



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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OHIO!—Part 2: “Kelly Gunter, you’ve just threatened you immortal soul, what are you gonna do now?” “I’m going to Hell!”

Written by Kelly Gunter, featuring the manic creative consultation of Sean T. Hammond

Having decided that OHIO was “where it was at(TM)”, I moved into an inexpensive dwelling that seemed both cheap and safe. Initially, I found I was having trouble sleeping at night. This can probably be attributed mostly to the fact that the drug-dealer living next door to me seemed to take house calls at all hours of the day and night. I have since then been able to take stock in my surroundings and, though I had lamented not owning a TV, am coming to the conclusion that everything will be ok; I seem to have settled in the location where the extras on the *Jerry Springer Show* spend their down time.

The way the apartment is set up, I have someone living below me, behind me, and to either side of me. As far as I can tell, the walls of the apartment seem to be made of a thin papery substance much like what they used in Japan in some of their ninja-ridden summer houses.¹ The dissemination of noise through these walls is amazing. In some rooms this is more apparent than in others. For instance, because of the layout of these apartments, they seem to kitty-corner all of the bathrooms in one location. So in a very real and special way you actually get the sounds of eight bathrooms for the price of one. Talk about quality and savings!

I now have the uncanny ability to differentiate between 12 different people based purely on how they sound while excreting. How many of you can put *that* on your resume?

Beyond the bathrooms, there are other joys and

gems to be had. If I’m particularly lucky, the man living directly below me starts screaming random obscenities² in the middle of the night. On really good nights, after a warm-up of “fucking bitches”, he picks up what I can only assume is a water cooler and then throws it around the apartment until it shatters somewhere in the vicinity of the kitchen.

As is my way, I have saved my favorite for last. About once a month, the person living directly behind me must open a baptismal pool in their bathtub, where they proceed to douse religious supplicants from the first light of day until just after midnight of the following day. We’re talking 12 hours of splashing, here! So he’s either baptizing people, is seriously monkied up after spending that long in the bath, or he has a pet seal³. Again, this is aural conjecture based on the best evidence at hand, I’m sure you would come to a similar conclusion, were you bidden to do so, especially if you actually met one or two of the neighbors.

As for direct contact with the neighbors...well, it’s always an adventure. In suburbia, when you move into a new home, a Neighborhood Welcome Committee might stop by, bringing sickly sweet confectionaries, and even sicker smiles. Here, one of my next door neighbors stopped by to welcome me, offer me a beer, and tell me about how his wife had slept with ten of his friends and they all decided to get together and surprise him with the good news.

Happy fuck’n-birthday, buddy! Oh, the kid? We think he’s yours.

He was, however, kind enough to offer his services in case I had a lover that beats me. He seemed crestfallen to discover that I don’t let anyone beat me, but it was a nice offer just the same. I’m sure he’s never been entirely convinced, and I’m not certain how much the copious quantities of drugs he partakes of, or the purest diet of nothing but beer⁴ play into this,

¹ To be continued... (Next week)

² Much like the building’s baby-sitter.

³ Read as Daryl Hannah.

⁴ Not that there’s anything wrong with an all beer diet. There’s quite good evidence that modern civilization was possible because of beer. If you’re living in a crowded area, feces finding its way into the waterways, it’s much healthier to drink water with alcohol in it than water *a la merd*. Sure, you wander around addle-minded, but if you can pass your genes on prior to dying from dysentery, evolution considers you a winner. It’s the equivalent of passing go and collecting your \$200. So go on, have a beer. Yes, you’ll put on weight, but that’s to be expected.⁵

⁵ Incidentally, you may find it interesting to note that one of my graduate professors has actually found a method to avoid all the pesky weight gain associated with the consumption of large quantities of beer. It’s called the hard-liquor diet. Although whiskey and vodka do not have the accumulated history of the notorious amber brew, they do not tend to go “straight for your thighs” with the same speed and efficiency as ale. Well, I guess that’s why he’s part of the smart party.

but he still stops by every once in a while to find out if I've been screaming.

On another colorful occasion, I was walking back to my apartment from the pool when I found I was being hailed by a short, middle-aged, slight woman engaged with several burdens. Obviously overwhelmed, she asked for my assistance in taking them back to her apartment. She offered me an upright vacuum cleaner, while she took the much weightier plastic box fan for herself.

I'm surrounded by selfless saints. I swear.

She seemed to goggle at the ease at which I hefted the upright-vac with a single hand, whereas I found her regard for my apparent strength downright unnerving. I had naturally assumed, as I presume most people do, that, like many small creatures in the wild, miniature humans should be able to carry at least fifty times their own weight.⁶ Or else what possible good could it be to be small?⁷ From a distance, I had sized her up and was immediately rummaging through all those old stories you hear about little 65-year-old ladies who carry VW Bugs on their backs in Poland.^{8,9} So I found myself watching this minute individual struggling under the weight of a 12" plastic box fan¹⁰ giving me

her sincere and glowing admiration for my own feat of amazing strength and dexterity, which, let's face it, could only be rivaled by any given ten year old.

