



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre



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**“...near the end of cocktail hour,
their dinner was served...”**



Member of
Hell's Kitchen



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The Magic Wondershow

Broad and wandering ideas for a broad and wandering world...

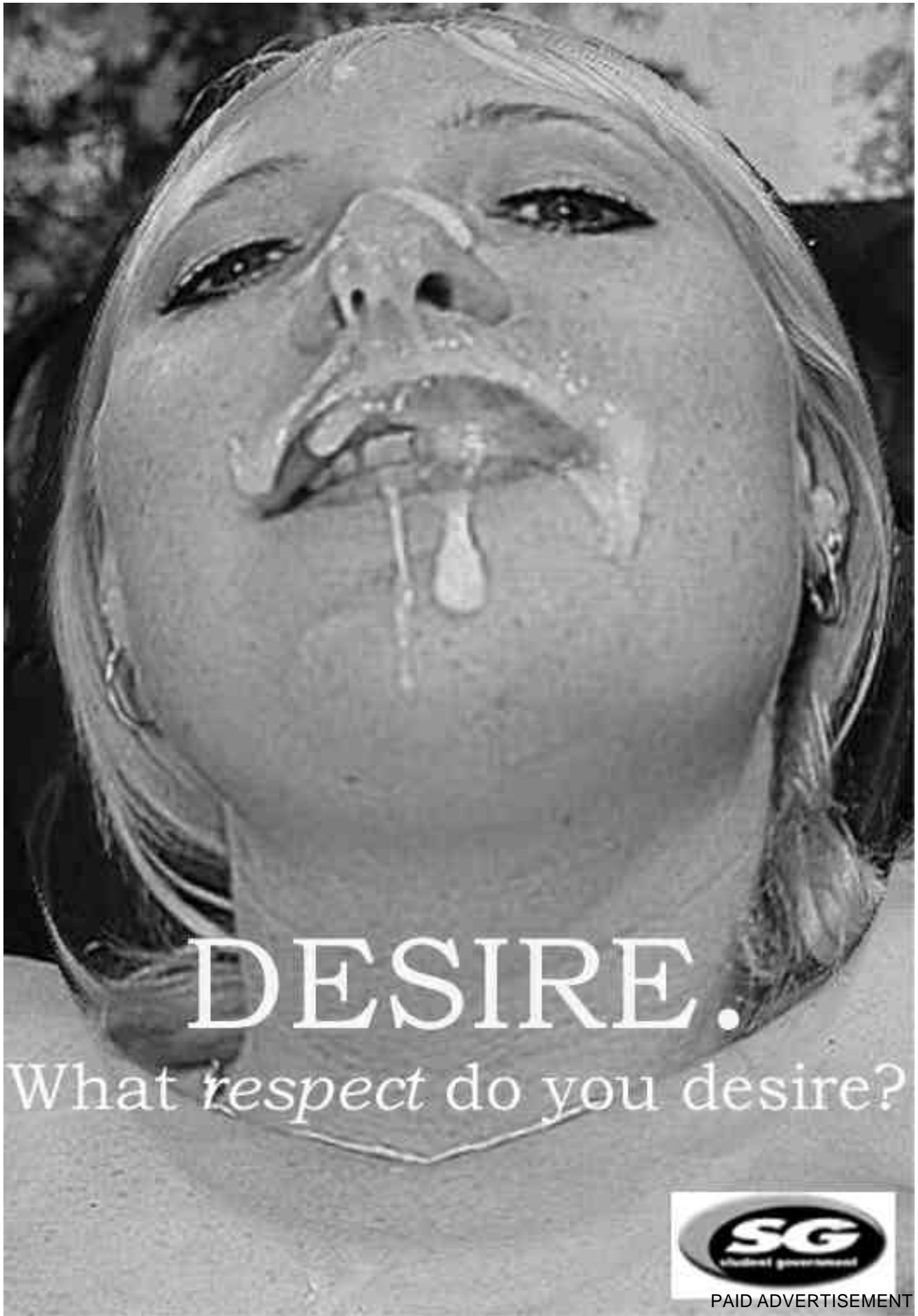
By Sean J. Stanley

Faithful readers, I have reached an impasse. After careful scrutiny of my last few columns, I've decided that "Tourist's Movie Reviews" is no longer apropos. My focus has broadened to include many an issue beyond the cinematic glory of the silver screen. That is why I'm changing my column's name from TMR to the more fitting moniker of "The Magic Wondershow". Why the whimsical and quite possibly corny nomenclature? Well, every man's river runs deep. As does mine. I reserve the right to be corny from time to time. Besides, it's the name of my film production company, so I figured I'd tie it in somehow. Don't worry, you'll still get the same El Touristo flavor, just in a new and improved package. But I've already devoted too much time to this. Onward.

This week, I wish to discuss many things, in particular, the great sport, the stately game of kings and cobblers alike. I speaketh of the great enterprises of the human recall function under stressful timed circumstances. Of course, I mean the College Bowl™, a masterful synergy of game and worldly knowledge. Not really the game of kings per se, more the game of ill-socialized, highly-specialized elite (31337) thinkers and hack intellectuals. I should know, I'm one of them. The only problem I have with this event, aside from the lack of Jeopardy-style format to the questioning is that there is a distinct lack of diversity to the contestant pool. Just as an example, let's examine a cross-section of the gamers involved. 18-24 males, a few females here and there. Technology majors. Mullet ponytails. Several carried walkie-talkies, *just in case*. One guy (we'll call him Wayne) managed to coordinate his wardrobe that day without mom's help, matching his *Highlander* tee-shirt with his *Highlander* baseball cap. Cheers Wayne. I think that the College Bowl Company should offer better incentives to increase popular awareness in the sport and encourage more socio-economic diversity in the contestants. To do this, one must simply put more thought (and lots more money) into the prizes. There are so many goddamn Greek organizations on this campus, and not a one showed up, except for Phi Sigma Pi, which in my humble opinion isn't a real fraternity in that I found this little snippet in their rules and regulations page (www.phisigmapi.org):

