



Volume 6 • Issue 4

Race Baiting

"Why hate a whole race of people when it's so much more fun to deal with individuals?"

Slowly, the corroded silver disks of worship emerge from their twilight slumber. Sensually, the acolyte inserts them into the centrally located slots and selects the deity of choice. After a hesitant moment, the vestibule issues forth the cylinder of refreshment, descending like a sperm whale's nightmare from the hidden mechanisms within. Its painted surface reflects the ambient lighting and the Pepsi can's trademarked "Uh-Huh" beckons....

Contrary to popular, and logical, conceptions, words can be owned. "Uh-Huh" is the trademark of Pepsi, thanks to Ray Charles and his evil triumvirate of sexy swingers. If Pepsi can trademark "Uh-Huh," then the N-double-A-CP should be able to trademark undesirable words like, oh..."nigger" and collect royalties on them. Imagine it: thousands of Mini Arcana Farces being put through college based on the race hatred of others.

While we're on the topic of less-than-perfect worlds (like England), in the land of chips n' crumpets there once lived a squinty, shrew-like transvestite named Mrs. Niggerbaiter. Granted, she only "lived" for a few minutes in a Monty Python sketch, but the impetus behind her creation was driven by more than just a goofy bunch of cross-dressers. Working with Jungian archetypes, the geniuses of Monty Python drew upon our collective unconscious and revealed the quintessential question of our existence that mankind has tried to explain through mythology, religion and science: What is nigger-baiting?

At this point, you might not be ready to start screaming, "RACIST SCHWEIN-HUND!" Please wait, it gets better. Sure, we could do some obvious things that involve seeded melons and fried avians, but they are trite and not worth mentioning. Seasoned hunters[†] know that it is important to pick an area where they are sure to catch their prey. It is obvious that one will catch more beavers in a swamp than on the side of Mt. Kilimanjaro. We suggest setting up your Clever Acme^Δ Nigger-Trap[™] in the forlorn, desolate areas of modern cities (where large vehicles use gunshots instead of beeps to indicate they are backing up) and leaving a "My First Crack-Pipe Kit" (now with optional pacifier-adaptor for crack babies) in the middle of the street. If you're not sure where to acquire your kit, call your local CIA affiliate. Motto: We Deliver for You.

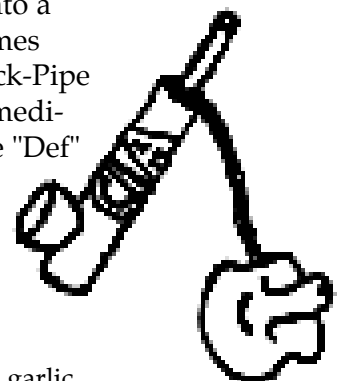
Of course, the obvious problem is that of selection. In addition to your desired prey, you are bound to attract the attention of White Trash[™] and countless Latinos. Besides, you don't want the poor souls who keep trying to freebase all the baking soda and diatomaceous earth they can get their shaking hands upon. Biotechnologists run into a similar problem when screening for specific bacteria (shaking hands, that is). It comes down to using the right selective media. May we suggest television? Set your Crack-Pipe Kit on top of a Samsung playing a tape of "Def Comedy Jam," the show where comedians dare not tell an actual joke for fear of being stoned to death by the crowd. One "Def" monologue went exactly like this:

"Remember that toothpaste you used to use..."

(Some giggles)

"...when you were a kid?"

(Uproarious laughter)



[†]Mrs. Dash is one of the more ferocious big game hunters. She and her tribe of marauding garlic cloves stalk the hermitesque grazing lands in cupboards and refrigerators, bagging Molly McButter, and on good days, Mrs. Butterworth. Aunt Jemima is above all this, of course, serving as the warring factions' demigod.

^ΔThe three tenets of the Acme Company: Quality, Reliability, and Cleverness.

(Continued on next page...)



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"And those cars you used to have?"

(Guffaws, hooting, mild incontinence)

Other races won't be able to get anywhere near the bait. They'll try, of course, first dropping to their knees and trying to crawl under the vocal barrage. After their ears start to bleed, dragging themselves ever so much closer to your bait, they'll finally burst into flames.

So by now you may be taken aback by all the racial slurs floating around this article like radon in our homes. I don't really take issue with the double standard that it's acceptable for black people to call other Africans "nigger" while white people instantly become "The Man" if they use the N-word. What I don't get is why the President, for instance, doesn't call up, for example...the Director of the FBI and say, "Hey, honky! How's the surveillance going on that cracker Bill Gates?" Why don't I ever hear a student in my class say, "Prof. Whitebread, I have a question." When someone misses a class and asks a friend what they missed, why don't they ever say, "Yeah, the Man said the paper is due next Friday."

