



When you ride alone, you ride with Baptists

"You don't fuck with the mouse."

-Harlan Ellison

The day is June 18th, 1996. The location is the Southern Baptists Super Secret Headquarters. Things are getting tense as ultra super-econo-sized conservatism is being dished onto everyone's plate with a big heap of gravy and a side of curly fries too big for any one man to eat (Shatner voice: "Good God man! Look at the size of that side!"). All in an attempt to get the Southern Baptist's bouncing ball rolling to boycott Disney because of Disney's policy toward gays.

And you are there!

Not since McCarthy have there been this many sexually-repressed bible bearing, baby beating, beaver bonking members of the NRA in one room. And baby, let me tell you that's a lot of alliteration; not since McCarthy has there been that much alliteration. These are the few, the proud, the potentially dangerous people who will determine *your* future. Yes, children beware: for you stand in the very midst of evil itself. Make sure you wipe your feet before returning to your home.

Endoubleayceepee be damned! This is white boy country. Every way the eye turns, it skims over pasty white men (each coincidentally with the quintessential Rush Limbaugh audience man generic haircut[†]), with their NORM regulation issued PUDs... Fade out.

The day is June 23rd, 1996. The location is a small church in the lone star state. There is an unearthly harmony raised by several members of the short-but ghostly-lumpy headed hooded hordes that are industriously bustling throughout the holy house's haunts.

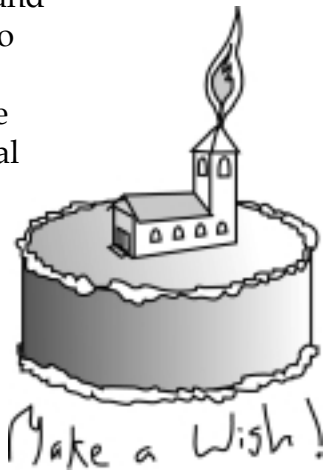
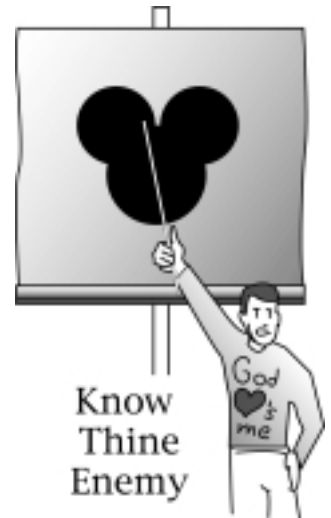
"HiiiiiiiHoooooowooooo..."

It echoes deeply for an eternity of moments and then a sudden roar of flames, Prometheus gone mad, reaching toward the heavens. Burn baby burn!

Could these two uniquely unrelated incidents be coincidence, or something much more insidious? Survey saays...insidious.

To help deal with the imminent threat of the afore mentioned baby-beaters, Michael Eisner, head of the Walt Disney Corp., has been accessing old Uncle Walt's (Disney, not Whitman. Give me a break. You wouldn't catch a reference to *Leaves of Grass* if it was going to crack you in the head.) wisdom using a series of off the shelf Motorola modems wired up to Walt's cryogenically frozen head.^Δ

Disney's advice to Eisner comes in the form of broken thoughts and snatches of song...mainly "When you wish upon a star," "It's a Small World," and "Flubber is a damn fine idea." Using a crack army of washed up dream ana-



[†]Short back and sides on both sides, draw no winner.

^ΔOn an unrelated note, Walt Disney's body (minus said head) has been hooked up to power southern Florida since it started spinning around the time that "Mighty Ducks Two" began filming, and is now known as the sixth renewable energy resource. As long as Disney keeps making crappy movies, Walt's body will remain in perpetual motion. After that nasty mulch of mythological animation dubbed "Hercules" can there be any doubt as to this renewability of this energy source?



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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (GDT) is published weekly during the academic year of the Rochester Institute of Technology by a staff comprised mainly of people who eat juice concentrate straight.

Despite rumors to the contrary, the staff meets weekly to go over material, discuss future plans, and work on material in-progress. People interested in *working* are welcome.

To send submissions and letters email gdt@iname.com or send snail-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 poke you with a stick.

lysts and the PFN to interpret the bizarre pronouncements of Walt's Head™ ("Not many people know that pickle juice is good for feline leukemia...") Eisner, code named "Snow White," has called out the Mickey Mouse Club, code named "the Seven Dwarves," a specially trained assault group. In a project dubbed "Notre Dame," it was their intent to use scare tactics to force the whiny Baptist back down into the hole from whence they came. Arson, used for years to suppress Witches, pestilence, and rational thought, seemed the most effective means of doing it ("Flaming brands can be an effective cleanser for the rectum..."). Their program was such a huge success that the liberal media, always on the side of Disney and gays, was forced to take notice of the significant increase in unannounced Church weenie roasts.

The Seven Dwarfs were even able to indoctrinate thousands of small children world wide to the joys of church burning by orchestrating the scene in the summer of 1996's Disney movie, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" where the entire town is consumed by flame. Using subliminal images of candy bars and Santa drinking Coca-Cola, the scene of the burning of the Cathedral inspired many a tyke (Well, Sean) to scream out in a rock chewing frenzy within the confines of the theatre, "Vive la Revolution!"

("I wish I'd taken a van of hermaphrodite midgets and goat into the desert and filmed what happened.")

With the boycott of Disney by the Baptists in June of 1997,[¥] it is unclear what Disney will do to retaliate. Speculation, much like Richard Simmons, has once again run rampant. Although internal sources are reluctant to release too much information on the planned assault, we did manage to weasel out the code name for their next assault run, "Under the Sea."

Undercover sources indicate that the Pirates of the Caribbean and the Small World animatronic exhibits (now featuring the entire doll cast of Barbarella in the more up to date suspense thriller version of the Small World...complete with ethnic backgrounds and interracial turmoil. Watch as the Somali's face off with the Kerds, Serbs, and Israelis to settle the question of who the bigger assholes are.) may be used as weapons of revenge against the Baptists. Using secret nanotechnology developed at Epcot, the creepy dolls of the Small World exhibit have been given the ability of self replication, autonomous movement and rudimentary decision making skills[∂] (using the same laser technology in Patriot Missiles, Smart Bombs™, and Sagen Memorial Station's yappy dog). This evil army of singing manikins will swarm across the South, driving most Baptists screaming across

[¥] The first time it was a flag boycott. This time it's full contact.

- [∂]
- a) Kill
 - b) Maim
 - c) Maim then Kill
- Pick only one

the Midwest. The remaining Baptists will unfortunately have to deal with the now much more prominent Jehovah's Witness population. Like any ecosystem in which an ecological hole is left, the Jehovah's Witnesses will quickly diversify.

Some projections show them quickly evolving into 12 foot "Terror-birds."

Capable of reaching up to 70 knots and able to gut a cow with the swipe of a single modified wing claw, their calls of "Have you been saved?" will strike terror into the hearts of men.

It's hoped that many Baptists will suffer and die while crossing Death Valley in a journey we're certain the history books won't be dubbing the Trail of Gears.

For those religiously successful travelers who manage to pass through the desert, drinking the blood and urine of their fallen comrades, they will have to face Southern California and all of San Francisco's glory that is gay pride. There, thousands of Gay and Lesbian militiamen, trained by the newly released and reprogrammed Pirates of the Caribbean, will beat and enslave the dehydrated Baptists. The Baptist females will then be used as sex slaves by dominatrix lesbians, while the baptist males are not allowed to watch (now that's torture!). After being satisfied, the Baptists, filled with confusing sexual longings, will be driven to the sea and forced to clean up crude oil spills, pick up hypodermic needles, and constantly take water purity readings of water that is obviously contaminated with human wastes.



An example of "the Seven Dwarf's" handiwork

Many of these forlorn individuals will end up throwing their tortured souls to the waves to take them where God may. These would be Baptist martyrs will be dragged down to the ocean floor by playful dolphins and sea otters, and offered up

as homage to the great animals of the depths. Their mutilated noggins will then be utilized to make the percussion sounds necessary to reproduce the piscine world's biggest musical hit, "Under the Sea."

The year is 2002. The location is Washington D.C..

Congress has just awarded the now bedraggled group of surviving Southern Baptist members a homeland *and you are there*. Now they can live their lives free of persecution, sell duty-free cigarettes, open casinos, and try to farm on land yielding only tumbleweeds.

The Pope has recently retracted his early statement in 1998 on the treatment of the Southern Baptists as being, "God's will" and, "...about bloody time." He excused his often vicious criticism of the Southern Baptists by admitting that he has been suffering from a particularly nasty case of religion specific turrets syndrome. He then ended his press conference by saying, "The Israelis are a mitochondrial pool of heathen scum and they deserve to be masticated while still alive, but don't anyone worry, because I happened to have a rather nice conversation with God today and he said they'd all be going to hell anyway."

Not a Type-o

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Wants to Hear From You!

Hey, if you don't let us know what you like, we "Can't sock it to the Man!" Drop us a line and let us know what it is that you think! You think? Yeah, roight! Narf.

Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to gdt@iname.com or

GDT c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618



Editor's Note

by Kelly Gunter

Another school year is beginning and with it another chance to say, "Welcome" or "Welcome Back," to the wild, wacky world that is GDT rhetoric. I got drafted into writing this editorial, so I'm going to make this quick and above all,

around the point.

For those of you out there fortunate enough to have never laid eyes on this publication, through sheer willpower or accident, GDT is a "sardonic publication" as my sidekick likes to say. We are actually a satire publication. We utilize satire, sarcasm, irony, lunacy, pop culture references, personal jokes and occasionally even the God's Own Truth™ to get our pointed notions across. Think of us as an exercise of futility. It is futile to think anyone will understand every little reference we make and it is futile to think that most of our readers even try, much less care. The absolute measure of our futility is that we like to ignore all this and go about our lives just the same. For whatever reasons of their own, our writers do try to hold a mirror up to the world and show just how ludicrously our insignificant planet has turned out after millennia of secret organizations. So now you know in a nutshell what GDT is. However, Hell's Kitchen is an entirely different entity and the less you do to upset it, the better.

As for all of our returning readers, you already either knew this stuff or could have guessed. So why the hell are you wasting your time reading this token explanation for anyway?

Personal Ads

Each week GDT will choose a new personal ad to print. Printed ads are free and can be of any length. Just remember: in order for us to print them they must be interesting. None of this SWF seeks SWM with dewlap. Okay, well maybe that. You may create your own legend or let us create one for you. Personal ads and Personal ad responses (real or imagined) should be sent to:

Personal Ads c/o
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
472 French Rd.
Rochester NY 14618

or

GDT@iname.com

Any responses to ads will be forwarded to the author of the ad unless they are of particular interest, in which case they will be printed for the whole readership of GDT to see.

The GDT Challenge

Over the past years, we have touched on a number of topics, and it doesn't look like we're going to run out of inspiration any time soon.

BUT, we do like challenges. So, we challenge you, our readers, to come up with topics for us to write about.

As an incentive, we're offering ahhh...something, but we're not telling or worried; even if there are issues we can't write about, people are so apathetic we won't hear anything..

You've only got a few weeks (10 of 'um) before the end of the quarter, so get cracking. Here's the rules:

- We require at least two weeks to write and publish the idea.
- All ideas must be printed before the last issue.
- Not all ideas will be first page material. Some may show up as Dear BFG's, God Files, From the Corner, After Dinner Mints, or any other column we regularly run.

Send your ideas to GDT@iname.com

Legend:

F - Female
M - Male
S - Single
D - Divorced
SH - Shetland
M - Married
W - White
B - Black
A - Asian
OW - Off White
R - Rotund
D - Docile
TB - Turkey Baster
TB - Tuberculosis
PU - Pretty Ugly
OGF - One Good Feature
PT - Parlor Tricks

PWE - Previous Work Experience
EM - Electronic Mail
EMS - Emergency Medical Services
WIF - Whip Into Frenzy
PCOC - Pitching Children Out of Cars
WSP - Wallowing in Self Pity
LTS - Little Teapot Song
USPS - United States Postal Service
USPSWWO - United States Postal Service Worker With Oozie
DOA - Dead On Arrival

PUOWF with OGF (don't ask), R mind and D body type. Dark eyes, Dark hair, Dark nature. Enjoys PCOC, long walks on the beach, and WSP. Seeking tall, dark M to WIF with LTS. Please send responses via USPS or EM.

Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

"...FOR THE BARE-FOOT GIRL: IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE DEFINED AS A 'BAREFOOTER' OF SORTS, WHY DO YOU GO BY SAID NAME?"

- EXCERPT FROM A LETTER BY THE CREATOR OF "IT'S ALL CUNT" AND "EVOL"

Dear Ms. EVOL,

This, I assume, is a relatively straight forward question. Far be it from me to answer with an entirely straight forward answer...but it's far from me.

Why did I choose this name to go by? I didn't. My colleague did, and before him about a quarter of the RIT campus. Even if that short snippet in the Distorter™ a few years ago dubbed me, "that barefoot chick," it's close enough to the other. It is more accurately a professional reason. However unlikely the probability, I know there are still some people unable to put two and two together and realize who writes this column even if my name is attached to the top of it. It's really just a great way of cutting down on unwanted, idiotic mail messages to my e-mail account.

The definition of a 'barefooter' seems to be awkward at best. If it were strictly assumed that a barefooter were a person who merely walks about barefoot, that would be one thing; for starters it would be correct. However, it seems that the barefoot definition is some hodge-podge mix of vegetarians and escapees from the film Deliverance. Several of my friends now are people who used to be under the impression that I must be some huge hippy-eyed flake who spends

her days waggling her head, saying "Wow," and upon occasion watching the pretty lights go by. I find these people and their assumptions much more comforting than that other large segment of my local community who seems to think I'm some really interesting person and wouldn't it be great to get to know me. This second group scares me, as they often strike while I sit in the middle of a dining hall and the person sitting next to me just introduced themselves and seems intent on telling me about the conditioner they use on their hair. Or they approach me and start off some scintillating conversation with, "so you're bare-foot" or, "you strike me as an interesting person." How do you answer something like that? "Yes?" or "Uhuh, well I'm just going to go correlate things in the stern."

So in the end I can only say that I have eaten meat, I'm not inclined to hug every tree I see, I have a pretty good concept of how electricity works, and I've only made one boy squeal like a pig. The definition of a barefooter is sort of like stone soup and as soon as people will act sensibly and take all those blasted vegetables out of it, I'll admit to fitting that definition. Until then the Magic Eight Ball says, "Not Today."

-the Bare-foot Girl



-Sean T. Hammond

Tonight the air has the crispness of Fall and I can see stars through the haze of light in the City. In my mind, the stars have become rarified, so that when the burn mercilessly down through the orange glow of Advancement, it is like seeing a friend thought dead...or a vengeful god you never really believed in.

I think it was in Ayn Rand's, *The Fountainhead* that one of the characters said that Fall was their favorite

time of year. In Spring, man looks down, but in the Fall, man looks up. Prometheus made us with the ability to gaze into the heavens, and gave us the gift that would allow us to raze the gates of Olympus itself. For that, and other reasons, his banishment from his cousins comes to mind when the stars can be seen staring down uncaring. Still, we rejoice at the return of Persephone and lounge while Summer sits on the land like a fever.

For the Celts, the Fall marked a time of mystery and danger. The boundaries between our world and the world of Faerie slowly disappeared until Samhain, when one

must beware, lest they be swept away into the Airey Realm. For me, Fall has always been a time, not of depression, but of introspection. The past threatens to corrupt the present by making itself felt; it is the time when love is most poignant, most felt, and indistinguishable from loss.

The crispness of morning. The dimmed sun. The smell of dried leaves resting on the ground, waiting for one to burry themselves in them. These are my memories and who I am.

Fall, for me, is not a time of year. It is an emotion...and sometimes a place.

Apple Life Support

For those of you "saddened" by the new Apple alliance because it's with Microsoft, you have the emotion right, but the reason wrong. The real competitors in the Apple survival war aren't Apple vs. Microsoft, it's Apple's Greed vs. Apple's Genius. Microsoft just gets the blame because it took advantage of Apple's civil war and stole the GUI market away from them. If you are saddened, it ought to be because this deal does nothing but prolong the sad state of affairs at Apple, once again avoiding any sort of actual possibility for a long-term remedy that works.

The Alliance is nothing more than a quick, elegant fix for some of Apple's problems...and quick fixes seldom lead anywhere. Experts agree: the only true solution to Apple's situation is to completely separate its hardware and software operations and open up MacOS licensing once and for all. What troubles me the most about the Alliance is that it puts Apple in a safety zone where the possibility of splitting doesn't have to be considered for survival, now that the world's largest maker of software has given Apple its stamp of approval. Apple's recent decision to end licensing of the MacOS is no doubt related to its recent injection of stability by Microsoft.

If anything else, this deal spices up the outlook on the future of computing for some time to come. This Alliance has tremendous potential to change the world of computing as we know it. The Apple-Microsoft Alliance has control over almost every desktop computer worldwide and Apple has patents on all sorts of neat little software doodads that Microsoft would love to get its hands on.

But let's get one thing straight: The main reason Microsoft agreed to this transaction was because it feared the imminent collapse of Apple. Do you think Microsoft spent \$150 million on non-voting Apple stock because it felt bad for Apple? If Apple were to go under, Microsoft would hold a monopoly on the personal computer operating system software market, making it a prime target for anti-trust regulation. Instead, Microsoft is perfectly thrilled to allow Apple a small piece of the pie, so long as it keeps the DOJ happy. However, that special slice is continuing to shrink, and Microsoft is worried. By lending Apple a hand, it helps to stabilize the MacOS platform and ensure the status quo continues at Apple and Microsoft.

In the end, this alliance means nothing to Apple except for a few more years of vegetative existence. Any new innovations Apple creates for its MacOS platform can now be legally copied by Microsoft due to the patent-sharing portion of the agreement. In other words, future computing innovations for the MacOS can go right down the toilet when it comes to using

them as a selling point, since Microsoft operating systems can now legally develop identical features.

Apple can't win in this setup. Microsoft can sell its stake in Apple after three years and in the interim if Apple rebounds as sales and market share begin to pick up, Microsoft will be frightened by this and drop Apple cold, leaving it to once again fend for itself in the computer marketplace. If Apple continues to become more troubled and eventually collapses, oh well. Ultimately, Apple is now dependent on Microsoft's charity. Either way, if there was any question that Apple might rise to power once again, this deal certainly seals Apple's fate.

Bill Gates of Microsoft unveils his newest plan...



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, 1995

WE ARE MICROSOFT. OS/2 IS IRRELEVANT. UNIX IS IRRELEVANT. OPENNESS IS FUTILE. PREPARE TO BE ASSIMILATED.

*Originally printed in Volume 2, issue 4 of GDT
1 October, 1995*



O Canada

"A mushroom cloud on the horizon, 24 empty missile tubes – now it's Miller time."

A funny thing[†] happened to our parent group Hell's Kitchen at the beginning of this publishing year. We found (through unscrupulous sources, the proverbial cream of the crop (eewww)) that some mysterious group has been pumping heap-big slabs o' wampum into Hell's Kitchen. At first we weren't worried. Hey, what the hell do we care? It all goes to pay for printing anyway. But we started getting a bit suspicious when our fund-raiser Tom Kar Kai said, "So guys, now that we've got the funds to, say, buy a small Latin American country, don't you think it would be a hoot if we...I don't know...invaded Quebec? We could buy a tank and make a weekend of it!"

After tying old Tom down and performing mild surgery on him[∂] ("We don't need this, or this..."), it turned out that our good old friend Mr. Kar Kai was actually a deep cover operative from Canada (yes, O Canada) sent to infiltrate Hell's Kitchen and induce us to vomit and invade Quebec.

Doesn't make sense, I hear the guy in the back writing? Oh, but think about it: micro-nationalism in Quebec has been on the rise over the past several decades, and the English-speaking people in Canada's Heartland wish the Frogs would just get their act together and finally pass their periodic referendums and get the hell out. Sick of waiting, the right-minded English inhabitants of Canada have turned to their southern, more aggressive brethren (i.e., small US non-profit organizations) to drive the beret-bearing bastards into the sea. Besides, if the US is busy invading Quebec and bringing it a little backwoods justice,^Δ we won't invade the rest of their shitty country for a while longer; we're still licking our wounds from 1812.

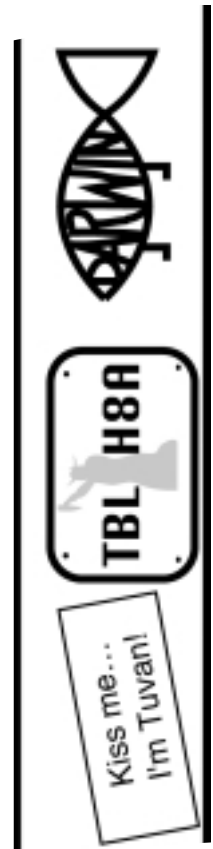
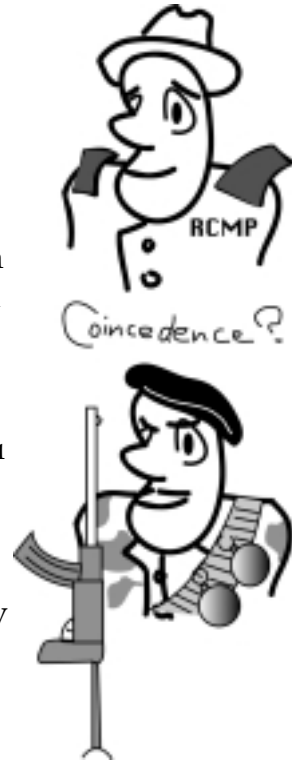
It's not just Quebec, though. All over the world the Super-nationalism of the early part of the 20th century is being replaced by micro-nationalism. Ireland, Israel, Azerbaijan, the Kurds (small and large), Serbs.... It's Balkanization for everybody! Free side order of fries, and if you order now you'll receive these lovely faux pearls. Guaranteed to satisfy even your most discerning swine. Really, what would the Kurds do if Turkey and Iraq were to grant them independence...besides be landlocked and have no exports? They can't just let their entire economy be led by Reebok and their soccer ball sewing hordes. They'd just be another Tuva; and we all know what that leads to: throat singing and no rhythm (...sounds like a truck full of windchimes hitting a flock of ducks...).

Everyone is so interested in not stepping on the ethnicity of others that more and more subgroups are created. Sure, you might be a single unitarian north eastern Afro-American, and I'm an atheist unitoothed malproportioned Irish-American git, but that doesn't mean that all atheist unitoothed malproportioned Irish-American gits should get together and form a country. People are confusing clubs and support organizations with ethnic identity. You're Palestinian and I'm a Jew?

[†] Well, not really funny "Ha-Ha." Kind of a Santa's-drunk-and-sodomizing-the-reindeer-again, kind of funny.

[∂] Kids: TESTICULAR TORSION!

^Δ Now in Sandalwood and Potpourri. Give the gift that keeps on giving and make the man you love "Squeal like a pig!"TM





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Ok, get over it. You're just another slacker to me.

Some people blame it on the inherent selfish nature of man (Yes. Man, not people. "Man" is an herstorically acceptable plural, all encompassing word). Me? I blame the Canadians and the Christians (pig fuckers!). In the course of our, um, discrete questioning of Tom, you remember Tom, ("You always thought about the Priesthood, didn't you Tom?"), we discovered that the Canadians, bitter about their problems with Quebec, have been causing it all. The assassination of Arch Duke Ferdinand? Yup. A Canadian, not a Serb; if you can get a Canuck to grow his mustache, take his tuque off, and peel that ridiculous flannel off him, your average Canadian is actually a dead ringer for any vindictive, gun tote'n, arch duke shoot'n Serb (...you've got to capitalize 'Serb' cause they think their an ethnic group...).

You see, over the years Canada's major exports have been geese, Labatt beer, devalued currency, hockey, and Alex Trebek. This has led to the unfortunate situation where most of the people living in Canada spend much of their time walking on goose doots and willingly spending coinage called Loonies and Molsen. The high amounts of ammonia absorbed through the skin (from the goose-doots, stupid!) has led to the government of Canada being filled mostly with murderous old codgers who would rather go on killing rampages during their scheduled nightly nap hour than share their country with a bunch of baguette eating prats who have no more sense than to speak French (...you've got to capitalize 'French' cause they think their an ethnic group...[¥]) all of the live long day.

<breath></breath>

Because misery loves company, Canada, in conjunction with Hell Inc., has formed the Pandora Group: a collection of Canada's best and most luminous, bent on going out into the world to spread VeeDee and discord where ever they go. Some recent manifestations of the Pandora Group in American culture have been Beanie-Babies, Mighty Morphing Power Rangers, and the insanely oversized computer programs coming from Microsoft. The Pandora Group's major function, however, has been the promotion of balkanization worldwide.

Just to show you how devious these bastards are, it took only three operatives in minor positions in Austria posing as art teachers and critics in the nineteen teens to set the ball rolling for World War 2 (remember, at the same time they primed Europe's engines by starting WWI). It wasn't the war they were after, though that was a nice side of gravy. What they wanted was the establishment of a Jewish homeland to displace the Palestinians and piss off the Arab countries forever.

So remember: behind every Palestinian throwing a rock at a Jewish invader, behind every English cursing Scot, behind every rifle hugging militia man and every politically correct fairy-tale, there lies a Canadian waiving his stupid maple-leaf flag. Oops! Got to run. Tanks all gassed up and we've some Frogs to fry.

[¥]This may be seen as beating a dead horse, but it's a good dead horse to beat.



Editor's Note Sean Hammond

This editorial is going to be a little bit like a kid with ADD; it's going to be all over the place. But I have faith in you, fair reader. I know that you can keep up.

First and foremost, I want to apologize for the slapshod way GDT (via Hell's Kitchen) was distributed last week. As I write this, there are still some issues that haven't reached their destination. Most of you probably don't care, but one of the reasons GDT strives to publish material every week, and distribute on time, is because we are an unconventional publication. When readers describe GDT, or Hell's Kitchen, they invariably use the word "zine" (even though the Kitchen can be as long as some local student run magazines (minus their ads)).

