



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Le sexe.. Tu te fous de moi?
(The Twenty Seventh of the Month and Various
Other Dates)

Compiled by: R. Meinhart

And so said K____... and he had to have the television on while we were making love. He didn't want to miss *Jeopardy*. What the hell is that? There was passion and excitement right there on the floor of the living room, much more so than in the red squared Double Jeopardy round. I was better much more interesting than Alex Trebek, goddamit and much better looking as far I was concerned. There worst part about it was the he never knew the answers to any of the questions or inquiries asked—on the television or on me...

And so reminisced R____... It was cold. I mean what else do you expect in the dead of winter? But we had more than the blankets he had laid out to keep us warm. In retrospective; the timing, the place, it was all so amusing, and when people ask me, I can honestly say that I didn't notice the hardness of the forest ground nor the leaves and twigs that were naturally under me, however if I close my eyes I can still see the way that the moon and the stars filled the sky just so, and the never before seen glimmer in his blue eyes. At first it was sort of awkward, but intuitively, I knew that it was so right.

And so described L____... He made me eggs the morning after. I didn't even ask him to make me breakfast. He just did, and it was the sunny breakfast smells wafting from his mother's kitchen that tenderly woke me up, enticing me downstairs for some eggs—over easy of course, with a bagel—and for a continuation of the night before. The yellow linoleum was slippery and the logistics of the act made it all the more appealing. And he made me eggs, and I have never tasted better. That my friends, is love.

And so reported B____... she was using me for sex. And I knew this and didn't really care. When the candle light hit her long red hair in just that way I lost my breath.

And so narrated S____... we were drunk but I remember everything. I was ready and willing but not in control. I'm not so sure that this was the vodka doing this to me though. And I was glad it was with him. He was everyone's ideal and object of desire and that night after Homecoming in my friend's basement, he was all mine. This of course, was the start of two years of basements and torn straps of formal dresses.

And so declared M____... sexuality gives one a sense of empowerment. Whether discussing the act or not, this drive and overall experience is a way for women to take hold of who they are and what they want. It is my place to take charge; I can be the lead; the strong one. He never cared that I felt this way...

And so reflected A____... I remember the taste of hard liqueur and cigarettes so very vividly. No words were spoken; he just manipulated me. Did I love him? Did I love it? It all made me want to cry: softly, quietly. I rested my head on his gentle, tatted arm; but he turned over. The alcohol had made him tired, and so I lightly kissed him goodbye and stumbled away through the darkness.

And so recounted E____... We didn't want our parents to find out. and so off to the cornfield we went. It was under the stars and therefore so very romantic but the burden of our actions and the fact that we had to sneak around made the uneven ground below us dig into my back. He smelled sweet; like hay and peppermints, and no matter where we are together now, he smells like that to me. The country air was beautiful and so was I that night.

And so giggled J____... and so... we needed more condoms. We hopped into my Honda and head-

ed to 'Giant' - Open 24 hours a day just for people like us. And this is a lucky thing. It was a mad dash to the correct isle and a chaotic search for the correct box. Lubricated? Okay, yes! I looked at him and saw a shy smile of approval and received a quick kiss as we placed them in our basket; cleverly concealed by the cinnamon rolls that we had selected for afterwards.

And so states F_____... I could help but think,

Wild Kittens in Tight Fur, Attacking Squirrels for Your Viewing Entertainment by Gary Hoffmann

This is a little known fact, but until recently airport security guards have almost without exception had disgustingly ill-kept toenails. Dark fungus formed beneath the nails and cuticles which grew unchecked into uneven, unnatural shapes. It's revolting. How do I know this? No, it's not by going around airports across the country and interviewing the underpaid and overaged security guards that stand staring vacantly for hours on end, accosting "random" suspicious looking individuals and demanding that they take off their shoes (apparently they (the guards (at the airports)) are all closet foot fetishists, also, and recent circumstances have afforded them the opportunity to engage in their perversion publicly and with the support of assault rifle carrying national guardsmen (and women - mmm...women in uniform...)). Nor have I known any airport security guards intimately enough to be cognizant of the condition of their toenails.

