

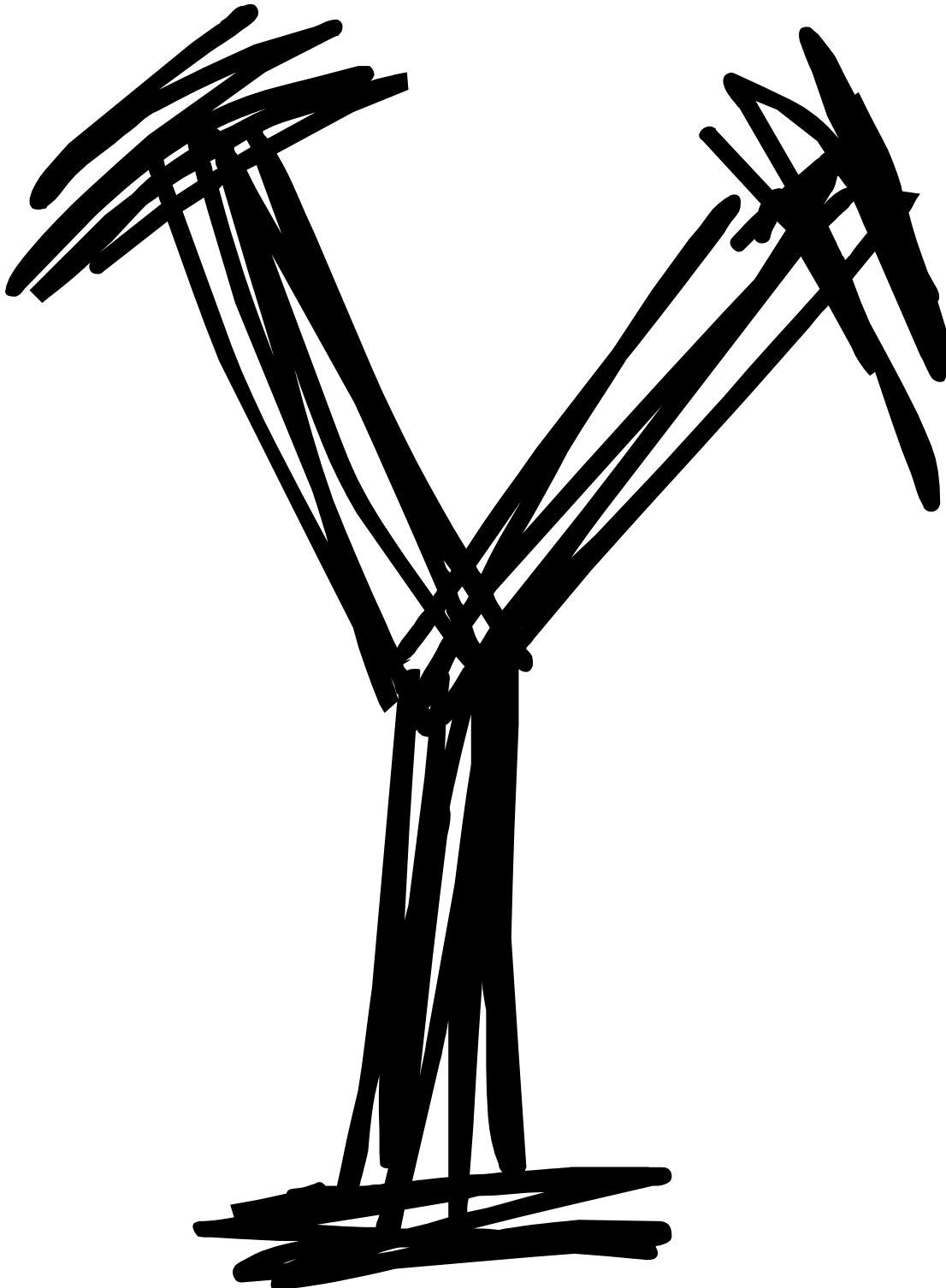


Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 24, Issue 8, Vail
www.hellskitchen.org/gdt



Member of
Hell's Kitchen
www.hellskitchen.org



Why I Carry a Real Bow & Arrow on Valentine's Day

By Jonathan Byrd

Well it's that time of year again, the time of year when young men's flights of fancy travel towards thoughts of the fairer sex. A time when romance is flitting from horny teen to horny teen like a sparrow with ADD. Cards, flowers, and candy are passed out as freely as venereal diseases.

And as wonderful as this holiday is...no wait, this holiday sucks...if it can even be called a holiday...which it can't.

I can't believe how many people get suckered into doing all this Valentine's Day crap. Buying cards from Hallmark, flowers from FTD Florists, stuffed animals from Disney, candy from...some company that sells candy.

Can't people see that all these gift companies were looking at their monthly statistics and said something akin to, "Hmmm...This time between Christmas and Easter...there's not much happening in the sales department. Hmmm..."

Throw in another few ambiguous "Hmmm..."s, and you've got about what this day equates to, absolutely nothing.

Yes, I believe it is a great idea to profess your love to a person you have feelings for. I'm not opposed to the idea of buying gifts, poor though I may be. What really pisses me off is that everyone does it on random day "x" because large companies and businesses say random day "x" is hereby assigned to be *the day*. If you have any affection to express, this is the day to do it, damnit.

Let's make a cute little angel who flies around and pokes people with his arrows of love! Let's toss hearts into the mix more liberally than an artist uses paint on a canvas. Let's spruce it up, make it attractive, make it marketable. I think we have a holiday here!

The day is nothing more than a highly glamor-

ized attempt to rob consumers of their money.

I despise Valentine's Day and the barely hidden agenda behind it. It's holidays like these that make companies think they can get away with creating other holidays like that load of crap they tried to push off in October; "Sweetest Day."

