



Disney

"What's all this about hell-fire and dalmations?"

The critics are still talking about Disney's latest film for the big screen, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Siskle rants. Ebert raves. GDT says: "Give me a fuck'n break!"

Disney, though producing technically incredible movies, is evil pure and simple.[†] This is not to say that I wish to see Disney dismembered and done away with; I mean, everyone needs to have their antagonist.... After all, they're good at what they do, but what they do is absolutely horrible. Like any child, I enjoyed watching Disney films; even their live action stuff (especially "Escape From Witch Mountain"). It wasn't until I watched Disney's "Peter Pan" that I began to become disillusioned. I knew the story from my childhood, and *that* cartoon was not the story. They corrupted it. It made me feel dirty just to watch it. And "Pinocchio" was a joke. I mean, in the story, Jimminy was crushed by wooden boy when pine for brains didn't want to hear what his conscience was saying. But what put me over the edge, what really made me recognize that the Disney Corp. was a tool of evil[‡] was when I watched Disney's "The Little Mermaid." Before I can express the true scope of my indignation, let me tell you a story:

As a very young child, when I wasn't building castles in the moonlight or watching tele-evangelists at 4 am, I would sometimes catch a cartoon that would begin with a narrator taking about a story told in Amsterdam. It would show the statue of the Little Mermaid, and the cartoon would begin. That movie was one of the greatest influences upon me. Later, once I was old enough to begin my raiding parties against the local libraries, looting and pillaging along the way, I read the Little Mermaid and the cartoon I had seen was wonderfully accurate; the Little Mermaid even killed herself in the end, rather than slay the one she loved. I remember crying a great deal over that...^Δ

Imagine my dismay when ads began showing up promoting Disney's "The Little Mermaid." Needless to say, I went and watched their diminutive puella piscosus .

And she lived.

And she got married.

And I'm sure she lived happily ever after.

And after being the well spring of four kids and a sea horse she probably didn't even have to live out the rest of her life with saggy breasts, stretch marks, and a bad temperament.

My point is, Disney takes these wonderful stories that are filled with angst, despair, but not lacking in the hope of redemption, and They™ make them hyperglycemic. Now They™ take a story that, when I think of it, all I see is Quasimodo in the black and white movie shouting "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"

What gives? I think Disney was just looking for an excuse to do a cartoon with a cripple. There is definitely a pattern to Disney's movies over the past few years. "Aladdin," "The Lion King," " Pocohontas," and now "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

[†]This does not mean that I agree with the all the religious groups protesting Disney. Saying that Disney promotes homosexuality is no reason to ban them. Hell if Disney is promoting non-traditional lifestyles in their theme parks, bravo to them! I would have been a lot happier if the religious groups were protesting against Disney based on how they have slaughtered fairy tales over the years.

[‡]Someday soon when the threads of reality are wearing a bit thin and could do with a damn good darning, somewhere in the locality of a children's theatre the kids are finally going to get a good look at Thumper and the Dungeon Dimensions from whence he came. Yeah, you can call him Flower if you want to, but don't expect me to.

^ΔIf anyone else remembers seeing this movie and knows the name, please let me know. I'd love to find that movie once again.



An Arab, African, Native American, and a cripple (honestly, there was some hope for the future with "The Lion King". At least they ripped off Hamlet with a little bit of originality, kind of like what Bernstein and Sondheim did to "Romeo and Juliet"). When you get right down to it though, Disney could have saved a lot of time and trouble over the past few years if they just did Richard II (and since Shakespeare is dead and gone, they wouldn't even have to pay royalties).

Disney's next great cinematic masterpiece will be starring a short, blind, Asian homosexual midget with a goiter and lisp. Maybe the story of Confucius Keller the Great. It could happen.

Actually, if Disney can take great things and make them horrible, maybe it works the other way: they could take horrible things and make them great. Just image: Disney's "The Little Führer."

Watch spellbound as Disney's newest triumph tells the story a poor Jewish painter who rose to power and was loved by millions. Can't you just see the opening scene: Camera pans into a picturesque Bavarian village where hearty peasants roam and plump Hansel-and-Gretelish kids play. Foreground: the town square, complete with cobblestones; background: forest, black (of course). Music swirls:



Mein Kampf! Mein Kampf! Worse than anyone else's kampf Musso-



-li-ni's is so easy compared to mine... With Jews on the left, and



Commies on the right, a poor and spiteful nation to unite... That's Mein Kampf![†]



Including such lovable characters as David the Draydle, and Peter the Paintbrush, Disney's "The Little Führer" features seven new songs specially composed by Andrew Lloyd Webber, including the duet "Ich habe einem Vogel und das Welt wird mein Freund sein" sung with his invisible friend, Klaus Crow, in his secret bunker. Cheer as the hero dupes his foes and lives happily ever after in a small town in Argentina after being helped by his friend Anke the U-boat. Get wrapped up in the magic and wonder that *is* Disney.

Maybe I'm overly critical. Then again, I don't think a story where a whole city ends up celebrating a hunchback is realistic. Beating him senseless and covering him with yogurt maybe, but definitely not celebrating.

[†]Sung to the tune of "Tonight"

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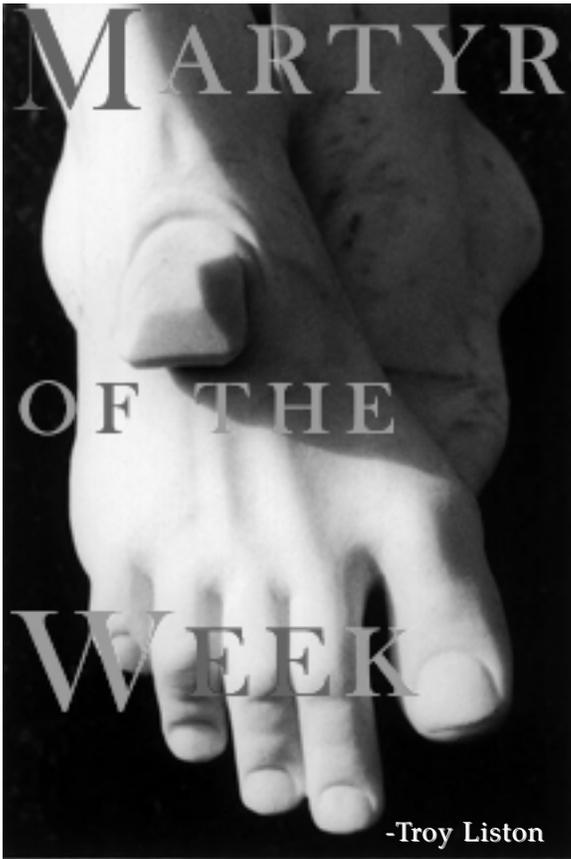
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Welcome, my children, to a new year of miraculous martyrs and stories of sainthood. Join with me in the delight that is dogma: the pantheon of Catholic saints.

The **Martyr of the Week** for **September 8-14** is **St. Adrian (Sept 8)**. Adrian was a pagan prison-guard at Nicodemia in the 4th century, and was himself thrown in prison for sympathizing with his Xian captives. He and his fellow prisoners were tended by his wife (**St Natalia**) who shaved her head and disguised herself as a man to gain access to them in prison. During the torture process (all medieval prison guards were required to take two semesters of torture materials and processes in college) our saint's legs were cut off.

This delighted his wife who prayed for him to have his arms, or at least his hands, cut off as well- such extremes were fitting for a *true* martyr. Her wish wasn't to be fulfilled; Adrian and the others were burned at the stake. Supposedly a "miraculous" rainstorm vanquished the flames before our saint's body was completely consumed and Natalia was able to escape the scene with one of his hands...what luck! (Maybe it's just me, but wouldn't the rainstorm have been more "miraculous" of it had put out the inferno *before* everyone died instead of it simply making it easier for an eager widow to abscond with a relic? I think I'm just jaded...)

Other Saints of note this week include: **St. Nicholas of**

Tolentino (Sept 10). A monk who during his life worked among the poor and tried to bring peace to the rival factions inhabiting the city of Tolentino, St. Nicholas was once beaten with a stick by the Devil (they used to have it on display in his church) and was visited by the **Blessed V irgin, St Augustine** and **St Monica** when he was sick (they of course cured him (with wet bread), even though they had been dead for centuries themselves). What makes him eligible for inclusion here (besides the nasty stick-beating incident) revolves around not his life, but his corpse.

Forty years after his death a German monk, feeling that his homeland needed more relics, broke into St. Nicholas' tomb and chopped off our saint's arms. He (the robbing German, not our saint) ran off, dare I say, like a thief in the night, but, to his astonishment, found himself at the tomb the next morning, arms in hand- running in place! Since that incident the arms are said to bleed whenever misfortune befalls the church.

Other Martyrs this week are **St Theodard (Sept 9)**: killed with a hatchet by bandits and **Protus and Hyacinth (Sept 11)**: two eunuchs killed in Rome for converting some of the noble class.

Until next week "*Do not wish to be anything but what you are, and try to be that perfectly.*"

-St Francis de Sales

Live and Learn and Pass It On:

A Critical Review

I've learned that any activity becomes creative when you try to do it ~~better than you did it before.~~

with 3 Twist Ties and a rubber spatula

-Age 48

I've learned that when you have the choice of ~~eating~~ *performing cellaTio* at a table or at the counter in a coffee shop, choose the counter. The service will be faster, the food hotter, and the conversation livelier.

-Age 46

This Week's Survey:

Would you rather have a condition where every statement you spoke was accompanied by a curse word (such as "curses!") or a condition where every statement that you spoke was the opposite of what you meant (such as "I hev no such condition!")?

Send your responses to GDT c/o:
diablo@csh.rit.edu

Survey questions by Harry F. Walter, writer for "Universal Monsoon"



-Sean Hammond

Over the summer, I moved into a new apartment near Cobbs Hill, just off of Monroe Ave. Within walking distance of where I sit and type this is a local Temple. I wouldn't say I've seen a lot of Jews since moving in, but I don't feel self-conscious about playing my CD of Yiddish Folk Songs, if you get my drift.

And under the constant barrage of Jewishness, I come to the decision that I like the Jews. Sure, I've known individuals Jews who I like a great deal, by I mean the whole group. It just struck me what an amazingly moral, ethical group of people they are.

Maybe they really are God's chosen people. That would help explain all the shit they have had to put up with. God has been thinning them out. Making them stronger, purer. Sort of a divine eugenics plan.

First they leave Babylon so they can be enslaved by the Egyptians. Then get out from under the Egyptian thumb, wander in the sand for a while, and eventually obliterate a few tribes living where they decided their Holy Land was. Unfortunately, their land of milk and honey was a sort of "Conquering Army Throughway." Living there must have been like having a sleepover with the guy who thinks the height of humor is to holler "STEAMROLLER!" at 2am, and then proceeds to show you just how fun it is. Then of course there was the Inquisition, the Holocaust, and all the shitty things they have to put up with on a daily basis.

But through it all, they have kept their word. They observe the rules given the them by Yhwy. Why? Certainly not to achieve heaven. They're not even sure if there is a heaven. No. Christians are the ones who dare walk up to their God and say, "Ok. You say you want me to do these things...by what's in it for me?" Christians are like children who take out the trash only after they have been told they won't get their allowance if they don't.

They do what was asked of them, not for a reward or to avoid some fiery punishment, but because their God told them to. Who were they to say no? He is their God.

If you were to meet your Creator, and see his infinitely Sadness, could you deny Him?

Failure

***Mount:** He's got one, but he doesn't know what it's named, because every time he gets close to it, it wallops him in the chest.*

***Friends:** Apathy*

***Foes:** Prometheus*

***Strength:** none*

***Charisma:** 3. He's even a failure at becoming a complete failure*

***Spectral Skills:** Hind sight*

***Favorite Quote:** "If at first I don't succeed... ah shit what's the use?"*

***Description:** He looks like a "Disco Daddy". polyester everything. His cloths are so clinging that they fit themselves perfectly into the indents on his chest (which incidentally are upside down to drain out his luck). If Failure had a car it would be a Yugo.*

We regret To admit That Failure failed To show up This week. We Tried To coax him out with sugar cubes, BUT he was under The mistaken impression That we're all going To laugh at him. You will be seeing him next week, however, even if we have To staple him To The page.

After Dinner Mints

-Mark Nowak

Hey Alanis, here's some irony for ya! In German, "erlich" means "honest". It so happens that one of Richard Nixon's top aides during the Watergate cover-up and media circus, responsible for helping feed the elder statesman† a daily diet of lies and denials, was named Erlichmann..."Honest man".

†What's the difference between a statesman and a politician? A statesman is a dead politician. Here's hoping for more statesmen!

Random Fact:

Nathaniel Bacon, a Virginia planter, rebelled against British rule in 1676. Ah...a man truly before his time.



-Sean T. Hammond

Welcome to what I hope will be a column that will amuse the skeptical, hearten the believers, and enlighten the unaware. Though I am by no stretch of the imagination a theosophist, this column is dedicated to Faerie, it's innumerable denizens, and anything associated with them.

I had planned on jumping right in and talking about my personal favorite Faerie tribe, the Tuaha De Dannon, but I realized that I should define some of the terms I'll be using. Mainly: "Faerie."

The word "faerie" comes from the Indo-European root word for the Latin "fatum" which means "fate." All the Romance languages share similar spellings of this general name for the beings (fee, fada, fae, fata, fas...). Although it is recognized that there are many different "species" of faerie, the general terms for them is staggering. Interestingly enough, many of the names describe them in an ambivalent way, as though to stay their wrath or placate them.

In the coming weeks, I'll be using "Faerie" as both a description of the shadowland these creatures inhabit, as well as the inhabitants themselves. Just as "magic" refers to illusion while "magick" is the power to create, "vampires" are the things in movies and "vampyres" are those people who you run into every now and then, "fairy" will be used when talking about Disney-esque faeries: cute, whimsical, and entertaining. In short, nearly absent from faerie folklore. Besides, with the homosexual community's adoption of the word, it can lead to confusion.

Next week...the nature of the land of Faerie.



The Universe & Me: a d-i-m guide

"The Real World II"

-Kelly Gunter

Some of you might remember from last year that I was a graduating senior. And well... It came, it went. I am... and I suppose I'm back for a little more. So I guess I've had what some would consider a stay of execution for the time being.

Last year it seemed as if every family member or complete stranger (not too much difference if you ask me) who found out that... This Was It! The Big Year! The year I finally removed my head from the emergency airplane crash position and dealt with real time, real people, and most importantly the Real World™.

These friends would pass on their pearls of wisdom from their own high chairs of experience telling me that soon, ah yes very soon life would become less worth living. Life would become more difficult. Anyone out there who thought life was rough enough already, just wait until you're older. That's when all the misfortune of the universe piles it's shit on your shoulders, or at the very least that's what your elders and (ahem) betters tell you. You have to sit there quietly listening to this drivel, because if you say anything and you're a girl at least, then you're being sassy. While you listen to the doomsday droning you know you can take a fair

amount of pleasure from the fact that the person giving this fine oration is a firm believer in the great traffic light conspiracy and that the reason they act like the world is out to get them is because it is in fact true.

People always link youth with idealism as if it's one of those things that begin to disappear with the steady degradation of the telomeres. Your hair turns white, starts to fall out, your skin loses elasticity, and, oh yeah, you become a crotchety old bastard; it's all part of the aging process.

So you widdle away your time while they'd speak about the Real World™ as if suddenly, without warning, as soon as your diploma is placed in your hand, you match grins with the fake looking man in front of you, and smile pretty for the camera, you find yourself standing on a pumpkin in the middle of a Illinois wearing only your underwear, suspiciously watching mice scurry underfoot. Then you slap your palm to the side of your forehead exclaiming, "Shit! What time is it?"

The Real World™.

Where the hell have I been these past twenty two years? And you can stop waving those red shoes in front of my face, I know it wasn't Kansas. I wish adults would give us a little more credit; the last time I was stupid enough to believe that everyone had my best interests at heart was age five. Let me tell you, kindergarten hardened me real fast.



Mal-Marts

"Black holes are where God is dividing by zero."

Whether or not there are millions of years of hunting and gathering hardwired into my psyche, I am not born to shop. I abhor entering malls and department stores. Of course this leads to the unfortunate situation where I put off shopping so long I must spend hours in the store just getting the basics to survive. You know: milk, toilet paper, the newest Terry Pratchett book, the usual.

When I'm shopping, I move like I'm in a race. There have been instances where the ultra-pure, air-conditioned atmosphere of a mall or shopping center, coupled with my quick walking, have dried my peepers out, leaving me sitting on the floor, rubbing my eyes and cursing.

It's not so bad when I have a group to shop with; we divvy up the list and get through the store in record time. It's a beautiful sight to see. The 4x100 relay team representing GDT zips through a store, leaving perplexed old ladies trying to determine why they're missing groceries and their false teeth are in backward.

"Pass the Baguette. Go! Go! Go!"

Regardless of how quickly you can get everything you need, you eventually have to get into line. The lines are the great equalizers. Everyone young, old, speedy, ugly they all stand in lines that never move.

