



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

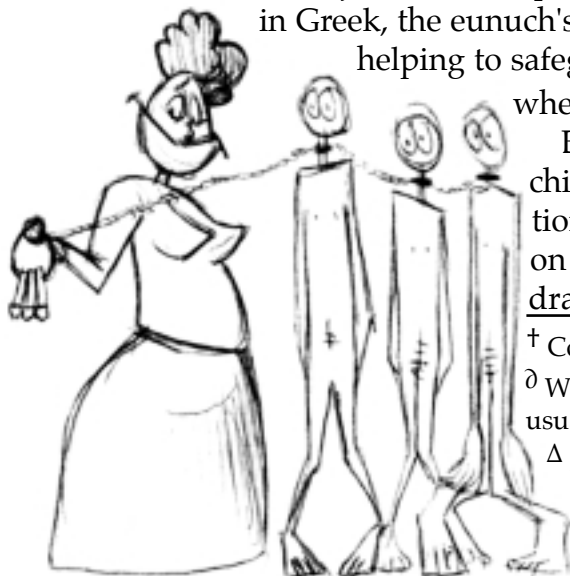
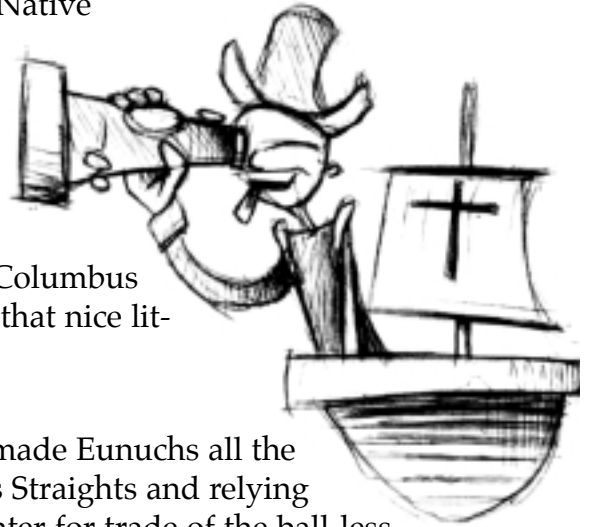
Being so intimately associated with the Emperor and his chicks, the Royal Eunuchs were often appointed to trusted positions (read the previous sentence until it's funny). Depending on the power of the Emperor and how much plum wine he drank, the eunuch's were sometimes the ones actually running

[†] 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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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is published weekly by a staff comprised mainly of world weary artists.

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.

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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?