However, one can't fail to notice the alarming upturn in the number of Potential Terrorists™ (because, after all, everyone is a Potential Terrorist™, you sick bastards!) trying to carry toenail clippers aboard innocent passenger jetliners. But don't worry if you're planning to fly somewhere soon, because these steadfast guardians of our safety (the security guards, not the terrorists) are ever vigilant against this threat, confiscating even the most inconspicuously innocuous toenail clipper. But what happens to all of these malintentioned manicurial instruments? Obviously they must go to some purpose, and there we come to one of three possibilities.

First, they could go back to the people they were taken from, but that would only place them back

"That's it? Really? That's what all the fuss was about? Okay. Well. That's cool." Seriously, though. Whoever pioneered or invented or came up with the... concept... idea... instructions.... for sex had some kinda sense of humor!

K_____. He said that he had fallen in love with me. And it doesn't get any better than that, really.

in the hands of Potential Terrorists™. They could also go back to the manufacturers of fine personal grooming utensils, but no one wants to buy a used set of toenail clippers and the end result would just be the same as choice one. Therefore, the only real possibility is the third, which means they are kept by the security guards for their own use. What? They could be thrown out, you say? Heck, no! That would be wasteful, and as we all know airports are well-oiled machines of efficiency, veritable paragons of smoothly operating bureaucracy.

So, these paradigms of protectorship are using the toenail clippers for themselves, which can only mean they had sickeningly malformed toenails, a condition they only now have a chance to rectify. Why not before? Because four and a half months ago the People™ would not have tolerated the confiscation of their hygienic implements. Now, however, these brave heroes are finally allowed to perform their sacred duty and take away these and other dangerous items of destruction In The Name Of Security™.

But they won't stop there, not while there are so many Threats to American Freedom™ out there. One form of self improvement will inevitably lead to others. Soon, the more literate guards will take away books. Textbooks (as many of us are familiar with) make great bludgeoning weapons, and smaller books can deliver nasty papercuts (combine this with lemon juice and pilots will understandably surrender their planes). I, for one, don't want someone on a plane I'm riding to be so capably armed. As an added bonus, this takes away from Potential Terrorists™ numerous sources of thinkcrime. Pens and pencils can easily be improvised as stabbing implements and so must also be removed from others' possession to ensure the Safety of Everyone™. Any shoes or sneakers with laces will likewise be disallowed on non-commuter

flights, since the laces can clearly be used as garrotes. Come to think of it, only those wimpy laceless canvas shoes will be allowed on planes, as any other form of footwear could be used to hit someone over the head, and don't even think about trying to smuggle high heels aboard. But the removal of shoes could make possible the release of horrible odors that could incapacitate the entire crew and all of the passengers in such a confined environment, allowing the Potential Terrorists^{yep, still TM} an opportunity to easily take over the plane.

Obviously, everyone will have to have their feet cut off. And clothing! Shirts and pants could also be used to strangle somebody, and how many porno

movies are there in which someone is tied up with pantyhose? The terrorists could use them on the pilots, as kinky as that sounds. Heck, anyone can take a self defense course, nowadays, making their hands deadly weapons. Clearly, the only sane course of action we can take to ensure our collective safety in the face of world spanning terrorist organizations led by Emmanuel Goldstein – oops, I mean, Osama bin Laden – is to only allow toothless, naked, quadruple amputees to be passengers on airlines. Oh, and they should be watched the whole flight by assault rifle bearing military personnel. Only then would I feel safe again.

Or you could just give me my fucking toenail clippers back, you fascist sons of bitches!

Dear Gracies Dinnertime Theatre,

It has com to mi atention dat Jeff Pristacko, the editor for Teh Reporter, is trying to steel yur stile. I fought at thirst that he became fed up wit RIT and startd rantin. He wrote true n kool tings in that editorall from 2 times ago. The campus went like nuts. I went nuts, tho I'm always nuts. Or dat's what my hawf frend tells me. People wrote too da editar with big bad words, and others told him to just shut up n take al deese problums like a man. Afteral, we r here four a qality education, not four a qality education. Teh article was so harsh I begins to cry. I also begins to vomit, butt I think dat was because of teh flu. I be sick four the weekend and sum off Monday and Tuesday. I tought Jeff Preestajackieo be going to git kiked out of Teh Reporter, and spank by his masters at RIT four being bad boy.

