

# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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## Crack Baby Football

By the Staff of *GDT*

A new athletic sensation is sweeping the continent. Hundreds of Joe Sixpacks® across the country are tuning in to the exciting new television experience: *Tuesday Night Crack Baby Football*. This aptly-named new sport of kings brings together two great American pastimes—football and kicking babies. And not just any babies, but crack babies, since they are worthless druggies anyways.

For those of you who have been living under sixty tons of lead for the past two years, Crack Baby Football is exactly like traditional football, save a few minor changes. The least significant of which being the movement away from the common pigskin football, due to complaints from PETA, and to the new and improved Crack Baby Footballs. The manufacturing of Crack Baby Footballs is more respectful of the innate rights of animals, particularly the horses from which pigskin footballs are made, and helps society deal with the overwhelming burden of crack-addled babies, and their crippling addictions. Rather than the expensive and painful detox process, select crack babies become productive members of society through competitive sport. Babies are chosen according to the specifications of the official regulations drafted by the National Crack Baby Football League (NCBFL).

Another of the minor deviations from the less entertaining variation of football is the addition of a third goalpost, centered between the others, wrapped in barbed wire. At the end of regulation play, babies remaining on the post are tallied and three bonus points are awarded for every five, rewarding the often-underused kicker with more opportunities to demonstrate his skills and granting him the “squit” sound that only kicking a live crack baby can provide.

Spiking of the crack baby is required of all players completing a touchdown, and the quality of the endzone celebrations of each team are considered in case of ties. Players are encouraged to incorporate the spiked wall behind the endzone into their celebration, making score-keeping easier for the officials.

As a result of the modifications of the original rules, the halftime show has been replaced with the cleaning of the field. New vehicles, similar in appearance to Zambonies, descend onto the field and scrape the remains of used balls from the Astroturf (real grass would quickly become too stained and sticky to use. Astroturf is much more resistant to the staining effects of crack-blood and is hosed off after every game).

But Crack Baby Football is not just a game for the players. Fans have been flocking to the arenas every week to cheer for their favorite teams. And the NCBFL is all about its fans. For the month of May, all enthusiasts can get half-price season tickets for their local team by contributing a crack baby of their own<sup>§</sup>. The NCBFL is using this promotion to keep the cost of attending games much lower than their traditional football counterparts.

Surprisingly though, Crack Baby Football is not without controversy. A study of last year's players has shown an alarmingly high rate of cocaine addiction. A public outcry was heard from parenting groups that the NCBFL players were bad role models. The NCBFL has addressed the issue by launching a national awareness campaign. The league also released a statement that although the rate of cocaine use among players is high, there is no evidence to suggest that it is above the average of players in

<sup>§</sup> Crack babies must be within the regulation ranges for size, weight, and blood crack level (BCL). For the official regulations, please visit the NCBFL website at <http://www.ncbfl.com>. Crack babies brought to games not falling within the regulation tolerances of size, weight, and BCL, will be confiscated and bearers not reimbursed. Void where prohibited. For the full rules and regulations of this offer, visit the NCBFL website.

traditional football. Additionally, several ethnic groups have voiced concern over some of the team names having negative connotations. For instance, the Buffalo Bulldogs have recently come under fire with complaints of racial stereotyping, primarily for the Union Jack being displayed in their team emblem.

Despite the controversy over this new sport, its popularity continues to grow with each day. Game attendance and merchandise sales show that Crack Baby Football has doubled in popularity since the first official match held three years ago in a small elementary school playground in Flint, Michigan. Now, the NCBFL hosts 42 teams from across the U.S. and Mexico. Figures from the 2004 season show that the enthusiastic game attendants accounted for a staggering 85% (\$16,000) of the League's profits. The most popular items sold at games include Crack Baby Bobbly-Heads™ (which are more entertaining than most souvenirs because

their heads continue to bobble for several weeks after the game, at which point they stop functioning) and the incredibly popular Crack Baby Waterbottles™ (which come in four sizes: Premature Refreshment™, Medium, Post-Due Pleasure™, and Damn What Was She Smoking?!™).

