

# Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 22, Issue 4, Amigo  
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## OHIO! - Part 3: The Wind and the Weird

By Kelly Gunter

Featuring the moral support of Sean T. Hammond

The Weird. In my life the word Weird needs to be capitalized<sup>1</sup>, much like the word OHIO needs to be said through gritted teeth<sup>2</sup>. The Weird is a constant companion and a force of nature, kind of like gravity, only gravity with a party hat and noisemakers. The Weird follows me around like the proverbial sad-eyed-puppy. To paraphrase a friend of mine, “I always got the impression that your life was like a constant episode of Doctor Who, only without the overgrown salt and pepper shakers screeching ‘Exterminate’ all of the time.”

I only bring this up, because for a while I had thought that I’d escaped the hideously goofy clutches of the Weird. I had settled nicely into a pleasant and sedentary lifestyle mostly involving the joys of friends and family, and then I moved to OHIO! Apparently the US postal service gave the Weird my forwarding address and it decided to look me up for round two.

Everybody has run across that person that either has terribly romantic things happen to them out of the blue, or someone who has truly wild things happening to them all the time, maybe someone with more luck than sense. Well, I’m sort of like them, only I’m the kind of person, who for no apparent reason, is more likely to have a strange bum approach them and then attempt to teach them how to tap dance, while juggling live chickens. The way I see it, there are some people the universe just loves, and then there are those people the universe just loves to laugh at...with. No, at.

For instance, I remember one day when I was a

child, I suddenly found myself gripping the business end of a pair of scissors. As any babe worth their weight in Children’s Tylenol will confess, there is a certain compulsion that grips a person whose fingers are entwined in a fine pair of scissors.<sup>3</sup> Even now I still get that powerful heady tingling, it must be something about their beautiful simplicity or the dangerous quality of their sharpened edge. We’re not harking on the question of “running with scissors”, what an absurdly frivolous and plebian concept. Rather the true question is to cut or not to cut? Ah, the ultimate power over paper and fabric everywhere. I mean, they don’t call the game “rock, paper, scissors” for nothing. And what is a child if not a little engine created expressly for the purpose of forging and feeding compulsions and desires until such habits can be bludgeoned out of them by the great normalizing power of society? Which is, incidentally, at exactly the same time that they have become mature enough to be boring.

So to get back to a little me, fretfully holding on to the gleaming and beckoning handles of my desire. Cartoons always seem to have helpful and suggestive demons and angels that instruct them on the most productive use of their time. Me? What have I got but a pair of scissors? Scissors that pulsed and throbbed, compelling, convincing, eventually screaming out in a deafening crescendo of authority, “For the love of all that’s shiny in the world! Cut, damn it, CUT!” What’s a little girl to do when confronted with such an argument? I just grabbed the closest available item out of whose destruction I could finally achieve that peace I had been searching for all that time. This item just happened to be a garment of clothing belonging to one of my sister’s favorite dolls.

<sup>1</sup> No, this is probably the only time in my life I will ever say this, but it is not because it thinks it’s an ethnic group.

<sup>2</sup> Feel the burn!

<sup>3</sup> We’re not talking about the “child proof” scissors of the first grade that would be hard pressed to cut butter when put to the task.

The moment came and went. I could breathe again. I found myself emerging from that hazy state of mind, a drug induced stupor, that can only be initiated by that feel of cold steel embracing fingers. Only in the aftermath of such euphoria would I ever be able to just put the damn things down. The scissors were for the moment sated. And I was left holding the casualty of my filthy little habit.

“Oh, shit! She’s gonna kill me!”

Like any good survivalist, I chose to hide my victim, and wait for my sister to forget any such garment ever existed. After which my dreams became ever increasing turbulent with anxiety and self-recrimination. Jiminy Cricket was planning a vacation and had evidently put in for some hefty overtime.

