEM 3

Find a person about the same age as you, if not younger. Make sure that their social demographic falls significantly higher than yours. If they are wearing a suit, this will work even better. Tell him or her what sort of day you had and what sort of problems you encountered. Listen to his or her advice. Restrain yourself from trying to slowly gut the motherfucker with your plunger handle. Go home and explain to your loved ones how your day was. Express your joy at how considerate everyone was to you.

Do you see what I'm getting at? I love writing for this publication, however I get really pissed off when I see it strewn about the basement corridors and public locations. That ain't cool. If you like it and read it, keep it. If you don't like it, that's your business, but please deposit it in a recycling bin. The cleaning staff of this campus work hard enough dealing with our daily shit, and I don't want to be a party to any excess tribulations they may have to deal with. Next time you see your cleaning person on your floor or outside your classroom, don't be a class-minded arrogant fuck. Say hi. Even better, say:

"Thank you sir, thank you madam. You make this place much nicer to live, work, and play in and I appreciate your efforts. Your tie-clad middle-aged whiteguy boss might have his own problems to deal with, but he can kiss my rosy-sweet hairy ass if he condescends to you and treats you like a subhuman. That goes the same for all those trustee fucks in their crystal palaces as well. God bless America and God bless America's custodial staff. What can I do to make your job easier?"

And if any of your friends tell you that "they get paid to clean up", vomit on them. That'll change their tune real quick.

SUBMIT.

g d t @ h e l l s k i t c h e n . o r g

The Mean

By Randall Good

I'm constantly saying things that don't really mean anything. So many words today are meaningless. Sure, they do mean something, but they don't really mean anything—if you know what I mean.

Sorry about that little pun there...I didn't mean it. Or maybe I did. What I meant was to make some sort of humorous little quip about meaning while over-using the word "mean". Indeed, if I mean to have any meaning whatsoever, I should stop using "mean" in my sentences. There. I have stopped. Now, if I may convey my meaning to you...

Sorry. I didn't mean it. It's just so hard to talk about meaning without using the word "mean" all the time. I should just dive in.

What I meant to say earlier is that half of our everyday speech is mired in politeness and tradition, even when it is really impolite or makes no sense. Our speech no longer means anything. Examples:

1. I hold the door open for someone. This someone responds with a polite "Thank you." My response: "Yup."

What the hell does that mean? "Yup"? So, basically my response to being thanked is "Yes, you were right to thank me because I deserved it." Someone should smack me over the head for a retort like that. Yet, nobody ever has...because my response was pretty meaningless. For all I conveyed, I might as well have just grunted. A grunt makes a lot more sense in

this situation.

2. Someone sneezes. Whether I know this someone or not, I say: "Bless you." Occasionally I become fluent in German and I say "Gesundheit" instead.

I think I remember how this tradition was started. Wasn't it believed that a sneeze was your soul trying to escape out of your mouth and that saying "Bless you" crams it back into your body? (I believe I heard this from Milhouse Van Houten.) This is about as archaic a tradition as I can imagine. Very few people today hold the Soul Escape Sneezing Theory in high esteem, except in everyday speech. Speaking German doesn't make this practice any less cool, either.

This tradition permeates our minds though, doesn't it? There have been numerous occasions when I have sneezed and felt sorry for myself because no one cared enough to say anything. Poor me: so deluded by tradition as to believe that I am owed something just because of a little pollen floating in the air.

3. Whoa! Someone just spilled coffee all over me! I just bought these pants yesterday for \$75.43, tax included. There are first-degree burns on my legs. My day has just started to go downhill. "I'm sorry," that someone says. "It's okay," I respond.

But it is decidedly not okay. Here's an accurate "gist", if you will, of my response: "It's okay for you to spill coffee on me whenever you feel like it. It's not a nuisance or anything." Why is it "okay"? Is it because that someone is a beautiful woman? Or a really threatening man? Or my boss? Or from the IRS? Or



am I just too timid to stand up for myself? Or is it because it really doesn't matter in the long run?

I suppose that you're expecting me to propose some insane plan by which we will abolish all of these useless words. Ahh, but as you have already induced from my tone of implied disdain in the previous sentence, this is not the case. Because you see, all words are meaningless.

That's right.

All words mean absolutely nothing. I don't care what Mr. Webster or Mr. Roget or Mr. Oxford tells you because they are living in a world of illusion. Observe.