Of course, as is the pastime in this area, she regaled me with bits and pieces of her story to help pass the whole minute we would end up spending together. Somewhere inside of me a timid voice spoke up, "You know, you could be helping someone burgle another apartment." I analyzed this idea; eh...petty larceny at best. What would I get caught for, grand-theft vacuum? I decided, for the lack of anything better to do, that I'd listen to her story. It seemed that this thirty-something woman was, "leaving her man"¹¹ and "going it on her own"¹² and that "he'd only wanted her for sex and to buy alcohol, seeing as he was too young."¹³

Whoa! Considering that no one even comes close to carding anyone, this was a head-reeling revelation. You'd have to be, at the oldest, twelve to not be able to get away with buying alcohol¹⁴ in this town. I thought about asking my wee companion what constituted statutory rape in these parts, but thought better of it.¹⁸

Well, speak no evil. One out of three ain't bad.

⁶ After all, she is mildly larger than an ant, so I decided to be generous and cut down on her size to strength ratio, you know, give her a fighting chance.

⁷ "Being short can be a drag, but at least we get to see up your nose." -Sean T. Hammond
Yeah, I'm sure that makes up the difference.

⁸ This must be done with the wheels pointing up towards the sky, so the curvature of the roof can fit really snugly with the curvature of your spine.
Of course, as everyone knows the trick is to lift with the legs.

⁹ VW Bugs in old Eastern Europe? Um, Nazis?

"Sorry about the Jews. Here how about this nice lamp. No? What about the car then? It's got a full leather interior."

¹⁰ It's amazing how one shrunken, toiling creature can dash a lifetime's worth of hopes and dreams in a few measly seconds. Ah, Babushka, where for art thou?

¹¹ A common theme in these here parts.

¹² Another common theme in these parts.

¹³ Yet ano... wait a minute hold up! (Insert sound of scratching record here)

¹⁴ This is a college town after all, if the vendors couldn't sell alcohol to underage minors, how would they ever afford the payments for that decorative old Ford¹⁵ they'd managed to put up on blocks in their front lawn?¹⁷

¹⁵ That's right, these days it's strewn with Christmas lights, right next to the plastic Santa and Chocolate Jesus¹⁶

¹⁶ Partake of the savior! He's sinfully delicious, try some today and you'll understand why people are saying that the body of Christ never tasted so good.

¹⁷ When walking by one of these ferrous structures in this area, you will often hear a very small and pathetic sound, like tink, tink, tink. This muted sound is most often attributed to a nefarious group in the region that calls themselves the Ohio Mafia. They seem to be locking their victims up in the trunks of decorative lawn autos. One can only assume this is because of the prevalent nature of such decorations in this region. It has been speculated that this is also because of the fact that the ponds in most of OHIO are only about a foot deep, making the traditional "concrete galoshes" ineffective as authorities can often spot the victims pointy red hat sticking out above the surface of the water. I think this methodology is used primarily by the Ohio Mafia as a scare tactic. Be assured that you do not truly know the meaning of the word fear until you have opened your trunk up to discover the horribly mutilated and oxygen deprived body of a ceramic lawn gnome. (Hah! Try and find your way back into the story after that excursion. Nothing like throwing in a couple of orthogonal story lines to get your brain deeply ensconced in the mire.)

¹⁸ In a town full of first cousins, sometimes you just have to go with it.

Cynical Cinematic Criticism: The Time Machine

By Gary Hoffmann

In general, I have respect for Guy Pearce as an actor. He was good in *Rules of Engagement*. *LA Confidential* was a great movie. *Memento* was one of the best movies I've ever seen. But then he went and did *The Time Machine*.

Now, don't get me wrong. He was still a good actor, and I couldn't find anything wrong with his performance, just his choice of movie. "But it's a classic," you say! How can he go wrong? Very easily. You see, this is not a remake of an old, good movie that had been adapted from an older, better book. It's a new movie of the same title based loosely on a quick glance at a couple scenes of the original movie as the director was flipping through channels one night when he was drunk.

The beginning is rather cliché and predictable. Alexander Hartdegen (the ever enchanting Guy Pearce), our protagonist (emphasis on the -agoni-), is an absent minded genius associate professor with individualistic tendencies in Victorian era New York City (not London, since we all know those silly Brits couldn't build a working time machine, like ol' H.G. claimed). We first see him scrawling endless equations across a chalkboard as a friend and colleague, David Philby (Mark Addy), enters, watching him. Philby asks, "Aren't you forgetting something?" to which Alex responds, "Yes...I think it's something with the third differential coefficient." What's the first thing I notice, then? There was no third differential, thus no third differential coefficient. Maybe I'm just a geek, but that disappoints me. Anyway, Alex has a girlfriend whom he intends to ask to marry, and right after he does she's shot by a mugger in Central Park. This is important later in the movie as it introduces the enduring struggle between rich and poor, high society and low society, leisure class and working class, which is dealt with thematically later in the movie when the Eloi and Morlock scenes very sublimely parallel this struggle. Or at least they could have been if the director had any sense, which he didn't. So this theme is left to die a quick but painful death, hidden beneath the mire of flashy special effects and a grim future world featuring Orlando Jones as the sole repository of all human knowledge.

