

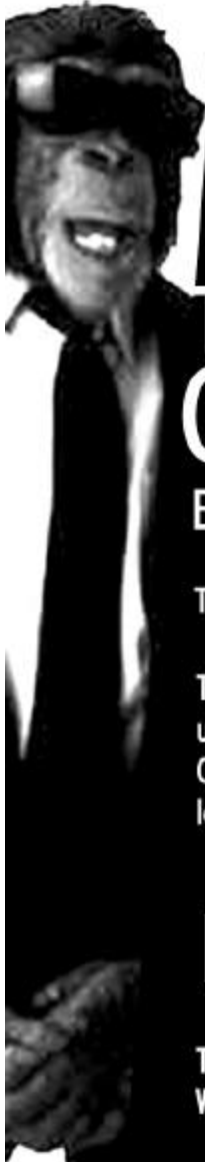


# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 23, Issue 3, DirtyRope  
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**R·I·O·T**

**P337**

## Even a Trained IT Student Could Do This Job

By Gary Hoffmann

I like to give credit where it's due, especially to those who take pride in their work, and the designers of the improved New Ritz<sup>1</sup> certainly seem to have done plenty of research before they undertook their project. I expected them merely to match the former incompetence of the Ritz's design, but I was pleasantly surprised to learn they'd greatly surpassed it<sup>2</sup>. It's always nice to see people who take their jobs seriously nowadays, it being so rare.

You've already heard my pronounced congratulations to the impressive ability of the designers to remove all traces of character and personality from the old, dark, comfortable Ritz that we once knew and loved. But upon closer examination, some subtler indications of their absolute genius are revealed. Let's look, for example, at the obvious mental strain they must have put into arranging the new Ritz's seating. Not only did they reduce the number of seats in an already crowded venue, but they somehow managed to make it harder to move around. One would expect the limited seating to at least be compensated by extra space to eat, breathe, and engage in various social activities<sup>5</sup> such as conversation or orgies, but these epitomes of architectural achievement<sup>8</sup> placed the tables in precisely the most inconvenient positions, cutting off natural walkways without creating new ones. One of the tables was even placed in front of the most heavily trafficked stairways, only allowing one person to pass at a time while four people on both sides stood impatiently for their turn.

Think about it. The old, bulky wooden chairs that used to crowd and bump one another have been replaced by sleek, lean plastic chairs, and the seating capacity was reduced by about 120, approximately a third of the original capacity. I can only figure that the laws of physics were somehow changed and quantum mechanics<sup>9</sup> were given a holiday. Suddenly the probability distribution of a table spreads out through the entire Ritz, with the highest probability of finding it being directly in front of where you need to go<sup>10</sup>.

And as for the help, the Ritz has, after years of trying, finally surpassed Gracies in astonishing levels of incompetence and apathy. The competition was a fierce one, but the best candidate won out. I imagine the interviews must have gone something like this:

**Interviewer:** So, where do you want to work?

**Prospective Employee:** Well, I obviously have no sandwich making ability, and recognizing that sandwich construction is an art form best left to someone experienced and highly qualified in the field, I would prefer to be given a simple task such as mopping the floors or herding the IT students into the proper lines<sup>11</sup>.

**Interviewer:** Sandwiches it is!

Prospective Employee then becomes an actual employee who is given the task of making a sandwich for me.

**Me:** Tuna on rye.

**Actual Employee:** And what kind of wrap would you like for that?

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<sup>1</sup> Kind of like how New Coke was an improvement...

<sup>2</sup> I suppose I shouldn't have been too surprised. It was, after all, designed by ESPN<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Serving the intelligentsia of America<sup>4</sup> with pride for over a dozen years!

<sup>4</sup> No, really. The witty banter and Aristotelian dialogue on Sports Center continues to awe me with its incredible depth and obscure literary allusions, not to mention its insightful social commentary and profound revelations about the nature of the Universe.

<sup>5</sup> How are we supposed to go out and have fun without DDR? You must be mistaking what I meant by "social interaction," Mr. Simone. We asked for things to DO, not places to go and TALK to other people! Replace Java Wally's with a giant DDR mat and the engineers<sup>6</sup> will be happy.

<sup>6</sup> Because the photo students are just around to provide interesting scenery, and the science students are just around to justify all the math and physics courses they're required to take<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> Usually two or three times...

<sup>8</sup> A little like Howard Roark, but not as cuddly.

<sup>9</sup> Ayn Rand ain't got nothin' on Schrödinger's Cat!

<sup>10</sup> I've noticed a similar effect with my professors when I don't turn in my homework.

<sup>11</sup> This is actually an extremely difficult job. Potential Employee is revealing his naiveté.