Porcupine.

"He must have meant porcupine," you're probably thinking. Wrong! If you could read my thoughts, which you cannot, you would realize that while I was writing the word "porcupine" I was actually thinking of a dishwasher. Still not satisfied? Don't believe me? How about this?

Hell would be a wonderful place if only you were there.

Now you do see? I couldn't possibly mean what I just wrote because I could not rationally consider hell to be wonderful at all. It doesn't matter if you were there or not because hell would suck either way. Therefore, words don't mean anything.

Intention does mean something. What I think, what I feel, what I want, and what I need are real and do have meaning. According to my thesaurus (pesky Mr. Roget again), a synonym for intention is "meaning". Huzzah, I now have a new postulate, which will piss off a lot of you and hopefully give you all migraines:

The only thing that means anything is meaning.

Hold off on that bottle of acetaminophen, I'm almost done. Words are only representations of true meaning. Meaning is whatever exists in our heads and elsewhere. "Isn't representation a synonym for meaning?" you ask. You spend too much time with Mr. Roget, but that is correct. But don't we all know deep down inside that representations of things or ideas aren't really the things or ideas themselves? I would say that those of us who know anything about anything do. Therefore, words have no meaning because they merely represent meaning.

And I now, I'm back to the annoying overuse of a certain that started this petty article. Who would have believed that my overuse of the word "mean" would turn out to actually mean something? Whoever believed such a thing is wrong, because the word "mean" doesn't really have meaning, now does it?

Live, Learn, and Pass it on A Critical Review

I've learned that learning to forgive takes ~~practice~~.
make up sex.
-Age 56

I've learned that you can never be too old to hold your father's ~~hand~~.
"puppet"
-Age 11

I've learned that regardless of how hot and steamy a relationship is at first, the ~~passion~~ fades and there had better be something else to take its place.
alcohol
-Age 25

I've learned that you get by on charm for about fifteen minutes. After that, you'd better ~~know something~~.
get on your knees.
-Age 37

I've learned that either you control your ~~attitude~~ or it controls you.
bowels
-Age 19

I've learned that I don't feel my age as long as I focus on my dreams instead of my regrets.
wet
-Age 83

Bacon is Salty

By Mookie Harrington

Well folks, I want to start this week's column off on the right foot by posting a correction, retraction, absolutation, fixing a poignant mistake thingee. Last week, I made a monster boo-boo by misattributing my closing quote! Therefore, a mighty, mighty thank you goes out to eagle-eye reader Tom Maguire who caught that "Sometimes I like to cover myself in butter and pretend I'm a fern." was actually said by the Pope, and not John Lennon. My apologies for any inconveniences this may have caused.

In global news, the world got a little colder on February 10, 2000 with the passing of James Varney. A silver-screen legend and world-renown comedian, Varney died from heart-attack complications at the tender age of 51. The passing of Jim Varney came as an abrupt surprise to his faithful fan base that simply knew him as dim-witted Southern "Ernest P. Worrell".

Each movie used his unique brand of humor to guide each of us towards a deeper understanding of the meaning of life. He was lord patron of food fights, battling evil gremlins, and having a slinky for a mid-section. Varney will probably be best remembered for his nine Ernest movies: *Ernest in the Army*, *Ernest goes to Africa*, *Slam Dunk Ernest*, *Ernest Goes to School*, *Ernest Rides Again*, *Ernest Scared Stupid*, *Ernest Goes to Jail*, *Ernest Saves Christmas*, and *Ernest Goes to Camp*. I'm sure that others of you spent many a late night watching his comedic hijinx on USA cable.

More recently, Varney forged his name in the annals of cinema history by voicing the part of Slinky Dog in the Pixar movies *Toy Story* and aptly named *Toy Story 2*. At time of this printing these two movies have grossed over \$435,000,000 placing both on MovieWeb's list of the top 50 Highest Grossing Movies of all time! As an honest and impartial viewer, I can only attribute this success to Varney's classic lines:

Leader: "Who's behind?"

Slinky Dog: "Mine."

Varney was a multifaceted man whose fans knew they could count on for two things:

1. That the movie title would contain the word "Ernest"
2. The incorporation of the phrases "Hey Vern!"

and "Know-what-I-mean?" in a humorous fashion at least nine hundred different ways.