It makes me sick every time I see someone handing out a gift on Valentine's Day. It's even worse if it is a classic gift like flowers, or a sappy card. Get it through your thick skull that if you want to impress your better half, Valentine's Day is one of the *worst* times to celebrate your affections for one another.

If you want to really tell someone you care, wait until after Valentine's Day. Don't do anything for them at all, tell them the awful truth behind Valentine's Day, and make it perfectly clear that nothing should be done to celebrate

Valentine's Day.

Then a few weeks later, on a completely random day, buy them a box of chocolate, get them flowers, classic Valentine's Day stuff. It will completely blow them away (not to mention the fact that you'll get some sweet post-Valentine's Day sales) that you decided to do that stuff anyway, even though it isn't Valentine's Day. The fact that you went ahead and did something romantic for them when you weren't socially obligated to will make them feel 100 times better than if you just celebrated Valentine's Day normally.

I am hereby boycotting Valentine's Day.

I invite you all to join me. Cast away the chains of that evil little bastard, Cupid. Stop buying cards from Hallmark. Stop buying things and expressing affections for a person you love because someone said to, and do it instead because you *want* to.



Valentine's Day: A Brief History

By **matthew denker**

Valentine's Day is a holiday of love. In fact, February has long been a romantically charged month. Nevertheless, the history of Valentine's Day is mysterious and the happenings on this day are varied, from corporate to bloody. Catholicism currently recognizes no less than 3 Saints named Valentine or a derivative. There are many legends of Valentine's deeds, including helping marry young men and women against the decree of Emperor Claudius the Second. Another legend suggests he helped Christians escape Roman prisons. Some believe Valentine, while in prison, fell for the jailor's daughter and signed the love note "From Your Valentine." In all, whatever Valentine did, he quickly became seen as a very romantic guy. Pope Gelasius declared February 14th Valentine's Day near 498 CE. Valentine's Day became popular by the middle of the 17th Century and by the end of the 18th Century printed Valentines were common. An estimated one billion Valentines are sent each year, and 85% of those are by women, so guys send about 150 million Valentines, which, incidentally, is about one Valentine for every viewer of the Super Bowl a few weeks before. If you don't like football, then consider that men send one Valentine for every single Pakistani in 2003.

Also on the 14th of February are a few other holidays. They include Gaekkebrev in Denmark and the Day of National Mourning in Mexico. The first holiday is a gift exchange between school students, while the second is commemorating a tragedy from 1831 and amounts very much to a bank holiday. Oh, and there was one famous ancient holiday, whose celebration is very clearly missed. Lupercalia. This Roman festival was held in honor of Faunus. It was held to expiate and purify new life in spring. The celebration consisted of the sacrificing of dogs and goats. Two local youths

were then blessed with the blood of the animals and ran helter skelter about the city wearing only thongs cut from the goats called Februa. Incidentally, the name came from the same Latin root as February, which means to purify. Girls who were later struck by the worn Februa were believed to be blessed with fertility.

Not only does Valentine's Day share February 14th with some other holidays, a number of famous events have also occurred on this day in history.

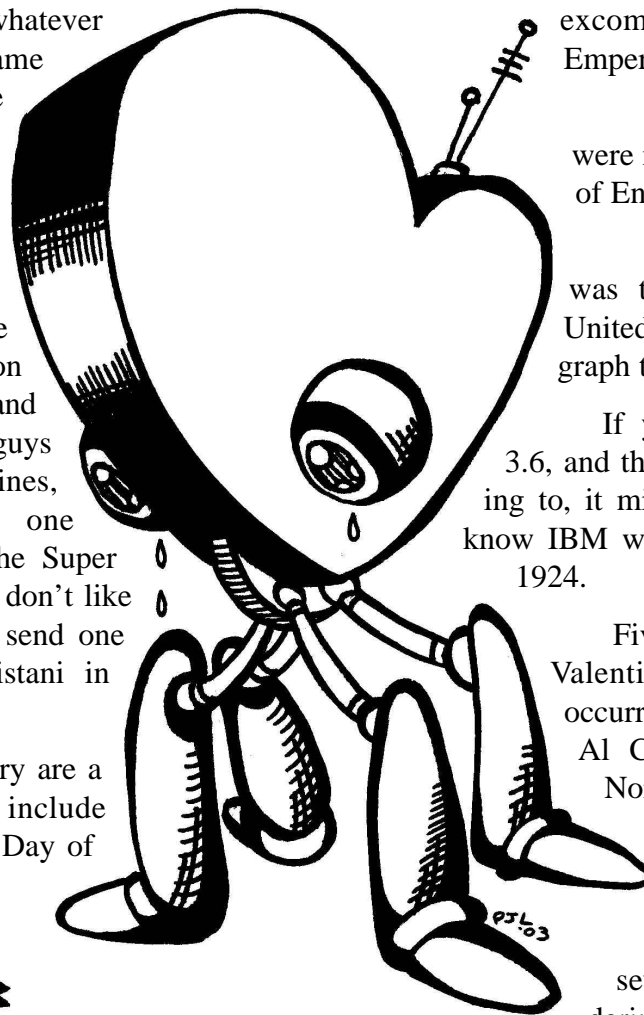
In 1076 Pope Gregory VII excommunicated Holy Roman Emperor Henry III

In 1689 William and Mary were named the King and Queen of England.

Befitting RIT, James Polk was the first President of the United States to have his photograph taken in 1849.

If your GPA is greater than 3.6, and thus making you worth talking to, it might be worth you time to know IBM was founded on this day in 1924.

