



Definitions

"It's a damned poor mind that can only think of one way to spell a word."

Anal spike - 1.) The light-weight portable seats people use at golf tournaments. 2.) A generic word for any painfully endowed objects such as hedgehogs, glass shards, and sodium hydroxide gelcap suppositories (smooth going in, bloody coming out) that one might be induced to gently maneuver into one's own anus.[†]

Adel Vice - Craftsman Sphincta-Grips™.[∂]

Ancient - Back when people were wrong most of the time. ex. Ancient Chinese secret...?

Chile con corpus - Chile with either big pieces of meat, or many books.

Cleptocracy - A rule by theft.

Duenna - You can find it in the dictionary, but only if you have a really big or very old dictionary. It's another word for "Governess."

Editrix - 1.) A Female editor. Local examples include Kelly Harsch of RIT's *Reporter Magazine* and Dixie McCartney of the UofR's *Norm*. 2.) S and M Editing (a subsidiary of Hell's Kitchen). Example: the Sean and Kelly show.

The Grim Beeper - Death's way of notifying the busy businessman that he's been existentially downsized. Funnily enough, they always call him back.

Home - Correct way to refer to a group of old people. Usage: "a home of old people."

Human Embolism - A big clot of people usually, located in the vicinity of malls around discount tables.

Kojak Reruns - The most powerful sedative known to man.

Maladdiction - Not even able to have an addiction correctly; Usage: "a common heroin maladdiction is shooting up only when you're sitting in the bathtub and pouring ice cold water on your genitals."

Melancholiac - One having a despondent nature.

Movement - Sort of like a bowel movement, except (among other things) the shit never stops flowing. Ex. Women's Movement, Civil Rights Movement...

Pimpmobile - A large, expensive, and ostentatious or vulgarly ornate automobile, typically one painted in bright colors and fitted out with a lavish or overelaborate interior (as cited from *Webster's Encyclopedic Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language*).

Pithecanthropos - A former genus of extinct fraternity members who have now been assigned to the proposed species *homo erectus*.

Rectal impaction - See concrete enema (figure one).

Sesquipedalian - 1.) Given to using long words. 2.) one having 18 inches.

Supercilious - High and mighty.

Supersillious - High and deranged.

Watsoncrickery - The theft of another person's scientific data to forward one's own research and then never giving them credit.



[†]That's called toilet humor, Stan.

[∂] Guaranteed for life.

Editor's Note:

-Kelly Gunter

When satire is as good as reality and reality is as good as satire.



Unlikely as it may seem, GDT is a better forecast for the future than any sexy weather lady (and her trusty map pointer). The main article of two weeks ago (Volume 8, issue 3), dealing with the commercialization of public education in order to raise money, is now a reality in eight states. According to this October's *Consumer Reports*, several states have passed laws allowing advertisers space on the sides and rear of their local school buses. The rest of what our article wrote about is a few years away at most, but I can't wait until they carry the madness all the way to advertising on school uniforms. This is what our children were really meant to be; walking billboards.

On a more personal note, I would just like to make an editor's clarification about last week's "New Grove" column. A widely-debated scat issue arose during said article. In this article, scat was described as "...spontaneously creating melodies on a complex rhythmic and harmonic level...." It then went on to describe the Evil Death Glare™ that editor number two lavishes upon editor number one upon the occasion of editor number one's performance of said act. This obvious display of jaundiced writing insinuates quite clearly that editor number one is in fact capable of such an artistically valid rendering of the art of scatting. This insinuation, although a quaint bit of fiction, completely ignores the fact that editor number one is about as tone deaf as can be conceived of. Last week editor number one, under the influences of Evil Death Glare 2.0, had to concede that he had as much chance of producing intricately harmonious and complex melodies as Bob Dylan is when dealing with a screaming case of laryngitis.

At this point it should be further noted that editor number one turned turncoat and ran, offering up the phrase, "Well yeah, but you should hear Mark scat." With his statement now taken into the record, he has been allowed to reacquaint himself with the toils of every day life.

LIVE AND LEARN - THE NEXT GENERATION (a critical review and a special tribute to *Evol*)

~~Euckhole~~

Don't forget that your ~~attitude~~ is just as important as the facts.

~~FelTch~~

~~Kiss~~ your children good night, even if they are already asleep.

~~wife~~

Get up early after a snowfall and shovel your neighbor's ~~walk~~.
If he asks who did it, say a friend must have.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is published weekly by a staff comprised mainly of descendants of Queen Maud.

