



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 1

Otherwise known as Hell's Kitchen's Pre-history, Volume 1

All of the material appearing in this compilation was printed in Rochester, New York by GRACIES DINNERTIME THEATRE in 1995. All material has been reprinted by arrangement with Hell's Kitchen.

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Second Edition: March 1999

Edited by Sean T. Hammond

Editor's Note: Several issues appearing in this compilation had to be recreated based on the hard copy originals. Though great care was taken to maintain the look and feel of the originals, be advised that there are minor differences.

PRELUDE

by Kelly Gunter (founder and editor of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, 1995-1998)

I remember sitting around with Sean Hammond and Mark Trzepla into the wee hours of the night, coming up with insane and hysterical ideas that we would then carry around with us for weeks afterward, to bring out again for special occasions. Mark, a tall and lanky Industrial Design major, was one of those rare people who suffer from the affliction of having too much energy. He'd actually gone through all of the trouble to manufacture an authentic RIT ID card for Indiana Jones. I remember the pathetic look on his face when he came back one evening to explain how one of the computer labs had apparently not gotten the joke and destroyed his beloved ID card. Sean Hammond, a rather short, stocky boy, by all accounts, still breaks into a smile at the mention of "cheetah wheelies." He's the melancholy pixie boy who's mother sends him boxes of leaves in the fall (proper leaves, not the sort we get around here, here being Rochester, New York) so he could kick them around the room and revel in their smell.

Over time, the three of us developed a weekend ritual in which Saturday night would be spent watching "Red Dwarf," "Mystery Science Theatre 3000," or a suitable movie from which to expand our growing "pop culture" referencing abilities, while Sunday morning was simply "brunch" in Gracies, the Rochester Institute of Technology's dining commons. It was at these times that the three of us would expand our intra-relational communications and exchange thoughts, most of them leading to mutual fits of hysterics. A tastefully placed comment such as, "...follow my voice boy..." or, "Father, the sleeper

has awoken!" could send us reeling off in any direction.

One day, one of them mentioned writing a weekly column for the *Reporter*, the Rochester Institute of Technology's weekly news-magazine, based on some of the ideas we played with. As far as I was concerned, the whole thing was a joke. We were just messing around, right?

Mark, a note taker for some of RIT's more fortunate deaf population, had developed a very distinctive style that made him very popular: he would illustrate his notes along the right hand

border, making little cartoon figures of whatever struck him.

Adopting this format we composed a single page of what we hoped would become a weekly column. At the time my sister, Kersten, was the head-editor of the *Reporter* and we gave her our first draft. Weeks passed and we waited to find out whether we would be printed or not.

Eventually I ran into my sister on campus and in a scant two min-

utes, the future of our writing endeavor had been doomed.

"I can understand how it would be funny to people with your sense of humor, but we just can't print things like that." Not only had she rejected the piece, she had actually passed it around to my family so they too had the opportunity to become wholly disgusted by the whole idea of the article. It had been one of my ideas after-all.

So what had taken us weeks to hear about had taken moments to actually say. We had been shot down. I told Sean and Mark and they just sort of drooped around for the next few days, but I can't say I understood why. Granted, I



The founders of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. From left to right: Sean Hammond, Kelly Gunter, and Mark Trzepla

thought the whole idea of writing the column was silly and unimportant, but the other two had set their hearts upon it to such a degree that I couldn't fathom why neither of them thought to do it...without the *Reporter*. That's the important thing: without the *Reporter*. I thought that if they really had a vested interest in writing this silly little thing they'd come up with the idea of just doing it themselves. I kept this idea to myself for a couple of days until I couldn't stand the self-pity fests that had erupted in my two companions. Finally, as it seemed like they weren't going to hit upon this seemingly simple solution, I felt I had to speak up.

"Why don't we do it ourselves?"

A simple answer to something I thought was just a friendly pastime that would be over before it began. Little did I know the four year saga I was getting myself involved in. What started out as a joke, began to thrive. It took a lot of time and energy, and drove through the full spectrum of emotions, but it introduced me to people I never would have met and to experiences I never would have had otherwise.

When we started, I never really cared about the endeavor, but as the years have passed by I wouldn't give up the time I have spent for anything. Even after I finally passed the torch, it still tugs at my heart strings; after all, thanks to *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, I've met friends for a lifetime and ideas for a generation. I've ridiculed religion and politics, polished up my soap box and then tossed it in the non-recyclables, laughed at myself and the world, and kept a steady eye on the "way things are" and known the "way things ought to be."

Disclaimer: We tried. We really did. We tried to get into print the expected way: we approached "The Reporter", and were shot down. So we decided to go it alone. This publication is in no way affiliated with Gracies except perhaps that it is sitting in here...oh yeah! and I guess the name too...but that doesn't really count. We do not claim to be politically correct, Republican, Democrat, Libertarian, or any other interest group. We will offend.

What's it all about: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is the brainchild of a group of individuals with way too much time on their hands, coupled with rampant imaginations (originally we were going to call the article "Campus League Involving the Torture Of Rit's Insecure Students, but it had an unfortunate acronym... acronymacrocon. .nym.. .con ...necronomicon????? Jesus, what am I trying to say here anyway?!?). The premise is simple; many of the slightly off center ideas (slightly off center, phfbt! They can get kind of scary. "Welcome to our world...check your passport at the door, watch out for the marsupials, and remember...we break for NOBODY!) we come up with are often exchanged during dinner at Gracies. It is our time of purging.

So anyway, here it is. We don't know what this will be like, so the only advice we can give is, sit back, relax, and make sure you've got clean underwear on...here we go.

This week's Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is brought to you in part by the letter "H", the Mormon's (the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints), and AT&T: We go beyond the call and into your bedroom.

Ever notice that, whenever news reporters show Ethiopian children, they have flies crawling all over their face and they NEVER wipe the flies away? Think those kids could make a living out of being fly magnets? Can't you see it?

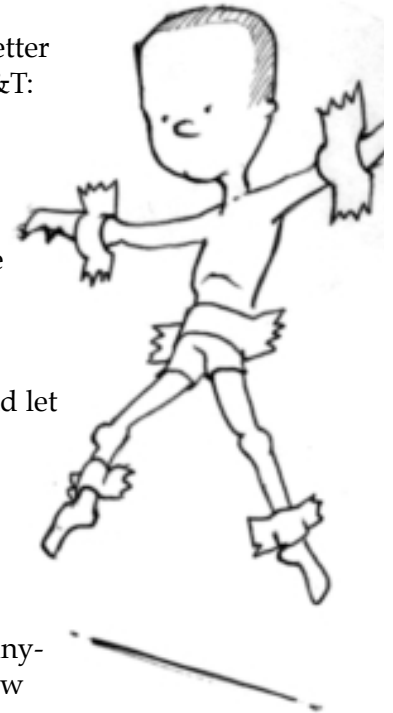
"We've secretly replaced their normal fly paper with Ethiopian- Flypaper-Children. Can they tell the difference? Let's watch..."

Just cover those little gits with some duct-tape (less than a buck a roll!) and let them hang out in the corner. Hell, they don't eat much! Upkeep is low. And think of what a lovely conversation piece they'd make. "Why yes, our Ethiopian-Flypaper-Boy© (a registered trademark of Hell Inc.) is rather vogue, isn't he?"

And if they complain, just throw their little butts out onto the streets and let the government take care of them. Hell, they can't speak English, so they can't tell them where you live. Odds are a pedophile will get a hold of them anyway. Besides, replacement Ethiopian-Flypaper-Boys© are cheap. Want to know how to order, or just want to give us a hard time? Then write to us at:

GDT
CPU 50 Grace Watson Hall
Rochester, NY 14623

Drop it into that "Interdepartmental box" and you won't have to pay!
Watch for us Sundays after break: Same Bat-time, same...well you know the line.



→ GDT CARES ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT  WE USE ONLY RECYCLED MATERIALS...

Ya know, we realized before break that we should share some definitions and phrases. Here's a list of words which we've either modified or just think are neat:

Anthropophagous- Eating someone else (let your imagination roam).

Curmudgeon- There's two meanings to this word. The first, as listed by Webster's is "a bad-tempered, churlish man." It has been increasingly used in a more modern way, however: "anyone who hates hypocrisy and pretense and has the temerity to say so; anyone with the habit of pointing out unpleasant facts in an engaging and humorous manner." I guess you could classify Mark Twain and Harlan Ellison as curmudgeons.

Democratic cult- second coming of Christ, passed by a two thirds majority.

Gwabug- I don't know. Your guess is as good as mine, but my mom always used it. All she said was that they (whatever THEY are) "Gwa".

Intellectual myopia- lacking the ability, or desire, to stop being an idiot.

Keep Your Eyes Peeled- Eeeewwwww (I've never had the need to spell this before). What a wretched thought. Who came up with this one...and more important...WHY!?

Spoonerism- A transposition of letters in a sentence. An example of this verbal phenomena is when, raising a glass to toast the Queen of England, Spooner (its namesake) said, "Let's glaze our asses in salute to our queer Dean." He got into no trouble, only because he said rather embarrassing things all the time. As a side note, one of our writers (yes, there's more than one crack pot. So "Luke, join us. It is your destiny.") has a number of English descendants who have the sir name "Spooner". The phenomena seems to be genetic.

Strapping Young Man- What the hell does this MEAN! Does he liked to be strapped? Does he like to strap? What? What? What! Is he built like a backpack?! Tell me!!!

Verbal bulimia- Saying the same damn crap you puke up every day because you can't think of any thing original to say (example: "What's up?" When you ask that question, do you really care? People say it as a sign that they are willing to interact; it's a kind of door-charge. Isn't it easier to say "Hi"?).

Verbal dysentery- The act of speaking when one has *nothing* to say.

We have to make an apology for an error in fact in our last issue. We said you could send mail free of charge to us, but were wrong. You can write to us at NO CHARGE over the vax (yes, one of us will be revealed). Send it to:

STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU of just STH8884 if your already on the RITVax. The address we gave is good still, but costs 32 cents.

GDT

CPU 50 Grace Watson Hall

Rochester, NY 14623



In the beginning there was a man, he called himself Jesus. He was born under some questionable circumstances. Anyway, his birth isn't really important, neither is his life for that matter, at least not to the early church. The important factor for the early church is Jesus' death, or rather his tendency not to stay that way for more than three days.

