



Volume 7 • Issue 4

## 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



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*Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* is published during the academic year of RIT and the U of R by a staff comprised mainly of clowns of midget rodeos. Submissions and letters to GDT may be submitted through email to 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.

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.<sup>†</sup> 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-

<sup>†</sup>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.... Aagggggrgrrrrggrrrr....) 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!