In a week, my overwrought mind could take no more. Wishing absolution, I confessed my sins and led my sister to the very location I had chosen as the last resting-place of Katie’s Roller Blouse. I had wedged the apparel deeply between a piece of furniture and a wall. My sister was angry with me, but willing to cut my sentence because I had pled guilty. My shaking tiny hand reached further and still further back until it found purchase on what I had so fearfully sought. Together we emerged, her shirt, my hand, bound in the comradeship of like roles. We’re all victims here, I thought.

My sister hastened to examine the remains of my good work, whereas my own eyes shied from that carnage of my creating. “What is this, some kind of joke?” my sibling inquired angrily. “Are you just trying to waste my time?” She threw the shirt at me and purposefully galumphed out of the room.

What more had I done this time? Tentatively I appraised the small silken shirt. It was clean and shiny, and showed the distinctive cut; or rather it showed the distinct lack of a cut. It was gone. Suddenly it was as if the telltale heart had simply never been. I had been hoping for absolution, but this was just uncanny. I shoved the small item back in its nook, happily convinced that the gods had been appeased.

It was about a month later when I found myself cornered, by my livid and shaking sister. “What on earth possessed you to do such a thing?” she yelled

while dangling a small piece of heaving blue fabric in front of my eyes. And there it was, nearly cleft in two. The handy work of one deft slice with scissors, my deft slice.

“But I tried to show this to you! I told you about this! It was okay.”

“You really are too much!” she turned abruptly and stormed away taking any sense of normalcy with her.

What was the universe playing at telling a small child with a poor grasp on reality, at best, that time didn’t always have to follow in a linear and sequential fashion? In those days I had no concept of how the world ran. I was, quite frankly, as dumb as a box of nails. I believed that I was performing a tricky bit of magic every time I managed to put my shirt on so that the tag ended up in the back. Shoelaces were something that other people did. And not once, but on several occasions I actually bit the bottom off my ice cream cone under the delusion that that would cause its leaking to cease. My head was so empty you could stage tractor pulls in there and yet the universe thought it might be fun to “mix things up a bit.”

When I was a little older, I remember being on a road trip with my family. My parents had fixed up a big old truck. It has what I believe is called a “full cab”, with four full-size doors. This is back in the days when they actually made trucks gargantuan not souped up miniature models of compact cars, with the customary dog-faced grimace. Think about something with the proportions of a suburban. This thing was massive, and to a child of seven, moving through it was like getting lost in the Taj Mahal. Of course everything is larger and more mysterious when you’re that age. Heck, I was convinced that once I was tall enough to see over the counter at Burger King, all the mysteries of the universe would suddenly resolve themselves before my tiny yearning eyes, what a day of disillusionment that turned out to be. My parents had done some sort of magic with cushions and plywood in the bed of the truck, so that you had several different ways of rearranging things. In one set up it was a dinner table and chairs, another, a makeshift playroom, and yet a third, it turned into a full size bed.<sup>4</sup> There was a double window between the front and the back of the

<sup>4</sup> Insert theme to the Transformers here.

My parents stopped the car to try to abate my breathless childhood sobs. They even examined the truck to see if any of the little creatures may have gotten stuck on something, and not have disappeared from my life forever. But alas, they were all gone; green pig, red cow, yellow horse, hot pink rooster, which was incidentally on scale with the horse, where the phrase “on scale” should be taken to imply vast intravenous quantities of what plastics refer to as growth hormone. Yes, all gone. From what toy now was I ever to learn the greater nuances of barnyard hue and scale? My shoelaces were certainly no help down that avenue of thought.

We all piled back into the vehicle and drove about sixty miles, where we found the South Carolina welcoming center. We pulled in for a short pit stop, before continuing on our long journey southward. As my mother was pulling out of the rest area she thought she saw a small animal run across the road and she slammed on the brakes to avoid hitting it. In the truck, the phrase “slammed on the brakes” is both apropos and wildly inappropriate. For it requires only a slight tap in order to result in an excellent understanding of the word inertia. Perhaps it would be more descriptive to say that we donned our concussion helmets and awaited the end of “family naptime.” When we all regained consciousness my mother looked to the left to see if the little creature had gotten away, and there, by the side of the road. Each neatly sitting on the grass beside the on ramp, were my oversized plastic farm animals. Sixty miles and over an hour away from where I had lost them, they were there waiting for me.