**Me:** ...

After explaining what tuna on rye meant, and then explaining again what tuna on rye meant, and then waiting for a manager to explain what tuna on rye meant, and then waiting for the same manager to point out the rye bread for the employee, the employee got out two slices of rye bread, placed them diffidently on the counter, and stared at me with a deer-caught-in-the-headlights gaze.

**Me:** Tuna<sup>12</sup>.

At which point I watched as he placed an ice-cream scoop shaped blob of tuna dead center on my bread and continued staring at me expectantly.

**Me:** <pause> This is the part where you spread it out evenly on the bread<sup>13</sup>.

**Employee:** <pokes at the gob of tuna>

**M:** There's a spatula right in the tuna you can use.

**E:** <searches frantically underneath the counter>

**M:** No, right there.

**E:** <swings gaze back and forth>

**M:** There!

After somehow finding the elusive spatula, I asked for lettuce, unknowingly giving him an even more difficult assignment than spreading out the tuna. He carefully, precisely, slowly placed five tiny shreds of iceberg lettuce on top of the mutilated fish goo.

**Me:** A little more lettuce.

**Employee:** <places two more shreds>

Repeat.

Twenty minutes later, my sandwich was finally completed<sup>14</sup>.

I could go on, but I'm not paid by the word. Suffice it to say that the Ritz has achieved the heights of incompetence we've all come to expect over the years, and I, for one, am truly ingratiate of the results. I'd like to conclude by sending my thanks to ESPN for providing the funding for this wholly unnecessary and poorly executed performance of architectural ingenuity. Good work!

Oh, and *Reporter* sucks.

<sup>12</sup> It's actually the dolphin I'm after, or I'd have just asked for chicken salad.

<sup>13</sup> Perhaps I was being a bit too condescending at this point. Perhaps I should have been more understanding of his predicament and tried to place myself hypothetically in his situation. Perhaps I should have offered more sympathy and patience. After all, we all have moments of uncertainty, when we're placed in a position in which we're clueless as to how to proceed, right? But, dammit, it's just a fucking tuna fish sandwich!

<sup>14</sup> And I wasn't given chips. They raised the goddamned price of sandwiches and took away the complementary choice of greasy potato chips or stale pretzels. I'm willing to pay an extra dime if I have to, but you took away my potato chips you greedy sonsofbitches! Now I'm angry.

# SUBMIT.

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## A Note to Diners with Sensitive Stomachs and/or Selective Palates

One week ago yesterday was September 11<sup>th</sup>. No other introduction is necessary. Anything we could write about the event has been said before, replayed over and over again on the news and in print. We believe it's time to look at things more objectively.

We don't mean to be disrespectful by sharing our views but more than ever the events and their consequences have made the point of the necessity in letting everyone and every opinion have its voice. More than ever, the freedoms that we have inherited should be utilized and celebrated. Every one of us had to deal with that tragedy in some way – our own way. Some donated blood; others donated to the various relief funds; many prayed. Some of us chose to write...

The following story contains potentially unsettling content: knives on planes, hostile takeovers, and massacres of a gory nature. If you find these topics upsetting, you may wish to skip the next story entirely, or read it at a later date. We encourage any feedback sent via email to [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org).

- Ed

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# THE MAGIC WONDERSHOW

PRESENTS

## A Fitting Tribute

By Master Sean J. Stanley

You may ask where a guy like me could obtain PCP so easily. Pretty simple, really. Befriend a few reprobate baggage throwers; spend some quality time feeding their liquor habits in the sleazy dives near the airport, and suddenly, a wide variety of illicit items are at your disposal. Chauncey sold me the dust, along with the knife. He was keen to all of it from the start, one of those crazy paradoxical right-wing pseudo-militia types. I told him I needed some extra security and asked him what he recommended.

“Easy, man. Big fuckin’ knife.”

“Come on. I can’t get that through security.”

“Sure you can. I got a buddy who can set you up. Teaches high school. Makes arrowheads and shit for

the archaeology club. He can make you something.”

I questioned his conviction that a high school social studies teacher could make anything useful, but when Chauncey delivered the knife, I was impressed. It was a sweet little custom job; the blade from a two hundred dollar ceramic knife affixed to a high-impact plastic combat handle. I had seen others like it in hunting catalogs, often touting titanium handles and intricate locking mechanisms. This beauty had none such nonsense. It was a blade, a handle, and it contained no metal whatsoever.

Dosing someone is pretty easy. Slip them a Mickey and watch them fall off the bar stool before you drag them to some back alleyway to slice out their kidneys. Dosing a large group of people can be difficult, especially in such a small environment. Your actions are scrutinized and inescapable, so you'd better make them count. I figured the best way to get an even distribution was to mix it as a liquid and pour it into the ice compartment. Granted, the dosage wouldn't be even, but there'd be enough people tweaking to make things interesting.

