



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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All Quiet on the Eastman Front The Creative Styling of Gary Hoffmann and Ren Meinhart

It was a cold day in early April. The sky was mostly clear; that precise shade of blue that still feels like gray. The world was just starting to emerge from its perpetually frozen Rochester slumber into a brief attempt at Spring; crocuses creeping up through the wretched ice covered earth. And then I saw him. A vision in green army fatigues and a battered, Patton-esque helmet, dimly smoldering cigar clenched

between yellowed, crooked teeth. A veritable giant of a man atop a mighty steel horse: Al Simone in a tank.

Yes, our beloved, charismatic Commander-In-Chief gallantly rode down Lomb Memorial Drive in his gigantic motorized steed, rumbling past awe-struck onlookers, who stood able to do naught but stop in place and gawk openmouthed at his imposing presence and raw, manly power. He reeked of diesel fuel, gunpowder, and pure, unrefined testosterone as he surveyed his vast institutional domain in dictator-like fashion... like Hitler, but nicer... and without the mus-

tache.

No yellow shirted Gestapo wannabe could dare to give a parking ticket to this armored monstrosity with six heavy wheels and a 410 mile range, M240 7.62mm machine gun (not that this God among men is compensating for anything, mind you) as it rests lazily along with quarter-mile. Placed strategically (and at His Lordship's convenience, of course) right smack in front of the Eastman building, it is prepared to deal with any possible disturbance that may arise from either side of campus; Ready and waiting to confront any long-haired art student hippy freaks that may pose a threat to his (we mean this, of course) hallowed Institution (or Institute. It's debatable, really).

When asked what he enjoyed most about his impressive new Presidential motorcade, our regal leader just smiled charmingly and answered in three simple words, "low frequency vibrations." Ooooh yeah. Ooooh yeah, indeed.

So if you haven't been able to make an appointment to see the great theocrat in his office-temple in the Eastman Compound™ now you know why – Simone has been too busy crusin' around the residential side of campus, looking for freshman chicks, leaving them trembling with insatiable lust after a mere glimpse of his tremendous engorged artillery cannon.

Once I Wept, For I Had Shoes **By Aaron Walsman**

I think the saying goes something like: "Once I wept, for I had no shoes. Then I met a man who had no feet." The only problem is, I do have shoes, and it pisses me off. Have you ever felt guilty for being an American? How about for being white? (If you're not, please bear with me.) Ever wanted to take all your money, shove it in the cup of the nearest homeless person you see and run off to live in the woods? Well I have... except for the running into the woods part. Honestly, what have I done to deserve more than anybody else? It's true that some of my achievements, such as getting into college, would not have been possible without effort and work on my part. However, I would not have even had the opportunity to prove myself if my initial circumstances had been different. Somehow, out of some act of randomness, I was born into the ruling class of the new world. I was born a white American male. Yay me! Now all I need to do is finish school, and make some money, so that I can grow

"I've never SEEN one that big before!" exclaimed Tiffany, a first year marketing major, before she covered her mouth and squealed, "Oh! I said that really loud!"

"So what really inspired you to procure this... thing??" an innocent R.I.T male yelled in Simone's general direction (in a desperate attempt to break the tantric like state the female population had zoned into) while he was regally serving ice cream from the cab of new toy. "Well, it's for research." He explained in his typical respect stimulating voice. "We're monitoring fuel consumption, fluid flow, and lubricant efficiency." We can only assume (and indeed, hope) that he was talking about the tank.

In the gasoline and motor-oil soaked wake of the light, armored vehicle (LAV), lovingly known around the Mechanical Engineering Department as "Snuggles," Al Simone has deepened his already Zeus-like impression on the life of this campus, while continuing to tighten his brick-fisted grip on institutional political life. Leaving a trail of broken hearts, crushed small animals, and demolished student vehicles behind him; he has reigned in the freedom necessary to protect us from paintbrush wielding terrorists, pesky computer pirates, and creative graffiti bandits in a most executive manner. So watch out, you dissident photo majors, or Al Simone will fuck you up.