"Hazing shall be defined as, but not limited to, any action taken or situation created, intentionally, to produce mental or physical discomfort, embarrassment, harassment and ridicule. These actions and situations include, but are not limited to: paddling in any form, creation of excessive fatigue, physical and psychological shock, scavenger hunts which involve illegal activities, one-way road trips which leave an individual to find return transportation, wearing apparel at any time or location which is not appropriate, required engagement in public stunts or buffoonery, morally degrading games or humiliating activities, compulsory consumption of any alcoholic beverages or controlled substances or non-controlled substances, and any other activities which are not consistent with the regulations and policies of the sheltering institution, or behavior considered as unbecoming of a Member of Phi Sigma Pi."

Huh? Nary a bottom paddled? Nor one way road trips? And what of the public buffoonery? Now I'm not in a fraternity, and usually you'll find me taking cheap shots at the esteemed Greek orders that have graced this campus with their presence, but COME ON! If I were going to join a frat, I'd make damn sure that I'd have to lodge a carrot in my urethra and play the xylophone with it, rape some sheep from the bio department, or at least run up twelve flights of stairs with a raw egg jammed in my rectum. And the spanking...ooooh hell yeah! Even I, as a non-indoctrinated outsider, feel great swells of joy and exultation as I walk by the fraternity houses and see those spanking tools proudly hanging on display for all to see. And it's not just the crusted blood and ass-hairs that give me that sensation. It's the artistry of each one, meticulously crafted from the finest teak and mahogany, with dovetail inlays and the finest Belgian scrimshander money can buy. And Phi Sigma Pi has the audacity to call themselves a fraternity. Hell, they even let women join! Oh well, I guess they get what they deserve. Sure, they may be in the top ten percentile grade point wise, but they've earned no self-respect whatsoever. I bet they can't even



DESIRE.