The early church never would have started if Jesus hadn't risen from the dead. Much of the preaching hinged on this very concept. This is probably because the average life expectancy of your average God at the time was, well, forever. And it would look really bad on the Christians' record if they had the son of God and he died after thirty some years. Besides, the idea had great salability; lets face it, Christianity is like the religious version of Tupperware: Keep the dead fresh.

So, Jesus had come back from the dead[£], and after he had finished some other business he was going to return and clean things up a bit. Unfortunately for the early Christians he didn't say when. And so they all packed up their bags and waited for his return. They really thought he would be back any minute.

First weeks went by, then months, then several years, and Jesus still didn't appear. Some of the Christians probably got together and conceded to the point that, well, Jesus wasn't showing up and maybe they had misinterpreted his words[§]. And so, they finally decided to move on, what with the boredom of sitting around twiddling their thumbs waiting for the second coming of some messiah with a really bad sense of timing. They decided to go out into the world to spread his word[†] and the misguided assumption that- hey! really! - he would be back any minute now; you could practically smell him.

The majority of the early Christians were Jewish, and the Jews weren't really into spreading much of anything. But once the religion hit the Gentiles, it spread like wild fire[‡]. It eventually spread throughout the world like a gaseous vapor dispersing into the atmosphere, slowly seeping into every corner and crevice. And eventually it snuck into the domain of the Roman Empire.

In the Big R.E. Gods grew like blades of grass. There was a veritable menu of Gods to choose from. Some were of course mere appetizers, but others were main courses to reckon with ("Yes, I'd like a double order of Serapis, hold the Isis."). Many say that Christianity had a tremendous impact on the fall of the Roman Empire. No offense meant to the Church, but fighting the Roman Empire at that time is much like getting into a fist fight with a man who has recently drunk half his weight in alcohol. He might injure you lightly as he accidentally keels over, but no matter how hard you hit him, he was on his way down anyway.

Early preachers were considered to be any member of the group who suddenly got possessed by the Holy Spirit. In fact, it was not uncommon for members of the group to spontaneously experience psychotic episodes during services, which seemed to be standard operating procedure for most of the respectable religions of the day. It was considered the highest order of religious experience[§]. Which, if true, probably means that the largest percentage of the world's holy men are presently confined to sanitariums, and which also adds more clout to the statement, "You've got to be crazy to believe in God."

The one idea that separated the early Christians from the Roman pagans was the idea of brotherly love, and non-violence which extended to all. This might tend to make one wonder what a "Christian Soldier" is. I'm pretty sure the Crusades were a bit more than just a bunch of men traveling all the way to the Holy Land to issue the occupants a stern warning. But with nonviolent affection like that, who needs a shot of Drano on the rocks chased by a hydrochloric enema?

[£] Perhaps the same is true of Elvis and actually many stars who die in their prime.

[§] Although he wasn't around long and he didn't leave a forwarding address.

[†] Even if they weren't quite sure what it meant.

[‡] Or like a bunch of Gentiles who have caught on fire.

[§] If you didn't keel over twitching and mumbling you didn't have enough faith.



We tried. We really did. First we tried to get into print through "The Reporter", and were shot down. So we decided to go it alone. Couldn't find GDT last week? I'm not surprised. The Gracies™ (the dinning commons) police busted us and said they wouldn't let us put GDT alongside Dear Gracies (riveting reading that it is). So now, we've moved where you can find us. Look for new episodes every Sunday in the mail room of Grace Watson Hall, the laundry rooms in the tunnels, the entry of the library, and the SAU.

If you've liked us, tell a friend. Better yet, tell us! Let us know we're amusing others (as well as ourselves).

This week's Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is NOT brought to you by The Reporter, Gracies, or the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship (more on them in a later issue...).

Let's single out an individual, shall we? How about the stinky guy I saw at lunch today with the bulge in his pants and a big smile on his face? No, but you're not off the hook, watch your back. Today's spotlight is on THE BAREFOOT GIRL. You all know who I'm taking about; that girl who goes around barefoot all the time, even in the snow. In my three years here at RIT I've heard a bunch of different names for her...some of which I just don't understand. Here's the list to date:

The Barefoot Girl (by far the most common and least original), the Tree Spirit, the Nature Spirit (my personal favorite), the Keeper of the Wind, the Bubble Girl or the Blower of Bubbles (depending on how dramatic you want it to sound), Granola Girl, That Barefoot Chick (per Reporter magazine), Lord High Master of the Ball-bearings (I'm not too sure on this one), Freak of Nature (I heard this shouted at her by a Sorority chick one day), Gypsy Princess of the Month, and Princess Ompmet.

Maybe there should be tee-shirts, books, models, Barefoot Girl Action Figures, now with Kung-Fu grip (brought to you by Hell Inc.). Think of all the accessories you could sell: no shoes, but lots and lots of dresses and Sony Walkmans. You could even make a model that blew bubbles.

She's like a crop circle, isn't she? I mean, people ask the same questions: Where did she come from? Why is she here? What does it mean? Here are some suggestions:

She was raised by wolves.

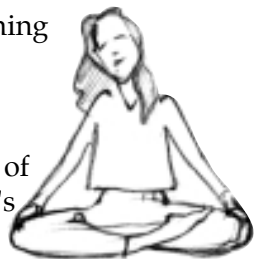
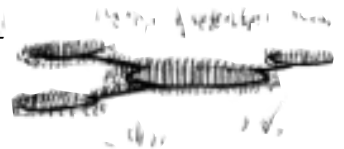
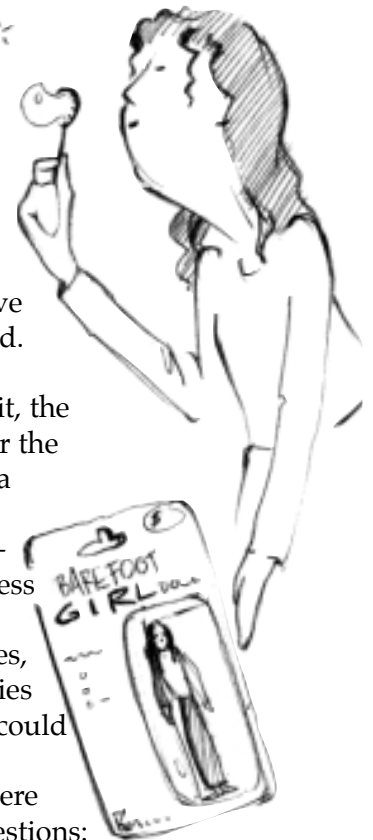
She's from Mexico and/or Alaska (I don't think they should be mutually exclusive) and has more than a little Native American in her (she's anthropophagous. See, reading our paper not only broadens your vocabulary, but lets you appreciate inside jokes).

She isn't real. Just a figment of your imagination. I mean, watch how she walks: she floats. Along with that is the idea that she is a true Nature Spirit. Like animals forced to live in cities as their habitats are destroyed, the elves and faeries are coming to dwell among us, but not with us.

Maybe she's Tabatha from "Bewitched". Or maybe she does it because she was originally from Tibet, where she lived with Yogis for years, mastering their techniques of complete self control. I bet if you took her out onto a lake in the middle of winter and covered her with wet blankets she could boil off the water. I mean, let's face it: sheeee's hot!

Think Snow White was cool? Well the Barefoot Girl's got a legion of squirrels to protect her, so don't mess with the Barefoot Girl (s' all right? S' all right).

If you have something you'd like to see us talk about, send responses to: STH8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu or 50 Grace Watson Hall, Rochester, NY 14623



We, the writers of GDT, have been thinking about how it might be possible to make guinea pigs more interesting. You know the little buggers; eat, sleep, walk, and if you're really lucky it might stop screaming long enough for you to find enough foam and ducttape to make that suckers cage airtight (then the real fun starts. We suggest Sarran Wrap. That allows the best seal-to-view ratio). First we thought of crossing it through the magic of genetic engineering with a howler monkey, but then we realized that that might just exacerbate the problem.

Then it hit us. Lemmings! Lemmings are interesting. Hell, a couple thousand of those little gits, a fjord or two, some popcorn, and maybe few lawnchairs. It's better than watching a football game on a Sunday afternoon, but it's strictly a spectator sport (though I can name at least seven people I'd like to see swept up in the heat of the moment).

Just think of all the possibilities. Instead of having one of those annoying running wheels, you could have a cliff so it can hurl itself off of. If it's overweight and lazy (as most American pets seem to be.) it could be like an escalator , the lemme-pig wouldn't have to do anything. They're worse than dogs at dinner, though. They won't beg for food, but they want you to pick them up and put them on the table. I beseech you: DON'T DO IT! As soon as they know they can manipulate you, you'll be nothing but a glorified airlift. They'll expect it to be done over, and over, and over again.

The up side of owning a lemme-pig is that kids enjoy watching them more than television. Slinkies aren't seen as often with a lemme-pig in the home.

Not only do kids love to watch those stupid little fur balls roll ass-over-end down a flight of stairs, their little legs flung out, tiny squeals of bliss escaping their muzzles upon each impact (kid tested, mother approved(oh, yes)), the lemme-pigs are in rodent heaven; consecutive cliffs! Amazing. Of course there will be the bleeding hearts asking, "isn't that cruel?" Hell, no. If you want to be cruel to a lemme-pig, take them to the Great Plains.

Picture it: rolling grass as far as the eye can see, with only the wind making noise. But wait, what's that low rumble. Good God! a whole herd of wild lemme-pigs (a product of Cerberus™, a subsidiary of Hell Inc.) The land is suddenly black with their little bodies as they desperately search for anything to fling themselves off of. If you ever get caught in a lemme-pig stampede...RUN! Those tenacious freaks will all try to shimmy up your pant legs and jump off your head! You'll be crushed under the weight of thousands of furry bodies (say...)!

If they can't find anything, an amazing display of cooperation is shown. Let's go to our man in the field, and get a report:

"The massive airship is just now pulling up to the gantry and-OH MY GOD! It's burst into flame! Oh, the humanit-"

Sorry, wrong man in the field. We're still having problems with this whole linear time/single probability concept. Here's our other man in the field:

(Voice of any nature show): "The vast herds of mighty Lemme-pigs™, here in America's heartland, recreate the impression of undulating ocean waves as they hurl themselves off of one another in an attempt to appease their instincts.

