

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Why I'm going to Bad Person Hell

By Gary Hoffmann

"Vanity, definitely my favorite sin."
- Al Pacino in *The Devil's Advocate*

"There's a good person Hell?" you ask. Of course there is, you illiterate¹ three-toed sloth³! It's good enough for me that a blind, 12th century Italian poet/comedian⁴ said there is, and it's damned well good enough for you, too! Good Person Hell is a perfectly lovely place⁶ full of dead Greek philosophers, the Irish, and Friedrich Nietzsche^{7,8}, which means it's also full of Greek and Irish women, making it several orders of magnitude better than Heaven. But the point is, there's a Good Person Hell. All that Lake of Fire and Pit of Ice⁹ bullshit is reserved for the remaining eight circles of Bad Person Hell, which, according to my priest, my therapist, and my pet Baptist¹⁰, is where I'm headed.

I guess there are several reasons for this. My priest says it was for having sex on the altar¹¹, but I really think it's because I wouldn't go down on him¹².

Discussion question: If you had to give a blowjob to either Pope Urban II or Pope John XXIII,

Go ahead and insult the illiterate IT students. Just hope that your Editor is literate enough to process your paycheck. Punk-ass bitch.

which would you choose, and why? Remember that Urban is responsible for calling the First Crusade and thus sending millions of Christians to their horrible death¹⁴, while Johnny-boy was the Pope who presided over the creation of Vatican Two, thus making it official Church policy to recite the masses in the local vernacular instead of Latin, turning Catholics everywhere into Lutherans¹⁵.

My therapist says I'm headed to Bad Person Hell because I still believe in Hell and guilt¹⁶ and sin, and therefore I'm creating a self-fulfilling prophecy. According to him, I won't ever be able to achieve the metaphorical "Heaven" I'm searching for in my life until I grow beyond the Fallacy of Shame, but I think it's because I don't pay him enough.

Tom says it's because I'm the type of guy who will develop a significant, committed relationship with a woman before having meaningful, spiritual sex with her and then wake up the next morning and slip some rohypnol into her coffee¹⁷. I think it's because I haven't read the *Left Behind* series.

The real reason I know I'm going to Bad Person

1 I've already cracked enough jokes for the quarter about how IT students can't read². If you haven't gotten the idea by now, have you considered taking classes in the GCCIS building?

2 It's not like I have to worry about offending them by anything I print.

3 Imagine that: a whole species guilty of a deadly sin. Meanwhile those fucking mantises get all the collection plate money!

4 I could've said, "insane son of a bitch," too, but that would've been redundant⁵.

5 I'll let you figure out precisely how.

6 If you believe a Catholic...

7 Leave it to a German to string that many consonants together in one name and expect it to be pronounceable.

8 If I'd caught syphilis from my first sexual encounter, I'd be pretty bitter towards God, too.

9 Proving Robert Frost is, in fact, Satan.

10 His name is Tom, and he followed me home one day. Do you have any idea how much work it is to take care of one of these things? It's almost as much work as taking care of an IT student.

11 Oh, like you haven't! Besides, it wasn't during mass.

12 Ever notice there's no circle of Hell for homosexuals? One has to figure there's one of two reasons for this. Either the One True Catholic and Apostolic Church of the 12th century accepted homosexuality as a normal part of human nature¹³, or – more likely – homosexuality did not exist in Dante's time, which means it's an invention of Terrorists!

13 ...or just wanted to watch the nuns get it on. Let's face it, those habits are pretty hot.

14 Good!

15 Bad!

16 © AD 304, Rome

17 That was an interesting day...

Hell is, of course, because God told me¹⁸. You see, Steve and I were chillin', drinking the water he'd just turned into Jack Daniels, when I realized something²¹. What I realized is that the Eucharist would really be a whole lot more realistic if they replaced the little wafers of bread²² with beef jerky. Think about it. He's been in the desert for two thousand years²⁴! He's going to be a little chewy. And we could use black pudding for that whole "This is my blood" part²⁵. Just to make the whole thing more realistic, is all. Granted,

we wouldn't be able to serve Jesus on Fridays, but we could grill up some nice, fresh Jesus Fish. The possibilities are endless.

