



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre



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The Third Sheet By Irving Washington

Ah beer, sweet nectar of the gods, how long I have been without thee... languishing in a self-imposed prison of willful[£] control and decidedly draconian legalities... but now you are back in my life, my saving grace, to once again prop up a wretch like me when he has nothing else left and can only pine over lost time, failed relationships and the meaninglessness of life in general. The king is back. It's good to be back. And it's good to be the king...

This night's ruminescence: the number thirteen. That's right, a little Sesame Street twist on everything here in my magical land of make believe... and let's face it, even Fred Rogers couldn't touch me with a ten foot pole *while* he was in the depths of an ether binge... But our story is for the big kids, and it still has a happy ending, because it's a story about the magical thing in the whole world, the thing that will outlive trust, outshine love, and maybe, just maybe, make this article palatable to your by-now strained eyes and minds; that's right, it's *booze*.

The number thirteen is often attributed with superstitious beliefs[§], particularly those pertaining to

bad luck; obviously this is absurd to most of you, probably because you believe in the powers of empirical science and rational logic and are content to leave all of that old rot to the elderly and uneducated and third world nations and the foolish religions who already believe that your rampant consumerism is an *idolatrous gateway to hell*; and you would be wrong. Not because you would be wrong in accusing organized religion, they are indeed, of all factions involved, not to go without blame, a fact which we will revisit later[¥]. Nay, you would be wrong because you forgot the all important fact that thirteen *is* a very, very lucky number...

But like all things pertaining to luck, and all of the other arcane arts and minor conjurings of the human psyche, thirteen is only specifically lucky pertaining to certain facets of human existence: those of alcohol and sex^à. Yes, the number thirteen, when associated with that most mystical aethyr of drinks, is a magic ticket to the land of narcissistic carnal gratification, a land of miracles in both fluid dynamics and brain chemistry, not to mention hedonistic excesses...

Conclusive scientific testing[»] has confirmed these very results: thirteen drinks in the human body exponentially increases the chances of a scientific phe-

[£]Willful = bad. To quote the great and wise Rob Howells, "Having self-control takes focus, discipline, and inner strength. Loosing it just takes balls." Proof that Rob is Great and Wise: Rob Howells takes pictures, great pictures, beautiful pictures, black and white pictures, of naked women for a living. Ok, sometimes some men are involved too, but we can tell it's the women who are emphasized, and the important thing is that they are great, artistic, beautiful-twisted-and-kinky fine art and fetish photography at its best kind of photos. That's not my job. My job sucks compared to that. My job sucks even when not compared to that. Ten to one, yours does too, by at least one of those criterion. Hence, Rob is indeed great and wise, at least comparatively speaking. Time for more beer.

[§]Or marijuana, depending on what circles you run in...

[¥]Or will we? <evil laughter>

^àI know, many of you are feeling that drugs and rock 'n' roll are being left out; don't worry, they'll get their holiday in the sun...

[»]All results are based upon a number of largely unrecorded and wholly unscientific experiments conducted by and upon one Irving Washington, while in a state of moderate to heavy intoxication; result as such must be taken with a (one) grain of salt per every cc... much like everything else pertaining to Irving Washington. Also, some people are saying that the brown acid is bad...

nomenon known to the layman as “layage”.⁺ True, strange as it may seem, this little secret has existed within a select group of powerful, wealthy, and well endowed for generations, as they bore sole guardianship of an ancient, rare pearl of knowledge from the ancient world on towards the unfurling heavens of the future, a bridge likely pre-existing Atlantis^a, shimmering with the luster of jet from the dreamtime^Æ of humanity in a glistening arch across the synthesized euphoria of gently anesthetized neurons toward the fantastical atomic sunrise of all of our tomorrows... In short, the kind of kung fu that even the kama sutra won’t show you.

But why would such great knowledge, capable of bestowing so much joy and ecstasy upon the human race, be so closely secreted? The simple answer: suppression. By none other than^ú organized religion. That’s right[™], Judeo-Christian dogma, bent on the dominance of its own masochistic and self-immolatory ecstasies, suppressing the one universal and sacrosanct truth behind all great orgies with the same web of lies, heretical accusations and incessant, obnoxious televangelism that it has used to quash the ancient and native faiths of every people so unlucky as to fall

under the professed benevolence of the god of Jebus...

But why suppress it? Simple. For the promotion of abject human suffering, the kind only witnessed in third world prisons and 2+ hour lectures... the kind which brings in its stead the dual christian glories of blind obedience and full collection plates... Because we all know that anyone without an alter boy to bagpipe can only reach *true* salvation by casting off his worldly possessions... and directing their monetary value in the way of some ecumenical indulgence, bullion only please, and would you like that supersized?