And since we are kind of on the subject here, why is there only one Hispanic D.J. on the radio? I'm not talking about just 88.5 and 90.1 on your FM dial. I mean everywhere I've heard Latin music (not the Gregorian chant kind, silly), there's the same guy saying something like "¿Donde está el cuarto de baño? Tú estás un maricón bendejo puto. Tu madre tiene un pito de caballo. ¿Cómo estás su familia? ¿Quieres comer desayuno en la restaurante conmigo? ¡Nosotros estamos limpiando hijos pocitos chochos ahora a Johnson's Supermarket!" He and the white bitch whom you talk to every time you use voice mail or automated touch tone answering systems have the biggest monopoly on the face of the earth. And it'll keep going, too, because they don't employ children in sweatshops or lock cats in little boxes (can't tell if they're dead, can ya?); the federal government (a.k.a. "The Man") won't shut them down. How do I know? Because she is also the "Computer" on Star Trek! Today, the phone lines, tomorrow, the Federation!

Editorial from the Most Pious Editors:

(as if the main article weren't enough)

PRETENTIOUS- CLAIMING TO POSSESS SUPERIOR QUALITIES OR GREAT IMPORTANCE, WITHOUT JUSTIFICATION.

GDT has just been given a rather substantial compliment today. One of our readers confided in us that a significant portion of our demographic seems to find us pretentious.

Pretentious...us? How could this be?

We've always given the very best of ourselves to you ungrateful wretches. Week after week we slave away creating and treating each issue as if it were a fine piece of art. How could our insufferable audience ever possibly understand how we suffer for them? After all of our diligent service, this is how our masterful craftsmanship is to be treated?

We nurture each article until it has become the quintessence of its former semblance. So woe unto they who mock our sacrifices thus, may a pox be on all of your households! May you be cast into the flames of everlasting redemption for this foul turn!

Next week's word: **Presumptuous**

PRESUMPTUOUS- DISPLAYING EXCESSIVE SELF-CONFIDENCE AND TAKING LIBERTIES.

Literary Scavenger Hunt

GDT's second, and possibly last contest (though probably not). For the next few weeks we will be printing a series of quotations from various literary sources. Some will be very well known, others less so. Each quote will have a point value associated with it, based on the difficulty of the question, in addition to periodic "Bonus Questions." The winner of the contest will be the person who gets the most points. The prize will be \$75 dollars, and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo," the most diabolical coffee in the world (and the official drink of Hell Inc.). The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 7. All answers must be sent to GDT by February 25th, 1997. GDT bids you good luck.

This Week's Hunt:

10. (1 point) "Each house may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member."

-Name the Document.

11. (2 points) "Oook?"

-Name the Author, Character speaking, and any book that it is found in.

12.. (3 points) "He sat up. She was young, and so beautiful he all but cried out from the pain of seeing her. There was recognition, shocked, confusing. He loved this woman as if he had always known her--as indeed he always had. She was mother, daughter, lover, the betrayed woman within us all. She was the one in whose lap we lie when we are babies and when we die.

"When a boy on a battlefield calls for his mother, it is she who comes. She is why we make love so often. No matter how deeply we penetrate the bodies of our lovers we never reach her.

"Our eternal striving for her has brought the whole human race out of our loins."

-Name the Author and Book



Martyr Logue

-Troy Liston

Welcome to the Martyrlogue, a travel guide of sorts to shrines, relic sites and places of general morbid religious interest throughout Europe and the Americas.

This week we look at **St. Edward Martyr (Feast Day: March 18)**.

Edward, the son of St. Edgar the peaceful, assumed the British throne at the age of 13 upon his father's death. When our saint was 16 he was killed while visiting his half-brother at Corfe. His stepmother (his father's second wife, Elfrida) instigated the assassination in order that her son, Ethelred, could be King. When miracles began being reported in the area of Edward's grave, Ethelred ordered a nationwide observance of his martyred brother's feast. The wicked (but penitent) stepmother joined a nunnery.

TRAVEL: TO GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND. OUR SAINT IS BURIED IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

GDT Literary Scavenger Hunt Rules and Regulations:

This contest is open to everyone, with the exception of the two head editors of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*.

Additional...

...because our readers on the University of Rochester have break while GDT continues to print issues, they will have a special insert in the 26 January, 1997 issue of GDT. That will bring you up to date with everyone else in the world and keep you competitive.

