



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 grandpa's (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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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.

**Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
welcomes comments.**

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



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?

No, I don't think I can float. There are many who have decided that I can, but hell, there is even one guy out there who is convinced I am Tabitha from Bewitched. So I don't know, you people seem gullible enough to believe just about anything.

Yes, it's true that I am semi-delusional. I have deluded myself into believing that the people on this campus spend more time than they ought obsessed with some flaky bare-foot wench. And every time I seem to convince myself otherwise, this delusion comes back and slaps me in the face. It's funny how real delusional states of mind can seem, especially when they are so consistently backed up by hard evidence.

And for those of you out there who seem to be under the impression that I am just vying for attention, you should be informed that I have the social skills of a mollusk and have seldom found myself desirous of attracting attention for such ludicrous reasons. But, "Ah," you say, as if catching a flaw in this web I am weaving, "then why do you do it?" Not as good a question as you think. For, if I were to have some habit and were to cease it to be as all around me, regardless of the habit's origins, would not this new behavior be more of a ruse than the original.



-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.

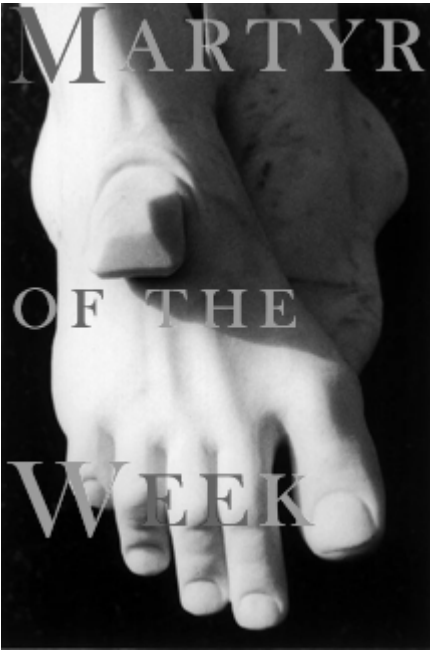
Faeries, being creatures of little physical substance, must cloth themselves in the perceptions of those that they meet. As the mechanistic technology of humans advanced, faeries were forced to cloth them selves in our hopes and fears. Still, the nature of faeries has remained them same.

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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**GDT: Don't touch me there! Don't
ever touch me!**
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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 to 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