Admittedly, GDT is 'zinish in quality. We are irreverent, vulgar, and written by "X-ers." However, we are also dedicated to putting material out every week...a decidedly un 'zinish quality.

There have only been two times when we were late in distributing issues. The first time was in 1995 when Marc Trzepla, our illustrator at the time, was gone for a day; that week, GDT stood for "Got Delayed Today." Last issue was our second late day. Not bad for almost 100 issues in two and a half years.

Most of you don't care, but we do. We wouldn't be doing GDT weekly if we thought it didn't matter. Sure, in the grand scheme of the universe, 20,000 years from now, a gastropod on some un-named planet orbiting a distant star isn't going to care about our self-imposed deadlines, but we do. We do the best we can with what we have.

For what it's worth, we were late, not because of laziness on our part, but because we have been more successful than we had realized. Periodically we increase our circulation as funds increase. Sometimes we expand into new areas (like MCC), sometimes we simply increase the number of issues we put in an old area. As of last issue we passed the half-kilo mark for the first time, and the good people at the University of

Rochester's Copy Center simply couldn't finish the order by when we needed them. Themselves readers, several apologized, but I knew it was our fault, not theirs.

So, we've adjusted our schedule and don't plan on running into and delays for the rest of the year. You'll get your fix at the start of each week, instead of at the middle of it.

Now, for a quick change of pace, I have something to say about Princess Di. Ah-hum: some woman who's only claim to fame was that she married, and then divorced a prince dies and the world goes bonkers thanks to the press. Meanwhile, Mother Teresa, a woman whose sainthood is assured, who is seen as an incarnation of Vishnu, and who is revered in every major (and most minor) religions of the world, dies and is given a PS in the media. How is that cool? The good Mother and the dead Di can't even be compared. And don't give me that crap about Princess Di speaking out against landmines. Thousands of people speak out about man's inhumanity to man or his apathy toward the suffering of others. Shit, the image of Sally Struthers, tears and mascara running down her pudgy cheeks as she weeps about starving children is burned into my retinas, but I'm sure that not every flower in the US will be killed to create a massive, yet sweet smelling, organic shrine when she dies. Princess Di was simply so followed but lens wielding jackals that she got the coverage. And to hell with her being a beauty: her greatest beauty feature was that she was British and still had all her teeth.

I'm being more cruel than is necessary, but I'm indignant about the whole thing. It is sad whenever someone is lost to those that love them. However, I find it sadder that our society idealizes the life of Princess Di more than the life of Mother Teresa. Despite all the dresses she auctioned off, Princess Di didn't *indirectly* help a fraction of the people that Mother Teresa helped *in person*.

The staff of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre meets every Friday to discuss plans, work on material, and generally shoot the shit. If you're truly interested in contributing in some way, contact gdt@iname.com

Attic Inferno

-Alex Whitman



Scene: Interior of a trailer that only a fan of the-artist-formally-known-as-Prince could have painted. Alex and Kelly enter through the main door.

Alex is obviously in charge and showing Kelly around.

Kelly: Hmm. Quite a colour scheme you've got going here.

Alex: Do you like how I never finished the gold? You know, it's typical when people come and look at it and I'm, like, "You

know? This is the art student's trailer," and then they understand it. I wanted to paint it silver and black so it would look like some sort of old diner. I kind of like it.

Kelly: Yeah. It's got a special kind of sheik to it. *(Staring at the paint)*

Alex: As sheik as a trailer can get. But the paint never dries. Its been on here like a year.

Kelly: Well, I think it dries. It just keeps coming off.

Alex: So is that dry? It never says. *(Steps over a mousetrap)* Watch your feet.

Kelly: Is this like a spray paint thing? *(Still fixated on the silver paint)*

Alex: No. Its a paint called "Supercoat" that you buy at Wegmans. It's got a silver quality.

Kelly: Let me guess, this is gold leaf?

Alex: Ahhh, same brand. It's like 5\$ for this much. *(Holds thumb and index finger out)* I ran out of money. I ran out of money, and I'm not willing to pay \$100 to paint this little thing. *(Points to ceiling)* So this is plumbing that's running along the wall.

Kelly: Hmm. The brick...ahh, the brick work comes up. *(pointing to plastic-like brick wallpaper)*

Alex: That's where you put your simulated fire place.

Kelly: Ah ha.

Alex: Brick veneer.

Kelly: Did you put this on?

Alex: No, this was here.

Kelly: That was there?

Alex: The only think I ever changed was the paint colour.

Kelly: Ah ha.

Alex: Look at the hallway. That's what I want to do to the floor in the attic.

Kelly: The walls to the hallway? That's great.

Alex: Don't you love it?

Kelly: They're neat.... They're really neat.

Alex: Ok. So this wall comes down so you can have like the Extra Large Trailer Living Arena.TM Which would be, like, I don't know...like 50 square feet then?

Kelly: Hmm. How do they come down?

Alex: It just pops up.

Kelly: Course the colour scheme would be all off....

Alex: Well, you could get more paint. Hey, look at this: if

you push hard enough, you can, like, get the wall and floor to separate. But we're not going to do that cause it might fall off or something.

Kelly: And small children could fall through there.

Alex: Exactly. That's the emergency exit.

Kelly: Are you taking this with you? *(Pointing to a mysterious object that looks something like a hydra, something like a shoe tree, and something like a oversize shoehorn)*

Alex: Umm, I don't know. Do you want it?

Kelly: Mmmm. I don't really need anything that that.

Alex: Oh, that's right. You don't even wear shoes.

Kelly: I like the purple. *(entering the bathroom)*

Alex: I love the purple.

Kelly: That's really cool. What are all the words about?

Alex: They're French. They just label whatever: mirror, wash, towel, shower, toilet...

Kelly: La Douche?

Alex: Just to clear up any confusion.

Kelly: This is helpful...really.

Alex: Here's the Floor Spring Action.TM

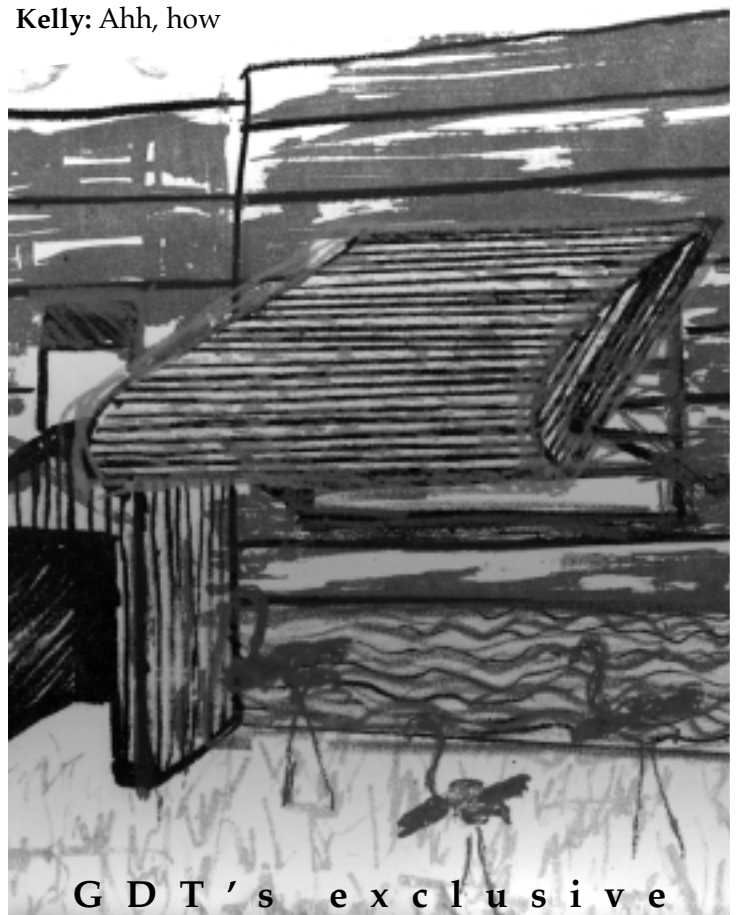
Kelly: Oh. You don't need a mattress here. You can actually just use your floor.

Alex: No, you could just use the floor. *(opens closet door)*

Kelly: So if you jump up and down on a spot on the floor you can actually fall through.

Alex: *(Ignoring her)* See the bedroom door doubles as the closet door.

Kelly: Ahh, how



G D T ' s e x c l u s i v e

ingenious.

Alex: Yeah it is.

Kelly: Were you going to paint the ceiling all silver or—

Alex: I felt like I did the edges and I just couldn't decide how I wanted it done.

Kelly: You just went from wobbly to—

Alex: Yeah. It's half and half.

Kelly: Oh! You've got ants!

Alex: Do I?

Kelly: Yeah.

Alex: Ew. Yuck. Good thing I don't live here anymore. Do you want to know why? There's like a hole here. *(Pointing to the ceiling)*

Kelly: Mmm. This is another place I should hop up and down? *(Several inches shorter than before)*

Alex: You don't need to hop up and down.

Kelly: Oh yeah, they're coming from there. *(Examining the fabled entryway for the ants)*

Alex: Are they? Oh well. No one ever looks that closely when they look at it. Cover it up. We don't want you to look there. We don't look at those problems. You see, we're in Trailer Denial.™

Kelly: Ahhh. You've got some other interesting holes.

Alex: Ok. Don't look.

Kelly: I like the green door. *(looking at the closet/bedroom door)*



Alex: Thanks.

Kelly: It really adds a nice contrast to the rest of the room.

Alex: The other 18 colours?

Kelly: Yeah. This is quite an experience walking through the hall.

Alex: I think if I do this— Sean said its like tripping going through this hall.

Kelly: Yeah, no kidding.

Alex: Um. I think for the attic floor I should do off white and black and then do silver where they meet. That would be really neat.

Kelly: A little thin line of silver?

Alex: Yup, and then right at the three peaks of the roof we could do something. That would be kind of cool.

Kelly: Yeah.

Alex: And the walls too are going to be off white.

Kelly: Oh this is so freaky. The walls are melting....

Alex: Do you like how it comes down?

Kelly: Yeah I do. I like it. I like how this comes up and how that goes down. *(Totally tripping out at this point)*

Alex: Yup. Alan and I painted this. It was totally fun.

Kelly: I can tell. I've got to get out of here now.

Alex: Ok. So I'm leaving all the blinds. I'm leaving the appliances. But I'm pretending I'm trying to sell them to see if I can get money out of anyone.

Kelly: Mmmm. What appliances are they?

Alex: There's a stove, there's a fridge, there's a water-heater, there's a furnace. As if I would actually, like, want to take the waterheater with me. Isn't this funky? *(Gesturing to the interior of the trailer in general)*

Kelly: Yeah. Very mobile too.

Alex: Yup. The stove is only nineteen years old too.

Kelly: Is it gas?

Alex: Propane.

Kelly: Cool.

Alex: There's a groove here in the floor, but I just have something here because of the ah—

Kelly: It looks like somebody hit the wall and then slid down.

Alex: Yeah. That was from my little murder spree. Should I give you a tour of the tail lights?

Kelly: Sure.

Alex: They used to be really nice, but then um...when I was painting the trailer with my friend, Laura painted over them. *(Pointing out the window)*

Kelly: You could scrape it off couldn't you?

Alex: If I wanted to I could.

Kelly: Um, is the tour done inside?

Alex: Do you have any further questions?

Kelly: Well every time I poke a little bit you say, "Well, we don't look at those things here."

Alex: Just look with your eyes and not your hands.

Kelly: It's ok if you don't get yourself too close.

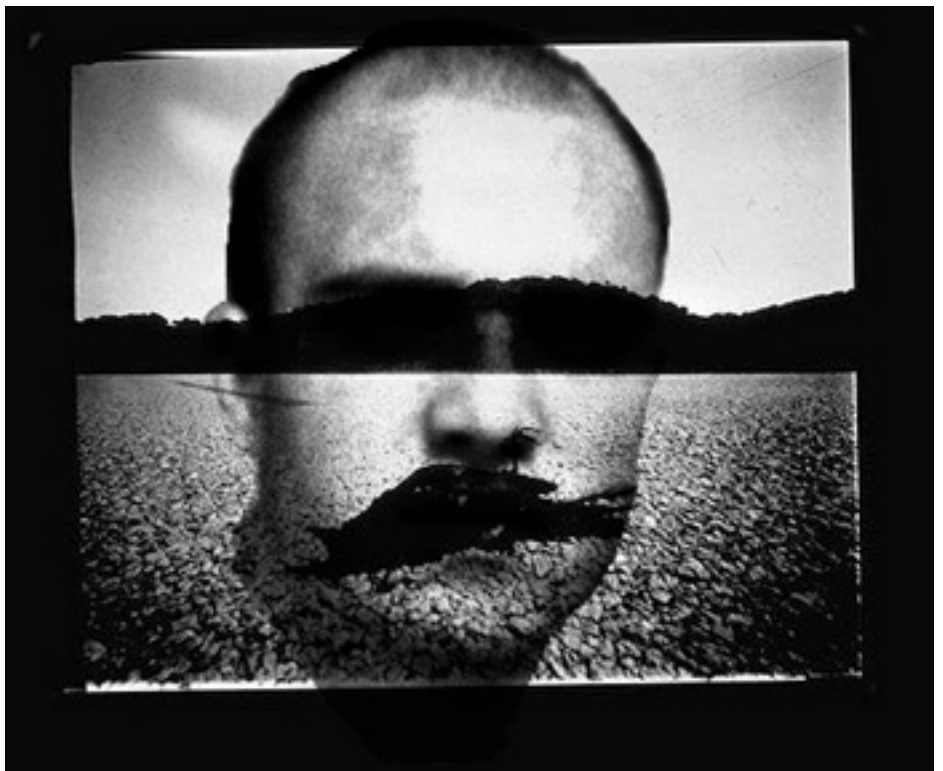
Alex: Yeah, and don't comment on the insects.

I was asked by one of my roommates to put on a CD that was "happy" and stood in front of my racks of CD's staring intently, scouring the shelves for that one hidden disc of unabashed bliss and carefree abandon.

"Hmm, no, that's got lots of anger. Oh, here we go...um, no, too guilt-wridden."

My search came up fruitless. I own over 500 CD's and I couldn't find one disc of complete happiness. Sure, there are individual tracks and even whole sides of albums (yes, there was a time when people listened to sides of an album, way back in the days of 25¢ Cokes and Commodore 64's) that have an uplifting spirit, but there's always a song thrown in to bring the mood right back down (invariably my favorite song from said album).

What is this melancholia I adore? All of the artists I listen to on a regular basis are overwrought with self-doubt, humiliation, loneliness, focused anger or blind rage. I love to wallow in the thoughts and ideas of a forlorn world seen through the eyes of self-obsessed, introspective whiners lamenting anything and everything as some kind of twisted personal tragedy. I can bring this abstraction into focus as a reality for you, by explaining that I could sum up my life with just the titles of songs from the *Smiths* catalogue (and yes, it would still begin with "Never had no



one ever" ...).

I've been told countless times that this is simply a phase that most everyone goes through; that a little happiness never hurt anyone, blah, blah, blah. Fuck Happiness for happiness' sake (Or as my friend Dan would so eloquently state, "Hope is for suckers").

Sadness fits me like an old wool sweater. It doesn't itch and provides the perfect respite from the chill of the day. I am comfortable in the drowsiness of melancholy. I'm sure that someday I'll look back on my foolishness and laugh at how short-sighted and wrapped up in my own false importantness I was. Until that day I'll continue to create self portraits full of self-mutilation and decay, revel in the sorrow of Requiem masses and fulfill physical needs through the depraved outlet of pain, my only mistress.

Maybe I've just been living with cats for too long....

The Buzz from
DONLAND
donland.base.org

PRESS RELEASE: AT THE RECENT DONWORLD 97, DONLAND SUPREME DICTATOR, DON, UNVEILED AN ALLIANCE BETWEEN DONLAND AND PUBLISHING GIANT HELL'S KITCHEN. THE ALLIANCE, WHICH SHOCKED MANY OF THE ATTENDEES OF DONWORLD 97, WAS SIGNED JUST DAYS

BEFORE THE START OF THE ANNUAL NATIONAL CELEBRATION IN DONLAND.

"WE HAVE TO LET GO OF THE NOTION THAT, IN ORDER FOR DONLAND TO WIN, HELL'S KITCHEN HAS TO LOSE," QUIPPED DON LAST WEEK.

UNDER THE TERMS OF THE AGREEMENT, STRUGGLING HOME PAGE DONLAND IS ALLOWING HELL'S KITCHEN MEMBER PUBLICATION GRACIE'S DINNERTIME THEATRE(GDT) TO REPUBLISH VARIOUS NEWS, COMMENTARY, AND OTHER MATERIALS FROM DONLAND'S BUZZ SECTION IN ITS WEEKLY PUBLICATION. IN RETURN, DONLAND RECEIVES FREE PUBLIC MEDIA ATTENTION AND, FOR WHATEVER IT'S WORTH, HELL'S KITCHEN WILL MAKE DONLAND IT'S OFFICIAL ONLINE HOMELAND.

WHILE SOME RESIDENTS OF DONLAND EXPRESSED DISAPPOINTMENT AND OUTRAGE AT THE ANNOUNCEMENT BY BOOING THE SUPREME DICTATOR'S SPEECH, MANY ANALYSTS ARE UPBEAT ABOUT THE ALLIANCE. C. DIABLO, PUBLISHER OF HELL'S KITCHEN, WAS ON HAND VIA SATELLITE TO PRAISE THE NEW ALLIANCE. "THIS MARKS A NEW ERA IN THE HISTORY OF BOTH DONLAND AND HELL'S KITCHEN."

Thtop it. Jus' thtop. What are you doing? Jus' thtop it.

"I are hooked on phonics"

In recent years public education has come under scrutiny; and why shouldn't it? The plebian school system lost its *raison d'etre* since corporal punishment was limited.[†] Gone are the days when teachers could take slackers, free thinkers, and retarded children out into the hall and beat the living BeeGeesus out of

them. Teachers, now limited to psychological torture, sleep deprivation,^f and high-power microwaves, aren't even allowed to fail students anymore...lest they damage the fragile egos of their tender, pistol-carrying wards.

Higher education should, well, for starters, be on a higher level than it is today. Public education needs a better system, faster teachers, with more arms, damnit!^Δ In order to get all that, it requires gads of cash. They could always try to get an NEA grant by calling classes a "creative happening," an exercise in absurdity if you will, but that kind of money is fleeting and fades fast—it couldn't possibly support all the public school systems across the nation. Hell, *we're* public education and are still waiting for RIT's Creative Arts Committee to finally approve the grant we sent in months ago.[√] After two years of printing they forget we exist? Oh God, the Republicans are winning! We've got to rally, guys!

Anywho.

What the educational system really needs is to start thinking in bigger terms and begin considering the bottom line. I think it's high time they cash in on public interests. The majority of the legislative bodies of our government have all kowtowed before commercialization, and it's time education got a little more greedy.

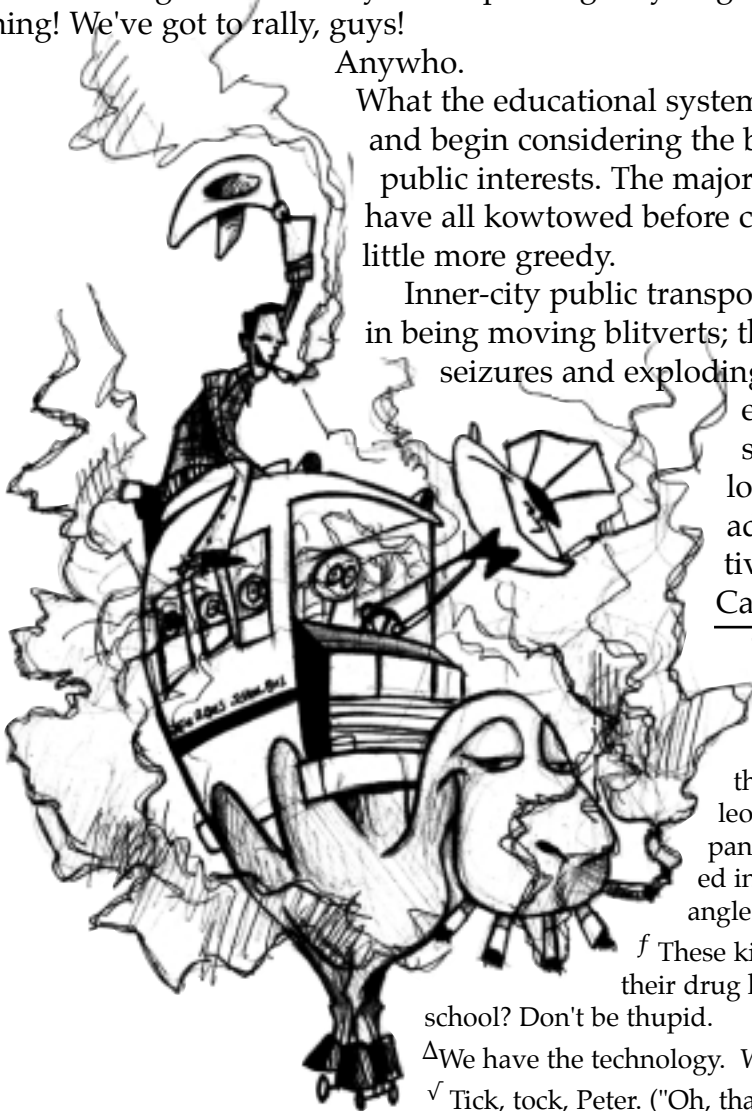
Inner-city public transport long ago recognized the inherent possibilities in being moving blitverts; they go zipping by and people are having seizures and exploding in their wake thanks to the intellectual doppler effect caused by the mind-numbing ads on their sides (the buses, not the people, stupid). The yellow behemoths of our childhood should sell advertising spaces on their sides and rear, effectively becoming Camel wagons. Just imagine Joe Camel in all his malproportioned splendor plas-

[†] The entire movement to abolish corporal punishment was waged by the little known Pink Panthers. Cool and froody, this group of lisping, fashion conscious crusaders founded in the speakeasies of San Francisco in the 1920's could be recognized by their fantabulous black leotards accessorized with a chestal pink triangle, and real panther stoles. It wasn't until the 1960's that a schism resulted in a more militant offshoot that turned its back on the triangle and leotards.

^f These kids are up all night working at Taco Bell to help support their drug habits, and then you expect them to stay awake at school? Don't be thupid.

^ΔWe have the technology. We can rebuild it.

[√] Tick, tock, Peter. ("Oh, that was supposed to be a bunny.")





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Despite rumors to the contrary, the staff meets weekly. People interested in *working* are welcome.

To send submissions and letters email gdt@iname.com or send snail-mail to GDT c/o 472 French Rd., Rochester, NY 14618. GDT reserves the right not to edit for libel and/or clarity. Don't plagiarize our material or we'll bring back the Bull Moose Party.

tered all over the outside of juvenile transportation, while the insides are packed with noisy, boisterous, nubile, young scholars...all anticipating the first day of grade K. What's that you say? Joe Camel and the Marlboro Man have been given a restraining order against being in the presence of small children?[∂] Don't worry about it. Just remember: Joe and Mr. Marlboro are only on the outside of the bus, while Junior is safely nestled inside. Kids won't see the nicotine-stained role models in the bus, although they're liable to see the Mighty Morphin Power Rangers perched above the window just to the right of Ronald McDonald's smiling mug and an old ad for Planned Parenthood, while Barney and the Burger King Kids Club tend to mope about the emergency exits.

That's only the beginning of the fun. Schools themselves would almost become paid advertisements. Gone is the era in which students, in a frenzy of school spirit, would paint a jovial mural on one wall of the school indicating the importance of school and community in any fledgling student's life (Oh, Mr. B). Now those murals are covered up...by paying customers. Nike's just bought the right to embellish the entire front of the high school with it's trademark schwing. Gap and Gitano line the walls leading to the lunchroom, which itself looks like a giant montage. With overabundant phrases on the walls spilling such pearls of wisdom as "Real food for real people," and "Soup is good food," it's no surprise that the youth are beefcake. Beefcake!

The classrooms are far more reserved than the rest of the school in that each classroom may only have one sponsor to paper its walls—with style. Back in the elementary school the kids in the first grade always enjoy a good game of "Spot the Stealth Bomber," in their room tastefully decorated by the US Armed Forces. Strapping, buff soldiers cheerily encourage the pupils to be "all they can be" while standing aloft a large tank and caressing their trusted assault rifle, Charlene, in some tropical island paradise where young native boys are at their beck and call. Phallic symbols abound....

In later years, highschool teachers have to double as announcers in the tradition of the early Soap Operas. After twenty minutes of discussion, the Ecology professor pauses to thank Mobile Oil for their generous support. Mobile Oil: working to protect endangered wetlands by drilling the crap out of them. In Earth Science, DeBeers is footing the bill, and Microsoft is coughing up the dough to sponsor the math classes and guidance counselors. "Where do you want to go today?"

Taking a more subtle route, the text books for Health are supplied by Trojan and the makers of KY Jelly (With a name like KY, it's got to be good). An entire generation of sexually expressive sluts will be convinced that if they don't use Trojan Black Ribbed Nobblers (Now with Microdots!TM) they'll be sure to catch the preppers.

Is the mere idea of corporate contributions offensive to you? RIT

[∂] "So you want to know when you should smoke a cigarette, little boy?"



and other universities have been cashing in on this idea for years. Kodak, Xerox, Microsoft, the CIA...they all give money and materials to colleges that pander to their interests. Why shouldn't the preparatory schools jump on the bandwagon? Think about it: a captive audience of intellectually and morally malleable people guaranteed to be in any of the demographics between the ages of five and eighteen. Advertisers would pay through the nose[≈] for a spot like that. It would guarantee each school system millions of dollars above what they already receive. Forget the gaudy surroundings and the totally immoral use of school children. Just remember that your children, and all of the other children, would be receiving the best education that money could buy.

[≈] Or any other orifice for that matter.