Five years later in 1929, the Valentine's Day Massacre occurred. Seven rival gangsters to Al Capone were murdered in North Chicago. The murder was more spectacular than the ending. Two men dressed as police officers and fooled the seven gangsters into surrendering. Two plain-clothed men then walked in and killed all 6 and severely wounded the seventh before they could do anything. They then acted as though the men dressed as police had just arrested the plain clothed men and got away without alerting any neighbors who saw the four men leaving. In the end, though, Al Capone was never indicted and the murderers' identities are to this day unknown.



For those more in tune with current politics, in 1989 the Ayatollah Khomeini called for the killing of Salmon Rushdie for The Satanic Verses.

Finally, both Oregon and Arizona became states in 1859 and 1912 respectively.

Some famous people who were born on this day were architect Leon Batista Alberti in 1404, economist Thomas Malthus in 1766, Actor John Barrymore in 1882, Director Masaki Kobayashi in 1916, and Magician Teller from the alternate lifestyle magic show of Penn and Teller in 1948. Alberti was famous for his restoration of the papal palace and of the foundation of Acqua Vergine, and in the ornamentation of the magnificent Trevi Fountain. Thomas Malthus is credited with the prediction that the world's food supply will not grow as fast as the population and will eventually no longer support the number of people on

earth. This would then lead to the aptly named Malthusian Catastrophe. Grandfather to Drew Barrymore and the head of the great acting family, John Barrymore was made famous for his portrayal of Hamlet and his acting in other Shakespearian works. Kobayashi is best known for Kwaidan, a movie of four ghost stories, and The Human Condition, a nine-and-a-half hour behemoth. Finally, Teller – and yes, that is his full, legal name – is famous for, well, whatever it is he's famous for. Smoke and mirrors, ahem.

Valentine's Day history is care of the History Channel and related information is from the Wikipedia. Population estimates are from the U.S. Census Bureau and Super Bowl viewer statistics are care of ABC.

The Traveling Platypus Bob Rutan, Guild of Sequential Illustrators



Mussolini, part three: In which the Protagonist's biology gets the better of him.

By Kjören and Hanna Thomas

“He who will not reason, is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; and he who dares not, is a slave.”

—William Drummond

With Mussolini inside of it, Arem looks like a large, glass beach ball filled with water. Stretching away from it was the faintest suggestion of a thread, which attached the ball to the tank in my shop. That an oversized goldfish could travel through a thin thread from his virtual tank to his virtual hamster ball was a virtual impossibility, so I didn't worry about it at all.

“Are you willing to admit I'm right?” he asked, tooling around the yard, bumping into chairs, upending tables and generally making a mess. Watching him move about, it made me want to make a Brownian Hamster to keep him company in Imaginary Bridges.

As Mussolini bumped into the prolix, it beeped, “oh, huh! last I heard you were quitting.”

“No way, baby!” Mussolini said to the prolix, coming around for another pass. “I read your buffer. I know Kjören has been saying that logic can't override instinct. I am the winner!” With that, Mussolini proceeded to roll into the prolix again and again, screaming, “Say it! Go on! Say it! Who's you're daddy? I know it's in your buffer! I can see it! Say my name, bitch! Say it!” The whole time the prolix was spitting out all sorts of non-sense phrases: “I hate the world,” “I'm just going to stop believing in everything,” “shoot shoot him him with with your your gun gun,” before it finally spit out, “gotta appreciate a good alien-looking woman.”

“That's right,” Mussolini said triumphantly.

Once he'd calmed down, a bit, I was finally able to talk. “I said I didn't think logic could efface instinct. There's a world of difference between using will power and self-awareness to not act on a drive versus removing a deep-seated drive completely.

“Critics of the human genome project and sociobiology have similar fears: armed with genetic information, individuals can claim humans are unable to do anything other than what instinct demands.”

“I'd agree with that statement,” said Mussolini.

“Then you'd be wrong. Humans can be conditioned, using simple reflexive techniques and their

minds. The United States Air Force has to train their pilots to override their instincts in order to fly the jets that are in the air today. The instincts are still there, but they are dulled against the reason of the human mind.

“What is, doesn't have to be. Thoreau said he went into the woods to live deliberately. Maybe the same should be said for the experiments taking place in molecular biology: research was done that we might live deliberately. Imagine if a child was taught from a young age that they were genetically predisposed toward alcoholism, and was trained in ways which would allow them to avoid situations where they might be exposed. To me, that is preferable to all of us covering our ears, shutting our eyes and shouting, ‘I don't want to know!’

“Genetic predispositions are just that: predispositions. It doesn't mean that we will become an athlete, doctor, priest or a criminal. It means if we slip though life in an unthinking way – if we don't exercise our human gift of reason and self-contemplation – we will probably end up as what our genes tell us to be. If we are vigilant, however, we can actively choose not to be what our genes demand.

“There are limitations, I'm sure. At some point, the human psyche will crack under the strain of doing what one's genes rebel against, but somewhere between the naturalistic approach and the completely logical approach is the middle ground. I sometimes think that no one reads Hegel anymore.

“Imagine how much more effective organizations could be if they took sociobiology into account? Some companies are already limiting the work force size to fit models proposed by Robin Dunbar, and it seems to be working.”

Mussolini had stopped rolling about and had evidentially left the shell of RM behind. Getting up from my computer, I approached his tank in the other room and checked up on him; it was pretty unusual for him to just sit by and not respond to an argument.

“You ok, Mussolini?”

He gulped some air from the surface, looked at me in a sort of apologetic way and said, “Um, what was it we were talking about?”

From Pits of Fashion - 1

By Ian C. Smith

From my depths I cry, nay I howl unto thee. I wail and shake and scowl. Why is the sky blue? You must think I am blind to the truth. Am I incapable of understanding? Perhaps there was a memo I missed? Perhaps you are a sadist? It isn't obvious and it isn't so because it is. You all are wrong despite what 3,000 years have taught you. He's blinded you with His bleached radiance. His glow covers the hideous motives for His transgressions. Grovel only if you fear the truth.