The point of this little rant, my children of the night? Know thy enemies^ê, know thyself, and above all, know the glory which is unique unto uncoordinated intoxicated copulation with someone you don’t love and whose name you won’t remember in the morning. It is, after all, your duty as an American citizen to fulfill the noble destiny of our great nation by illegitimately conceiving the soldiers of tomorrow, who will be endowed with that most sacred mission of protecting freedom from all the evil ones who may endeavor to destroy it...

If you’ll excuse me now, I believe I have a pool of vomit to pass out in.

⁺There are times when I’m not sure whether to love or to hate Pauly Shore...

^aAt least Disney’s take on it... Man, talk about killing good stories. For example, compare the original text of Peter Pan with the popularly mass-marketed version, then see which one rocks your psychological world and which one just comes off weak...

^ÆFour to eleven A.M., on a good day...

^ú“...bum bum BUM...”

^êhint for the slow learners in the audience: “I smell bacon...”

SUBMIT.

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Dandelions

By R. Meinhart

The third yellow house on Monroe–Conway Avenue always looks so warm to me. The bright red potted geraniums lining the steps up to the bright blue door might have something to do with that perception, or maybe it's the oh-so – inviting weathered porch swing that is perpetually visited by resting blue birds and gentle late afternoon winds. Its frame is made of some kind of oak and there is cobalt colored pillow placed on it catty-cornered like near the left arm. There is a shiny brass knocker on the door that practically sings in the echo when someone lifts it and lets it fall again in greeting. I myself, have never knocked on this door, rather, I stroll by repetitively, yet casually, straining my ears to hear the young man practice his guitar in the basement, and sometimes, if I listen hard enough and squeeze my eyes closed tight enough, I learn that he is playing that gentle song for me, hoping himself, that I'll be walking by at just that moment so that I can hear our secret song. But then I trip on the cobblestone sidewalk and realize that our secret, if imaginary, moment has been lost due to a slightly raised brick. But that's okay. I've never put a lot of stock in love stories and ballads anyway; maybe because its not my style, and maybe because I am otherwise easily disappointed. A carefully constructed stained glass piece hangs in the front window; a blue and yellow design, of course, so as to accentuate the color coordinated perfection of the tidy house, and something inside me is certain that someone inside this home was the artist of that piece. I just know it. The shingles are orderly and new, and on an occasional weeknight they provide a comfortable sitting place for the young man in the house as he lounges outside his window either writing something in what appears to be a journal book (if I'm particularly non observant I can fool myself into thinking that it's a love letter to me. Even if I don't hold with any of that nonsense) and on other nights, he s joined by his faithful guitar. Never a girl; always just a guitar or a book, and I suppose that I could find this comforting if I cared. Sometimes I wonder if he sees me, or if I am to him, as commonplace as the weeds in his front lawn or as ordinary and unnoteworthy as the little buds on the shrubbery lining the front of the porch. Oh to be a dandelion in his garden! Oh to be a flower on his tree!

By daylight I notice that there aren't any dandelions in the front lawn of the third yellow house on Monroe- Conway Ave, and that shrubs are flowerless leaves of jade. And this is perhaps, with some degree of certainty, why that little yellow house always appears, to me, to be so very very warm.

Dreamworld Pogrom
By Gary Hoffmann

I saw him
huddled against the rain and wind
that fell from angry purple skies.
he was wandering,
as only lonely men do,
through a city with no name.
the streets were littered with the brokenness
of so many shattered souls, frozen.
he stumbled through the ice,
kicked at a hand or piece of heart,
shoulders slumped from a single gossamer thread
that had strewn itself, naked,
across his back and around his neck.
he stopped and bent over —
looking like nothing so much as folded zen —
hand out-stretched, reaching for some article
that only he saw.
instead, his hand found only those fractured gelid
remains
of a thousand forgotten dreams.
with slow, arthritic movements he picked up
the eye of a long-ago ex-lover
and stared into its icy depths.
when once he'd always said she had stars in her eyes
he discovered now that they were quasars.
a single tear fell from his rheumatic orb to hers
and was lost amongst the infinite falling sadness
that pounded down as heaven opened
and loosed its grief upon him.