In retrospect it’s really hard for me to say that I was a necessarily stupid child, or if the universe just conspired to keep me oblivious to “the way things work,” and it could be argued, continues to conspire. Maybe when I was young gravity decided to take every third Wednesday off. If the world does not consistently act in a way that is right and reasonable, how are you to know that when you chew the bottom off your ice cream cone it won’t stop its incessant leaking? It actually could make a sort of maniacal sense.

On a more recent occasion, I stopped by a local Wal-Mart to pick up oil for my car. I noticed a young man standing outside the door as I entered. When I had made my purchases and left the store, the same young

man smiled at me. I smiled in return and continued on my way only to discover that this friendly and increasingly creepy young fellow was following me. When I reached my vehicle I smoothly entered and locked myself in, something I’d had a bit of practice with. My masculine shadow rapped lightly on my window for my attention. As I unrolled it he asked if I would go out with him. Well, no. I’m quite busy and actually I have someone. He then said that if I changed my mind, I could find him here... in front of Wal-Mart at any time of the day or night. Like the plot of any good fairy tale, this was a limited time offer. Instead of three days, I only had a week to decide, because after that he would be leaving before the INS could catch up with him. Yes, I told him, I understood my options. But to this day I must admit that I am totally baffled as to why these were my options in the first place? What was he doing living in front of a suburban Wal-Mart for a week? And what makes Rochester’s indefatigable local office of the INS loom up so frighteningly in that time span? Do they routinely sweep all local Wal-Mart’s once a week in search of ragamuffin carpetbaggers? Come to think of it, the last time I’d heard tell of the INS in Rochester was when they raided a local China Buffet and collected about twelve illegal immigrants for deportation.<sup>5</sup> Even so, INS and all, the lad posed a strangely engaging conundrum that I will probably never solve, but I rest assured in the knowledge that the universe will spring a great many more bizarre mysteries on me before my passing.

These days, there really is no longer enough room to run a monster truck rally through my cranium, but the universe still prefers to mix it up. I suppose the point is that no matter what happens, I’ve never really considered myself to be anything remotely resembling a magnificent hunk of flesh, nor have I thought that I am the intellectual equivalent of the alpha and the omega. So when I find myself being propositioned by a seven-year-old boy, (this is not to be confused with a hypothetical scenario) I don’t nod with the assurance of a Tampax commercial and tell myself, I must be so hot. Because if you just keep still and listen very carefully you can hear it, a light and ghostly, “fweeee!” followed by the little pin-prick moisture of a well used tickler against your face. And then you can only say, “I was wondering when you’d turn up.”

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<sup>5</sup> That’ll teach those shifty Canadians to try to sneak into our country and take our low paying service jobs.

truck, the rear is where I and my sisters spent most of our time playing, and putting up signs reading, "Help us, we've been kidnapped!" while we looked mournfully at passing cars. As kids, if we wanted to move around, get a better vantage point, or just pester our parents with the incessant mantra of "are we there yet," all we had to do was climb through that small window.

I was shimmying through from the back to the front one day. I grabbed a paper bag full of toys to pull