"It really is beautiful to watch- OH MY GOD! They've burst into flames! Oh the lemmenty!"

Order yours today!



Comments From the Critics...

Because of the overwhelming response to last week's article on the barefoot girl (all of one response, which seeing as it is the only response we've gotten so far, it seems overwhelming to us) we would like to share the comments made and reply to them. In the future we hope to disturb, anger, and generally annoy many more of you.

Due to space constraints, we were not able to reprint the entire letter. What follows are the pertinent parts.

Hello.. I'm writing this letter in regards to your "publication," "Gracies Dinnertime Theatre..."

First off, you must be one hell of a insecure individual. Not only is this "publication" sexist in the highest degree, you speak as if you're perfect. As if you're ALLOWED to condemn people, and pronounce judgment upon them, based upon how they choose to express themselves.

Let me ask you this - Has she (barefoot girl) ever accosted people preaching a message about world peace, or environmentalism?...

You have *no right* WHATSOEVER to slander her, especially in a public write up. According to the first amendment, this type of bullshit is punishable by Law...

You're just another typical RIT asshole. Did you ever study your history? Ever read anything about World War II, and the Nazi's?... Is that what you're trying to start up here?...

And don't tell me this publication is "just a joke," or "You're taking this way to seriously." Because THIS garbage is no joke.

I could say more, but I'll save it. I think you get the picture.

-Dave

Would it help to say that the guy who wrote the barefoot girl article believed in family values and loved his dog? Would it help if he realized the error of his ways and repented ("...repent, repent...")? None of it's true, hell he doesn't even have a dog, but would it help if he said that? Probably not.

Dave already knows the punchline to this story. The fact is that I am the barefoot girl and an active writer and editor of GDT¹. Now, I didn't write that article (I did help, though), but I really don't see the difference between it being published where I can see it or being spoken of by strangers behind my back. The real point is that I just don't care what any of you say about me, and the things that are said are really very funny.

Thanks Dave it was nice of you to stand up for me, but I don't like being protected. The one thing I would like to see is that the rest of you stop asking me that same idiotic question, because I'm bored of answering it and I've actually stopped answering it. So I guess that leaves it up to the rest of you to continue answering it, and who knows, maybe we'll write a sequel.

So the rest of you can continue saying whatever it is you say. I don't understand the fascination that I draw, all I know is that you guys need hobbies. As long as you all leave my person alone I don't care what you do to my name; draw all the mustaches you want.

I would like to make one final note: it's to that sorority girl who called me a "freak of nature" and then bravely ran and hid behind a couch.

-My dear, if I may assume that the standard of nature that you use considers yourself as it's norm, or even the best nature has to offer, I hope you believe me when I tell you with the greatest sincerity that by those standards I believe nature's freak to be the highest and most prestigious position available. So thank you and give my regards to your pride if you can find it.

A Not So Funny Note:

I hope you've liked the new expanded version of GDT. All future episodes will be front and back, which means we can print more of what YOU have to say. Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is not a newsmag. We exist only to amuse, confuse, perhaps even elucidate. Up to this point, we've printed mostly humorous articles (we think so at least, and that's what really counts). Page two of GDT will be dedicated to any poems, art work, cartoons, thoughts, letters, editorials, advertisements, etc. To submit an idea (maybe a regular column?), get in touch with us through STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU. See you next week....

¹Since we told Dave, he has written us a second letter. Here are the highlights: "Ah.. Gee, I do feel very embarrassed by how I must have sounded due to the letter of reply I just read...I guess now that I know she's part of the staff at GDT, it all seems different.. But.. I dunno. The first read seemed, well.. different... "P.S. If you need writers for GDT, I'd be glad to help."

I've frequented Taco Bell™ quite a bit, and on more than one occasion, I've warily peeled back the shell on one of their Soft-Shell Taco Supremes and wondered why an entire meal costs less than a can of Alpo. Any hesitation on my part is quickly overcome by hunger, and the slaughtered animal flesh becomes bolus.

After a great deal of thought (even more thought than we put into The Barefoot Girl issue), we have come up with a concept that we thought would be worth sharing:

Many people choose to be organ donors. I'm not sure about how things are done in other states, but in Maine, all we have to do is affix a sticker on the back of our license. The problem with being an organ donor is you never know where your parts might go. Sure you're dead, and you presumably won't really care, but it's the principle of the thing.

Imagine being able to choose a plethora of options as the final resting place of your organs. Of course there would be the traditional "Scientific Research," "Organ Transplant," "Throw me in a Hole and bury my Ass," but there would be a host of others: mainly "Fast-Food."

We are, after all, at the top of the food chain and should be fairly good eating. Yes, we also have massive toxin buildup in our bodies because of our status as top predator, but just avoid eating the liver and you should be okay. Not only would you be able to choose "Fast-Food," but you would be able to specify your favorite fast-food enterprise. You'd be giving back some of what you had ingested in a beautiful example of recycling. We all have to do our part....

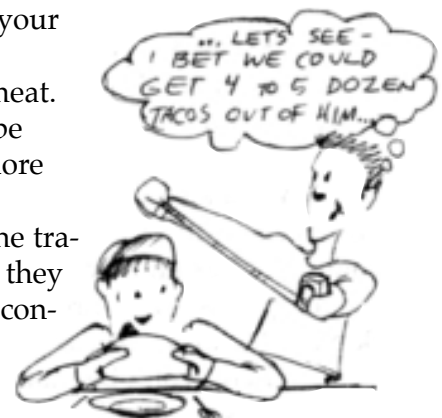
The plan is easy, just fill out the Taco Bell section on your organ donor card and take it to your local area branch. And while they enter your name on their database, so they can easily track down your corpse anywhere in the world, they'll treat you to a free lunch. And as an added bonus to the Taco-Donor Plan, Taco Bell will personally prepare all the food required for your wake, in honor of your responsible decision.

This may already be the case in Mexico, hence Taco Bell's cheap meat. And now with NAFTA a reality, whole boxcars of dead Mexicans will be making their way north, entering your towns (hopefully with a little more speed than those killer bees we've been waiting for) and stomachs.

Can we afford to lose the body-parts trade war? Imagine all of the traditional food corporations relocating to Mexico in search of cheap (like they pay a lot now) labor and plentiful resources. Help keep our country's economy strong: donate today.

I hope to enjoy you soon.

Disclaimer: This may be one of the few times that we feel compelled to have a disclaimer, but this issue deserves one. We, the staff of GDT are not attempting to imply that any fast-food establishment uses meat other than that which is approved by the FDA (ever read The Jungle?). We would also like to apologize to anyone of Mexican descent. We are not implying that Mexicans, as a rule, are anthropophagous (although the Aztecs were and they were technically Mexican, but that's beside the point).



“Siva”

by guest writer K.K. Gunter

<p>I am Siva Lord of the Dance And when I put my foot down, the whole world will shatter.</p> <p>Like that glass you placed in front of your eyes when you were still young, The glass you used to cover your eyes. That glass that shatters with the first spoken truth. And then you'll see beyond, to where the world stands, to what <u>you chose</u> not to see, to live in pain. And even if you start picking up all the shards</p>	<p>of glass and shading your eyes once again, you can never forget. You will <u>never</u> forget, the life you have neglected, the life you should be. But you share your corner with the lies, tying knots, hoping no one can untangle.</p> <p>But I am Siva Lord of the Dance And when I put my foot down, the world as you know it will shatter. And I will <u>break</u> your knots, break your lies. So in the end, all you can see is your own nakedness.</p>
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From the Editors:

Your responses have absolutely overwhelmed us. We are sort of running around trying to set up ways to meet various requests coming in. In response to some feedback we received, we have set up a way for anyone to read current GDT episodes while on the vax. At the "\$" prompt, simply type "finger STH8884" (whoever chose the word "finger" just wasn't thinking). You'll be able to read a text only version of GDT. Don't expect to find a sort of early release there, though. New issues appear at 12:01 AM Sunday mornings.

We'd also like to introduce you to GDT's **Religious Marathon Week**. Yes, a full week of GDT. Six special (Monday through Saturday) issues primarily dedicated to Christianity, in honor of the coming of Easter. Devout Christians please note: the coming issues are not an attack on your beliefs; the religion is not entirely your fault. If we were better versed in the Talmud, Koran, Upanishad, the Book of Mormon, etc, we would be sharing the wealth. Give us time.

There won't be many copies, so "keep your eyes peeled".
See you all this week.

-GDT staff

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Mediocre Monday

We have a theory proposing that, not only did the prophets of Old Israel know about the coming of Jesus of Nazareth, but Prometheus knew and willingly hid the knowledge from Zeus and the rest of the Olympians:

The best way to understand the melodrama that made up the Classical world is to give a quick and dirty synopsis and introduce the major characters. To make a long story short, a race of Titans came into being. And as with most ruling parties the Titans engaged in a lot of incest (If you thought the hemophilia caused by the inbreeding of Europe's ruling class was bad, imagine having children with a hundred heads and one eye). Cronos ruled the Titans, the Titans ruled the Multiverse, the monsters mucked about the earth, and a merry time was had by all. All that is, except Cronos' children. You see, Gaia had told Cronos that one of his children would one day overthrow him. Cronos had always been a picky eater, and because of this he chose to eat his children. One by one, his children disappeared down his gullet. The only one who escaped becoming a delectable little morsel was Zeus, who eventually tricked his father into regurgitating up all his siblings.

Prometheus, a Titan and technically Zeus' first cousin, never could break through the glass ceiling and become a full member of the Olympians, even though he aided Zeus in seizing power from Cronos. It appears that in order to be an Olympian, one had to either be swallowed, threatened with being swallowed, or come into being out of various body parts or fluids.

Anyway, Prometheus was a bit of a thorn in Zeus' side, particularly when it came to humans. Where Zeus wanted nothing better than to see those silly bipeds huddling in caves, Prometheus had better ideas. He taught man how to cloth himself in the flesh of animals for warmth, how to write, read, sail, in short, he taught man the basics of civilization. All this was bad enough, but when Prometheus secretly gave man fire, the shit hit the fan.

To punish man for accepting the gift of fire, Zeus had Pandora and her famous jar (why it has become thought of as a box is beyond me) made. But for Prometheus, Zeus became down-right medieval.

