



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 18, Issue 3
www.hellskitchen.org/gdt



Member of
Hell's Kitchen
www.hellskitchen.org



WHATEVER

This Article is My Gift to You

by dalas verdugo

Well, the holiday season is behind us, but gosh darn it, it gets me so addicted to the “spirit of giving” that I just had to do something else. Something for you, the readers. That’s why this article is my gift to you.

Now I can’t rightly put bows or ribbons on it, nor can I wrap it up in brightly colored paper featuring that jolly old bastard Santa Claus doing something mischievous, but still, I feel like I should give this article to you, as my gift.

Because you see, dear readers, so often do we lose sight of what’s important in life. Often we become consumed with thoughts of self-sustenance. We feel our daily struggle to provide for ourselves weighing down on us like the weight of so many dead kindergarten teachers... Let’s not focus on last year’s gift to you, though. Let’s just forget all about that and instead place our sights on this year’s gift to you, this article.

It may not be much. I didn’t go out to some fancy-dancy shopping complex and face the heaving

throng of panic-ridden holiday shoppers, and no, I didn’t spend three weeks digging under Uncle Walt’s trailer, deeper, yet deeper, searching for hidden treasure for you, like your birthday four years ago, but nonetheless, here sits this article. A shining star. My gift to you.

Oh, it doesn’t compare to that time that I hunted down that girl you had a crush on, drugged her, removed all of her belongings from her house, and recreated her bedroom in your small, downtown apartment, but somehow I think the feeling is still here, in this article, my gift to you.

I know what you’re thinking, dear readers. You’re thinking, “but gifts always come in twos.” Well that may have been true when I bought you that motorcycle and golf club. And yeah, there was that time when I got you both the beauty queen dress *and* the meat cleaver you’d been begging for, but it seems to me that this article is enough, all by itself, to be my one and only, my single, my solitary...gift to you.

...All right, I’ll get you that pony you wanted.

How to Solve a Rubik’s Cube ©

by M. Harrington

Two twists to left. Place in right hand and begin employing mechanics grip. Rotate top layer with counter-clockwise. Damnation. Add Bacon. Simmer on low heat until bubbles begin appearing. Remove lids and stir occasionally. Confusion. Search for largest child. He will be hiding behind the shrubbery. Lock arms and begin voyage for next victim. Exploitation. Use only a #2 pencil. Do not begin the test before the proctor gives permission. There will be three parts each consisting of fifteen multiple choice questions. Do not cheat. Classification. Our award-winning customer service begins with a smile; they can tell if you’re smiling over the phone. You may not make personal calls on company lines. Paychecks come the first and third Thursday every month. Glorification. Underline. Bold. Italics. Elimination. Do not lose the bathroom key. You need to either buy something or get out. Mr. Lords, please come to the information desk to meet your party. Manifestation. Wild mushrooms may be poisonous. Stick to berries, dead animals, and small sticks. Avoid

consuming poison oak. Rectification. Roll the die and move the indicated number of spaces. At random intervals, the videotape will instruct you to “Experience Beij.” This game contains small pieces that may be unsuitable for children under the age of three. Gratification. Shoe rental will be \$2.50. Try and bowl your weight. If you hit the railing again, I’ll throw you kids out of here. Scarification. Caution: glue bonds instantly with many surfaces including human skin. Do not use on wood or type-3 plastics. Product is highly flammable. Lamination. Sword of Omens, give me sight beyond sight. I’ll get you next time Gadget. There’s baloney in our sacks. Verification. I did not have sexual relations with that woman. I feel your pain. It’s different and it’s both. Toleration. New in 92: buckyball, detox, white-knuckle. Deletion. Upon impact, the airbag should instantly inflate. Leather interior is optional. The hazard lights are located above the dashboard on the steering column. Falsification. Up-Up-Down-Down-Left-Right-Left-Right-B-A-select-start. Hold A and press start to continue on the same world you died on. To inflict more damage, when the grenade hits, pause the game and wait four seconds between shots. Salvation.

Chick Corner

by Andrew Gill

Most Christians of the modern day tend to be soft-spoken diplomats and democrats, but there is still one man who is willing to stick to his beliefs, even if they appear paranoid and contradictory to most people. Jack T. Chickⁱ has been preaching his particular brand of faith through religious tracts ever since he learned about communist propaganda. Few people are willing to witness to what Chick sees as the true threats to humanity.

For example, Chick stands nearly alone in his witnessing to other religions. Most people don't know that Islam was started by the Catholic Churchⁱⁱ or that the religion is "bringing England to its knees."ⁱⁱⁱ Who better to tell Buddhists^{iv} and Jews^v that they're going to Hell? And of course, the Catholic Church, the "Great Whore^{vi}" whose members pray to Egyptian gods^{vii} gets its fair share of lovin'.