A lecherous wife and a faggot son: that's what awaited me at home. I had worked hard and built nothing. She said I was predisposed to a certain selfish narcissism, but I'm inclined to believe that fuck-and-suck joyrides with the leathery fashion model in his Aston Martin colored her opinion of her hard working husband. I can't help that I travel. It's the nature of my job and she knew that. My sensitive offspring did have a

few redeeming qualities. He knew how to mix a martini, but more importantly, his supposed Attention Deficit Disorder required high-octane uppers to keep him “normal”. Needless to say, I entered his bathroom before work and swiped a handful from his medicine cabinet. Dexedrine. I swallowed two of the capsules with a generous pull of whisky from the apple juice bottle. If Charlie noticed, he didn’t say anything.

It began with a twitch, apparently. I had hoped for initial carnage, or at least some mid-air defecation, but it seemed that punctual morbidity beat violence to the proverbial door. I didn’t see it, but someone said that a passenger in first class had quietly closed his complimentary airline magazine and started digging into his arm with a ballpoint pen, all casual like. It wasn’t until he had exposed a layer of muscle tissue and a vein that the passenger beside him said something to the stewardess. My goal was to ferret out the undercover Marshall. I figured that if enough unpleasantness was unleashed, he’d emerge, knight in shining, to save the day like he always wanted to. It took a while, but eventually, a nondescript man in a bulging blazer stepped into the first class section. Bingo. He said a few words to Janet the stewardess, and then spoke softly to the passenger. She fetched a first aid kit and they bandaged his arm. After that, the Marshall retrieved a law enforcement-grade zip-tie and bound the man’s hands, looping the seatbelt through the bond to keep him from doing any more damage.

The only thing the passenger managed to say was “I’m glad we did this.”

It wasn’t long before other passengers began exhibiting strange behavior. The violence that I sought came swiftly; a man in his fifties walked up to the woman in the seat in front of him and punched her in the face repeatedly. He had hit her several times before another man pulled him off of her. I think she lost a few teeth.

“Why won’t she just shut the fuck up?” he said, sobbing, slumping into the aisle as the Marshall came to administer another zip tie. In coach, husbands were fighting with wives, concerned passengers harassed the flight attendants for information, and the slow building tension of a six-hour flight released itself into the air. Children, twisted on near lethal doses of PCP were wondering why their parents were fighting, as

reality slowly melted away around them. It was quite beautiful, really. A teenage girl who had apparently had experience with Ketamine was walking around telling people not to fight it, or they would descend into dire paralysis.

When the man asked about what sort of gun I wanted, the answer came out instantly, almost automatically. I didn’t think about it then, but now it seems as if an intangible part of my psyche had been planning this all along.

“Well, uh, what kind do the Air Marshals carry?”

“Most of them carry Glock semi-autos. Uses 40-caliber subsonic aviation rounds.”

“Oh. Are they good?”

“They’ll stop the bad guys, but won’t put a hole in your precious plane. Designed special, after they passed that bill.”

The noise in the back was getting louder. I looked at the empty holster where my gun should have been. I left it at home for a reason. The knife dug painfully into my shoulder blades. It had been digging into my back since the beginning of the flight, but I didn’t notice until now. I guess it felt the need to be used.

“Charlie, I’m going out there. Fuck! Hell of a time to leave my piece at home. Gimme yours.”

“Careful, Paul. Don’t use it unless you have to,” he said, the poor sap.

He gladly handed me his weapon. I cocked it and started for the door. He turned a wary eye in my direction as I cautiously lifted the steel door brace and passed through to the forward galley.

Beyond the ensuing chaos in first class, I could see that the coach passengers were faring no better. Those who tried in vain to maintain a meager artifice of sanity were droned out by the guttural cries of those who did not.

“It’s a nightmare out there, Charlie,” I said when I returned. “Send a distress to Milwaukee, we’re coming in.”

“What?”

I realized that my pedestrian speedball of Jack

Daniels and Dexedrine had perhaps clouded my judgment for a moment. I was talking like the air disaster movies. We were nowhere near Milwaukee, and landing the plane prematurely required a considerable amount of due diligence. It didn't matter. The burning knife stretched out a plastic hand toward me, or was it the other way around? I don't know. All I do know is that Charlie went quickly, the skin of his neck splitting so much easier than in the movies. My knife caught his jugular just so, a jet of hot blood shooting into the climate control system. Fuck it. They wouldn't need air condition for very long.

An elderly woman sat in the first seat, quietly tapping at the window, talking incoherently to someone named Benny. Behind her, a small boy sobbed in his mother's arms. I found the Marshall in the back, attending to a woman who had pulled out her tampon and was playing with it on the tray table like a Barbie doll.

