



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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The Custodian Conspiracy **By Rocko Bonaparte**

Outside AbalTech's Building B, a bunch of old, busted-up cars congregated in the parking lot. The sun had set, but the day had just begun for the janitors. They mopped the floors in the cafeteria, they emptied the garbage in the cubicles, and they made sure everything would be clean come tomorrow. It took them about an hour from start to finish. Then the real fun began.

What the other folks at AbalTech didn't know was that the brightest minds of the company were busy working at night. They entered the cubicles, powered on the computers, and logged in as the employees. Johnny McGee, Building B's custodial manager, used the security bridge as his office. He liked seeing everybody on the consoles as things developed.

His first project for the evening was a leftover from days ago. AbalTech was developing a fly-by-wire control system for a yet-undisclosed new US fighter-

bomber. The problem was that simulations showed that the hardware would crash if the plane went below sea level. Normally, that wouldn't happen, but if they did their testing in the right spots, that could cause some serious problems. They went beyond the specification boundaries trying to fix it. While fixing that, they botched the design even further, to the point where they couldn't even simulate anymore. Every night, the janitors struggled to plug up the problems, but the engineering staff was really good at making even more of them.

"Seems kind of odd, really," Johnny surmised, "that the people that are supposed to *solve* problems *cause* the most problems." He was with some new guy, showing him around. Just like everybody else, the new guy thought signing up as an AbalTech custodian would be a great way to boost his semiconductor synthesis and manufacture expertise. "Who you are about to see is a living legend." Johnny told the new guy, leaning back in a leather-padded swivel chair. He was looking over at the front entrance camera. A large man wearing bleached jeans and a denim jacket had just walked in.

"Indian?" the new guy asked.

"Well, Cherokee, yes. We joke around and call him 'Sitting Bullshit' because he is so patient when things go wrong." Sitting Bullshit lived in a mud and thatch hut on a preserved corner of the local trailer park. If you weren't looking for it, you wouldn't even know he had power and a T3 line going into the hut. He had managed to get it installed underground...*by himself*. He imagined he would violate some 1850 treaty if the government knew what he was doing, but his buddies did some cleaning for the NSA, so they were watching his back. Johnny and the newbie met the guy inside the front entrance.

"Wolf, this is our new addition to the family." Johnny said, and the newbie did a funny little curtsy and they laughed.

"He looks like a Danny." Sitting Bullshit said and turned to the newbie, asking, "So, Danny, what's your fancy here?" The Cherokee had to stoop down with his hands on his knees so they could speak level.

"My name's Seth, and I'm interested in design-to-manufacture."

"Hmm, a Seth." He said, "Canadian?"

"My parents are, yes, but I was born and raised in America."

"Hmmm, Canadian-American." he said, and that was it for the time being. They went upstairs, and the place went silent on their arrival. Johnny is kind of a legend too – he spent 5 years in prison for hacking into the CIA for fun. Some CIA janitors caught wind of him, and that was the end of Johnny's hacking career. Or so it seemed.

Johnny and Sitting Bullshit found a nice bullpen cubicle. The regular employees hate the shared cubicles since they can't readily slack off without 3 other people watching them, but the janitors, knowing that collaboration is key, prefer the bullpens for their work. They had barely sat down before everybody in the building started gathering around the cubicle. People stood on desktops so they could peer over the cubicle walls and see AbalTech's greatest minds at work.

"They got paranoid when we fixed the last batch of bugs and password-protected the repository. Transactions for files are handled through SSH, but I just masqueraded as the manager of the testing." Johnny declared. There were many "ooh's" and "aaah's" from the place, especially since he did all this in the 17 key-strokes he had entered since logging in.

"Oh now, come on guys, you know I could have done the SSH buffer overflow exploit on the older Linux machines in the basement." and there were many nods. Johnny continued, "*So when the hell are you going to upgrade the fucking machines?*" Some of the crowd rapidly dispersed, seeing Johnny thought they were slacking off down there. Meanwhile, Sitting Bullshit was loading up a gate-level simulator, which was taking forever. Since he was helpless until then, he talked to Johnny.

