



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 26, Issue 4, LJ



Member of
Hell's Kitchen
www.hellskitchen.org

Download this issue! <http://www.hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/Volume26/04.LJ.pdf>



Why I Like the Patriot Act, or, a Fast and Easy Way to a Better America

By Gary Hoffmann

Concerning the application of the Patriot Act to crimes that have traditionally been considered “merely” crimes and not terrorist activities, I could not be happier. Since I am a staunch Libertarian this might confuse some people, but I feel that I am justified. Just look at that definition of a chemical weapon of mass destruction: “any substance that is designed or has the capability to cause death or serious injury and contains toxic chemicals.” Brilliant! I could not have come up with a better definition myself.

Now, sure, that definition has only been used to give life sentences in prison instead of the normal six-months to some methamphetamine manufacturers, according to the Associated Press, but think of the other crooks we could bring down. Goodbye, Kodak! Goodbye, Exxon! Goodbye, every single major producer of toxic waste in this country! Finally, our government has given the EPA some teeth. Using that definition of chemical weapons as a guide, corporations everywhere will watch as Homeland Security forces close them down and seize their assets. In two years this nation could be the cleanest in the world.

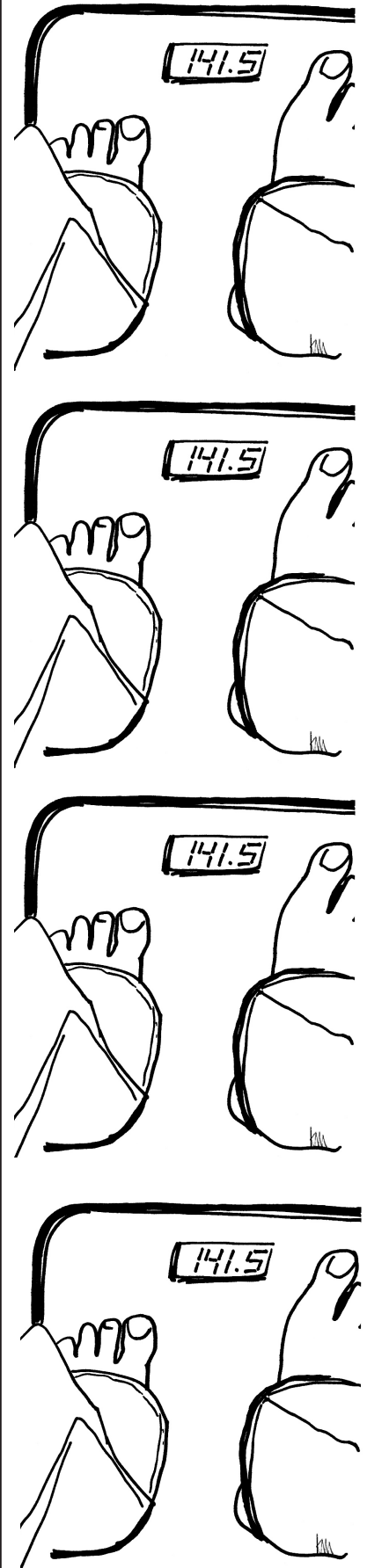
But the economy would collapse, you say. But we would have no jobs, you say. To the contrary! With corporate assets seized on such a scale, there would be plenty of money to fund new, environmentally friendly corporations that could produce goods without also producing chemical weapons (chemical weapons that might find their way into the hands of real terrorists, I might add). And I bet there would be money left over to finance improvements to healthcare, education, and mass transit. Even if I’m wrong and factories everywhere shut down and the cost of

gasoline rises to twenty dollars per pint, Bush has already shown us that this is the cost of fighting terrorism. And we all want to fight terrorism.

So that cleans up industry, but what of all those financial services? I am sure the currency smuggling and laundering laws in the Patriot Act could be brought to bear on any Enron-esque corporate scandals. Goodbye, Halliburton! Goodbye, Cheney! Whitewater would have been a snap to deal with – goodbye, Clintons! Armed with the Patriot Act, we could watch as every single dishonest politician, corporate executive, accountant, and lawyer gets arrested and given harsh prison sentences for their subversive activities.

Afterwards, Americans would have no choice but to replace them all with honest politicians and CEOs, at which point our lawmakers would quickly repeal the Patriot Act for being the unconstitutional farce we all know it to be. Theoretically all the crooked politicians could then return to their illicit activities, but I think the citizens of the United States would be so thrilled to have a government that is not corrupt for a change that they would make sure it did not go back to the way it was.