Now at this point, you're probably thinking that we are going to say something about the seven items or less isle and how idiots with two shopping carts mounded with nothing but "Alpo" pick these lines and insist that they have only one product. Well, you're wrong. That sort of thing has been beaten to death[†], and it really isn't as annoying as the fact that all lines move at the same speed. Actually, those "seven items or less" isles move slower than any other lane. I think it's because the cashiers of these particular circles of hell think to themselves, "Hey, this is the cheesy lane. No reason to work at normal speed. What's the rush?"

The really interesting thing is that you can get into line with only 3 others ahead of you, and once you reach the shelves, there's suddenly 5 people in front of you. A bit disconcerting, but perfectly logical. Allow me to elucidate:

At about the same time that laser scanners began to be installed in grocery stores around the country, another technological marvel was slipped in as well. Thanks to the same research that brought you Silly-Putty, stores now possess the ability to fold space in check-out lines. The up side is that the customer sees only five to seven people in any line at any given time when in reality there can be 20 people folded into their devious little Mal-mart Mobius strips; you can't see those cockled little buggers until you've reached the fold yourself, and by then, it's too late.

That's why isles have shelves on either side. Though functional, the shelves are nothing more than attractive walls keeping customers from exiting the folded space crosswise. In trial stores when the technology was first being developed, prospective customers that entered the lines in their 20's and then traveled sideways in the fold could exit white haired and toothless. There were even some that never exited.^Δ Tricky business, folding checkout lines. Sometimes, the whole system crashes, throwing customers as far as 20 feet into the stacks of Spiderman Toothpaste marked down 20% and causing minor earthquakes as the building suddenly expands to accommodate the new space.

There are accidents of this kind all the time in southern California. The high temperatures simply overheat the complex systems involved. In Mexico, however, standards are lower and failures can level entire villas.

Another bonus, brought to you by the minds at NAFTA.

[†]Not that GDT is against a good beating.

^ΔRecently NASA and the FDA sponsored an expedition into the folded space of various checkout lines to try and discover exactly what happened to the missing shoppers. Within the rift, whole shanty towns were discovered. Living only on candy bars and packs of gum mistakenly knocked off the shelves into the gulf, these diabetic refugees had been warped receiving news of the outside world through such noted periodicals as "The Weekly World News."

In the end, both NASA and the FDA agreed that a rescue attempt would be infeasible due to the tremendous cost involved in reintegrating those poor souls back into society.



Editorial

Last Sunday afternoon some of our staff members passed out issues to students before They™ entered Grace Watson Dining Hall (Sept. 8th), RIT. But that day something happened that has never happened before: one boy took one, read it from cover to cover, and returned it saying that he did not understand it. One of my counterparts contended that he must not understand sarcasm and some of the other rudimentary basics of humor. I disagreed with him, thinking that perhaps whatever was read and the ideas behind it just did not make sense to him. I do not truly know the answer to this question, mine is just a hypothesis, but if I was correct I would like to give an answer to your question, if you're reading this week's issue, which you probably aren't.

Hell's Kitchen and its member publications were created as a forum for student's ideas, thoughts, creations, and musings, a forum to express oneself as one feels a right to. The opportunity we provide did not exist on this campus prior to our creation a little over a year ago. Certainly now the Reporter has its "Opinions" section, but that was started when we were well through with our second volume. We accept work from any and all as long as the author can defend the work's validity.

We like to express various parts of the human experience, what it is to live, what it is to be human. This can be done in many different media and the two different publications portray this well. Gracies Dinnertime Theatre likes to take on the more humorous aspects of life, playing on irony and satire and more importantly, real life, to form its source material. The Melancholy Predator will often take on the world from a more esoteric and poetic stance. In the end, the two publications amount to much the same thing: we are made up of people doing exactly what it is that we do. We are an amalgamation of personages just living, and that is why Hell's Kitchen exists.

As for myself, ever since I was a child I've been making people around me nervous because I often spontaneously burst into laughter for no apparent reason, but there was always a reason. GDT offers me a canvas on which to draw all of the amusements I have held since I was a child to explain these unexplainable outbursts. For me, the world has always been absurd, ironic, satiric, and bewildering. I just reflect what has always been around me, and how it seems to my senses.

When I was young, my parents told me I used to wake up every morning singing. I still do.

-Kelly Gunter

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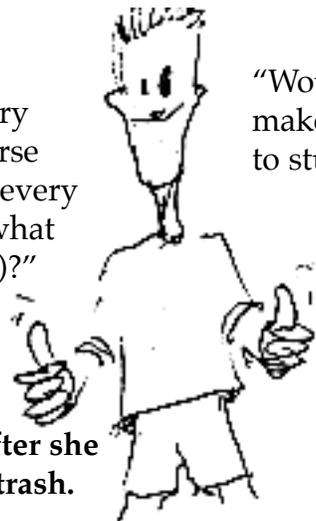
Damn Newland

Last Week's Results

"Would you rather have a condition where every statement you spoke was accompanied by a curse word (such as "curses!"), or a condition where every statement that you spoke was the opposite of what you meant (such as "I have no such condition")?"

- 53.3% Curses!
- 33.3% I have no such condition
- 13.2% Lame-o responses

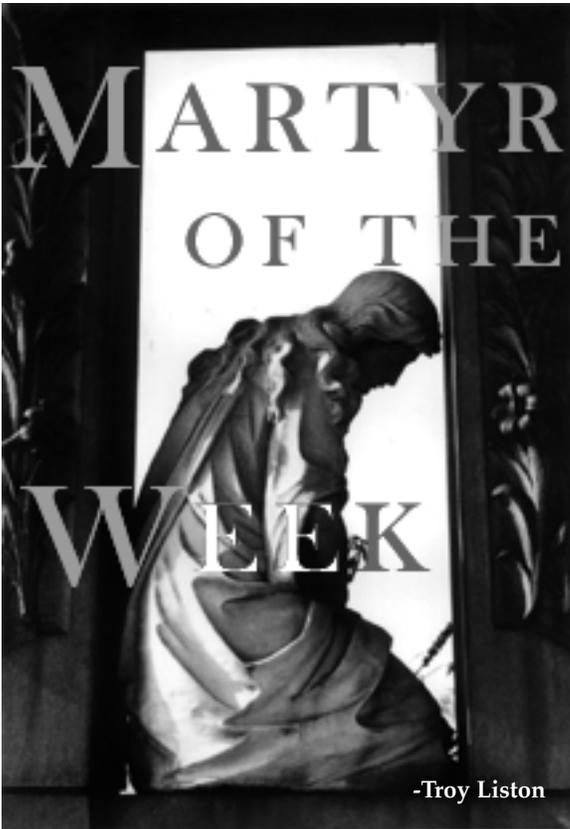
Favorite response: "I'm an EM Major," said after she threw last week's issue in the non-recyclable trash.



This Week's Survey

"Would you rather lose the ability to make the 'r' sound or gain the ability to stutter?"

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-Troy Liston

The **Martyr of the Week** for **September 15-21** is **St Januarius**, also known as Gennaro (**Sept 19**). Januarius was the Bishop of Benevento in the early 4th century. During the Diocletian persecution he was thrown into a furnace and subjected to lions, neither of which harmed him. Like most other fire-proof, animal friendly saints before him, he had no such rapport with the steely blade that cleft his neck.

Some of the faithful collected his relics, which centuries later ended up in Naples. Among these relics were a few vials of blood that on occasion liquefy. This "boiling" of the blood occurs on various holy days throughout the year (except in times of oppression or strife) and has a great and loyal following to this day. If, during the ceremony, the blood is not being cooperative, a group of women known as the aunts of St Gennaro shout "Boil! Boil! Boil, damn you!" Who said going to church wasn't fun! Fittingly, St Januarius is the patron saint of blood banks.

Another saint of note this week is **St Robert Bellarmine (Sept 17)**. As head of the Vatican Library he was one of those who disputed Galileo and his findings, eventually leading to the great astronomers run-in with the Grand Inquisition. Bellarmine wrote that to say the Earth revolved around the sun "is as erroneous as to claim that Jesus was not born of a Virgin." Well, if you're basing your argument on something as concrete as that then you have nothing to worry about...right?

Failure

Mount: *He's got one, but he doesn't know what it's named, because every time he gets close to it, it wallops him in the chest.*

Friends: *Apathy*

Foes: *Prometheus*

Strength: *none*

Charisma: *3. He's even a failure at becoming a complete failure*

Special Skills: *Hind sight*

Favorite Quote: *"If at first I don't succeed... ah, shit, what's the use?"*

Description: *He looks like a "Disco Daddy," polyester everything. His cloths are so clinging that they fit themselves perfectly into the indents on his chest (which incidentally are upside down to drain out his luck). If Failure had a car it would be a Yugo.*



GDT Challenge

Go ahead. Challenge us. If you can come up with an idea that you want us to write about in any of our columns or first pages, we guarantee that we can write it in two weeks and print it before the end of the quarter. If we can't, you win a free Cold Water Only™ tee-shirt of your choice.

Random Fact:

President John Adams once lost his way and had to ask a passing stranger how to get to the White House.

The Universe & Me: a d-i-m guide

"Letting Dead Dogs Die"

-Kelly Gunter

I still catch myself looking out the family room window into the dog run to wonder if I should let her in. I guess old habits die hard. It is actually a month from the day she died.

I often muse to myself over such times thinking about all those people who take such times to proclaim, "Ah, yeah. That

guy/girl/acquaintance/pet/annoying waiter was the best." They™ remember back to all the good times, only the good times. I could try to do as They™ and open up the flood gates of fuzzy reminiscing, but for the life of me all I can think to say is that she was a bitch in the truest sense of the word (the pun was obvious, but exceedingly appropriate).

If she had been human she would have been a beautiful, bitchy blockhead with all of the trimmings: insatiable jealousy, a viscous temper, breath you could starch your clothing with, the need to dominate and become the center of attention for all situations, and the quite embarrassing habit of trying to kill any and all persons who tried to enter or exit our house through a particular portal. In other words, she was a pain in the ass.

Strangely enough, even neglecting the fact that she'd saved my life on more than one occasion simply by default (no matter what they do, large German

shepherds seem to have that effect on people), I actually liked her. I think perhaps it might have been her unendearing qualities that I loved most; when she wouldn't listen to anything else and the only way to make her come running back were the words "Hey Stupid!", the way I taught her how to squeeze herself underneath the bed until all you could see was her nose protruding from beneath it, and the fact that every time we played hide and seek together she was daft enough to try to find me with her eyes instead of her extraordinary sense of smell, and blind enough not to be able to see a wall six inches in front of her face. I suppose that one of the reasons I love her the most is because she allowed me to draw a parallel between her whimper-and-kick-filled dreams and those of my father, not three feet away prone in front of the television in the same circumstance. My family said, "She's chasing rabbits." And now I say the same about my father whenever I see him.

She had a terrible personality and I loved her not despite it, but partly for it. What is so wrong with admitting that someone of the recently deceased population also happens to be jerk? There really should be more commemorative monuments out there that say, "Dad-What an asshole. God bless his bedeviled soul." Hell, every time someone proclaims that I'm evil I still turn a bright crimson. I guess the novelty never wears off on that statement.

"Faerie contains many things besides elves and fays, and besides dwarfs, witches, trolls, giants, or dragons: It holds the seas, the sun, the moon, the sky: and the earth and all things that are in it: tree and bird, water and stone, wine and bread, and ourselves, mortal men, when we were enchanted."

-J.R.R. Tolkien

The Land of Faerie has, in the minds of many, become a sort of lesser Heaven. Filled with wise, beautiful creatures, modern man yearns to be invited within. What is ignored time and time again is the close, perhaps essential link between our two worlds.

Though the inhabitants of Faerie most certainly determine how their realm

appears, it is as though they lack imagination. Waterfalls, dark woods, breezy steppe, wild rides under a full moon- all these, and more, are within Faerie, but it is borrowed.

Even the faeries have patterned themselves after the creatures they find most interesting with our realm. Mainly, Man. Faerie lore is littered with tales of faeries being attracted to the artists, poets, and musicians of our tribe. He who can embellish upon the arts from Faerie is treated as a Lord by the revelers from that shadowy land. It may not be a coincidence that many prodigies from our race have died young. Perhaps Mozart is still composing for those in Faerie.

While man excels in Creating, it is the faeries who are horribly beautiful. We complement each other well....

Unfortunately, Man's creative impulse has inadvertently led to his turning away from the Beauty which Faerie offers. Now, beauty is a slim, fine tuned machine, and the faeries languish in a land which diminishes as humans stop creating things of Faerie. All too soon, the last doorway to that shadowy land will close and our people will truly be alone.

Our world and that of Faerie is symbiotic. Without our Creativity, the Faeries may be trapped in eternal sameness and eventually fade to nothing, like an echo in the distance. Without their Beauty, man will damn himself to a world of asphalt and steel. Of efficiency and the God of the Clock.

Next week: some helpful hints on how to avoid faux pas when visiting Faerie.



Fey Denizen

-Sean T. Hammond



Circles

"You're not as real as you think."

You'll have to forgive me, but I was just watching TV, the great mind stealer that it is. Not just mind stealer, but reality warper. Somehow, they create a reality that is more real. How many times have you heard or thought, "Gosh, that's just like something in a movie." It's as though TV and movies are somehow more there and our lives pale in comparison. Take, for example, dandruff.

Anyone in the western hemisphere must have some concept of what I'm referring to: those horrid commercials where "Chuck" is posing for the photographer and has huge hunks of his scalp on his shoulder. I mean the man should be faint from blood loss. And as if those quarter sized "flakes" weren't enough, the TV land magic circle hand swoops down to draw an ellipsoid around them and makes damn sure you see them in all their bestial wrath.

The circle hand. I guess the most important thing is the circle itself. It's snuggled right in there along with all the other special mass-media-punctuation-repair-kit bums; between the Underline Twins (Underline powers activate! Shape of a moving line, form of a curling spring) and Excessive Points of Exclamation (his friends call him "EPEs", pronounced "eaps").

Granted I realize none of you have the slightest idea of what I am talking about. Just walk with me a while.

Actually, march your hinder right to your mail box and pull out all the junk mail you've managed to accumulate over the past few days. Right there in your hands, in amongst the Exclusive Pin Numbers and Hidden Mystery Prizes is what I refer to.

To illustrate my point, which I have yet to make sparkling clear, think back to all the times you've read: "...You may already have won Ten Million Dollars..." Now just close your eyes and visualize those words. Let your mind rest easy for a while. Stop trying to see Ed McMahon in a thong. Ignore the impression that the words "Ten Million Dollars" are too much like a proper noun, and that in all actuality "Ten Million Dollars" is probably the name of some poor Spanish kid who stepped just a little too close to the edge of a white slavery ring. Let this slide out of your subconscious and away from your thoughts completely, damn it! No use in bringing up the past. Just relax. Calm yourself. Focus your entire attention on how you see the words. Are they written in red or blue in that personal-yet-manufactured-handwritten text? Now look deeply and all will become revealed....

You've probably told yourself upon occasion that GDT could not possibly make an issue out of anything, and this one is here to prove you wrong. Yes, the issue at hand is the manner in which junkmail and its counterpart in the television medium tend to write, and most importantly, draw circles and their cohorts.

Think about it. Right now, in your mind, superimpose every circle you have ever remembered from your mass media education and see what you get. It's the same circle.

Somewhere some guy is making millions of dollars because he just happens to be able to make the most casual, professional and yet legible print, underlines, circles, and exclamation points in the known world. Once he was a worker at a Mal-mart in the deep south...just punching away at his cash register. All that changed one day when an advertising executive came in to buy some extra golf pants. He went to the register where this unsuspecting boy punched away at his keyboard and slide scanner, and in one of those tedious, insignificant actions that can alter the future, the exec pays by Visa. As the boy pulls out the luckless exec's receipt, he quickly circles the amount of the charge and then writes that amount down, underlined twice, and ended with an exclamation point. As the exec turns to leave, he notices the sheer genius of the marks in front of him, strokes that would make a Japanese calligrapher die happy, and says, "Do that again!"

Anyway, it's just a scenario. They probably have try-outs for that sort of thing, where they try especially hard to weed out all of those people who dot their I's with hearts.

They take those freaks out back and sterilize them. Stops that particular madness right there.





The Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle Map of RIT

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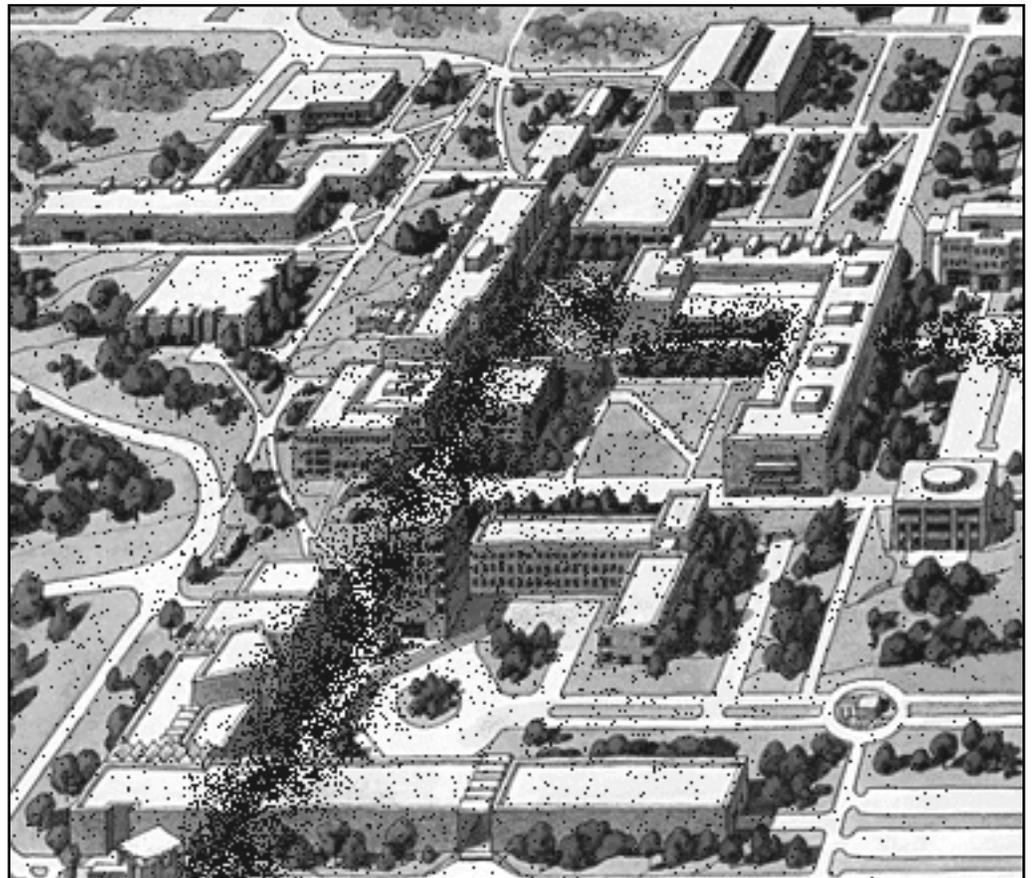
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Damn Newland



You are somewhere here

To paraphrase a dead guy: "You can find some of the people some of the time, but you can't find all of the people all of the time." Well, now you can.

You don't have to page Bobby to find out where he is anymore. This is also

your great opportunity to find yourself without the long-haired, barefooted, pot-smoking, peace-loving, fornicating life-styles usually wrapped up in such pursuits.

Thanks to Hell Inc. and the bargain basement prices that the republics of the old Soviet Union are selling secrets and military hardware for, GDT is proud to bring you the first Heisenberg Uncertainty map of the Rochester Institute of Technology.

That's right. Since it is impossible for an observer to measure where anyone else is without altering their position and momentum, GDT utilized our newly-acquired, Soviet-built espionage satellite (if you think that's cool, you should see our submarine) in geosynchronous orbit over RIT and simple statistics to show you where any student is at any given moment. Yup. We know, more or less, where to find each and every one of you buggers and can drop you with a hi-impact lead, "Hello" whenever we want.

Have a nice day.

Send submissions and mail to: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, 472 French Rd, Rochester, NY 14618 or E-mail us at diablo@csh.rit.edu



Welcome back to the hall of the headless. We traipse again into the presence of the chosen ones, those dismembered do-gooder Catholic martyrs. The **Martyr of the Week** for **September 22-28** is **St Maurice (Sept 22)**. Others of note this week are **St Phocas (also Sept 22)**, **Cosmos and Damian (Sept 26)**, **St Wenceslaus (Sept 26)**.

St Maurice was the commanding officer of the Theban legion, a part of Emperor Maximian's Roman Army made up of recruits from upper Egypt. The xian legion was part of a force that was to cross the alps and suppress an uprising in Gaul. While in Switzerland, on the eve of the battle, all were required to attend and/or perform public sacrifices to secure victory for the next day. This of course was sacrilegious and the legion refused, instead retreating to what is now St-Maurice-en-Valais. The Emperor ordered the decimation (the killing of every tenth man) until the soldiers would obey his orders. The devout men *naturally* chose martyrdom over pagan sacrifice, so all 6660 were executed. St Maurice's blood and ring, as well as the stone on which he was beheaded are preserved in the aforementioned Swiss city.

St Phocas (Sept 22 or July 23, depending on which calendar you subscribe to) was known for his hospitality to travellers. During the Diocletian persecution he gave shelter to some Roman soldiers whose mission was to execute our saint. During the night Phocas dug a grave in the garden. When morning came he confessed that he was the man after which they sought, was beheaded, and tossed into the ready pit.

Saints Cosmos and Damian (Sept 26) were travelling twin xian doctors who refused payment for their services. One arduous patient refused to let Damian leave her side without accepting 3 eggs as payment. Cosmos was so furious with his brother that he made it public knowledge that he wasn't to be buried with his twin. They, of course, were martyred (when the rocks and arrows hurled at them had no effect, the popular beheading was opted for) and prepared for burial separately. A lone camel persuaded the mourners, in the name of all cattle, to bury the brothers together (and no, I don't make this stuff up...).

St Wenceslaus was the Duke of Bohemia (Now parts of Slovakia and the Czech Republic) in 922 and attempted to bring xianity to his kingdom during a time of pagan reaction. He would hold feasts at which he would pressure the guests into saying the Our Father, savagely beating those who refused (Why, how very xian of you!). He allied himself with the German Empire (due to their xian King, Henry) which endeared him to very few in his homeland. He was eventually murdered at the door of a church by his brother, Boleslaus. The popular xmas song dedicated to him is pure fiction.

For those of you who are new readers and/or are xian conspiracy theorists, I replace the word christ in words in my writing with an "X" not to eliminate the mention of this great man (Kiss me, son of god!), but due to the fact that "X" is the symbol for Christ that comes down to us from the Romans. It simply makes typing this column easier. If you still have doubts, look up "X" in the dictionary and all will be revealed (the man speaks only truths!).



The Universe & Me: a d-i-m guide

"Writer's Block"

-Kelly Gunter

Writer's Block- A little known (although widely used), specially designed martial arts maneuver to create a defensive fighting posture from which aspiring authors may excuse their inability to create endlessly original weekly columns, when they have found that they have finally arrived at their wit's end.

This and Last Week's Survey Question

"Would you rather lose the ability to make the 'r' sound or gain the ability to stutter?"

New Survey Question

"Would you rather only make sense to insane people and never make love or only make love to boring people and never make sense?"



Fey Denizen

-Sean T. Hammond

There is an amazing variety of cultures and subcultures within the United States. And depending where you go, your comments and actions can end up offending quite a few peo-

ple. In Maine, if you make fun of the Mormons, people think you're talking about a branch of the PTA, whereas in Utah, you could end up like the Fancher party.

Nevertheless, for all our differences, there are customs that bind us; that make us Americans. In a vaguer sense, the same can be said of humans in general. There is, for lack of a less used term, what could be called the human condition. The same can be said for those of Faerie.

Though the doors to Faerie are slowly disappearing, there are still some who manage to slip in, or, even rarer in these latter days, are invited behind the veil. If you should even find yourself being asked to join some young wraith for dinner so you can meet her Mum, here are some basic points to help you avoid looking like an ass, angering your guests, avoid killing yourself, and generally avoid faux pas.

Faerie Food: Don't eat it. Even if you think that it would be rude to refuse, you must. When Persephone ate the food offered to her by Hades, she was bound to that land. The same fate befalls all mortals; faerie food is pleasing to the sense, but is only glamour and has no substance. If one remains in Faerie and eats only faerie food, the body

will be unable to return to our world. To complicate matters, time seems to pass differently in our two worlds. The course of a meal in their realm could be several weeks in ours. At best you may be malnourished upon leaving Faerie, at worst, you will die as soon as you leave.

Dancing: This is another no-no, and doesn't apply just to the land of Faerie. If you should happen upon a troop of dancing faeries, try your hardest to resist the urge to join. Their wild revelry can wear a mortal out to the point of exhaustion and death.

Gifts: One of the more peculiar aspects of the sociable faeries is their inability to deny giving you what you want. They will give any object which they possess, but they demand a fair trade. Since few material objects can travel between our worlds, they normally take what they feel is a fair trade from the more ethereal aspects of a person. This is undoubtedly connected to the Christian concept of "selling one's soul."

Gratitude: This is a tricky one. Faeries all seem to take offense to abundant displays of gratitude. In some cases, to repay the Wee Ones for their help only angers them and drives them away. All in all, it is best to acknowledge their help, either by leaving a minimal amount of food in a way that looks like it was forgotten (when dealing with the diminutive types), or silently accepting the help or hospitality of one of the more human like denizens, such as the Tuatha de Danan. Above all, show them respect.

Next week: the morality of faeries.

Justice

Mount: Reasonable Doubt

Friends: a parrot named Truth

Foes: the appeals system

Strength: of righteousness

Speed Hah!

Favorite Quote: "There is no justice. there's just us."

Favorite Invention: Warning Labels

Description: Instead of a sword.

Justice holds a mace and chain. while in her right hand she weighs the evidense of DNA against a more lucrative currency. Her customary blindfold is actually reserved for her clumsy horse. Reasonable Doubt. Beside her. her parrot. "Truth" whispers sweet nothings.



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is look- ing for some new blood.

We need artists, writers for weekly columns/front page material, and just all around creative people.

And we know that there are more than *two* people from the U of R who like us.

So give in. Let your imagination (and ego) run wild.

Contact diablo@csh.rit.edu for more details.

GDT: My creative muse can beat up your creative muse.



Gravity Kills

"Some people have a way with words, and some people...um, thingy."

There is a trend that extends through the women of my semi-extended clan, and only on occasion does it ever hum a little tune to itself and graciously look the other way. Yes, it's true: I come from a persuasion of feminine persons with identically miniscule quantities of extraneous fatty deposits at or around the general area of the torso. No, I'm not talking about shoulder pads. In more common vernacular, I merely stated that I come from a family of small breasted-women.[†] Unlike others who may find themselves stranded upon the same vantage point, I quite like the view.

I can assure you that the idea of increasing my own ability to produce caulking out of my nipples ("...one side gazpacho soup, the other free running, chilled champagne") has never tantalized my thoughts, no matter how many studies Dow Corning can produce to assure others that there is a higher incident rate of breast disfunction and a lower probability of breast cancer when one outfits themselves with gelatinous chest bumpers.

I mean, why would I ever desire implants when small breasts have so many perks (no pun intended)? Ever since the hormonally-induced tectonics of the region first squeezed the various substrata of skin and fatty tissue above the Great Breadbasket that was my chest, I have never truly had to deal with any of the adverse health defects that large, or even medium sized, breasts can induce, such as:

- Back pain
- Tearing of the connective tissue just above the chest
- That strange effect of attracting every skanky male (or female) within a fifty-mile radius
- That peculiar affectation of many acquaintances to transfix their gazes in excess of one foot below eye contact.

One more benefit to this little package deal is the fact that breast exams are a breeze; any irregular lump that is not a rib is almost certainly cancerous.

Many women resent the physical signs of aging, especially in regard to their antibody relocation and distribution conduits[‡] which seem to gain momentum the further they fall towards the floor. Of course with the ebb and swell of time, all things must in turn decline...well almost all things. Forsooth, it's difficult to imagine the occurrence of sagging in certain body parts when you've[§] discovered, oftentimes much to your chagrin, that more impressive cleavage can be produced on your own disdainful forehead. The indifferent fact for the underdeveloped women of my family is gravity seems too've[∂] completely passed us by (believe me, wearing those lead weights in the cuffs of your pants all the time can get downright aggravating sometimes). If it weren't for the occasional childbearings, our bosoms would have no place to go at all[§]. Sometimes I wonder if gravity didn't just take one look at the pitiful little stack on my chest, throw back its anthropomorphic head in fits of tumultuous laughter and say, "You want me to do what with that? Oh, no dear! I'm sorry. You've got the wrong inescapable physical law of nature. I can't work miracles."

They[™] say that there is more bounce to the ounce, and from where I'm standing one thirty-two cent stamp ought to cover me. Even though it's true that all things will eventually come to rest about your knees, except for your ankles which will drag on the floor behind you, I can't help feeling that maybe I have been blessed by the burden of perpetual perk...even if I garb my nature in sarcasm.

[†]And large breasted men.

[‡]Can't figure it out? Then you shouldn't be reading this. No soup for you.

[§]Rhymes with Louvre.

[∂]Ibid

[§]See "ebb and flow"





It's been nice, but I have to scream now: An Editorial

GDT has lost its edge.

This flitted through my head as I drove down East Henrietta Road. On the radio, WBER (for our readers in various parts of the world, you can listen to WBER using RealAudio. The address is wber.monroe.edu), "the only station that matters," had just turned over its frequency modulated electromagnetic radiation to the "Raging Rhino's" game. There was a time when I would have simply hit a button on the preset station selection and slid smoothly over to The Nerve, but their programming is simply too annoying for me now. Better silence, or maybe NPR....

Ahead of me, a dilapidated station wagon shuddered to a stop at the light and my eyes caught a bumper sticker. I really didn't pay too much attention to what it said. All I saw were the call letters of a radio station. Without thinking too much about it, I turned the dial until the liquid crystal display read 99.7 (Sorry. I am nearly positive *this* jewel doesn't use RealAudio.) and prepared myself for whatever was going to issue forth.

I could have waited at that light for eons, watching the sun burn out and not be prepared. I had unwittingly turned to a Christian propaganda station.

(Before the few members of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship (RIT chapter) quickly leave, you guys might want to stay. This editorial is partly directed to you. And, heck, if you know a member of the God group, please consider reading this to them.)

As luck would have it, the nasal-voiced speaker coming through my radio was taking part in a mock Q&A concerning the upcoming election and how different politicians stood with regards to topics presumably important to a Christian Soldier. So already I'm getting worked up. Fucking Ralph Reed and the Christian Coalition. Fucking book-banning, prayer-forcing, intolerant jackals. I'm getting ahead of myself, though.

Like I said: I'm sitting there slowly winding up and somehow (I really wasn't paying too much attention, what with all my muttering) the foe questioner turns the topic to Creationism. *This* had my full attention, it being such a major campaign plank this year and all. Let's face it: no where else in the Western world is Creationism still an issue. I'm sure even the Pope doesn't give Creationism anything other than lip service. Hmmm, it took until the 1980's for the Vatican to formally apologize and say they were wrong for accusing Galileo of heresy, though.

Then, the magic moment: I hear that Pat Buchanan doesn't think he's descended from animals. The voice continues to drone on about how Evolution demeans the

human condition and that Pugnacious Pat's views were encouraging, but I hear no more. I have to pull over. I can't see the road very well through the tears and I'm shaking bad enough to be a threat to myself and others.

No. I was not touched by the hand of God and no, I am not born again. Quite to the contrary.

Purifying RAGE. That Goddam Nazi Pat Buchanan has come to represent, at least in my mind, the amassing darkness. A dark political spectre using words deemed holy to proselytize hate. Bastards! How dare you take a message of forgiveness and turn it into a weapon to cripple the minds and souls of people! Do you think this is what your prophet would have wanted?

(My hands shake while I write this. Time for a break, then I'll bring it all home for you.)

A friend and regular reader of GDT/Hell's Kitchen commented that she was talking to a guy from the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, and he was shocked that she read our material. He maintained that we are always taking pot shots at them.

Well, I went back through all the old issues and I found a total of three references to that illustrious group. Three references in nearly 60 issues. Not even full sentences. Clauses. Afterthoughts. Obviously this has to change.... Thanks for pointing that out, guy.

Yeah, GDT has lost its edge. We've become silly and whimsical (except for maybe "Jews" (Volume 4, Issue 10). We were so underwhelmed by the amount of mail from that one, that I had to make a separate folder so I couldn't put them (the letters, not the Jews, silly) in it.

Next week...I stop being polite. -Sean Hammond, co-editor and co-founder, GDT

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Grammar's Spindoctor:

Damn Pseudonym

ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S WORLD TOUR

WITH SPECIAL GUEST: PHILIP AND THE MACEDONIANS

356-323 B.C.E.



Thebes
 Granicus
 Ephesus
 Miletus
 Gordium
 Ancyra
 Tarsus
 Issus
 Antioch
 Tyre
 Egypt
 Alexandria
 Basis of Siwah
 Nisibis
 Arbela
 Babylon



Susa
 Persepolis
 Ecbatana
 Ragae
 Susia
 Alexandria
 Alexandria
 Nicaea
 Bactra
 The Orient
 Maracanda
 Alexandria
 Bucephala
 Alexandria
 Encore Performance in
 Babylon

EXTENDED STAY

CANCELED

CANCELED

CANCELED

SOLD OUT

SOLD OUT

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is a subsidiary of Hell's Kitchen and may be reached through our web site at:
diablo@csh.rit.edu

Or you can write us at: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre,
 472 French Rd., Rochester NY 14618

Random Facts:

A female pigeon won't lay an egg unless she can see another pigeon.

