



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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OHIO! - Part 2: The footnote

Poorly Written by Sean T. Hammond

Consultation and Footnotification by Kelly K. Gunter

1. Ninjæ² ridden Japanese summer houses you ask? Well...yeah. If you've an infestation of ninjæ, flying around the house, leaving their dropping and black sashes in your dry goods, noisily careening into your fluorescent lamps—and I don't even need to mention the stench when one of them gets too close to the halogen pole-lamps and gets fried—chances are they've gotten into the flour. And how could you have avoided this terrible situation in the first place; feng shui, of course.

Now, feng shui is *supposed* to be about healthy energy flow in and around your home. Healthy energy flow my ass! Feng shui is actually a highly developed method used primarily to protect you from ninjæ that have decided they're going to kill you before the Geisha do.

Ah! A dissenter from the back. What's that? Ninjæ are from Japan and feng shui is a Chinese...thingie? Right you are, my friend. Good for you, ignoring the massive amount of influence the Chinese have had on Japan over the centuries and all.³ Have a seat. No, not there. That's my seat. I suppose sociologists would call it a power seat⁵ because the person sitting in it has a good view of the majority of the room.

Me? I think of it as my anti-ninja seat.

Where's a ninja gonna come from, huh? Certainly not through the walls. Well, if I were in the Orient I suppose they could come through the wall, but if you can ignore Cheng Ho, the Three-Jewel Eunuch, and his voyages all over the Pacific, Indian, and—as recent evidence is hinting at—the Atlantic oceans, I can ignore paper walls.

My point is that there are certain areas in a room that are safer. Coincidentally, these same locations coincide

2. Or is it "one ninja, two ninjæ"? I get confused when applying grammar rules from a romance language to one of eastern descent. And so should you, actually.

3. If it weren't for the Divine Wind⁴, the Japanese would be Catholic and Northern Ireland would be free. Oh, wait. I'm confusing my maritime battles again. Never mind.

4. In keeping with our eastern theme, I also believe this is the name of a specific yoga pose.

5. Kinda like the sybian orgasm machine, but with less vibration. (<http://www.libchrist.com/sybianvenus/sybian.html>)

6. Oh, for Christ's sake! No. Not like zithers. I'm talking about reed instruments. No! Not pipe organs. Don't you listen?

7. Just make sure they're homing gerbils. Otherwise they'll find a way out of the communication system and set up house in the nearest available ceramic sculpture. Trust me; I'm speaking from experience, here.

with areas that have good Chi, and thus embody elements of feng shui.

Take for example where one should place a bed. While the rules of feng shui vary from text to text, the majority I've seen say that if the bedroom is at the end of a hall, the bed should not be visible when the door is open. That's because the Chi flows down the hall with too much force.

Ya know what else would come tear-assing down a hallway and put a throwing star right between your sleepy-seed eyes? It isn't Margaret Thatcher, that's for sure. So, to keep the Chi—and I would say "the ninjæ" here—from causing you harm, the bed should be to one side of the door.

In addition, a mirror should be placed facing the door. Why? To reflect the Chi, say texts. What ev'a! It's to see those sneaky ninjæ creeping down the hallway.

Another big thing in feng shui is exposed beams. They really hate exposed beams. I mean, they hate them with a passion. Evidentially, exposed beams create negative energy, and to help abate that negativity, people are supposed to hang all sorts of things from them: plants, wind chimes, various musical instruments;⁶ Even gerbil-tube messaging systems would work.⁷

Evolutionarily speaking, humans haven't had too many predators that dropped down upon us, except for maybe drop-bears, but we gave them what-for in the Drop-Bear Conflict of 1614. As a result, it's not entirely natural for us to look up when entering a room. Knowing that, let's say you were a clever, handsome, sexually well endowed ninja looking for a good place to sneak around. Where ya gonna go to hide, ninja boy? You certainly won't be covered with glaze dust, unlike some small mammals I know, that's for sure. You're going to go right up into the beams. No self respecting ninja can resist crawling around in the rafters. With all the crap the feng shui folks hang, though, a ninja in

the rafters would sound like an elephant crashing into an orchestra pit, playing the flutes, and getting poison ivy from the plants you so cleverly placed there.