But the point is, our hero was driven to build the time machine by the loss of his one true love, Emma Malloy (Sienna Guillory - currently working on *Principles of Lust*), so that he could go back in time to save her. Ah, what a noble aspiration! Such a prime example of the romantic ideal. Not science for its own sake, but science in the pursuit of love—much more realistic than building a time machine to win a bet, like in the book. And by "realistic," of course I mean, "marketable to the idiot masses who derive their sustenance from sentimentality and trite dialogue."

So our dashing hero builds a time machine in the next four years. It's not known how he funds this project, but he does, spending very spare moment writing equations on a black board, even after the time machine is fully built and in working order (I assume he's tested it, or something, but he goes immediately from scribbling in chalk to turning on the time machine). Lights and spinning shiny objects follow, and he's transported to the evening his fiancée was killed. He finds her before his past self does, and takes her to Bleeker Street instead of Central Park, where she is promptly run over by a carriage.

Based on this perfectly reasonable and scientifically sound sample of one, he comes (read, "jumps") to the conclusion that no matter how many times he tried to save her or how many different ways he tried to save her, she would still die, because he cannot change the Past. It doesn't occur to Hartdegen that this could have been a freak coincidence and he should try at least once more to rule out this possibility. Nor does it occur to him that he did, in fact, change the past (she was run over by a carriage instead of shot and his past self didn't witness it), just not enough or in the right way for his personal satisfaction. Thus, we are introduced to the character's tragic flaw: he jumps to conclusions based on the merest trifle of highly interpretable evidence. So, ignoring his logical error (hasty generalization, thank you Critical Thinking) and experimental sloppiness, he decides to merely act on his conclusion and try to find out why he can't change the Past.

Alex gets into his time machine and turns it on. For the sake of not ruining the entire move for you, just in case this review isn't enough to dissuade you from ever seeing another Hollywood movie again and instead going to see Peter Pan in the Panara Theater,

May 3-11 (shameless plug), I won't tell you about the time travel scenes except that they're the most interesting part of the movie and almost make it worth the two hours of your life you'll otherwise be wasting to go see it when it's shown at the dollar theater. The important part of this particular scene, however, is that Alex loses the locket-sized picture of his former fiancée he'd been keeping since her death (both of them). This is meant to symbolize her complete lack of appearance, in person or memory or deed or thought, in the rest of the movie.

He then arrives in the year 2030, fortunately without having had a wall built over his temporally ethereal person (astute readers will note that at this point I could make a joke about jet lag, but I won't, since I have more integrity than that). Immediately upon arriving at the Future he's hit on by a tall, gorgeous blond (Myndy Crist) in tight clothing—and he blows it! Instead he's mesmerized by a big screen TV playing the same commercial—about how we're going to blow up the moon in order to make sublunary habitats for old people—over and over again. This is our hero's second tragic flaw—not because it resulted in his downfall, but because it should have.

Enter Orlando Jones as the repository of all human knowledge, Vox #NY-114, the most interesting and likeable character in the entire film. He plays the holographic projection of a fusion powered supercomputer's (probably not a Gateway) psyche (I could also make a comment about his character being two dimensional, but how many of you would really get it?). He tells Alex simply that time travel is impossible and

refers him to a copy of H.G. Wells' book, *The Time Machine*. I think there's a joke there, but I'll admit it was too subtle for me.

So Alex travels further into the Future to 2037, when we discover that, even 35 years in the Future and even with the amazingly cross-indexed and refreshingly witty assistance of Orlando Jones, scientists playing with nuclear weapons still make Slight Calculation Errors (probably a conversion error, fucking metric system!) and have blown up the moon and destroyed human civilization (slightly more devastating than when they only sank a fleet). Hilarity ensues, and Alex activates the time machine just as he's knocked unconscious.

In a manner only vaguely reminiscent of Rip van Winkle, he wakes up 800,000 years later and turns the machine off. He's saved from certain death from exposure by the gentle Eloi—who, unlike in the book this movie was based on in title only, did not evolve from the leisure class. Nor are all of their needs provided for them by the much less attractive Morlock. Instead, they're a self-sufficient society of primitive farmers with windmills. Enter the new love interest, Marla (Samantha Mumba), who is subsequently captured by the Morlock.

Alex, of course, decides to save her, and so stumbles across his old friend, slightly insane from nearly a million years of solitude, Orlando Jones. Orlando explains all the relevant details: after the moon was destroyed, humans evolved into two species. We don't find out how, or why, but they did.

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Oh, and Orlando has a long memory and is psychologically unstable. Oh, and go east to find the Morlock.

