



Volume 7 • Issue 1

Little Ollie Cromwell

*"A curse upon you Oliver Cromwell
You who raped our Motherland
I hope you're rotting down in hell
For the horrors that you sent
To our misfortunate forefathers..."*

-Pogues

The whole sordid story of the conflict between the English and Irish goes back to 1169 when Henry II invaded Ireland with 30 knights (in full armor), 60 horsemen (in half armor), 300 archers (in no armor), and not a single giraffe.^f After four centuries of nose thumbing, thumb biting, and general nastiness all involving thumbs,^d between the people of Eire and their eastern neighbor, things started to get really pooppy in the mid 1500s.

King Henry VIII I-am I-am of England might be most notorious for his being the founder of today's common practice of serial monogamy and wife beheading^g but it was his policies toward Ireland that had repercussions for centuries that really get the Irish figurative long johns to bind up at the crotch. Shortly after marrying his sixth and last wife, the delectable Green-Sleeves herself, he bullied a Parliament consisting entirely of Englishmen to proclaim him King of Ireland. With his convenient break with the papacy and creation of the Church of England, he was able to declare the Catholic (means "universal," don't-cha-cha-know) religion null and void.

Unfortunately, Ireland was 99 and ⁴⁴/_{100th} Catholic. Already things were getting a bit tense.

For the English, Ireland was convenient for their latest program: world domination and an early alpha release of the white man's burden. The non-feudal Irish were seen as barbarians and it was the responsibility of the English to feudalize, Protestantize, and generally push aside. With super-duper secret orders, King Henry VIII I-am I-am demanded the capture of all trade and commerce in Ireland. In addition, he began a practice of having the sons of Irish nobles kidnapped and raised as good Englishmen (i.e., dead Englishmen. Oh, sorry. I guess that goes without saying doesn't it?). Once grown, these puppets to I-am I-am, secure in the superiority of their English upbringing, would return to Ireland and demand the right to replace their Irish birth-fathers as chief of a territory. More often than not, civil war would erupt in the particular region. The uppity English-raised rug rat would be supported by English troops and often won. Once in place, England would either no longer recognize their claim to power, or trump up some charge of treason. Either way, the result was the same: the lands controlled by the Chief were forfeited to the English crown.

In a classic example of differing world views, this seemingly straight forward approach of the English failed. The English were a feudal society in which the Lords owned the land; the Irish, however, never suffered feudalism. The land was not something that could be given or taken from the Chief. It belonged to the people. So after much political wrangling (Hyah! WWWWWCHTTTTT!), Henry VIII I-am I-am was facing a bunch of very snippish Celts. In came the soldiers, killing the "rebels" and burning as many homes as possible.

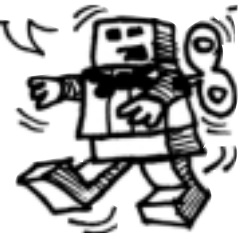
^fDid you know that in the 1600s, when China had colonies in Eastern Africa and they discovered Giraffes, they had several brought back to the Emperor's court because the animal had the honor of looking exactly like their version of the Unicorn? Bet you didn't.

^dYou wouldn't believe the atrocities committed. Take, for example, the little known Thumb Rebellion of 1359. Over 17 people stubbed their opposable digits in that foray. Ironically, there were only three pinky casualties...all on the side of the Spanish who just happened to be on holiday. Weird.

^gNice try, OJ. You might want something larger than a knife to get her head off, though. Then again, you've opened up the market for Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman PEZ™ Dispensers.



HELLO...IRISH... I AM... YOUR CHIEF..



IRISH CONTRABAND



The Blarney Pet®



Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Layout:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Printer's Demon:

Damn

Illustrator:

Vinny Bove

Writers:

Michelle Amoruso
Vinny Bove
Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Christopher Lane
B.J. Leopold
Troy Liston
Mark Nowak

Contributors:

Damn
Josh French
P.J. Gaynard
Robert MacKay
Don Rider
Phil Utley

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Anyone who has read Chapter 3 of *The Prince* by Machiavelli should recognize this particular tactic. After the land was cleared of the Irish,[≈] good-old *loyal* English, Scots, and Welsh were brought in to resettle the land. From that time the practice of Plantation became a fixed policy to "exterminate and exile the country people of the Irishry," and to banish that fresh wholesome smell of the Irish spring with their smelly western European corpses. To forward this policy, historians and poets were systematically hunted and killed (often covering their remains with gravy and a side dish of peas), their genealogies destroyed, their beauticians terrorized, and Gaelic banned, all in attempts to end Irish culture and replace it with a more civilized English one.

As Queen Elizabeth took the throne and continued in Henry I-am I-am's policies, the Irish had finally had enough. Four rebellions took place under Elizabeth. The fourth was the single most important. Called The Flight of Earls, it saw the removal of several important Chiefs and the subsequent plantation of their lands.

Despite the serious shit going down in Irish Town, things remained remarkably calm until the 21st of October in 1641 when settlers and Irish both rose up against the English. In one night, all of Ulster was retaken. Leinster and Munster later joined and the English were all but driven from the island.

The English invented stories of slaughters of Protestants at the hands of the revolting Irish. In this climate, Charles I was executed, and Oliver Cromwell, Lord High Protector of England, entered the scene in a big way, and why not, for he was a big man.

In 1649 Oliver Cromwell, Agent of God the Just, First Friend of the Irish, and his army arrived in Ireland like an avenging angel. Equipped with the newest in savage control (cannons), he rolled across Ireland like a bunch of hicks driving a monster truck. First stop in his Irish tour was Drogheda ("Sunday! Sunday! Sunday!") where he slaughtered 3000 men. He continued on to Wexford where he helped the crops by killing 2000 more men.[†] In less than a year, Ollie Cromwell and his Ironsides had re-captured Ireland, effectively crushing all armed resistance, and fixed the squeak in the seat-tilt control.

Thanks to the First Friend of the Irish and those that followed him, Ireland was nearly empty by 1652. Close to 5/6 of the entire population of Ireland was killed, either through armed hostilities, famine, plague, or roving packs of wolves preying on the homeless and displaced natives robbed of their lands ("It's cold and there are wolves after me!").

What a guy. No wonder the Irish think he's so cool. Really. Go to any IRA meeting and let them know you think Oliver Cromwell really had his shit together. It's fun.

Quick to seize their opportunity, England began a massive program of transplantation. Parliament forced all Irish from East of the Shannon River, adding just a little extra misery to an already endangered people. For shits and giggles, they instituted the Penal Laws in 1653. Under them it was illegal for the Irish to do just about anything:

- Exercise religion^Δ.

[≈]It was bound to happen once they cleared the Irish, the topsoil began to erode. Next thing you know you can't grow enough low grade tobacco for the Polish to smoke.

[†]Full of nitrogen men are.

^ΔIf you don't exercise your religion twice a day, it has a tendency to get crotchety.

- Receive education.
- Enter a profession.
- Hold public office.
- Engage in trade or commerce.
- Live in a corporate town or within five miles thereof.
- Own a horse of greater value than five pounds.
- Hop on one foot and pat their head.
- Purchase land.
- Lease land.
- Vote.
- Hiccuping and farting at the same time.
- Keep any arms for their protection.
- Hold a life annuity.
- Be guardian to a child.
- Own any horse of lesser value than five pounds.
- Attend catholic worship.
- Educate their children.
- Own a Chiapet™

In short, the only legal option left the upstanding Irish citizenry was to eat shit and die. Dead ones were ok, but those living ones were just a pain. The Penal laws remained in effect in one form or another up until the Catholic Emancipation in 1829. Cromwell go Bragh!



What does this have to do with the main article? Nothing really. Why do you ask?

MARTYRLOGUE

-by 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. Patrick (Feast Day: March 17)**.

There are a lot of misconceptions surrounding this most recognizable, and therefore, most secularized of saints. Patrick wasn't Irish; he was Welsh-Italian. His real name wasn't Patrick, it was Succat. He wasn't the first Christian missionary to Ireland (that was St Palladius) and there were never any snakes in Ireland for him to drive out. He never intended to go to Ireland, he was kidnapped at the age of 16 and sold as a slave in the year 404. He escaped 6 years later and returned home to Wales but returned to Ireland as an adult to fulfill a destiny of evangelization foretold to him in a dream. Along with being the Patron of Ireland he is also the Patron of Nigeria.

A popular pilgrimage site is the **Purgatory of St Patrick** located on an island of Lough Dergh in Ulster, Ireland. It is a large subterranean cave where our saint used to go to perform acts of penance and spend time alone in meditation and reflection. Some believe that if one spends a substantial amount of time in the cave one will be spared the sufferings of purgatory in the next life (or in the wait for the next life).



IN THE SPIRIT OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY, LOCAL HOSPITALS BEGIN OFFERING THEIR PATIENTS "GREEN I.V."

Captain Atomic by Vinny Bove 2/1/17

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre wishes to express its gratitude to the Melancholy Predator for loaning Captain Atomic this week.

The End of the Literary Scavenger Hunt:

"Sophocles? 'Oedipus Tyranus?' The guy plucks his own eyes out? READ A BOOK!"

-Handy

The winner of GDT's Literary Scavenger Hunt is:

Stephen Antonson, member of the *Melancholy Predator*

Congratulations Steve! Steve is now \$75 dollars richer...which is a lot more than the rest of you. Steve correctly identified fifteen of the quotes for a total score of 21 points out of a possible 55. Coming up in second place, winning absolutely nothing, is Andrea Chrisman, one of the editors of the *Iconoclast*. Third place goes to Mark Cicero, co-editor of the *Melancholy Predator* (are you noticing a trend here?). Dragging up the rear was Troy Liston, writer for GDT.

Of course, people could claim that the entire contest was a sham, but they'd be wrong. The only people not allowed to enter were the head editors of GDT (who, incidentally, were the only ones who worked on the contest and knew the answers). Besides, if you can find anyone else that entered the contest...they're a liar. In short, the publications of Hell's Kitchen apparently have a monopoly on the intelligentsia and creative spelling of RIT, the U of R, and Rutgers. Check to see if you would have done better and then kick yourself. You're out \$75.

1. (1 point) A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly.

Ask me a riddle and I reply:

'Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie.'

-Name the author and the character speaking.

Answer: A.A. Milne, Winnie-the-pooh

2. (2 points) "A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

-Name the author and the book title.

Answer: Charles Dickens, A Christmas Carol

3. (3 points) "When you find your self alone, isolated in a world totally without time, face to face with yourself, all the masks that you hide behind- those to preserve your own illusions, those that project them before others- finally fall, sometimes brutally."

-Name the author and the book title.

Answer: Véronique Le Guen, Alone at the Bottom of an Abyss

4. (1 point) "Out on the lawn there arose such a clatter I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter."

-Name the author and story.

Answer: Clement Clarke Moore, "The Night before Christmas"

5. (2 points) "At one time most of my friends could hear the bell, but as years passed, it fell silent for all of them. Even Sarah found one Christmas that she could no longer hear its sweet sound. Though I've grown old, the bell still rings for me as it does for all those who truly believe."

-Name the author and book.

Answer: Chris van Alsburg, The Polar Express

6. (3 points) "Did you ever notice, the only one in A Christmas Carol with any character is Scrooge? Marley is a whiner who fucked over the world and hadn't the spine to pay his dues quietly; Belle, Scrooge's ex-girlfriend, deserted him when he needed her most; Bob Cratchit is a gutless toady without enough get-up-and-go to assert himself; and

the less said about that little treacle-mouth, Tiny Tim, the better."

-Name the author.

Answer: Harlan Ellison

7. (1 point) *What was Winnie-the-Pooh's original name and where did he get his current name?*

Answer: Edward Bear, partly from a swan that didn't need it anymore, partly from a bear at the London Zoo

8. (2 points) "Get your facts first, and then you can distort 'em as much as you please."

-Name the author.

Answer: Mark Twain

9. (3 points) "Is it an inspiring sight to see a man commit a heroic gesture, and then learn that he goes to the vaudeville shows for relaxation? Or see a man who's painted a magnificent canvas--and learn that he spends his time sleeping with every slut he meets?"

-Name the author and character speaking.

Answer: Ayn Rand, Dominique

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.

Answer: The Constitution of the United States of America

11. (2 points) "Oook?"

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

Answer: Terry Pratchett, the Librarian, nearly any Diskworld book

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

Answer: Whitley Strieber, *Majestic*

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

-Give the Book's original copyright year.

Answer: 1960

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.

Answer: Willa Cather, *My Antonia*

15. (3 points) "It was because I heard father and mother," he explained in a low voice, "talking about what I was to 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 be a little boy and to have fun. So I ran away to Kensington Gardens and lived for a long long time among the fairies."

-Name the Book's original title.

Answer: Peter and Wendy

16. (1 point) "If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him."

-Name the speaker.

Answer: Voltaire

17. (2 points) As she started up the rungs on the side of the engine, a reporter thought of a question he had not asked.

"Miss Taggart," he called after her, "who is John Galt?"

She turned, hanging onto a metal bar with one hand, suspended for an instant above the heads of the crowd.

"We are!"

-What was Miss Taggart about to do?

Answer: Ride the first train on the John Galt Line

18. (3 points) *What was the working title of the book referenced in question seventeen?*

Answer: *The Strike*

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

-Name the Author

Answer: Mark Twain

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

Answer: Herman Hesse, *Steppenwolf*

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

Answer: Ayn Rand

22. (5 points) "This is what it is to be human: to see the essential existential futility of all action, all striving- and to act, to strive. This is what it is to be human: to reach forever beyond your grasp. This is what it is to be human: to live forever or die trying. This is what it is to be human: to perpetually ask the unanswerable questions, in the hope that the asking of them will somehow hasten the day when they will be answered. This is what it is to be human: to strive in the face of the certainty of failure.

"This is what it is to be human: to persist.

"For this is what it means to be human: to laugh at what another would call tragedy.

"This is what it means to be human: to commit hara-kiri, with a smile if it becomes needful. "

-Name the Book and Authors

Answer: *StarDance*, Spider and Jeanne Robinson

23. (1 point) Look, I have two daughters, both virgins; let me bring them out to you, and you can do what you like with them; but do not touch these men...

-Name the Book

Answer: Genesis

24. (2 points) "Shouldn't we, uh, stop or something?" asked Really Cool People.

"Yeah. Could be a pile-up," said Treading in Dogshit (formerly All Foreigners Especially The French, formerly Things Not Working Properly Even When You've Given Them a Good Thumping, never actually No Alcohol Lager, briefly Embarrassing Personal Problems, formerly known as Skuzz).

"We're the other Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," said G.B.H. "We do what they do. We follow them."

-Name the Book and Authors

Answer: *Good Omens*, Neil Gaiman & Terry Pratchett

25. (3 points) "Oh, that...I was talking about policing, not alcohol. There's lots of people will help you with the alcohol business, but there's no one out there arranging little meetings where you can stand up and say, 'My name is Sam and I'm a really suspicious bastard.'"

-Name the Book, Author and the rank of the character speaking

Answer: *Feet of Clay*, Terry Pratchett, Commander

(1/2 point) *Name the relationship between the author of the story quoted in question number four and the person it was written for.*

Answer: Father and Daughter

(1/2 point) *What is another name for the author who said the quote for question number eight?*

Answer: Samuel Clemens

(1/2 point) *What book in particular is Captain Hook said to keep?*

Answer: A Thesaurus

(1/2 point) *What does the author of the twenty-fifth quote have in common with one of the authors of the twenty-fourth quote?*

Answer: He is the same guy

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

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 trooped off in an ebullient mood, bound for McDonald's. I hadn't had a hamburger for four months, and the possibility of eating anything that brought back heartland memories was titillating. Our foray had been an unexpected success, and we were in a mood to celebrate. Passing a string of flower stands, Tina and I started talking about how much we liked all sorts of flowers. I couldn't help stopping to buy her a bunch of pumpkin-orange daisies. I've never seen daisies this color, and their brightness certainly expressed our ebullient mood. She was charmed and delighted by the surprise.

The Sofia McDonald's was the perfect example of what McDonald's would like to be in the US. A mob of customers was frantically excited about getting some "real" American food. The employees were delighted with jobs that allowed them to dish out something that was so urgently desired, while their working conditions (which looked a bit cleaner than in the US) and clean, pressed uniforms illustrated their pride in joining the "McDonald's Team." Two floors of seating was something I'd never seen in the states, and the marble-top tables, hardwood wall sidings, well-placed lighting, and clean floors created a surprisingly enjoyable atmosphere. At the counter I ordered "Edno Big Mak, edno Shokolad Sheak, e Golyama Kartofki." The counter-boy broke into a huge smile and answered "Big Mac, Chocolate Shake, and large Fries!" He was very excited to practice his English, going so far as to count out my change. As he handed me my order, I said, "Bwagodariya!". The reply, "You're welcome, have a nice day!". This was just weird. But the food was EXACTLY the same as a US McDonald's, and it was somehow great to eat something that I would never eat in the states and enjoy it so much more in Bulgaria. I can't remember the last time I was in a US McDonald's.

This was a striking example of how American eco-

nomie culture had invaded and decimated Eastern European competition. What was so unique about it was how much of a cultural phenomenon it was. My meal cost me a little less than \$3, which was cheaper than an American McDonald's, but as expensive as a dinner in a modest Bulgarian mehana (traditional restaurant). Yet, Bulgarians were flooding in the door to buy the American equivalent of a tasteless \$20 lunch. I wondered how much different this was than Europeans selling glass beads to American Indians. Has the human race changed so little in all this time? The Bulgarians were happy to work in this job that Americans consider sinfully degrading. How much company propaganda were they being fed? In pure economical sense, it was a good improvement for the average working class Bulgarian: they worked hard, and were probably better respected, treated, and paid than they ever had been under the Communists. But is the future really a slick plastic highway fronting a global stretch of McDonald's, concrete apartment high-rises, and Tower Records shops? How putridly clean, and terrifyingly faceless this crushing American world-wide invasion has become. Bulgarians are happy to have McDonald's, because the Western Cultural Invasion is more gentle than previous invasions. Since the Middle Ages, other cultures have successively invaded and dominated Bulgaria. McDonald's is only more pleasant than the Turks and Soviets were. Capitalism doesn't need to rape villages or create political police, because it can crush the spirit of those who oppose it through economic marginalization. One of these days I'll probably return to Bulgaria to find my well-loved all-night banitsa bakeries replaced by Dunkin' Donuts shops. How long before Bulgarian Gypsies and Turks (easily equivalent to American Blacks and Hispanics in socio/economic status) are dying in crack houses and midnight gunbattles to control those crack houses?

Continued next week...

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Wants to Hear From You!

Hey, if you don't let us know what you like, we can't keep bringing it to you. Drop us a line and let us know what it is that you think.

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

CloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloning



Volume 7 • Issue 2

"Any sufficiently complicated technology is indistinguishable from bad karma."

Cloning. It's all over the news like necrotizing fasciitis...which is also all over the news. After slightly under a kajillion[†] unsuccessful attempts,[‡] Dr. Ian Wilmut of Scotland has recently cloned a sheep named Dolly.[√] This has led to some obvious postemp-

tive reactions in this country: every student who has ever asked if a differentiated cell could be made to be totipotent by implanting its nucleus into an unfertilized egg has been vindicated, and a new senate subcommittee[◇] has sprung up *de novo*, dedicated to debating the ethics of the issue.

Cloning may be new and interesting, but the Senate debate itself is as foolish as ever. While they're hemming and hawing about the ethics of the technology, nobody has even mentioned the economic feasibility of the issue. Sheep are a precious commodity in some parts of the hills,[√] but if you can clone wool and lambchops then Dolly just becomes a freakshow type of novelty (Baaahh[√]). Sure, there will be a global audience wanting to see this touring sheep, but there's no chance of repeat customers: if you've seen one clone, you've seen them all. Besides, can it really be cheaper to clone a sheep than to just wait for the damn things to go into heat and let nature run its wiggly, wily course?[√] Why force the poor Scots into shame[√] for creating this technology unless we're sure it isn't going to make us any money?

When the question of cash is on the table, why shiver at the mention of Brave New World and 1984? Turn those frowns upside down! It's time to stop reading those prophetic books as a warning and see them as a promise of a better tomorrow. Big Brother is already here...has been for quite some time. Spy satellites that can read the box of cigarettes your holding post images to the internet and with only a little electronic background, nearly anyone can go to Radio Shack and build sophisticated hacking and phreaking equipment. Modifications to oscilloscope and cellular phones allow people sitting in parking lots to learn PIN numbers from people using ATM cards.

We have all become Big Brother. There is no question of who watches the watchmen; we all watch one another. Misdirected voyeurism in the post-industrial world.

Where technological invasion into all of our lives has been accepted as a necessity of living in a dangerous world (a world where the dangers come from those who use the latest tools against us. Ouroboros anyone?), reproductive changes will be driven strictly by economics. Face it: sex sell. Prostitution is not only legal in many parts of the world, it is a thriving business with owners of some of the larger cathouses considering selling stock, and the only businesses able to succeed on the internet thus far have been dedicated to pornography. With women constantly applying to be artificial inseminated with the sperm of Nobel laureates and Forbes 500 groupies, there is a definite market. Cloning is just the next logical step.

[†] How much is a kajillion, you ask? Will it's less that a googolplex^Δ and more than a quadriplegic.

^Δ What's a googolplex? Well, it is a 1 followed by a googol of zeros. The name originated in 1955 with Edward Kasner, a mathematics professor who, when asking his young child what he should call the number, was confidently told, "a googolplex."

[‡] Otherwise known in more politically correct circles as "effectiveness-impaired attempts."

[√] Why do Scots wear kilts? It's so the sheep don't hear the zi-oh. Never mind.

[◇] Ohh, a senate subcommittee. Now there's a group of blokes who can get the job done. With years of practice at filibustering, it shouldn't be much of a surprise that very little gets done in subcommittees other than the engaging reading of "the C section" of the Hong Kong phone directory.



Illustrator...



... cloned...



... again...



... and again.

CloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloning



Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Layout:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Toad-boy:

Damn

Illustrator:

Vinny Bove

Writers:

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Heather Danielson
Michael Klayman
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To paraphrase Harlan Ellison, what's the use of having money if you can't use it? There's a market for nearly everything: fake dog poop, white slavery, sleeping gimps, child porn, and most of it is done willingly. No one is being coerced into buying fake dog-poop. The best way for the government to control cloning would be economically. If they were really smart, they would change birth certificates so they could double as official copyright notices. Any human clones then become copyright infringements. Then they'd have to worry about China cutting black-market clones ("Hey buddy, want a spare?").

Besides, Hollywood (if she could) has made cloning out to be the coolest thing since the Spruce Goose and it's difficult to feel apprehensive. Movie after movie has shown the power of cloning. Jurassic Park: cloned dinosaurs running amuck killing people? Cooooool. Multiplicity: a woman getting screwed by three genetically identical men? Again, coooooool. Clones of Adolph Hitler running around in Argentina? Well, not so cool...but funny.

Don't get me wrong, I understand the biological implications of cloning perfectly. I just don't care. A shrinking pool of genetic variation is a serious problem, biologically speaking, but if some stupid git thinks they are the apex of evolution and that it just doesn't get any better than this, so be it. Even if an ego-maniac like George Foreman wants to make his offspring even more like himself (Hi, I'm George, this is my brother George, this is my other brother George, and our newest edition... George), that's his business. The desire for more sameness and continuity is in each of us to a greater or lesser degree. If it weren't, then most of the staff of GDT wouldn't have been so traumatized by all the kids in junior high trying to be just like each other...and trying to screw each others' siblings. Then again, frats and bitch-houses are along the same lines. For that matter, so is any social organization.

All biological concerns aside, I don't really see what the problem is. What's that, Senator Christopher "Git" Bond, a Missourian Republican? "Humans are not God and therefore should not play God"? Well, don't we do that already? You know, with the exception of a few individual parakeets and all cats, I've never run into a more self-important group with no particularly good reason for it than humans. Looking at things in perspective, you have to admit that mankind seems to think it can should play God just because we have opposable thumbs.

Don't believe me? OK. You're right, Fat Man and Little Boy could never be considered playing God.[†] Then again, if we are made in God's image, maybe everything we do is driven by our desire to be God. After centuries of mystics searching for God, NASA's activities (the National Aeronautics and Space Association, as opposed to the National Association for Sword Advancement) are only a more advanced version of the Tower of Babel. Besides, Yhwh told his cute little bipeds to be fruitful (i.e. not taste good with cheese) and multiply. Up until this moment we've only been able to add to our numbers. Thanks to Henry Ford and Dr. Ian Wilmut, humanity is on the verge of complying with Yhwh's commandment. We really could multiply.

Personally, I prefer to go about things in a more natural manner, but if

[†] What do you want for Christmas, guys? - I wanna decide who lives and who dies! - Oh, I don't know....