On May 5, 1776 a shower of black eggs fell on Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

-Guest writer: Sean Hammond

Martyr of the week



The **Martyr of the Week** for **Sept 29-Oct 5** is GDT's very own **Troy Liston**. Though it is undoubtedly the most popular weekly column in GDT, Troy hasn't received a single piece of fan mail for Martyr of the Week. Keeping with his interests, Troy has persevered and has, I daresay, earned the honor of Martyrdom for himself.

Help us keep the stories of sainthood and magnificence of martyrs coming. Send fan mail for Troy to diablo@csh.rit.edu.

-Sean T. Hammond



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 4

As Christian missionaries oozed their way into pagan lands, they faced a situation they hadn't encountered before. Mainly, what to do with the faeries. They simply did not fit into Christian cosmology. The founders of the Church had found ways very early on to deal with foreign gods: worship of pagan gods got you killed. As a reward, once people stopped worshipping the deities, the martyrs and saints were used to fill their vacume.

Faeries, however, represented a serious problem. Clearly not false gods, humans, or even angels, a category had to be found for them. This is the same problem Mohammed faced when his teachings started to spread. For him and his followers, the faeries became jinn. For Christians, faeries were linked to Lucifer and his demonic host.

Stories of incubi and succubi are probably the Christianized stories of faeries choosing human mates. Even the innumerable stories of saints being tempted by demons are probably encounters with faeries. Story after story recounts how a saint is approached by a stranger who offers to help plow a field/dig a well/clean a home. When the saint accepts, the job is done faster than any mortal could. Of course the saint would denounce them as a demon, and the faerie would be offended and leave.

There is even some question as to the spiritual nature of faeries. Thanks to Christian intervention, it is thought that faeries have no soul. This sentiment can be found immortalized in the story of the Little Mermaid; her self-sacrifice was even more poignant because upon her death, she would become nothing but foam on the sea.

The missionaries did make an accurate observation, regardless of their actions: No matter how human-like a faerie may appear, they are not human and are not bound by the same moral codes we use. While they demand respect from mortals, they are stereotyped as pranksters and even causing physical harm...sometimes death. Fickle as the weather, it is as though they know what a human should do, but can't quite figure out our motivations and thus never complete the illusion.

For the past four weeks, I've tried to introduce you to some basic ideas connected with faeries, but I'll be taking a break from writing while I search for an illustrator. I'd like to start talking about particular faeries and it would help to have some art work to go with them. If you're interested in helping out, or if there is a faerie related topic you'd like to see discussed here, drop me a line care of GDT or talk to me directly c/o: sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu

Gud'n Tenshuns

Honorary Members

Gud'n Tenshuns is a completely separate species. based on silicon rather than carbon. This life form is vaguely humanoid in shape. with all the appropriate vestigial limbs. They literally appear out of thin air in a particular spot. somewhere near Dayton. Ohio. whenever another unique "good intention" is performed in the world around us. Upon entering the world they fall to the ground. where they land on the very first Gud'n Tenshun of them all and then they proceed to run down the path that has been created by all of the subsequent Gud'n Tenshuns. Each new Gud'n Tenshun adds another stone onto this path that cuts its way through the landscape.

When Gud'n Tenshuns are still young, they have a more rounded appearance, which quickly begins to flatten out due to their initial soft silicon shell state. If you walk on them while they are still relatively young, you can amuse yourself by watching as you start smushing their faces and other body parts.

The Gud'n Tenshuns fit themselves together in this road much like people packed in sardine cans. still people-shaped. but also vaguely warped to fit around the person next to them.

*It is interesting to note that as you walk on the Gud'n Tenshuns, they never emit cries of pain: they merely quote from *Citè's Little Instruction Book*, mumbling such things as: "Remain open, flexible, curious." or "Surprise a new neighbor with one of your favorite homemade dishes - and include the recipe."*

There is an old saying that says, "the road to Hell is paved with Good Intentions." This is somewhat misleading. In all actuality the road that Gud'n Tenshuns make is very random in its wanderings, and it is continually growing. The road to Hell is paved with Gud'n Tenshuns, which has nothing to do with Gud'n Tenshuns' intentions, but the fact that Hell itself is the one moving around to always be in front of this road.



Volume 5 issue 5

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Gracies Dinnertime
Theatre

Kierke Guardian

"Mary Magdalene could do it...why can't I?"

Classes are in full swing and students are scurrying about like a bunch of ants on a road trip. More importantly, freshman who are away from home for the first time have begun to feel that inner emptiness associated with being separated from that guy, or girl, or rock, or tree, or family, or smell in the air that they grew up with ("I LOVE the smell of pulp mills in the morning!"). They feel alone, perhaps unsafe, and surrounded by subtle differences that can be as embarrassingly lethal as a duck attack.

Enter the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship (hereafter referred to in this document as "Those Smegging Gits"). Utilizing the Stockholm Syndrome, groups of this sort manage to attract and bind those who are searching for a social environment that will grant them a much needed sense of security and belonging. There's nothing wrong with that, except Those Smegging Gits are nothing but a weekly excuse to hide from the world by burying their noses in books and squawking to instrumental accompaniment. They™ attempt to dupe everyone by referring to themselves as a Christian group. Like any good investigative reporting staff, we sent our writers out into the field to see what they could find.

What is it that Those Smegging Gits do, besides "fellow"? Well, according to their web site, there are three major commitments:

- to build collegiate fellowships characterized by meaningful relationships
- to nurture one another in spiritual growth
- to impact (Collision course!) our campus with the gospel of Christ (Ascension Day!

Ascension Day! We're going down! Oh the lemnenity!)

Ok. For what I've seen, they've fulfilled their stated commitments, but what have Those Smegging Gits done in the way of Christian charity? Last time I checked, my good friend James (James Burke? God, I wish. No, it was that other guy. You know, in the *Bible*.) had this to say about religion (so I assume it applies to a Christian group):

"Pure religion and undefiled before God is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world."

-(James 1:27)

I can't remember the last time I saw a sign advertising, "I grow a good barn swallow, but my monkey keeps eating them," or for that matter, "The Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship is holding a canned food drive to help the needy." Hell, the fraternities and sororities have done more Christian-like activities.^Δ With Rush week approaching, the 'farts (oops, that's a typo) and 'sorties (I never could spell) have been letting the campus community know that they raised around \$14,000 for charities last year. Of course they have to do such activities to help stay the wrath of the people sick of late night parties and Rohypnol abuse. Nevertheless, it would appear that these pseudo-pagan socialites are more Christian in action than the religious groups on campus.[†]

Then again, maybe all the Christ-kissers just don't have as many opportunities to be do-gooders as they used to. Thanks to the New Deal, the role of caring for the poor and destitute has been usurped by the State. Where there once was tithing, there is now taxes. Where there

^Δ Actually, frats and bitch-houses are the pagan versions of nunneries and monasteries. They just have more wine, incest ("Hey Little Sister...do I have food in my unitooth?"), rape...well maybe not more. Those early Christians really knew how to swing, especially the popes and bishops. No wonder they didn't want priests to be married: no one you have to explain all those prostitutes to.

[†] Then again, perhaps it is simply a rare occurrence of Gelassenheit that is keeping the God Groups from advertising the fact that they spend every Saturday afternoon at the old subway tunnel giving away their earthly possessions and the evenings volunteering at AIDS clinics to give away free birth control and syringes. However, it's probably just good common sense that keeps them from advertising those Sunday evening jaunts to Red Barn for the late night formaldehyde parties.





**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

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continued from page 1...

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 2

were good samaritans, there are now disgruntled social workers, nurses, doctors, and food stamps. Student religious groups have been reduced to the role of cloistered monasteries in the Middle Ages: a group huddled in the dark as a defensive measure. They're not hiding from Huns, Visigoths, or Norsemen, though, They™ are digging in against the threat of Secular Humanism (that great formless demonic mass, taunting and evasive, although that could just be a touch of indigestion. I'm always getting the two confused).

All this could soon change thanks to the Christian Coalition and the Republican Party tag team (armed strictly with guns. You know, "Guns don't kill people, the veterans at the post office do."). With a massive federal deficit, it only makes sense that social programs will be the first to go. Of course the various churches around the country will take up the slack left in the absence of big brother's care. In a scheme fantastic in its long-rangedness, the federal deficit was intentionally run up during the Cold War for just this very situation. After the New Deal, the REAL leaders of the various American church franchises got together and formulated a plan to reinstitute their monopoly on charity. After years of scheming, they found their man for the job: Joseph McCarthy. Following the orders of church leaders, who in turn were drawing upon the vast resources and manuals remaining from the witch hunts, McCarthy made the American public so neurotic about communism that if their leaders had suggested cutting the defense budget, there would have been a civil war. Run the bill up as high as possible, and at just the right time, use the excuse of lowering the deficit to cut those horrible government-sponsored liberal social programs. Deviously clever, no? Back to task, though.

Those who attend church once a week and pass by the starving child on their way to worship are not Christian, though they can drink the wine and eat the bread with a clear conscience. To be Christian is more than accepting Jesus as the son of a manic-depressive god and being able to quote scripture.

To be Christian is not meant to be easy. It is to be an active choice. It involves personal sacrifice, not a glee club meeting every Friday night at 7pm. And don't give me that crap about putting your house in order. You can do more to help others by actually helping them than by trying to come to terms with your dislike for you uncle. So quit your fucking singing, put your special edition leather bound Bible on the shelf, and get in there and win one for the Jesus! Goooooovoo Smegging Gits!

A 100% Serious Editorial:

We are now half-way through Volume 5 of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, and I am being perfectly honest when I say that we are getting discouraged. The only letters of praise *or* hate that we have received came from a fan in Texas who stumbled upon our web site over the summer and an alumni who shares our distaste for the Reporter. I am reprinting them in the hopes that others may follow.

Maybe you didn't realize it, but the staff of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is composed of only volunteers. There is no payment, other than the feedback we receive. When we ask a survey, we really want responses: we do keep track and have a running tally, even if the questions seem silly. If we made a mistake, either in our facts or in our layout...tell us. We're not the Reporter. When we say we're willing to give away a free GD Tee shirt to anyone who can come up with a topic we can't write about, we mean it. And don't think someone else will write to us because, let me tell you, it's not happening.

We realize that this editorial is the literary equivalent of asking for a sympathy-fuck, but we need the support right now. Let us know what you think, for better or for worse.

-Editors and staff, GDT

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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre welcomes comments.

Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to diablo@csh.rit.edu or

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 417 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre reserves the right to reprint any letter without editing for clarity.



Well, I've returned from my self-imposed exile. That foray into the depths of my own soul, a time spent alone with only thoughts of autoerotic-asphyxiation and the Lord to keep me going. Let's get back on this crazy bandwagon called life and make fun of those who fell off (or were they pushed?!). Follow me again down the staircase and through the catacombs to the stench-ridden vaults that house the holiest of the holy, the Martyr of the Week. The MOW for **October 6-12** is **St Demetrius (October 8)**. Other saints of note this week include **St Denis (October 9)** (He picked up his head and walked 6 miles after being beheaded in Paris)) and **St Triduana (also October 8)** (Plucked out her own eyes (In the tradition of St Lucy) and gave them to a would-be suitor because he kept remarking on their beauty)).

St Demetrius was in reality a simple deacon who was martyred in Dalmatia (now Serbia) under Diocletian. His rather illustrious (if not illusory) military career, the reason he is so venerated, is fictitious. This "Megalomartyr" (as he is

known to the Greeks) is made out to be a warrior-saint in the same style as St George. He's invoked by the peoples of the Balkans in the endless skirmishes, rebellions and wars that have been fought against the Austrians, Hungarians, Slavs, Turks and, of course, as continues even today, each other. Oh well, I guess it's better to be remembered, even if it is for some half-assed concoction of a history based on the need for a region that hasn't had a rock-in-the-same-place-for-five-minutes-since-people-figured-out-you-could-throw-them attitude toward diplomacy. Pinch me if I sound jaded....

Editor's note: Last week when we went to pick up our illustrations, we found this note. We thought you might appreciate it.

KELLY, SEAN, OR WHOEVER IS PICKING UP THE ILLUSTRATIONS:

AS YOU CAN SEE, THEY ARE NOT HERE. I BURNED THEM. THEY WERE EVIL. YOU GUYS MAKE ME DRAW EVIL THINGS. AND THEY SCARE ME AT NIGHT....

Random Facts:

The *British Parliamentary Papers* (1800-1900) comes in 1,100 volumes, weighs 3.5 tons and costs \$65,000 per set.

There are only 500 copies in existence.

British Historian Thomas May (1595-1650) tried to hide his immense drooping chin by tying strips of cloth around his head to hold it up. Unfortunately, the cloth was not loose enough to allow him to swallow his food and died of choking/strangulation.

Only members of Congress are allowed to borrow books from (duh) the Library of Congress. Over 300,000 books have been missing for so long that they are considered stolen.

Righteousness

Mount: Crusade

Sword: "Excommunication"

Friends: Inquisition

Foes: agnostics

Strength: the meek

Charisma: 7

Agility: 110%

Favorite Quote: "You never ask questions when God's on your side."

Favorite Toys: guillotine. matches. black lists

Description: Righteousness looks like an Arabian desert bandit. In the background there is an pachyderm piled high with the various articles Righteousness has stolen. All around the background are the remnants of his conquests and toys: a bonfire with a witch. Some goose stepping brown-shirts offering allegiance. A guillotine. Burning books.





The Universe & Me: a d-i-m guide

"Life and Literature"

-Kelly Gunter

I'm in a slightly melancholy-tempered mood at the moment, so any readers are going to have to either put up with my more serious style or stop reading. You have been warned....

I suppose my greatest grievance with the world about is continuity; the truth between life and literature, or I suppose life and any part of what we consider society. Almost all things can be reduced to the story: history, goals, needs, any pop culture iconography, religion and all. It all boils down to a story. Everyday people sit down and attempt to write their stories, but life can never be too close to the real thing. Real life can never compare to the fraud of the story and what it has done to the people we all are. I know I'm being elusive, it seems I usually am, but read on, I promise to elucidate my musings.

I was spoon-fed all the fairy tales, television, movies old and new, the bible, and history, and I incorporated what was behind it all into myself. It is the make-up of a story that concerns me, all of its parts from the lofty lies of child-

hood fairy tales to dusted on truth of history, it all comes across in the same manner. A slowly-starting background and plot, building tensions towards a summit, after the climax an expedient resolution of various plot points, and finally denouement. Cut, end of story. You fold over the back cover of the book and everything is closed, until perhaps there is a sequel or World War I (Part II). The problem is that the idea of a story and all of its parts have infiltrated ordinary life so completely that each person is continually trying to weave that special story about themselves, but the problem is that the pieces so integral to the basis of a story can find no reflection of truth within the reality of our world.

Each day I find myself writing a story that is not mine and each night I discard the paper as empty. No matter how much plot, climax, and resolution can be found in any person's life, it can only upon occasion realize denouement and completion. No matter how many times a day, week, or year, the story cycle runs through your system it is hardly ever completed.

This is partly why many of today's icons are people who, either by accident or intention, found denouement. A completion to the story before it went to far: Marilyn Monroe, James Dean, Elvis Presley, and of course. even Jesus.

In the end, a story is just another way of bringing order into chaos, what man does best. Every human needs to have a plot, a reason, because once you pull the rug out from under them, they no longer have any idea what they're standing on. Religion is just a backdrop of a story older and greater than man, but about man. Every human needs a mission, goal, desire, or need; they need something to pursue to define themselves by, to occupy themselves long enough so they don't have to realize that they're sitting still.

Zen is the act of letting go of all pattern, all meaning and embracing nothing for nothing. Living not for, but living. So I try to sit, but the urge of storytelling is always there to distract. Strangely enough, the story of Real Life is closer to Dada performance than to any six o'clock news report.

Letters & Messages

Date: Mon, 29 Jul 1996

From: Kevin Patterson <kevinp@...net>

Dear Sir,

Bravo! This on line magazine is the most entertaining thing i have read in a very long time. I will be sure and bookmark the site and tell all my friends about it.

I found the articles witty and lovely satirical. I was even more impressed by the quotes used to accentuate the point being made. I am amazed that something this good has not been plastered all over the internet by now. You have found a new follower. I look forward to reading everything that you will put out in the future and i am saddened that not every site on the net can be as brilliant as this one.

Sincerely,

Kevin Patterson

Live and Learn and Pass It On:

A Critical Review

I've learned that if something falls out of ~~the freezer~~ ^{your ass} you should ~~close the door before bending down to pick it up~~ **stop PUTTING Twizzlers up There in The FIRST place!** -Age 18

I've learned that it makes me feel good to make a ~~grumpy store clerk~~ **bleeding virgin** smile. -Age 54

I've learned that no matter how old you get, you still ~~need birthday cake~~ **miss suckling your moTher's dugs** on your birthday. -Age 35

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Gracies Dinnertime
Theatre

Savages

"An Indian tribe is sovereign to the extent that the U.S. permits it to be sovereign."