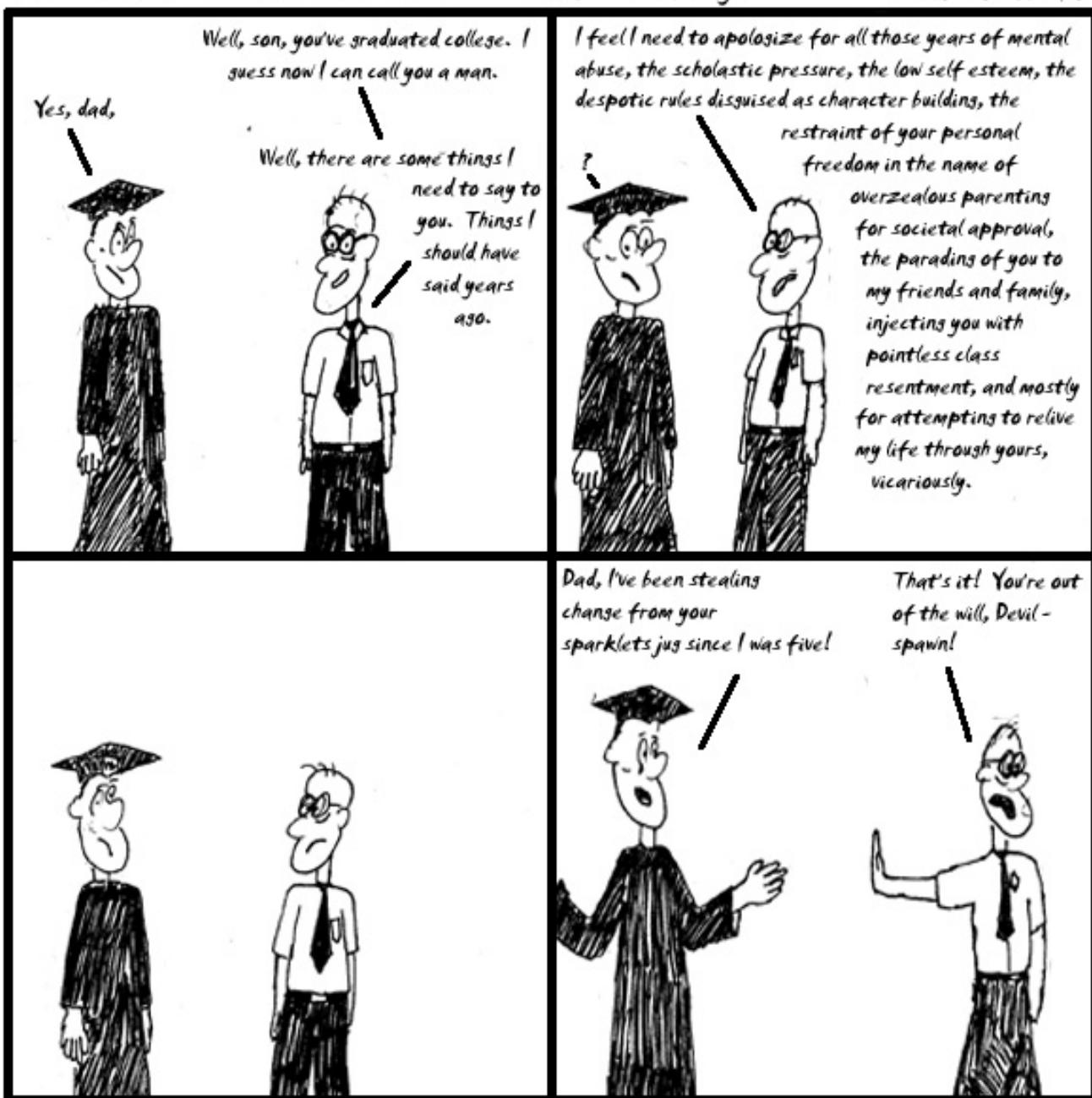
through after me. It had several large plastic farm animals in it. They were, at the time, some of my favorite toys. But for me it was pretty much all the same, the requirements of "favorite toy" status were not precisely exacting and unflinching standards, on more than one occasion, my shoelaces might suffice just fine. I was, after all, an imaginative child, or what others may term "simple". Halfway through the windows, the paper bag tore and my prized possessions slipped from the bag one by one. I gasped out a tormented little cry.

## Slacker Heaven #3

Talk is cheap.

Drugs cost money.

