



NIKE
JUST DO 'EM ALL

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 2

Otherwise known as Hell's Kitchen's Pre-history, Volume 2

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Edited by Sean T. Hammond

Editor's Note: Several pages 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.

MEA CULPA

Torn into by Liars

When I was asked to recount my experiences with the denigrates known as the Hell's Kitchen collective, I wondered again at how I was ever able to escape their clutches and assume the role of model citizen that I now inhabit. It was only after a long and harrowing journey centering around my utter belief in the true healing power of my faithful friends in the Exodus ministries and Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition... umm, no, I should say the infallible Pope and the late (great) Mother Theresa... oh, ummh, shit this just isn't working. Nobody's going to believe any of this if it doesn't sound sincere.

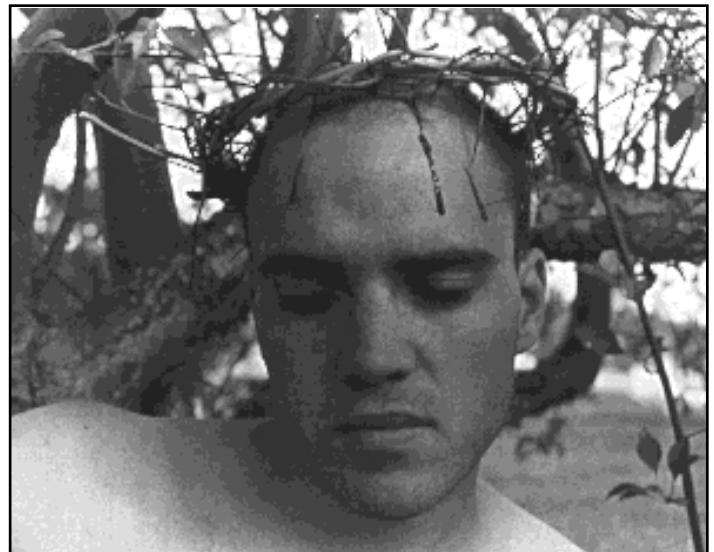
Looking back, the one thing I remember most about my time with Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (GDT) is the deadlines. Deadlines rule every hour in my current employment and I generally consider them the bane of my existence. To be beholden to the clock, to count every second of every hour, to feel that you are constantly behind, too slow.

Sean Hammond, one of the editors of GDT, was always nice, but insistent about getting my column to him in order to do the layout in a timely manner. Invariably I would write it out the night before or even the day of it's due, but the quality never suffered (there I go, being sincere and always truthful again). I will admit to some lapses in quantity, maybe even to some questionable content, but I never made anything up (OK, so I admit that there isn't a saints day set aside for me (yet)).

The brainstorming sessions on Saturday nights were the real draw of my relationship with GDT. Imagine a poetry slam, spelling bee, intellectual salon, left-wing political rally and mad scientists convention competing for space in the confines of dorm room (with the energy of a Klingon B'athleth tournament) and you come close to the atmosphere of these weekly gatherings. If I could have just continued to attend the Saturday night cabal without writing a column (as some did) I probably would, but somehow it seemed that I had a duty to contribute in my own saintly way. I started out with GDT on a weird kind of blind-date saturday evening with Sean and Kelly Gunter. We realized that we were all operating on some other kind of sarcastic wavelength and that somehow my wackiness complemented the humor already apparently abundant in this fledgling publication. Weekly meetings to watch Red Dwarf and ruminate fantastically about the possibilities of being one's own uncle (don't ask) seemed only a natural progression of the relationship.

What can I say, I'm a better person for having been associated with such a talented and twisted bunch of individuals and...I still can't meet a deadline.

EDITOR'S NOTE: I THINK IT IMPORTANT TO POINT OUT THAT THIS PIECE WAS RECEIVED TWO DAYS PAST ITS DEADLINE, AND ONLY AFTER THE AUTHOR HAD BEEN REMINDED. WHETHER IT WAS WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE IS OPEN TO SPECULATION (STH).



The author just hanging out

"GDT- Because you don't have to be a eunch in order to sing soprano."

In these ecologically conscious times GDT would like to jump on the band wagon though keeping in mind some basic tendencies of human nature. As long as ecology is "in" we'd like to milk it's popularity for all it's worth. It's just our little way of trying to do our part.

Humans are in general a lazy kind of beast; we like to maintain the lowest state of energy. The trick is trying to achieve maximum output with minimum effort. More often than not the desired output is to maintain the lowest state of energy, and thus we have seen the invention of such things as television. With television we're allowed to sit and drool for hours and live others lives vicariously. We don't have to live our lives when TV provides ready made lives (no assembly necessary). Don't even try to use your imagination. The most exercise you get here is moving your finger to the channel button, because not only does it leave nothing to the imagination, it also gives you a short attention span (or the stupid impression that you are indeed capable of watching four different programs simultaneously). How better to maintain this lowest energy state than by allowing someone else to do the work for you[†].

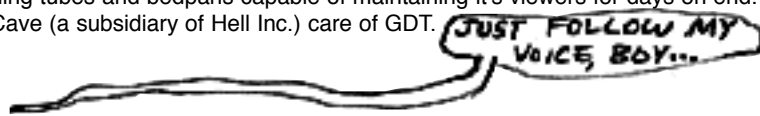
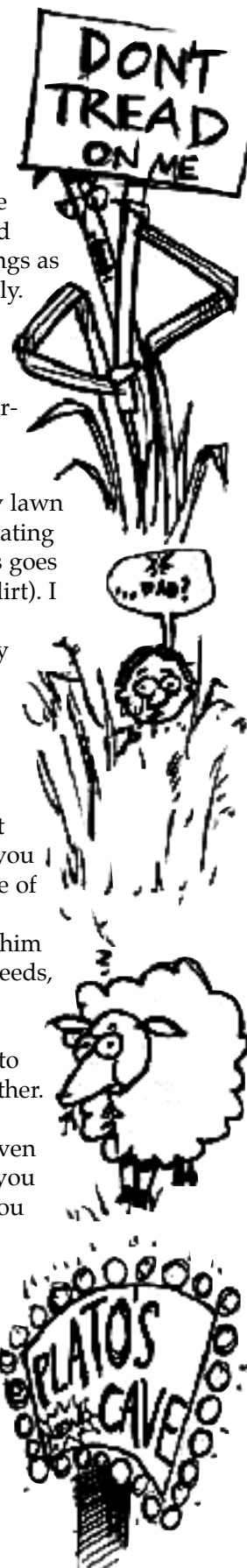
Take mowing the lawn for instance. I don't think I could ever seriously care enough about my lawn to mow it. What's the point it's only going to grow back again? Besides, all I'd be doing is subjugating the various monocots on my lawn (maybe grass should form a union. Monocots unite! Our grass goes on strike, pickets our driveway. Then We'd have to call in scabs to cross the lines and cover our dirt). I think when I finally get my own house I'll just watch the weeds grow up to the windowsills. I'll wave to my kids on their way to school, and pray to god (whichever is handy), only halfheartedly (because I am trying to maintain the lowest state of energy), that they're able to find the house again before it gets dark.

My solution: get some sheep to decimate your lawn. It is the time honored solution used by the English aristocracy. You have grass. You don't want it. Sheep eat grass. Problem solved. This way you don't waste any of this country's precious energy resources and you limit emissions down to those emissions given off by most living things (sure, methane is a green house gas...but haven't you been enjoying the radical changes in climate these past few years?). And best of all, you don't have to do any work. You could hire some voluptuous wench to tend your flock, or put one of those invisible fence wires around the yard and put collars on each of your sheep to keep them inside (go to far and ZAP!). As a bonus, when one of your lawn mowers breaks down just make him into dinner. You could seed different areas of your lawn with various kinds of grass herbs and weeds, then see which makes for the tastiest mutton.

Then there's waste disposal; what to do with all of your unused food scraps. While compost heaps remain a viable means of reusing food scraps, they have to be turned...and then you have to figure out what you're going to do with all that fertile soil. All in all, compost heaps are just a bother. There have got to be better methods. Granted you could try to send your scraps over to all those starving kids in Africa your mother always mentioned, but it might spoil on the way over, and even starving kids might not enjoy eating cheese rind and egg shells. To avoid the spoilage problems you could invite all the kids over to your house, but then you have air fare problems. Alternatively you could feed it to the one you already have duck taped to your wall (see Vol. 1, Issue 1). There are however other possible solutions.

Those dirty Europeans living in mud huts back in the middle ages had the right idea. Garbage disposals were referred to as pigs and had the side benefit of being edible (today, only edible underwear have such versatility). They used to throw their refuse into the street and let pigs run around the townships and devour it. Granted, Medieval sanitation is usually

[†] The next generation of televisions will not only come equipped to receive the fabled 500 channels on the "Information Superhighway" (Just think, it will take you 45 minutes just to surf through the channels once) but also intravenous feeding tubes and bedpans capable of maintaining it's viewers for days on end. For more information, write to Plato's Cave (a subsidiary of Hell Inc.) care of GDT.



not something people might want to aspire to, but it works. If you were to build a pig sty outside of your kitchen, all you would have to do is throw it out the window. This way the refuse build up is only restricted to one area. And sure it will stink, but you're lazy, and the longer you stay around an unpleasant aroma the less you smell it. So it'll stink, you'll probably stink to, but what will you care? You won't be able to smell it anymore because your olfactory receptors will have already contacted their next of kin. And even if the sanitation level in your household does reach that of the middle ages, what's a little Bubonic Plague between friends?

There are still other lazy alternatives. There is one creature who can not only rid you of your unwanted food matter, but everything else you don't care for as well. Have a kid sister or old sofa you don't really need any more? This beast may be the answer to all your refuse problems. The tiger shark is a sea faring creature with a most voracious appetite. Some tiger sharks have been opened up to find such things as old tires, mufflers, and eight tracks. Granted the tiger sharks are not actually able to digest this material, but what do you care? Out of site is

out of mind. As long as you can maintain a nice salt water pond in your back yard, all your refuse problems are solved. To avoid the hassles of law suits from angry parents, we would suggest that you keep a fence around this pond, electric if you can get it....20,000 volts if you're really ambitious (who needs fireworks when you can watch birds, squirrels and chipmunks literally explode as their little bodies encounter more electricity than it takes to run a theme park. For real fun, use AC instead of DC current; DC will make them stick, where AC will throw them a good 50 yards).

If you still have problems getting a hold of a tiger shark to do the job, contact the Cerebus Corp.(a subsidiary of Hell Inc.) and I'm sure they can fix you up with a genetically re-engineered version of the tiger shark who not only has the voracious appetite of it's more natural relatives, but a veritable chemical arsenal at hand with witch to digest anything from your old sneakers to your neighbor's carburetor. You probably wouldn't want to touch the by products of this animal, but don't worry it'll eat them too. 🍴

Our Two Cents

Since we first began publishing the unsolicited inner workings of our minds, we have received, both directly and indirectly, a number of derogatory remarks. We have been accused of being everything from racist to just plain annoying. The consensus of hate mail revolves around the question of where we get off.

Well let us tell you where we get off: usually in the privacy of our own rooms. The entire purpose of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is not to lull you back into the groggy meandering you call life. If we could (Well some of us, well, one of us. The rest of us are pretty indifferent to the existence of others. We know you're there, but as long we can keep from running into you, we're happy to ignore the whole thing.), we'd scream in all of your faces, just to get you to say, "What the hell is your problem?!"

Yes, what we say is irreverent...and often irrelevant (not to mention our loose writing style, questionable grammar and punctuation). But there's more than one way to take life. We just choose to sit here, twanging our synapses, trying to find a way to tickle our fancies (or anything else we feel like tickling). Sure, you can look around and choose to live in a world of horror and oppression; feel that there is nothing you can do about the evils events happening in the lives of others. Or, you can fully realize that THERE IS NOTHING you can do about the horrors in other's lives, except laugh. Then go to Taco Bell and try to figure out why an entire meal costs less than a can of Alpo (we know...).

Life is joy, is humor, and we live it for the fun of it. If you want your life to be a horror story...that's your choice. Just don't drag the people who are living their lives as though they were in a Gary Larson cartoon (God bless Gary Larson and "Cow Tools"). Don't act surprised when the monster comes out from under the bed and eats your dream..so, opwen yhour / .e/ .yes scandf.a.cehte...

"I will Preach!"

We're sorry. We're not sure what happened. We've given the offending party some Valium and he's sitting in the corner licking the air. Now back to our usual nonsense.

-GDT Staff

After Dinner Mints

by Sean T. Hammond

When a salamander's tail breaks off, it can grow a new tail. If you saved the tail that broke off, and put it in conditions so it would still receive nutrients, could you grow a new salamander?



-Brian Revoir

Are you...

Inventive?

Creative?

Bored Beyond Reason?

Don't just sit there!

Join the staff of

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

(RIT's only weekly, intentionally humorous, publication)

We're looking for writers, contributors, illustrators, and ideas galore.

If your interested, get in touch with us through:

STH8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

Your Bill - For the Sake of Deficit Reduction

The wheels of Congress have been turning as slowly as usual, but some measures have already been passed. All these measures are presumably to help fight the deficit, but this is what's being done:

- A budget resolution has already been passed which allows Congress to sell National Parks, without exemptions, to private industry.
- Another bill that has been passed allows the National Forests to be logged without regard for existing safeguards.

- Presently on the block is H.R. 260, which would establish a "National Park Review Commission," the purpose of which is to recommend which parks should be closed. The general public would have no ability to participate in such decisions.

- In the House, H.R. 1675 (National Wildlife Refuge Improvement Act) is being considered. It promotes oil drilling and other commercial exploitation of all 504 National Wildlife Refuges.

- The Senate will soon be considering a bill that will surrender all land currently overseen by the Federal Bureau of Land Management to the states, which will more than likely open these lands up to various industrial concerns to help pay for their own deficits.

**Gracies Dinnertime
Theatre is on the World
Wide Web**

Back issue, videos, and lots of neat
stuff.

Check us out at:
<http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

We urge you all to call, fax, or e-mail Representatives and Senators. You can e-mail your representative through:

<http://thomas.loc.gov/>

Random Fact:

In 1964, a freighter carrying a cargo of sheep sank in the harbor of Kuwait. Afraid that the dead sheep would contaminate drinking water, people feverishly tried to devise ways of raising the ship. Luckily someone remembered a Disney comic book in which Donald Duck used ping pong balls to raise a sunken ship. So the ship was filled with 27 billion plastic balls and was soon afloat.

GDT Fan Club

Back issues, tee-shirts, and other neat stuff.

For information, contact GDT through:

STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.
RIT.EDU

or
438 Clay Rd. Apt. C.
Rochester NY, 14623

"GDT- Because you'll break a cow's rib trying to tip it."

I've heard a lot of women complain that men treat them like objects. And after careful consideration I think I've developed some interesting corollaries to that theory...

A coworker of mine over the summer came in sweating one day and said, "It's so hot out there I've got to take her off." He used the "her" in this statement to signify his jacket. He then proceeded on, saying, "The lawn needs a some cutting, I better start her up." And this "her", obviously (or not), referred to the lawn mower. And even if we were to ignore my coworker who seems to interpret everything as female, perhaps attributed to some deviant nature that I am not yet fully aware of, I'm sure everyone has heard the sentiment echoed on more than one occasion, "Isn't she a beauty?" usually making reference to a car[†], boat, or generally some other kind of hardware or power tool.

So maybe it would be safe to say that not only do men treat women like inanimate objects, but men treat inanimate objects like women. Just look at the market for blow-up women (complete with hairdryer and vacuum attachments) and the popularity of the four-foot Barbie doll.

Maybe men aren't completely to blame. The Sapir-Worf hypothesis says that language shapes the way people see the world, and at the same time, the world shapes the way we use language. Just look at the German language. All nouns in German are assigned a specific gender: the masculine "der", feminine "die", and the neuter "das". Curiously enough, German for "the girl" is "das Mädchen." And this makes the German girls neuter. Now whether they are or not is questionable, but it would explain the large recent influx of Turkish people into Germany.

Does this mean that women and inanimate objects are interchangeable as concepts? It does have a historical precedence. Just think of Eve; she was made from Adam's rib. If Eve is truly the mother of all women, it means that the only animate female is Lilith...and Lilith was banned. Also, don't forget Lot's wife. Remember her? Turned around and turned into a pillar of salt? She probably slept it off and went on to found "Gentiles Inc." More recent examples include whoever the "reigning" English Monarch is and Nicole Kidman acting in that stink-burger "Batman Forever."

Perhaps men are just following The Golden Rule: Do Unto Others as You Would Have Them Do Onto You. Maybe men treat women the way they want to be treated. Men want to be the inanimate objects in their woman's life. It would be perfect; none of this talk about feelings or relationships; just dust 'em and change their underwear once in a while.

Is it true? Try it yourself! We encourage all women to take the Armor-All(TM) challenge to the nearest male. Just watch him quiver in ecstasy!

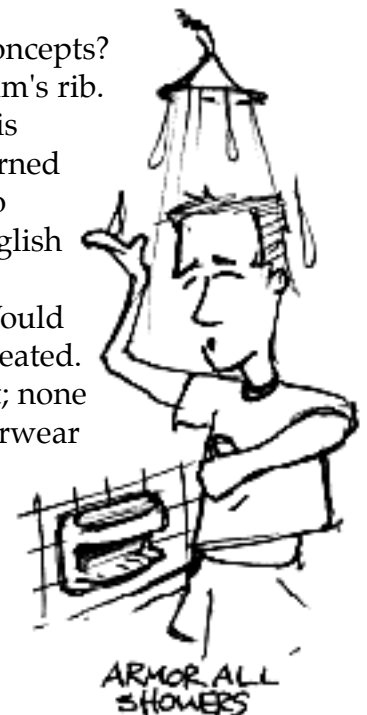
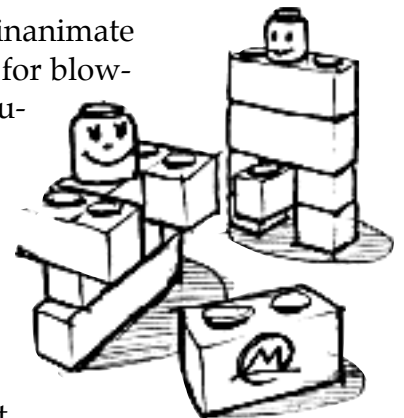
† Cars are interesting objects: A car is always a "she."
If it goes really fast, however, it "has balls."
And if it is in really good condition, it said to be "cherry."

Some mixed metaphor there...

PANTIES & BRAS..



THE NEW FALL
LINEUP FROM
VICTORIAS SECRET
AND JOHN DEERE..



ARMOR ALL
SHOWERS

After Dinner Mints

by Sean Hammond

A male's penis and a woman's clitoris are essentially the same organ, though their development is different due to the presence or absence of testosterone. They both function in the same way as well; when a male or female is aroused, their respective organ is engorged with blood, causing them to become erect. Anyway, my point is size. It doesn't take a biologist to understand that a woman's clitoris is smaller than a man's penis...especially when engorged with blood.

With that extra blood being diverted, overall oxygen arriving to the brain has to decrease, but since a woman's clitoris is relatively smaller than most penises, her brain is receiving more oxygen than a man's.

So, I guess that in a sense, men really do think with their dicks...or at least it inhibits their thinking.



-Brian Revoir

Plastic Lawn Ornament Returns From World Tour

Grapevine, Texas (AP) - The quack is back.

And what a vacation it was!

A yellow plastic duck that disappeared from the front yard of Jess and Judy Daniel last spring reappeared recently.

They'd feared it had fallen victim to a marauding dog, but no.

