



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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## For My Father... Longevity at its Best By Lauren Ashley Meinhart

*Kunsan Korea, 1981.*

The boots were purchased from a little old Korean shoemaker in a shop not far from the United States Air Force Base that most definitely and noticeably is located in the same city as said town. The ununiformed American Captain, despite his attempts to be inconspicuous while on the economy, still sticks out, appearing as if he does not fit in the shop or in the scene. There is a faint smell of kimche on his breath, a delicacy that he has learned to appreciate, and this helps him some, sort of negating the hint of Old Spice aroma wafting from his jacket. The Captain is a kind mild mannered man who graciously ignores the stares that he is so used to receiving as he tries on a pair of boots. The moment that he sinks his heel into their soft warm lining and ties up their dark brown laces and clicks their sturdy hard rubber soles, he is sold and hands the small man his money and wears them out of the store. There is no snow on the ground. It doesn't really matter...

*San Antonio Texas, 1983.*

The love of his life is in labor. The boots slide onto excited feet as he ushers her out to the trusty Oldsmobile. So many hours later in the sterile hospital room the boots are there to welcome his baby girl into the world. Lauren Ashley. Yes. That's it...

*San Antonio Texas, 1985.*

Snow in Texas. The night before there had been a blizzard and there are massive amounts of snow on the ground, and his now two-year-old daughter has yet to make her first snowman. The boots are laced up quickly, so that he can attend to snaps of his daughter's new red snow suit. She is fidgety and the process is slight-

ly prolonged by the fact that as soon as she is in the jumpsuit she has to go to the bathroom. The rubber soles make a slightly squeaking sound on the linoleum of the hallway as he guides her to the bathroom. Then up goes the snowsuit and out into the whiteness they go, boots crunching the snow, leaving a noticeable path next to the tiny footprints of his daughter. The snowman they created was one for the books...

*Springfield VA, 1988.*

He is raking the leaves on the slightly sloping lawn of his new home, his daughter, now six years old, jumping into the plies. His wife and newly born son David Vincent are rocking on the front porch, watching while he is nursed. The brown boots almost blend in with the crunchy, weathered leaves, and as he bends down to tie a loose lace, he glances up, sees his now complete family enjoying the brisk fall afternoon and he smiles...

*Springfield VA, 1989.*

The night of the Christmas tree lighting on the Capitol Mall, it begins to snow late into the night. It is midnight and the boots can be heard even on the carpeted stairs leading up to his daughter's room, and only slightly as he tip toes past his sleeping son. The snow outside has just stopped and it's the perfect time to go tobogganing down the middle of the street on the steep hill that they lived on. His boot prints are the first of that snowfall in the entire neighborhood...

*Rhine Valley Germany, 1990.*

He has now been sloshing around in the snow for two hours with his family, looking for the perfect tree to cut down, as per tradition. But despite the temperature, through the tough rubber soles and rough leather exterior of the boots he feels nothing but warmth. The warmth is reflected in his face when his wife and two children finally come to a stop in front of what would be this year's Christmas extravaganza. As his hands grip the saw, his boots grip the earth, and there is a feel-

ing of intense satisfaction when the beautiful tree topples to the ground. Shortly after, the sound of the boots grinding in the gravel of the tree farm parking lot can be heard as there is a magnificent effort to affix the tree to the top of the beat up blue Beemer. The light in the cafe he stops at on the way home, makes the damp boots glisten as his family sips cider and goulash...

*Nuremberg Germany, 1991.*

The boot heels gently click on the charming cobblestone sidewalks and streets of the most amazing Kristkindlemart in Germany. Small bits of food fall onto their insteps, as he and his family share and enjoy potato pancakes with apple sauce and wash it down with a good German wine and hot chocolate for the children. The boots lead them to the glass blowing demonstrations then onto the geode stand and various booths from the knitters and woodcrafters, and metal smiths, and chocolatiers and and through foliage and nativity scenes and through Christmas. Ornaments and "Nuremberg angels" cups of mulled cider and chocolate St. Nicks and geodes were had by all...