"Hey Johnny, do they know what crashes it exactly?"

"Of course not. Precision? Hah!"

"Well, what did they narrow it down to?"

"Some crazy guy kicked off a test to simulate the plane going below sea level."

"Hmmm, that wouldn't happen too often, but I see. But so what?"

"Well, they are busy doing all this extra work for

negative numbers, and that made the chip bigger, and fucked everything up.”

“I don’t like that. They should be using two’s complement over there, so it shouldn’t really matter.” Sitting Bullshit pondered for a moment.

“Ahhh, I bet it is not a negative number causing it.”

“Really?” Everybody thought he was nuts, but the Cherokee pondered, “In going positive to negative, they must go through zero, and we all know zero is a special case.” Many veteran custodians nodded as they returned, leaving the newer to kernel code compile downstairs. Sitting Bullshit continued, “Well, then, when they get to zero, they will cause a divide by zero. Classic problems. There are dividers on the design, I know.”

“Duh! That’s gotta be it!” One of the custodians in the background declared, and was hushed. It was impolite to interrupt the Legends.

“The folks in management don’t think it matters too much and are about to order a revert to the old code.” Johnny declared. “It’s funny because to do that, they have to get a tape backup stored in some fort across the country. It’s surrounded by a moat and everything.”

“If it weren’t for folks like you, Johnny, they never would have to do that.” Sitting Bullshit quipped. It was such a perceptive joke, and everybody there got it. People weren’t locking away backups before Johnny went to jail, but that changed fast. By that time, the simulator was up, and Sitting Bullshit started writing a test by hand, something the engineers would never do.

“They preach automation here, but that is not always best.” Sitting Bullshit declared. “They need people who can react and test on-the-fly.” With that, he hit the enter key on one of his computers, and the test kicked off. It only ran 10 seconds, compared to the 46 hours needed for other tests. “It is a divide by zero.”

“Yatta!” Johnny cheered, “I will revert to before they made all their changes...”

“Don’t you need the backup?” Seth asked.

“Silly newbie,” Johnny said with a shake of his finger, “I have my *own* backup.”

There was a group huddle and the plan was set. Sitting Bullshit would make the hardware fixes. Johnny

would revert the test files and change the time stamps to make them look new. He would also run some tests on their new design and leave them for morning. That way all the engineers would come in and think the prior day’s changes they made fixed everything. No questions would be asked as long as the model passed the tests. It was brilliant, and everybody set to work on finishing the details.

Seth just kind of stood in the middle of the bullpen, now that everybody had dispersed. He was left with the Legends doing their thing. “Awww, is the newbie lonely?” Johnny asked.

“Well yes, but I can’t do much until tapeout.” Seth responded.

“Hmm, that’s true.” Johnny answered. After that, his pager went off. Johnny looked at it, and declared, “Shit.”

“Hey Seth, here’s a newbie job. Go over to that corner and ask for a guy named ‘Kadafi.’ Tell him some people are going through our trash again.”

Seth wandered over to the Northwest side of the building where Johnny had pointed. He was feeling a little rash and decided to just suddenly scream, “Looking for Kadafi!”

“Here!” A head popped up behind a cubicle wall. Seth turned 360 degrees before realizing the guy was looking down at him.

“Johnny says there are people going through the trash again...”

“Oh, goodie!” Kadafi said with girlish glee. He was Egyptian, minus most of the accent. He popped out of the cube and asked, “I assume you’re coming with me?” Seth only shrugged, and was told to come along anyhow. Kadafi began to speak in a sarcastic voice, “Security is priority one an AbalTech. That’s why we put only one paper shredder in the whole building, and expect the janitors to guard our trash!”

“Rival corporation raiding the dumpster for secrets?” Seth surmised.