So, in the name of fighting terror we will have brought this country back to its original ideals of freedom and democracy while simultaneously ushering in an era of unprecedented cleanliness, health, and education, not to mention the ensuing prosperity that follows these conditions. If I’m wrong and a decade of misery swallows us as thousands die and millions suffer, we shall still triumph in the end and the cause will have shown itself to be just. Thank you, Patriot Act, for helping us to defeat the Enemy.



Top Secret Undergraduate Research on Staying Erect

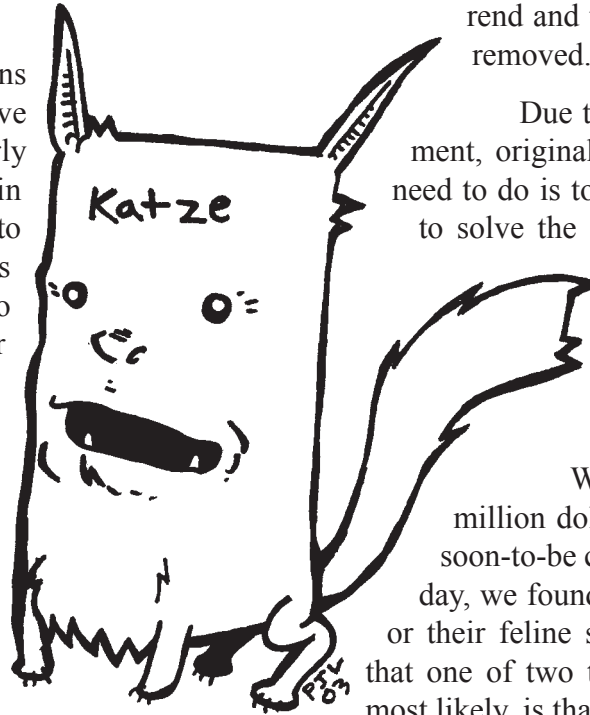
By Ray Wallace and Peter C. Gravelle

As winter approaches, a greater desire to stay erect develops, especially in colder climates such as ours. Maintaining erect status makes survival through the winter significantly easier and more bearable. In particular, remaining erect during locomtion is of paramount concern.

Several possible solutions were initially pursued. We have observed that felines, particularly *Felus Domesticus*, are expert in this endeavor. Initial studies into maintaining human erectness through felines failed, largely due to improper restraining of the smaller mammal.

When we first began tackling the issue of remaining erect through the use of domestic felines, we crafted an experiment in which our human volunteers¹ attempted to remain erect during adverse conditions while holding one of the subject felines. Unfortunately, simply holding the cat behind the back of our human subjects failed to produce satisfactory or even interesting results². In later revisions of the experiments, the volunteers attempted to contain the felines within their clothing to similar yet far more destructive results.

During further research in the literature, we found numerous and vast discussions on the concept of a highly efficient energy source assembled from a cat and buttered toast. Using similar principles, we postulated that should a cat become properly attached to a human subject, the pair would be sufficiently held erect for most purposes. For particularly intense activity, it should be possible to attached one or more additional cats to bolster the effect.



Using our newfound knowledge of the dilemma of cat-fastening, we knew not to attempt a belt-based solution, as getting the belt about the midsection of the cat is a losing proposition. Similarly, a glue-oriented method would fail as both the human's garments would rend and the feline's fur could easily be removed.

Due to Mr. Wallace's original statement, originally offered in jest, that all we need to do is to staple the cats to the humans to solve the fastening problem. Realizing the simplicity of the solution³, we decided to take a well-deserved break, leaving the meat of the experiments to our laboratory assistants.

When we returned to our multi-million dollar lab in the basement of the soon-to-be completed field house⁴ the next day, we found no evidence of our assistants or their feline subjects. We have to assume that one of two things occurred; the first, and most likely, is that our assistants were destroyed by the cats, who subsequently cleaned up the evidence, or that they all discovered some horrible Truth about the underlying function or structure of the Universe and destroyed all the evidence⁵.

We conclude that this particular avenue of research is not useful or productive. However, other paths may be considered, such as fastening deceased felines onto humans, or deceased humans onto live felines. The ability of deceased felines to remain erect through difficulties has not been determined by contemporary research.

We recommend further research in this area due to its relative obscurity in the annals of science.

¹ recent high school graduates

² In fact, most of those experiments ended in wrestling matches with the cat victorious.

³ And the barbarity, of course, but feeling secure in the plausibility of our solution, we felt it necessary -- in the interest of science, of course -- that our research must continue apace.

⁴ Amazing how much money gets diverted to top secret research and penile compensations.