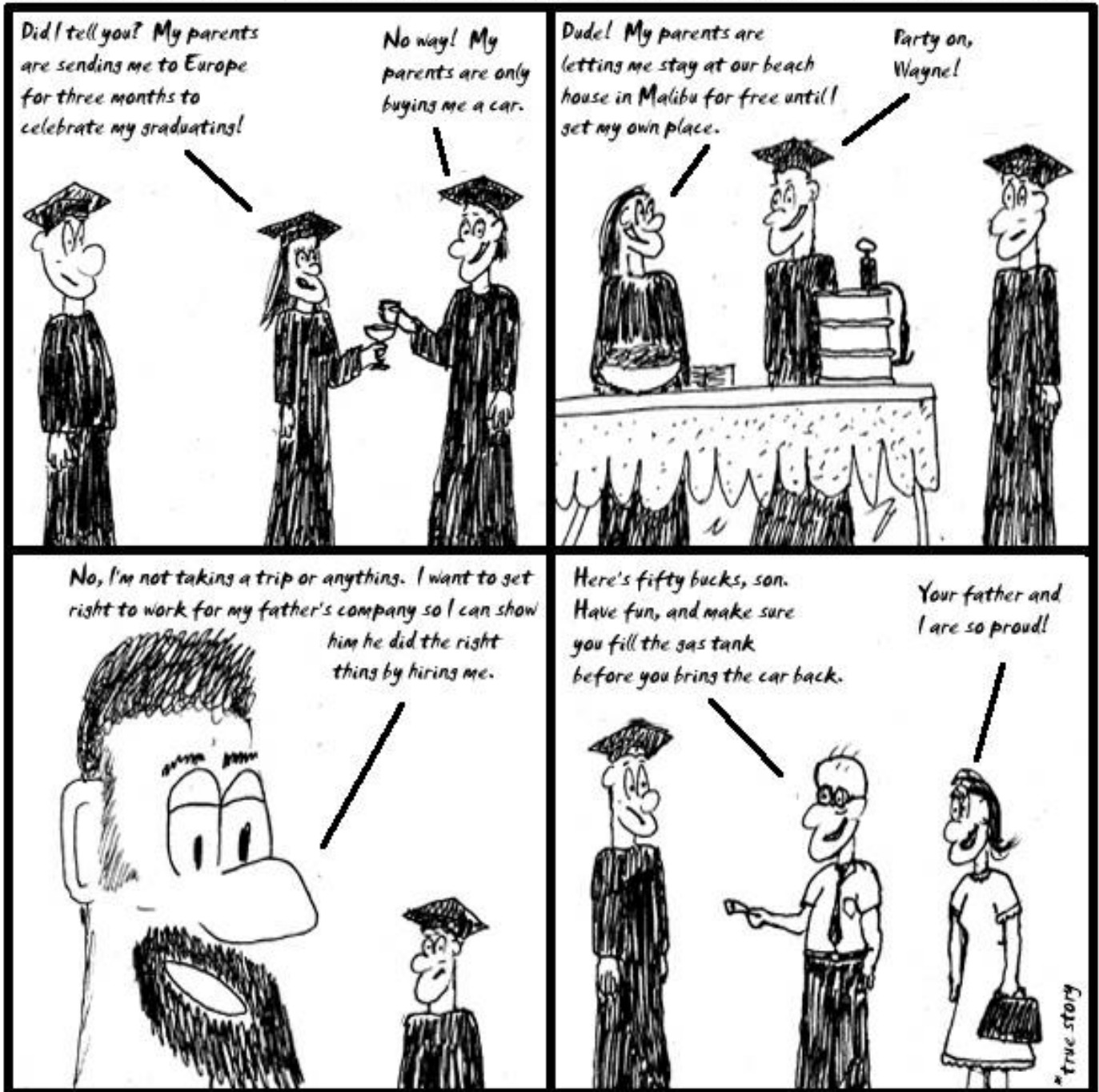
So while exposed beams might result in bad Chi, I'd argue that a ninja jumping down from the rafters and shoving a sword down our gullet is even worse. Then again, I suppose forcibly deep-throating a blade that's an atom thick is a sort of negative energy....

I won't deny that there is a lot in feng shui about

colour and sound, and, yes, colour does affect the human psyche. If you discount all the hooey about Pink Turtles, Orange Bonsai, Yellow Windchimes, Green Dragons, Blue Geisha, White Tigers, and Purple Rocket Chairs needing to be in balance, in the end, feng shui comes down to putting yourself and your home in the safest environment, and being aware and in control of what's in it.

And if one of the things that's not in it are ninjæ, all the better.