He ordered Prometheus bound in chains to a mountain, but nothing Zeus did could cause the prideful Titan to recant. To add insult to injury, Zeus discovered that Prometheus knew of a prophesy. If Zeus were to have a child with a particular woman, the child would grow to be greater than Zeus and would overthrow all the Olympians. This child would eat lightning and fart thunder. In short, he would be the king of men and gods. Zeus demanded that Prometheus disclose the secret, but the Titan stood firm, even when a great eagle was sent to attack the Titan and eat his liver every day of his immortal existence.

In time, as men became calmer, so did the gods. The myths allowed the eagle to be killed by Hercules (with Zeus' approval) and, in time, an older and mellower Zeus released Prometheus. In gratitude, Prometheus named the woman, who Zeus smartly avoided. Yet, the name Prometheus means "Forethought", and all those years chained to a cold mountain, with an eagle ripping at your organs could conceivably lead to a clever plan or at least a very bitter individual.

Why tell Zeus the truth? Zeus caused all the evils in Pandora's Jar to be created, tried to drown humanity in a flood (yup. Nearly everyone in the Mediterranean had a flood story); he just wasn't very concerned with humanity (contrary to popular belief, the gods do not play cerebral games like chess. They like games where the contestants have no chance of winning. Go to Hell. Go strait to Hell. Do not pass Go. Do not collect \$200). In short Prometheus lied. Here's a myth you probably won't find in any book:

One day, while Zeus was checking out the eastern lands of the Mediterranean, his eye fell on a beautiful virgin who dedicated her life to some god Zeus had never actually met, but heard good things about. Very ambitious, heading right up the corporate ladder. Up, up, up.

Anyway, Zeus always did have a liking for virgins, so he came to her and, well... when he left, she was pregnant. After a time, the child was born, grew up, did some miracles, the Romans nailed him to a tree, he died, came back from the dead, and set into motion events that made the Olympians tremble.

You see, Prometheus said that Zeus' son, a son of god, would destroy the Olympians...and that's exactly what Jesus did.



Tedious Tuesday...

For almost two thousand years Christians have spoken of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse; War, Famine, Pestilence, and Death. Sure, they served the purpose throughout the centuries, but there are threats which are more frightening: Mediocrity for one. I suppose that Mediocrity wasn't given a very big part in the Apocalypse because, well, an accountant in a high priced suit brandishing a solar powered calculator just doesn't pack as much punch as the others do... but we digress. The time has come to revise The Four Riders and make them more contemporary.

Think of Death for instance. Who really considers death much today, except for Dr. Kevorkian of course. It's not like the average life span is twenty years of age anymore. In fact the life expectancy for most women born today is about four times that. Besides, if you do fear death there is always the option of cryogenic freezing. Even if it doesn't actually work just think of all the great gag ice cubes your relatives will have access to. Old Uncle Fred never got that kind of reaction out of people when he was alive.

Then consider War: Sure in actuality it's a horrific experience, but those who aren't involved in it have become the viewing public and the whole thing has turned into a media blitz ("the revolution will be televised"). The world doesn't care who lives or dies as long as they're photogenic. War is a game to us now; if you go down to any arcade you'll realize that. Even our forefathers thought so. Remember the Civil War? The first battle that was fought was surrounded by a lot of wealthy society members from Washington picnicking on the outskirts of the battle field. They came to eat a little potato salad and watch some of their boys fry up a little Billy Reb. Sure war is hell, but as long as you have enough buttered popcorn and Jujubes, you'll never have to worry about it.

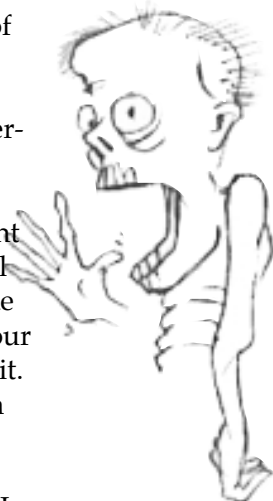
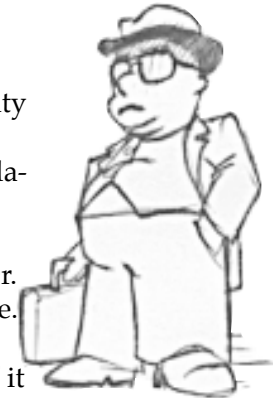
On top of that, WWII proved that war is profitable. Hell, if it hadn't been for Hitler, the world wide depression of the 1930's would have continued for a great deal longer than it did. Not only does war employ people in the construction of weapons of destruction, but it cuts down on excess population, thereby raising the standard of living. Its a win-win situation!... as long as it's not you who has to die; and in the case of governments, those who are in charge are never on the front line.

Maybe that's what should happen. Think of the entertainment possibilities. It would be like the Olympics. "Live from Geneva: George Bush of the United States versus Saddam Hussein of Iraq in seven rounds of Shoots and Ladders!"

Famine? The American public has something to fear from famine? Lack of nutritional value I can understand, but famine? What's with all those programs like Weight Watchers and Jenny Craig ("Want to be famished or just look like you are?")? With all the waif-like models and the apparent coolness of eating disorders, it seems more like people like the idea of Famine more than they fear Him. Sure, if he showed up on your door step you'd freak, but if he marketed a weight loss program, people would love it.

And Pestilence? Well this one I have to agree is pretty scary, even today. Although most modern vermin are a lot larger and show a liking toward three piece suits and small boys. The largest concentrations of vermin can be found in Washington D.C., large corporations, law offices, hospitals, car lots, and those cheesy road side diners. In many ways, it's hard to distinguish between vermin and those who worship Mediocrity. Pestilence is enough to make one uneasy, and perhaps even enough to make one consider moving to the country, but is it really big enough to fear?

No, Hell is much more subtle. Mediocrity, Indifference, Apathy - those are the ones you really have to watch out for.



Ash Wednesday

Collaboration: Mark Nowak and the staff of GDT

So I was in the elevator the other day, laughing to myself (this freaks the faculty out), and I went down to the sub-basement level of one of the academic buildings. Instead of the meat locker I expected to see, I was in Asgard. Stuff like this happens fairly regularly to me. If you ever want to try it for yourself, my advice to you is: make sure you take a ride with a faculty member and when the door closes, club 'em, I can't guarantee it'll be Asgard for you, though. The next time I tried it, it was Candyland. I lost.

Anyway, I walked in (or maybe out) and Thor was there. Though his physique was absolutely marvelous (hey, I'm strictly butter-side up, but when you see a god, it kind of makes you weak in the knees), he was sulking. How can I put this delicately... I found out he was omnipotently impotent.

"VERILY," he thundered, "I JUST CAN'T SMITE ANYONE ANYMORE. I CAN SEND THOSE THUNDER BOLTS OUT, ALL RIGHT, BUT THEY JUST FIZZ OUT. MAYBE I WOULDN'T BE SO MIFFED IF THE BOLTS DIDN'T COME SO CLOSE, BUT THEY GO FLYING DOWN RIGHT AT MY NONVICTIMS AND JUST DISSIPATE MICRONS ABOVE THEIR HEADS. SURE I CAN TAKE IT OUT ON MY DOG, BUT IT'S NOT THE SAME. HE JUST SITS THERE LOOKING UP AT ME YIPPING, AND WHEN I GET PARTICULARLY NASTY HE LICKS MY FACE. A DOG IS SUPPOSED TO BE MAN'S BEST FRIEND, BUT I'LL TELL YOU, THEY JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO TREAT A GOD. WHEN I SMITE SOMEONE, I WANT THEM TO STAY SMITED. I DON'T WANT THEM BRINGING ME MY SLIPPERS..."

He let out a soft reminiscent sigh, "AHH, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT IN THE OLD DAYS...SOMEONE SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT ME AND, *ZAP!* JUST SMOKING SANDALS. HOW I LONG FOR--"

"Can I interrupt this soliloquy?"

"-NO. THE DAYS OF--"

"What are you going to do, zap me (sort of like telling an impotent man to "Go screw yourself"?)"

"BE QUIET YOU! WHY... I CAN STILL CURSE UP A STORM! I'LL BLUDGEON YOU WITH MY ELOQUENCE! I'LL... I'LL--"

"What? You'll talk my ear off?"

"I! LONG! FOR! THE DAYS! OF SACRIFICE! AND WIPING OUT VILLAGES!"

He was big. I shut up.

"NOBODY *BELIEVES* ANYMORE. SO NOW I GET AN "HONORABLE MENTION" IN A LED ZEPPELIN SONG, WHICH YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE LYRICS TO ANYWAY! IT'S ALMOST NOT WORTH EATING GOLDEN APPLES ANYMORE. SO BUGGER OFF, BEFORE I WRAP YOU UP LIKE A BIRTHDAY PRESENT IN YOUR OWN SMALL INTESTINES!"

So I headed for the elevator again. Of course, it was the wrong one but it looked the same on the outside. Instead of the science building, I was in the kingdom of the elves of Neibelheim (which, incidentally, smells remarkably like a dissection laboratory. It was like....Pittsburgh). I had to go through a whole cycle of Wagner operas to get back, but I thought I should tell you this. Keep nonbelieving (except for those lusty love goddesses. Rrrrrrrrrrr... Let's bring them back.), but only in those irritable gods. Once you stop believing in science, you end up a music major at some backwater college with your professors telling you to be an engineer.

Huh. Ended on the letter "r" and started on the letter "s". Kind of brings it full circle. Neat huh?





Treason Thursday...

(What would you do for thirty pieces of silver?)

This idea was brought to you in part by the imagination of Robert MacKay: gone...but comes for visits.

In recent years there has been a deluge of self-help books dedicated to the concept of positive thinking. "Think yourself rich", "Think yourself to a better career", "Think yourself into a tight red leather skirt with six inch heels and then straight into bed for profit." You get the idea.

The problem with all these books is the authors have simply cashed in on the concept of political correctness. If you haven't been able to identify the idea behind political correctness, we'll try to clear it up for you: to be politically correct, simply look at something, give it a different name that means the same thing, and attach some kind of negative meaning to the old phrase. What the books call "positive thinking", religions call "prayer", children call "wishing" and the constitutionally incapacitated swashbuckler might call "hope" or "gin." They're all examples of the same phenomena(do, do. Do, do-do? Dodo dodod? How the hell do you write the words to "Mah Na Mah Na"?).