⁵ We already assume that the assistants could not destroy the cats -- all of our assistants were incoming Business majors at RIT. Why business majors? Well, you expect top secret research to use Science or Engineering students for their lab assistants, don't you?

Fall Train Show & Sale

SUNDAY OCTOBER 19 • 10:00 A.M. - 3:30 P.M.

Student-Alumni Union Cafeteria at the Rochester Institute of Technology campus in Henrietta, New York

See our HO scale Rochester & Irondequoit Terminal Railroad and learn about model railroading, digital technology, and more...

Browse and buy model trains from our many vendors...

only \$3!



PRESENTED BY

The RiT

MODEL RAILROAD CLUB



www.ritmrc.org

otto 2003

NEED CASH? **Call 244-8321**

Now buying:

DVD's, CD's, Textbooks, Used and Broken PS2, X-box, Game Cube, N64, Gameboy, Super Nintendo Video Games and Systems, Computers, Laptops, PDA's, Cell Phones, Digital Cameras, Camcorders and **MORE**

HIGHEST PRICES PAID!

Broken Phantasm
By Alyssa Davis



A dark night
Hear the mind-prancing notes
Of an artificial symphony.
The sunny side of life
Has scorched and burned
Those who abuse it.

In your eyes
Clouds float around
Like swirling milk in my coffee.
Coffee- the perfect drug
To fill life with innocent exhilaration.
Let it scorch my insides.

Shake, shake, wake.

I don't want to die
Having done nothing I wanted
And I don't want to stay alive
Having not a thing to do.
Tumble down that grassy hill again.

I must knit and mend my life
Into a sweater to shield me from the cold
Of the cataclysms of the world
That I fear will never be absolved.
Can't swim through the loop
Then drown in the blurry water.

Critics gather around
So perhaps I'll move to New York City.
I could wreak havoc
With obscure ideas, actions
And be unnoticed
Or renowned.

Wake, wake, shake!

Love is not languid now, but lively.
Let me marvel in it for awhile.
Spin around, see the lights scintillating
But this time they don't fade.
Now dreams will never tide me over
For what reality has to give.

The Magic Wondershow: A Tribute

By Sean J. Stanley

My grandmother died over the weekend after an eleven month battle with pancreatic cancer. I wrote these haikus while she was dying and while enduring the various memorial services I've been obligated to attend of late. I have found these to be *far* more useful to me in my own grieving process than anything prescribed by western cultural norms. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do:

Stomach distended.
Pregnant with cancer fluid,
taunts me, mocking birth.

This is my girlfriend
We met on the Internet.
Oh no! My ex-wife!

Wakes are funny things.
Food will fill the emptiness?
Then I'll have some cake!

We sit and we wait.
Not everyone loves Raymond,
so I wait longer.

No cigarette butts!
Dead people are flammable!
(So is my hairpiece.)

Uncle Joe tells tales.
A rat ate off his toe once
in the olden days.

Grandma is dying
so we gave her some morphine
Ride the snake, Grandma!

Um...yeah...um....so...yeah.
I'm sorry about your loss.
Um...I gotta go.

Uncle Joe, farmer,
does yard work with dynamite.
No tree stump is safe.

Hospice nurse must bleed!
Flushed the rest down the toilet.
Stupid DEA.

Open the casket?
Not such a good idea.
You are not Batman.

My Uncle Joe rules!
He calls them "Colored People"
He old, he ain't hatin'.

The power is out.
And so is my grandmother.
It is Miller Time.

Funeral Director,
Sorry to be a bother.
That's why we pay you.

If I have to fart
can I blame it on the corpse?
That can happen, right?

My father is drunk.
The rest of us follow suit.
Shit, we're so fucked up!

Funeral Director,
You *should* have sex with the corpse.
You are so grumpy.

I'm friends with your Nan.
Never stepped on a landmine,
just varicose veins.

This mortician stinks.
This is not my grandmother,
This is the Joker.

Funeral Director,
Sorta like "Six Feet Under",
Only Uglier.

In the olden days
We drank milk from the udders.
It was nice and warm.

My condolences,
So how do you like college?
Oh. So how is work?

Nan liked pottery.
Which is convenient for us.
She made her own urn.

Home from the funeral
Just in time for the Emmys'
dead actor tribute.