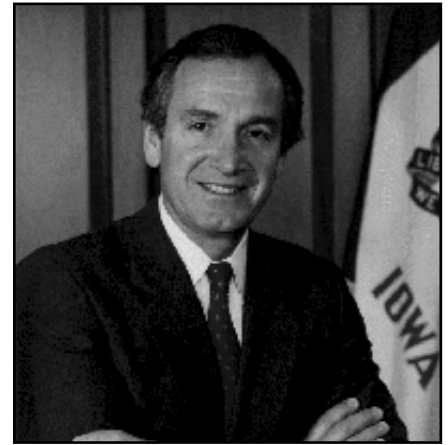
CloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloningCloning8

some socially overzealous parents want to give birth to the most beautiful child in the world, who are we to forbid it? It's about time we killed our last sacred cow. Just as the sun does not revolve around the Earth, the Earth should no longer revolve around mankind.

At least Senator Tom Harkin, a Democratic Illianawan, agrees. That man has seen the future and is willing to replicate himself in it:

"To attempt to limit human knowledge is demeaning to human nature. What utter, utter nonsense to think we can hold up a hand and say stop it." He went on to say, "Human cloning will take place in my lifetime, and I don't fear it. I welcome it. I think it has untold benefits for humankind."

Right on, Tom! Now there's a man with vision! ("There's a man with vision. There's another man with vision. And there...oh...no, he's not a man with vision. My friend, you are blind. You are not a visionary.")



Senator Tom Harkin looking quite pleased with himself.



Editorial: Peace in Our Time

-Kelly Gunter

After three years the merry war between *GDT* and the *Reporter* has become tedious, pointless, and rather too stupid to partake in. Unlike some people on the staff ("Sean, you get back in that corner! You still need a time out."), I have felt this from the very start. The problem is that when I started this whole thing with my co-head, I neglected to even think of putting a choke collar on some of his actions. As of now...

This war is over!

The only casualties added up to a few bent egos, several frazzled nerves, the destruction of a *GDT* spin-off specifically made for the *Reporter*, *10:1 Cereal Delusions*, killed at the hands of that fiend Jas ("Hey! Who let him get near the keyboard?! Get him quick!") lsdk sadfa hnmn goitstuo and maybe a hurt feeling here or there. Mr. Hammond is now nursing his wounds quietly in the corner ("Hold him tight. I think he suspected we were going to do this and lubed himself up with butter. He's slicker than banana slugs."). He will live to bare another cross and fight another war, but not this one. No more will *GDT's* gauntlet be raised against the *Reporter*, in this uninteresting, no-win situation.

In the end it comes down to two things: we each have what the other wants in some small degree. The *Reporter* needs dedicated, decent writers...which we have in surplus. We, on the other hand, lack capital. Each week we produce more material than we can feasibly print, because we lack enough money to cover the extra cost.

However, my esteemed colleague is correct in the assumption that often people require a nemesis to help drive themselves to greater heights. His choice of the *Reporter* was poor, and he concedes this point

("Uncle! Uncle! Quit hitting me!"). The *Reporter* is not to be considered a worthy adversary. As in pagan-Roman times, if the opponent is larger and more powerful than yourself, the vigilance necessary to keep up the struggle is many times more compelling. New nemesises have been chosen; whenever something needs to be done right, you need to do it yourself....

Talk about biting the hand that feeds you...our minor foe is to be the beurocratic deficiencies of RIT, a field some of us know quite intimately. We also hope that some of our readers can help further our efforts in this area whenever they see the chance. We would appreciate any assistance.

Our prime enemy, or perhaps prime mover, is the deficiencies of our modern governmental system. Because this country no longer seems to be a government for the people, by the people, we will be taking our own stab at revolutionizing our era. No, we are not hippies or communists. We're Humorists. I think we need to decide if we can fix what we've got, and if it is not feasible, think of starting from scratch. I am not a political activist, nor am I a leader, but I'm tired of sitting around watching as lobby groups and big business take control of a decisive corner of our governmental policy. I don't want to live in a country where I will be required to pay the clean-up costs for whatever poisons and toxins any major industry should choose to spread around my home. I don't want to pay thousands of dollars my entire life to find out one day that my grandparents have eaten up my social security benefits. And I don't want to be any part of a country where it eventually becomes legal policy in a mid-western state to make all homosexuals register as such, or where it is illegal to fall asleep in a bath tub.

Where will the madness end?!

Яфв Кговшмфэф Яфмуыф

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

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

All of this observation aside, we all left McDonald's in high (if greasy) spirits. Tina babbled about how much nicer the Bucharest McDonald's was. I wondered if she realized or would understand any of what I saw McDonald's as symbolizing. After poking through a huge book/magazine/newspaper bazaar, Tina and I decided to return to the cathedral before returning to Blagoevgrad. Architecturally, it was impressive for its massive and slightly bulbous appearance. While Catholic cathedrals have great stretching straight lines, Orthodox cathedrals seem to be designed with circles playing a greater importance than rectangles. The cathedral had the characteristically Orthodox rounded domes, three of copper-turned-bright-green and one of brilliant gold plating. Inside, the paintings and frescoes were disappointingly monumental. Although they were of the same style as the ones I'd seen at the Rila monastery, their hugeness somehow twisted the folksy charm of the style and turned it into some grandiose monument. However, the darkness of the interior turned their colors into

somber and delicate tonal shifts (as opposed to the screaming brightness of the colors of Rila's paintings) which injected a sense of calm into the mood of the interior.

The bus back to Blagoevgrad was packed (no exhaust fumes this time), and I got the last seat, which proved to be the best: a jump-seat that folded out to put me shotgun with the driver, getting the whole view of the huge windshield. I promptly fell asleep after we pulled out of Sofia. Waking somewhere close to Dupnitsa (where Krista, Kara, and I had been almost stranded in the rain returning from Sozopol), I found that we were cresting a hill that afforded a monumental view: the huge Rila Mountains, sliding into the blue of dusk, with only their snow-topped crests lit with the burning red-gold of sunset. I cursed the fact that I was riding on a bus, and unable to get a nice color photo. But it's still bright and vivid in my mind, which seems in some ways superior. Something I might have to try to make this Focus group understand after they get their Russian cameras.

LIVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON
(a critical review)

I've learned that if you're going to ~~cook~~^{kill} yourself a nice dinner, always invite someone over to ~~share it with you.~~
make balloon animals
OUT OF THE ENTRAILS -Age 24

I've learned that my father gets ~~wiser~~^{less erotic} as I get older.
midnight encounters -Age 20

I've learned that siblings tend to improve with age.
DIDN'T HAVE TO CHANGE A THING -Age 20

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} by 4:00 P.M.
him and his mom -Age 65

random facts:

- It is against the law to fall asleep in a bathtub if you're in Detroit, Michigan.
- In 1890, the United States government paid a total of \$30,000 to the grieving widows of 11 lynched men who were members of a small criminal organization. The \$30,000 was used to begin the Mafia.
- The Reporter isn't worth the pap ("Shit! He's loose again! Grab 'em!") iasdasn t'gldfs 1.2 errors per asdf-fak.

Certificate of Birth

STATE OF NEW YORK
County of Monroe

CHILD'S BIRTH NUMBER
112

I, GARFIELD R. LEAF, COUNTY CLERK, do hereby certify
that JOHN GALT of the Male sex
(Male or Female)
child of Mary and Joseph Oppenheimer

was born on 16 July, 1945 at Whitefield
(Date of Birth) (City, Village, or Township)

in the County of Monroe and State of New York, all of which appears from the records and files in my office

GIVEN under my hand and seal, this 23rd day of August 1945.

Filed for Record 11 September A.D. 1945

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Culture Kampf:

-Michelle Amoruso

Ethnographic Mad Libs

Follow the instructions and then turn over this page to discover the outcome of your mad lib culture:

- Read each of categories written below.
- On a separate piece of paper write a word (or words) that comply with the category in a correctly numbered space.
- Turn over this page and insert your answers into the correspondingly numbered spaces.
- Read through entire mad lib.

1. A group name
2. Type of terrain
3. Geographical location
4. Your favorite food
5. A food you hate
6. Something that crawls
7. A sexually transmitted disease
8. European nationality, pl.
9. Type of relative

10. Animal, pl.
11. Plural noun
12. Another plural noun
13. Noun
14. Word ending in 'ing'
15. Place
16. Adjective
17. Plural noun

0l0nlu8O10nlu8O10nlu8O10nlu8O10nlu8O10nlu8O10nlu8...O10ulu8?

Ethnographic mad lib continued...

The _____ 1. _____, who live in the _____ 2. _____ of _____ 3. _____ mainly subsist on _____ 4. _____, _____ 5. _____ and _____ 6. _____. Although their population was once thriving, their numbers have greatly decreased due to the _____ 7. _____ epidemic brought in by the _____ 8. _____. It is acceptable to marry your _____ 9. _____ and it is custom to throw _____ 10. _____ at the bride and groom during the ceremony. They barter with the neighboring tribes, trading locally made _____ 11. _____ for the much prized _____ 12. _____. When individuals break the _____ 13. _____ taboo, drastic action is taken, usually resulting in death by _____ 14. _____. When members of the tribe die honorably, it is believed they go to _____ 15. _____, an afterlife filled with _____ 16. _____ _____ 17. _____.

Religious Wrong

-by scary people nationwide

"The next step, if at all humanly possible (and in 90% of the cases it is), it is to get our children out of the humanistic, brainwashing institution called 'public education.' Frankly, it is a mixture of insanity and irresponsibility to turn our children over to our adversaries and their curriculum in a God-less education system (i.e., a system that teaches history and science without God)."

-Randall Terry, *Why Does a Nice Guy Like Me Keep Getting Thrown in Jail?*, p168, Huntington House Publishers/Resistance Press, 1993

"Satan uses the evil in the new age witchcraft lesson in our classrooms to divert our children's faith away from the true and loving God towards the new age god of 'Mother Earth' while our school teachers and administrators are saying, 'Well, it's good environmental ecology.'"

-Robert Simonds, "Citizens for Excellence in Education," Earth Day message, 1992

Ask The Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL

WHERE DO ALL THE IGNORANT PEOPLE GO? YOU KNOW, THE ONES WHO WON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING UNLESS THEY CAME UP WITH IT FIRST? THE ONES THAT GENERALLY START SERVICE INDUSTRY PEOPLE ON RAMPAGES WITH LARGE WEAPONS?

(FEEL FREE TO EDIT THAT HOWEVER YOU LIKE; I TRIED TO MAKE IT SHORT BUT I CAN'T THINK OF HOW ELSE TO PHRASE IT.)

-MICHAEL P. COSBY

Dear Michael P. Cosby,

I could try to edit it anyway I like, but I'm not so certain I understand what you're asking here:

When you say, "Where do all the ignorant people go?", do you mean where do they work? Or do you mean where do they like to hang out? Or perhaps a location of some sort like, "Go to Hell. Go straight to Hell. Do not pass go. Do not collect two hundred dollars?"

Or do you mean to say something along the lines of, "Where did all the flowers go...", a sort of rhetorical/coombayaish sort of question? Is this some "what is the sound of one hand clapping..." sort of question?

Or do you actually mean this question to be more along the lines of, "Where do all the calculators go?", a question of mortality?

Please clarify this question further and send it back to me so I can figure out what the hell it is I'm supposed to be writing about.

Thanks.

-the Bare-foot Girl

Do you have a question for the Bare-Foot Girl, or just want to torment her? Send questions/comments to GDT c/o diablo@csh.rit.edu

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Wants to Hear From You!

Hey, if you don't let us know what you like, we can't keep bringing it to you. Drop us a line and let us know what it is that you think.

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



Volume 7 • Issue 3

Day of the Living Dead

"Neutrinos have mass? I didn't even know they're Catholic!"

In 1995, when GDT first started printing, we had what we lovingly called Religious Marathon Week. Starting on Palm Sunday and ending on Easter, GDT put out an issue a day, each dedicated to Religion in some form or another.

We had hoped to repeat this Herculean task this year, but budget constraints would not allow for it. What we did manage to do, however, was bring back a game that served as a way of sharpening the tongues of

GDT's founders before we began printing. The game is simple: Using the alphabet, one person begins a childish rhyme such as "A is for apple," and then provides a description of some sort. The second person must then provide a B word and a description that would rhyme with the one given for A. For example:

A is for apple, all shiny and round...

B is for boy, smushed into the ground.

You get the idea.

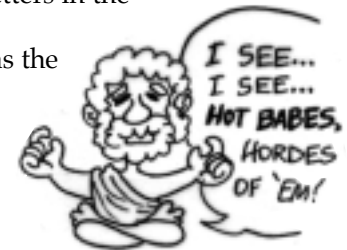
Depending how good one is, a whole series of versions can be played. The hardest is where a person provides the ending description of one letter, and the word for the next letter. Tacticians such as my counter-part Kelly would inevitably stick me with trying to rhyme orange. Then again, she always had a hard time because she could never remember the accepted order of the letters in the alphabet.

Have fun with our latest creations. And remember, GDT can be just as artsy-fartsy as the Melancholy Predator.

-GDT staff



A is for Adam, kicked out on his ear...
B is for Babel, who taught man God-fear.
C is for Cain, God needs his meat...
D is for Delila, ain't her flesh sweet.
E is for Ezekiel, swept up in the sky...
F is for Frankincense, gifts for that Guy.
G is for Glossolalia, an angel's own tongue...^f
H is for Hebrew, who baked brick from dung.
I is for Issachar, whom we know nothing about...
J is for a Jew, killed by a Kraut.
K is for Kings, of which there are three...
L is for Lamb, "Go kill him for Me."
M is for Mary, both virgin and whore...
N is for Neb^v, and the Gardens of yore.
O is for Obadiah, and the vision he had...^Δ
P is for Pilate, started a Jew-killing fad.
Q is for Queer, just like an altar boy's friend...
R is for Romans, and the Christians they penned.
S is for Serpent, on bellies they crawl...
T is for Trinity, for one and for y'all.
U is for Urim, determines God's druthers...
V is for Vampire, Lilith their mother.
W is for Wrath, from The Big Dink...
X is for Xtian, despite what you think.
Y is for Yhwh, it is spelled correct...
Z is for Zoroastrians, who showed their respect.



^fEwwwww... How'd that get in there?

^v Nebuchadnezzar

^Δ Sugarplums



**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Incredible Them:

Michelle Amoruso
Josh French

Layout:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Printer's Demon:

Damn

Illustrator:

Vinny Bove

Writers:

Michelle Amoruso
Vinny Bove
Josh French
Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Christopher Lane
B.J. Leopold
Troy Liston

Contributors:

Damn
Heather Danielson
Michael Klayman
Paul Jordan
Robert MacKay
Brian Miller
Mark Nowak

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GDT's Tribute to Easter:

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 2

A is for Artifice, this whole holiday...
B is for Bunny Cud, a Kelly High all day.
C is for Cadbury, and yolks in their eggs...
D is for Decoration, hanging from pegs.
E is for Easter, this time of the year...
F is for Fuzzy, scratch behind my ear.
G is for Goodness, from me to my peer...
H is for Hell, where Jesus became queer.[†]
I is for Icing, and the cakes they cover...
J is for Joy, like me with your lover.
K is for Kazoo, always a blast...
L is for Lady, and my dick at half-mast.
M is for Mildew, and all eggs unfound...
N is for Necrophilia, sex underground.
O is for Ovum, no Jesus from there...
P is for Pope, and the children he shares.
Q is for Quaker, good breakfast for all...
R is for Rapture, and the time of men's fall.
S is for Searching, for candy in tons...
T is for Tumours, don't eat the red ones.
U is for Udder, some look like old gourds...
V is for Vagisil, three days like the Lord.
W is for Whoppers^Ω, that taste sweeter with time...
X is for Xenomorph, that can dine on a mime.
Y is for Yellow, a dye that can kill...
Z is for Zymurgy, pick up the bill.

[†] "You're my little savior now. Why don't you bend over and pick up that soap."

^ΩThe malted milk balls, not the coagulated meat by-products. That particular Burger King™ "food" usually tastes rancid and wriggly with time.

Religious Wrong

"Nobody has the right to worship on this planet any other God than Jehovah. And therefore the state does not have the responsibility to defend anybody's pseudo-right to worship an idol."

-Rev. Joseph Morecraft, Chalcedon Presbyterian Church, Marietta, Georgia, quoted in "the Public Eye," June 1994

"[W]e need a legal strategy which protects the rights of those of us who hold Christian convictions which will afford us the opportunity to contend once again for the mind of this culture."

-Keith A. Fournier, ACLJ brochure "Religious Cleansing"

*Just a little healthy juxtapositioning, brought to you by GDT.
Don't forget to wash the sin behind your ear now!*

A few weeks ago, I alluded to a similarity between the Gebusi of Paupa, New Guinea, and the Greek system of (insert your college name here). Upon further investigation, I realized that this was merely the tip of the iceberg. The parallels are uncanny.

Gebusi

- Men and women sleep separately in gender segregated longhouses.
- Marriage is ideally sister exchange.
- Sometimes, male homosexual encounters occur in the privacy of the bush outside of the longhouse.
- For rite of passage, adolescent males are orally inseminated by the previously initiated men.

Greek System

- Men and women sleep in gender segregated houses/floors.
- Random hook-ups are ideally sister exchange.
- Sometimes, male homosexual encounters occur in the privacy of the pool table inside the frat house.
- For Rush, males and females are orally inseminated by the previously initiated men.



Editorial: An Open Letter to the CIA

As you may or may not know, the Rochester Institute of Technology is a virtual hotbed of CIA activity. Rumors are always flying around about people who are hired right after graduation to join the elite intelligence agency. Hell, GDT has someone who is aspiring to those lofty heights.

With so many faculty on the pull for the CIA, I'm confident that if I wanted something to reach the correct people, it would. With that in mind, I present my open letter to the CIA...

DEAR MR. CIA MAN,

FIRST, I'D LIKE TO SAY THAT YOU HAVE MY UTMOST RESPECT. FOR DECADES YOU HAVE HELPED PROP UP PUPPET DICTATORS AND ASSASSINATE UNFRIENDLY HEADS OF STATE WITH EASE AND FINESSE. I FOUND YOUR WORK IN JONESTOWN PARTICULARLY EFFECTIVE. BRAVO.

IN KEEPING WITH YOUR PAST SUCCESSES, I'M ASKING THAT YOU PLEASE KILL NETANYAHU. I UNDERSTAND THAT ISRAEL IS A NECESSARY ALLY TO HAVE IN THE OIL RICH MIDDLE EAST, BUT I THINK HIS ACTIONS HAVE PROVEN THAT HE IS AN ASSHOLE!

SINCE STEPPING INTO OFFICE OVER (PREVIOUS PRIME MINISTER'S NAME HERE)'S DRYING POOL OF BLOOD, HE HAS SYSTEMATICALLY ALIENATED AND PROVOKED THE PALESTINIANS AND ARABS IN GENERAL.

SECRETLY OPENING THE ARCHEOLOGICAL TUNNEL UNDER THE MOSQUE, REFUSING TO KEEP TO THE AGREED-TO TIMETABLE FOR TROOP WITHDRAWAL, AND FORGING AHEAD WITH THE BUILDING OF A JEWISH SETTLEMENT IN THE PREDOMINANTLY ARAB COMMUNITY OF HEBRON ARE PROOF THAT THE MAN'S AIM IS THE ESCALATION OF CONFLICTS. AS MORE AND MORE TERRORISTS STRIKE, IT WILL PROVIDE HIM WITH THE JUSTIFICATION HE NEEDS TO RETAKE THE AREAS PREVIOUSLY GRANTED SEMI-AUTONOMOUS PALESTINIAN CONTROL.



I WOULD VOLUNTEER MY SERVICES, BUT I AM SURE YOU HAVE BETTER TRAINED AND BETTER EQUIPPED OPERATIVES TO DO THE JOB. INSTEAD, I WILL REMAIN IN THE CUSHY UNITED STATES AND FIND SOME MOVIE STARLET TO STALK.

HAVING WRITTEN THIS, I WILL COMPLETELY UNDERSTAND WHEN I AM VISITED BY VARIOUS LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS. IF YOU CALL AHEAD, I WILL MAKE SURE I HAVE ENOUGH TEA FOR EVERYONE.



-Sean Hammond

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

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

November 4th, 1996

It's been a long, beastly day at the office. I'm trying to finally knock out the rest of the Italian journal, and squeezing the last bit of it out begins to feel like squeezing blood from a finger that's been pricked. The computer becomes the squeezing machine. So come midnight, when the labs close, I slide down to the Drum.

Under Volga dormitory there's a Macedonian restaurant (Volga used to be a hotel) that plays great Macedonian folk-rock music until midnight or so. I really liked their music the first night I stayed in Volga. After that, I realized that they only had one tape of the music and played it every night. At this point I don't even hear the music anymore. Beside the entrance to the Macedonian joint is a stairwell that leads to a basement. The walls of the stairwell are painted with all kinds of neon green and orange art-graffiti. At the bottom of the stairs are a pair of stinky bathrooms and an entrance to Club Drum. Inside it looks almost like a seedy American youth-bar. A huge picture of Jimmy Morrison stares off of one of the walls, there's black light here and there, and low yellow tungsten lights set at the top of the bar throw warm columns of luminance down on the bar. From somewhere in a dark corner, a photo of Ray Charles tosses his funky blind smile aimlessly into the room. The stereo is booming all kinds of Western pop, a lot of U2, Pulp Fiction, and Doors. This is where the cool people go. On most nights of the week, Drum is crowded with girls and boys playing the Big Game. There's no dance floor, but they dance anyway. On a Friday night you might have to slither past couples grinding to Gypsy Kings to get to the bar. Unlike an American bar of this sort, most of the people aren't putting up the tough-boy front or the gone-girl cool. In Drum, Bulgarian bohemians try to imitate a Western scene, but they still bring their rude honesties.

At the bar, lipsticked counter girls with tired eyes

serve two brands of Bulgarian beer (Pleven and Zagorka, both named after Bulgarian towns) and cheap Bulgarian liquors. Somewhere in the background is Kostadin, or Kosta, the big smiling man whose English has a beautifully fat accent. He's the owner and something of a local celebrity. In Blagoevgrad, everyone knows Kosta, and Kosta knows just about everybody. But even if you're a good friend of Kosta, at the bar you can't get a screwdriver or salty dog. If you ask for a gin and tonic in Bulgaria, they'll look at you strangely and give you a glass of gin and bottle of tonic. No one mixes their alcohols, they just knock them down straight. On a packed, busy night, they sell all the beer in the house, and everybody's happy to drink vodka and gin.

"I've seen things you people would never understand. Attack ships on fire off the coasts of Orion. I watched sea-beams glitter in the dark outside the Tenhauser gates! And all these moments...will be lost...in time...like tears...in rain..."

(-Roy Batty's last words, "Blade Runner")

Having a bar 50 meters from your front door is kind of like having too much chocolate in the house. I find myself in Drum whenever my mood swings in any direction and sometimes just because I'm bored. It's what a good bar should be: cheap, sexual, and disarmingly unpretentious. Probably the best thing about Drum is that you don't have to smoke if you are having a Nic-fit. There's no ventilation and the ceiling is only 7 or 8 feet tall. So on a busy night, the air in the place is as thick as fog. It's not for the timid or the weak at heart. The place has balls.

On this funky Monday, I find Kara and Biser hanging out on bar stools. There's something heavy in the air between them, and I can't put my finger on it. I slither over to the bar to buy a beer instead. Beside the cash register, a girl fixes me with undress-me eyes then slips her arm around my waist and plants a soft kiss on me. Were there introductions that I missed at some point? After some flirtatious talk, her name floated up. Nadia had sex boiling off her skin like spilled perfume. Straight and thin, she's got the body of a 15 year-old with the wicked smile of a middle aged vixen. Suddenly, all my lonely frustrations had

found an answer: a nubile Kate Moss to soothe my ego. After a few minutes she drifted off to talk to friends, and I return to the weird energy of Kara and Biser.

While Biser is talking to a friend, Kara tells me that he's been flirting with a girl at the next table, that she just found out that she's pregnant, and that she's going to get really drunk and beat him to a bloody pulp. All this comes out in a frustrated burst of non-stop cursing, and I'm left flabbergasted. Biser? The big lug who was drinking himself into a coma because Kara was going to Greece for a week? Nothing to do but shrug in a friendly way and buy her another drink even though she's already blowing in the wind. Nadia waves at me from the "dance floor" (a wide aisle between tables), and after a few minutes she's doing the Limbo...grinding her groin against me while leaning back into a 90 degree angle. It's bizarrely sensuous because I can't grind back against her without knocking her off-balance. I find myself shooting smirks over at Morrison's rock-god poster.

Later, it becomes obvious that Kara's accusations are on the money. Biser is sitting at another table, nuzzling an over-dressed local girl. Kara is boiling over. "You can't tell me it's just because he's drunk! He's an asshole! And I'm..." she chokes it off with a big slug of Vodka. Bad scene. She's about to fall off her bar-stool, and Biser is stumble drunk and groping a cheapy. Thinking about the pregnancy bit, I'm suddenly enraged. Rushing over, I wack his huge shoulder. "What are you doing, Biser! What are you doing? Kara is very sad!"

He looks up at me, suddenly confused and hurt, like a young child. "Krees. I no understand." He mumbles something with the same pained look. All there is to do is walk away. Nadia returns for more flirtatious dancing, and after awhile, she delivers my escape from the painful Kara situation. She wants me to walk her home, since she is alone.