-Federal District Judge Russell Smith, 1973

Greetings fellow settlers. One of my favorite times of year has dragged its scaly ass into the present again. That's right: Columbus Day is here. Modern historical revisionists have gone out of their way to inundate American society with the fact that Columbus didn't make the virgin continent bleed. Leif Erikson, St. Brendan, Madoc, Jerry Lewis, Jesus, heck, there's even evidence that the Phoenicians and

Egyptians stomped their little sandals on our amber waves of grain.[†] Regardless of who it was, they were all uncouth. It wasn't until the Europeans developed couthness (i.e. gunpowder) that they were able to fight off their red brothers. Time and again, prior to the "mini-iceage" that closed down the Greenland pop stand, the Vikings, with their ranks filled out with rock-chewing berserkers, were out-manuevered and out-gunned by the natives of Vinland.

In come the Europeans (version 7.5.5), outfitted with the newest in blunderbusses, smelling of royal ass-kissing, and generally being nasty to the natives (not that the natives weren't nasty, too); they brought the newest in pillaging technology to the Pillsbury Dough-boy world (Stab him in the gut and listen to him giggle. "Hee hee."). After a few years of digging in and fanning out, Shullushama of the Chickasaw summed it up by saying:

It has been a great many years since our white brethren came across the big waters and a great many of them has not got civilized yet; therefor we wish to be indulged in our savage state of life until we can have the same time to get civilized.... There is some of our white brethren as much savage as the Indian.

Well put. But imagine the blow to the European superiority complex when Sequoyah of the Cherokee sat down and created an alphabet for his people. Uneducated, speaking no English, and struggling against criticism from others in his tribe,^Δ Sequoyah finally settled upon 86 characters for his new syllabic system in 1821. Despite a great deal of initial resistance, the system suddenly caught on.

Within a year of its being proven to work before the Chiefs, entering a Cherokee village must have been like walking into the ghetto: every available surface was covered with the characters of the new system. Trees, sides of homes, fence posts, and bark were used as slate (writing was done with voles. Oh, you can do it...just apply a lot of pressure) as neighbor taught neighbor the basics of the nineteenth century's version of the information superhighway. Taking only a month for the average Cherokee to learn, 99% of the tribe was literate in their own language by 1827 when the tribe bought a printing press and began to print weekly issues of "The Cherokee Phoenix."

After years of the Great White Father insisting the natives should become more civilized, the minute they became civilized enough to potentially read what was being written about them, there had to be a crack down. Enter the U.S. Government (stage left), led by a whiz-bang of a guy, Andrew Jackson, defending its moral superiority. Heathens reading in their own language? Hell, no! Move 'um out!

After the dust had settled and the blood dried up, over four K of Cherokees were killed off in that little nature hike...mostly women, children, the elderly, and redheads. Comes from having only granola and diseased blankets to eat.

On the upside, historians have a great name to use ("Trail of Tears," silly) and a really catchy army drill cadence: **Ship those red de-mons out west**

and steal their fucking printing press!

Sound off!

One, Two!

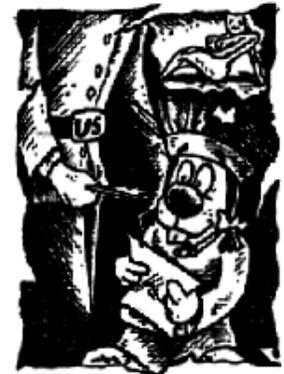
Sound off!

Three, Four!

Sound off!

One-Two!

Three-Four!



[†] The Cherry Plucker Prize goes to the Mayans, though. Hey, it's not who's first, but who does it best.

^ΔNot to mention a quasi-myth telling the story of how God had created the Indians and the Whites at the same time. The Indians, being the elders, were given a book. The Whites were the losers and had only bows and arrows. Because the Indians didn't know what to do with the book, their White brethren stole it when the Indians were looking at their bare feet after the Whites said, "Hey, your shoes are untied." Hence, the Whites' success at whipping up a good curry.

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After Dinner Mints: -Sean Hammond

Where I grew up, the loss of electrical power was a daily occurrence. The slightest breeze and WWRRRRrrrrrrrrrrr..... there goes the power. Now, this wasn't so bad; it prompted me at a very young age to have an active imagination and spend a lot of time outside tormenting Nature in all her glory. The one thing I could do without was having to reset all the digital clocks in the house. TVs, microwaves, stereos, VCRs: they all blinked in an asynchronous meter Stravinsky would have really grooved to.

Well, I want geosynchronous satellites over this planet, spaced at given intervals and all transmitting Greenwich Mean Time.† Then, I insist that all electrical appliances that have some sort of clock feature have a built-in receiver that automatically sets the time to GMT or Zulu time, depending on how obscure you want to be. All you'd have to do is have the dial on the underside of the device (oh, didn't I mention this?) set to what time zone you're in, and your clock would automatically set itself, damnit!

I suppose you could have the various time-keeping devices use the location system used to figure out where you are on the surface of the planet within a few yards...but that would be overkill.

† Actually, I just want one over *me*, but I'm willing to share.



**Fey
Denizen**
-Sean T. Hammond

Let's sit down together next to a warm camp fire, wait for the stars to appear through the holes in the forest's canopy, and talk about changelings.

The idea that human infants are sometimes exchanged with faeries is ancient. Found in many cultures across our world, it may simply reflect the dread of a child's inexplicable death. This fear of having a child spirited away into the Shadowlands remained strong even after Christianity was entrenched in the minds and morals of many cultures. The demon Lilith, Adam's first wife in Talmudic folklore, was said to murder sleeping infants, for she was cursed to never bare any offspring alive. I'd love to talk more about Lilith, but she'll have to wait for another time...

The accepted lore on changelings is that human children are stolen in order to invigorate the dwindling Tribes of the Moon with fresh, vigorous blood. Instead of such a "barn-yard breeding" approach, it may be the infusion of Man's creativity that is needed by the faeries.

The Faerie reasons for such heart-rending thefts may never be known or understood. What I can offer any prospective mothers reading are means of protecting your wee-one from the Gentry.

One of the most common means of safeguarding a child from faerie-snatching is through the use of names. many cultures feel that to know the true name of someone is to have power over them. This is partly the source for European "middle names" and may have played a role in the Church's granting a new name to individuals confirmed in the fold. To protect one's child, simply don't use their real name until they reach the age of five. By then, they should be safe.

The most obvious way to deter faeries is through the use of iron. Faeries abhor the base metal and simply placing an iron pan, or even a pin, under a child's bed will help protect them.

Sometimes, no matter the protective measure taken, a child will fail to thrive and waste away. At this point, the wizened creature in your child is a faerie, weakening the solid shell of the child to insure that it wouldn't be able to return. Fear not: there are means of exorcising those who have taken your child's essence. Unfortunately, the methods used can do a great deal of harm to a human infant. If worse comes to worse, here are some things to try:

- Fill the baby's room with smoke. Faeries dislike smoke and will be driven away by it.
- Let the baby smoke a pipe. Again, it's the smoke thing.
- Starve the faerie out.
- Threaten to prick the child with an iron needle. There's an interesting twist on this in Eastern Europe and Russia.
- There, a metal

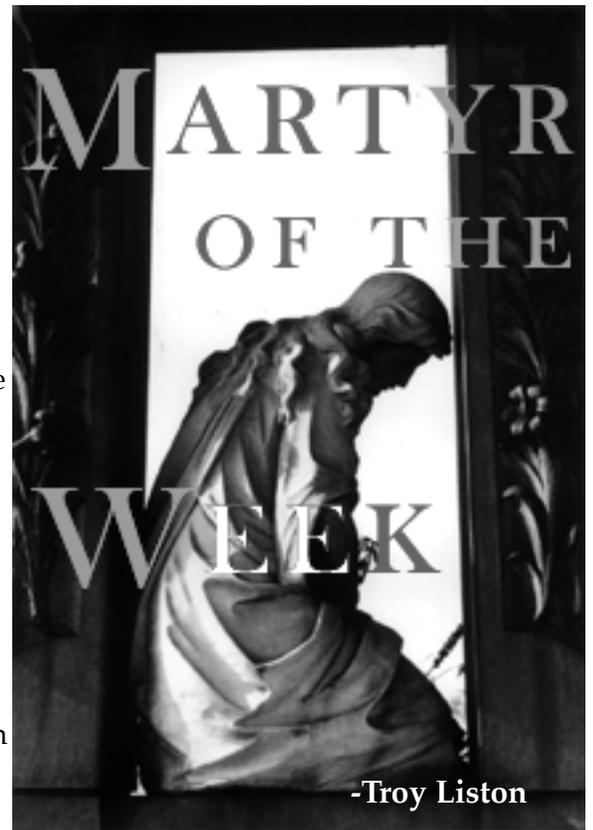
scythe is used in place of the needle.

- Throw the baby toward a fire.
- Put the baby on a shovel and hold it over a fire
- Make it sneeze three times in a row.
- Convince it to speak in its native tongue
- Don't let it eat any dairy products of greens. Only meat.

It's time to smoothen our little campfire. Go home. I'll tell you about faerie abductions next week.

Bow your heads and enter the sanctuary of the sanctified. Follow the sounds of the faithful departed to the shrine we so fondly call the **Martyr of the Week**. This week, **October 13-19**, we celebrate the death of our own magnificent seven, the **Jesuit Martyrs (October 19)**. These patrons of Canada were missionary priests who came to convert the heathens of the New World starting with the then "New France." These men in **blackrobes** (see the movie; If you think that your life seems to be on a downturn, watching this film will enlighten you to what a blissful existence you enjoy) managed to convert their first lost soul after a mere 29 years of proselytizing. By the time the Jesuits began to convert any substantial number of locals (the peaceful Hurons), the Iroquois Nation moved in and slaughtered everyone. Seven Jesuit priests were sent above in a variety of ways. The Iroquois were very resourceful: they flayed skin, dismembered limbs with sharpened mussel shells by removing them piece-by-piece at each joint, scalped, scalded, decapitated, burned and/or ate our brothers for the cause.

Other martyrs of note this week include **St Colman (October 13)** (A Scottish or Irish pilgrim who was mistakenly seized as a spy in Austria while on his way to Rome. His inability to speak German sealed his guilt in his captors' eyes and he was tortured on the rack and hanged.) and **St Luke, the Apostle (October 18)** (crucified with St Andrew at the ripe age of 84)).



Necessity

Mount: *More a flavor of the day.*

Charisma: *Fleeting and fades fast.*

Speed: *She takes flight in anger. and has a hair trigger.*

Dexterity: *Oh yes. for she loves her job.*

Beauty: *As fair as a siren's song. and twice as dangerous.*

Favorite Quote: *"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."*

Description: *Necessity is the mother of Invention. but also of Creativity and Ingenuity. three wee babes with too much time on their hands. The estranged fathers don't pay for child support. mostly because they fear Necessity may find them. Necessity is actually a member of that exclusive group of screaming harpies. known for vanquishing men's eternal souls to the far reaches of the Earth in utter torment. otherwise known as the Roman Furies. Thus we derive the phrase. "Driven by Necessity."*



Random Facts:

- When the Canarse Indians sold Manhattan to the Dutch, they sold the land owned by a different tribe.
- When the Spanish conquered the Incansic Empire, they took the potato back to Spain, but didn't know what to do with it. For over 100 years, instead of eating it, the Spanish used the flowers to decorate women's hair and men's jackets.
- In the Sierra Madre Occidental Mountains of Mexico are a group of Indians called the Tarahumaras. When they hunt deer, they run after their prey until the animal is exhausted and then they kill it.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre welcomes comments.

Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to diablo@csh.rit.edu or Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 417 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618



The Universe & Me: a d-i-m guide

"Walk in the Light" -Kelly Gunter

I was raised a Quaker, and that's had a profound influence over me since early childhood. I'm not what anyone might term religious by any sense, but I am excessively and eternally ethical. Putting aside the fact that I spent a great deal of time in Middle School and beyond trying to comprehend the insistence of my colleagues that, despite all the physical evidence, I say thee and thou all the time, I dress exclusively in black, I wear those silly hats, and I bake a damn fine oatmeal cookie. One of my associates was even under the impression that I couldn't possibly comprehend electricity; I'm afraid I only reaffirmed this conviction when I said, "What, you mean yon fluorescent banks are not even the eyes of heaven?" Us backward Friends couldn't have believed that fluorescent lights are an act of God; if they are, he's got one hell of a blinking problem. Such is the way of the world, and seventh graders are damned gullible.

As of more recently, one of my philosophy teachers contended that I did not truly know my childhood religion well, for I seemed not to realize the central importance to Quakers of the idea of "the Light." I guessed the guy probably couldn't tell a good metaphor when he saw one. The Light is not like some silly flash bulb caught in your throat, but it refers to the spirit and the soul of every being, that every man is capable of finding truth and grace, no matter what their position or beliefs. I was taught that seeking the truth in my own life was the most important thing, and that my truth did not necessarily have

to be the same as anyone else's. From the way I was taught, the Light was a search for truth.

One of the songs I remember most fondly from my childhood started by saying:

*"There's a light that is shining in the heart of a man,
it's the light that was shining when the world began.
There's a light that is shining in the Turk and the Jew,
and a light that is shining Friend in me and in you"*

For me this declared that each human was right in their own path as long as it is what they choose for themselves. The song later went on to say that the truth is more holy than the Bible. I was taught by a religion based in Christianity that if I could not find my truth in the Bible, I should look somewhere else. Most importantly, I discovered in this journey to respect the ideology of others as long as they have enough courtesy to respect that of others. I have to admit, I still have no space for the righteous.

In its past GDT has made more than enough jibes at various religions, but we tend to like to make fun of the hypocrisies we find within them. We're not here to poke fun at any particular person, unless they poke fun at themselves first by becoming the self-professed conscience of America. Besides, if we dish it out, we've got to be able to take it; give me your best shot, I can handle it.

There are people around the RIT campus who are under the impression that I was raised by wolves. If you think you can top that I entreat you to try.

Live and Learn and Pass It On:

A Critical Review

I've learned that you can fall in love in an instant. It's ~~letting go~~ that takes time.
penetrating -Age 24

I've learned that when a ~~girl~~ **schoolmate** keeps on teasing you and says she doesn't like you and bugs you all the time, she ~~really likes you~~ **is sleeping with your father.** -Age 8

I've learned that it's easier to listen to my heart rather than my head, but often it is more painful.
-Age 19

Anyone stupid enough To be Talking To Their internal organs deserves what They get.

Thanks to Troy and the Gang.
Special Thanks to Damn for the de-rimming

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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is still looking for writers and contributors!
Join the staff of the publication that started it all.
Contact diablo@csh.rit.edu for details



Attention U of R Students and Faculty
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Nostalgia

"If everything seems to go right, check your zipper."

When was the day? It certainly wasn't Thursday, July 4, 4004 BC, regardless what Ralph Reed of the Christian Coalition would have you believe. I've heard about that fabled day countless times, and boy, everything great that ever happened, happened that day. People were friends and hung out together. The air was clear, water was sweet, and mothers made apple pie instead of being beatup by the guy they're dating. Cars were big and got only 5 miles to the gallon, but

that was ok, because money was good, and there was freedom: sweet, horrible freedom.

It must have been a really amazing day, because you hear the temporally disadvantaged talk about it all the time. They might not remember to unzip their flies, but they remember that day; it's all they talk about.

"Back in my day...ramble, ramble, candybars 10¢ and as big as my arm, Babel, Babel†(the slow and steady beat of a death rattle on the edge of some lively latino dance song, 'Cha, Cha, Cha!')." Summer employment for most is nothing but exposure to those defeated souls in dead end jobs who tell you how things were better, "You know, back in the day." The days of wine and roses? Day of the dead? The day after?

Where the hell was I that day. Probably just a gleam in my father's eyes. Man, I missed everything. And it only lasted one day?

Old theatres were in their prime back in their day. It has been said that Liz Taylor and Richard Burton were the Tom and Roseanne of their day. Does that mean that each person has his own day? Martin Luther King gets a day annually and he has been dead for years. Where's mine? Do I have to die violently first. The flag gets as many days as Jesus, whose only claim to fame was being nailed to a tree by the Romans for saying we should be nice to one another, and no one burns Him in protest or sews Him onto the seat of their Levis.

They say each dog has his or her day. What day is that? I've looked at a number of calanders and haven't found that particular day anywhere. What about other animals? Punxsutawney Phil get's a day, but who really cares? I want National Manatee Day. What about armadillos, it seems only fair since they can get leprosy. There could be huge games with teams of enthusiastic revelers kicking a lucky armadillo through stone rings. The losers get sacrificed in the tradition of all truly great sporting events (well, at least Mayan ones).

More importantly, how do you know when you have had your own day? Smashing Pumpkins knew.

That day was the greatest... It seems to me that most people know when "the day" occurred, only after its passed. The old codgers and young wash-ups[∞] going on about the past have been angry ever since it slipped through their arthritic fingers. Maybe it is simply a syndrom of realizing there are more in one's past than in one's future. It can come as a great blow to the psyche, resulting in mid-life crisis, bungy-jumping grandmas (loosing their false teeth which plummet to the ground and kill some innocent teen complaining about how bored they are), and the desperate attempt to make the past seem more joyous than it was.

I hope my day hasn't passed, cause if I missed it what can I reminisce about when I'm toothless and am surrounded by family that have to humor me just to make sure I include them in my will?Δ I have no idea what day everything happened to everyone else. I don't really care either. Nostalgia's a thing of the past, and maybe that's what makes it so special; no one can change it or take it away from you. So . . . carpe diem (when it comes); its the only one you get.

