



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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happy halloween, motherfuckers



## A Brief History Lesson For Those Too Young Or Too Old To Remember it.

By Patrick Saccoccia

It was May of 1951, when three Anglo-Saxon socialist workers decided the reason they were on this green earth was either to be government workers, or to corrupt the American youth. Since the red scare was at the time in full swing, and Admiral Perry's fleet had already tried and hung several suspected spies, they opted for the latter.

With that decided, they set off on their mission. Unfortunately, modern mass media tools such as television, telemarketing, teleradio, telegraphs and telephones wouldn't be invented by Ralph Tele for another 6 years. This left the three would-be propagandists with very few means to reach the people. First they tried writing their thoughts on paper airplanes, and throwing them off high buildings. This worked for several weeks, until they were arrested for littering. Next they tried painting their thoughts about society on the walls of public buildings. This too seemed promising until they were arrested again, for tax evasion. It seemed as though they just couldn't win, when suddenly, in early May of 1952, a man in Hamburg Austria named Hans Guttenberg invented the printing press. Our protagonists knew this was their chance to really bug *a lot* of people, so they ordered several to be delivered to the federal prison they were staying at. Almost immediately, three to six weeks passed, and the printing presses arrived. From their six by eight foot headquarters, the first issue of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* was sent out in late May of 1952, to unsuspecting youngsters across southern Utah. That first issue entitled "Please, Please, Please let us go" reached almost 12 readers, and was only used as a toiletry by two of them. With such rampant success, the three writers knew it was their perfect chance to serve out the rest of their sentence, and move to Rochester New York, where legend tells us very little of importance. Nevertheless, that's exactly where they found themselves the following May.

Once on location, they discovered a populace with a hard on for printed material. This was just peachy, except for the competition which came in the form of a weekly political magazine aptly named *Ye Olde Reporter*. The two papers were at each others throats from the get go, hissing and snarling, biting and scratching at one another's face. Slapping and kicking and pulling hair and clothing off. This catfight ushered

in the three publisher's first brush with the *Reporter's* owner, Senator Simone (R). Disliking competition in general, he had his thug Frank break into their office complex, and smashed all their printing presses with a sock full of hamsters. This began a life-long rivalry between the two parties that exists to this very day.

Years passed, May came and went a dozen times, and the battle raged on. The *Gracies* staff grew in number, to four, and Senator Simone became President Simone. With his new executive powers, Simone ordered the government grant that had been established to support small farms and socialists to be cut from the next May's budget, and *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* was in serious financial trouble. At one point things were so bad, they were forced to kill and eat The Barefoot Girl to stay alive. Thinking he had them beat, Simone shifted his focus to foreign policy, leaving a window of opportunity open for the dingo of last-ditch efforts to get at the baby of second chances. This overly complicated simile came in the form of an Irish Russian physicist named Robert Coke. That year (May) he invented advertising, and a way for *GDT* to live on independent of government sponsorship. With such high profile clients as Slinky® and Celino and Barnes - *your* injury attorneys - their new GuttenPress II was hot and producing issues faster than a caged gorilla can sling feces. Everything was going *so* well in fact that no one suspected the plot twist that would occur in the following paragraph.

Returning from his world tour of Africa, Asia, and the sub-continent, President Simone saw everything that was happening, and thought to himself, "I like vanilla the best... no, no, chocolate... I mean vanilla," and soon the *GDT* Staff was faced with a new steaming pile of government action. In the fall of May 1998, by Presidential edict, the two remaining publishers were deported to the isle of Elba, where they would spend the rest of their lives drinking tequila, surrounded by wild women and tame horses. This brings us to present-May, where the descendants of those three brave souls, continue to fight the good fight, with capitalism, worker abuses, and President Simone, who is being kept alive with extra olive virgin oil.

## F— Politics

By Alex Wendler

I'm so absolutely fed-up with young people in politics. I know that at my ripe old age of 21 that might sound like something of a contradiction, but I can't stand trying to talk to people my age about it. I know about 20 people who I am aligned with politically here, we all get along and talk and it's good, that's fine. But what I'm talking about is how we make it a point to go out and engage people in conversation to try to get them to be more politically active (of course, hopefully towards our way, but even general activity is a great thing), and I have to say, at least this year, more kids are going to be voting.