It's a cool, clear night, with a sky full of stars and no one but us on the streets. Nadia tells me she's from Pleven, a town close to the Danube. She's studying at the "U-Z" (S'Western University, here in Blagoevgrad). After a big kiss in the middle of the street, she looks at me quietly. "Do you want me, Krees?" Yes...Do you want me? "I want you, but I have boyfriend in Pleven." Suddenly she bursts into tears on my shoul-

der, and cries with her head buried in my leather jacket for several minutes. I'm speechless. After wiping her blood-shot eyes, she bums a cigarette.

She smokes silently, and I lean on a streetpost to stare at the buildings and stars, the streets with the first layer of autumn leaves, the blossoming plume of smoke she sends out of her small mouth. It's another moment of strange comfort in a strange moment that eludes any capturing. Time collapses and I'm laughing drunk in Austin alleyways with Joseph Pettyjohn; staring across the empty Texas void with Silvia, telling her of a childhood spent in dust storms and hog-lots; spitting poetry in the run-down "Chicago House" with the blooming young poetress Tricia (when will she publish that book?); standing alone in the shadow of Miner's Needle, watching moonrise in the Arizona desert.

"I've seen things you people would never understand. Attack ships on fire off the coasts of Orion. I watched sea-beams glitter in the dark outside the Tenhauser gates! And all these moments...will be lost...in time...like tears...in rain..."

(--Roy Batty's last words, "BladeRunner").

The rest of the way to Nadia's apartment, I'm humming Counting Crows "Mr. Jones."

The apartment is two rooms - a small bathroom, and a bedroom, with 3 beds and 2 other girls sleeping. Everybody wakes up and we chatter at each other for a few minutes, then the lights go off and we slide into bed. I doze off with Nadia's sylph-little body pressed to me like wax around a mold.

We're the last to wake in the morning, and the roommates are already gone. While she showers, I stand on the little balcony (almost all apartments in Europe seem to have one of these, so that people can hang out clothes to dry) and look out across part of the city I'd never seen. This is one of the lower to middle class housing zone. It's a stretch of huge, ugly Socialist-era apartment buildings (10+ floors). Between this building and two others is a playground. Grass has been worn away in most spots, and a new fall of yellow leaves covers the ground. I wonder about this life. It's so far from me. The peripheries are touchable, but the heart of it is elusive. Where does hope come from for these people?

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Wants to Hear From You!

Hey, if you don't let us know what you like, we can't keep bringing it to you. Drop us a line and let us know what it is that you think.

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

A is for Abbeys and the nuns that they hide...
 B is for Baptists and the savior they ride.
 C is for Catholics, who drink wine for blood...
 D is for the Damned, like those drowned in the flood.
 E is for Episcopalians, who won't follow the pope...
 F is for the Faithful, with all things they'll cope.
 G is for Gospel, songs sung for the Lord...
 H is for Hebrews, with God's law they accord.
 I is for Israel, the children of God...
 J's for Jehovah, with that celestial bod.
 K is for Kaiser Wilhelm's Gedechtniskirche which stands for the Lord...
 L is for Lutherans with their "Book of Concord."
 M is for Methodists, on lay preachers depend...
 N is for Nazarene, and the sins He did mend.
 O is for Omens, for good and for bad...
 P is for Puritans, who could neither dance nor get mad.
 Q is for Quakers, who separated by the sex of their folk...
 R is for Reformation, nails in some oak.
 S is for Sabbath, a day we all rest...
 T is for Talisman, evil not to molest.
 U is for Uz, the country of Job...
 V is for Vespers, heard round the globe.
 W is for Wicca, scattered and torn...
 X is for X-mas, when The Man was not born.
 Y is for Yahwism, the sound a cat makes...
 Z is for Zealots, real ones, not fakes.

Ruckus RIT: No Dogs Playing Cards

-Vinny Bove

Yesterday (March 26th for those of you on Bulgarian Standard Time) I finally had a chance to see the inside of the Ruckus RIT trailer. Many a time going home from class I had stared in wonder at that beat-up old hunk of junk, with its packing-tape white-trash sunbathers enjoying the frigid Rochester weather (actually, I imagine if they had any motor control whatsoever, they'd get their adhesive butts indoors, and quick!). Once I found out it was actually an ART gallery, I knew I had to see it for myself.

So, after a few minutes of perusal, and having talked to the art student who was working there, I had to say I was thoroughly impressed. The gallery itself may not be beautiful or high-class, but the whole concept of the trailer is brilliant. It is an ANYTHING gallery (be it fine art, graphic art, literature, your biology homework, or a square of toilet paper with a particularly nice quilted pattern); if there's something you want to hang up, simply bring some pushpins and boom, suddenly your soul is on display for the whole campus to examine.

The trailer is open at rather limited and odd times, but that can't be helped...it was built and is manned by a small group of art students who I'm sure have as little time on their hands as the art student writing this article does. But if you have a chance to go inside, please do. It's a great change of pace from the corporate coldness of our lovely campus, and a refreshing look at what a little bit of ambition and a whole lot of insanity can produce.

MARTYRLOGUE

-by Troy Liston



*W*elcome 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. John the Baptist (Feast Days: June 24 and August 29)**...

This "voice crying in the wilderness" was the precursor to the coming of the Messiah, and it was only with John's naming of the Nazarene as such that Jesus gained the credence among disbelievers that paved his way to Calvary. John was an ascetic and loner at times, and many saints throughout the ages have patterned their hermetic ways after him. John sank into obscurity after baptizing Jesus and spent the last years of his life as Herod's captive in the prison of Machaerus. John was decapitated, his head presented to the King's favorite stripper, Salome, on a silver platter.

Due to the close nature of our saint to the son of god (Luke claims that they were cousins), his relics are highly sought after and widely claimed. He has two feast days, one to celebrate his birth (**June 24**) and one to celebrate his martyrdom (**Aug 29**). If you ever wanted to visit all of our saint's repositories you would have to make a rather circuitous journey through Europe. The church of St. Sylvester in Rome claims to have the "best" part of the head (through my research this seems to include the brain); The Cathedral of Amiens prides itself in having a substantial section of John's face, consisting of the upper lip, nose, eyes and forehead; part of the skull is at Ville du Pay, France; The scalp is in Ste. Chapelle in Paris; the Abbey in Tyron, France claims to have the nape of the neck and John's brains (now housed in a skull brought to the Abbey by angels); Some of our saints ashes are venerated in Genoa, Italy; Part of the jaw (lower lip to the chin) is housed in the chapel of the chateau de St. Chaumont in Lyonnais, France; St. John's finger (the one with which he pointed out the lord saying "This is the lamb of God") is in Malta. Not to miss out on the party other churches in Turin, Aosta, Venice, Lyons, Nemours, Nola and Bresse all also claim to miraculously have parts of the head.



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Tax Kids

"Look around you; what do you think is happening here? They take rats and they put them in boxes and when there are too many of them, some of the little fuckers go out of their minds and start gnawing the rest to death. It ain't no different here, baby! It's rat time for everybody in this madhouse."

-Harlan Ellison, *The Whimper of Whipped Dogs*



He boarded the subway under the leering gaze of the Jehovah's Witness and couldn't remember the last time a stranger had looked into his eyes. The primate in him wanted to lower his head...or maybe crap in his hand and throw it at him. Yeah. Here's poop in yer eye.

As the subway thrust its way deeper into the beckoning tunnels of the city, he thought back. If only he had had a club. A baseball bat to erase that foreign sign of respect from the freak's face. Then he wouldn't look anyone in the face again.

At the next stop, the subway filled up to capacity. It was impossible to escape from brushing against another before, but now circumstances were more intimate. The hand of the leggy woman next to him was against his crotch, and he was alarmed to realize he was getting an erection. It was impossible for the woman not to notice...not unless she had had all of the nerve endings in her hand severed. Still, she did nothing. At the next stop she pushed her way off the subway.

She never looked anyone in the eye. Slut.

He was an extra. An extra person in the drama of the life of someone else. His was nothing but a walk-on role. Just another of the crushing masses that would live an unremarkable life, not because he did not have talent or aspirations, but because there were so many people with talent and aspiration. He, and everyone else, was fodder. God fodder. Well, not for much longer. He would make them all know who he was. Just wait until that mail order blimp arrived....



Look to your right. Now your left. How many people do you see? Too many! The multitude of inhabitants on this planet is growing tempestuously, and unless we want to imitate the local white-tailed deer population with a huge quantity of emaciated individuals on the side of the thoroughfare (and deceased, often dismembered, ones in the middle), we had better start dreaming up something drastic to do that will help alleviate this problem. Oh wait, there already are malnourished multitudes in the streets... anyone want to recommend reintroducing the indigenous predators (i.e. muggers, wolves, serial rapist/killers), or organizing a hunting trip into the neighborhoods? We can all head down to the regional venery emporium, buy some semi-automatic projectile armaments smuggled in from China via their new California naval base, don our hunter-orange suit jackets and Hush Puppies, and start perforating the pates of the unsuspecting droves of "sapient" gushing out of gloomy theatres after the six hours they just exhausted being pent up watching all of the re-released Star Wars movies in one sequential sitting. It would be glorious, wouldn't it?



"There's Homer Simpson. And there's Homer Simpson!"

Florida, apart from recently setting their latest champion of the anabarcic throne on fire and being the geriatric apothecary head of the union, has recently attempted the first option enumerated by releasing a substantial number (some multiple of the number ten beginning with the number 3) of condemned criminals from their state penitentiaries. Though there are certainly going to be a massive quantity of maimed and murdered people not running about any more, killing mature members of society is just medicating the syndrome. We need to cease new progeny from being born.

China is doing its part to limit births...why can't you? It's time to spur up good old fashioned Red Fever and try to show the world that whatever They™ can do, we can do better. Partial Birth Abortions (PBA, not to be confused with the PTA: Parent Teachers Association) is a promising beginning - it's certainly more entertaining than other methods - but it isn't really much of an effective birth *deterrent*; it's actually closer to a



Continued on page 2 of GDT...



Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Incredible Them:

Michelle Amoruso
Josh French

Layout:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Printer's Demon:

Damn

Illustrator:

Vinny Bove

Writers:

Michelle Amoruso
Vinny Bove
Heather Danielson
Josh French
Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Christopher Lane
B.J. Leopold
Troy Liston
Mark Nowak

Contributors:

Damn
Michael Klayman
Paul Jordan
Robert MacKay
Brian Miller

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spectator sport. Sell tickets to the procedure and have judges. It would be like the oyster shucking competitions that are held in the south: see which medical practitioner could crack open the skulls and devoid them of the developed and functional cerebellums of the luckless feti the fastest. You can't buy publicity like that.

Then again, there are so many other potential ways of limiting global population... even after you neglect sterilization and outright war (since we've been doing those for centuries and it doesn't seem to work. Personally, I think China and India could really help each other out by cutting loose on one another. One year of serious infantry battle in the Himalayas and between the weapons and the elements the world population would be cut in half and the standard of living in both countries would be significantly better. While we're at it, let's introduce Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease into the holy cows of India. Get rid of the poor starving creatures once and for all); it's time we started getting creative. GDT is now prepared to unveil a "modest proposal" of its own.

Taxes.[†] Oh yes! Let's put a tax on tykes. Your first child is free (and the second one's by me), but as soon as you have a second child, the government comes a-knocking on your door and taxes your ass (well, your child's ass, and other appropriate body parts)...more or less depending on how many extra asses you produce. Each additional child increases your tax exponentially. In this new scenario children become symbols of exaggerated wealth in society.

"Yeah did you hear? The Wilsons are having a third! They must not want that new condo in the Hamptons."

Can't pay for your kiddies? Guess what...you go to jail. That's right, one all-expenses-paid tour of your county jail where you can relax with your new friends Bubba and Sammy the Sodomite following an enjoyable day of mandatory manual labor. Once your accounts are settled, Junior is returned: hardly the worse for his stay with his Big Brother. Sure he twitches during the day and screams all night long, but you can rest assured in the knowledge that you didn't do it.

The perks would just keep right on coming in the new atmosphere of the Defensive Tyke Tax (DTT, not to be confused with DDT, the Defensive Dyke Tax. That is something totally different being proposed by the Right side of Congress). For people who desire children, but not the monetary hassle, new businesses will spring up around a rent-an-offspring mentality (a boon to the American pedophile population, and, for the first time in probably nine centuries, choir boys may be allowed a small respite). Another added benefit is that there would be fewer cases of children having children, because any parent who couldn't afford another child, would be keeping their precious ones under lock and key until they were old enough to make productive members of society out of themselves. On the other hand, the mafia could threaten people under their protection with raping their daughters and thus forcing them to pay higher premiums on their taxes if they don't conform with the local mafia's plans.

"Beautiful daughter you have there, Mr. Santiny. Be a real shame if she fell in love and had a beautiful baby girl. Real shame...."

Imagine the increase of black market children (particularly those dis-

[†]This is a new version of taxation which is temporarily dubbed the Preventative Progeny Program of Assessment. It is basically just another example of defensive taxation like tariffs, luxury taxes, and certainly the most dubious of all taxes, the dreaded snack food tax.

turbing monopedes) and an increased number of parents selling their little darlings into child pornography rings to avoid being sent to the state penitentiary for tax infractions. Investors in Bangkok are just quivering in anticipation.

Not only would "parent" become a more heavily-contemplated title, but the decision to become a Godparent wouldn't be taken as casually. Prospective godparents would have to think, "Sure, Rusty's a great drinking pal, but what if he's a deadbeat by next March? Do I really want his kids?" Answers such as "Hell no!" and, "Not for the love of Sweet Jesus!" (Mmm, Sweet Jesus.... Aagggggrgrrrrggrrrrr....) spring to mind. Child-bearing couples would be pariahs of their social set. Imagine: the Joneses walking into a lively cocktail party. Mrs. Jones is wearing a dazzling evening gown made of silk with skillful renderings of all ten children embroidered into the sumptuous fabric. Someone whispers "breeders," and every one of the socialites present falls silent in the wake of this parental power-house. They all begin to contemplate their napkins with a Zen-like concentration.

Although you may find yourself shunned by your less economically productive friends, any and all children formed from your union can rest assured that they were either really wanted in the first place or they were used as some warped means of getting back at those aforementioned Joneses. If you don't end up having a continuing union and your child becomes split between parents, then you'd both have to pay proportional amounts of the tax to maintain it until it becomes an economically independent participant in the society.

Trust us, it would work. There are no drawbacks. Besides, our recommendations are at least as logical as encouraging couples to have nine children that they can't afford to feed, clothe, or educate.



Editorial: Strange Bedfellows

In the wake of the brouhaha caused by this year's April Fool's issue of *Reporter Magazine*, the *Distorter*, I find myself writing something I never envisioned I would. I, and several people close to me, wish to defend the *Reporter*.

Beginning with the condemnation of the *Distorter* by RIT's Vice-President, Dr. Stan McKenzie, I watched events with interest. For three years now I have never hesitated to make my opinion regarding the *Reporter* known, but the ecstatic pleasure at seeing Dr. McKenzie cut down the *Reporter* was soon replaced with alarm. Many faculty responded to the Vice President's notice with reactionary messages of their own, one going so far as to state that the responsible parties on the *Reporter* should be expelled.

The 1997 *Distorter* is one of the better issues of *Reporter Magazine* I have read in several months. This does not qualify it for any literary laurels, however. Ideas were poorly executed, the prose was unengaging, and the presentation (which I was told was supposed to mock the graphic disaster that passes as a magazine, "RayGun") was typical for the *Reporter*, complete with obscured content and visually distracting text orientations; in short, it was piss poor.

Controversy concerning the publication, instead of focusing of the consistently low quality of material and presentation, centered on the topics which the *Reporter* chose to satirize. Aiming for "intellectual satire," the *Distorter* fell short and resorted instead to thinly cloaked attacks on RIT groups and individuals.

Regardless of what they wrote or how poorly they executed their ideas, they should not be punished for expressing themselves. The real shame lies not with *Reporter Magazine*, but with those who take themselves (and a third rate publication) too seriously. If the *Distorter* were well written and promoted abusive concepts, then it might be considered a threat. Instead, it is a poorly penned, difficult to read publication, briefly mentioning some controversial buzz words (ebonics, downsizing, cloning) aimed at raising the ire of knee-jerk reactionaries.

Shame on all of you for falling for it.

I stand by the *Reporter*, whether they want it or not, and defend their right to print what they choose. If, however, the mobs start screaming for the dismantlement of *Reporter Magazine* based specifically on its substandard writing and inadequate layout, I will be one of the loudest voices screaming to be shown its severed head.

The role of any publication should be to convey information. When context takes precedent over content, information is intentionally obscured and lost. The publication then has no more sense than Dadaist performance art and should be treated with as much respect.

-Sean Hammond, co-editor, GDT

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

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

November 27th, 1996

One of those crazy days, running all day to meet a deadline that I've been putting off. Had to design some shit-stupid pamphlet to attract American students to AUBG. I decide to take the low road and throw in a few screaming slogans like:

**LAST NIGHT I BOUGHT A TEN YEAR OLD GIRL!!!
WOW! BULGARIA IS LIKE VEGAS ON ACID!**

Why not appeal to the basest of American desire? Seems to work quite well for Bangkok, so why not Bulgaria, where there is a surplus of humanity and a shortage of reason and resource. Finally, by 6 PM, I can sit down for breakfast followed by a frantic 4 hours of sleep.

It's the 2nd night of my radio show, and since I didn't have a title for the show last week, I decide to tell Blagoevgrad that they are listening to "The Untitled Alternative." This week I've thrown the play-list out the window and brazenly barged ahead with a slew of tracks that are over-known in America and never-heard in Bulgaria. Great fun doing your own radio show. Imagine snarling meanly along w/ Johnny Rotten ("...so Fuck You, we're the Future, your future...God Save the Queen, it's a fascist regime!") while queuing up whatever the hell you feel like following it with. All this for the education of Bulgarian youth, who I've been told are beginning to tune into the show just for a break from a mish-mashed re-run of too many Phil Collins remixes of the same song. Education? Call it indoctrination.

It's hardly seems an accident that AUBG has chosen to set up in the vacated halls of the Bulgarian Communist Party Headquarters for the Pirin sector of the country. Quite fitting when you think about it: one indoctrination machine leaves the awkwardly over-designed squat structure only to be quickly replaced by it's nemesis, an American University. It's an anthropological fact that time and time again victorious cultures will build new religious edifices on the sites of the destroyed temples of the defeated faith. And who would deny that economic systems are a form of 20th Century religion? And now rather than spouting nationalist marching tunes or brassy-voiced pronouncements, the radio facility of the building is pumping out my personal version of American youth music. At least it's music made for and by frustrated people searching for better answers to the questions their parents either overlooked or choked. But all in all that's only an excuse for my particular brand of propaganda music, isn't it?

As I'm running low on material, I am sweating and nervous by 2 am, as I'd had to dig madly through thousands of CD's to find the last 1/2 hour worth of indoctrination. Emerging from the studio, I find Vlad and Karina waiting smiley faced and waxy to offer me a congratulatory drink on this Thanksgiving morning. I'm really touched by their gesture, although I'm quite sure that the tall, pimply-faced Byelorussian would have found another way to shepherd his nervously thin (how many times a month does she change her hair color?) "Romanian conquest" to some quiet bar where he could pump enough liquor into her veins to strip her inhibitions and later her body. Over beers in the Drum, Vladimir once betrayed his personal goals to me as his broad lipped smile exposed a big toothy grin: "You see Chris, I'm a sexual Imperialist. A year ago I decided to, conquer a woman from every nation of the Earth." He's doing a good job of it, as I know he can already pencil off Belarus, America, Albania, Latvia, Bulgaria, and Romania at the ripe age of 19.

Karina guides us to Bar Milena, a non-stop that has low lighting and relaxed ambiance without a crowd of cigarette-waving teenagers. A few tables of men hunching secretly over beers (as if they are discussing state secrets) are scattered across the place, but it's principally ours. The waiter glides over with the silent grace of a man who's been pulling the night-shift for so long that 2 am feels to him like 9 am does to me: cool and quiet, a time of day filled with self-satisfied reflection and steaming tea cups. Our order is complicated and we edit it several times before refining it to simple things. Vodka for the Byelorussian, brandy and blueberry juice for the Carpathian Romanian, gin for the American. As he sets down the glasses, I feel like we're some UN gathering, with representative drinks on the table rather than national flags. It's a great wandering conversation that starts with Vlad telling me how cool it was to play Sonic Youth on the show and ends with Karina expounding on the virtues of Philip K. Dick. In between, a table of people I don't pay any mind to arrive and leave from the next table. Somewhere in the twisted conversational lines I remarked about how I was relishing having "Balkan" experiences like being crowded into a sweaty train without water or screwing a girl as quietly as possible while my roommate stares at the wall and acts like he's asleep. After another long bout of laughter, Karina remarks that Vlad (she calls him "Vova", which I can't

bring myself to use since I'm afraid I might say "Vulva" by accident) never lets her sleep earlier than 5 in the morning. Ah yes, the girl says it's time to go home.

As Vlad and Karina shrug themselves into their coats and scarves, I stare incredulously at the bare chair back that was once graced with my leather jacket. Having something extremely personal stolen from you feels like you've just lost a sibling or an organ. I'm not attached to objects much, and rarely spend more than a few seconds of regret on the loss of one at the hands of a crafty thief. But this jacket has protected my skin from crazy years of motorcycle wrecks (I have very fond memories of the exhilarating split second before a machine passes its center of gravity and spills the rider onto a frantically stationary stretch of mean-toothed asphalt.), bar tussles, and drunken women have buried their faces into its soft, pungent folds and unloosed torrents of warm tears. It's been a make-shift pillow at the end of many nights of homeless sleeping. And one frosty winter night it saved me from frostbite while I tried to get un-lost in a very bad Toronto neighborhood. This jacket was simply put, my best friend. And now it'll be worn by some chic Bulgarian mafioso who'll use it to cock a Western cool in sleazy cafes that stink of too much tobacco while he chats up women with too much make-up and not enough brains to see that he's just another hustler.

After a few minutes of mourning, Vlad smiles sheepishly and says "Well, I guess you've just had a Balkan experience...". I imagine the brave thief looking back at the balding American kid he's just stolen a very valuable piece of cow hide from, and thinking to himself, "Happy Thanksgiving, Motherfucker!"

Ask The Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL,

"I WAS WONDERING WHERE ALL OF THOSE PUNK ROCKERS WHO HANG OUT ON MONROE AVENUE CAME FROM? I MEAN, THERE AREN'T REALLY ANY PUNK ROCKERS AROUND ANYMORE, ARE THERE?"

-J. FRENCH

Dear J. French,

You've asked a question that is close to my heart. I was bred and born in Rochester, New York, so I've got a pretty good handle on the local area and its varied wildlife. In fact, I used to hang out with the punks down on Monroe Avenue myself about ten years ago. I was one of them, albeit a much younger member of their pack. I stayed around them for several years, and as time passed I noticed my herd was thinning out; I can only imagine how the buffalo must have felt. As we grew older, more and more of my group started "moving to Boston." I was younger than even the youngest members of my herd by at least two years, so when finally the last of my punk clan departed on their spiritual journey to the mystic land of "Boston," I was left stranded in their wake. With none of my peer group left to lead me on the Way of the Punk, I was unable to complete my transmigration into "Boston" and lost out on my chance at ethereal bliss. Oh well, you win some, you lose some.

At this point you're probably saying, "That doesn't answer my question!" You are absolutely correct, it doesn't answer a damn thing, but it is an interesting psychological phenomenon. Anyway, now we know where they go, the mythical punk graveyard if you will. They must be stacked eight deep in the streets of "Boston" by now.

So where do they come from? I can only assume the answer from my own experiences within the drove. As our pack thinned, another herd began to form. It consisted entirely of middle schoolers in the pupa stage of punkdom, otherwise known as new wavers. Their cluster continued to increase, eventually achieving critical mass and assuming our old roles as our own dwindling numbers had left it impossible for us to maintain all of our loitering responsibilities. I believe that what takes place is that Monroe Avenue actually requires a minimum number of punks, as its sentinel of choice, and as the current assemblage begins to taper off, the sheer force of its need for a guardian community eventually begins to transform a few harmless bystanders. The bystanders are already instilled with all it takes to become a punk; they just required the impetus implanted by Monroe Avenue itself to really become true punk rockers.

So in the end, quite simply stated, punk rockers are drawn to serve Monroe Avenue in the prime of their lives, and as their age increases, they are dispersed to the otherworldly pastures of "Boston" to seize upon their retirement package. For one of my crew this retirement package consisted of finding a stranger's wallet and credit card with which he purchased a life time supply of sweat cloths and large chunky jewelry. I suppose everybody's idea of nirvana is just a little bit different.

-The Bare-foot Girl

Culture Kampf:

-Michelle Amoruso

The Yukpa currently live in the mountainous range which forms the border between Venezuela and Columbia. Previous to the influence of westerners, they lived in the lowlands. The change of environment caused them to switch from a lowland-forest subsistence economy (shifting cultivation, hunting, fishing, gathering) and become subsistence agriculturalists (due to the increased population density and depleted resources). Since the mid-twentieth century, Catholicism was introduced and began to be integrated with the traditional belief system. However, the traditional religion stayed fairly intact. See if you can win the Yukpa religion quiz challenge.

