



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.<sup>f</sup> After four centuries of nose thumbing, thumb biting, and general nastiness all involving thumbs,<sup>d</sup> 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<sup>g</sup> 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 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100th</sub> 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.

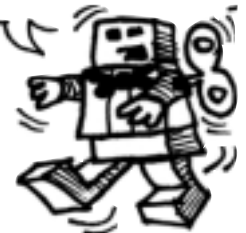
<sup>f</sup>Did you know that in the 1600s, when China had colonies in Eastern Africa and they discovered Giraffes, they had several brought back to the Emperor's court because the animal had the honor of looking exactly like their version of the Unicorn? Bet you didn't.

<sup>d</sup>You 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.

<sup>g</sup>Nice 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

© 1997 Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

*Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* (GDT) is published weekly during the academic year of the Rochester Institute of Technology and the University of Rochester by a staff comprised mainly of Stalin wannabes. Submissions and letters to GDT may be submitted through email to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or by sending mail to GDT c/o 472 French Rd., Rochester, NY 14618. GDT reserves the right not to edit for libel and/or clarity. GDT takes pride in the Happy Horseshit™ that is Hell's Kitchen and is not a member of the Civil Liberties Union. Don't plagiarize our material or we'll kill you with a GDT action figure.

Anyone who has read Chapter 3 of *The Prince* by Machiavelli should recognize this particular tactic. After the land was cleared of the Irish,<sup>≈</sup> 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.<sup>†</sup> 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<sup>Δ</sup>.

<sup>≈</sup>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.

<sup>†</sup>Full of nitrogen men are.

<sup>Δ</sup>If 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?



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

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

# 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).

## 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 Alsbury, 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](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618**