



Volume 6 • Issue 7

## Repo Man

"I owed the government \$3400 in subsidized loans, so I sent them two hamsters and a toilet seat."

Every day, hundreds of people take out loans for everything from their car or house to their college education. Most of these people have no foreseeable means of ever repaying those loans. But, since you have to be in debt to have a good credit rating (or any credit rating), it's not uncommon to hear horror stories from

people who could no longer make the payments on their 1978 Yugos<sup>†</sup> and found one morning, much to their surprise, that their piece-of-shit-mobile had been paid a visit from the Repo man and managed to start a war in the Balkan states.<sup>Δ</sup> Part of the problem is the sheer lobbying power of the Repo Men's Union (RMU) to make the banks continue to give them contracts. Whenever the percentage of loans paid on time gets too high, the Yugos start to disappear again from unsuspecting driveways all over the suburbs of middle America.

That is only the first slip that sends young, successful burger-flippers straight to the bottom (not without the inevitable ka-chunk as their head smacks into the side of that dark, slime-covered shaft). Sooner or later you find yourself in a louse-infested room at the YMCA with your little gears sluggishly turning and you wonder, "Where did I go wrong? What next? They've taken my house, my car, my Skittles, all my worldly possessions, what more can they take? On the upside, I have four years of college under my belt, so I should be able to get a job somewhere. Right? Right!?"

Well, now thanks to <sup>∅</sup>Lethe Gee, a subsidiary of Hell Inc., the big bad Repo-man is coming for your college education. Haven't paid off those college loans yet? Thinking you had a little cushion zone since there was no way for you to default on your loan and you felt secure in the knowledge that your knowledge was secure? HA! Lethe Gee is on your tuckus, boys and girls. There's nowhere to run. The Gee-Men come not in the night like other RMU members, but in broad daylight when you are most likely to really need that Yugo to get home from the mall. The age-old "Anybody remember where we parked?" routine quickly becomes the bitter taste of Diphenhydramine Hydrochloride when the parking lot empties and there's nothing left but a few Tumble-Cans<sup>™</sup> and the one obligatory tricycle playing hide and go seek with the empty shopping carts. As you dodge between race lanes of local frat brothers sailing by in the windy straits of the lot's many monocotyledonous curbside dividers (MCD's), you catch sight of the crushing blow: Lethe Gee's calling card. Yes, the Lethe Gee-Men do leave a calling card, so you know when you've been hit by the big boys (but only if you knew your ancient Greek mythology prior to taking out your college loans). When you see the larger-than-life parallelogram pink eraser<sup>¥</sup> where your spouse used to be, you begin to feel the edges of the hole left in your mind. You begin to realize that since you bought that car while attending college, you have no idea what it looks like.

Lethe Gee repossesses your education when you default on your college loans. Because of

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<sup>†</sup>A Car Before its Time.

<sup>Δ</sup>One of the (many) facts not released by the CIA concerning the latest BOOM from Europe's powderkeg is that the entire disintegration of Yugoslavia was not precipitated by cultural/religious tensions. The war was started because Serbia, thinking itself to be the Detroit of the Balkans, invested massive amounts of capital into their hope: the Yugo. Sadly, when worldwide sales fell far short of expectations, creditors insisted that debts be paid. Before Lethe Gee-men<sup>∅</sup>(uhhh, headnote) appeared to collect as only they can, the country fell back upon the tried-and-true theory of the redistribution of wealth. They invaded neighboring areas to snatch up land and valuable silly-string resource rights, and paid off their debts.

<sup>∅</sup>This is not the footnote you're looking for. It was a headnote, silly, look up.

<sup>¥</sup> When Lethe Gee was only a few lonely men in the basement of the Hell Inc. world headquarters (when it exists corporeally), they considered the wedge-shaped pencil-tip erasers as their standard issue weapon of choice, but they chose the parallelogram style erasers because they are more ominous when pointed at a victim. And they hurt more when you get hit upside the head with them. Especially in rapid-fire mode when the teacher turns her back.



Continued on page 2 of GDT...