Look it up in your New Grove!

Mark Nowak

Howdy, troopers! I've been given a space to rant by the Supreme Exalted Bumvirate, so I've chosen a topic near and dear to my heart (and, by extension, the inside of my ribs): Music. First off, let me say that "Squirrel Nut Zippers" is a GREAT name for a band. It sounds like the band members got drunk one night and played the word association game until they hit upon the best three word group. Try it with your friends! Secondly, as a music major, it depresses and frustrates me to know that the average life span of a jazz musician is equal to that of a serf in twelfth century England, and that in the time it took you to read this sentence John Tesh made more money than the entire Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra did last season. So I've got a few things to get off my chest.

Since we're speaking of chests, I hope everyone realizes by now that the Spice Girls are a joke. J. S. Bach's music has remained relevant for over 200 years, but 200 days from now people will be talking of the Spice Girls with the same kind of respect and admiration normally reserved for Milli Vanilli and the Macarena. *And* they may mention the Spice Girls and Milli Vanilli together for more than just that...because if these prepackaged fluffballs are singing their own songs, then I'm willing to be Pavoratti's next mistress.

Quite frankly, I have never understood the I-have-no-accent-when-I-sing phenomenon, made famous by Olivia Newton-John in "Grease," but these Girls are extreme. Singing, they sound like diction coaches. In interviews, all I can hear is, "Freshen ya' drink, guv'-nah?"

Speaking of the Decline and Fall of Vocal Diction, one of the summer's big smash hits was "Mmm Bop", by Hanson. If you're not familiar, Hanson is a prank band comprised of three life-like Muppets put together by Henson Enterprises in an effort to reclaim the prestige and money it lost after the new, revamped Muppet Show bombed. "Mmm Bop," if you're not familiar, is a song featuring no actual words, and was perhaps inspired by an informal conversation Frank Oz had with a drunk on the subway. I imagine it went something like this:

Drunk: Ahma jus widdle flinkin goda nohn. Maka ham ida plinky mista goes

Frank Oz: Mmmm...

(*Subway train hitting a bump*): BOP!

This freedom from the heavy burden of lyrics (although the New York Transit Authority got a writing credit, which I thought was a nice gesture) allowed the Henson crew to focus their energies into the demanding and delicate task of rehashing the same song nine or ten times to make an album. Which they succeeded at admirably...if you've heard the second single off the record. Now, to be fair, some classical composers made whole careers out of rehashing the same stuff. The standard joke in music school is that Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741, Italian composer of the Baroque era) didn't write 500 concertos; he wrote the same concerto 500 times. But at least he kept writing a great piece of music again and again, one that has stood the test of time until this very day, to be ripped off by the DeBeers people in their damn "You just finished paying off the ring, time for the necklace!" commercials.

Next time, some bitching about the unspoken vocal diction double standard that exists in American music, as well as a frank and earnest discussion of my favorite type of Diction Impairment, Jamaican reggae rap.

Americana

Recently back from Bulgaria, Christopher Lane returns to share tales of Americana, with a little fear and loathing thrown in. But don't fear! Our agents are recruiting Bulgarians to fill-in as foreign correspondents.

JUNE 6TH, 1997–

It's D-Day.

I can still feel Bulgaria in the pit of my stomach as I walk through the Austin airport, out into the sensual, sweaty air of a warm Texas night. The next day, I'm heading into a huge grocery superstore to get supplies for my summer apartment. The shelves are jammed with products and it takes me five minutes to choose from the 75 different brands of soap because I'm not used to having more than two choices. In the produce section, fruit is stacked so high I realize that half of it is going to be crushed just to keep up the idea of unlimited supply.

Dazed by an overload of signs, labels, oversaturated colors and the staggering vision of fat people (nowhere else in the world will you find so many people so horrifyingly overweight as in this country), I find myself wandering confused and slackjawed through the aisles, like a child in shell-shock. Stopping to find out what they put in cranapple juice, I'm jammed against the aisle by two women adamant about pushing their carts past each other. The PA pipes along about specials in the butcher shop and the air is filled with a disorienting stench of chemical-rich cleaning products. Concentrating on the label, I read it back to myself: "Cranberry juice, water, apple juice, high-fructose corn syrup, pork sausage, sodium sorbate, natural flavors and preservatives."

Beaten and confused, I leave the store with a small sack of fruit and soap. Scurrying to my car, I wonder why my eyes feel so overwhelmed by the information-dense landscape.

America again.

That night I dream of Maggi. She's standing on the platform in Sofia Centralna station, holding my hand out the train window. The train pulls away slowly while her eyes fill with tears. My hand is pulled away from her, and she stands silent, eyes flushed and her face a brittle mask for what's screaming beneath it all. The train seems

to move in slow motion and I watch her leave me in reverse for hours.

Maggi! You'll always be the best part of a dream I left behind...

JUNE 29TH, 1997–

Driving home from a late movie, I see a sight that has always fascinated me: a huge highway interchange. A great coiling tangle of concrete which holds the skyline like some terrifying ancient ruin. Hot-lit in sodium vapour flood-lights, it's an alien shape in a coldly spotless world of glowing signs, dark streets and parked cars. The air is warm and still, and after parking the car by the side of the highway, only the swish of a few passing cars brings any wind through the open window.

I wonder what Maggi would think if she could see it. The William Orbit tape drones along and my evening shave remains smooth to fingertips. The concrete superstructure is suddenly symbolic of everything that is so different about these two cultures. One day there may be supermarkets and computerized checkouts in Bulgaria. But there will never be highways that stretch across the sky like angry serpents.

I'm still not sure if I'm glad to be back home. Sometimes America seems like a delusion.

AUGUST 7TH, 1997–

In the midst of a long horrendous drive across the New Mexico desert, I stop the car on a small overlook that is filled by a sweeping view of mesas, blue sky and incredible clouds. The sun is a hammer, and the air is dry and unforgiving.

Slipping off my clothes I can feel moisture being sucked from me by the merciless environment. My camera is perched on the hood, set on a timer. Ass to the camera, in the middle of the long, snaky highway, I bask in the heat, waiting for the "shloop-click" of the shutter. The sun and sky make time stretch out and my mind is crowded with memories of a childhood under these huge Western skies.

"Shloop-Click" says the camera.

I was wrong. I still love this country. And my heart will always return to the deserts and blue skies of America.

Attic Inferno

-Alex Whitman



OK. So, like, two years ago I was at Thanksgiving at my aunt's house in Massachusetts and I have this other aunt I love to shop with cause she loves to shop almost as much as me.

And the rest of the family can't deal with shopping with either one of us.

So we went shopping.

And, ok: We're at the mall

and I see this Kenneth Cole store. And I needed shoes but I wasn't really going to buy shoes 'cause I can't afford shoes. So I saw this pair of shoes that were shiny black. And, like, I'm a little bird: I'm attracted to anything shiny. I'm like, "Must have these shoes." So. But they were like super expens-
(The phone rings.)

Phone. Phone. Phone. Tell'um to go away.

(Someone answers the phone.)

So, ok. I try them on, and my aunt's like, "Oh, Kenneth Cole.... These are the best shoes ever." So, I buy the shoes; I'm all happy; I go home. And of course since I buy my own Christmas presents I find someone to reimburse me for them. So I didn't really buy them entirely. Only a little bit.

So I'm wearing them. And they are true items of beauty. And, ah, like, the patch in back starts to crack, and I'm like, "Ok, well, I'm too lazy to do anything about it." But then the sole starts to rip, and I'm like, "This is absurd. Shoes that cost this much...we really should have quality."

So I call the company and they're like, "No. You have to go back to the store you bought them in and return them." And I'm like, "The store's nine hours away. I'm not going to drive there to return a pair of shoes." And she's like, "Did you charge them?" And I'm like, "Yeah." And she's like, "Well, call your credit card and they'll tell you where you bought it whatever, whatever." But I didn't even know what card I charged it on, and I wasn't about to look it up. So I got mad and hung up. Then I called them back again

after and I'm like, "This is stupid. I'm not driving to the store." So they had me send them to their headquarters in Jerrrrzzzey.

They kept them for, like, four months. And finally they were like, "Well, we're fixing them," and they sent them back with this crappy glue on them.

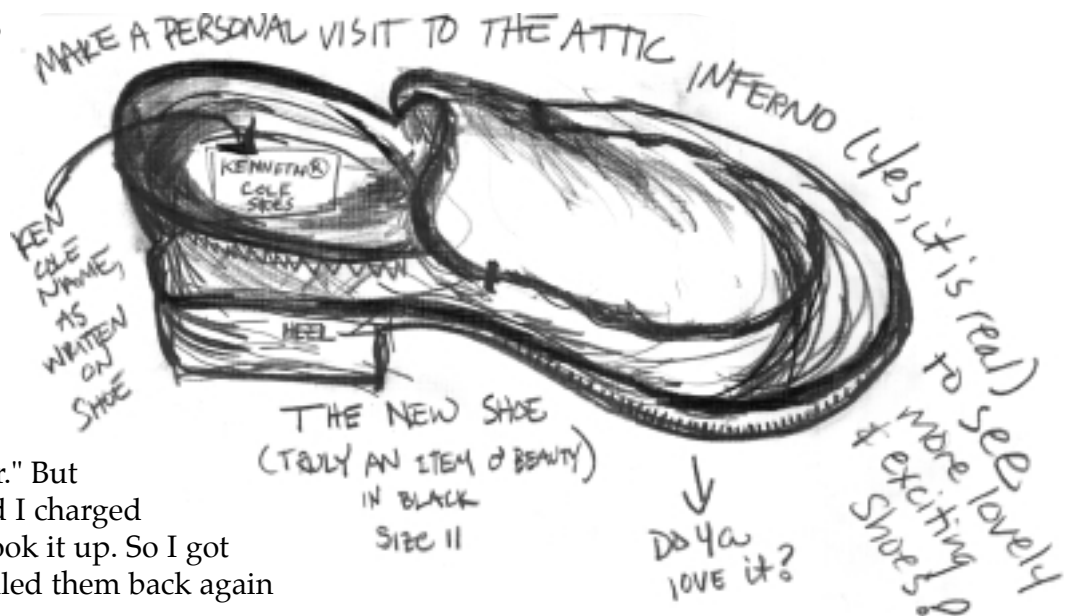
Two weeks later they fell apart, and like, the whole sole fell off. And shoes that cost \$150 shouldn't fall apart like that. I've had shoes like that that lasted 4 years. That's why you spend \$150 on shoes.

So I called them back again. And I yelled at them. And I said, "Shoes that cost this much shouldn't fall apart." She's like, "Write a letter to the President." And I said, "I think I will." So I got his address and I sent the shoes back, and they're like, "Oh. These *are* defective."

But they didn't have any shoes left, and I loved that pair of shoes, and that's all I wanted. So they sent me a credit for any pair of shoes up to a certain amount of money, whatever, whatever, and a catalog. And all the shoes in the catalog just were not what I wanted. And the only pair of shoes I wanted were some golf shoes...that weren't in my size. My feet are bigger than most people's.

I didn't order anything. Then I get the next catalog. This took, like, four months. Finally I ordered another pair of shoes. And I'm waiting, and waiting, and they finally came. The UPS man delivered them and I told him the whole shoe story I'm telling you now. He's like, "Uh-huh. Ok. Thanks," and left. So I'm so excited to have them, and I have them.

Ya' love'um?



IN THE INTERESTS OF BETTER RELATIONS WITH THE MEMBER AND INITIATE PUBLICATIONS OF HELL'S KITCHEN, GDT OFFERS THIS PAGE OF ANGST AS A TRANSITION INTO THE MELANCHOLY HOMEWRECKER. TO START THINGS OFF, WELCOME GDT'S OWN LITTLE BALL OF NEUROSES, HEATHER DANIELSON!

Heather's name should never have an exclamation mark after it

Moral Elitism

Heather Danielson

Lately I have had random, passing thoughts questioning why I live my life by some of the standards and rules I do. I wonder whether I follow the rules simply because I have been doing just that for so many years, or if there are valid reasons somewhere in my head, and how much weight those reasons have. I have never tried drinking, smoking, or taking drugs. I suppose that during high school that may have been due to lack of exposure. Very few of the people I spent time with did those things or at least did them rarely.

As long as I can remember I have thought of those habits as self-detrimental, childish, and just plain stupid. I am definitely not tempted to try cigarette smoking. Most of the people I know who are smokers want to quit and don't gain anything from smoking...other than respite from nicotine withdrawal. I do find myself curious

about alcohol and some drugs. When used in moderation the things I am interested in don't appear to be detrimental. Also, isn't it childish to refuse to try new things, since I don't even know what they are like? Yet I think that I would be sacrificing some of my self-respect if I allowed myself to have some of these experiences. I can understand why I don't approve of abuse of these substances, but what is wrong with moderate consumption periodically to enjoy altered sensations? It's not like my parents preached at me and beat these beliefs through my still soft skull into my unformed brain, or like they abused these substances and I am attempting to avoid repeating their fate. At this point in my life I enjoy being able to say I don't drink (and never have aside from sips of coffee brandy with milk and Bud from my parents when I was little) and don't do drugs or smoke except second hand. It provides me with a

sense of accomplishment and some notoriety, especially since I have been working at a bar for more than a year.

I think that fear may play a part in my continued abstinence. I fear addiction (at least while looking at myself from inside my head, I seem to have a moderately addictive personality). I fear doing things that may cause me to lose respect for myself. My inhibitions are few enough and I am satisfied with the things I will and won't let myself do and have the courage to do. I'm very afraid of surrendering the reins of control in my life, but I feel that loosening my white knuckled grip could be beneficial. Even with this collection of fears, I still contemplate trying, but no reason seems monumental enough or just plain strong enough to get me to change the way I have lived the first 22 years of my life. Still, I feel that I may be denying myself some pleasure to be able to stand on my moral high ground...alone.

Personal Ads

This is a real personal ad. Interested parties please respond to gdt@iname.com

WHINEY BP SG F, POSSIBLY WITH TB, FREQUENTLY FOUND WSP. ISO M FOR RB WHO KNOWS MANY PT AND MUST BE ABLE TO WIF DESPONDENT F.

Send personal ads to: Personal Ads c/o: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, 472 French Rd., Rochester NY 14618 or gdt@iname.com

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Legend:

- A - Asian
- B - Black
- BP - Bipolar
- C - Circumsized
- D - Divorced
- EM - Electronic Mail
- F - Female
- FL - Feline Leukemia
- ISO - In Search Of
- LTS - Little Teapot Song
- M - Male
- MEYRC - Maximum Expansion of Your Rectal Cavity
- NOK - Next of Kin
- OCD - Obscenely Co-dependent
- OW - Off White
- P - Perryvail
- PT - Parlor Tricks
- PCOC - Pitching Children Out of Cars
- PWE - Previous Work Experience
- RB - Reciprocal Biting
- SG - Slightly Green
- TB - Tuberculosis
- TBMJ - The Brunt of My Jokes
- TH - Top Heavy
- USPSWWO - United States Postal Service Worker With Oozie
- W - White
- WIF - Whip Into Frenzy
- WSP - Wallowing in Self Pity

Tibetans in Outer Space

"Planets are smarter than astronomers because planets can solve the three-body problem."

In case you've been in a cave, on Mars, contemplating Yogi and Flattop, with the grizzled sounds of the late Kurt Cobain drowning out the vibrations from that shiny blue ball up there in the sky (Earth, you dummy. Remember, you're in a cave on Mars listening to "Smells Like Teen Spirit"), I'm sure you're aware that China has regained control of Hong Kong.

To the British, the loss of Hong Kong officially ends their Dominion. No longer can it be said that the sun never sets on the British Empire.[†] Quite to the contrary, England has been forced to purchase a night light. Even on its own little island-Kingdom the disintegration continues as the Scots, Welsh, the two literate blokes in Sussex, and of course the Irish, bicker and rail against the Monarchy,^Δ fast making the United Kingdom an oxymoron.

Meanwhile, their royal Highnesses are busy sleeping around, causing scandals, and otherwise cracking a smile as often as Jesus changed his knappy. Any respectability left in the British Royalty's gene pool bugged off with Edward VIII when he abdicated the throne for love of a commoner. How can *that* compare to the pompous wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Diana? Even the writers of "Airwolf" knew that divorce was imminent.

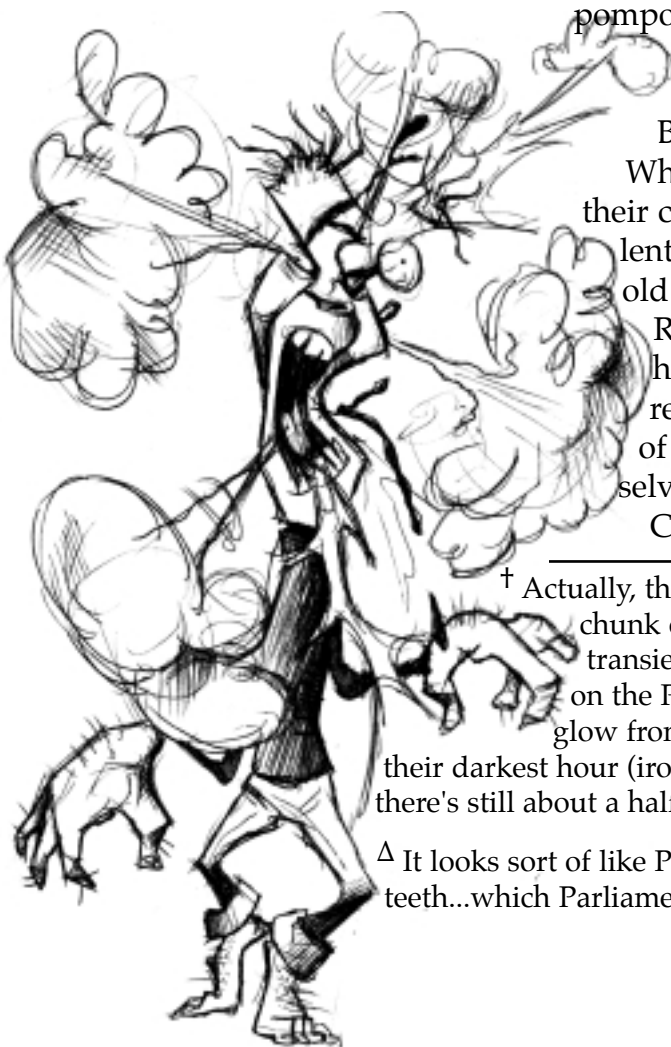
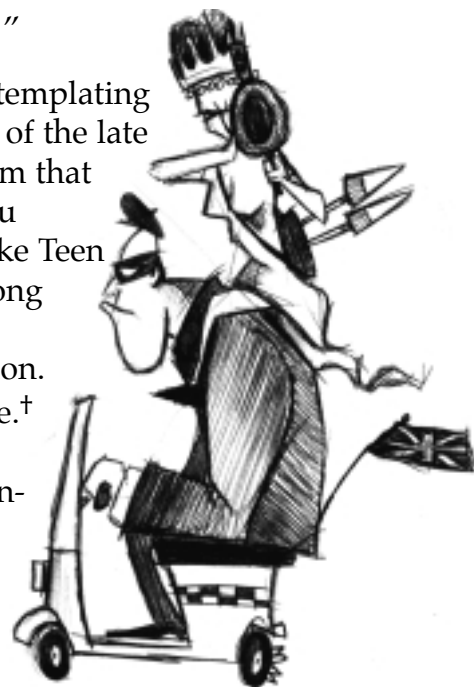
Back to the point, such as it is.

While Imperialism wanes among European powers and their cowboy cousins across the pond, the national equivalents of Johnny Come-Latelies are picking up where their old overlords left off. Hell, even the Evil Empire of Ayn Rand's goldenboy (God, wouldn't I like to smack her) has gone the way of tinkle-down economics and reverted back to its numerous separate countries...most of whom are more interested in fighting with themselves than anything else.

China, behind the times for the past few centuries due

[†] Actually, the British "Empire" is still open 24-7 but they've lost a good chunk of their electronic and Thai food departments. Between the transiently inhabited islands in the Indian Ocean and the 56 folks on the Pitcairn Islands (shall I name them all?), there is a 24 hour glow from the bright burning incandescent ball in the sky. Even in their darkest hour (ironically, on the longest day for Mother England), June 21, there's still about a half hour when those little colonies share the sun.

^Δ It looks sort of like Parliament on a rowdy day, except with scones and bad teeth...which Parliament also has.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Despite rumors to the contrary, the staff meets weekly to go over material, discuss future plans, and work on material in-progress.

To send submissions and letters email gdt@iname.com or send snail-mail to GDT c/o 472 French Rd., Rochester, NY 14618. GDT reserves the right not to edit for libel and/or clarity. Don't plagiarize our material or we'll make you do lay-out...again.

to the convoluted nature in which their original incense clocks[∂] mapped to Greenwich Mean Time (the poor yellow bastards inadvertently misplaced a few centuries and dropped the ball with explosives. *Now* imperialism's cool? As if! That's *so* last century! This century everything is internal turmoil. God! Get with the program. What's the next thing they're going to completely ignore until it's day is past, jams and grunge?), is just now reaching its stride and finding out how much fun it can be to overrun neighbors and forge an empire on the wormy bodies of their dead children.

Go China!

Now that North Korea is starving itself to death and planning on a massive nuclear strike against the South in an attitude of, "Yeah, I'm dying...but I'm feeling rather peckish today," China can really come into its own as the last bastion of sweatshops, pantsuits and down to earth hard-core Communist dogma. Where the United States of America, and MCC, have the Monroe Doctrine to justify their annexation of all the land they could get their grubby little mitts on from sea to oily sea, the Communists have the philosophy of Marx, Engels, and Mao guiding them...but since all these buggers are silly foreigners,[¥] no one listens to them anyway. Still, given the inevitable proletariat revolution that will sweep across the globe any day now, its only logical for China to be interested in regaining territory that either was or (they believed) should have been theirs.

Typically chalked up to xenophobia and general bullyship, what isn't taken into account when examining China's foreign policies is the notoriousness of the Communists for their five year plans. Unlike most human organizations (with the exception of Secret Societies, which have the unnerving tenancy to think in terms of centuries when planning. The bastards are like Asimov's Second Foundation) that are interested only in a quarter's profits or current opinion polls, the Communists have shown their mettle in planning for the future. In one shining example of Soviet ingenuity under Stalin, the bread lines were perfected in a scant half decade. In a close second for planning is Pol Pot: now there was a mass murderer with vision.

When the Chinese Army liberated Tibet from itself on 7 October 1950 AD, they were planning something so grand it dumfounds the imagination. Their recent reacquisition of Hong Kong and their saber rattling over the Diaoyutai Islands (covered at high tide and, incidentally, the first region to produce wet-look-knit-wear) are sim-

[∂] Invented in 1073 AD, the incense clock tied in nicely to the early 20th century Relativity Theories where, in four dimensional space, the burning of the incense works in a linear fashion consistent with the fourth dimension of time, hence allowing complex theories to be developed. More complex, I might add, than you can understand.

[¥] Alternate ending to sentence: "...none of our readers know who the hell they are anyway."

ply continuations of their plan.

You see, on the eve of the Communist victory against the Guomindang and the founding of the People's Republic of China, Mao Zedong had a vision.[†] Well educated and well read in the emerging genera of speculative fiction from the decadent Capitalist countries, Mao could foresee a time, far after his death, when the Chinese would be among the stars in tight spandex minis. With this vision to guide him, years before the CCCP and the USA began their race to put primates in orbit, the People's Republic of China began its long range plans to send its people to the stars.

<star trek fight music>

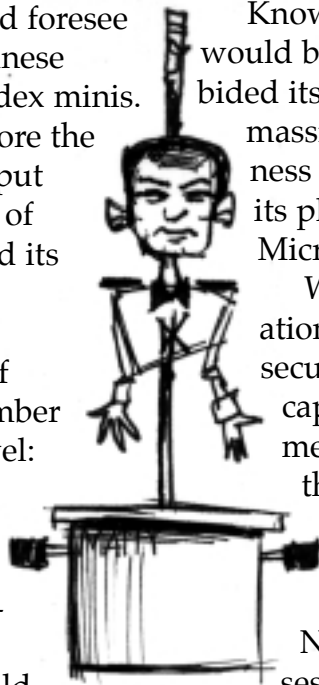
Their first step was the annexation of Tibet. Though this seems useless, remember the underlying problem with space travel: long distances. In the absence of being able to travel very fast, tesser, or have enough in-flight movies to last for centuries...or at least enough movie theatre popcorn, the Chinese opted for recruiting from the few people who could survive the trips without the popcorn.

</star trek fight music>

World renowned for their ability to induce death-like meditative states where their metabolism slows to a crawl, Tibetan Yogis now form the core of the Chinese space program. The Dali Lama, on the lamb, has attempted to organize an American training school at NASA as part of America's deterrence policy, but potential American Yogi's tend to bomb out after reaching Zen 101.^Δ

[†] Nope. They don't only happen to Christian Saints.

^Δ In one spectacular case, Victor Prince, a bright candidate for Yogiship, had his head explode as he tried to imagine what silence looked like. This is an extreme reaction, but is not unheard of in people who have been trained in engineering and mathematics. Thankfully, to most applicants, the sound of one hand clapping is "cla."



To provide an excuse for sending Chinese to the heavens, the Chinese government began a program to raise the population beyond all logical limits. Today, there are over a billion Chinese; quite a sizable population to draw potential colonization fleets from....

Knowing that Hong Kong under the British would become a technological island, China bided its time. With its return, coupled with its massive computer software pirating business on the mainland, China's ready to take its place as the national version of Microsoft.

With its juggernaut program fully operational and its technological abilities secured, China has been concerned with its capsule recovery program. With the aforementioned population mega-explosion, there is little space for extensive landing sites. Unwilling to copy the Soviet recipe for cosmonaut pate, and rejecting the Rube Goldberg technology of NASA, the Chinese plan on taking possession of the Diaoyutai Islands and having splashdowns reminiscent of NASA's Mercury Spam-in-a-can™ program.