One little known fact was that James Varney was also an award winning comedian who received a Daytime Emmy in 1989 for "Best Performer in a Children's Series" for his *Hey Vern, It's Ernest!* television program. (Susan Lucci, eat your heart out!)

Folks, may his legend never be forgotten! Let this article serve as a reminder for all of his fans to search for Varney's Ernest'n'Vern commercials, bloopers, and movies available on the "Knowwhutimean Home Video" label next time you visit your local video store. Do it for Rimshot.

Unto less important notes... As I delve into my bucket of fan mail I pull out a letter from faithful reader Jennifer who asks, "Why is there no bus that runs between U of R and RIT?"

That's a terrific question Jennifer. However, before I can explain, the reason, I think we first need to learn a little local history.

The city of Rochester was first founded by Indians under the name "Henrietta" which means, "place-of-erratic-weather". Nothing really exciting happened for hundreds of years except for locusts, floods, earthquakes, and blizzards completely clearing the barren land that would become home to scenic RIT.

It was here that a dream was born. Strolling along one day, two local machinists, Charles Institute and Philip Technology, gazed upon the rolling hills of dirt, and envisioned a place filled with lots of brick buildings, and dirt. Absolutely no grass—just lots of bricks and dirt. So in 1921, Mr. Institute and Mr. Technology joined together to found a Baptist mechanic's school. They decided to name it "Kodak." After a costly lawsuit with George Eastman, the two craftsmen changed the school's name to "Rochester Institute of Technology" and the utopia that is RIT was conceived!

The history of University of Rochester is far less riveting. Basically, George Eastman came to Rochester, made a hell of a lot of money, changed the face of modern photography, founded the University of Rochester, became a leading philanthropist, and feeling unfulfilled, blew his own head off in 1932.

But back to the bus question. It is true that for years a bus ran between RIT and other local colleges under the mottoes: "Let's Be Bored—Together!" and "Put A Stop To Interfloor Dating!"

Horny male students from RIT were sent in buses across the Rochester landscape. Soon, these tribes of sex-crazed RIT men became a familiar sight at U of R, Geneseo, and Brockport.

Until 1996... that year, the program was shut down. RIT administration discovered that all their female students were riding over to U of R, posing as Foreign Exchange Students, never to return again!

Until 1996... that year, the bus program shut down when RIT administration discovered that all

their female students were riding over to U of R, and dining at the famous U of R Corndog (available at the Library, second floor, next to the copy machine) and never wanting to return. The higher ups felt dismantling the bus deal was probably a better idea than shutting down the corndog hut.

Yeah, I feel safe too. So until next issue, just remember...

“Don’t call me Quirky.”

—Bob Barker

MUCKRAKER

By Jason K. Huddy, muckrakercomics@yahoo.com
<http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>



The Book Nook!

With Dalas Verdugo!

Greetings literature aficionados! We live in the information age, and as such, there are hundreds of thousands of great books waiting on the shelves, calling to us with their mocking tones, “Pick me! Pick me! Don’t you love me anymore?” Shut up! Shut up!! SHUT UP!!! It makes you want to lock yourself in your room for two years with only a flashlight and a case of Vienna sausages!!

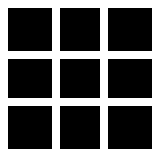
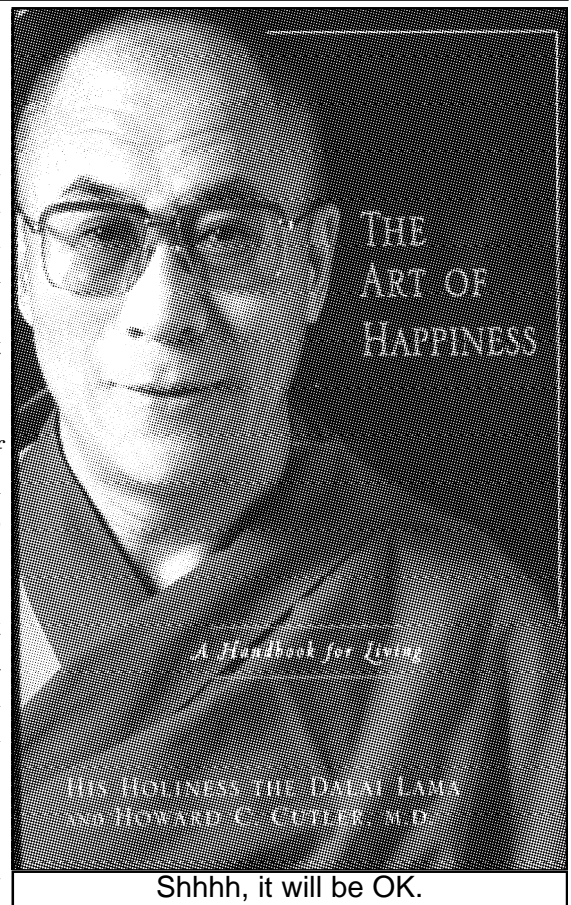
...Anyway, to help you decide which book to get, I recently went to Borders bookstore with the intent of reviewing a bestseller. As I surveyed the rack, a title jumped out at me. Not literally...that hasn’t happened since they upped my meds. The book is called *The Art of Happiness: A Handbook for Living* by: His Holiness the Dalai Lama and Howard C. Cutler, M.D. I decided that this would be a good book to review because lately my dining room table has been telling me how unhappy I am all the time.