What *respect* do you desire?



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do more than five seconds on a keg stand. But I digress. I think that in order to lure the more prestigious Greek organizations the College Bowl, they should replace the prize of gift certificates with a quarter-kegs and dime bags for each player. I mean, what are they gonna do with books? I guess they could prop up that couch leg that Spaz or Bulldog broke that one time when he was fucked up on Goldschlager and had Mike's hockey stick, but that's about it. Booze and Drugs! Booze and Drugs! Death, Taxes, and Booze and Drugs are the only certain things in life, I tell ye! And what of sex? This school, like many other institutes of higher learning, pays far too much attention (and money) to their sports achievers. What the hell for? Does the aptitude of a person on a playing field reflect the merit of a school's educational tracts? Certainly not. The school should allocate sports funding to College Bowl prize funds; not an exorbitant amount, but a sum adequate enough for first class airfare to Nevada's famous Mustang Ranch brothel, where accommodations, bar tabs, and sexual service fees are all on the institute's tab. You'd have all kinds of contestants coming from out of the woodwork if they knew that if they won the preliminary round, they could laugh it up with bookies and drug dealers while rolling up \$1 bills and slipping them into the backsides of beautiful and talented Mustang Ranch employees before adjourning to private suites to engage in multiple, raw acts of carnal sin and debauchery, the likes of which they'd never see again in their feeble lifetimes. Betcha we'd find ourselves the next Steven Hawking. College Bowl needs more ladies as well. So what do women want? Ha! That's not for this column. That's for humanity to figure out. But for pragmatic purposes, I would wager that women want pretty much the same things that guys want. Money, airfare, maybe not a trip to a brothel (although there is a stud ranch in Australia that caters to the whims of women), but certainly something unique. Women being the more practical of the sexes could probably figure out a sufficient solution. I can only suggest a prize involving a cadre of Chippendale dancers, carte-blanche Victoria Secret lingerie gift certificates, and Virgin Island beach access somewhere. But that's just an approximation of my male-brain. Send me better ideas if the female readership has any.

Another thing that appalled me was the lack of weaponry in the game. Trivia games are far more interesting when handguns are distributed. We'd change the game just slightly, making it an outdoor venue, with bunkers instead of desks for contestants. Each team would get four semi-automatic .45 pistols with two clips

of ammo each, three pineapple grenades, and one tripod-mounted, M61A1 20mm Vulcan cannon, one barrel of ammo per team. The game would also be augmented by the introduction of fast-acting muscle relaxers such as Flexeril or benzo-diazepan. In the event that an incorrect answer is given, the team loses five points and the player responsible for giving such answer must take a 5mg pill of the muscle relaxer and wash it down with a double shot of Jaegermeister. Buzzers would be located four feet from the safety of the bunker, requiring players to stumble or crawl as best they can under razor-wire, dodge enemy flak, and rabid pit bulls to reach them. This must be done in the standard time allowed for College Bowl answers, five seconds. I bet that those super-polished goody-two-shoes academic fuckers that gregariously and rapidly answer all questions that come their way would have a harder time with their rapid-recall skills if opposing team members were taking pot shots at them with a goddamn Gatling gun! Spectators and proctors would be housed in a large bleacher complex encased entirely in bullet-resistant acrylic. Final game score would be based on both intellectual performance, and amount of casualties. Teams would be penalized at least 25 points for the death or mortal wounding of a member. This event could be simulcasted live on C-SPAN, ESPN, and MTV, with sponsors ranging from Smith & Wesson, Glock, as well as Band-Aid and the Department of Defense. But that is just a suggestion.