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**Editor's Apology**

I want to sincerely say I'm sorry for the sloppiness in last week's issue of GDT. I could make excuses, but (Achtung! Reporter Staff) bad work is bad work and excuses don't fix things. I take full responsibility for all the stupid layout mistakes (like the last line of the Bare-foot Girl's column being cut off and the illegible white on black text for the Scavenger Hunt). And most of the spelling and grammar problems. What I don't take responsibility for is the apparent apathy of our readers. No one wrote us to say, "Hey Dumby! You screwed up!" It's no wonder the crap-filled Reporter (RIT's officially sanctioned Newsmag) is able to continue to print the mediocre material that is its mainstay (at best).

I'd like to say GDT won't fuck up again, but that would be a lie. Suffice it to say that us biologists, engineers, mathematicians, and anthropologists will continue to do the best job we can. -eds.

the way humans learn, however, it's just too much trouble to remove the practical knowledge learned in classes without making the rest of the memories from that time of your life totally disjointed. Besides, most of the people who attend and/or graduate college don't care much for their book-learning, and so it loses all value as a bargaining chip; it's buried so deep under fuzzy recollections of beer funnels and gang-rapes (both giving and receiving) in the neighboring sorority house that most of them couldn't find it to answer a Jeopardy question with anyway, so who cares? To ensure the satisfaction of their client banks, Lethe Gee just takes the whole chunk. You literally lose four (or five or six) years of life, with only the summers and vacations left lingering, feeling utterly lost in the sea of fog that was your early adulthood.

In theory, you could negotiate with your loan companies to try and get your memories returned if you began payments again. Unfortunately, most people don't remember that they have forgotten something and wander aimlessly around their old High School haunts, wondering where all their friends are.

For those fortunate or observant enough to notice, the eraser left for them has a handy phone number to call: 1-800-LETHE-GE. The number is, of course, a front operation. When you call, even if they insist that they are a special delivering service for expecting mothers, be persistent. By all means give the operator your name and home address, but insist that you WANT to pay back your loans and could you please have your memories returned? Make it clear to them that you would be in a much better position to land a successful job if you could remember what exactly it was that you majored in. Best of luck, and remember the operators are Gee-men specially trained to keep up the facade... Be persistent!

**LIVE AND LEARN AND  
PASS IT ON (A CRITICAL REVIEW)**

I've learned that the easiest way to bridge the generation gap with teenagers is with ~~great spaghetti and bread sticks!~~  
margarine, a Turkey baster, and a vat of sea monkey keys

-Age 56

I've learned that there's a world of difference between "~~I don't know~~" and "~~I'll find out.~~"  
Sock it to me Buddha! Oh God!

-Age 54

I've learned that ~~gum~~ is only good the first day.  
grandma

-Age 12

## 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 25<sup>th</sup>, 1997. GDT bids you good luck.

### This Week's Hunt:

19. (1 point) "When angry, count to four; when very angry, swear."

**-Name the Author**

20. (2 points) "You have to learn to laugh. That will be required of you. You must apprehend the humor of life, its gallows-humor. But of course you are ready for everything in the world except what will be required of you."

**-Name the Author and Novel**

21. (3 points) "Kay Gonda does not cook her own meals or knit her own underwear. She does not play golf, adopt babies, or endow hospitals for homeless horses. She is not kind to her dear old mother -- she has no dear old mother. She is not just like you and me. She never was like you and me. She's like nothing you bastards ever dreamed of!"

**-Name the Author**

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*THIS WAS PART OF AN E-MAIL WE WERE SENT GIVING US AN UPDATE ON THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN BELGRADE*

Dear friends:

Tonight at 11.30 PM (local time) several thousand policemen attacked the Belgrade demonstrators. I've just come back from the town, and as a witness I can say this:

We were blocked in front of the Branko's bridge for more than 2 hours. 10-15,000 people were on the other side of the bridge, but police blocked the bridge from both sides, and did not allow them to join us. There were 30-40,000 people on our side of the bridge, but many of them left the place. When only 4-5,000 remained, and when we saw that strong police forces began to circle us, the opposition leader Vuk Draskovic spoke, and told us to go to the center - because 5-10 minutes before that we felt that perhaps they would attack. We started to go, and less than a minute later police attacked us from all sides with water cannon and tear gas. There was NO provocation from our side, and there was NO one single reason for the police to attack! We began to retreat and run away, but the police started running after the people, beating brutally everyone whom they could catch - older women, children, everyone without difference. A taxi driver took me and my wife and drove us home. Now I am listening to the two independent radio stations here (B92 and Radio Index): several thousand policemen are on the streets in the center of Belgrade beating everyone there! People try to escape, but at the moment the situation is dangerous around the Faculty of philosophy where many people found a shelter. The latest news is that policemen entered into the Faculty, beat several people and arrested many others. Hundred of people are injured. Many cameramen were attacked. In a dramatic interview Vuk Draskovic just said that police fired at him, but somehow he managed to escape - he says that the regime gave order to kill him this night. The lady from the opposition, the leader of pacifist Civil Ligue of Serbia Vesna Pesic is injured. At the time I am writing this messages, the police action still goes on!