Enter the Morlock caverns, which appear to be composed of rejected stock footage from *The Lord of the Rings*. Our hero discovers that the Morlock eat their Eloi victims (I'm not ruining anything by saying that, since it was the same situation in the 1960 movie and the book; you did see the 1960 movie and read the book, right?). Again, this might have been insightful social commentary of some sort had it not all been discarded in favor of mass appeal (as if I'm surprised). Besides, the class struggle is hardly relevant to today's society.

Marla is found, naked and in a big iron cage (analyze this as you please), by our intrepid adventurer in the throne room of the Über-Morlock (the cuddly, loveable Jeremy Irons; and, yes, this is his title, further ruining any real social relevance this story may once have held), who reveals his telepathic abilities and penchant for inter-species sexual relations. The Über-Morlock was the most reasonable character, answering Alex's question (divined through telepathy) and letting him go home. So, why can't one change the past (even though he can)? Because it would create a paradox. That's it—no profound revelations about the nature of time and thus the nature of the Universe, nothing we haven't already learned from *Star Trek* or *Back to the Future*, simply that Alex's act of saving his bride-to-be would eliminate the necessity to build the time machine that allows him to save her, a possibility that didn't occur to someone smart enough to build a time machine a hundred years ago.

So he's got his answer. Does he go? No, of course not—he has to heroically save his captive Eloi love interest. Fight scene. Alex and the Über-Morlock clash, hurling themselves recklessly into the Future until finally the Über-Morlock is thrown half out of the time machine, killing him with footage from Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade. Arriving further in the Future, the Morlock have reclaimed the surface world (which after 800,000 years of evolution they were unable to do, but apparently now they can again). This, of course, is a Bad Thing, so Hartdegen returns to “save the Future.” I guess he can't change the Past (even though he can), but he can change the Future, even though it's now the Past since he's coming from the Future which became the Present as soon as he

arrived. Again comes into play our hero's tragic flaw (the first one, there are no big screen TV's around).

In order to change the past, he decides to blow up the time machine, which he somehow knows will destroy the entire Morlock civilization, saving the simple, innocent Eloi from certain death and slavery, allowing them to live out their now happy, peaceful lives listening to Mark Twain's literary masterpieces as retold by Orlando Jones, which is obviously a far worse fate—but, again, this is not taken into consideration and the intrepid Alexander Hartdegen simply leaps blindly ahead with his hastily improvised plan. And how does he blow up the time machine? By jamming the gears with his watch. Now, the fact that this causes the machine to explode in a huge ball of Insta-Aging Death doesn't bother me. The fact that he knows this will cause the machine to explode with a wide enough radius to kill all of the Morlock but not so wide a radius as to prevent his own escape, and indeed that he bases his escape plan on this knowledge, does bother me. But he knows, and so runs out of the Morlock caverns just in time to watch all of the Morlock die from a safe distance. And so he lives happily ever after with Marla in the future, at least until he remembers that the Über-Morlock had told him that there were other Morlock, who will soon arrive to eat Alex and the Eloi and bring about the even-farther-in-the-Future world he saw while battling the Über-Morlock (because he can't change the Past, remember?). But he doesn't realize this until after the credits begin rolling, if ever.

So what's the moral of the story? Firstly, jump to conclusions and make sure all of your actions have no rational basis or forethought. If you do this, everything you do will turn out for the best and you'll be able to exploit an entire civilization with only the help of Orlando Jones. Secondly, if you build a time machine, then you are morally obligated to judge 800,000 years of sociological evolution based on a five minute conversation with a poorly developed by surprisingly likeable villain who was nice enough to let you live a long, happy life in your own time. Thirdly, Orlando Jones knows everything. Lastly, don't go see this movie. If you stop going to bad movies, Hollywood will have to stop making them.

Slacker Heaven #1

Yuppie Hell

2001 David Inman

And so, after four (or five) grueling years, we finally have achieved our college degree.



As your valedictorian, I, more than most of you, recognize the value of the hard work we put into this institution. Hard work, however, that will pay off big in the future.



For who knows what the future holds? Maybe success; maybe failure. But armed with our degrees and the experiences we gained here, we will be ready for anything!



Yes. I write for that other publication.

Yes. I work for that other publication.

By Ren Meinhart¹

I know that I'm not the first to be able to claim the distinction of being employed by both of our distinguished Institute's weekly publications (See Apples and Oranges, Jeremiah Parry-Hill, Vol. 11 Issue 2) and I know that I'm not the first to voice my opinion on the phenomenon that is this ridiculous literary rivalry. I am, however, in a current state that I feel like hearing myself talk about such, and so, I'm going to break with perceived *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* tradition and voice my non-negative perceptions of "that other publication" from one who works on "both other publications."