The culprit left a photo album logging the duck's travels to some of the landmarks of Europe and the United States.

"I went out to get the paper a few weeks ago, and the duck was back with the photo album beside it," Daniel said. A wrapper proclaimed: "The World Quack Tour 94-95."

The album contained 43 vacation photos, including Ducky cavorting with Canada geese in London's Hyde Park, Ducky peering out from the gardens of Notre Dame in Paris and Ducky at the Gateway Arch in St. Louis.

It doesn't really matter who took the little yellow duckling, said the couple, because they enjoyed Ducky's travels vicariously.

"We haven't been anywhere over the last year," Mrs. Daniel said. "For the 30 minutes I looked through the pictures, it was like I went on that trip. It was nice."

Thought for the Day:

If olive oil comes from olives, and peanut oil comes from peanuts, where does baby oil come from?

Ask BFG

DEAR BFG,

WHEN PEOPLE SAY "THEY SAY", JUST WHO ARE "THEY"?
AND SHOULD WE WORSHIP THEM OR FEAR THEM?

-- RED 9, CHICKENING OUT AND LEAVING

(I really need to preface this answer. I had previously thought about this very question and discarded it do to the obscene number of bad puns involved in its answer. But it has been officially asked by an outside party, and so I will surrender my answer. The reader has been warned.)

The people spoken of in the comment "they say" are part of a very exclusive and elusive company. The employees of They™ have backgrounds in practically every field imaginable, thus explaining the utter breath of their expertise. Noticably a large segment of this group are meteorologists, which explains the numerable comments to the effect of "They™ say it's going to rain."

Another prominent field in which They™ add their special commentary is urban mythology and superstition. Because, "you know what They™ say about people like that. In fact They™ say things about everyone. In the past the corporation which comprises They™, (a world wide organization actually bent on world domination through control of stereotypes, petty gossips, and all communication byways.) was actually in the business of manufacturing products of impeccable quality. They™ have relinquished this persuit in order to focus on what They Say®(their actual product), and how They™ want people to react to it. Which really is too bad, because as a manufacturing company their products were really top notch. Thus, we have the expression, "They™ just don't make things like They™ used to."

As for whether or not we should worship Them, I think we already do. Just think of all the times you've heard the statement uttered, "You know what They™ say..." as if to nod your head and say, instant verifiable fact. It's like some obscene game of operator from God to them, and from them to you. But before you take all these answers as gospel truth, click your heels together three times, think of Kansas, and ask yourself, "what's in it for them?"

-BFG

Do you ever find yourself bursting into spontaneous laughter, much to the befuddlement of your companions?

Have you noticed that when you tell other people your ideas they either stare at you in horror , or end up pounding the floor in an unproductive attempt to lift their having mass from it's hysterical incapacitation?

Are you bored?

If you answered "Yes" to any of these, then
GDT wants you, baby.

We want writers, artists, and basically anything we can get our hands on.

And if you don't find yourself swooning from giddiness on your first writing/editing adventure with us...go write for the *Reporter*.

Come. Join us; the Dark Side is warm and squishy.

Send your questions to BFG c/o:STH8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

Random Fact:

In February, 1891, James Bartley fell into the sea from the whaler The Star of the East and was swallowed by a wounded sperm whale. Several hours later, once the whale was killed and was being cut up, Bartley was found alive in the whale's stomach. For a time, he was insane, but eventually recovered. His hair, however was bleached white.

Elephant Stew

1 elephant
salt and pepper
2 rabbits (optional)

Cut elephant into small bite sized pieces and saute in butter. This should take about 2 months. Add enough brown gravy to cover. Cook over kerosene fire at 465 degrees for about 4 weeks. This will serve 3,800 people. If more are expected, the two rabbits may be added, but do this only if necessary, as most people do not like to find "hare" in their stew.

Here at GDT we've sort of been overwhelmed by the mail responses we've recieved. I mean, we knew that *we* enjoyed ourselves, but as for the rest of you, well, we're kind of myopic. All our staff have become GDT junkies, and I don't think we could stop if we tried, so if any of you have become addicted, I think we're going to continue to feed your habit.

Anyway, here are just a few of the messages we've been sent in the last couple of weeks. Enjoy.

-GDT Editors

Date: Sat, 09 Sep 1995 12:33:57
From: Hillary R.E.

Hello, I'm a RIT graduate, and have heard the myths of bare foot girl, and have seen her once or twice. She seems like she would be an interesting person. why didn't you interveiw her? And does she know that she has been featured in your zine? (please ignore this if you have interveiwed her, For I have not checked out the entire issue yet). What I have seen looks good, RIT needs a sense of humor. The layout looks good, I allso like the illustations. I have just finshed designing the home page for jolt cola (www.joltcola.com) check it out if your board. Well keep up the good work

-Hillary

DATE: SUN, 10 SEP 1995 20:56:09
FROM: RIJAY
SUBJECT: GDT AND ALL

ON MY WAY TO BRUNCH TODAY I WAS GIVEN A GDT AND I LIKED READING IT. I SAW THE WEBSITE TONIGHT WHILE AVOIDING MY HOMEWORK AND THOUGHT IT WAS REALLY COOL. I WANT TO JOIN THE GDT FAN CLUB, MY FOLDER IS IN THE APPLIED MATH SECTION THE NAME IS RIJAY, AND I'D SEE ABOUT CONTRIBUTING SOMETIME, I GUESS EMAIL ME IF YOU'RE REALLY DESPERATE AND I'D SEE WHAT I COULD DO. ANYWAYS, KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, I THINK IT'S REALLY NEAT. DAMN GRACIE FOR SLOWING YOU DOWN!

RIJAY, AN ENLIGHTENED FAN

DATE: THU, 14 SEP 1995 16:46:20

FROM: MARC

DEAR GDT,

I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT THE DEFAULT NETSCAPE HOMEPAGE SETTING FOR ALL THE MACS WAS INDEED GRACIE'S DINNERTIME THEATRE. SO I SAID TO MYSELF, "IT MUST BE GOOD IF ALL THESE OTHER PEOPLE ARE READING IT."

AFTER SURFING FOR A FEW HOURS ON GDT AND MISSING SEVERAL UNIMPORTANT LIBERAL ARTS CLASSES (SENIOR SEMINAR, ETC...), I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT GDT IS IN FACT A QUALITY PUBLICATION. WHO AM I TO JUDGE, YOU MAY ASK? WELL, JUST SOME GUY WHO WAS BORED AND GOT A KICK OUT OF GDT. SINCE I LIVE AND EAT IN PERKINS (APTS), I HADN'T SEEN THE HARD COPY VERSION OF GDT.

ANYWAY, BEFORE I MISS A THIRD CONSECUTIVE CLASS, I JUST THOUGHT I'D SAY THAT I REALLY ENJOYED GDT AND WILL VISIT OFTEN. I WILL MAKE A LINK TO IT ON MY (SOON TO BE CONSTRUCTED) HOMEPAGE. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK AND WHEN'S THE NEXT ISSUE, DAMMIT?

MARC

All of the fan mail has been appreciated, but we could do with a bit of hate mail. Nothing like matyredom to encourage us. At any rate, if we don't manage to disturb you enough by the end of our next issue, we may just go cold turkey.

Hey you!
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
has it's own site.

- All past and current issues.
- Videos
- Stuff you never wanted to know
- It's just neat

Check us out!
<http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

"GDT- Because dogs eat shit (and they're man's best friend?)."

Disclaimer: Because we could be liable for anyone who is impatient enough to actually kill themselves after reading this article, we say, "You've never given up on anything in your life! Now live damn it! LIVE!"

The other day, while watching Comedy Central, Bill Mahr said "People say 'Life is precious.' But why is life precious...?" I couldn't agree more. 90% of the American population sits on their collective asses watching TV. But if you were to break into their home and threaten to kill them, they'd either fight for their life or plead for mercy (depending on how lame they are). What are they fighting for? Did they have something they just had to accomplish...after Wheel of Fortune or Bay Watch? Or are they just deluding themselves?

Lets think about this logically and not let superfluous ethics get in the way: inflation occurs when there are more representations of the dollar than there is gold to back it up. The money then loses value. Isn't that exactly what has happened to our society. Again and again people complain that we as a society have been desensitized to violence. No wonder. There are just SO MANY damn people that they don't mean a thing; they have no value (other than workers or numbers on a screen). Face it, if you lived twenty miles from your nearest neighbor, would you hop in your car and buzz by for a drive-by-shooting? If people were rare, we would be ecstatic to meet another human. We wouldn't mumble "Hey, what's up" (all the time avoiding eye contact) and keep walking or simply ignore their presence.

The solution? We think the Greeks had the right idea. Really push the Hemlock tea on the population that had outlived its usefulness. Let's legalize suicide. Think about it. It makes sense. If someone wants to kill themselves, let them. Don't you think it's kind of arrogant to MAKE someone continue living? If you want to be religious about it, God will punish them. At a more practical level, there would be that much more room for people who really enjoy, not just existing, but living. We've even come up with advertisements promoting suicide:

"Life is for living"

"Death-because life is so uncertain"

"Bored with life? Go out with a bang!"

"Life: what a beautiful choice" (Makes for a wonderful twist on the Pro-life position, huh?)

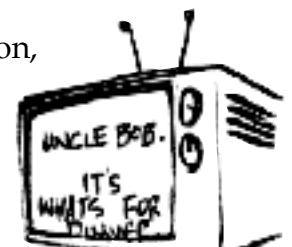
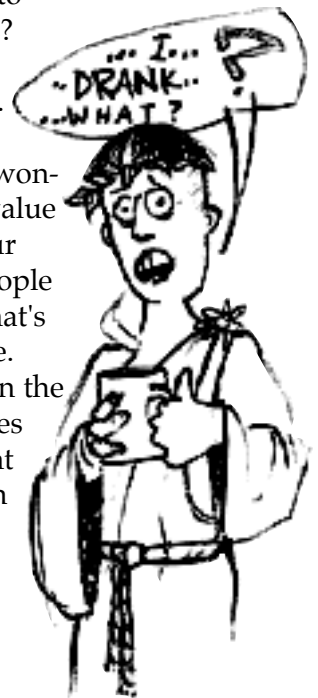
"Life: Love it or leave it."

"Death: the other white meat"(of course you'll have blue lips and sunken eyes too, but we don't have to advertise that.)

The list goes on. Imagine: A wall sized poster of Uncle Sam, that stern, yet strangely loving face (like "Uncle Bob" who touched you when you were 5 and said never to tell or he would cut off all your fingers and the kids would laugh at you because you were a freak), pointing out at you, yes YOU, and saying in no uncertain terms: "I want YOU to die!"

There could be world wide advertising campaign. Catchy tunes, trendy clothing. "Nike and the Population Decimation Board are proud sponsors of The Super Bowl. Put a bullet in your head: Just Do It."

Cost of living would drop, standard of living would rise, no one would have to work at jobs they didn't like. The world would be a much better place if everyone who didn't want to be here just left.



NIKE
JUST DO 'EM ALL

Acorn Brown

a song expanded by Kelly Gunter



I'm a little acorn brown sitting
on the cold, cold ground.
Everybody steps on me, that is
why I'm cracked you see.

I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

I called myself on the telephone, just to see
if I was home.

I asked myself out on a date. Got me ready
by half past eight.

I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

I took myself to the movie grand, just to
hold my little old hand.

I put my arm around my waste, gave a
squeeze, and slapped my face

I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

I asked myself to marry me. I said that I'd
be happy.

I told myself that it was my fate, then got
drunk, and came too late.

I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

I threw the pastor through the door, then I
puked till I was sore.

I told myself that on this date I was really
quite irate.

I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

I told myself just to go away, there was
nothing left to say.

I got a lawyer to take my case, then he took
away my place.

I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

They threw me in a padded cell and that's
when my spirits fell.

I'd have to spend the rest of life alone with
my not-quite-wife.

I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!

I'm a little acorn brown sitting on the cold,
cold ground.

Everybody steps on me, that is why I'm
cracked you see.

I'm nuts, tk tk, I'm nuts!



After Dinner Mints:

-by Sean Hammond

If you were to squish a man's and woman's bodies into the same tube of a giant centrifuge and run it on high for...a while, the woman's cells would be on the bottom half of the tube and the man's on top. It's because women have two X chromosomes and men only have one.

Random Fact:

In June 1980, Edwin E. Robinson was standing under a tree when it was hit by lightning. When he revived twenty minutes later, he found that his hearing aid had been burned out, but he no longer needed it. though nearly blind, he no longer needed glasses, and his head, bald for 35 years, began to grow hair again.



-Brian Revoir

Microscopic Moral Mythology

"All Life is Precious." -Part I

I remember getting into an argument with some guy because he couldn't understand my views on life and death. And I know I'm gonna burst a few bubbles here, but you guys really can't have one without the other. Life revolves around death, just as death first requires life.

So he stood there in all of his moral supremacy sprouting his holier than thou (or rather holier than me) attitude. He spoke so highly of how he scrutinizes the ground before each step so as not to crush any unsuspecting insects. He didn't seem to pay much attention to the ground as we walked through the park, but I granted him this leniency.

"So, what about the smaller insects, the microscopic parasites in your skin, hair and mouth? Do you even think of all the bacteria you're killing when ever you wash your hands? I t shows signs of life. Do you ever consider your effects on microbes that may both help and hinder?"

And of course he couldn't be held responsible for those deaths because he could not see them.

"But you know they're there, don't you?"

And this of course is irrelevant in it's nature.

We sat there, on the edge of a grove of trees, with the soft, persistent hum of the lady mosquito foraging for the life blood sustenance with which to raise her children. Slap!

"Hah! I got you, you little bastard!"

"OK, so let me get this straight. Killing something is wrong under every circumstance for every living creature unless you either can't see the victims or they annoy you."

"That's not fair!"

"But that's how you live isn't it?"

I've heard a lot of people saying that actions are harder than words. I disagree. Actions are pretty damn easy. The tough part is coordinating the two to make sense together.

-by Kelly Gunter

GDT HELPFUL HINT:

KILLING PEOPLE NEVER
SOLVES ANYTHING, BUT IT
KEEPS PEOPLE OUT OF YOUR
HAIR WHILE YOU THINK OF
WHAT TO DO NEXT.

GDT Fan Club

Back Issues, tee shirts, the GDT action figure, and other neat stuff!

If your on the RIT campus, just e-mail:

sth8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

Else write to:

GDT

438 Clay Rd. Apt. C.

Rochester, NY 14623

Please include a self addressed, stamped envelope and a scrap of paper saying something to the effect of "Hey! I want to join the GDT Fan Club 'cause I know it will make me really cool." It won't, but we won't crush all of your dreams.



After Dinner Mints:

based on information given to GDT by researchers at Hell Inc.®

TO AVOID BEING BROUGHT UP ON VARIOUS COMPUTER RELATED CRIMINAL CHARGES, I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED BY OUR CONTACT AT HELL INC. TO MAKE THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT: THIS ARTICLE IS FALSE. THE COMPUTER PROGRAMS, AT EASE AND RESEDIT, DO NOT EXIST. THE COMPUTER FAMILY, MACINTOSH, DOES NOT EXIST. THE TECHNIQUES EXPLAINED DO NOT WORK. IN FACT, THE WRITER OF THIS ARTICLE DOES NOT EXIST, NOR DO YOU, THE READER. THIS ENTIRE ARTICLE IS A CROCK OF LIES AND BALDERDASH.

Anyone who uses Macintosh computers in any sort of public lab has undoubtedly run into a protection program called At Ease. Now, I understand the desire for administrators to secure software, but At Ease is a nuisance. It severely limits what you can do with the computer. What's the use of having a powerful computer that is intentionally limited? It's like having a sports car with flat tires; sure, you can drive it, but your not going anywhere in a hurry. But, I digress.

There are ways to...disable At Ease. When the program is first installed, the administrator and /or staff can include a password option to shut down At Ease and let the user access the Finder. It is, in some cases, possible to find out what the password is, however.

The real secret is to use a program that allows one to view the resource fork of files (I'm not here to tell you what a resource fork is. That's for programmers. This is a hackers guide). My personal favorite is ResEdit. Now, you can do some serious damage with ResEdit if you're not careful, but in this case, all you'll be doing is reading files.

Now in order to use ResEdit, the computer in question must allow you to open files that are not necessarily within the At Ease folders. This is different on each computer. If you can't do it...you're screwed (Hell Inc. is working on a way around that problem).

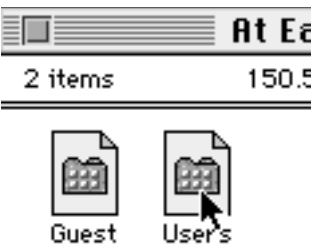


Figure 1: The file you're looking for.

The file that you want to open up and examine is simply called "Users." It's buried deeply in the System folder. From the File menu of ResEdit, open the "System Folder", then the "At Ease Items" folder, then the folder "At Ease Users." It's in the "At Ease Users" folder that there should be a file called "Users." (see Figure 1)

Open that puppy up and have a look.

You should get a message basically telling you that the file is locked and you can't make changes. That's ok, since all your going to do is read the information anyway.

Once open, an icon with a bunch of 1's and 0's called "User" should be visible. Open that up. Now you should have some choices. There should be a bunch of user names listed. It's up to you to find the one that represents the one with a password. Probably named "Staff" or something like that.

Anyway, when you open that up, and should see a bunch of numbers and digits (Figure 2). In the center column is information is hexadecimal form (again, no explanation). The right column represents

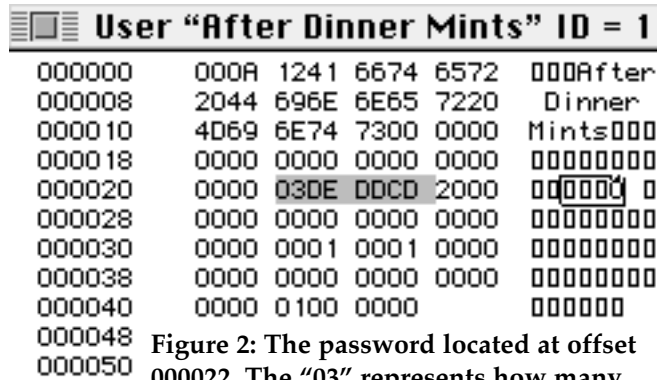


Figure 2: The password located at offset 000022. The "03" represents how many characters long the password is.

About halfway down the center column, at offset (for all you computer geeks) 000022, a series of numbers and letters will appear. This is the coded password. The first series of numbers tell you how many characters long the password is. The rest of the password can be decoded using the hexadecimal table I've included here (Table 1). In the example given, the password is "GDT." Use the key to make sure you understand how it works.

That's it. Once you have the password, you can turn At Ease off. I'd advise not mucking about too much, or the administrators will know and put stricter limits on what you can do through At Ease.

And remember, all of this is a lie. Really.

	Hexidecimal	
A	F8	D8
B	FB	DB
C	FA	DA
D	FD	DD
E	FC	DC
F	FF	DF
G	FE	DE
H	F1	D1
I	F0	D0
J	F3	D3
K	F2	D2
L	F5	D5
M	F4	D4
N	F7	D7
O	F6	D6
P	E9	C9
Q	E8	C8
R	EB	CB
S	EA	CA
T	ED	CD
U	EC	CC
V	EF	CF
W	EE	CE
X	E1	C1
Y	E0	C0
Z	E3	C3
1	A8	
2	AB	
3	AA	
4	AD	
5	AC	
6	AF	
7	AE	
8	A1	
9	A0	
0	A9	

Table 1: Hexidecimal conversions

"GDT- You don't have to turn on the TV to watch it, but it's not as interesting."