My girlfriend is a gem. She is my happiness. I beat her. I broke her heart and cracked her ribs. She is so sub-par compared to me; therefore my actions shall go unchallenged. Her incompetence brings me rage I shan't control. My love, why have you angered me so? Beg for mercy, or you'll taste my backhand, bitch! You are mine and I'll do as I please.

He's a wife beater. There is no excuse in heaven or hell that can explain the atrociousness of His actions. Throughout life His scarred children passed down the vile lies. They were tortured and misled to believe His actions are pure. He gathers his prey to his gaudy house, like a Nazi youth rally. With fear and oppression he teaches us. Stories of evil are created in response to any question. He's neither your friend nor

savior. He's a tormentor, a demeanor. He'll annihilate your individuality. Just as we steal animals from their homes, he'll steal us from our lives. He'll pacify us and domesticate us. Meager praises and a serpent smile will be the reward for our begging. Deceitful trickeries are His miracles.

I loved you. You beat me senseless. When I asked, "Why?" you hit me harder. I was down and you kicked my teeth in. My bloody mouth gurgled protest so you stabbed my heart. I looked for support, a lent hand to help drag me from your abuse. You blackened my eyes for betrayal. Behind swollen and crushed sockets, my tearful eyes showed my hurt and confusion. I try to scream injustice and LIAR, but you smother me. To let my futile screams escape would destroy you. Your existence is my perception. As real as pain or as false as hope, either is the result of my belief.

No more will I drop to my knees. No more will I beg. No more will I believe. You stepped too far and your curtain blew to the side. I see a shallow, calloused, spiteful, megalomaniac. You're lonely and asocial. You beat me to show your love. FUCK YOU.

Having the Valentine's Day Blues?

Do you show your affection everyday and feel comfortable enough in your relationship that you can go to the biggest hockey game of the year, even if it is on Valentine's? Is your girlfriend threatening the livelihood of your genitalia?

Come visit the MEN'S CENTER

We understand, and we can help!

"Because two heads are better than one"

***Reminder: March 20th is Steak & Blowjob Day. Meet in ESPN Sports Zone for festivities**

Paid Advertisement

Bombs for Valentine's Day

By Gary Hoffmann

It's always nice to see a person accomplish their goals, realize their dreams, and fulfill their aspirations. And when those aspirations also take a person down the path his father traveled before him, so that he may complete what was left undone, it really tugs on the heartstrings. Especially when it all involves illegally bombing the – as we like to call in the business – Holy Living Hell out of those heathens who have all the oil we need for our SUV's. That's why it's so wonderful to see George W. Bush about to declare war on Iraq. And just in time for Valentine's Day so George can send Saddam some flowers, maybe a box of chocolates, and a few thousand tons of bombs that are sure to further inflame Arabic hatred against the United States, provoking further attacks from the terrorists that are only thinly – at best – connected to the site of our imminent invasion.

Since this war will likely affect us all – except for the fact that we'll all be exempt from the draft, being in college – let's take a closer look at the United States' motives, planned strategy, and ultimate goals for this war.

Motives

The debate has been ongoing for a while about the real reasons Bush has been such a proponent of war with Iraq. Some have supposed he is merely continuing his father's war, trying to succeed where Ol' George failed, throwing the entire might of a world superpower against a rogue third world nation which poses little substantial threat in order to satiate his family's pride. If this were true, however, he would not be invading Iraq soon, nor would he have even become president. George W. would have tried to rise through the ranks of the CIA, sending money to the Taliban instead of soldiers, and buying their heroin to sell in other third world countries to ensure their populations are easily controlled by the forces of Freedom and Democracy. This is where Daddy truly failed, and the Iraq thing was just for kicks and giggles.

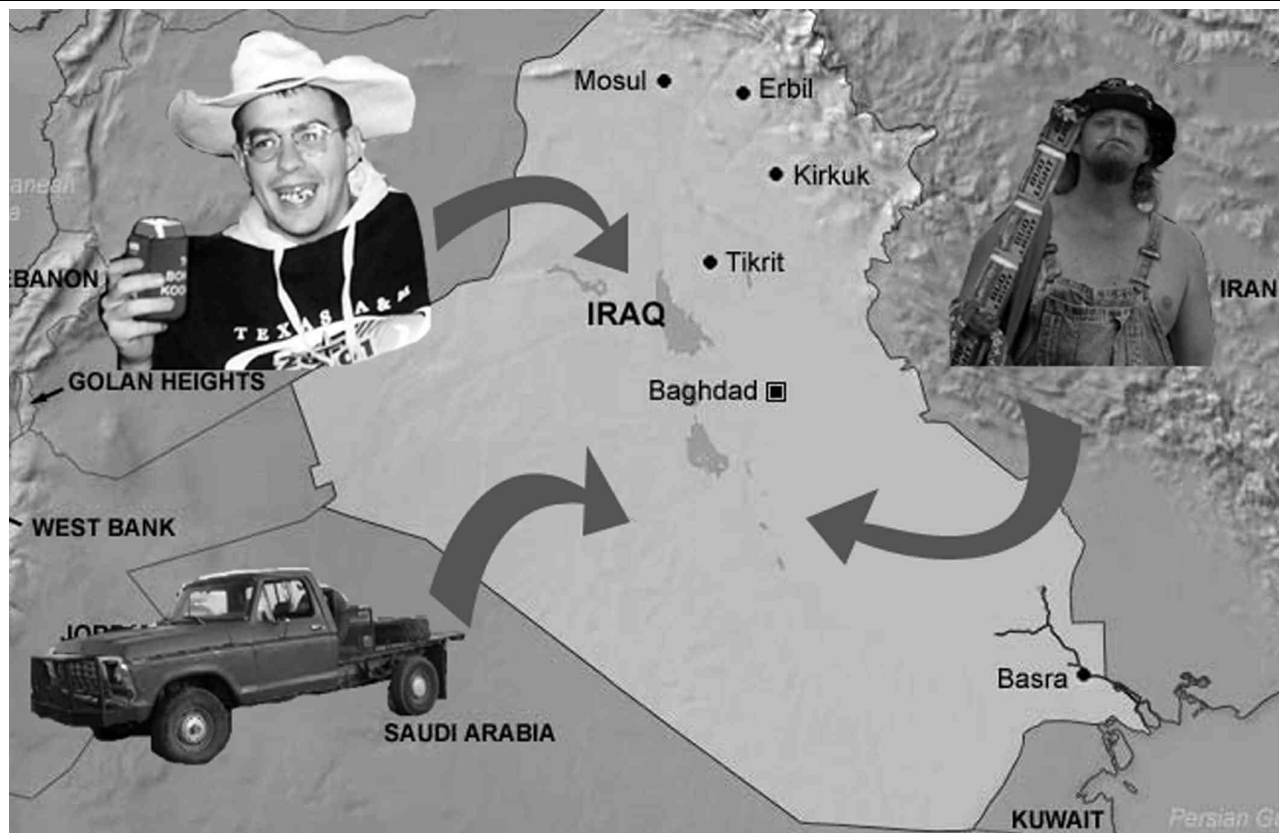
Others have suggested that this is the reason for the upcoming invasion, as well. George W. was getting bored with trying to simply focus on the failing economy and rampant environmental problems here in America. Any great leader wants a challenge, and what