2001 David Inman



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## "Riding in Pintos with Mannequins"

By Arlia

Guess what. I am not funny. Or witty. Sometimes I can pull off a good line or 2, but that's only when I get vicariously drunk by being with my boyfriend. Oh my gosh. I said boyfriend! A girl at RIT has a boyfriend! Oh shit, your saying, another article about the girl/guy ratio. Well, good thing too, cuz the next sentence is gonna be about that. Guys dressed in drag make great boyfriends, so girls, look for a straight guy in drag and you have your fun, loving, sweet, sentimental, blah blah blah boyfriend right there. Alright now for the real point of this wretched article...

Oh I'm sorry, you're still here? I forgot about this thing for a while, decided to get back to reality and noticed you pathetic tech losers still reading. Ha ha. I called you LOSERS! I can say that, cuz I am not one. No, I'm a loser, but I'm not a techie, so that makes me this much better than you.

Damn all of you. You people your debit, buying out the corner whore at the end of each quarter. Damn all you people with flex and an endless supply of ramen and your fancy fast Internet connections. I pay HOW much to go here, and all I get out of it is...wait give me a minute, I have to think. NOTHING. I have 3 jobs now just so I can live, and I practically live in my car. Where am I going with this all? Nowhere. What did you expect out of me? You people want great articles day in and day out. Well, who fucking cares. Who cares about the CIA, the shitty art they are putting up (and is up) around campus. What good is a Ben and Jerry's if they don't take my maxed out credit card so I can have one measly fucking dish of fucking chocolate ice cream. I swear. Its discrimination! Just because I don't have a meal plan (fucking being a damn commuter) or flex (I have NO money to put in flex). I don't have cash, so I can't even pay with that. I work in the union, and have to endure the smell of waffle cones ALL day and I can't even buy some ice cream. Pardon me while I have a pity party for myself. I mean, what is a 100lb red head with a quirky sense of style gonna do? NOTHING (ooo all caps again!) Huh? I'm confused now. Leave me you freak. AHHH! I hate mannequins.

Non-Sequitor alert! Yes, I have a deathly fear of

mannequins. I think of them as alive dead people (oxymoron somewhere I think). When I was like 4, I saw the Twilight Zone episode about mannequins, scared the shit outta me and I can't stand to be near them. Pretty much anything that is fake and resembles some humanoid being freaks the living hell outta me (what does living hell mean anyways?). I hate mimes too; they might as well be alive dead people too. Once a little while ago, my boyfriend decided to stop moving while we were chatting. I called his name a few times then screamed, burst into tears, and smacked the bitch a couple times to jerk him back to life. Only after about 3 slaps did he stop charade, and we got ice to stop the swelling. Hey, I'm a redhead. I get to have a temper don't I? It's just like those blondes who get to be dumb. Here's a joke for you, what's a redhead in between 2 blondes? An interpreter. Blah, I didn't say it was gonna be fall on the floor hilarious, so don't yell at me. I warned you, I wasn't funny. Can't your average weird ass chick have some time/paper to talk about her fucked up mind? This is RIT right? The "epitome" of openness, tolerance, and social freedom of expression, where anyone can run around naked and write with chalk on brick buildings and play with penguins on the sundial near Gracies. Wait. There aren't any penguins? How was I supposed to know that, I'm a COMMUTER remember? No one cares about us commuters; we don't get cut any slack. But the cool thing is, I will never have to eat at Gracies, thereby stopping the virus from infecting my mind and turning me into a sex slave for Al Simone. Wait, that doesn't happen either? Hmm. When do I get to hear the real truth?? I'm still sad about the penguin thing though.

Kiss my ass. I mean it! Come find me here at RIT and kiss my ass. I'm a red head (as you know). Whoever kisses my ass gets a free ice cream cone courtesy of Mr. Fuzzy Dickwad. Who is he? No clue. But he is out there, and wants to give you ice cream. What was the point of this whole paragraph? Uh. Still working on that one. I just pull this stuff outta my penguin's ass and expect you to read it and be confused.