I live down the hall from one of my new "I really enjoy talking to him" people: *GDT* Co-Editor Alex Moundalexis... who, upon hearing very early on in the year, that I enjoyed writing and the like, encouraged me to come take part in *GDT*; first as a printer daemon, then as a contributor, and finally, as a staff member. I can honestly say that taking an active role and becoming a part of something that I could develop (and have developed) a real emotional investment in so early on in my still young college career has been one of the most enriching and positive things that I could have done. Through *GDT* I have enjoyed getting to know some fascinating and intelligent people, found an outlet for my more creative side, and had a weekly dose of entertainment at our Wednesday night folding meetings.² I love seeing our lovely black and white (Free Endorsement for Mike and the other terrific folks at the Crossroads HUB), carefully folded issues scattered throughout campus (much like Kilroy's image scattered all over 1940's Europe) because it means one of my friends was just there, bringing the fantastic gift of satire and creativity to the masses. And it really is nice when people come up to me and say, "Hey, I read what you wrote in *Gracies*. Rock on."

I've heard comments here and there that *GDT*'s gone soft; that it's not funny, that it's not what it used to be. I wasn't a student at RIT when its creators (Sean T. Hammond and Kelly Gunter for those of you who

weren't either) were students, and therefore, obviously wasn't on staff under their joint Editorships. I have, however, read the back issues, and to be honest, I would tend to agree. The *GDT* of today does seem less satirical; it does read differently, and yes, it's not always funny (Read: It's not always meant to be funny; Non-funny people like to write too, and I think that's okay). Think this is a travesty? Then I challenge you to become a part of it. Write for us; submit to us, come fold with us (See footnote Two below). Tell us what bugs you and why. Tell us your story. Tell us someone else's story. Give us a recipe or a sketch or a review or an opinion or a joke. Or, give us your poetry, your creative writing, your soul. But do something; don't just shrug and say "Eh- no good." Tell us why. Give us suggestions for improvement. Improve it yourself. Yes, the magazine reads differently, however, I believe, that the spirit behind its creation is still more than prevalent within its pages.

I love the premise of *GDT*: That what "We" (the collective "We" of RIT Students) have to say is important, and that an outlet for our individual and collective voices is invaluable and necessary. Censorship of thought is not practiced: students with something to say are welcome to be heard. I believe wholeheartedly that a need for such is present both within the campus limits and beyond. I value the opportunity to share parts of myself with those who pick up this publication weekly; and appreciate that every time I read something that another writer submits, I get to learn something about that person in some (perhaps) minute or (perhaps) monumental way. People are fascinating, complex, and dynamic and more than anything, I love that *GDT* explores that.

Yes, I took a job at *Reporter Magazine*, recently. As of the beginning of Spring Quarter, I took over the role of Advertising Manager on "the other publication," and I have to admit, I really do enjoy working there. I've been told that I sold out for a regular paycheck and a desk of my own, and initially, maybe that was more the case (I'm a photo student seriously in need of some cash flow in order to support my artistic addiction). However, I am coming to realize that more than selling out for what a large, well funded publica-

¹ Staff Writer, *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* & Advertising Manager, *Reporter Magazine*

² This message brought to you by Hells Kitchen: COME FOLD WITH US. It's a blast. Wednesday evenings at 9 in the Baker B/D Lounge. E-mail gdt@hellskitchen.org for more information. Oh... and you'll get paid for doing it too.

tion could give me, I bought into some valuable business experience and an abundance of lessons in patience and customer service, as well as a few newly developing friendships. These are all positive things.

I think that the staff of *Reporter Magazine* would be the first to tell you that the magazine falls short in a few departments. The fact that there are mediocre or sub par aspects of *Reporter* doesn't seem to be news to anyone, and this would include the staff, I'm sure. But they're working on this. Really. There are a lot of people on that staff that really genuinely care and are passionate about the work that they do there and want the magazine to shine in every way that it can. Just from observation, I can tell that there is a general desire to improve the magazine and redirect its focus to the audience that it should serve: the student body. This is a challenge that they've been taking seriously and I'm sure will continue to work on. I'm sure that soon-to-be-taking-over Editor In Chief William Huber would love for You (the collective You, of course) to come to the office in the basement of SAU and talk to him about *Reporter* and its future. (He likes to talk... especially about improving *Reporter*). Think it's mediocre? Don't like what *Reporter* has to say? Write a letter to

the Editor explaining why with suggestions for improvement. Or, better yet, I challenge you to come take on an assignment and turn out something superb and amazing.

To *Reporter-Lovers*: Yes, I write for *GDT*. To *GDT's Faithful Readers*: Yes, I work at *Reporter*. Yes, it's possible, and yes, it's allowed, and yes, it's okay. Mostly, it doesn't and shouldn't matter: because they are two very different and basically non-comparable entities. One reports news. The other takes news out for a spin, bringing it back as a poem, a satire, an essay, an illustration. Both have their value and place and their respective roles to fill. And to be perfectly honest, I'm tired of hearing "Oh- you're one of *those* people" spoken with disdain when I'm speaking to either group about the other. Really, I'm just one of those people who likes the written word in all of its many groupings, and am embracing the opportunities that I am presented with to surround myself with them. By working at both of RIT's weekly publications, I get to dabble in my two-hobbies/loves: Words and People. (People in a collective "I love people"-sorta way) And, thus, hooray for being "one of those people" in all regards.

Come play with us.