Please, help us by informing everyone on the net about this terrible night in Belgrade.

And we are going to keep fighting for our freedom and rights, no doubt! They can arrest us, but they cannot win, no matter what happens!

Yours, Novica Milic

## 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](mailto: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>

## Letters and Responses:

Date: Tue, 28 Jan 1997

From: "Joe Schmo"

DEAR HELL'S KITCHEN;

I have been an avid follower of GDT ever since it began circulating regularly last year. I always enjoyed your goofiness, your wittiness, your wordiness, and everything else that ended in -ness, but lately it seems like the format has changed. Nowadays you guys are all...so damn serious! While I appreciate the sign of literate life on this campus, I miss your lighthearted, smartass commentaries on life, your quirky facts about the outside world we never see, and your completely random insanity.

What makes me bring this up is when I read the "Bare-Foot Girl" column in Vol. 6, Issue 5 (Jan. 26): her article about the direction of rivers. It was just so completely left-field; I loved it. It reminded me of the "incest" editorial you guys did last year, the one that had a footnote on time travel.

So you see, while I admire being poetic and artistic and expressive, columns like "Martyrlogue" and "Fey Denizen" (sorry to single you out, guys) have gotten way too serious lately. Hell's Kitchen in general has seemed to adopt a very dreary tone...it seems almost like an epitaph. Everything's got its place, and that includes corniness too.

Apologies all around if I sounded like a jerk. Thanx for listening, have a good day.

Sincerely,  
"Joe Schmo"

### Ask The Bare-Foot Girl

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL,

WHAT WAS THE BEST THING PRIOR TO SLICED BREAD?

-CHRISTOPHER LANE

Dear Christopher Lane,

The best thing since sliced bread is obviously the mime-trap. Unfortunately that was not your question. But since I am a human of means, I shall answer your question.

There were actually several really great things that existed in the world prior to sliced bread; I will only proceed to name the top three:

3) Named as the "most ornithologically useless animal of all time," the Dodo bird. The Dodo was originally discovered by Portuguese sailors in 1507 on the island of Mauritius. It was described as being "...a stupid, fifty pound, roly-poly, flightless bird with a permanent silly expression on its face." (Stan Lee, *The Best of the World's Worst*. Los Angeles: General Publishing Group, Inc., 1994) There are only a couple of things that could possibly be better than a completely useless fowl, which explains why this is only in the third position.

2) Lot's wife. (i.e., the world's first salt lick.)

1) The Tick. Granted, he's a little more contemporary than the others, but he did go back in time to help a clan of early ancestors. Although they did have croutons and freshly ground pepper for their salads, I didn't notice any sliced bread.

-The Bare-Foot Girl

DEAR JOE SCHMO,

Way to make a girl feel all warm and mushy inside! Oh, wait... I am all warm and mushy inside (sans calcium deposits)! Actually, you're right. Our writing style has gotten a little dismal and dreary recently. I think this can be attributed in part to our over-worked head-editors. We've certainly lost a lot of steam since last year, and several active members. We still actively lament the passing of Troy into Metropolis, where he can no longer assist us with main articles. But we are pleased to be welcoming our most prized pupa, BJ Leopold back into our little fold.

All I can say is that you're right. We have lost sight of our fundamental principles, and if we could have a little assistance from our readerage, we can make GDT just as random and offending as it ever was. Please help the over-worked head-editors of GDT by sending in submissions, ideas, free food, and yourselves (slave labor).

In other words we could really use some assistance. We're at a point where we're not even sure where our illustrations will be coming from from week to week.

-Sincerely  
Kelly Gunter  
Head Editor

And just keep in mind that it's socially acceptable to talk to yourself in a public place, as long as you hold a cell phone.