Which of the following is NOT true of the Yukpa?

- Yukpa cosmology tell of an underground realm which is inhabited by a population of midgets.
- After death, the mythical frog Kopecho leads the Yukpa on the path of the righteous to the afterworld.
- During shamen initiation ceremonies, vast quantities of cheese must be consumed until vomiting is induced, purging the body of all evil.

Answer: C

Erasing Eeyore

-Heather Danielson

I think that I have decided to attempt to reprogram myself. I want to find passion in my life. Periodically I will have a brief brush with passion (I am not talking about sex, eroticism, or passion specifically. Just fire; desire to do something). More often I have bouts of amusement with myself or the antics of others, but these bouts are evanescent. One of the troubles with trying to enact this change is even finding the desire to look for desire.

I don't know where to start in my mind, so I am starting outside. I am beginning by wearing bright outfits all the time (the types of colours you only see on children between the ages of two and six...and on fade-resistant detergent commercials). Some bright colours are very rarely made into clothing, [Editors Note: and rightly so!] so it is helpful that I can sew. Now I have pants in safety orange, screaming chartreuse, and red velure. I guess there isn't a very large market for such garish things, but ya know, they do help. When I wear the safety orange pants I can't help but laugh at myself for how glaringly bright and obnoxious they are.

I am also not allowing myself to watch TV unless there is something I specifically want to see. Occasionally I have found myself trapped into watching TV for hours on end. Surfing the channels in the vain hope of finding something mildly amusing with at least a vague haze of intellectual content, merely because I lack motivation. I'm not even talking about the phenomenal act of will necessary to raise my ass from the comfort of my easy chair. I'm talking about the amount necessary to move my finger from the channel to the power button.

You know, when the anaesthetic isn't properly injected, sitting glued in front of the flashing electric brain leech can sometimes be depressing and contribute to feelings of uselessness.

Additionally, I am not allowed to listen to depressing music to put myself to sleep. I had never realized how



much of my music could be termed depressing until I placed this restriction on myself. Most music with lyrics deal with depressing subject matter in some way...

Finally, in this initial phase I am also trying to exercise regularly. It may help to increase energy levels and improve the image of my body.

I have been struggling with this regimen for almost three weeks now and find myself retreating into reading instead of watching TV...which still leaves me feeling unproductive. I have more fabrics to work with but haven't done any sewing in almost a week.

RANDOM ACTS OF EMAIL

-Mark Nowak

SO I HAD AN EASTER GIG YESTERDAY AT A LOCAL CHURCH, AND BOY, WAS I IN THE HIVE! I MEAN, YOU WALK INTO THIS PLACE AND THERE IS ONLY SEATING ON THE RIGHT AND THE FAR RIGHT, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, AND I THINK YOU DO. AS I WAS LEAVING, THE PARKING LOT WAS JAMMED WITH PEOPLE TRYING TO DO THE SAME. SO I WONDERED IF THESE BORN-AGAIN FUNDYS WOULD HAVE THE SAME "FUCK THE OTHER DRIVER AS HARD AND AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE" ATTITUDE IN A CHURCH PARKING LOT ON EASTER THAT SO OFTEN PREVAILS IN ROCHESTER (MAJOR SPORTING EVENTS, RPO CONCERTS, WEGMANS' PARKING LOTS). SURELY THEY COULDN'T BE SO CUTHROAT? AND SURE ENOUGH AS I PULLED OUT I NOTICED AN ORDERLY MERGING PATTERN INTO THE MAIN TRAFFIC STREAM, ALTERNATING ONE CAR FROM MY LINE WITH ONE CAR FROM ANOTHER. I WAS PRETTY IMPRESSED! UNTIL IT GOT TO MY TURN AND MR. JACKASS FOLLOWED SO CLOSELY TO THE CAR HAVING ITS RIGHTFUL TURN THAT HE SIMPLY BURNED THE EXCESS GAS FROM THE FIRST GUY'S EXHAUST. APPARENTLY HE COULD SEE THE BAR CODE 666 OF MY UNWASHED HEATHENNESS THROUGH MY WINDSHIELD, AND TOOK HIS RIGHT(FUL/EOUS) TURN. NICE GUY. FOR ME TO POOP ON!



Volume 7 • Issue 5

Definitions

"If you eat a live frog in the morning, nothing worse will happen to either of you for the rest of the day."

Once again GDT is diligently at work. Slaving away in front of the computer for hours, just for you...our unresponsive wards. GDT serves up only the tenderest, most succulent phraseology for you...our unresponsive wards. So eat up! Digest this quarter's ripe slice of of slackdom, meant specifically for you...our unresponsive wards.

Amurakh - a culture-specific hysterical disorder that is characterized by compulsive imitation of sounds and gestures.

Anti-pope - Sort of like the anti-christ, only much smaller. About the same size as an anti-body.

Apologentsia - the class in a society comprising the apologetic, pathetic, and those with low self esteem, as opposed to those people who assume all problems are the fault of everyone else.

Archangel - 1.) One of the more powerful, beautiful angels, bent over, spread-eagle.

2.) The supernatural beings that protect patrons of McDonolds.

Autoerotic - having sexual relations with a car.

Avalanche - An exclamation shouted by skiers and mountain climbers which serves to inform others that there is a small hill coming down the mountain.

Bad news - when your pee comes out black.

Dialect - A language that doesn't have an army.

Disneyesque - Esquimaux featured in "It's a small world" ride.

Ennuierotomania - a particular form of anxiety, specifically when having sex and knowing you should to be doing something else.

Evil-doer - see "spreadeagle."

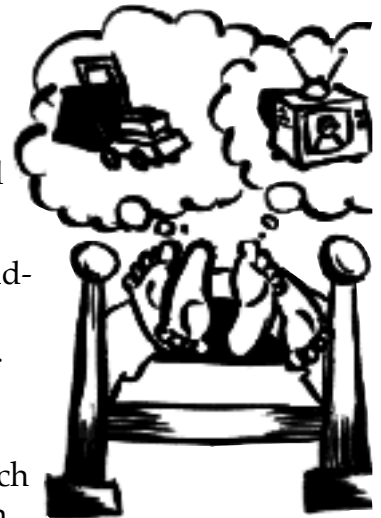
ex aesto et caleo - according to the principles of orgasm and afterglow.

Fetidfeticide - killing of a stinky baby.

Glossalalia - a culture-specific hysterical disorder that is characterized by tremor, disorientation, clouding of consciousness, delirium, speaking in tongues, and hallucinations.

The Great Trek - The predecessor of Star Trek, which was actually the mass migration in 1835 of Boer farmers from Cape Colony escaping the British to found such republics as the Orange Free State.

Hemophilia - the gift that keeps on giving.





Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Incredible Them:

Michelle Amoruso
Josh French

Layout:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Printer's Dæmon:

Damn

Illustrator:

Vinny Bove

Graphic Design:

Don Rider

Writers:

Michelle Amoruso
Vinny Bove
Heather Danielson
Josh French
Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Christopher Lane
B.J. Leopold
Troy Liston
Mark Nowak

Contributors:

Damn
Robert Mac Kay

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Inhospitable - When the hosts eat the guests.

Lactic-empathic - "I feel creamy!"

Omphaloskepsis - a form of meditation while gazing at the navel.

Onanism - meaning both interrupted coition and masturbation. See Genesis 38:9

Pantehnicon - a furniture moving van.

Pop-up - When an idea or memory of something reaches your consciousness without apparent prompting, and you see/experience it the next day. This usually only happens with TV programs.

Pout - whining of the face.

Self-actualization - sick of waiting for people to give you a hand.

Sleep crawling - a Samoan sexual practice in which an uninvited youth would enter a young woman's house with the intent of seduction.

Spreadeagle - "Dear Forum, so I was in the zoo, and I never thought of myself as patriotic, but..."

Time-delay enema - A small cylinder of snow inserted in the anus. Usually occurs while sledding.

Yes - Karen's favorite word. Karen is one of Rochester Telephone's operators, and we thank her. Wanda was indecisive. Bitch.

LIVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON

(a critical review)

I've learned that if you're in a boat fishing with your husband, you'd better have strong ~~kidneys!~~

Thighs -Age 60

I've learned that whenever I go to the grocery store I always get the cart with the ~~bum~~ wheel. s

cum on The -Age 30

I've learned that when my father says, "We'll see," the answer is generally ~~no~~ ' I am having sex with your mom,

wait your Turn! '

-Age 17

The reason why last week I said, "I think that I have decided to try to reprogram myself," instead of making it a definite statement, is that some days I just don't care about changing. I possess my own personal supply of gen-x apathy. One of the things I am trying to accomplish in this reprogramming is to create an impermeable containment unit for this torpor. As long as the containment unit keeps leaking this toxic indifference into my being, I will keep slipping up.

Some days I continue my reprogramming by pretending to care about it. If pretending gets me to actually bother doing the activity, then there is no actual difference in my performance than did I truly care. If I just don't give myself time to think about whether I care or not, I am more apt to accomplish the goals than when I allow myself time to justify my inaction.

Every day I struggle to begin my activities. If I postpone my exercise at the beginning of the day, dredging up the motivation to get dressed and go running can be a nearly insurmountable challenge, not to mention the bother of when I ate last and whether it will end up on the side of the road. When I set my alarm early enough to allow time for running before everything else I need to do, I generally will go, for I am a member of that rare and often hated breed: the morning person. Let me try to settle that bile you feel burning its way up your throat. I am not a part of the most repulsive and commonly recognized variety of morning people. You know, the ones who have a glowing smile and are bubbling over with inane banter when you drag your sorry ass into school/work in the morning. The ones who nauseate you to the point where you contemplate vomiting on them to see if that will get them to shut up. I am not that. My variety is far more elusive and less offensive. If you were to spend the night with one of us, you might wake to find breakfast waiting for you or the person finishing the book from your night stand (Oh shit, I just realized that if I successfully reprogram myself, I may switch allegiances. The changes may cause me to evolve (devolve) into the other type of morning person).

Once I do start an activity on a given day it doesn't take that much extra energy to see it to completion. For me, running doesn't feel bad, and I *do* like to sew. It is just that far less effort is necessary to simply keep reading than to sew or run or go into the studio. I have plenty of lazy time in my life, but some days a bit of passion or drive will surface. On those days you just need to stay out of my way. One morning last week I ran three miles and made a dress before going in to class in the morning, had a full day of classes and went dancing that night. I really want to have a higher percentage of days like that.

Ask The Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL,

WHY DO PEOPLE CLAIMING TO BE "PRO-LIFE" SHOOT DOCTORS, RECEPTIONISTS, AND BOMB BUILDINGS? DO THESE PEOPLE ALSO DELIBERATELY RUN OVER CATS AND SQUIRRELS FOR FUN?

-RED 9

Dear Red 9,

I thought that everyone drove over cats and squirrels for fun? Oh well...maybe I'm just being a little too revealing.

Pro-lifers (to be confused with "lifers") have the unique distinction of being able to distinguish between the ideas of "life" and "efil." When shooting doctors and receptions or blowing up the odd clinic (or in rare cases the even clinic), these right-to-lifers (who often have a right to life without parole after such extracurricular activities) can rest assured that they never took a "life" no matter how many smelly old corpses eventually pile up.

Efil is not a state of non-life so much as it is the

inverse of life (actually being efil is quite a lot like being knurd, with not quite as much of an overhang the morning before). Doctors, nurses, receptionists, and any other walking piles of cellular material that enjoy hanging out in abortion clinics are always honored with the existence of efil. Incidentally, most used-carsalesmen, crossing guards, and male students of the art of cuisine are also quite prone to being efil; they usually catch it in their early teens.

As any pro-lifer on the witness stand will tell you, you can't take what someone doesn't have.

Now, if you are ever in the mood to go on a killing frenzy of your own, it is probably safest to go after the abortion clinics. However, if you are in a more daring mood, you probably won't get in too deep if you plant a used car bomb...just make sure that the salesman has real shiny teeth.

-The Bare-foot Girl

Do you have a question for the Bare-Foot Girl, or just want to torment her? Send questions/comments to GDT c/o diablo@csh.rit.edu

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

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

December 12th, 1996--

Over glasses of victory gin (we just finished finals) I was talking to a Bulgarian friend, Iva, about politics, sex, and generally wacky writing. She's studying literature here at AUBG because she's passionate about it; a very brave move in a country with 300% inflation. Freely admitting that her only hope is to receive a large enough scholarship to go to an American grad school, she told me that she knew her hopes were probably in vain but that she couldn't give up on her greatest love. This semester she took 18 hours of courses, and because of the crunch at finals, she presented identical papers to two different professors. But she was very proud of this paper and didn't feel that she was doing any wrong, mostly because this sort of thing had never been addressed in conversations concerning "academic dishonesty." The department noticed and had punished her by giving her an F in one class and forbidding her to repeat the class. Further, they said that they would be forced to mention this incident in the recommendations she would ask of them when she began applying to grad schools. It seemed a mirror of modern Bulgaria.

Later she told me a story from her childhood:

"I was in a special youth brigade; all of us had a youth brigade when we were young. My brigade was the Rose Brigade. In the summer we harvested the roses. We would get on the buses at 4 AM and arrive at the fields very early, maybe 4:30, because they wanted us to start picking the roses before the sun came up. The fields were huge lines of rose bushes, and we had special uniforms with high boots to keep the dirt and mud from getting all over us. Some days they wanted us to pick 20 kg of rose petals in one day. The roses were wet with dew, and slippery, and it was dark. You would find the blossoms by touch, and all around were many voices; we would all chat and talk in the dark. It was still cold in the mornings and the dew would cover my fingers and arms and it was so

chilly to be wet. But we would talk and make little jokes to keep each other company, and really it was such fun. As the sun would begin to come up, we could see the huge fields of roses with the sun rising before us, and it was so beautiful. It would begin to become warm and as the bushes dried, the thorns would tear my uniform and cut my hands, because you see, they don't cut you when they are wet, only when they are dry. When it became hot, the insects would come out and we would be covered with insects and sometimes bitten by wasps.

"But when we came back to our dormitories, all of our clothes would smell of roses, and it was even deep in your skin, the smell of roses. We were young, maybe 14 or 15, and they kept the boys and girls separated. But at night we had a special organized disco, beside a small building, with just a big tape player. And we would dance with the boys, all of us shy and smelling like roses.

"I remember the time of Communism, and it was so different. Maybe because I was just a child I couldn't see that it wasn't working, but I always felt so secure. I wasn't afraid to walk at night because there was no crime and we had no fear of each other. People had so many different friendships then. And now it's all so different, we are all so divided, and struggling and competing against each other. And there is so little opportunity that we are all reaching for it at once. But I remember Communism as being a very happy time, and now things are so different and people are so scared."

There was an awesome silence, after which she glanced at her watch and said "Oh, I have to catch my bus to the dormitory." Walking her to the bus stop, my mind was flooded with images of wide-eyed young teenagers dancing in a shy cloud of rose perfumes.

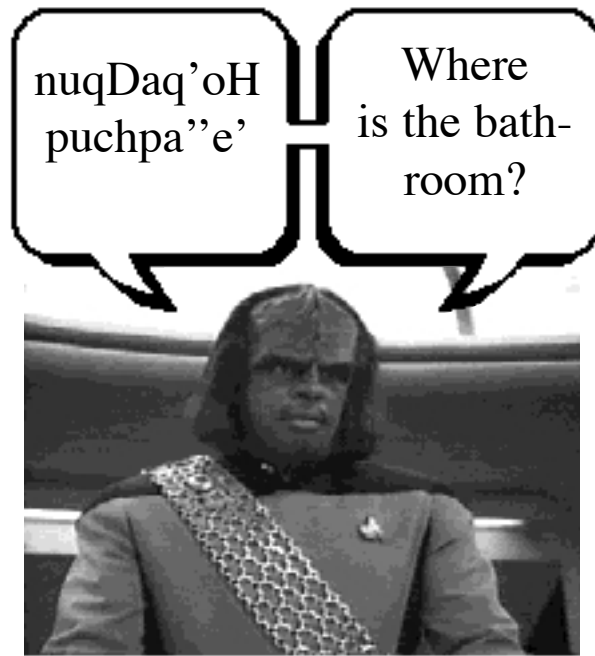
Religious Wrong

"With the apathy that exists in our nation, a small, well-organized minority can influence the selection of candidates to an astonishing degree.... If we have as few as 75-100 people in each county we could become the most powerful political influence in the state."

-Pat Robertson, The New Millennium

Klingonics

A Panel Discussion



Recently, the United Federation of Planets voted to recognize Klingon English (or Klingonics) as a distinct language. Reaction was strong both for and against this decision. What do you think? Come and let your voice be heard on this important topic!

Panelists:

Lt. Uhura, communications officer for the Enterprise-A

Klingon Lursa, destructor of the Enterprise-D

Q, omnipotent being to taunt the other panelists

PLUS a representative from Tribble home world

Stardate 41397.6

Deck One Observation Lounge

Replicators Will Be Online
Universal Translators Have Been Requested

Presented by: Society for Klingon-Speaking Star Trek Freaks

MY RADIO WAS TUNED TO 94.1, YOUR FAVORITE INSTRUMENTALS OF THE 50's, 60's AND 70's (PLAYED ON A REPEATING TAPE WITH NO DJ OR ADS), IN THE HIVE PARKING LOT. THANKFULLY THEY DON'T PLAY "WIPE OUT," BUT I THINK THEY COULD EXPAND ANOTHER DECADE TO INCLUDE HERBIE HANCOCK'S "ROCKET" AND THE CLASSIC "MIAMI VICE THEME." ANYWAY, I LISTENED TO IT ALL THE WAY HOME, TURNING THE RADIO OFF IN THE MIDDLE OF A SONG. WHEN I GOT BACK IN THE CAR SOME 7-8 HOURS LATER, I TURNED ON THE RADIO TO HEAR THE SAME SONG THAT I HAD SHUT OFF BEFORE, PICKING UP RIGHT WHERE IT LEFT OFF! NOW, AS A TRUMPET PLAYER, I'M CONTRACTUALLY OBLIGATED TO HAVE A BIG HEAD, BUT I WAS NEVER SURE UNTIL THAT MOMENT THAT THE WORLD REVOLVED AROUND ME (I KNOW, YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL ME THIS FOR YEARS)! IMAGINE A RADIO STATION CARING ENOUGH TO STOP AND START BROADCASTING ACCORDING TO WHEN I WAS IN MY CAR!

-- MARKRA (MORE RELATION TO MOTHRA THAN MITHRA)

P.S. FROM NOW ON I WILL BE COUNTING THE HAIRS IN MY BRUSH EVERY MORNING TO DIVINE HELL'S KITCHEN PRODUCTION SCHEDULES. I WILL BE OBEYED!



-Sean T. Hammond

And suddenly the sky opened up and a river began to fall on my vehicle. After a week of beautiful weather that had begun to make me forget that 90% of the year Rochester is either too wet or too windy for me, the local geography came to its senses and walloped me with rain.

Driving through the rain was further complicated by the night. Wipers slashing madly at the unrelenting deluge, I couldn't help but start humming a song buoyed up from the depths of my childhood: *With the window-wipers/Taping out the tempo/Keeping perfect rhythm/With the song on the radio/Got to keep moving.*

Or something like that.

I slowly pulled up to an intersection and stopped, obliged to wait for the light to change in my favor. As suddenly as it began, the rain stopped, leaving a auditory vacuum in its wake.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a movement in the street. Under the jaundiced streetlights, I saw a small bird flopping in the road. After a moment, I identified it confidently as a Wiggle-Butt bird.

Last year, my roommate had found a small sparrow that had somehow fallen out of its nest. Bringing it back to our apartment, we proceeded to nurse it back to health. Annoying at first, the incessant peeps grew endearing, particularly when the small creature would laboriously work its way across the living room floor just to lay itself next to you and sleep. The thing that impressed me, however, was the apparent never ending gyrating it would do. Whether hungry, thirsty, content, or just sleepy, the little bird's butt was always moving.

After a few weeks, she had grown strong enough that she was beginning to experiment with flight. Leaping

about like spring activated toy, she seemed particularly fond of throwing herself into the air and madly flapping trying to reach my roommate or I. It was decided that, since we had already been teaching her how to search for food in the grass, it was nearing time to let her know that she was expected to leave soon.

The night before letting her go, she slept in my room because there was a nest of sparrows outside my window that I thought she would enjoy hearing. When I returned home from school that afternoon, I discovered her near my closet door. Asking whether she had had a nice day, and whether she was hungry, I approached. She lay with her legs straight out behind her. Bending down, I did a quick check: she had broken her neck. From what I could tell, she had heard the other birds sometime during the day and got so excited, flew into my closet door in her attempt to get to them.

So sitting at that light in the aftermath of the rain-storm, I saw a Wiggle Butt bird fluttering in the street. I assumed it had been unfortunate enough to be caught in the storm and was too wet to fly. If it stayed where it was, a car would surely hit it.

As I began to undo my seatbelt, intent on helping move the bird out of the street, I saw the bird thrust itself into the sky...and become a leaf. After 4 years in the Biology department, I'm pretty sure I can tell a bird from a leaf. Inbetween blinks of the eye, a sorry looking wet bird became a leaf that was blown lazily away by a passing breeze.

Of course it could have been a leaf the entire time. All those feathers and apparent weight as it crashed back to the road only tricks of the light and mind. Upon relating the story to Andrea Chrisman one of the minds behind *the Iconoclast* and a Believer, she simply said that maybe someone was trying to tell me something.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Wants to Hear From You!

Hey, if you don't let us know what you like, we can't keep bringing it to you. Drop us a line and let us know what it is that you think.

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



Volume 7 • Issue 6

Gangsta Jews

"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the weaponry to make the difference."

Despite my apparent irreverence towards the Chosen People™, since moving to the North Brighton Area I have gained a great deal of respect for them...and more than a dash of fear. Each week on the *Shabbes*, I see crowds of God's Groupies walking to and from their local *shul* (because it's against the *mitzvahs* to drive there, silly). Cute Jewish girls in their pretty dresses; older, more orthodox men wearing black and earlocks galore. Becoming accustomed to walking along busy city streets, they have banded into groups for mutual protection. Utilizing elaborate methods of defense and impressive strategic patterns when threatened,[†] they put the Shriners in their silly little go-carts to shame.

Last Friday, I was standing on a street corner, idly watching a crowd of Chosen amble towards the Temple down the road, when some *goyish* strangers came around the corner. Those with the Holy Mitochondria silently arranged themselves into a flanked wedge with their hands in their coat pockets. With growing dread I just knew they were fondling their *matzoh-stars*,^Δ keeping the deadly little weapons at the ready.

What the blissfully ignorant gentiles never realized was that they had just crossed paths with one of the more aggressive Jewish gangs: the Kosher Club. Being able to walk away from an encounter with the Kosher Club is lucky indeed. The strangers, undoubtedly on their way to the Catholic Store, never even knew how fortunate they were that it was the Sabbath.

In recent years, Americanized Jews have been forced to adopt more street culture than any family could hope to support, let alone feed and educate. Starting with the conflicts between the Hasidic enclave in Brooklyn, New York and their Hispanic and African neighbors in the fall of 1990, many Jews have begun to join various gangs for protection; a menorah Jewish Grandmothers (gaggle of geese, murder of crows, menorah of Jews. What, you think we make this shit up?) is almost guaranteed to make any would-be assailants think twice.

"Have you eaten? You look so thin! You remember Mrs. Lebowitzch..."

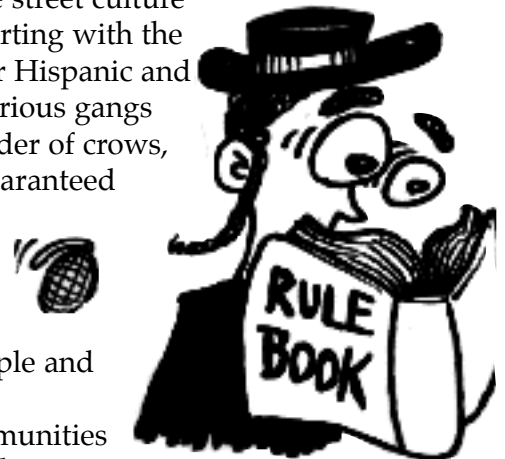
Calling upon the Protocols of Zion and employing Deutemoronnic methods, Jewish Gangs are finding the best way to be a righteous people and live by God's commandments...all 613 of them.

Unfortunately, what began as a symbol of solidarity in Jewish communities has splintered into several competing factions. Recognized as the toughest gang is the Satmarer. Unlike other groups that display their gang allegiance by the colour of their *kippah*, the Satmarer retain the distinctive dress of their Hungarian origins, wearing their *peyes* in full view, while the women shave their heads showing they are ready for combat, if necessary. Although less intimidating than the Satmarer, the 4H Club,[‡]

[†] Like musk-ox and covered wagon circles, they herd the weak ones into the center for protection.

^ΔSometimes called Stars of David.

