



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 22, Issue 1, Cambridge
www.hellskitchen.org/gdt



Member of
Hell's Kitchen
www.hellskitchen.org

OHIO!¹—Part 1: Senator Harkin's Visit

Written by Kelly Gunter, featuring the magic creative consultation of Sean T. Hammond

Having drunk deeply from the educational teats of my alma mater—and finding that the nourishment was lacking—I've left friends, family and all those pesky nemesi behind and settled into as normal a life as I can in OHIO.² Here, I've learned many an important lesson in this great self-searching journey that is my life and, being the generous person that total strangers assume I am, I've decided to pass on a few prized pearls of wisdom and whatnot for the supposed posterity of future inmates.

For instance, when I first moved here I was struck almost immediately by the mammoth quantities of young women roaming in packs about the place. Coming from RIT it seems strange to suddenly find yourself in a location with a relative dearth of males. It wasn't so much a shock that...hey look, the world contains women! I am one, I know we exist. When you get right down to it, it wasn't really a quantity issue at all that peaked my interest, well actually it sort of was, but not in the way you might expect.

Shortly after beginning classes, I was confused by the fact that I kept seeing the same girl over and over again; walking right next to herself even. I couldn't quite decide whether it was one girl attending all the classes and tessering her way into near oblivion or

if the reason the United States' Congress is so dead set against cloning is because they've already tested that idea out on a small town in the Midwest with devastating results.

Whatever the cause, the effect is quite disturbing. If you can imagine standing and surveying the vast, majestic expanse of...well, nothing really unless you could find it in your heart to consider an expanse of expanse. That's all it is really, a great, green, non-rolling anything, no hills, not even any interesting divots to look at. The natural surroundings leave so much to be desired that the most prominent land mammal about the place is the stoic and always severe *Sciurus carolinensis*, otherwise known as the common gray squirrel. And what is the most colorful fauna of the region? Well, that really is no contest, that would have to be Bill, the inebriated philosopher.³ At any rate, you get an idea of how truly blasted and God-forsaken⁴ the landscape really is. And when the scenery looks this bad, even I must admit that there really isn't anything else to observe besides Legion, flouncing around in her many-colored spaghetti string tank tops.

It may be of some interest to the readers at large that a great number of these excuses to watch ones chest behave in an altogether Rawhide like manner are being purchased at a store called "Uniquely You". Where, for lack of anything better to do, you may purchase items that are best suited to allow you to look uniquely like every other girl walking around this God-

¹ This must be yelled jubilantly in order to keep your sanity when you are in OHIO!¹

² You don't understand, I mean it about the sanity. Well, really I don't know about the rest of OHIO, but northwestern OHIO really doesn't leave much to recommend it unless you have a penchant for the bland. Shout OHIO happily and count to three, it keeps the fear off.

³ Drunken philosophy is highly developed in most regions of the nation. It is engaged in mostly in the form of soliloquy and is rarely allowed to enlighten paper. The hallmarks of a truly great philosophical dissertation quite often include such words as whoa, dude, and ahhhhh. It is possibly our generation's biggest tragedy that these agilely crafted philosophical discourses are not being recorded for the benefit of a myriad of eager scholars for generations yet to come. Once spoken, these children of Athena drift away into nothingness for the millennia, or at least until John-o has returned from "breaking the seal".

⁴ Technically, OHIO isn't even God-forsaken. That's how low it is. It turns out God had a pressing 10:30 appointment, and he just didn't have the time to waste. Ah, OHIO, I weep for your collective wife-beating soul.

forsaken town (see above).⁵

I'm not saying there aren't any differences between these girls, I'm just saying there aren't enough differences. One is taller, one is chubbier, maybe brunette; there's one with an outie.⁶ But, when you get right down to a fundamental level, they all talk, walk, speak, and act essentially the same. Coping with personalities that can be summed up with the directions off the back of a shampoo bottle can be quite trying. For instance, I swear if I hear the words, "Oh-my-god" or "like" on one more occasion, I may have to undergo a radical self-lobotomy aided only by the 64 different uses of my Leatherman Super Tool⁷ (they tend to keep this particular use out of the instructional pamphlets, law suits being what they are), in order to keep myself from disemboweling the nearest bouncy fräulein with the bicuspid of the closest, half manic *Sciurus carolinensis*.⁸

As you can imagine, in an area where everyone is exactly the same, someone who is a little different is more than just a pariah.⁹ I've found that about everywhere I go, I am considered as a more quirky aspect of nature. I'm often assailed by such colorful and eloquent epithets as, "Freak!" and "Are you some kind of fuckin' weirdo?"¹⁰ You get used to it after a while. But here it's different, here they all naturally assume that I must be simple. I mean, what other possible explana-

tion could there be? I'm daft! I have to be.¹¹

After all, what self respecting woman on the make for a mate wouldn't want to be reminded that there are nine million vaguely different ways to say the same thing when writing in nucleotides? It unnerves me to look at a field full of identical plodding girls, specially created to only be able to fit into the pink-packaged coordinated Barbie-wear. I'm constantly disturbed by the fact that as I survey my surroundings the words, "boingy-boingy-boingy" start running through my head as a relentless mantra. With a world full of mantras to choose from I just get the suspicious sensation that this one is wrong somehow.