“Bling bling, we have a winner!” Kadafi declared. They were walking to the back part of the building, and headed downstairs. There were some lockers in the corner, and Kadafi quickly gave the combination for one. Inside were three AK-74’s and a Saiga

semi-automatic shotgun. Seth got the Saiga, with Kadafi's reasoning that "Your aim is probably poor anyhow." Kadafi took one of the AK-74's, and made sure it was loaded. He also took some spare clips for the two of them.

It was quite dark out back, and it made Seth wonder how the garbage raiders were ever spotted. Kadafi seemed to know what to do – he aimed his gun at the dumpster and hollered, "GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY TRASH!" Three silhouettes popped out from the top and jumped over the side. They ran around the corner ahead of Kadafi's firing gun. At the end, Kadafi spread the rest of the bullet's full-auto, for added affect. "They'll be back, and I'll take a prisoner next time." he said, as they went back in.

"So, kid, what's your thing here?" Kadafi asked Seth.

"I'm into manufacturing, for the most part."

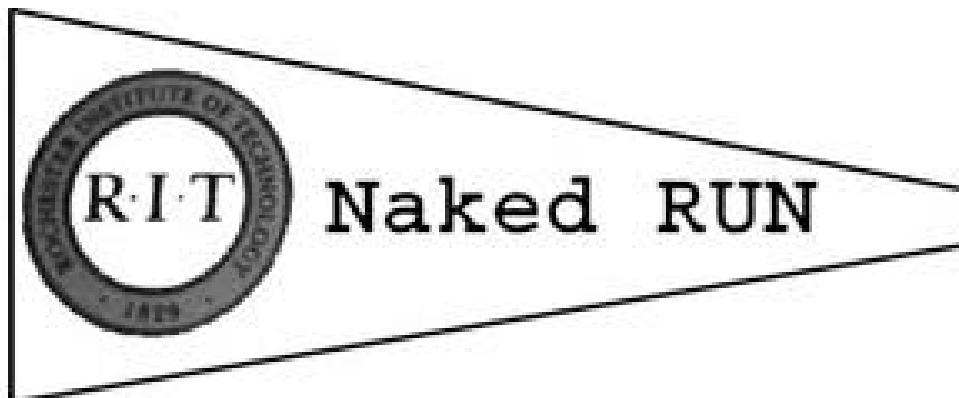
"Oh, that's great. I like microelectronics myself."

"Hmm that's why you're here?"

"Well, I'm kind of a clean freak too. I hate dirty floors as much as I hate dirty projects."

And so, Johnny's leadership succeeded in getting Seth a mentor for the time being. Everybody would later decide to keep his name as "Seth" since it seemed funny.

Everything was finished before sunrise, and everybody left with the feeling of great satisfaction, another day in the lives of night-shift janitors everywhere coming to a close. The first engineer to come in for the morning sat down at his cube and saw everything pass. "Hmm, that's funny," he said to himself, and went on to screw everything up again. Hence, the night-shift janitors would continue to have plenty of work to do night after night.



Sick of running around the quarter mile? Well have you done it **NAKED**? That's correct **NAKED!** Sun dial to infinity loop. bring your shoes and get ready to show what your made of.

**Saturday May 18 at the sun dial
10 pm**

In Retrospect
By R. Meinhart

We've talked...
Of starry, cloudless nights and
Flipping pancakes over our heads and
Of falling out of tree branches and
Into something beautiful.

We've laughed...
About Abbot and Costello skits and
Friendly innuendoes and
About tripping and falling over
Imaginary cracks in the sidewalks of the sky.

