


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.





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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! Gooooooooo 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

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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