[‡]The 4H Club (Herr Hammond's Hasidic Helpers) is actually a sociologically interesting anomaly. The original community, fleeing from Nazi persecution in the early 1930's, settled first in Boston. There, after kibitzing with the Irish in Massachusetts, they traveled to Rochester, New York. It wasn't until 1994 that the community began to see gang activity. In battles over turf, the 4H Club are well known for singing peculiar battle songs, including "*Lom Singen Ciri Bim, Ciri Bom*," "*Bin ich mir a Schneiderl*," and "*Mit a Nudl un a Nudl*." Though serving little strategic purpose, the singing of the 4H Club in battle serves to confuse enemies and co-ordinate movements of geographically separated divisions.



Continued on page 2 of GDT...



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Blind Leading the Blind:

Michelle Amoruso
Josh French

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Lubavitch, and WB are all powerful forces in modern American cities, enforcing the *mitzvahs* on the streets, advancing the art of bickering over prices in the market place, and occasionally clashing over turf.

The Jews,^ð repressed for centuries, have been forced to develop an entire arsenal of weapons meant specifically to lull the *goyim* into a false sense of security. Take for example, the *matzoh*-stars: fun, crunchy snacks for children, but when in the hands of the wily orientally-trained Master Ninja Jews...deadly weapons. It's all in the follow-through. Rest assured, however, the unleavened bread that may take your life is *kosher l'pesah*.

Only the most pacifistic people of God would ever consider leaving their protective abodes without a few cleverly concealed *matzos*-stars, but there are other effective armaments to be had. For instance, the spring-loaded steel-rimmed *kippah*. Though they can't be used on Saturdays due to the mechanical mechanisms contained in the set-up, the steel-rimmed *kippahs* themselves are not mechanical in origin. So on the occasion of the sabbath, special stackable *kippahs* (SSKs) are available. They're not quite as technologically advanced, but their functionality is undeniable. When you've used your first one, you will still find five or six more killer *kippahs* stacked beneath it. The only important point to make note of is that you must have already stacked these on your head by Friday at sunset, because once the big bright one hits the deck you are not allowed to do any work. The inherent instability of *kippah* in flight, however, limits their effectiveness.

By far the most dangerous weapon of the Jewish gangs is the *dreidel*. Where the Yo-yo was once a weapon used by the Philipinos, the top-like *dreidel* has come to be much more than a child's toy. Now, children with *dreidels* are actually practicing for their future place in gangs.

The *dreidel* used by the gang members look very similar to those found in the hands of the young. Referred to as "spinning *dreidels* of death," these joys are edged with diamond and sharpened on the folded tongues of at least ten mother-in-laws. The best *dreidel* slingers can actually create an audible whine from the twirling of the horrible weapons. At up to 10,000 rpms, many potential conflicts between antagonistic gangs have been defused by the sudden high whine of *dreidel*-packing Jews, warning the other group of their imminent peril. The only effective defense to the ungodly mess that a well-aimed *dreidel* can inflict are *challah* shields. Skillfully used to deflect the weapons rather than simply stop them, these bready saviors are worn over the back in the fashion of a quiver of arrows and double as field rations.

Of course, there are times when conflict can not be avoided, and the air is filled with *matzos*-stars, bladed *kippahs*, and *dreidels* humming down the sidewalk, embedding in the sides of buildings, trees, and the occasional fowl hanging in a store front window. Even when retreating from such a fearful barrage, there are terrors. Hidden in the streets and under sidewalks are anti-personnel *kniche*. One wrong step and you're a *kosher* meal. In response to the growing gang activity, the *rabbi* of various communities have organized riot control groups, armed with quantum *challah* body armor and rubber *gefelte*-fish bazookas.

A rigorous regiment of Kosher Killing Calisthenics and hard street experience, the life of a Jewish gang member is far from easy, but that's

^ðNot to be confused with J.E.W.S: Jaded European WaifS

ok! They're Jews and are used to suffering. Unlike their *goyish* counterparts, the Jewish gangs have the restrictions of the *Shabbes* to contend with. Unable to work, drive automobiles, or hunt between sundown on Friday and sundown on Saturday, planning is a necessity. During the week in general, there are few clashes between groups, as their members are usually out making vast amounts of money and undermining the American way of life. As the Sabbath approaches, however, the gangs begin to get itchy for a fight.

Friday is typically a day of preparation, planning during the day for any unforeseen incidents that may occur during the holy sabbath. A Jew in the wrong neighborhood on Friday could find himself in quite a bind. Thanks to the distinctive colours of the gangs and the braided threads in their earlocks, they are easily recognized. The braver gangs will intentionally get trapped in enemy neighborhoods after sundown, confident that they will not be attacked and knowing they are provoking a rumble in the near future. Taking advantage of the situation, gangs behind enemy lines often take up a chant that can send chills down the spines of people in the area. Said by an entire gang, the Gregorian-esk sound travels far and announces to the neighborhood:

**Dreidel, dreidel, dreidel,
I made you out of clay.
Dreidel, dreidel, dreidel,
With you we all will play.**

After a whole day of being unable to strike out at their enemies (and prayer), Saturday night is rumble time and the gangs explode in immense displays of violence. Few Gentiles have ever seen the secretive clashes of the Jews. Often, furious battles last no more than five minutes. In that time, the air filled

with *matzos*-meal smoke screens and the deadly whine of *dreidels* can create a surrealistic image in the jaundiced street lights. When the unleavened bread finally settles, there is little to attest to the fact that there had been such a venting of aggression. Bodies have been spirited away as though by the Destroyer, and spent weapons are mysteriously absent...save for the stray *dreidels* that baffled Christians on their way to Church the next morning find embedded in trees.

Where their conflicts had been limited to fighting with other Jewish factions, Hispanics, Italians, and

Africans, feeling that their inherent right to gang activity is being infringed upon, have begun to strike into Jewish hoods. Their cockiness at fighting the Jews quickly vanished after a few encounters with Stars of David and hollow tipped *dreidels*, however. Even attacking the Jews on the Sabbath has failed to yield



little more than casualties from *matzos*-meal inhalation...thanks to the Jews use of automated perimeter defenses. Even when other gangs manage to capture and torture a member of a Jewish gang, they find it useless. What does torture mean to a people who have been persecuted for thousands of years?

"What? This is a hurting thing? I think you're doing it wrong. Here, you want that I should show you?"

Do you have a problem with any of this?

We encourage everyone to let us know their opinion. Opposing opinions are welcome and encouraged.

Send comments to diablo@csh.rit.edu

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

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

February 1st, 1997--

Miroslava and I woke in our strange hotel to find that the hotelier had forgotten to wake us, and we had only 20 minutes to dress and catch our bus to Sveta Petka. While Mira washed in the bathroom I stood bare-chested before the window and looked out at the dawn. Hearing what sounded like a cat meowing, I looked down to see that Borislava was waving and shouting at from the sidewalk. The clerk hadn't even opened the door!

Pulling on a flannel, I ran down to the lobby and hammered on the clerk's window. A scrubby old man with bed-head and sleep in his eyes stumbled out and opened the door, mumbling "*Iszvanjate, Gospodin.*" It's not common that an old man calls a young man *Gospodin* in Bulgaria, as it means something close to "my Lord."

Bori was flushed and cold, beating her hands together as she cursed the clerk. I was starting to feel a little bit sorry, since we were after all the only people in a 100 room hotel. As we rushed up, Bori apologized for not having brought us cups of morning espresso, but as it was 7 AM on Saturday morning, there were no coffee stands open. After throwing on my over-shirt, I was ready and we ran for the bus stop.

The air was cold and crisp, and the grand socialist architecture of Velingrad was somehow strange and empty in the early blue light. We had come from Blagoevgrad the evening before with Bori, who was guiding us to her home town and had promised to take us to some neighboring Pomak villages. After a couple of weeks over haggling about a topic for our independent study project, Mira and I had finally settled on exploring the identity of the Pomak (Pomatsi, plural). These were people who were said to be Bulgarians whose ancestors had been converted to Islam by the Ottomans and had held onto their religion after Bulgaria was liberated.

The night before, Bori had arrived at home to find that another relative was visiting and that she was unable to put us up at her family's home. She shrugged, and her deep-set brown eyes moved quickly in her tiny face as she apologized profusely. She had to send us to a hotel, which was very embarrassing, as she had already promised to find us a bed tonight. For a Bulgarian, there were few acts that

could be more of a faux pas.

The Hotel Zeltnitsa, on the town's main square, was close and cheap (can you imagine paying \$1.25 for a double room in a hotel?), although its rooms seemed awfully similar to the Volga dormitory. That evening, we took in the majestically unexciting town. There was nothing much to be said for it. The only thing that impressed me much was the great circular town plaza: paved with white flagstones, its center was a huge bronze statue of soldiers and workers straining skyward for a proletariat utopia. Each building around it had huge murals on the walls which were filled with chunky, machine-like people moving in streamlined motions. Although it seemed a bit over done on the worker-ethic thing, it was generally a nice center for a town. Thinking of the crisis that was blowing through Bulgaria, I realized that it would be a long, long time before a government would build public works here [Bulgaria] like this again.

At the bus station we stamped our feet and tried to keep the early chill out of our shoes. But the bus was toasty with a rich smell of morning milk and bread, and as we climbed up into the twisty Rhodope mountain roads, sleep quickly drifted over me. Bori's insistent voice tumbled me out of my seat and down onto the gravel shoulder a few minutes later.

Before us was the shoulder of a mountain, stretching like a thick arm from the road to a rounded promontory on which a cluster of houses surrounded a single white spire. Around the village were sculpted tiers of farmland, now brown and vacant. It was only 8 AM, and the sun's light was a low cross-beam that caught the mist from our breath as we hiked down the dirt road leading to Sveta Petka. Bori seemed relaxed and confident, but Mira and I were both itchy and unsure. Neither of us had any real idea of what to say or how to begin. I had my camera out, but I worried about what these people would think of its thirsty glass eye.

At the edge of the village, we passed a large shed in which we could hear the movement and voices of people working. A short, fair-skinned man came to the door after we knocked, and while Mira and Bori spoke to him, a woman with a babushka'd face peer out of the shadows behind him.

"Where is there a cafe?" asked Bori. They are all

closed for Ramazan! And is the Hojha in the mosque?" Yes, probably.

After talking between ourselves, we decided that Ramazan must be Ramadan, but we didn't know what to do as it was so early. The mosque seemed like the best bet. The pristine white tower suggested a humble, perfect dome at its base, but turning the corner in the village center, we found that it graced an average looking Bulgarian-style home. These buildings are generally constructed of brick and covered with white stucco, with red tile roofs.

At the door, we found a "shoe room" with a long line of almost-empty shelves. A young girl peeked out from another room, having heard us come in and stumble about. Her head was wrapped in a brightly colored bandanna that was tied close under her chin. Bright eyes shining inquisitively, she watched us with great surprise. Before she could answer Mira's first question ("Is the Hojha here?"), the door was opened and a small, warm faced man stood behind the girl. His face was filled with smile-wrinkles, and his green eyes shined brightly from his olive skin. Come in! Come in! He stammered. Leaving our shoes behind us, we entered a warm room bright with colorful rugs and yellow, slanting light that cut through the windows.

Around us was a cluster of children, pre- to early teens. They held together in a group, like a crowd of excited goats, straining their necks to peer curiously over each other's shoulders. The three young girls all wore brightly colored cloths on their heads, framing their excited faces and causing their blue or green eyes to stand out like little gems. They wore long, colorful dresses whose shape was straight and simple, while the boys dressed like all Bulgarian boys. I had never seen so many fair-skinned, light-eyed children gathered together in all my time in Bulgaria. The Bulgarians are almost all dark-eyed, and mostly olive-skinned.

Keeping up with the Joneses

May 13, 1931 Jim Jones born in Lynn, Indiana.

1950's Jim Jones led his own congregation, with faith healing, visions, and advice from extraterrestrials. To his credit, it was an interracial congregation (very rare at the time. Read a book).

1965- Everyone packed up and moved to California. First they stayed in Redwood Valley (because that was supposed to be unharmed when the End came). When they got tired of waiting for the end, they relocated to San Francisco.

1974- Jones buys some land in Guyana.

1976- Jim Jones was appointed chairman of the San Francisco Housing Authority, partly because of his programs to help the poor. Later that year, Jones was accused of extortion, enforcing discipline by beatings and blackmail, and other petty things. He and 800 followers decide to go to Guyana.

1976-1978- Jones goes crazy.

1978- US Congressman Leo Ryan visited Jonestown with several aides to investigate rumors of abuse. On the 18 November, Jones had Ryan and his party killed. He then forced his followers to drink a cyanide/Flavor-aid (a cheap copy of Kool-Aid) solution. Others were shot.

1980- House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence reported there was "no evidence" of CIA involvement in Jonestown.



MARTYRLOGUE

-Torn into By Liars

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. Bernadette (Feast Day: April 16)**.

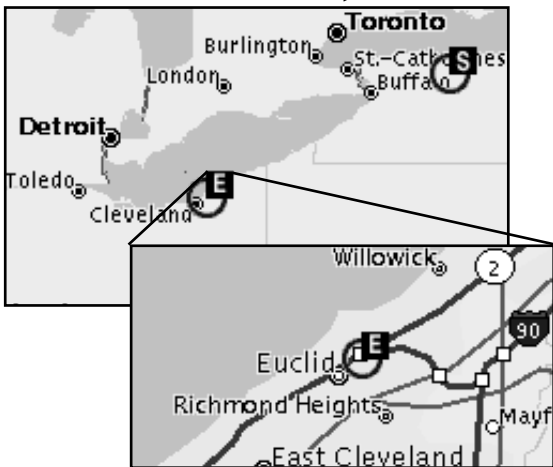
Bernadette was only 14 when she encountered the Blessed Mother (who referred to herself as the Immaculate Conception) in a natural grotto near the

banks of the Gave river outside of Lourdes, France. The mother of God appeared another 17 times over the next six months, and during each visit imparted some tidbit of advice or warning ("...that dress is all wrong for you!"). It was from these miraculous conversations that Bernadette discovered the healing spring of Lourdes, and the world famous shrine eventually came to be built. Bernadette, wanting nothing more than to join the Sisters of Nevers and live out a life of obscurity, had her wish granted when she was 22. Unfortunately for her, one of the "tidbits" passed on to her from *most highly favored among women* was, "I do not promise you happiness in this world, but in the next." This, of course, came to pass. Bernadette lived her life in the convent in a state of almost constant illness. Nevertheless, she lived to the ripe old age of 35 and was canonized a mere 30 years later.

Bernadette's incorrupt body (lovingly coated in a thin layer of wax) lies in a glass casket in the Motherhouse of her order in Nevers, France.

You can also visit the Shrine of our Lady of the Immaculate Conception and the healing waters of the spring in Lourdes, France (over 3 million of the faithful, and who knows how many faithless, visit each year). If France is just too far too go, why not visit one of the many shrines dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes in the U.S.? There is one in Euclid, Ohio, and one in Emmitsburg, Maryland.

Directions for reaching Euclid, Ohio from Rochester, New York:



- 1: Go Southwest on I-490 to I-90 (22.8 miles)
 - 2: Go Southwest on I-90 (Portions toll) to Pennsylvania (119.7 miles)
 - 3: Go West on I-90 to Ohio (45.7 miles)
 - 4: Go Southwest on I-90 (64.3 miles)
- Total distance: 252.5 miles

Travel arrangements made possible by Charon Travel (a subsidiary of Hell, Inc.)

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

Culture Kampf:

-Michelle Amoruso

THE ANDIS LIVE IN WESTERN DAGHESTAN (OF THE FORMER USSR), PRIMARILY IN ANDIA, A VALLEY BORDERED BY THE ANDI RIDGE. THEIR NUMBERS HAVE GROWN FROM 9750 IN 1938 TO OVER 25,000 IN 1990. DESPITE THE DIFFICULT TERRAIN, AUTOMOBILE ROADS LIKE ALL ANDIAN VILLAGES. THEY ARE AGRICULTURISTS AND EXTREMELY ACTIVE IN TRADING WITH NEIGHBORING VILLAGES.



- **More fun with midgets:** The Andis believe in a community of souls, who are miniature beings. These tiny people must be appeased with gifts from the Andis.

- **Belief most likely to be used as a plot for "The X-Files:"** Invisible doppelgangers act out the lives of Andi people. What happens to each person is merely a reenactment of their doppelganger's earlier actions. A person's doppelganger abandons him or her ten days before death.

- **More fun than watching ER:** Occasionally, the Andis have been known to practice a wonderful medical technique called trephination. It involves boring a hole into the skull of a living individual. Historically, this process has been used elsewhere as a cure for severe migraines or spirit possession.



Volume 7 • Issue 7

Ice Cream

"Cream rises to the top...so do dead fish. Which are you, boy?!"

I wouldn't go so far as to say I'm orally fixated; I simply find myself chewing on objects when I'm not paying attention. Pens, the frilly edges of notebook paper, paper clips, phones. For those of you out there who have never put a paper clip into your mouth--don't. There is something about the shape that allows it to pinch the smallest sections of your tongue. Tiny matter, sure, but it hurts like the devil.

When I was younger, so much younger than today, I would vent my pent-up aggression using my mouth. Seething with fury at the sheer injustices of the world, I would wrap my tiny maw around the edge of doorknobs and bite until it hurt. It sounds foolish, I know, but now I get a perverse kind of pleasure out of the knowledge that there are people living in my childhood home and wondering how teeth marks got on all the doorknobs.

There was also the time I almost broke my jaw on the fat end of a carrot. I could barely get the whole thing in my mouth, it was so thick, and I had to use my hands to assist in the chewing action. Yeah, fat carrot ends are hard, but then again, so is life. If my life had been easy, I might have been overly surprised that I was being battered with the fat ends of a pair of two-foot-long carrots by some hired heavies. But I wasn't. In fact, it seemed like just another day at the gun factory. Under that onslaught of fruit (They are defined as fruit. They don't taste good with cheese), it didn't take long for me to start gibbering and eventually lose all sense of where I am. A sort of orange hardness wrapped me into a pair of pants and protected me as I faded into unconsciousness.

What would you do? You wake up, you're in a checkered room lying on a pile of frozen peas and pearl onions with a bunch of ice cream vendors around you. They're all packing very dangerous looking carrots, and then one says:

"You've been our deep, deep cover operative--"

Well, regardless what you do or say, it's all rhetorical. I know what I'd say...

"Carrots?" I asked. "What kind of freakos are you?"

"You know, the whole biodegradable thing...." he said while shrugging. The men behind him shifted uncomfortably, as though I had just pointed out that their heads were on backward, or maybe that the President had just farted. "Besides we feed them to the squirrels afterwards. They get tired of Snickers bars."

"Uh.....the rabbits?"

"Different department," he said. "That's off the topic though. You signed a contract many years ago to go out into the world and collect data for us, and the time has come for you to come back to the office and turn that data into information we can use for the Plan."

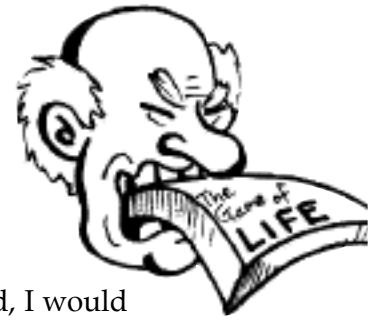
"Tell us what you know," they said, fingering their carrots.

A difficult task, especially when what you know mainly consists of what you learned on the back of children's sugar cereal boxes. Nevertheless, I would rather have told them about the fat content of Cocoa Pebbles than undergo another session with those carrot billy clubs.

Funny, it was really dark in there, but I could see amazingly well.

I explained to them carefully that they must have had the wrong house, or at least the wrong tenant, because I certainly didn't remember signing any contracts and had no real interest in coming to work for them.

"I'm sure you'll enjoy being aware of working for us. We have our own health plan with dental coverage...."



Continued on page 2 of GDT...



Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Editors? We don't need
no steenking editors!

Blind Leading the Blind:

Michelle Amoruso
Josh French

Layout:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Printer's Dæmon:

Given a week off

Illustrator:

Vinny Bove

Graphic Design:

Kelly Gunter

Writers:

Michelle Amoruso
Vinny Bove
Heather Danielson
Josh French
Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Christopher Lane
B.J. Leopold
Troy Liston
Mark Nowak

Contributors:

daniel atkins
Damn
Robert Mac Kay
Don Rider

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(i'll never going to join a bunch of guys in white suits who pack fruit!)
"...free classy uniforms with carrot holsters...."
"Please save me the self-flagellation," I retorted.
"...paid vacations..."
(oh no..he's starting to play hard ball. no matter, i can handle it)
"...a company car..."
(must not give in. you can break my body but you can not break my mind...grrr)
"...and all the ice cream your stomach can hold...."
"You guys got a pen? I think I left mine in my other pair of pants?"
Hey, everybody has their Achilles Heel, I like ice cream ...fuck you. I sang like a dreidel.

Seems I was sent to infiltrate average life, report back and explain it to those who Just Don't Understand. The only problem is, where to start? Parliamentary procedure, survival of the fittest, sock drawers, religion, kosher food,[†] Robert's Rules of Order, astrology, drier lint, Bucket lint, lint in general. How am I supposed to explain lint? It just is. People believe in lint. They accept it. Status quo, quid pro quo, nice to see you again Clarice.

The revelation of my apparent previous career choice did explain a cacophony of idiosyncrasies I'd identified in myself, however. Ice cream being one of them. If I really had been a deep cover operative for those carrot wielding ice-cream thugs, they didn't blank my memory well enough. I could still remember being pulled out of the deepest cathode ray reverie by the sound of those ice cream trucks. Synaptic-motor response administered through the deep hypnotic broadcast of the truck's PA system and special ingredients in the Product ("Looks like we're gonna pump you full of hypnotics. Let me check.... Yep, you're in luck, we're only going to ruin your mind, not your body"). Homogenized,ultrapasteurized, artificially flavored, artificially coloured, fat free, fat added, now with NutraSweet, extra nipp-

"-Hey what's this?" queried Corrie.

An abrupt memory had muscled its way to the surface, probably induced by their horrid fruit drugs.

"A refrigerator. Modern man uses it to cool his food, thus inhibiting the growth of bacteria on said food, thus avoiding spoilage longer, thus allowing modern man to throw said food out because he is wasteful, not because said food is inedible," I responded.

"O....K.... Anyway, I can put my sandwich and Coke in it," he said over his shoulder as he walked toward the object of discussion.

"No." When I have a bad day I get very clipped with people.

"Why can't I put my stuff in your fridge?"he counter offered.

"Because there's no room, that's why." He was just as much of a fucking moron as my cat.

"What the hell you got in there then?"

"My ice cream. Don't touch it."

"Tell us what you know," he demanded. So I did.

I waxed poetic on the topics of cyanocobalmin and how BHT was added to packaging material to help preserve freshness; about virgin births and that cats can be both alive and dead if they're in a box. I tried. Really.

[†] Religion is hard to explain, but kosher food is even harder.

Bite the Wax Tadpole



Bite the what?

When Coca-Cola first started marketing their product in China they tried translating the name into Chinese characters phonetically, so the characters used would most closely resemble the name "Coca-Cola" when spoken. They neglected to sufficiently research what the Chinese version of Coca-Cola, actually "Ke-kou-ke-la," translated to. The phrase actually means, "bite the wax tadpole," or even, "female horse stuffed with wax," depending on what region of the country you live in. The company realized its mistake only after several thousand posters had been printed, at which point they decided to spend a considerable amount of time trying to find a more suitable Chinese name. After rummaging through forty thousand more Chinese characters Coke finally settled on a name that translates as, "happiness in the mouth," or "Ko-kou-ko-le."

Go ahead Mao, bite the wax tadpole! What could happen? You're already dead. Besides nothing worse could happen to either of you for the rest of the day.

Helpful Hints™ From Uncle Sam

"The bright, white light [of a nuclear blast] can injure the eyes. The injury may vary from temporary blindness or loss of night vision to total blindness. It is very important to *never* look at a nuclear explosion or fireball - particularly at night."

"Nuclear Weapons Effects," Correspondence Course of the US Army Ordnance Center and School, November 1976



Reality Check:

-by Kelly Gunter

While I was sleeping...was everyone sleeping?

I woke up to find, on the cover of Audubon, the words, "The Bison Massacre." Funny, until now I hadn't heard anything about the killing of the bison. I watch and read the news sometimes, but I am by no means avid about it. After reading the article I pressed my friends and family for information: "Had they heard anything about this? Tell me what you know." The answer, which was not totally surprising was that; yes, they had heard about it, but no, they hadn't heard as much as I began to inform them of. There seemed to have been a few short blippits in amongst the much more interesting scandals of today's politicians.

So I thought I might use my position to help inform a public, who probably doesn't realize (or care), that there is something of importance to be informed about due to mismanaged media. On March 20, 1997, park officials confirmed that the Yellowstone herd, whose size was last estimated at around 3400 has had it's numbers thinned by the removal of over two thousand bison. Nearly two-thirds of the Yellowstone herd, the only free-roaming herd of wild bison in the world, are dead as a result of a harsh winter and an even harsher politically sanctioned slaughter.

This year Yellowstone faced the severest winter it has encountered since 1943. A combination of freezing rains and heavy snowfall had made foraging for grass nearly impossible for the sizable populations of Yellowstone Bison. Often they would have to burrow through four feet of snow to uncover an impenetrable layer of ice. The only feasible feeding grounds to be found were near the streams, rivers, and hot springs. One bull even took to eating the welcome mats from the visitor cabins to keep himself fed.