"Looks like you're fresh out of zip ties," I said, leveling the gun at his head. Pulling the trigger was easier than I thought. The resulting splatter rendered the rest of the cabin relatively silent, especially the tampon woman, who took the next volley. It was quiet, save for a few sobs here and there. I made sure that the angle of penetration reflected the story I had concocted beforehand: Charlie and the Marshall had conspired to take control of the plane, feeding the passengers PCP and using it as an excuse to kill everyone in the process.

And there I was, firing blindly. How does one dispense with so many in so little time? The answer? Lots of ammo. I had another one of Chauncey's buddies whip up some aviation ammo by removing some of the gunpowder from standard 40 caliber slugs. I had been stashing extended ammo clips in the plane for weeks. I had enough rounds to take out the plane and then some, but I hoped I'd get to use my knife again. Now in my mind, I figured I'd off the first class passengers, and then instruct the people in coach to pass through the curtain one by one for swift dispatch. That way, I could build up a nice sense of anticipation. But alas, practicality required me to more or less mow down my quarry in a linear fashion as I slowly walked down the aisle. A single shot to the forehead, business like, with just enough time to get another clip in before someone came at me with some lame disarmament

technique they learned on an evening magazine news program. They weren't very good at it. The 40-caliber ammo pretty much stopped them dead in their tracks and after a moment I found myself being hit with empty soda cans, cellular phones, shoes even. By the time I reached the midsection, they had run out of things to throw at me. I had heard stories, grandiose tales of religious conversion, where the gunman's weapon jams long enough for someone to subdue them. I guess I feared this supposed act of God the most, but surprisingly enough, nothing happened. Charlie's gun worked perfectly, and I was able to get most of them in about five minutes. Occasionally, I had to make a decision. Which was worse. Forcing a mother to watch her child die, or vice versa? Letting the children live would have made my decision easy enough, but long-term trauma wasn't in the cards. So I opted to shoot the children first, and watch as the blank pallor of shock cascaded over the mother's face. It was wholly orgasmic. Yes I shot your child. Yes, I am a monster. No, I have no mercy. No, you can't make a deal with me.

It was over in about twenty minutes. Twenty minutes and the cabin was ensconced in blessed silence. I strolled to the cockpit, dragged Charlie's body into the main cabin and arranged him and the air Marshall in a grappling position, the knife in the air Marshall's hand. I wiped my prints off the gun and put it in Charlie's hand. Now all I had to do was work up some tears. Easy stuff, considering all the time I had. I made sure the door barricade was back in place before settling down in my seat for the rest of the flight. I switched off the autopilot and sat back, enjoying the solitude. Tomorrow was the eleventh and already, I felt a lot better.

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**We accept you.**

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**Club Med in a Post-Modern World  
Or  
How I Spent My Summer Vacation  
By Brian Casterline**

I do not consider myself to be a creative writer. My writing style has the flair typically found in accounting textbooks; or as my colleagues at the ‘other’ publication would describe it: “too academic and stiff.” I like starched shirts. I listen to baroque music. I read long briefs describing the merits of new medical equipment. I listen to NPR. I drive a European car. My liberal arts concentration is in technical communications.

However, for three months of the year, what I observe on a nightly basis could be fashioned into a story that could rival any in the pages of *Harper’s*.

**I fuel trucks for a living.**

When I say trucks, I mean... uh ... trucks. The big ones with 18 wheels. Mind you, this was not even a day job, as I worked the third shift.

The truck-stop is an institution which brings about images of gigantic men, smoke filled rooms, low light, greasy food, and of course, wailing country music. I can say that these stereotypes are, for the most part, false, and at the same time, more bizarre than the truth.

To begin... there was no country. Just the god-awful easy listening *muzak*- the sort that I am sure more than a few of you are familiar with. To those of you that aren’t well acquainted with this particular jewel— be thankful. Imagine all of the songs you hate, including many you didn’t even know you hated, played at the same time every night for months on end. I have been told that this cart of songs is only interrupted once a year, and then only to be replaced by holiday music— mostly the stuff somewhere between Frank Sinatra and The Chipmunks’ Christmas.

The lighting was an intense florescent glow that was magnified by titanium white paint. This had basically the same effect as a porch light attracting moths. Moths would have been welcome. Alas, we had drunks and the local tapestry of freaks instead.

I am used to being on the other side of the counter when it comes to drunken transactions. I am pretty comfortable in my knowledge of what it’s like to be



drunk... and to be in need of Hot Pockets. However, nothing in my crapulent ways could have prepared me for what was to arise one evening.