up and have fat sickly children of my own. Then they can make more money, and have more pampered white children. Then everybody will be happy right? No. No, they will not. What about all the people who don't have the means for an education? What about all the people who can't even get decent food to eat? What about all the people who have to live in a small cardboard box, because no one will hire them, because they live in a small cardboard box? I don't think they will be very happy, do you? The problem is I don't have anyone to be mad at. That is, unless I want to tattoo a big red "A" on my forehead and throw bricks at a WTO convention. It's all just people trying to do good things for themselves and their children, what's wrong with that? I mean, what am I supposed to do? Punch my parents in the face for buying me textbooks, rather than donating money to the starving children of Morocco or Sudan or wherever? I think not. So then, I find myself in a very frustrating situation. What do I do about it? What *can* I do about it? All I know is that the woods are looking pretty good right about now.

Glitch: The Bug From Florida

By Chris Maj

Concerning the Reporter's recent article on the SG elections¹, and the glitch with the online elections last year described therein, that glitch really upset me. It was disgusting. It wasn't the code itself; it was a MySQL database permission error I made. I'm not a fucking DBA. Neither is anyone at ITS — RIT outsourced their data division to a server farm in Virginia.² Maybe to cut costs they should have open sourced it instead. Big Brother Oracle Nazis, mostly from Kodak.

Well, I think that glitch appeared on Monday, and we caught and fixed it the same day, but it was like some bug from Florida's election came up and bit us on the ass.³ Though, with online voting being institutionalized by ITS, maybe now it will work as swell as RIT email.

I don't mean to badger ITS, because they suck, but the new voting system being created is functionally very similar to the system I helped make last year, phpSGVote. I released the code under the GPL, and I know that the other online polls SG tried to hold this year used an old, buggier version of that code. So, I hope that if any modifications were made by ITS for their new system to any part of that code base, they would be released back to the community at large, in accordance with the software's copyleft license. I know the GPL allows for internal modifications without releasing the source, but I assume that ITS has released the code in some form to SG. Of course, they could both be part of the same organization, then it couldn't really be released, although that sounds like legal candy and I eat lawyers for breakfast.⁴

Besides, with RIT's respect for student opinion as high as it is, I can understand why they wouldn't want to have anyone review their methods for determining it.⁵ Plus the new ITS voting system uses LDAP,⁶ and for that reason it probably isn't very modular, so separating the voting system from the rest of the RIT operating system would probably render the whole thing useless. Better to amalgamate the beast into the ITS blob, like a Trapper Keeper or Rosie O'Donnell. And instead of the blob heading for a secret military installation at Cheyenne Mountain, it could head for a secret military installation at Liberty Hill and consume everyone at the slow-pitch softball tournaments so often held there to let area businesses screw & ball the elite team of SG and its friends like Reporter, CAB, Campus Safety Student Professionals First Strike Parking Brigade, etc.

Then, perhaps, we would get this All-Students email from Dianne Barbour, RIT's CIO or CTO and figurehead of ITS:

"It has come to my attention that I got this job because of affirmative action, and I really have no idea how to stop the blob from consuming ITS. In discussions with the blob, I believe that I am in charge for now, but I will post several more All-Students emails if this should change. I have recently located the Start Mouse Button."

Days later:

"According to the blob, I will now assume the job responsibilities of our dear recently departed Queen Mother. Canadian change will soon bare my bust. ITS is not my thang."

After a year:

"Do you see me in your pocket? I am worth ten

¹ There was no Reporter article about the SG elections last year. The Editor was too busy trying to get some snatch hardcore.

² At RIT-CIA headquarters, south campus.

³ Shaped as a shrubbery, it drank profusely and had a runny nose until very recently.

⁴ Please don't hang me with my own noose. I learned how to tie and untie knots when I was a Boy Scout. Hell, I made it all the way to Eagle. Scout's Honor. But then they told me to hate faggots, and I couldn't do that. You know, asking a Scout about homosexuals is almost as much fun as asking a Catholic about pedophiles.