I picked up the book off the shelf and immediately noticed that it had a very pleasant weight. It’s not heavy, like books made from a maple-based paper; rather it has a light, airy weight, reminiscent of birch parchment. I carried the book to the “café” section of the store and began my review.

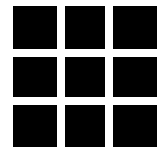
The book has a pleasing picture of the Dalai Lama on the cover. He looks right into your eyes with a calming gaze, as if saying, “Shhhhh, there there, shhhh, it will be OK. They’ll never find those bodies in the crawspace. Shhhhh.” A gold border runs around the book, giving it a touch of elegance. I ran my fingers over the cover and was delighted to find that the serif font that spelled out the title and authors was slightly raised, truly a treat for the senses. I then dropped the book on the table several times. The thump that it made was very pleasant, and had a delightful mixture of harmonics. Next, I slid the book across the table and noted that its glossy cover gave it a good coefficient of friction. I stood it up and carefully removed my hands. I’m glad to say that it did an excellent job of standing up by itself.

Next, I opened the book up and examined the pages. The paper was very soft and felt exquisite as I rubbed it on my cheeks. I could see a few of the other patrons glancing over at me; obviously jealous of the joy I was experiencing. They were stuck with their dreary tomes, but I had discovered a new classic. I smelled the paper, and it has a very neutral scent. I then licked a few of the pages. The taste is also neutral. Then it hit me; the book’s spirit is perfectly centered! The Dalai Lama has worked his magic! It was about this time that I was escorted from the store by some friendly and helpful clerks. I must have been causing sales to drop because people were realizing that their selections could not stand up to the fantastic book that I was indulging in.

I recommend that you run out right now and buy this book. It will cheer you up when you are down, and help you lead a happier life. Why, the voices in my head hardly even complain anymore! All they talk about is how fantastic they feel. And remember, if you buy enough copies, you can stack them and stand on them so that you are high enough to see into the boys’ shower room at Rush–Henrietta High School. That’s all for this week’s Book Nook, remember the Book Nook credo: “Pluribus nex firmus!” or “Anything sounds smart in Latin!”



Students for Sensible Drug Policy Movie Night
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Buy American or Go To Hell

By Maceo Dellatree

(ROCHESTER, NY) The Reverend Jerry Falwell has declared that anyone who buys foreign products which compete with American corporate interests is greatly increasing their chances of facing eternal damnation.

Falwell, who admitted that he hadn't seen the Lord in "nearly a fortnight", was reportedly visited by the Divine Creator after "taking a bit too much NyQuil". "God spoke to me and instructed me to warn all of those who refuse to buy American," Falwell decreed.

According to Falwell and the Price-Waterhouse company, the odds of going to hell increase by varying percentages based on the foreign import you buy. For example, the purchase of a German-made BMW increases your odds by 5--65%, while a Japanese Sony Discman only warrants an increase of 10-15%.

Many foreign businesses are angered by this new dogma. They feel that Falwell is threatening "the very fabric of free enterprise in the United States".

American companies, however, couldn't be hap-

pier with the Reverend's message. One heartless executive commented: "It sends a strong message to consumers that the Devil is out there in the marketplace...and he isn't American."