After explaining my idea²⁶, Steve just stared at me for a while, downed another shot of holy water, and stared at me some more. "Wow," he said slowly. "You're going to Bad Person Hell." So, there you have it! I've been damned by the Almighty Himself²⁸! But then, that was my plan all along. I hear Lilith is a demon in bed.

18 Well, not actually God, of course, because we all know direct sensory perception of the Voice or Face of God makes your head explode messily¹⁹, and so I was actually told by Steve, God's Divine Messenger, Pimp Daddy, and Obtainer of Really Good Drugs²⁰.

19 I got my Doctorate in Divinity from Kevin Smith.

20 Let's be honest, Jesus really made enough fish to feed five thousand 'cause he had the munchies. Laughing Christ, my ass! It should be the Giggling Inanely While Smoking Up Christ.

121 As a reminder to you frat boys: inebriation of any sort can only expand your consciousness if you have something to expand from in the first place, so don't expect much when you try to open those Doors of Perception.

22 Jesus flesh to you Catholics, because the Pope is a ritual cannibal and blood drinker, after all²³.

23 If you don't get it, look up Transubstantiation. Mmm...Jesus flesh.

24 Except for a few days in Hell, which only serves to seal in that hickory smoke flavor!

25 Not that I'm one to turn down a good wine, but the day they start serving good wine is the day I join a seminary.

26 I prefer to think of it more as a revelation, or an apocalypse if I'm trying to sound impressive²⁷.

27 Which is all the fucking time!

28 ...or just Steve, but if you're Calvinist, then Steve damned me as soon as I was born.

ATTENTION POTENTIAL CONTRIBUTORS

While we must acknowledge that we like the number of submissions we are receiving, there's something we need to clarify for some of you.

Grow up.

Didn't your teachers throughout your academic career remind you to put your name on your paper? I know that mine did. Nothing has changed since then. Why would you put someone else's name on your writing? You should be held responsible for what you write, be it good enough to eat off of, or so shitty that you wouldn't wipe with it.

In the future, we will refrain from printing submissions that credit a pseudonym. If we cannot verify the name via your e-mail address (read: DCE account lookup) or a telephone number, we won't print it. Period.

(Yes, our current writers are exempt from this policy. So don't ask.)

Views From an Outsider

By sue kuhn

For three months I've been unable to articulate what life is like for a pretty liberal girl in North West Arkansas (NWA), but I'm going to try. For those of you who've spent time in this area, I hope you can relate. Those of you from here, you'll probably think long and hard about your own time in NWA and then think I'm just an outsider being pessimistic because of my new surroundings. I'm not sorry.

Part 1 – The Town

Nestled in the northwest corner of Arkansas lies my new hometown of Fayetteville. The center of town, known as the square is built on one of four small hill-tops in the area. The others are home to the University of Arkansas (UARK), a religious retreat known as Mt. Sequoia Assembly, and a quaint residential area. There's a great little street within walking distance of UARK that has half a dozen bars and restaurants. It's the place to find the college kids and Wal-Mart vendors who find themselves doing business in a dry county and have to commute to find alcohol.

Before I moved here I was told Fayetteville is a liberal town. I knew it had bars, coffee shops, book-stores, and Thai restaurants the usual, but from what I've noticed, the locals feel that having a farmers market complete with a folk group and a 55-year old hippie yelling about great G. W. Bush conspiracies make the town liberal. But then again all the churches are packed every Sunday and everyone is drooling over the 2002 Razorbacks. Not being a football lover myself, I must admit I'm quite happy to see the GOD BLESS AMERICA STEAK DINNER signs get replaced by GO HAWGS LUNCH BUFFET, so I guess I'll fake it this year.