⁵ I always hoped Big Al was a mind reader, and someday he would grant me insight into his alchemy. Then I realized that unlike the beautiful telepathic Counselor Troi on TNG, Al Simone is simply a rich and petty man with a couple of goons — like Sonny from GH.

⁶ Oops. phpSGVote used LDAP, too. Maybe ITS could make some sort of shared, secure login system available as a service to everyone on campus who wanted to authenticate RIT community members. Instead they launch their new LDAP service, which really there wasn't anything new there, other than the word new, for which they obviously should take credit. I stand corrected.

cents. —Tuff Luv, Dianne B.”

Well, a year has passed, and I was recently on campus while meeting with the Institute Appeals Board. You see, after the protest at the Slaughterhouse dedication last April 6th, where it was revealed that RIT fixes war machines, Student Conduct And Mediation Services summoned me to a judicial hearing. Dawn Soufleris, the head of SCAMS, gave me one-year probation, plus I couldn’t go back to RIT until I met a bunch of other annoying conditions.

Obviously, Dawn’s hands were tied. At ground zero, in front of the Board of Trustees and broadcast live on campus cable, Al Simone said we should all be on a bus somewhere. His students, paying his salary, you know? That comment and a couple of others he made kind of set the tone for the Institute’s response: that All-Students email from Frank Lamas⁷ blasting free speech, Jeff Psycho’s Reporter editorial attacking

yours truly, and some other shit talk from Al’s number one fab goon Barry Culhane. The only thing Dawn really had on me was some profanity: I said fuck once and bullshit twice, as captured on some videos.

I appealed as soon as I received written notice of the decision in June, but I didn’t get a hearing until April 2nd of this year. I stood before the appeals board mostly arguing that I was discriminated against based on my political preferences and harassed by the delay in setting up my appeal hearing; I guess it lasted for a couple of hours, answering questions, letting Dawn talk, showing video, asking them to change my punishment by donating money to get an alternate speaker for commencement, etc. Then I left for ten minutes while they deliberated, grabbed a smoke,⁸ came back, and the original jurisdiction was overturned. No reason given, just justice.

See you on campus!

⁷ Frank Lamas, you may recall, was the interim VP of Student Affairs after Linda Kuk left last year, moving up a notch from his position as Assistant to the VP. Then, somehow, after his email questioning the first amendment, which pissed a lot more people off, he tried to swoon us with free lemonade at a rally for free speech. I thought it was an action plan from RIT’s MK-ULTRA grant, like social norming and the Bader grant — they’re both fucking with your head. But his plan failed, and Mary Beth Cooper got the job as the new VP, even though Frank was still in the running. He’s now back to being just an Assistant Tool.

⁸ “You bet I did. And I enjoyed it.”

Why I’m Transferring (And why you probably will too) By Randy

So I went out the other night in spite of the fact that no one else from Rochester ever does. No one but this chick and some guy that she was presumably out on a date with. Or at least that is the conclusion my eavesdropping led to. Anyway, their relationship is not important and you might as well forget about the guy, he’s irrelevant. We’re going to be taking a look at this chick. You see, somehow the subject of RIT came up in their conversation and she began conveying her feelings toward the matter. According to this girl, RIT is full of dorky, computer tech losers who spend all their time downloading child porn and playing computer games. I guess she probably goes to University of Rochester. That too is irrelevant. The fact of the matter is that I realized something: no one likes us.

Actually, I had really drawn that conclusion a year ago when we went to Geneseo and a similar thing

happened, but that’s a long story. Actually, it wasn’t similar at all, but that is beside the point. It still does not change the fact that no one likes RIT students. No one from other schools. No one from the community. No employers. No parents. No deities. I shall repeat. The simple flat out truth is that everyone hates RIT students. Even the administration that milks an excess of twenty grand a year out of each and every one of us hates us. The administration has to pay “student life” people to be nice to us because they themselves don’t want to. Sometimes I think they “student life” people wouldn’t like us either if they weren’t getting paid to.