Here in Rochester, several companies, including Kodak and Xerox, are ecstatic. They hope that this new doctrine will rid the nation of their respective Japanese competitors, Fuji and Canon. A spokesperson for Kodak made the following public statement: "We here at Kodak have long suspected that Fuji was an evil company. We're glad that God and Mr. Falwell have vindicated our suspicions."

A spokesman for Fuji responded "there is nothing evil about a foreign company presenting new alternatives to American consumers." Kodak countered: "Yes, there is. And I think Americans know that there is."

It will remain to be proven whether God's word will boost American industry and commerce. Previous attempts, including the relocation of factories to third-world nations, have failed to whip the consumer into shape.

Chairman Diablo's Big Red Book Project

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Brother, together we will greet a most glorious

People's Best of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre!

Gracies Gourmet

By Head Chef Dalas Verdugo

As we exit the winter of our discontent we encounter a phenomenon that offers us a delicious bounty. I speak of the April worm–harvest. The common reaction to the sight of millions of squirming annelids is “Yuck!” or “Ew!” or even “YuckEww!” but I assure you that these tiny nightwalkers pack a mighty protein punch. Here are a few suggestions as to how you might prepare a delicious snack of tasty *L. terrestris*.

- Save money on pasta by substituting wigglers for the noodles in your spaghetti.
- Get your friendly Wegman’s butcher to ground a few pounds of the slime sacks into delicious hamburger meat.
- Add an ounce or so into your morning fruit smoothie to make it energy–packed.
- Once you try them in stir-fry, you’ll never go back to chow–mein.
- Anchovies be damned! Members of the genus *Lumbricus* make the ultimate pizza-topper.
- Best of all, when between classes, forego the \$3 bag of chips in the snack machine, and just suck the little squirmers right off the ground!

We at GDT hope that these economical ideas please your insatiable student appetites. Enjoy!

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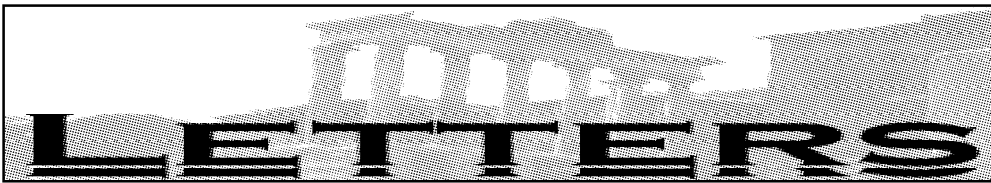
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GDT,

I have been reading GDT for about three years now, and sadly this past year it's really sucked compared with previous years. I'm all for offensiveness, a big fan of it in fact. GDT used to have witty articles, that were highly intelligent and offensive, this drew me to the publication in the first place. This year, I have found few intelligent articles, and a ton of really shitty ones. In my opinion, the reason the funding is being brought into question is because for some reason GDT has decided to write unintelligent offensive articles, this in turn offends, fucking idiots (i.e. the parties mentioned in the article). So if the funding is really going to be pulled, do the people that really like GDT a favor, and stop writing for laymen.

Ms. Dover

Ms. Dover,

I agree with you, we've published a number of offensive articles this year. But, I disagree that we've published a "ton of really shitty ones."

GDT never made a conscience decision to become more offensive. The bulk of submissions we have received in the past few months just happened to push the taste envelope. If you look deep, grasshopper, you can see an underlining point—Valentine's Day lampooning the Hallmark nature of the holiday, for example. Then again, others were just written for shock value.

I think the biggest difference between this year and last is a change in our core writing staff. Last year, most of our material came from "in house". For example, this year Sean Hammond and Kelly Gunter (our glorious founders) continue to write, but contribute less. Now, we receive submissions from many different sources. It's important to us that we continue to help people distribute their work without modifying what they have to say.

Another change from last year is how we edit our pieces. We used to edit as a group (that's where all the super-secret in-jokes and footnotes came from). This year the group is more spread out. It's very very very very very very very very very hard to get enough people together with the motivation to re-read a piece twelve times for six hours, and then do layout and proofing and everything else. The group editing was fun, but it's become impossible to arrange this year.

I don't think there has been a decline in the quality of our pieces. I'm very happy with the content the staff writers and contributors bring to GDT.

Of course, it always comes down to this:

If you don't like what you see, write what you like and we'll print it.

Thanks,
Adam Fletcher

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