*Austrian Countryside, 1992.*

The wind stings his face as they race through the countryside, all tucked into a "real old fashioned" sleigh and under a warm wool, plaid patterned blanket. One boot hangs slightly over the edge of the sleigh, he other resting contentedly with those of his wife and children. The fresh air and beautiful white expanse surrounding them, lend themselves to a feeling of intense "it doesn't get any better than this" happiness...

*Newport Rhode Island, 1994.*

It is almost spring, only, with the weather coming up from the Narragansett Bay, it was still cold in spite of the sun. They go to the cliffs near their house to enjoy the setting sun, and the way that the wind toys with their brightly colored kite. The boots deftly maneuver on the rocky coast, as the two children, now twelve and six years, chase after him...

*Springfield VA, 1996.*

It is a blizzard unlike they had seen in Northern Virginia for a long time and school has been canceled for an entire week. And this time, he is also able to fetch his son in the middle of the night to go tobogganing down the middle of the slightly steep Woodstown Drive. Boots, familiar with the road, felt at home, and

sank happily into the powder. He looked all around at the snow cloaked yard, delighting in the fact that he could barely see the tree house that he and his boots had built last fall, or the porch swing that they helped hang...

*Brandywine River Valley PA, 1998.*

Christmas at Longwood Gardens and the Brandywine River Museum. The boots are there as a Christmas tradition of enjoying family and nature's splendor is enjoyed. They hike on the snow dusted riverbank, and squeak on the floor of the museum as he and his son admire the train display, and he marvels at the ornaments on the trees, asking his daughter, who has art-like tendencies, if she could make something like that...

*Carlisle PA, 2001.*

Construction begins on the new home; the home that the man, now a soon-retiring Colonel, and his wife will spend the rest of their lives growing and growing old together in. In the months before and after the snows of that winter, the boots balance the man on wooden two by fours and the slowly developing rafters of what will eventually be a friendly Cape Cod style home with green shutters and a red door and a brick sidewalk. Sometimes he is accompanied by Dante, his adoring black lab, and sometimes by his son, but always by his boots. Always by his boots...

*Carlisle PA / Rochester NY, 2001.*

His daughter, now eighteen, has moved away from home to go to school and build her own life. As she sits in her dormitory room, she stares out the window, and upon seeing snow is immediately reminded of her father and his faithful boots; boots that have taken her father through the past twenty years of his life; and have integrated themselves into hers as well. She can imagine him wearing them at this exact moment, as he walks the dog, or gathers firewood. She can see him working on the house in them; cutting down this year's Christmas tree with them, lacing and unlacing them over and over, remarking on their surprisingly wonderful condition every time. As she can still hear him say, "The story of my life is in those boots, Lauren," she realizes the importance of this constant; this reliability, truly for the first time. There is a comfort in this, a sense of tradition away from home, and she can't help but smile.

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# hell's kitchen

January 7, 2002

Miller Brewing Company  
3939 West Highland Blvd.  
Milwaukee, WI 53208

To Whom It May Concern:

We realize that the Miller Brewing Company is the second largest brewing company in the United States, with annual sales exceeding \$4 billion. Many of those in our midst partake in the consumption of your products with great pleasure. Without the Miller Brewing Company, there would be no Miller Time! With this in mind, we wish to extend a formal apology.

Hell's Kitchen is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization that produces a variety of satirical publications. Several weeks ago, one of those publications went to press with a university party flyer on the cover. The image depicts the university president holding a can of Miller High Life. While the image was used in good satirical taste, we were quick to realize that this was unauthorized usage of your service mark, but alas the issue had already been distributed to the masses.

From all of our staff to yours, we apologize for not keeping a closer eye on things. We hope that this violation doesn't affect the marketability of "The Champagne of Beers" or the reputation of the Miller Brewing Company.

Sincerely,

C. Diablo  
Publisher

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“The fact that a varsity team is throwing a party is not something that usually sits too well with the administration.”

—Anonymous,  
without permission.

## The Complete Guide to Getting a Date By Andrew Gill

The following article is provided as a service to RIT students. Through extensive scientific study, the following tips should guarantee anyone a date.