So, after much thinking and even more applying, I’m transferring schools. My decision, however, really has nothing to do with not being liked by anyone. Let’s face it, I’m a white American male, billions of people worldwide already don’t like me. I am used to not being liked. I just thought it was a good idea to bring up the issue when I had the chance because as a doped out Fiona Apple once poorly quoted Maya Angelou as saying, “you make your own opportunities or some-

thing. Damn the man! Save the Empire!” Roommate Ed doesn’t like that movie, e-mail him at snafu135@aol.com and tell him how much you don’t like him. That is if you know what movie I am talking about to begin with. If you don’t, I’ll tell you. I am talking about Empire Records. That’s the movie with the Aerosmith guy’s daughter who used to weigh like five hundred pounds and then went to fat camp and became skinny and then got her big break in an Aerosmith video. Can we say nepotism?

Anyway, my reason to transfer colleges has its roots planted in completely different soil. The roots of my wanting to leave RIT are growing out of the fact that RIT is sending out untraceable gamma rays into my brain every time I enter the New Media Lab. They are then retrieving these rays, recording and then graphing my brain activity upon my exit of the New Media Lab. Speaking of the New Media Lab, from what I understand, the film department completely funded that lab. Yet, somehow, it is named the New Media Lab and overrun by new media bastards. Yes, that’s right, I have a problem with New Media students. The New Media students are always looking down on the film students and acting all smart like, “Hey, we’re new media, we don’t know what it is either but that won’t stop us from thinking we’re better than everyone else. We do digital art. We think we’re special.” But they’re not. If film were computer science, new media would be our IT. If IT were IT New Media would be its IT. Anyway, back to the lab...

Sometimes when I’m in there and the freshmen new media students are having a production class (and they have not thrown me out for being a film student and having funded their lab), I watch the videos that the students are making. If I don’t say so myself, they’re usually rather terrible. Someone should introduce them to a tripod or continuity or something. Even if they were to learn some basic production techniques, I bet that wouldn’t even improve their movies. If my freshmen film production teacher, Back Jeck (don’t want to use the real name for fear of getting sued) saw these movies he would have a hemorrhage. I mean, if he thought my freshmen films were bad, he should see this crap.

To get back on track, I was lying about the whole brain-scanning thing. Hell, I’m a film student; I don’t need to take science, therefore, I don’t even know what

gamma rays are. Actually, I’m an animation student despite the fact that the head of the film/video/animation department says that I’m a filmmaker. In actuality filmmakers are animators because film is more so animation than animation is film. I’ll explain. Film and animation both use sequenced images to create the illusion of motion. The only difference is that animators construct each and every last frame of imagery out of any medium they damn well choose where as a filmmaker gets a camera and presses a button and “captures reality.” Henceforth, filmmakers are primarily photographic animators. Or to better explain, film is just specialized animation.

Speaking of the head of the film/video/animation department, he helped foster my desire to leave. When I went to him with some of the troubles I had with my program, rather than listen to my reasonable complaints and work to resolve the issues, he more or less said, “If you don’t like it here, leave.” So, with that said, I had decided, “screw this, I’ll leave.” Yet, this is not the main reason for my wanting to transfer.

The fact that at least half of my friends did not return to RIT this year is also not my main reason for wanting to transfer. I had made up my mind over the summer that I did not want to come back. That was long before I returned to RIT to find out that a lot of my friends wouldn’t find the strength to endure three more years of RIT. Anyway, the only reason I did come back to find this out was because by the time I had decided to transfer schools over the summer, it was too late to do it. I had to wait to apply to schools for the following fall.

Having time to kill, I decided to teach myself even more Lingo (programming language) than I already knew and create a new and improved kick ass interactive digital portfolio. This scheme had a few merits to it. First of all, if I were not going to teach myself Lingo, I would probably never learn it due to the fact that as a film student it is nearly impossible to get enrolled in programming classes (even for programming languages as lame as Lingo). My secondary goal in teaching myself Lingo was to be able to scoff at New Media and IT students who take courses to learn it and still somehow can’t figure it out. Thirdly and most importantly, learning Lingo would enable me to create the aforementioned kick ass interactive digital portfolio to showcase my work and shamelessly

promote myself to schools other than RIT.