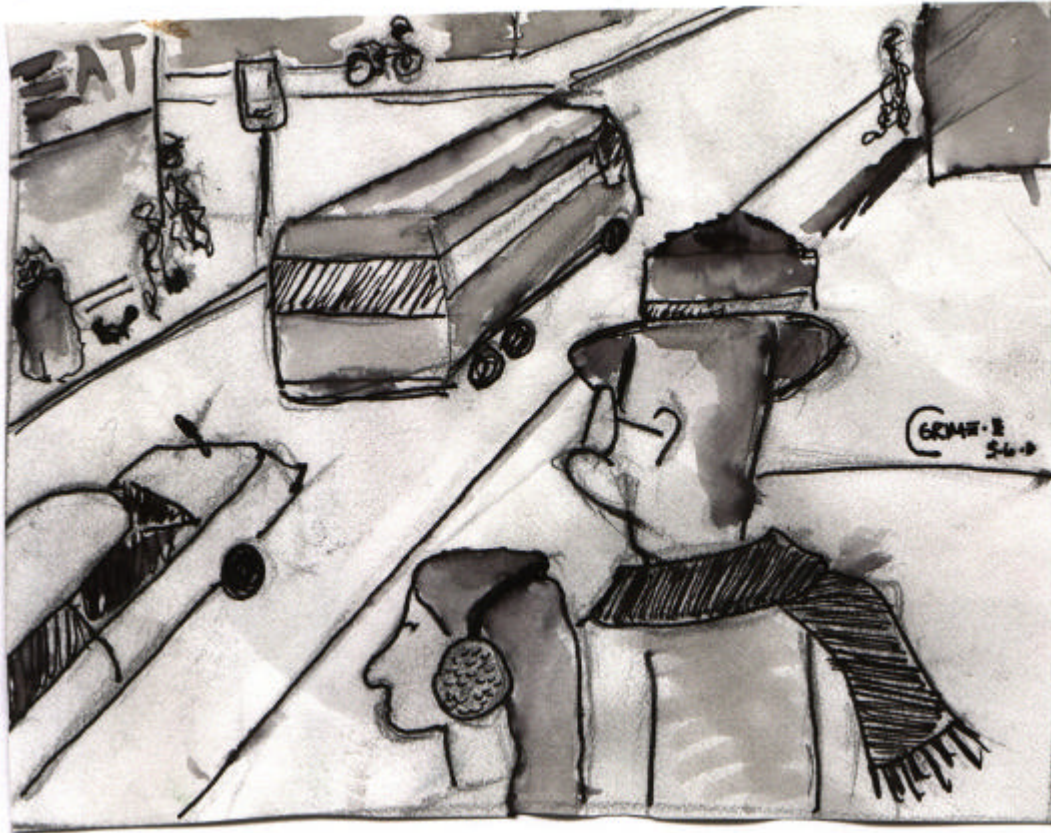
We've shared...
Our personal victories and
Views on the integrity of sandcastles and
Our deep rooted love of Alice in Wonderland
And reasons for boycotting the Beatles Anthology.

We've danced...
Through almost empty auditoriums
And sunny abandoned playgrounds and
Through flooded rain gutters during summer storms;
Through each other's thoughts.

We've created...
Our own masterpieces of Picasso imitations and
Works of literary genius- a stretch, perhaps?
And our treasures of wheel thrown bowls
That somehow fit perfectly into the hands of the
Friends they were made for.

We've yearned...
For the freedom to take to the air
And the talent to live strictly for the moment and
For the liberation and courage of a small brightly colored kite
Flying fearlessly into the expanse of the world beyond.

We cry...
For shattered daydreams and
Lost opportunities to sing out loud to the sky
And for letting go of the hands
That fit so comfortably in our own.



My Mandible Gone Mad
By William Shoe

It happened on a sunny winter afternoon while I was waiting for the number 13 bus at the stop on the corner of Lucas Ave and Blue St. This woman stood next to me and was trying to blow a bubble with the delicious piece of fruit stripe gum that she was not chewing for very long, for the fruity scent was drifting into my own nostrils as I stood about six feet away from her. Not so fruity, however, was the fact that she could not blow a bubble. The woman kept trying and trying but no bubble would erupt from her mouth. Every attempt I anticipated a small bubble, the snap of it popping, then the smile on this poor woman's face. Nothing of the sort happened. I then decided that after giving her one last try I would assist her in this process. The woman failed another time and I rushed over to her. I yanked the wet wad of gum from her mouth and shoved it into my own. After blowing a bubble the size of this woman's face, I removed it and lovingly set the bubble in her hair. Grabbing the woman, I pulled her towards me as if to kiss her, but when she slid her tongue into my mouth I chomped down on it as hard as I could. Oddly enough, the texture of the woman's tongue was very firm, just like a new stick of gum. The woman then sent a shivering scream into my lungs. I

finally felt alive. I felt a small pity for the woman, but watching her try over and over again to blow a simple bubble was as frustrating as organizing a game of Monopoly at the local mental institution. A business type man, complete with a briefcase and cellular phone approached the woman with a look of concern on his face.