The College Bowl as it stands is just as interesting if you're the right type of person. As the sun set in the hazy western sky, the five war-hardened soldiers walked from the battlefield, a little wearier, a little wiser. Some had brought prayers, others trinkets for good luck, still others, clinging to extinct pagan rituals scrawled incantations in an unintelligible and erratic hand upon the back of the elegant magic marker nametags. The gambles had paid off. The nights of drinking, smoking, and whoring had worked wonders for the team's courage. They had been ready to die. They were willing to fight to the death, brother against brother to win that two-hundred dollar bookstore gift certificate. And as the dust settled that day, the victors, (of which I was one) managed to cast off the brutalities of the battle and elicit a cry that shall echo through the ages:

"We got two hundred dollars! We got two hundred dollars! We got two hundred..."

Until next time, Ladies and Gentleman.

—Tourist out.



Subject: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
To: <gdt@hellskitchen.org>

I picked up a copy of GDT while waiting for a dreadfully slow dryer to finish with my whites. While I must admit that the quality of the writing, from a grammatical standpoint, puts the Reporter to shame, and that Perky and Slick is quite good, the rest of the publication is horrible. Big Daddy's Biological Show is insulting. The poetry is downright

bad, and is too often littered with language that is completely unnecessary. The actual articles are lacking in any application to anything. At least you let it be known that your parents aren't responsible for these views.

Stephen Byrne

Stephen,

What did you find bothersome about Big Daddy's? You're the first person to complain; we'll forward your complaints to the staff of Predator. Also, we will keep you in mind when we start writing the new episodes.

-Ed.

Help us out and get paid.

GDT needs people to help fold issues when they come off the press.

Contact Sean Hammond for information.

seant@hellskitchen.org

Episode 7...

Big Daddy: Hey there kiddees, Big Daddy here! Today we're going to talk about part of your body. I just got the results of a new study on Skin!

Kids: Melanoma!

Big Daddy: That's Right! Your largest organ, the one that makes you naked.

Kids: Boobies! Cheryl show us your...

Big Daddy: Not yet, kids, we have lots of fun stuff to talk about first: Skin comes in many different varieties, like oily, dry, or leprous, and bruises, scabs, and scars. Elbow skin is my favorite, you know why, kids?

Kids: Extra Testicles!

Susie: Cremasteric reflex!

(Silence.)

Big Daddy: Oooh, Susie, I think you're gonna hafta go the...Wrong Room. My assistant Fucko the Clown will escort you there. Take her away Fucko!

Fucko: (Entering) Hey Kids!

Bobby: Hi Fucko!

Fucko: (Entering) Hi Bobby!

Susie: No, not the wrong room!

Bobby: Aw, you get used to it!

Big Daddy: Too bad about Fucko, huh? He never takes his makeup off, and soon his whole face will crack.

Fucko has syphilis.

Kids: Columbus!

Big Daddy: Yeah. Columbus brought syphilis back to Europe after his men got a lot of tattoos from the natives.

Kids: Pocahontas!

Big Daddy: That's why most American skin is so full of needle marks. We inherited them from our ancestors.

Kids: Heroin Tattoos!

Big Daddy: And the skin is also where we attach nicotine patches, but not on the elbow, because nicotine interferes with the estrogens produced at your elbow and you wind with hairy elbows.

Kids: Schizophrenic Bastards!

Big Daddy: And that's why you find so many old, hairy-backed men with nicotine stains all over their a...

Cheryl: (wiggling) Heeey, Big Daaaaddy...

Big Daddy: Hey Cheryl! (winks, smiles, looks back at kids)

Kids: Boobies!

Big Daddy: That's all for this week, kids. You're the smartest kids I know!

Next week we talk about Lyme Disease.