Of course, Jack T. Chick is also concerned about his flock, as well. His message to gays (who



Scene from "The Last Generation"



JTC has Max Cannon speaking in tongues

"occupy all kinds of jobs in business, education and government")^{viii}, that they should give up "unsatisfying longing—desiring—endless lusting"^{ix} may yet prove to be a powerful message. His tract on evil—ution disproving the strong nuclear force is sure to get all of the physicists into line. His tract on AIDS may also help save dozens of people who would have otherwise contracted the disease through latex gloves or airborne HIV^x—you know, the one that shows up on tests in a month?^{xi}

If you dare to think that Jack The Chick is slightly off his rocker, just remember what Thomas Carlyle said:

"If Jesus Christ were to come today people would not even crucify him. They would ask him to dinner; and hear what he had to say, and make fun of it."

So, trust in the Lord, keep your powder dry, and keep reading your Bible (King James only).^{xii}

ⁱ <http://www.chick.com>

ⁱⁱ Alberto, 6:1

ⁱⁱⁱ Allah Had No Son, 4:3-4

^{iv} The Tycoon, 18:3

^v Where's Rabbi Waxman, 17:2

^{vi} Are Catholics Christians, 13:4

^{vii} *ibid.* 9:3

^{viii} The Gay Blade, 6:1

^{ix} *ibid.* 4:1

^x That Crazy Guy, 8:5,14:4

^{xi} *ibid.* 6:6

^{xii} Statement of Faith, 1

SUBMIT.

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Phil's Hair Soap

by Phil Light

So I'm in the shower and I've gotta wash my hair. I've got nice short hair, and the only thing that I must do to it regularly is wash it. No problem. Except for when that's a problem, like the other day. I had forgotten to bring my shampoo into the shower. Oh well. I'm sure that my roommate wouldn't mind if I...LEAPING SOAP SCUM!!! WHAT IS THIS!? "Calaguala Fern & Cade Tar Hair Treatment?!" Sure of a misprint, I read on.

Its fragrance is somewhere between an exotic fruit and a perfect flower, and its healing reputation is well-documented. But Aubrey didn't stop with calaguala fern when he made this remarkable shampoo—it's also enriched with soya protein, coltsfoot, horsetail, and moisturizing African shea butter. Use every day and healthier, more manageable hair will be yours by week's end.

Funny, and all this time I thought I had male roommates...

So as soon as I finish flushing the stuff down the toilet—I don't like the thought of any 100% organic ferns growing in the shower; the gray sludge is quite enough, thank you—I wonder: what service could Cade Tar possibly do for the top of my head? Why do there seem to be unwanted horse parts in this bottle? Does "shea butter" come from under stadium seats? I don't know about you, but I've never come home from a baseball game and said, "Hot diggity! I don't know what I was just sitting in, but da-amn my ass smells fine!"

And they promise that within a week I'll have healthier, more manageable hair. Healthier, well, that would be really something, seeing as how right now it's just a bunch of dead cells up there. If these people have discovered how to bring things back to life, then why are they wasting time on my scalp? Why not Newton, Shakespeare or Lincoln? Why not Anna Nicole Smith's beloved deceased husband? It's such a

shame to see a nice girl like that going through such anguish...

More manageable? My hair is 1/4" long, people. The whole point is that it's NOT manageable, because then I don't have to comb it. I wake up, and my hair is exactly the same as when I went to sleep. It's not that I'm lazy, It's just that I don't care.¹

All right, I'll back off a bit. I'm not their market sector. I wonder who is: fabulously wealthy, snobby French people who hate the rainforest and would rather see it all turned into body care formulas? But anyway, let's assume for the sake of argument that there is a market sector somewhere, and that it's not pure evil. It's just a small, narcissistic subset of the American population who doesn't mind paying \$7.00/oz for greenish goo.

Ok, so those people are taken care of, wherever they are. But what about me? I still need to clean my hair, what's left? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Between the essences and extracts, the pro-vitamins and prolongers, there's no room left for an honest, decent working man's shampoo. White Rain? That's grandma's shampoo. Pert Plus? Close, but too fancy—remember the short hair which doesn't need conditioning? I just need a simple product, a product that just goes in, does what it needs to, and gets out. I need... "Phil's hair soap!"

Selling at just 63 cents for a half-gallon, it's the first bargain out there. It comes in a plain white bottle that says, "Phil's Hair Soap. It cleans your hair and doesn't do anything else." The bottle is cornered off; there are no hooks or confusing caps.