Be misogynistic. Make sure that she knows that you hate her, and that she's nothing more to you than a receptacle for your sperm. Doing things that might bring you closer together are strongly discouraged, since it will make it harder for you to dump her for the next tasty piece of meat to come along. She knows this, and is just as concerned as you are, so lessen the tension and let the bitch know just where she stands (or rather, kneels).

Be narcissistic. Make sure that she knows that you don't care about anyone but yourself. Go to the gym frequently. Encourage her to go along with you, but make sure that it's at a time that's inconvenient for her. This way, she will feel badly about it, and try to make it up to you. She will also feel more comfortable knowing that there's a studly man around who can let off a series of punches that will land someone in a morgue.

Make sure it's a complete stranger. There's nothing worse than going out with someone whom you already know and have feelings for. If you go out with a complete stranger, you can know her and develop a completely new set of feelings. Besides, if you knew this other cunt before, why didn't you bag her, then?

Write love poetry. Contrary to popular belief, love poetry is essential to any relationship. Just make sure that it's not too deep for her womanly mind. The following is a good example of love poetry:

*Bitch, I want to fill all your holes*

*With my pole*

*Drink a cum milkshake.*

Now snap your fingers. It's a well-known fact that poetry like this will get her in the mood, and make her believe that by pleasuring you, she's pleasuring herself.

Make sure that she knows that you're a womanizer. There's nothing that women like more than a guy who sleeps around a lot and takes advantage of them.

Think about it, how do womanizers get to be known for womanizing? It's not because they masturbate a lot.

Make sure that she knows that you can get off in many other ways than being with her. Date multiple other women, buy lots of porn, and visit strip clubs with her. Give the strippers twenties. There's nothing worse than an uppity woman who is under the misguided impression that you care for her or something like that. It's better to let her have it now than later on, when she feels that you really do care for her.

Never listen to anything that she says. This goes along with your narcissism. You're the important one. If she ever begins to say something that sounds important, interrupt her and tell her about the quarter that you found in the yard two years ago. She shouldn't be forced to listen to her drivel.

Finally, here's a maxim that will work for any woman: "Just be a pompous, asshole, *cherchez la femme*." If you follow this advice, you will get a date. Trust me. I've seen it happen.

*Note: Due to the graphically violent nature of the following quote, the staff debated printing it in its original form – but alas, the decision was made to censor it to protect the virgin ears of the student body. – Ed.*

I think the entire situation, from his perspective, can be broken down, to "I'm going to make up this really cool flyer for our party, with Simone, and BEER! And then it's going to really cool, and I'm going to be really cool..." and then reality lands it's traditional big ol' [female dog in heat]slap down on our dear [friend], and he finds that his would-be clever flyer has fallen into the hands of an evil satirical publication syndicate (as if there were any other kind...) and he must try to save face, and, to some degree, his [buttocks], by trying to bully us into pulling the issue. That being a lost cause, I think he's just trying to be a [device of manhood] to us to recover some vestige of his fondly imagined but entirely fictitious manhood. Anyway, he's a whiney little [item you might find in a garage], and the only reason I can stand these blustering emails from such a sorry-[buttocks] bastard is that I know, on some level, that he's writhing around in an even more uncomfortable situation than we are. Meanwhile, every other level is just recognizing the need to beat him with a shoe and call him "Tina"...

**Random Tree, Vol. I, issue i.****By Catherine A. Germann**

I have recently found a great new use for “The Reporter”. If you roll it up into a cylindrical tube, skew one end a bit and DUCT TAPE(There is always something that you can use DUCT TAPE on... I keep a roll handy where ever I go.....) the smaller end... Voilá! You have a lovely(sometimes colorful) looking fly swatter. Not that there are many flies here at RIT(Unless of course, you happen to be in the laundry rooms on the dorm side of campus when the trash hasn't been emptied for a while... eeeewww...), but you could save these lovely contraptions and pass them out at family gatherings:

“Look, ya'll! RIT's “Reporter” has provided us with a life-time supply of fly swatters!”

And while I'm on the subject of Free Stuff... why does everyone get so damn excited? People around here BETTER give us so called “free” STUFF. We(the student body) are paying an enormously over-inflated(IMO) tuition, where do you think all that money goes? Certainly not to pay the wonderfully under-paid professors on the campus... Certainly not to buy a nice shrubbery(What would it take?? NIE!)or two to brighten up this campus(I love brick. I love this campus... but I also love to bust on this fantastic City of Brick that I call home)... and most CERTAINLY not to....

actually.