Somewhere deep inside, I just get the feeling that when it rains, the combination of hydration and cosmetics probably makes these bouncing bobbles melt into one large amorphous blob that smells vaguely of the fruit section of the local green grocers. I'm not certain if this unnaturally fragrant golem theory is correct because I usually spend rainstorms calmly hiding in the closest available closet praying for my ever-loving soul that I may never have to find out the dreadful truth.

And so, my dear friends, would you.

⁵ But I suppose in a way, if you're a girl in this town you are almost certainly Legion, and if you are any other girl in this town then you also must be Legion, so I guess in a way the store is "Uniquely Her". Huh. Anyway, back to the story already in progress...

⁶ Not the car you dummy.

⁷ Self-lobotomy is only marginally less common than self-trepanation. The trick is to take the smallest flat-head screwdriver available, and insert into a tear duct aiming generally for the center of the brain. You may experience a little difficulty when initially entering the tear duct and then again when you've reached the handles of the pliers, but rest assured that hard work and perseverance can overcome almost any obstacle. Just add a little extra pressure and you'll find that, in no time at all, the "incision" will have collected plenty of a vaguely viscous fluid to help lubricate your instrument on the rest of its journey. If in the course of your surgery you find that your Super Tool has missed its mark, feel free to repeat as often as is necessary.

⁸ Again, another tricky maneuver. This procedure involves grabbing a squirrel, there is no necessity to choose a manic squirrel, for any grabbed squirrel will ultimately become manic. Next, it is important to ensure that your instrument of choice is taunt. Wiggle and hostile is hardly conducive to a proper disembowelment. This is best achieved by whacking the hapless creature against a tree several times in order to induce a sort of faux rigor mortis. Open it's mouth to bear the afore mentioned bicuspid. Grip it by the tail (remember the faux rigor mortis) and engage. A few minutes after the deed is done the furry little critter should come out of its unnatural stupor, better than ever. After a taste of blood squirrels become like drop-bears and the next thing you know civilization is just a memory in a frenzied enfeebled mind.

⁹ "Who loves you and who do you love!"

"Messiah! Messiah!"

KIDS: "Barabus!"

¹⁰ "Do I look like a weirdo? ...It is I! Captain Vegetable!"

¹¹ This point of view can make things particularly interesting when some of these poor carbon copies wander into a classroom to find that the retarded girl is their calculus teacher. Ah, Life, if I could only shake your big anthropomorphized hand. Or at least pull your finger.

Unbiased Opinions, Compiled By GDT

Bisexuals

Most she-creatures that declare themselves bisexual really only desire one thing: running off to an island with a bunch of girls, never to deal with terrible men ever again. It's a cop-out as far as acting like a liberated woman is concerned. Either that or they think they're bisexual because they're so close to their lady-friends. Then there are just the ones that want to be hip. After all, it's the 90's baby. The rest are supposedly a raging fire in bed, if you can get them there.

On another note, how many bisexual men are there? I seem to hear about gay men, but I hear about lesbian and bisexual women. Am I just prejudicing because I'm currently living close to San Francisco? Perhaps it hints that men don't like to be fence sitters because it hurts their crotch. Women, on the other hand, find the feeling exhilarating.

It could also be that in our modern culture, one confuses the occasion attraction to another man or woman to be a sign of bisexuality. So there are probably plenty of closet bisexuals out there. But hey, some men really do have great asses. But everybody knows women have them beat.

Alcoholics

Subtitled "Why my friend doesn't binge drink, and ruins the party because of it."

Ever want to go out to a club? Ever thought about doing it alone? It sounds stupid, really, and somehow pathetic to go out by yourself.

Ever want to get drunk? Ever do it by yourself? It seems kind of pathetic too.

But if you club often, you may have no reservations against going by yourself if you must. Likewise, if you drink often, you'll see nothing in tilting a bottle alone if you must.

And before you know it, you're a middle-aged man sleeping on the toilet seat, with your favorite nostalgic tunes running in the background. Your children come in to take a pee, only to giggle at Sleeping Ugly over there on the john. By now, you think my imagination has got the better of me. But there's a bit of truth in there. We'll just leave it at that.

So my friend's father grew up in a large family, with a father that was himself a big boozier. They all had to drop out of school and walk to work uphill in both directions everyday. This was just to support his need for whisky and what-have-you. This was the 50s though, so no vodka was involved. That would be communist, and we can't be drinking communist liquors. So this poor sap sees a showcase for his talent with analog radios in the Army. They may have shaped him up, except for the booze of course.

After his training, he goes off to ... guess where? Germany. They have beer in Germany, if you didn't know. Lots of beer. They pour beer in their cereal in the morning. Probably because they didn't like the idea that their country was split in two after almost conquering Europe, but I digress. Anyhow, there was plenty of beer in Germany, but not a drop of salvation.