"Give her a kiss and make it better," I said as my faithful number 13 was finally arriving at the stop.

I then boarded the bus, passed five rows of seats, and then sat on the window seat on the right side of the bus. This was where I sat on the way home when I felt the preceding day had been a success. Luckily, from my throne of better days, I could see the woman and business man on the street. Noticing that they were talking to each other I knew I had one thing left to do. It took three knocks on the window before I was sure I had the amount of attention I wanted from my two-person audience. My tongue slipped out of my mouth as far as it could go. A slimy red carpet for their eyes to walk upon.

The rolling tin can of sardined people then began its voyage. The bubble-blowing failure of a woman and the businessman just looked at me the way a tourist looks at a homeless person. Like they knew I existed but hoped to never see me.

The Anarchist's Guide to Fun at RIT

By Irving Washington

Off campus life takes its toll...the slow, insidious tolling as the death worship theosophy pounding in pneumatic precision over the stricken heart of our cog-wheel society... this shambling existence must go on... the show forever waltzing lonely slow, facade hazing over the bleak reality of living made for dying... cauterized joy drips through the tattered shingles to drown ramshackle reminiscences in their sleepless dreams. Mute screams careen heavily throughout the heavy noonday black. From every new beginning must thy masters be served.

But where the fuck was I? Ah yes, the *on-campus* scene... for you see, my morbid mind is bent[£] a bit farther from that icon of mortal pretence which we know and love. And, consequently, sadly a bit out of striking distance for the time being... leaving things to you, my eager lackeys. For while I may be physically removed, my roving eye[¥] sees all, and the walls have ears[¢]. And of course there's the Crime Watch, the singularly most depressing thing I've read since Steinbeck. I mean, except for the smattering of aggressive sodomies arising in Ellingson Tower, what is there really to shock and appall the complacent masses? A few empty threats and some of the lamest attempts at auto stripping^Æ in history? Bah! Weakness it is!... Are...Be...It...Ur... GGrrrrraaaaa!!! *I am an Antichrist and I am an Anarchist!* Yes! So buckle up my pretties, and gird your loins^º for the main event^º:

- First of all, every act of revolution needs a cause (no, not a reason, just a cause you can site easily as a manifesto.) Ours: to reinstate our college to its rightful place as an Athenaeum - fuck that Institutional bullshit, we're the Rochester Athenaeum of Technology[¿]. Now, on to the fun. **Bugger the Queen!**

£ But at least it's just my mind... have fun at finals, bitch!

¥ Arch that back! Ohhhh Yeahhhh...

¢ Ask Tenet. Watch him squirm. Then past the yellow jackets, up the stairs, through the window, cyclops the prime minister and break back through the tunnels to Valhalla, just like we trained for. Right? Don't give me that fucking blank look...

Æ Well, one I give credit to, just for wanton animosity bonus points. You can't beat wantons. Well, ok, you can, and they'll like it. Gods I love wantons...

^a 67% of freshmen NEVER USED a masturbation condom *before coming to RIT*.

^º *The Battle of the Titans*: Oprah, high on crack and Velveeta, in a no-holds barred Turkish oil wrestling match against Rush Limbaugh and the restless ghost of Chris Farley for the last gravy fry! Who will remain standing? Who cares? I plan to hang myself between Tivo recorded episodes of Primetime Glick and Andy Richter Controls the Universe and spare myself the pain.

¿ Catchy, non?