Despite rumors to the contrary, the staff meets Fridays to go over material, discuss future plans, and work on material in-progress. People interested in *working* are welcome.

To send submissions and letters email gdt@iname.com or send snail-mail to GDT c/o 472 French Rd., Rochester, NY 14618. GDT reserves the right not to edit for libel and/or clarity. Don't plagiarize our material or we'll poke you with an anal spike.



Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

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DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL,

THE OTHER DAY IN MY DRAWING STUDIO, ME AND A COUPLE FRIENDS WERE HYPING OURSELVES UP FOR THE AFTERNOON CLASS, REMARKING, AND PREDICTING, RATHER IDEALISTICALLY, THAT WE WERE GOING TO DO A REALLY GREAT JOB OF DRAWING THAT DAY. DURING THIS LITTLE RITUAL, I HAPPENED TO SAY THAT I WAS GOING TO DRAW AS WELL AS BOTTICELLI AND, BY GOD, I WAS SANDRO BOTTICELLI. NATURALLY, I WAS TOLD TO STEP DOWN OFF MY PEDESTAL COME BACK DOWN TO EARTH, WHICH, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, ACTUALLY BRINGS ME TO MY QUESTION:

DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT BOTTICELLI, UPON TELLING HIS FELLOW STUDENTS THAT HIS NAME WAS SANDRO BOTTICELLI, WAS TOLD TO QUIT WITH THE ARROGANCE AND ADOPT A NAME LIKE BRAD OR SAMMY?

IF YOU ACTUALLY DECIDE TO RUN THIS, I RECOMMEND SOME SERIOUS EDITING. I NEVER ACTUALLY THOUGHT THIS ONE OUT.

Dear Boracio (the only name I can remember you by)

I'd like to start by saying that although you recommend some serious editing, I most gleefully must decline. Like so many reasonably intelligent mammals before you, you have neglected to truly read some of our material, which specifically states, "Gracies Dinnertime Theatre reserves the right not to edit for clarity." I'm just practicing my rights. We are not mind readers here. We can not assume the responsibility of translating other people's letters and ideas until we can get them to a closer approximation of what it is the author actually would have

wanted to write were they not on a caffeine high, reasonably coherent at the time, or had a relatively good grasp on the english language (or any of the derivations thereof). It would hardly make sense for us to edit other people's letters for clarity when we don't even do that for our own articles. You can see the dilemma we're in. Rather than engross ourselves in some huge double standard, we have decided to take the high road and perpetuate mediocrity. Ah, mediocrity! That grand mysterious machine that packs all our unworthy lives with the forces of ignorance, banality, and forms in triplicate. Where would our world of wonders be without you? besides short one Michael the Dark Angel and one Dorthy Brown?

Now that that tangent is over, you will observe that your question is unedited.

Oh yeah, the answer to your question is: no. Besides, if you were truly Sandro Botticelli for a moment, you would already know that although around the time of his birth "Sammy" was quite the popular name for the youngin's of Rome (especially those nubile young lads who spent so much time with the elderly gentlemen at the baths), the name was considered bad form in the rich circles of Florence, and I believe that "Brad" was upon *no* occasion blessed with a deluge of proud Italian parents, all bursting open with enthusiasm to call their poor male children by such a name. At any rate, you were the one who spent a moment in the life of Botticelli, so you obviously already know the answer to this question, and you're just wasting my time. Go away!

