



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.

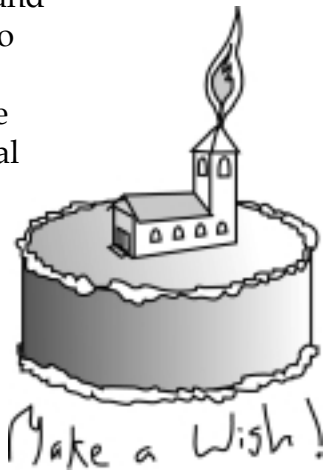
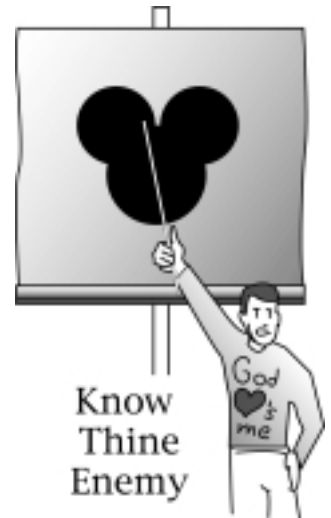
"HiiiiiiiHooooo....."

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 snatch- es 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 wagging 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.

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