If you have been in the SAU recently you can see where some of our precious money *is* going. Those are the MOST COMFORTABLE couches on this campus(Well, at least that *I've* sat in....). Very bright. Very cheerful... These couches almost make you forget about the lack of heating in the SAU(Although, what *were* they thinking? High ceiling. Heat rises. Hello?!?)...you could almost forget that you are surrounded by brick, brick and more... oh. And what's the deal with the ‘construction’ zone? Has anyone ever actually *seen* them doing any construction? Has there been any hammering, drilling, banging of any sort even observed? I think not. I haven't actually seen them doing anything... except of course taking up as much space as possible in our already spacious student union so they can do their non-existent

work. :-P

Oh. And there is yet another great thing about RIT. My brain now functions as if I am forever using AIM(or insert a better, less evil instant messaging service here). I think in emoticons, HTML tags, strange abbreviations and such. I SAID LOL the other day!!! Someone, shoot me now! I walk around composing to myself my next LiveJournal entry. So, of course, when I return home for break next week, I will be in a state of network-connection-withdrawal. I will be subjected to the EVILS of dial-up internet connections. Waiting for hours on end(well, maybe 40 seconds, but it will feel like an hour...) for a simple page to load! Or—the HORROR — do as my parents suggest and converse with them IN PERSON about my ‘college life’ at RIT(which they believe consists of nothing but classes...).

So think of me over break. Trying to explain to my parents(and other various relatives) that, Yes, I can maintain my 3-point-something-or-other GPA and go out after TEN PM(aaahhhhh! The Witching HOUR!) on a “school night”... and hope and pray that I don't say “rotflmao”... and be forced into an hour-long conversation that involves me trying to explain what that means....”I just thought it was funny! It's an RIT thing... maybe... kinda... sorta... not really.... nope, I'm just strange.”

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### **GDT Fun Facts – Woodrow Wilson**

Woodrow Wilson was the only president to have a Ph.D.

While on a speaking tour to promote the League of Nations, he suffered a stroke. Wilson's stroke left him incapacitated, leading scholars to believe that his wife made most of the decisions for the country in his last few months of presidency.

Wilson was the only president to go insane while in office.

For his work on the Federal Reserve Act of 1913, Wilson's portrait was placed on the 1934 \$100,000 gold certificate.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Wilson received his Ph.D in political science at Johns Hopkins.

## An RIT Christmas

By Gary Hoffmann

Ah, Christmas time. Like most people, I love this time of year. There's something magical in the air that affects everyone, infusing them with the twin spirits of Forgiveness and Charity. Love is almost tangible as you walk by fellow students, and they give you a friendly smile and wave hello, even though they've never met you before. And then, before you know it, you've struck up a conversation and it's as if you've been old friends forever. You know what I'm talking about – that infectious aura that permeates the entire month of December that makes everyone on campus stop staring at the ground and avoiding eye contact as they walk from class to class but instead actually look for the first time at the people and beauty around them.

If you don't believe me, just watch. You can see it in the man dressed in an expensive business suit as he walks by the bell-ringing Santa Claus at the mall from the Salvation Army and gives – solely from the generosity in his heart – twenty three cents in nickels and pennies. God bless him. You can see it in the child at the toy store that walks past a display for this year's fad gift and screams for it, despite the assurances of his mother that she's already bought it for him and he'll get it in a week. It reminds me just how precious our children are. And you can see it in the young, beautiful couple that, not knowing what to get one another, goes to the mall hand in hand to pick out what they want to receive. It always brings warmth to my soul.

Every year fond memories of my early childhood – when the world seemed as new to me as I was to it, and I could taste the wonder that flowed like water as soon as the tree was put up – come rushing back, inspiring me again to realize what the season is all about. Giving. Sure, some people say it's about spending time with friends and family, enjoying each other's company while you can and celebrating another year of love and companionship. Sure, some people say it's a time to honor God as he is reborn from the Goddess, thus completing the annual cycle and beginning it again (and I'm sure Yeshua was really born on December 25th and his birthday wasn't just arbitrarily moved to help convert local pagans to the One True Church 1500 years ago).