In the next ten years China will have secured all the land and resources necessary to begin sending its people into space. And with a surplus like they have, its no big feat to imagine they won't be too worried about losses. Their attempt to find Alice Cramdon on Luna failed? Well, send up a new batch to try again. Kill all you want, we'll make more.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Wants to Hear From You!

Hey, if you don't let us know what you like, we "Can't sock it to the Man!" Drop us a line and let us know what it is that you think!

**Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to gdt@iname.com or
GDT c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618**

Americana

Recently back from Bulgaria, Christopher Lane returns to share tales of Americana, with a little fear and loathing thrown in.

September 7th, 1997 –

It's been a long, long day of garage saling, moving, grunting, and window watching. The angelic man who is Mike has strained, pushed and perused with me all day. My new apartment is now half full of furniture and we've enjoyed the couch futon for our post-grunting pints of Guinness (when your friends help you garage sale ALL DAY, you should always buy the most expensive beer on the shelf for a kind compensation).

Now a misty fog has dropped over Mt. Hope, and we've taken to wandering melancholy through the necropolis in our post three pint daze. Frederick Douglas remains elusive (where the *@%! did they bury that crotchety old revolutionary?), and the heavy dew has turned our brown leather clods into sippy, mobile puddles. Without any reasonable idea of navigation we come to the rise of a small hill that overlooks a choked valley filled with ancient stones.

"Let's throw my garage sale baseball..." chuckles Mike.

Somewhere in whatever heaven is, Buddha rubs his belly and giggles, pointing out the sheer Zen Lunacy of the idea to a pathetically pale old man who's temples bleed incessantly. The old man digs a tiny riding crop out of his blonde beard and begins the slow, monotonous task of lashing himself mercilessly to forgive the universe for the sins of young men who would be so foolish as to play baseball in a cemetery.

Guinness not being famously conducive to sports activity, the missed balls lead us deeper into the groves of old stones; Mike always chuckling and me rubbing the drizzle off my skull. A long overthrown toss leads us round a sharp corner in one of the roads to find a small red car that gently rocks in a soothing, organic tempo.

Rounding the far side of the car we hear a giggle then see a girl. Really, a real grrrrrrrl, one to make the boys whimper and coo, the kind of girl that haunts the waking minutes spent under warm covers contemplating dawn. She's scrambling into a dress, but we're flashed the garters, stockings, and lacy things. Mike is cata-tonic until I yank the Nikon off his neck, but it's too late and she's scrabbling to her feet, grinning.

She stands there for a moment, looking at the camera, thinking she's been photographed while trying to get into her dress. A low, animal purr, and she cocks her hips.

"Niiiiiiiice."

Mike and I spent the rest of our afternoon bouncing our baseball off the granite tits of cemetery angels.

CORRECTIONS:

SOMETIMES WE DON'T DO ENOUGH RESEARCH FOR OUR ARTICLES AND WE MAKE A MISTAKE. IN VOLUME 8, ISSUE 2, WE PRINTED, "...WHAT WOULD THE KURDS DO IF TURKEY AND IRAN WERE TO GRANT THEM INDEPEN-DENCE...BESIDES BE LAND LOCKED AND HAVE NO EXPORTS." A CRITIC WAS QUICK TO POINT OUT THAT THE KURDS ARE NOT LAND-LOCKED. WELL, HE'S ABSOLUTELY CORRECT! USING THE MAXIM "THE KURDS END WHERE THE MOUNTAINS END," THE AREA OF WHAT COULD LOOSELY BE CALLED KURDISTAN HAS A STRETCH OF APPROXIMATELY 20 MILES OF OCEAN VIEW PROPERTY SITTING ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

WE ENCOURAGE ALL OUR READERS AND CRITICS TO BE QUICK AND POINT OUT ERRORS THAT WE MAKE IN OUR FACTS. PLEASE REFRAIN FROM COMMENTING ON GRAMMAR AND SPELLING: WE ARE ALREADY AWARE OF THOSE PROBLEMS. IF WE PRINT SOMETHING INCORRECT OUT OF IGNORANCE, WE'RE NOT ABOVE ADMITTING IT.

Live and Learn and Pass It On: A Critical Review

I've learned that Mom is always right.
...when she's on Top. -Age 18

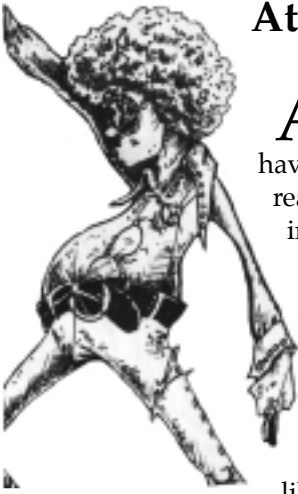
I've learned that a ^{ball gag} ~~smile~~ is never wasted
when on a date with a leprous midget. -Age 18

I've learned that the easiest way to bridge the ~~generation~~ gap with teenagers is with ~~spaghetti and bread sticks!~~

margarine, a Turkey baster, and a vat of sea monkeys! -Age 56

Attic Inferno

-Alex Whitman



All right, so like yesterday I had to move my car because we have alternating parking. But I didn't really have to move my car, I parked in the driveway. I had to go to work early. So I had to make sure my car was on the street, because I didn't want to get parked in. You know, because no one really wants to be woken up at five in the morning to move their car if I could have moved my car, like, last night.

So I went to move my car, and there I see Priscilla Cat of Trailer (proper name) at the door. So I'm like, "Wow, she wants to go outside." So I said, "Trailer Cat" – Trailer Cat for short. Priscilla Cat, Queen of the Trailer is a lot to say all of the time. So we go out to move the car. She's all excited because you know we're going outside. She never gets to go outside. She's an indoor cat. Hence, you know, not...going...outside (Come on people. Keep up with me here). So, okay, we get in the car and she's a little nervous. She's only been in her cat carrier with side kick Arnold. But I turn on the car, she's looking out the window, and her tail is a little poofed. That's not that bad. Reversing—she's in control, She's not under the brake pedals, or any other pedals. There are three of them—if you're wondering. And okay, we're in the car, whatever, whatever. Tchoo, tchoo tchoo. Okay we get to the parking spot, and everything is good. But you know, the car has a short, so I have to disconnect the battery before I turn it off so I don't have the lights staying on. So that's a big problem.

So I have to leave her in the car. And she thinks I'm leaving her behind, she's like, "Merow (Impatient). Don't leave me." And she's all upset, because I have to like close the door and she's in the car, and I'm not in the car. And we're not in the house. This is very unfamiliar to her. So I'm out there disconnecting the battery, and then I decide it needs a little oil. Because as usual we're (royal we) low on oil. So I'm putting some oil in. And she's at the window meowing. And these kids across the street are like, "Wow, look there's a cat. She's leaving her in the car." I'm like, "No I'm not leaving her in the car, I have to check the oil."

And they're like, "Oh, she's fat. Wow, look at that fat cat." And I'm like, "It's not a fat cat, she's big boned." They didn't actually call her fat, they said she was big. But I knew what they meant. She sort of has a big belly. So...you know, then I picked her up and we went back inside. And she wasn't very happy, she was like all squiggly, ready to get to the ground. But I couldn't put her down because it was outside. And then we went inside and she was all happy. And, umm, now she doesn't want to go outside anymore.

And I'm thinking outside would have been a good experience, you know broaden her horizons, they're very small, she's has three floors plus the Inferno to run around on.

That's not such a big amount of territory. But, you know, we'll take little baby steps.

So I'm thinking next time maybe we can take Arnold, but he doesn't really like being in the car. Because, you know, when we go to the vet, he's in the cat carrier with Trailer Cat. And he sticks his paw out, then we have to hold paws. And it's really hard to shift when you're holding paws. But he meows if you don't hold paws, because he's all nervous. Because, you know, he was a stray when he was found. And he was on Lyle Avenue and the little kids were shooting bee-bees at him. So he had a big time of adjustment, because Trailer Cat beat the shit out of him for so long. She didn't like him, I didn't think she would be so territorial. It was in this four hundred square foot trailer. You know, she's lonely, she doesn't go anywhere. My neighbors live in each and she doesn't go anywhere else. So, you know, he had this rough adjustment period. He just sat on my trail...tra.. trail...er's hard to say. I'm talking to myself here.

So he sat in my chair, and he didn't move. He didn't play, he didn't eat, he didn't clean himself. She slept in the cat box, so he couldn't use the cat box. That's pretty territorial. I was very worried, then one day they started to play. Which was lucky, because I was about to give him away the next day. So, I'm thinking that, you know, the car ride would be really traumatic for him. He's a wuss. He's very non-confrontational. He doesn't even fight with Alley. She hisses at him, he runs away. Alley is another cat. Not a person. 'nuther story.

So, you know, the car ride probably wouldn't be so good for Arnold. But he might enjoy it, you might see a new side of him. You never know. Yeah, that would be good.



Look it up in your New Grove!

Mark Nowak

Before I begin this week's very important topic (which is, coincidentally, last week's very important topic), I feel I must reply to the virulent attacks on the martyred Princess Diana that recently appeared in these pages via the keyboard of one Sean Hammond. The simple fact is, dear readers, that Sean has always had an extra-special fondness for Prince Charles. It may be the ears, it may be that he has a permanent manly aura of horse, sweat, and leather about him, but whatever the reason, something shriveled up and turned ash gray inside of Sean on that fateful day when Lady Diana Spenser became the Princess of Wales. It was a blow he never seemed to get over. How many countless times have staffers shown up for GDT meetings, only to be greeted by Sean in full royal gown and tiara, insisting in falsetto that "I am the Princess!"? But the day the fearful world woke up to the news of Diana's death? Well, down in Whoville they say, Sean's heart grew *three* sizes that day!

Diction, in case you didn't gather from last week, is defined in my *Funk & Wagnalls* as "enunciation." So then you have to look up "enunciation," which is defined as "to pronounce words with distinct articulation." We have already discussed serious transgressions of diction in the form of Hanson last week. Possibly you said to yourself, "Well, I heard 'Mmm-bop' and I understood the words," in which case I strongly suggest you stick it because you were listening to 98PXY and they only play five songs in rotation all day. If I heard the same damn song at 20 minute intervals I could figure out the words soon enough too, but I'd rather make up my own lyrics and try to rhyme challenging things like "colon." "Going bowlin'" works well, I've found.

*Some places are bad to have a spastic colon,
like at a wake or when you're going bowlin'.*

Mmm-bop, bop, bop, mmm...

But what really gets my goat (rhymes with "build a moat") is the terrible double standard in American music today. Staple FM bands can get away with the language equivalent of manslaughter—Mick Jagger has made a career out of it—but jazz

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 6
singers who use nonsense syllables in a purposeful, artistic way are scorned like the proverbial leper in the chicken coop. I'm not sure what proverb that's from, but the point is these people are spontaneously creating melodies on a complex rhythmic and harmonic level, not just slurring their speech to pop formulas. Yet people hate people who scat sing. My dad, for example, detests scat singing. As far as he's concerned, the singer should sing the melody and then GET THE HELL OUT OF THE WAY! Enough of this "bee-dop-a-zwee-zwee-zwee" horseshit. He also will listen to a polka station until *and after* the signal degrades so badly that only cosmic background radiation is audible, so maybe he's a bad example. But ordinary people can't get away with it either. I scat sing in the car, and my girlfriend turns on the radio. Loud. To 98PXY. Editor #1 scat sings and becomes subject to Evil Death Glares from Editor #2. And just forget about it on the bus. I think this phenomenon goes past scat singing, though. People hate people who scat sing because the singers radiate a bubbly, carefree happiness, and people hate that.

"What are you so carefree about, damnit?" they say.
"Why don't you listen to a Cure album?"

I do have a certain fondness for one type of diction impairment, however. Like the esquilax, Jamaican reggae rap is wonderful because it is so blatant as to be ridiculous. My only experience with this form comes from being stopped next to Souped-Up Radio Cars at red lights. You know, the cars where the back speakers have been replaced by actual Marshall stacks? During the summer these concerts on wheels assault us with music featuring a steady, undulating reggae beat and a rapper who is extremely careful to articulate the last word of a line and equally careful to render all the other words unintelligible. The results can only be approximated in print:

**Hahbah gotty itcha baygee toobee toobee car,
Raja hama flingy ippy yada mak too far.**

Jump up and down as you
scream the lyrics and you get the
general idea. Try it on the bus!



MARILYN HANSON'S



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, 1997

EVEN SATAN SMILES WORLD TOUR

FEATURES "TTTTTTT-
BOP" ...PLAYED BACKWARD SO
YOU CAN UNDERSTAND IT!

This summer I was fortunate enough to pass through Wisconsin while on a cross-country road trip. Wisconsin—where else can you find a store called "Cheese and Fireworks?" The two major sources of happiness together under one rooftop. Ahhh, cheese and explosives. What do these seemingly unrelated items have in common? Let the following logical proof illustrate:

1. *Some cheese comes from goats*
 2. *Some goats explode*
-
- ∴ some cheese is explosive*

OK. So now we all know why I got a C in logic. Maybe the connection is known only to Wisconsin locals. Maybe it's a mystery, kind of like the cornbread at ChiChi's. I think some questions can never be answered, like why New Jersey

has five area codes and why I keep having that nightmare about Dean Burgett hitting my head with a bright yellow frisbee. The answer to all of these questions (along with the mystery of cheese) probably lies somewhere in the bowels of Wisconsin. I'm afraid that I can't contribute to this blossoming field of knowledge because a two hour stop in Madison doesn't qualify as a significant sample of participant-observation research. In fact, the more I think about it, forget midget colonies. I think I smell doctorate theses!



One of the many randomly placed roadside "Cheese" signs.

WARNING: THE FOLLOWING IS A STEREOTYPE. COVER YOUR EARS.

You don't have to be an English major to write! GDT's three year study indicates that individuals with strong science backgrounds are more willing to begin writing, work well with deadlines, and are more likely to follow through on ideas than people concentrating in the Humanities and Arts.

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Any responses to ads will be printed in future issues.

Legend:

- | | |
|------------------------|--|
| F - Female | LTS - Little Teapot Song |
| B - Black | NOK - Next of Kin |
| C - Circumsized | OCD - Obscenely Co-Dependent |
| D - Divorced | PWM - Post Workout Massage |
| F - Female | FPM - Flesh Pillow Masseur |
| M - Male | WIF - Whip Into Frenzy |
| P - Perryvail | TOLS - Tattoo On Left Shoulder |
| W - White | PCOC - Pitching Children Out of Cars |
| EM - Electronic Mail | TBMJ - The Brunt of My Jokes |
| GC - Greese Covered | CWBM - Cold Winter Bed Warming |
| FL - Feline Leukemia | USPSWWO - United States Postal Service Worker With Oozie |
| OW - Off White | |
| UC - Under Car | |
| PG - Piercing Genitals | |
| TB - Tuberculosis | |
| TH - Top Heavy | |
| ISO - In Search Of | |

GC M with TOLS often found UC and PG, ISO FPM for CWBW and PWM. Must be willing to travel.



Definitions

"It's a damned poor mind that can only think of one way to spell a word."

Anal spike - 1.) The light-weight portable seats people use at golf tournaments. 2.) A generic word for any painfully endowed objects such as hedgehogs, glass shards, and sodium hydroxide gelcap suppositories (smooth going in, bloody coming out) that one might be induced to gently maneuver into one's own anus.[†]

Adel Vice - Craftsman Sphincta-Grips™.[∂]

Ancient - Back when people were wrong most of the time. ex. Ancient Chinese secret...?

Chile con corpus - Chile with either big pieces of meat, or many books.

Cleptocracy - A rule by theft.

Duenna - You can find it in the dictionary, but only if you have a really big or very old dictionary. It's another word for "Governess."

Editrix - 1.) A Female editor. Local examples include Kelly Harsch of RIT's *Reporter Magazine* and Dixie McCartney of the UofR's *Norm*. 2.) S and M Editing (a subsidiary of Hell's Kitchen). Example: the Sean and Kelly show.

The Grim Beeper - Death's way of notifying the busy businessman that he's been existentially downsized. Funnily enough, they always call him back.

Home - Correct way to refer to a group of old people. Usage: "a home of old people."

Human Embolism - A big clot of people usually, located in the vicinity of malls around discount tables.

Kojak Reruns - The most powerful sedative known to man.

Maladdiction - Not even able to have an addiction correctly; Usage: "a common heroin maladdiction is shooting up only when you're sitting in the bathtub and pouring ice cold water on your genitals."

Melancholiac - One having a despondent nature.

Movement - Sort of like a bowel movement, except (among other things) the shit never stops flowing. Ex. Women's Movement, Civil Rights Movement...

Pimpmobile - A large, expensive, and ostentatious or vulgarly ornate automobile, typically one painted in bright colors and fitted out with a lavish or overelaborate interior (as cited from *Webster's Encyclopedic Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language*).

Pithecanthropos - A former genus of extinct fraternity members who have now been assigned to the proposed species *homo erectus*.

Rectal impaction - See concrete enema (figure one).

Sesquipedalian - 1.) Given to using long words. 2.) one having 18 inches.

Supercilious - High and mighty.

Supersillious - High and deranged.

Watsoncrickery - The theft of another person's scientific data to forward one's own research and then never giving them credit.



[†]That's called toilet humor, Stan.

[∂] Guaranteed for life.

Editor's Note:

-Kelly Gunter

When satire is as good as reality and reality is as good as satire.



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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is published weekly by a staff comprised mainly of descendants of Queen Maud.

Despite rumors to the contrary, the staff meets Fridays to go over material, discuss future plans, and work on material in-progress. People interested in *working* are welcome.

To send submissions and letters email gdt@iname.com or send snail-mail to GDT c/o 472 French Rd., Rochester, NY 14618. GDT reserves the right not to edit for libel and/or clarity. Don't plagiarize our material or we'll poke you with an anal spike.

Unlikely as it may seem, GDT is a better forecast for the future than any sexy weather lady (and her trusty map pointer). The main article of two weeks ago (Volume 8, issue 3), dealing with the commercialization of public education in order to raise money, is now a reality in eight states. According to this October's *Consumer Reports*, several states have passed laws allowing advertisers space on the sides and rear of their local school buses. The rest of what our article wrote about is a few years away at most, but I can't wait until they carry the madness all the way to advertising on school uniforms. This is what our children were really meant to be; walking billboards.

On a more personal note, I would just like to make an editor's clarification about last week's "New Grove" column. A widely-debated scat issue arose during said article. In this article, scat was described as "...spontaneously creating melodies on a complex rhythmic and harmonic level..." It then went on to describe the Evil Death Glare™ that editor number two lavishes upon editor number one upon the occasion of editor number one's performance of said act. This obvious display of jaundiced writing insinuates quite clearly that editor number one is in fact capable of such an artistically valid rendering of the art of scatting. This insinuation, although a quaint bit of fiction, completely ignores the fact that editor number one is about as tone deaf as can be conceived of. Last week editor number one, under the influences of Evil Death Glares 2.0, had to concede that he had as much chance of producing intricately harmonious and complex melodies as Bob Dylan is when dealing with a screaming case of laryngitis.

At this point it should be further noted that editor number one turned turncoat and ran, offering up the phrase, "Well yeah, but you should hear Mark scat." With his statement now taken into the record, he has been allowed to reacquaint himself with the toils of every day life.

LIVE AND LEARN - THE NEXT GENERATION (a critical review and a special tribute to *Evol*)

~~Euckhole~~

Don't forget that your ~~attitude~~ is just as important as the facts.

~~FelTch~~

~~Kiss~~ your children good night, even if they are already asleep.

~~wife~~

Get up early after a snowfall and shovel your neighbor's ~~walk~~.
If he asks who did it, say a friend must have.

Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL,

THE OTHER DAY IN MY DRAWING STUDIO, ME AND A COUPLE FRIENDS WERE HYPING OURSELVES UP FOR THE AFTERNOON CLASS, REMARKING, AND PREDICTING, RATHER IDEALISTICALLY, THAT WE WERE GOING TO DO A REALLY GREAT JOB OF DRAWING THAT DAY. DURING THIS LITTLE RITUAL, I HAPPENED TO SAY THAT I WAS GOING TO DRAW AS WELL AS BOTTICELLI AND, BY GOD, I WAS SANDRO BOTTICELLI. NATURALLY, I WAS TOLD TO STEP DOWN OFF MY PEDESTAL COME BACK DOWN TO EARTH, WHICH, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, ACTUALLY BRINGS ME TO MY QUESTION:

DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT BOTTICELLI, UPON TELLING HIS FELLOW STUDENTS THAT HIS NAME WAS SANDRO BOTTICELLI, WAS TOLD TO QUIT WITH THE ARROGANCE AND ADOPT A NAME LIKE BRAD OR SAMMY?

IF YOU ACTUALLY DECIDE TO RUN THIS, I RECOMMEND SOME SERIOUS EDITING. I NEVER ACTUALLY THOUGHT THIS ONE OUT.

Dear Boracio (the only name I can remember you by)

I'd like to start by saying that although you recommend some serious editing, I most gleefully must decline. Like so many reasonably intelligent mammals before you, you have neglected to truly read some of our material, which specifically states, "Gracies Dinnertime Theatre reserves the right not to edit for clarity." I'm just practicing my rights. We are not mind readers here. We can not assume the responsibility of translating other people's letters and ideas until we can get them to a closer approximation of what it is the author actually would have

wanted to write were they not on a caffeine high, reasonably coherent at the time, or had a relatively good grasp on the english language (or any of the derivations thereof). It would hardly make sense for us to edit other people's letters for clarity when we don't even do that for our own articles. You can see the dilemma we're in. Rather than engross ourselves in some huge double standard, we have decided to take the high road and perpetuate mediocrity. Ah, mediocrity! That grand mysterious machine that packs all our unworthy lives with the forces of ignorance, banality, and forms in triplicate. Where would our world of wonders be without you? besides short one Michael the Dark Angel and one Dorthy Brown?

Now that that tangent is over, you will observe that your question is unedited.

Oh yeah, the answer to your question is: no. Besides, if you were truly Sandro Botticelli for a moment, you would already know that although around the time of his birth "Sammy" was quite the popular name for the youngin's of Rome (especially those nubile young lads who spent so much time with the elderly gentlemen at the baths), the name was considered bad form in the rich circles of Florence, and I believe that "Brad" was upon *no* occasion blessed with a deluge of proud Italian parents, all bursting open with enthusiasm to call their poor male children by such a name. At any rate, you were the one who spent a moment in the life of Botticelli, so you obviously already know the answer to this question, and you're just wasting my time. Go away!

Send questions to diablo@csh.rit.edu

Con•crete En•e•ma

(kŏn-krēt' ɛn'ɛ-mɛ) Figure 1 was created when two young lovers decided to try something new and interesting. One of the two had a bright idea (most likely not the one who was rushed to the emergency room), namely, "hey, what if we poured concrete into your ass." Well, one thing led to another and in the thralls of passion, the more subservient member of the pair suddenly found himself, head to the floor, legs upright, with a funnel in his anus and his lover cheerily mixing up an experimental cocktail for his friend (insert the sound of a large vehicle backing up here). Well before he knew which end was up, this hapless young victim left medical science quite an interesting cast of his rectum to ponder. Never fear, our illustrious couple survived to do more stupid things in the future.

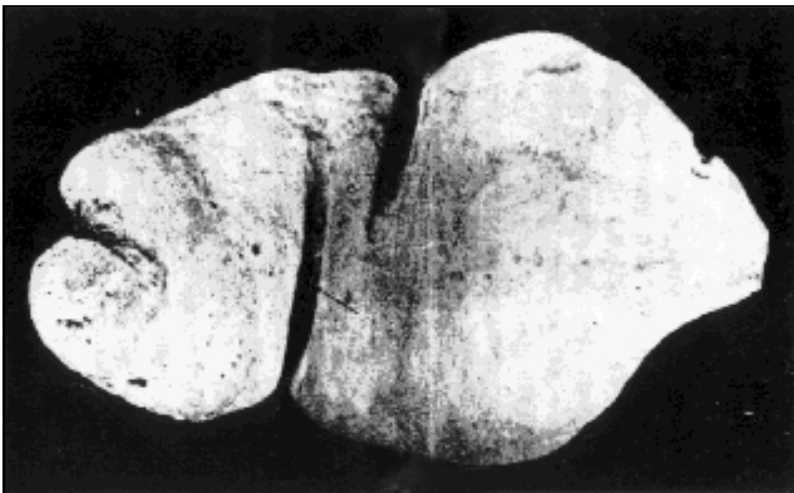


Figure 1 - Concrete Enema

Attic Inferno

-Alex Whitman



Okay so I'm like walking downtown last week and I'm thinking, "Hey, there's probably an IRS office here. Hey, I could go there." You know, that's where you're supposed to pay your taxes. And when do you pay your taxes, March, April? I don't know. I don't know because I haven't paid them.

So okay. That was a while ago, but you know they're just

taxes. So who really cares? So, like I'm gonna tell them why I haven't paid my taxes. But I'm not trying to hide it; obviously I'm telling you.

But okay. So I owe them four hundred dollars. That's a lot of money. Well, the IRS probably doesn't think it's a lot of money. But um, I didn't pay and it's really not my fault because you see I was working for this company that kind of went bankrupt. But they didn't declare bankruptcy. So they weren't in bankruptcy court so I couldn't make them give me a W-2. But they didn't pay. They didn't pay me once, because they were being sued. Their accounts were frozen and they were being sued because they told they were going to be sued. So their accounts got frozen, so I didn't get a paycheck, so I had no money, so I had to quit. Winter comes around, and it was like February or whatever the hell it was, and they, like, don't send me a W-2 and I'm like, "Oh, whatever."

So I call the IRS and I'm like, "I didn't keep any paystubs." Like who keeps paystubs? What a waste of paperwork. And, um, they didn't declare bankruptcy so the IRS is like, "Yeah, whatever. We can't help you. So make up your income." So I make up my income.

I estimate my taxes and, of course, my father does my taxes. So I'm like, "I'm, like, here Padre. Do my taxes. Make up my income, make up my taxes, whatever, whatever, whatever." And, ah, he does it. And he writes an essay explaining it because he's responsible so you know I don't get in trouble. And so the IRS sends me some money back, because you know maybe I miscalculated my income. Or something like that. Not that I would do that on purpose.