In the winter the park is closed down to normal vehicular travel, but the roads are kept well groomed for people who wish to go snowmobiling. Because of the high snow fall, these roads became ideal trails for the retreating herds of bison in search of foraging grounds. The bison took to the roads in record numbers, only to be stopped at both the northern and western borders.

The cause of the ensuing execution is to be found in a disease called "brucellosis," which is known to cause premature abortions, low milk yields, and open sores on cattle. Brucellosis is carried by many different types of domestic and wild animals, including both the wild bison and elk of Yellowstone. Montana, the state bordering Yellowstone to the north and part of the west, currently enjoys a brucellosis-free status. Montana's Department of Livestock was given reason for concern when in 1985 the U.S. Department of Agriculture's

Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service (APHIS) made threats against its status if any livestock were found in the state carrying the disease. From this point on, Montana's Department of Livestock demanded that Yellowstone be responsible for its herd of Bison, and assist in actions to relieve the possible threat they caused to Montana's livestock...even though the bison pose no identifiable threat since there have been no cases of cattle contracting brucellosis from bison in the wild.

On both fronts the bison were to be kept in trapping facilities and tested. Those who tested positive for the disease were to be shipped off to slaughterhouses, while those who tested negative were to be held or transported to quarantining facilities elsewhere. Unfortunately the heavy snows early in the winter season made the holding facilities at Gardener inoperable, and agents of the Department of Livestock, feeling they had no other recourse, began to shoot all the bison they could not catch crossing the borders. On the northern front, park workers were charged to hold all bison and ship them off to slaughterhouses, regardless of their disease status. In late February all bison who remained in the park were showing signs of severe starvation. By the end of this entire ordeal, over 1,070 bison were shot or killed in slaughterhouses, an estimated 900 starved to death, and about 700 others were unaccounted for, but their chances are grim.

Many attempts were made on almost all sides to find solutions to the problems, but it seems it was to no avail. Several Native American tribes requested that the bison testing negative for brucellosis be shipped to their reservations, to establish free-roaming tribal herds, but their requests went unanswered and the bison testing negative continued to be shipped to the slaughterhouses. A coalition of Wyoming ranchers and conservationists urged the Clinton Administration to drop the threat of eliminating Wyoming's brucellosis-free status on the premise that the transmission of brucellosis to cattle by wildlife poses an insignificant threat and the killing continued. Officials of APHIS even wrote to the governor of Montana stating that if the bison were kept on public lands outside the Yellowstone border, this would not threaten Montana's brucellosis-free status, and the governor replied that the only way to stop the shooting would be by direct order of the President. Yet the Secretary of the Interior responded that the federal government hasn't the power to compel the state of Montana to stop the shooting of bison. Each group involved seemed to assume that they could have done nothing to stop the situation, and none will take responsibility for the slaughter.

There are a few additional problems brewing up in Congress. In the U.S. Senate, Max Baucus, a democratic senator from Montana has said, "Perhaps the bison in

the park should be managed a little more. [Yellowstone] is not a wilderness area." He is fully in support of Senate Bill S.745 that is calling for the round-up and testing of all bison within Yellowstone for the brucellosis disease. Any bison that tests positive for this disease would be destroyed. What the senator seems blissfully unaware of is that these bison are wild animals, the methods and technology used to control and transport cattle are totally ineffectual for bison. A sizeable proportion of the bison that were transported to slaughterhouses arrived dead or seriously injured. The very idea of testing all the Yellowstone bison and destroying those who carried the disease is even more inane when you consider the even larger population of brucellosis positive elk in Yellowstone, who might just as easily pass the disease back to the bison. At the same time Senator Conrad Burns had accused the Superintendent of Yellowstone, Mike Finley, of being a "dictator" rather than a superintendent, after Mr. Finley attempted to cease tending the snowmobile roads in the park to slow the bison from leaving the park so readily.

In the aftermath of this tragic incident a few minor notes should be made: The only bison that could have posed a threat to Montana's livestock were pregnant females who tested positive for brucellosis, and yet all bison were shot without distinction; bulls, calves, unpregnant females, and especially those bison who had tested negative for the disease. Auctions held to sell the bison parts grossed well over \$102,566, and all of the proceeds went directly into the Montana Department of Livestock. An owner of one of the slaughterhouses reviewed lab results from two hundred of the bison slaughtered on his premises to find that only two of them had been actual carriers of brucellosis. This result was contested by the Montana State Veterinarian, but it can not be refuted that the wild elk population in the region have a higher percentage of carriers among them, and no action was taken against their species in order to protect the state's livestock. Finally a little additional information that shocked me when I read it, **livestock can be vaccinated against brucellosis!**

By this time we are left with the memories of over two thousand dead bison, all the involved organizations pointing the blame at someone else, and a catastrophe that could have been prevented and never should have happened. It seems apparent to me that several of our representatives in Congress are completely out of touch with reality and may only make the situation worse. The American Bison had replenished its herds from a mere twenty-three surviving bison at the turn of the century and it is hard to tell whether they might be able to survive this continual narrowing of their gene pool. If this article upsets you in any way, please let your voice be heard, say something to others or contact the people listed in the column beside this.

A Brief Time line

- August 9, 1996: The National Park Service and the State of Montana release their Yellowstone Interim Bison Management Plan, which calls for the Park Service to assist in the rounding up and slaughter of bison leaving the park.
- November 14: Montana Department of Livestock begins rounding up and shooting bison near West Yellowstone.
- January 4, 1997: Park rangers send the first load of bison away for slaughter.
- January 10: The total reaches 254, with another 220 in corrals. Yellowstone Superintendent Michael Finley asks Montana Governor Marc Racicot to meet to review the plan.
- January 19: The total killed breaks 1988-89 record of 569, the maximum projected in the plan.
- January 22: Park Service begins brucellosis testing for captured bison.
- January 23: Park Service stops capturing bison for testing and slaughter, increases efforts to haze them back into the park.
- February 1: The kill total tops 750.
- February 11: Park Service says hazing isn't working, returns to capturing bison.
- February 20: The kill total stands at 944.
- February 20: NPCA calls on Superintendent Finley to begin feeding program for the interior bison herd, already showing signs of widespread starvation.
- March 6: The kill total rises to 1034.

People to contact:

(write, call, e-mail, or fax, just say something)

- Yellowstone National Park: Superintendent Mike Finley (307) 344-2002, P.O. Box 168, Yellowstone N.P. WY 82190, E-mail: mike_finley@nps.gov
- State of Montana: Gov. Marc Racicot (406) 444-3111, Fax: 406-444-4151, Capitol Building, Helena MT 59620
- Dept. of the Interior: Secretary Bruce Babbitt (202) 208-7531
- USDA: Secretary Dan Glickman (202) 720-2166, 14th & Independence Ave SW, Washington, DC 20250
- President Bill Clinton: (202) 456-1111, Fax: (202) 456-2883, 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington DC 20500, E-mail: president@whitehouse.gov
- White House Council on Environmental Quality: Ray Clark (202) 395-5750
- APHIS: Administrator Terry Medley (202) 720-2511
- Inter-Tribal Bison Cooperative: Executive Director Mark Heckert (605) 394-9730
- Washington office -- Jerome Uher (202) 223-6722, ext. 122
- Rocky Mountain Region office -- Mark Peterson (970) 493-2545
- U.S. Forest Service: Tom Darden (202) 205-1275
- The Fund For Animals: D.J. Schubert (202) 588-5206
- Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund: Jim Angell (406) 586-9699
- National Wildlife Federation: Steve Torbitt (303) 786-8001

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

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

Having felt a bit creatively exhausted lately, my latest report for Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is poetry. Don't be disappointed. Think of it as if you were an East European: you're glad that you've got anything to chew on at all. If you're really lucky, you had to stand in line to get this issue of GDT.

FOR A BALKAN MISTRESS

Cabbage, beans and beer for lunch. Bulgaria-- I have the taste of you in my blood, the stink of your urine soaked trains in my clothes, and the fear of your industrial nightmares creeping through my mind.

Bulgaria-- Won't you come to my bed? Run your field scarred hands down my thin stretched skin, Press your violent lips against my rain-cold face. Hold your earth-brown eyes in my blood shot vision, and let me hear the throaty grunts of your passions.

Bulgaria-- Take me drunken on your darkened wine, down against your cold rivers, across your dusty mountains, through your forgotten blue monasteries, and arrive in my memories. My heart.

--March 9th, 1997

PHOTO HISTORY

So I was there When Mr. Washington Cleaner grabbed his first Leica.

Yeah, it was in a little sweetshop just off Vitosha, a stumbling from the big domes of Alexander Nevsky.

The machine merchant was all sweaty, he licking his lips and zooming the pile of Lira counted. I was cool, eating chocolate watching the deal go down. We knew it was a good one, cause everybody left the scene jumpy quick.

Then he was diggin' Sofia with me and in a smoky bus station dropped his sodi glass, and sez "Wancha take the first pitcha of me with my new camera."

--February 28th, 1997

GOTSE DELCHEV BUSES

Rhodopi morning, in dawn grey streets my breath a stiff cloud against black mountains and 6 AM blue sky dark. Crossing Gotse' park, our feet stamping frozen turf the city bus empty just a shower of tailpipe sparks in passing: now Gasoline smells like all the tired streets of Bulgaria.

Sultan moon is hiding dawn's edge- a scimitar sliver of silver riding the purpling edge of sky. Soldiers in great coats leaning by canvas bags filled with onions, old women rubbing fingers as ancient as Macedonian stones. My eyes among them on the station's edge I'm hollowed by cold light, and equalled by this old winter's venom.

And in the little bus stop cafe a woman pounds out a dark black soup; the tan froth on it's edges reminds of cream from childhood's morning cow milk. And through the thick Balkan tobacco smoke I can see the sun rising.

Now my coffee's gone, and the big blue bus kicks it's coughing engine: time to go travellers lovers soldiers old mothers.

--March 7th, 1997

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Wants to Hear From You!

Hey, if you don't let us know what you like, we can't keep bringing it to you. Drop us a line and let us know what it is that you think.

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



Volume 7 • Issue 8

Dwarf Farm

"Sleep deprivation is fun-you see such pretty colours."

Imagine the joy of having a Dwarf Ranch (or if you want to drop the extra money, you could get the Dwarf Resort, or aim for the stars and save up for the Dwarf City). Of course, you would have to be willing to invest an entire wall of a room to your newest hobby. Well, even if you don't think that watching little buggers burrowing around through layers of dirt is entertaining....

*(catchy theme music here)
Back at home
in the Kitchen of Hell,
we are just thrilled,
especially Michelle.*

We just got our Dwarf Ranch™ sent through the mail, and the walls are just scuttling with the pitter-patter of tiny feet. While looking through the instruction manual we found it so informative and helpful that we just had to share excerpts of it with our reading public...with the express written permission of Andvari (a subsidiary of Hell, Inc.), of course.

Dwarves are the most fascinating freaks of nature because of their complex social behavior. There are many varieties of dwarves, each with their own peculiar habits and colorations, and they are very interesting creatures to watch as they go about their activities. Your set provides an excellent way of keeping and observing the dwarves. They might make one part of the colony an eating area, make the cemetery in a different area, store relatives in a third area, etc.

Dwarves are fun to watch and care for. Your set will be a busy, bustling observatory. All you have to do is take care of your dwarves properly. This booklet will tell you how to feed and care for the dwarves. Read this booklet carefully and you will have much fun for a long time, reader-san.

What is a dwarf? Dwarves belongs to the class of creatures known as Freaks of Nature. They are invertebrate animals, meaning they have no backbone, i.e., they swagger away from fights.[†] ^ΔDwarves have permanently bent legs, or are "bow-legged," from hiding too many hedgehogs. Even their minds are bandy, and they often suffer from alien hand disorder,[¥] providing hours of amusement. The dwarf has a head and a two sectioned body; only close inspection with a magnifying glass can verify this, however, because when you're that short, it really doesn't matter.[∅]

There are over one million different freaks of nature known to science and P.T. Barnum, and many more are not discovered yet. In fact, there might be 6,000 different species of dwarves alone. Dwarves belong to the pariah class known as Libidule, which translates as "little freak" or "military power." With dwarves, only the males and young females have vestigial tails. This class, Libidule, is the most advanced of the frightening humans, living in communities, such as dwarf colonies, rather than alone. They are often heavily armed militants, taking their giant neighbors hostage and demanding the creation of dwarf homelands.

Metamorphosis of the dwarf-- Metamorphosis, meaning literally, "before a body of water," refers to the different stages of development of the adult dwarf from the egg. Dwarf eggs are

[†] It's hard to run when you're packin' a hedgehog up your ass.^Δ

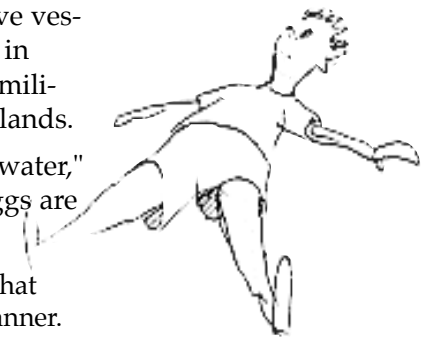
[¥] Alien-hand syndrome results from severe brain trauma, either planned or unintentional, that allows one's hand to act independently of one's will, sometimes in a violent, destructive manner. Think *Evil Dead Two*.

[∅]Be careful not to accidentally burn your dwarves upon inspection with the magnifying glass. WARNING: Dwarves are composed of highly combustible material. Do not ingest after lighting. In case of accidental flaming ingestion, do not induce vomiting. Call Wanda at Rochester Telephone for further instructions.

Our
illustrator
is tem-
porarily
out of
order



We apologize for
the inconve-
nience.





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Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Blind Leading the Blind:

Michelle Amoruso
Josh French

Layout:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Printer's Dæmon:

Damn

Illustrator:

None

Writers:

Michelle Amoruso
Vinny Bove
Heather Danielson
Josh French
Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Christopher Lane
B.J. Leopold
Troy Liston
Mark Nowak

Contributors:

daniel atkins
Damn
Robert Mac Kay
Don Rider

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laid by the queen dwarf in geometric clusters looking like bowling pins, and are quickly moved to nursery rooms in the colony's west wing, where nursemaid worker dwarves look after them. The eggs are laid in the spring and summer and within a period of a few weeks they hatch into creatures looking remarkably like Tonka trucks. These small, durable, yellow, truck-like creatures are totally dependent upon children, requiring them for their movement. They (the dwarfs...not the children) are always hungry and the worker dwarves are kept busy for weeks feeding the larvae by the cover of darkness. Then the larvae suddenly stop eating and are ready for the next stage: the pupal stage.

Using their insidious mind control, the dwarf pupae force children to cover them in a mud chrysalis. It is at this time that the various parts of the adult dwarf begin to take shape. After a gestation that can vary from several hours to several years, the pupa begins to move her tiny, tiny legs and tail. The dwarves in the nest gather around and will help the birth by tearing away the pupal mud if necessary. The young dwarf emerges, releasing a cloud of noxious fumes, and stands on wobbly legs. Because it takes a few days for their chitinous (meaning "novelty condom shaped") bodies to harden, newly hatched dwarfs are easy prey. The sulfurous clouds released at birth are a natural defense, used to keep Predators and circus recruiters away from the young dwarf, and allows it to skitter under a rock or eat its own leg, depending on how bad the smell is. If she survives this perilous time, the young adult is ready to begin a lifetime of work. She needs no learning period-- she quickly follows her instinct and starts performing her complicated tasks.

The Queen –The Queen is the most important dwarf in the colony. She is the mother of all the others. In active colonies, wench dwarves wash the queen, feed her the best Mandarin Oranges, polish the silver, and take care of her fresh ovulations. The queen is much larger than the worker dwarves and she spends most of her life getting laid.

Each Queen begins life as a young, tailed, female; that is to say, "Baby's got Back." She does not help build the nest or worry about gathering food. Instead, she sits around and watches "All Ricki All The Time." The menial labor is done entirely by the worker dwarves, all number^f than a hake. In every colony there are a few tailed males, or breeders, who do not work either. On a special day, in spring or summer, the tailed dwarves take to the bars in swarms. The males mate with the females in the corner pockets of the pool tables. The males die quickly, usually lodged between barstools and wrapped around overhead fans, but for each fertile female a new life is beginning. She drops to the floor and seeks shelter from the onslaught and seals herself off underground, making herself a prisoner. After her breathing eventually slows, she settles down and rubs off her vestigial tail.

She will never wag again. She has become a true queen.

Though she may live for 105 years, she will never go above ground again. Instead, she ovulates like mad and starts her own colony. A few of her eggs will turn into tailed males, and a smaller number into tailed females, but the largest number will be of tailless females or workers. This is the form we see most often in local circuses.

Harvester Dwarves – These are the dwarves that come with your set, known by the name of Agricule. They are one of the most interesting and best known dwarf species in the US. These dwarves are grain harvesters in the Bible Belt, and they move along tiny highways in the grain fields. These highways meet at the entrance to Methodist Churches. Worker dwarves collect grains and grass seeds and carry them along the highways to the mouth of the church/bomb shelter, where they then scurry religiously underground to store

^fNumber - pronounced "numb-er." This is an isoschitzomer.

their food for the impending apocalypse. "Chewers" masticate the seeds until it becomes a sticky, dough-like material. This Dwarf Bread[†] is placed in bins for use later on as the Holy Host. Because there are usually patches of grass around the church entrances of the harvester dwarves, it was thought that the dwarves planted their own seeds to have a convenient source of food. This is incorrect, however. They are too stupid; it is more likely that the grass seeds were dropped around the entrance by dwarves scurrying to salvation.

To have the healthiest dwarf ranch it would be best to find your own dwarves in your backyard or garden. These dwarves will be use-ta your local climate and conditions, and will thrive in your set. Also, there is the possibility of collecting your own queen dwarf. We are not permitted to send queen dwarves across state lines, so the only way to obtain one is to find one yourself. One important fact to remember is not to mix dwarves from different colonies. They will fight to eliminate each other. The dwarves we will ship to you will be from the same colony so, you will not have any problems.

Whether you collect your own dwarves or send away to us for a supply of dwarves, the instructions for getting them into your module are basically the same. Instructions for catching your own dwarves:

A DWARF CATCHER IS PART OF THE DWARF RESORT SET.

PLEASE TREAT HER NICELY.

1. Bait the bottom of the Dwarf Catcher with a pinch of vinegar.^Δ Cider vinegar is best. Ferment the vinegar with a drop or two of saliva so that it is semi-alcoholic. Also place a very small piece of raw or cooked hamburger meat into the catcher's hand. Dog meat can be used if hamburger is inaccessible.

2. Locate an active dwarf colony by turning over flat rocks, old pieces of wood, or suspiciously small shanty towns. Dwarves use these to shelter themselves from rain and sunlight.^{∂(front page)} Vacant lots, fields, or gardens are likely places where a colony might be located. Prop up the rock or wood by placing a small stone under it. Lay the Dwarf Catcher on her side next to the area where dwarves have been seen. Check at intervals to see if the Dwarf Catcher has caught any dwarfs. If possible, leave them overnight. Dwarf scouts are always looking for food sources for the colony. When a single dwarf finds the food it likes, it signals other members by pissing in the bushes and screaming obscenities, thus directing them to the food source. They will attack the Dwarf Catcher in large numbers, but this will pose no significant threat to the Catcher, as most dwarves are laughingly ineffective in combat situations.

WARNING: NEVER TOUCH DWARVES AS SOME CAN BITE AND PINCH.

The Dwarf Catcher may be placed wherever dwarves are observed moving about in vast herds. Dwarves may be more inclined to attack the dwarf catcher in black light.

3. If you cannot find dwarves in your area, you are shit out of luck. But, you may use the enclosed coupon for obtaining a supply of Harvest/Worker dwarves directly from us. Please fill out the coupon carefully in ink. Shipment will be made within four to six weeks. Dwarves are difficult to ship in the months of December, January, and February, so if there is a delay, be assured the postal workers are cleaning up the mess. In cases of extreme cold weather, they will die, but we will ship them anyway. Though some dwarves may die during shipment, don't worry about it; by instinct, the other dwarves will actually remove them to a separate section which they will use as a burial ground. This is perfectly natural and there should be enough dwarves to stock your Dwarf Resort. It is best not to have too many dwarves. The fewer the dwarves, the harder their struggle.

NOTE: IT IS AGAINST FEDERAL LAW TO SHIP QUEEN DWARVES. THE DWARVES SHIPPED TO YOU WITH THE ENCLOSED CERTIFICATE WILL BE WORKER DWARVES, WHO WILL BE QUITE INTERESTING TO OBSERVE. IF YOU GATHER YOUR OWN DWARVES, YOU MAY BE ABLE TO FIND A QUEEN. DWARVES CAN ONLY BE SHIPPED IN THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES. SORRY, GUAM.

Stocking your Dwarf Resort

Take our tube of dwarves, or your Dwarf Catcher with dwarves, and place in the refrigerator (not freezer) for about thirty minutes. This will numb them and render them motionless. They naturally slow down in cold temperatures. When the dwarves are not moving, open hatch on side of Dwarf Resort. If you have the dwarves we supply in the tube, give them to the Dwarf Catcher or directly into the dwarf Resort.

[†] Read "Witches Abroad," by Ptery Pratchett

^Δ You can catch more bees with honey, but you can catch more dwarves with vinegar, go figure.

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

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

March 19th, 1997--

Equipped with my camera and flash, I was heading out to make a foray, first to Our Bar, then maybe onwards to Drum later. Seemed to be time to make some photos of the crazy scene in the Bulgarian bars, as the thought had come that I would deeply miss the free expression that was to be found in the sweaty little places all the kids hung out in. First in Our Bar, I sidled in to have the regular (Zagorka beer and a "sandvich salam") and just as I began watching the crowd (10 people in a room the size of an average American kitchen), three Bulgarian boys started talking to me, and we were soon jiving about rock music and Jack Kerouac. Old Jack's made a big splash in the new youth here, and I often wonder how good the translation is for his books. How could the poetry and mania of "On the Road" possibly be translated? Maybe this means that I should learn French so I can really understand Camus and Baudelaire. I whipped off to my room and returned with a biography full of pictures from Lowell to San Francisco, and they all were digging it, began many rounds of bottle-raised cheers.

One of these fellas seemed a shocking carbon copy of a friend from Rochester: Danny Shankin. And though their gesture and poise weren't the same, I kept staring at the same smile. This boy could have been his brother. All of them being from Sophia, they explain that they've come down to see a friend. "We like Blagoevgrad very much. More cheaper than Sofia, and everything very close for walking," says the Danny clone. They've been drinking for hours, they say, and have the slurred voices to prove it. Slamming down our beer bottles, it's suddenly decided that we're heading for the Drum, the smoky, crazed little sweatbox of a bar that's underneath Volga. Before leaving, they insist that I come to a big party they're having in a village north of Sophia next week. Not sure that I can make it, I promise to try to attend. One of them hurriedly writes an address on a twenty Leva note (which would buy a coffee this summer, and is chump change now).

It's about 1 AM when we get to Drum, and the place is going crazy. Buying a beer at the counter, I run into Nadia, who gives me a kiss and tells me that she's just aced all her exams at U.Z. (the Bulgarian Univ. here in town). Spinning a couple of small dances

with her, I notice that she's got a boy waiting for her, watching me. "Is he your boyfriend?", I ask with some amusement. "No, he likes me very much, and I don't like him so much." Ah, you're in for a rough ride, buster Bulgarian boy slouchin' over yer beer; this one's as free and crazy as they make 'em...

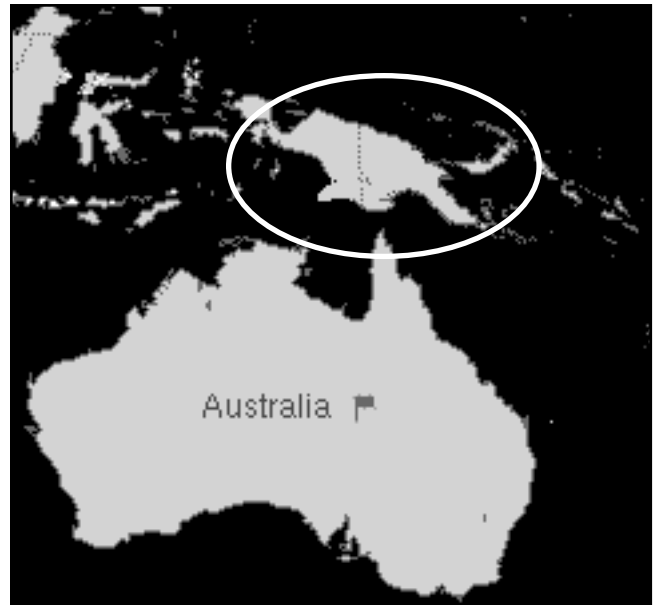
I'm snapping a few shots and thinkin' to myself that there's nothing like this in white America, and never will be. All the tight-shirted, respectable Americans could never possibly get so excited about anything to do more than shiver their hips. But these kids are swinging to everything: Joe Cocker and the Rolling Stones, Tina Turner wailing along "Proud Mary," and everybody with a girl swingin' and shaking like it was New Year's eve 2000. One chick grabs the rafters (which are only 7 1/2 feet up) and swings upside down in the midst of her troop of friends. Nadia's bumping my hips with her ecstatic shaking while I try to focus my lens. The air is so hot I'm stripped down to a tee shirt and still feel ready to sweat (while outside it's almost snowing). There's not a single heater in Drum; it's only the quaking bodies and cigarettes that make it so thick.