Some female beauty customs are utterly baffling. Not only do some of these customs make women look down right unnatural (i.e.: those old women who draw eyebrows halfway up their forehead or dye their hair blue), they can range from uncomfortable to downright painful.

I'm not talking about some obscure group in Mongolia or that group in Africa where the women add a ring around their neck each year their husband has been dead, until their neck is so stretched that it can't support itself without the rings. I'm talking about American beauty customs; specifically hair removal.

One method is shaving. While being reasonably safe when using an electric razor, it can be very dangerous while balancing on one foot on the floor of a slippery, cramped shower stall, running a sharp blade up one's leg^{*}. How about that option that was popular five or six years ago that we don't hear about anymore: the epilady. It must be pleasant to have a bunch of hairs caught in a rotating coil and yanked out, roots and all.

Then there's the ever popular waxing option. Oh, pour hot wax on me, let it harden, then rip it off to sever hair from follicle (If you have to pour anything on me, I'd prefer chocolate sauce. It's much more fun to have removed).

For the masochist in you, there's the slower method of extracting hair: tweezing. Pulling the hairs out one by one, maybe if your lucky the nerve will come out along with the hair. And what about depilatories (even the word is evil sounding. "I summon Astorath, Bael, Nerig, and Depilatories to, well...never mind.)? If they are strong enough to make hair fall out, what type of damage are they doing to the skin? Maybe doctors should make chemotherapy a cosmetic surgery option. Total hair loss in only a few weeks!

There is also the expensive, time consuming process of electrolysis. I know I want my hair to stop growing because I condemned my follicles to the electric chair.

On the up side, shaving causes hair to grow back thicker and darker (bet your mom didn't tell you that, huh ladies?). Yup, you too could be the bearded women with just a little work. Or maybe you really want angora-looking legs by the time you're 30. If you treat it right and eat the right foods you could have a healthy shiny coat in a good twenty years. Forget about mink, au natural is the way to go every time. Ever wondered why prehistoric man was so furry? Yup, Lucy[†] owned stock in Gillette.

^{*}I personally know of a friend with a hideous scar on the back of her calf from where she fell while shaving. Yet, she still shaves her legs...except for where her scar is, because no hair grows there.

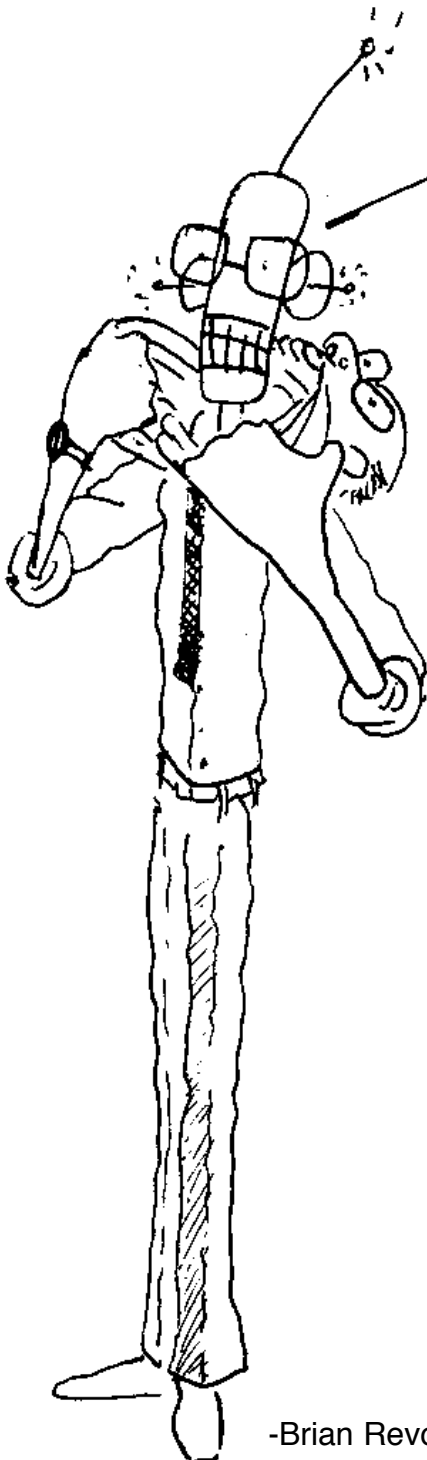
[†] For those of you out there unfamiliar with her, Lucy is the name that was given to the oldest humanoid skeleton found to date. Up until Lucy was found, anthropologists believed that the growth of the brain case was the first evolutionary step of modern man. Lucy proved them wrong, for her brain case was identical in size to her predecessors. However, there was one important evolutionary change Lucy had taken. She walked upright on two legs.



After Dinner Mints:

Twinkies have a shelf life of more than a year. What do you suppose those preservatives do to you? Maybe they would stop you from aging if you ate enough of them. To hell with the fountain of youth, pass me that cream filled slice of Ambrosia. Or do you think that "shelf life" is not as apt a term as "half life." Can't you see the remnants of Twinkies showing up on X-rays as they wind their way through your duodenum? Hey, if you ate enough Twinkies you might start to glow in the dark with the rest of the starry sky, save on electric bills, and just make the world a better place.

-GDT staff



DARKER OBJECT
LINES HUMANOID! BEEP! BEEP!

CLICK... CLICK... NEGATIVE... CLICK

... PAGE 38... DESIGN DISCUSSION
... PAGE 39

DARKER OBJECT
LINES SUBCREATURE

The border
between the Real and the
Unreal is not fixed, but just marks the
last place where rival gangs of shamans
fought each other to a standstill.

-Brian Revoir



GDT would like to thank every one who has submitted work or ideas to us. We'll try to get to all of them. We also want to encourage submissions for a special Halloween Edition of GDT. Send stories, or just anything you think fits this festive day.
-GDT Staff

Submissions

Fear

They told me that Hope was the absence of Fear
and I told them that Hope is nothing without Fear,
They told me that I should ask myself about Fear

should ask myself
What're ya afraid, little boy?
come on into the lamplight
here with the doctor
and his nice, clean trays of
(those aren't toys don't touch them)

should ask myself
What's the matter, sweet young thing?
come on into the spotlight
here and turn once 'round
to show momma your nice, clean outfit for
(brand new expensive too tight)

should ask myself
What're you scared of, ya chicken?
come on under the streetlight
here and get your scrawny
little fists out to fight like a man
(fuckin' freak!)

should ask myself
but I'm not in the MOOD

for all this
self-Righteous
self-proclaimed
self-torture.
so don't bother on about
what I am
or am not
afraid of.

-BJ Leopold
29 Apr '95

Untitled

Walking, I see it.
In eyes, posture, in the tensing of facial muscles.
In their gaze like a cry or plea.
I see the fear,
the worry, but mostly uncertainty.
I watch this vision of pain that wanders by in their wake.

"Stop it!", I want to scream.
Stop feeling this pain that means nothing!
Live damn you!
Live to breath and love this world, this life,
your life.

Stop the pain,
it is not real.
It only exists because you put it there.
You see, because this body means nothing
if you strangle your heart.

This world has no effect
unless you create it.
It's you!
You who creates the fear, the worry, the pain!
You are the enemy,
the only enemy you ever had.
Because no one else has the power to harm you.
This body means nothing
when there is no life inside.

The dead gaze blinks indifference and self pity.
My words fall to the ground to be beat into nothingness. My
words have no meaning unless you understand them. And if
you understand them, you didn't need to hear them. I know
not wether to laugh or to cry, but my words can mean noth-
ing. Because in my heart, what I say can only be heard by
you when you speak them to yourself.

I can tell you nothing.
I walk on, not watching these martyrs as they trudge onward
to the end of their misery,
life in uncertainty.

-Hanna K. Thomas
27 Apr '94

Do you have trouble finding GDT some- times?

Well now GDT delivers.

Just tell us what building and floor you live in, and
approximately how many copies your floor will require,
and we will personally deliver copies every Sunday after-
noon to your lounge. If you live off campus, we can't help
you, but if you live in Perkins, Colony, Riverknoll or
Racquet Club, we'll try to accommodate you.

So drop us a line and say, "Deliver GDT to me!"

Microscopic Moral Mythology

"All Life is Precious." - Part II

People often think I'm a vegetarian. They think I breathe granola and bleed bean curd. Apparently I "look" like a vegetarian, but I'm not. I don't eat a whole hell of a lot of meat, but that's got more to do with flavor and less to do with moral reservations. Perhaps if I'd never watched that one documentary when I was a child I would be a vegetarian today, but it's too late now.

A lot of vegetarians I've met will go on and on about a painless menu and cruelty to animals, but what about cruelty to vegetables. Can you imagine what it must be like for a stalk of wheat in the center of an immense field surrounded by a lot of it's fellow siblings. Suddenly it starts feeling the electric impulse screams of thousands of it's neighbors through the soil. It travels through the nervous system like lignin with it's terrifying message... The threshing machine is coming!

You laugh? They're only vegetables? Well, the electrical impulses through the soil between suffering plants are real and scientifically proven. The structure of lignin? It even utilizes the strength of the double helix. Yeah, that's real too.

You still say, "They're only vegetables. They can't feel anything." Well Maybe. It's really hard to tell isn't it? They're only savages... They're only animals. I bet the Nazis even said, "They're only jews." It's sort of the age old justification of the oppressor, isn't it? They don't feel things like we do. But you never can be sure, can you?

I'm not telling you to stop eating all together, you need to to survive. Eat what you like, nothing is stopping you. Just keep in mind that whatever you're eating, something died for that. I don't think eating is a terrible crime, I'm just saying that you can't make a salad without breaking a few heads. Just don't jump up, wagging the lethal end of your carrot in my face while I chew on chicken. Remember a plant died for that carrot, and just because you can't find hear it scream, or see it cry, doesn't mean it doesn't feel.

-Kelly Gunter

Ever been in a bar, drinking souls
with Lord Vader?

No?

That's ok. We want you anyway.



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is looking for
creative individuals to help in publication. All
majors welcome.

Contact: sth8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

Bill Gates of Microsoft
unveils his newest plan...



**WE ARE MICROSOFT. OS/2 IS
IRRELEVANT. UNIX IS IRRELEVANT.
OPENNESS IS FUTILE. PREPARE TO
BE ASSIMILATED.**

"GDT- We love the smell of napalm in the morning."

Hi, campers! Columbus Day is fast approaching, and you know what that means.... That's right! 503 years of mayhem and mischief brought by the Europeans. I think Kurt Vonnegut Jr. said it best:

1492: the teachers told the children that this was when their continent was discovered by human beings. Actually, millions of human beings were already living full and imaginative lives on the continent in 1492. That was simply the year in which sea pirates began to cheat and rob and kill them.

But let's not give that lucky Italian all the credit. Hell, just about everyone from Europe landed in the Americas. First there was St. Brendan (an Irish monk), but he was only interested in finding the Isle of the Blessed. Then the Vikings came along. The Vikings, the scourge of Europe, those marauders whose name struck fear into the hearts of men got their collective asses kicked when they tried to form a colony in "Vinland." And that was the end for the rock chewing Vikings.

But then Columbus shows up, carrying with him the entire Western ethos, not to mention a healthy approval of the Inquisition in Spain, which was just beginning to find it's stride. Columbus brought egocentrism, slavery, oh, and small pox. But what can you expect from the Europeans of the time. It was bound to happen. Hell, the only reason they weren't still living in piles of their own shit was because the Bubonic Plague taught them a quick lesson: Hygiene and You (or how not to die from pollution caused by overcrowding, Part I). For up until that time cleanliness was certainly not next to Godliness, in fact it was considered an indication of sin. It was just one of those little Christian hang-ups from the good old Roman Empire, for however immoral they're system was they certainly knew how to keep clean. And whatever the Romans were, the Christians didn't want to be. So which god would cleanliness be next to?

Yeah, sure, Columbus' landing started a policy of rape and plunder that lasted up until just after World War II, but there were even worse explorers. Columbus only decimated the islands of the Gulf, but Cortez obliterated entire civilizations.

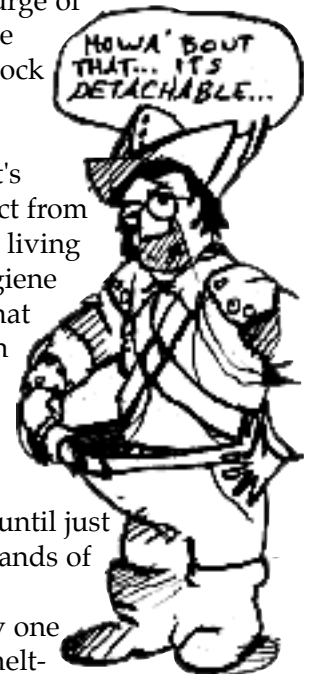
Yup, the Spanish did a number on Central and South America. Burned books (only one Mayan codex remains. All the others were burned by representatives of the Inquisition), melted down fine gold work (including an entire garden made of gold and silver created by the Incansic civilization), and either directly or inadvertently killed millions of people.

And then the English, always up for a good plunder, got into the action, but a little further north. Buy Long Island for a string of beads? Give me a break. Land of the Free? Are you kidding? Does "Trail of Tears" ring a bell? How about "Ghost Dance"?

In a way, I think the Indians might have gotten back with the Europeans, in the long-run. While men who had been at sea for months were running around sticking their dicks into any woman, willing or otherwise, no one bothered to tell them about Syphilis. "Oh her? No. Her fingers are supposed to fall off like that. It's like the leaves in the fall, they'll grow back in the spring. People are just different on this segment of the globe. Sure, go sleep with her and then cough on the other men."

Europeans also got tobacco from the Indians. Used in a reserved manner by the natives, the Europeans predictably overused it, until one individual dies of tobacco related illnesses every ten seconds world wide today. Light up, you black lunged son's of bitches and have a happy Columbus Day.

If you'd like to read more about it, we recommend: Navigatio Sancti Brendani (better brush up on your Latin), The Prince by Machivelli, Helpful Microorganisms by Daniel Lapedes, and The Surgeon General's Warning found on any pack of cigarettes.



Submissions

Call to Arms

For nearly two thousand years, Christians have preached the gospel of a loving God. For two thousand years they have taken that love, without earning it.

Like a insolent child, we have continued in our ways of cruelty and hate, always knowing that unconditional love was there for us. Why work to the best of our ability when we are handed a prize for being wicked?

The time has come to earn that love. Let us end the love of what we could be, and replace it with the love of who we are. Earn God's love and admiration. Demand the highest, not only of yourself, but of others. Dare to take your rightful place beside God; not as a lesser being, but as His equal. Recognize yourself as a Creator in your own right. Take responsibility for who you choose to be and for your actions.

Earn the admiration and, yes, the respect of God. Shun His pity.

To truly call ourselves children of God, then we must grow to that which is beyond God. That is the course of all children, and the hope of every parent. It is time for us to grow up, either as individuals or as a people.

Am I a sinner or blasphemer for saying these things?

If it is a sin to hold human ability to be sacred and to be saddened by seeing potential wasted, then yes. If it is a sin to want only what is earned, then yes. If it is a sin to believe in the unlimited potential of the individual, then yes! Yes a thousand times!

God only seems high because we rest upon our knees, believing that to be the only way.

Those who dare, come! Rise from your knees and take your rightful place!

-Jonathan

Last Week's Results

"If you witnessed a truly miraculous event, would you be more likely to say it was caused by God or Aliens?"

- 60%: God
- 22%: Aliens
- 2%: The government
- 2%: Neither
- 2%: God is an Alien
- 2%: I don't discount any possibility
- 4%: Neither
- 6%: I'd have to see the event

"Is evil something you are or something you do?"

- 72%: Something you do.
- 16%: Something you are.
- 12%: Both



Cutting Connections

Ever thought of how much money campus connections must be making off buying back your old books and then reselling them? I know they say the whole deal is non-profit, but the last time I believed a line like that I was being fed strained peas.

Well GDT wants to help facilitate those of you out there who want to sell their old books for a better price then campus connections can give them, and at the same time resell them to needy students for less than the store's used books go for.

So get a hold of us and we'll try to make some connections for you.

When you write us, please include the book's title, what class it's good for, and how much you're asking.

This Week's Survey

Would you rather lose directional hearing or depth perception?

Would you rather wade at your own pace into lava, or fall, suddenly, into a seething pool of piranhas?

Hint: Wading into lava at your own pace does not mean jump in. It means walking at your own slow methodical pace while you watch your body incinerate (Oh what a world! What a world!) around you.

Send replies to GDT care of
tbl2788@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU
or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623

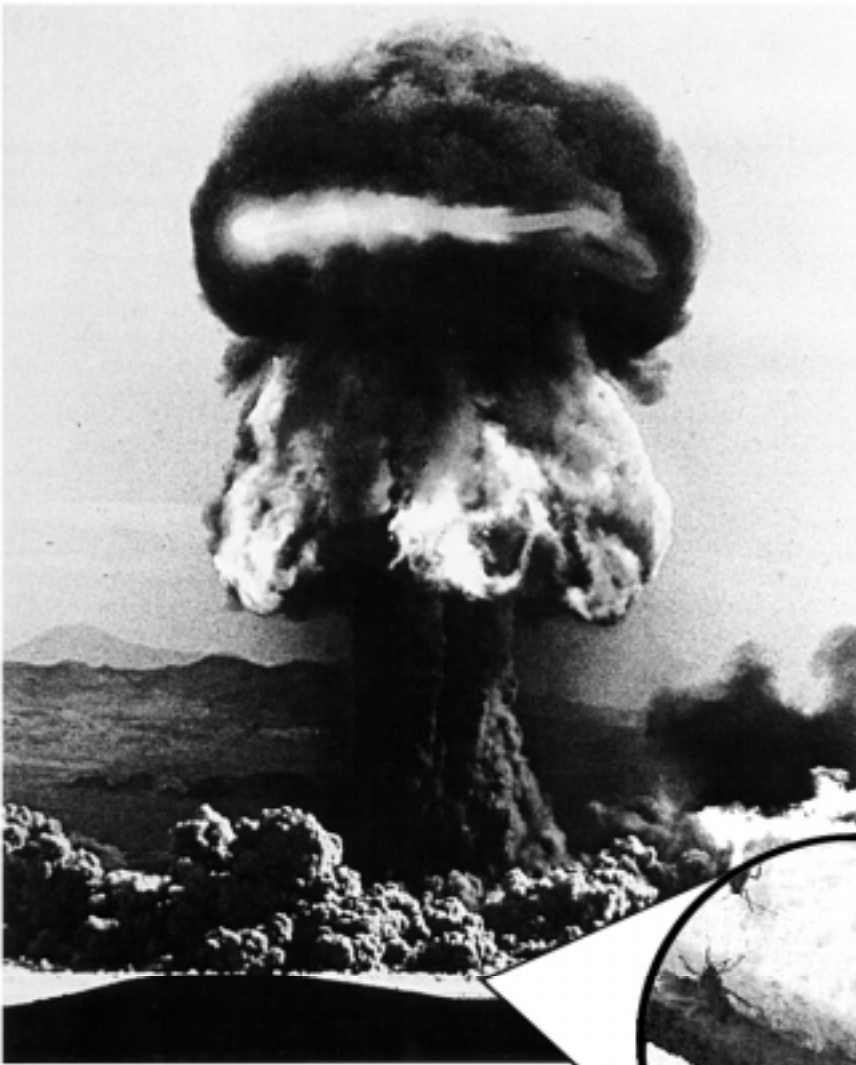
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Check out GDT's web site at: <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

After Dinner Mints

Couches should be equipped with metal detectors. On a particularly successful social evening after your guests have all gone home, you can just flip a switch and know whether or not you've made a profit. The control panel could be like one on a luxury car which will pinpoint exactly which door is open, it will pinpoint exactly where all metal objects are. And for those of you who live in or near Canada you could also have the built in magnet feature which is guaranteed to suck out all magnetic coinage at hand, and thus doubling the night's bounty.

by Kelly Gunter

SUPPORT NUCLEAR TESTING...