better challenge than having to deal with the consequences of starting an unpopular war, earning derision at home and abroad while provoking violence from suicidal fanatics? After all, Ol' L. B. Johnson knew what he was doing by sending hoards of troops to Vietnam. What can be more fun than squelching protests with the backing of a corrupt government? Of course, Bush could have an even subtler motive than this. He wants to see protests, but it's because deep down, he's really a peacenik himself.

No, really. It's satire at it's greatest. What better way to make people realize the need for and benefits of peace than by shoving a war down their throats? George W. Bush, in his role as guide, guardian, and teacher to this fair nation, has taken it upon himself to make the citizens of America understand the horrors and futility of armed conflict the best way anyone could do so. Proof by hyperbole. The only problem with this argument lies in the fact that Bush, being a scholar of enormous magnitude, would certainly understand that satire sometimes needs to be subtle. If it's too obvious, then people won't understand his actual message because they haven't been forced to think about it. It's a mistake often made when people attempt satire, but it's not an error I will so easily ascribe to our President, seeing as how I'm so patriotic, and all.

Oil! you say? You think this whole affair is about the acquisition and control of the world's most precious commodity, just because the U.S. happens to use more of the stuff than any other nation in the world? Just because millions of Americans commute alone to work every day in their SUV's, which they bought just in case they ever actually leave the highways and have to drive up a mountain that doesn't have any roads? Just because gas prices are rising? Just because oil companies do everything in their power to keep research from being done that could solve our energy problems so they can continue satiating their glut for money? You're just wrong, my friend.

So what's the real reason for the invasion? Well, the timing is no coincidence. We've received top level information from anonymous sources (Colin Powell) that G. W. and Saddam Hussein have been secretly



The three primary battle groups of Operation We're the Good Guys

courting for years. All of the hype and rhetoric being thrown back and forth about weapons, terrorism, and invasion have all been carefully worded messages back and forth, displaying their affections for one another – sort of the political equivalent of passing notes in class that read, “Do you like me? Check yes or no.” Heck, if I were the head of a world power and I wanted to “make my intentions known,” if you will, you can bet I’d do it with style, which is just what our President is doing – because nothing says love like threatening nuclear warfare.

Strategy

The face of the American military is a changed one. After a string of presidents from the Deep South, the armed forces just aren’t what they used to be. Technologies have changed, adding to their already expansive capabilities to blow stuff up, and ideologies have evolved to account for these changes. Once, wars were fought by highly trained soldiers on the ground. These soldiers were given the very best weapons and vehicles. Now, war can be fought from a safe distance for the soldiers as they pulverize their opponents with smart bombs, laser guided missiles, and vicious red-

necks. Hey, after two presidents from Texas and one from Arkansas, what do you expect?

Donald Rumsfeld, in a press release to Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, explained the tactics the U.S. will employ to defeat Iraq. Troops have been shipped to the Middle East for months, building up our strength in the region as we prepare to deliver the ultimate Valentine. Operation We’re the Good Guys, as it’s being called by top officials, will consist of three smaller operations, each acting independently of each other. “You try actually coordinating three groups of armed rednecks,” stated Rumsfeld. The commanders of each operation were hand-picked by Bush himself, under advisement from Colin Powell, Donald “Rummy” Rumsfeld, and the guy from M.A.S.H.

Operation YEEHAW!, commanded by Brigadier General Cousin Jebediah, will consist of the 8th Special Good Old Boys Infantry Division, with support from Uncle Lou’s pickup truck. They’ll be invading from the north, through Iran, shooting “anything that moves, or looks like it might move, given the opportunity.” Their primary mission parameters are to provide a distraction away from the other two opera-

tions by being loud, obnoxious, and violent, “which is what the Army is best at.”

Operation One Tank of Gas for an SUV, commanded by Lee Raymond, will consist of the entire 34th Armored Oil Fleet. Approaching from Syria and Jordan, the fleet’s mission is to make very clear that their operation’s objective is not the primary purpose for Operation We’re the Good Guys, and to steal lots of oil. Lee Raymond will personally drive the new Ford Battlestar Galactica, their newest line of Sport/Utility Vehicle, which reputedly gets over 54 feet to the gallon.

