



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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All the news that's not even fit for print

The sport of football took a major hit this week when Texas was slammed by a major hurricane. Americans may now be forced to watch real sports like soccer. The world is now patiently waiting for a natural disaster to strike Canada so that the equally gay sport of curling may be eliminated.

Many in America fear that the latest surge of hurricanes is actually a terrorist plot carried out by communists in Cuba. Advanced intelligence suggests that they may have stolen RIT president Simon's infamous weather machine and have tweaked it to create monster storms targeting the US. When asked for comment, the campus socialists club denied any involvement but stated, "It's really not a bad idea to fight the capitalist pigs and their damn oil refineries with the same instruments used to contain the huddled masses in their dorms at RIT." They added, "It would have been the will of Lenin!"

Still others feel that these recent storms have been an act of divine retribution, that somehow God is punishing the cities of sin. Is this what New Orleans gets for all of those "girls gone wild" videos? Pat Robertson was quick to blame rapper Snoop Dog showing that both George Bush and God don't care about black people. This confirms the KKK's long-held belief that God is on their side and a Republican.

By **Barnaba Bienkowski**

The wide-scale destruction left behind by recent storms has led many to ask the tough questions of our existence such as "When will they run out of original names for hurricanes?" Fox news was quick to capitalize on the nation's inquisitiveness by reporting that "We're still safe; we're only up to old lady names. When we start seeing hurricanes called Tanisha, or Latiqua, then we will know that we've hit an all time low." In the interest of presenting what they believe to be an unbiased opinion they added "not like we'll be seeing hurricane Wang-Chung anytime soon."

Most news channels showed pictures of 100-mile long traffic jams full of accidents, confusion, and angry drivers. Local authorities are currently considering banning women from driving to prevent such mayhem on the roads in the future. CNN has been so busy covering these traffic jams that they totally overlooked the latest crisis in Asia: Godzilla has returned!

We ask that those with any information about either the many missing sex offenders from New Orleans or the many missing children from Katrina please report to the authorities, and that those with anything worth reading please continue to support your local underground publications. Thank you.

Are you "Special"?

SUBMIT

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Dinnertime
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~ or ~

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MUSICAL INSPIRATION

DRESDEN DOLLS - MISSED ME

On Absinthe and Bohemians

By GDT Staff

Absinthe. The drink of the Bohemians. Van Gogh, Verlaine, Baudelaire.... Supporters said it inspired creativity, that it wasn't just alcohol. There was something *more*, something special. The secret ingredient: Wormwood, a toxin that causes convulsions in high doses. More precisely, it's a chemical called Thujone, the monoterpene found in the Wormwood plant that causes all the neat effects. It is believed that Thujone activates the same sites in the brain as Marijuana. However, in Absinthe, it is said not to cause convulsions, but a high that is completely unique. It was legal, it got you high, and the Bohemians partook freely. Then the problems started. The artists started hallucinating, going into convulsions, freaking out. Panic set in. The public declared Absinthe "unsafe" and it was subsequently banned in the 1900s in most countries (although it's still made in Spain and Japan). But with all the hype, very little actual research was done, and now, thanks to the Web, the truth comes out.

Wormwood *is* a toxin, but the amount found in Absinthe is negligible. Because it's mixed with alcohol (typically 75%, or 150 proof), you would be blind drunk before even getting *close* to the amount of Wormwood needed to do any damage. Also, to make Absinthe that special, sickly green color (that turns milky white when poured over a cube of sugar, the typical way to drink it due to the fact that it tastes like shit), the makers used to use copper sulphate and antimony chloride (poisons in their own right), not to mention sometimes even including wood alcohol (deadly). And Van Gogh *ate* his paints, which were lead-based. Furthermore, all the symptoms of Absinthism (the term for Absinthe poisoning) were identical to chronic alcoholism. Any trait associated with Absinthism has been found in alcoholics dangerously close to alcohol poisoning. The Bohemians were drunks, folks. They were drunks who liked drinking stuff with other poisons in it. The Wormwood didn't really do any damage. Public opinion of Bohemians also helped trash Absinthe's name. True, they're considered great artists now, but back then they were just as reprehensible as Hippies were in the '60s, or Beatniks in the '50s. Much how marijuana was banned not because there were any recorded deaths attributed to it, but rather in an effort to combat a lifestyle, Absinthe was vilified because of the people who drank it.

So, with only a little trepidation, I scouted along the Web for a good recipe. I found several. Some involved Vodka, some had Pernod (basically Absinthe without the Wormwood), but the one I went for used Port as a base (I like Port, and that would assure that the effects wouldn't be completely the result of the Vodka or Pernod). No, I'm not going to tell you the recipe. Find it yourselves (hint: Cat's Meow). The recipe involves about six herbs (including Wormwood), left in a bottle of Port for a week. Simple, huh? It's

not *really* Absinthe, but I gather it's close. Now, the moment of truth. I strained it out and had a sip.

Ugh. Needs more sugar.

Ugh.

This has got to be the *single most bitter* thing I have ever tasted. My senses were overwhelmed. Even if the Wormwood had no effect, I was stunned by the taste of it.

More sugar.