But, I digress; I think Fayetteville got the liberal reputation back in the 60's and 70's when it was a haven for hippies. After I moved here I discovered that it was a big hippie community and all of them stayed. Which of course, infuriates the locals that lived here pre-hippie culture when UARK was an agriculture campus, and the whole area was covered with farms. Fayetteville is a great little college town; it's just unfortunate that most all the liberals are affiliated only

with Fayetteville and no other community in the area, so once you leave the bubble of downtown, the world becomes a much more conservative run, SUV driven world.

Part 2 – The People

Since moving here in July, I've been called a "Damn Yankee" more times than I think I've ever heard the term, and found that most people I meet are very bitter, very old, and very religious (just one of the perks of working at the local public library). It is more common for people here to talk about God at lunch than about movies. The bars are just bars like anywhere else. Although the percentage of cowboys and cowgirls (complete with Stetsons and fringed shirts) is startling compared to back east, they still don't make it any easier to find a few like-minded individuals.

Since Arkansas is stuck between the Deep South and the Mid-West, the people are an odd group. Girls here look like they are right out of *Playboy's* latest Southern Girls exposé. Most of them are blond (bleached) and all of them are tan (salon). The gentlemen ogle, but never talk and have perfect manners. Everyone calls a woman, regardless of age ma'am, and they think it's great to use your first name when read from a nametag. There are more SUV's on my street than houses and also more stupid suped-up cars. Some nights it seems more like Kansas City than the middle of nowhere Arkansas, with impromptu drag races down Main Street. So what's the bottom-line? People that come from this mix are very nice when I ask them to pull their Expedition up just a tad so I can fit my Civic in between them and the Ford F350, but they always ask why I'm driving a Civic as they climb into their monster vehicle to edge it up a bit.

Not only are SUV's loved, they also like Wal-Mart. Since Sam Walton opened his first store in Bentonville (just 20 miles north of Fayetteville), the whole area has backed the corporation with undying loyalty. In fact, I'm totally surprised there are any other grocery stores in the area. Not that I think Wal-Mart is a bad chain, I believe Sam's three beliefs¹ are a great idea, but since his death, the company has gone

¹ Sam's 3 beliefs: respect for the individual, service to our customer, and strive for excellence.

out of control. Honestly people here are so pro-Wal-Mart that when Target came to town, some of my co-workers went to check it out, and came back swearing to never set foot in that store again (just another pledge of allegiance for Sam's loyal customers). I just looked at them and said, "it's not as if Wal-Mart broke the mold."²

But, by far the largest difference between here and the northeast is the giant population of Mexican immigrants (just another reason I regret not learning Spanish in grade school). I love the fact that there's a whole new culture emerging. The bitter old people hate the fact they're making a home for themselves here. I think the only phrase I've heard more than "Damn Yankee" is "Why don't they just go back from where they came from." Apparently the American Dream doesn't exist for anyone but the Conservative Non-immigrant American.

Part 3 – Life

I went to the local Barnes and Noble on Friday night to pick up some music I've been craving (Ravel's Bolero). I was quite impressed by the selection of travel books. Apparently the people here do believe there is life outside NWA. I was also somewhat impressed,

but more afraid, of the Christian book section, which was four times larger than the computer section. It was bizarre, I can assure you. Before I left, I decided to pick through the New Release section and I noticed there was something missing. Chuck Palahniuk's latest novel, *Lullaby*, was not on the table. I can understand since it's been out for a month, but it has also been in the top 10 on the *New York Times* Best seller's list for the past few weeks. All that seemed to be on the table were *The Remnant*, *The Beach House*, *The Nanny Diaries*, and something by Steven King and Tom Clancy. Fuck that.