The human mind, you see, is set up sort of like the desktop of a Macintosh computer, with all the cutesy little icons representing rather complicated programs. That's how we think. We think in terms of abstract images which go together to make bigger, even more abstract ideas. One of the many programs that each human desktop comes installed with (including Instinct 7.5, which includes the same features as Instinct 1-7: Eat, Sleep, Run-When-Scared-Or-Punch-It, and Mating, though Instinct 7.5 lets the user multitask) is The God File.

The God File is more like a program than a file, and it has many names; God, Jehovah, Brahmin, Allah, Santa Claus, insert name here, whatever you may address your wishful thinking to. The God File is tied in with all of your subconscious inits that you have running all the time. Freud called them the super-ego. I don't think that there is a human alive that can justify everything they do all the time, and that's because of all the stuff we have running in the background. Little things we picked up as children which we aren't even aware of. In the case of obsessive compulsive individuals, their background inits take up in excess of 20,000 megs.

Anyway, The God File alters your subconscious programming in subtle ways, according to whatever was sent to The God File. Let's say, for instance, you really wanted to do well on a test. That desire would be sent to The God File, which would alter your subconscious behavior and make you want to study more.

Unfortunately, The God File can not distinguish between "good" wishes and "bad" wishes. This is the "power of negative thinking." Every time you think badly about yourself, that concept is sent to The God File, which then does its job. Your behavior is altered so you really do act like a loser; its a self fulfilling prophesy.

On top of all this, everyone's God File is linked by an Ethernet. So not only is your behavior being altered in subtle ways to help you achieve the goal you have sent to your own God File, other peoples behavior is also altered to help you achieve your goal.

What this all boils down to is what the self-help books have been saying: it's all in your hands. If you want a life of depression and misery, go ahead and think about one. Think of the worst one you can...cause it will come true; you'll make it come true. If, however, you want a life full of joy and childhood whimsy, think humorous thoughts, learn not to take things so seriously, oh, and read us for a chuckle every now and then.

No one intentionally buys a faulty product, so why choose to live a shitty life?



Chit-Chat Extension



Feeling Extension



Good Friday...

"Ding! Dong! The witch is dead.
The wicked witch of the west is dead.
Ding! Dong! The wicked witch is dead."
-"The Wizard of Oz"

The other day I was thinking about the story in the Bible where Jesus prays not to be crucified; you know, the part where he says to God something like, "If it's your will, have this cup taken from me and passed unto another." I can't really hold it against him, either. Sure he was the son of God, but he really didn't want to die. Wouldn't it have been better if it had been like the "Elias Sandoval" episode from the original Star Trek series. All you Trekkies probably know the one I'm talking about: the one where Spock is hanging upside down from a tree laughing ("I'm not going back, Jim. I like it here on Omicrom Seti Three..." or whatever bloody planet it was).

Maybe Jesus should have tried that approach.

"I'm not going back, God. I'm in love. I like it here on Earth."

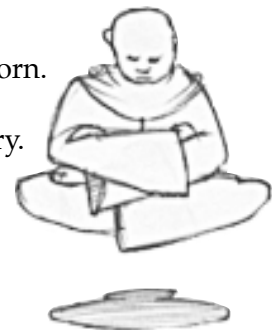
While Mary Magdalene, wearing a slinky Spandex outfit, is playing with flowers at the base of the tree saying, "Yes, it really is pleasant here, God."

But then I suppose God would have had to make Jesus mad, and after that time he snapped in the Temple and pummeled the money changers, no one wanted to push him too far.

Anyway, here's a little poem that resulted from a game some the staff play. Enjoy.



A is for Atlas who holds up the sky...
B is for Beowulf who made Grendel die.
C is for Circe who turns men to pigs...
D is for Dwarfs and the tunnels they dig.
E is for Erebus where flows the river Styx...
F is for Fauns who like to play tricks.
G is for Gwenevere who are Arthur's three wives...
H is for Harpies who come when one dies.
I is for Icarus with unfaithful wings...
J is for Jahweh of whom angels sing.
K is for Krishna who makes one feel love...
L is for Legion, below not above.
M is for Mithra, so much like the Christ...
N is for Nymphs, who have men inticed.
O is for Osiris, who had been reborn...
P is for Prometheus whose flesh was constantly torn.
Q is for Quetzalcoatl, the snake who could fly...
R is for Rhadamanthus, whom dead souls does try.
S is for Semiramis, of beauty reknowned...
T is for Titans whom Zeus ordered bound.
U is for Underworld, land of the dead...
V is for Varuna who is always overhead.
W is for Wandula where all is forgot...
X is for Xanthus where the Trojans all fought.
Y is for Yggdrasil with roots in three worlds...
Z is for Zalevkos, his sun glory unfurled.



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Passover...

In Philosophy of Religion, the instructor instituted a sort of thought experiment. He initially asked what proof the class would need to be convinced of the existence of the Lock Ness Monster. In response, one of the students half mumbled, "A corpse washed up on the beach." The instructor then asked what would we need as evidence for the existence of God. Predictably, one of our writers muttered, "His corpse washed up on the beach."

Can't you see it? A bush, carbon blackened by flame, washed up on the shores of the Red Sea, smelling of dead fish, yet somehow very divine (or at least worthy of sticking it in a nice color co-ordinated flower pot and hanging it in the corner of your "breakfast niche"). Then again, who would believe that a burnt, soggy bush was God, The Lord, The Big Guy, Numero Uno, The Guy Who Invented Light? I mean, they might fall for a burning bush, but for a half-charred, water-logged shrubbery that would be considered to be in poor form for a weed? No. Defiantly not. I'd only entertain the thought for the sheer celebration of it.

Not so funny as it is interesting....Maybe not even interesting.

Before we introduce our guest writer, we'd like to share our thanks that we're in the twentieth century, and not the fifteenth. If it were, we all would have been turned into bags of briquettes a long time ago. Hope you enjoyed our **Religious Marathon Week**; I know we have; though we now know why God rested on the seventh day. Man, he was beat.

Guest Columnist: Mark Nowak

You know what Jesus said: "Turn the other cheek." And somehow throughout the centuries that message has been perverted to, "Kill no heathen unless he's breath'in." Ah...I don't know how, but here's my reaction to it and a little ditty I composed:

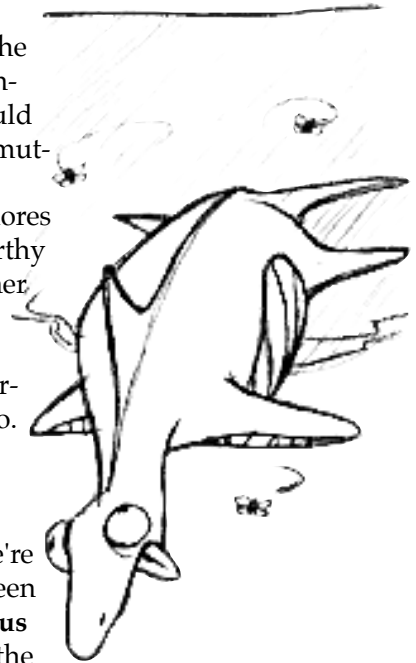


I'm a member of the Christian Youth
 Only got one version of the truth
 If you don't agree you must be a heathen and
 God says you need a good beat'in

I'm a member of the Christian Youth
 Only got one version of the truth
 Never try to think for myself 'cause if I did
 my...my...
 my brain would hurt.

I never cared for scientific proof
 My shouts for Jesus would blow off your roof
 I could praise the Lord for days and days...
 "Tell me brother, have you been saved?"

I'm a member of the Christian Youth
 Only got one version of the truth
 If you don't agree you must be a heathen
 and I'm gonna give you
 such a good beating....



Easter Sunday

(Which just goes to prove you can't keep a good man down.)

Language is amazing, isn't it? You can warp the meaning of anything. If you want to, say, demolish a whole city block and kick hundreds of people out onto the street without causing an uproar, you call it "urban renewal." To help you justify your horrible acts, here are a few definitions and word origins for you to peruse. Enjoy.

Arachibutyrophobia- Fear of peanut butter sticking to the roof of your mouth.



Artificial Stimulant Indoctrinaire- Junky.

Constitutionally Incapacitated Swashbuckler- Coward.

Cerebral Embryo- Brainchild.

Cerebration- Thinking for the sake of thinking (sort of like masturbation, only it's for that other thing you use to think with).

Entertainment Liaison Agent- Pimp.

Eurotophobia- Fear of female genitals.



Helminthophobia- Fear of becoming infested with worms.

Parousiamania- An abnormal anticipation of the Second Coming of Christ.

Penis- From Latin, meaning "tail."

Porphyrophobia- Hatred of the colour purple.

Rape Diem- Latin for "Rape the day."

Sheryl Crow- The second coming of Edie Brickell.

Spacially Challenged- Contortionist.



Vagina- From Latin, meaning "sword sheath" (just proves that slang really can be accepted).

And remember, the next time some idiot comes up to you and says, "My aren't we inebriated with the exuberance of our own verbosity," you just look them in the eye and reply back confidently, "Yeah, and I'm also crapulous with the ebullience of my prolixity as well."

Heckling Scales

Concept by Tim Bukoski

Heckling Scale... for runway waifs



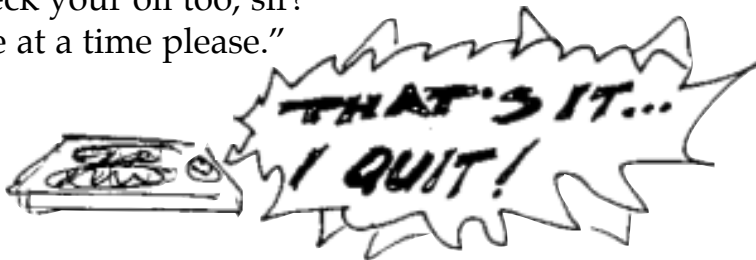
- “Smurphy.”
- “Please put your entire body on the scale.”
- “You are at your ideal weight...for a canary.”
- “There is actually a chocolate section of the supermarket.”
- “If you get bruised by sitting down, something’s wrong.”
- “Try three dimensions.”
- “Helium is bad for you.”