Slacker Heaven #2 *Wake up and smell the abttestos* 2001 David Inman



Why We Really Shouldn't Be Jealous of Players

By Anonymous

I hear my friends talk about it on an almost daily basis. I've read numerous articles about it in both *GDT* and that other administration-sanctioned publication whose name rhymes with "contorter". But only after reading Mr. Bonaparte's article, entitled "I'm Jealous of Players" (Volume 22, Issue 1), did I finally feel the need speak out. Mr. Bonaparte's article was satirical and even a bit lighthearted, but it still brought up many of the issues that greatly influence guy-girls relations at RIT.

First off, the male population at RIT has some pretty interesting misconceptions about female behavior and mating habits. As a human female whose sexual proclivity is for the males of my species, I think there are a few things that need to be clarified and explained. I'd like to begin with the misconception that girls on this campus are looking for the *exact* same thing that guys are looking for, i.e., lots of sex without a lot of anything else attached (emotions, commitment, etc.). Sure we're all young, in our prime and all that, but if sex is *really* all you want, then it's fairly easy to get. It's bone-easy, in fact. We need to make a distinction between sex and love. Most people around here are looking for sex, and confusing it with love. Sex is fine. Sex is good. But after a while, most of us will realize that something is missing, that sex by itself is somehow *less* than what it's really supposed to be. Or we may attach ourselves to a person who is only interested in sex, and make the mistake of developing feelings for that person. Take the girl mentioned in Mr. Bonaparte's article, for example (the one who joined a "player" for a very public romp in the men's locker room shower). I sure hope she realizes that her ass is going to be dumped within a week. Her "sugar daddy" got to show off in front of his friends (and strangers, as well), and now he'll be moving on to the next easy lay. It saddens me that there are girls out there with no self-respect who willingly degrade themselves for the sake of a boy. I'm sure it was her choice to join him in that shower stall, but I'm not so sure she knows that if she doesn't respect herself, no one else ever will. Nor should we admire a boy who has sex in front of total strangers. It's all about respect, people. Respect for yourself, and respect for others.

You're probably on the verge of flipping the page, and I don't blame you. I'm getting pretty preachy here, aren't I? Well, to add some credibility to my observations, I'll tell you a bit about a sex-based relationship I was once involved in. It was extremely difficult to put my emotions aside, but I somehow managed to stay calm and cool in his presence. The boy eventually left me for some freshman chick (*there's* some easy pussy for ya). The last time I ever spoke to him, he admitted that he "cared" about me. Yeah, probably in the same way that most of us "care" about the Fox Network's midseason comedy line-up. *Andy Richter Controls the Universe*, my ass!

Not only do guys at RIT assume that females have the same relaxed attitudes about sex, they also assume that, given the infamous guy-to-girl ratio, every decent girl is already taken (or is otherwise unattainable). Not true. Take me, for example. I am quite befuddled as to why I don't have a guy in my life. Maybe you males out there can help me figure out what's wrong with me. I'm physically attractive, quite tall, but not waifish. I have an IQ of 136 (fun fact: our Nation's President has an IQ of less than 70). I have a killer sense of humor. I smell April fresh. I have nice teeth *and* nice tits. I have a clear, polished complexion. I know how to wear makeup without looking like a whore. My hair is a color *other* than dirty blond with fake sun streaks. I don't even pull my hair back in that obligatory messy ponytail-bun. I don't like chick flicks. I prefer to watch martial arts movies, and I wouldn't mind seeing *Resident Evil* again. I have a bad-girl fantasy about becoming a hitman (*hitwoman?*) for the Japanese Mafia. I exercise regularly, but I won't piss you off by only ordering a salad at dinner. I'm opinionated, and I've been known to say things that most people don't even dare to think. So maybe *that's* the turn-off? Okay, I'll be the first to admit that women who think can be pretty scary...