But weak later, he write anuddaer editorial. I was hopin for moor dirtee stuf from Jeff Pristykjo, but found an apologee. He claim he writ da article on purpose, to make us all be mad. He wanted mi to think

dirty toughts about him. I ain't believe it! Thirst of al, I agreed with Jeff Priestacko in his editorial two times ago. But worse, he did somefin very like what you'ze guys do. He say one fing when he means anuddah. I'ze couldn't believe it. I only people that I know dat do dat are my professors, and you guys.

You'ze should go spank Jeff Priiistfocckaefko for crimping your style. He should'ze not git away wit suc crazee stuf. I think you'ze should stand on teh line behind the S.G. presedent. He want to punches him too. I know, cause I got the idea from the S.G. minites. I tried to punch Jeff Peaofhiouhko in the face, but I'ze think I hit a fee-male instead. Now I'ze on probation. So yu will haf to do it because I'ze don't want to get kiked off campus. I mean, teh place suks, butt I don't wont to git kicked out of heere. I need dat piece of paper dat will'ze till the world I am the smart.

Love,
Smackin Higgins

SUBMIT.

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A Remarkable Man by Randy

Okay, so there is this class that I am paying thousands of dollars for right now. I will not name the class or the “professor” as common courtesy, but I will say that the only reason I think he even bothers showing up late, for the half hour of a two-hour class, is for the paycheck. I have yet to get a syllabus, his email address and I am not quite sure of his name. Basically we are assigned tutorials in the back of a \$40 dollar book, all of which might be graded at some point. I mention that it’s a \$40 dollar book because I can effectively have chosen not to take the elective and bought the book and saved thousands of dollars. This class is greatly stressing me out and I just don’t feel that it is moral to be paying so much to learn solely from a book.

I know President Simone agrees with me (or he would agree with me if he wasn’t completely oblivious to what’s going on in my life). Is it just me, or is he never anywhere to be found? So, where is Dr. Simone? What does he do? Why does he do it? Most importantly though, what does he look like?

My roommate Ed seems to think Dr. Simone bares a slight resemblance to Santa Claus. I on the other hand, although having never seen the president of my school, like to think he looks like Dr. Know. An unnamed RIT student feels like “he looks like a rat. Not in a bad way of course.” Erin seconded that comment. Another unnamed RIT student who asked to go by the name of Poopduck says he looks like George Bush, Sr. Eric has seconded that comment and added that he bears resemblance to Mr. Rogers as well.

He has also been accused of assuming various identities including Darth Vader, Booger from the *Revenge of the Nerds*, Strom Thurman, Erin Boyle, Richard Simmons, Gene Simmons, Paul Simon, Spock, Speedy Gonzalez, Satan, St. Peter, Peter, Paul and Mary, just to name a few. In fact, Doctor Simone could be just about anyone. Look over your shoulder.

He’s out there where you least expect him. He’s like Batman without the muscles and the belt. He often is seen knitting in the twilight hours on one of the benches in front of the SAU. He has a pet goat and keeps it in a secret compartment in his office. He hung up the sign last year in NRH 7’s lounge window about eating babies just so he could stare at it all day from his office with pride and the members of engineering house should beat him up for installing the sign that said “I’m with stupid” with the arrow point up. Doctor Simone is a true anarchist in the pure chaos sense of the term. He often incites people to protest and riot and finds great joy in doing so.



An early photo of Dr. Simone

Right now you are probably wondering what misconceptions there are floating around about Doctor Simone. First of all he was never a doctor on *ER* or *Chicago Hope*. He was only a doctor on *As the World Turns* before coming to RIT. He was never found by the state police passed out in a women’s thong, in a cheap motel room, wreaking of liquor. Contrary to popular beliefs he does know all the word to “Baby Got Back” by Sir Mix-a-Lot. Doctor Simone never held a job as a sushi artist or hibachi chef and was never deported from Taiwan for food poisoning hundreds of Taiwanese nationals. He is not a Taiwanese national. The movie *Scarface* was not based at all on any of Doctor Simone’s life story, although he does have a brief cameo in the staircase scene. The good doctor has never dressed himself in a gorilla suit, put himself in a cage and had someone check him in as third class luggage to avoid buying a seat on an airplane. There is no real conformation that he has not left his office in over three years. On another note, ladies of royalty should not believe a word he says, he is the inspiration for Casanova and will steal your heart if you are not careful. Doctor Simone is not secretly a member of triangle, but he is secretly founder of The Way of The Fist and fled from China after accidentally killing a man.

