

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.

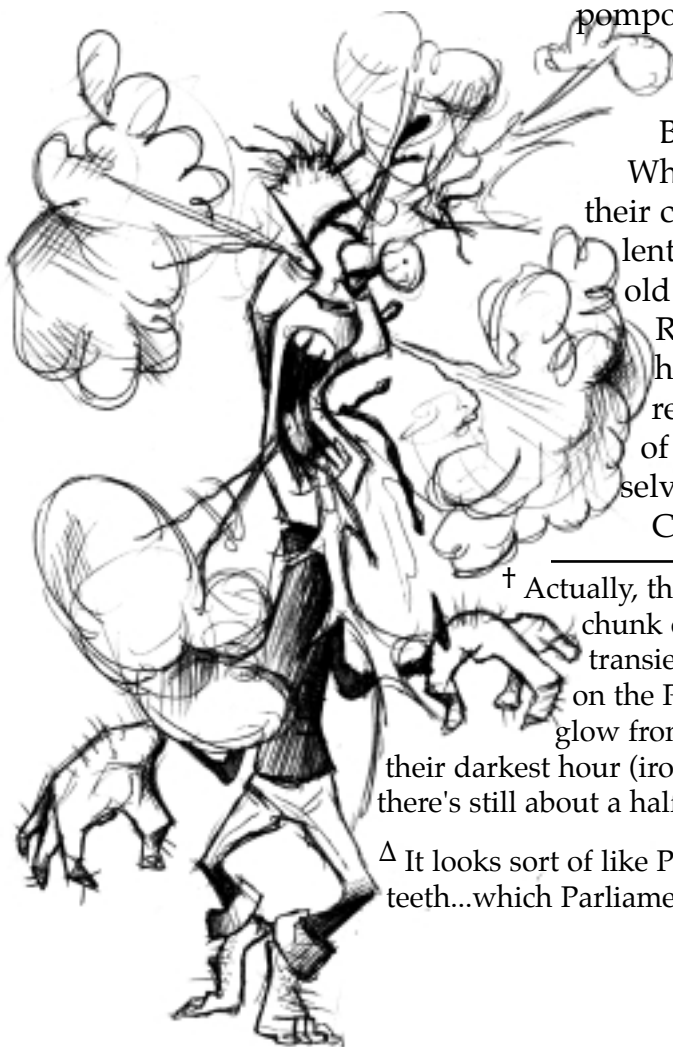
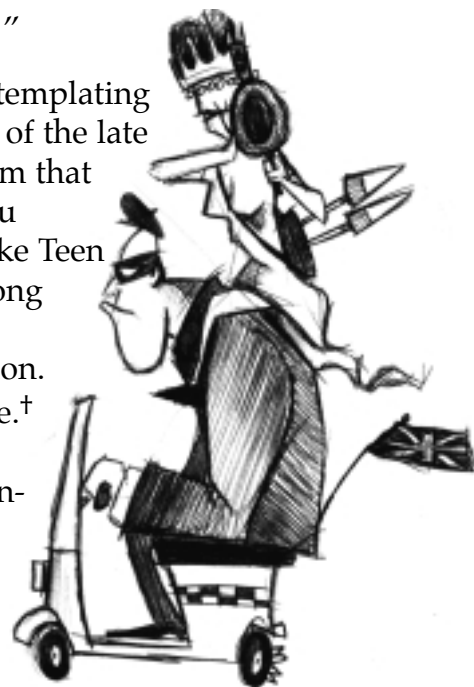
Back to the point, such as it is.

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

Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Layout:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Fact Checker:

Jayce Olshefsky

Illustrators/Graphics:

Sean Hammond
Matt Messner

Writers:

Michelle Amoruso
Heather Danielson
Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Christopher Lane
Troy B. Liston
Mark Nowak
Jayce Olshefsky
Don Rider
Alexandra Whitman

Contributors:

Steve Antonson
Josh French
Robert Mac Kay

© 1997 Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is published weekly during the academic year of RIT by tired insomniacs.

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>

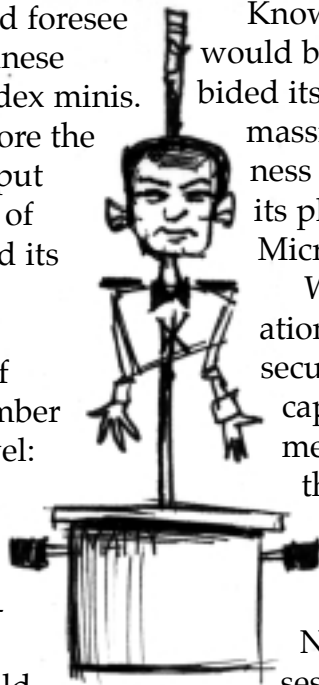
Their first step was the annexation of Tibet. Though this seems useless, remember the underlying problem with space travel: long distances. In the absence of being able to travel very fast, tesser, or have enough in-flight movies to last for centuries...or at least enough movie theatre popcorn, the Chinese 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.

"Niiiiiiice."

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.

Personal Ads

Send us your personal ads, real or otherwise. You may create your own legend or let us create one for you. Personal ads and Personal ad responses (again, 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 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.