There's one more item I wanted to address: the assumption that girls, given their considerable clout on this campus, have no problem whatsoever going up to a guy and asking him out. Well, that's partially true; we females *do* have the ability to pick and choose as we please, especially at RIT. However, the real question is, *will* we? Probably not. Playing the field is an exhaustive, often soul-draining experience. It's easy to get discouraged. Plus, admit it guys, you get a little

weirded out when a girl walks up to you and initiates conversation, don't you? *You're* the man here, *you're* the one who's supposed to go in for the kill!...This may be a whole new century, but I don't really think that a male's innate desire to dominate will *ever* change. Also, *not all females* are imbued with enough confidence to simply go out and get the guy they want. Just like society trains you guys to be large and in charge, it also trains females to wait for a guy to approach, to be patient, to be seductive and pliant. It works, sometimes. And when it does, it makes for a classical courtship, like the ones we see in chick flicks. But that's just fiction. Here's another story: last quarter, there was this really attractive guy in one of my classes. From the first moment I saw him, I could tell that he was a cut above all the other guys in the room. It was kind of intimidating...I promised myself every day that I'd say hello the next time I saw him. But I never got the chance, because before I knew it, the quarter was over. I tried to laugh it off, telling myself that it was no big deal. A week later, I was doing some Institute research for my boss, when I ran across his name on an RIT-run website. I kick myself every day, for I now know the full extent of what I missed out on.

He even has a quirky nickname that makes me smile every time I think about it: "Mad Dog"...And he doesn't even know that I'm alive. Shit.

In closing, I'd like to just reiterate: sex is good. But sex plus love is better. Love is certainly a dangerous game, but I'll take it over casual sex any day. Sure, heartbreak happens, and it hurts like hell. But heartbreak can teach us the true meaning of life; players can only teach us the true meaning of selfishness. So please, don't envy players. And hopefully, the experiences that I've related here will serve as cautionary tales for the rest of you. Decide what you really want before you go out and look for it...and you *can* get it, if you only try. It's okay to put your needs first sometimes, but never, EVER forget the needs and feelings of others. And above all, don't be afraid to love.

...Gawd, that was sappy. Okay, I'll try to end this on a more upbeat note...LORD OF THE RINGS IS THE BEST MOVIE OF ALL TIME!!!! BOO-YAH!!!

There, that should at least make a few people happy.

CIAonRIT.org
People Against Complaining Incompetent Assholes

Cynical Criticism: Brick City Singers' Second Annual Night of A Cappella

By Gary Hoffmann

Saturday, March 23 at 7:21 p.m. I was asleep. I was fast asleep and happily dreaming erotic fantasies about Jennifer Connelly. At 7:22 p.m. I was rudely awakened as C. Diablo appeared from a puff of multi-hued smoke and kicked me hard in the ribs. "Wake up," he bellowed in his deep, infernal voice, "you have to review a concert in 38 minutes!"

Slowly emerging from my somniant torpor, I said, "What? What concert?"

"The Second Annual Night of A Cappella hosted by Brick City Singers!" raged C. Diablo, infuriated by my ignorance.

Perplexed by this news, I searched my memory, but came up empty. "I haven't heard anything about it. Was it mentioned in the *Reporter*?" I thought that perhaps I had merely not noticed the announcement for this concert in the respectable publication.

"No."

How odd, I thought, but continued on. "Well, was it mentioned in *News and Events*?" I didn't really expect it to have been mentioned here, seeing as how *News and Events* doesn't deal with these types of events, but it was worth asking.

"No."

"No wonder I haven't heard of it. Then how was I supposed to find out about it?"

"They put some flyers around and advertised in *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*."

"*Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*? I never read that. And who looks at flyers?"

At this point, C. became visibly frustrated and returned to his netherworldly domain, leaving me to review some concert I hadn't heard anything about that was going to start in half an hour. So I arrived at Ingle Auditorium at 7:56 p.m., just in time to knock out the two people at the ticket table and sneak in (I'll be damned if I'm going to spend a whole dollar to review a concert I hadn't heard about before that night).

Inside, over 280 people were gathered (but, again, this apparently doesn't qualify the event as noteworthy enough for either *News and Events* or the *Reporter*), anxiously awaiting the upcoming performance. Shortly, the room darkened and the introductory movie began—a short piece filmed, written by, and starring Brick City Singers—which set the tone of the entire concert: namely, we were all here to have fun. The movie parodied *Dude, Where's My Car?* superbly and *Cops* even better. Finishing up with a parody of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, the show began.

"The movie took effort," said Sally, who was out of town during the concert and didn't see it. I tried to interview people who had actually seen the concert, but they're really hard to find, so next time more of you should go see it so I have something to work with. I'd be lucky to find two people out of a hundred chosen randomly from this school who had seen it, and I don't know a hundred people. But you all would've enjoyed the movie if you'd seen it, which you didn't.