- Introduce Lysergic Acid Diethylamide into Building 6 - as a thin painted layer on the toilets or an aerosol vapour in the ventilation systems, and preferably both. Can't have too much of a good thing. Wait an hour and introduce sheep costumed in suggestive lingerie to the already "colorful" festivities. Videotape the evidence for later purposes of blackmail.

- Chalk outlines always provide a fine reminder of the horrors of life in a western police state. Spray paint works even better. Arrange your models in positions of extreme torment or sexual deviance for maximum impact.

- Introduce random fluid assaults. William Burroughs advocates syringe guns loaded with Prussic acid; I prefer a fresh delivery of hot semen. Frankly, I suspect Burroughs did too... but that's another matter entirely.

- Use sheet metal scraps to modify conventional fireworks into *Le Prieur* rockets. Attempt to disable the clock on the top of Gleason Hall with a well-aimed barrage - bonus points for any kitchenette lounges demolished in the process.

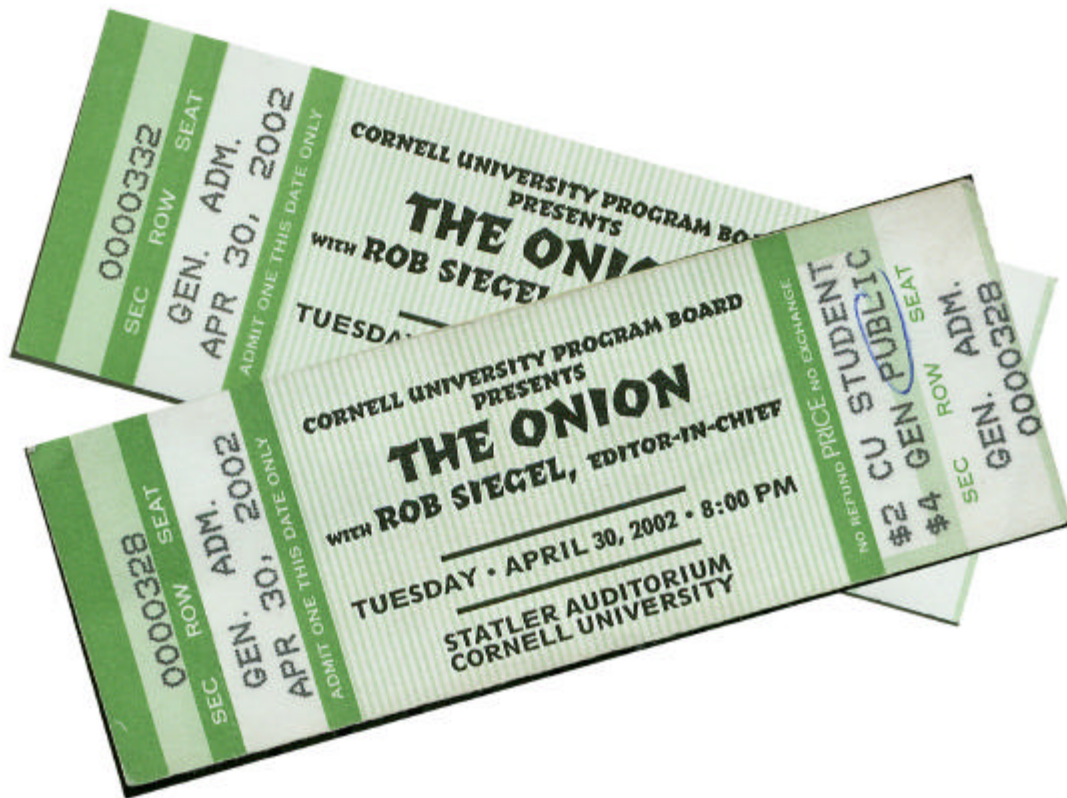
- While the more pacifistic Falon Gong may have cornered the market on self-immolation, fire is still one of the most delightful playthings in creation - and praise the dark lord for the gift of accelerants. Few things shock much more than a full Nikki Sixx style leather trouser conflagration, except maybe the substitution of assless chaps and an ornate codpiece. Be creative, and remember to eschew alcohol-based aftershaves.