Send questions to diablo@csh.rit.edu

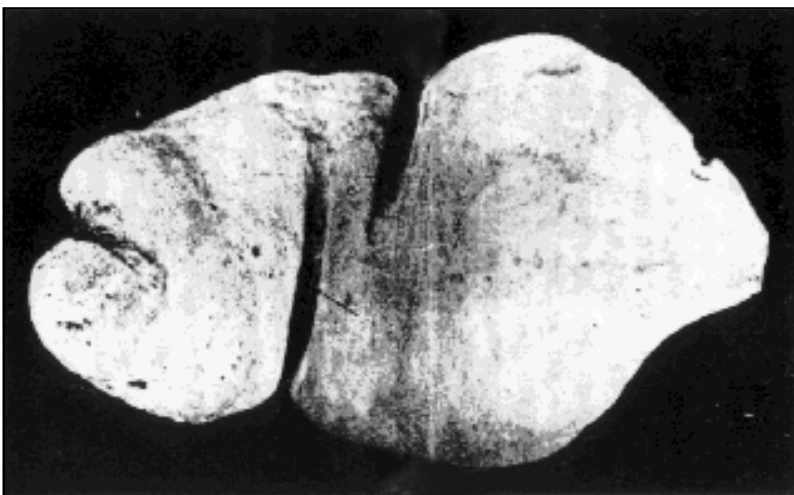


Figure 1 - Concrete Enema

Con•crete En•e•ma

(kŏn-krēt' ɛn'ɛ-mɛ) Figure 1 was created when two young lovers decided to try something new and interesting. One of the two had a bright idea (most likely not the one who was rushed to the emergency room), namely, "hey, what if we poured concrete into your ass." Well, one thing led to another and in the thralls of passion, the more subservient member of the pair suddenly found himself, head to the floor, legs upright, with a funnel in his anus and his lover cheerily mixing up an experimental cocktail for his friend (insert the sound of a large vehicle backing up here). Well before he knew which end was up, this hapless young victim left medical science quite an interesting cast of his rectum to ponder. Never fear, our illustrious couple survived to do more stupid things in the future.

Attic Inferno

-Alex Whitman



Okay so I'm like walking downtown last week and I'm thinking, "Hey, there's probably an IRS office here. Hey, I could go there." You know, that's where you're supposed to pay your taxes. And when do you pay your taxes, March, April? I don't know. I don't know because I haven't paid them.

So okay. That was a while ago, but you know they're just

taxes. So who really cares? So, like I'm gonna tell them why I haven't paid my taxes. But I'm not trying to hide it; obviously I'm telling you.

But okay. So I owe them four hundred dollars. That's a lot of money. Well, the IRS probably doesn't think it's a lot of money. But um, I didn't pay and it's really not my fault because you see I was working for this company that kind of went bankrupt. But they didn't declare bankruptcy. So they weren't in bankruptcy court so I couldn't make them give me a W-2. But they didn't pay. They didn't pay me once, because they were being sued. Their accounts were frozen and they were being sued because they told they were going to be sued. So their accounts got frozen, so I didn't get a paycheck, so I had no money, so I had to quit. Winter comes around, and it was like February or whatever the hell it was, and they, like, don't send me a W-2 and I'm like, "Oh, whatever."

So I call the IRS and I'm like, "I didn't keep any paystubs." Like who keeps paystubs? What a waste of paperwork. And, um, they didn't declare bankruptcy so the IRS is like, "Yeah, whatever. We can't help you. So make up your income." So I make up my income.

I estimate my taxes and, of course, my father does my taxes. So I'm like, "I'm, like, here Padre. Do my taxes. Make up my income, make up my taxes, whatever, whatever, whatever." And, ah, he does it. And he writes an essay explaining it because he's responsible so you know I don't get in trouble. And so the IRS sends me some money back, because you know maybe I misestimated my income. Or something like that. Not that I would do that on purpose.

That was fine and dandy and I got the check in the mail. And like the day before the company I was working for sent me a W-2. And I'm like, "Ohh, this isn't what I said originally." But the figure was wrong. Since I had no pay stubs, how the hell was I supposed to know if it's right or wrong. So I called my father and I'm like, "Hey, Padre. I got the W-2." He's like, "Oh?" So we had to revise my tax thing. And I told him not to send me the IRS check. I said, "If you send me the check, I'm gonna cash it." Course if you see lots of money in front of you you're gonna go cash it. I needed to do things.

But he sent me the check anyway. So I cashed it like I told him. He does the new W-2. It turns out I owe them four hundred dollars. I only owed them fifty but they'd already sent me a check for three-fifty. If you could do the math as well as I could you could see how I owe them four hundred dollars. Yeah, Padre sent me this new taxform or whatever the hell it was. And he said, "Okay, pay them. So now you pay them, whatever, whatever." I said, "I don't have it. I spent it." He's like, "Ohhh." So then I had this thing sitting around for a while—the form—and then I think I lost it.

But if I tell the IRS, I'm sure they'll be okay with it. Hey, I'll pay this sooner or later—which I will—it's just not a priority. I'm like hello. You know, I went shopping. I don't need to pay the IRS. Um, anyway my father thinks he has to bail me out of jail if they ever catch me, but it takes a long time. And I'm pretty young so I could probably talk my way out of it and be like, "Oh, my father told me I could pay you later."

Blame him, he's always out of town.

So I'm thinking, I'll show up, I'll give them this whole long story. And they'll just be like, "Go away! shut up! Stop telling us this story!" and then maybe I won't have to pay anything at all. If I talk enough. Uhuh. So I figure one of you could bail me out of jail then, right?