Anyway, after the movie, Brick City Singers ran on stage in their trademark Hawaiian shirts and opened with *Sledgehammer*, then introduced SUNY Fredonia's Much More Chill. They were an amazingly talented group of delicious young men. They started with "Ants Marching," soloed by Rich, who was not the hottest member of the group but was talented nonetheless. Nicole at first said this distinction fell to the guy with long hair (Matt), who made a good Anthony Keatis during *Under the Bridge*, but very understandably changed her mind to Drew (who she also thinks would look great in drag), the soloist for their last song, "Fortunate Son." They made Tahou's references in *King of Spain*, threw Mardi gras beads during *Zombie Jamboree*, and overall seemed to have fun with the show. Combined with their considerable talent this made them the most entertaining group of the night (although the fact that they come from a liberal arts school in the middle of nowhere where there's nothing to do but drink and sing may have something to do with it). Their next concert is at Fredonia on Friday, April 26th. For more information, go to www.muchmorechill.com.

Following this, BCS returned to the stage to perform *Free Fallin'* and introduce U of R's Vocal Point. The one standing next to the girl with the pigtails was definitely the best looking (not that I was looking, or

anything), but the entire group was very business-like. They did no intro and had very short (if any) segues between songs. Their songs were all very girly, too, which coming from an all female group just leaves the taste of far too much estrogen on stage. They were extremely talented vocally, especially the soloist of *Fallin'* at the end, but beyond that were not very lively. They'll be performing April 20th in Strong Auditorium on UR's campus, so go see them if you enjoy music and a cappella, just don't expect an incredibly fun performance.

After intermission BCS introduced the SU Mandarins with a poorly delivered joke about oranges (and there was so much they could have done with the theme, too—"Let's pretend we're in a Tropicana™ commercial so that I can try to stick my straw in you," for instance). While technically somewhat less talented than the competing all female group, the Mandarins had a lot more stage presence and were more entertaining, to the point that when the soloist of *Sweet Home Alabama* (which had a very interesting a cappella steel guitar riff in the background) forgot some of the lyrics, it was readily forgiven by the audience. There was much less estrogen on stage (that is, the audience wasn't drowned by it) as they performed a greater variety of songs, from *I'm a Believer* to the Inspector Gadget theme song to the Muppets' *Mahna Mahna*. While they were all hot, the shorthaired one was the hottest, so go see her when they perform on

April 19th. I'm not sure where, but what with the wonders of the Internet these days, it shouldn't be too hard to find out.

Finally, RIT's own Brick City Singers sang their set, starting out with *Promise* and *Rockin' the Suburbs*, during which the soloist was hard to hear at times. Dan's voice was similarly a bit weak during *Freshman*, and noticeably squeaked a couple times. At this point I realized I should have gone to the bathroom during intermission. From *Freshman* they went into *Leaving Town*, with Nate as the very capable soloist, deserving all of the applause he got. *Fat Bottom Girls*, an old favorite of the group, finished up their planned set for the evening admirably. Despite some minor flaws, BCS was the second most entertaining group of the evening, falling short of Much More Chill in part because some of its members looked continually bored during the show. Even still, shouts for encore emanated from the audience, and they returned onstage to do another BCS classic, *Hammertime*.

Overall, everyone who attended had a fantastic time from what I could see and hear. Brick City Singers has a relatively small but devoted following that had almost as much spirit at this concert as they do sitting in Corner Crew at hockey games. If you missed this year's concert, keep your eyes open for other performances, and make sure you attend the Third Annual Night of A Cappella next year.



To Randy,

I heard on the radio this morning that Lisa Loeb was going to be in a movie with a tiny plastic ninja. So I was thinking, I've heard of a tiny plastic ninja and Lisa Loeb together in the same sentence before. Then I remembered... IT WAS YOU. I know what you've been up to, trying to steal my Lisa Loeb and tiny plastic ninja away from me. I've seen your dirty underwear in my hamper, don't play me for a fool, you've been sleeping with my tiny plastic ninja. I've seen all the signs, the sticky hand prints on my windows, the 1977 Dodge Pinto in the parking lot outside my apartment building (I know it's your car, I hope you don't mind the

Nutrasweet sweetener I put in your gas tank), and I even caught my poor little innocent tiny plastic ninja writing your name over and over again on a piece of paper with hearts around it. So I give you this ultimatum "Randy" if that is your real name, leave my tiny plastic ninja alone, and for that matter leave Lisa Loeb alone, she doesn't deserve the abuse you give her. I had to pry it out of her, but she showed me the hospital reports, you animal, how could you do that to my beloved Lisa Loeb.