It was shortly after my tenure had begun; it had been a quiet night and I had just finished some stocking. As I turned the corner out of the stock room, I heard what was, to me, something that can be compared either to chamber orchestra composed of chainsaws, or a troupe of gravel-filled garbage cans being thrown down several flights of stairs. But, it was just bikers.

I would like to digress for a moment to speak of bikers. About a mile down the road from the truck stop is a biker bar. It’s a sizeable one; believe me, it ain’t no Dinosaur. However, similar to the stigmas attached to the trucking culture, most of what is associated with that of the bikers is generally a bunch of crap. Every biker that I have met— regardless of reputation of gang, kind of bike, or nature of tattoo— has been genuinely kind and likeable. That is, unless they are drunk.

These bikers were drunk, very drunk. There were about four in the usual garb: black studded leather everything, marked only by their gang’s brand, which will remain anonymous. There was also a mid 20-something blonde woman in similar attire. All of them were emanating an odor that can only be graphically explained by comparing it to a fraternity beer pong floor.

Biker 1: (falling into newspaper display)  
“WHAT’S UP BOYS?”

Myself: “Not too much. How ‘bout yourself?”

Biker 1: "I NEED SOME FUCKIN' H2O!"

Similar banter continued at this sort of pace and level of wit for about fifteen minutes between the lot of them until an argument over who's exhaust pipes sounded "less like shit" was interrupted by a very concise statement:

"WANNA SEE MY OLD LADY'S TATTOO?"

My co-worker Ben is a large guy. He's got a metal band, an assortment of piercings, and I'm pretty sure he has the Hemmingway list of male achievements down to the part about running with bulls. However, that one had him running behind the cigarette rack.

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## Bring Back DDT!

By Alex Wendler

Back in the good old days, there were "wonder chemicals" that worked for everything. Nobody got sick, nobody died, and there were no health risks. Then science, eager to ruin the things that make our eager existence worthwhile, filled society with lies, damn lies! They said things like asbestos gives you lung cancer, beer kills brain cells, and, the worst lie of it all, that DDT kills people! All of the sudden, people WERE dropping right and left, not because of the chemical, but because of the propaganda campaign perpetuated by science. It was the placebo effect; tell a person something will work this way, and it will. They were told DDT will kill you, and consequently, it killed many weak-minded individuals. Those Commie pinko freaks decided it was time to save their own kind, and banned the use of DDT. In this modern day and age, can't we rise above this mentality, and bring back one of the greatest things ever invented: DDT?

First off, DDT is safe. The aging "Baby-Boomers" used to frolic in the DDT clouds. Are *they* dying from chemical poisoning? Not anymore! In their aging state, they have forgotten the false information that was drilled into their skulls. Yet DDT still remains illegal, even though nobody

So without much more thought, I jumped in with a casual "sure," and before the word escaped my mouth, the 20 something peeled off her leather pants to expose a very purple grateful dead bear on the part of the body that can neither be described as butt or thigh. And so you get the drift; right there between the jerky and the chips, we got quite a show.

Working at a truck-stop overnight affects one's subconscious. Literally, on a nightly basis something completely off the wall could and would happen, and unfortunately, without keeping a diary, one is prone to forgetting. Chalk it up to fear, disgust, or plain weirdness. The brain very simply shuts of for a while.

Who could ask for more?

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will die from it anymore.

In this day and age, there has never been a greater need for the wonder pesticide to come back! Food production by small farmers is dropping because of the banning of so many pesticides gives the modern farmer a limited armory. DDT worked wonders on those bugs, and dropped them faster than any platoon could drop a group of Charlies in 'Nam. There has never been a greater need to aid the small farmers of the United States of America, and DDT is just the solution they need!

Finally, it is a well-known fact that DDT will strengthen the human race. It will not kill most people. In fact, the few it does kill, deserve to die, for they are genetically inferior. By reviving DDT, we will be doing future generations a great favor, and will be ridding the gene pool of those inferior beings that dare to walk amongst us. The ones that do survive will be stronger from the experience. If it doesn't kill you, it only makes you stronger, and DDT will turn the human race into a race of super beings.

Therefore, we really should overcome the detriment on America those liberal punks have imposed, and bring back DDT, if not for the farmers, then for future generations. DDT must be revived so that we will become genetically pure.



## What's the Frequency?

By Bryan Hammer

### *Back to Basics: the "Retro" Revolution*

After the bombardment of teen pop in the past five years it looks like a revolution of sorts is finally beginning. With various genres all sharing the spotlight for the past year, the music scene is throbbing with an intense creative fury. With all of these bands still young, music fans are just waiting with bated breath for a batch of sophomore releases to reveal the next big band or the next exciting new sound.