Out of the army, and into the private sector as a technician. Hell, I'd drink if I had to use some of those early computers. So no help there. Having staff meetings at the local bar on Friday evenings probably didn't help either. So off to starting a family. A wife, one son (my friend), one daughter. While home, he spent a good deal of time in a stupor playing oldies (and this was before disco was considered "oldies," we're talking Motown here).

If not playing records, the organ would be blasted with Walter Wanderly's greatest hits, the extent of this man's education into play-by-ear. Nice lounge music though, if you can stand hearing it from the other end of the block.

Needless to say, my poor friend rams a thumb up his ass whenever we go to a party. Conversations go something like this:

Girl: Would you like a beer?

Friend: Die!

So now you know. So be careful with that funnel. The Inconspicuous Can of Beer says so.

Religious Right

In December 2001, Blow Wrights, a Disciples of Crap minister, was invited to lead the opening prayer of the new session of town meeting for a now unknown little borough somewhere in El Dorado County, California. He led the prayer - but not with the usual

expressions of gratitude and petitions for blessings. Instead he passionately called for our pagan nation to repent of its sin return to the sodomizing by the most high.

If you have gone to public events and seen clean-dressed gentlemen handing out prayer pamphlets, you've no doubt encountered this one. It's received quite a large response, more so than any other prayer ever done in America. Here is Blow Wrights' "Prayer for America"

"We confess that:

"We have submitted to the whims of cultures that never eat beef or pork, and wear towels on their heads and called it pluralism.

"We openly worship pagan gods in the streets, including golden calves, and call it multiculturalism.

"We daily encourage sowing of wild oats, including gay/bisexual sex, bestiality, and molestation of alter boys and have endorsed as an alternative life-style.

"We screw the poor in and out and call it consumerism.

"We have rewarded sloths, and call it welfare. That is, disregarding those dirtbags that actually need it.

"We refuse to beat the living shit out of our kids with a belt and call it building self-esteem.

"We have polluted the air with profanity and pornography and called it *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*.

"We have ridiculed the time-honored values of our slave owning forefathers and called it progress.

"Search us, oh Lord, and make sure that the fire and brimstone only falls upon the other unholy people and not us. We are pious and wish for your redemption. We will beat ourselves in the closet with a whip to rip the scarlet letter from our chests. We are willing to change, and form a camp someplace in Montana to seclude ourselves from the rest of society. In the name of the father, save us."

Some of the citizens walked out in the middle (nothing disturbs a Pharisee more than the truth). But in the weeks to come, thousands of positives com-

ments came in about the prayer. It seems that America is ready to change.

Many Americans, at least the ones holier than you, have now sincerely made this prayer their own. May God change our nation, and reform it into a Westernized Taliban. God bless.

Homosexuals

As if it weren't enough to co-opt the words "gay," "queer," and "brownie-puncher" for the explicit use of the Society of Homoslavian Revolutionary Nationalists (SHoRN), as well as stealing the image of the rainbow away from Jesse Jackson supporters and people everywhere who love a rich and vivid atmospheric palette, not to mention initiating a proprietary sodomite guild system over the entire Interior Decorating profession, they have to take prominent female entertainers for popular icons of their gender bending "Community!" Now I can't even jack off to Liza Manelli in Cabaret while listening to Cher's Believe without feeling like a fruit! Bastards.

Jews

I don't see what everybody has against these Yids, uh, I mean kikes... I mean, who would really rather have a couple more lampshades and wastebaskets when they could have a nice, easy little hook-nosed Jewish princess in between their sheets? Sure as hell makes my kampf a hell of lot easier. Just drape a bagel and some lox over the ol' schlong and those greedy little bitches come runnin' to the buffet. Don't get me started on getting them to bend over for a shekel. And fuck all that kosher bullshit, I've yet to hear any of them crying kippursim over my weighty foreskin. I guess smegma's just the thing to wash the matso down. Besides, they're so used to being conquered by everyone in sight that keeping em' good and submissive is no problem. Yeah, I love the Jews.

The Handicapped

Yeah, everyone's empowered now so they're not handicapped, right? Better still, let's say *Handicapable!* All right, now all of their fucking prop gadgets and false limbs and wheelchairs and braces all fall off and transform into some kind of fucking jet fighter to Pluto. Which we all know is complete bullshit, so where's this real special and "on the inside" kind of power come from? I'll tell you: it's the parking

spaces. Nothing like the feeling of might that comes from being able to park precisely four microns from every building entrance in the world and even having your own fucking entrance there, as likely as not. Sure, you've got the royal treatment, so why should you have to listen to the fucking peasantry of the rest of the world, right? But the day of reckoning fast approaches - see, I've been out pissing on the wheelchair access ramps every night for the last week, and the ice is beginning to build - pretty soon those freaks will be stuck, capsized and stranded out in the cold where they belong. *Now* who's laughing, your lordship?