You say you love Lisa Loeb, but did you know she loves you enough to star in a movie that is basically your life story? I bet you didn't, just so you know I will give you its title: "Serial Killing for Dummies". How could that not be about you, I know about the blind man down in Mexico, you do realize that the Mexican police are still looking for a six foot tall man with brown

hair who happens to be a "gringo". And no matter what anyone else says, I know you were behind those Embassy bombings in Northern Africa, bin Laden's just your fall guy. You even had me fooled, until the tiny plastic ninja told me what was going on. That's right! The tiny plastic ninja ratted you out. Little did you know that the tiny plastic ninja was only putting out for you to get to the bottom of your nefarious plans. You think I don't know all about your plans, or that if I do know your plans, that I won't expose you, but you're wrong! I will expose you right here and now: I know of your plan to turn everything into a donut with your super "donut-o-size" ray gun. I know all about your plot to microwave my cat

Three Men

By R. Meinhart

Acclimation On West Buchannen

The faint smell of hard liquor and cigar smoke is lingering in the air, giving me a headache. I live here now, but his smells prevent me from feeling at home. I spray a bottle of cheap perfume in the air around my typewriter, and though this smell is slightly nauseating, it allows me to concentrate on the keys and in a way remove myself from the room that I am in. And then I hear him yell and I am pulled back into this tiny stuffy room in the brick townhouse here at 278 West Buchannen Avenue, and by this time the perfume that I spritzed in the air has been overcome by him. Again. This is a never-ending cycle and I thus am aware of the fact that I had better get used to his noises and smells and the way that the window shades are always down and that there is an unending supply of rocks glasses in the sink; perpetually unwashed, waiting for me. Once I do... it will be easier right?

He tries. He does, and for this I can't really blame him. Never mind the fact that his bedtime stories are always just him regurgitating the same non-applicable fairy tale and not covering his mouth when he coughs. I am eighteen and not in need of a bedtime story. He is hell bent on giving me one. Among other things.

Also, I must drink warm milk. This is cause for sadness.

in my own microwave. I know of your plan to turn RIT into a very large heavy petting zoo. I even know of your plan to frame Oliver Stone for the murder of JFK. Its all there in your articles, you just have to decode them, as the secret terrorist messages that they are. I know about your group the DLF (Donut Liberation Front) and their plans to rid the world of Reese's piece (oh goddamn are they good), and replace them with the similarly titled, but not similarly tasting Liver's pieces (made with real Liver).

Randy, I know what you are hiding, and I will expose you.

Jai Ramachandran

In a Holding Pattern on 111 Adams

It is getting dark outside again, and Billy said that he'd be home for dinner. I told him that I would wait for him if he promised to come home, but that was about a week and a half ago and more than our dinner is getting cold. There is a sudden draft, and I think that it is him, but it turns out to be nothing but the cat nudging open a window en route to her final destination: Billy's bright red, overstuffed recliner that remains empty. I wish that he would come back and take up all of the covers at night. I don't mind that kind of cold so much. I wish that he would come back and apathetically stare into the glare of the television screen. That seems so much more (I don't know how to articulate how I feel) than this. I'll make him dinner every time of the day and night that he wants and he won't even have to "tell me again."

Maybe I should leave. Never mind the mildew in the shower that Johnny keeps yelling at me to clean and never mind the dinner dishes on the kitchen table or the laundry I didn't fold. Never mind the blood stains on the towels on the bathroom floor or the layer of dust that has recently formed on the television screen. I'll take the cat. Just me and the cat.

But of course, we would have to eat dinner first. Can't be traveling on an empty stomach. But I told him that I would hold dinner for him. And he promised to come home, so I'd prolly better just sit down here in his recliner and hold on.

Happiness on the Intersection between Andrews and U Streets

I imagine that as a boy he liked to fly kites, but

now his eyes are just the color of the kite that I had as a kid: a bright blue. Only- my kite pales in comparison. I mean to say that they're playful as they dance behind thick, nerdily attractive glasses and scruffy exterior. He too appears playful as he darts around the room, and happy as I find his engaging smile beneath yesterday's shadow. Apparently little things make him happy like old movies and finely composed sentences and loud music. He is the type that will play catch

with his children, even though he never enjoyed baseball himself, who will take them to see old movies and art and science museums instead of Disney World. And the type that will fly kites with his children, because as a boy he loved doing so, and because something in his eyes tell me that he was meant to be with the sky. I sit back and watch him work, and pace, and eat leftovers and I laugh, and feel happily comfortable.