...AND MAKE
THE WORLD SAFE
FOR BLIND, SCREWING COCK-
ROACHES.

GDT needs you

to contribute for a special Halloween edition. Send your stories, ideas or pictures. Send anything you think applies.



Remember, if you don't send us material, we won't feed your junk food cravings.

IN BRAZIL IT IS AGAINST THE LAW TO NAME YOUR CHILDREN ANYTHING THAT MIGHT EMBARRASS THEM WHEN THEY GET OLDER

Letters to our Editors

Date: Mon, 02 Oct 1995
 From: KXM
 Subject: that group in Africa

Well I am writing this in response to one of the articles which appeared in GRACIES DINNERTIME THEATRE of October 1, 1995 vol 2 issue 4 which made some mention to "some group in Africa". As an African who was born and raised in Africa, who came to the US to study and heard back as soon as my studies are complete, I feel that that article is an insult to my people and I don't understand why it should be put on a paper to be read by the people like me.

I feel that who ever wrote that paper and the paper which published it owes me an apology, because I am Zulu and the women who put the rings around their neck Shangani a tribe which is part of the Zulu Nation, The Greatest African nation which ever came together in the rest of Southern Africa. Whether I person who wrote that articles is an African or not I think he or she should know why our women put rings around their necks before he or she writes lies about them which annoy some of us who know better. There are many places today here people can get information about anything. A lot of true Africans are her today to defend their people left and write and that is what everybody should know before they try to talk about us. And for that matter I am one of those True AFRICANS. You quick respose regarding this letter is awaited.

-Kabelo Mofaleng (Zulu)

DATE: TUE, 03 OCT 1995
 FROM: (IAN TURNER)
 SUBJECT: VOLUME 4, ISSUE 4 GRACIES DINNERTIME THEATRE

Hi,

I WAS JUST READING THE CONTENTS OF VOLUME 4, ISSUE 4 GRACIES DINNERTIME THEATRE SUNDAY MARCH 26, 1995 - THE ARTICLE ON THE BAREFOOT GIRL.

YOU DESCRIBE A GIRL WHO GOES BARE-FOOT ALL THE TIME, EVEN IN THE SNOW! I KNOW SOMEONE VERY SIMILAR - THEY OUGHT TO MEET. CAN YOU FILL ME IN ON WHAT IT WAS ABOUT. IS SHE A REAL PERSON, AND DO YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS????!!

CAN YOU FILL ME IN, MUCH APPRECIATED...

-SEE YA, IAN

Message from the editors

First, we'd like to take a moment to explain that we don't edit your letters for clarity. The way you send them to us is the way we print them up. So if you want a finished format to your letter, do it yourself before you send them.

We appreciate the sentiment from our Zulu friend, and that particular part of our article was not meant to offend. However, we do not feel an apology is truly necessary. We merely referred to the practice on a practical basis, which however culturally significant does not contribute well to the overall functioning of the neck. In China women have been known to bind their feet to keep them small and apparently beautiful, the cultural significance of such a practice does not negate the fact that it is a painful process which malforms the individual's feet.

Frankly, we're kind of surprised at the kind of things that people seem to get offended by. So far we have supported suicide, anthropophogous activities, the underground human pinata circuit, taping people to the wall for fly paper, and even suggesting that Taco Bell now imports dead Mexicans(due to NAFTA) for it's meat supply. Our first issue to spawn hate mail was the one Ian read on the Barefoot Girl. We were compared to the nazi's for it, and here we are blasted for some vague reference to the Shangani tribe. Since we all remain completely ignorant of which buttons offend, we're going to keep pushing all of them.

Our letter from Ian Turner came from the UK. Yes Ian, the Barefoot Girl exists, in fact she's one of our head editors and writers. And she enjoys hate mail just as much as the rest of us, it's kind of nice to see when someone opens their eyes, if only for a moment.

Looking forward to pissing you ALL off at some point...

-GDT Staff

Have you ever really thought about how people choose the names for their pets? There are always the generic names, the default settings reserved for those people whose imaginations do not extend much farther than the agricultural revolution; I mean, these people still think the plow is a novel idea. Names like Fluffy, Spot, Spike, Butch, and Tweety abound in such neolithic homes. Then there are those who insist that they are far too important to have active imaginations at all. They inflict their pets with names like Princess, King, Poopsie, and the all time favorite Archduke Reginald Arthur Mephistopheles the Third. With nomenclature like that, how do you call such a creature to you? Granted, you probably wouldn't call the pet in question; such tasks are reserved for the servants and other such plebeians. Just for a moment assume that you were trying to call your pet to you or even trying to discipline him for turning your favorite toupee into one of those strange and not wholly fascinating clown wigs. Archduke Reginald Arthur Mephistopheles the Third does not exactly come tripping off the tongue. In more apt terms, it pitches a tent and stays for the night.

So the question remains, why do so many people insist on outfitting their pets with such unsuitable names?

In my family it has always been the custom to name the creature after observing some of its more pronounced idiosyncrasies. This can backfire, however, and usually produces some rather interesting names.

We had encountered one such problem several years ago when my mother procured a small blue parakeet. She kept insisting that since the bird spent a good deal of his time moving his tail in a back and forth motion, that he should be christened "Tail-wagger". The rest of my family were horror struck and vehemently protested on the basis that it sounded like something a dog would eat. For the ensuing weeks our strike force bombarded her with a list of absurd names that would make even General Schwarzkopf quake with fear (or at the very least blush from impropriety):

Head-bobber, Foot-walker, Eye-blinker, Wing-flapper, Belly-poofer, Beak-talker, Snot-sneezer, Cud-puker, and Butt-poofer (the list continues, but I can't)

After this unending deluge of inane names continued for several weeks my mother finally waved the white flag and called for a cease fire and truce. The name Blue Bum was conceded to, although not entirely by my mother. Blue Bum seems adequate, perhaps not as adequate as Devil's Little Minion, Malicious Kamikaze Demon, or Evil Blight of Early Morning Sound Waves, but we call him Bum for short. We only call him Mad Foaming Monstrosity of a Multiple Disposition on special occasions.

Here's a short list of some of our other pets' names:

Chewbaderd (Actually she was named by another bird)

Oliver Twist (He was a kind of drab olive color and he liked to dance.)

Sasquatch (He has big feet)

Trouble (Kind of self-explanatory if you ask me.)

Mia (Actually named by her former owners. We have since lengthened this out to Mia Culpa, which doesn't really matter anyway, because she only responds to "Hey Stupid")

My other sister has never quite gotten the hang of things, though. She owned a mouse named "Mickey" (very original) and a pair of birds named, "Bonnie and Clyde." Her most recent trek into the wonderful world of naming has been moderately successful. She calls her new bird Aerial. Which isn't too bad, but it would be a lot more interesting if she were to call him Dual Airbags, Anti lock Brakes, Adjustable Steering Column, or even Five Speed Transmission.

So just consider these words next time your staring deep into the mournful, yet menacing eyes of your neighbor's Doberman pinscher dubbed, "Floppy", and realize for the first time the real reason behind why he ate your little sister's cat, "Mr. Flubble." He was actually being quite kind and just putting the poor little beast out of his misery.

We know
There are
usually
pictures here,
but The U.S.
Postal
Service failed
To deliver
The work of
our illustrator
by October
14th.
We will
reprint this
page on page
Two of next
week's issue.
In The mean-
Time, we're
disgruntled
and are going
hunting for
postal men
-GDT

worlds

two spheres	aware of themselves
two floating forms	they are
wandering the world	drawing each other in
two worlds	brought out to the edge
within worlds	of their realms
within the sphere	randomly
passionate	they speak
two diamonds	briefly
shimmering	understanding--that
in order to allow	return to wholeness--
growth	despite their retreat
two worlds must meet	to find their centers
they continue their journey to the stars.	

-submitted by Andrea Chrisman
<http://clam.rutgers.edu:80/~p00h>
 (the "0's" are zeros)

Microscopic Moral Mythology

Did you all enjoy our pink issue last week? Let me tell you, we didn't. Not one bit. I HATE pink. Now, I'm sure most of you didn't think anything of it. I talked to someone, and they thought we printed on pink paper on purpose, as a sort of eye catcher. Hell, if we wanted to catch your eye, we'd have the Barefoot Girl handing out issues on the quarter mile dressed only with the strategic placement of two thimbles (but she doesn't seem to want to sign all the release forms necessary). Nope. That pink paper was the result of a screw up made by the printers; a screw-up, I might add, which was made and could not be corrected in time to meet our deadline.

After many stress filled minutes as the editors shouted at one another in an attempt to make things right through sheer decibels, we swallowed our pride and decided to go with the (uuugggh) pink prints, because twenty six dollars worth of reprinting is a lot harder to fit down the gullet on a full stomach than our pride is. We know most of you didn't know it was a screw up, but we did. Believe it or not, we do have a certain level of quality that we adhere to. Sure, our grammar can be questionable at times, and there is at least one type-o in each issue, but we are not sloppy, not like that anyhow. So this week's Microscopic Moral Mythology is dedicated to Mediocrity:

Ever just done something to get it done? Then you've been the victim of Mediocrity. To hell with the old, washed up Riders of the Apocalypse. War, Pestilence, ya-de-da de da. They are all nasty, sure. But nasty in a permanent kind of way. You meet Death only once (unless you're Rincewind, then you run into him all the time). Mediocrity is much more insidious. You meet mediocrity everyday, and whenever you give in, that much more of your soul is lost. Give it all away to the "good enough man" and you have nothing left.

Well, we're all in college now, and I know I've met more than one person passing the sands of their life away in this manner. Why are you here?

...to get a good job, to get a nice house, to buy a nice dog, nice children, husband, wife, friends, ...life.

And you think this will do it? Do you even know why? Is this your parents dream? I mean, yeah sure, these words look pleasant and have a nice feel to them, but what the hell does it mean?

It's not just the good life people. It's that guy who came here out of parent or peer pressure. It's that kid with a tint of hangover to his colour who still smells of piss water and smoke. It's that young girl dreaming after fame and drama. Even the high priced suit after the thrill of economic monetary battles. And it's the "I don't know" guy, there was nothing better to do.

Power, prestige, money, love, they are all vague sort of limbo words, where you can't look to closely at the edges or you might realize that they were shaded in around the corners and there is really very little there after all. Granted they look good on a resume, but your life can't fit through a machine to be underlined and bold faced, no matter how advanced the technology.

So think about it next time you are doing something for someone else, but do a half-assed job, remember to say "hi" to that sloppy dressed character slouching slightly as he meanders off the scene, snickering (though not with any sort of real humor. That would take way too much energy).

Cereal

-B.J. Leopold

Warning: Please ignore this story and all its allusions. Any reference to real people or circumstances is probably deliberate, but may just be coincidence.

The Sandwich: Episode I

The cacophony from within was overwhelming the Lieutenant's thoughts, but he kept his Cool, and kept his eyes and ears on the front gate. He had known all along, of course, that his job was useless to the operation as a whole, but you don't get promoted for leaving your post, even if you save the sorry asses of everybody else on the force while you're gone. The Lieutenant watched patiently, scratching and shifting every few minutes to keep the blood flowing.

Then the impossible happened, someone actually left by the front gate, which meant the Lieutenant's hours of boredom were finally over. He radioed to say he was leaving his post to track the suspects, heard the go-ahead reply, and started the car.

"But you promised me that I would get the bracelet when all this was over! You promised!" His slap echoed in the surrounding forest, and she stepped back, awed.

"Shut up," he hissed, "you want the whole friggin' neighborhood to think we've got the bracelet we've been swearing ignorance of for three days!?"

"Sorry, Vic, I just got excited, I ain't used to this, ya know? This ain't the normal daily routine or somethin'," she pouted as she got in the front seat of the little sports car, "You don't hafta hit me like that."

"Aw, I'm sorry baby," he said over the noise as he revved the engine, "I know I shouldn't scare you, but you gotta be careful or we're in big trouble, and I ain't in no mood for big trouble, ok?" She nodded with a slight hidden smile, and they turned left onto the dirt road. "Nobody else ever uses this road," Vic said thoughtfully, "so who the hell followed us out here? Sandy, you recognize this car behind us?"

"Shit, Vic, i can't even see it right, but it sorta looks boxy and flat, like maybe it could be Virginia or somebody? I don't know."

"Virginia!?" Vic gawked, "Nah, it can't be her, she oughta be halfway home by now. It's gotta either be the cops, or some random asshole who doesn't know he's trespassing. either way, I'm gonna lose him in the bends up ahead - nobody knows this road better than I do."

"Yeehah! Here we go - hang on, baby!" Vic hit the gas as he entered the series of switchbacks that led through the pass. The car behind sped up, too. They were definitely being followed, but they were starting to gain ground. On the last turn, they heard the screech of breaks and sliding tires on the dirt road behind them. Sandy turned to look through the rear window, and caught a glint of metal flying over the edge.

"They're gone, Vic, slow down now, ok? I saw 'em go over the edge."

To be Continued...

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre would like to help celebrate Samhain with a week of issues, but we need your help.

Submit stories, pictures, poems, and other creative endeavors that deal with some aspect of Halloween.

The best will be printed in special issues.

For more information, contact

sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu.



Letters to GDT

Date: Fri, 06 Oct 1995 19:24:52 -0700
 From: "marc"@onyx.idbsu.edu
 Subject: This weeks Question
 To: tbl2788@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

I'd rather lose both my depth perception and my directional hearing so I could walk into a wall that I thought was ten feet further back while turning the wrong direction to hear what someone had said. I'm not sure why I'd like to do this but I think it has something do with that "Chicken and Egg" question.

As for the lava vs the parana thing. I think I am going to have to go with spending an evening with Rush Limbaugh. Being dropped into a pit of lava or eaten by piranhae just sounds like too horrible of a death.

Err, uhm wait, no I think I will go with the piranhae, or lava, or both. Then served as an entree, "chared fish and Marc." Baked beyond perfection. Or something...

Last Survey Results

"Would you rather lose directional hearing or depth perception?"

73.7%: Directional hearing
 21.1%: Depth perception
 5.3%: Both

"Would you rather wade at your own pace into lava, or fall, suddenly, into a seething pool of piranha?"

42.1%: Fall into piranah
 52.6%: Wade into lava
 5.3%: Both



Latest Survey

"Would you rather accidently kill a dolphin or purposely kill a Nun?"

"Would you rather get flattened by a steam roller or inflated with a garden hose?"

Send replies to GDT care of
 tbl2788@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

Sick of never finding a copy of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre?

Well, now we deliver.*



Contact GDT for more details.

*Restricted to areas on campus or RIT controled apartments

Date: Mon, 09 Oct 1995

From: Ed

Subject: uuuh..me again.

To: GDT

...the offical reason for this here letter is i was wondering if you can make GIBSON D an offical drop off point for GTD. We have a hard time finding copies, and often fist fights break out over them, and old issues can be traded for cigarettes and nude photo's of peoples sisters. Haveing copies here would make life much easier.

Welp, toodles.

BTW, have you ever owned sea monkeys? i found out 2 weeks ago toys r us sells them and i have a nice crop of them growing in a keen little aquarium on top of my computer. They are incredibly distracting, your eyes sort of see them and you just HAVE to watch them swim around and do little brine-shrimpish things. it took me 15 mins to write this letter cause i kept looking at those damn sea monkeys. You kinda feel like a god, though. your own self contained universe you control. helps the ego.

ah, well.

ta!
 -Ed

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU
 or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623

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 Check out GDT's web site at: <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

"We have a plan so cunning, you could put a tail on it and call it a weasel!"

Why do so many people always assume animation is for children? That's like assuming that inflatable toys are only for children ("Puncture repair kit on standby, sir"). These same people want their children to stay away from drugs and be nice to everyone (family values and what-not), but do they even think about what's really being presented on a typical Saturday morning?

Look at the old Warner Brother cartoons. You know: Bugs and all the gang before they started copying Disney. I'm talking way back when Daffy really was...well, Daffy (I wonder what happened to him. He started out so manic, then just got mean. When he first appeared on the screen, I bet he could have kicked Bugs' ass. I think that when Bugs won an Oscar, Daffy just gave up and became bitter). Those are definitely not for children. So much of the humor depends on adult experience (or maybe it depends on adults forgetting how to think absurdly on their own, and so Warner Brothers does it for them).

Then again, Rocky and Bullwinkle didn't exactly aim for the 5-9 year old demographic either. Sure, if your kid had a handle on contemporary world issues, and had a smattering of world history, he could've enjoyed all the bad puns and the "Ruby Yacht of Omar Khayyam" episodes. Maybe, judging from all the studies around today telling us how stupid children are becoming (as a side note, Hell Inc.® is now proud to offer Fuck'n Lame™, the latest in the anti-theft products to protect your children. For more information, see Volume 1, issue 14), the kids of the 50's and 60's could handle it.

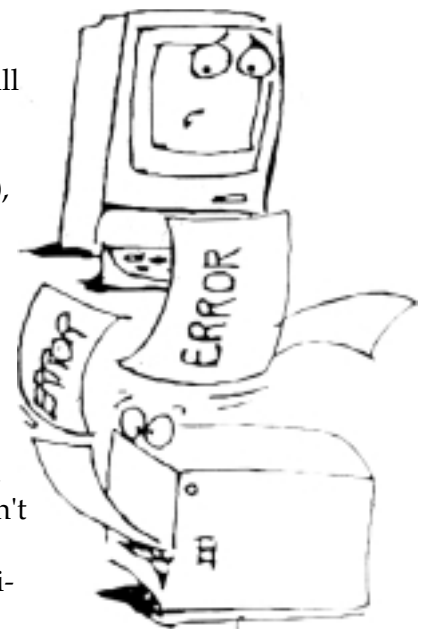
I think the moose and squirrel were the Ren and Stimpy of their day. They both started out underground and had crappy animation. As they grew in popularity, they kept the same material: Ren and Stimpy with abundant mucus and exploding eyeballs; Rocky and Bullwinkle with implicit references to sex and drugs.

I'm positive that Boris and Natasha didn't have a platonic relationship (we know they did it, we just haven't decided who's on top. We've seen the pictures, watched the restored footage, made the diagrams, done the physics, and still can't figure out HOW they did it). And do you think they didn't drop the animated acid? How do you miss 837 consecutive assassination attempts? At least the attitudes of this show made it easier for later cartoons to be more explicit, namely Scooby Doo.

Scooby-Doo. Oh. My. God. What a drug cartoon that was. Think about it. Particularly Shaggy and Scooby. The two of them would do anything for a "Scooby snack." And a few minutes after eating one, you could be sure to find both of them in the kitchen with the munchies. Even the way they walked made it look like they were stoned. That exaggerated leg thrust of Shaggy's...and how many people understand their dog when it talks to them, discounting David Berkowitz of course.

And the Mystery Machine? No mystery about that. Our beatnik friend Fred was definitely driving more than the van. More specifically, he was wooing Daphne. Daphne was the prep of the crew, you see, and helped support their drug habits, but since she was a nympho, her choice of payment was obvious. Hell,

Our
illustrator is
temporarily
**OUT OF
ORDER**



We apologize for the
inconvenience.



Daphne would pay for champagne to fill the six foot bong in the back of The Mystery Machine.

