



Volume 6 • Issue 5

Definitions

"It's a condescending thing, dear--you wouldn't understand."

As a presumptuous (see volume 6 issue 4) publication we would like to take this chance to educate our literate public by presenting them with this article of definitions that are simply too important to not integrate into the common man's vocabulary and working day.

Advent Horizon- Getting closer and closer to Christmas but never quite reaching it.

Deglutition- The act or process of swallowing.

Demisemiquaver- A note having half the time value of a semiquaver.

Demisemiquasar- A celestial body (Oh, yeah) having half the lightness of being.

Ebononegophobia- Fear of mispronouncing "ebonics."

Fuck-a-licous- Mmmm... fuck-a-licous. Aaaagggggggghhhhhhh.

God- A being you don't have a tendency to try to kill. Just goes to show that Jesus couldn't have been a God.

Hermetic- Having the quality of being reclusive, like a hermit.

Isosignimer- Two or more words which have the same spelling but different meanings.

Jello Journalism- The most up-to-the-moment news articles written entirely with jello jigglers (i.e., Bill Cosby's son getting shot).

Juice for Jesus- Holy citrus (with vitamin C).

Master Cardiology- Study of how receiving credit card bills can adversely affect ones health.

Matrimonial Lease- Replaces today's outmoded state of matrimony, by leasing your marriage for one, two, five, ten, or in especially *certain* cases, twenty years. If, for some reason, one of the two parties wishes to void the contract early, certain penalties will be placed against the member voiding the contract. Thus divorce becomes obsolete.

Procidentia- Condition in which a woman's womb, having been weakened by traumatic or repeated child birthings, falls down against the vagina. In severe cases, the womb actually continues its downward spiral and hangs out from the vaginal opening, managing to take the vagina with it. To quote Edward Shorter: "...The woman looks as though she has an elephant's trunk between her legs." Win some. Lose some. You're skinnier, what are you worrying about?

Syncretism- The changing of an absorbed religion to fit the culture.

Wile E Coyote- Cleverness with ears.

Ya' way- Epithet. Common response to "No way!"





**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

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Facts are Unfortunate Things:

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Since their founding, the various publications of Hell's Kitchen have had to work very hard to receive the meager recognition which they enjoy today. Gone are the days when Bards were treated with respect and reverence, lest they compose a satirical commentary about their rude host. There really was a time when a well phrased comment could totally destroy one's reputation, hence the phrase: "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Because of the experiences of Hell's Kitchen, we feel a sense of solidarity with the RIT Players, the drama troupe on the Rochester Institute of Technology, and are pleased to present a piece written by the director of the Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Much of what Peter has to say is applicable to any group which is taking risks in producing material that the majority of people may not approve of. But, as Ibsen said:

"I AM THINKING OF THE FEW, THE SCATTERED FEW AMONGST US, WHO HAVE ABSORBED NEW AND VIGOROUS TRUTHS. SUCH MEN STAND, AS IT WERE, AT THE OUTPOSTS, SO FAR AHEAD THAT THE COMPACT MAJORITY HAS NOT YET BEEN ABLE TO COME UP WITH THEM; AND THERE THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR TRUTHS THAT ARE TOO NEWLY-BORN INTO THE WORLD OF CONSCIOUSNESS TO HAVE ANY CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF PEOPLE ON THEIR SIDE AS YET."

(See "Presumptuous," Volume 6, issue 4)

-Sean Hammond, co-editor GDT

Shakespeare on Campus:

The conditions that confronted Shakespeare's company, operating at the dawn of Western commercial theatre, still face theatres today. They have to finance themselves and appeal to the general public, while also maintaining some aesthetic standards. Playwrights and designers hanker after their own theatres, where they can develop and establish artistic identities. They would also like to perform specially for wealthy folks who have estates with large empty rooms (the republican equivalent of royalty), but it is no longer very fashionable. They have to be wary of moralizing politicians who might squash their grant support, and they have to worry about offending various groups with their choice of plays or playing styles. They have to compete for audiences with other forms of recreation and entertainment, some of which are indistinguishable from prostitution. Their equivalent of English foul weather and plague is the American obligation to justify their work as socially worthwhile—as if it were self-evidently inferior to things like engineering and investment counselling.