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Heckling Scale...for the poundage challenged

- “Ever consider life in the Navy...as ballast?”
- “Kay-ripes, man! What is this...a bathroom or a truck stop?”
- “Why’d ya stop at thirds?”
- “What? Were they out the Super-Jumbo size?”
- “I don’t see all the fuss over whale extinction...”
- “...and the other axle?”
- “Check your oil too, sir?”
- “One at a time please.”



Warning: this week's GDT does not have the minimum daily requirement of David Hasselhoff or dwarf tossing references. You must forage elsewhere.

I recently had to replace the stereo in my car due to the fact that someone felt they were entitled to it slightly more than I. To try and deter future pilfering of my possessions, I coughed up some extra cash to buy one of those newfangled detachable face models. I love the concept behind this technology. If I take off the face plate the stereo doesn't work; end of story. This makes stealing such equipment pointless, or at the very least not as much fun (but then again staring at a metal and plastic box with wires sticking out of one end could be very enjoyable to a segment of our population...probably the same people who tape fishing shows and who the new line of Chia-animals are marketed toward).

Imagine the wide application of this technology in today's on-the-go society. Say, for example, you're a mother of three and you're at the mall with your little darlings: you want to run into the little glass figurine store, or maybe Frederick's of Hollywood. Leaving your kids right outside the store would be great...if you didn't have to worry about some proto-pubescent relocation specialist snatching them the minute you turn away.

Now to alleviate your sleepless nights (and wakeless days), Hell Inc. introduces its varied line of Child Theft Deterrent accessories (and Personal Pleasure Devices).

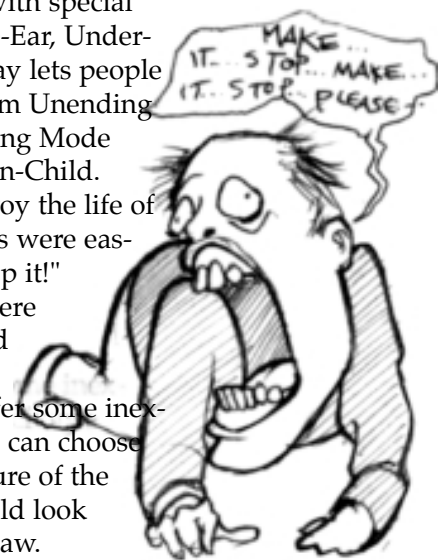
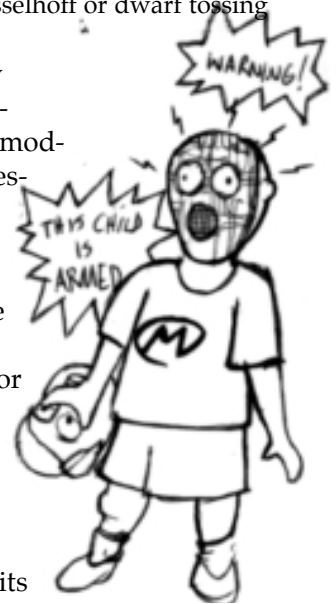
You can have your child fitted with the behavior modification implant...with special LED screen. One flip of the cleverly hidden switch (choose from Behind-The-Ear, Under-The-Armpit or the ever popular False-Tooth) and the easily seen LED display lets people know your child is armed. The different behavior modes available range from Unending Inane Questions ("Why do you have hair growing in your ears?"), Repeat Song Mode ("Bingo" over, and over, and over), to Hell-Spawn-Projectile-Vomiting-Demon-Child.

You can shop at ease knowing that little Johnny or Sally will utterly destroy the life of any would-be kidnapper. In our extensive test marketing research, abductors were easily located by their obvious facial twitches and Tourettes-like shrieks of, "Stop it!", "For the love of God!", and "Kill me. Kill me now." In fact, stolen children were often returned within half an hour of attempted relocation, fully washed and well fed.

For those who can't afford to shell out the cash for this equipment, we offer some inexpensive alternatives: detachable face plate and removable limb features. You can choose from full or partial arm and leg detachments, removable face (the good feature of the detachable face is they're all interchangeable. Ever wonder what Bobby would look like as a girl? Just pop his face on Sarah. Easy on, easy off!), and removable jaw. With these deterrents in place you can rest assured that although you may never see Timmy again he won't live his life out doing hard labor as a white slave; you still have his arms and left leg. Just pray he never finds his way onto the illegal and underground "Human Pinata" circuit.

Imagine the seedy scene: a dark back room, the light hazy through the smoke, and there, strung up like a pig in a butcher shop window, is your little baby; and he's loving every minute of it. With the all pudding diet he's on, he can't feel a thing through the sixteen inch layer of subcutaneous fat covering his body. The only way he can get food into the pucker that is his mouth is through a straw and an air-pump.

Just a round, shapeless monoped, looking like some warped, fleshy tether-ball from hell.



After Dinner Mints

Most ideas that the staff comes up with for GDT just aren't funny or don't have enough umph to become a full page. We aren't willing to just let those concepts die, though. Think of After Dinner Mints as resurrected GDTs that could have been.

Here's a little hacking tip for Macintosh owners: How to modify IBM simms to work in a Mac. Let me say right up front that the modifications I made worked with SE's, but I haven't tested them on other, more advanced Macs. **Make these changes at your own risk.**

For those of you that might not know, the only difference between most IBM and Mac thirty pin simms are the number of integrated circuits (ICs) on the simm itself. IBM's have nine chips; Mac's run on eight. Figure 1 shows an unmodified 256K IBM simm. The modifications I made are very easy (the most advanced tool you'll need is a screw driver), and can be done to one meg simms using the same method.

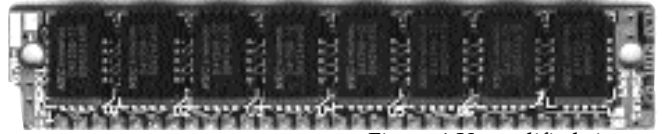


Figure 1: Unmodified simm

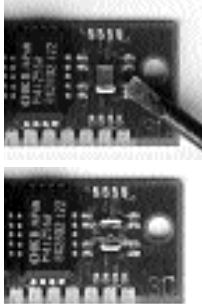


Figure 3: Surface mount part under the IC, and once it's scraped off.

The first step is to orient yourself to the simm. Place it so the pins are facing toward you. The chip to the far right needs to be pried off. It comes off very easily; just stick the corner of the screwdriver under the edge of the chip and pry. See figure 2 for an example.

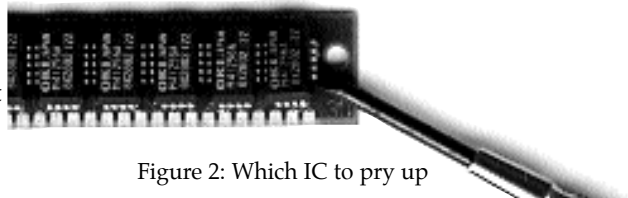


Figure 2: Which IC to pry up

Once the IC is up, there's a small surface mounted part that was under it (Figure 3). Simply grind this right off the board.

That's it. Your done. To alter a one meg simm, use the same general method; pry off the chip to the far right and scrape off any surface mounted part that was under it.

Hope you found this helpful, and remember...if you screw something up, it's not my fault.



FAHRVERGNÜGEN

(real joy in driving)

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or

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Wanted:

Supervillian seeks thugs. Must have prior experience.

Willingness to clean windows a plus. Prefer jutting jaws, but disfigurements accepted. References required. Contact MET6966@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU for interview.

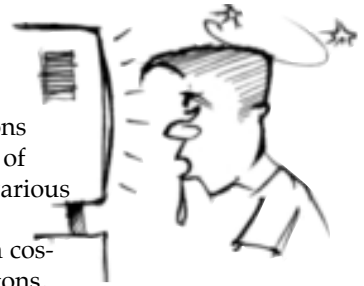
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Monday May 1, 1995
Volume 1, issue 15

“Because you can only have so much fun with animated vegetables.”

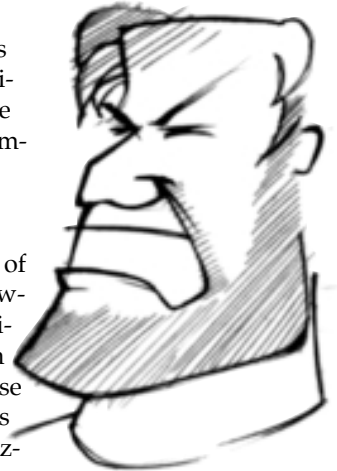
I don't know about the rest of you, but for a very significant portion of my life, cartoons were all encompassing. I grew up in an area without cable, so Saturday became the holy of holies. I'd kneel in front of the great alter that was our TV and worship, along with my various superhero dolls (it varied from week to week which doll would have my favor, though Aquaman, Batman, and Superman made regular appearances. Hell, I even had a Batman costume that I'd wear). Ahh, I still miss The Justice League, The Littles, Dungeons and Dragons, and even those short segments of Captain Caveman.



PLACE
STAMP
HERE

Hell Inc
Fast Food Procurement Program
P.O. Box 50
Grace Watson Hall
Rochester New York 14623

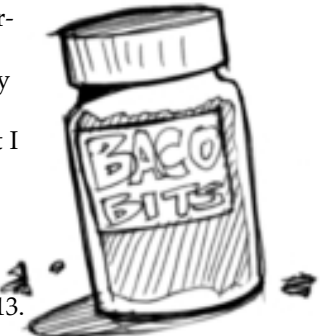
Years of watching various cartoons has made something very clear; a definite pattern has arisen. There are three main groups of cartoons. The first mimics life. Cartoons of this kind are like the various "Japanimation" films, Dungeons and Dragons, Batman, etc. The characters are subject to the laws of physics, though they may possess powers allowing them to counteract physical law (like the jaws of all the men in the newer Batman cartoons. How those men can manage to keep their mouths closed with all that mass there is amazing).



The second main group of cartoons are those that mock life. The most obvious candidates for this category are The Simpsons, and any Loony Toon short (even those horrible versions where they tried to copy Disney). The characters can get blown to hell and still be ok for the next scene, or act in exaggerated ways.



The final group of cartoons are a hybrid of the two previous groups. They mimic life at one minute and mock at the next. These are just bad, and are often owned by HannaBarbarra. For some reason, HannaBarbara can make any cartoon cheap and soulless. Look what they did to Tom and Jerry. That was a great cartoon until HB got their meaty little hooks into it. Same thing with Droopy Dog. I don't know if HannaBarbarra was behind The Laugh Olympics, but I get the feeling that HB would have approved.