Know what is really cool? That one line from the song Down With The Sickness: "You stupid sadistic abusive fucking whore!" Wow. What a great line! Next time I want to give a good female friend of mine a card or something, it will say: "Happy Birthday so and so, you stupid sadistic abusive fucking whore!" More than likely any friendship we have will be tre-

mendously strengthened by the beauty of this inspired line. I love RIT. I hate girls. All these nice boys to talk to and lots of stupid girls messing things up. I went to an all girls school for high school and had to endure 4 years of torture. Didn't come out with a single good friend at all. Girls just piss me off, you have to look a certain way, be prude (well in a lot of cases yeah, girls don't like sex jokes or perverted ones), wear makeup, bras, etc. etc. Meeting girls is hard too. They look at you all judgmental and shit, like they are assessing you as competition. They flip out if the guy they talked to doesn't call on the exact day he specified. I mean, cut the guy some slack! He probably is not interested, scared, or playing it cool, or even he might have homework to do. I dunno. Some girls I meet just ooze bitch. They look at you and you want to scream and hurl penguins at them. They think they are all that and break the hearts of great guys, lead them on, or worse, cheat on them in front of them. Oh I hate girls. Nothing against the great ones I hang out with, they rock. But they are hard to come by. My advice: Girls, stop being full of yourselves and try to venture to find out what boys really are. You can't (and shouldn't) expect a guy to change, I mean, you wouldn't change for him now would you? Be truthful. Awwww now I've pissed

people off. Well \*sticks tongue out\* ha. \*Smile\* I think I am the missing link. Girl body, but very sympathetic and in tune with guys. Maybe that's why I got a great boyfriend and don't resort to being shallow. Ooooo I'm mean now. Ooh whatcha gonna do about it? Stop reading? Aw who cares. I'm getting pissed off because I was reading over my article and found some of it was funny, and I had said I wasn't. Oh well, not like any of this shit matters anyways. La la. I'm bored, and hungry. If this article were on a computer and not on paper like I am writing it right now, then I would eat it. Did you guys figure out what OS really means? No, not operating system, but orgasm stopper. Ever since I have owned my own computer with its very own OS, my orgasms have come (ha ha) to a screeching torturous halt. Why the sudden sex reference? Every "good" article HAS to have some kind of sex reference right? Right? No? DAMN THOSE PENGUINS! DAMN THE CLOWNS!

AHHHHHHHHH! Have a nice day :)



No cameras.  
No crowd surfing.  
No drinking.  
No fighting.  
No moshing.  
No recording.  
No rowdiness.