As with any alcohol, if it tastes bad at first, keep drinking. Your body naturally acclimates itself. After the second glass, it wasn't as bad. Don't get me wrong, it was still as bitter as the chambers of a dead nun's heart (thanks, Nick). This is no gulping fluid. It's all you can do to sip it. I had a plate of bread, cheese and olives next to me, and they definitely came in handy. Anyway, after a few glasses, I began to feel... strange. It was certainly a drunk, but there was something else. I began to feel giddy. It wasn't like being stoned, it was... different. Fun. Not that sickly, room-swirling drunk that you usually get from too much alcohol, but a light, airy feeling that forces you into a good mood. No convulsions, no hallucinations (side note: one of our heavier drinkers on staff, "Uncle Joey," made some of his own and claimed that he was seeing trails after

doing six shots in a row. *Six Shots?*). I had to go out and share my mood with others. Now everybody wants some. Maybe I should start charging.

Of course, there are ways to get *real* Absinthe over the web as well. Again, I'm not going to tell you how, but my circle of alcoholics got together and pooled our money to get six different brands from overseas (several European countries have begun to make the stuff again, and will ship overseas). As it turns out, one of the crew actually knew a couple of techniques of how to prepare the drink, some more fun than others. Here was our favorite: Pour a glass of Absinthe, and then put a sugar cube in a spoon. Dip and remove the sugar cube, so it's soaked but not dissolved. Then, light the sugar cube on fire. Trust me, it will torch up very quickly. Hold the burning cube over the glass. The sugar will melt and caramelize, and when it drips into the glass, the Absinthe will also catch on fire. Don't let the glass burn too long, as you're burning off the alcohol, and no one wants that. Drop the sugar into the glass, stir, and blow out the flames. The result is quite inspiring. The burnt sugar taste helps the sledgehammer-in-velvet-and-herbs taste of the Absinthe. And of course, it's fun to set things on fire.

Happy Drinking!

-LMNO

Dear Cindy Sheehan,

Thank you for the birthday gift. When I told people that I wanted an anti-war demonstration on the Capitol for my birthday, I was joking. But you made my dreams come true. This is just a little note to thank you for thinking of me, and doing something amazing for the occasion.

Actually, why don't I drop the facade here. Yes, my birthday is really September 24. Yes, I am very happy to see your tour being so successful. No, I didn't ask for a demonstration for my birthday. And yes, you are doing this for me. For every American. And every American should thank you.

I won't claim to know what sort of a man Casey was here on Earth, and is in the hereafter, but you know. And if he believed in your cause one iota, he would be immensely proud of you.

I'm fighting back tears now, but I'd like to say that if ever I met you, I'd give you a big hug and tell you how much I love you and what you're doing for me and this great nation and how proud and thankful I am of what you are doing.

Love and thanks,

Andrew A. Gill

Jacob Chinn - Poetry in Action

submit poetry to gdt@hellskitchen.org

Prose Poem - 5/23/05

Perseverance in Solitude

Alone it stands, outside the flowerbox
A seed must have blown into the wild,
beyond the safety of the wooden flowerbed.
In the brown, coarse, harsh, sand the seed grows.
Atop the long stem, a large red flower blooms,
its petals reaching up to the world.
Inside the wooden flowerbed, small pink and purple
tulips grow in clumps. Keeping to themselves,
ignoring the world outside the flowerbox.

The red bloom stands alone while
The pink and purple cross-pollinate.
From inside the flowerbox the flowers
turn their faces to the sky. Not seeing
the red blossom, they do not pollinate
with him. Alone the stem now stands.
The petals have fallen, outside the flowerbox.

Alone it stands, the stem is all that
is left of the rare flower.
Others inside the flowerbox laugh at it.
Long and thin, bare and dropping.
On the ground the bright red petals have
been trampled. Now the ants carry them
away. The sand scrapes against his roots,
getting inside and scratches his very core.
And still it stands, alone, outside the flowerbox.

Alone it now lies, outside the flowerbox,
on the ground beneath the snow.
How very cold the ground is. But in this cold there
lies two small seeds. Seeds that the ants have
forgotten. Seeds that in spring will bloom
into beautiful red flowers. Like the first
red blossom, they will grow and stand. They
too will leave seeds of their own.
But always they will grow and grow strong,
outside the flowerbox.

Portfolio Poem #2 - 5/24/05

Ants in a Tunnel

Dig a tunnel, move the dirt.
Dig a tunnel, move the dirt.
Move the dirt, find food.
Move the dirt, find food.
Food for the queen, not for us!
Food for the queen, not for us!
We just find food.
We just the move the dirt.
We just dig a tunnel.

Dig a tunnel, dig a tunnel, dig a tunnel.
Stop!
Why?
Why dig a tunnel? Why move the dirt?
Why feed the queen and not us?
That's what we do!
But WHY?
GET TO WORK!
Dig down and in,
Find leaves,
Move the dirt like this.

I want to dig up and out.
I don't like those leaves.
I won't move the dirt like that!
He doesn't like those leaves!
That's all you will ever find here!
Then I will leave!

I shall leave this communist colony,
I shall make my own claim in this land,
I will not succumb to orders of tradition.
I shall move the dirt like this,
I shall dig no straight tunnels,
I shall eat all the leaves I like!