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The Seven Lives of James M. Thompson

M stands for Misanthrope. Missing I.D. Megalomaniac. Miss you. James M. Thompson is missing you. How does that make you feel?

Number One: The first I.D. is issued during college orientation and resides safely in the pocket of its proud new owner throughout the day. Later, as the sun begins to slowly set over the foreboding skyline of the Residence Halls, our intrepid traveler spies a rare glimpse of a fey lass strolling past him on the Quarter Mile. He is enraptured by a sudden rush of testosterone production triggered by this sublime vision in the gathering evening gloom and the soft feminine scent drifting along the summer breeze, and before his frazzled synapses can even muster an awkward introduction he discovers that his pocket has been picked by the gorgeous co-ed, who proceeds to use all of the debit to empty the tunnel vending machines, before flinging the spent I.D. into the garbage like so many re-used condoms.

Number Two: Distraught by the loss of the first I.D., James takes extra precautions to preserve his second, but then makes the casual error of forgetting to lock his gym locker. His clothes are stolen, and he is forced to steal the workout towel he had checked out in order to cover his sex as he sprints back toward the dorms. He is far too embarrassed by the incident to return to collect his I.D.

Number Three: James is wandering about K-Lot one sunny Tuesday afternoon in September, when who should appear, but Al Simone and Hugh Hefner, walking hand in pocket. The duo seems oblivious to

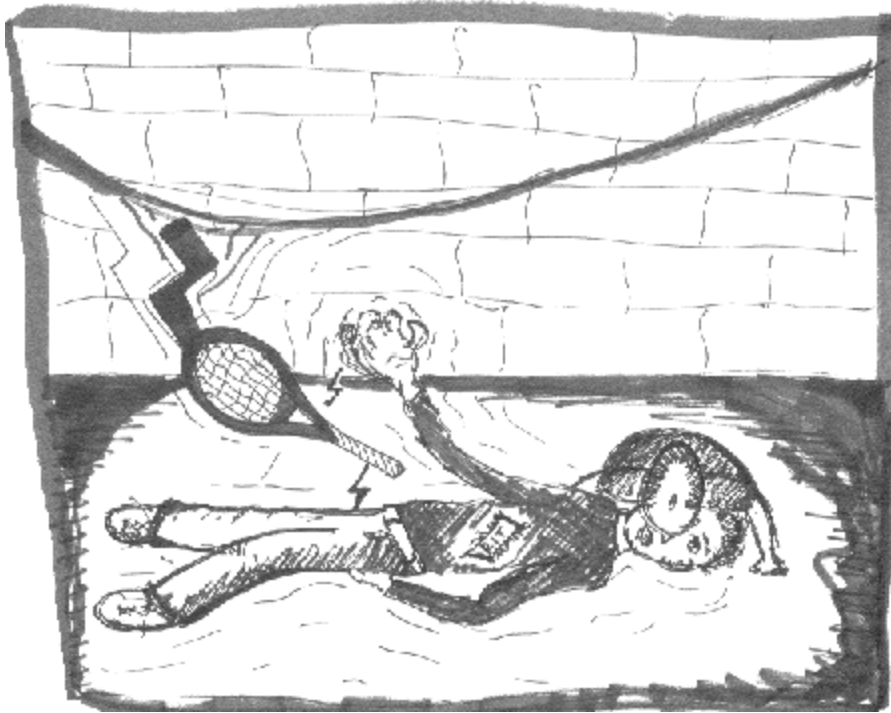
James' presence as they quietly sip a refreshing Pepsi through twin straws, but the loyal seagull perched upon Simone's shoulder spies James' shiny I.D. The gull takes flight, swiftly snatching the I.D. in its gaping maw, before soaring high on the Brick thermals back to the secret loft of Building One to deposit it in its nest, as its evil master has trained it. Many toasts are lifted on that night in the dark and cavernous halls of the Bursars Office, as the villainy of the dark gull is immortalized in the epic prose of their arcane tongue. The I.D. is sacrificed in ritual holocaust to the elder gods as an offering to raise retention rates.

Number Four: One day, while sketching a vexed penis on the stall of a Wallace Library bathroom, James mutters, "Howard Roark is a tool." He is overheard by a mob of militant T-Square wielding Randroids, who have dyed their hair red and skulk about the library on stilts hunting for Bolsheviks amidst the shadows of the stacks. When interrogated about his comments he claims that "A is not always A," and watches in horror as he is shown that his I.D. is no longer his I.D.

Number

Five: After recuperating from the vicious Objectivist onslaught, James decides to console himself by visiting the Canadian Ballet of Niagara Falls. He quickly exhausts his limited cash budget and confusedly tries to swipe his card in a stripper's vulva for debit before being forcibly deported by a Canuck bouncer.