Apparently schools other than RIT liked my kick-ass interactive digital portfolio or I wouldn't be writing this article about transferring out. Although, if I weren't accepted to anywhere else, I would have probably written this article anyway and just not showed anyone. When no one was around I would have secretly accessed it, read it over and over and wept like a willow. Fortunately, I don't have to do that and I can let you all read this. After all, how can your life be complete if you do not know what I am thinking? Unfortunately, I have yet to complete you. You still do not know what my primary reason is for transferring far, far, five to six hours away. Believe you me, this is intentional. You are now going to be walking around incomplete until next week or the week after that or maybe in three weeks when I write the follow up. You are going to be walking around, feeling as

worthless as a New Media student, impatiently anticipating the gnarly follow up article that contains a sufficient explanation of my desire to transfer. You are going to be walking around in a constant state of unrest. Sucks to be you.

So tune in for the conclusion next week or the week after that or the week after that...

On another note, every time I write, I lay down a little bit of my soul for you on these pages. Last time I wrote, I gave out my personal e-mail address in order for you to give me a little something back. No one did. Is a little feedback too much to ask for?

We will gladly forward your comments to the writers, with your privacy concerns in mind. If you don't want anyone to know your email address, we won't pass it on to anyone – not even our writers. So drop us a line to gdt@hellskitchen.org. – Ed.

Kitchen Table Hands

By R. Meinhart

...and if he told me that he loved me... i mean really truly did... i can honestly say that i would cry harder than i ever ever have in my entire life... and my favorite hot chocolate mug would go crashing to the ground to split into one hundred and eleven pieces on the pale pink linoleum his mother's kitchen...

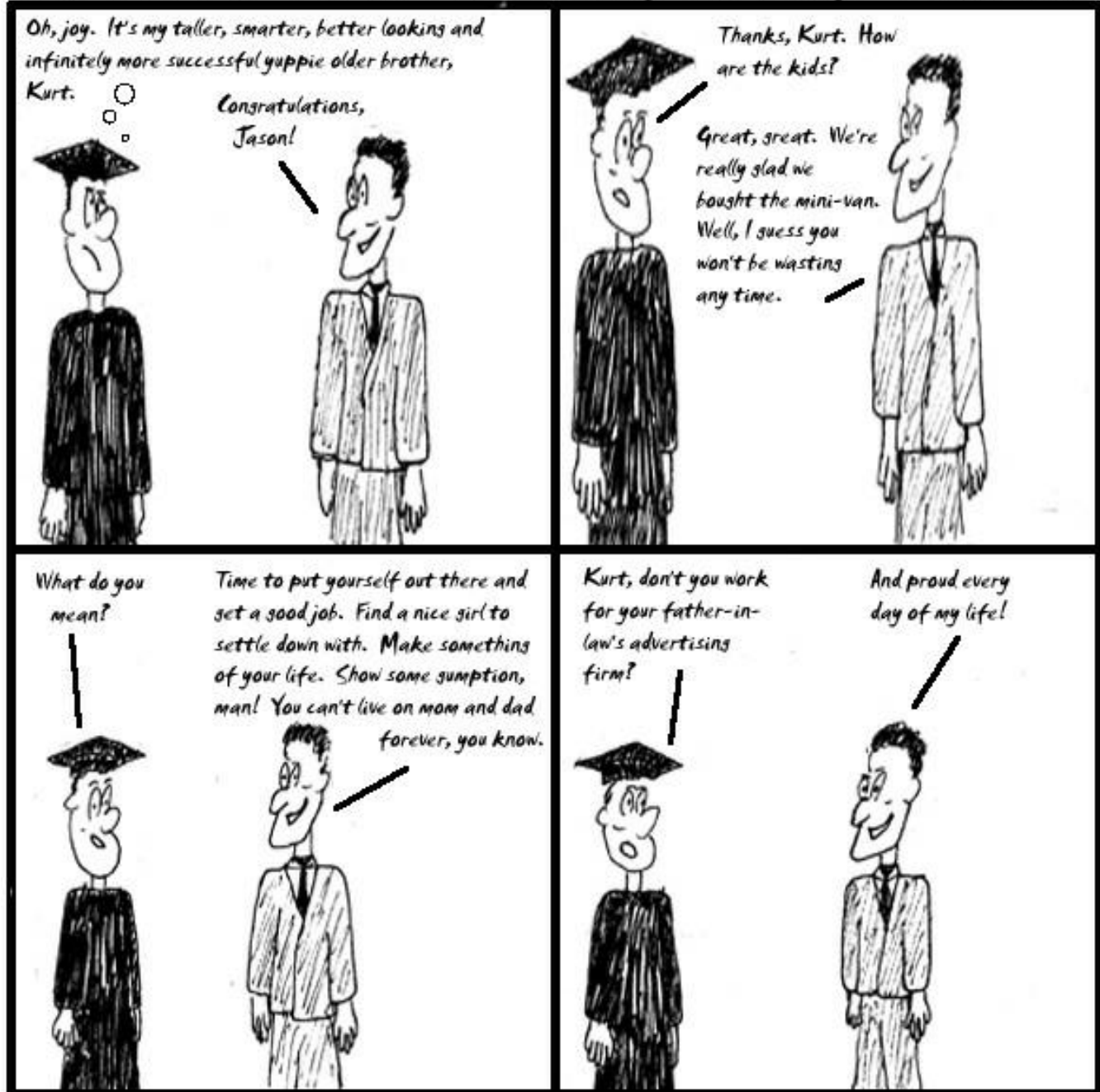
he has beautiful hands. i have always been fixated on people's hands, and never forget what a person's hands look like. my grandmothers are slightly pink in color with perfectly applied clear nail polish coating her slightly yellowed nails, and my little brothers are smooth and so very very fragile looking. mine are nothing special. short fingers, shortly clipped fingernails, and these somewhat permanent, ever present ink stains on my right hand's index and middle fingers. my great-uncle always had a similar paint or ink stain in the same place on his fingers and we used to laugh about it being the mark of membership to some secret club. in truth, we were both artists, and shared a common belief that it is okay to be dirty.