Lastly, Operation Penis Compensation will enter Iraq from our terrorist-supporting, oppressive-dictatorship allies to the south, Saudi Arabia, so that we can rid the world of our terrorist-supporting, oppressive-dictatorship enemies to the north, in Baghdad. Thousands of tanks with really large cannons will roll through towns and villages that have already been leveled by enormous bombs and rockets, inflicting regrettable but unavoidable civilian casualties in their just pursuit of Justice. They will also arrest Iraqi soldiers suspected of wounding American non-combatants stationed in hostile territory, thus committing atrocious war crimes which will undoubtedly be widely publicized back in the States in order to fuel public ire. This demonstration of might will make Saddam completely aware of just how big George’s penis must be. The hope is that Saddam will then swoon, whereupon W. will swoop in and carry him off to a private island in the south Pacific.

Goals

And what will the United States do once it invades Iraq and deposes its evil, tyrannical government so it can be replaced by another evil, tyrannical government? This war will only last so long, of course, given the collective military might of America and her allies (Tony Blair). I mean look how tiny and insignificant Iraq is compared to George’s vast holdings – it’s almost as small as Vietnam. Of course, Vietnam didn’t have chemical and biological weapons, so Iraq should be much easier to conquer. Frankly, the commanders of our armed forces shouldn’t even bother making any contingencies for if the war drags on, because it simply couldn’t happen.

So, following the stunning success of Operation We’re the Good Guys, and specifically Operation Penis Compensation, that will surely occur, President Bush faces some tough choices as to how to proceed. Setting up a puppet government that will bend over to the demands of whatever administration is currently in power over here is always a delicate matter. Do we support another dictatorship, as we’ve done so often in the past? After all, it’s worked before, and we might as well continue doing what we’re good at.

Another option is to set up a democratic government – it’s much easier to rig an election than to ensure a particular person gains the support of the military. This would also make us look wonderfully humane in the eyes of the rest of the world, which is well aware that any government which supposes itself to be democratic must be benevolent. Just look at the German Democratic Republic.

But installing a democracy – especially one with the appearance of legitimacy – would simply require far too much effort. And if there’s one thing Americans, politicians, and lazy corporate executives (not to suggest that Americans or politicians have any control over foreign policy) want, it’s an easy answer. Thus, the Bush Administration v2.0 is far more likely to opt for the old stand-by, and build a new tyrant whose saber-rattling will provide a convenient distraction whenever needed. It worked for Daddy, and Southern families are notoriously slow to change their ways.

And just look at the benefits of having an all new, improved enlightened despot for the 21st Century. Whomever we place in power will surely be easily controlled and won’t think of developing weapons of mass destruction or funding terrorists. And while the U.S. finds a suitable candidate for the position (as in, “assume the position”), occupation costs will provide a wonderful reason to increase our sorely needed defense spending (I’ll let you find the contradiction yourself). That money will have to come from somewhere, of course. This means funds that are currently being spent on useless, frivolous endeavors like education, research, and the enforcement of environmental policies will soon be freed up for use in programs that actually help the American people, such as tax cuts for oil companies, tax cuts for oil companies, and commercials that inform the general populace that

their cancer-ridden bodies are not, in fact, due to the millions of tons of carcinogens being spewed into the air by Kodak. Oh, and missiles. Lots and lots of missiles. Big ones with huge, explosive warheads. Giant, phallic missiles by the train-loads! That'll make the world a better place.

So what then? When the war is won and the casualties counted (don't worry, all the Iraqi deaths will be combatants and Bad People – even that children's hospital we'll have accidentally bombed), when the oil fields are under our control (Bush laudably wants to decrease our dependence on foreign oil – and it's not foreign if it's surrounded by U.S. tanks), when every third American has a vehicle that gets twelve

[Editor's note: The following has been censored to avoid offending anyone. If the point of the article has been lost beneath the white marker, just remember that at least you didn't find anything offensive. Oh, and we're not responsible for your own imagination.]

I am fascinated by . Not obsessed, mind you, just fascinated. Were I obsessed this article would be about all those I want to have with, and how often I have , and how I when I can't have , and, well, that's just . No, I am just fascinated by this time honored tradition dating back to when Adam and Eve frequently in that Garden without a care to the fact that God was watching¹.

“ is a joke in heaven?”

“The way I understand it, it's mostly a joke down here too.”

—Bethany and Metatron, Dogma

is everywhere; ads are ally charged, innuendos anywhere you look and primetime TV is one step away from softcore . I look at all

gallons to the mile, when George has proven beyond doubt to the entire world that his penis is the biggest, when America has been saved from the threat of stateless terrorism after the head of a single state has been deposed, and when corporations have finally been given the ability to exploit their workers and the environment as they please, what will America do? What will be left? The answer is clear, my friends. George Clooney will have to co-star with Sean Connery and Harrison Ford in Three Kings II: 80 Million Barrels of Crude.

Damn, I guess the Socialists were right. I hate when that happens.

By Dan Conley

this and I laugh, because it's just . Man woman²,

ohGodI'msorry Icangoagain. There isn't much to it, and yet ography is the only that has consistently made on the .

. Here we go (again). fascinates me more than any other . There's simply so much out there, you can never . The titles of some files on can sometimes be enough to make me laughter³ — “beatiful (sic) with her whilst⁴ dorm room.”

Going past the titles there are also the some people . I find “ ” particularly interesting. There's just something about that doesn't do it for me. “ ” is a must if you think are smoking. Oh, and cigarettes . Then there are , which are like but with ⁵, “ ”, the ever and . Gotta love

1 The little eurist

2 or , or . But let's keep it nice and missionary for the

3 In “The Oblong Box” Poe someone words. So I can laughter

4 Whilst? Whilst? This must be , folks.

5 didn't see that .