†Yes, this is an obscure reference that doesn't really apply to this article. Don't hurt yourself too much in trying to figure it out. It's innocoulous.

[∞]"Yeah, remember back in '76 when I hit that home run and we won the regional championship?"
"No. I will not facilitate your attempt to recapture your Glory Days. Go to bed old man."

ΔWon't they be surprised when they discover that the only thing I left them was 6 meters of rope...on the condition that they use it to hang themselves. Hopefully they'll know enough to use one of the higher light fixtures.





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Squats with Red Ink:

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Letters to GDT:

Date: Thu, 10 Oct 1996

Subject: Feedback

Dear sir,

I would like to say that for volunteers that do this in their free time, and whose only reward is a heaping tablespoon of indifference, you all do a phenomenal job, and I sincerely hope you will continue the good work. In general I enjoy your publication, but due to your request for feedback, I decided to discuss a few things with you. Please hold on to the bar...

The recent editorials have made me wonder if Sean is not, in fact, a closet christian. It seemed that his editorials had a very christian message, if a somewhat hostile tone. Sean, you know how to contact me, I would be glad to discuss this at your leisure if you like. However, some points were not effectively made it seemed to me. The first editorial in question was titled "Its been nice, but I have to scream now." Or something similar to that. That seemed like a rant, plain and simple. Which is fine, and taken for what it is, quite effective. However, the following editorial seemed like it was intended to be a calculated attack on the intervarsity christian fellowship. I personally endorse such attacks, but at times in the editorial you ranted, and it took away from the effectiveness of your point. The rest of your publication I have a limited commentary on, with one exception. I will deal with that exception in a moment. In general I enjoy Martyr of the Week, although I am not always certain of the point of it. On second thought, I am a little impatient, I think I will jump to my exception now.

The culinary critic I find to be an unsightly blemish on an otherwise quality publication. I have three main complaints with this feature. First, it is a miserable job of criticism or review. Secondly, it involves far too many inside jokes, and thirdly, the author generally irritates me with his style and pretentiousness. His reviews tend to be an opinion-fest with no real insight or commentary. He rarely has a justification for the things he says, he simply states that something sucks, and leaves it at that. Which leaves the reader wondering why it sucks. In addition, his inside jokes are irrelevant to the subject at hand, and occasionally just plain stupid. My example for this is his comment "Sean's gonna get mean! Oh no! Tiny tot terror!" First, to somebody who doesn't know Sean personally, that makes little sense. Second, it implies that short people can't be mean, can't have valid points, and can't be angry. Which is just plain stupid. And for my final point, the author hides behind the title of Damn Pseudonym. Admittedly, if I had written this, I might not want to put my name to it either. However, he should be willing to put his name by his words, and take the responsibility of them. The pseudonym, in my mind, shows a lack of integrity, and is contemptible. I have more to say about the culinary critic, but I think I will save it for later commentary.

Let me wrap this up with the main thing that I wanted to say. Thank you for producing this publication, and I sincerely hope you will keep up the good work. Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,
Kevin Eckles

Editorial Note:

Actually, the reason that our grammar checker and Culinary Critic's name is usually printed up as "Damn Pseudonym" is entirely the fault of the head editorial staff. We've been calling him Damn all along, and for his own reasons he does not wish his real persona to be implicated as part of our publication, but that's his business.

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The Universe & Me: a d-i-m guide

"Ask a stupid question..." -Kelly Gunter

Okay everyone, pay attention, because this is the one and only time you're going to be able to read this. These are some of the answers to several of your questions about me. But first, an introduction:

A friend of mine informed me quite recently that according to an acquaintance of his, the campus in general has come to the conclusion that I am under the impression I can float. She was just asking my friend to see if this was in fact the case. So apparently I am now living with the delusion that my feet somehow don't touch the ground? Is that it?

As funny an idea as that is, I'm afraid it doesn't fly, and ironically enough, neither do I. Understand that if I truly thought I could float, I probably wouldn't be gyrating my limbs in a feeble attempt at locomotion. Besides, whether I am deluding myself or not, how would I be able to explain away shards of glass that become engrained in my soles, or bits of gravel, stubbing my toe, or more importantly, callouses you could sand most oak furniture with?



-Sean T. Hammond

As I sit before my computer terminal in the early hours of the morning, listening to the soundtrack to "Edward Scissorhands" (mood-music), I think the time has come to share the concept that got me thinking about starting this column in the first place. Let's talk about one of the more disturbing (and also one of the more appealing) aspects of human/faerie relations: entrapment.

Faerie lore is filled with tales of mortals who have, either willingly or through subterfuge, been lured into the land of Faerie for an extended period of time. Nearly always, the human in question is extraordinary in some respect, usually in the arts. Poets, dancers, singers, and the beautiful of our race are like flares in the dark to faeries. And like moths to a flame, they can not help but be drawn...and claim what they want. The motivations of the faeries are undoubtedly tied with their possible dependency upon human creativity. Many humans and faeries are the result of the interbreeding between our two tribes, sometimes willingly, other times not. In many cases, humans were able to return to our world after what may have been a short period of time within Faerie, only to discover that days, years, or even centuries have passed within our world.

I'm hopeful that anyone who watches "X-files" regularly has picked up on the pattern I have presented here. Abductions by unknown (possibly unknowable) entities, interbreeding, time dilation.... Folks, the now trendy stories of alien abduction could easily be tales of faerie entrapment influenced by a different world view.

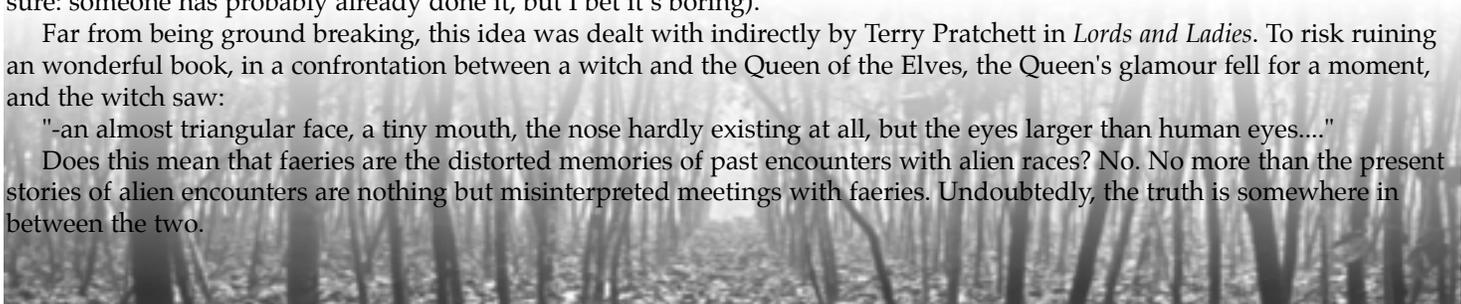
Faeries, being creatures of little physical substance, must cloth themselves in the perceptions of those that they meet. As the mechanistic technology of humans advanced, faeries were forced to cloth them selves in our hopes and fears. Still, the nature of faeries has remained them same.

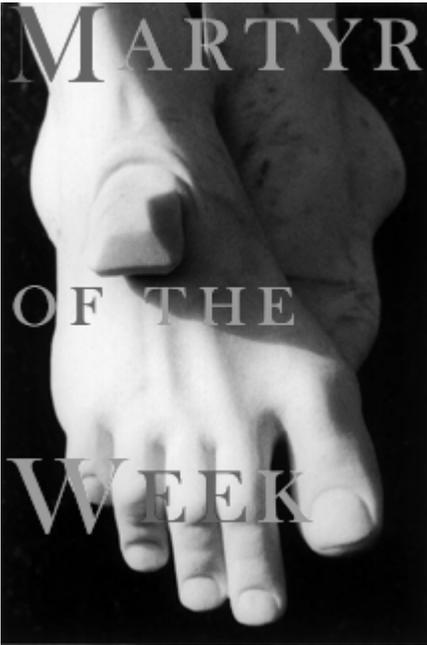
The description of "greys" and some types of faeries is striking in its similarity: diminutive in height, over-large eyes, slight or non-existent nose, triangular face, greyish skin tones. The Nordic "blondes" that are also sometimes reported could easily describe any of the more human-like trooping faeries (particularly the Tuatha de Danann). And the reoccurring warnings about environmental damage would be consistent with a race so closely tied to the natural world (Although I could do an entire sociological/psychological paper on drawing the connection between the phenomena, I do not have the time or space. If you ask, I will point you in the direction of some literature that you might find interesting. Alternately, if you want to pay for me to do the research and write a wonderfully entertaining book on the topic, let me know and we'll talk. Oh, sure: someone has probably already done it, but I bet it's boring).

Far from being ground breaking, this idea was dealt with indirectly by Terry Pratchett in *Lords and Ladies*. To risk ruining an wonderful book, in a confrontation between a witch and the Queen of the Elves, the Queen's glamour fell for a moment, and the witch saw:

"-an almost triangular face, a tiny mouth, the nose hardly existing at all, but the eyes larger than human eyes...."

Does this mean that faeries are the distorted memories of past encounters with alien races? No. No more than the present stories of alien encounters are nothing but misinterpreted meetings with faeries. Undoubtedly, the truth is somewhere in between the two.





Welcome worshippers at the altar of the divinely ordained. Once more we pass over the threshold onto the hallowed ground that is the Martyr of the Week. This week, **October 20 -26**, we remember our sister **St Margaret Clitherow (October 21)**. England in the 16th century was not the best place to be a Catholic. Margaret converted to Catholicism after her marriage to John Clitherow and took up residence in York. She was imprisoned for two years because of her faith, and when released provided her home as a refuge for priests. For this offense she was again arrested and this time condemned to death by pressing for refusing to enter a plea. If you are unfamiliar with this type of torture, let me elucidate. It's really very simple. The subject is tied down or shackled to the ground; A large wooden plank is placed on top of the individual; Weights (usually large stones) are then placed on top of the plank until the subject is pressed into confession. Those being tortured usually died from suffocation.

Other saints of note this week are **St Ursula (also October 21)** martyred with 11,000 virgins at Cologne by the Huns, **The Ursuline Nuns (October 23)** martyred in 1794 in France for reopening their school after the revolutionaries forbade them and **St Nmad (October 25)** had his eyelids cut off, ears cropped and tongue removed (through the back of his head!) for purportedly spouting heresy and lies against a superior of another order, the brothers of the Celibate Wounds. Gives new meaning to *torn into by liars!*

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Illustrious Staff of
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**GDT: Don't touch me there! Don't
ever touch me!**
Contact GDT via our web site at:
diablo@csh.rit.edu
or you can write to: GDT Headquarters
472 French Rd.
Rochester NY, 14618

Nostalgia
Mount: Reminisce
Charisma: 7.5
Strength: Tall Tales
Agility: not what it used to be.
Friends: the past
Foes: the future
Favorite Quote: "Back in my day..."
Description: He's a nice old codger, kind of teary eyed and runny nosed. He is perpetually looking behind him as if searching for something or someone. The slightest thing can start him off. "You know that reminds me of the time...". The man is oblivious to anything that might be going on around him. Someone could be pumping a dozen rounds into his leg and Nostalgia will still be talking about a pair of gloves he owned twenty years before. He doesn't address himself to anyone, as long as he can replay his glory days for the rest of his days.



**Live and Learn
and Pass It On:**
Mom Week

I've learned that the key to success is selling my mom's ~~chocolate~~ *To anyone* ~~chip cookies.~~

-Age 11

I've learned that whenever you have an appointment for a repairman at 9:00 A.M., you are lucky if you ~~see~~ *him are done gang* ~~raping him and his~~ *mom* by 4:00 P.M.

-Age 65



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To: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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A critical review

I've learned that receiving homemade ~~Valentines~~ ^{Vaccines} is much better than receiving ~~store bought ones.~~

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-Age 26

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Assimilation

Mount: Multiculturalism

Friends: Dr. Brenner

Foes: Individuality

Agility: It's like walking on eggshells with yourself.

Dexterity: Student of everything, master of none.

Favorite Quote: "So close to homemade, but no lumps!"

Description: Assimilation is the original side show freak. He's got the colors of every race grafted onto his skin as well as superfluous limbs and other miscellaneous body parts. Like the contents of any great melting pot, some of the ingredients have higher melting points, and some have lower. So in the end the contents of the pot remain such that some of the cultures involved become just burnt residues of their former glory, while other societies barely thaw at all. There is no perfect convection; even the sky has clouds.



Dear concerned observer,

Regardless of the myth of Greenwich Standard time, here it is. All of the various time zones meet at the north pole (They don't meet at the south pole, because there are none but international scientists who can enjoy it down there, and nobody wants to think about what international scientists find fun.).

Imagine, if you will, that you live in a house built upon the cross-section of all the time zones (this is a very basic precept for our modern-day understanding of time travel). There, time not only flies when you're having fun, but also when you go to retrieve the mail. The possibilities are endless, as well as proving Einstein's Theory of Relativity both correct and incorrect. You see, if you were suddenly to leave your significant other sitting in the living room and go outside and walk around the

- A CONCERNED OBSERVER

house three times, you would return to the S.O.'s location exactly three days in either the future or their past, and because time is relative to the observer, the significant one would still be in the living room waiting (at this point you would have an exceedingly good case to plea jet lag). So, dependent strictly on the direction you travel, clockwise or widdershins, you can either travel into the future or the past. Incidentally, this happens to be one of Santa's trade secrets.

The next time someone tells you that you'll never get anywhere running in circles, just tell them that that depends entirely on where you are and how large those circles are.

-BFG

Any questions, queries, or comments for BFG may be e-mailed to: diablo@csh.rit.edu



-Sean T. Hammond

Each year around this time, various iron-reinforced Christians distribute pamphlets expounding on the inherent evil of Samhain (Halloween to all you's lack'n in ed-u-ka-shun). Well, this week's installment is dedicated to the holiday of Samhain and helping to debunk some of the Church propaganda.

Common knowledge is that Halloween began as a pagan Celtic (pronounced "kel-tik") celebration honoring the Lord of the Dead, i.e., Lucifer. Unfortunately, this has no basis in fact. The first reference to the Lord of the Dead in relation to Samhain was made in "Collectanea de Rebus Habernicis" (circa 1770's) by Col. Vallency. Where he got his information is a mystery....

The long and short of it is that Samhain (pronounced "sa-wain") was the Celtic new year. Starting at sundown on October 31st, the pagan feast lasted until nightfall of November 1st and marked the beginning of winter. Any crops left in the fields after the 31st of October were claimed by marauding groups of faeries called Phookas. Attempting to harvest anything after Samhain invokes the wrath of these spiteful faeries, who have been known to kill cattle. Cows found mysteriously dead in rural parts of Ireland are said to have been "pooked."

Within in our own culture, revelers make a large amount of noise as the new year approaches in an attempt to scare evil spirits and trap them in the old year. For the Celts of the British Isles, the new year marked a dangerous time. On the long night of Samhain, the Sidh (the border between our world and that of Faerie) dissolves, allowing faeries, spirits of the dead, and divinity to enter our realm. Alternately, many unwary mortals have crossed into Faerie and been trapped when the Sidh reformed. My advice is that if you go out on the 31st, be kind to traveling strangers.

When the Romans invaded and conquered England in 43 n.z.d., they introduced the celebration of Feralia. In honor of Pomona, the Goddess of fruit trees, it was held on November 1st. Eventually Feralia and Samhain intertwined. The party game of bobbing for apples comes from the celebration of Feralia.

Later, when Christianity became the dominant force in Northern Europe, Pope Boniface IV created All Saint's Day to replace the pagan celebration of Beltain. Celebrated on May 13th, Hallowmas, as it was called, was meant to honor all saints known and unknown. Later, in 835 n.d.z., Pope Gregory moved Hallowmas to November 1st to replace both Samhain and Feralia. The night of October 31st was called "Hallow's Even" ("Holy Evening"), and was eventually shortened to Hallow e'en.

As for jack o' lanterns, the story is all in the name: Jack of the Lantern. According to an Irish folk story, a cruel miser named Jack tricked Lucifer into climbing an appletree. While treed, Jack carved a cross in the trunk, trapping the Fallen Angel. After Lucifer promised not to claim Jack's soul at his death, Jack helped Him down.

Upon Jack's death, he was turned away from Heaven because of his cruelty in life. When Jack attempted to enter Hell, Lucifer, a being of His word, refused to claim his soul. When Jack asked where he was to go, Lucifer replied, "Return from where you came," throwing an ember from Hell to Jack. Jack took a turnip, carved it out, and placed the eternally burning ember into it to light his way. Now, he is cursed to eternally wander the earth.

Enjoy the new year, fellow faeriephiles. Be safe in your nocturnal journeys.



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Agility: It's like walking on eggshells with yourself.

Dexterity: Student of everything, master of none.

Favorite Quote: "So close to homemade, but no lumps!"