**Enjoy the show.**

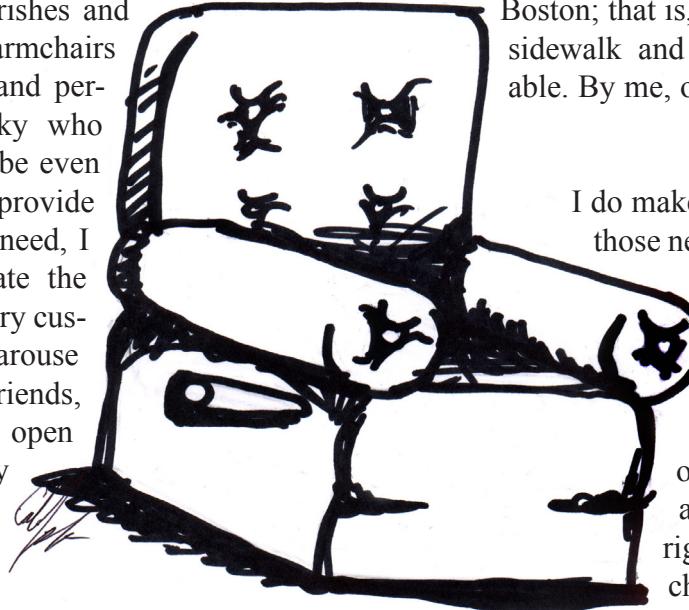
## Chairs

By R. Meinhart

Nothing in this world is more beautiful than the perfectly constructed and stuffed armchair. It has the capability to be comforting, enjoyable. Enveloping. Supportive; erotic even. And I have a store that buys and sells and holds and cherishes and supports only the very best armchairs in the greater Boston area, and perhaps, according to the lucky who stumble upon my store, maybe even the very best in the world. I provide and sell comfort to those in need, I give of myself; I help create the homes and very beings of every customs that I serve. I help arouse inner comfort and this, my friends, is a good job. My store is open exclusively and specifically from sun up to sundown and then again from 11 PM to 1:30 AM every day/night of the year, except for Boxing Day. We all have our holidays.

*Chartreuse corduroy with bright red denim patches on the arms in places where the fabric was rubbed thin. A pillow of the same said denim sits smartly on its slightly over stuffed seat, just for good measure. The legs are an antiqued oak; round in shape and accented with slight hints of jovial scuffmarks. Belonged to a family of six who had no room for it when they moved from rural Virginia to a snug apartment in the Brighton area. The chair is comfortable and relaxing, like sitting in a large, stuffed pair of pants.*

Armchairs are more than my business. They are, indeed, my passion, my hobby, my companion, and my world. A good armchair makes you forget that you're sitting in a chair at all; makes you forget that you lost your job, or that you're sick; or that you're broke. A good armchair makes you remember what it was like to sit on the lap of a parent when you were young and the warm feel that rises to your cheeks as you sit in front of a blazing hearth. A truly great armchair makes you forget that you exist at all, sending you into some cosmic state of peace or euphoria. I am addicted to all of this.



This armchair shimmies in turquoise leather and is lined with neon purple arm covers and red plastic recliner release lever. The seat has lines of cracks from repeated relaxation. It sits on its very own small area rug; a furry dirt brown mat that I imagine the owner's children liked to pretend was animal fur. The owner was a Haitian artist who lived in a three-decker in East Boston; that is, until it was put out onto the sidewalk and rescued from the unthinkable. By me, of course.

I do make my own armchairs and sell those new, however, I track each and everyone to gauge its appreciation. Most usually, I try to buy them back, as used arm chairs are always more valuable than the old ones. The cushions are softer and the arms are molded just right, yes, but more so, it is the character; the personality; the history that each armchair

acquires that truly increases the worth. I know this to be true because of the simple fact that my chairs are not only built for sitting, but for a variety of other uses, purposes, lifestyles.

A Colonial style wingback with a light pink and lavender floral print sits proudly on carefully carved cherry wood legs. Adorned with delicate lace doilies and an embroidered sampler pillow with the proverbial saying, "A wise man has long ears and a short tongue" stitched on it in a rose colored thread, followed by the alphabet in a gentle periwinkle. This chair is currently on lay away to be a wedding present for the daughter of an Italian butcher in Boston's North End, but formerly resided in the breakfast room of a brownstone in Dorchester.

Everyone has a different view of what armchairs are to be used for. Relaxing. Reading the paper. Knitting a scarf. Listening to the radio. Cuddling under a quilt. Playing the acoustic guitar. Eating spaghetti while drinking Coca-Cola out of bottles. Sleeping in the afternoon. Singing along to the music. Debating politics. Laughing at oneself. Writing a play. Sketching the people as they pass by the window. Watching Murder She Wrote. Breastfeeding an infant. Cracking

**Rochester**  
**By M.K. Park**

If erotic absurdity had a face  
It would be yours,  
For I am never to understand  
Your lips  
In my eyes  
During moments of conception.  
You are the logic of imaginary creatures  
When they cry in the night.  
And my ponderance  
For grayer days then this.

**Lady**  
**By M.K. Park**

Oh, Madonna,  
I cry with you at night  
For reason was taken from me as well.  
And we will wait together  
For it to come again.