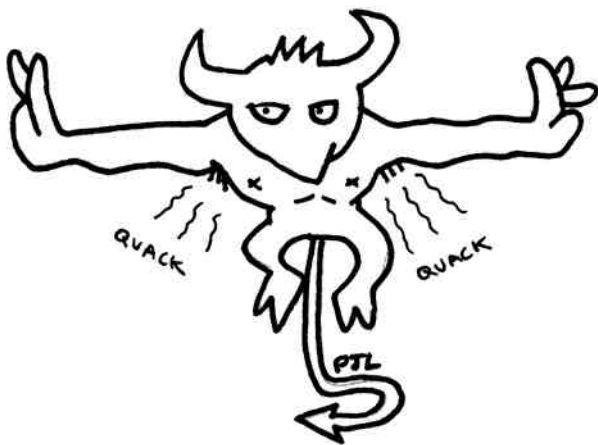
Maybe what I more fascinating than the

itself is the reaction most people have to talk of it. For being the force behind human existence people sure are of a and all goes to What these miss is that is every- where whether they are more ads with or dealing with how to when she's 6 but are I have . I have that care, because . They'll just and lives.

, also known as , has long been used . Using this method, a couple until , at which point . There are many this method. Demanding l, the may or may not to prevent . "Oops" is in regard . - Williams College Peer Health⁷

6 Printed *The Reporter* and aired Superbowl,
 7 <http://wso.williams.edu/orgs/peerh/sex/safesex/bad.html>

Advertise with us!



- \$20 for 1/4 page
- \$24 for 1/3 page
- \$32 for 1/2 page
- \$50 for full page

Reach thousands of readers in Rochester and the rest of the world.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Prices per issue. Advertisements can be submitted in Word or QuarkXPress format. Please include any images or fonts used in the advertisement. Contact gdt@hellskitchen.org for more information, including discount rates for quarterly advertising.

Surviving Harassment of a Most Sexual Nature at RIT

By Ray Wallace (and Peter C. Gravelle on the soundbite)

I have been offended. For those of you have not seen the posters for *The Vagina Monologues*¹ around campus, let me explain:

The Women's Center will be hosting *The Vagina Monologues* this Valentine's day, and have chosen to promote the showing in a most peculiar fashion. In fact, one could go so far as to argue that the Women's Center designed its promotion specifically to ostracize a particular portion of the RIT campus². Moreover, in distributing this promotion they are almost certainly transforming all of the RIT campus into a hostile environment.

But what's a hostile environment, anyway? Harassment policies³ are for adults – and by “adults,” I mean stuffy folk who like their lunches between noon and one and think that a blue polyester sport-coat goes great with a pink cotton pullover blouse. As any Connecticut senator can tell you, what we're talking about is politics. Would it not be entirely inappropriate (and thus creating a hostile environment) to plaster the campus with posters of the Oriental Pearl Tower⁴ advertising *The Penis Dialogs*⁵? Or, perhaps the *real* question is, what would we rather have littering our minds, a most phallic image accompanied by the word “PENIS,” or a pair of hands drawn as a spread vulva accompanied by the word “VAGINA?”

Penis, or vagina? We seem to have not grown up at all as a nation, this being the main question on the mind of most American high-schoolers. As Dan Bern asks you, “Should we all strip naked everyday?” On the TeeVee you can only say “penis” once every thirty minutes. Given all of the MonostatTM commercials, it makes you wonder how often the FCC will let you say “vagina.”

The upper-middle class liberal might claim that men have inundated art and literature with phallic and otherwise male symbolism, and that it is thereby the right of all women to cover the world in images of

their own vaginas, if only to have their independence and self-worth recognized. However, the viewing of a painting, sculpture, or film may be “turned off”⁶. Public displays of sexual imagery are somewhat troublesome (and sometimes illegal) to “turn off.” More important to such an idea, though, is what little use there is in being distinguished by your genitals, as opposed to, say, your artistic, intellectual, or athletic prowess, or your contributions to the world. It must be, then, that such a display is meant for shock value, or to isolate one portion of the viewing audience from another.

Again, it's a simple matter of politics. Who is made more uncomfortable, and who has the loudest voice? Well, I'll tell you what – tobacco companies, media conglomerates, and universities may be run by old, white men, but the voices that fill their ears are middle-aged, white women wearing Indonesian cotton-polyester blends. It is perhaps unfortunate that Winthrop Smith hadn't successfully gotten the word “vagina” removed from Connecticut billboards, if only to get everyone worked up into the proper hissy fit to do something socially productive. Perhaps to disassociate everyone's favorite naughty bits from any particular socially separatist movement. Or just to further everyone's discomfort with their own genitalia, and the genitalia of others.

Instead, I must stand idly by while I am offended by the Women's Center's socially inappropriate yonic promotional. Not just me, but men, the squeemish, the sexually reclusive, and Connecticut senators. We must stand up together for our right to not be the misplaced target of the sexual revenge of those who view sex as an inherent flaw of the human species. Stand up, and enjoy your penis or vagina in the privacy of your own home.

(Please join *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* this weekend in the Ingle Auditorium in viewing and supporting *The Vagina Dialogs*.)