Number Six: James blows off a friend's photo shoot to play racquetball in the SLC. After his game, he goes to the SAU to refresh himself with an ice cream cone and then visits the subterranean bathroom. While walking back in the tunnels, he is frightened by





Hugh Hefner cavorting in a passionate scene with Al Simone, and swings wildly in defense. Unfortunately, his swing carries high and he catches an exposed wiring conduit with his misused titanium-frame, Tennis brand badminton racquet. The powerful current electrocutes him, and sears his I.D. to his charring flesh. The golden-hearted Dr. Simone only saves him from the brink of death through a performance of CPR. He awakens in a bathtub full of ice-cold Pepsi, with a mysterious scar on his right thigh and no memory of the preceding twenty-four hours. There is a note beside him reading, "Don't move. Call the police." Beside the note, interestingly enough is a cell phone. Within half an hour, he's in the hospital, only the find his kidneys have been removed. The Henrietta police would late tell James that this happens all the time to

people that travel underneath the SAU. He didn't need his kidneys, or his ID, anyhow.

Number Seven: After an evening spent reading Playboy magazines, James dashes off into the Java Wally's bathroom to prevent a sperm-retention headache, leaving his expression of love on the wall while having his swollen prostate massaged by the bidet. Unfortunately, he forgets to lock the stall door, and is surprised at the moment of orgasm by the abrupt arrival of a burly Frenchman, who appears to be either grossly outraged or rather aroused by James' misuse of his national hygienic device. James hurriedly flees the scene before he has an opportunity to discover the truth, and leaves the I.D. on the table, apparently for our amusement.

Is there even a James M. Thompson?

Police Oppression by Gary Hoffmann

I hate cops. If it's one thing I can't stand, it's cops. Actually, that's not true. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's stupid people, but that's the subject of an entirely different article, probably a whole series of articles. But if there's two things I can't stand, they're stupid people and cops. And by "cops" I don't mean, "police officers." No, police officers are the friendly neighborhood deputies that everyone in their local small town know by name and invite over for dinner and are willing to help out and overlook trivial crimes because they're really there to serve and protect, not simply do their required duty and fill their ticket quota. Cops are the assholes who wait on the side of the road to pull you over if you're going 20 miles over the speed limit because you're going really fucking fast at the beginning of the month, but at the end of the month they'll pull you over for going 3 miles over the speed limit because they have to fill out tickets to reach the number required of them by the Big Bureaucracy that is the Police State of America.

Let me explain. Technically, I was speeding. At one in the morning, I was going 47 miles per hour down Beaver Road, which was Archer Road before it was Beaver Road, which was Ballantyne Road before it was Archer Road, which was Jefferson Street before it was Ballantyne Road. The speed limit on Beaver Road is 45 mph. Technically, I was speeding, but even this asshole didn't care about that. Instead, he gets close enough to read my license plate (less than a car length, or maybe (strong emphasis on "maybe," but I hate using the caps lock key) a full car length, if it's a compact car, which neither mine nor his were) and follows me like this for three miles. I was tempted to slow down to 44 mph just to piss him off, because I hate cops, but I didn't. Then his flashers go on, so I, being a Good Citizen who wasn't doing a God-Damned Thing Wrong to give him a reason to pull me over, pulled over to the side of the road as soon as I noticed, which was immediately, since I was keeping a careful eye on the fucker, seeing as how he was following me so closely and I had seen, thanks to street lamps illuminating his light bar, that he was a cop.

I hate cops. Let me make that clear. The more authority these guys have, the more I hate them. Actually, that's not true, either. I hate those glorified-mall-security-guard Ogden Police just as much as state troopers, but that's largely irrelevant. Okay, so he pulls me over. I figure maybe it was because he thinks I'm drunk. After all,

I was driving straight and going the speed limit. Only drunks are that careful, because they're trying not to get pulled over. Then again, maybe it was because it was one in the morning, and as we all know, only drug dealers, drug users, lushes, and Long Haired Hippy Criminals drive that late at night. Then again, maybe it was because this guy was forced to stay up until the UnGodly hours of the night to patrol for drug dealers, drug users, lushes, and Long Haired Hippy Criminals, and he was in a cranky mood. It turns out it was the latter.

You see, while he was following me, he checked my license plate. It turns out the registration and inspection of the car I was driving had both expired. The registration expired 5 days ago. That's it. I know the registration had expired, but not the inspection. I knew this because I was told about the registration, but not the inspection, by the owner of the car, who is not me.

Why wasn't I driving my car? Let's back up a bit, for that. Friday, I was cruising around with some friends of mine in my car, as is my wont to do late on a Friday night. My car's registration has not expired. My car's inspection has not expired. My car was a good car. Was. I stopped at some kid's house to pick him up, and as my friend went inside to get him, I was idling in the driveway. Idling right up to the point my car died. It was sitting there, running fine, and then stopped. It has not since started.