- Three words: full frontal nudity. Anywhere, anytime, and preferably during class change and graduation speeches. Launch a full out à capella rock concert Chiles style on the quarter mile on visiting days - conveniently forgetting your socks in the wash. Orgies are better still - while they may require a trifle more planning, higher-grade drugs

and higher tensile electrical tape, they're worth every penny of the investment, and good to the last drip.

- While still in the buff, take a cue from German performance artists - few things make a real political statement like animal carcasses and high explosives. If you can't afford beef roadkill works just as well, if not better. Stolen USMC helicopters make excellent delivery vehicles as well, I assure you. As for proper rigging, a little ain't enough - and if you're hard up for bathtub semtex, try swiping something volatile from the chem labs. That's what they're there for.
- While you're in the labs, remember to grab a beaker or two of grain alcohol. Not only is it a joy to imbibe, but also highly flammable and damn near tasteless. Just wait for the next catering tray to pass on it's way into an auditorium and unleash the dogs of war.

- Freeze any leftover meat for use as spud-gun projectiles. These self-lubricating projectiles will stop a Cape Buffalo in its tracks at a range of 200 meters, and produce a lovely splatter effect. If you're out of meat, try seagulls - they're aerodynamic and easily lured with bagel scraps. Add alka-seltzer for devastating secondary anti-personal effects against any inquisitive pigs or easily amused drunkards who may be in the target area.
- Dress as the holy order of your choice and traumatize young and impressionable members of the student body. Warp their subconscious minds to create a mob consciousness of multiple selves to clone into an unstoppable army in your primitive axlotl tanks following their inevitable autoerotic asphyxiations. Declare your phallus the Grand Emperor Jackoff Binks and demand that all "kneel before him." (Works even better as a female using an oversized strap-on.)



- Hang popular cartoon characters in effigy. Feed carefully cultivated (and properly untreated) rye bread to the gathering throngs until you have a full engorged and heavily armed rabble of bare-breasted and frenzied bravos eager for your deconstructive guidance. Storm the Eastman Building to liberate the head of Hamster Huey, and deliver a good spanking to any sheepfucker who bars your path.

- Publish subversive materials in unofficial on-campus publications. Confuse, inveigle, obfuscate, howl madly with wicked glee - but above all, have fun. Show the fuckers they can't take that away from you, at the very least.

*Yours in Bourgeoisie Purgatory,
Irving Washington*

Look Up To Yourself By Peter Gravelle

You know who I really admire? People who look up to themselves. Now I don't mean that I like people who are egotists, in fact, quite the opposite. Egotistical people see themselves without fault. Their rationalization for anything that goes wrong in their lives to be the fault of others, because *they* are infallible. Egotistical people make me sick.

People who look up to themselves, on the other hand, recognize their foibles. They know their weaknesses, but, unlike the egotist, recognize them as an integral part of themselves. These people *like* their errors.

I know, it sounds crazy, but a few of these people exist. While the rest of us are obsessing over our flaws, these people are having a Good Time.

Damn, I could use a Good Time, like they're having, and I bet you could, too. So, how about we make this deal:

Instead of being oversensitive, over auto-analytical, and just generally Unhappy lets do something a bit better. Let's look up to ourselves. I know, it's hard. We'll be teetering over the fine line into egotism. But if we can do it, we'll all have a Good Time, and isn't that what life is about? Maybe we'll stop hearing things like, "You OK?" or "What's wrong?" and start hearing things like, "Looks like you're having a Good Time, mind if I join you?" This would be good, because Happiness, like Misery, Loves Company. But the great thing about Happiness Loving Company is that everyone gets happier.

At least until they start to reanalyze themselves again.

