



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 29, Issue 10, Pelicanhead
www.hellskitchen.org/gdt



Member of
Hell's Kitchen
www.hellskitchen.org

Download this issue at <http://www.hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/Volume29/10.Pelicanhead.pdf>



The Day I Lost Faith In The Police

By Alex Kronchev

My friend Colin and I, August 31st, went to NYC for the day, to see people. And Colin needed to update his ID (he goes to NYU). Protests were light during the day. At night, as we were trying to leave, it was very different. We were around Union Square, walking around, looking. We sat down for a second and a group of about 20 walked by and a guy yelled to us "If you believe in our cause come with us!" We ask where they were going and they say they're heading to MSG, where the RNC is, and which is right next to Penn Station, where we were heading. We decide to FOLLOW them. On the way we were walking down the street, 2 by 2, in an orderly fashion, on the sidewalk. No yelling, no protesting, nothing. We get to a barricade, the guy in front asks if we can be let through. The cops say, "Okay, sure, get in a single file line on the opposite sidewalk and we'll open it for you." We do. As soon as we did they throw open the side, ride in about 30 cops on bikes, and surround and arrest us all. NO warning, NO "please disperse", nothing. Just arresting.

We were first taken to Pier 57... if you kept with the news, you may have read about it. Basically it was a bus depot they put a bunch of fences in and decided to hold people in. The ground was covered with diesel, anti-freeze, oil, and probably other automobile liquids. It smelled of fuel. The lights were very, very bright and never turned down. At this point we still were never told what we were under arrest for, we were never told what was happening. We were merely handcuffed, thrown onto a metro bus (yes they used real buses to haul people), and locked in there for 12 hours. The next day at 10, we were systematically driven to the Center Street lockup facility. There, we were told we would be allowed to make a phone call.

I eventually fell sick with a migraine. At first I thought it was just due to the lack of sleep (since the lights were NEVER, EVER turned down), but it developed to a full migraine. I threw up a lot. I could feel that I looked like shit. At first I just wanted aspirin when I started hurting and they gave responses from "we don't have any" to "sure I'll go get some" to "I would but we cant give you any". That's how it was with anything. Complete and utter misinformation. When I started throwing up they obviously couldn't keep me in the very overcrowded cell so they took me to the hospital... after about an hour outside, handcuffed and feet cuffed, lying on the ground throwing up (literally), with two guards. I basically had to lie down on the curb and throw up until

the ambulance came. The EMS guys attempted to help on the way there by giving me oxygen. That only made it worse. The hospital people, however, were very friendly and accommodating. They gave me anything I needed, actually gave me a dark room to lie in (with 2 guards outside and handcuffed to the bed, feet cuffs still on). They gave me some pain killing injection that hurt like hell but it did help. I was brought there when it was light and taken back when it was dark; that's the best time I can give since I don't have a watch and the cops refused to tell me anything.

Eventually Colin and I, who were split up fairly early on, ended up in crowded cells across from each other, waiting for our lawyers and hearings. I had acquired somewhat of a mythos since I was so heavily chained and guarded. I had to inform everyone that at that point that I was in no condition to run; the shackling was simply overreaction and supression, like the rest of the whole ordeal. We were in these cells for about 20 hours. I was in a group taken before Colin, yet he made it out long before me. The lawyers were very, very nice and helpful and as honest as they could be. I took an ACD, which basically means, they drop the charges in 6 months and everything - fingerprints, everything - is destroyed if I don't get arrested again. The only thing is, I can't sue for wrongful arrest; I couldn't plead not-guilty (Colin did, he tried to fight it but his lawyer said that the state was intent on not looking "bad" so they were going to fight as hard as possible) because I would never be able to come back for the trial; too far away. However, I can still be part of the upcoming class action lawsuit about the way we were treated as a whole.

The cops acted like the stereotypical police who serve the rich. They were clearly pawns and didn't even really know what was going on. They were either really sympathetic to us (a few would talk to us, loosen our cuffs so we didn't lose circulation, etc) or they were mad they were there and were assholes to us; it was random. My AO (arresting officer) was mostly indifferent but a few times she did let my cuffs off when no one was around. One of the guards when I was sick was a really nice guy. He lead a group I was in (the group you were in was changed around constantly), and he asked if I was feeling better - he did care. A few guys tried to talk to us. Everyone at the hospital was really nice and I could tell they were on our side, but couldn't really do anything unless like me, they became ill. The most helpful, however, were the Lawyers'

Guild people. They were people who were supposed to be just be observers in all of this but, the dumb-ass cops arrested a bunch of them with my group; big, big mistake. First off, now they had witnesses to the shit we had to deal with. Also, they then were able to give us all kinds of advice which really did help. After we were released, we had to wait in line for property (with about 3x more cops than people surrounding us - it reminded me of terrorism) and they passed out water and talked to everyone. These guys are awesome and I want to see about donating to

Endless Corporate Ignorance Lets Me Control Time

I can deflect bullets with my mind, but only when I drink. Or so the saying goes. I haven't really tried it recently due to my obvious leg injury, but the problem is really that I'm lazy. So lazy. So lazy, in fact, that there are a thousand other things I could should and would be doing besides this, but I'm having quite a good time right now trying to sit awkwardly in my chair and keeping it from spinning with a strategically placed leg. All in good time.