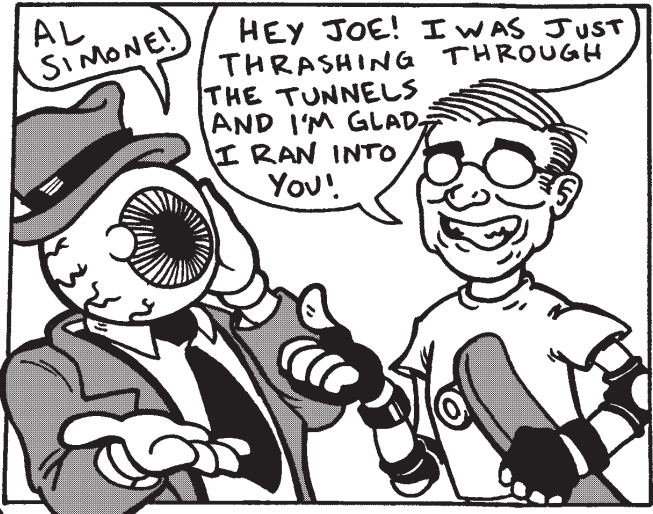
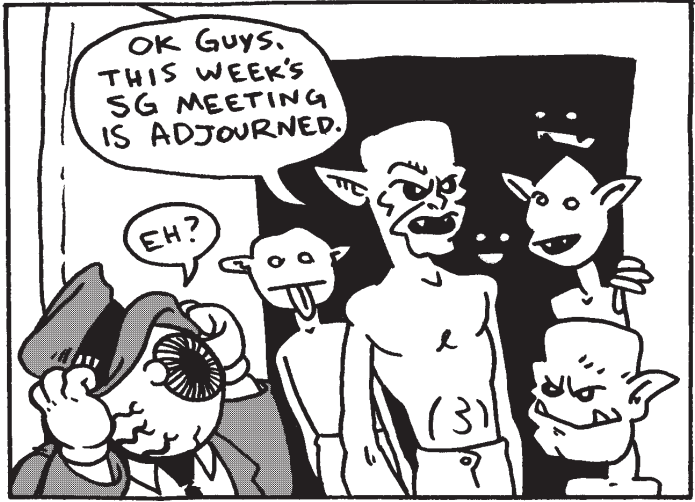
Zardoz Commands You!

SUBMIT

gdt@hellskitchen.org

JOE CORNEA!

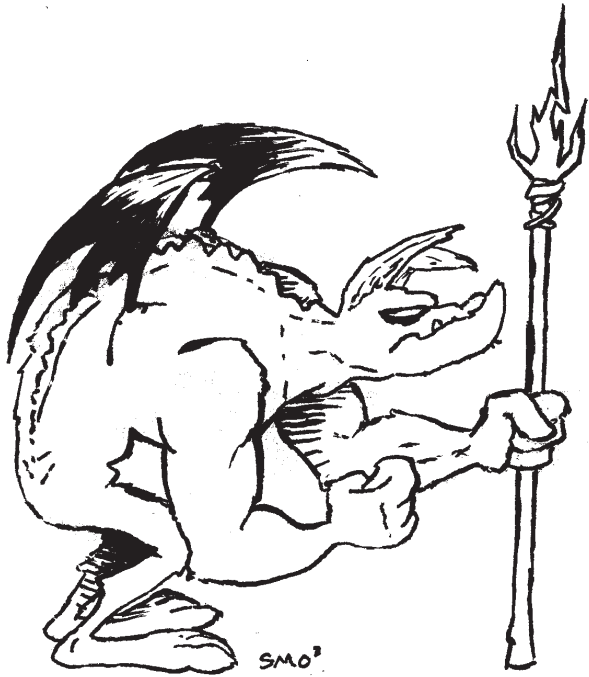
PUBLIC EYE!
by PETER J. LAZARSKI '03



TO BE CONTINUED!

C'mon, Everyone is doing it

Submissions of all
art forms accepted.



Written pieces should be in Word, plain text or RTF format. Visual art should be submitted at the highest resolution and dpi possible.

Give your time!

GDT meets Wednesdays at 8pm at Crossroads. We are always looking for people to help us edit, write, fold, distribute, cheer, get off and other fun activities.

gdt@hellskitchen.org



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Editors:

Peter C. Gravelle
Pete Lazarski
Ray Wallace

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Writers:

Gary Hoffmann
Sean Stanley

Printer Nef:

Nef

Visuals:

Tom Smolenski

Contributors:

Alyssa Davis
Kari Iverson

Printer Daemons:

Josh Brown
Abby Issac
Doug Price
Andrew Ruccius
Tom Samstag
Maria Sitzmann
Greg Zabielski

Sponsors:

HO-RC
RIT Model Railroad Club

Musical Inspiration:

585 475 2394

© 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