With the action just getting underway, this season looks to be an exciting battle for the championship. Experts are predicting great playing on all sides, but all eyes are on the Houston Wetbacks, who were lucky enough to nab rookie Antonio Rodriguez in the first round of drafts. Regardless of which team you're rooting for, this season of Crack Baby Football promises to be never-ending excitement.

For show times in your area, check your local listings for "*Tuesday Night Crack Baby Football*."

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## Revenge of the Video Professor

My roommate, Rich Lazar, wrote an article a few weeks back<sup>1</sup> about his observations on student life at RIT as a graduating student. After reading it, I felt compelled to write about my own observations on life in Rochester.

Primarily, I would like to talk about the scourge that has taken over the streets of Rochester. This vile, horrifying activity not only endangers the lives of its participants, but the lives of innocent passengers in other vehicles as well. No, I'm not talking about drinking and driving. I'm talking about signing and driving. Signing and driving forces drivers to take their eyes off the road, something that can prove fatal, especially in heavy traffic. I have observed and studied the vehicular maneuvers that occur due to this activity. I find these maneuvers both entertaining and revolting<sup>2</sup>. The most often viewed behavior is that of the lane drift. This usually occurs due to the driver taking his or her hands off the wheel and hitting a discontinuous portion of the road<sup>3</sup>. The driver has to take his or her hands off the steering wheel of the vehicle to respond to the passenger(s). It doesn't take a mechanical engineer

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## By Nathan Mellenethien

to figure out what will happen should a car pull out unexpectedly in front of the vehicle. Please, for everyone's sake, stop signing and driving. Nothing pisses me off more than seeing a driver with their hands off the wheel and their eyes off the road.

I also have to mention the wonderful communication at RIT. During my first five years here, I have noticed a drastic improvement. However, the institute still has a long way to go if they want any sort of large participation in any event other than a Texas Hold'em game<sup>4</sup>. Sending out an e-mail on Wednesdays about events happening Wednesday through Sunday seems rather pointless. If you want to do something Monday or Tuesday, which I know everyone does, then you're fucked, because you don't know what's going on. And to everyone that says, "Read *Reporter*," shut the hell up. *GDT* gives me all the news I could ask for.

I should mention my annoyance with people that pester me on the way to class. Granted, it has been some time since I've traveled outside (considering that I've been almost living in Building

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<sup>1</sup> "Suscon Screamer", Volume 31, Issue 5, Blood, <http://www.hellskitchen.org/gdt/pdf/Volume31/05.Blood.pdf>

<sup>2</sup> Entertainment scale: Making fun of *The Sentinel*. Revulsion scale: Having to look at *The Sentinel*.

<sup>3</sup> Read: Pothole

<sup>4</sup> It's a proven fact that Texas Hold'em is even more fun than using *The Sentinel* as a jungle gym and therefore attracts a huge crowd, no matter how much notice is given.

9 for the past three weeks), but I do remember that it pissed me off, and I thought I should share my annoyance with everyone. When I'm walking around, I'm thinking about shit, people! I can't be bothered with thinking about George Bush and the world's problems. I have my own issues to think about. Beer pong table refrigeration, pizza ovens that approach temperatures found in a nuclear fusion reactor, creating a MAME arcade machine<sup>5</sup>, and staircases that spiral around the outside of cylindrical fish tanks are some of the more important ones. Important things such as this are what I think about on a daily basis on my walk to class. I'll leave it up to you to think about politics. I'll think about the shit that might make your life that much more fun.