Don't get me wrong, though. Self-analysis is

good. It's the only way we can know what is going on with ourselves, and how to work it out into making ourselves better. But most people use self-analysis as destructive, rather than constructive, criticism. We do it to feel sorry for ourselves: "Oh, this went bad because of personality traits x, y, and z, and there's no hope ever." I think about that kind of shit way too often.

So you wanna' help?

Look up to yourself. Encourage others to do the same. If we're lucky, we can prevent ourselves from becoming the Prozac™ Nation, and force Reality into a drug-induced state.

Good luck, everybody.

Dr Coffee's Top 12

You know you're an RIT student if...

12. You study at other colleges just to meet girls
11. You wonder why a few days in spring quarter the moon catches on fire
10. You refer to C++ syntax errors as RIT jokes
9. You have been tea bagged at a party
8. You have seriously considered canoes and sailboats to get around campus
7. The line between your friends and drinking buddies is pretty much gone
6. You've indirectly had sex with all your good friends
5. You start every sentence with "Oh yea, well in 5 years..."
4. Your apartment consumes more bandwidth than Kodak Corp.
3. You shiver when car magazines mention "quarter-mile" times
2. You own your own .net
1. You refer to "hey, there's a girl!" as an RIT joke



I was quite impressed by the NVV (New Vera Version) of the "Sarah, Abraham & Hagar Love Triangle." It's not easy to do a contemporary paraphrase. I'm not going to try.

However, the commentary following was a bit misleading. "...Did I mention that Abraham and Sarah were also brother and sister?" It wasn't mentioned up to that point - true. But it also wasn't mentioned that Sarah was really Abraham's *half-sister* (Genesis 20:11) - which is a little bit different thing - or maybe a half-truth? It also wasn't mentioned that representing her as his sister got Abraham in a [shitload] of trouble with God. When King Abimelech of Gerar sent for (what he thought was a single girl - Abraham's sister) Sarah, God came down heavy:

NIV: But God came to Abimelech in a dream one night and said to him, "You are as good as dead because of the woman you have taken; she is a married woman." (Genesis 20:3) Oddly enough, Abimelech listened. And feared (Genesis 20:8). And never touched Sarah (Genesis 20:4 - imagine that today!). And took God seriously enough to rebuke Abraham publicly for his half-truth. Yeah, we're pretty messed up - but God puts a premium on integrity, and marriage, and other good things - and some-

times people do the right thing, too. (Which is perhaps a bit off-topic, but I always liked happy endings.)

Wayne

Dear Wayne,

Thank you for pointing out the one part of the Sarah and Abraham story that I failed to mention. I purposely omitted the part of the tale where Sarah is taken into Abimelech's harem because it wasn't particularly pertinent to the point I was trying to make about the origins of the Arab-Israeli crisis. However, the incident with Abimelech does shed some interesting light on ancient Biblical marriage and kinship patterns.

Many cultures have incest taboos, but it's never been uncommon for members of the ruling classes to marry their cousins or siblings in order to maintain the "purity" of their bloodline. Such was the case with Abraham and Sarah. However, they were indeed half-siblings, with the same father, but different mothers. Since Jews trace lineage through the mother's side of the family, Abraham and Sarah's marriage wasn't considered incestuous. So does this mean it's okay to marry your half-sister, 'cause she's not *really* your sister in the Biblical sense? Well, I'd like think that most of us would consider a half-sibling off-limits for dating, let alone marriage. But if that's where your heart takes you...

Sincerely, Vera

SUBMIT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre **VS.** REPORTER



**GDT THE VICTOR
SECOND YEAR RUNNING.
Nice Try, Guys.**

THANK YOU

Just a big thanks to all who came out for the second annual GDT Tug-O-War Extravaganza. Reporter had near 20 participants and put up quite a fight. Student Government assured us that they'd be there, but were apparently too busy to show up. We aren't sure what exactly was so pressing on a Friday afternoon. Perhaps they were trying to figure out how to turn on their new Palm Pilots?

For a few pictures of the event, check out the following site:
<http://www.hellskitchen.org/tug>

Can't we all just get along?

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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