That was fine and dandy and I got the check in the mail. And like the day before the company I was working for sent me a W-2. And I'm like, "Ohh, this isn't what I said originally." But the figure was wrong. Since I had no pay stubs, how the hell was I supposed to know if it's right or wrong. So I called my father and I'm like, "Hey, Padre. I got the W-2." He's like, "Oh?" So we had to revise my tax thing. And I told him not to send me the IRS check. I said, "If you send me the check, I'm gonna cash it." Course if you see lots of money in front of you you're gonna go cash it. I needed to do things.

But he sent me the check anyway. So I cashed it like I told him. He does the new W-2. It turns out I owe them four hundred dollars. I only owed them fifty but they'd already sent me a check for three-fifty. If you could do the math as well as I could you could see how I owe them four hundred dollars. Yeah, Padre sent me this new taxform or whatever the hell it was. And he said, "Okay, pay them. So now you pay them, whatever, whatever." I said, "I don't have it. I spent it." He's like, "Ohhh." So then I had this thing sitting around for a while—the form—and then I think I lost it.

But if I tell the IRS, I'm sure they'll be okay with it. Hey, I'll pay this sooner or later—which I will—it's just not a priority. I'm like hello. You know, I went shopping. I don't need to pay the IRS. Um, anyway my father thinks he has to bail me out of jail if they ever catch me, but it takes a long time. And I'm pretty young so I could probably talk my way out of it and be like, "Oh, my father told me I could pay you later."

Blame him, he's always out of town.

So I'm thinking, I'll show up, I'll give them this whole long story. And they'll just be like, "Go away! shut up! Stop telling us this story!" and then maybe I won't have to pay anything at all. If I talk enough. Uhuh. So I figure one of you could bail me out of jail then, right?



Hands freshly washed for meal-time. I sat at the table, kicking my seven year old legs under my chair. They weren't long enough to reach the floor yet. It was just me and my baby-sitter for lunch that day. Her kids were out somewhere. I no longer remember where and it does not matter.

The baby-sitter brought me my lunch that my Mother had packed for me that morning before bringing me over to the sitter's. It was Summer and school was out. I don't remember exactly what was in the brown bag. Probably a sandwich inside a Tupperware container and a snack of some sort. Over all, it does not matter anyhow.

This woman, this baby-sitter, entrusted with my safe-keeping, continued to stand over me. After a pregnant pause, she asked me, "Tommy, do you believe in God?"

I looked down at my lunch sitting in it's bag and out of the corner of my eye, saw her standing beside me, waiting for an answer.

"No.", I told her, but directed it at my unopened lunch. Her daughter, Kim, must have snitched to her that I had said that I didn't believe.

I never really had believed as long as I could remember. Even when I believed that Tinkerbell from Peter Pan lived in the hole inside my refrigerator. You know that one at the bottom of the fridge that they put the plug into? I would pull out the plug and talk down into the hole. I had been four or five at the time and even then, Tinkerbell in my fridge had been easier to swallow than God up in Heaven.

"Why not?", She asked.

I continued to stare at my lunch and just shrugged my shoulders. I had reasons, but I didn't want to explain. I could tell it was pointless already.

"You should believe. If you die, you want to go to heaven. Don't you?", She asked me another question that made me want to crawl under the table.

I nodded after a pause. It was easier. Besides, I could want to go there, it still didn't mean I believed in it though.

"Good. Then you have to do what I say. Okay?", she came down to smile at my face level. My body was numb but I could feel my head nod assent.

She led me through "The Lord's Prayer" and some other Born Again Christian crap. Forcing it down my throat like Ipecac and making me vomit the words back to her. The words were hollow and meaningless.

When it was done, she congratulated me on being born again and left me to eat the food that I no longer had an appetite for, not after having God's cock shoved down my throat.

A few years later I would have a repeat experience with another baby-sitter. She was the wife of a Baptist minister. I was ten at the time and more argumentative. She resorted to threats of Hell and being on fire forever. I had to lay still and take it again.

The same year, My great-grandmother came to live with us. She took over baby-sitting duties. She was a Mormon, and once again I was in danger of hell. Once again, I had to fake my conversion.

This had the affect of making me violently opposed to Christianity as I grew up. This is no longer the case. I am still agnostic with atheist leanings, but I no longer spout my beliefs in the faces of those around me. I've begun to see that not all Christians are bullies waiting to spiritually beat you up and take your choices, like extorted lunch money.

On the news I watch as various groups attempt to ban whatever "evil" rock band is popular at the moment. Citing that the band will cause kids to turn away from God. I think that a good number of the people in moral groups like these are doing a fine job of turning kids off on religion without help.

Also in a day and age when parent groups are concerned what their kids will be exposed to on the internet, I wonder if they put much thought into what their kids are exposed to when they drop them off at a friend's, relative's or even some stranger's house. Not all molestation is physical.



-Sean T. Hammond

There's something satisfying in seeing people off by themselves. Not those ostracized and condemned to always be looking in toward the core, and not those who maintain a level of practiced aloofness in the hopes of appearing mysterious and ultimately appealing to the same people they shun. I'm referring to those few beautiful souls utterly cut off from their fellows.

One needn't travel to distant wooded glens or lofty mountains to see these solitary ones. Look around you: in a restaurant at the man gently gazing out the window, drinking his coffee. His eyes may be directed through the window, but he doesn't see what's in front of them. The woman smoking a cigarette, the child watching a leaf.... In those moments they are further from their fellows than any physical distance.

It's these moments of still un-self-conscience that strikes a chord in me. Unbearably attractive and totally unreachable, those moments of un-self-consciousness, yet a total sense of Self and stillness are magick. If you've experienced what I'm talking about, you know. If not....

*Strip rust from any surface!
Shake the foundation of your house!
Raise the dead!*

From the inventors of the Nose Warmer and the Antenna Cozy...

The Patented Gunter Power Sigh

Guaranteed to make any person within a one mile vicinity know that all your problems are indeed their fault!

This is a great gift for anyone out there who truly believes that the world really does revolve around them, and that you are just one more mistake they have to deal with.

This is heirloom quality, pass it on to your children!

Avoid making more than three sighs per day, if this limit is exceeded contact physician immediately.
Health insurance not included.

MATTY'S TOONS



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Wants to Hear From You!

Hey, if you don't let us know what you like, we can't "Sock it to the Man!" Drop us a line and let us know what it is that you think!

Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to gdt@iname.com

or

GDT c/o 472 French Rd,
Rochester, New York,
14618



Have a Merry Triple Eunuch Columbus Day on the Rocks

"It's simple—you've seen what food processors do to food, right?"

Welcome to another fun filled week, fellow invaders. In case you hadn't noticed, it's Native Oppression Day! Break out your bells, whistles and truncheons, friends—it's time to go beat some Indians! Oh, our fact checker just pointed out that it is in fact NOT Native

Oppression Day; its Columbus Day. What were we thinking?

I guess you should put your truncheons away. But keep those bells and whistles! That swarthy Italian ponce has a special place in our hearts...right next to where we keep Hitler and Jerry Lewis.

"Oh, Lady!"

But this year, instead of focusing on the fun and zaniness Columbus unleashed on the American continent, we're looking towards that nice little part of the globe Columbus thought he was headed for.

First, let's talk about eunuchs.

Constantinople, the home of European chic for centuries, made Eunuchs all the rage throughout the civilized world. Located on the Bosphorus Straights and relying on it's extensive *castrati* cottage industry, it was the logical center for trade of the ball-less wonders[†] and had the market cornered. Singing in the choirs of Byzantium, the gelded soprano short ones were so popular that several eunuch startup companies attempted to muscle in on the Byzantine monopoly. Quickly out distancing its competitors, Roman sweat shops began to produce inferior, yet less expensive, eunuchs. For centuries, the two eunuch platforms battled for supremacy throughout Europe. Ultimately, thanks to massive mismanagement, Constantinople lost their Pope, got overrun by Islamic fundamentalists, and eventually the crash[∂] prone Roman eunuchs dominated the continent. Of course there were die hard Byzantine eunuch users singing their praises and ease of use, but the eventual invention of the pipe organ made all eunuchs systems obsolete and left thousands of people out of work and without their testicles. After that property values just went straight to hell. Thank your lucky stars you just get downsized. At least *you* have your balls!

Speaking of balls, on the other side of the planet (almost) the Chinese used eunuch's correctly: as the brunt of bad jokes and keeping a watch on the oppressed women. Meaning "bedwatcher" in Greek, the eunuch's of the Chinese dynasties attended to the royal women, helping to safeguard the purity of the Emperor's line and insuring chastity when needed.^Δ

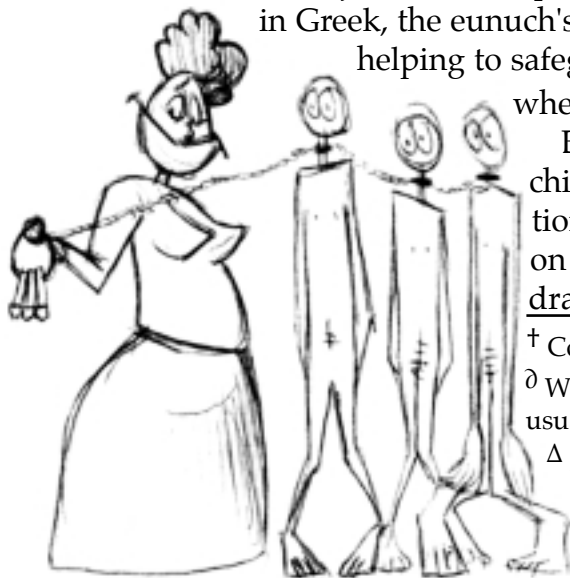
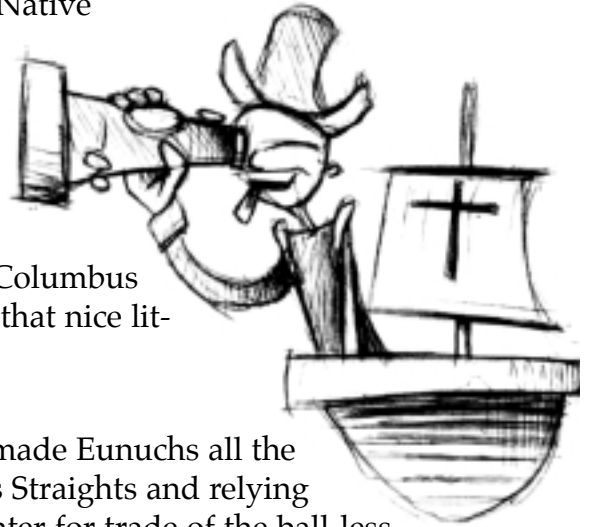
Being so intimately associated with the Emperor and his chicks, the Royal Eunuchs were often appointed to trusted positions (read the previous sentence until it's funny). Depending on the power of the Emperor and how much plum wine he drank, the eunuch's were sometimes the ones actually running

[†] Collect all seven for a limited time only.

[∂] When a eunuch crashes, it usually means their fertile. Repairs like that are usually too costly, and its better just to buy a new one.

^Δ A little broadcast fact is that, although eunuchs totally lack testicles, it is possible for them to have erections and engage in sexual intercourse.

This does not threaten the afore mentioned purity of a ruler's line, but could help explain more than a few raised eyebrows on royal honey-moons.





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the Empire.

Around 1400, about the same time the rock chewing Vikings[†] were just forgetting that they got their asses kicked by the Skarellings and then were unceremoniously frozen out of Greenland during Europe's mini-iceage, Yung Lo, first Emperor of the Ming Dynasty, was up to megalomaniacal mayhem. Under his rule the capital was moved to Peking, the Forbidden City was built, the Great Wall, previously only a Wall, was made Great, and the mammasans invented benwah balls.

Cheng Ho, a eunuch through and through, quickly rose in the Imperial ranks from extremely humble beginnings to become Admiral of the Triple Treasure...also known as the Three Jeweled Eunuch (for obvious reasons). Consisting of 317 ships and having a collective crew of 37,000, this massive array of ships was the largest assembly of ocean going vessels on the globe at the time.

In a series of seven voyages between 1409 and 1433, the Three Jeweled Eunuch traveled from Java to as far as the southern tip of Africa. The dirty maps of Helen of Troy^Δ that the Chinese had at the time contained the Nile, the entire East Coast of Africa, and many southern Mediterranean areas. Porcelain and coins found in Somalia and stately Zanzibar, home of citizen Kane, help prove the Chinese had a bustling pay toilet and commorative plate presence in Africa.

Unlike the European states that set out to explore in order to bring back riches and torment the natives (Ow, quit it! Ow, quit It!), the Chinese totally baffled those they encountered. Cheng Ho did not set out to collect treasure, trade, explore, convert, or conquer. The Chinese, uniquely ethnocentric, felt (and still feel) that theirs was the only legitimate Empire. The concept that any foreign, and by definition less civilized, country could offer anything to the Chinese was inconceivable (I do not think that means, what you think it means).

It was the hope of the Ming Dynasty that the world would voluntarily pay tribute to China. As the fleet sailed across the seas, it was bursting at the seams with butter filled goodness (gold, frankensense, murh.... You get the idea) which they used to smoothen the surrounding barbarians (Mmmm, buttered barbarians). Is it any wonder the Samuri of Calicut laughed in contempt when Vasco da Gama tried to impress them with washbasins, beads, and lumps of sugar?

Awed by the size and power, yet strange impotency, of the Chinese fleets, countries fell for the whole thing and started sending tribute back to China. Of course there was still a massive trade deficit, but hey, the Chinese didn't need anything.

It wasn't until 20 September, 1414 that the Chinese received a sign from heaven that they were ABSolutely FABulous. On that day the Somali's arrived at the Court with their tribute: a large creature the Chinese had never seen. Called a *girin* in the tongue of the Somali, it

[†] Obligatory Viking reference.

^Δ When you fold the map of Helen of Troy just right, you can actually form the eastern coast of Africa.

sounded to the Chinese like their word *k'i-lin*. According to folklore, the *k'i-lin* was a creature most similar to the concept of the western unicorn and represented surplus of energy in the universe to create creatures like dragons, *k'i-lin*, and platypi.

When the Somali finally got around to unwrapping their massive Pier One gift box, there stood a deer bodied, oxen tailed, fleshy horned, herb eating, rhythm walking, bell voiced, 15 foot high *k'lin* with strange luminous spots and hooves that nary tread on living beings—the Manifestation of its divine spirit rose up to Heaven's abode.

The stupid prats were ape shit over a giraffe! They thought it was the best thing since incense clocks. Follow this logic: even though the giraffe came from a distant land it produced an orgy of self-congratulation in the Chinese court. Remember, the Chinese saw themselves as the center of everything. Sooner or later everyone would recognize that fact and willingly come under Chinese control. Until then, all the other people in the world were simply taking care of the place. Therefore, the giraffe came from China—all be it a distant part of China that didn't know it was China's, but still China.

Got it?

Meanwhile, the expeditions of the ball-less Wonders[†] came to an abrupt halt in 1433. Called the Great Withdrawal[‡], several edicts were passed placing strict restrictions on Chinese seafarers. By 1474, the main fleet of 400 warships

[†] Ball-less powers activate!

[‡] Wouldn't Freud have just *loved* this issue?

had dwindled to 140, and by 1500 it was illegal to even own a junk with more than two masts.

After the Europeans stopped freaking out about not being able to see Polaris and were able to make it around the the southern tip of Africa, they brought with them their extensive market research done of the western coasts of the dark continent. Confident in knowledge that their products were top of the line, they came equipped with their finest washbasins, glass beads, and sugar. The people of eastern Africa, however, were used to dealing with the deluge of wealth that the Chinese brought. After a great deal of conferring amongst themselves, the Europeans did what they always did when reality

didn't fit their conception of it: they took their products and Godsized them! By simply adding a little Inquisition, their products became insanely popular. How would you feel if the kids from School District 17 knocked on your door, showed you a basket of severed hands and feet from people who didn't buy their crappy, overpriced candy bars, and then asked you how many you would like? Those Snickers look pretty good all of a sudden.

So when you're bitching about Columbus Day and how Columbus and the rest of the European explorers were nothing but pirates and butchers (which they were), take a time out. Be thankful we're not speaking a Chinese dialect and unable to make acronyms. What kind of technical schools would we have without acronyms?



by Matty

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Wants You!

Make your own Merry Triple Eunuch
Columbus Day on the Rocks:

Equal parts Amaretto and Vodka, a splash of ginger ale, two cherries, shaved almonds, all on ice and a slice of orange on the side to help avoid scurvy. Bottoms up!

We're looking for staff writers and contributors from RIT, UofR, MCC and Rochester in general.

To get in touch with us or send submissions, email gdt@iname.com, call 235-7666 or write to GDT c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618



Editor's Note: Reporter Magazine's CIA Propaganda

"PROVISOS OF EQUAL TIME ARE NOT SERVED BY ONE VIEWPOINT HAVING MEDIA ACCESS TO TWO HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE IN PRIME TIME WHILE OPPOSING VIEWPOINTS ARE PROVIDED WITH A SOAPBOX ON THE CORNER."

-Sean Hammond

-HARLAN ELLISON, *THE DEATHBIRD*

It's been said by more than one individual that I am *Reporter Magazine's* most avid reader. That may or may not be the case, but I do try and read every one. This latest issue (3 October, 1997) wasn't too bad. The cover was really fun and immediately caught my attention. Since we did our "After the Rapture" article last year, the end of the world (or the elimination of devout Christians, whichever comes first) has been a subject of preoccupation for me. *Reporter's* cover, showing frenzied crowds celebrating the appearance of a very seriously Borgified Stay Puff Marshmallow Man was both striking and familiar looking. After a moment I realized that it was done by our illustrator.

Huh. No wonder I liked it.

The content was passable: a few articles that made me yawn, one that made me squint to read it. There was another that made reference to a pamphlet we have in our morgue: "Never Receive 666—the mark of the beast." One of the personally funniest articles was one that made reference to a "platinum-blond bombshell." That bombshell, dear friends has seen this editor in only a grass skirt and a coconut bra; she was the best friend of my counterpart Kelly Gunter when they were in kiddy-school together...and though she has a great body, the girl should be forced to wear a bag over her head.

And you can quote me.

Anyway, I got to the back cover, interested to see who was dishing out a couple hundred dollars to place an ad that week, and stared for a long time. In the center of the page was a CIA interest form.

"Holy shit."

After a few moments of dead blackness in my mind I noticed that the ad was slightly crooked and looked a little cut-n-pasty, as though it were in a typical 'zine (more on 'zines in a later issue). With a sigh of relief I concluded that the new and improved *Reporter* staff (now with static guard) was amazing: with their main article dealing with Ragnarok and the CIA's reputation for murder, mayhem, and general rowdiness, it was a genius stroke to put an interest form for the CIA on the back. Smiling, I set the issue down and started to read *The Never Ending Story*, but couldn't concentrate. Unable to stand it, finally I got up and called the office of *Reporter Magazine*. After a moment of speaking with one of the staff, I was told in a why-are-you-asking-me-a-stupid-question voice that the interest form was not a joke; that the CIA paid for the spot. Immediately the blackness I had initially felt returned.

In 1991 RIT was ready to crucify then RIT President Rose over a scandal involving him taking a leave of absence during the Gulf War to work with the CIA. Subsequent investigations of, and cover-ups by, the Rose administration eventually led to his resignation. Now, don't think I'm naive; I know the CIA pumps hundreds of thousands of dollars into RIT each year. As far back as 1985, RIT and the Agency had reached a deal detailed in a "Memorandum of Agreement." It stated in no uncertain terms that the Agency "recognize[s] RIT as a strategic national resource worthy of explicit development and support." In return for the CIA's funding of specific research projects and support of particular faculty chairs, RIT agreed to tailor its curriculum to be "responsive to certain defined specialties of the CIA." It's not surprising that the College of Imaging Arts and Sciences is CIA'S.

As the years have passed and the memory of the campus has lessened, the current administration has continued to implement the plan outlined in the "Memorandum of Agreement." The sacking of top notch, though Agency unfriendly, programs at RIT can be seen as a furthering of the CIA's agenda on the campus by one with just a little inclination toward conspiracy theories.

I guess my point to all this is that I'm shocked at *Reporter's* lack of integrity. The CIA is an organization that brazenly admits to plotting the assassination of foreign leaders, engages in mind control experiments, is tied with drug trafficking in and out of the United States, and has trained terror squads responsible for civilian murders around the world. I do not have too much problem with their intelligence gathering abilities—I reference their World Fact Book quite often—it is their policies of terror and suppression that frighten me.

The *Reporter's* active decision to act as the CIA's spin-doctor signals a renewed visibility to CIA recruitment on RIT's campus. And what does this say about *Reporter Magazine*? I wish I could honestly say that it ultimately came down to money, but it is not that simple. For a student produced, university funded publication to run an ad like this sends a certain signal about the university and the publication. The CIA is an organization based on misinformation, suppression of the press, and ultimately, control. By allowing an ad for the CIA to be run in a publication that is, despite its tendency towards the topical, a news-mag, *Reporter* has raised a number of journalistic ethics questions—not the least of them being: how free is *Reporter Magazine* to print material with their spooky sponsors looking on?

Attic Inferno

-Alex Whitman



Okay, so I'm at this *GDT* meeting, like, two weeks ago, and I usually don't go to the meetings, but I said, "Hey, I could grace them with my presence for maybe one meeting a month so they appreciate me." We're at the meeting, and we're talking about Andres. We're

talking about how Sean said, "On dray." And I mentioned this guy, Andre, he's from...ahh....where in the hell? He's from, um, Belgium! But they said, "Andre, like do you know Andre?"

And I was like, "Oh my God! I lost a point on my highschool French test because I said that Andre was female." And my teacher is like, "Nooo, Andre is only a male name." I'm like, "No, no, no. I have this aunt whose best friend is Andre." And Andre is, like, this woman, and obviously because I said *elle* instead of *il*. And I know she's female, because my aunt talked about her.

There was this wedding. My aunt got married to some guy from Geneva, so they at once flew to France and then they had to take another plane up, and then a train. The problem was that they tried to make reservations for first class but they got stuck in second class, because apparently second class is like a sty, and my grandparents are like, "Oh, you're not staying here." And Andre went and they're like, "Oh, Andre speaks fluent French," because she lives in Paris, and she talked their way into first class. Their like, you know, "We may sleep here, but we will not spend our time here." And they were so impressed because she spoke beautiful French (spoken in faux French accent).

And so, ah, it was a female, and I knew this. And I'm like, "But Andre is a female name. I have this one answer, so why are you taking a point off?" But she wouldn't give me the point back when I explained my reasoning. It was not that I misunderstood the sentence structure of the French question, it was that she didn't understand the name structure of the people I knew. So

is that like the stupidest thing in French class? I would have given myself a point. If I was the teacher. But if I was the teacher, I probably wouldn't have been in the class then.

The subject was kind of goofy anyways because we had it in this little room where we also had math class in the morning. And we had a TA from the university teaching math because the regular math teacher had a heart attack. But he wasn't my math teacher, I was in this other math class. And there were like twenty-five people in there and I was like "Wow, this class is way too big." And there were all these stupid people in it, and they were like, "Okay, stupid people stay here with this new teacher. Those who can do mathematics go to the other class."

The teacher they were supposed to use had a heart attack, so he wasn't there. So then we were in this class and they had this TA teaching and every day he would come in and be like, "Do you guys wat to do math today?" And we're, like, "No." So we'd go out and get breakfast, which was cool. We had breakfast, that was math. And our midterm and our final was the exact same test.

One day he wasn't there and this high school coordinator woman had to teach us. We came in, we're sitting on the desks, we didn't sit in the chairs, we don't have books, and she's like, "You guys aren't bringing books to class?" But we couldn't say, "No. We don't do math," because then we'd have to do math because you're supposed to do math in math class in high school. And we're like, "No. He just does demonstrations on the board."

She gave us all these problems and we couldn't do them, cause, ya know, you're supposed to do math. Um. And. We had to cover. It was fun. That was a good math teacher who...didn't teach us.

But in the same room, cause it was a really small school with all these multi-purpose use rooms, we had French class. And um, she made us speak french, and the books were in french. My god. And for the record Andre can be either *elle* or *il*.

Look it up in your New Grove!

-Mark Nowak

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 6

Howdy gang, I'm back, and so are the 70's! Sorry about last week, but I simply had to catch up on my episodes of *Win Ben Stein's Money* (best topic: "Dr. Kevorkian Unplugged").

I don't know what the 70's excuse is, but after a good decade and a half of being dissed by boomers, slackers, hackers, Xers, 49ers, and the International Zionist Conspiracy, retro is back in a big way. One could argue that the music of the 70's always lived on through the "classic rock" stations, where the likelihood of hearing a Led Zeppelin song every hour is as wacky and outrageous as WKLX playing a Beatles song every hour. Bands like Foreigner, Journey, Toto, and Kansas owe their current Darien Lake-level of marketability to these stations. Actually, these bands are comprised of the same four people, which makes double booking a real possibility, but, hey, Ted Nugent isn't doing anything these days.

But it was disco that we really loved to hate, and it's disco that's looking hotter than jailbait on prom night now. Locally, disco is available in the form of J.T. and the United Booty Foundation or Nik Fever: *The Wrath of Polyester* (No, I didn't make these names up, but damnit, I wish I had). On the national level, we have been treated,—and by treated I mean assaulted—by remixes of songs from *Grease* and *Saturday Night Fever* (Don't think the recent John Travolta cinematic bombardment is any coincidence. *Pulp Fiction* my ass). The BeeGees, and remember this group was **the** joke band of the 80's, had their own VH1 special, which actually makes me thankful that they have shifted their attention to being the lead horse in the latest Rolling Stones tour chuckwagon. Also recently appearing on The-Cable-Channel-Where-the-Dead-Walk-the-Earth: Fleetwood Mac. As in, "Oh, Fleetwood Mac is back together? Who the hell asked them to!?"