This commercial theatre model is out of place in our non-profit educational institutions, where play production should be part of an experimental process of learning how theatre works and what its cultural use is. At the Rochester

Institute of Technology (RIT), this learning process is steadily taking shape as a collaboration among students and faculty from several separate colleges and programs. The productions of the two-year-old drama club, RIT Players, now enjoy support from the College of Liberal Arts' specially designated fund for fine arts performance. The first steps have been taken to fashion a multi-disciplinary course around an annual production of a work of performing art. And there is a renewed impetus to combine the performance resources of National Technical Institute for the Deaf (NTID) and other schools of RIT in cooperative productions. There are still obstacles. RIT Players does not yet have its own rehearsal, storage, or performance space; nor are its theatre productions accorded priority claim to any campus performance facility or equipment. And, of course, it must compete for its local audience with several established campus activities—parties and movies chief among them.

The progress of student theatre on campus and the continuing difficulties it faces define a challenging situation which must be met by a combination of resourcefulness, energy, and commitment. This is what you will see in the current RIT Players' production of *Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing*, performed in the SAU Cafeteria (RIT), Shumway Commons (RIT), and Fireside Lounge (RIT), Thursday through Sunday, January 23 - 26, Thursday through Saturday, January 31 - February 1, and on Sunday, February 2, at Media Play in Southtown Plaza.

-Peter Ferran, College of Liberal Arts, RIT

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:

13. (1 point) "Would you, could you, with a goat?"

-Give the Book's original copyright year.

14. (2 points) "I'd have liked to have you for a sweetheart, or a wife, or my mother or my sister -- anything that a woman can be to a man."

-Name the Author and Book.

15. (3 points) "It was because I heard father and mother," he explained in a low voice, "talking about what I was too be when I became a man." He was extraordinarily agitated now. "I don't want ever to be a man," he said with passion. "I want always to a little boy and to have fun. So I ran away to Kensington Gardens and lived for a long long time among the faries."

-Name the Book's original title.

Bonus Question: What book in particular is Captain Hook said to keep?



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 William of York (Feast Day: June 8)**. William Fitzherbert was the nephew of King Stephen (of England) and was appointed Archbishop of York in 1142. This appointment was opposed by a number of people, including St. Bernard of Clairvaux, due to suspicions of simony (a bribe or payoff made in order to receive an appointed ecclesiastical position). William's enemies didn't rest until he was deposed from his bishopric. He went into retirement as a monk in Winchester and was a model of patience and resignation. He was ultimately restored to his position at York and received a hero's return from his congregation. He died, it is rumored of poisoning, almost immediately.

William is interred in York Cathedral

TRAVEL: TO THE CITY OF YORK, ENGLAND. YORK IS LOCATED IN NORTHEASTERN ENGLAND AND IS EASILY ACCESSIBLE FROM LEEDS.

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*.

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>

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

is always looking for new help, especially from our University of Rochester Readers!

Send critiques, questions, or inquiries into possible positions open to:

diablo@csh.rit.edu

or
GDT

c/o 472 French Rd,
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WHY DO RIVERS RUN FROM THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE NILE?

- A CONCERNED GEOGRAPHER

Dear Concerned Geographer,

I can understand your concern and thus to help find the answer to your baffling conundrum we must first look at the actual psyche of the rivers. Rivers are very old creatures, some of the oldest on the planet, however because it's been some time since their youth, they aren't so in tune with some of these new fangled concepts such as a spherical planet.

When the rivers were young, or even middle-aged, it was still largely believed that the globe was in fact flat. As many people might recall, a majority of maps are recorded such that the north is always indicated to be pointing in an upwards direction, while the south is considered to be pointing downward. Rivers, being quite impressionable believe that this means they should be flowing in more or less the same direction whether it be downhill or down map, gravity being as inescapable as it is. The Nile is an exception as it flows through the valley of the kings, more then anything it wants to be noticed and how better to be noticed than to go against the current (so to speak). In every way this river has shown itself to be an unruly and haughty river, much too good to do as all the other rivers.