his hands are much tanner than mine. kind of the color of oriental ramen noodles when they've been left to 'steep.' there is a thin scar on the left ring finger, and now I find it funny that I never asked him what the

scar is from. but that's okay. my not knowing keeps me interested- not in theory but in practice. i have an entire of collection of possible conversations to have with him. sometimes when we're together i feel boring and feel like he'll leave me if his gets disinterested even though he is my best friend and i know it's unimaginable. sometimes we're silent and it's a truly beautiful thing, but in general, having storage of topics gives me a sense of security. his fingers are long and distinctively well proportioned: while his knuckles are slightly wider than the rest of the finger, they do not look awkward. and when I look at his hands i am amazed to think that these elegant hands are currently flipping the pages of the brothers karamazov by doestoevsky, are the same hands that turn clay into a beautiful pot, turn a poetic verse, and maneuver an airplane. and there is something intensely erotic about his ambidexterity....

... and when he does say it, it is so natural that I almost forget to drop my mug and we don't wait around to count the pieces or dry my tears.....

Slacker Heaven #4 I wasn't always this happy. 2001 David Inman



www.slackerheaven.com

SUBMIT.

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thoughts at a restaurant**By Gary Hoffmann**

1

beautiful couple over there
 getting together for dinner after a movie, maybe
 I don't want sugar in my coffee tonight
 the bitterness matches better to
 everything
 I don't want to taste sweetness
 I want to taste you, instead
 the pretty, pretty couple
 needs more time to order
 to decide what they want to order
 they've been talking and laughing too much
 waitress?
 take this coffee back
 and bring me the vilest
 darkest, strongest
 cup of coffee-reject you can find
 bring me the worst cup of coffee
 I've ever tasted
 just so I can remember what bad is

2

I'm sick of everything tasting good
 beautiful couple
 covered in golden necklaces and watches and rings
 you doodle on your napkin
 as you wait for her to return from the bathroom
 or write profound poems and prose
 that extols her virtues
 but will she come back?
 your ice cream has finally arrived
 but she hasn't
 waitress this coffee is still too good
 I still don't mind drinking it
 I can still tolerate the flavor
 I'm still not compelled to
 throw it on the ground in disgust
 bring me a new one
 and get it right this time