Now that we have cleared up all these misconceptions, we can now clarify further as to who Doctor Simone really is. He was born 1911 in the urban

Ghettos of Montreal. Disowned by his family at the age of twelve he moved onto the street living off scraps discarded by slaughterhouses and quickly turning to a life of crime. By his late teens he had moved to America where he became one of the biggest bootlegger in the city of Buffalo. Unfortunately, the depression followed by the repeal of prohibition had hit him hard. Doctor Simone lost everything and began seeking out a new path in life. For answers, he turned to a strict order of Catholic monks and took an oath of silence. It is not known when Doctor Simone actually acquired the title of Doctor, although some speculate it is some time after his stint as mercenary in The Spanish Civil War. I'll let you guess as to which side he was on. He then drove a tank at general's rank, while the blitzkrieg reigned and the fires stank. In other words, he also served time in World War Two, as did everybody else, no big whoop.

To get to his later and more recent history, he barely survived being struck by lightning on October 14th, 1952 at 9:12 P.M EST, right after proving mathematically that god didn't exist. This traumatic event incinerated the paper with his proof and traumatized him to the point where it is just too painful to recollect it. This led to a great depression and many hazy years plagued by alcoholism. He recovered briefly from his alcoholism while reenlisting in the army in the early nineteen sixties. However, upon going to Vietnam as a Special Operations Operative (combat field accountant) he quickly reverted to the bottle. Upon returning state side in nineteen seventy one, crippled and down on his luck, he made a road trip to Tijuana. Haunted by the atrocities he had committed over in Nam', such as killing babies, he had organized various successful anti-war protests and quickly fell back into obscurity. By the early nineteen eighties Dr. Simone had, to the surprise of god himself (who had been proven earlier not to exist), recovered from his paralysis and became a member of the road crew for the Grateful Dead. Although, he was fired after an affair with one of Jerry Garcia's girlfriends that resulted in the birth of an illegitimate child that now goes by the name of Mandy Simone Moore. Speaking of which, Doctor Simone was manager for the eternally obscure boy band New kids in back of the Street.

This managerial job brought him into the early nineties, where once again he turned back to his love

for performing that we have yet to mention. Doctor Simone than sang backup vocals for Billy Joel on one of his European tours. While in Europe he met up with some high society criminals and became an international art thief. He then held stints running a four hundred foot crane in a rock quarry, running produce across the Canadian border and finally as president of Rochester Institute of Technology where he resides today. Of course as we all know, his stint as president is just a cover up for his business selling pelts of endangered animals. His future plans consist of releasing a book using post-modern thought to reason as to why world peace will never be attained. Some long-term goals involve settling a long score with Pope John Paul the Second and getting his named removed from the credits of *Dude, Where's My Car?*

If Doctor Simone were a feeling he would be that awkward tingly feeling I sometimes get in my nasal cavity that feels like my face fell asleep. He would be a whisper on the winds of change. He would be the tiny but crucial signal light that prevents the two dark ships in the night from colliding. Doctor Simone would be the one thing that everyone knows but no one could express. Doctor Simone would be the sunshine on the rainy days of life. He would be the Souvenir you hang your car keys on. He would be the full moon shining on a Camaro's hood. Doctor Simone would be infinite. Doctor Simone would be on the same plain as the man who gave us Tang. Good ole Al is the toast of every gathering as well as the glint in every young girls eye (of age of course, he's not a monster).

It is comforting to know that there is a tender heart way up high looking down upon us from his watchtower in the Eastman building. Like a Big Brother watching everything we do, holding together our Ministry of Truth. Like an eye in the sky, like radar love, he watches over us. Watching and waiting for the right time to make his extremely calculated moves and trying to regain enough courage to bring himself to remember his mathematical reasoning as to why there is no god.

We must love Doctor Simone for always having a kind word to say about the fine arts. His great artistic appreciation overwhelms even the most total of strangers. How can you think of the new forty-foot sculpture to be constructed in front of the Eastman building without thinking "Simone." We can all appre-

ciate Doctor Simone's support for RIT's beautiful post-modern architecture. After all what kind of high society art thief doesn't have an appreciation for the fine arts.