**Like You**  
**By M.K. Park**

Let's all be skinny and screw.  
Allow the trend to spread,  
Feeding my cynicism  
Like all normal ventures  
Of this adolescent theme park.  
Please can we be rich  
To buy less fabric  
For what is our beauty without indulgence?  
We'll be trendy,  
The meat of the beast.  
It's our right to be so full.  
And our consequence to be so empty.

knuckles. Polishing a navy captain's boots. Typing out an editorial. Snacking on biscotti and hot chocolate. Making love.

Love. This couch is love. A patchwork design covers the broad rounded back and full circular arms. This chair hugs you and let me tell you, you want to just stay in its embrace. The patches that adorn this chair range from fire engine colored carpetbag material to princess pink crushed velvet and everything in between. There are pieces cut from prom dresses and leather saddle shoes; tweed pants, woolen sweaters, and collegiate letter jackets. Buttons of various shapes and sizes are scattered sporadically along the arms and skirt. This chair has resided in the servants quarters of a Beacon Hill home, left to a thrift store in Allston, and then wound up with a gay couple living above their grocery store on Tremont in the South End. They in turn passed it along to me, on hopes that I could pass it along to yet another loving home to allow yet another owner to experience its joy.

Joy is an armchair and an armchair is beautiful and eclectic and anything and everything you want and allow it to be. They are passionate and intimate and open and giving. There is nothing quite like a good armchair. Nothing in Boston. Nothing in the world.

By Gary Hoffmann

### part I

I

love the world today and I love  
 Good Morning, I sez to  
     her and smiling  
 and grinning stupidly be  
     cause your eyes are  
     still shining and  
 It's not morning she sez  
     surprised and  
     or flab  
     bergasted by the incongruity  
 of my greeting  
 (salutation if you will)  
 it's five OH-clock  
     in  
         the evening  
 she sez and just I sez  
     it's always morning  
     to perhaps see if she  
 understands  
     why I sez it  
     (only one person  
 perhaps ever has to  
     my knowledge  
 )  
     end   she  
     smiles end I  
 I fall in love  
     and grin

### part II

sez I enjoy the  
     cosmic people danc  
     ing watch  
     twists and turns and twirls  
     and a thousand  
     copulating  
     beauties  
 sez I fascinated by the  
     grandiose weaving  
     stardust bodies and faerie minds  
     like dodging rain  
     drops  
     and sez  
 I a hundred thousand years from  
     now will

remember  
 most beautiful dancer  
     you  
 most graceful dancer  
     psilocybin ballet  
     dancer  
     and I will think  
     of  
     delicious naked starshadow eyes when  
 everyone else is  
     angels and dust  
     and even  
     God dances alone

### part III

in worlds of anger  
     wrath and demigods' daemons  
 ill fortune and vengeance  
     and a faith worse than death  
     demigod sez and I  
     I listen  
         music music music  
 dissonance and discord and  
 unknown chords and flying harmonies  
     decrescendos like plague  
 and staccato like sex  
     concordance of  
         thoughtliesemotiontruth  
         truth that spills from Hell  
         and the Universe as  
         dancing screaming laughing fucking  
 breathing and breathing and breathing  
     I am  
     sez I  
 sez I in angry purple dreams  
 sez I in quietude of solaris'  
     hazy dreamsoul  
         whispering to  
         naked paleiceblue soulshadows  
         in midnight cornfields  
         forests of spirit graves  
 softly  
     softly  
     caressing infinity's end

# 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.**

**gdt@hellskitchen.org**



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

**Publisher:** C. Diablo

**Editors:**

Alex Moundalexis  
Mike Fisher

**Layout:**

Adam Fletcher

**Writers:**

Kelly K. Gunter  
Sean T. Hammond  
Gary Hoffmann  
R. Meinhart

**Contributors:**

Arlia  
M.K. Park

**Illustrator:**

Calvin W. Gray II

**Printer Daemons:**

Mike Confer  
Julia Dickinson  
Will Huber  
Jen Kobialka  
Jeff Prystajko  
Irving Washington

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Contact us at [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org) or by regular mail at:

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre  
92 Lomb Memorial Drive  
Rochester, NY 14623-5604