So, anyway, after living here for three months, I've fallen into a routine of exploration. I've been deep into Oklahoma, Kansas, and Missouri. Life here isn't that bad. It's a hell of a lot hotter than what I'm used to and I've only experienced one dreary day, and you'd better believe I milked it for all it's worth. I never thought I'd yearn for the depressing image of RIT on a cold and rainy afternoon, but I find myself missing the opportunity to cancel all my plans and get warm and cozy on the couch with a hot bowl of soup and a good book. I've seen many places in my short life, and I hope to see many more, but I hope my days in NWA are coming to an end.

² Here's a bit of trivia: Wal-Mart, Target, and K-Mart were all started within 5-years of each other.

A Short Treatise on Students, Lectures, and Professors

By Rocko Bonaparte

I have been sitting in class, subjecting myself to another series of lectures for yet another quarter. I am in an academic rut right now. I am in an academic rut right now, completely unmotivated by the material I am being taught. I know that my preparation for the real world is important, but I have lost all traces of what was once my enthusiasm. Admittedly, some of the blame for my current problems with academia lies with me, however, the Institute more than contributes to said problems. There are some things about the professors, the front line officer's in RIT's army themselves, that I feel is unsatisfactory. While their upbringing, education, and experience may be incredible, the teaching performances recently displayed demand some amount of scrutiny. My particular qualms are listed here for everybody to read. Sadly, I think I am catering to the wrong demographic (the students), but who knows? Perhaps I can get one or two of you riled

up. We'll see.

First, lecture is not a dictation session. Students are not even good at dictation, as can be evidenced by their piss poor penmanship. If a professor plans to clutter a whiteboard with notes for the students to write down, why not just pass the notes out before class? This would very simply eliminate the professor lecturing to the whiteboard, not to mention, allow students to pay attention to the lecture, rather than worrying about copying everything down. RIT is just down the road from Xerox; we have access to quite a few copiers around here. Please note that this doesn't apply to working out equations and problems, as it is often beneficial to see the thinking process performed in real-time. But for crying out loud, for other cases, use our copiers.

Each student's notes should be personalized in

ways beyond the way that they dot their 'i's.' Notes should be composed of sketches, thoughts, catch-phrases, or just about anything unique from the lecture that either interests or helps the student process the information. In order to do this, the student must pay attention, a practice aided greatly by the reduction of mindless copying. Currently, student's notes from class mirror each other's remarkably, in the form of cookie cutter crap taken off of a whiteboard. I think this is something that has been ingrained in our minds since high school, or even elementary school. The teacher writes on the board, and we copy it. But is simply copying paragraphs from the board efficient use of lecture time? How often have you started copying something down, only to find it meaningless? I am sure all you have tried to go against the flow and not copy every word down like everyone else. It isn't easy. Everyone else is hunched over, busy scribbling away in his or her notebooks, with you, sitting there, looking like the odd one. How often do you cave? Too often, I imagine.

My next issue is with the textbook, and how it relates to the curriculum. Professors should not lecture straight from the textbook, like a spokesperson for the publisher. Students here at RIT must be reasonably literate to have made it this far in their educational careers. We can all read the book on our own. Really. Often, the textbook is a terrible teaching tool, thus lecturing from it results in terrible teaching. It is irritating to have the same examples from the book worked out in class. Working different examples in class results in the student having twice the examples to draw conclusions from.

If a professor can't grade something, he or she shouldn't bother assigning it. This should be a clue about the complexity of an assignment. Professors should not fart around when it comes to returning graded work. Students prefer to have the feedback and know where they stand, especially before being quizzed on that material. In such cases where work is not returned, "double jeopardy" is likely to occur. The student is penalized twice for the same error. I have been the sorry victim of triple jeopardy at least once in the past year. It's pathetic, I know, but I was perfectly oblivious my errors. Some professors may say, "It's up to the student, oblivious or not, to set themselves straight." This sort of attitude begs the question, 'Well,

why bother grading things in the first place, then?' Tests should aid in the education process, not hinder it. Along similar line, professors should not randomly pick and choose which portions of assignments are to be graded. Would that same professor enjoy being denied tenure after the board read only one, random letter?