**Send questions for the Bare-Foot Girl to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu)  
If you don't ask, she won't tell.**

(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

10 October, 1996

It's true that men who drink buckets of vodka are pitiful creatures who stumble around and mumble loudly at passing strangers. This spectacle is infinitely more entertaining when you add a guy drinking buckets of gin to the scene. Somewhere after finishing my third glass, Biser and I begin taking great pleasure in throwing our glasses on the concrete floor after the last gulp. The normal ass-watching and ugly-gesture-making follows soon afterwards. Suddenly I'm full of energy and shaking it along with the best of what remains of the dancers. After what is more than obviously the last dance, I return to the table to knock back the end of another gin and stumble out into the city park with Biser. We manage to make our way to the all-night bakery that serves steamy-hot banitsas as they come out of the oven.

Like a scene from what you'd think a late night bakery in Communist country would be, this place is. Three pudgy old women rolling out huge stretches of dough and chuckling through missing teeth at each other, while a great beer-gutted wonder of a man with a sweat-soaked tee-shirt tosses pans in and out of several huge, dusty ovens. There's no counter or register it's more like walking in the back door. Most nights I have to shuffle my feet a few times before one of the old women looks up from greasing pastry pans. On a good night my change is covered with greasy fingerprints and my banitsa is almost too hot to hold. This is a good thing, as cold banitsa tastes like flour flavored cooking oil, whereas hot banitsa tastes like a cross between a croissant and a donut filled with feta cheese.

By the time we're almost done munching our breakfast while leaning on trees in the park, I realize that it's already 5:30 AM. With a hurried farewell, I stumble-run to the dorm and grab my bag and change my shirt. Leaving the dormitory, I realize that I have about 20 minutes to run two kilometers with a huge bag of clothes and books. Groggy and still-half drunk, I'm trying to figure out a better alternative as

three beautiful young women run out of the dorm and ask me if I've seen their cab. It arrives moments later, and I get to ride with them to the train station for a part of the fare. Five minutes before I could have possibly made it to the platform, I'm rolling towards Sofia. We all sit in the same compartment and I'm able to get a real look at these three freshmen. All from Stara Zagora (a town in the North, close to the Danube, where Zagorka, the only well known Bulgarian beer, is made), they're heading home for break. Deliana, the only very talkative one of them, is bleach-blonde (very popular here) with arching black eyebrows, light olive skin, and a 'devil-be-damned' smile. As I drift into sleep a few minutes after we roll out of town, she's the only one who remains solidly in my mind.

Sofia is as gray and tired as ever. I get in a taxi and tell the driver to take me to Orlov Most, a famous bridge where I can catch a bus to the airport. The airport is 10 km from town and taxis won't take you there for less than \$10 (from what I've heard). Compared to a 20 cent bus ticket, I am willing to spend 4 times as long getting there. The driver asks if I am going to the airport. "I'll take you there, \$10." No, I'll take the bus. A few blocks later, he offers again for \$9. By the time I can see Orlov Most, he's down to \$5. What the hell...that's worth it. And off we go to the airport. Arriving at the international terminal (which sounds impressive, but is more like a huge warehouse with windows and a few Cyrillic signs), it's 10:05. I realize to my total luck, that the travel agent wrote my ticket times wrong (they're still written by hand here) and that my plane is leaving at 10:20, rather than 11:20.

As the plane's nose edges up and that reassuring roar of wide open engines rolls around me, I smile a great self-satisfied smile. Luck is mine, and I am on a great hollow spear flung at the London of North Italy. Soon there will be a tall yellow-haired girl to smile and kiss me in a new airport. And sleep rolls over me like a great warm weight.

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### ***Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Demands Tribute!***

**Send all your saucy Scottish wenches (*all I said*), money, taxes, submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618**

"True humor begins when a man ceases to take himself seriously." -Herman Hesse, *Steppenwolf*

Recently a faculty member from RIT expressed his concern over the Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (GDT) cover article, entitled "Race Baiting" (volume 6, issue 4). He had spoken with several people who found the article...hurtful. Indeed it was a little tinderbox, just waiting to spurn a fire. On our side, we had at least attempted to spread the flames around a bit by talking about many different groups and not just one. But this faculty member informed me, as I had heard from other sources, that this article had hit the African-American crowd particularly hard.

Good. That particular article was so loaded with racist material that I was surprised we didn't have a mob attempting to hunt down the editors. Instead, those objecting to our content exercised their Constitutional rights to suppress our Constitution rights by throwing issues into the non-recyclable trash ("Help! Help! I'm being repressed!"). Oh well...