Rice Rocketeer Wannabees

The super-white headlights, the ultra-yellow driving lights that are aimed at your rear-view mirror, the neon lighting under a lowered body, the sound of a tweaked cat-back exhaust. It's too far away to tell the make and model, but you would swear that Vin Diesel¹ was three inches behind you, finger on the nitrous trigger. The vehicle pulls into the opposing lane and floors it, engine & exhaust roaring. The Ford Taurus wagon flies by you at 80mph, windows tinted, complete with the shiny rims, hand-painted² calipers, clear taillight assemblies, and an oversized chrome muffler-tip. The

muffler bellows like a fat man farting in an empty soda can.

The driver must think that he is greatest racer of all time for speeding on an Interstate, overtaking us: myself and an infant in a child seat.

Try racing someone who cares. Try taking your rocket to the track. Try something, because what you've got isn't working. The little shits will undoubtedly never possess the intelligence necessary to comprehend The Simple Truth™ of the matter. A Ford Taurus obtained second-hand from anyone's parents will NEVER be a "10 second car", even if they get a 20 second head-start.

Note: Before you write in and tell us that we're "wasting paper by printing this stereotypical horse-shit", "abusing the power of free speech", "vehemently attacking [insert group here]", or writing Dr. Simone directly with the intent of having our funding revoked, take a minute a to ask yourself a question. Did you find yourself smiling or nodding in agreement during any part of this article? If not, feel free to write us with your hate mail. If so, consider that we're no more horrid than you are biased.³ - Ed.

¹ Or maybe even Dale Earnhardt.

² Probably painted by a crew of low-income Mexican workers that were stuffed in the bottom of a suitcase, thrown in the back of an "Only 19.95 per day"-U-Haul™ van, driven across the border, and now working below minimum wage for cash on a fake work visa attempting to pay off their handler that got them the gig at the trim/custom shop.

³ If you're not the type to write hate mail, thought all of it was hysterical, please disregard this notice.

SUBMIT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Poetry
by Gary Hoffmann

oh god the sky is so beautiful tonight
the way the pinkish light of the city
glowing organic shines off the hanging
low clouds grey hills valleys shadows
and that lone blinking red light in the distance
as i sit staring at my own old age
the darkness of post rain silence
emanating from everything
i want to reminisce
i want to reminisce with someone who
doesn't know my past who is waiting
to know my past
sitting in silence for hours whispering
talking yelling screaming of days gone by
better days worse days
just days
to sit in the darkness of post rain
watching your eyes dimly reflecting
my own
soft glistening orbs
and a notquite perpetual smile
perpetual almostsmirk
to stare endlessly because you're
one of the few people i'm willing
to look at
you still surprise me every time
we play chess or
this is a night you should be here
to remind me of my own existence
as i watch the distant street
lights sending their wisdom skyward to



Poetry
R. Meinhart

I am lonely.
but only when the
Cumulo nimbus
menstruates its
silver linings and sprinkles
stale champagne—
leftover from parties I was excluded from.

Lonely.
like a child's
red tricycle parked
timidly outside of
Microsoftus corporationus's
busy offices and coffee pots and power ties
that ignore its polished finish and proud chrome spindles
on the way towards, shiney, silicon matters.

Lonely.
like a timeless gothic church
surrounded smotheringly on all
its divine sides by
Philadelphias urbanis:
Metal and glass and
people who spit
unconscious of its
spiritual integrity and stoic grace.

Lonely.
like a single rhythm
penetrating through a closed
web-clocked window in a
Southos streetos tenementus;
lost in its attempts at harmonious existence
disregarded among angry yells and crashing cereal bowls
and crocodile tears.

I am lonely.
but only when it rains.

HELP FIGHT THE WAR AGAINST BOREDOM!



photo by Lucette Virelle

Boredom is a social condition, and it
CAN be fought, but only with

YOUR HELP!

If you thought you could help this child,
a child STARVING for entertainment,
wouldn't you offer some time?

Well, now you can make a difference,

by hiring ME to work for you!

how will this
help, you ask?
because I

WILL WORK FOR ENTERTAINMENT

I'm simply trying to fill the endless hours of boredom that fill my
existence, just like the rest of us. Won't you please help?

email me at garyhoffmann@mail.rit.edu, and save a BORED soul

R.I.T.
Brick City Singers

2nd Annual Night of A Cappella

Saturday, March 23rd, 8pm, Ingle Auditorium



Also performing:

Northeastern University DownBeats

Syracuse University Mandarins

SUNY Fredonia Much More Chill

"we do it aurally!"

\$1 @ door

www.rit.edu/~bcswwww

Market Target

By Mark Driver

<http://www.blindwino.com/driverjunk15.html>

I've been targeted right out of the market.

I've had it. I can't take any more advertising. Television, radio, magazines, billboards, even the Internet for Christ's sake. Everywhere. Why do they keep targeting me? I never did anything to them. I don't even buy anything! They're wasting their time! Fast food makes me feel like shit, soft drinks make me dizzy, candy is disgusting, chips make my stomach hurt, I don't smoke, and any band that has ever been advertised anywhere sucks unequivocally. I eat tortillas and vegetables, I drink tap water. I ride my \$40 bike for entertainment. I buy a new pair of Dickies at the army navy store every year and I get all my other clothes at Costco in 3-packs. My car works fine, I use my Internet connection for long distance, I've had the same boots for three years and re-sole them when they wear out. As far as booze goes, well, as long as it's wet...