The final subject I would like to touch upon is *The Sentinel*. While it is a good place to climb and place fun geometric shapes such as torus polyhedrons, stand and make faces at RIT's new stalker camera, or puke after a nice long night of drinking; I definitely do have my gripes with the monstrosity. I've been told that it adds color to the campus. The only damn color I see in the damn thing is rust. It seems more useless to me than the *Video Professor* Series is to an RIT computer science major<sup>6</sup>. I propose that we use the space that *The Sentinel* occupies to build a massive drop tower. The way RIT runs things, it would probably have more downtime than *The Curse of Darkastle* on its

<sup>5</sup> For those who don't know, MAME is an emulator for "old school" arcade games

<sup>6</sup> Video Professor is useful, however, for obtaining free PSPs or iPods.

<sup>7</sup> A delicious mixture of French fries, cheese curds, and gravy. Join in our fight to get this delicacy served in the Rochester area. Resistance is futile.

opening day and would open an hour late every day, but RIT would still make some revenue from it and it would give us one more thing to take our minds off of the stress of our everyday lives here at the institute. I am also fairly positive that it would also attract potential students instead of repelling them.

This is the end of my bitching session. You may be saying that it was my decision to come to RIT so I should stop complaining about the school. I don't hate the school. RIT has changed my life in many ways and most were positive. They were even able to convince me into coming back for one more year for my MBA after I graduate in a couple of weeks. Complaining about Rochester is just something that keeps me sane. Besides, seeing *GDT* taking up only one side of one page was one of my saddest moments as an RIT student. *GDT* fights the good fight against the powers that be. Keep this fine periodical alive by submitting your work. So, in summation, my tips to current RIT students would include the following:

- Eat more poutine<sup>7</sup>
- Submit to GDT
- Make fun of *The Sentinel* at every available opportunity
- Publicly mock signing and driving until it stops
- Embrace the torus polyhedron
- Stop bugging me about religion and politics

## Profound Truth of the Week

"Paris Hilton looks like a horse. She looks like ragh ragh ragh raUgh."

### GDT Personals

SWM ISO same for walk on the beach, icecream, and genocide. Must own gasmask and bondage cuffs. D&D Free. Contact Mao at 585-475-5815.

## Happy Land

By Joanna Licata

Inside your world, everything is happy;  
Joy, excitement, and love abundant.  
But if you step outside your happy land,  
You will discover reality.

You live as though nothing can harm you,  
Hurt you, destroy you.  
But you have not lived what I lived,  
Felt what I felt, seen what I've seen.

The world is a scary place.  
You cannot pretend it isn't.  
Someday, the walls of your happy land will break down,  
And you will die



# JOE CORNEA!

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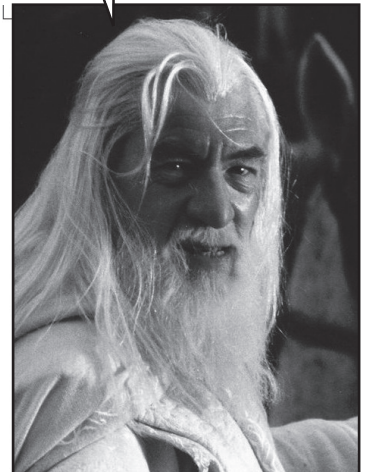
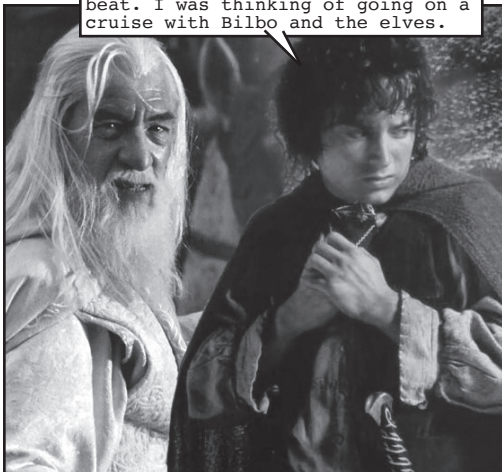
## GANDALF THE GREY

Hey, Frodo, what's the matter?

Ow, after all that wandering and torture, I've been feeling pretty beat. I was thinking of going on a cruise with Bilbo and the elves.