Send answers to **diablo@csh.rit.edu**, or send replies to: **GDT, 472 French Rd, Rochester, NY 14618**

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 6, you may find them on our web site:
<http://www.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/extras/contest.html>

(Behind the Rusty Curtain) -Christopher Lane

By some strange confluence of fate, Christopher Lane, a RIT photo student who decided to study abroad for a year, arrived on Byzantium's last shore, Bulgaria. He now studies at the American University in Bulgaria (AUBG), teaches English, broadcasts an Alternative music radio show, takes the occasional weekend adventure, and hangs out with the wrong crowd as much as possible. Feel free to email him at CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG

We slept late, and spent much of the day wandering around checking out all the interesting hand-crafted wares street vendors were selling. A new throng of vendors seem to have descended on the town; we later found out that they were coming for the Apollonia festival--a ten day swing of music, drama, and art shows. We split up...I spent some time swimming from black rocks on the point of the peninsula, and some time sitting in a greek restaurant nursing a beer and writing romantic things to Silvia, my Italian sweetheart. We all met Lou again that evening and did more talking and wandering...ending up at a beach-side disco where Kara, Lou and I danced until 4 AM, then went to a "non-stop" (24-hr cafe) with friends we made in the disco. At 6, Lou, a gorgeous Bulgarian girl named Anni, and I all walked to the beach to watch the sun boil up out of the Black Sea.

Before I've thought about it, I am embracing Anni, lost in soft kisses, and the curves of her barely-18 body pressed against me. It is the irony of fate that keeps me faithful to Sylvia, as there is no place to be private, and I am to leave the town within an hour.

I return to our room at 8AM to wake the girls, trying to keep my shame for kissing Anni under my skin. By 9 AM we were headed back to Burgas, then on to Sofia on a train that arrived 2 hours late. On the train I was treated to another

of the snap shot sessions by Bulgarians riding in our compartment. We left Burgas without buying any water bottles to take with us. It was a hot, sweltering day on the Danube plains, and within three hours of leaving Burgas we had to find the cafe-car to buy water. It was on the far side of the over-crowded train...when we finally struggled through the halls packed with sad-faced people trying to act like they were comfortable, we were greeted by another grumpy old guy in the cafe car. "Ne Voda! Biera e Wodka!" he shouted at us. No water. Beer and Vodka only. It was an ugly long trip.

In Sofia we found that we had missed the last train leaving to Blagoevgrad, and had to take a train headed to a small town about 30 km from Blagoevgrad, hoping to find a bus or taxi.

As soon as we left Sophia, dusk fell and it began to rain like a Bible story. Along the way to Doupnitsa we fell into a hilarious conversation with a conductor named Andre. When he realized our plight, he offered to take us to Blagoevgrad if we would buy petrol for his car. (Gasoline is hideously expensive for Bulgarians...it runs about \$2.25 a gallon...and the average Bulgarian makes about \$70 to \$100 a month.) We obliged and had a great time getting home. Back in Blagoevgrad, we found that we'd missed a whole weekend of rain.

The Religious Wrong:

"Just like what Nazi Germany did to the Jews, so liberal America is now doing to the evangelical Christians. It's no different. It's the same thing. It's happening all over again. It's the Democratic Congress, the liberal-biased media and the homosexuals who want to destroy all Christians. Wholesale abuse and discrimination and the worst bigotry directed toward any group in America today. More terrible than anything suffered by any minority in our history."

-The Man (aka Pat Robertson), *The Star Telegram*

"When you read articles by Janet Jones, Robert Marzano, Skipp Porteous, Theodore Sizer, and John Goodlad, remember that their agenda is atheism, socialism, and anti-democratic world globalism. To them, 'critical thinking' means teaching children to empty themselves of their own values (transmitted from parents, church and culture) and accept a set of suggested values (atheist/socialist)."

-Robert Simonds, "A Plea for the Children," *Educational Leadership*



Fey Ozinzen

-Sean T. Hammond

Over the Christmas break, I returned to the fields and forests where I spent my childhood. While there, in one of those moments when I wasn't braving the frigid Maine air to journey across ill-kept fields where the trees and brambles were slowly winning the battle against the cows, or using my brother's trampoline and dreaming of flight, my parents offered to treat me to a movie. After driving 22 miles to the first Lowes Theatre to be built in the state's capital, Augusta, we decided to see Michael.

Stop here. This is not a movie review. As much as I, as an editor of GDT, would like to have a weekly column dealing with movies or TV (No music. 'Zines focus on music and I refuse to let GDT be a 'zine. We're too literate for that). Suffice it to say that the movie was entertaining. The thing I'd like to focus on here in my little faerie ring (gather closer, friends, lest you fall from the dance) is the lead character's personality.