So why do they keep attacking me? Why are they filling every square inch of every available space in my life? Above urinals, on concert tickets, underneath the ice at hockey games, on blimps, in video games, as props in movies, plugs in rap songs, on shitty Web Sites (No, I will not visit your motherfucking sponsor. If you're not in it for the love, and you can't figure out any better way to pay for your site than by slapping some ugly, corrupted banner across the top of your pathetic work, then fucking close up shop, kill yourself, and leave the Web to non-polluters). They'd advertise on the backs of my eyelids if they could get away with it, and I can't hack it anymore. They win. I lose. They succeeded. I failed. Like Brian Wilson, I just wasn't built for these times. I fold. Here are all my cards. Keep the pot, keep my ante, keep the goddamn jacket on the back of my chair for all I care, I can get another at Costco. I'll be out in the parking lot getting drunk and yelling at cute girls because I can no longer stand the taste of tentacles. Marketing has poisoned everything worthwhile under the sun, so I'm giving it all up. Everything.

But the way I figure it, there's no real loss. I've seen all of the episodes of the Simpsons 200 times each. Most of the good writing was done 100 years

ago. I haven't listened to FM radio in years. I could play all my records beginning to end alphabetically and I'd be 76 years old when I got to the Zeni Geva. Online culture is a fucking yawn, only good for buying stuffed goats on Ebay and getting cracked copies of \$1000 software. Movies always end up at the 99 cent video store across the street eventually, and you can fast forward through those commercials. My girlie's cute and the corner bar has Pabst on tap. What else matters?

True, by shutting myself off to everything, I'm probably limiting my future potential as a 'community building' or 'bleeding edge' cog in someone's nightmarish vision of Internet profitability, but fuck, a simple read through my writing should've cured that anyway (Note to potential employers: The bidding starts at \$120,000 a year with full dental).

So I'm out. No more.

I just feel bad for those of you I'm leaving behind. You'll be wearing your Slave Labor Nikes, sweating under a Third World Vest, listening to Everqueer or Fratboy Slim, your hair styled stupidly with gasoline and aborted pig placentas, trying to choke down a Double Meat Fuck Splattered Cow Testicles On The Slaughterhouse Floor Pus Coagulated Lactacious Secretion Yellow Dye #2 Deluxe. Man, will you be looking dumb. It makes me want to cry. You poor, oversugared demographic you. You're filling your apartments, your bodies, and your minds with useless junk. You stagger under your own weight, throwing money in random directions until you collapse and die, buried by a bunch of people who you failed to create meaningful human bonds with, who forget about you on the way home from the funeral.

Maybe I'm just oversensitive, but I actually feel those fingers reaching out at me - cute little girl fingers, feeling at my face like a blind man, pulling at the loose threads all over my brain, trying to find a sensitive one, one that tweaks me. Desires to be successful, attractive to the opposite sex, spiritually satiated, or conversely, the fears of disease, dismemberment, of being outcast, of repressed homosexual desires. Herd mentality as dictated by herd mentality. A gas mask of soiled wool, worn in a steaming shower of chlorinated pond water. A lumbering culture created by profit

motive, existing as window dressing to disguise the brutal cynicism of the architects, the brassy checks and balances of accountants bleating commands to the flunky tastemakers on the production line. The subversion of anything subverting. The conversion of something dangerous into something profitable. The gutting of the lion and the championing of the taxidermist. And the puffy vests, my god, the puffy vests...

I give it one more shot.

I hit that little "on" button, and immediately this little red dot appears on my forehead. I feel the barrel rising on the other side of the glass as some power-suited executive attempts to get me in his sights. His scope is the best money can buy, but my nausea and skittishness mark me as difficult prey. I make a sprawling leap over a pile of books, spilling a glass of wine and sending my cats scattering. The TV takes a shot at me. It misses, but after the smoke clears, there's a shimmering can of Pepsi on the coffee table, seductively held by a well manicured (but severed) hand. Then the Taco Bell dog is outside, scratching at my window, singing "That's Amore", the secret code that alerts Col. Sanders and Ronald McDonald to get their tumor inducing grease guns at the ready. "We have a resistor! Alert Cap'n Crunch and Mrs. Butterworth. Tell Hogan to pull that Subaru around!" And then, as the entire posse of 1-800-COLLECT goons attempt to joke their way through the front door, a helmeted uberyouth does a backflip on rollerblades against the window, almost crushing the Taco dog, thankfully getting tangled in the iron jungle of security bars designed for such a moment. The severed Pepsi hand launches itself across the room onto the stereo, turns it to HOTROCK 99.5 FM and starts dancing suggestively on the turntable. Warm, gooey songs ooze from the speakers, blurring the lines between commercial and product, product and art. The walls are running with honey, blood, and Gatorade. Limp Bizkit tries to sign me up for the Rap Metal MasterCard, but is outvolumed by a chorus of creepy NY Gap models, dead eyed and Children of the Damned style, singing nostalgic 80s songs with cool detachment, trying to sell me vests. Close inspection reveals UPC codes on the backs of their beautiful necks and a legion of bulimic girls behind them, mascara mixing with puke on ten thousand toilet bowls. Budweiser frogs are crawling out of the toilet bowls. A one-eyed, mutilated Asian