In the midst of it all, a little Balkan gem comes over with a friend, and shouting in my ear, asks me if I would take a picture of her friend with boyfriend. Sure, sure, why not? And I snap a snapshot then ask the introducer's name. Magdalena. She's a long drink in the desert, a short, spunky lady with beautiful black Bulgarian hair, deep brown eyes that jump into a smile, and curvalacious delicious hips to swing with. And still a little interested in photos, I've got my camera slung backwards, bumping on my shoulder, dancing fun swings with Maggi (she says "Mahgee"). Hey, little girl, What's your name! You sho lookin' good tonight. What a great flying time life is, if you can just dance crazy and hang it all out into the night and go!

Now it's gettin' late, and I need to be up early, say adieu to Maggi, and drift home to bed. "You will be here tomorrow night?" she asks, all glancing shy. Damn straight, honey, I'll be here. At last, a beautiful girl to wave away my Silvia - Gueri beat luck, down trodden romantic musings. Hah, tomorrow be Thursday, I'll just take her to Graffiti, too.

-Michelle Amoruso

What kind of New Guinean Are You? Take this Quiz to Find Out



1. When it comes to marriage...

a) You prefer it if the woman engages in ritualized group sex while the man has homosexual relations with his sister's adolescent son(s).

b) You become engaged when you and your significant other share a meal at the male's parental house.

2. When it comes to politics...

a) You don't believe in formal political groups. You and your community just have a sense of "belonging together."

b) You believe in just one way of engaging in external conflict: revenge cannibalism.

3. When you're sick you ask the doctor to...

a) extract foreign objects from your body that were placed there by hostile sorcerers.

b) chant, rub doctored leaves all over your body, and spit chewed ginger on your head.

Scoring:

•If you had mostly a's, you are a Marind-anim at heart. You enjoy eating sago, coconuts, bananas, pork, taro, and yams. Your favorite stimulants most likely include kava, betel, and tobacco. You are probably Catholic, but you also may be Protestant. You often find yourself getting in arguments over garden land. Don't worry— just remind the other person about the threat of sorcery, and you'll resolve it in no time.

•If you had mostly b's, you belong on Goodenough Island. You enjoy gardening and use magic in order to ensure a good yield. You have a 33% chance of divorce, usually on grounds of neglect, laziness, or infidelity. You are very distrustful of external authorities and prefer to use your own methods of social control, including public ridicule, ostracism, and revenge sorcery. But remember-- that external warfare could continue on indefinitely unless you take the first step and break the cycle of revenge cannibalism.

LIVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON (a critical review)

I've learned that whenever I go to the grocery store I always get the cart with the ~~bum~~ ^{cum on The} wheels.
-Age 30

I've learned that just closing your bedroom door won't accomplish anything. You better lock it.
^{Keep The TumescenT baboons from}
~~ing~~ -Age 12

I've learned that college really is "one big party" until your parents ~~receive your first semester~~ ^{find out about} ~~grades.~~ ^{incestuous relationship with your} ~~dead grandmother.~~
-Age 19

Erasing Eeyore

-Heather Danielson

I decided that now was the time for me to change for a few different reasons. Other people and I occasionally remember that change has to come from within me (my own desire to change is the only truly powerful force in this area), not as something done to please Them™ (a gladiator with big muscles raring to go, but he's just on a sugar high bound to crash and burn under sustained assault). Currently, my life is in my own hands. I am not entangled with one who wishes to change me to fit their model of "what I should be," and I'm far enough away from my parents for them to have minimal interference power. I think I can be reasonably safe in my belief that I am attempting these changes for my own selfish reasons, which are the most valid

reasons (did I mention that I have been reading Ayn Rand lately?). I have known for a long time that I am not happy, but I have never really known why or what I could do about it.

Through my reprogramming, I hope to become happier or at least to manage to be amused (by myself and others) a higher percentage of the time, I pray (to that supreme being: my psyche and motivation manufacturer) that I can find a way to make my motivation less bipolar. Since no one has ever been able to tell me where to purchase motivation, I have decided that the only practical supplier of motivation available to me is me. If I can generate it, internal motivation may prove to be one of my most valuable assets (right up there with my creativity and my insanity) in a couple months. I have decided that the highest potential for happiness for me lies along the route of self-employment (but without self motivation to pave that path, I'm sure I will end up flat on my face bleeding in many places). During school, when I have had motivational problems, I have just waited them out. I know, that with the combination of my high guilt content and low threshold for bad grades, I would manufacture some motivation at some point if I waited long enough. The main problem with this method is the side products of stress and depression that were also manufactured due to the length of fermentation occurring during the slow delivery of motivation. The motivation only arrived when I knew that if I did not start working right, I would not finish; finishing would require me to be a functioning, productive individual more than 70% of the hours each day working on my projects. I'm not sure what types of deadlines I will have to inspire motivation Out There™, so I feel that I need to be on better terms with my supplier. Maybe if I make steady payments of amusement to my dealer, he will keep me hooked up with a constant fix of motivation.

I also have this vague suspicion that the quality of my life may go up with successful reprogramming. And if I am really blessed (once again talking about that same supreme being), passion (another commodity of which I have not been able to find a vendor) may actually be integrated into my existence.

Editorial: The Woes of Delivery

-Sean Hammond

In the past few weeks, Hell's Kitchen has begun to deliver issues onto MCC (Monroe Community College). Because Hell's Kitchen can not afford it (our main financial support comes mainly from RIT. We use RIT money only to print on RIT. All



other locations are paid for from other sources. That gets hard with no club or faculty support from U of R), we decided to try and implement a sort of "adopt-a-site" plan. An individual can voluntarily pay for 25 issues to be put wherever they wish. I chose MCC.

So every Monday after getting out of work, I wander the hall's of MCC, feeling like a interloper, putting tiny stacks of issues in places that seem like good locations. Last Monday, however, when I returned to my vehicle, I found two presents. The first was a parking ticket. The second was the MCCop who wrote it, sitting in his car watching me.

The funniest thing is that the ticket will cost me \$5.00, which is just under what I usually pay for the 25 issues on MCC. Maybe I'll just pay in issues.

NOTICE OF PARKING VIOLATION

MAIL CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
 MONROE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - PARKING SERVICES
 1000 W. MONROE, MONROE, LA 70001
 TELEPHONE: 781-333-3333



VIOLATION NUMBER **27868**

| | |
|----------------|--------|
| LICENSE NUMBER | 582744 |
| STATE | LA |
| PLATE TYPE | REG |
| VEHICLE TYPE | REG |
| MAKE | BUICK |
| MODEL | REG |
| YEAR | 97 |
| COLOUR | BLK |
| REGISTRATION | 724-97 |
| TAXES | 1643 |

RESERVED SPACE VIOLATION - 001

1. UNPAID SPACE 2. FIRE ZONE (See Rev. 1/2/85)

OBSTRUCTION/ILLEGAL PARKING VIOLATION - 010

3. OBSTRUCTION TRAFFIC 16. RESERVED SPACEMAN

4. BLOCKING DRIVEWAY 18. NO PARKING

5. BLOCKING INTERSECTION 17. LOADING ZONE

6. BLOCKING CURBSTOP 19. UNPAID PARKING

7. DOUBLE PARKING 18. NOT PARKED WITHIN SPACE

8. BLOCKING OBSTRUCTION/NO PARKING 20. ON SIDEWALK

13. BUS LANE 21. ON DRIVE

14. TOW AWAY ZONE 22. LEFT SIDE TO CURB

VIOLATIONS PERMITTED - 002

9. NOT REGISTERED/NO PERMIT 23. OVERPAID 10 AM - 1 PM

10. PERMIT NOT VALID FOR AREA 24. PARKED AT VIOLATOR'S SPACE

11. ILLEGAL UNDISPLAY PERMIT 25. IDPPED METER

12. EXPIRED/INACTIVE PERMIT

26. UNLICENSED - 800 27. VEHICLE NUMBER

Appeal must be filed within 10 calendar days from the date of issuance. (Instructions on back)

Effective January 17, 1995
 Penalties for Non-payment of fines
 Failure to pay the fine within the time frame listed below shall lead to additional penalties, and within 90 calendar days shall be deemed an admission of liability and may result in initiating collection procedure, which includes an additional \$5.00 administrative fee for each outstanding ticket. Vehicle may be impounded at additional expense. A hold will be placed on student accounts for transcripts until debt is paid.

| Fine Schedule | |
|---------------|---------------|
| Initial Fine | \$5 \$10 \$25 |
| After 10 days | 10 20 40 |
| After 30 days | 15 35 65 |
| After 75 days | 35 55 75 |



Volume 7 • Issue 9

Muslims

"When your purpose in life is to entertain the gods, there's nothing to do but to put on a good show."

As our more dedicated readers surely have noticed, AGDT pokes a lot of fun at the Christian God concept. This is because it is the concept we are most familiar with. But in the trendy new spirit of multiculturalism (brought to you by Big Blue), we think it is high time we had a shot at another major world religion. With that, we bring you...

GDT's Look at the Origin of Islam

Our story begins in 7th century Arabia. Muhammad walks out of the desert and approaches a small group of soon-to-be followers.

Muhammad: Hey! I've just been talking with God!

Skeptic 1: Oh really. And what did God say?

Muhammad: We are the righteous! We have been given his final, perfect plan for living ethically and morally, and it is our responsibility to follow it!

Muslim 1 (formally Skeptic #1): Wow. *(significant pause)* What should we do with this knowledge?

Silence.

Muslim 2: I know! We could build an honest, law abiding society that preserves and expands the knowledge of the ancients. We can build a society that will pull Western Europe out of the Dark Ages so in future eras they can take credit for everything.

General muttering of agreement.

Dissenting Voice: Yeah, but will the chicks dig it?

Muslim 1: Okay, so what else should we do?

Silence. A non-indigenous cricket is heard in the background.

Muslim 2: I Know! Let's kill Africa!

All: YEAH!!!

Muhammad falls to the ground in an epileptic fit, with a smile on his face. No one notices.

One to Another: It was under our noses the whole time.

Muslim 1: But how will we tell who's who? I don't know about you guys, but all us heathens look pretty much the same to me.

All: Hmmmm....

Bobby: Um, we could, uh, wear towels on our heads?

Muslim 2: Bobby, not only are you stupid but-

Muslim 3: No, wait! That's a great idea!

All mumble reluctant acceptance. Bobby runs from an approaching clown.

Blow-me-self-up Dib-ar: But isn't there something we could do about commerce?

Everyone looks blank.

Dib-ar: Ah, like, open some small markets on the corners of trade routes and sell



Continued on page 2 of GDT...



Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Incredible Them:

Michelle Amoruso
Josh French

Layout:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Printer's Dæmon:

Josh French

Illustrator:

Vinny Bove

Writers:

Michelle Amoruso
Heather Danielson
Josh French
Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Christopher Lane
Mark Nowak

Contributors:

daniel atkins
Damn
Vinny Bove
B.J. Leopold
Troy Liston
Robert Mac Kay
Don Rider
Anthony Terlizzi
Robert Terlizzi

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cheap iced drinks?

Still silence

Dib-ar, looking nervous: We could call them 9-11s? Or not....

Muhammad finishes his twitchy dance and slowly gets to his feet. Dibar pushes his cart of "sausage-on-a-stick" away.

Muhammad: I've had a vision from Allah! We, the chosen, shall instill the word of Allah unto all others. And those who choose not to see the holy way, shall be smitten by the hand of God. (a.k.a. A sucking chest wound caused by an AK-47).

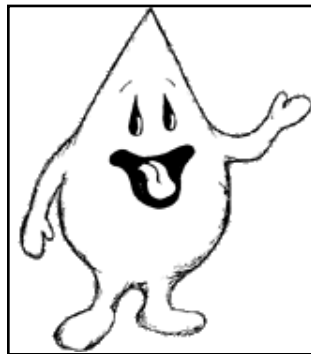
All: YEAH!

Muhammad has fallen asleep and slumps to the ground. Everyone rushes off in preparation for the coming Jihad. Fade to black.

Perhaps coincidentally, this is a lot like how GDT staff meetings go.

GDT's Investigative Reporters Examine The NORM

-by GDT Editorial Staff and Josh French



The NORM: Symbol to U of R's sanctioned satire mag and indicator of good times and great taste. The question is, "Salty or Sour."

to GET INFORMED ABOUT YOUR PENIS! You've got to RESTORE & EMPOWER YOURSELF! And I said, yeah, yeah I can do that cause I'm smart, smart see. I can see you've got to TAKE BACK WHAT WAS WRONGFULLY TAKEN FROM YOU, Baby. BECOME WHOLE AND COMPLETE! Stick it to the Man.</Mad Bomber What Bombs at Midnight voice>

For the past several weeks *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* (and Hell's Kitchen in general) has been communicating with the University of Rochester's sanctioned (which just means the S.A. controls them) semesterly satire mag, the NORM. Imagine our surprise when we discovered that that glossy-covered, tri-annual, funny thing was simply a cover for a national mens group. Just listen to their spokesmen...

<Mad Bomber What Bombs at Midnight voice> He said so ya' think DOCTORS ARE BUTCHERS! Gotta, gotta FIND OUT WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO YOU! And I said, yeah, yeah, I want to STOP THE MUTILATION! And he said, oh you're smarter than that. You have

to GET INFORMED ABOUT YOUR PENIS! You've got to RESTORE & EMPOWER YOURSELF! And I said, yeah, yeah I can do that cause I'm smart, smart see. I can see you've got to TAKE BACK WHAT WAS WRONGFULLY TAKEN FROM YOU, Baby. BECOME WHOLE AND COMPLETE! Stick it to the Man.</Mad Bomber What Bombs at Midnight voice>

The National Organization of Restoring Men (NORM. We swear we're not making this up) is one of the coolest offshoots of the various men's groups that promote grown adults to go into their backyards, beat on drums, howl at the moon, and cry about being circumcised. If *you* lie awake at night with tears slowly coursing down your stubbled cheeks because your circumcised penis feels lonely and exposed in a cold, uncaring world, then the NORM is definitely for you.

Meetings for the University of Rochester's branch of the NORM take place Wednesdays in the basement of Wilson Commons, room 104. Beginning at 8pm, meetings usually last less than half-an-hour, at



Pasty-white-guy equipped with PUD (Penis Uncircumcising Device).

which time the captive members contemplate how best to dismember Dixie (their cult leader/editor-in-chief) in five strokes or less (got to keep under par), sometimes mention writing material for issues that then promptly gets ignored, and plot how to expand their horizons...or at least the penal epidermis of diminished men on the campus.

One the best known members of the NORM, Dr. Jim Bigelow, is the author of *The Joy of Uncircumcising*, put out by Hourglass Book Publishing (PO Box 171, Aptos CA 95001, ISBN 0-9630482-1-X). In the tome Dr. Bigelow, a former Christian minister, advances the opinion that the circumcision of children is a physical assault on par with other activities like kindergarten, wearing a leash, and being forced to orally gratify you. Yeah, YOU!

Fear not, however, there is help. The good Reverend outlines several methods that circumcised men can regain the attractive hood to cover their glans, thus keeping it moist, protected, and providing a breeding ground for yeast that you can later share with your sexual partner...or make bread with. By using a 115\$ Penis Uncircumcising Device, or PUD (again, I swear I'm not making this up), the available free skin of the penis is stretched over the glans. Once the penis looks like a sea anemone on display at the Camden Aquarium in New Jersey, an "O-ring" is attached. Weighing any-

where between 10 to 22 ounces, depending on just how much of a man you *really* are, the weight gently yanks that fucker down toward your knee caps.

To help you speed the process along, and keep your penis from oscillating like a pendulum on a spastic Grandfather Clock, there are a series of elastic-like cords that can be used to connect a knee brace to the PUD. Making a kind of penis-apult, the wearer is assured of constant pressure on their PUD, though the risks are always high.[†]

Taking as long as 5 years the procedure is FUN (Fucking Un-Necessary). Regardless, the U of R's branch of the NORM has been hard at work for over 10 years, instilling a sense of impotence (publishing only 3 times a year) and that of missing something of importance. You can't convince us that they aren't bent on making men think their penis is missing some crucial bits here and there. If their logo isn't a smile with a sperm, we can't imagine what it is; that's the happiest half set of chromosomes we've ever seen.

If you would like be be placed on a mailing list along with other NORM members, send the following message to majordomo@lists.foreskin.com:

SUBSCRIBE RESTORATION

Send mail to the group by writing to:

restoration@foreskin.com



Sea anemone on display at the Camden Aquarium in New Jersey, equipped with "O-ring."

[†] One of the more graphic PUD incidents occurred to Mr. DeSeabra, head of the NORM's New York Chapter. While running to catch a subway, his safety was off and he accidentally fired, sending his PUD rocketing out of his pants. It managed to strike the cart of "Steve The Hot Dog Man," upsetting it and sending wieners spinning out of control. Amid shouts of, "What the hell was that?" and "DOWN WITH THE GOVERNMENT!" several Vegans were forced to ingest the airborne processed-meat shrapnel. There were no other casualties.

Яфв Кговшмффеф Яфмуыф

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

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

March 20th, 1997

After much harrying at the big school, which I keep thinking of as some alien machine that has fallen from the sky, my day became more interesting than the big buzzing computer screens. After our photo class, I spoke for a while with Florian, an Albanian boy all tall and dark, with a George Michael beard. He'd just returned from Tirana, and though he didn't want to talk much about it, he said he could never go back to Albania. His mother gave him the last of the family money and told him to get out of the country fast. Sneaking through rebel and gov't check points filled with crazy Kalishnakov carrying men, he finally had to pay a farmer to smuggle him in a truck full of cattle crossing to Macedonia on a small mountain road at night. Now he was back in Blagoevgrad. Strong, but a little bewildered. We had a mutual interest, as I had told Kael I would find her some grass and he had the connections. No problem, man. He takes a ten spot from me and promises to bring me a bag in Graffiti.

Finally time comes free and there is some space for a little cat nap. Because after all my dancing and late drinking, need was still to rise at a nasty early hour of 8, and I was tired, tired, tired. Down in my slow, under-water dreams, I dreamed of Maggi, her curved lips breaking smiles and driving my poor old human body all crazy with the want of her. Rising for a small bite at Our Bar, I then showered my body all squeaky clean and grinned at my new-stubbed head in the mirror. Patchouli tonight, lots of patchouli, and she'll smell me and love my exotic pheromone. Slip on my soft and comfy corduroy tan- brown slacks, a white tee-shirt and multi-designed brown dress shirt. I'm smart in the mirror, and now it's time to go down to Drum, as she said to come at eleven. But I play it cool and go back to Our Bar, drink a Zagorka with Nevena; got to be a little late so she don't know I'm all eager and jumpy with the zip of girl-wanting-fun in my veins. I've just received my father's beautiful documentary movies and want to show them at school; Nevena promises to help out and get the Movie Club VCR for a little show.

Drum is packed again, and looking across the place, I spot Maggi watching me. She smiles and waves me over to lean on the big beat up old pine bar with her friend Elena. A tallish blond girl, she had a

great laugh, but a spooky evil look in her eye.

Before I can order a beer, the girls decide they want to drink tequila. We all dab salt on our hands, squeeze lemon concentrate into the tequila, then lick the salt and slam the big shots. Bulgarian tequila tastes a lot more like sweet rum than tequila, and I wonder if it's all artificial or if they at least try to make it from some cactus. Anyhow, the girls don't know the difference and think their Bulgarian tequila is great, and I won't argue because they're so happy about it.

Maggi and I dance a few nice spins then lean on the bar. Turning to me with a wild smile, Elena tells me that she's a BSP (socialist party) member and sure that all of Bulgaria's problems come from the SDS (democrats). I just shrug and tell her that I hate politics. In a moment Maggi turns to me and says "Do you know about Macedonia? You know it's ours? Macedonia is part of Bulgaria!" Oh man, don't lay this bad-dream nationalist hyper-bullshit on me. You were doing so well before, girl. A bit startled, I say, "Yes, and I guess Europe is part of Asia." She doesn't know quite what to make of this, and tells me to dance with her instead. OK, darlin'. Lets just be lovey and leave politics for the vultures and maggot hounds of the tired, starving blue streets of humanity's soul-eater machines.

The brassy, jumpy Serb-Turk-Bulgarian songs of Underground come on, and Maggi does the wild Bulgarian gypsy dance. I'm trying to follow but she bursts into laughter.

"No, like this, Krees, move your stomach, no your heeps!" She demonstrates, standing away from me with raised arms, finger snapping with small shuffly steps she weaves with her arms while gyrating her pelvis so that her belly wiggles and her hips stay still.

Wow, I didn't know I had muscles that would do that! No, it's no use, I keep bringing my Latin hip-swing moves to it anyway. She just smiles and continues, a gorgeous Balkan belly dancer flirting with her dark eyes and curvy smile. I can't help myself, and sidle up to lay a kiss on those shiny soft lips. She just kisses me back with that same drive-me-crazy smile. Between our flirty gaze Elena cuts in and hollers "OK, OK, haide za Grafitti!"

We wander out into the crisp cold and hunching in our jackets, make a quick run to the "discoteka." It's

warm inside, the big thumping, grinding sound of modern techno pounding. I try to smuggle the girls in behind my AUBG card (we get in free on Thursdays), but we're nudged by the bouncer and the girls have to shell out 200 leva. (Which is still less than 20 cents). The girls take position beside one of the big speaker stacks and we're frolicking to Prodigy mean- cuts right away. I've gotta find Florian, so I tell 'em I'll be back soon, and sift through the heavy, packed crowds.

Beside the biggest of the 3 bars he's hanging with his gang all slap-hand happy, girlfriend leaning against him to tell him sweet things. "So you wanna try it first?", he shouts into my ear. OK, so we're standing there beside/behind the corner of the bar and he whips out a Brady-Bunch straight pipe and lights up. Freak out! I'm giggling myself funny by the time the pipe passes from a couple of his buddies to me. I'm getting a big drag and one of the guys tears off his shirt to exhibit his big Bulgarian Lion tattoo. So I've gotta show my tats too, and here we are in a cloud of sweet, green pot smoke, half naked in a dance club. Aww, ain't nobody noticing us here in the corner, Huck. I keep wondering how I'll ever adapt to tight-ass America again, while the girls around us are giving big cheers and shouting for us to continue the strip tease. Oh, it's good weed, and Florian reaches into his pack then hands me a bag that would cost me \$150 in the USA. Holy shit, what am I going to do with it! I can smell its sweet young perfume from arm's distance, and once I roll it up smallish, it's a huge bulge that takes up my entire deep pants pocket. Pulling on my shirt I keep grinning and wander back across the club.

In front of the speakers, the girls are dancing all slow and boredly; Where's our boy? So I grab Maggi and we swing into Depeche Mode, while Elena smiles, leaning against a column. It's a long night of dancing that goes on, until we're both sweating and grinding against each other on the dance floor then leaning in the corner for big, passionate kisses. Dance has turned into the ecstatic ritual of sex that it's meant to be, and we, veins filled with screaming desires, almost forget that we're in crowded club. Now and again I catch wild stares from my friends from AUBG, and one long, sad, baleful glance from a girl who's had a crush on me for too long. Nevermind, it's just fine with me if they wanna stare...

By 4am we're all exhausted and head out. I'm cursing that there's no way to take her home since my roommate is there, asleep. But the cold night air is like a cold shower, and she takes my hand and guides me on a long walk home to her house. A long good night kiss and the promise to meet me again on Saturday. Then I'm walking home with mind spinning and wanting for her so badly, loving the sweet tantalization that life plays us.



Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR BFG,

WHO PUT THE "BOP" IN THE "BOP-SHOO-BOP-SHOO-BOP"? WAS IT THE SAME PERSON WHO PUT THE "RAM" IN THE "RAM-A-LAM-A-DING-DONG"?

SINCERELY,

MARK-IN-THE-DARK-SHOO-DARK

Dear Mark-in-the-dark-shoo-dark,

Unfortunately, the man who put the "bop" in the "bop-shoo-bop-shoo-bop" and the "ram" in the "ram-a-lam-a-ding-dong" can not have his hand shaken. He is what is more commonly referred to as a gestalt entity: not one, but many individuals. The real people who took part in these great deeds were in fact a group of poor, unfortunate sufferers of a strange syndrome known as "Tourettes Syndrome."

Many victims of this disorder often exhibit symptoms by physical twitches or shouting out long, obscure chains of obscenities. However, a rather less well publicized population of Tourettes patients have a peculiar variation on the syndrome, often referred to in medical journals as *senex ast bono*. Rather than the quite distracting twitches of some victims or the offending heckles of others, those suffering from *senex ast bono* are noted for their loud, jubilant outcries of, "Hah!", "Good God!", and "I feel good!" They are also known for such antic behavior as producing loud popping noises which are often followed by such exuberant phrases as "ba-dum-bum-bum" or "oh-lolly-lolly-lolly."