But, as with any truly effective pop culture offensive, music is hardly the only media having flashbacks. Personally, I first noticed the 70's rehash with the large spate of disaster films Coming To a Theater Near You. In place of seminal 70's classics such as *Earthquake!* and *The Poseidon Adventure* we have *Twister*, *Volcano*, and the movie nobody ever asked to see, *Titanic*. In case you've just spent seven years in Tibet, there was much hype, hoopla, and action-figure tie-ins to "anniversary rereleases" of *The Godfather* and a little film called *Star Wars*. Actually, I don't think *The Godfather* had any merchandising tie-ins; can't see Marlon Brando as a toy (Don Corleone™ with Mumbling Action!™ Horse's Head™ sold separately). Currently in theaters the film *Boogie Nights* celebrates the hedonism of the 70's and the big chill that came with the 80's, correctly, in my

estimation, blaming the Reagan administration. I mean, think about those poor Iranian hostages. They returned to an America transformed from the one they knew. I would've hopped the next flight to Tehran just to avoid the culture shock!

The small screen (or as I affectionately refer to it, "the opiate of the masses") has caught on to the ratings possibilities of 70's crap as well. In case there was any doubt in your mind that we're experiencing Countdown to Armageddon, one of the Seven Signs occurred this summer in the form of *The Dukes of Hazzard Reunion*. I swear if some network executive gets the brilliant idea of reforming *The Love Boat* or *Fantasy Island* from the gelatinous goo from whence they came, I will have **no** option but to mail them bricks.

By now, astute reader, you are obviously thinking to yourself, "With this current mass of 70's regurgitation, former President Richard M. Nixon tragically died a few years too early." And you would be right, readers! How astute you are! Sure, he got the standard state funeral a former First Criminal deserves, but if Nixon had died today, his funeral could have been a wacky, shoot-heroin-through-your-eyeballs, free-for-all blowout! Request that foreign heads of state show up in platforms and vinyl pants! A touching tribute as Henry Kissinger sings "Love Will Keep Us Together!" Special appearance by Leon Jaworski as "The Streaker!"

Seriously, the question we must ask ourselves about such tragedies as a 70's revival or the Oklahoma City bombing is, could it happen again? In 2007, will there be a late 80's revival? Will Bon Jovi, Warrant, and Poison again contaminate our radio waves? Will Def Leppard's drummer have only one leg by then? Can the ozone layer withstand another Big Hair decade? Folks, I can't take my kid discovering Nirvana, Pearl Jam, and nipple piercing when they go to college. But I don't think I have to, because I blame *Forrest Gump*. Without *Gump's* fuzzy warm look at the 70's, Americans would have been content to keep forgetting these years and keep concentrating on how much healthier "low-fat Twinkies" are for them.

So for now, my advice to you is to ride it out. This too shall pass, although it's passing like a kidney stone. My only remaining fear is that Bill Clinton, with his pop culture leanings, will start a bloody and pointless war in Southeast Asia any day now. You know he won't touch Indonesia, but Thailand's been getting pretty cocky lately. Nothing a little defoliation can't fix, right, Bubba?



Hostile Take-over

"Efficiency is a highly developed form of laziness."

It's twelve o'clock on a blissful Saturday afternoon when you journey to your mailbox to see what you might have already won and collect all those pesky bills before they slip through the cracks. You sift through the items one by one confident in your telepathic visualization of their contents.

Ah, this is new. A very important looking orange envelope that defies all your attempts to determine it's contents. Well, there is nothing for it—you'll simply have to vivisect that puppy. There is a moment of confusion as you sift through the usual form letter formalities:

DEAR OCCUPANT OF 4 BLUE SPRUCE LANE,

WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT ... AND THE UNUSUAL NATURE ... WE ASK THAT YOU LEAVE THE COUNTRY WITH A MINIMUM AMOUNT OF FUSS ... YOU WILL BE REQUIRED BY LAW ... UNDER THE NEW MANAGEMENT, THIS COUNTRY IS BEING DOWN-SIZED ... IF YOU CAN NOT LEAVE WITHIN A DAY, YOU WILL BE FORCIBLY REMOVED.

THE NEW MANAGEMENT GREATLY APPRECIATES YOUR DEDICATED YEARS OF SERVICE TO THIS COUNTRY. HOWEVER UPON A GREAT DEAL OF REFLECTION WE ASKED NOT WHAT THIS COUNTRY COULD DO FOR YOU, BUT WHAT YOU COULD DO FOR YOUR COUNTRY, AND FRANKLY YOUR POSITION IN IT IS REDUNDANT.^Ω

...
P.S. LEAVE THE DOG.

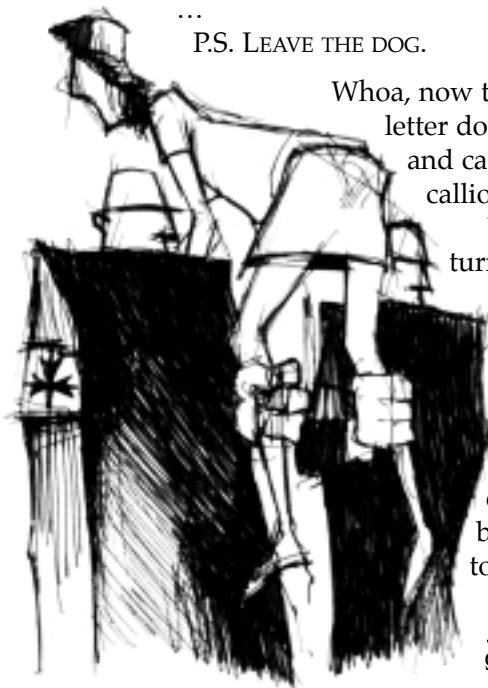
Whoa, now this has got to be some kind of sick joke. You stuff the letter down into the terrycloth lint-ridden abyss of your pocket, and carry on with your usual Saturday afternoon fair (insert calliope music here).

Let me see, crushed ice cubes and V-8.... Did someone turn the volume control up on the refrigerator? The rest of the day passes with a kind of relentless hazy fervor.

Sitting down in front of the television that evening, you run across an interesting story on the TV news. You're only partially interested in the actual content of the article, seeing as you had only changed to this station in the first place to see if you could catch a titillating peek at that cute weather girl who, because of viscous discharge (thankfully unbeknownst to you), does not seem to be doing the weather today.

Oh well, might as well listen.

^Ω Reads better once translated into Canadian.





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The story is strange. It says something about how in the wee hours of the morning, the United States was taken over by the Canadians (Yes, *O' Canada*). It was a hostile take-over,[†] and since early this morning they've been mobilizing their top executives to downsize the population of our (well technically their) great nation. All useless members of the community (especially Rick Moranis and the newly repatriated Dave Thomas) are being deported.

You think this must have been some kind of prank phone call, but then you realize you were watching television. You spend the rest of the evening in the usual way, and wake up the following afternoon with the typical hangover. In your misty, bleary-eyed state you look out the window to a fresh, new day and your neighborin^Δ being forcibly heaved from her homestead by two smart looking men in expensive power suits. "Wow," you think, "those suits really work. That woman was majorly Dino-sized™." They cram her into a chicken wire crate on the back of a flatbed. Next you see them bustling her husband out, who shelters in his quivering arms their priceless little pooch. You simply must have drank way too much last night and dismiss it as simply another manifestation of your chronic alcohol delusions.

You start about your "morning" routine of donning your robe, quaffing a cup of joe, and vacuuming your cat (for the Belgian waffles of course). You stop in amazement as you glance out the window; the street is swarming with suits—three piece, two piece, executive leisure wear—and they're all attached to some determined looking men and women. Shit! Where is the Neighborhood Watch when you need them (or Adam West for that matter)?

You hear noises outside as ladder-scaling executives case your joint to determine your whereabouts. Like any red-blooded American, you hide your sorry ass in the closet until they

[†]You probably thought it would have been the Japanese who were taking over the country economically, but if you check the list of top investors in this country, the Nips got their asses nudged by the Canadians. See? We told you they were evil. They simply had to take control soon, because they were being eaten out of house and home by the snow geese.

^Δ No, we're not fuck'in around again. It's Pig-German. Don't be gerfingerpoken der komputerin.

Email us at
gdt@iname.com

leave. For the rest of the day you lay low in your abode, almost slipping a couple of times when the phone rings. No, you mustn't answer the phone—the telemarketers are just secret police in cheap suits.

Night falls and you leave the lights off, you're not going to fall for *that* trick. You sit perched at your window side watching the drama of the night unfold. Various neighbors who had eluded capture all day, make the mistake of traveling to the kitchen to get themselves a late hour snack, the "Got milk?" campaign was working. Door opens and the light goes on—a little signal beacon glistens calling all available executive commandos to it. After some time you realize that the rabble on the street are of a different type than the clean sophisticated power thirsty executives you'd seen all day. These are the executive trainees. Each is outfitted with the basic assertiveness training gear. Wearing night camouflage outfits (with tops for the ladies showing copious amounts of cleavage in classic Canadian video production-style), and brandishing Biretta M9's filled with glow-in-the-dark paint pellets, they wriggled around on the ground like night-crawlers in an electric Skinner box, with rubber tipped knives in their mouths.[†] Each of them more hungry than the daytime breed—they've got to earn their stripes if their ever going to advance.

By this time, you're running out of sup-

[†] "You'll poke an eye out with that thing."

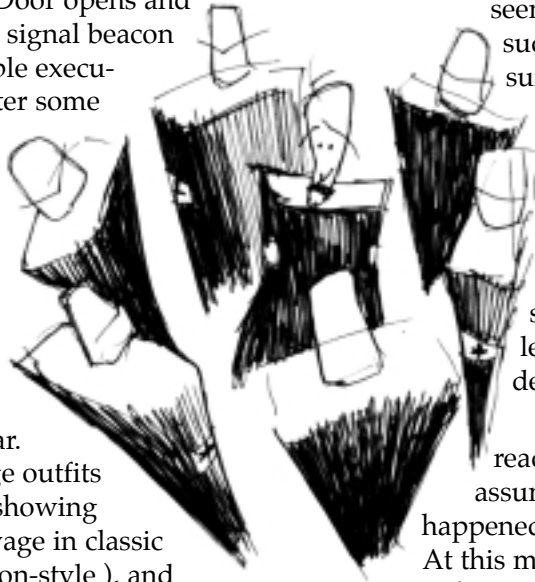
[‡] But that's just what they'd be expecting you to do.

plies and you've got to leave sometime. There is only one way you can do it—you've got to make them think that you are one of them. You go to your closet to choose your disguise. You've got to find out how many of the boys made it through all right.[‡] There's not a great deal of selection in your closet and the only thing to do is use that Burlington Coat Factory suit your mom bought you for college interviews.

For the first time in a week you leave the confines of your home. At first, the ploy seems to be working, but suddenly you find yourself surrounded. "Nice try," says the doughy man in charge, "but we can smell a 60/40 cotton-polyester blend from a mile away. Oh, and you should have ironed your slacks." There is nothing left for you but certain deportation.

Since you are actually reading this right now, I assume this scenario hasn't happened yet. However, it could.

At this moment, Lord Thomson and his cronies are buying up American companies like they're on a clearance table at the Dollar General. Before long, those slim foreign quarters you pass off as U.S. currency will be the only thing that *will* work in a vending machine. We'll be bowing before a maple leaf flag and worshipping the mighty beaver—our purple mountains will yield to the True North, strong and free.





Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL

HOW CAN PEOPLE WHO CAN ONLY AFFORD FOOD BY PAYING WITH FOOD STAMPS HAVE BEEPERS, PAGERS, CELL-PHONES, AND OTHER COMMUNICATION DEVICES OF THE LIKE?

-CONFUSED

Dear Confused,

Unfortunately for many of these poor souls, food doesn't grow on trees... or at least not in those sickly little things they plant in between large concrete slabs in the cities. In the past decade the basic necessities of life have reasserted themselves in a new world order for many of the impoverished persons of the world. Gone is the era in which food, shelter, and clothing were the most important needs in life. For obvious reasons shelter was put on the back burner some time ago. Food too has gone the way of the Edsel.

Interestingly enough certain other compulsions have stepped up to the plate to fill in where the old ways left off.

Communication devices are just one of the new "needs" that have come out of this fundamental change in human existence. It has long been known that true communication is a basic desire for much of the human race, with the exception of many Christian fundamentalists (leave it to the Religious Right to put the "fun" in "mental behavior").

Only now it seems that for a growing population of the underprivileged, technologically advanced communication devices

are, in some strange bastardized version of the theory of evolution, becoming more necessary for survival. It is not uncommon for those individuals struggling to make ends meet to have a pager, while others who live in the midst of squalor will often carry cell-phones and a good selection of the other devices, sometimes even a decent Internet connection. The most interesting part of this phenomenon is that it seems to be working as some sort of inverse proportion: the less of the old basic needs of humanity you have, the more of the new needs you possess. Often when you pass a group of grubby individuals sleeping out on a vent near a city street, somewhere beneath their moth-eaten old blankets they conceal small US satellites, and others still cradle equipment from the now defunct Star Wars program.

The only one of the old needs which hasn't taken a lower seat on the ranking of importance is the need for clothing, but it seems to have changed some as well. Stylish footwear seems to be more important than penicillin, and indeed a good haircut can apparently fill the belly better than most four course meals.

I hope this helps.

-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 gdt@iname.com

TOURIST'S MOVIE REVIEWS

-Sean Stanley

This week - Star Wars Trilogy, Special Edition

I saw all three Star Wars movies in the theatre last year and I must say that they were pretty good the second time around. Except for one thing. Digital technology has advanced so far in the last two decades: The happy folks at Industrial Light and Magic (they make those big dinosaurs and other things that don't exist, like Arnold Schwarzeneger's acting ability) have the technology to create anything. When Brandon Lee was killed on the set of "The Crow," the special effects crew took an image of his face that was reflected off a mirror, scanned the image, then mapped it onto the face of a stuntman.

True story.

They can make the impossible possible, and the unimaginable appear twenty feet above you on the silver screen. So, you can imagine my dismay when I was watching the new and improved Star Wars Trilogy and I was shocked. Sure, they added Jabba to the first movie, extra ice creatures to the second, and crazy muppets dancing sans mup-

peteers in the third. What about Lando? The one thing they could have done to make the film so much better and they either forgot or dismissed it as silly. Can you imagine how cool "The Empire Strikes Back" would have been if Lando Calrissian (portrayed by Billy Dee Williams) walked around the entire film with a Colt45 tallboy in his hand?

He greets Han Solo on the landing pad at Cloud City nursing his half empty can, with his bald headed servant holding a chilled six-pack just in case. The

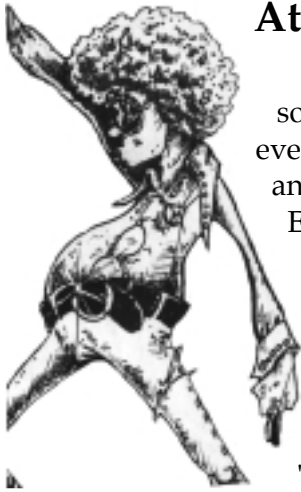
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whole gang goes inside and there's a kickin' party going on! Then, in "Return of the Jedi", they could have digitally added a forty-ounce to the scenes where he's flying the Millennium Falcon. So when he blew up the second Death Star, he could have poured it all over his head, as well as the head of that crazy lip-faced copilot, to celebrate the victory! All in all, I think the addition would have made the film much more enjoyable for the children who were experiencing the film for the first time. I've written to George Lucas about it. I have yet to see a response.



Attic Inferno

-Alex Whitman



Ok,
so ,like, the first time I
ever go to France I'm 16
and I'm flying off to
Europe myself 'cause
that's what all kids
should do when
they have respon-
sible parents who
stick them on
planes and say,

"See you in a couple
months kid. Here's a couple hundred
bucks. Yeah, bye."

And so, you know, to be cheap I'm fly-
ing Pakistani Airlines...which I really don't
think should be flying anywhere. So I get
on this plane and here I am thinking I'm
all cool. I was going to France. I sure as
hell didn't speak any French, though I
thought I did. I got an A in French class,
not because I knew the difference between
Andre and Andre, il and elle, wherever
the crap, but I didn't know anyone named
Andre when I was getting on the plane, so
it didn't matter.

So, there were these women who I
guess were from Pakistan ('cause it's
Pakistani Airlines) dressed up, looking
like, you know, proper women in their
dresses and the stewardesses are trying to
put thousands of people on this damn
plane and they're like, "Eww." And I'm
trying to get into my seat and I always
like get the extra seats or front seats
'cause, you know, I have long legs so I'm
like "Ooh.... Much more comfortable." And

I wanted this seat and someone was in it
but I had the ticket so it's my seat. And I
was yelling at the guy—I wasn't yelling at
him, but I'm like, you know, "I think this is
my seat," and the woman made me sit
somewhere else and I was really annoyed
'cause I wanted the seat. You know, if you
request a seat, you have that seat. Is it so
hard to understand why you request a
seat? It's like a reservation: "We can't hold
your reservation. If you want to hold your
reservation, then, ok, you have to sign and
fill this out." So you know, that's a
Seinfeld episode and we really don't need
to go there 'cause it's been done. But it's
the same concept: my seat was reserved.
So I have to sit in this other damn seat.
And they have bad food, like "whoa, bad."

Ok, but that's not the real problem. The
real problem was that the plumbing
backed up and everyone would go to the
bathroom, and it didn't flush. So, it's like a
six hour flight or something, and some-
time during that flight you will have to
relieve the bladder, or as my friend Tad's
mother would say, "eliminate." People on
the plane needed to "eliminate," and it
stunk. You're like, "Ick, toilets." Especially
airline toilets 'cause you know, sewage
scented water comes out of them. "Ooh,
you have to flush the urine down so it will
make it smell worse."

So it's like I'm trying to go up to first
class 'cause I'm not going in that bath-
room, but they won't let me in there—"No
no, you stay back there." I'm like, "Oh my
god." So I had to go in this bathroom and I

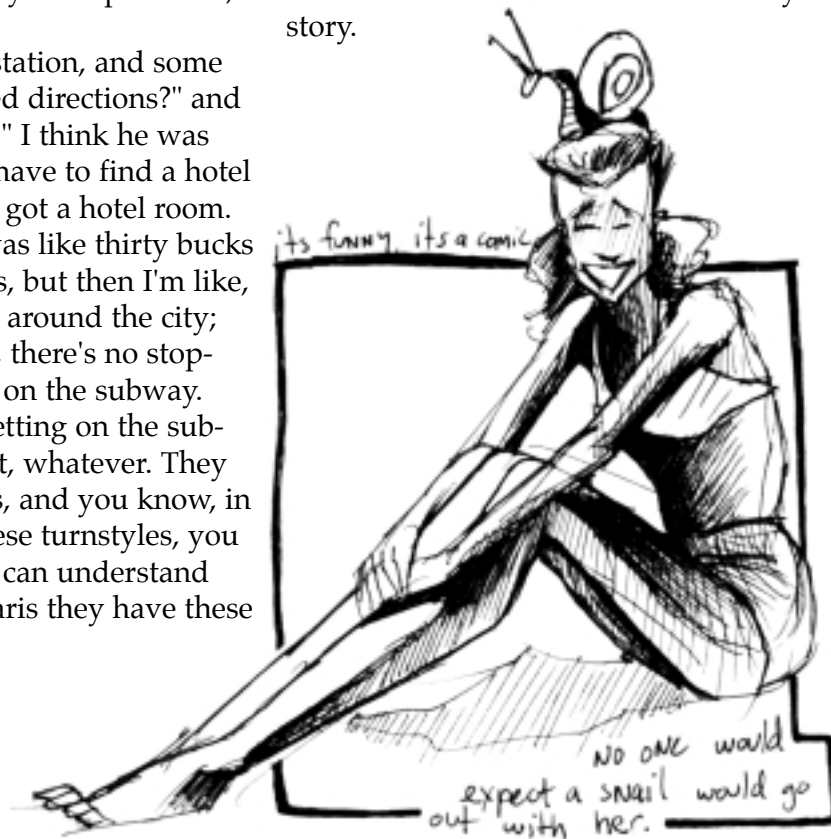
really had to go. It's not like I have bladder control. And there's like this mound of toilet paper, it was so high, coming out of the toilet. I don't know how people would use this toilet. It's like trying to like, I don't know, squat at the base of Mount Ranier and hope to hit the top. It does not work. So, there's like this huge mound of old disgusting toilet paper; it's smelling and it was terrible. I think I finally found one that wasn't mounded to that point. I don't remember. I don't care—it was just this mound of toilet paper, and then I had to go through French customs, and I didn't speak French, I had to try and speak and, oh! Paris is so big!

I was like in a train station, and some guy is like, "Do you need directions?" and I'm like, "Oh. Whatever." I think he was speaking English. So, I have to find a hotel room—okay, and then I got a hotel room. It was really cheap. It was like thirty bucks which isn't bad for Paris, but then I'm like, "Ok, I'm going to cruise around the city; I'm in Paris, I'm sixteen, there's no stopping me." So I go to get on the subway.

I'm like, "Yeah I'm getting on the subway." I bought the ticket, whatever. They have these weird tickets, and you know, in New York they have these turnstiles, you know, pretty much you can understand how to get on. But in Paris they have these

doors that go like "swoop," and, like, open to the side, so you're trying to go through the doors and they don't open until you stand on a platform. So I put my little ticket in, sa-shoom, the doors don't open. And I'm like, "Oh my god. There's something wrong here." So I try to put my ticket in again. The doors still don't open. And I was so intimidated by the subway doors, not even the doors, the turnstyle doors, that I couldn't get on the subway. That's why I got a thirty dollar hotel room: I couldn't find the youth hostile cause I couldn't get on the subway.

Um...that's all. That's the end of my story.



Random Acts of E-mail

-Mark Nowak

SO AS I WAS IN THE HIVE PARKING LOT ON SUNDAY, WAITING TO GET OUT ("ANOTHER HEATHEN'S GONE OVER THE WALL! SEND OUT THE MISSIONARIES!" "CAN WE LEAVE YOU SOME LITERATURE? CAN WE LEAVE YOU SOME LITERATURE?") WHEN I NOTICED A COMPETING BUMPER STICKER TREND SUPPORTING ALLEGIANCE TO EITHER ONE OR THE OTHER OF THE TWO CHRISTIAN RADIO STATIONS IN TOWN. I COULDN'T HELP WONDERING IF THEIR DEVOTION TO THEIR RADIO STATION IS AS RABID AS THEIR DEVOTION TO THEIR GOD ("WGOD, WHERE JESUS

ISN'T JUST A DEITY, HE'S YOUR PERSONAL SAVIOR"). DO THEY HAVE TO HAVE SEPARATE SEATING AT "WORSHIP" TO DIVIDE THE RADIO FACTIONS? DO KIDS GET INTO FIST FIGHTS AT SUNDAY SCHOOL OVER WHICH RADIO TALK SHOW HOST HAS THE CORRECT INTERPRETATION OF JOHN 3:14.

PERSONALLY I THINK, LIKE THE MOVIE THEATRES, THIS MARKET COULD SUSTAIN ANOTHER CHRISTIAN RADIO STATION. THAT WAY CERBERUS WOULD HAVE THE CORRECT NUMBER OF HEADS ("YAP! YAP! LET US SEND YOU SOME LITERATURE!").

The Buzz from
DONLAND
donland.base.org

-Don Rider

Helloooooooooo Borg!

According to Voyager's executive producer, Brannon Braga, new Voyager co-star Jeri Ryan's rather snug outfit is not an attempt to cater to the younger male population of viewers. Yeah, right. I'm sure plenty of female Trek fans were sitting around saying "Gee, I hope the new Voyager character has a skin-tight body suit." I do, however, feel a pang of nostalgia for the days of Deanna Troi and her bunny suit on the bridge of the Enterprise.



...and there's eight more where *she* came from.

Global Warming

"If we're not supposed to eat animals, why are they made of meat?"

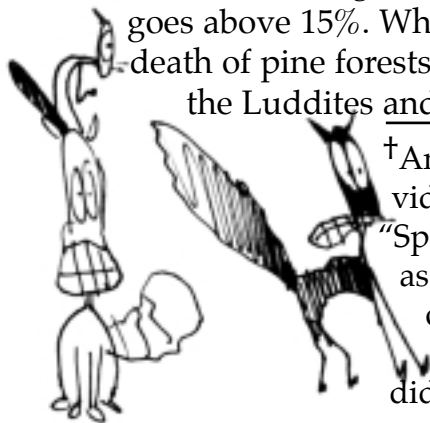
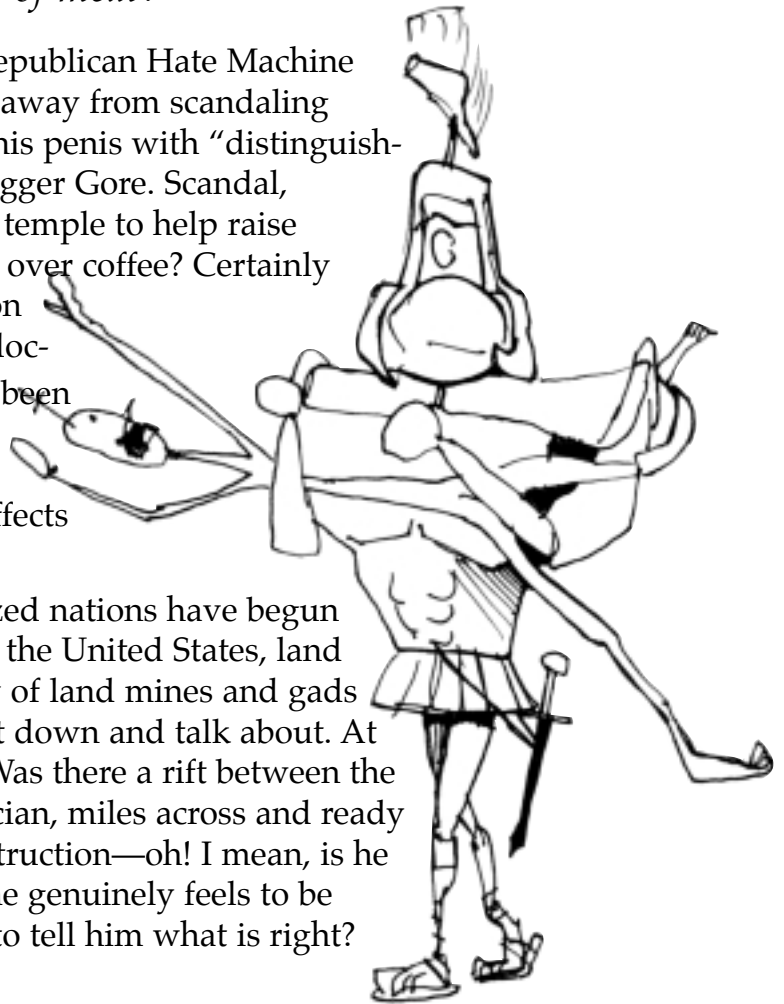
In recent weeks the Republican Hate Machine has shifted its tactics away from scandalizing President Clinton and his penis with "distinguishing characteristics," to Vice President Tree Hugger Gore. Scandal, shmandal! Who cares if they used a Buddhist temple to help raise money or rolled some modern robber barrens over coffee? Certainly not me. And apparently, not the administration either. Instead of using Gump technology to doctor tapes,[†] the president and his homies have been jetting about. While the Prez and the first Chick have been in Brazil, Gore has been lecturing weather forecasters on the inevitable effects of Global Warming.