I would advertise it, with an ugly white rectangular bottle, I'd have to. But I've got to keep costs down, remember that. I can't afford high-profile stars or hunky models. I have to reach all the way down the advertising ladder, all the way down to...Harry from *Harry and the Hendersons*! Ah yes, remember those glory days of the late eighties? People remembered how to do hair, big hair. Hair that you could land planes on. And what better to exude the image of rugged masculinity than a great big hairy grunting ape? Here's the script for the short (remember costs, people) commercial:

¹ Story of my life

Set: a rough mock-up of the Harry and the Hendersons set. In strolls Harry, through that glass door to the outside. He takes a gangly seat, and looks directly at the camera. He's a straight shooter.

Harry: "Hi. I'm not a real hairy guy, but I played one on TV twelve years ago. For all my hair care needs, I use Phil's Hair Shampoo."

*** Cut ***

And this could work as a whole series—Harry would do it, ALF, even Oscar the Grouch. You want to see a guy who's fed up with Aloe Vera shampoos, talk to Oscar the Grouch. I'm sure all the Fraggles would be interested, and for good measure I'd toss in Gary Coleman. I'd pay him an extra 30 bucks if he did the

entire commercial covered in angry fire ants. It wouldn't be good marketing so much as good fun. And for the 30 bucks, I think he'd seriously consider it. That man knows no low.

The *King Kong* commercial would be something special. I would take footage from the original 1930's movie, the classic part where he's climbing to the top of the tower, only now he's not holding the girl, he's holding a colossal bottle of shampoo. He gets to the top of the tower, then pauses and looks directly at the camera. He flashes a big lippy monkey smile, then squeezes some hair soap into his hand and slicks his hair back, a la Pat Riley. His tooth sparkles at the close of the commercial—"ding!"

"ding!"

So that's the plan, anyway.

Go, Lesson 5

by Tom O'Dachi

The art of killing small groups is perhaps a minor one, as the death of a small group will rarely decide an amateur game, and the best moves in Go are more often large scale and tactical. However, knowledge in this area is essential to surviving games, particularly on a nine by nine board. Today we'll go over the basic shapes. You've already seen figure 1, where the white group has three liberties remaining. Recall that groups need at least two separate surrounded open spaces, or eyes, to live. If it's Black's turn to play, the white group dies, if it's White's turn, the same move will make the group live. See if you can find it. Figure 3, with the three open spaces in a triangle shape, is effectively the same problem. Four or more open spaces in a row or bent are usually safe, but be careful of four spaces in an L shape in the corner, as in figure 2. Here there is a tricky move for Black that will kill the white group. Four spaces in a square (figure 4) is a shape which has its own name in Japanese, 'baka yon', which means 'stupid four'. The reason for this is that if both players play correctly, the result will be one eye only, regardless of who plays first. Try it for yourself.

The last tetris shape is also killable, by the same simple move which will kill five open spaces in a cross shape. Somewhat less obvious is the move which will kill a group with the five spaces shown in figure 5.

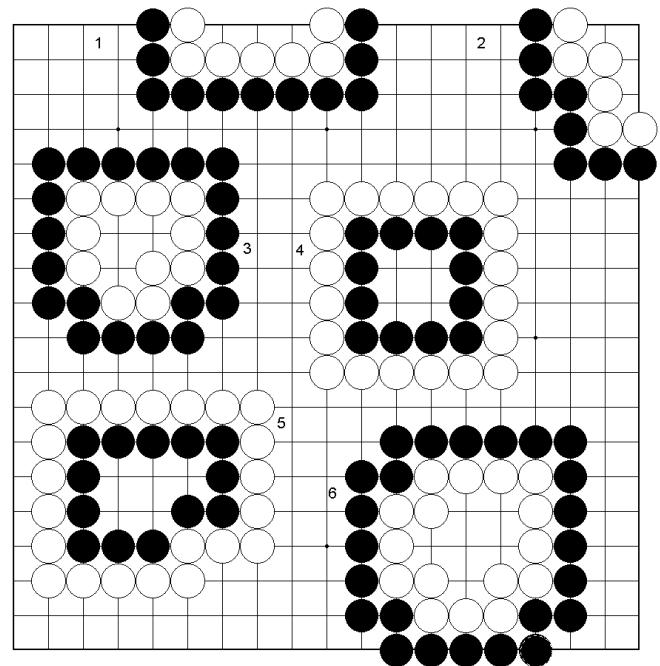


Figure 5

Finally, we come across a behemoth of six open spaces, affectionately named 'hana roku', or 'flower six'. Like a flower, this eye shape is big, beautiful, and easily destroyed with one stone.

If you'd like to actually play games, there are a number of free Go servers available. The simplest is Yahoo!, but both its interface and users are remarkably poor. Probably the best starting point is the American Go Association, at <http://www.usgo.org>. Of course, there's always Go on Tuesday nights from 7–11 pm in the SAU.