girl holds a pair of new Levi's against the window with a thin, purple arm and starts screeching "It's a Small World After All" at the top of her lungs. Magic, The Old Navy dog, is sniffing butts with the Taco Bell dog, who had since bit the Asian girl on the leg and now yelling something about Gordidas. A waifish beauty suddenly appears on my bed, vying for my attention, trying to talk me into a new car, her hand slowly unbuttoning her blouse, batting her doe-ishly brown eyes, "C'mon Mark. It's only a test drive. No one ever has to know."

Realizing my one escape, I yank my battered wallet out of my back pocket and pull out a twenty dollar bill. The entire scene freezes. All eyes are transfixed to the damp, smelly piece of paper. Andrew Jackson snickers and you can almost smell the cannibalized Indian on his breath. A miraculous cross breeze flows through my apartment, and I let the money go. It catches an upward draft, a hot air thermal, and is gone out the window.

And then, something even stranger happens. The spokespeople, animals, models, body parts, and corporate whores all disappear in a anti-climactic 'puff' of yellow smoke, leaving a slight smell of perfumed intestine twisting through the air. My twenty freezes in mid flight about thirty feet above the ground. A helicopter drops out of the sky, and lowers a rope down to the cash. A man in a business suit slides down the rope, commando style, and captures the money in his mouth, gives a contemptuous snort, mumbling something like "sucker" under his breath. And then the helicopter is gone, vanishing somewhere behind the radio towers spiking the top of Queen Anne Hill. Everything is quiet again.

I didn't just turn that TV off. I unplugged the motherfucker.

I'm Jealous of Players

By Rocko Bonaparte

The topic here, of course, is players. Not the talented RIT players, I'm talking about the "playah's" for once. You see, I'm quite jealous of them, and you should be too. Why do I think so? Well, look at the Riverknoll apartments. They're falling apart. Do you know why? It's not because of the little holes people put in the walls there, and the other normal wear-and-tear. Rather, it's from abnormal, particularly perverse, wear and tear.

Male RIT students that don't know better need to satisfy themselves. But using one's hands is unsanitary, and too "icky" for quirky engineering majors. They've found less-troublesom solutions by doing one of two things: humping the bed, or humping the wall. In the former, the bed and the floor has to take up the extra, rythmatic vibrations. In the latter, the wall takes the brunt of the force. In either case, a rhythm is started, which has a frequency and an amplitude. Anybody who managed to pay attention in physics [survival] class know about resonance. In a nutshell, the wall and the floor have resonant frequencies. It's a magic frequency at which it will vibrate. Contributing something from the outside, like humping the wall, at the right frequency, and you could cause the wall to explode. Well, in theory at least. What usually happens is the wall tilts sideways and cracks. Looks a lot like Riverknoll now, doesn't it?

On the other side of the spectrum is my pal Corey Thibeault. His name has been printed with his gleeful permission, with his reason that he wanted to show his poor mother this article. Anyhw, he doesn't have to hump the wall, bed, or floor. In the land of RIT, where the women have plenty of men to choose from, he gets a good, long consideration. By the men and the women. This leads us to a story of his from a week ago. Note that some poetic license was added here in order to make the story incredibly offensive.

So our friend T-bone (which is what his last name sounds like said real fast) was showering at the "Student Lift Center" last week. Well, he probably left the shower more dirty than he was when he arrived. Being the pimpdaddy he is, he smuggled himself in a nice young lady to share the shower — the men's shower with. I would reason he would just go into the woman's shower and take em' all on, but I hear the women's shower is

about the size of a bathroom stall, and that's all it really is. That's what was left when the SLC's architects did the math for the girl shower based on the guy/girl ratio from years ago.

What was bad about this was the girl later told Corey some guys where checking them out while this was going on. I wouldn't blame any guys passing by for paying attention to this situation. However, the facts are more sinister. The guys in question were more fascinated with our protagonist's B-hind than the lady's. At this point I was wondering how the girl got in there in the first place. Corey's solution was simple — he put a bag over the girl's head, which worked as a disguise. Yes, the girl consented. I then asked how the girl saw all this going on, because T-bone was obviously too busy ... showering. The solution was equally elegant, he had poked two eyeholes into the bag. Can't deny a girl the right to see their sugar daddy. I can see this working, since men here are so out-of-training with women that a bag would be enough to confuse them.

Now I can't say I really have that much of a problem with T-bone. But quite frankly, I wish I had such good fortune. I suppose I can genetically-engineer my son to be like me, but look like him. However, I think my poor boy will get a lot of this:

"You're so damn hot, but I'm sorry . . . you're scary."

We can do this through genetic engineering, or I can accept the inevitable: T-bone will sleep with my wife and produce this child sooner or later.