And sure, some people say it's a time simply to rest away from the harsh weather around us and the harsher schedules of our lives. But I still say it's really about giving. I mean, everyone has experienced that incredible feeling that sings aloud in your heart as you run from store to store, trying to find gifts for a score people that you have no idea if they'll like it or not and hoping it isn't the same thing you have them last year. Yes, this is what Christmas means to me: buying more things for a crowd of materialists who won't really care what I give them as long as I give them something.

And let me just say, this year feels even more special than previous years. Nothing says "Christmas" quite like high fifties and rainy. I, for one, am glad we haven't gotten much snow yet – it just gets in the way and doesn't add anything to the holiday. And this year, like so many years before, incredibly well written movies starring Tim Allen will come out to inspire us all further with their reminder that life is really just a seemingly endless string of poor acting, trite dialogue, and slapstick comedy, interspersed with product placement and puerile humor. But this isn't very remarkable. However, this season we have been blessed with the spirit of love that is rampant across America, thanks to the Enduring Wisdom™ of John "No, I haven't been possessed by the unrelenting spirit of Senator Joe McCarthy" Ashcroft, whose guiding hand is placed inconspicuously behind everyone's favorite former crack-addicted alcoholic (sorry, that's ad hominem, I know, but I don't have the space to argue policy). After all, what better way to spread Christian charity and forgiveness than by sending FBI agents to question thousands of Muslim students who have no connection at all to the Terrorists™? What better way to convey that ancient edict of compassion to our neighbors than by enacting military tribunals to try anyone suspected of being associated in any way to the Terrorists<sup>still</sup>™, in which a unanimous vote by the judges is not required to sentence death (long the favorite penalty of a president which veritably epitomizes Protestant compassion) and in which there is no way for the Public<sup>8</sup> to ensure that the rights of the accused are not being accidentally overlooked in the name of National Security<sup>5</sup>? And if anyone can find a better paradigm of this joyous holiday's eternal message than advertisements on network

<sup>8</sup> not trademarked, but They™ are working on it...

<sup>5</sup> this one is trademarked, copyrighted, and enforced by Those Holding the Guns™

television that are simultaneously blatant propaganda *and* an expression of the overt commercialism of American society, then I'll send a donation to Pat Robertson.

Yes, it really is a magical time of year. So when you're at home next week opening your gifts, masturbating to RateOurBoobs.com because you finally don't have to worry about your roommate walking in on you,

and watching your relatives sitting silently around the dinner table because everyone is too angry to speak to one another, just remember this Fun Fact, and I'm sure you will find inner peace: Santa Claus' ubiquitous red suit was not a standard of American culture until Haddon Sundblom painted him wearing it in 1930 for a Coca-Cola ad. Happy Yule!

“Would it negate any of our arguments if I just told the sniveling little bastard to go suck a dick?” – Irving Washington

### **Haikus from an Intel Intern By Rocko Bonaparte**

I hate haikus. I hate waiting on hold to get my \$3000 I should have blown a week ago. It looks like I hate waiting even more than haikus, because I managed to write five butchered 5-7-5 haikus while waiting to talk to a human being. A human being that... dare I say it, cared about my plight, and loved their job. Here's some poor verse:

Payroll red tape screams  
criminally negligent  
I'll never get paid

Adam, wait one sec.  
We can screw you over yet  
Please wait on the line

On-call works quite well  
It is the only device  
That will speak with me

I wrote a Perl script  
Payroll doesn't do a thing  
They get cash, I don't

I should have a car  
Relocation check on freeze  
I will keep walking

And a sixth one just now.

Intern prospers well  
Wells Fargo freeze check to death  
Death to poor intern

So even I write “poetry.” I suppose you can tell what was on my mind today.

# What is this magazine?

This is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, a magazine of satire, literature, poetry and art. We publish out of Rochester, NY but we have readers around the globe. We exist as a medium for your expression and invite you to contribute.

**Anyone is welcome to submit.**

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