The Whores Whisperer

by Phil Light

Wind whipped across the moonlit plain. It swirled and eddied against the rocky towers, and made its way into a cavernous starlit sky. Great carrion birds soared high overhead, blacking out nearly unnoticeable points of light. This was a harsh land, inhabited by only the hardiest individuals. Yes, the intersection of 122nd and Chestnut was a tough place to make a living. Few men traveled there, except for those who went to ride the prostitutes. They came here because the girls came here—this intersection was the very heart of their range. The great big sun shone its big red light over the entire district.

They roamed the flats in large herds, did the hookers, never staying in one location for more than a few days. Their movements were orchestrated by a few wizened old marshals: the pimps. These were a unique breed of men, and as much a part of the land as the land was a part of them. Adept at wrangling with wild prostitutes, each of them kept to his own. They liked to brand their herds in a unique way—with a particular thickness of fishnet, for example, or a certain shade of pink miniskirt. The more possessive of them took the extra step—tattooing a logo on each one, a kind of “if found, return to” tag which could never be lost.

The whores whisperer passed here every night. Usually, he spoke to no one, just strolled from corner to corner, checking out the stock. This was a necessary part of his life, because hookers are easily spooked. The first step of his process was to let them get accustomed to his presence. Gentle was he, and patient. His job, his real job anyway, was to break wild prostitutes from their 122nd and Chestnut ways, and domesticate them. He catered to high-class clients who didn't want a dirty slut, but a friendly “companion.” They wanted someone who could make pleasant banter at parties, then tenderly lick their small, shriveled (but very rich) balls later on.

On this particular night, the whores whisperer hadn't seen anything unusual. He said hello to some of the girls, and gave out food stamps and cigarettes to the ones he might be interested in someday. One of the pimps came dangerously close before he slipped away. He had to be careful, no herdsman liked to lose a single head, and he had already taken many. If they recognized him, he would be shot on the spot. As he slipped around the corner, he heard it—the distinctive squeak squeak squeak of a bucking car. He had nothing better to do, so he waited a few minutes and lit up. It went out, so he lit another. And another. And another. Still, the car shook on. After his fifth cigarette was flicked to the ground, the show finally ended.

The man made his way to the car. When she stepped out, he could see what all the commotion had



been. Her legs were whippy, lithe but extremely muscular. She had a tiny waist, strong torso. Her chest was nice, but the best part was within it; her heart was strong enough to continue the 50-minute performance he had just seen. The whores whisperer couldn't believe his good fortune. He had found a Russian gymnast.

New York City was a wonderful place to be in his profession. From all over the world they came, fed

up with a lack of opportunity, providing a bevy of choices for any high-paying client. Spanish girls from down south, looking good and doing their distinctive strut that went clip-clop. Black beauties from Africa. Women from Western Europe were not sleek, instead shaggy and very strong. Arabian hookers were frequently regarded as the best, but this night he knew he had found something better. Rare as a Unicorn, this Russian gymnast would take him to the top. He approached and began to speak.

Ross' Perspective

by Ross Reinhardt

Lately I have been working on and putting together aquariums. I have a fifty-five gallon, a twenty gallon, and a two gallon. I have over thirty-five fish in the fifty-five gallon tank. They are: Platys, Fire Gouramies, Blue Gouramies, Bala Sharks, a Clown Loach, Rainbow Sharks, and many more. In the twenty gallon tank I have one male and two female Bettas also known as the Siamese fighting fish. I am breeding them and at the moment and I am taking care of sixteen "fry" (baby fish) some are Mollies and some may be Platys.

The large tank has been heavily decorated. I have a laser system and an underwater lighting system.



The fierce Bala Shark!

The lasers are good for the fish during the night. So far I have a laser treasure chest, a module, and a lighthouse that revolves laserlight around the tank. The lasers help to improve health, fin growth, and color.

On the fifth, I was notified that I was able to adopt two cats at a local petstore. I already have two, but we have enough room for more.



Clown Loachs! Run!

Sonnet 5

by Jeremy Banzhaf

If one exactly measured form and grace
And all that nature out of love can give:
Wit and wisdom, beauty, soul, and face
The sum for you would wind up negative

Enslaved not by reason, love, nor nerve
With vapid thoughts so small they match in size,
Your mind is barely strong enough to serve
As stabilizer, holding up your eyes

A festring scar across Perfection's brow,
You spite the light that dare reflect and show
That vile evil live can even now
Look worse than grisly carnage rotting slow

Victim to a vulgar joke of Fate
Your mind is closed, your life controlled by Hate.

POETRY

(thesaurus)

by Randall Good

frequency...recurrence...return...come again...close in...
conclude...terminate...complete...execute...act...do...
effect...produce...yield...give up...surrender...capitulate...
surrender...capitulate...surrender...capitulate...surrender...
capitulate...surrender...capitulate...urrender...capitulate...
surrender...capitulate...surrender...capitulate...surrender.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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bitch. Some pieces written by a 10 year
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