Emerging onto the music scene is what has come to be called the "retro" rock group, made up of groups like The White Stripes, The Strokes, The Vines, and The Hives. No doubt you've heard of these bands by now, and if you haven't you're definitely missing out. These bands all exhibit a garage rock sound with a back to basics attitude. No frills. No bullshit. Just in your face rock. With a morphing of blues, British rock, and an unmistakable splash of grunge rock, these bands, around since the mid to late nineties, are just now finding acclaim and a larger fan base.

The Vines came raging into the US music scene with their fiery debut single "Get Free" off their album *Highly Evolved*. Formed in Sydney, Australia in the mid nineties, the band's first EP "Factory," saw promising coverage by the local music press. The quartet spent their first years together recording on a four track recorder before ever starting a rigorous tour schedule. This allowed the band to build an immense library of songs, and will probably benefit them in their latter releases. The young rockers seem to borrow from British rockers like the Beatles and Oasis, yet add the drive of distortion that rings like Nirvana. The group's more bluesy numbers even begin to sound like the Velvet Underground. Their influences may be many, but even with their young sound they rival the greats, and sometimes even transcend them. Stand out tracks are the vicious single "Get Free", and "1969" which

features a mix of melodic and driving rock. Singer Craig Nicholls howls like Cobain in these numbers yet can soothe your senses like Lennon in songs like "Homesick", and "Autumn Shade". The Vines promise to be the possible saviors of rock n' roll, if only for this year.

The epitome of this 'back to basics' garage rock is The White Stripes. The mysterious duo draws from folk, blues, country, Britpop, and rock influences. With simple riffs and beats, the group seems to be able to create any kind of sound they desire. With angry rock songs like "Fell in Love With a Girl", hokier numbers like "Hotel Yorba", and the folk blues riffs in "We're Going to be Friends" the Stripes seem to be unclassifiable. Since 1997, the brother/sister or ex-husband and wife duo<sup>1</sup> has released three albums: their first self titled debuted in 1999, followed by *De Stijl*<sup>2</sup> in 2000, and their most popular release *White Blood Cells* in 2001 which featured their debut single "Fell in Love With a Girl". Their ability to mimic many different styles of music sets them apart from most bands of today, and will this allow them to amass a varied fan base. Though their popularity may never become as big as they deserve, I think they will be an influential band for the rock generations to come. Just as Hendrix and Dylan influenced musicians today, I believe The White Stripes will be the quiet leaders into the next era of rock.

The Hives, hailing from Sweden, are spreading their retro look with intense sounds of garage punk rock. Continuing with the 'back to basics' idea, The Hives feature dynamic rhythms and incensed punk riffs that are sure to leave an impression. Their breakthrough album *Veni Vidi Vicious* allowed them to jump on the rock revival ride with acts like The Strokes<sup>3</sup>. Their first single "Hate to Say I Told You So" created enough waves to give the new album gold status, an impressive mark for a garage rock band, considering the current state of the music market. The true test for this band will be with their next major release. They have the originality and energy to create the next big

**These bands all exhibit a garage rock sound with a back to basics attitude. No frills. No bullshit. Just in your face rock.**

<sup>1</sup> They won't clarify. No one really knows exactly what their relationship is. I've heard both stories.

<sup>2</sup> A reference to a Dutch art form which features the use of rectilinear colored objects assembles in perpendicular and parallel combinations. De Stijl also influenced much of modern architecture

<sup>3</sup> Read on for more commentary on the Strokes.

sound; however it will be quite a challenge, considering the quality of their rivals: The Strokes, Stripes, and Vines. Check out songs like "Die, Alright", and "Main Offender" off their new album. Both feature powerful beats and angry vocals, and are sure to make you feel punk- at least for three minutes. "Find Another Girl" is a surf rock swinger that shows the potential that this band has for expanding its sound.

Though it can be debated whether or not The Strokes are the most talented of the four bands mentioned, they are, without a doubt, what started the rage, allowing for similar sounds to ride on their roomy coattails. These New York City rockers went from playing clubs on the east side to videos on MTV2 and selling out in large venues. Their form of bluesy punk rock isn't so much groundbreaking as it is classic. Julian Casablancas' vocals are probably the most enchanting element of The Strokes songs and style. It's muffled and distorted yet powerful and passionate; almost floating over the rhythms and riffs below. You find yourself not so much listening to the lyrics themselves, but the overall texture of sound created. Like the Hives, the success of The Stokes will depend on their next release. Their next album will have to topple their first release *This Is It*, which may seem like a daunting task, but for this style to stick, it's necessary.