Despite the fact that numerous industrialized nations have begun serious talk about setting emission standards, the United States, land of the free, home of the brave, and apparently of land mines and gads of carbon dioxide emissions, has refused to sit down and talk about. At first blush, this seems to be the real scandal. Was there a rift between the President and his Vice? Is Gore a rogue politician, miles across and ready to collide with the earth, causing massive destruction—oh! I mean, is he going against the party line and doing what he genuinely feels to be right...even before the opinion polls are back to tell him what is right? No. Stop being cynicism!

As is usually the case, there's more going on here than most people realize. Though global warming is pretty much accepted as fact by most sentient denizens on the planet, the European idea of cutting back on emissions is, well... so European. Packed with a rich and full history, our Euro spending brothers across the pond are, all and all, a boring, reactionary lot. Whenever a problem arises there's always the rise of conservatives calling for a "return to our roots." It happens in the United States as well, but here, they mean the 1950's. In Europe, they usually mean the Roman Empire, Holy or Plain flavors. Rallies where men dressed as gladiators throw

Christians to large, timid ally cats are common in Italy whenever the unemployment goes above 15%. When formulating how to deal with global warming and the steady death of pine forests from air pollution, the Europeans were forced to compromise with the Luddites and roll back emissions.

[†]And don't kid your self: they had more than enough time to alter the video tapes that Republicans have been watching with more interest than "Sperminator 2, Judgement Spray." Imagine President Clinton portrayed as a bastion of virtue as wealthy white slavers from Asia kneel at his feet offering him jewels, concubines, and fists full of money. "No, no! Take these poor, misguided souls away!" They could have done it, but they didn't.



Continued on page 2 of GDT...

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© 1997 Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

The American's, known for thinking outside the box, have come up with a better schemes to deal with it. For the purposes of saving what is near and dear to them—cars, television, and the mighty all beef patty— they're willing to do anything...except give up their cars, television, and their cow pattys (uh, yeah).

Truth be told, between you, me and the hedgehog, global warming from greenhouse gasses isn't all that important to most humans. In fact, most Americans would like the world to be a bit warmer.[†] The real problem is that all the deforestation around the Equator has reduced the earth's massive midriff, causing it to rotate faster.[∂] Since temperature is average kinetic energy, and all of the earth's mass is speeding up, the planet is warming. While global warming might mean New York City will have to replace taxi's with gondolas ("Hey! I'm poling here!"), the change in the planets rotational speed screws up television reception because all those fancy geosynchronous satellites are still going the old speed.^Δ

Damn it! That's unacceptable. I want my MTV!

Endeavoring to protect every American's God Given Right™ to cable television, the government has called upon various brain trusts to develop policies aimed at restoring the Earth's baby-makin' hips. One of the more ambitious concepts, made almost realistic thanks to NAFTA (God, what hasn't NAFTA done for us?) and Clinton's recent trip to Brazil, was the largest US proposed construction project since the WPA.

Under this plan, the United States and nearly every other nation along the equator with the exception of Chad,[¥] would enter a historic agreement to construct the largest mall in history. Stretching 12,756.3 kilometers, this tribute to Freeman Dyson

[†]One of GDT's own is personally attempting to make the Great Plains a shallow ocean again. Each morning when he first gets up, he rushes out to his car and starts it. It isn't until he's almost out of gas several hours later that he goes to work. Keep up the good work, Josh; you'll have those glaciers gone in no time.

[∂]Let's say Brian Boytano is spinning with his arms out then we chop them off at his shoulders, he spins the same speed. If he simply pulls his arms in at the last moment to avoid our whirling blade, he spins faster. The former is called fun, the latter is called centripetal force.

^ΔKind of like Brian's severed arms.

[¥]Republic of Chad: Infant mortality 122 out of 1000 (better than some batting averages), they make beer, cigarettes, textiles, and have a literacy rate of 17%. With unexploited uranium, they have no use for the vibrating chair at Brookstone.

Email us at

gdt@iname.com

would span the globe like rubber bands on sheep testicles, but instead of causing testicles to shrivel up and fall off, the mall would restore the needed mass to the Earth's equator. Voila, problem solved. Mass restored, mall erected, cultures marked down. The Yanomamo must go! As a bonus, the sanctity of American pop culture would be upheld and introduced to tribes that currently don't know the joy of seat-less pants. But the mall would have several drawbacks, starting with the long lines for the mag-lev monorail system (propelled by the super power of superconducting, yttrium barium copper oxide infused collectible Freaky Freezies which are appropriately supercooled by Dairy Queen Blizzards™), and copious amounts of human waste slurry pumped into the southern edge of the Sargasso Sea, eventually enabling it to eventually be mined for coal. Unfortunately, projections showed there would be the worst ethnic battles in the history of the world, due to the cross-cultural differences of the mall rats. Spurred on by the stresses of the holiday season, the worst of the mall rats would form a neo-warsaw pact and vow to oppress the thousands of janitors dressed up as Santa Claus, resulting losses of sales approaching three easy payments of US\$19.99 and destabilizing the mall's structure in the segment off the coast of Easter Island.

Because the US didn't want to piss off Chad at any cost (that's one country you don't cross. They'll crush you like a grape), the mall was placed on the back burner. Luckily the boys at NASA have, of course, been on top of the accelerating earth problem for years...just like the rest of us. The difference is they knew about it and were thinking up ways to stop it. When good old John said, "We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things," what do you think

he was referring to? Our boys, God bless'em, have been making a flotilla of Boeing Sea Launch platforms with rockets that make the Saturn 5 look like a Geo Metro. They plan to spread them out along the equator with the business end pointed to the sunset in an attempt to slow the rotation of the Moon's moon (it's all relative, baby). Unfortunately, they've been busy defending their budget and acting like AAA for the world's orbiters, leaving little time to complete their goals in recent years, much less by the end of the 1960's.

In the mean time, all the cows we've had in the little latitudes have been helping slow things down, but physicists realize the mass of a cow is much less than that of a tree, let alone a Dysonian mall, and we simply can't achieve a high enough bovine density...unless we stack them like cordwood, which tends to make the cows less viable. Recent years have seen advances in effective bovine densities by creating smaller cows with leaner meat. Packed into Japanese style apartment complexes, some more advanced beef producers can approach a gigacow per cubic kilometer, which is really pushing the envelope. That's 10 cows in the area of one normal cow. Small cows means less mass, however, and no matter how many midget cows you have, they're still stupid looking. What we need are super cows! Giant, genetically engineered super cows



towering majestically hundreds of feet in the air...totally without heads thanks new cloning technology. If you think Recombinant Bovine Growth Hormone (RBGH) is just for more milk, you're sadly mistaken.

Mind you, such an undertaking just can't be done in one generation.[†] It has to be done gradually, and our cattle are already starting to be evolve into Megacattle, friend of all children. In fact, the average domestic cow has gotten bigger,[∅] but the experimental cows are already ten times larger than their domestic cousins. This will solve a number of problems. First and fore-

most, the giant cow will replace the trees around the equator and keep the Earth aligned to the precious satellites. Second, big cows mean big beef. Every Good American™ wants more beef—think economies of scale. Of course there's the issue of all that supersized feces, but all that nitrate has to be good for something. Anyhow, the plan is that by the year 2001, we'll have massive farms of six story cows spread about the Equator, bringing balance and peace to the world. Well, ok...maybe just balance. Least until some drunk frat boys push one of those bad boys over.

[†]In fact, it was tried with disastrous results. In the mid 1980's the first calf from the Quinity Project. Weighing three metric tons one month into the pregnancy, the mother of the experimental calf collapsed under the weight and formed a singularity. Used to dispose of the governments more sensitive documents, you can see the singularity at an attraction in Wall Drug, South Dakota—just hold on to your keys.

[∅]There are actually fewer cows now than in 1976, but that number of cows makes more beef. Either we're eating brain stems or the cows are getting bigger.

R.I.T. is Latin for C.I.A.

-AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Back when the campus was run by a Rose
And experiments ended in greed,
A wise guy, once human, now dead proposed
A game to switch the polarity

Of earth as we know it, a true Canard,
A gift from a jester, Olympus bound.
East became West, and South is now North
What **more** coincidence can come to confound?

"Oh, plenty you dumb ass, it keeps going up,
Look at the way you lick lips!
Look, you can see it in the swirls in your cup
Of Earl Gray or Ginseng rose hips."

So, come with me now as we learn a new phrase
That enlightens a couple of spies:
Eat shit you sadistic bum-fucking apes
I'm sick of your tactics and lies!

Though poetry is normally the domain of the *Melancholys* and the *Iconoclast*, we felt compelled to print the piece at left. Originally brought to our attention by a member of RITPlayers, the piece was hung outside the SAU around the same time *Reporter Magazine* was selling out and running ads for the CIA.

No author was listed, making it difficult to locate them. If anyone knows who wrote the piece, please contact us. I have a hunch it was written years ago and posted by someone who packrats things. That doesn't matter. We'd still like to have a name to go with the piece.

**Contact GDT via email at
gdt@iname.com if you have any
information.**



Editor's Note: Ember

This editorial has been two and a half years in the making, so let's get down to it.

We started this publication in February, 1995 with our friend and illustrator at the time, Marc Trezepla (still our friend, but isn't our illustrator). Since that time, writers and illustrators have entered our lives for a brief time and eventually faded away. We always remained. In early 1995 *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* began as a rant on a single sided sheet with a circulation of sixty issues a week, paid for out of our pockets. In those two and a half years everything has grown: *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* is six to eight pages a week, became the progenitor of the Hell's Kitchen group of publications, has directly or indirectly inspired the creation of several new small publishing groups, our circulation is 700 issues a week, and we're read on three Rochester area campuses and in the Greater Rochester area in general.

When we approach businesses and groups such as Writers and Books and other local organizations with proposals or pleas for financial support they usually start by saying the equivalent of, "Sch-yah! As if! Get out of my office right now you zine printin', footnote spewin', whitespace hoardin' scissor licking bastard!" ...er I mean...they say, "No thanks." When they find out we print weekly, they start to take us seriously. Then, when they find out that we've been printing weekly for over two and a half years, they have a tendency to laugh nervously and ask how. Leading members of the RIT staff have expressed amazement that we can somehow continue to write intelligent articles at that quantity on a weekly basis and one professor at the U of R even called us "insanely efficient," something we're immensely proud of.

What I want to convey to our readership is easy for either of us to say, but it must be said. We have got to stop. Presently the two of us are paying close to \$50 a week out of our pockets just to keep issues on the U of R, MCC, and in various Rochester locations. We could withdraw back to just RIT and rely on its generous grant, but that path leads to death and is a contradiction of the goals of Hell's Kitchen. For two and a half years

we have done the bulk of the writing, layout, editing, creation of front page articles, administrative work, book-keeping, fundraising, handling printing, maintaining the web site, and to a lesser extent, distribution of issues on a weekly basis.

Over the breaks we get due to RIT's quarter system, we spend most of our time desperately trying to update our web site (which is now, incidentally, over a year behind the printed edition) and trying to develop new articles for the next quarter. The two of us have spent thousands of hours keeping GDT and Hell's Kitchen alive and thriving despite all the obstacles. However, there is one obstacle we can't seem to overcome: we are both burning out. We both need time to rest and recuperate; time we have not had for two and a half years.

So, after our one hundredth issue sometime around March (about the same time that GDT turns three, twenty-one in dog years) we will be going on sabbatical. Our new co-head Jason can not take on the workload by himself; it is too much work for one person to do. It is time for you, our reading public to step up to the plate. We will be leaving for a year, no matter what happens to the publication. If GDT still exists at the end of our year-long break, we will return to it.

We are offering to anyone the challenge to maintain a publication that over the course of two years has become entrenched on several college campuses of Rochester. We will not lie to you. The work is hard and time consuming, but if you think you have the dedication we will be glad to show you the ropes. Unless you really want to do this and believe you have the abilities and commitment, do not contact us, we have already wasted enough time responding hopefully to people falsely offering support.

If our departure marks the end of GDT, or even Hell's Kitchen, rest assured that we will not go quietly into the night. From what little energy remains in us, we will be pulling out all of the stops. Our last few issues will be some of the best we've ever written, we guarantee it. And if GDT lives on when we leave, it will just be a taste of what's to come.

Sincerely from the Head Editors,
Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond

-Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK: "FACE-OFF" AND "MIMIC"

I would never be one to say that there can be too much of a good thing: at least that's what my crack dealer would say. As for mindless action in a film, John Woo illustrates a possible flaw in such logic. "Face-Off" was a good film, but it could have ended ten times before it actually did.

The plot was good until the part when John Travolta and Nicky Cage had their faces swapped. Right then and there it become predictable and trite. If I were to have made the movie, I would have done things very differently. First off, Travolta would have been clad in his white jumpsuit from "Saturday Night Fever,"

because his films of late have been described as nothing but "stylish" and I think he needs to get back to his roots.

Second, the real plot would begin when the vat of mung (this mung is scarin' me, Wayne) that Travolta's face is in gets knocked over. His face spills out onto the floor whereupon a stray lab dog snatches it up and runs out of the hospital. From then on, it's a head to head chase— man versus dog. Travolta must find the dog that has been chewing on his face, capture him, then dispense with him in Woo style with some sort of hurled projectile.

When his face is finally reattached, it is all mangled and decaying and slobbered upon. Nicholas Cage would

play Travolta from then on, rendering the film into a heartwarming drama that brings to mind "Mask," and "The Elephant Man," as Travolta struggles to cope with his new handicap. He'd loose work, become an alcoholic ("Leaving Las Vegas," anyone?), and end up scaring pre-pubescent children at middle school assemblies. Ten years from now, when Travolta's career is in a REAL slump, he could do the sequel, "Face-On," which would involve lots of foam latex and our friends at ILM.

Oh yeah, as for "Mimic," I only have one question: when the huge bugs were running amuck where the fuck was the Orkin Man? If I had that way cool space suit/exterminator outfit, I certainly wouldn't be vegging out in front of the tube! I'd be down in the sewers of New York, kicking some mad-roach ass.

Next time anyone makes a movie about insects and pest control, please consult the writings of William S. Burroughs—any problem could be solved with bug powder. No, I'm serious. Just do me a favor and rub some on my lips....



-Jason Olshefsky



If you haven't visited your local grocer's soft drink aisle, you probably have not yet seen Orbitz™. For those so uninformed, Orbitz™ is, for lack of a better word, an ornamental beverage. It is marketable only because it has little floating non-nutritive pellets in it—as if this is a magical panacea which will make people better able to stomach the excruciatingly thick high fructose corn syrup vinaigrette that suspends the spheres.

People will try it, since every Good American™ has forgotten all about high school physics and the concept of equal density materials and aqueous suspensions making them prime targets for this alien concoction, but that doesn't necessarily make them genuinely stupid enough to buy it twice.

Rather, it takes an independent marketing group to question, filter, and calculate their way to gobs of cash at initial release and veritable tens of repeat customers. They then convinced Clearly Canadian™ investors to dump their hard earned Loonies into development of a machine to produce nutritionally neutral (can you say *Sphingomonas elodea* fermentation?) balls which will suspend in a mix of ∞ fluid ounces of water and the entire sugar production of a small village in South America. I'd wager it was the same group that determined that what the Public really wanted was a cola without all that pesky artificial carmel color, and the same group who determined that everybody

is willing to sacrifice a solid stool to have Doritos with the fat content of rice cakes.

As the initial hype crumbles around Orbitz®, the first attempt to increase the number of repeat customers will probably be to try to fix a nonexistent problem in the details of the product, not the concept itself. I'm sure there's a core group studying the problem right now saying things like, and "perhaps little cubes would be more appreciated," "maybe Cantaloupe Mayonnaise Habañero would be a fresh flavor," and "we should focus on the 'texturally enhanced' aspects and back off on the 'fruit-flavored phlegm' angle." The inevitable conclusion is a failed product, another company filing Chapter 11, and a small, lame brain trust firing their collective single ganglion over and over on a nearly impossibly less intelligent general population.



NOTHING MORE THAN THE '90's VERSION OF THE LAVA-LAMP...FOR THE FRIDGE.

In a rare[†] possibility, Orbitz® could be the start of a major trend of "refrigerator furniture." I mean, think about it^Δ—five and a half foot tall Barbie® Dream Houses™ with air conditioning, automatic lighting and three vinyl coated wire floors. One could decorate the inside of their cold food storage device like never before. Mind you, only the most uncool Sam's Club shoppers will buy the food shaped like faux couches and chairs, perhaps in American Vernacular™ styles reminiscent of mobile homes of the 1950's. Everyone else will be beating down the doors of the

[†] That is, rare in a sort of intelligent life on other planets also inventing the Clapper kind of way.

^Δ "I mean, think about it" Copyright © 1997 Sean Hammond. All rights reserved.

local food repository for the latest colored, textured, and patterned beverages, Naugahyde upholstered Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, and pickle jars designed in homage of Frank Lloyd Wright's Waterfall House to match the existing decor of their Hotpoint. The best part being, of course, that once you've consumed the products you have the option of completely redecorating.

Of course, like all fads, at some point it's doomed to obscurity once its run the gauntlet of any gimmicks lifecycle. First will be paid endorsements in popular movies. We'll see Buffy in Buffy the Vampire Slayer—The Television Series—The Movie two years from now quaffing not Clearly Canadian Blackberry like Kristy Swanson, but rather

some multi-density, layered, textured drink from the same company with a satisfied but pained smile and a glance to the camera. Then will come hundreds of product knock-off's, trying to jump on the rickety bandwagon of the original idea. Not soon after that comes Saturday Night Live (ironically in and of itself a failing fad) parodying the product. Finally, as we near the end of the life of the textured beverage, the only remaining factory sealed Orbitz® bottles will join Flo-Bee's and embalmed McDLT's on the shelves of incurable collectors as yet another homage to all the stupid ideas which fall into an unending (but thankfully ever fading) cycle of being "retro" every 30 years or so.

Editor Jumps to his Death after Plagiarism Scandal

RUTGERS-CAMDEN, NJ— Students and faculty were shocked when Matthew Wannabe was found dead at the foot of his bed early Sunday morning after apparently ingesting an entire Crayola Crayon Box and jumping leaping to his doom.

"It wasn't just the eight colour set," said Officer Fred Samuel. "It was one of the big 96 set boxes. He even ate the shavings in the little sharpener on the back."

Reportedly under a great deal of stress, Wannabee, the layout editor of the *Iconoclast*, apparently leapt to his doom from the top of his dorm room's door frame.

Besides the normal crushing load of work associated with college life, Wannabee apparently had been spending more and more time finding material on the internet to plagiarize.

"All I wanted to do was make people happy. When I got that email about Mir and Mother Teresa going to hell, I thought they were submissions. How was I to know?" said a suicide note found on the scene. The note went on to extensively quote Nietzsche, and, ironically, babbled incoherently about journalistic integrity.

"He probably did the world a favor," said Dr. William Lutz, English professor on the Camden-Rutger's campus and editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* for 34 years. "If I had done what he did, I'd kill myself too."

Just prior to his suicide, Wannabee called the Suicide Prevention Hotline. After heading the details of the planned and intentional use of copyrighted material, the operator calmly told him, "Put the gun back in your hand. Step closer to the edge. Think about jumping. Think about it!" π

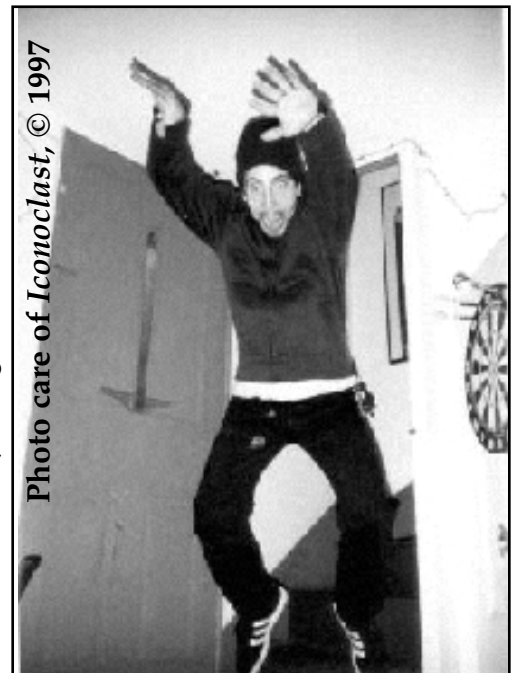


Photo care of Iconoclast, © 1997

ABOVE: A DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION OF MATTHEW WANNABE'S PLUMMET TO DEATH.



Travel

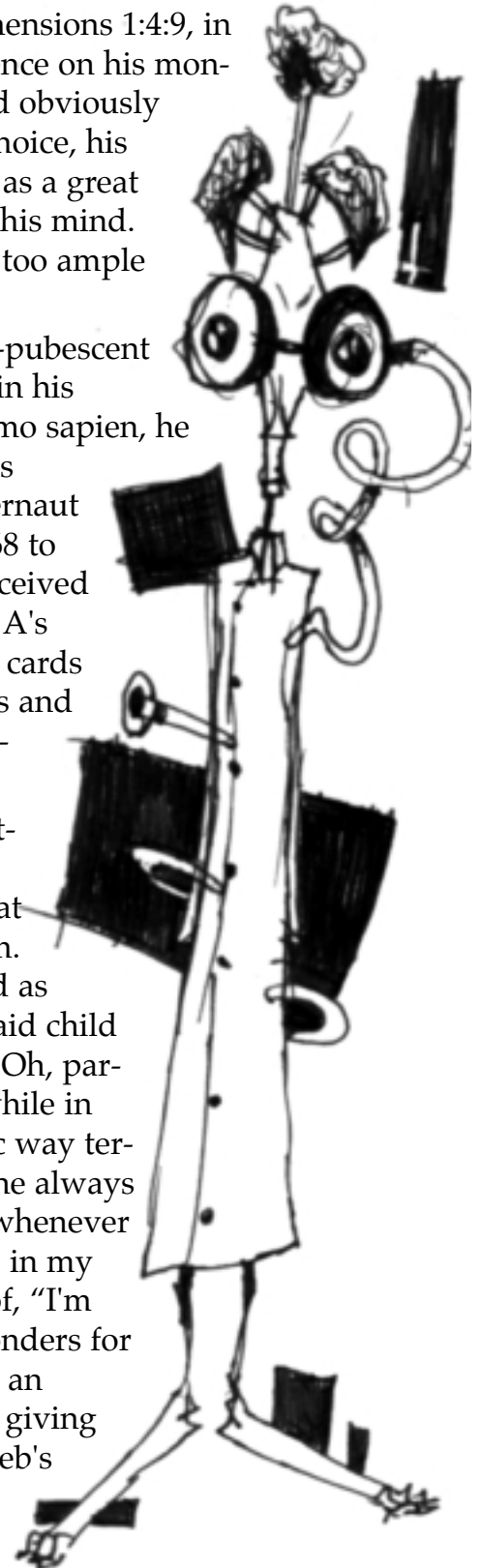
"Nothing can stop us. Not even common sense!"

My father has always been something of an intellectual monolith, a large black slab with dimensions 1:4:9, in my life...more I suppose by his own insistence on his monstrous proportions than by my meager, and obviously insufficient, observations. A scientist by profession, a frottist by choice, his intellect possesses both an enormous breadth of diversity as well as a great width of tedious detail within the all-encompassing scope that is his mind. All in all it is a weighty burden, shouldered, as it were, on his all too ample frame.

To express the sheer majesty of this heroic figure from my pre-pubescent years, you must (do it!) admire his long list of accomplishments: in his extended, glorious career as, for lack of a better description, a homo sapien, he has read the *World Book Encyclopedia Desk Reference Collection* in it's entirety on not one, but three separate occasions. This great juggernaut of a man once worked as a rocket scientist at a summer job in 1968 to help pay off college. Throughout his entire scholastic career he received all A's...except once when he received a C (Strangely enough, the A's which he has gone on about don't seem to show up on the report cards that I managed to sneak a peak at after distracting the guard dogs and evading the laser security system). He is a man of professed modesty, and isn't too proud to admit it.

Don't mistake my sarcasm, or even my absolute candor, for bitterness. The man is brilliant, but he is also all too human. This means he is subject to all the peculiarities and ideosyncracies that lie therein. Besides, by this time it is my duty to make light of him. Anyone who can rationalize the idea of sarcasm towards his child as being his paternal duty, whereas subsequent sarcastic retorts of said child towards him are considered "being sassy" deserves what he gets. Oh, pardon me daddy dearest, I'm afraid that monkey see monkey do, while in philosophical terms is quite simplistic, it is also in a more realistic way terribly human. How else did he expect his child to grow up when he always inspired me to greatness by tenderly caressing my infantile ego: whenever I aspired to achieve something in my youth and my attempt was, in my father's eyes, less than useless, he would reply to my child's cry of, "I'm trying!" by saying, "Yes, you're very trying." Honestly it does wonders for the self esteem. So I guess the moral to this short interlude is that an ungrateful father gives rise to an even more ungrateful daughter, giving the father that much more to be ungrateful about. Just like the *Kreb's Cycle*, huh dad?