Description: Assimilation is the original side show freak. He's got the colors of every race grafted onto his skin as well as superfluous limbs and other miscellaneous body parts. Like the contents of any great melting pot, some of the ingredients have higher melting points, and some have lower. So in the end the contents of the pot remain such that some of the cultures involved become just burnt residues of their former glory, while other societies barely thaw at all. There is no perfect convection; even the sky has clouds.



Dear concerned observer,

Regardless of the myth of Greenwich Standard time, here it is. All of the various time zones meet at the north pole (They don't meet at the south pole, because there are none but international scientists who can enjoy it down there, and nobody wants to think about what international scientists find fun.).

Imagine, if you will, that you live in a house built upon the cross-section of all the time zones (this is a very basic precept for our modern-day understanding of time travel). There, time not only flies when you're having fun, but also when you go to retrieve the mail. The possibilities are endless, as well as proving Einstein's Theory of Relativity both correct and incorrect. You see, if you were suddenly to leave your significant other sitting in the living room and go outside and walk around the

- A CONCERNED OBSERVER

house three times, you would return to the S.O.'s location exactly three days in either the future or their past, and because time is relative to the observer, the significant one would still be in the living room waiting (at this point you would have an exceedingly good case to plea jet lag). So, dependent strictly on the direction you travel, clockwise or widdershins, you can either travel into the future or the past. Incidentally, this happens to be one of Santa's trade secrets.

The next time someone tells you that you'll never get anywhere running in circles, just tell them that that depends entirely on where you are and how large those circles are.

-BFG

Any questions, queries, or comments for BFG may be e-mailed to: diablo@cs.h.rit.edu



-Sean T. Hammond

Each year around this time, various iron-reinforced Christians distribute pamphlets expounding on the inherent evil of Samhain (Halloween to all you's lack'n in ed-u-ka-shun). Well, this week's installment is dedicated to the holiday of Samhain and helping to debunk some of the Church propaganda.

Common knowledge is that Halloween began as a pagan Celtic (pronounced "kel-tik") celebration honoring the Lord of the Dead, i.e., Lucifer. Unfortunately, this has no basis in fact. The first reference to the Lord of the Dead in relation to Samhain was made in "Collectanea de Rebus Habernicis" (circa 1770's) by Col. Vallency. Where he got his information is a mystery....

The long and short of it is that Samhain (pronounced "sa-wain") was the Celtic new year. Starting at sundown on October 31st, the pagan feast lasted until nightfall of November 1st and marked the beginning of winter. Any crops left in the fields after the 31st of October were claimed by marauding groups of faeries called Phookas. Attempting to harvest anything after Samhain invokes the wrath of these spiteful faeries, who have been known to kill cattle. Cows found mysteriously dead in rural parts of Ireland are said to have been "pooked."

Within in our own culture, revelers make a large amount of noise as the new year approaches in an attempt to scare evil spirits and trap them in the old year. For the Celts of the British Isles, the new year marked a dangerous time. On the long night of Samhain, the Sidh (the border between our world and that of Faerie) dissolves, allowing faeries, spirits of the dead, and divinity to enter our realm. Alternately, many unwary mortals have crossed into Faerie and been trapped when the Sidh reformed. My advice is that if you go out on the 31st, be kind to traveling strangers.

When the Romans invaded and conquered England in 43 n.z.d., they introduced the celebration of Feralia. In honor of Pomona, the Goddess of fruit trees, it was held on November 1st. Eventually Feralia and Samhain intertwined. The party game of bobbing for apples comes from the celebration of Feralia.

Later, when Christianity became the dominant force in Northern Europe, Pope Boniface IV created All Saint's Day to replace the pagan celebration of Beltain. Celebrated on May 13th, Hallowmas, as it was called, was meant to honor all saints known and unknown. Later, in 835 n.d.z., Pope Gregory moved Hallowmas to November 1st to replace both Samhain and Feralia. The night of October 31st was called "Hallow's Even" ("Holy Evening"), and was eventually shortened to Hallow e'en.

As for jack o' lanterns, the story is all in the name: Jack of the Lantern. According to an Irish folk story, a cruel miser named Jack tricked Lucifer into climbing an appletree. While treed, Jack carved a cross in the trunk, trapping the Fallen Angel. After Lucifer promised not to claim Jack's soul at his death, Jack helped Him down.

Upon Jack's death, he was turned away from Heaven because of his cruelty in life. When Jack attempted to enter Hell, Lucifer, a being of His word, refused to claim his soul. When Jack asked where he was to go, Lucifer replied, "Return from where you came," throwing an ember from Hell to Jack. Jack took a turnip, carved it out, and placed the eternally burning ember into it to light his way. Now, he is cursed to eternally wander the earth.

Enjoy the new year, fellow faeriephiles. Be safe in your nocturnal journeys.



Gracies Dinnertime
Theatre

Tang

"I think you guys are beating 'Midgets' to death."
"Yeah, but what isn't funny about beating Midgets?"

Picture, if you will, the Oompa Loompa's wild state. Huge tribes of Oompa Loompas turning the ground orange with their presence.[†] Eventually, Watusi hunters discovered the Oompa Loompa hidden valley of bliss during the Watusi Age of Discovery (52 BT). After decades of cooperation, the two dissimilar tribes had reached a symbiosis that few other human populations have enjoyed^f. The Watusi would thatch the roofs of the Oompa Loompa homes, while the Oompas put in duty as pest control, provided the spit for building homes (like a wasp, dummy), and were the unit of measure.[≈] In hindsight, the Watusi actually were the ones getting the better deal, but if you were 2.5 meters tall and had to deal with a bunch of orange guys that were 1 meter, who would get the better deal?

As with all Golden Ages, this euphoric life of rodent catching and roof thatching couldn't last. It ended quite innocently: two Watusi walking side by side ran into a Oompa Loompa, the short little guy got caught up in their knees, and

POP!

Suddenly the air was filled with orange dust. The Watusi, instinctively knowing that Something Had Happened, stood their ground as the fines filled the air. Almost against their will, the towering tribesmen began licking the air, savoring the sweet, orange ambrosia. All activity in the village stopped as the Oompa Loompas present saw what had happened, and the two Watusi eyed each other knowingly (Nudge, nudge. Wink, wink).

In one of those memorable moments when simple $1+1=2$, $a^2+b^2=c^2$, Oompa loompa + mauling speed = yum, the larger of the two giants calmly walked up to a cowering Oompa Loompa and clobbered him over the head.

POP!

"Tang!"[§] shouted the excited Tribesmen inbetween excited licks.

Tang. You remember it: the astronauts drink it. High in vitamins, all your essential nutrients, the damn stuff is like a Schmoo, or more specifically, like a discorporated Oompa loompa. (On the downside, you have to deal with the toxic orange dye. Warning: Not to be used by children under 6 years of age unless recommended by a dentist or physician. If more than 3 metered doses (1 oz.) are actually swallowed, give several glasses of milk and contact a physician for further advice. Do not get on carpets, clothing, or counters.)

Thus began the genocide of the Oompa Loompas. After all, they didn't make really good units of measure, and they are pretty tasty.

If it wasn't for the imperialism of the Europeans, filling every crack and crevice with their need to Christianize, homogenize, and pulverize everyone, the Oompa loompa-

[†] Prior to the arrival of Europeans, Oompa Loompa herds could cover whole countries of what is now Africa. Given, they were small countries, but it's still pretty impressive.

^f Except for the Christians and Romans. You see, without the Christians, the Romans would have been shit out of luck when it came to entertainment. As for the Christians...well, where would they have gotten their concept of persecution and learned all the nasty things to do to Mother God worshippers of the Middle Ages?

[≈] Ironically, the Watusi unit of measure, the Loompa, is equal to one meter. Funny old world, isn't it.

[§] "Tang," in the native language of the Watusi, means : "sweet tasting, squashed orange midget, which we can all stand around and taste by simply licking the air." Just another example of words that don't translate well...kind of like the Japanese Computer company, Wang. Someone should have warned them....



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would be as lost as most of those tribes of Israel. The grandfather of the infamous Willy Wonka first happened upon the diminished tribe in the 1870's; offering to relocate them to the United States in return for their assistance in a factory he wanted to build, they eagerly accepted.

Just another bunch of slaves, bound for the new world.

Now, generations after being rescued from powdered oblivion, the luckless orange ones reside in Willy Wonka's Concentration Camp: the world of Dairy Queen gone horribly wrong. Where's the ACLU when you need them? Orange midgets forced to work and live in a windowless factory for a tyrannical, yet lovable, loon. Forced to sing and work, probably under the influence of random hallucinogens (What other boss do you know of that encourages workers to lick the wallpaper? I guess it's better than licking the air.) without compensation. Talk about a civil rights violation! It's not hard to figure out that the Oompa Loompa songs are in reality a sizable repetoir of spirituals, possibly with coded messages revealing the whereabouts of the Secret Oompa Loompa Underground Railroad.

Thanks to our resident anthropologist, we have obtained a copy of one of the Oompa Loompa spirituals and analyzed it.

Oompa Loompa, doompadee doo	→	THE SONG IS A RIDDLE
We have a perfect puzzle for you.	→	
Oompa Loompa, doompadee dee	→	LOOK, BUDDY! YOU WANT TO
If you are wise you will listen me.	→	GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS
What do you get when you guzzle down	→	PLACE? LISTEN UP!
sweets,		
Eating as much as an elephant eats?		
What are you at getting terribly fat?		
What do you think will come of that?		ONLY ONE WHO IS SKINNY CAN
I don't like the look of it.	→	ESCAPE
Oompa Loompa, doompadee dah		
If you're not greedy you will go far.	→	IT IS POSSIBLE TO ESCAPE
You will live in happiness too	→	AND LIVE AWAY FROM THESE
Like the Oompa Loompa doompadee do.		FREAKISH GIANTS
Doompadee do.		

The escape route from Willy Wonka's Sweat Shop is only through the chocolate river and up the outlet tube! Anyone too fat would end up getting stuck and burst into powder from the buildup in pressure. Bad for the Oompa loompa, good for the chocolate. All those who have seen the documentary, think back to when that young boy fell into the river and got lodged in one of the outflow pipes. The looks on the faces of the Oompa Loompas was that of fear. "What if the Massa finds out about our escape route?" Luckily, he sent only Oompa Loompas to retrieve the luckless child.

At the chocolate factory, however, the horror never stops: when the Oompa loompa reach such an age that they can no longer withstand the backbreaking labor forced upon them, they are "retired." It is said that the Oompa Loompas who have worked hard their whole life spend the end of their days in a rest home within the factory.

But.

No one has ever seen seen this fabled home. Those poor souls are herded into the extensive Tang works like horses to a glue factory. Employing the descendants of the Watusi that immigrated to the United States to mash the elderly into uncut Tang, Willy Wonka continues traditions of hatred and regulated genocide.

Please, write your local Congressman. Help Sally Struthers save the poor Oompa.... Oh, fuck 'em. Kill all the orange freaks! Great heaps of Tang for everyone!

An Editor's Apology:

I had planned on doing an entire column talking about the Pope's statement concerning evolution that came earlier this week. After I picked up Hell's Kitchen from the printers, however, I discovered that *GDT* had pulled a *Reporter*. So, I'd rather address those problems and I'll say something about the most pious one if I have room.

From time to time, *GDT* makes some major layout errors. Last week was one of those times. Because of deadlines (i.e. when the printers go down at night), it was impossible to put our images in and make sure everything looked ok when printed. Consequently, our main article had a few letters at the ends of words covered by our front page illustrations. As if that weren't enough, the column "Live, Learn and Pass It On: A Critical Review" had words totally obscured.

Now, in my eyes, the role of any publication (contrary to the whizzes that bring you such graphic disasters as *Ray Gun* and RIT's official new-mag, the *Reporter*) is to convey specific information. When text is obscured by graphics, or is even omitted, the publication has gone against its dharma.

As one of the head editors of *GDT*, I take full responsibility for the graphical errors last week. We have reprinted "Live 'n Learn" for your entertainment. My staff felt that the front page errors were minor, and I agreed. That material is not reprinted, mainly due to space constraints.

What I find most disturbing about all this is that no one sent us mail complaining about what a shit job we did. Even last year, when we failed to continue a front page arti-

cle (we really screwed the poodle that time), we didn't hear a word from readers. I implore you all to send mail to publications that are failing in their job to convey information clearly. Layout is important, but it must be secondary to the text it is meant to augment.

If you read any publication, be it *GDT*, *Melancholy Predator*, the *Reporter*, or whatever, and find that it is obscuring text, or not making it clear where articles begin or end, than tell them. Write them a letter. Give them a call. Complain. Your silence only implies that your acceptance of unreadable material.

That having been said, let's talk about the Pope.

Earlier this year (volume 5, issue 4) I wrote an editorial titled, "It's been nice, but I have to scream now." In it, I mentioned, just as an aside, that Creationism is not a issue mentioned in political discussions anywhere in the world except the USA. The exact quote was:

"...no where else in the Western world is Creationism still an issue. I'm sure even the Pope doesn't give Creationism anything more than lip service."

Well, bless my prophetic soul! Nearly a month later, the Vatican released a statement from the Pope saying, "new knowledge leads us to recognize in the theory of evolution more than a hypothesis." He went on to say that current that the available scientific data, "constitutes in itself a significant argument in favor of this theory."

Ok. Give myself and Biology a pat on the back.

Hope to be bringing you more of tomorrow's news today....

-Sean Hammond, co-editor, *GDT*

The Religious Wrong

"The feminist agenda is not about equal rights for women. It is about a socialist, anti-family political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians."

-Pat Robertson, a fundraising letter

"I think Pat Robertson is very pro-woman."

-Ralph Reed, on Meet the Press

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre welcomes mail
Send mail to diablo@csh.rit.edu or Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618

FRUSTRATION

Mount: Anxiety

Charisma: He's got friends, but only because they're afraid to be his enemy.

Strength: when need be

Meditation: 0

Endurance: "I don't know how much more of this she can take, captain!"

Description: Frustration's face seems as if it's locked in a terminal grin; not a friendly sort of grin. He is forever on the edge; any given person to encounter him will have pretty even chances that he will either commit a spontaneous act of violence, or a menacing act of kindness (the type of kindness you want to keep as far away from as possible). He looks as though every muscle in his body is going through a twenty-four hour-a-day charlie horse. You almost feel the urge to teach him lamaz, to help him through the tough times.



Ah, the suffering, the sweet suffering. Once again I make the trip (I speak in the singular because I always seem to be alone) to the shrine of suffering, that elusive prize, the Martyr of the Week. The honor for the week of **November 3-9** is bestowed upon the innumerable **martyrs of Saragossa**, Spain (Nov. 3). This group was another of the multitude put to death under the Diocletian persecution. The prefect Dacian, sent from Rome to uphold and enforce the laws, banished all xians from Saragossa. Ever the tactician, he took this opportunity to "sick the dogs on them." His soldiers slaughtered them as they left the city *en masse*. No one was spared--it was an equal opportunity massacre. 18 of these martyrs are venerated in a special ceremony **April 16** (Mark your calendars!).

Other saints of note this week include **St Martin De Porres** (Nov. 3 as well (He is the patron saint of Hairdressers, Public Health Workers, People of Mixed Race and Peruvian Television)) **St Willibrord** (Nov. 7(A conga-like dance undertaken at his tomb once a year is supposed to cure participants of epilepsy, convulsions, and lum-bago)), **The Four Crowned Martyrs** (Nov. 8 (A group of stonemasons martyred under , gee... let me guess--Diocletian?, for refusing to carve the statue of a pagan god)), and lastly **St Benen** (Nov. 9 (People are miraculously forced to regurgitate intestinal worms at our saint's tomb thus, curing them of this dreaded blight on humanity.)) Until next week, Trinity Labors On.



GDT's winter contest is back and bigger than last year! Starting next quarter we begin the Literary Scavenger Hunt

Recently our loving publisher Carissimus Diablo donated a sum of \$75 to our publication, leaving the instructions that the money was to be used as an award. So we thought up the idea of a literary scavenger hunt. Each week of volume 6 we will print three quotes from various literary sources or other well-known documents. These quotes will be graded by difficulty and will receive corresponding point values. Participants must guess the source of the quote and the author if applicable. At the end of the quarter all points will be tallied up; a winner will be publicly announced in the first issue of volume 7. Because this money was a donation, everyone but the head editors of GDT is qualified to enter. Watch for it!

Live and Learn and Pass It On:
 A critical review
 vaccines
 I've learned that receiving homemade ~~valentines~~ is much better than receiving ~~store bought ones~~.
 syphilis from a French waitress working at a second rate talent agency.
 -Age 26
 I've learned that, frequently, those who need love the most are the ~~least lovable~~.
 ones filming kiddy porn.
 -Age 58
 a flaming El Camino
 I've learned that I should not let ~~opportunities~~ pass me by, always thinking there will be a ~~next time~~.
 another one..
 -Age 20

After Dinner Mints
 All this week I have spent time observing a certain tree I noticed some time ago that has been afflicted with a severe case of male pattern baldness. I suppose that more of those testosterone-stuffed men would prefer their situation if they only knew their hair would grow back again in the spring. Deciduous Hair, another fine product brought to you by the people who found out that Rogaine wasn't just for high blood pressure.
 Maybe trees should get leaf implants or start taking advantage of the green house effect.
 -Kelly Gunter

Random Fact:
 In Portland, Oregon it is illegal to wear roller skates in a public bathroom.