Many have heard "Last Night", their first single, but other songs like "Sometimes", and "Hard to Explain" are equally as impressive. The band also released a song called "New York City Cops" on their early copies of their newest album. Though the song was pulled after September 11<sup>th</sup>, it can still be found on the Internet. The Strokes may have saved us from teen pop; however this feat, while fantastic in and of itself, has not won them a place in music history... yet.

Rock fans are looking for the next savior of rock n' roll. Who will win this esteemed title? Are people ready for angry punk, bluesy melodies, depressing love songs, or straight up rock? These four bands feature basic sounds that are reminiscent of sounds of the past, and echo the events of the Seattle Sound, digging into the grass roots of rock. Will this be the next "grunge" revolution? Is Vines' front man Craig Nicholls the next Cobain, or will The White Stripes pull off the next influential album? It is certainly an exciting time for music fans, so hang on.

Next week I'll talk about the Emo insurrection that has swept the music scene in the past year, sending fans screaming and crying for the next jaded love song. In the meantime send all your comments, questions, or hate mail to [GDTWTF@hotmail.com](mailto:GDTWTF@hotmail.com).

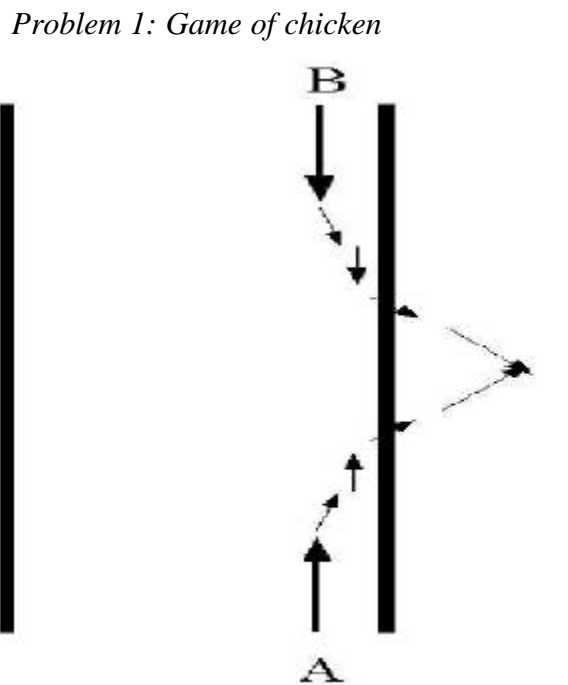
**RIT Pedestrian Study**  
**By Rocko Bonaparte**

Over the course of the last year, I have observed a change in driving habits in Rochester. Driving has become more discordant and chaotic. Pedestrian habits seem to reflect this. Not so much along the sidewalks of the city of Rochester, but more along the walkways and hallways on the RIT campus.

I remember high school and how odd it was that everybody walked on the right side of the hall. No matter what the hallways may be like from day-to-day, they would always end up walking on the right. My high school adhered to the law of the jungle, except in the hallways.

My first few years at RIT didn't show any change in the "walk on the right rule." However, this fall has been different. It's been almost catastrophic. Not only is the right-hand side no longer sacred, neither is anything else. I'd like to point out what I've

been seeing:

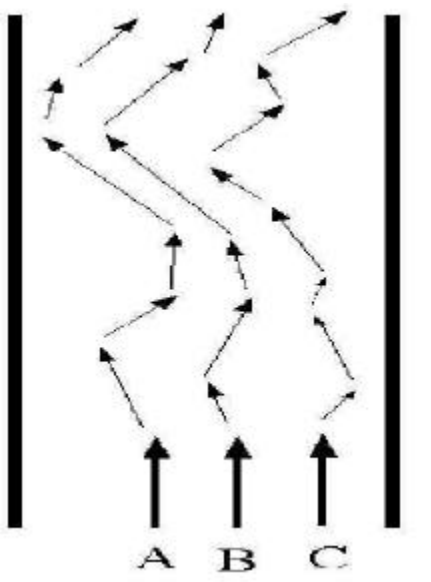


Here, person A is minding his own business, so

to speak. He's walking on the right-hand side like I would expect. Person B is walking on his left-hand side. Person A doesn't want to collide with person B, so he walks further to his right. Person B matches this by moving more to the left. Person B is acting innocent, whether you believe it or not. They end up going off the road, and meeting. They both quietly say, "Excuse me," and end up eventually getting by each other.