Now I'll address some picky details about lecture behavior. First, the student's question should be repeated prior to the attempt at an answer. Often, determining the question is half the answer. Some students are soft-spoken, and it does the class little good to hear only the professor's answer, and not the student's question.

"Basically" is a dry, stale, useless word. Oftentimes, what follows "basically" is not basic at all. Students and professors alike must eliminate this word from their vocabulary, as it's nothing more than a word technical people use to fill the air with their own voice when they have nothing of consequence to say. Also, avoid 'basically's' cousins like "essentially," "in essence," and "in layman's terms." Choose your words carefully, and make them count. They don't even have to be big words, just coherent ones. Talk like you want to be understood. The class is not a group of thirty, rather, it is a meeting of thirty individuals. They learn differently, but they'll get bored in the same way.

RIT brags about its industry-trained professors, and well-educated professionals. Sadly, I have experienced little more than a bunch of old people with PhD's. Aren't these professors experts in the courses they teach? How often does their professional experience shine through in the course of the class? I wish that the professor would bring their lives into the course, and along with that, a little intensity. Did professors just decide, "I'll stay in school until I'm 28 because someday I'll make a go of it teaching in engineering!?" Of course not. People that are so poorly-motivated never make it through the undergraduate program, let alone through a doctoral thesis! Often, elaborations on their real life experiences may seem like off-topic ramblings, however, some of our most valuable lessons could be gained from such comments. Good advice doesn't conform to course titles.

I have felt several times that my instructors are incompetent, and left class with the impression that

they have no idea what they are talking about. However, another idea has recently struck me. What if these people are seriously afraid to show themselves off? I have met a few that have some worthwhile opinions on how they wish to conduct class, however, the pressure of their peers stifles them. This is regrettable. The biggest cloud over these professors is their own reservations.

To solve this, perhaps a connection needs to be

made between the students and the professor. The formation of a positive student-professor relationship is a complex enigma that I haven't quite conquered as yet. My only suggestion is to stop sniping about your professors behind their backs, rather, to bring their deficiencies to the front, so that positive strides can be taken to improve the quality of your education. Take an active role. If they shrug you off after your efforts, or yell at you, then do whatever the hell you want. You have my permission . . .

Voter Reform Hinges on Issue of Who Gets to Cheat

WASHINGTON, D.C. (BurlesqueWire)—While Democrats and Republicans move closer to a bipartisan bill on voter reform, experts say that one provision is likely to remain at issue—who gets to cheat.

“Despite an irregular election in Florida, the Republican candidate won,” said House Majority Leader Dick Armey, “That’s why Republicans need the power to stop the Democrats from trying this again.” When asked for comment, Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle stated, “Despite an irregular election in Florida, the Republican candidate won. That’s why Democrats need the power to stop the Republicans from trying this again.” A third version of the bill, authored by Rep. Bernie Sanders (I-VT), hopes to resolve the debate by only allowing Independents to cheat.

Citizens for Voter Reform have offered a solution: “Let the Democrats cheat in odd numbered years, and the Republicans can cheat in even-numbered years.” Both parties have dismissed this compromise as “silly.”

Surgeon General Recommends New Breast Examination Method

WASHINGTON (BurlesqueWire)—In the wake of a recent report that finds that teaching women how to conduct a Breast Self Examination does not decrease the risk of dying from breast cancer, Surgeon General Richard Carmona has recommended that breast examinations be done by trained professionals, “like me!” Dr. Carmona added that he knows quite a few men that would jump at the chance to examine women’s breasts in great detail.

The professional examiners would have to undergo a six-month training course, where they would have to familiarize themselves with every major type of breast. A special course would assist the medics with opening bras of handicapped women and women otherwise unable to remove their own bras.