Poor Velma. Poor, poor, blind Velma. Always the fifth wheel. Shaggy had Scooby[†]. Fred had Daphne (hell, I'm sure they all had Daphne at some point or another). Velma had her glasses, and they just kept falling off.

The Hanna-Barbara studios must have been the opium den of their day. They didn't stop at Scooby. Remember Grape Ape and Speed Buggy? I'll bet you could've just LICKED the TV screen during an episode of Grape Ape to take a trip to the inner workings of your subconscious. Speed Buggy didn't take the unlaced gasoline, either. And it would explain the reoccurrence of speech impediments in these characters. Don't even get me started on the Laff Olympics. Far more than your usual caricatures of evil loonies vs. dopey good guys there.

And look at the Smurfs. Another cartoon with societal

deviancy as its theme. Little blue guys that live in mushroom rooms? Ah-huh. And only one female for 100 guys? I'm sure Smurfette made the rounds.[‡] Baby Smurf had to come from somewhere. Smurfette's birth control was only 99% effective and, well....

Let's face it; if I were walking through the woods and saw a bunch of Smurfs, my first reaction would be astonishment. That would quickly fade after they sang 17 verses of their one and only song. Then I'd just start squashing those little blue shits. To hell with the gold, I want to see blood.

[†] I sometimes wonder if Scooby-Doo wasn't a metaphor for all of our lives. A group of people, driving through the world in a vehicle that is mystery, even to themselves, struggling to solve the mysteries of others. Maybe there is some sage advice in Scooby's catch phrase. Maybe there's an anagram in there. A phrase that could set us all free from the shackles of mortal thought....Then again, maybe it's just a stupid phrase like "Ri rove rou Reorge."

[‡] It's interesting to note the similarity between the creation of Smurfette and Eve. In The Smurfs, Gargamel made Smurfette to trick the Smurfs so he could catch them and turn them into gold. Was the writer trying to say that God had evil intentions when he made Eve? Or was he just saying that all females are inherently evil?

Cereal

-B.J. Leopold

Warning: Please ignore this story and all its allusions. Any reference to real people or circumstances is probably deliberate, but may just be coincidence.

The Sandwich: Episode II

The little sports car was skimming down the dirt road toward the lights to the north. The driver was smiling.

"Yeegah! What did I tell you, little darlin'? We gonna be all right!" Vic smiled through his teeth at her, and she could barely suppress the urge to punch them out. Instead, she giggled lightly, and Vic smiled broader as he turned off of the dirt road.

A few hours later, the little sports car pulled into a gas station just off the highway, and from the hill above them, a pair of bloodshot eyes watched the two go in to get a snack from the mini-mart after they filled their tank. The bloodshot eyes walked down from the hill slowly, checking all around for anyone suspicious, but no one even gave them a second glance. They got into the little sports car, and quickly, deftly searched inside. Having found nothing of immediate interest, they started the engine and headed for the highway, glancing only once in the rear-view mirror to check for the pair who's car had been commandeered. They were nowhere in sight; the little sports car turned smoothly out onto the highway, and began to pass the other cars quickly.

Vic was still smiling as he rounded the corner of the van, and stopped suddenly short as his chin slapped his chest. Sandy, behind him a few feet, didn't notice at first, but then looked up and asked, "What's wrong, Vic? Let's get out of here...You alright?"

Vic looked at her slowly and stuttered, "The car, it's...it's gone. I swear we was right here by the street lamp, I swear we was...."

"Gone?! What do you mean gone!?! You stupid hick! How the hell could you lose a car in the middle of a goddam parking lot! Now we had better find some way to make the delivery on time before..." She looked at Vic hard, and his face fell sharply into that of a scared child. "Don't tell me you left the stuff in the car, Vic, I will not be happy with you, and neither will your boss....You did, didn't you? You lost it." At his tiny nod, she gave in to her urge, and the punch sent him sprawling backward over the asphalt.

There was a large man sitting behind a large desk, in a high-backed oak chair. He picked up the phone after the third ring, and casually answered the hysterical caller.

"Hey, Boss, I got bad news for ya. I stopped at a gas station to fill up the tank, and somebody stole the car with the stuff in it. I don't have the stuff, boss, I lost it. I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you boss, really I will."

"Of course you will, Victor, of course you will," the large man slowly put the phone down, and looking straight ahead, said to the room, "I hear from a reliable source that my friend Victor has been left alone too long. Go now, accompany him and teach him a lesson about failing me so utterly." The large man closed his eyes slowly and opened them again. A small man nodded his head, picked up his gun, and left the room through the small door into the garage.

To be Continued...

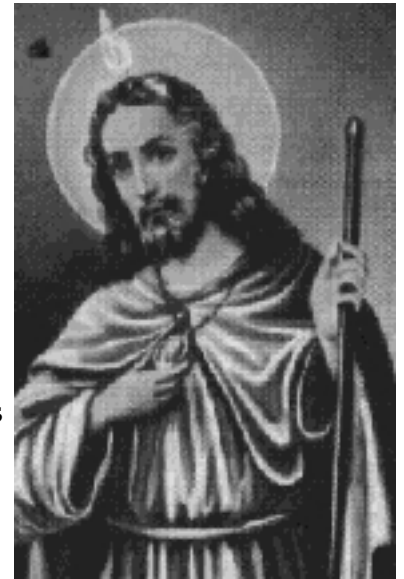
Martyr

OF THE WEEK

Welcome to the inaugural edition of the **Martyr of the Week** column in GDT. BASICALLY[†] this page will update and inform you as to who of significance in the Catholic Church was martyred during the coming week. Whether you wish to put aside time during each of these saints feast days to remember them quietly(remember, it's their party-they'll cry tears of blood if they want to!) or if you are simply reading this for the sadistic pleasure of stories about maiming, torture and ecstatic death, enjoy.

[†]Unfortunately we were not able to officially get this page sponsored by Brothers And Sisters In Christ.

The martyr of the week for Oct. 23-Oct. 29 is St. Jude(Thaddaeus). St. Jude was a blood relative of Christ and one of the 12 apostles. St. Jude (referred to as Judas in the gospels of Mark and Luke) is the Saint invoked in times of hopeless, desperate or impossible circumstances. It is due to the fact that his name is identical to that of Christ's betrayer(but what a kisser!) that he received little veneration in the past. His martyrdom occurred when he and St. Simon traveled to Persia to preach-they were beaten to death with clubs.



St. Jude Oct. 28

Below are some of the martyrs we missed from earlier in the month.

Oct.9

St. Denis was sent from Rome to minister to the pagan Gauls in the year 90. He became the first bishop of Paris, but was martyred by decapitation. He then picked up his head and walked 6 miles to the spot on which a cathedral dedicated to him stands today.



Oct.21

St. Ursula was martyred on the return journey of a pilgrimage to Rome. In an attempt to delay her marriage to a pagan prince, she made the trip(with 11,000 virgin handmaids)to see the Pope. She was told of her impending death by an angel, and when her ship docked in Cologne she, the virgins, the Pope and her newly converted fiance were killed by the Huns.



This week also sees the festival for the 40 martyrs of England and Wales (**Oct. 25**). I can't list all of them here, but most of them have their own days anyway(bunch of gloryhounds).

No Title

-Hanna Thomas

Try as I might, I could never really hate anyone...that boy included. But you, you were the closest I ever came to it. That boy may have defiled my body, but you surely defiled my mind.

As I sat across your desk from you and you assumed the mask of my friend and confidant, you really thought you played the part well didn't you? And I rewind the moment back to a night. That night when that boy ground and smothered me in an empty place with the fullest audience of the sky sparkling down their approval.

That night when I said no, but my body said yes. The yes was enunciated while that boy would not listen to me inside and I left a hollow outside behind, hollow, mistreated, ignored shell behind. I journeyed to the sky so full of companions as if almost to completely ignore all physical sensations and returned once that boy could do no more.

Later on that boy was to say that he was not accountable for his actions, but that I was. I was accountable because of all of the littlest things I do that I never even thought about. Things I do all the time, except now they had been done for his benefit only. I suppose even when he was not around. For a year afterward I watched everything I did, I stopped myself from ever becoming comfortable so that no one else would have the right to do this to me, a right they had never possessed in the first place.

Once again I returned to the room with a man, my advocate, my friend? No, I don't think so.

"Why didn't you scream?"

"There was no one there. There was no one to hear me."

"That doesn't matter. Screaming is a disabler whether anyone else is around to do anything or not."

I'm sorry I must have forgotten all of my lessons from grade school on how best to get sexually assaulted....

"Being raped is a disabler as well."

If a girl screams when she's being raped in an empty place with a rapist who has not listened to her up to this point, does she make a sound?

Survey

"Would you rather accidentally kill a dolphin or purposely kill a Nun?"

"Would you rather get flattened by a steam roller or inflated with a garden hose?"

Send replies to GDT c/o:
tbl2788@ritvax.rit.edu



"When engaging this kind of target, the weapon which poses the greatest threat should be engaged first. When this target has been eliminated or no longer exists, engage the target at the center of the near half of the target."

-from *M202A1 Flame Weapon*, 7th edition.
U.S. Army Infantry School
Fort Benning, Georgia

Devoted Readers of GDT:

Issue 6 of Volume 2 is still MIA. It appears the U.S. Postal Service has truly lost it.

Please wear a black arm band in mourning, or even better, read next week's issue. We will be including a chain letter which we encourage you to copy and mail.

Let's keep those bastards busy!

-GDT

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU
or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623

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Welcome to the first installment of GDT's special issues dedicated to Samhain. Our first submission comes from a contributor living in New Jersey. Those of you who regularly read GDT might recognize her name; she's submitted to GDT before. Enjoy Andrea Chrisman....

Tomorrow's issue: *Strange Laments.*

the ballad of amelia dew

there was a girl went wandering,
she went out to be free.
pacing 'long the cape may dock
she whispered to the sea.

enchanted by the twilight mist
that rolled in with the tide,
she lost sight of her mother and
then lost sight of her stride.

falling down below the waves
the darkness circled round
Amelia drifted deep below
and couldn't make a sound.

at last a lamp returned her sight,
showing her white towers bright
emitting random points of light
returning colours to their right.

greeted by a young man of gold
at the door to palace gate
he took her hand and led her in,
offering to be her mate.

to him she said in tearful tones
"i cannot live here long with you
handsome boy i belong above,
i cannot breathe this water blue."

he stopped and grabbed her hand and screamed
"You are mine! You cannot leave!"
he coaxed her and then offered free,
a loyalty for his reprieve.

Just as he grew tired the fight,
he mused "what a plump young lady here."
he pinched her cheek and began to grin
"what a feast you'll make for me, dear."

the gold boy sat and watched the men
as they slaved all day to make his din.
just as she was about to scream
they opened the oven and shoved her in

to the table she was brought in,
the golden boy folded napkin thin
he grabbed a hand, then chewed a limb.
fought with gristle along her chin.

just as she lie
digested alive,
she heard a voice
like her mother's cry

"come back from the water
my sweet young thing,
the tide's coming closer,
it will suck you in."

awakened from a dreamlike trance,
the young girl jumped to run
tripped over her bright long dress
and fell with setting sun.

slipping from the dock she fell
into the ocean's frightening spell,
drowning as free as time can tell
with pearls in eyes where tears should well.



WEIRD LAMENTS

-by E. Heffernan

And then it happened again.

It was about the dozenth time or so it had happened in the past two hours. I scratched my chin musingly, thinking it over. Then I reached in my pocket, pulled out a cigarette, sparked it up and puffed away thoughtfully.

From my perch on the brick wall I was sitting on I had a pretty good view of the comings and goings of the campus around me. My last class was over about two hours ago, and I was in no hurry to get back to my dorm room. A few months after moving onto campus I had learned that my roommate was a chronic masturbator, and because I was always forgetting his name I simply dubbed him 'The Jerkoff King'. A dozen times in the past two months I have walked into the room to catch him with his pants around his ankles, face broken out in a sweat while his fist furiously pumped up and down. It's really gross.

Anyway I was sitting on the brick wall, thinking about nothing in general, just watching the general riff raff pass by me. You know the people I'm talking about, all the strange little American sub cultures that spring up whenever you have more than a couple hundred people under the age of thirty. You have the those jocks with the greek-god bodies and vacant eyes, you have the fraternity brothers avidly declaring their house is the best (I cant tell the damn difference), the people on skateboards whizzing by, falling on their ass more times than actually doing a stunt, the loners who hurry by with their eyes fixed on the ground before them, afraid to make eye contact with anyone they passed. I could go on forever.

It first happened out of the corner of my eye. This one guy was ambling along, minding his own business. I sort of subconsciously picked him out in the back of my mind because I noticed his socks were a dullish pink and I mildly wondered how long ago he had had his little laundry catastrophe. Anyhow the guy was walking along, sort of bobbing his head to a little musical beat only he could hear, when the big green tentacle whizzed out of a nearby sewer grating and yanked him in.

I froze. I had heard the term 'my heart skipped a beat' before, but this was the first time I had ever actually experienced it. I stared at the sewer grating on the ground, but there was no evidence that anything vastly weird had happened. The sun was shining brightly, the air had a nice little gentle breeze to it, and there was about three dozen people around me who must have seen the same thing. But there was nobody screaming, no shouting or yelling or even a curious glance towards the sewer grating.

I thought about screaming. I thought about laughing out loud. I thought about hopping off my little comfy wall perch and leaving. Finally I decided to pretend that it didn't happen. Hell, no one else around me was doing anything, then why should I?

A few years ago I had tried acid. It was the usual peer pressure 'everyone does it' type situation. It did some funky things to me, making me see little purple trails and causing me to giggle at inappropriate moments, but that was about it. No pink elephants or visions of the wizard of Oz or anything of the sort. But the word 'flashback' had always hung over my head like some dark cloud. I began to think that perhaps the unsightly little thing I had just witnessed was perhaps caused by the proverbial flashback.

Nonetheless, I peered at the sewer grating suspiciously for a few moments longer. Just one of those anonymous sewer gratings that are dotted across the roads and sidewalks of America like some sort of steel acne. Nothing real special about it, certainly not something you would point out to a buddy and say 'Gee, isn't that a rather NICE sewer grating?'. Most people probably walk over it a dozen times a day and never even know it's there.

The next one was a girl. This time I watched very carefully, eyes absorbing every speck of information. The girl was medium height, wearing a pair of denim shorts so tight they could have been painted on, fake blonde hair piled up on top of her head, books clutched protectively to her chest in that odd, almost insecure way girls carry them. A half-healed hickie on the side of her neck winked at the world as she flounced by.

This time I was waiting.

This time I was watching.

And this time I saw it.

The big green tentacle snaked out from the sewer with sickening speed. It was sort of splotchy green and covered with little suckers that seemed to be gasping for air. It was dirty, quivering, and at places and splotches along its length there seemed to be coarse hair growing from it. It also appeared to be slimy. Of course, I thought. We couldn't have a big nasty tentacle without it being slimy, can we? Mustn't break the cliché'.

It lurched about six feet away to where the girl was. It coiled around her waist in a rather sickening way. She looked down, eyes widening like saucers, her mouth opening up. I could just hear what she was about to say, "Oh! grody to the max, I'm sure!" or something along those lines. But it never got out of her mouth, because the moment the thing had a tight grip, it whisked her off her feet and sucked her down the dark dank opening of the sewer faster than you could say 'corn pops'.

Its funny the way the human brain can rationalize just about anything. In a split instant I decided I wasn't crazy, I wasn't having a flashback, I was just seeing something very, very weird. I glanced around me. Once again, although the place was modestly scattered with people, no one seemed to have noticed a thing. Everyone was simply going their merry way, totally oblivious that there was something very nasty right beneath their feet snatching up people the way you or I would snatch up a stray dollar bill.

I watched it happen several more times to several more people. It didn't seem to be a very choosy whatever it was. So far it had equally snatched up men, women, all races and ages. After a while I began to see a pattern develop. Although there were people around whenever the thing scooped up a homo-sapiens goody, no one actually seemed to be LOOKING at it when it happened. In the brief instant it slithered out from the sewer the people in the general vicinity had their eyes somewhere else. In a book. Looking and talking to a friend. Sneezing. Looking up at the sky to see if any rain clouds were around. Searching in a purse. And so on. No one ever had their attention on that particular area of the ground...except me.

An old joke came to my mind... it went "if you were in the woods, and you watched a tree fall and it didn't make a sound, does that mean your a nobody?" I was actually starting to get offended that this thing was letting me watch this. The nerve of it!

Of course, by now you are probably wondering why I haven't rushed out and tried to make what I've seen known. But even though I'm no Steven Hawkings, I'm no moron, either. If some guy came up to me and asked me if I had seen any large tentacles snatching up people from nasty little sewer gratings in the ground, I would more than likely smile, nod, pat the guy on the shoulder, and walk straight ahead. I wouldn't expect any less from another person.

I was lost in thought for a moment when a sudden familiar voice pulled me back to the present.

"Dave, yo, hey, Dave!" A whiny little voice that made the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end floated over my shoulder.

I turned around and The Jerkoff King was standing there, slack mouth, milking a pimple on the end of his nose.

"Can I bum a cigarette off of you?" he asked. His eyes holding the reflection of hopefulness.

I thought for a second and than said "Sure, you can have one, but first, do you see that sewer opening over there?"

He peered beyond me, squinted, saw the opening, and nodded his head enthusiastically. "Sure, what about it?"

"Just watch it for a moment"

And so we sat there watching it, as the minutes ticked by. One. And then two. Several people have passed over the hole that was the fix of our attention several times now. The Jerkoff King next to me began to get a little fidgety.

"Er, just what are we watching for?" he asked.

"Just watch!" I hissed warningly back.

Another handful of seconds slid by. Finally I sighed and gave up. "Never mind," I said.

He just stood there for a moment longer, and it took me a second to remember that I had offered to give him a cigarette, so I pulled one out of my pocket and gave it to him (being quite careful not to touch his hands) and gave him a bored wave as he lit up and walked away.

I should have seen it coming, of course. I could just feel the gods up in the heavens laughing at me. The Jerkoff King got thirty paces away, near the sewer hole, and the big green thing again erupted out and plucked him clean off the face of the earth as if he had never existed.

I sighed.

I had about all I thought I could handle in one day. Besides I had some homework to do, and it would be nice to finally go into my room without making a big show of stomping up to the door and making loud exaggerated noises with my keys so my roommate would get the idea that someone was walking in. I hopped off the wall, and wandered away. Whistling a little and avoiding sewer holes.

“A child of five could understand this. Fetch me a child of five.”

Though I am an acolyte to the sciences, I have become disenchanted with them. It is refreshing, from time to time, to hear the naive but sincere sentiments from people whose opinions of science date back to the Enlightenment: "Science can understand everything." I'm sorry, but that's just not true.

It has to be understood that any scientific theory is subject to cultural interpretation, which then can change it's meaning. Look what happened to Darwin's theory of evolution, particularly the "survival of the fittest." When the businessmen finally got around to either reading Darwin or hearing bastardized half truths about what he said, they thought to themselves, "Hey...not bad. Survival of the fittest? Competition? Just like business!" Soon you had everyone trying to make a biological model fit social functioning. Sure there are similarities, but if you're not careful, you get eugenics.