1 certainly, you suffer from some serious neurovisual malady, and should seek medical help at the soonest possible convenience

2 and that is, in fact, what I plan to do, golly gee

3 <http://www.rit.edu/~620/Manual/sectionC/06.html>

4 look it up

5 as written by Willard Manus

6 as is the terminology of the day

Silence**By Alex Wendler**

You don't miss the silence
 Cannot enjoy it
 Until the noise rebels
 Sitting for nothing, waiting for someone
 Finally alone from clatter
 The water fountain clicks on, jabs my brain
 I could disassemble you, take your core, make my computer silence
 This dead pen scratches into the paper
 People flood and ruin my moment

Poetry

Bitter Cold**By Alex Wendler**

The winter's cold
 it forces itself through the cracks in the window
 Onto me
 Into me

cold as the snow
 I fall
 not gently like the snow
 I feel myself hit the bottom

I freeze
 because of the cracks in the window
 because of my falling

because no longer
 I am to be kept warm

**Requirements Of individual By Society:
By Shelley Speiss***(note: see below)*

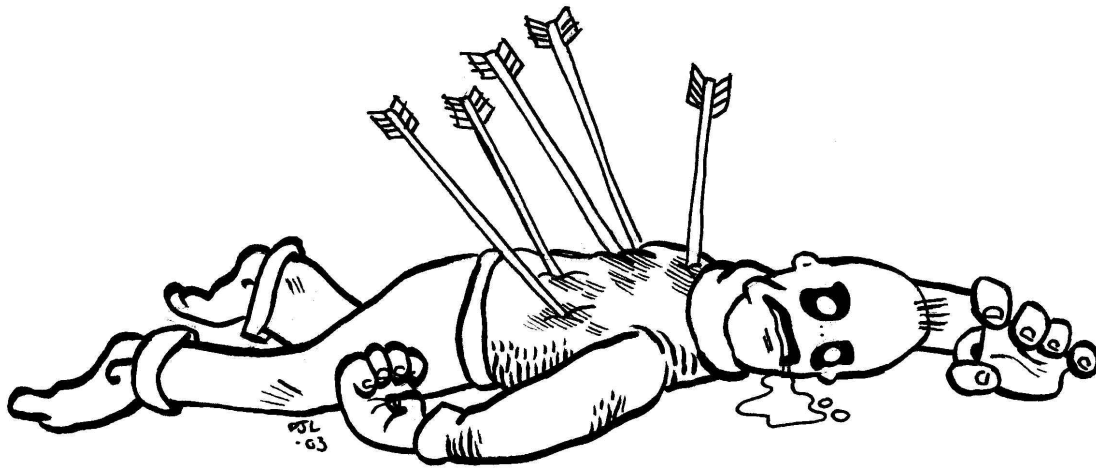
Don't Speak, Others rather
 Observe than Listen; Sp
 eaking Makes individual
 Stupid, Quiet Acceptable.

*(Individual
 doesn't necessarily abide, for if
 Individual
 did,
 Individual
 would not be
 Individual)*

Flowers

By Gary Hoffmann

A single rose, petals opened delicately,
aroma wafting enticingly outward –
she leans forward to smell, her eyes closing to concentrate on the beautiful
scent,
her lips barely caress in passing, causing a petal –
red from blood, perhaps, or lust –
to tremble slightly
in anticipation.
The stem, firm, rests lightly in the palm of her hand –
is she wary of the thorns?
there's little harm in such a prick,
no poison, no venom shall penetrate her.
Beautiful, the rose, its petals still soft to the touch –
but four mere thorns will not protect it,
and in a week it too will wilt,
its petals no longer red.



Valentine's Haiku

By Peter C. Gravelle

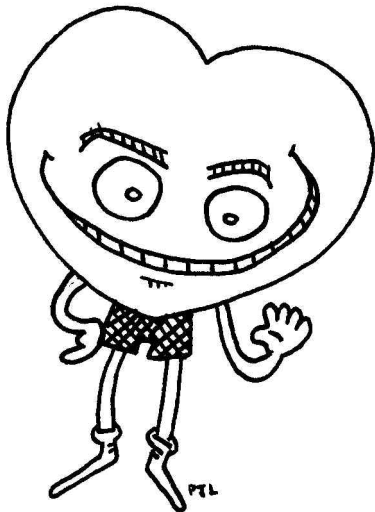
Before Valentine's
She said "I don't want no-one"
I went out to run.

Hearts

By Gary Hoffmann

Valentine's Day again – when yonic symbols are sold and distributed like candy; soft, red, warm, inviting, practically pulsating in the hands of the enamored, the entranced, the enthralled, the enchanted, and the entrapped – sympathetic magic, it's called by pagans, witches, sorcerers, and Catholics – like begets like, a gift in effigy in the hopes it's repaid ineffably – like begets like, so give her what she likes and you might like the begetting.

A crudely drawn vulva affixed to the tips of this cherubic archer's quivering shafts is made so innocent in a child's hands while we again redefine the line between commercialism, art, mythology, and pornography, and yet no voices in protest, this symbol's too deeply penetrated in the subconscious, and it needed no K-Y to get there.



Candy

By Gary Hoffmann

At least a woman's thumb is not as thick –
 Algernon's bruises are easier to explain, and if he can't,
 well, he deserved it
 (look what he made her do)
 misandrist is not a word in their vocabulary,
 but whisper what really happened and he'll soon learn
 misogynist is –
 he was asking for it, the liar.
 Loretta only laughs at Algernon's joke
 (hush – no sympathy for William,
 it's obvious he wanted it)
 because, "That's impossible,"
 and, "But, that doesn't happen"
 (if we don't look it'll go away –
 vanish, disappear – diseased imagination)
 thus we hear no soliloquies on phalluses
 (men talk about their penis all the time, anyway) –
 Algernon, ashamed, "But where is the Men's Center?"
 – no matter, a woman's thumb is not as thick.

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:

Dan Conley
Gary Hoffmann
Peter Lazarski

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Writers:

Kjoen Thomas
Hanna Thomas
Ian C. Smith
Jon Byrd
Peter C. Gravelle
Ray Wallace

Visuals:

Bob Rutan

Contributors:

Alex Wendler
Shelley Speiss

Printer Daemon:

Jen Martorana

Musical Inspiration:

What's the sound of one IT student thinking?

© 2003 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