Don't be such a pansy. I'm like frickin 900 years old and I don't go on cruises.

And you're a pansy.



**Only Night**  
By Peter C. Gravelle

The clock struck one  
and down she come  
hickory dickory dick-  
like fingers of flesh and bone  
preludes the fleeting defeat of alone  
kiss suck touch lick.

Regret is the consequence of the luxury of avoiding regret.  
Or, when the avoidance luxury goes away, the regret—an alien  
to this land welcomed by the innocuous monkey on the  
back goes by the name of Compromise  
Compromise goes to the store and buys a little bit of  
everything with its good looks  
It needs it all

“A good compromise leaves everyone angry,” said the thirty-  
something man through a six-year-old boy and his  
animatronic tygre burning bright in the night of black  
ink on a white daily with weekly color inserts.  
A dozen dozen by half.

**Government Mail**  
By Ray Wallace

Cup after cup  
I’ve drunk near enough  
to clear off my head.  
If only I could bare what’s been said.  
You can tear down my things,  
bear down on the springs,  
but you can’t grow up from a stone  
or build a truce from a home.  
Don’t hold the marker  
hard – the world would just get starker:  
Though I may never have lied  
it all sounds as if on the sly.  
Like a terrible dream  
covered only in steam.

The smoking calms  
the shake in my palms  
but still in my skull a drought  
that feeds the self-doubt,  
that each solution has its own trump.  
Try to pull myself up  
with love for my father  
but still finding a reason to bother,  
since every defeat  
a new chance to repeat.  
So fall between the sheets  
and continue to sleep.

***Poetry***  
***submit to***  
***gdt@hellskitchen.org***

**Crazy north by northwest**  
By Peter C. Gravelle

The melancholy of empty sadness.  
The clown fails to power the social wheel

And yet the new lovers love  
And the aged young poet pines for her lost obsession  
And the boy longs for his O Canada let’s do it again  
And another newly-joined misers his long-enjoined

The circle comes roundabout on its on momentum  
Is the clown necessary?  
And everyone goes to bed

The lovers to supreme sex  
The poet to cry  
The boy to drown his loneliness in clatt’ring work  
The newcomer to his virtual accomplishments

And the clown?  
He goes home and calls his love knowing there is  
nothing she can do to save him from himself.

**I’m Not Who You Think I Am**  
By Joanna Licata

You treat me like silk  
But I’m only cheap cotton  
I’m not the cream of the crop  
Why do you think I am?  
You look at me like diamonds  
But I’m a cheap imitation  
I don’t sparkle as well  
Do I give the same sensation?  
You’d pay a high price for me  
But you’re not getting a bargain  
You’re wasting your money  
And wasting your time

**My Love****By Joanna Licata**

Your soft lips touch me  
 And the joy makes me want to cry  
 The warmth of your lips, the power  
 Make me feel like I can fly

You look into my eyes  
 With big brown ones like a doe  
 They tell me that you love me  
 And my heart confirms this so

Your hand brushes my cheek  
 In a touching, loving way  
 I look up at you  
 'I love you' is what you say

You embrace me  
 With strong and gentle arms  
 The safety surrounding me  
 Keeps me safe from harm

Your nose nuzzles mine  
 An Eskimo kiss we share  
 I tell you that I love you  
 And that I'll always care

**Do you ever find yourself bursting into spontaneous laughter, much to the befuddlement of your companions?**

**Have you noticed that when you tell other people your ideas they either stare at you in horror, or end up pounding the floor in an unproductive attempt to lift their having mass from it's hysterical incapacitation?**

**Are you bored?**

If you answered "Yes" to any of these, then  
***GDT wants you, baby.***

We want writers, artists, and basically anything we can get our hands on.

And if you don't find yourself swooning from giddiness on your first writing/editing adventure with us...go write for the *Reporter*.

**Come. Join us; the Dark Side is warm and squishy.**

Parmesan the Eggplant 1984-2005

He never saw the steamroller coming. You will be missed.

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