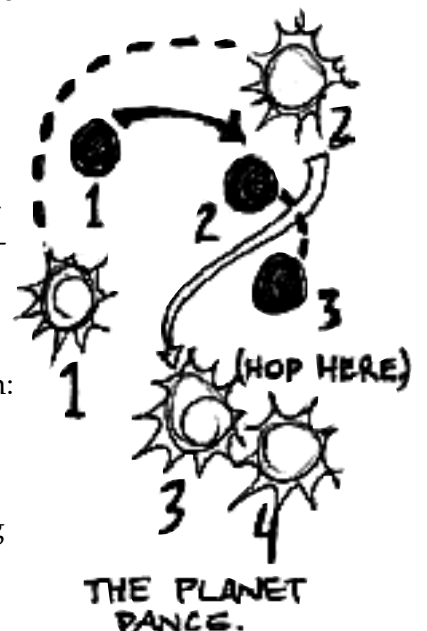
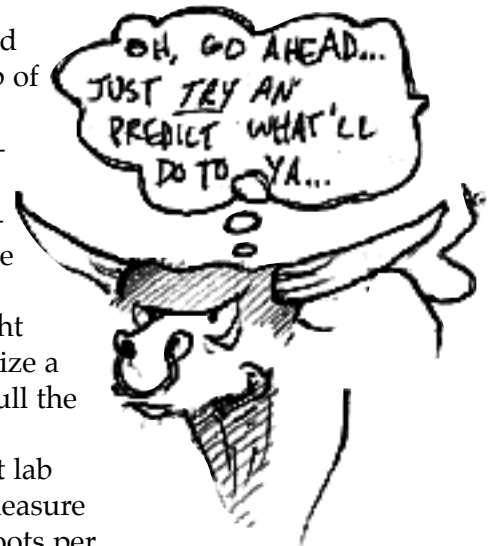
No, science can not understand everything; science can only understand what it can observe. Can't see it? Can't measure it? Can't explain it. On top of that is the ethnocentric baggage that every individual carries around with them. Need proof? Look at how blindly the monks of the Middle Ages followed the words of Aristotle, even when it was obvious he was wrong. Hell, the only reason the Church recognized that a vacuum could be created was because they needed a place for heaven to exist once the idea of the "heavenly spheres" was shot to hell. The heresy of the thermometer...

Scientists are nothing more than well conditioned lab rats. Pavlov taught dogs to salivate at the sound of a bell, only because the dogs could recognize a connection between the bell and food. Scientists just recognize patterns. Pull the level and get a food pellet...

In fact, now that I think about it, animal behaviorists make the best lab rats. The behaviorist's method, in field or lab, is to record accurate data, measure precise distances and exhaustingly catalog number and shape of moose doots per square mile. While they painstakingly gather data to chart graphs that will make other animal behaviorists cry, they tend to miss how an animal acts as a complete entity. Behavior is a complex mesh of parts, and sure it helps to break all these parts down to sections that can be conveniently studied, but don't think that a chart of bat food consumption versus environmental temperature explains bat behavior. It's usually right when a human thinks he can predict an animal's behavior that the human gets gored.

Let me give you an example of the limitations of science. Get up in the morning and watch the sun rise (there's a hint in that phrase). Now we, in our educated aloofness know that the earth goes around the sun (so the sun doesn't rise...the earth falls), but if the sun did go around the earth, it would look exactly the same. The earliest astronomers were just noticing patterns, and came up with a good theory. There was just one problem; actually, a whole bunch of them: planets. All the others stars scrolled smoothly across the sky except for those pesky "wandering stars." They'd go forward, then back, then seem to stand still.

To explain all of this meandering, intricate systems were devised to explain their actions. To this day, horoscopes depend heavily on the apparent wandering of the planets. Then some bright boy said, "Wait! If the Earth and all the planets were to go around the Sun, that would explain the wandering!" And of course it



did.

As the earth overtook or was passed by planets, their apparent motion in relation to ours would make them seem to wander back and forth. All the kinks were worked out of motions of the heavens.

Great...but what holds the planets where they belong? Little tracks? Gold chains? God? Ah, gravity. Of course, it was gravity (we're nearing my point. Bear with me). Physicists have experimentally (experimentally. That means they've watched something over and over until they see clear patterns) determined simple algebraic formulae to determine the attraction between any two objects with mass that are separated by any amount of space.

Einstein took it even further and explained gravity roughly like this: space and time are like a huge trampoline. Anything you put on the trampoline will cause it to sag and that sagging will pull in other objects, just like balls rolling down a hill.

Amazing. Through simple observation (and some brave leaps of intellect during particular time periods)

we have the theory of gravity. OK. But why do two masses "dent" space/time? That can't be answered. There's nothing to observe. Science can run along fine until...oops, there's no more track. The frontiers now lie in accelerated particle physics, using gigantic cyclotrons. But they too will hit the wall.

Man will never "invent" anything. We will simply continue to observe the universe around us and find new combinations of things to make. Should we just reach a certain level of knowledge and simply say, like a frustrated parent, "just because?" That worked for the Europeans during the Middle Ages.

Until we can find something beyond science, humanity is destined simply to follow the dots and create ready made pictures; we'll never be able to make a simple stick drawing on a blank page. If we could understand the fundamentals of the universe? Well, then we'd be gods, wouldn't we? We could make our own rules.

Anyway, I'm going to go pull my lever...I'm hungry.

Chain Letter

As promised last week, here's a chain letter for you to copy and mail off to friends. If you'd like an e-mail version to distribute, just contact GDT, and we'll send you a copy.

Remember: chain letters are frowned upon by the US Postal service, so don't send this to anyone.

29 October, 1995

Before you immediately throw this letter out, please let me explain its purpose: this is a test to see just how efficient the postal systems of the world are.

Have I gotten you interested? Well, let me explain; This letter originality appeared in Volume 2, issue 8 of a satire publication, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, printed on the campus of the Rochester Institute of Technology, Rochester New York, USA. Anyway, the whole thing got started when the US Postal service lost an issue that had been mailed to us from our illustrator. Needless to say we had to publish without illustrations...and we're bitter.

This letter is much more than revenge, however. Our goal is to get it as far and into as many countries as possible (here's where you help). Just make a copy of this letter and mail it off to some friends. If you're mailing it to a country where English is not the most common language, please translate this letter before mailing it. After you do that, get in touch with Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, either through a letter, postcard, or e-mail, and just tell us the name of your city, state or province, and country. It would also be nice if you could tell us where you received the letter from, originally.

Then we plot out on a map just how far this letter gets.

That's it. No money. No threats of bad luck.

Remember: chain letters are frowned upon by the US Postal service, so we urge you all not to follow the above instructions.

You can get in touch with Gracies Dinnertime Theatre via:

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
care of
438 Clay Road. Apartment C.
Rochester, New York 14623
United States of America

If you have access to electronic mail, you can reach us at
STH8884@ritvax.rit.edu

We won't be able to update everyone who responds to this letter as to how far it gets, but if you have access to the internet, you can check on progress by visiting
<http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>
Thanks for your time.

-Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Martyr of the week

St. Quentin
October 31

-Troy Liston

Hey there brothers and sisters of the immaculate deception, welcome once again to the shrine of Catholic suffering. The martyr for the week of Oct. 30-Nov. 5 is the great St. Quentin. A Roman soldier who converted to Christianity in the late third century, our saint missionized in Gaul. Here he was martyred after being tortured in some unique and cruel ways. He had hot nails driven into his head and was stretched, pulled and pushed on an extravagant rack that worked with weights and pulleys. Next they filled his mouth with a mixture of quicklime, vinegar and mustard (now you know the ingredients of the Nick Tahou's garbage plate!), beheaded him and threw his perforated corpse into the Somme river. About fifty years later his body resurfaced and a blind woman was cured when she stumbled over it. Naturally she founded a church dedicated to him on that spot (now the city of Saint Quentin in France). It is ironic that one of our most famous prisons is named for this saint, since in another episode of his life an angel once freed him from prison. Quentin is the patron saint of bombardiers, chaplains, locksmiths, tailors and porters. If you have the sniffles or a raging smokers cough, this is the saint you are to invoke.

Other saints of note for this week (although not martyrs) are St. Mathurin (patron of fools, Nov.1), St. Rumbald(only lived for 3 days, yet quoted scripture and preached to the public, Nov. 3) and St. Martin de Porres (patron of hairdressers, people of mixed race, public health workers and Peruvian television {i'm not kidding},also Nov. 3). The other big day this week is All Souls day on Nov. 2. This is the day to pray for the souls of all those unfortunates who are stuck in the afterlife waiting room, the line at the Bursar's win- I mean purgatory. Until next week remember: stigmatas put the **fun** in **functional** disfigurement.

After Dinner Mints

-by Kelly Gunter

There are so many people around nowadays who want to get lyposuction performed, I'm sure that for those out there who are malnourished and who could stand to gain weight that both groups can be accommodated via the same process. You can put vacuum cleaners into reverse, so why can't you just suck the fatty tissue out of one person and pump it into another. Everyone's happy and the problem is solved. One group of people looks anorexic and the other has just been provided with their meals for the next week. And for those people who still want to lose weight, but don't possess sufficient funds for the process their could be "fat banks" where people go to contribute fatty tissue to the poor. Hell if we have a little fatty tissue left over we could make a few greyhounds look as if they've finally learned how to eat.



Cereal

-B.J. Leopold

The Sandwich: Episode III

The small man loaded his gun with his left hand while steering with his right. The car made no sound except the grinding crunch of the tires over gravel as he pulled off the highway. He had made good time from the mansion, and he knew -- the moment he looked towards the rest-stop's low building -- that his quarry would still be here, inside making phone calls or waiting for a ride home that would never come.

The Lieutenant watched the front doors of the low building, waiting patiently for his suspects to reemerge. He watched carefully as the gray woolen topcoat and black sunglasses slithered out of a nearby car and glided into the building. A second later, as the burst of the gunshot registered in his good ear, the Lieutenant discovered himself running top speed towards the doors, gun and badge in hands, his stomach churning at the thought of what he knew he would find there.

Sandy stepped out of the bathroom just as the sound of the explosion reached her, and she followed as in slow motion the cloud of blood raced out from her plaything boy and pockmarked the candy machine her chocolate bar had come from. She did not look at the body lying in front of the machine, she did not look at the grey-coated man standing silently in the middle of the room, she looked only at the now sanguine glass plate of the sugar dispenser.

And then suddenly everything was chaos. The grey man was at the glass doors going out. The cop came out of nowhere, badge waving wildly. He was at the doors, coming in. Sandy's hand went to her purse. The badge flew as the cop was ejected through the door. The shards of glass that settled over the cop didn't slow down the grey man, but Sandy's bullet in the shoulder did. She couldn't see his face, nor would she have remembered anything she saw except the bright candy-wrapper colors showing through the bloody glass. The grey man disappeared around the corner, and Sandy discovered that she couldn't move to follow him. She had collapsed in shock, and was sitting in the bathroom doorway. Her plans were utterly ruined.

The radio was shrieking, loud enough to drown out the whining engine and the shouting driver. Looking up, she caught a glimpse of her bloodshot eyes in the stolen rearview mirror and smiled broadly as she remembered her last few days. Living on little food and less sleep, she had walked, hitched and hijacked her way across three states. Now she could add grand theft auto to the list that the imaginary police that were following her would be carrying with them: checking off each offense as they tried to track her down. She smiled again at this thought, as she always did. She could picture the slow realization creep over the stupid hick faces of the cute little couple she had relieved of their car; the way they would get confused and then finally decide their car was gone, and then get confused again. She was starting to get angry again.

"Whoa, girl, take a deep breath, they're just average assholes with sub-average minds," she remembered suddenly what her father told her on his last day: "You could take 'em all on in a battle of wits with one brain tied behind your back, Jan. Yuh know that, don'tcha?"

"Yeah, Daddy, I know that. That's why I gotta go to the city, I gotta make a name for myself and teach this world a lesson," Jan smoothed out her forehead creases, took a deep breath, and decided to search through the car for anything interesting. With her free hand, she dug around in their personal junk. When her probing uncovered something cold and slimy under the seat, she jerked her hand back. Shivering and screwing up her face, she cautiously sniffed at the substance on her fingertips, and discovering only mayonnaise, she grinned. Her stomach rumbling lightly in anticipation, she sent her hand flying back around the edge of the seat and snatched the bag containing the fresh, cold Sandwich.

To be continued...



Time of Men

-Jonathan Rift

The ancient hardwoods swayed gently in the warm summer breeze. The wind moved the leaves ever so slightly, causing a soft rustling. A bird lighted upon a branch, fluttered for a moment as it moved in the wind, then looked about. It opened its beak and cried out. Silently it sat, listening for a response. When none came, the cry was repeated, more insistent this time. A kindred soul had to be found. After a short wait, the bird returned to the air, flying with the wind.

Below the forest's vaulted ceiling, sunlight filtered down to the leaf-covered floor. There, sitting beside a tree, was a boy. Tears streaked his face and his breaths came in quick sobs. The animals of the forest heard the crying and hid, afraid of a possible predator. The trees however, silently watched, either unable or unwilling to help.

The child looked up, part of him hoping to see his father leaning on his ax. He would look at his poor lost son and say, "Now why are you crying? There's no need. You weren't lost at all. I knew where you were all the time." Then he would pick Michael up and hug him so tight that it would feel as though Michael couldn't breath...but he wouldn't mind. Instead, all Michael saw were the wide trunks of oaks.

Michael closed his eyes again, trying to deny that he was lost. As he did, he heard something. A high, wavering note that carried far through the forest. Michael wiped his eyes with the palms of his hands. He slowly stood and listened for the sound to occur again.

When he was afraid that he had not heard anything after all, the sound came again. There was more than a single note now. It was a song. A slow sad song that sent chills down his spine and stirred something in his spirit. It was unmistakably mournful, yet insistent. Quietly, Michael followed it.

He found it hard to follow. Just when he thought he knew where it was coming from, it seemed to move. Sometimes fleeing before him, sometimes coming from behind. He was further into the forest now. In the distance, he could see a single form sitting upon a large rock formation. As he drew closer, he could see that the mournful music was being played by the figure on a type of wooden recorder. It was a child the same age as Michael.

Michael approached slowly, enthralled by the music. His foot snapped a twig, betraying his presence. The child stopped playing and looked up. Tears streamed down narrow face of the girl on the stone. Her dark hair hung below her shoulders onto her drab robe. She looked at Michael with dark, tear filled eyes. Her hair, eyes, and clothing sharply contrasted her pale skin.

"I...I'm sorry," stammered Michael. "I just wanted to listen."

The girl slowly nodded and smiled. She motioned to Michael to come nearer. He took a hesitant step, she came and sat beside her.

He had forgotten about being lost as he clambered up onto the large flat stone. Overhead, the sun shone through an opening between the tree tops, warming the rock. The girl watched Michael closely, curiously.

"Hi," he said, totally at ease beside her. "I'm Michael. What's your name?"

The girl didn't answer. She looked down as though ashamed, then suddenly looked up and offered him the recorder. He gently picked up the recorder and looked at it quickly, then gave it back. She smiled shyly, then handed it back to him. She tilted her head to one side, then made the motions in the air as though playing it. Michael started to tell her that he didn't know how to play, but her

insistent look stilled him. He slowly put it to his lips and blew gently.

A high, piercing sound issued forth, sounding nothing like the haunting sounds she had made. She laughed quickly, and the tones sounded like the music she had made. Beautiful, stirring, yet sad.

Michael blushed and handed the recorder back to her quickly. "I can't play."

She laughed again and Michael smiled widely. As he watched, she leapt from her seat and ran lightly toward a tree. Michael called out to her, but she just kept running. She knelt by a tree, turned, and rushed back. In her hands, instead of the recorder, she held a shallow bowl filled with raspberries. She offered them to Michael expectantly.

"Thanks."

Michael took some and only when he had tasted them did he realize how hungry he had been. "Aren't you hungry?" Michael asked. The girl pressed her lips together and reached for a raspberry. She looked at the berry, then Michael. Slowly she put it into she mouth. Her face con-

torted immediately as she bit into the berry and tasted its bitterness, but a glow appeared in her eyes once the bitterness had faded and the sweet taste remained. She reached for more.

When the berries were gone, Michael lay back onto the rock, suddenly tired. The girl watched him and mimicked his action, although not appearing tired. When he yawned, she did her best to imitate him, producing a humorous expression on her face. Michael's breathing grew slower and deeper until he was asleep. The girl lay beside him for several minutes with her eyes closed, then opened them. She watched him while he slept, intent on his every move. Even when his father found him, she watched.

"Where'd the girl go?" Michael cried, looking about.

But there was no girl, no recorder, no berries, no bowl. She was hidden from all who refused to see. Michael looked about in confusion, not wanting to leave the rock. All he could see were the trees and all he could hear was the wind of evening in the tree tops.

But she watched, just as she always had.





Halloween Eve

-by Mitch Babcock

She was running with the wind to her back, running from the people that she could no longer tolerate. She had decided that morning that she would no longer abide by her parents rules. And since her parents always said that if she wouldn't obey their rules she could not live under their roof, she left. So, she dressed for the day, packed a few things in her small red suitcase, and ran out the door before her parents even expected her to be up.

She had no idea where she was heading, or where she would go, but for the time being, anyplace would do as long as she was far from home. She slowed to a walk and surveyed the houses as she passed. The jack o' lanterns lined the streets with their smiles of evil. They seemed to laugh at her as she passed, and she began to cry as she felt so alone. She did nothing but look at the ground and walk for what seemed like hours.

The sun was peeking over the summit of the hills, but to Darla, the skies were clouded over, and she could feel the first drops of October rains. By this time she was headed out of the town and into the country side that reached for miles beyond.

She paused on the side of the stone road and looked around her. There were wooded areas to her sides and ahead, and behind her was the clearing where the town was planted. She headed for the woods in the east and found a large rock to sit on and rest. She could hear the water rushing down a stream somewhere ahead. Above she could hear the shrill cries of the black birds as they soared overhead in search of the dead. The wind was rustling the leaves that remained in the trees, and they seemed to be clapping as if to reward her for her freedom.

She rose to her feet and even though they still ached a little, she forced herself to walk. The sky was clouding over and the shadows seemed to be embracing her with clod hands. She stopped and opened her suitcase and took out a navy blue sweatshirt that she brought along and slipped it over the t-shirt that she was wearing.

Darla came to the stream that she had heard earlier, and on her knees, she cupped her hands into the water. The numbing cold didn't bother her as thirsty as she was. She continued to drink of the cold water as she glanced around. In the wooded area ahead, she caught a glimpse of a small cabin. If it weren't for her keen eyes, the cabin wouldn't appear to be anything but another clump of trees.

Out of curiosity and need for a place to rest, she looked up and down the stream for a way to cross, there was none. Deciding that it wasn't very deep, she stepped into the water and the cold fingers clawed at her legs. She carefully stepped one foot in front of the other to prevent from slipping and being swallowed by a cold blanket of water. She came up on the other side and looked to the cabin ahead. Here the cabin was more visible and even more haunting to her. She debated on if she should go in or just continue on her way. It looked as if nobody lived in the shack, and that was what she wanted, was to be alone.

She paused at the foot of the door and placed her hand on the rusty knob. It gave easily as she pushed it open. The ancient smell of decay made her step back as she looked around from outside the door. She decided not to let her imagination get the best of her, so she willed herself to enter, leaving the door open behind.

After taking a few steps forward, she noticed the flicker of a candle in one of the rooms adjoining the main room where she stood. "Hello," she called, half expecting an answer. There was none. She

headed for the door that was ajar, and with a shaking hand, she pushed the door open so she could see what was inside. There was a small dresser on the far wall in front of a window. The window was covered with plastic instead of glass. The cool air was licking the flame of the single candle that burned on the dresser. Then her eyes caught a figure lying in the old beat up bed on the side wall, but she couldn't see who or what was sleeping there. She was about to leave when a voice called out, "Is that you Heather?" She stopped in her tracks as her heart beat in her head. She wanted to bolt for the door, but a part of her wanted to know who it was that called out for someone named Heather.