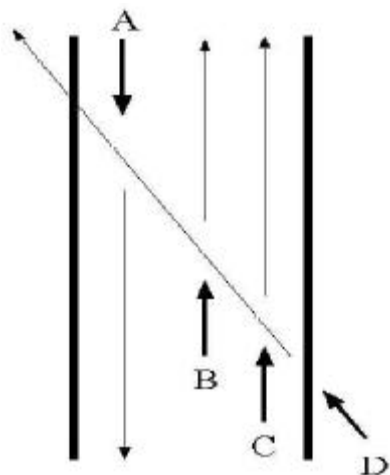
Persons A, B, and C are doing a good job at the complicated task of walking. Person D decides that RIT does not pave where it should, and is cutting across. Person D probably looked at the two places he needed to be on a map, and drew a straight line across them. This person is probably always late to class. They are always in a hurry. They think that people who get in their way are stupid and walk too slow.

*Problem 2: The "Yeah, Boy"*

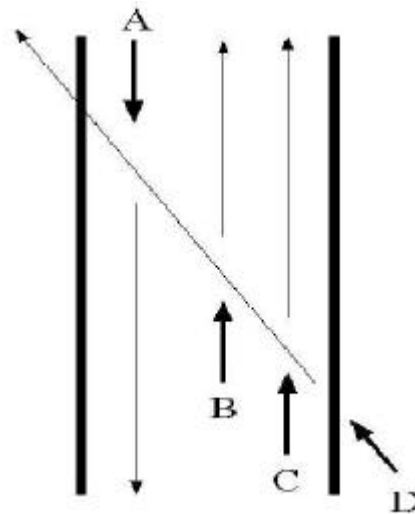


Here's a quarter-mile classic. You have three homeboys, meandering back-and-forth on the way to pimpin' their ho's. They're chillin' and just letting their feet take them wherever it might. They are a hard group to get around since they walk all over the damn place. It is made worse when they look intimidating.

*Problem 3: I am an engineer, and it is only logical to take the shortest distance between two points in a straight line*



*Problem 4: Is this London???*



This doesn't really seem so bad, but everybody's walking on the wrong side! That is, except for person G. This person seems not to have a damn clue what the hell is going on. He started his stroll and just realized that he's walking against the tide. Often, person G is me. So if you see some guy with an Intel backpack on one shoulder, and a laptop carrying case on another, tell them you read the article. Another clue: He'll probably have been knocked over by persons F and E.

# poetry

## **Superior to Soap By Brian Cody**

Look at you, so proud and rigid. Have I,  
got news for you. I will dissolve your out-  
sides,  
and you will become soft and slimy.  
Your insides will become your skin, which I  
will rub over mine. They will too dissolve,  
and you will fade into  
nothing.  
What's this you say,  
you will escape bit by bit down the drain?  
That may be true,  
but while you're here,  
you are mine.  
Lather for me, bitch.

## **Someday By Jack Seraph**

Someday I'll find the person that matters  
The one who will change my whole life  
She'll crash right in, through all of my walls  
And quickly end all of my strife

She'll rant and she'll rave  
But I'll use what I'm handed  
My only disdain's  
That she'll take me for granted

She needs to need me  
As much as I need to need her  
Her love is infectious  
And I'll never want the cure

See, I have this big dream  
Some might call it quaint  
The story I want to tell  
The picture I want to paint

But my biggest fear for this dream:  
It might never come true.  
I'll have millions of happy moments  
But miss a precious few.

I'll have no story,  
no perfect ending to share.  
People will pity,  
But no one will care.

Buck up they'll say  
There's fish in the sea.  
But that funny little metaphor  
can't satisfy me.

All I want is my dream.  
Just one love to keep.  
Not this one a month bullshit  
So many others now seek.

But she's so hard to find.  
That questions no fun...  
"Hi my name's Jon  
might you be the one?"

I thrive on control,  
 Hell, I steer my own course  
 But I'm powerless here  
 to some other force.

You can't buy love  
 Can't find it in a store.  
 I've passed on the sex  
 I'm looking for more.

Sex is just one star  
 If love's the night sky  
 All I want her to say  
 Is I'm the only guy

I want her to incite  
 I want shock and surprise  
 I'm done with the tears  
 That burn in my eyes

I want sheer admiration  
 On both of our parts  
 I want easy love to rest  
 On both of our hearts.

I want someone who'll trust me.  
 Someone willing to confide  
 Someone willing to share,  
 but not afraid to hide

So I wait here by the ocean,  
 In my dreams I sail the sea  
 And I wait in paradise,  
 For that love to find me.

I'm not waiting for love  
 To fall in my lap.  
 But a forceful search for love  
 Well, there's folly in that.

It's out of my control  
 Cause love's a two part deal  
 You can find any girl  
 But you can't make her feel.

So you read this whole thing.  
 I must say I'm impressed.  
 I appreciate your attention,  
 But I wanted it addressed.

I've been told more than once  
 "Just forget love and have some fun"  
 I pass on the many  
 As I search for the one.

And I will find this love  
 The one to adore  
 I will find her someday  
 And I'll fear no more



# 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.**

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