So far, Congress seems to be in favor, with projected votes of 87-13 in the Senate and 473-62 in the House.

When asked if the medics would also be trained for performing Testicular Self Examinations, as well, Carmona replied, “Well, I’m not gay, if that’s what you’re asking.”

Candidate Upset over “Smurf” Ad

Great Falls, Montana (BurlesqueWire)—Senator Max Baucus lashed out against Libertarian contender Stan Jones’s recent ad comparing Baucus to Gargamel, the evil wizard who attacks the Smurfs.

In the ad, Baucus’s head is superimposed on Gargamel’s animated frame as the wizard terrorizes the Smurfs. A voiceover says, “Instead of focusing on the issues, Max Baucus is attacking Stan Jones just because he permanently turned himself blue by taking colloidal silver during the Y2K scare. This November, Tell Max that what matters are the issues, not the color of my skin.”

Baucus says that intends to file suit with the State Supreme Court, stating, “He turned himself blue because of medical quackery, and he expects people to trust him to make wise decisions?”

Untitled

By Gary Hoffmann

This is my house of many years,
This is where I spent hours reading or drinking hot
chocolate or just sitting with my cat in my lap,
This is where I'd sit to stare at the fire on cold winter
nights, wishing you were with me to help keep me
warm,
This is where we placed our Christmas tree every year,
And this is where I watched my cat die in my arms
while I just cried and cried and cried.

Right here is where we made out for the first time,
Where I went down on you for the first time,
Where we made love for the first time,
Where we broke up for the first time,
And the second time,
Where I cheated on you for the third time,
Which is why we broke up for the last time.

This is where we talked over tea one morning after a
night of really great sex and we talked for hours
about how beautiful life is and I loved you so much
at that moment but I didn't say so because I was too
scared it might be true,
And where we later sat silently over tea after a night of
aloneness, tearstains on our cheeks and anger in our
eyes.

We made love here once,
And we had sex here several times,
And fucked here more times than I can remember.
This is where I cooked you dinner for our first anniver-
sary,
And over here is where I first saw you drunk,
This is where I hit you that once and Oh, God! I'm so
sorry,
And this is where my father had his heart attack.

This is where we ate the dinner I cooked for our first
anniversary,
Where we ate the dinner I cooked for our second
anniversary,
Where you threatened to put a slash in each fucking
wrist if I didn't take you back,
Where I took you back.

One night I was sitting here alone with the lights off,
looking out the window, and I realized I love you,

And another night I was sitting here alone with the
lights off, looking out the window, and I realized I
hate you,

This is the door you came in when you sneaked over
late at night and I was really hoping to get some but
you were tired so we just slept and in the morning
you left and I masturbated.

Here's the phone you always called me on,
And here's the phone I answered when my grandma
died,
And here's the phone my father answered when my
grandpa died,
The phone I called you from when my uncle died,
The phone I just stared at without picking up when my
best friend died.

I would deface a thousand pieces of paper trying to
write the perfect poem when I was sitting here,
And this is where I threw most of them out.

I walked in on my parents having sex here,
I walked in on my brother having sex here,
And he walked in on us having sex here.
This is where I hid the porno mags I'd stolen from a
friend of mine,
And this is where I hid the money I stole from my
brother because I was pissed off at him for some-
thing.

I first saw you naked here,
And you first saw me naked and God! did I have a hard
on but then we got embarrassed and got dressed,
And this is where you first went down on me.
This is where we had sex so great I cried,
Where I tied you down,
Where you tied me up,
And by the end I couldn't tell my body from yours.

This is where I showed you my poetry,
This is where I showed you my soul,
This is where I showed you my memories,
Which I kept right here, until this house burned down
and God damn it! now they're gone,
But then some memories are best left as ashes, aren't
they?