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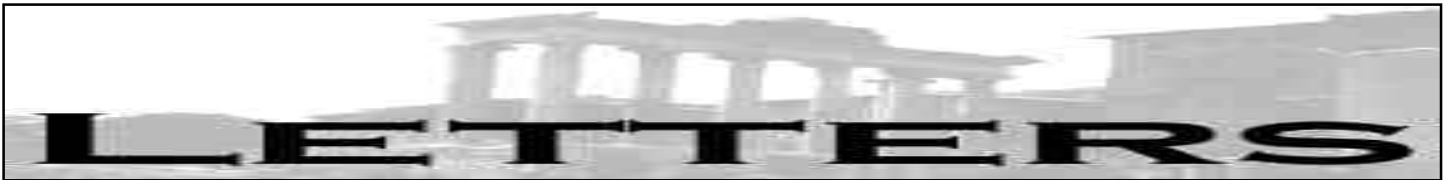
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broken
By Gary Hoffmann

a clown, broken on the floor
still wearing drab colors
legs sprawled out
twisted, ugly, too skinny
dry and brittle
from having bled my blood

I wonder briefly
if it was I who killed
and apologize
to the ugly clown
lying there eternal
on a field of blue death

Nov, 2000



Dear Mr. Bonaparte:

After reading your article "RIT Professors Frustrated by Students' Pestering", I feel that I must apologize for Dr. Fingerpicks' comments. His comments were out of line for any member of the faculty in my department to make in any place a student may overhear them.

In the REctal Engineering department, we have been striving to provide better customer service, excuse me, I mean, service to our students for quite some time now. We have increased the size of our student support teams from a goldfish in the bowl on my desk, to a student who came into our office looking disgruntled until we offered him the student services position. (Sadly, because of budget cuts, we will have to lay off the student employee and allow the goldfish to handle all the student needs next quarter.)

Our department has been struggling to keep faculty from jumping ship in the post "dot-com" era. This year especially, we have had problems with retention in the Anal Engineering department. We understand that the administration of the school has had far less trouble with retention than the Anal Engineering department.

Again, I apologize for the brusque treatment you have noted in our department. We will endeavor to improve the public image of the Anal Engineering Department.

Dr. Panz Tuft

Charmin-Endowed Chair, Department of Anal Engineering

Dear Dr. Tuft:

While Dr. Fingerpicks' comments seem unwarranted, and possibly in violation of New York State mental hygiene standards, we cannot take offense to them. It was an interview, and I approached Dr. Fingerpick as a journalist, not a student. That explains how I was able to meet with him in the first place. I understand your concerns in Dr. Fingerpink's comments in front of a student, but I was glad for his honesty.

I am sorry to hear your student representative gets the butt end of the failing economy. I am sure he will miss playing minesweeper on the office computer. On the other hand, us folks at GDT like goldfish, and we are glad to see it stay.

I understand that retention is a concern in general at RIT. Your department must work to improve its anal retention rates if it's going to compete with more reputable schools. Anal retention is an important metric in measuring customer satisfaction at RIT. All faculty are united in adhering to the most uptight of standards, and they look to the your department for support. That is because the rectal/anal engineering departments are known for the quality of design your anuses adhere to. Furthermore, the rectal/anal engineering technology programs produce the finest technicians for administering anuses in times of trouble.

I am humbled to have impacted such a strong figure as you. Your response kind of caught me in the rear, so to speak. I send my praise in your endeavors to apply some Preparation-H to the anal engineering department.

Rocko Bonaparte

Writer, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Deer Gracies Dinertime Theater;

I haf' noticed comments in yur' publication about teh lack of girls at

RIT. I agree. I am engineer and have hard time talkin too girls in general. I m very horny and have had too masturbate my hole adult life beacause I cannot git pussy. I now live apart-ment with 2 room mates dat' make fun of me because I ain't git pussy. They also hate me becawse I make my room smell all dirty and stuff when I masturbate. I try'd to walk to girls and offer em' candy, but dat' never work. I cannot talk 2 them either. Somebody wearing adidas pants always walks up 2 them and takes dem' away from me. I am a smart engineer, and I picked up on dis'. I started wearing adidas pants. That ain't work. Now I look like everybody else with adidas pants. But I still smell because I don't shower after I'ze masturbate. And when I do take a shower, I masturbate. I can't help it. The faucet in my pants can't stop dripping. The fire in my heart ain't stop burning. You may notice Iam also poetic. I tried writing love poetry, but dat' didn't

work. I don't understand. I Know you'ze all are good writers, maybe all you can tell me wat was wrong with dis' luv poem:

Whenever I see you'ze pass my by,
 I wanna talk to you,'ze but I'ze wussy.
 Butt in dis' poem I think I'll try,
 and take a leap for you'ze pussy.

I don't know why dis' didn't work! This girls are so mean! They look at me all weird, like I'ze smell or something. I don't git it. Like, 1% of RIT people are girls. It be ludicrous. And 90 percent of dem' be deathe girls! I'ze can't talk to deathe girls! If Al Simone wants to fix them there student retention rate, he needs to be fixing this girl problem.

Sincerely,
 Smackin Higgins



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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