I'm not sure what else to do here because I'm not going to piss my genetics into the wind too easily. If I did, then my son would just be a whigger. I will not have a whigger for a son. I will not have a whigger for a friend, either. Corey's not a whigger — he was, but he's in a twelve-step program, and step twelve involves having sex in the shower. I guess that means he's just been cured. So good for him, but I hope he chokes on a kite or something. Then I can play the role of the sympathetic friend to all the nice ladies mourning at his funeral. Failing this, I'll just have to resort to bait-and-switch tricks with him at parties. He does all the talking, and then we switch when they're not noticing. It's the best I can do...



I Love You Lisa Loeb By Randy

It was a Tower Records just as good as any other. I was perusing the aisles for a compact musical disc to purchase for my brother for his birthday. From all directions all I could find was crap, junk or stuff he already had. I didn't know what the hell to get him. I had copied for him nearly a hundred of my own compact musical discs and most of the stuff he would want me to buy him was crap. There was no way in bloody hell I was going to buy him crap. I could not bring myself to buy a compact musical disc of a boy band with guitars. I saw through their tame marketable attitude, misspelled name and/or a randomly added number. As far as I could see nothing they did would make up for their musical inadequacy. I refused to buy in like the rest of America (and my little brother included if he had his way). It was just not going to happen.

I was considering buying him a Black Flag or an Exploited album, but I would probably feel even guiltier than I already had. I mean, I already felt slightly guilty for madly ranting at him for fifteen minutes when he innocently told me, searching for my approval, that his friends "listened to punk rock like Default and Linkin Park." I think that during this speech I got the point across a little too harshly about what definitely was and was not punk

rock. Therefore, to go and buy him some obscure old school punk album he probably would not like to begin with would just be forcing it down his throat and only make me feel even more guilty.

All this was running through my mind as I repeatedly walked up and down the pop/rock aisles with a blank mind-numbing stare. Then it struck me. The revelation was by no means what I should be buying my brother, but rather what I should be buying myself. It snuck up and leaped out at me like a rabid tiger in heat on ginseng. There on the shelf sat a Lisa Loeb album that of the likes had never been seen before by my weary eyes. I picked it up in amazement. I reviewed the album three, maybe four times, I inspected every last piece of writing, every last image, every last inviting smile on Lisa Loeb's face. I smelled it for the scent of perfume, but fell short. I began to lick it in pure ecstasy. Even the pierced freaks behind the counter who have and done and seen it all, (but still lived in their parents basement) turned and stared at me temporarily amused. As they glared in fascination, one of the brighter of the group said "hey dude, you gonna buy that?"

Was I going to buy it? Was I going to buy it? Does that really need repeating? The answer is no to the latter and damn skippy the first one! Of course I was going to buy it. I was going to buy it without the slightest hesitation. I was going to buy it as commanded by St. Germain

himself. I threw what remained of my miniscule finances at the clerk behind the counter and proclaimed, as though I knew something about Star Trek or something, “ring me up Scotty!” Of course, I am lying about saying that, I am not that lame. I am, however, lame enough to have blown what remained of my sad finances on a Lisa Loeb compact musical disc rather than on a birthday present for my little brother. Looks like we were just going to have to skip his birthday this year. I felt kind of bad, but I knew he would more than understand. Besides, sooner or later he would get over the experience as he paid someone else a hundred dollars an hour to sit there and ask questions while he complained in vain only to solve his own problems.

I had no problem, however, putting the compact musical disc into my car stereo. That was a relief on account that sometimes when it’s cold out my compact musical disc player freezes up and doesn’t let me insert compact musical discs. When that happens I have to ride in silence with nothing to distract me but my own miserable meaningless nonexistence. Needless to say, that blows goats. Anyway, I was now listening to new music by the goddess herself and all was good.

The first song is called “The way it really is” and by god, it is! It is the way it really is! Every word rang with pure timeless truth. Who better to cast this truth upon the world than Lisa Loeb? I felt as though she was baring her naked sole to me and me alone. For an instant the universe was aligned and our two soles converged in singularity and then some idiot cut me off. I honked the horn, shouted obscenities, ran them off the road in my gas guzzling SUV and then dragged the frightened little old lady who was piloting that vehicle out of her totaled car and beat her with a tire iron till I got the point through her head. While I was doing this I missed the next song on the compact musical disc, so I have nothing to say about that.

I got back in my car just in time to hear Lisa Loeb proclaim with sincerity “I like you.” As I sat there speckled with the stale blood of a defenseless old lady, listening to Lisa Loeb pronounce her intense feelings of “like” for me, I was transfixed with that special tingly feeling of true love. In an instant Lisa Loeb and I were holding hands and running down a tropical beach with the wind blowing back our wild hair. No wait, we we’re actually running through a field full of tall grass, wild flowers and a lonely mariachi band playing their rendition of a long lost Django Reinhardt song. It was a small field, but we never reached the end. We just kept running and running until Lisa turned to me and said, “hey in your obsessive

psychotic daydreaming, you missed track four.”