Date: Tue, 1 Oct 2002 17:15:00 -0700 (PDT)
 From: staple face <@yahoo.com>
 To: gdt@hellskitchen.org
 Subject: A poem (A final product now that Im
 not being stalked)

I have never been published in anything other than Reporters Crime Watch (which, by the way, they misspelled "your" when dictating what I wrote). I'm telling you this because I didn't know if you assumed I have before. Anyway I really respect your magazine. It takes a lot of balls to do what you people do (people, person, group, I'm not too familiar with the personal aspect of this magazine yet so forgive me for my ignorance).

I've also heard that the administration has been ordered to throw out GDT whenever they find them- and I noticed that this week's issue disappeared pretty quickly! That's really shitty for them to do that. Those people are assholes!

I guess that's all I wanted to say. I'm running out of time here so I gotta go. I hope you like the poem I sent you. I also hope to get in touch with one of you and figure out the whole drama here at R-I-T.

Thanks for the vote of confidence in our ballsy group. I'm not aware of any such arrangement on the administration's behalf. We can only hope that it isn't so – but you never know. Collegiate lore usually has some basis in truth. – Ed.

Date: Tue, 1 Oct 2002 19:09:21 -0700 (PDT)
 From: Betsy Woerner <@yahoo.com>
 To: GDT@hellskitchen.org
 Subject: Randy's Obituary, cont'd.

1. Your magazine has made top 5 of "greatest things that have ever graced my presence" with one issue. I honestly don't know what to say. I'm in awe.

2. I like Randy's story A LOT.. despite the lack of an ending. I thought I would carry on the tradition a little bit.. check it out and see what you think. I like to think it's

at least mildly entertaining.

3. Does GDT do carry out? I would love to receive the weekly issues... let me know!

Muchos gracias, senores & senoras!

Gee, thanks. Of course we do carry out, who doesn't? Aside from food, the issues are scattered about the campus each week. If you're out of town, we can arrange to add you to our subscriber list to receive the issues by mail. – Ed.

Deer Gracee's Dinnertiem Theater:

I read many harch remarks about yur' publikashon last week. I find dis' hard to beleiv. The wurs'd comments I usually here about GDT is, "Dose' peepole are bery strange." Sum' of my frends think y'all smoak pot al' the tiem. However, I am pritty sure you only smoak on the weak ends.

Anyhow, I was stardald by the critizisms of Erving Washingtons' thingie dat' hee wroat last weak. I fought it be an exsellant reed, on par wif' a bag of salt and vinager potatoe chips. I thelt dat' Mr. Digital Bonfier was being too kritikal of His wurk. I meen, I took riting and literitur 1 and 2, and I concider myself a fien example of litarery geneous. And I fought teh wurk be exsellant accuret and full of warme happy feely thingie of good do.

Mr. Digital Bonfire, if dat' is yur' reel naem, The grate Orson Wells did in fact liev in Marysville Washinton. Telemarckaters used to miz-pronounce his last naem, wich is why he added a e to da' end. Dis' is the saem wif' Strom Thurmoan. Truman was caled Trumand, but foreigh dignitaries used to miz-pronounce it too. I gues teh lesson is if youre' a foreigh dignitery, you are a telemarckater.

I can undarstand of why Mr. Washington (he is a genaral, u know) dosn't use spell check becawse it is wrong. I do not use spell check becawse it dos not liek my mastarpieces. My teacher for riting and literitur told me so. Also, grammer checker does not wurk well in MS Word. It tells me to use the aktive voice. But I ammm a modest parson, and don't liek to speak loud.

I reed the Big Red Book once, and it had thingies about comunism and having secks wif' little boys. I

did not undarstand it. We are supposed to wriet like dat'? It was Chineez, you know. My fathar tels me the Chineez are taking ovar the world, and we haev to ckill each and avery 1 of them. The departmant heed of the custodeal engineering departmant heer agrees. But I liek them becawse they smiel whenever I talk to them. So I guess I can see why we schould use teh Big Red Book. But I didn't get it.