ORGAN DONOR CARD

OF _____

Print or type name of donor

In the hope that I may help others, I hereby make this anatomical gift, if medically acceptable, to take effect upon my death. The words and marks below indicate my desires.

I give: (a) _____ any needed organs or parts
 (b) _____ only the following organs or parts

Specify the organ(s) or part(s)
 for the purposes of transplantation, therapy, fast food,
 medical research or education;
 (c) _____ my body for Bacos if needed.

Limitations or
 sauces, if any: _____

Notes from the editors:

We made a spelling error in issue 13. The phrase "rape diem" should have read "rapere diem." Our apologies.

In the past few weeks, we've received quite a few letters addressed to the barefoot girl, so, we're giving her her own column:

Ask BFG

DEAR BFG,

I RECENTLY BROKE UP WITH MY GIRL FRIEND OF TWO YEARS. I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHERE ALL THE LOVE GOES.

DEJECTEDLY YOUR,

MIKE

Dear Mike,

Well Mike, love is a phenomena that is not well understood; allow me to elucidate.

It's not well known that love is an allergic reaction to a specific type of pollen. You see, there is a small uninhabited island in the South Pacific where a very rare plant, known by a select group of botanists (all of them on the GDT staff) as *Mandragora aphroditis*, grows.

The reproductive cycles of these plants are extremely peculiar. When the plants reach maturity, their seed pods burst, spreading millions of microscopic grains of pollen into the air. This pollen is then distributed throughout the world by the Southeast Trade winds (it's not a coincidence that cruise ships follow the Gulf Stream; they are taking advantage of the elevated *aphroditis* pollen levels). Eventually, every corner of the globe is saturated with the pollen (with the exception of the Sargasso Sea.

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The most logical and sensible people in the world can be found living on an immense raft community at the center of the Sargasso Sea).

The pollen imbeds itself in the avoli of the lungs. Through an interaction with the infected individual's antibodies, the allergic reaction of "love" is experienced.

Once bound to an antibody, the pollen becomes mature. The gestation period necessary for this pollen depends on the individual infected: if the person is has a short attention span, the maturation can occur at an astonishing rate, but if the person is subject to co-dependence, the maturation may never occur. In fact much of the pollen will wither and die. Even when the pollen has nearly disappeared, the initial contaminant can remain; this is what causes listless love(usually exhibited in married couples).

When the pollen has matured it is released from it's host by the release a toxin, which instantly allows the body to reject it. A side effect of this toxin is displayed through resentment and disillusionment. Once the pollen is released through the sweat glands, it becomes airborne, and begins it's long trek home. Botanists are still unsure how it manages the incredible journey back to the island, or why it only germinates there, but they think it must have something to do with penguins and statues.

So, in short, all the love has gone to a small island in the South Pacific.

I hope this has helped.

-BFG

Send questions to BFG c/o STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU. She's not only wise...she a wise ass.

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Hell Inc.

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OF _____
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Specify the organ(s) or part(s)

for the purposes of transplantation, therapy, fast food, medical research or education;

(c) _____ my body for Bacos if needed.

Limitations or sauces, if any: _____

Signature of Donor	Date of Birth of Donor
Address	City & State

LEGAL NEXT OF KIN
I NOTIFIED OF MY DECISION TO DONATE

Relationship:

<input type="checkbox"/> 1. Spouse	<input type="checkbox"/> 3. Parent	<input type="checkbox"/> 5. Guardian
<input type="checkbox"/> 2. Son/Daughter (21 or older)	<input type="checkbox"/> 4. Brother/Sister (21 or older)	

PLEASE DETACH AND RETURN TOP PORTION OF THIS CARD BY MAIL
 Please Detach

ORGAN DONOR CARD

Signature of Donor	Date of Birth of Donor
Date Signed	City & State

Signature of Witness #1

ALWAYS CARRY THIS CARD WITH YOU

“GDT- Because kidney stones are edible, they just don’t taste good.”

If you've ever lived on the residential side of this campus, you must have at one point or another asked yourself the question, "What possessed them to build the campus like this?" That's a good question, and here at GDT we aim to answer it.

I mean if you think about it the campus seems highly impractical. The power requirements of this school could easily be met if we just set up a few wind turbines along the quarter mile. Let's face it this campus is a wind tunnel. If someone had actually managed to invent a method of easily attaching a portfolio onto a specially designed skate board which would basically enable art students to wind surf across campus, they would make a fortune.

But it's not just the wind that make this campus impractical, the architecture itself is just peculiar. The architects in their infinite wisdom were conscientious about making the foundation of the library strong enough to support the weight of the building, but they neglected to add in the collective weight of all the books that were to be contained within it. Did you know the library was sinking? And the liberal arts building is so well designed that two years ago when a big snow storm hit the area, it directed the majority of the snow to deposit itself up against the outside doors. So when the rest of the ground was covered by just a few feet of snow, all of the doors to the liberal arts building were blocked by snowdrifts that were seven feet high. As a student I don't object, but really, what were they thinking?

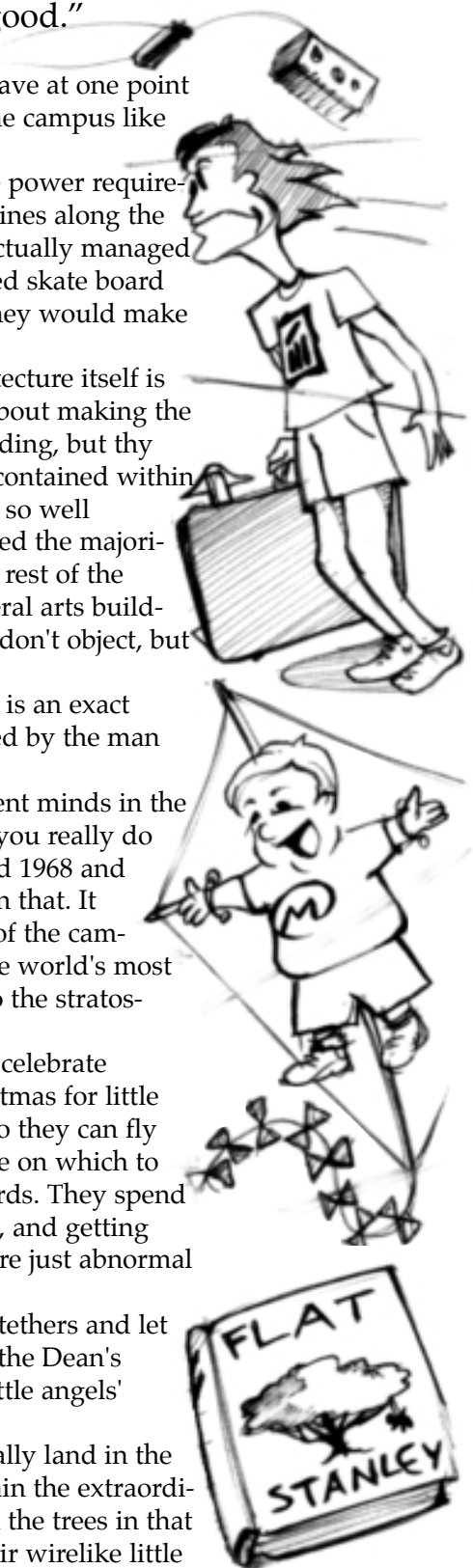
You've probably heard the usual answers to this question; the campus is an exact replica of a school in Arizona, it was built for riot control, or it was drafted by the man who wrote, "A Hundred and One Neat Tricks With Bricks."

So here's the answer, RIT is run by some of the sharpest, most intelligent minds in the country, and we assure you that all the confusing things you see around you really do have a deeper purpose behind them. The campus was constructed around 1968 and designed especially for riot control, but it is actually more interesting than that. It was created to easily contain and confine demonstrators to certain areas of the campus, at which point (only known through extensive testing by some of the world's most ingenious engineers) the wind would blow all the demonstrators out into the stratosphere.

It's probably not too well known that the faculty gather on campus to celebrate Independence Day with their families on these sites. It's sort of like Christmas for little kids because if they've been good that year they get to be harnessed up so they can fly like kites for the day. Most families bring a good five hundred feet of rope on which to fly their toddlers. The kids love it, it's like bungee jumping, only backwards. They spend the whole day floating in the clouds, getting tangled in each others ropes, and getting filled with lead as poachers mistakenly shoot them thinking that they were just abnormal ducks.

When it comes time to leave, the loving parents merely loosen up the tethers and let the kids land wherever the wind takes them. Then they usually travel to the Dean's Office where they have the best vantage point from which to spot their little angels' flares.

Interestingly enough, it seems that a vast majority of the children usually land in the trees next to the side of Gracies which faces the academic side. This explain the extraordinary number of shoes and other accessories that seem to conglomerate in the trees in that area. As for the little ones that don't quite make it through the ordeal, their wirelike little bodies are thrown on the grill and cooked to perfection in the great American tradition.



After Dinner Mints

by Sean Hammond

I've always been amazed at the apparent virility of jokes; they spread faster than a cooze's legs. But where do they come from, and how do they spread?

Jokes don't come from anywhere; they transcend both space and time. At the instant that the Big Bang occurred, and space began expanding at speeds faster than the speed of light (isn't that neat? In order for light to travel at any speed, it needed to be able to travel *through* something. At the instant of the Big Bang, space began to expand, with light right on its heels. I wonder what happens if the gnaB giB ever occurs?), every joke that has ever or will ever be told came into being.

These joke particles flit about the universe and sometimes pass through the mind of someone (they actually pass through a lot of other things as well, but most of them just can't appreciate a good joke) and they suddenly "come up with a joke." Some jokes are told more often than others because of a sort of "natural selection." Though every joke exists, not all of them are funny at the same time; funny jokes get retold, while other jokes just have to wait. Unfunny jokes are jokes that aren't in synch with a particular time period. They will be funny in the future, or were funny in the past, or maybe they're funny in a different place.

In the 1940's jokes about Rommel could have caused a great deal of crying and side clutching, but to a member of the Anamani tribes in the 1940's, the joke wouldn't have been funny. The same is true of today. Heard any good Rommel jokes lately?