So fast forward to today, when I had a final exam at 4. I don't have a car. "You can borrow my car," says Ken. "The registration has expired, so don't speed, 'cause if you get pulled over, you'll get a ticket for driving an unregistered car." Sure, that's easy enough to do. I can't afford to speed, anyway. Why? Because I have got a speeding ticket over Thanksgiving break. Yes, I was speeding. I was speeding on the most beautiful autumn day you could imagine. The sky was clear, it was early afternoon, the sun was shining brightly. Not another car was on the road as far as I could see. Except one. This car was behind me, and was going fast. I notice he's going fast, so I assume I'm not going very fast and speed up a little bit, not wanting to annoy this person behind me, who must have someplace to go. I don't bother looking at the speedometer, seeing as how it's such a beautiful day, and even if I am going too fast, you couldn't ask for safer conditions in which to do so. So Mr. Guy-in-the-green-chevy-that-made-me-think-I-wasn't-going-very-fast starts to pass me, then suddenly hits his brakes. Why does he brake? Because he sees the state trooper who is waiting to catch people as they're coming around this

curve in the road. I see him, too, and finally look at my speedometer. I'm going 82 on the thruway. Before Green Chevy I was going 75. This wouldn't've gotten me pulled over. Eighty-two did, because the asshole trooper didn't care about Green Chevy and didn't care about the fact that before Green Chevy started riding my ass I was going 75 and simply didn't notice because it was such a beautiful day and it still wasn't unsafe to speed and isn't the point of speed limits to keep people safe? and so I had to pay a eighty dollars plus an unregulated thirty-five dollar surcharge (thanks, Irving, for pointing out the fact that, although we're protected by the constitution from excessive fines and bails, there's nothing protecting us from Mandatory New York State Surcharges) while Green Chevy pulled away doing 90 and was never pulled over.

So I can't afford another speeding ticket, so I wasn't speeding. Meanwhile, Monroe County Sheriff Boyce approaches the unregistered, uninspected vehicle I was driving at one in the morning home from a relaxing evening after a stressful final exam which I fucked up, every single light on his car pointed directly at my rear view mirror, including his flashlight and the internal light and his cigarette lighter. "May I see your license and registration, please?"

Now, I don't know why I've been pulled over, so I say, innocently enough, and avoiding malice as much as humanly possible, while I'm already reaching in my pocket to get my license, "Why?" Now, in retrospect, I should've asked, "Gee, why did you pulled me over, officer?" giving him the ol' "but I've never done anything wrong in my whole life! Honest!" voice, but at the time I was too pissed off to consider that option. So Officer Boyce suddenly gets this attitude, like he's dealing with a Wise-ass Hardened Criminal that needs to be Taught A Lesson, and says, "Why!/? Because I asked to see them, that's why!" Now, he must have known what I was asking. He hadn't said why I was pulled over, and it should have dawned on him that I wasn't speeding and might like to know why the fuck I was pulled over, and so would say, "Why?" Instead, however, of simply answering my question, he gets the attitude, so I have to ask again. "No, (right here I was extremely tempted to insert, "you stupid, thick-skulled, pathetic, weak willed, simple minded drone-bitch of a bureaucratic police state," but I didn't) why was I pulled over? ("as if you didn't understand what I meant the first time I asked, you ugly, ignorant son of a whore that's too brainwashed to think for yourself and ended up becoming a county sheriff because

you were too stupid and lazy to enter the F.B.I. and so you're stuck writing traffic tickets to otherwise law-abiding college students who have a hell of a lot more of a future than you do at one in the morning on a Monday and is this really what you saw yourself doing now, ten years ago?" but I didn't say that, either)"

Then he lightens up a bit. I'll give him credit for that, but he was still pissing me off. He asks the usual questions: do I have any outstanding tickets? do I have any warrants for my arrest? is there a dead body in the trunk? To which I give the usual answers: no, no, no (not that you know of, anyway, and you can't look unless you have reasonable cause, prick). He then goes back to his car and dicks around for a while. I sit. And wait. And wait. Last time I got pulled over it didn't take this long, and considering the hour there must be fewer queries for whatever system they use to look up the criminal records of Unsuspecting Motorists, so it should be quicker. And I wait. Finally, he comes back out and hands me two tickets. He could've given me three, since I couldn't find the most recent, unexpired insurance card (ah, yes, Required By Law Automobile Insurance, insurance being a luxury, a voluntary purchase, but if you don't like it you can move to Russia you filthy Commie bastard), but he was feeling nice and understanding of my plight, I driving someone else's car and being unaware that the registration and inspection had expired (or at least, that's what I told him, because I didn't really feel like explaining the whole situation, since that would've started me on a rant in which I would've had to mention my extreme dislike of all authority figures, and that probably wouldn't've sat well with him), and so didn't issue the third ticket which could've had my car towed away then and there, leaving me stranded in a police station at two in the morning with no money. Gee, thanks, Officer Boyce. Not that I'm bitter, or anything. I still hate cops, though.

So, now the owner of the car has to get the damned thing registered and inspected and put the bloody insurance card in the glove compartment and show up with me in court on March 14 at 6:30 in the evening to help me explain that I didn't know it wasn't registered or inspected (again, this is what we're going to tell them, because a longer explanation is unnecessary and irrelevant, anyway) so we can hopefully get the tickets dismissed and never speak of this incident again.

And that's why I'm going to be late for rehearsal that Thursday. I hate cops.

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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