Gracies Dinnertime
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Personal Ads

“What is a ‘free gift?’ Aren't all gifts free?”

It started, innocently enough, with a little alligator. Yeah, it was way cool in the 2nd grade to have one of those Izod cuties stuck on your shirt. Maybe even a Bad Dog tee. Then came the time that Levi's became mandatory to use the slide, and you couldn't play basketball unless you had Nikes on.

And now?

Now Coca-Cola sells home products (magnets, calendars, suitable-for-framing-pictures, tampons in their trademark bottle shape (just pop it in and wait for the toxic shock syndrome to set in)), as if people actually want to live surrounded by memorabilia of the good old days...when people also drank Coke. Then again, when mainland China and the United States of America first opened trade relations in the 1970's, the first thing they asked for was "bite the wax tadpole."

A big thank you has to go out to Norman Rockwell for helping us celebrate Christmas by depicting jolly old Santa slugging down his favorite soft drink. Like Santa'd make it around the world in that sleigh after a Coke binge. No wonder he's willing to squeeze his way down all those chimneys, he has to keep running to the bathroom. Too bad the old man's so addicted to caffeine. My Dad always used to leave Jim Beam for Santa. Somehow that was more comforting to me and my Dad...

Ted Turner has done more corporate evil than even Fox. Next year, after their satanic union, the Turner-Fox Network will deflower the first day of the new year with the Hitachi-Blockbuster-Home Depot Cotton Bowl.

At some point, the concept of supply and demand got twisted around. The market is no longer driven by the needs of the consumer. Companies don't pay attention to what people think they want; they make a product and then create a need for it.[†] Home shopping networks will gladly create a need in you for products ranging from acetelyne torches to zinc oxide at such phenomenally low prices that you can't help but rack up thousands of dollars in credit card debt, leaving you with interest payments far in excess of what you would have paid in cash at a local store.

Visa and Mastercard, listen up: if you don't own these networks, you should.

The shell-shock that was the 1980's created an immunity to wearing every item of clothing possible (yes, even codpieces) festooned with Adidas and Nike logos. You just do it. Daily, we allow companies to invade our lives, and the companies know it.

In the future?

Well, it will be the ultimate evolution of advertising! Truly personal ads. In the not-too-distant future, mega-conglomerates could hold sweepstakes to pick "lucky" individuals to be walking-talking-eating-"living" advertisements for their products. They could have this bright red Coca-Cola insignia emblazoned on their forehead,^Δ and tiny speakers by JVC implanted into their epidermis, expounding the virtues of TimeWarner. Imagine after getting that new romantic interest out of their respective undergarments, discovering they have a nano-neon subdermal picture of the Republican Presidential candidate from 1984 winking back at you from their chest. You could even have your sweat glands altered to always excrete the newest perfume from Calvin Klein!

Not to worry. Celebrities will still turn their fame into advertising royalties. It'd be perfect -- O.J. Simpson as Oriental Ginsuhands, and AIDS clinics handing out free syringes colorfully decked out in another wacky Bugs Bunny scenario supporting the latest health plan of choice from the AMA (They™).

[†] Just look at the hoola hoop. Somebody just tell me there was a demand for that damn thing before it was invented. Today we've got the newest craze, one of those large colorful styrofoam things you can find in just about any store and you never see anyone buying. What the hell is that thing for anyway? If you really want to beat somebody with something, I can list a lot of things that would be more fun, if you can imagine all the giggles and guffas to be had with a really sturdy two-by-four with a couple of nails hammered into the end. Now that's a real child's toy. Cheap and easy assemblage, no batteries required.

^Δ Do not accept the mark of the beast.



RYE.

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The Religious Wrong

"The so-called underdeveloped societies are underdeveloped because they are socialist, demonist and cursed. Any attempt to blame the poverty of the underdeveloped world on the prosperity of the West is absolutely wrong.... The Bible tells us that the citizens of the Third World ought to feel guilty, to fall on their knees and repent from their Godless, rebellious, socialist ways. They should feel guilty because they are guilty, both individually and corporately."

-Gary North, Christian Reconstructionist
in *Christianity Today*, 2/20/87

(On South Africa) "I think 'one man, one vote,' just unrestricted democracy would not be wise. There needs to be some kind of protection for the minority which the white people represent now, a minority, and they need and have a right to demand a protection of their rights."

- Pat Robertson, "700 Club."
3/18/92



GDT Needs An Illustrator!

All day long I was wondering what I could do to fill this space. I knew I could very easily bang off a "God File" (I have more vaguely theological thoughts than you know. Probably caused by a mild case of temporal lobe epilepsy). A little harder would have been to do a "Fey Denizen." I even took some of my reference books to work with me.

Then, as I went to look at our illustrations for this week, I received the news that our illustrator wasn't going to be able to do illustrations for us next quarter. Needless to say, I was not pleased.

Much of our front page material is done a few weeks a head of time (at least over breaks) to insure that when we hit a lull in our creativity (like I did this week), we'll still have something to print. Now we're in a bind and need your help.

Anyone who is interested becoming our new illustrator would have to be reliable, as we print every week of the academic year, whether there are pictures or not. Though there is no monetary payment, you get to hang out with the people who started the original satire publication on RIT. Plus, you'll have an "in" with a publication that we hope will grow very big, very soon.

If you're interested, drop us a line as soon as you can. We have material all ready to be illustrated.

-Sean Hammond, co-editor GDT

The apathy of time laughs in my face....

-E. Saliers

Welcome, brothers and sisters, to your own time of suffering--finals week. The **Martyr of the Week** for **November 10-16** is a little different this time around (no, I haven't lost weight or cut my hair in a tonsure again or anything as spectacle-ridden). There were many lesser-known martyrs crying out for recognition (or was that in pain?) this week, but I've decided to focus on one day in martyrology: **November 12**.

First we have **Saints Aurelius and Publius**. They were Bishops who wrote against the intellectual death that was the Montanist and Cata-Phrygian heresies in the 2nd century. I guess the opposition didn't care too much for the commentary and condemnation espoused by our saints and had them killed.

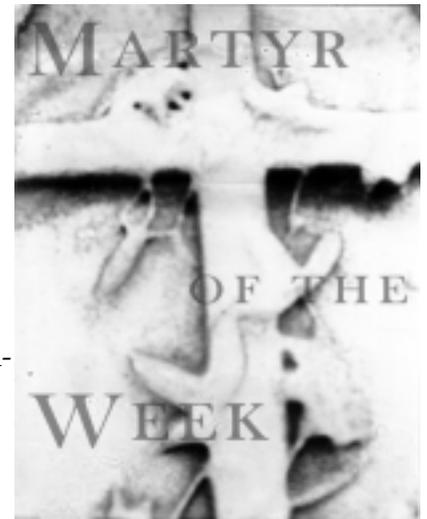
Next we have **St Benedict and his companion Saints John, Matthew, Isaac and Christinus**. They were missionaries to the Slavs who were massacred by thieves at their monastery near Gnessen (nowadays in the Czech Republic by my estimates).

Thirdly we have **St Paternus**, a French monk of the 8th century. He was murdered by a group of sinners he had attempted to counsel and reform.

Lastly we have **St Maxellendis**. Another of the proud line of Virgin Martyrs killed by an obsessed admirer due to her devotion to Christ and rejection of worldly relationships (You wondering where we get half of the TV movies made today? Simply replace the word "Christ" with "cheerleading" or "acting" or "horses" and "puppy-dogs" and "admirer" with "coworker" or "ex-husband" or "junkie boyfriend." Add anyone from the cast of a defunct sitcom (Judith Light, Alyssa Milano etc.) and voila! Cheese-o-rama).

During the upcoming break, don't forget to take time to remember **St Catherine of Alexandria** (Nov 25). She is the inspiration for the medieval torture wonder, "the Catherine Wheel," which in turn was the inspiration for a great band from East Anglia.

Until next quarter, *sorority lint ban*.



Random Facts:

- When in heat, female chimpanzees have been documented to have sex more than 20 times a day.
- The FDA allows 20 maggots per 100 grams of canned mushrooms.
- You can be arrested for falling asleep in a bathtub if you're in Detroit.
- Lieutenant Andrew Bright has the distinction of being the first man to wear suspenders and die from them. According to witnesses he tried to take his pants off while his suspenders were still on, got tangled up, knocked over a candle, and burned to death.

Insecurity

Mount: Apparent Deception

Charisma: 9.5/9.5

Strength: 2.5/10

Weapons: a teddy bear with one eye missing and a pacifier

Description: Insecurity are actually twins. Their mother never accepted the fact that she had two children and thus has only afforded them one name. The male aspect of Insecurity is quite buff and robust. Most existence is channeled into the narrow streamlining of the stereotypical male. The feminine Insecurity is basically everything feminine. She is flamboyant, yet complacent, a seductress, and yet clings to the vestial chastity belt to protect her believed purity. Insecurity tries to become their own particular gender roles so much they become caricatures of themselves in the attempt. With the same horse, same name, and same existence they ride together for life, fearing ever to separate as if neither would have a name if the other were to no longer be their side. And without their name they are nothing.



Caged Predator Theatre:

A joint article by MP and GDT
Super-duper special issue!



Today's Special: "What price a soul?"

The gods that came into the game late and got stuck with the universe's equivalent of Mediterranean and Baltic Ave. are eternally squabbling over the value of souls.[†] The physical body is far more valuable for scrap and resale than its ethereal passenger, however. Besides, no one likes a backseat driver. With all the ecological movements washing across the country, like toluene from a parafilm covered test tube, maybe we should relearn the lessons of the plains Indians: when presented with a steaming carcass, we, too, should fashion integumentary handbags, femur flutes, and ropes of braided intestine. Not to mention skin coats and lucky foot-charms. An extra layer of skin from someone's hands that are bigger than yours make great pot-holders, a clavicle is an adequate paperweight and conversation piece, but not much of real value can be gleaned from a rotten corpse.

The last industrial-scale program along these lines was spear-headed by the Nazi Corp. in the early 1940's. With an exploding...um, Uber-population, space was at a premium. Graveyards were taking up much-needed space, and in lieu of burying people standing up, there's little that can be done to help free up space except to make the people smaller or not bury them at all. Making people smaller is the idea behind cremation (ashes take up very little space), but what a waste of energy!

The Nazis did their best to find uses for their surplus material. Signs

all over Germany read: Clean Jews needed. Rumor has it that Walt Disney actually used exported Jews and Gypsies to help fill in the swampland that became Walt's World of Wacky Wonder.

The end of World War II saw the end of the Nazi's program, as well as the problem. Ironically, Hitler's Final solution really did work: The number of Europe's eligible bachelors was in the parts-per-million-range, freeing up more land for the buffalo to roam. Now, the United States of America, third world countries that have water, and Asia in general are literally up to their bellybuttons in surplus humans. Options such as provoking war between India and China a la a Zimmerman telegram ploy are attractive, but in the end leaves a big mess and a nasty glow. Despite the numerous attempts at utilizing deceased humans as doorstops, lamp shades, and cannon fodder (or ammunition^Δ), we still manage to bury most of the ones we don't put through our Roto-Tiller.

After centuries of development, the Ahrryp & Noilacued Corp. (a subsidiary of Hell Inc. (the same people who brought you Ethiopian Flypaper Boys, Lemme-pigs, and the Big Bang)) is proud to bring you a solution to all your problems. Look out DeBeers, here comes Corpus Crystal. Not cubic zirconium, but just as disturbing, you can now take a deceased love one or, hell, live ones (much more fun and better sound effects), and squish the be-jesus out

of them to make precious jems.

While it may be true that a dead-beat dad didn't contribute much to your life while he was alive, he's worth a lot to you dead. Could you imagine his unbelievable girth turned into a precious stone that could be sold at millions of times the value of the actual live scumball (and best of all, he no longer smells like cheap liquor. All the unprocessed alcohol in his system simply added more carbon and makes the facets really catch the light!)

Better than mood rings, Corpus Crystals really show you the kind of metal people are made of; more specifically, it shows you the carbon to trace element ratio. For a minimal cost Ahrryp & Noilacued will round up the extras in the drama (or cheap, badly written fiction) that is your life (the ones that just don't move the plot along at all and make you wonder why the author included them in the first place) and ship them to their Concentration CampsTM. There, these luckless wastes of space enjoy a short life of bliss rarely experienced this side of Valhalla.

Given a strict diet of carbohydrates, greens that have to be eaten at every meal, and forced to lounge about in great tents (well, it is a camp) high in carbon dioxide, their systems eventually are saturated in carbon.[√] When the time comes to harvest them, the carbon dioxide is replaced with carbon monoxide, and they stupidly keep breathing until they pass out, having no idea they

[†] The whole controversy revolves around the planned establishment of a single monetary unit in the EC (Ethereal Community). The prosperous gods don't want to have their portfolios devalued by the shanty towns run by slum lord deities.

^Δ "...by the spleen's red glare..."

[√] Early on in the experimentation, there was the unfortunate case of rotund Walter Smithy the Second, who was supersaturated, scratched himself, and spontaneously crystallized into pencil lead. This is where the world's source of #2 pencil lead has been coming from for some years.

are being asphyxiated. Similar to a laboratory autoclave, but more like a salad shooter, the actual mechanisms used in the "worthless-stiff-to-precious-mineral-o-matic" are trade secrets. Suffice it to say that other elements in the body besides carbon give an entire range of precious gems: emeralds, rubies, sapphires. Diamonds can be made, but require some preliminary processing to remove the impurities. For additional cost, you can have people who screwed you over in life, were lousy lovers in bed, or had a tattoo that read "Gerald Ford Forever" converted into a rhinestone or perhaps those little plastic jewels that your mother would buy at the craft store. Ignoring the post-mortum retaliations, it will be easily evident to everyone that we're all bright, shiny, happy people holding hands on the inside. Even the people who are vicious and nasty on the outside. Maybe them especially....

This will, of course, will be the end of the line for those leaching, vulturous life insurance companies. After all, life insurance becomes meaningless when you can compress the body of the deceased and sell it for more than the value of the insurance award. In fact, the estate of the departed might be transferred to the jewel's wearer,^o from heir to heir, until megacorps share links on one financial bangle of power, worn around the neck of the CEO.

It's our sincere hope that this literary piece of fluff and fun will inspire people of all cultures to put away their zubaz pants, Rush Limbaugh fan club newsletters, and join us in the crusade for a better, shinier tomorrow.

^o Rubert Murdoch: shiny, timeless, and the ornament of one truly wealthy individual.

I think Harlan Ellison said it best.... "There are always those who ask, 'What's it all about?' For those who need to ask, for those who need points sharply made, who need to know where it's at...this:"

DATE: MON, 28 OCT 1996
FROM: PJM@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU

...I ALSO HAD A QUESTION TO ASK ABOUT THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT SECTIONS IN THE PUBLICATION. IS THIS TWO OR THREE DIFFERENT THINGS THROWN TOGETHER? IS THE MAIN TITLE GRACIES DINNER TIME THEATRE, OR IS THAT JUST ONE SECTION, WHY ISNT IT ALL JUST ONE COLLECTION, WITH DIFFERENT ARTICLES? IT SEEMS THAT HELLS KITCHEN AND MELANCHOLY PREDATOR REALLY LOOK AT THEMSELVES AS DIFFERENT ENTITIES. IM NOT EVEN SURE WHAT TO CALL THE PUBLICATION AS A WHOLE, BECAUSE I MIGHT OFFEND THOSE WHO ARE NOT PART OF THAT SPECIFIC SECTION THAT I UNWITTINGLY SINGLED OUT. PLEASE, IF YOU HAVE TIME, CLEAR THIS UP FOR ME. THANK YOU.

There has been more than the usual confusion about what Hell's Kitchen is, since the introduction of our new combined print format. Hells Kitchen, as seen in print right now, is made up of constituent parts that include *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, *Melancholy Predator*, *Cereal*, and *The Iconoclast*. Each of these names represents a discrete group of people producing a distinct publication.

Hell's Kitchen is not, despite its contiguous-paper appearance, a single publication. Hell's Kitchen is a rapidly expanding federation of like-minded groups of students and alumni that want to express themselves in print and on the web. The primary purpose of Hell's Kitchen, in its role as a purveyor of information, is to expose ideas to a reading public clearly and interestingly. This task is

completed by the individual publications within Hell's Kitchen in a variety of ways including poetry, illustrations, satire, prose, news, critiques, maps, diagrams, and even mail-in campaigns. Each separate publication group defines its own schedule, its own style, its own rules, but they each group agrees to become part of the larger coalition known as Hell's Kitchen.

Hell's Kitchen is currently composed of four extant publications, three produced on the RIT and U of R campuses and one produced in Rutgers, NJ. Hells Kitchen also includes two dormant publications, at least one of which is to become animate into life in only a few weeks.

So in other words, if you're not sure what to call the chunk of paper you hold in your hand, feel free to call it Hell's Kitchen, no one will mind; in fact, it's a point of pride among most of members to be associated with this group. You should also know, however, that each group has its own ideosyncracies, pet peeves, identity that it is built on.

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