Doctor Simone is a man of great fairness and even greater moral character. He makes Judge Judy look like the Grinch Who Stole Christmas. Members of the wise council seek advice from him. His knowingsness knows no bounds. He's like Yoda but not as green. All his policies are carried out fairly and justly and never with any disagreement. On a side note, Lisa Loeb was on the *Chris Isaac Show* on VH-1 a week or two ago. Doctor Simone, being a man of great taste and character, probably saw that episode. On another side note the show is moving to the Showtime channel and being that I do not get it, I can no longer watch this great show. I'm sure, however, that Doctor Simone gets this channel. A man of great taste and knowledge and wealth wouldn't dare not to. Although, I would appreciate if he would invite me over some time to watch it. I do not expect it because doctor Simone, being a man of good moral fiber, only gives charity to those who need it.

Now lets get back to informing you about some random mundane trivia that you may not know about Doctor Al Simone. Few people may know, although blatantly obvious, Doctor Al Simone spelled backwards is enomiS IA rotcoD. This is not a palindrome. Doctor Simone being a man who's done and seen it all knows this. On another side note, repeating his name backwards three times in a mirror at the stroke of midnight will bring you good luck for the following day and greatly improve any code that you program in Java. As well, it greatly increases sexual stamina. I know for I have tested it out and I can assure that it is better than ginseng. I was upset, however, when the girl kept screaming out "Oh, Doctor Simone!" Although it is hardly surprising given the man's great stature.

How can you think negatively about a man who answered the question "How many roads must a man walk down before you can call him a man?" Not only did he answer it, he got it right and he will never tell a soul, until he rises from beyond the grave a week or so after his death and shares it with the world. Regardless, Big Al is a modest man. He never brags or delves deeply into self-promotion. More importantly he always showers twice daily and smells like roses on a

spring morning.

Another little known fact is that he is an avid outdoorsman and on top of that an excellent fisherman. He once caught a record breaking Tiger Musky with his bare hands or should I say hand? Despite it not being legal, he also hunts bear, but no one dares question it being that he never uses a weapon. He sometimes disappears into the bush for months at a time with only a box of dental floss and stick of gum. Doctor Simone never looks weathered, malnourished or beat up when he does finally randomly return from his walkabouts. He was the first to climb K2 without the use of supplemental oxygen tanks or shoes. Not only that, he holds the record for the quickest ascent up the north face of Everest. His face has appeared in numerous advertisements in adventure magazines and he donates all of the resulting proceeds directly to dumping old cars into the Caribbean to form coral reefs.

One of the least known facts, even to Doctor Simone himself is that he is a direct descendant of Confucius, as well as the Dutch painter Rembrandt and the Civil War hero General Sherman. He is a great man from a line of great men and a true giant among men and women alike. Indeed, he is eight feet tall and three hundred pounds of muscle. He makes Andre the Giant look like Andre the Midget. Simone has a posse. Of course I am lying about the whole giant thing, being that we have already established that he is like Batman without muscle or a belt earlier in this piece. Anyhow, I know that Al will forgive me for telling this lie later this quarter when I write my second letter of apology, being that he is a moral, just and forgiving man.

There is just so much to say about Doctor Simone that I just don't know where to begin, end or when simply to just stop. It's amazing how much can be said about such a seemingly normal and mundane man. He is truly an inspiration to us all. How can any of us achieve so much greatness into such overwhelmingly short lifetimes is beyond me. Doctor Simone must be skilled in the arts of time management or have invented a time machine. It would not surprise me the slightest if Doctor Simone had a time machine stashed away in the secret room in his office keeping his goat company. I'm sure if he did have one he would take it to his death, for he would foresee the dangers of unleashing a time machine unto such an inherently evil