Michael the Archangel; Chief of the Angels; angel of repentance, righteousness, mercy, and satisfaction; conqueror of Satan; and if we believe the movie, wooer of women, searcher of fun, and He Who Acts Like A Spoiled Child.

In short, not angelic at all.

He was demanding, manipulative, insistent on getting his way (in one scene, causing a car to get a flat tire so he could see "The World's Largest Frying Pan"), and partaking in sexual intercourse outside of wedlock. Hmm, sounds positively Faerie-like to me.

At one point halfway through the film, even my mother whispered, "He acts like a faerie." Yes, mom, he does. Maybe there's not so big a difference between Faeries and Angels as is thought. Angels, aliens, faeries...they could be simply the same manifestation seen from different cultural points of view. Culture is an amazing filter, bending and filtering the Multiverse until what we see is not what is really there, but what we expect to see. And with entities that may cloth themselves in our expectations, that effect would be compounded.

Next week: Part one of the Invasion Cycle of the Irish.

Mail and suggestions from faeriephiles and disbelievers are welcome. Drop a line to Sean Hammond care of diablo@csh.rit.edu, or use sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu

Pre-prepared Hate Mail Response

(Do to the questionable and obnoxious content of this week's feature article, we are saving everyone a bit of time and energy by already preparing a response to any hateful material our readership may choose to bestow upon us.)

Dear _____,
(insert your name here)

We appreciate the concerns you have voiced and thank you for bringing the abhorrent business of _____ to our attention. _____, thanks for the vigilance you have
(state subject matter of hate mail) (insert name here)

shown in attempting to identify our ill qualities and for trying to make the world a better place to live in.

Sincerely,
The editors of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Instructions: Simply cut out this part of the issue, fill in the blank spaces, put it in a self-addressed, stamped envelope and send it to yourself, care of:

_____ (insert your address here)

-Sean Hammond

Ahhh... James Burke. If anyone deserves to be elevated to the level of False Idol, it's Him. Those who regularly watch the Learning Channel (all five of us) or read Scientific American probably know who I'm talking about. The man is a wealth of historical, scientific, and cultural minute. In the various series created by Him that run on TLC and in His columns that periodically appear in Scientific American, he excels at connecting apparently isolated, absurd events:

- How grapefruit directly led to WWII
- How an obscure inventor's "Wheelbarrow on a tightrope" trick lets battle ships shoot down jets in stormy seas.
- How thermometers were spared the embarrassment of being heretical because Galileo insisted, "But it does move."

Often I've lamented that I lack His sheer width and breadth of knowledge. Don't get me wrong: I know a lot of useless crap, but I'd be embarrassed to even look at the guy.

What I do want is to have Him on a leash. Oh, happy day! While women are walking Great Danes that are used for more than protection (wink, wink, nudge, nudge), I'd have grey-haired, balding-on-top James Burke on the end of one of those retractable leashes.

The best part is that when other dogs harass my Burke, I could cry the dreaded, "Connect!" Woe onto they who are subjected to the endless diatribe that would, eventually, connect all the things in the Universe and answer The Ultimate Question (No. The answer is not 42. You're one of those people who can quote the entire Holy Grail, aren't you? Aren't you?!) and drive any moderately sentient being mad.

Thank all that is good, i.e. James Burke, that He understands, "Heel!"

Random Facts:

•The Australian William Gold (born 1922) has finished eight books and seven novels in an eight-teen year writing career. His only published work was an article accepted to an Australian newspaper, for which he was paid the equivalent of 50¢.

•Francis Bacon was one of the most influential minds of the late 16th century. A statesman, a philosopher, a writer, and a scientist, he was even rumored to have written some of Shakespeare's plays.

One afternoon in 1625, Bacon was watching a snowstorm and was struck by the wondrous notion that maybe snow could be used to preserve meat in the same way that salt was used. Determined to find out, he purchased a chicken from a nearby village, killed it, and then, standing outside in the snow, attempted to stuff the chicken full of snow to freeze it. The chicken never froze, but Bacon did.

***Young female publication, 36-24-36,
desperately seeking illustrator....***

If you haven't noticed, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre has been without a permanent illustrator for a few weeks.

***But for the love of God, we
need someone who's good!***

(Vinny is not included. Nor are batteries)

So if you are:

- Reliable
- Have an overactive imagination
- And want to hang out with Rochester's premiere satire publication then contact us call 271-6823 or email diablo@csh.rit.edu.

GDT: We know we're sick people--the question is whether it's charming or offensive.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Demands Tribute!

Send all your wench(es) ("It's good to be the Santa"), money, taxes, submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to diablo@csh.rit.edu or

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618