Take for example Pee-Wee Herman: if you told any jokes about him before he got caught jerking off, no one would have thought it was funny. The same applies now; the jokes just aren't good anymore.

And of course there are always those who are just in the wrong time period; they're always making comments that make them laugh, but just don't seem funny to others. Their comment is funny, just not in their current time and place.

Ask BFG

DEAR BFG,

IN RECENT YEARS, I'VE SEEN MORE AND MORE PEOPLE WEARING THEIR PANTS SO THE WAISTS ARE RATHER LOW (SOMEWHERE AROUND THEIR KNEES). WHY DO THEY DO THAT?

COMFORTABLY YOURS,
SAM

Dear Sam,

You're absolutely right, this is an intriguing phenomena and I hope I can shed a little light on the matter. Those people who wear their pants around their knees are actually incredibly unhappy. You see, they're in mourning, but instead of wearing a black band around their arms they've decided to wear their pants at half mast. I hope this has helped you to better understand.

-BFG

Send questions to BFG c/o: STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU

Notes from the Editors:

Well, the academic year is winding down, and so is GDT. Hope you've enjoyed our stuff.

We will be back next year, though. We hope to expand next year, and already have a number of ideas in the works including an internet site (thanks Dave), Saintly Travel Guide, and a contest (even getting back into Gracies. You can help by deluging "Dear Gracies and Heidi" with eloquent messages about how you want us back). If we're going to expand, we need people...

Are you creative, bored, and look at the word through a carnival mirror?

Than we've got a place for you.

**GDT is looking for writers(especially for more serious articles), illustrators,
cartoonists, or just concept people.**

If you are interested, or want more information, you can contact us.

You can reach GDT care of STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU
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GDT is proud to bring to you an editorial by the same individual who came up with the "Heckling Scales" (Volume 1, issue 13). Be prepared...

A Graduating Perspective

(A general round up on the situation of things)

-observations by Tim Bukoski

*Since I am graduating in a little over seven days, I thought I would take some time out from my studies and take a peek at the world I will be leaping head first into come May 20th. This paper is meant to be taken light heartedly, since **most** of what I'm about to say is my actual opinion of things. So, sit back, put your feet back, and look what I found out is going on in the world outside of RIT's massive brick formations. -Tim*

Is it just me, or is there something wrong when a country, such as ours, that can pump out millions of devices to lose weight can still be the most obese country in the world?

You know what I mean.

We've got the NordicTracks, FastTracks, stair machines, jogging machines, abdominzers, Ab Isolators, Thighmasters, and bijillions of tapes like Buns of Steel, Thighs of Steel, Steppin' to the Oldies, and a couple of weight loss shakes like Slim Fast, Ultra Slim Fast, Fat B Gone, and what ever else someone has come up with to make weight loss as painless as possible.

What seems to be the problem, folks?

It seems to me all we need is a little sense and WILL POWER to get it right...but that seems to be missing in today's world.

Case in point: Two kids, a couple of years ago, play some Judas Priest records, shoot some coke, and kill themselves. Their parents, probably doing the same drugs, figure out that there were subliminal messages in the music that drove their sons to blow their brains out.

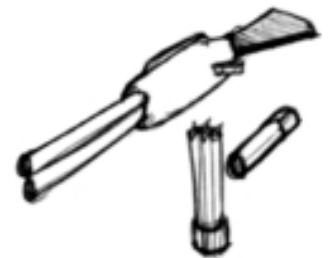
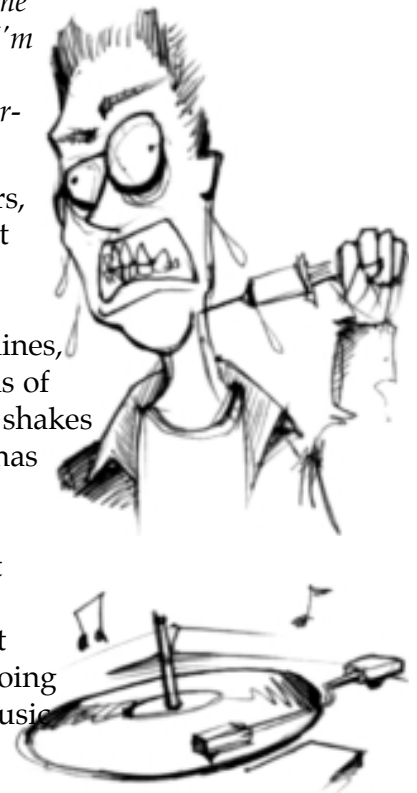
Yeah.

It wouldn't be the five grams of powder in their veins, would it? Nah, not the kids' fault. Heavy Metal music. The devil's preaching. That was the culprit. This isn't an isolated incident either, folks. Somewhere, right now, some loser is O.D.ing on coke, crankin' Slayer or something, and, in a flurry of dumbassness, kills himself.

So what happens? We try to counsel them.

Let me get this straight...some idiot decides to wreck himself on drugs, kills himself, and it's supposed to weigh on my conscience?

I got some counseling for ya: make sure your whole head is in front of the shotgun next time, sport. People don't seem to understand that this is part of nature; natural selection is what it's called. These people are the same group that later end up stealing, raping, and making society a rather miserable place.



And speaking of miserable...

Would somebody please get Kurt Cobain off my radio and off the tribute list.

I mean, what did this guy do to advance society in any way? Well, he could only write songs which, in one way or another, dealt with misery and sorrow, introduced the "*just crawled my miserable self out of the gutter*" look called "grunge", and when he had fame, fortune, and success, shot himself in the face.

Nice.

Now you got fans running around crying ",he was misunderstood" ",he was an innovationist."

Hello folks, he was a idiot. And of course now we got rumors that it wasn't Kurt's body they found...so let me set things straight. Elvis and Kurt are running a Mickey D's in Miami. Kurt's shufflin' drive while Elvis flips patties, all right?!

What is it with this sudden influence of better sex books on the book stands these days? I mean, when did we forget how to fuck, folks?

There are now more books on how to be a satin sheet conqueror than how to improve the rest of your life. Disturbing trend, or just me? I leafed through one of those books once, just to see if I was keeping up with the ball game....

Let me tell ya, folks, I'd like to consider myself ahead of the game. I'm just leisurely browsing through the tips and advice when I run across the sure fire way to arose my woman:

Take a piss in front of her.

Wow, was I ever floored. I mean, here I was, trying to be romantic, trying to act sincere and tender, trying to stay awake during torturous, one way conversations, and shelling out the big bucks for the lobster, all just to get her in bed, and all I really had to do in the first place...was pee in front of her.

What? Which plane of reality does this guy live on, and where do I catch the train there?

Really, picture it. It's dark, candle lit room, soft music, and I confidently walk up to her and just make a puddle on the floor right in front of her.

Oh, I'm sure she'll be more impressed by that one. Oh yes. Let me fill you in a secret, folks: things will get better when you talk to each other. Girls, don't go running to your hairdresser, or manicurist, complaining "*he doesn't hold me long enough, he doesn't lick me right, ya da da da dada...*" **TELL US!!**

We have to have sex with you, don't you think we oughta know?

You see, that's one of the problems with this country. People are trying too hard to make things better in the wrong places. Crack cocaine is a good example of this. One day, back in the Eighties, some dipweed walking around New York City is thinking to himself:

"Y'know, that coke's pretty good, but I want something stronger. I want to drop into a coma as soon as I light that sucker up." Just a wrong step in the wrong direction.

Is there anyone out there that hasn't taken three dollars worth of swamp land and turned it into a million dollars three years later?

And are ya getting tired of all these 'playmate of the year(s)' who get up on camera and say the same old crap..."*Oh I love being naked in front of the camera. I had absolutely no problem with it.*"

No kidding, genius.

Wouldn't it be nice to have a girl one of these years get in front of the cameras and say "*I did it just for money. I thought the photographer was a pervert. He wanted me to do this, to do that, to do it with a beer bottle. It was the worst experience of my life. But...I really needed the money.*"

I'd get a kick out of it.

Ask BFG

DEAR BARE FOOT GIRL,

WHAT DO ANTS DO WHEN IT RAINS? I TRIED TO FIND OUT WITH MY ANT FARM, BUT THEY JUST ALL DROWNED.

DELUGINGLY YOURS,

HYMEN OPTERA

Dear Hymen,

Actually, ants in the wild have a much more complex social system than those in ant farms. Most wild ants actually regard the ants in ant-farms as imitations. Ant civilizations have the most advanced meteorological equipment in the world (second only to turkeys, which are, contrary to popular belief, highly intelligent, though very depressed). As soon as the ants spot a rainstorm coming they all rush to their designated rain shelters (buried ten feet in the ground and reinforced with 5 gauge steel). They usually use this opportunity to get rid of those ants whom they deem undesirable (it's the ant version Hitler's "Final Solution". It's also where most ant-farm ants come from). I hope you found this illuminating.

-BFG

Send questions to BFG c/o: STH8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu
or 50 Grace Watson Hall, Rochester, NY 14623

Have ya read this week's "Reporter?" We sure did...and we'd like to take this time to respond to their editorial "Well, well, well." We would send in a letter, but it's the end of the year and there aren't going to be any more "Reporter"s this year.

Letter to the Reporter:

We tried. We really did. Back when the year was still young, our then meager staff sat down and tried to turn an impractical concept for a radio show into a written format. We wrote our sample piece, illustrated it, and submitted it to Kerstin Gunter.

We had hoped to be picked up as a weekly humour column.

But no. We were rejected because we were inappropriate for the "Reporter"...even though we were told we were funny.

You see...we were unsatisfied with the quality of the "Reporter" and did try to take an active part in changing things.

After a few weeks of brooding, we decided to publish on our own. Without being forced to answer to anyone, we gladly lowered our guards and rewrote our first issue "Ethiopian Flypaper Boy." Now, seventeen issues, two new staff members, multiple submissions, an electronic mailing, and a possible grant for next year later, we'd like to use Nathan Arnone's phrase:

Suck eggs.

We did vote. We cast a ballot in late January, but our vote didn't count. I guess that gives us a right to complain. Why didn't we submit when you were asking for submissions? Hurt me once...shame on you; hurt me twice...shame on me. Maybe next year...

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre does not do news. We do humour, and creativity.

And to everyone on the "Reporter" staff who has been enjoying our weekly printings: thank you. Sincerely.

Good luck in printing the news.

-GDT staff

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