Damn, she was right. Lisa Loeb is one smart cookie and I can’t say with honesty that I know anyone who wouldn’t love to take a bite. Of course, I only know four people. Lisa and I don’t get out much. We like to stay in by the fire and read books side by side. As she sits there with her cat in her lap and the fire lightly shimmering in her dark hair, she read old long lost classics of the eighteenth century. As I sit there with the fading glint of fire in my eyes and my faithful shepherd dog at my side, I read cheap spy and romance novels. In the air looms the thick smell of fermenting apples stricken from the trees in the orchard by the cruel hand of mother nature herself and a slight tinge of the brisk smell of old New England autumn. Some day soon, the gently sloping hills of our old farm estate will be covered with a milky blanket of ivory snow. Frosted like the store bought, machine made, Freihoffer “home style” cake in the cupboard. With this in mind, in unison we will look up at each other, and together, two minds working as if one, we will wonder if the foreigner we have bound and gagged in the cellar is hungry.

Hungry for perhaps “Cake and Pie.” Side by side we will climb to the depths of the cellar and watch with gluttonous pleasure as we play her new album “Cake and Pie” over and over again for Franz, our starving European guest. In time we shall retire to our chambers for a fairs night rest, but in the here and now we will listen to track six of her compact musical disk. This track is boring. Lisa doesn’t see how I’ve drawn this conclusion. She says, I only hear what I want to. I don’t listen hard; I don’t pay attention to the distance that she’s running to anyone, anywhere. I don’t understand if she really cares. I only hear negative. No! No! No! How can she think thoughts like that?

Anyway, at this point I was almost home, but the compact musical disc wasn’t finished playing. What to do? I could have sat in the driveway and listened to the rest in my car, but then my mom would think I was using again (long story). Actually, screw it, I’ll tell you the story. You see, back in high school my mom thought I was on all kinds of drugs because I was laid back, withdrawn and had zero motivation. She continually pestered me, “Randy are you on drugs?” As always, I would respond, “No! I’m not on drugs like! I don’t even drink, I’m perfectly clean.” Then she would stare at me for a few seconds, roll her eyes in disgust and walk away upset that she hadn’t dragged out my confession.

So this little one act play went on for months until

one fateful day when I was sitting at my computer. Trying to be sly and cunning, she pretended as though, she bumped into me and accidentally pulled out a piece of my hair. I was annoyed and protested, “Hey, why are you pulling my hair?” She pretended as though she didn’t know what I was talking about. It had not dawned upon me at the time, but on later recollection, it made perfect sense. That cunning mother of mine had my piece of hair drug tested. Upon drawing up this theory everything started to make sense. For instance, ever since that day she has not questioned my sobriety.

Anyway, upon drawing this conclusion, I decided to confront her. It went kinda like this, “Hey, why did you pull out my hair and have me drug tested, don’t you trust me?” Her response was something of surprise, shock and more importantly, denial. She said, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” To this day, she still laughs nervously and denies it every time I bring it up. At least we have an understanding now though, we both understand that I’m not on drugs, I’m just lazy. Anyway, to sit in the driveway numbly in my car while it ran would just warrant unneeded suspicion. So, I decided it would be a better course of action to drive around aimlessly. For the very least no one would notice that I truly had nowhere to

go.

So I was on the road again. I just couldn’t wait to get on the road again. I was tearing up the dense black, winding, hilly, narrow side streets of suburbia at the usual fifty-five miles per hour. There comes a true inner calm in scaring all those around you with your reckless speed. I’ve mentioned this to Lisa a time or two and I suppose that is why she made “Too Fast Driving” such an upbeat and uplifting song. And that is all I have to say about that.

What I do have something to say about is the eternal flame that burns between Lisa Loeb and I. It has the strength of ten burning tire playgrounds or at least one Kuwaiti oil well. It knows no nationality, species or zip code. It uplifts the weary traveler and beats senseless the average yuppie scumbag. It knows yet never tells a sole. It illuminates the lonely cellar where Franz slowly perishes along with the faint hope of being found. It burns everyone and everything to the third degree. Most importantly the flame is fueled by the ocean of infinite love that burns between Lisa Loeb and myself. The End.

How am I driving? E-mail me at Randof@aol.com
(Please make subject: Your Driving (fill in the blank))

What is this magazine?

This is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, a magazine of satire, literature, poetry and art. We publish out of Rochester, NY but we have readers around the globe. We exist as a medium for your expression and invite you to contribute.

Anyone is welcome to submit.

gdt@hellskitchen.org





 **Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Editors:

Alex Moundalexis
Mike Fisher

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Writers:

Rocko Bonaparte
Kelly Gunter
G. Hall

Sean Hammond
Randy
Irving Washington

Contributors:

Mark Driver

Printer Daemons:

Brad Conrad
Jen Kolbialka
Sue Kuhn
Jim Ledwith

© 2002 *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. Don't reprint the contents of this publication without permission; that's stealing. All the work remains copyright the Authors, bitch.



Contact us at gdt@hellskitchen.org or by regular mail at:

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
92 Lomb Memorial Drive
Rochester, NY 14623-5604