*But their reasons are wrong!*

It's always, "BUSH SUX KERRY ROOLZ DOOD LOL". And if you ask them to explain it, they just parrot "BKUZ BUSH IS EVIL DOOD". Thanks you moron, you haven't answered my question, and you've proved you don't know what the fuck you're talking about. This "Anybody's Better than Bush" mentality sums up as "Vote for Kerry," and that angers me to no end. Really, I am just fed up with what's become a two-party system, and I'm fed up with people claiming they're *sooo* different. Right, like Kerry doesn't have huge connections to Corporate America. And he's against the war in Iraq, right? And certainly he's for gay and women's rights, of course? No, sorry. I just don't see *any* difference between the candidates but apparently there's some huge factor that everyone else my age can see that I and my friends and, well, anyone who is still capable of making an independent thought can't see. I am a Socialist. I am a member of the International Socialist Organization. We have our paper, *Socialist Worker*, and when we sell papers, we talk to people. We put signs up that explain exactly how Kerry is precisely the same as Bush. Yet people completely miss this and scream, "Bush sucks! Go Kerry!" when we try to talk to them. They don't even stop walking. They don't even listen to us. When we go to try to talk to people, if they're "for" Kerry, they nearly always say "Well I don't really like Kerry but Bush has to go." That's like saying, "I don't really like cancer so I'm going to replace it with AIDS!" Bad analogy, but you get the picture. And even worse are the people who are a little smarter, just completely refuse to even consider a third-party candidate. Nader,

Badnarik, whatever. They just say "I like what they say, but they can never win so I won't vote for them." Well no shit they won't win because half the people I've talked to who say they like them won't vote for them. If that's any indication of the average 18-24 population that's a *hell* of a lot of support for either of those guys, and that'd be a huge boost to them in the elections. Eugene Debs, a Socialist in the 1920's, got nearly 1 million votes – nowhere close to winning, but still quite amazing. This, in conjunction with the revolution in Russia, frightened the Capitalists enough to enact the Red Scare. Socialism is a really good system, and most people (on the left) would agree with and like its values (when they actually sit down and listen and think). But, it and its values don't have a snowball's chance in hell if we can't break this "Anybody but Bush" brainwashing that I have to deal with nearly every day.

**Incorrect**

By Peter C. Gravelle

I only know what's wrong,  
never how to fix it.  
Black with Brown with Blue clashes  
bright colors emphasize the imperfections

Same with people:  
she hates me, he distrusts me  
I never see how to build love and trust  
When they happen, they happen  
It's some fifties lullaby  
in some language I wish I never learned  
(but I wish I knew it better)

Flaws are apparent  
Flaws are easy  
How do you say what's right?  
How do you tell others?  
Satisfaction is hidden  
Satisfaction is hard

I'm easy  
Just ask  
I'm hard  
Just try me  
I'm apparent  
Heart on sleeve  
I'm hidden  
Don't you dare try find me

## Postmortem of a Film

By Alexander P Wendler

Oft-described “über-geek,” I loved the original *Matrix* movie. It was a well-crafted action movie that contained both a decent plot and enough faux philosophy to give geeks lots to talk about by the warm glow of the CRT. Anyone who knew anything knew there were going to be three in the series; indeed such a cash cow for the studio had to be grazed and milked for maximum profit. I knew a series would be a money-grab, I knew, but I didn’t care; three times the entertainment would equal three times the sugar and caffeine high when we would eventually secure the trio for a marathon.

And so, I waited the years. I gasped in wonder when told the second and third would be released within a year of each other. I marveled at the skill of the Wachowski Brothers, their determination to continue after not one, but two tragedies befell the cast. Most of all, I prayed for miracles beyond miracles - movies that could renew my interest in the movie studios, from whom I had withheld my money for so long. And whose lobbying organization, the MPAA, I had cursed nearly daily for each and every infringement of human rights: the rights of art, and the rights of privacy. I, the most stubborn person that many people know, had hoped that the one-two combo of reloading and then revolting would smack my faith in the face and scream, “Love the studios as you love the art!” *Reloaded* came and went. I didn’t think it was nearly as good as the original. It had too many loose ends. However, I persisted in my steadfast belief in the newfound infallibility of Hollywood. After all, there would be loose ends as it was only the second movie in a trilogy. I prepared myself for the conclusion.

But then I left the theater calculating how much I had lost to this third movie.

The movie was 129 minutes long. The ticket spanked me for \$8.50. I lost many an hour by avoiding conversation with others who had read the script, instead opting for a discussion of the meaning of life with the nearest empty space. What I can’t account for is the time spent thinking about how great the movie would be; the time I spent mopping up the drool from the floor as I watched preview views, trailers, and shots of both upcoming movies, but mostly *Revolutions*. I held fast to the opinion that *Revolutions* would explain everything, and look amazing, and will overcome the shortcomings of *Reloaded* (which affected me but did not dent my faith in the series).

Overall, the movie meant to me that I am fully a fool. An American Consumer, who believed that art could come before bank. It also means that I now believe that I can and do act better than Keanu “Wood Plank” Reeves, and I could out-direct the Bros. Of course, there was a positive aspect: it renewed my interest in both independent movies and non-independent but excellent movies. In a perfect world, both *Matrix Reloaded* and *Revolutions* would’ve blown me progressively further and further away, with a great story line, cutting-edge effects, and an unprecedented amount of detail and skill. They managed to lose sight of all three aspects of a great movie, and in doing so, destroyed my belief in the major movie studios.



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