When I was much younger, I knew several members of the local White Supremacist Skinheads, as well as Racial Unity Skinheads (I might have known several members of the local Nazi Skinhead Group, but my best friend was Jewish, and the fact that they were trying to kill her sort of strained any possible relations with them). In my association with the two groups, I noticed some interesting correlation's: they both thought there was something wrong with their lives and they desperately wanted someone to take it out on...someone to blame. I remember listening to one of the white supremacists I knew talk about his beliefs. He said that it had been scientifically proven that blacks were missing something in their brains, that they were genetically inferior. I had grown up in a family of scientists and I knew that the party line he had committed to rote memory was made up of as many lies as the uber-whites could construct. Their rhetoric was created to instill a sense of control. Sure, their lives were bad now, but at least they knew who they could blame. Their rhetoric was only given power because of their fears. As long as there is a scapegoat, you don't have to accept that you are responsible for your own life.

In addition to the fear-mongering white supremacists, I had also encountered the counter-version. When I was in middle-school my best friend braided up my hair in hundreds of tiny little braids and, while walking through the halls at school, one of the older black girls started threatening me, saying that, as a *white* girl, I had no right to wear my hair in that style. Years passed and I watched as children who had played together, not caring what color they were, no longer spoke with each other. Some of the African-American students had become angry at the injustices dealt them and began to blame all whites, not just the ones that were involved.

There is a double standard that has evolved. I remember hearing a boy say at one point that the word discrimination only included the injustices of whites against blacks, that it couldn't possibly be considered the injustices of blacks against whites. I learned from one of my friends, whose father was black and mother was white, that those in the middle receive the short end of both sides. There is race and gender hatred on all sides, and that must be acknowledged before we get anywhere. These types of "White pride" and "Black pride" are the same phenomena, they just perpetuate the problem and both

are undesirable.

In the two short years that Gracies Dinnertime Theatre has been publishing, we have covered a diverse range of topics, many of them controversial. We have openly encouraged cannibalism, and suicide (in no less than three articles), implied that the Holocaust was a sort of karmic justice for genocide the Israelites committed against the peoples already living in the Holy Land prior to their invasion, and in the issue published a few weeks prior to "Race-Baiting" (GDT Volume 6, issue 1), we implied that humans were overpopulated and should be thinned a bit utilizing the methods currently used to control deer herds: Baiting and shooting. In that article, we graphically described the luring of a white hick named Jolene and her inevitable murder at the hands of a hunter.

We upset some African-Americans when we published "Race Baiting?" Where was their anger when we published "Bait and Shoot?" Same concept, different races. You see, we set you up.

And you fell for it.

GDT was once accused of taking the attitude of, "It's funny because it's not me." Not so. It's funny even when it is us. If you don't believe me, then read past issues where we make fun of ourselves. It is our *readers* who get offended when the topics we choose get a little too close to home. Luring stupid whites to their death with cars placed on blocks? Oh, that's funny. Luring stupid blacks with crack pipes and Def Comedy Jam (and we didn't even kill *them!*)? All of a sudden we're racist.

As long as there are people basing their behavior on absurd tribal loyalties (real or imagined), GDT will have a wealth of material. You want equality? Well, in GDT you've got it. We'll treat every form of absurdity we encounter the same. That's what we're all about. Absurdity. Racism is absurd. Denying individuals civil and intellectual rights is absurd. Denying personal freedom is absurd. Every form of hate and denial of life is absurd. Absurd actions are...well, absurd! If you can't laugh in the face of absurdity, then you've missed the point of the whole game. And if you can't play the game well, can I buy Baltic Ave. from you?

You should already know what you are capable of as a human being. You know what respect you deserve in the eyes of others. Do not sit around and ask them for the respect you so rightly deserve; they will never hand it over under those terms. Show them how worthy you are of their regard with your actions. Prove to them that they have no choice but to respect you as much as you respect yourself. If your sense of self or your allegiance to some group is so threatened by our attempts to bring the absurd into the spotlight, then something is wrong.

If anyone has anything they would like to say further on this matter, please contact us. Why people brought this issue up with faculty members is beyond me. We wrote it. We published it. Talk to us. We want to hear your voice. We want to hear everyone's voice because that means you're thinking! We are an open forum for anyone who chooses to take advantage of it.

**-Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond  
GDT founders, editors, and writers**