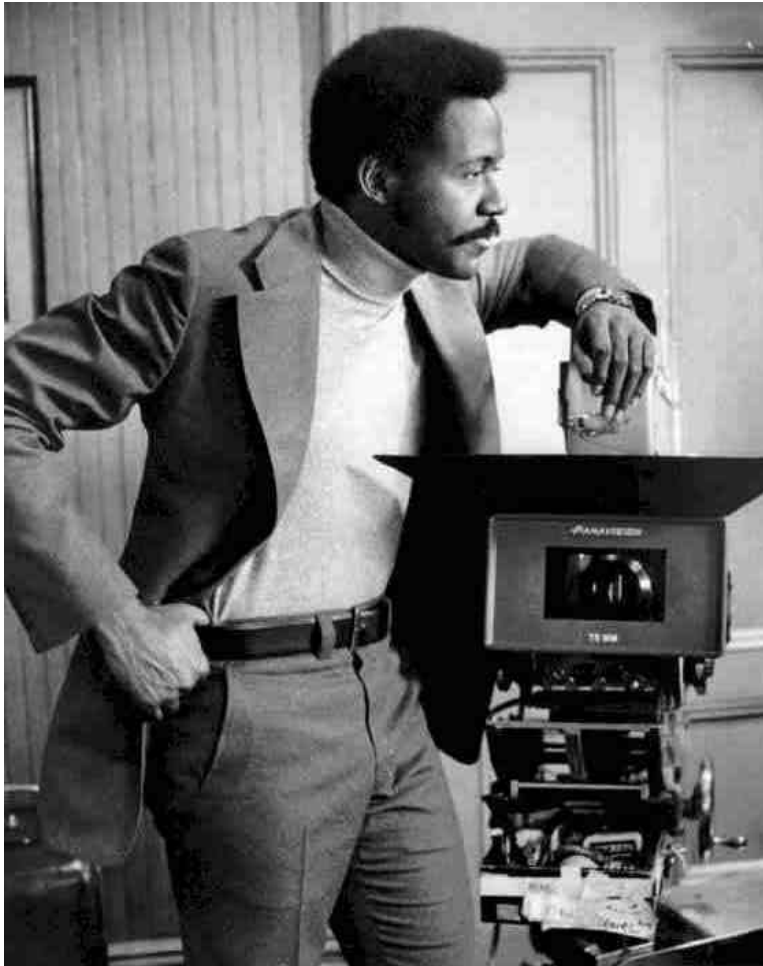
world.

But despite all of his greatness, let me reassure you once again, he is just another Joe just like the rest of us. When his toilet gets clogged he is the one who plunges it and when that doesn't work, he is the one who calls the plumber. I mean how normal is that? Let's face it; he does a lot of normal tasks, like eating, sleeping and just implied, going to the bathroom.

Doctor Simone, despite not ever being a sushi artist or hibachi chef, is quite the cook. Every Wednesday he prepares a culinary delight for one of the twenty-six, crippled, stray dogs that he has taken into his home. He dare not take in anymore, however, because by having twenty-six dogs, he can evenly make each dog two culinary delights a year. He is a sensible and practical man, just like you, unless you're a woman in which case you're just out of luck I suppose. Doctor Simone will not have a sex change operation to make women feel more at ease. Due to this, he has been accused by some of being a conservative and a sexist. I like to think he is just misunderstood.

Great minds are more often than not misunderstood. Doctor Simone is aware of this and although it bothers him that people don't truly appreciate his genius, he knows that some day they will. That is if he does not have his loyal manservant Hecubus burn all two hundred and thirty-seven hand written volumes of his most profound teachings upon his demise. That is because despite all of his wisdom, good ole Al has not realized that it is his work that will live on after him. Then again, maybe he is so wise that he just does not

care. Although, if he learned from history he would know that most of Heraclitus' work was destroyed after his death and now very few people know whom one of the greatest minds of all time is. Simone, being on the same level of Heraclitus, should probably take note of this.



A current photo of Dr. Simone in his office.

You, on the other hand, should probably take note that Al Simone's all-time favorite rock group is without a doubt, The Screaming Trees. He thinks their song writing ability is unparalleled and Mark's raspy, heart felt, singing is intense. Simone doesn't doubt that Gary Lee Conner is one of the most overlooked guitarists of all time. He would beat you to a pulp just for suggesting that Van Conner doesn't play well live and that it's Mark's fault that their original drummer left the band. Although, also a fan of the Tree's solo work, Simone, definitely believes that it doesn't add up to magic of the

group. On another note, whatever you do, do not call The Screaming Trees a grunge band, this really pisses off the good doctor and we wouldn't want to make him angry.

Then again, none of this may be true. Please keep in mind that I have never met or even seen this man. On top of that, let me remind you, that I know very little about this so-called public man. Therefore, everything I just told you is most likely not true and should be disregarded. However, it is true that Lisa Loeb was on the *Chris Isaac Show* a few weeks ago and I do recommend that you check it out some time.

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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