



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 its 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.

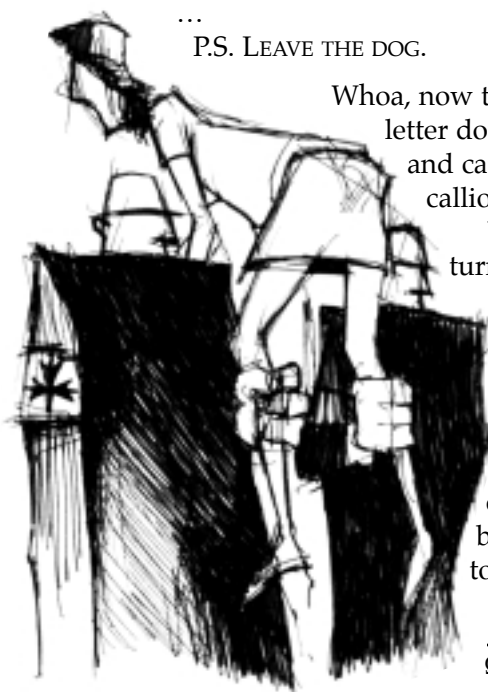
Whoa, now this has got to be some kind of sick joke. You stuff the letter down into the terrycloth lint-ridden abyss of your pocket, and carry on with your usual Saturday afternoon fair (insert calliope music here).

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.

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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."

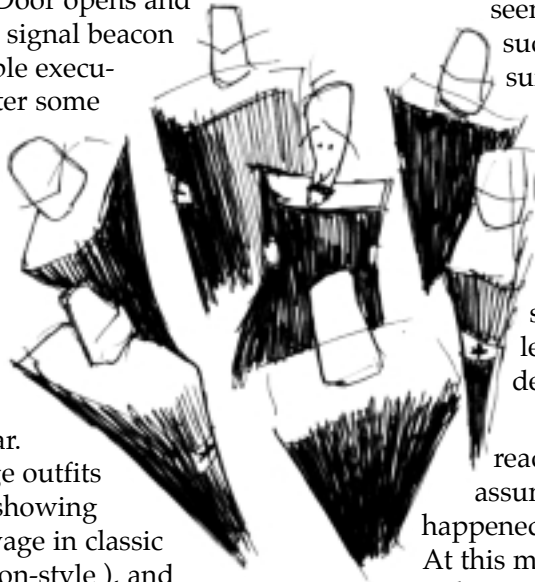
[‡] But that's just what they'd be expecting you to do.

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

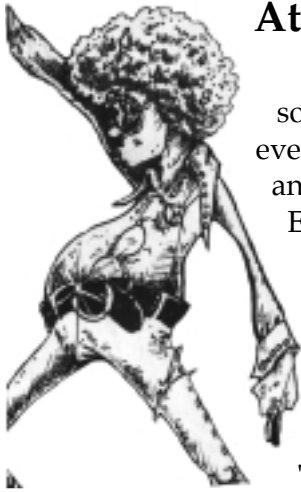
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whole gang goes inside and there's a kickin' party going on! Then, in "Return of the Jedi", they could have digitally added a forty-ounce to the scenes where he's flying the Millennium Falcon. So when he blew up the second Death Star, he could have 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

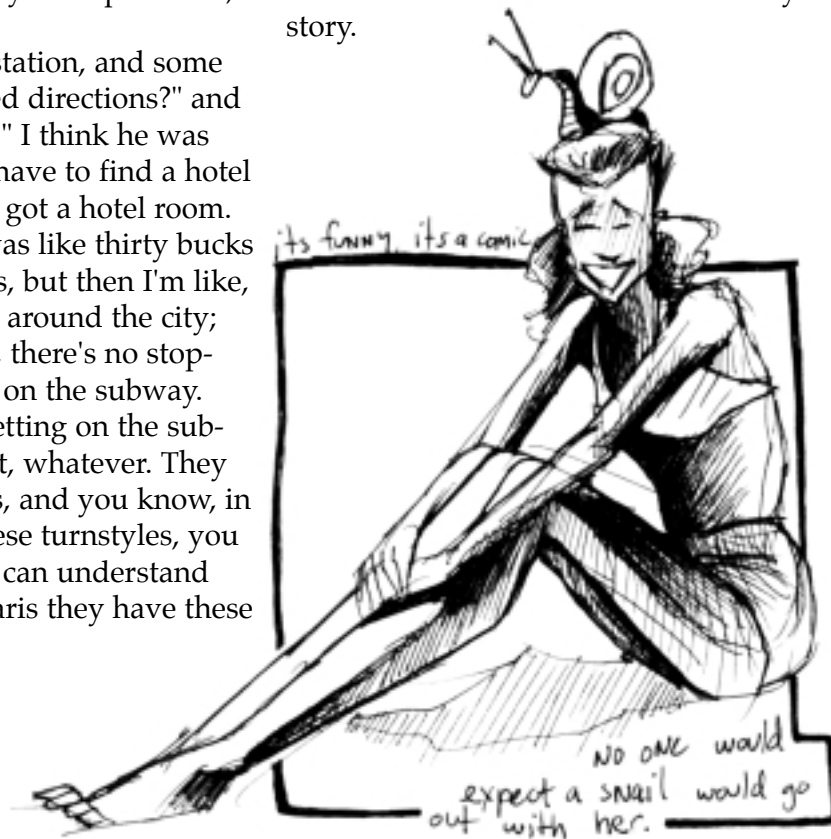
really had to go. It's not like I have bladder control. And there's like this mound of toilet paper, it was so high, coming out of the toilet. I don't know how people would use this toilet. It's like trying to like, I don't know, squat at the base of Mount Ranier and hope to hit the top. It does not 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.