Now if you were to look at a relatively accurate depiction of the globe, you might be struck by the fact that a fair number of rivers (ie. a majority) seem to be going in either an eastern or western direction rather than south as stated in the question. Do not let this trivial physical manifestation of evidence dissuade you from the true heart of the matter. All these visually meandering creatures are actually under the impression that they are going south. A vast proportion of the rivers have either gone senile over the years and no longer remember which direction is south, or they are much to obstinate to ask directions and thus perpetually meander. This is most evident in the fact that the younger rivers, with their faster flowing waters cut relatively straight paths in the Earth's surface, while the older, slower rivers tend to oxbow and get stuck in sand bars, often becoming nostalgic and gurgling to themselves about the good old days (you know turning to blood, that sort of thing).

-The Bare-Foot Girl

Do you have any questions for the Bare-Foot Girl? Send them to diablo@csh.rit.edu



-Sean T. Hammond

Before we come close to the fire, I have to make a short disclaimer. One of the earliest GDT advertisements read, "GDT: Because we have way too much free time." Not

so anymore. Between spending the last couple days working on "Cadence" because the illustrator backed out at the last minute, doing lay-out for GDT, attending night after night of rehearsal for *Much Ado About Nothing*, and working full-time, I'm a tired little boy. It's 3:12 AM, Thursday morning, and I am just now able to start this column. No one but me has had the opportunity to read this column prior to going to the printers. Any spelling or grammar errors, are therefore entirely my fault.

That having been said, let me talk about the Irish a bit.

In recent years, the fantasy genera has been deluged with novels, excellent and questionable, pulling on lore form the British Isles. Rightly so. Even today,

the islands and moors are peopled by individuals who still sing smooing songs and follow the old ways concerning the Good Folk.

Though thoroughly Christianized, much of Ireland has retained many of its traditions concerning their peculiar brand of faerie. Before they can be spoken of, however, it helps to know some history as recounted by *The Book of Invasions*.

Prior to Christianity and writing, *The Book of Invasions* was, undoubtedly, an oral tale. Only after St. Patrick would it have been set to print. Christian influence is plainly seen, for the earliest settlers of Ireland are recorded to be the descendants of Noah. Comprised of fifty-one women and three men, all but one man, Fintan, perished in the Flood by changing himself first into a salmon, then an eagle, and finally a hawk. His survival allowed the tale of his people to be passed onto the island's next settlers.

Next week: continuation of *The Book of Invasions*.



(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

Prophecies are the coinage of fools, but I have had the dubious honor of predicting correctly that the proverbial shit would hit the fan in Bulgaria (See GDT Dec. 15th).

In the past three weeks I've seen protests in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, and returned home to Bulgaria in time to see that the country is teetering on the edge of economic and political chaos, even outright revolution. The Leva (Bulgarian currency) continues its freefall (it's now worth 1/3 of what it was when I arrived in August), and strikes and protests are being held daily in every large town in the country, often paralyzing industries, schools, and public utilities.

Angry students seized the huge Belgrade University campus in late November, and they now control most of its buildings. Within a few days of the first anti-government demonstrations, students had set up a complex organizational body that resembled a parliament, engineered the en-masse boycott of classes, and secured funds for food and the manufacture of propaganda. Arriving at the Philosophy building (which has become the heart of the student movement), I was questioned by "Student Security" (all access to the building is limited to students and journalists). In classrooms where lectures would have been going on, chain-smoking students were planning protests and designing propaganda posters. I was briefed in the student Press Center by idealistic young students with excellent English. The



A Zajedno protestor waves the Serbian flag during a night rally. Flags such as this one, with the old royal crest sown on to the flag have become a common sight at protests. The protests have renewed many Serbs' patriotism and national sentiment.



Behind the lines of the riot police during the Dec. 24th riot. A single clenched fist tells the story of the day's frustrations.

entire student movement has extraordinary media savvy: protest acts and propaganda are designed for maximum media impact. Placards and banners are often in English, and their slogans, like "Belgrade is the World" are catchy and powerful.

"We can't afford to fail now, because there will be a silence that lasts for 30 years if Milosevic wins," Miroslav Maric told me in the student press center, "We know that state security knows who we are by now." The spectre of 'D.B.' (state security) looms in everyone's mind. After hearing several rumors of shadowy secret police activities, I spoke to a young women who had had an "informative conversation" with two plain-clothed agents who took her to an empty apartment and told her the names of everyone she worked with and that it would be unfortunate if any of them "got into trouble." Another second-hand story told of a similar interview in which a student was played a tape from a meeting he participated in. The students expect that the university buildings are bugged, and often preface meetings with a group shout of, "Hello, D.B.!!!"

