



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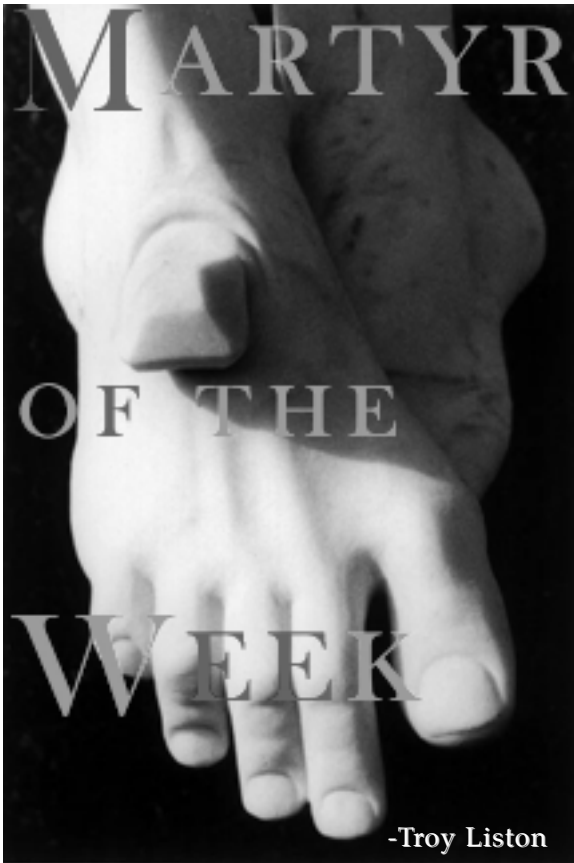
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Welcome, my children, to a new year of miraculous martyrs and stories of sainthood. Join with me in the delight that is dogma: the pantheon of Catholic saints.

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" if 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.