At the Continental Goth dance club

By Gary Hoffmann

I
humans being fundamentally
herd animals - social creatures
we - misanthropic we
come here to dance alone
among countless other
alone dancing misanthropic
antisocial herd monkeys
dancing stoned drunk high
staring at our each other
selves in the mirror all
hoping to be spoken to but
never drunk stoned high
to enough speak first
and continue dance aloning

II
O Fortuna the dance remix
leather pants and bass that
shakes the psychotropic
lights floating angelically
down from sweat soaked
foreheads and the
sneakers are a nice touch
stale smoke air strobe
I sweat dance kiss fuck
among alone multitudes
spin dizzy black light
and light noise and bodies
bodies bodies all so beautiful
and I watching smiling
living with them

III
all demon fire and wings all

Poetry

flying dance space-time shifting
all quantum movemently
and dancing dancing dancing all
every soul every mind all
mad all contorting harmonics all
mad throbbing insanity and
subvocal delusions atomic neophytes
cybernetic hallucinagenic all mad
yet free dancing innocent and
mad and mad and free all
colors and hazy nebula music
floating about the all the
all mad the all tattooed and
naked wave beauty and
blinking all mad blinking existence
blinking rhythmically insane
rhythms and psychotic beauty
beauty blinking dancing all
the all cowering all alone all
calling screaming hazy half
sound through free space all
insane free innocent mad

I'm Really Jealous of People Who Really aren't Jealous of Players

By Rocko Bonaparte

The average male RIT engineering student is a cut above all the rest. Oh my God, you're already laughing? OK, maybe they're not. Medical doctors, psychiatrists, philosophers, artists... you name it; compared to your high-school-educated dumbass, they're most certainly a cut above the rest. However, I view the engineer in less elevated terms. I regard the profession as a "lateral advancement." So while we have refined many of our senses, plenty others suffer. Indeed, certain parts of our brains (like the ones that can take criticism) shrink to peanuts, until they implode in our heads. The remaining mess is of no significance, unless it impedes us from "calculating the terminal velocity of a falling body."

So yes, our understanding of these mystical "she-creatures" is somewhat lacking. For those of us so fortunate to study the revolutionary arts of engineering, the female is nothing more than a unicorn - some beautiful, mythical beast of which we wish to ride on and fly away. As proof, by senior year, even the females begin to look like men. Strong men at that. I'm not at that level in my academic career, but ex-females are already beating the shit out of me for my lunch money. It hurts, and I cry.

Our interpersonal skills suffer, languish and vanish. Nothing but a machine, pulling a crank. Running the same UNIX commands day in and day out for some huge corporation. No end in sight. Must masturbate.

I just wrote my autobiography.

In all honesty, engineers sometimes want to crawl up and cuddle something. It's not what we always fantasize about, that's for sure. I laugh at the thought of somebody pulling their string under the covers, muttering "Oh baby, I love the way you cuddle, tickle me in my tummy hehe, I'm so ticklish there. Oh baby, baby! I love how you actually laugh at my jokes! Awwwww!!!! ikhasucoghuvog-saiugfa isyfrgyiqwrfy iygahsvbf hvasf.... sigh." [you guess what happened during the latter part]. Anyhow, cuddling by the fireplace is barely an option when all you have is the Fireside Lounge (TM). Kind of sucks the sentimentality right out of it.

And another truth; we fantasize of wild things, but would openly vomit all over ourselves in sheer anxiety if a sexual opportunity ever arose. You have to give some credit to our friend T-Bone. He has some guts. Especially with that paper bag thing. He might even be President someday.

Nonetheless, I occasionally need to goad myself to sleep with the thought that I'm sharing the bed with another. Nothing promiscuous, just the warmth of a she-creature when the bedsheets aren't warm enough. However, reaching that level of intimacy will require some severe mastur-

bation... I meant "maturation." Now seriously, I'm considered quite mature (except when I write). Granted, people think I'm older than I am unless they see my zitty face. One can even claim I have the maturity of a 70-year-old... cynical... senile, grandpa. When I talked to some kids at the local high school for National Engineering Week, you can bet they left school that day not believing in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and the government. I guess that makes me *too* mature...

So it's possible to conceive large theorems, read complex books, deduce great things of the universe, and analyze ourselves, but suddenly opening up to another person (a female for that matter!) is a major stumbling block for us. Remember, we're only advancing laterally while we're at RIT.