Big Daddy's Biology Show



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Trees: A Perspective

Beautiful trees
 The trees stand their own
 The mightiest tree stands tall
 See how it stands and bares its
 strength even against the harsh elements The
 great tree stands tall unscathed by the
 atrocities that lay waste to other surrounding
 victims But the tree prevails Of
 course The thick cork cambium sloughs
 off with each passing hour But the tree
 prevails Strong and bold audacious
 in its own right even
 under perilous
 circumstances
 Still
 the
 tree
 stands
 Still
 the
 tree
 stands

Howard's Happy Hour

By Howard Hao

The Uneducated

-a finger for that despicable Karmel

Wriggling about like a living homunculus
 A breathing being that is not auspicious
 Trying desperately to rectify a situation
 Violent tendencies for a millennium
 Eliciting an unnecessary brouhaha
 Like an inflammation of the axillary bursa

Power of Procrastination

The tawny hue of procrastination
 Or avoidance behavior, if you are a behavior psychologist
 Leaves a lasting stain, a ring of deceit
 On your clothes. The rich aroma, like
 Cigarettes, cannot be easily washed out with regular detergent
 One needs to use the industrial strength stuff
 To get this crud out. Yes, the mark
 Stays long and hard, lasting through hardships
 And mostly prevailing, but it can be fought with the
 Proper agents.



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Needs Help!

We'd like to move on up to the east side, but we haven't got the writers, editors, distributors, illustrators, folders, creative people...

JOIN US!

**A QUEST FOR THE NOBLE SAT-IRE,
IN THE LAND OF PUBLISH-ING.**

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Left: One of our esteemed founders, packed and ready for the move on up.

MOVIN ON UP!



WHERE THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO WRITE "E-MAIL GIL: GIL@CSH.RIT.EDU" ON A STRIP AS CLUTTERED AND CROWDED AS THIS? HUH? 1-16-99 G.M.

Episode 8...

Big Daddy: Hey there Kiddees, Big Daddy here. Y'all remember last week's show about skin?

Kids: Smut!

Big Daddy: Well, we're going to continue the skin adventure with Lyme Disease!

Kids: Scurvy!

Big Daddy: Almost, but this one comes from rolling in the hay with too many deer.

Kids: Spirochetes!

Jesus: Hay fever! Hay fever, I'm itchy all over...

Big Daddy: And deer always have ticks, usually in their tails, but sometimes their eyelids are twitchy, too.

Kids: Epilepsy!

Jesus: ...sphinx made out of play-doh. Itchy all over...

Big Daddy: Hey, kids, look who's back from the Wrong Room... (Susie walks in limp and bedraggled. Fucko the Clown escorts her.)

Kids: SUSIE!! Blitz her! Give her the bottle! Make her know the way!

Fucko the Clown: Aaaaah, old grandfather peyote to welcome you home, Susie.

Jesus: there's Prozac in my Pez dispenser Itchy all over...

Susie: Jesus, will you shut up?!

Big Daddy: Finally someone who control that little bastard! Just to catch you up, Susie, we're learning about Lyme Disease this week.

Susie: Umm... spirochetes?

Kids: We did that already!

Big Daddy: Yeah, and whenever you get 'em, your skin gets these ring-shaped marks like when you play with old Atari joysticks too long, and you get a high fever and stiff joints.

Kids: Quadraplegic!

Big Daddy: Not quite that stiff. It's still fixable by eating lots of limes and then sleeping in a deerskin coat.

Kids: Spirit animals!

Mort: My grandmother's on dopamine but I think she's taking too much cuz the doctor was talking about side effects and he said she might get some and she's got a tick in her cheek and I think she's taking too much dope and she's got side effects and one of those ring-marks on her neck.

Big Daddy: Eating too many limes can have side effects, too. They make your skin very smooth and too many can make your fingerprints fall off completely.

Kids: Witness Relocation Program!

Jesus: my penguin suit is itchy all over!

Susie: Jesus, I said—Shut Up!!

Big Daddy: With enough limes and some red wine, you kids can make sangria.

Oranges and bananas are good, too.

Kids: Carmen Miranda!

Big Daddy: Remember, kids, it's important to make sure that you eat just the right number of limes and that you don't play with any deer. When your parents take you to petting zoos, remind them about how dangerous deer are.

Kids: Subvert the dominant paradigm!

Kids: Next week, kids, we'll talk about the second largest organ in your body—the part that makes you like pizza and walk upright.

Kids: Opposable thumbs!

Big Daddy's Biology Show



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