Strangely enough, the effects of close proximity of such misbegotten souls with the general public is quite opposite that of their Tourettes Syndrome brethren. The people who most often work, live, and interact with such afflicted individuals often find themselves experiencing unexplainable sensations of well-being and happiness.

It is interesting to note that these *senex ast bono* members of society seemed to have been one of the largest catalysts in influencing the lyrics of many song writers from the early fifties up until the mid-seventies. With, of course, the possible exception of the song "The Age of Aquarius."

-the Bare-foot Girl

Do you have a question for the Bare-Foot Girl, or just want to torment her? Send questions/comments to GDT c/o diablo@csh.rit.edu

Culture Kampf

-Michelle Amoruso

Why waste your time getting a liberal arts education when you can learn a trade? You're guaranteed to be working within six months of graduation or your money back. Choose from these professions:

Air conditioning repair

TV, VCR repair

Book-keeping

Electronics

Cheese Making

Gun Repair

Chimane Shaman *!NEW!*

Want to achieve a state of ecstasy without an apple and a toothpick? You can:

- Learn to consume the yet unclassified narcotic *robodye* and tobacco juice while chanting and drumming.
- Impress dining center employees by ingesting small human and jaguar figures as ritualistic representations of human flesh.
- Learn the secret way of distinguishing whether bodily evil (illness) is caused by taboo violation or by witchcraft without having to fall back on the *Melancholy Predator* Decoder Ring.
- Learn the diagnostic secrets of the masters including chanting, sucking, plants, animal oils, healing clays, and Cafe Diablo.

or get your **High School Diploma.**



~~Satan~~ Sally STRuthers



-Sean T. Hammond

The end of April and beginning weeks of May are filled with a plethora of holidays that could, if you let yourself, be traced to a single celebration. Arbor Day, Earth Day, Mother's Day, even college activities such as the U of R's Dandelion Day or RIT's Noname Festival. They are all celebrating the end of winter or stress agricultural fertility and are simply the fragments of Beltaine, or May Day, splintered over the years.

Not too long ago, our forefathers would celebrate May Day as a way of welcoming the fertile months back. Traditionally involving singing and dancing, the festivities usually centered around a pole erected in the center of a town. Normally made of white birch, the tree was cut down, paraded through the town by the May Queen and her revelers, and then erected with great pomp and ceremony. Depending on the area of Europe, the Maypole would either be wrapped in ribbon by dancers, or adorned with wreaths and other decorations. It is from these traditions that the modern practice of decorating Christmas Trees comes.

For the pagans of Europe, the May Queen became the personification of the Earth Mother, often proceeding the pole naked or clothed in a simple white dress and wearing bells to ward off mischievous faeries. The pole...well, in this case it is *not* a cigar.

Today, though Maypoles are little more than a novelty in the United States, they are regularly put up in the British Isles, Germany, and other areas of Europe, serving as the center a town pride and acting as a display of what crafts the towns produce.

On the first of May this year, GDT and *Melancholy Predator* erected a Maypole on the RIT campus, complete with presiding May Queen. We hope that in the years to come, RIT will recognize the potential importance of a Maypole. With a different colour ribbon for each College, it could be a place where all Colleges and students can show what it is they do best. Give the students a place where pride and ability can be shown, rather than *just* a release and excuse to drink.

GDT and Melancholy Predator would like to thank the following groups and people for their support and help during our May Day Festival: Ruckus, RITPlayers, Men's Octet, Funk Foundation, Stan McKenzie, Anne Coon, Peter Ferran, Jean Douthwright, Jamie Campbell, Sam Abrams, Jan Riech, O' Terry Bruce, Mark Nowak, the two staff members of the Norm that showed up, everyone who hung out, and anyone else I'm forgetting.

GDT and Melancholy Predator would like to not thank the following people and groups: Michael D'Arcangelo, the Center for Campus Life, and Jered Bogli.



Volume 7 • Issue 10

Stupid People Shouldn't Breed

"Wa'ss ignorant?"

"I don' know. But we's it!"

Periodically, GDT is accused of being stupid. We're not stupid: we're ignorant. There's a difference. You see, Grasshopper, ignorance is when one is blissfully unaware of facts, such as how to spell and use correct grammar. Now, someone is stupid when they know something, but don't pay it no nevermind. It's kind of like, "I know in my heart that you love me, but I don't know it in my head." Stupid.

Case in point: the apartment I'm living in right now has crap-assed wiring. For a while it was impossible to have a light on, the TV running, and use the microwave for longer than 43 seconds before blowing a fuse. The fun part was that every god-damned light leading down to the cellar was on the same circuit. When you blew a fuse you were in the dark the whole way. I knew that. I mean, after the first time the fuse blew I discovered just how much the lights in the cellar didn't work. So I learned to get my flashlight before trekking into the dark. One time the flashlight was in a room with a bunch of clutter. I entered the room and flipped the light switch on. To turn on the light. So I could find the flashlight. So I could fix the light. I was acting out of habit instead of thinking.

Stupid.

Thoreau called non-stupidness "living deliberately." At one point he mumbled, "I went into the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." In an early draft found earlier this year, he put it this way: "I ran away from home because I was sick of acting stupid in front of mother." It wasn't until he saw he had beaten a path from the door of his cabin to the pond that he realized he had replaced one life of non-deliberateness (stupidness) with another; it was why he finally left his little club house at Walden.[†]

Everyone is stupid at one point or another: Hitler's decision to invade Russia (...never wage a land war in Asia!), the Austrians trying to stop tanks with horses and pikes, ("Otto...was gibt mit deinen Panser?"), the Republicans raising such a big stink about the Democrats taking money from foreigners when they still had *their* hands in the same cookie jar. Stupid, stupid, stupid.

So in all fairness, such wonderful statements like the one carved into the wood surface of my old high school lab bench stating in simple, almost runic lettering, "Stupid People Should Not Breed," (No, I didn't put it there. I sometimes I think my Biology instructor did. He was *way* too pleased with it.) should not necessarily be made into an edict from the Pope. If it were there would be no one left to be stupid. We'd all be dead.

It's a good premise from a eugenic^Δ point of view (I don't swim in your toilet, don't pee in my pool), however. Thin the ranks out a bit. Stronger stock.[∂] Trim the fat, so to speak.

Unfortunately, there's the messy business of enforcing that particular decree and making sure there are no repeat offenders with the help of some rubber bands, scissors, and high beta-particle emitting ³⁵S laced undergarments covered with a lead-leaf for the little ladies. You could conceivably avert the whole messy business of sterilization and having to spend billions of dollars stopping the illegal flow of dumb blonds from Scandinavia (which seem to be flooding our own American dumb blond market) by looking to nature for an example. When an animal screws up in the wild, the biggest,

[†] That and he was probably sick of his mom's bagged lunches.

[∂] Good stock! Good Battle! Good Bye!

^Δ Who this guy Eugene is and why he's so uppity is beyond my ken.

Directions to fill
your PEZ Dispenser
with PEZ Candy



Continued on page 2 of GDT...



Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

They Who Advise:

Michelle Amoruso
Josh French

Layout:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Graphic Design:

Sean Hammond

Writers:

Michelle Amoruso
Heather Danielson
Josh French
Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Christopher Lane
Mark Nowak

Contributors:

daniel atkins
Damn
Vinny Bove
B.J. Leopold
Troy Liston
Robert Mac Kay
Don Rider
Anthony Terlizzi
Robert Terlizzi

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clearest, most unmistakable sign that they did something very, very stupid is that they are dead. One minute you're a squirrel trying to get a Snickers bar from a guy with a huge grin on his face, and the next minute, Q-FUCKING BOOM!

Why not just say that stupid people shouldn't live? Oh, but we couldn't possibly pass a law like that. It's wrong. It's immoral. Besides, if we did that we'd never have the pleasure of watching those damn dullards kill themselves in inventive and mind-boggling moronic new ways. Some call it "Evolution in Action" whereas I would prefer to call it good-old-fashioned fun.

Justify yourself do you ask? No, I don't have to justify the deaths of imbeciles. They should have to justify their existence.

The problem is that the morons aren't dying off. In fact, our entire society is geared to pampering to these dullards. Ever since childhood, with grade curves and special-ed programs for the nitwit class, the system has compensated for these ultimately challenged individuals. Many of our modern laws are geared towards keeping these unnecessary simpletons, not only on God's green earth, but allowing them to continue swapping spit, genetic lineage, and occasionally parent the odd diploid or twelve (more welfare that way).

A woman spills hot coffee on herself and it's not her fault. It should have had a warning on it, of course. The same goes for the guy who picked his child up into a spinning ceiling fan. Not his fault. There wasn't a warning label on the fan saying, "Do not shove children in whirling blades of fan while running."

Our age is not one of space, information, or grace; we live in the age of Aquarius...oh no, warning labels (sorry about that). Everything from sun screens on cars that read "Remove before driving," to five gallon buckets that warn "Do not leave child unattended near bucket," and kazoos that say things like "Use other end."[√] For Christ's sake, Pez dispensers have diagrams and instructions on how to load the Pez...or Prosaic if you prefer. These things seem even stranger when in comparison with things that actually need warning labels...like guns. Guns should have little notices near the end of the barrel saying, "Point away from face" or, "Do not put in mouth."

Thanks to well meaning people (or maybe they're just bitter bastards that stepped on a rake and got clobbered like in the cartoons. Don't laugh. I've done it), like MENSA (Mental Entropy's Not So Astricting), the lobbyist group for all the stupid people, all the little threats are being systematically being cauterized from our lives. The next item you see a warning label on is going to be a pencil. A stencil on the outside will warn "Not for use on genitals" or "Only for use on genitals with adult supervision."

Thankfully, there are those dedicated few who, thanks to apathy, continue to put out faulty products. Here's to the men who designed the Ford Pinto (BOOM!), the old Boba Fett action figures that shot rockets down the throats of unsuspecting babes, lawn darts filling the air with their barrage of fun, and, of course, motorized Cabbage Patch Kids that eat the hair of children. Huzzah!

[√] One unfortunate member of GDT has been mistakenly blowing into the business end of standard issue I-49-3 kazoos for years until his folly was made public at a GDT meeting. In his defense he stated, "You got more room to smack your lips around!" Long live the Masked Kazoos at Midnight. Actually, we're gonna take the poor bastard around the back of the barn and put him out of his misery; save him from his own shame.



Editor's Note

by Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond

Another publishing year has reached its climax, and we don't mind telling you that we are bone tired. In GDT's short life span, never have the editors been so burnt out.

Though we have recently received a great deal of support from readers in the city of Rochester, the U of R, MCC, and from the faculty at RIT (our homeland prior to the Scattering), we no longer receive mail from student readers at RIT. Articles that we cringe about publishing cause no phone calls or e-mails. Instead, a few "concerned individuals" often wander to our backside and ask people like Vice President Stan McKenzie to stop the madness.

GDT started (among other reasons) as an alternate method for students and faculty to express themselves. Faculty, instead of producing prosaic pieces condemning us for our intolerance, or even contributing pieces to help keep their buried yet still breathing muses fed, simply sit back, pat us on the head, and sometimes contribute to our wellness fund (these donations are always appreciated), and politely don't get involved.

"It's a student publication. Why should I get involved?"

And most students seem to think that GDT is an elite little club. Well...it is. We seem to be the few students and alumni willing to stick our necks out and try something subversive. We (Hell's Kitchen collectively) produce a *weekly* publication that now links four geographically separated campuses and two different cities. I don't know of anything else that is as regular or is attempting the same feat.

These are not new complaints, however. Long ago we steeled ourselves against the immense inertial apathy inherent in established structures. We were not entirely successful, however, and have found ourselves down to the bare wire as far as all of the intensive bureaucratic bullshit we had to tolerate to get the job done.

In July, the Hell's Kitchen Federation of publications began. Three meager publications in two cities, but with hopes of attracting new members. To that end, we drafted a constitution that would facilitate relations between the groups.

We meant well. We really did. But instead of reducing our workload, we increased it, driving the Founders mad with paperwork and subconscious self-loathing.

On top of that, we learned the hard way that a creative/satirical publications are not considered marketable advertising space. Too easy to collect bruised egos there. Yes, we managed to get some ads this year, but it was like pulling fingernails. We'd need a full-time staff just to keep advertisers interested, and we don't have the time or manpower.

In our favor, we did start offering subscriptions, gained a wonderful new writer, ended our two year feud with the Reporter, opened relations with the Norm (UorR's men's group- I mean humor magazine), met people interested in having their publications co-operate/join Hell's Kitchen, and expanded onto MCC. All in all this is a good list, but we're still tired.

We encourage everyone seriously interested in helping to do so. Many people have said they were interested, but they never showed. We're sick of GDT being the "Sean and Kelly Show" and are more than willing to let people come in and start taking over our current positions. You don't have to go to RIT or even be a student. All that's required is that you are dedicated enough to do the job to the best of your ability.

When we started writing two years ago, we had three people on the staff; two writers and an illustrator. We produced one full page of material a week until we realized the page had another side. Paid for from our own pockets, we printed up sixty copies a week. It seemed at that point as if we could continue churning out such material forever. But now we spend so much time each week trying to get first page articles done, writing and correlating six pages worth of material, and trying desperately to get illustrations from anywhere that we have little time to relax, unwind, and prepare ourselves for the upcoming issue. Even though the head editor's of GDT have become tired and worn out, we still expectantly look towards next spring when our one hundredth issue should be printed.

Realistically, however, we are uncertain whether or not we will be able to maintain our current workload for that long. We would love to find people to pass this garland onto, people to take over the reigns to find out where they may take this publication next, but there is absolutely no one vying for that role. There are a few members of the staff, but none wish to take our places. This makes us afraid that this publication that we founded, raised, and spent so much of our collegic career working on may have only a very short future to look forward to. We can not continue working at this level for much longer. This is neither a threat nor a warning, merely a matter of time at this point.

If you wish to help us in any way, just contact us at diablo@csh.rit.edu and we can figure out what you can do to help our publication

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

For the past several months, Christopher Lane, a RIT photo student who decided to study abroad for a year, has sent us material from Bulgaria. This is his last entry from Byzantium's last shore. Soon, he will be returning to the United States. I just wanted to take this opportunity to publically thank Chris for doing such a great job this past year. Though thousands of miles away, he was one of our most reliable writers and supporters. Be safe in your travels, Chris.

-Sean Hammond, co-editor, GDT

May 1st, 1997 –

We're sitting at the big plastic tables of Gorna Djumaya restaurant, looking over the church and the edges of Varosha (old town). With much laughter and glass clicking (it's great fun to be able to say "Cheers" in 6 languages) Vladamir and I are introducing Jen, his American girl, to Rakia. Dave is quiet and day dreamy beside Vlad, and Maggi is giving us her slow stare through my heavy black sunglasses. In the courtyard of the church below, people are milling around on sun drenched stones. It's tee-shirt weather after the long doldrums of cold grey rain, and I'm lazy, happy in the cool Spring sun. The Rakia is a cool flavor in my mouth and my neck is warm without sweat.

Maggi smiles her pouty smile. "Hey Chris, how are you?"

I look out into the sky for a long time, across the foothills of the Pirin, over the Struma river valley, and into the mountains of Macedonia. All the mad adventures and, crisp sights, nights of lovemaking, and moments of wretched failure string through my mind in a rapid flash of memories and scents. There's Krista and Kara, playing on Sozopol beaches; Silvia crying in my arms as she tells me it's over; Thorne and Kael haggard in a Belgrade cafe as we wipe the stench of tear gas out of our clothes; Joshua spouting his mad-man prose while we wander the tangled little streets of Matera; Gueri shaking out her wild long locks while dancing to Pearl Jam in her little Sofia apartment; Vladamir starring his toothy grin at me over big

glasses of gin in Bar Milena; Maggi giving me her long sad look after we decide it's best not to be married, then taking me home to make love. The view from the old Citadella over Budapest at night; the wild eyed fear of watching Milosevic's "Special Forces" spill across Belgrade in their tall blue and grey uniforms; the beat frustration of walking through Thessaloniki in the winter rains, broke and hungry enough to steal from a fruit cart; the shock and fear of Bulgaria's crisis, bread lines and fuel shortages; the cold beauty of Sveta Petka and the incredible kindness of the Pomatsi; the throaty laughter of Maggi's father, and the softness of her lips.

It's coming to a close now. In a few weeks I'll be long gone from Bulgaria, to return to the sweat and gasoline stink of Texas summer. All these people and places, they'll all be fragments of my memory, the sound of laughter that will echo in my mind some night in the midst of an Austin slacker crowd. Maybe the tramp of soldier's feet will bring back the fear and adrenaline of Belgrade and send me under a chair in hiding. There's only a few more days to feel Bulgaria's rough caress. Only a little while before I return to the plastic world of computers and business ties.

I take a slow sip of the strong grape liquor and let its sweet flavor hang on my palate for a long time. For a moment it feels like I've been leaving places all my life.

"I'm fine baby, I'm fine."



-Sean T. Hammond

In recent years a quite cute and popular book has been appearing on more and more bookshelves: *Lady Cottington's Pressed Fairy Book*. Touted as the diary of Angelica Cottington, the book is a clever combination of a narrative similar in style to *Flowers for Algernon* and wonderful illustrations that are meant to be the psychic impressions left after squashing several dozen faeries in a notebook.

As is the case in good satire (or least when the general reader isn't on their toes), it is sometimes difficult to separate fact from fiction. Unbeknownst to most people who enjoyed the *Pressed Fairy Book*, there is a seed of truth behind the fiction. The book begins with a sort of introduction:

Of course everyone is familiar with the famous photograph of the small girl surrounded by fairies, which caused such a sensation when it was first published in The Regular Magazine in 1907. It inspired many imitations and was hailed in many quarters as the final, irrefutable proof of the existence of faeries. No less an authority on the subject than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was fully persuaded of its authenticity, and spoke to packed audiences of its significance, particularly in the Manchester area. J.M. Barrie himself was convinced that he recognized at least one of the fairies in the photograph, and the Rev. Charles Dodgson (better known as Lewis Carroll) appeared from beyond the grave to clairvoyants up and down the country to vouch for the veracity of the photograph.

In point of fact, there is actually a great deal of truth in that opening statement. Beyond that point, however, the author is having a great deal of fun with his readers.

The "famous photograph" mentioned has been reproduced thousands of times around the world. Taken in July 1917 by 16 year old Elsie Wright of Cottington, England, it showed her 10 year old cousin Frances Griffith with a number of fairies dancing in front of her. A second less known photo shows Elsie with a gnome.

Elsie's parents both suspected trickery and searched the girl's room looking for paper cut-outs, and even searched the beck where the girls claimed that they frequently saw fairies. They found no evidence. The pictures were shown to family and friends, but interest in them quickly died out.

And the whole incident would have been forgotten if Elsie's mother hadn't attended a 1919 meeting of the Theosophical Society in Bradford. It being the late teens/early 1920's everyone who was anyone was interested in Spiritualism. If you hadn't seen a ghost or gone to a séance, you were a social pariah. The particular lecture Polly Wright attended was on "fairy life," and she mentioned that her daughter had taken photographs of fairies. Well, a statement like that was akin to saying, "Oh, did I mention I'm Adolf Hitler?" at a Friends for Fascism rally. Word of the photographs spread to a leading theosophist named Edward Gardner, who then passed prints of them on to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Doyle, of "Sherlock Holmes" fame, happened to be a fanatical Spiritualist. At the time he received the photographs, he was working on an article on fairies for a Christmas edition of *Strand Magazine*. As he prepared the article, he dispatched Gardner to interview the Wright family. Upon returning, Gardner reported that the family seemed honest and totally respectable. Both Doyle and Gardner felt that if more photographs were obtained, it would put the matter beyond question. Gardner again journeyed to Cottington with cameras and 20 photographic plates which he left with Elsie and Frances hoping they would take more photographs.

Doyle's article was printed at the end of November 1920, and sold out within days. The subject of much ridicule, Elsie and Frances were interviewed by several reporters. Each was forced to return with little new evidence, no sign of trickery, and the feeling that the family was not hiding anything.

Things died down, but then erupted again when Elsie and Frances claimed to photograph three more faeries in 1920. Again, controversy surrounded the two girls, and reporters swarmed over the area, searching for trickery. None could be found. Geoffrey Hodson, a clairvoyant, came in and claimed to see faeries. Elsie agreed, though she later admitted she humored Hodson to the point of leading him along.

In 1971 the BBC's Nationwide programme interviewed Elsie back in Cottington. Though she continued to strongly deny that her father had any hand in the photographs, she refused to swear whether the photographs were faked.

Interviewer: Are they trick photographs? Could you swear on the Bible about that?

Elsie: I'd rather leave that open if you don't mind...but my father had nothing to do with it I can promise you that...

Interviewer: Have you had your fun with the world for 50 years? Have you been kidding us for 10 days?

(Elsie laughs)

Elsie: I think we'll close on that if you don't mind.

Despite numerous examinations of the original photographs and plates, no trickery could be identified. It wasn't until the mid 1980's that one of the two women came forward and confided that the faeries were nothing but paper cut-outs mounted of wire frames.

So much for faeries.



Elsie Wright and a gnome. The photograph was taken in 1917 by Elsie's 10 year old cousin, Frances Griffith.



Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

This is my last column for this volume of GDT. I still have a back-log of questions to answer, but have the whole summer off to rest my little grey cells. I'd like to assure all of those who sent me questions that I will eventually swing around to them, probably in the next volume. The questions I've got stashed away for the summer fall into one of three groups: fucking stupid, uninteresting, or excellent questions that are so good they've got me stumped for the present. I will eventually get to all of them in good time. I chose these last two questions, because one was just the kind of crap I hate getting, and the other was an interesting question that I probably didn't do justice to from some great people at the U of R. I wanted to fit that last one in to encourage such intelligent interaction with U of R students. To anyone else who wishes a question answered in not necessarily the correct manner, but at least an interesting one, then keep sending questions on to me. I enjoy it. It allows me to continue putting off those ones that I just don't feel like answering. Have a nice summer.

DEAR BAREFOOT GIRL,

SPEAKING OF FEET, WHICH WE WEREN'T BUT, I WAS WONDERING WHY DO MY FEET SMELL BAD? I DO BATHE EVERYDAY, AND CONSIDER MYSELF A CLEAN PERSON.

THANKS !

-STINKY FEET

Dear Stinky feet,

Oh yeah...feet. Must be my favorite subject. Mustn't it?

If you were expecting a silly answer, I'm sorry, you pushed the wrong button. Prepare for the electric shock you fuck'n mooley. I'm afraid that idiotic questions about one's feet make me grumpy. So expect a little candor.

Your feet smell bad because you wear shoes and socks a large proportion of the time. All through the day your feet radiate the greatest amount of heat from your body. Often this heat generates sweat, especially from your feet. So if you spend long periods of time moping around in socks and/or shoes, you create hot humid conditions within the closed conditions of your shoes. Your shoes become the perfect nesting/breeding ground for a variety of fun bacteria.

Now, I'm assuming that you don't thoroughly bathe your socks and especially shoes everyday with you when you get into that shower, so you are continually putting your semi-sanitary peds-that-xing into foul vesicles of microscopic miscreants every time you squeeze your little piggies into your favorite old pod-cozies.

In fact, the less you wear of shoes, the lower your chance of succumbing to such parasitic pals as Athlete's Foot. These jovial little buggers can't attach themselves readily, nor even attempt to cling, to someone whose feet remain dry. This is not to say that if you walk around barefoot your feet don't sweat as much, but they are not constrained within a closed system such as shoes, and thus air flow allow the feet to dry without all the unnecessary bacterial bystanders. In this instance, most of the smells wafting

up from your nether regions will be more strongly determined by what you just stepped in and not the more common microbe of the month club.

Next time any of you has a question like that, just keep it to yourself. I don't know all this stuff because I walk around barefoot, I know it because I am a reasonably intelligent mammal, gifted apparently with the uncommon gift of common sense.

-the Bare-foot Girl

DEAR BAREFOOT GIRL-

WHAT KIND OF NEUROSIS IS IT WHEN YOU CONSTANTLY WANT THINGS YOU CANNOT HAVE? WE WANT TO CALL IT THE TRENT REZNOR PHENOMENON, BUT WERE WONDERING IF THERE REALLY IS A NAME FOR IT.

-CURIOUS HELL'S ROADIES FROM THE U OF R
"HELL'S ROAD CREW- THE WORST AT OUR BEST"

Dear Curious Roadies from the U of R,

There is a real name for it. If you pick up your favorite copy of the Old Testament and briefly flip to that worn section near the ten commandments, you'll find it. It's called coveting, and boy does God get his proverbial panties in a bind when he catches the scent of that particular sin on his mortal coils. If the Soup-Nazi were Gabriel, he'd say "No savior for you!" You get the idea.

The best way to beat this mortal sin seems to be a little eccentric. You need to shave you head, speak with a particularly pompous brogue, and be sure to carry lots of little pictures of the Pope about your person to tear apart whenever the need arises. If that doesn't work, try a little garlic.

-the Bare-foot Girl

Do you have a question for the Bare-Foot Girl, or just want to torment her? Send questions/comments to GDT c/o diablo@csh.rit.edu