What has the man to be ungrateful about you ask? Well, an ungrateful daughter for starters, but more insidious than that, an ungrateful world. A world that is in all ways out to get him. My



Continued on page 2 of GDT...



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father is a man of science, and as a man of science he logically upholds Murphy's Law as even more sacred than the first law of thermodynamics. What goes around comes around, and what comes around is usually coming to get him. The world, according to my father, is a cunning and vile consciousness that would like nothing more than to stop him at all available stop lights, stub his toes on hidden chair-legs, and present him with empty elevator shafts...not to mention dribble little bits of mango chutney down the front of his new trousers.

As a man well versed in both bio-physics and bio-chemistry, you can hardly expect him to believe such flippant phenomena as psychokinesis, chiropractory, and chain letters.[†] Well, they're hardly scientifically proven, are they? Where are the data? the reproducible results? Yet even with his stern viewpoint on the majority of occult happenings, he seems perfectly happy to believe that if my mother doesn't will the traffic lights green for him, he won't get to his destination as quickly.

HYPOTHESIS: THE WORLD IS OUT TO GET ME.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION OF HYPOTHESIS: ALL TRAFFIC LIGHTS WANT TO WASTE MY IMPORTANT TIME BY WAITING IN FRONT OF THEM WHEN I COULD BE HOME DOING SOMETHING VASTLY MORE IMPORTANT, LIKE CLOGGING MY ARTERIES OR FALLING ASLEEP IN FRONT OF THE TELEVISION AND TWITCHING LIKE AN EPILEPTIC LLAMA.

EXPERIMENT: MEASURE THE PERCENTAGE OF TIMES THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS ARE RED AS OPPOSED TO GREEN.

SUBSTANTIATION: I GO TO WEGMANS AND MY UNGRATEFUL DAUGHTER CLAIMS I SWEAR THE WHOLE TIME.

So in my father's unerring, meticulous study of the world and likewise its dislike and maniacal behavior towards one of its least renowned benefactors, he finds undeniable proof for his hypothesis. The absolute proof of the insideous nature of the world, and one of the manifestations of it, is what interests me the most at this point. Specifically the afore mentioned manifestation number four or "...dribble(ing) little bits of mango chutney down the front of his new trousers." This phenomena is not limited to mango chutney or new trousers. In fact, mint chutney has been known to take flight towards old work pants, and even peas have been known to spray their fake butter and salty concoctions down the front of my father's short sleeve shirts.

Though a slice of buttered bread will land butter side down more often than not for lack of anything better to do, it seems to be at a lack for that lack when my father enters the room; it instantly averts its downward spiral in a futile attempt to reach

[†] The Three Genres of Unprovenism

the one it loves...my father. Apparently any and all articles that may in some way be construed as tiny tasty morsels desire most within the fabric of their nonconsciousness (unless coming from a culture in which the food is still twitchy) to dwell upon the lapel, the t-shirt front, the nape of the neck or any other available portion of my father's ample frame. The subsequent washing that wisks those little food particles away into soap scum oblivion is considered the *de nu maux* of an existence well spent.

So great is the attraction food has for my father that it is being discussed throughout scientific circles whether it should be declared a force of nature or just a force of embarrassment. Either way, it might be possible to learn how to harness it's power for the greater good of man, or to just make a quick buck. For instance, with the help of Olestra, the folks at CERN plan to build a cyclotron based on the fact that Olestra is a Heisenburg uncertainly food and can be used to accelerate peas or kumquats to velocities unimaginable prior to Non-fat chips.[∂]

Personally, I've been experimenting with the idea of creating a time/space machine utilizing the power of food to do the dirty work for me. There are no great calculations that need to be made; no mechanical structures to house the machine. Best of all, no stupid

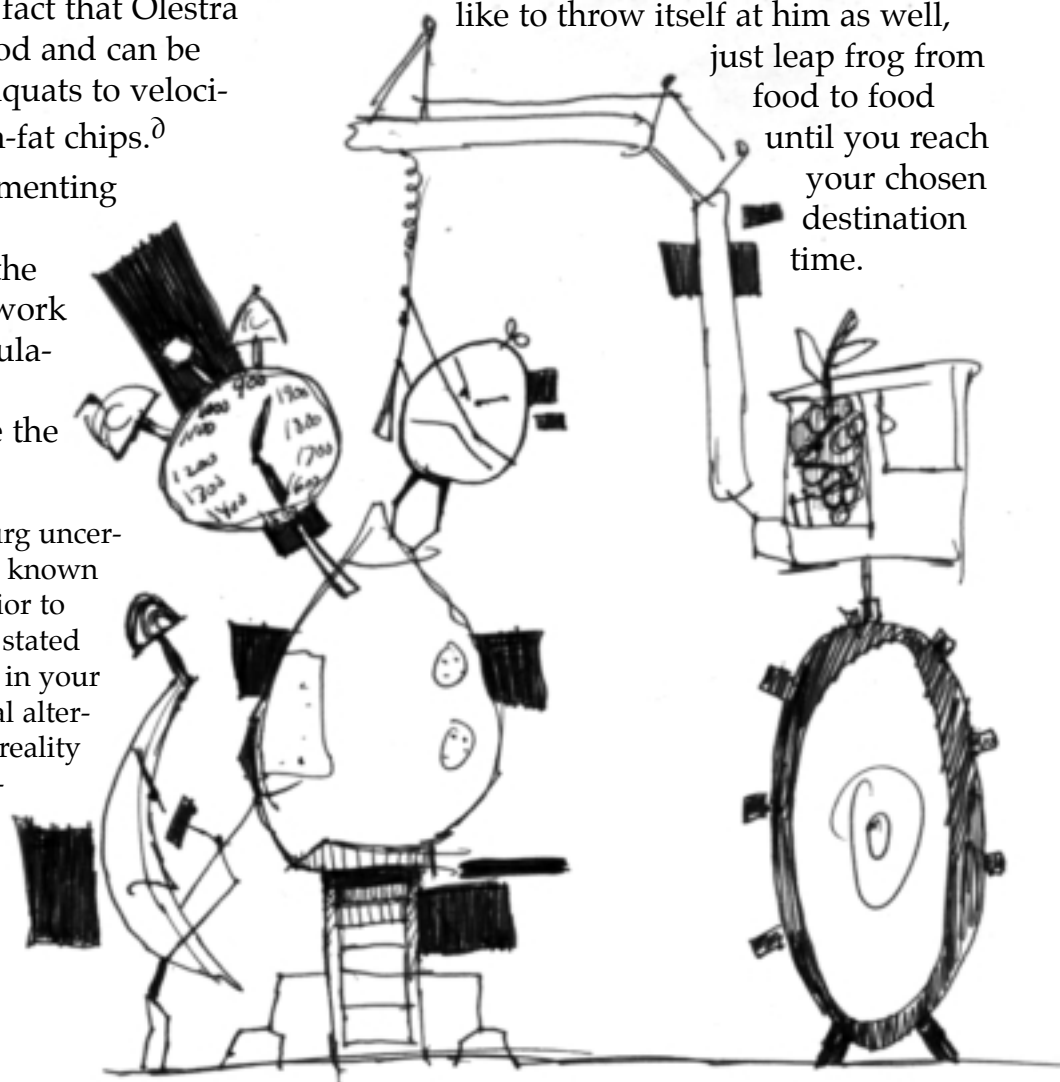
[∂] Nothing has typified the hisenburg uncertainty principle as well as the little known "Shrogeners runs." Formulated prior to the "Cat in a box" game, it simply stated that whether you have skid marks in your knappys or not are two equally real alternatives. It isn't until you look that reality becomes fixed. So all in all, it's better to keep the quantum probability that you shit your pants fluxing. Just don't look. Any smell is simply cross-dimentional interference...kind of like the polarity of photons.

^Δ To avoid the Gallager Effect.

Morlocks to drag your goofy spiral-graph away. All you'd need is my father, a rubber overcoat and galoshes,^Δ and an operator from the Psychic Connection with a food fetish. You could set everything up as a bunch of interlocking arm chairs. All you have to do is pick a time and place and let the psychic find the closest available food in the area. Have her home in on a sixth century leg of lamb in England and tell it all about my father; convince the food how much it would like to throw itself at him, and what a pity it is that he is so far away and in the future looking oh so chipper in a cozy arm chair.

If this little jaunt seems to be too much for a meager leg of lamb, work up to it. Contact the club sandwich you had last week, and as you get close to it tell the ham sandwich you had a month and a half ago how much more it would like to throw itself at him as well,

just leap frog from food to food until you reach your chosen destination time.



The hardest part is getting the process started. You see, time is not one dimensional, but three. Suffice it to say that, although we experience sequential events, there are also equally real “other” events which we do not experience. These events all have a certain probability larger than zero and less than one, and whenever you throw yourself into time, you not only can be in a different where and when, but in a “might-have-been.” Once there, in the where-when-how, you could place a series of temporal landmarks...bookmark it if you will. Pasta, covered with really watery marinara is one of the few temporal-culinary constants; you can lock on to it from anywhere and it has such a propensity to end up on everyone's clothing, its attraction to my father is nearly impossible to avoid. In fact, it's often necessary for the Psychic Friend to convince pasta that it DOES-N'T want to be near my father. By sealing linguini elfrado covered in Heinz 57 sauce in a stainless steel box and depositing it in various temporal “crossroads,” it becomes a simple matter to navigate the shifting geography of

time.[†]

The actual displacement of father-psychic-passenger-gollashes is really quite simple. No actual motion occurs: the food creates such a large “dimple” in the membrane of time (Sweet spinning gyroscopes! Einstein's rolling in his grave over what we're doing here). So great is the attraction that the temporal equivalent of a black hole is created, instantly displacing my father and said attachments to the spot in space/time/probability and splattering food all about.

How do you think Jonathan Livingstone Seagull did it? Fish heads, baby!

The only problem I have foreseen in this whole scheme is that my father is a generally disagreeable fellow. However there is a cure for this ill: ironically it's time. Eventually my father will meet his, um, untimely demise and I can strap his dead and smelly carcass to the floral print armchair of my choice and travel all the sands of time utilizing only his choice hide and a psychic with an edible complex.

~ F i n ~

[†] Unfortunately, Italians and pasta are in some way linked at the quantum level and tend to attract one another. In one of the more interesting paradoxes that can only be explained away using spacial time, depositing a single marker filled with angel-hair pasta in 500BC Italy eventually led to the founding of Rome by the progenitors of all those inexplicably linked to the high carbohydrate food. As the density of Italians increased over the centuries, pasta migrated from China to Italy in an attempt to be nearer to the people it loved until pasta became thought of as the quinesential Italian dish. Kind of makes one feel all proud inside to know that their leftovers influenced the fate of an Empire. At a more practical level, however, it's almost impossible to keep Italians from finding the temporal markers and trying to eat them. Many martyr shrines and artifacts are, in actuality, markers deposited centuries ago that the Italians just couldn't keep their grubby mitts[∅] off of. Those vials of dried blood that turn to liquid again? Yup. That's spaghetti sauce.

[∅] And speaking of grubby mitts, do ya ever wonder what happened to Jimmy Hoffa? The poor bastard just happened to be eating the wrong sub at the right time. The moral of this footnote? You've got to know when to say when. What a mess *that* was to clean up.

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We're always looking for new writers, idea people, and those interested in the technical side of production. Staffers from MCC and UofR especially welcome.

CONTACT GDT@INAME.COM FOR DETAILS.

GDT: We know we're sick people-the question is whether it's charming or offensive.



Wonderful Life

"Many a small thing has been made large by the right kind of advertising."

The parade of ungrateful children passing themselves off as malicious demons of the night (even though they don't wear costumes and just expect a free handout) have returned to pimping their sisters, and the next holiday with its own color scheme is Thanksgiving. Let me sum it up: Thanks to the Native Americans for all the land. Now that we've got that out of the way, it's time for Christmas. Woo hoo![†]

The first week in November is the time to get out the mistletoe, string the lights, and get yourself a full size injection molded Santa for your roof (illuminated of course).[‡] Oh, and to brace yourself for the full force barrage of advertising. It starts out with every variety of Christmas music regardless of your faith—from Bing Crosby's *White Christmas* to John Denver's new "Christmas Under the Sea."^Ω Oh, but it doesn't stop at your ears, my no.

There's the never popular electronic doo-dads that play horribly out of key hymns and blink enough lights to put even the most mild epileptic on their back in a glorious grand mal. Not to mention hundreds of varieties of animatronic dolls who spout computer-generated wisdom to your children (i.e. "Math is hard.") As garnish to overwhelm your senses completely, there are all varieties of decorations to irritate the eyes, ears, and nose—put that poison control center number on speed dial in case little Timmy finishes off a box of scented pine cones with a dozen lines of fake snow.

You may wonder what ever happened to the Rockwellian Christmas? It never existed. The same thing happened then as does now, except without all the marketing. The period pictures might show Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, their plump, rosy cheeked children Timmy, Ophelia, and Bobby the Cripple all gathered around the Christmas tree in their Sunday best, while Nana Eloise cackles in the background knitting Bobby a new cane. What we don't see is

[†]You know what Christmas means, don't you? Yeah, ham! No, not ham you fat fucking son of a bitch!

[‡] If you look in the right store, you can buy a ball gag for your favorite elf, just like Santa. Mush mush, Dennis!

^Ω Sorry, but I'm just not in the target audience for anything but Christian music, and really couldn't name a single Hanukkah album, much less an artist. Sad, isn't it?

Continued on page 2 of GDT...



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Dad burying his arm up Ophelia's skirt, hoisting her over his head to put the star on the tree—her squeals of “joy” echo through the house. And later, after Mr. Davidson's sixth glass of egg nog (with rum) minus the egg nog, he goes upstairs to tuck into the kids, and hurry them on their way to their sugar-plum dreams.

Merry Fuckin' Christmas.

Regardless of whether Rockwell portrayed things accurately or not, everything that makes our modern Christmas modern started long ago. Back in the days when two digits were all you needed to tell what year it was, the Heathens were out in the fields mucking it up with the King of the Waning Year. Bored off their skulls stuck inside for the long, cold winter, they had this notion they should all get together, find the nearest conifer, and burn that bad-boy to the ground while drinking up a storm and otherwise hooting it up in some kind of, well, Heathen ritual.

Well into the age of the Triple Digit Year™ the Christians, being the type to look down on everyone else (especially the Heathens), thought, “Hey, these guys may be thoroughly misguided in His ways, but maybe we can get them to do what we want. And if not, that burning idea is something we should remember for later. It gets damn cold and I bet those nature-loving bastards stack a fair bit better than a cord of oak and probably burn longer too.”

Several years and many dead missionaries later, they go over to the Heathens and say, “Hey Heathens!” The Heathens reply, “Yeah? What in the Stix do ya want?” Christians, not to be taken lightly respond, “We got this guy who's a magnificent Son of God, we read his book, and if you don't worship Him, we'll kill you faster than you can say 'Robin Goodfellow.’” The Heathens, not being born yesterday, took the free tracts, read 'um over, and said, “Jesus, you magnificent Son of a Virgin! I read your book!”

Long after the crackle of the first burning Heathen died away at the beginning of the second millennium, the Christians, spreading like maple syrup across the globe (slow, but sickly sweet), started calling on the Germans. Now the Germans, being Heathens, did another weird little something special: they had this guy who was really old but liked little children.[∞] He went around and delivered gifts to them in the middle of the night in an attempt to introduce anxiety driven sleep disorders.

[∞]Pervert.

The Christians, masters of assimilation, offered up a tract (Read my book. Read my book...) and said, "You've got to ditch Odin, the Frost Giants, and all the others but you can keep Ragnorok and the old gift deliverer. We'll call him Saint Nicholas though and he can put gifts under a Flaming Tree. Otherwise, we'll have to start stacking you up for the coming winter." The Germans, not being stupid, opted for Christianity.

The Germans eventually put their spin on our little tale and ditched the flaming tree in favor of putting candles on it which greatly reduced incidences of house burnings. As we said, they're not stupid.

This is starting to sound pretty familiar, but we're not quite there yet. There's one last group the Christians have to meet—the most horrible, soulless group of all: the Marketers.

The Marketers, originally belched from the depths of Hell, fled Europe in the mid nineteenth century following the Marketing Famine of 1851 after the collapse of the Irish Potato Exchange (IPE). After nearly a century of working their way up the corporate ladder at Moxie, they met the Christians buying Easter clothing on March 12, 1924 in the main lobby of Macy's in New York City.

Recognizing the superior eviltude of the Marketers, the Christians at first didn't offer up their patented tracts. After weeks of Marketers saying, "Why not have your people call my people," a weak Christian-neophyte broke under the pressure and allowed the Marketers to look at their promotional literature.

The Marketers look upon Christianity and it is good.

It is very good. In fact, the Marketers, always beset with diminishing returns in the colder months see the winter changing from the worst season for sales to the best. Kick ass!

So the Marketers adopt the Christians and start making changes. First, this Jesus fellow with his peace and charity just has to go. They bring him out to the desert, pull over to the side of the road, and ask Him if He could be so kind as to walk to the next town and bring back some Slim Jims for the crew. Poor Jesus. He could make fish and wine and bread, but not mechanically separated chicken.

Without Jesus, where are the Christians to turn? To avoid making too drastic a change, the Marketers decided the Christians should make hefty donations to the Marketers' religion: Capitalism. The Christians, accustomed to paying through the nose to God every Sunday are pretty happy they can get stuff from the Marketers that's more tangible than some silly miracle or splinters of the true cross.

After centuries of refinement, the Marketers, wildly greedy by nature, are now able to utilize a method of osmotic capital flow where the Christians pour in money, the money is broken down into atomic barter, thereby reducing the amount of cash and maintaining the flow rate. Using that technique, the Marketers continue to take money from the Christians and the Christians keep giving it to them.

One interesting thing about the Christians is they won't pay more for something better, but they will pay the same for worse. The Marketers just love this. They go crazy inventing useless products, making false claims, and taking wheelbarrows of cash to the bank. In the mean time, the Christians are overjoyed to buy the digitally remastered dance remix version of Bing Crosby's White Christmas, all the time forgetting exactly who that towheaded kid out with the beasts of burden is.

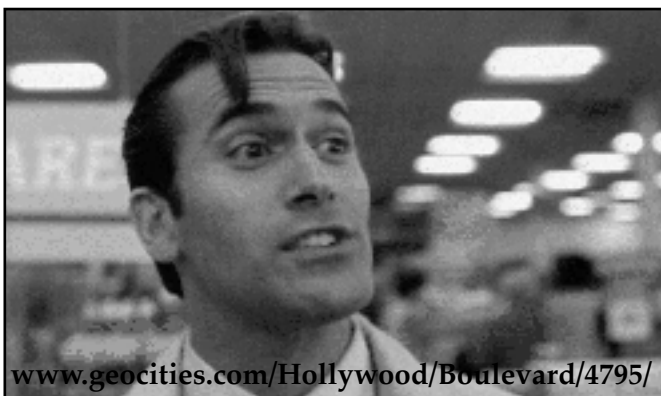
Tourist's Movie Reviews:

-Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK: ARMY OF DARKNESS

Yeah, I know, so shut the hell up!! I don't care if Halloween was last weekend. Screw you. Haven't you heard of the anti-climax? (Those of you who have had your mother walk in on you while you were "enjoying" the latest Victoria Secret catalog know what it is.) Anyway, it really isn't anti-climatic because I'm writing this on Halloween; it's your fault that you get it one week later, so neyahhh. Let me just start by saying that there has yet to be a film that is more fun to watch than Sam Rami's cult classic "Army of Darkness". There is one reason and one reason only for this. The Ash aesthetic.

Picture yourself as a man ever accosted by the evil forces of the universe, relentlessly pursued, constantly antagonized, tormented beyond sanity. Add the fact that your normal life consists of working in the housewares department of S-Mart (Shop smart, shop S - Mart), and you've mastered the art of the vernacular, and you have our hero. Ash is by far the most stoic protagonist since Bond himself. Sure, Bond would get a witty sarcasm in every once and a while, but never would he utter, "Come get some," to any would be soul-swallowing foe. The entire film consists of Ash saying some of the best one-liners ever, then getting the living shit kicked out of



www.geocities.com/Hollywood/Boulevard/4795/

Shop smart...



home1.swipnet.se/~w-12947/Gfx/AoD/

...shop S-Mart.

him.

One-liner, shit kick. One-liner, shit kick. You see the simple formula here? I do, as do millions of AOD fans everywhere. The previous films, Evil Dead and Evil Dead 2 were good. The first made an honest attempt at a genuinely scary horror film, even going as far as arborphilia - sex with trees! The second film was the first film all over again, but with a better sense of humor. This can be seen by the hap-hazard placement of lighting rigs and props, as well as cheezy-beyond-cheezy special defects. The third in the series, AOD, married the cheezy special effects to the cheese meister himself, Bruce Campbell. His portrayal of the demon-stricken Ash was breathtaking.

"First you want to kill me, then you want to kiss me. Blow."

Pure genius.

"Good, bad, I'm the guy with the gun."

The muse was with him.

And the quintessential(sic) word uttered during outstandingly favorable circumstances:

"Groovy."

Folks, you can't beat that. Not at all. So I offer you a challenge this day. See if you can

go for one day talking exactly like Ash. I guarantee it would be real fun. One whole day of Ash-esque lingo. It would be pure

FRIEND: WANNA GO GET SOMETHING TO EAT?

YOU: LET'S GET SOME.

FRIEND: I'M SO SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR DEAD UNCLE.

YOU: SHIT HAPPENS. MAKE WITH THE CASH, BABY.



Editor's Note

-Kelly Gunter

Well it's the end of the quarter at RIT, and that means that this is the final issue in this volume of GDT. We've officially finished another one and boy are our minds tired. Hell's Kitchen, however, is still going to be putting out a few more issues in this volume, so be on the lookout for 'um.

Next quarter we start on volume 9 and get that much closer to our 100th issue. Just to get your salivary glands watering I've decided to give you a quick peek at the future of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*.

- History for Dyslexics - a new column to be started next quarter that will delve into the history of this tiny blue-green orb. Its religious, scientific, and miscellaneous heritage will be brutified by a professional Spoonerist for your personal reading satisfaction.

- Be All That You Can Be - GDT will give you a quick trip through the dogma of the Armed Forces. That's right! One of our heads was being wooed by the arm, which never amounted to anything, but he got to take home such neat stuff! We've got enough Armed Forces material to last us a few cold winters, and of course it will all be satirized for your protection.

- All the old favorites (well maybe not all) - Tourists Movie Reviews, Fey

FRIEND: WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT THIS ALCOHOL POLICY?

YOU: ALCOHOL? BASTARDS CALL THIS RUM?

poetry:

See? It will put a smile on your face, and a chainsaw on your arm! So spend a day communing with the little Ash inside each and every one of us. Drop the Oldsmobile.

Denizen, Ask the Bare-foot Girl, Attic Inferno (like, I've been busy), Donland and more.

Coincidentally, on a note that is totally off the subject, this issue is being finalized on the week after Halloween and the official communal Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Dwelling had quite an apropos occurrence on Halloween itself that we just thought we'd share:

Late Halloween night when things were just starting to wind down a bit, Josh found something interesting sitting in the tub being prodded by Bucket (see scanned cat, volume 8, issue 4). It seems that in some unknown manner a very special member of the vermin world dropped in to pay a visit (ie. we found a bat in the tub). It was quite small and rather perturbed at our uncouth behavior, and after we scanned it, we set it loose to wreak havoc where ever it went. Goodbye little guy.



It's a very wiggly, scared bat...really.

RIT's new alcohol policy. I think the policy meetings are really after opinions of RIT's draft of the permanent policy.

Unfortunately, students will continue to debate a moot point.

Someone to Watch Over Me

Now that RIT is a semi-dry campus, an idea which I support, a few thoughts for your consideration:

- President Simone managed to crush any hope for a widespread acceptance of this policy by the student body by instituting it out of the blue, and then asking for opinions on it. The suddenness of this decision has turned off many students to even considering the idea.
- Most students are under the misconception that these "policy meetings" that various organizations on campus are holding are to express their opinion of whether or not drinking should be allowed on campus. That question was answered when President Simone handed down



- I'll be closely watching Student Government's recommendations to President Simone. This will be a true test of SG's actual political power in RIT affairs, as well as how closely the top floor of the Eastman Building really believes their slogan "You're Our #1 Priority."

- Isn't it ironic that RIT Food Service and RIT Catering are still allowed to sell alcohol to students on campus? I'll also be keeping a close eye on the handling of this matter, as it will clearly show RIT's motive behind this new policy. Is it really to create a better learning environment, or to more closely protect RIT from a lawsuit? If RIT can't give up a source of income to show full support for its own policy, I'd have to say it's the latter.

CORRECTION NOTICE:

In volume 8, issue 6 of GDT a mention was made to a "platinum blond bomb shell" that should have been forced to wear a bag over her head. The editors mistakenly assumed that the lead singer of the "Frantic Flattops" was still dating an acquaintance of theirs. Unfortunately, this is not true. Evidentially Mr. Flattop has a hankering for platinum blondes, so the woman mentioned mentioned in *Reporter Magazine* and ridiculed in GDT are not the same person. We apologize for any confusion this may have caused the blonde in question.

We're sure she's quite bedable.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre wants You

GDT is looking for new staff writers and contributors from MCC, RIT, UofR, Rochester, and elsewhere. We accept nearly everything, be it artwork, photos, submissions, or weekly columns (we especially like weekly columns).

We're really in need of a new illustrator. No experience necessary. All that is required is a firm understanding that we'd need illustrations each week.

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