Posters lining city walls and leaflets scattered on sidewalks make the ongoing protests a tangible presence everywhere. Buying roasted chestnuts on the street, I was surprised to find that they were served on a student protest news leaflet. Everywhere in the city, people can be seen wearing anti-government buttons and colorful whistles which are used to raise a great roar during demonstrations. On the edge of Terazje square, rock music and pre-recorded fiery speeches blast along all day from speakers in the third story

office of the Democratic Party, which is part of the Zajedno opposition coalition. The students and the coalition supporters are both demanding that the government revoke its dismissal of local elections in which Zajedno was widely victorious.

Two independent newspapers and an independent radio station provide the citizens of Belgrade with news that is more objective than the state-controlled media channels. But people in smaller towns and rural areas across Serbia are being informed by state-run media that the huge 50,000 to 300,000 people demonstrating daily in Belgrade are actually "small bands of rabble rousers" who are being fed Exstasy pills and paid \$300 a day by Western governments to disrupt daily life in the city. During my six day visit, the students' portrayal of the rural Serbs (who make up the bulk of Communist support) changed from "misinformed farmers" to "manipulated peasants." A defining element of the current power struggle is the battle which is raging for the



Christopher Lane

Late on Dec. 24th, riot police withdrew from downtown Belgrade. Many of them were quite happy to leave, as they had spent most of the day struggling with protestors and were not given any food or water for at least twelve hours.

minds of Serbians. The struggle to distribute information and thereby portray the opposite party highlights what has become a war of theatrical drama on the streets as well in the media.

On December 22nd, news of a large pro-government rally was leaked to one of Belgrade's independent radio stations. The demonstration was to take place on Terazje square, at the same time a Zajedno protest would be occurring there. "This means that December 24th will be the first day of a civil war," Marta Gligorijevic told me after her meeting with her co-captains of student security. On the 24th, a huge fleet of buses arrived in Belgrade carrying at least 75,000 workers from the countryside who had been given free transportation and a day of paid leave to come to the pro-

government rally. Most of them did not realize what was really happening in Belgrade and believed they were being given a day off from work by the gracious President Milosevic. Clearly what was being organized was a riot that would justify the use of force by the huge contingent of riot police waiting on the outskirts of the city (estimates put their number at 50,000).

The pro-government protesters arrived to find a huge, angry mob of about 200,000 people waiting for them on Terazje square. The melee that ensued was simply horrifying. Men of all ages beat each other with sticks while the air was thick with eggs, fruit, and rocks thrown by both parties. Old women sat on the sidewalks and wept. While they tried to scrape egg from their clothes, young women hurled vicious jeers at them. I kept low and tried to photograph, but still took a glancing blow on the head from an airborne rock. When the anti-government mob threatened to destroy the cinema lights and cameras that had been set up for the rally, riot police arrived wielding clubs and shields to clear the anti-government mob from the square. Tear gas was used, and at least two people were killed and scores injured.

In Bulgaria, protests against the Communist-controlled Parliament began on Jan. 7th. Having succeeded in destroying what's left of Bulgaria's economy, the deputies then tried to postpone elections as long as possible. Students at the University of Sofia have been boycotting classes to lead the opposition protest, which is demanding immediate elections. On Dec. 10th the protests turned violent when the protesters encircled the Parliament and refused to let the deputies leave. That night, a group of protesters broke into through a riot police cordon, entered the Parliament building and set it on fire. Riot police used tear gas and badly beat at least 100 protesters.

Much to my chagrin, all this happened while I was stranded in Greece. But I have since attended the marches, and felt the nervously excited mood of my Bulgarian friends. As I said before, Bulgarians are at the end of their rope, and even the most drastic improvement in politics will not improve their economic woes. A few days ago, a Bulgarian friend confided to me that his monthly salary was about \$25. The cost of a loaf of bread has risen to almost 50 cents, and beggars now commonly try their luck outside bakeries, sometimes with young babies on their hips.

I worry all the time about the friends I've made all over the Balkans. To struggle against governments who oppress and bankrupt your people is a beautiful and honorable deed, but things could get real "hot" at any time now. It's spooky. But it's damn nice to see the bastards fry in their own fat.