The blanket on the bed moved and the figure sat up. Darla was about to let out a scream, she caught it in her throat. It was hard to swallow, but in her nervous state, she just stood there and peered into the cold gray eyes that followed her every movement. "Sorry miss," she said, "I was just walking through the woods and saw your cabin and thought that nobody lived here, so I came inside to find a place to rest for a while."

"Heather, what are you talking about?"

"I'm not Heather, my name is Darla and I live in town."

"For heavens sake, Heather, cut the crap and get your brothers and tell them to come here and help me out of bed so I can get something to drink. My throat is as dry as the devil's ass."

Not knowing what to do, Darla just stood there wondering who this woman was and why she kept calling her Heather. She started to insist again that she was not Heather, but the woman sat up even more erect and the crooked grin with few remaining teeth seemed to bid her to leave. She turned around and left the room and looked around the cabin at the dusty old sofa with holes the size of fists here and there, and at the torn painting of some countryside that hung on the wall.

On the other side of the room was another door, but this one was not open at all, and there was no light flowing from the cracks under and around it. She headed for the door and knocked, half expecting to hear the voice of a little boy

since the lady said she had sons that lived with her. Nothing came from the other side, but there was a more acrid smell here that reminded her of the time when her dog was hit by a car and a few days later they found her a pulp of blood and bones. She felt her stomach turn and for a moment she thought that she might throw up.

She tried the knob and the door wouldn't open, so she gave it a push and flung it open. It hit the wall and the sound echoed through the room. A wave of air filled her head with a sickening scent and she choked back her own vomit. She stepped inside the room and since the light of day was shining through the window she could see the faces on the floor only seconds before she let out a shrill scream. Before her were two boys about the same age as her, lying on the floor. Their mouths agape in an expression of sheer terror. Their blood had seeped into the floorboards, and the buzzing of insects everywhere. Their eyes stared at the heavens, only glazed over and unseeing. There were cuts all over their naked bodies, one of the boys had a hand missing, which was on the floor beside his brothers head. The blood was dried, but she could see where it had flowed from the stump of his wrist. She couldn't hold it back any longer. She loosened her gut and spilled its contents onto the floor where it mixed with the decaying flesh. She could hear laughter coming from the old woman's room, but she thought that it might be in her head too.

Darla turned from the sight and bolted for the front door, and just as she was about to leave, it slammed in her face. She pulled at the knob and sank to her knees screaming. There was laughter all around her, in her head and filling her ears.

She crawled around the dirty floor just to look into the face of the lady standing in the doorway looking at her with a crooked grin on her face. The woman's hair flowed like a dirty gray wave of wool down her shoulders and to her feet. Her face was pale and wrinkled with age. Her gray eyes seemed to glow with a light of their own.

"My dear child," she said in a weak pathetic tone, "do you know that Halloween is almost here? That means we need a jack o' lantern to

carve and set on the table like we do every year, you know, the ones with a candle inside, the eyes that light up with fire. Yes, that is what we need. Wait right here while mama gets a pumpkin for us to carve."

The lady moved her form towards the door where the carcasses of the boys lay and the rags that she wore around her body dragged on the floor behind her like a ghost following her every move.

Darla sat on the floor clutching her arms around her knees and sobbing uncontrollably. She didn't know what to do and she tried to think of a way to get out of that hell hole. She was tired and scared and she no longer wanted to be away from home. She looked to the window to the left and thought that she could reach it and push the plastic from its frame and climb out before the lady came back.

Just as she rose to her feet, the lady appeared in the doorway with a head clutched by the hair in her hand, the other holding the wall to keep her steady as she walked. The hair pulled loose and the head thumped to the floor. The lady looked at the lock of hair still clutched in her hand and said, "dear me, looks like this thing is getting old." She bent to pick up the head and winced in pain as she up righted herself. She walked with a crooked gait to the table in the center of the room and placed the head there. It stared at Darla with that grotesque expression of shock.

She stood there as the lady crossed the room and searched the drawers in the cabinet for a knife. Satisfied with what she found, the lady returned to the table and sat in the single chair that was there. She turned to Darla and asked, "Are you going to help me with this or do I have to do it myself? I remember a time when you loved to do this, every year."

"I have to go home now," was all that Darla could find herself to say. "I have to get out of here before my parents find out that I am not at school."

"You are not going anywhere Heather. No, come over here and help mama carve the pumpkin."

Darla just stood there in tears as the lady

beckoned her forward. "Ok, stand there and cry if you want to, but don't you leave this house young lady or you will be sorry when you do come back."

Darla thought to herself that she would never come back to this place, but she stood in her shoes and watched. The lady tipped the head so the gap where the neck was, faced her. She stabbed the knife into the head and began to cut the flesh open. Blood poured over her hands as she cut. She sat the knife on the table, reached her hand inside the head, and tugged at the flesh. Darla could hear the blood oozing through the lady's fingers and the crunch of the decayed flesh as it gave way and was thrown on the table. It was like a child would take the seeds from a pumpkin on halloween, only this made her sick and she felt her stomach turn once again, but she swallowed the acid as it made its way to her mouth.

Now the lady was carving the eyes from their sockets and placing them on the table with the other chunks of meat. Darla looked to the window once again and wondered if she could get out before the lady had the chance to stop her. She decided that she could, but for some reason, her feet stayed glued to the spot as this woman laughed at the creation on the table before her. She was pulling at the hair that remained on the skull and mumbling something to herself that Darla couldn't hear.

With the lady's back to her, Darla crept towards the window and as soon as she pushed the old plastic from the frame, the lady spun around and cursed her. "What do you think your doing, get away from that window. You know how many times I had your brothers fix that damn thing?"

Ignoring the lady, Darla pulled herself up to the sill and started to climb out. The moment her feet hit the ground, she felt the grip of death on her hands. She looked up to see the lady in the window holding her hands tight. She struggled to get loose, but a nail protruding from the sill sliced into her wrist, drawing warm blood. It seemed to flow down her arm in a warm stream of life. The cold air caused the blood to steam as if letting her ghost escape her body.

She began to grow limp and dizzy as if the world were spinning around her and she was standing still. She had no idea how long the woman had been holding her there in the window, but her body began to give out from under her and she felt herself falling to the cold damp earth, then darkness.

She woke in darkness, not really sure where she was, or what she had been doing before she fell asleep, but the ceiling above her, with its paint peeling, was not familiar to her. She turned her head to the side and at once noticed the head on the table, only now with a single candle burning from inside. The scent of burning flesh filled the room as did the smoke that was slowly seeping out the eyeholes in the skull. A wave of fear struck her as she realized where she was. She tried to sit up, only to discover that she was tied down. She wanted to scream, wanted her parents to come and help her, wanted someone, anyone.

Regretting her wish, the lady entered the room and Darla closed her eyes as to pretend to still be asleep. She could hear the lady, but couldn't figure out what it was that she was doing. She wanted to open her eyes, but didn't know if the lady was watching or not. Something of a gut feeling told her to stay as she was and not do anything stupid. She heard the drawers in the cabinet open again, so she dared to peek because the lady was on the other side of the room.

The first thing she noticed was the painting above her head, the one she saw earlier. How long have I been here? She wondered to herself. She noticed that the sun was still high in the sky and the clouds had cleared as she gazed out the window with the still torn plastic and the blood stains on the window sill. She turned her head to look at the lady in the shadows, she could see that the lady had taken a knife out of the drawer and was about to close it. She was about to turn her head back, but before she could, she found herself looking once again into those cold gray eyes.

"So, you are awake my dear," the lady said in a sing song voice. "It's much better that wa. Oh the fun we will have. The pain, you will suffer will be such a treat. I want you to scream for me when I cut your flesh, will you do that for mama?"

"Stay away from me you bitch," Darla shouted. "Let me go."

"Yes," the lady said followed by laughter, "that's what I want you to do, just do it a little louder. Ha Ha Ha Ha..."

The lady approached the beat up couch as Darla tried to free herself from this hideous woman. She screamed curses at the lady, only to get more of that insane laughter. As the lady reached the couch, Darla looked into her eyes and pleaded, "Please..." The lady stopped and stared, enjoying the vision of the helpless girl strapped to the sofa, so innocent, so frightened. The look in the girl's eyes was enough to give the lady sheer joy. The lady stood in her tracks with her eyes fixed on Darla's, the minutes faded one by one and the girl was beginning to become paranoid by the silence. She thought that maybe the lady was considering her plea to be released, she hoped.

With the knife still clutched in her hand, and the fading daylight flowing through the window, the lady sank to her knees and she began to crawl towards the couch. Her evil grin seemed to whisper, "I'm coming for you dear, I'm coming..."

Darla let out another scream from her already sand dry throat as the bony fingers wrapped around her arm. The hand with the knife inches above her forehead, shaking to the rhythm of the lady's unsteady posture. She closed her eyes and willed herself to scream one last time before the blade penetrated her flesh. Like a ghost from her soul, a loud, shrill scream pierced the dusk, echoing in the wind to the distant town where the jack o' lanterns lined the streets, their evil grins, their fiery eyes, insane laughter, combined with the laughter of the children masquerading on the devil's night.

"It's practically impossible to look at a penguin and feel angry."

With the degradation of the American family and the decreasing role of the church in many peoples lives, God must have a lot of free time on His hands (after all, in the board game you only went to church to get married). So much of His flock is too busy buying their Lotto tickets and watching Ricki Lake to pay much attention to Him. What would God do with all His extra time? Go back to school? Learn a new hobby? Or maybe even pick up a second job on the side.

I can't imagine him flipping burgers, and besides that position seems to be already filled by Elvis. Or how about a lawyer? I know Shapiro and Shapiro think they're tough, but just imagine how a defendant might feel if he had a vengeful God cross-examining him?

God would be ABSolutely FABulous as a security guard; not just any security guard, but a night watchman for the Akzo salt mines. Just consider this for a moment: If he catches any trespassers, he could turn them into pillars of salt. With all the problems the Akzo salt mines have had with collapsing caverns in the recent past, they could use as many pillars of salt holding up their walls as possible.

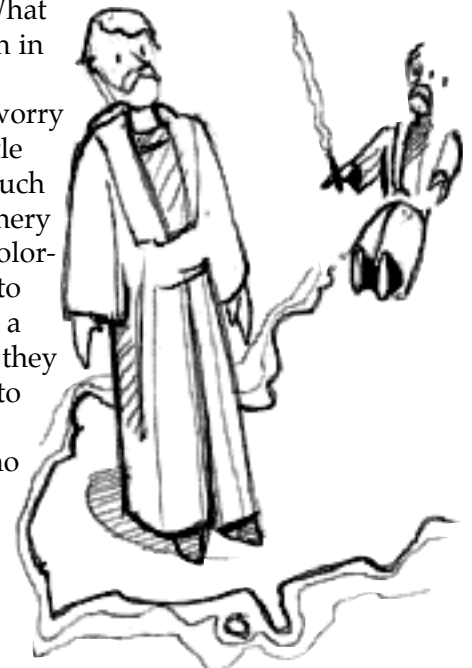
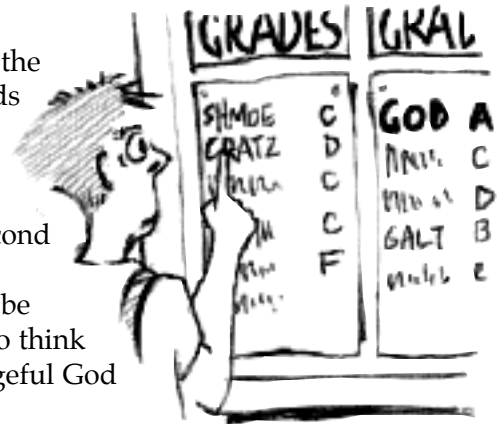
Many rich and influential people use expensive guard dogs to "earn" their colleagues respect... Can you imagine what kind of reaction the president of Akzo could get. "Oh, really, so this Doberman cost seven thousand dollars, and knows how to respond to the phrase, 'Go for the juggler'[¥] in six different languages? That's wonderful, honest. I wish I could say that, but I guess the most impressive thing I have is God. He works the night shift, only ten bucks an hour, and he's always bringing in food for his coworkers." Hell, with someone like that on your staff, you don't have to flaunt it.

God really could be capable of so many other things. I mean smiting people has to be good for something. Like as a hitman for the underground mafia (or the aboveground mafia for that matter, why hide when God is on your side?)

What if God joined the army? I'm sure he'd make it up the ranks quickly; a lot of guys would probably feel rather silly being called "Sir" by the creator. What country in the world would dare stand up against an army with General Jhwh in command? They would be too busy with scourges of locusts, storks (no more killing your first-born children, now you have more and more), and frogs to worry about killing any of their enemy. God's army would have to change all the little toys on the command station's maps, though. They probably wouldn't find much more use in tanks, aircraft, and the like. Those items representing such machinery would need to be exchanged for little rubber frogs, snakes, vials of red food coloring (to indicate each location where it would be most tactical to turn the seas to blood), and little miniature cabbage patch kids to represent those areas where a curse had been laid down on all of the first born of particular regions. Maybe they could use Obi-wan Kenobi figurines to represent places where God intended to create dissent by making a prophet (or a profit).

When you think about it, God already has a second job, he's that fat git who comes down your chimney once a year. God is Santa Claus, he knows when you've been bad and he knows when you've been good, but don't expect to miss out on a mere sack of toys if God catches up with your ass.

[¥]We know you might think we meant 'Go for the jugular' here, but we didn't, so get over it.



Letter from the Editors

Well, GDT got caught with its pants down.

In last week's issue, "Science," we ranted about how scientific concepts are bastardized by the general public. Low and behold, we were caught making a vague comment. We're pleased to present the letter we received correcting our error.

On an entirely unrelated note:

GDT plans on increasing it's circulation (possibly length) next quarter. This means we can accept more submissions, art, letters, bla, bla, bla (insert diatribe here). In addition, we can add more locations to the regular distribution areas, as well as the special delivery locations. Let us know where you think GDT should show up.

Remember: GDT encourages our readers to let us know when our bums are showing.

-GDT Editors

DATE: MON, 30 OCT 1995 11:14:24

FROM: JCF@RIT

SUBJECT: ISSUE 8

IN VOLUME 2, ISSUE 8(I THINK THAT IS THE ISSUE, IT'S THIS WEEKS GDT), FIRST ARTICLE, THE AUTHOR ATTEMPTS TO DESCRIBE SPACE-TIME. THE AUTHOR, WHILE NOT MAKING IT OVERLY COMPLICATED AS PROMISED, I DON'T THINK FULLY EXPLAINS IT. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER TO SAY THAT IT IS AKIN TO MAKING A DENT IN A TRAMPOLINE AND THEN ROLLING A MARBLE TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE DENT. THE DEFLECTION OF THE PATH IS THE EFFECT THAT WE SEE AS GRAVITY. I DON'T THINK THIS COMPLICATES THINGS MUCH AND GIVES A MORE COMPLETE UNDERSTANDING OF THE IDEA, WHICH IS SOMETHING SAID AUTHOR, IN SAID ARTICLE, COMPLAINED THAT THERE WAS A LACK OF OCCURRING IN THE LAYMAN. (I.E. DARWIN'S THEORY OF EVOLUTION AND BUSINESSMEN)
THAT IS ALL

Microscopic Moral Mythology

-Kelly Gunter

"Respect Your Elders."

I also used to hear, "You have to earn respect." Have you ever noticed how these two ideas don't always work well together?

People can earn respect through extraordinary abilities, skill, maybe even a strong conviction. Basically, respect is a commodity given when the beholder admires some aspect or aspects of the person receiving that respect.

Over the summer I worked with four guys who were all older than I, but I just couldn't bring myself to respect any of them. The youngest spent the whole time asking me to have sex with him, while the other three spent their valuable time bitching, moaning and generally harassing each other. Of those three, all well into their prime or beyond, one was into dramatics and backstabbing, another was into grumbling and paranoia, and the third had it in for his own version of psychological warfare (his idea of reverse psychology was telling some one to do exactly what they wanted them to do).

How, and more importantly why, am I supposed to show people like that respect? Maybe I'm supposed to respect the person and just forget about whatever qualities they may have. But isn't it he those qualities of a person that make up who that person is? If you respect someone not for who they are, but merely just because, isn't that more like showing a respect with no respect?

I mean, a lot of people are older than me, it's not as if it takes to much effort to do so. Charles Manson is older than me, am I supposed to respect him for that? It's not as if people are in danger of dying if they're not too intelligent any more, unless they're complete idiots.

Maybe I'm just taking this the wrong way. Maybe we should just change the words so we don't get hung up on the semantics of their meanings. It should be, "Respect is earned," and, "Humor you elders."

Martyr of the week

-by Troy Liston

Greetings once again from he who sits at the right hand of God(well, maybe a little lower- and to the left). This weeks column is brought to you by blind people(hence the lack of illustrations) and the letter B (beatings, burnings

and burials). Our martyr of the week for November 6-12 is the venerable St. Menas(**Nov.11**). This patron of merchants and caravans was an Egyptian soldier in the Roman army in the third century when he went public with his christianity. Needless to say this didn't go over well with his contemporaries and they tortured him, then burned him alive. An interesting fact in this martyrdom is that his followers believe Menas does not reside in heaven, but rather in the monastery/ baths/church that was built for him near Alexandria. This shrine was destroyed by Arabs in the seventh century and wasn't rediscovered, excavated and restored until earlier this century. Menas is credited with Allied victory over the Nazis at the battle of El Alamein in WWII.

Another feast day this week is Wednesday, for the four crowned martyrs. These four martyrs were a team of stonemasons in Yugoslavia during the reign of the Roman emperor Diocletion. They refused to make a statue of the pagan god of healing and were arrested. The judge at their trial died suddenly and this was subsequently blamed on our saints. They were sentenced to death, which was accomplished by placing them into lead boxes and drowning them. There actually were five men tried and killed, but one of them was only pretending to be Christian in order to improve his mason skills(Sorry, but impersonating a martyr only gets you one thing, dead!).

Other notable saints (but not martyrs) honored this week include St. Benen (disciple of St. Patrick, at whose tomb people miraculously vomit the intestinal worms that plague them; **Nov.9**) and St. Andrew Avellino (struck down by apoplexy in the midst of giving mass, his body remained uncorrupt whilst lying in state. Locks of his hair were taken as relics, but when his corpse bled when a careless devotee snipped a little too close, it was deemed a miracle. Historians now believe that Andrew may merely have been catatonic at this point and was in fact buried alive; **Nov. 10**).

Until next week remember a hairshirt may feel like hell, but it'll help you get to heaven.

Random Acts of Email

-from Mark Nowak

THIS IS ONLY A TEST...
 ...OF THE EMERGENCY VAX SYSTEM.

EE
 EEE
 EEE
 EEE
 EEP

JUST SHOWING MY PARENTS THE WONDER OF E-MAIL.
 THEY'RE STILL LIVING IN THE DARK AGES, SQUATTING IN
 CAVES AND FIGHTING OVER ANIMAL BONES. SEE YA SOON!

--ME



Cereal

-B.J. Leopold

The Sandwich: Episode IV

Sandy picked herself up off the floor; picked her way across the tiles to the ravaged carcass that she rode in with, and very nearly added the contents of her stomach to the spreading pool of blood. With a deep breath, she plunged her fingers into his shirt pocket and extracted the thin bracelet smoothly. And again she plunged, this time for the wallet. Tucking both in her pocketbook alongside her small pistol, she walked deliberately past the glass-covered corpse in the doorway.