Hands freshly washed for meal-time. I sat at the table, kicking my seven year old legs under my chair. They weren't long enough to reach the floor yet. It was just me and my baby-sitter for lunch that day. Her kids were out somewhere. I no longer remember where and it does not matter.

The baby-sitter brought me my lunch that my Mother had packed for me that morning before bringing me over to the sitter's. It was Summer and school was out. I don't remember exactly what was in the brown bag. Probably a sandwich inside a Tupperware container and a snack of some sort. Over all, it does not matter anyhow.

This woman, this baby-sitter, entrusted with my safe-keeping, continued to stand over me. After a pregnant pause, she asked me, "Tommy, do you believe in God?"

I looked down at my lunch sitting in it's bag and out of the corner of my eye, saw her standing beside me, waiting for an answer.

"No.", I told her, but directed it at my unopened lunch. Her daughter, Kim, must have snitched to her that I had said that I didn't believe.

I never really had believed as long as I could remember. Even when I believed that Tinkerbell from Peter Pan lived in the hole inside my refrigerator. You know that one at the bottom of the fridge that they put the plug into? I would pull out the plug and talk down into the hole. I had been four or five at the time and even then, Tinkerbell in my fridge had been easier to swallow than God up in Heaven.

"Why not?", She asked.

I continued to stare at my lunch and just shrugged my shoulders. I had reasons, but I didn't want to explain. I could tell it was pointless already.

"You should believe. If you die, you want to go to heaven. Don't you?", She asked me another question that made me want to crawl under the table.

I nodded after a pause. It was easier. Besides, I could want to go there, it still didn't mean I believed in it though.

"Good. Then you have to do what I say. Okay?", she came down to smile at my face level. My body was numb but I could feel my head nod assent.

She led me through "The Lord's Prayer" and some other Born Again Christian crap. Forcing it down my throat like Ipecac and making me vomit the words back to her. The words were hollow and meaningless.

When it was done, she congratulated me on being born again and left me to eat the food that I no longer had an appetite for, not after having God's cock shoved down my throat.

A few years later I would have a repeat experience with another baby-sitter. She was the wife of a Baptist minister. I was ten at the time and more argumentative. She resorted to threats of Hell and being on fire forever. I had to lay still and take it again.

The same year, My great-grandmother came to live with us. She took over baby-sitting duties. She was a Mormon, and once again I was in danger of hell. Once again, I had to fake my conversion.

This had the affect of making me violently opposed to Christianity as I grew up. This is no longer the case. I am still agnostic with atheist leanings, but I no longer spout my beliefs in the faces of those around me. I've begun to see that not all Christians are bullies waiting to spiritually beat you up and take your choices, like extorted lunch money.

On the news I watch as various groups attempt to ban whatever "evil" rock band is popular at the moment. Citing that the band will cause kids to turn away from God. I think that a good number of the people in moral groups like these are doing a fine job of turning kids off on religion without help.

Also in a day and age when parent groups are concerned what their kids will be exposed to on the internet, I wonder if they put much thought into what their kids are exposed to when they drop them off at a friend's, relative's or even some stranger's house. Not all molestation is physical.



-Sean T. Hammond

There's something satisfying in seeing people off by themselves. Not those ostracized and condemned to always be looking in toward the core, and not those who maintain a level of practiced aloofness in the hopes of appearing mysterious and ultimately appealing to the same people they shun. I'm referring to those few beautiful souls utterly cut off from their fellows.

One needn't travel to distant wooded glens or lofty mountains to see these solitary ones. Look around you: in a restaurant at the man gently gazing out the window, drinking his coffee. His eyes may be directed through the window, but he doesn't see what's in front of them. The woman smoking a cigarette, the child watching a leaf.... In those moments they are further from their fellows than any physical distance.

It's these moments of still un-self-consciousness that strikes a chord in me. Unbearably attractive and totally unreachable, those moments of un-self-consciousness, yet a total sense of Self and stillness are magick. If you've experienced what I'm talking about, you know. If not....

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Shake the foundation of your house!
Raise the dead!*

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The Patented Gunter Power Sigh

Guaranteed to make any person within a one mile vicinity know that all your problems are indeed their fault!

This is a great gift for anyone out there who truly believes that the world really does revolve around them, and that you are just one more mistake they have to deal with.

This is heirloom quality, pass it on to your children!

Avoid making more than three sighs per day, if this limit is exceeded contact physician immediately.
Health insurance not included.

MATTY'S TOONS



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Wants to Hear From You!

Hey, if you don't let us know what you like, we can't "Sock it to the Man!" Drop us a line and let us know what it is that you think!

Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to gdt@iname.com

or

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