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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.<sup>†</sup> 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,<sup>Δ</sup> 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!**



<sup>†</sup> The Cherry Plucker Prize goes to the Mayans, though. Hey, it's not who's first, but who does it best.

<sup>Δ</sup>Not 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.

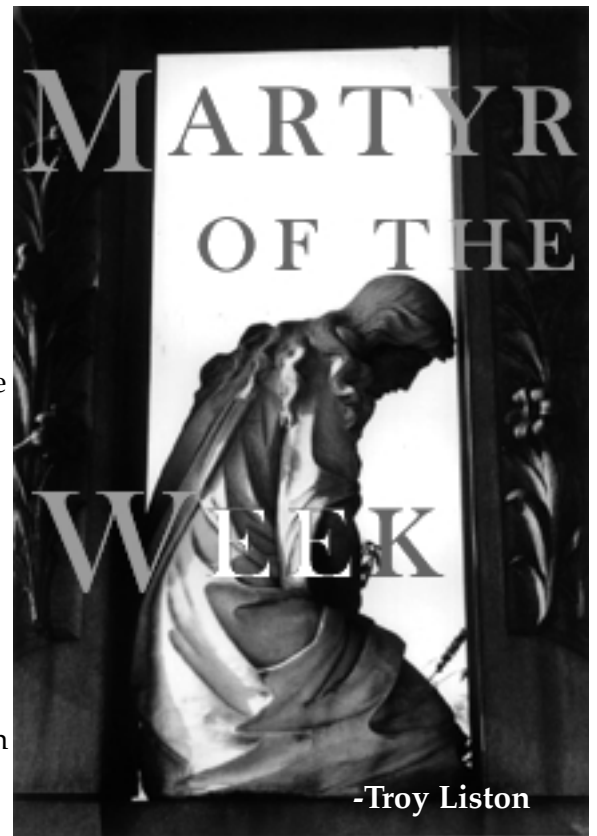
Sometimes, no matter the protective measure taken, a child will fail to thrive and waste away. At this point, the wizened creature in your child is a faerie, weakening the solid shell of the child to insure that it wouldn't be able to return. Fear not: there are means of exorcising those who have taken 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 **black robes** (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 Canarsee 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](mailto: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

~~schoolmate~~

I've learned that when a ~~girl~~ 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~~ -Age 8  
~~father.~~

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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