And what a terrible place to learn about love! Winter rolls around, and everybody turns on each other. Professors eat students' heads off unless the kids know the right buttons to push. The sun barely shines. When it does, we lower the blinds. We make a stupid joke about it and leave it at that. We bitch and moan, to each other, day in and day out, like tossing a hot potato in a big circle. Then the weather gets warm, and we somehow feel at peace in the world. But hey, it's final exam time! Shit.

As for our friend T-Bone, he assures me the girl in the shower was *not* dumped within a week. He still calls her up for service calls every once in awhile (usually weekends). The shower incident was just a kind of freak thing. T-Bone was even kind of hungry during the whole incident, but didn't want to turn a nice lady down. I wouldn't want to make a girl cry either. T-Bone also wants everybody to know he keeps his girls well-fed and cared for. They just have to cook.

Regarding your problems with being single, you're not as well-off as you might think. You see, you might have me on the teeth, but I have large breasts too! And though I only know how to look like a whore when I put on makeup, I look damn "seksy!" The Scientology clinic in Hollywood gave me a lower IQ than you, but I think it was because I admitted to being Roman Catholic. They really hate stuff like that, which keeps them from unlocking my wallet... I mean my full potential [don't sue me!]. But I make up for it using the sheer Vulcan logic that I learned from my professors:

If there's a problem, flunk it. If you can't flunk it, spin it around, and fuck it.

So it's obvious we have little concept of lovemaking! All we've ever experienced is sudden, drastic violation! Repeatedly! On the desk! Upside-down! With our clothes on, no less! Take *that* to the bank, Miss "Anonymous," *if that's your real name!!!*

BTW - if you're red-headed, you're mine. Order an official "Rocko Bonaparte branding iron," heat it up, and

slap it on your backside. You will be well-fed, clothed and cared for, even if you didn't have much choice in the matter. And if you have a killer sense of humor, you must, for sure, write more for *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. Once a week, due Sunday evening if possible. Maybe Monday if you're cute.

If you're quite tall, might you think you impose on us little [mental] midgets? Ah yes, the thought that we get scared shitless when a girl talks to us. I can't speak for everybody, but my response to whatever a girl says never seems to make them happy. Consider a random generator, which makes responses that are usually in context, but rarely expected. After awhile (actually, two minutes), conversation breaks down into a series of "well, see you later." I can't say I'm trying on purpose to mess with these ladies, but if a girl wants to know me, they should be able to take jokes about red-headed maidens and branding irons with elegance. The men get the same random blurbs.

Am I bragging about this? Sure I am! We somehow take pleasure in this. Engineers like to one-up each other, especially in personal misfortune. What have I to gain with a girl like you? Total happiness? I can't do that! The day I'm happy is the day these *GDT* issues become half as heavy. Perhaps more, if we use all my cynicism and bitterness as a metaphor for, say, 20-ton weights. The problem with happiness is it always tastes the same. Booooooring. It wasn't good enough for Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, it's not good enough for me.

I'll send out a little secret that's worked against me and others. It seems the thought of a female liking us is

enough for us to like them. In some cases. Sure, physical beauty always helps (our brains have not fully developed yet). So, if you want to initiate a conversation with that target of yours, look that little bastard right in the eyes. Like two little drill presses, look through his eyes like you're trying to find a path to his pants from his insides. In conversation, if possible. Ask him for a cheeseburger, if you're hungry. You *will* get your cheeseburger. His grades will plummet, only being able to doodle your face in his notebooks. He'll start playing sedated music to match his sedated spirit. Then strike like a hawk. Carry your prey to great heights, and drop him.

Well, you don't have to do that last part, but I was enjoying the Sun Tzu twist* that paragraph was taking.

...

Now look at me! Got me all riled up when I should be getting to bed. Radiating heat like it's 80 degrees outside. Oh wait, it *is* 80 degrees outside here in California. Want to come by for some coffee? It's a 1.5 hour drive to Lake Tahoe from here too. I'll show my co-workers my new trophy...

Damn, I didn't learn a thing from this. Did I mention we also have a terrible knack of not listening?

PS: THE KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE IS THE BEST MOVIE OF ALL TIME! AND IF IT'S NOT, IT'S AT LEAST A MOVIE OF EXTRAORDINARY MAGNITUDE! WORD TO YOUR MOTHER!

*Look at <http://www.sonshi.com/learn.html> if you don't know what I mean.



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Dinnertime
Theatre™**
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