Outside, there was a car, engine purring contentedly despite its look of a recent wreck, sitting with its door open. Sandy didn't hesitate in climbing into the driver's seat, closing the door, and guiding the car out onto the highway. Only then did she notice the police light on the seat beside her, and the low buzzing of the police radio under the dash. A bemused smile cleared a hole in the panic: the cop wouldn't be needing his car anymore anyway.

The small grey man pulled into the garage behind the mansion, turned off the car, and leaned back with a tiny wince that showed only in his eyes. He reached over to the passenger seat, and gently removed the bavarian creme donut from its wax-paper sheath, as he did after every kill. The grey man removed his sunglasses, closed his eyes, and bit into the thick handful of gustatory heaven.

His shoulder was worse than he had thought at first, judging by the amount of blood that had spread through his white shirt and into his grey wool. When he had finished his celebratory donut, the small man proceeded inside to find a bandage, though thinking he would settle for a wad of tissues and some tape if necessary, anything to stop the bleeding. The small man headed for the bathroom to requisition a bandage, not noticing the large empty space in the tall man's desk chair.

Jan turned the radio down as she neared the toll booth to get off the highway. She smiled pretty for the nice young man, handed him some coins she found on the dash, and drove away, confident that he would not remember to check the wanted posters

for her face. Jan had no real idea if she was wanted or not, but it never hurt to be one step ahead of them, whoever they were. She unwrapped the sandwich in her lap as she manoeuvre off the highway. The sandwich at first seemed to have come from your average deli restaurant, but at the first bite, Jan was duly impressed. The sandwich was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted, and filling as if it was twice its real size. She finished it with a sated smile.

The tall man was pacing in the foyer, not wanting to return to his office and face the reality of the missing sandwich. No word had come in of the Victor incident, and the small man had not yet checked in with him, which he always did after a successful mission; like a puppy dog wanting a pat on the head, but with cold, delicate eyes and bloody fingernails. Impeccable fingernails, actually, but somehow they always seemed bloody to the tall man, no matter how hard he blinked at them or rubbed his eyes. His own fingernails were being chewed to the base as he waited. That sandwich was of utmost importance, he was sure Victor had understood that, therefore Victor must have been against him from the beginning, or else that harlot influenced him away from his loyalties to the boss. *OH, yes, the harlot.* He had forgotten about her; forgotten to tell the small man to kill her too so she wouldn't leak any news of the sandwich to his... competitors. He would have to make a note of that for the future.
To be continued...

Come and Bitch at Us!

Do you have a problem with anything GDT has printed? Maybe you really like our stuff (say...) and want to meet some of the people responsible?

Here's your chance.

Some of the GDT staff and editors will in the Fireside Lounge at 12 noon on November 11th.

Stop by and visit.

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre reserves the right to reprint any correspondence received
Check out GDT's web site at: <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

I know you've probably heard the phrase, "guns don't kill people, people kill people" reiterated in various tones of sincerity or sarcasm. Which, granted has a ring of truth to it, much like that ring you hear when someone hits you in the ear, but murder is a hell of a lot more taxing when you have to chase your victim down with a noose. I remember listening to some guy telling me about the good old days... "You know back when I was young, people were different. If you got into a fight with some one you didn't pull out a gun and shoot them. You did the manly thing. You met after school with boxing gloves and matched blow for blow..." until apparently one or the other of your noses no longer was positioned on the correct side of your head.

After listening to that, I kind of decided that these days aren't so different, only the toys are different. The people are just the same, they just use what ever is handiest. But what if the people were different? What if they didn't use the easiest means to an end? Just think of how much more interesting things like armed robbery would be. Armed with what you ask? Armed with anything and everything.

"Everybody freeze! I've just rigged up a ton of asbestos into the ventilation system and if anyone makes any false moves I'm gonna release it."

How about Camel's revenge? "Ok, everyone down on the floor! I've got a carton of cigarettes and I'm not afraid to use them." Or if you have to sit down and explain the situation to your dumb founded hostages, you could try, "Listen, I've a pack of cigarettes, a lighter, and if I don't get \$2000 into this bag in a big hurry, I'm going to start blowing carcinogens in your faces." (This approach could however just encourage a large crowd of chain smokers to flock to your side in silent anticipation.) The end result itself is not as instantaneous as a bullet, but it will wheedle it's way in in another fifty years.

Just try entering a convenience store with a small wad of tinfoil, "Give me all of your money or you'll wish that you'd taken better care of your teeth." Fortunately it is very unlikely that some one working in a convenience store would have perfect oral hygiene anyway.

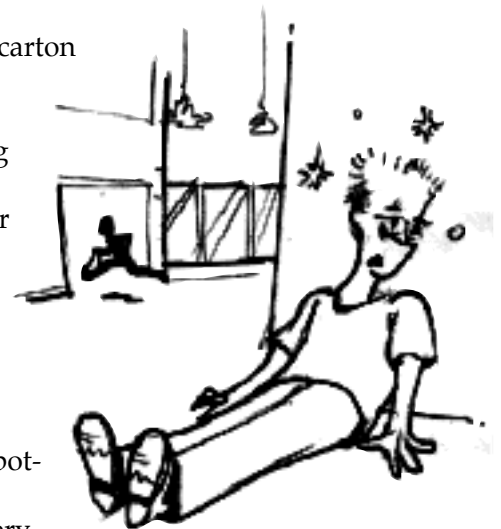
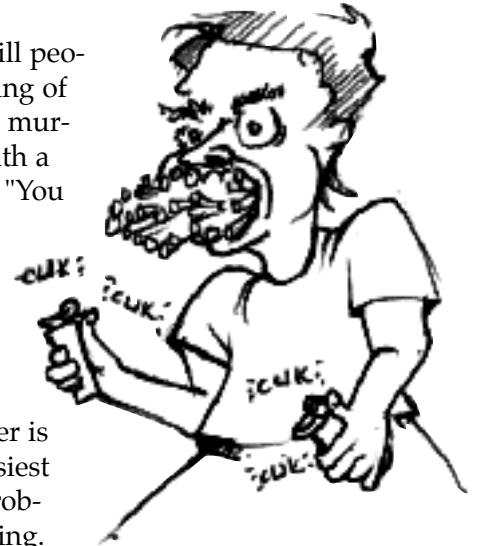
Can you imagine trying to hold up a place with and dirty old sock and a bottle of chloroform? Then again, it's hard to strike fear into the hearts of steely eyed man with a hold up line like, "Everyone shut the hell up! This is a robbery. If everyone cooperates, no one goes to sleep!"

Hell, if you're going to do something, do it so wrong that people can't help but mumble, "What the hell?" Walk into a bank with a jar of petroleum jelly and shout, "Everyone down on the floor or someone is going to get lubricated!"

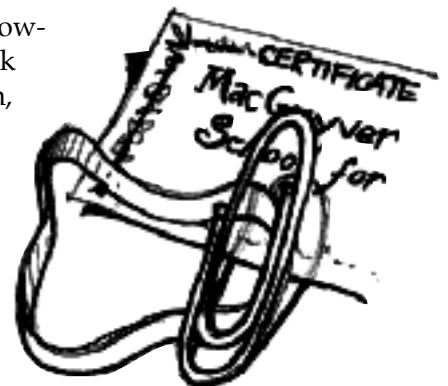
So the next time your planning on venturing into the exciting world of high powered explosives and firearms to retrieve a little petty cash... stop. Sit down and ask yourself (or us. we'd be glad to council you) "what would MacGyver do." or even, "How would mission impossible do it?" The point is that if your going to do it, you have to make it as convoluted and unnecessary as possible (theme music helps. Just carry around a tape player with assorted tapes of "action sequence" music. Make sure you have the "CHIPS Car Chase" music. You know the kind. Lots of chicka-bow-wow sounds in it?) You could even watch old re-runs on USA. Do your research thoroughly and plan ahead. And be sure to bring plenty of extra rubber bands.

It's your crime, so have fun with it.

Oh, and if you do get caught, and the words, "Freeze! Federal Agent!" grace your ears...please stop. It would make Mulder and Scully feel better.



VICTIMS of the
CHLOROFORM THEIF.



ask BFG

DEAR BFG-

WHAT HAPPENS TO A TURTLE'S SPINE WHEN IT PULLS ITS HEAD INTO ITS SHELL?

-SEAN HAMMOND

SEAN-

A turtle's neck is actually much longer than most nature programs let on. They can go for thirty-five or even one hundred feet, and are usually mistaken for snakes in the undergrowth. People generally make cracks about the comparative slowness of the turtle, but would you move around hastily if everything within a one hundred foot radius was at arm's (or neck's) reach?

Back in the Middle Ages when men still measured various distances by the lengths of their respective king's body parts, turtles took a decisive role in the invention of the modern tape measure. They used to divvy up turtle's neck into lengths of the current monarch's measurements and then go and use them much as we use tape measures today. They were even better than modern tape measures to some extent because you could clamp their little mouths onto something and then just walk along unreeling the rest of their spine. When you got to the end of whatever you were measuring, all you had to do was just pull on the little bugger's tail until the shock unclamped his head and it would come screaming back towards his little body. Often times these procedures rendered the turtle unconscious, but he'd get over it. The obvious problem with using turtles as tape measures was that whenever they managed to escape into a pond, when you finally retrieved them again, all of their markings were washed off and you had to make another appointment to measure the king.

Eventually the turtles got fed up with their horrendous treatment and we had what the history books don't mention as the "Snapper Rebellion". In the turtle rebellion, the snappers were the fiercest of all of the turtle warriors and led towards an easily decisive victory over mankind. Since this time most of the turtles settled down to relative obscurity and keep the vast expanses of their necks hidden in the wind up mechanism within their shells. All that is except the Snapping turtles, who, by the way, do not let it wander to far, but farther than many of their modern counterparts; it's just cocky. Most snapping turtles are still very bitter about the annexation of their post war land settlements and this is why they have the reputation of being the cruelest of turtles, they're still trying to get revenge.

-BFG

We received the following article from two different sources. The first was from a fan in New Jersey. The second was forwarded to one of GDT's editors by the writer of Cereal. We weren't able to trace the source, but we know it had been sent along from people in England, Germany, and the U.S.

We thought we were weird...

Brain Fight

-author unknown(A.P. writer?)

TOKYO, JAPAN

KASHIMA UNIVERSITY HAS EXPELLED FOUR MEDICAL STUDENTS FOR PELTING OTHER STUDENTS WITH HUMAN BRAINS.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS SAY THE THREE MEN AND ONE WOMAN WERE DISSECTING CADAVERS IN THE SCIENCE LABORATORY WHEN ONE OF THE MALES REMOVED PART OF A CEREBRAL CORTEX FROM A CORPSE'S SKULL AND THREW IT AT ONE OF THE OTHER MEDICAL STUDENTS.

WITHIN MINUTES A "BRAIN FIGHT" HAD BROKEN OUT.

THE STUDENTS THEN REPORTEDLY OPENED THE WINDOWS OF THE SECOND-FLOOR LAB AND BEGAN THROWING THE BRAINS DOWN ON UNWITTING PASSERSBY ON THE STREET BELOW. ONE GIRL WAS HIT IN THE FACE AND REQUIRED TREATMENT AT THE UNIVERSITY'S EMERGENCY ROOM.

SCHOOL SECURITY OFFICERS SAY THEY'RE FAIRLY CERTAIN THAT MORE PEOPLE WERE INVOLVED IN THE BRAIN-THROWING BUT ONLY FOUR WERE WITNESSED.

THE EXPELLED STUDENTS SAID THEY DIDN'T PLAN THE BRAIN FIGHT. ONE OF THEM SAID, "IT JUST SORT OF HAPPENED." HE BLAMED THE ODD BEHAVIOR ON THE PRESSURE OF CONSTANT STUDY AND LACK OF SLEEP.

"WE JUST HAD TO LET OFF SOME STEAM," ADMITTED AYAKO HANYU, 19. "I GUESS THINGS GOT A LITTLE OUT OF HAND."

BUT DEAN SHIURO TATSUNO REFUSES TO BUDGE ON HIS DECISION TO EXPEL THE STUDENTS.

"WE REALIZE THAT OUR MEDICAL STUDENTS ARE UNDER PRESSURE," SAID DEAN TATSUNO.

"BUT WE EXPECT OUR FUTURE DOCTORS AND NURSES TO CONDUCT THEMSELVES LIKE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AT ALL TIMES."

Cereal

-B.J. Leopold

The Sandwich: Episode V

In the bathroom connected to the large office, the small grey man sat dressing his wounds. The blood had stopped flowing now, and the surgery could be put off until after the boss was notified of the successful kill. The boss would be pleased. The grey man centered his topcoat on his shoulders, despite the hole in the back of it, and walked out into the big office to greet the boss. The chair was empty.

The large man, pacing in the foyer, heard a door close in his office, and assuming it was the small man returning from the mission, he opened the door and went in to hear the news. As he entered, the small man spoke, "The deed is done, the man is dead. The item has not yet been recovered, though."

"Not yet, eh?," the large man grimaced, "Well, it better be recovered while it is still fresh or this entire plan will be worthless, and we will have to wait until next year before we get another chance to perform our operation. We can't have that, now can we? And when you find that harlot Vincent was traveling with, bring her here alive, I want to speak with her."

"We can't have that inconvenience. I will find the items and bring them to you, fresh and alive as promised." The small man exited, and left the boss standing alone in his office once again.

Sandy ignored the radio squawking at her for the first few miles, but eventually threw it out the window out of annoyance, once she got past the toll booth and off the highway. She did the same with the flashing light, just for the hell of it. As she turned, at the end of the exit ramp, she caught a glimpse out of the corner of her eye that normally would have stopped her short. She pulled over to the side of the road for a closer look, and almost laughed out loud at the stupidity of the average car thief. Sandy walked up to her car, what was left of it, and playfully scolded the telephone pole for playing ball in the street when a car was coming. She looked in as she got near the front window, and cringed sharply as the sight of the small chest cavity wrapped around the steering wheel brought images of candy machines to her woozy mind. She turned away and started walking back to her car to sit down. This would take some effort.

The grey man was surprised to see the obvious unmarked police car near Victor's wrecked auto. He was sure it was the same car he had seen in the rest area parking lot earlier this morning, but he was also sure that the driver had been the corpse in the glass doorway, so who had driven it here? As the small man glided over to the wreck and looked inside, he had little hope of finding the fresh, unbloodied sandwich inside. The driver, who must have stolen this car from Victor, had probably also eaten

the sandwich. The corpse in the driver's seat had the characteristic markings of the victims of this kind of sandwich: wrinkly, stretched skin, sunken eyes, swollen fingers, and even the telltale blisters along the back of the neck. These had probably formed first, but by the time she noticed them, it would be far too late for any treatment; the sandwich was pure evil, right down to the mayonnaise and tomatoes. The surefire killer itself was in the bread, of course, but every ingredient in that delicious death included some kind of poison, infection agent, or virus. This stupid kid never stood a chance. The real problem now was how to break it to the boss that his assassination plan was kaput. A sandwich like that one took weeks to prepare, and they don't make extras just in case, not when a single sandwich cost over a half-mil. No indeed. He was sure that when he died, he wanted it to be with a delicacy like that on his lips.

The grey man ambled over to the beat-up police car and marvelled at his good timing. The harlot was here, too, she must have stopped when she saw her boyfriend's car wrecked. He opened the door and said, "Well, hello. What a sweet little girl; maybe the boss will let me play with her when he's done. But first, the boss wants to speak with her."

"You?! I shot you! You followed me?! You-"

"Oh, yes. That's right, I have a score to settle with you; a game to play for the blood on my shoulder and the hole in my coat. Come."

"I ain't goin' anywhere with you. No way. Lemme go, let go of me!"

The grey man grabbed her arm and locked his fingers around it, then slowly dragged the kicking girl to his car and firmly placed her inside. He got in the driver's seat and started the engine, when the bullet entered his skull just above his right ear, and he almost had time to scold himself for being too careless to disarm the foolish girl before he died. Almost.

Sandy found herself in a stranger's car with a corpse nearby again. This was the fourth corpse this morning, and the first one ever by her hands. She wanted to scream. She wanted to cry. She decided to push him out of the car and drive till she ran out of gas. Then she could scream and cry all she wanted.

The large man paced the length of his office all evening, trying desperately to come up with a new plan, just to ease his horrible fear that the sandwich was unrecoverable. After every new plan he came up with, just as he realized it wouldn't work, he damned Victor under his breath. And then himself, for trusting Victor; and then the grey man, for not returning yet; and then he damned the whole world to his personal hell, just for not doing what he wanted them to do. Damn it, in a simple world, people would lie down and die politely when you asked them to, with none of this fooling around. The large man smiled at this, and sat down in his chair.

Not to be continued.

Letter from the Editors

Well, another quarter has passed, and GDT has dished out close to \$100 to keep GDT in print (so if you like what we print, do us a favor and let us know). That's right; for those who didn't know, GDT is paid for entirely by the staff.

Make that was.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre won't be printing anymore issues. Just kidding. We've gotten enough cash from other sources to pay for the rest of the year. In fact, we have so much cash we would like to expand in length and circulation.

Though we can't disclose everything we have planned for next quarter and the rest of the year, here are some hints:

- Hell Inc. sponsors The Sainly Travel Guide
- A contest. Win \$\$\$ just for reading GDT, figuring out riddles, and sending answers to us!
- Dr. Cy Kosis

GDT is also looking for help. All writers, artists, or idea people are welcome. And remember, we don't fuck'in censor our work.

On another note...

Last January, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre tried to start a column in the Reporter. The original three member staff (two writers, one illustrator. You can figure out a little about the GDT logo from that) thought it would be nice to have a regular humor column in amongst the dryness of the Reporter. Well, we were shot down.

They say that imitation is the greatest complement; thanks Reporter.

-GDT

Random Acts of Email

-from Mark Nowak

I GRABBED A BOOK FROM THE MAIL ROOM/LIBRARY ABOUT THE OCCULT AND SUPERNATURAL. MIGHT ACTUALLY START READING IT THIS YEAR, TOO. THE AUTHOR'S POSITION IS ONE OF EXTREME SKEPTICISM, SO I DON'T KNOW HOW EDIFYING IT WILL BE.

I MEAN, IF I WANTED PEOPLE'S INSUFFERABLE STUBBORN OPINIONS THROWN AT ME, I'D LISTEN TO PEOPLE WHEN THEY TALK TO ME....

Martyr

of the week

-by Troy Liston

Welcome to the hall of Catholic culture kiddies. Our martyr of the week for Nov. 13-19 is St. Nerses of Armenia. In actuality, the Martyr of the Week should be going to the staff of GDT; the fact that we spent the time to put this issue out during the final week of classes is an act of martyrdom in and of itself. But I digress.... St. Nerses became bishop of Armenia in 363 AD. His encounter with the rulers of this region lead to his eventual martyrdom at the hands of King Pap. Our saint had excommunicated Pap's forerunner for murdering his wife, and when Pap came to power, accused Pap of being possessed by demons. The king protested his innocence of the charge and, to allay fears, invited the bishop to dinner- and poisoned him.

Until next time, remember: altar boys do not make good pets (they don't respond to cages very well. Go figure!).

GDT Fan Club

Back Issues, tee shirts, the GDT action figure, and other neat stuff!

If your on the RIT campus, just e-mail:
sth8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

Else write to:

GDT
438 Clay Rd. Apt. C.
Rochester, NY 14623

Please include a self addressed, stamped envelope and a scrap of paper saying something to the effect of ""Hey! I want to join the GDT Fan Club 'cause I know it will make me really cool." It won't, but we won't crush all of your dreams.

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre reserves the right to reprint any correspondence received
Check out GDT's web site at: <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>