3

an old song plays on the radio
 a song I've heard a thousand times with you
 but this song is not you
 it does not know you exist
 it does not know your thoughts
 it has never met you before
 its words are not your words
 its music is not your music
 and no matter how many times
 I listen to it

over and over again
 it's not you
 and I'm still alone

4

waitress
 if I were to ask you to describe coffee
 in three words, what would they be?
 what about in haiku form?
 cream, but no sugar
 artificial energy
 caffeine is so great
 do you ever feel like talking for hours
 with someone you've never met before?
 someone with whom you have to
 communicate superficially
 because you don't know
 where they are deep
 but no one makes eye contact
 everyone takes great lengths
 to ignore you
 just because they don't know your name

5

I remember a time
 or think I remember a time
 when coffee was sixty cents
 now it's twice as much
 well, at least the refills are free
 give me another one
 I don't feel like sleeping tonight
 give me something that will
 keep my dreams away
 maybe I'm afraid
 that if I go to bed
 if I rest long enough
 in the same spot
 it will give my demons
 a chance to find me
 find
 me

6

I remember the way

used
 your words to

the page
 flow across
 like tear

s
 on a suicide
 note

thoughts

trail off
 lost and wandering further down
 the second path
 blindly stumbling through random-
 ness
 words flicker like a television
 late at night
 I catch glimpses
 my mind has become pay-per-view

7

and I'm a lonely adolescent virgin
 staying up late trying to see
 a vagina for the first time
 through all the noise and
 scrambled signal
 change the channel
 there was something there a minute
 ago

but that section of my mind
 has followed the general trend
 and gone blank
 waitress, give me another cup of cof-
 fee
 no, I'm cutting you off, buddy,
 you've had too much already
 driving while incaffeinated

8

the songs haven't begun to repeat yet
 I guess I haven't been here two
 hours

soon though
 I could go home
 but at least there are people

here
 people I can watch
 who will remind me
 that not everyone is deserving
 of my misanthropy
 people arrive and leave again
 and I'm still here
 watching
 because it's Sunday night
 and I've got nothing to do

9

children don't have school
 tomorrow
 but I do, as the rest of

the world remembers all the
 boys sent to die
 by men too rich to have
 been drafted
 so everyone I know is busy working
 getting homework done so they
 can keep doing homework
 here I sit
 and
 writing meaningless words
 and imbibing poison
 waitress' response:
 my life (that's two words,
 but I'll accept it)

10

addicting and . . .
 ooh, I can't think of something
 else
 I'll think about it and get
 back to you
 what's haiku form mean?
 that's something we learned
 like 5 years ago, right?
 vital would work as a
 substitute for "my life"
 I think
 since we're looking for
 three words, not phrases
 maybe phrases would be fine
 I think I'll tell her that

11

"We have all your holiday gift
 giving all wrapped up"
 who gives Friendly's gift certificates
 for Christmas?
 the caffeine is kicking in
 I love this stuff
 but I'll hate it later
 when I suddenly lose
 all of this temporary vibrancy
 - can't live without it

Poetry

My mind, my heart, my **soul**.
 These are all facets of my dark being;
 these define who I am.
 You only bring me sorrow, my sweet, and you wring from me pain.

You try and woo me with your sickly-sweet words
 only to find how much alike we really are.
 You and I, my morbid beverage,
 are one and the same.

You: black, thick and creamy -
 enshrouded in a pallid frothy exterior
 to hide deep inside you
 your unrelentless pain.

And I: my soul harder than the steel of a dagger,
 plunged into the heart of a lamb.
 Blacker than a new moon
 in the midnight sky
 of Allhallows Eve.

We lay here together
 your mortal and helpless body in my grasp
 as I suck on your raw flesh
 feeding my blood with **your own**.

Suffering together,
 -you and I-
 my sweet, sullen hot chocolate
 we become one.

- Xavier Blutlust, goth poet extraordinaire.

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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