Cough. They tell me my sinuses are dripping to the back of my throat, irritating it, so I cough to try to "scratch" it, so to speak. But that only irritates it more, so I cough more. And more. And more. And now when I cough it feels like my head is expanding with pressure and it probably isn't a pretty sight. I feel like I shouldn't go to class because I'll be a disturbance (and I'm sure I am already). At least it's not contagious, just a nice personal infection. Pity, I'd love to spread this love around.

And now they also tell me I have high blood pressure. As a 21 year old. Is this being at RIT or what? Or is it that Wendy's is on the way back to my apartment. All this could be avoided if I lived on campus, I'm sure, but I can't live without a dishwasher and there's no cheap labor around here - At least that I can legally hire, but when have I ever broken the law? It's not illegal if you're not caught and as my story is self-evident I didn't do anything then, I was at the wrong place, wrong time, wrong country, wrong opinion.

Is that my blood pressure or my wrists starting to go, and is this pain my head my sinuses or my high blood pressure? I don't even know. Dear lord I'm becoming a hypochondriac.

This is why people need to start submitting more. Otherwise, I have the will and unfortunately the way to do a mental memory dump (access violation at address 0x00000001, naturally) on paper. If I can get published, ANYONE CAN! So I don't see why people don't write

them, I can't thank them enough.

So what this comes to is: 42 hours of imprisonment for walking down the street and having the "bad" political view, 6 hours standing in line for my property, all the time nervous as fuck that the cops were going to descend on us without warning and arrest us all over again. We were LIED to, and I question the direction of this country, then, and now.

By Alex Kronchev

here anymore. I remember back in my day, when horses ruled the streets and you still had to pay for porno, GDT would print 15+ pages! Of quality entertainment, even! But now...inane dribble down my shirt. This writing is now about laptops. I want to love my laptop but it hurt me so bad. I even bought a new battery and gps for it. I even opened it up and reseated, cleaned, and securely mounted the heatsink. But no, reset freeze reset reset kronchev smash. Don't ever buy an HP anything. Let them suffer. Let their children starve and live on Ritz crackers and bits of lunchmeat. Retribution shall be mine, slow but swift in the soul. Punch Communism in the face.

The year was 1605. Catholicism (aka the plague) had taken over much of Europe. I was still but unprocessed molecules that had not even been converted into animal and plant protein yet, let alone reproductive projectiles. This year was the first sighting of Bigfoot. He was seen harassing a young wench at Ye Local Pub in Britland. Pants were optional back then but he made full sure to be dressed to screw. Big sexy men were all the rage back then so odds were she was pretending. The important thing is, his pockets were full of pieces o' eight. See, back then defacing money was a popular pasttime. Huge rallies were held to see who could slash off a coin (and a local orphan) quickest. Evan "Darkie" Copernicus was the reigning champion in the home state of Transilvania but knew he could be dethroned at any time. And then along came his first successful experiment, launching a chimp into space. Of course once crossing the stratosphere the monkey was frozen and then burnt up from friction but it's the thought that counts. One time he made love to a Leyden jar and grew another ear. You can't make this up.

I had Almond Joy
Put it deep in my pocket
Squishy brown joy now.

Falling

What would it be like
To fall off the face of the Earth
And fly through space?
Would another star finally catch you?
Or would you die first,
A lifeless body falling through eternity.

You

You're special to me
But am I special to you?
I thought you were different
A cut above the rest
It's just I had a good feeling about you
But there's something inside of me saying
You fool
He's just like the rest
And going to let you down
Get used to it
It always ends this way

Good-Bye

How long has it been
Since you looked at me
With those eyes
So lovingly

How much time has passed
From the last time we held each other
Your touch comforting me
So amazingly

When was the last time
My lips touched yours
And the energy flowed between us
So fluently

Where was that place
That you said good-bye to me
And now I cry
So unhappily

Poetry

By Joanna Licata

Jeremy

I wish I loved you
You're the perfect guy
But if I don't have a crush
Should I just let you pass me by?

What if you're the ideal one?
Right for me in every way
Is my uncertainty
Throwing my chances away?

I think you might be it
The one who brings me joy
Right now I just don't love you
But you're not just another boy

G D T @ H E L L S K I T C H E N . O R G



**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Editors:

Peter C. Gravelle
Pete Lazarski
Ray Wallace

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Writers:

Alex Kronchev

Contributors:

David Damico
Joanna Licata

Printer Daemons:

Danica Rice
Govind Ramabadrán
Matt Lipschutz
Rebecca Daniels

Sponsors:

Want your name here?
Contact gdt@hellskitchen.org

Folding Machine:

Brian Costello

Musical Inspiration:

Danny Elfman - Clown Attack
The Thungs - Mrs Pelicanhead

© 2004 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