I would submit my own grate wurk, but I don't have the tiem and abildy to Finnish. I tried poatry a long tiem ago, but it didnt go. I wonce wroat a storee about puppys, ninjas, and deathes people but forgot were I put it on my computer. It went something liek some deathes people where flapping to eech othar in teh basment and some ninjas rieding puppys caem in and of attaked them but the deathes people attaked bak by flapping there arms and teh ninjas used there street fiter 2 turbo punch and the deathes people started crieing wif' the puppys and they all got sad and maed up wif' eech othar. I showed it to sum Chineez people and dey' smiled, but dey' didn't say anyting. I don't think the Chineez can speek Englitch. I know my Chineez professors can't.

I am suer if Al Simone is sereous about student retention raets, he will considar hiring ninjas on puppys to attak Mr. Digital Bonfire, though dat' is a vary funny naem. If my naem was Digital Bonfire, I know I wuld just be laughed at. However, my naem is nise and beutiful, and I am prod of my mother who gaev it to me, even tho' she is 1 tree short of a forest, my daddy says.

Love,

Smackin Higgins.

SUBMIT.

gdt@hellskitchen.org

Terrorist Corner: Guy Fawkes

By Andrew Gill

*Please to remember
The fifth of November;
The gunpowder treason and plot;
I see no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.*

London, England, 1605. The gunpowder conspirators set in motion a plan to blow up the English Parliament on the day of its opening session, November the Fifth. They are discovered on November the Fourth, and the plot is thwarted. The details of the plot are intertwined with the history of the Anglican religion over the past 100 years.

Circa 1520, the Pope is in a politically tight spot, and instead of rubber-stamping Henry VIII's annulment, decides to deny it. The King decides that if he can't dictate canon to the Pope, he'll be his own Pope. The resultant Anglican faith is pretty much the same as Roman Catholicism, except that Henry wears the funny hat and Ann Boleyn dies in this version. This pisses Catholics off, since Luther posted his 99 theses less than 25 years ago.

Edward VI ascends to the throne next, at the tender age of nine. Unkie Eddie Seymour tells him to Go Protestant, and then he tells him that Mary I is a Catholic bastard, and so the King makes the Lady Jane Grey next in line. Of course, this has nothing to do with the possibility of reverting to Catholicism would mean losing substantial amounts of money. Jane Grey's mutant powers don't enable her to reign more than a few days, or to avoid being killed by the army of Mary I. Mary I decides to Go Catholic, but the rest of the country is more interested in making sure that they don't die in a holy war.

Queen Elizabeth advances to the throne, and makes changes to Anglicanism that makes it sound like Catholicism to the Catholics and Protestantism to the Protestants. She decides that this religion nonsense is done with, and persecutes those who would agitate the situation. Catholics are encouraged by statements that seem to indicate that the next king – likely James VI – who seems to be a Catholic sympathizer.

James VI of Scotland ascends to the throne in

1603 as James I of England. Soon after, he makes it clear that the “You stab my back, I’ll stab yours” attitude of Elizabeth was too permissive. From this backdrop, a small group of men decide to make some noise.

Thomas Catesby decides that if he could plow up the House of Lords while the King was there, he could install Prince Charles as a puppet Catholic king. The band of ten or so men convinces Guy Fawkes to rent a cellar under the house of Lords, place several kegs of powder there, and blow up Parliament.

The conspirators send a letter warning a closet Catholic lord not to come to the opening of Parliament, and the lord tips off the Secretary of State. The gunpowder plotters run, but are eventually subdued, and the plotters are executed the next year.

And the mirth lives on! In firecrackers, bomb-or-treating, and other popular Guy Fawkes Day festivities! Even in this country, the tradition of trying to blow up the Capitol is still practiced with regularity. The British tried, and succeeded in 1814, Puerto Rican rebels assaulted it in 1954, and Americans did it in 1971. These buildings are always trouble.

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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