



Wonderful Life

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

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

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

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

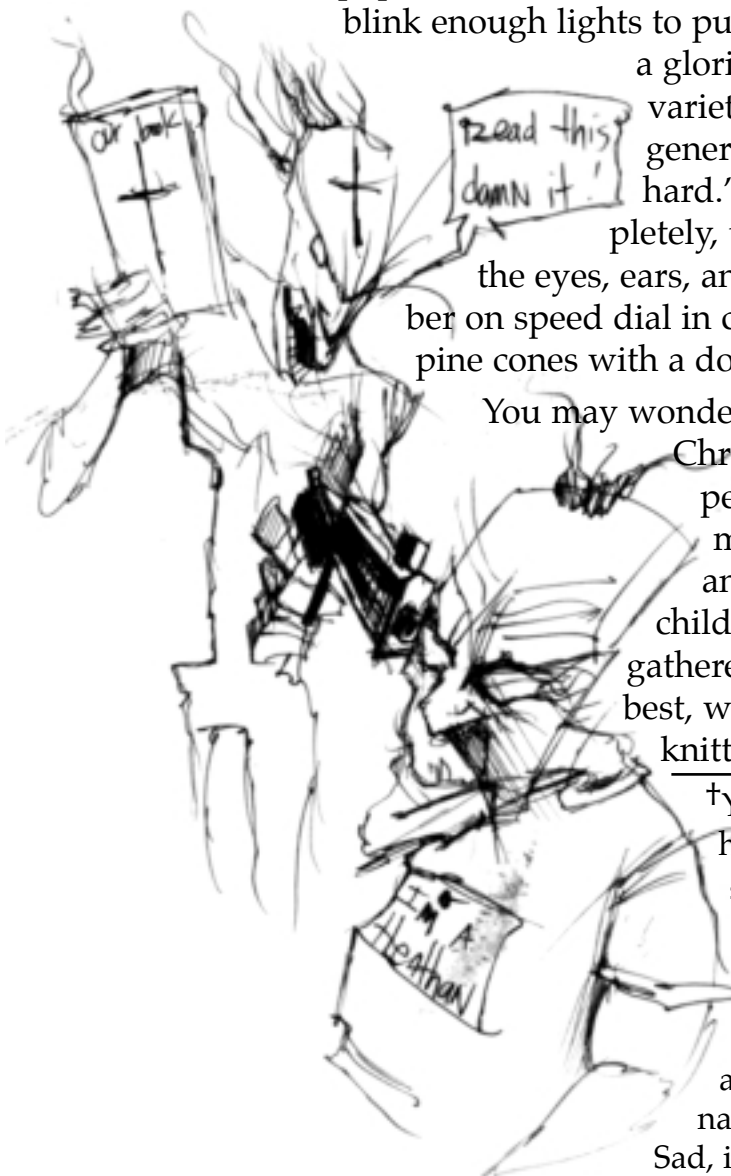
You may wonder what ever happened to the Rockwellian Christmas? It never existed. The same thing happened then as does now, except without all the marketing. The period pictures might show Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, their plump, rosy cheeked children Timmy, Ophelia, and Bobby the Cripple all gathered around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

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

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

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

Continued on page 2 of GDT...



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

Merry Fuckin' Christmas.

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

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

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

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

[∞]Pervert.

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

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

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

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

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

The Marketers look upon Christianity and it is good.

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

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

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

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

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

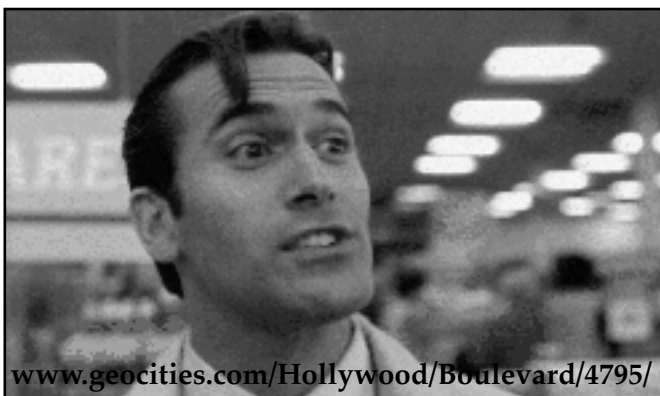
Tourist's Movie Reviews:

-Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK: ARMY OF DARKNESS

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

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



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Shop smart...



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...shop S-Mart.

him.

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

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

Pure genius.

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

The muse was with him.

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

"Groovy."

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

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

FRIEND: WANNA GO GET SOMETHING TO EAT?

YOU: LET'S GET SOME.

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

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



Editor's Note

-Kelly Gunter

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

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

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

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

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

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

YOU: ALCOHOL? BASTARDS CALL THIS RUM?

poetry:

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

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

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

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



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

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

Unfortunately, students will continue to debate a moot point.

Someone to Watch Over Me

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

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



- I'll be closely watching Student Government's recommendations to President Simone. This will be a true test of SG's actual political power in RIT affairs, as well as how closely the top floor of the Eastman Building really believes their slogan "You're Our #1 PrioRITY."
- Isn't it ironic that RIT Food Service and RIT Catering are still allowed to sell alcohol to students on campus? I'll also be keeping a close eye on the handling of this matter, as it will clearly show RIT's motive behind this new policy. Is it really to create a better learning environment, or to more closely protect RIT from a lawsuit? If RIT can't give up a source of income to show full support for its own policy, I'd have to say it's the latter.

CORRECTION NOTICE:

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

We're sure she's quite bedable.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre wants You

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

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

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